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ILIAD



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# THE ILIAD OF HOMER

FAITHFULLY TRANSLATED  
INTO UNRHYMED ENGLISH METRE,

BY

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN

*In the Press and almost ready.*

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ARABIC (Anglo-Arabic and Arabo-English), with the Arabic words in a type harmonized to the Roman. Two volumes, crown 8vo., about 800 pages. By F. W. NEWMAN.

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1871.



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*Emeritus Professor of University College, London.*

SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

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## P R E F A C E .

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It is recognized by thoughtful men, that the most cultivated of the moderns possess a vast superiority over the ancients, in surveying two worlds at once. Between the generally isolated nations of antiquity and the commonwealth of modern Christendom the diversities of mind are enormous. It is only in ancient literature that we can discern the ancients.

Very few indeed can study them in the original languages. It is sometimes asserted that this is the only profitable mode of study, but the assertion is disproved by Hebrew literature. From our current "Old Testament" any Englishman can get such an insight into the Hebrew genius, as will greatly enlarge the horizon of his thought: nay, defective as is the translation in the case of the prophets, a diligent reader may gain a knowledge as sound as that of any but the very foremost Hebrew scholars. Were it otherwise, the vast majority of the English clergy would be on a par with the ignorant on this important element of their theology.

If we ask, what is the virtue of the English Bible as a translation, which

enables it to do so much for us, the reply is instructive. Its greatest excellence is, that it keeps close to the original, despising the imputation of being slavish. It even repeats, without variety or suppression, the very same phrase, if it is so found in the original. Hereby the English reader is put almost on a par with one who reads the Hebrew, who has nearly always to interpret any thing obscure by a collation of passages. If, instead of this, the translators had striven to present these ancient books in a modern costume, the work would forfeit its historical character and half of its value. It would not have enlarged our thought. Translations seldom or never, *as poetry*, please so much as do native poets: hence to destroy their historical service degrades them to a low rank. I compare the problem of translating an ancient poet, to that of a draughtsman who copies ancient sculptures. The greater the merit of the original, the more stringent is the duty of historical faithfulness. His problem is nevertheless artistic, and I disclaim the notion imputed to me, that it is industrial. Nevertheless, whatever is

characteristic, he is bound to reproduce, without asking whether it is in modern taste.

In the poet of the *Iliad* there is much that is at once popular and ennobling, full of materials for active and comprehensive thought. If half barbarous tribes of men, like to the Homeric Greeks, were at this moment existing in the Eastern Archipelago; and if an Englishman who had resided many years among them were faithfully to describe their manners and sentiments, the state of religion and knowledge, the organization of society, their arts of peace and war;—the book would probably be a universal favourite. Homer himself has done this, and done it with native simplicity and vividness. He sets us as in the midst of the most ancient Greeks. We may disbelieve, as in a novel, every individual fact; yet from his poem, as from a good novel, we may imbibe a complete picture of the community. Homer is to his reader the best book of travels into old Greece.

This must be interpreted only as to the mental, social and political state, which he displays spontaneously and unconsciously. There is no earnest attempt on his part to set forth *truth*, such as we expect from a conscientious traveller. He uses fiction as often as he finds it convenient. When he makes the Achæians and the Troians (Greeks and Trojans) talk a common language, and gives to the Troians names as Greek as any Greeks can bear, it is useless to set up theories of defence, such as, that perhaps *Troas* was actually at that time

occupied by a Greek population. It is useless, for Homer equally makes the *Lycians* talk Greek, and gives to them in mass Greek names, *Il.* 5, 677. The idea of needing an interpreter nowhere shows itself in the poem, although he specially names the Carians as of barbarous voice. Bishop Thirlwall regards it as certain that Homer exhibits to us the manners of his own day, as he himself saw them; and with small exception, this appears every way credible. It will however be observed that unless we resolve to cut out of the poem arbitrarily the two passages which allude to the trumpet, we cannot absolutely insist that he *never* acts the antiquarian. It is certain that he represents his heroes as in difficulty through the drowning of the human voice by noise; yet he never attributes a trumpet to them. The criers do not even use a bell, but have to trust to their peculiar powers of voice. This may help us to acquiesce in the belief that he himself knew and used the art of writing, and alludes to it in poetical enigma, book 6, 169; although among warriors its use must have been extremely rare. His total silence concerning money, or any medium of exchange, when he has to speak of purchase, is more remarkable still. See book 7, 472—475 on the purchase of wine.

By reason of the unbounded popularity of Homer's poems, they were to the Greeks what the Bible and Shakespeare have been to us. In discerning the mind of Homer, as to its intellectual and moral tone, we get insight not into one Greek only, but into all Greeks; of

whom he is a noble, though barbaric type. The eminently absurd and crude religion has interest and instruction in its childlike simplicity. We see in this people the childish mind magnified; and through them we can trace step by step a vast progress of religious thought, from Homer to Pindar and Æschylus, from these to Plato and Aristotle. Indeed, as Homer's poetry is our most agreeable introduction to the Greek mind, so it is almost the necessary gate of entrance to all interest in a people, who have played a chief part in the intellectual cultivation of Europe.

The tale of bloodshed is often too continuous and wearisome. Readers will judge for themselves; but to me, in spite of a very few harsh utterances, (such as 6, 61.) he appears systematically to inculcate hatred of war, and as the poem advances, to hold up his chief hero's ferocity as hateful to men and gods. The misery which Achilles brings on himself by his outrageous pride is very forcibly depicted. So much I say, in order to insist, that no reader can judge of the general moral tendency of the poem, who does not read it through from end to end.

It is to be added, that this poet wrote before divisions of literature were recognized, if the word literature can be at all used of that stage. No prose yet existed; and for this reason he naturally, perhaps necessarily, mingles prosaic with poetical material. He is alternately Poet, Orator, Historian, Theologian, Geographer, Traveller; sometimes jocose as well as serious, dramatic

as well as descriptive. In this half-developed condition, each separate function is less perfect than afterwards; yet the work, as a whole, gains in attractiveness. Let not the reader expect, or *wish*, in so long a work, to meet everywhere poetry of the same high pitch. Homer rises and sinks with his subject: is prosaic, when it is tame; and makes no attempt to elevate or disguise what is common. To express this suitably, we need a diction sufficiently antiquated to obtain pardon of the reader for the occasional homeliness of the things treated.

The style of Homer himself is direct, popular, forcible, *very often* quaint, *always* flowing, garrulous, abounding with formulas, redundant in particles and affirmatory interjections, as also in grammatical connectives of time, place and argument. In all these respects it is similar to the old English ballad, (excessively inferior as are our ballad writers in poetical force and beauty,) but is in sharp contrast to the polished style of our most popular Homeric translators. In regard to diction, Dryden in part agrees with Homer, namely, in his love of strong and racy words. A phrase can hardly be too homely for the true Epic style, if it be unaffected, energetic and graphic.

There are reasons for rendering Homer into *metre*, which do not apply to the Hebrew Psalms and Prophets. Hebrew itself, instead of metre, has parallelism of phrase, which remains after translation; and thus the English preserves the colour of the original. A

terse translation of Hebrew has probably as much of rhythm as the original, even while it is called prose. Moreover the Hebrew poetical style is short and abrupt; while the subject,—whether by its religious interest or its intrinsic vehemence, — gives sufficient tension to the mind. It is like a series of Odes, not narrative like an Epic. Metre undeniably enhances the charm of a translation, and usefully strings up the mind in elevated passages. Without it, to sympathize with a poet's enthusiasm is certainly much harder. Indeed, if he is metrical, that which is intended to be his image cannot afford to dispense with metre. Nevertheless, to rhyme, in a translation of Homer, the objections are very decisive. In short pieces of poetry, rhyme is a pleasing ornament, but in any long poem it is of doubtful value. It may even become too obtrusive, and lessen the appreciation of varied rhythm. Especially in Walter Scott's metre, (otherwise excellently adapted to Homer,) this obtrusiveness is to be feared; nay, it provokes laughter with many, when very marked. Much more in certain parts of Homer (as in lists of names) is rhyme ridiculous: metre is bad enough. But the grand objection to rhyme in a translation of the Iliad, is the price at which it must be bought. The fluent continuous structure of the Homeric sentence, all the natural syntax and best forms of expression, are apt to be sacrificed. The lines or half lines habitually repeated in the poet, cannot be repeated without change in a rhymed translation.

Varied and elaborate renderings are then needful, where only one can be best: moreover the poet's mannerism is disguised. Thus problems before difficult are intensified.

Many of the same evils are entailed by a metre inadequate in compass. Mr. Andrew Brandreth, in a very faithful version, has tried to express each line of the Iliad in one line of Milton's Blank Verse, and has hereby damaged a translation in many respects very meritorious. Lord Derby has taken the same metre, but has not thus tied himself down. Nevertheless, in many passages it is of much value to render the original line by line. To illustrate the principle, let the English reader consider the following stanza of Byron :

The horrid crags by toppling convent crown'd,  
 The cork-trees hear that clothe the shaggy steep,  
 The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrow'd,  
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,  
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,  
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,  
 The vine on high, the willow-branch below,  
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

Manifestly, it would be better to translate these lines into prose, than into a metre which ran one line into another; and a translator who had to turn these *nine* lines into *twelve* (or into six couplets,) would inevitably ruin the passage, whatever in other respects his skill. This is an extreme case; yet the principle holds in Homer also. A stereotype Homeric line, which recurs again and again, must of course be completed in one line of the English; as for instance, book i, 43, 68, 73, 84, 130, &c. (and by the way, here also, rhyme is a fatal embarrassment); but, as one specimen

out of many, I may refer to the four lines, book i, 436—439, to show how desirable it may sometimes be to render line by line; at which for the most part I aim.

But I on no account tie myself slavishly to such a rule. I abandon it whenever the material is unfavourable. The English reader will discover the fact by the numbers added to the lines, which numbers are taken from the *Greek* text, and are intended to facilitate reference. They will show that five lines of the Greek often go into four lines of English, especially in the battle scenes, and in other passages where a large number of inevitable Saxon monosyllables replace longer Greek words.

The verse of Milton absolutely needs a high subject, and ill dispenses with an ornamental style. Even with tender sentiment, simplicity in it is not easily borne, unless there be something elevated or rare in the thoughts; while to be homely or prosaic, even for a few lines, is offensive. Rather than this, Shakespeare chooses to plunge into prose at once. Now Homer abounds with passages that have nothing elevated in them: for he is a narrator of every sort of common thing in the most garrulous detail. Cowper winced under the difficulty thus imposed on him, when he laboured to make his Blank Verse stately. Pope sometimes cuts out a line which he thinks below his dignity, or turns it away falsely. But the garrulity which thus vexes a translator who aims at continuous stateliness,—(indeed, every translator who uses Milton's verse,)—

becomes a pleasant gossip,—in Homer as in Herodotus,—as soon as we get a metre, which belongs to “the heroic age,” i.e. to that stage of national development in which Homer lived. Such metre is Epic in Greek, Ballad or Psalm tune in English.

To the metre which I have myself adopted, I was brought by a series of argument and experiment, and was afterwards gratified to find, that I had exactly alighted on the modern Greek Epic metre. It is also the metre of the American Yankee Doodle, which some have ignorantly made an objection: as if the metre of the Frogs and Mice, and of the Margites, were not that of the Iliad. Of course no metre can be popular, without being applicable to low subjects and open to low treatment; indeed, without being liable to degenerate into doggerel in unskilful hands. The moral qualities of Homer's style being like those of the English ballad, we need a metre of the same genius: it must be fundamentally musical and popular. To say this, is to say that it must be composed of systems of either four beats or three: our Common Metre is the obvious type. But on abandoning rhyme, my ear could not be satisfied without a double ending, as in Campbell's:

And in the frown of heav'n each face  
Grew black, as he was speaking.

I am increasingly convinced, that this is a very noble and powerful metre, and find that it admits of great variety. For some time after I used it, I did not understand all the small cares which it

needs, and the great results brought by little modifications: nor did I choose to spend time on the inferior parts. Naturally the earlier books have most needed and most admitted correction. But I must add, that, except in a few proper names, I never have allowed myself an Anapaest (as it is called), though found in our short ballads, and suitable to them. But a jumping rhythm is quite alien to the gravity of the *Iliad*.

The verse with five accents is adapted only to the terse, polished, oratorical or philosophical poetry of a cultivated age. The instinct of every translator who uses it, from Pope to Lord Derby, forces him to sacrifice all the tautologies so marked in the Greek Epic, together with its simplicity and frequent homeliness. The affinity of the five-foot metre for words of Latin origin which the ballad rejects, is another criterion, which of the two is suitable to the Epic: for, the entire dialect of Homer is essentially archaic, and abounds with words difficult and obscure to an Athenian, and even of uncertain sense, or explained only by special erudition. A translation therefore ought to be as much Saxo-Norman as possible, and artistically might well be in a style so antiquated as (I am aware) would now find few readers. I deem it unjust to the poet of the *Iliad* to render him into a purely modern diction and into a metre devoted to the polished poetry of a later school. As I resolved, among other things, to retain Homeric epithets and Homeric repetitions, I have regarded *rhyme* as, even on that ground, wholly unsuitable; for it

is utterly incompatible with that aim. At the same time I confess, that, elegant as is rhyme for short composition, I regard its prominence in a long poem to be certainly an offence, and the more perfect the rhyme, the worse the offence. I felt this very distinctly in Conington's translation of Virgil. But to modern taste, imperfect rhymes, such as we encounter in Pope, Dryden and Milton, are also an offence. And if rhyme be not, in a long poem, a certain advantage, the vast price paid to get it, is no uncertainty at all. It is impossible to look into a rhymed translation, without perpetually seeing how the necessity of getting a rhyme has led the translator to damage his workmanship. Indeed it generally disarranges the whole structure of the original, and breaks up what was fluent and continuous into sentences in which connection is deranged by constant change of the nominative.

When I retain, as I say, the epithets and numerous phrases or half-lines recurring in Homer, and constituting a *mannerism*, I have felt it essential to infuse some tinge, though only a tinge, of the antiquated into my diction, enough to break off mental association with the poetry later than Dryden. But I must reiterate my protest, that I have not the remotest idea of aiming "to reproduce the melodies" of Homer. Such an aim would seem to me to prove that a translator did not understand his own materials. No accentual metre *can* reproduce the sound, rhythm, "movement" of a quantitative metre, made primarily for musical time and for singing. All

that can be aimed at, is, a metre of like *moral genius* to Homer's; that is, a metre suited, like his, indifferently for all the early thought of a rude people; in harmony both with their highest conceptions and with their quaint credulous minds; capable of swelling into grandeur, and of dropping without a shock into any thing familiar.

In every translation there must be compromise; chiefly in poetical translation. We have to yield up one object for the sake of another. The greater the value of the original, the higher is the offence of sacrificing its peculiarities to modern taste. In so difficult a problem, while it is not for me to pronounce what is my absolute success, I claim to be judged by a comparison *with other translators*, (and that, in the nobler passages,) side by side with a literal translation of the original. But I am well aware that every great poet may be profitably rendered by translations of different genius in many different ways; nor does one translator exclude another. The number of translations of the *Iliad* which have rapidly succeeded one another since 1856, the year of my first edition, is a noteworthy phenomenon of our day.

As regards this edition, I have only to say, that I have diligently revised the whole; have almost rewritten the first three books, and have everywhere introduced small improvements, which, like touches in a drawing, each perhaps of little value, collectively add much, I hope, to the general effect. I have also carefully reconsidered many difficult

Homeric expressions, the difficulty of which I refuse to evade.

I wish distinctly to add my entire disbelief that the *Odyssey* comes from the same poet as the *Iliad*, although space does not here allow me to develop the reasons. Few seem to me to understand the true posture of the argument. Inasmuch as the moderns unanimously and totally reject the belief which was current with the Greeks from Herodotus downward, who unhesitatingly ascribed to the same Homer the *Κόπρια ἔπη* and all the Homeric Hymns and even the *Margites*; no *authority* whatever can any longer attach to the ancient opinion that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were from the same poet. This is not to be *assumed* true, until disproved; on the contrary, *we must disbelieve it, until it is proved*, just as much as if the two poems now came to light for the first time and we had no ancient notices of them at all.

It is to me indisputable, that an Englishman familiar with Attic Greek in prose and poetry, and knowing the *Iliad* by heart, will nevertheless often find vagueness and obscurity in the *Odyssey* when he first comes to it, not merely on account of new *things* in it, which naturally need new *names*, but because of the new usages in many small words which determine the logic of a sentence, and other grammatical peculiarities, besides new forms or new senses of words and new phrases. The rhythm also is quite inferior; which is not to be expected, if it is a later production of the same great poet. It is further confessed

that the mythology and the geography are in many respects like a new world: so it is hard to know why any one should suppose both poems to have one author, except that we have not been able to shake off the supposed weight of ancient opinion in this matter. I feel also a lower and more heartless morality all through the later poem. What most amazes me, is, to find learned men argue for the unity of authorship, from the free quotation of the Iliad found in the Odyssey. Nothing has so vehemently impressed me, as the simple impossibility of a great poet spoiling his own fine passages and indeed burlesquing them, as sometimes in the

Odyssey. Thus in Iliad 6. Hector addressing Andromacha, says: "Go indoors and tend thy own works, the loom and the shuttle; and order the attendants to work busily: but WAR shall be a care to MEN,—to *all* (men), and chiefly to me, *of all who are born in Ilion.*" In the Odyssey (1, 356) young Telemachus travesties this, addressing it to his mother Penelope. Word for word he repeats it for two lines and a half; and then suddenly changes the word WAR into Talk. "TALK shall be a care to MEN,—to all, and chiefly to me: *for this it is, which gives sway in the house.*" Such a turn is like Aristophanic burlesque.

1867.



## HOMER'S PANTHEON.

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A READER may find it convenient to have here some notice of the chief divinities of the Iliad.

1. Jove or Jupiter, also Diespiter, of the Latins, was by the Greeks named *Zeus*, *Zên* and *Dio*. He is the chief god of heaven, and is also called *Crónidês* or *Cronion*, that is, son of *Cronos*, the Latin *Saturn*. It is generally believed that *Cronos* is nothing but the Greek word *Chronos*, *time*; so that *Jupiter* is made to be the son of *Time*; and *Cronos* is son of *Ouranos*, that is, son of *Heaven*. But *Cronos* with *Homer* is a *Titan*, or ancient god of a former generation, whom *Jupiter* has deposed and confined in a subterranean prison (8, 479).

2. *Juno*, the queen of *Heaven*, sister and wife of *Jupiter*. The name is Latin. She is called *Hêra* by the Greeks; but in a remarkable passage (5, 370) our poet represents *Diônâ* as mother of *Aphrodita*, whose father is *Jupiter*. Etymologically, *Diona*, *Junone*, *Zenônâ*, *Diana*, must be identical. The poet habitually entitles *Juno* white-arm'd and cow-ey'd.

3. *Apollo*, god of youth, beauty and archery. He is *not* in the Iliad god of the Sun, nor is he said to be born in *Dêlos*, both of which are his universal

attributes in later Greece. His temple at *Pythôn*, (i.e. at *Delphi*) is named (9, 405) and he is especially connected with *Killa*, *Tenedos*, *Chrysa*, *Iliion*, and *Lycia* (16, 514), where, it seems, the poet supposed him to have been born (4, 101), if this is the true translation. In *Iliion* he had a temple (5, 447), and he is peculiarly the god of the *Troians*, and unfavourable to the Greeks. But in the historical times he is the characteristic deity of the Greeks, both of *Ionians* and of *Dorians*. These differences strikingly testify to the antiquity of the Iliad. *Apollo* is entitled *Hecatos* (see Note at the end, on 1, 147) and *Eîos* (15, 365). *Dêlos* is not once named in the poem.

4. *Artemis*, virgin sister of *Apollo*, a huntress and archer goddess. The Latins identified her with their *Diana*; but she is not, like *Diana*, goddess of the moon. Sudden deaths of women are imputed to her arrows, 6, 205, 428; 19, 59; 21, 483. The mother of *Apollo* and *Artemis* is *Latônâ*, and *Jupiter* their father.

5. *Arês*, the Latin *Mars*, is the god of barbarian and ignorant war. His favourite home is *Thrace*. His sister, goddess of war, (*Enyo*) is identified with

Eris (*strife*) 4, 441. Arès himself has also the name Enyalios, which perhaps means, god of strife: in 17, 211 it seems to be a common noun. In 5, 333, 593 I have used the Latin name Bellona for his sister, whose personification is imperfect with the poet. When Jupiter restrains all the gods from the combat, she is nevertheless there (11, 3, 74). So Terror, son of Arès (13, 299), is more of a metaphor than a person. Arès however is son of Jupiter and Juno, despised by his mother and abhorred by his father (5, 761, 890).

6. Aphrodita, in Latin Venus, is in the Iliad daughter of Jupiter and Diòna, who in some mythology must have been queen of heaven. Aphrodita is generally supposed to mean *foam-born*. So in Colton's Tecumseh the red man calls a fair Englishwoman "child of the moon-lit Ocean foam." The Greeks regarded this goddess as golden-haired, admiring fair more than dark beauty; so the handsome heroes Achilles and Menelâos are auburn-haired. In the same spirit the Latins adopted the name Venus, which must be identified with the Welsh Gwyn, *fem.* Gwen, white, fair, beautiful.

7. Athèna was goddess of policy, of warlike stratagem, and of all feminine accomplishments. She is daughter of Jupiter: no mother is assigned to her. The philosophical idea that "Wisdom is born from Jupiter's own brain," received a monstrously literal interpretation in later time. The Latins identified Athèna with Etruscan Minerva, who was patroness of boys' schools and women's work, but was not a martial goddess. Athèna was peculiarly worshipped at Athens, a city to which she gave the

name; yet she has a temple at Iliion (6, 88, 297), a city to which she is very hostile. The poet seems to mean, that strategic policy (Athèna) was with his countrymen, and barbarous warfare (Arès) with their enemies. Athèna is habitually called grey-ey'd, or else owl-ey'd. Either translation is good.

8. Poseidàon, Poseidòn, or Neptune of the Latins, is god of the sea, and brother of Jupiter. See 15, 187-193.—An older god of the sea is Nereus, who seems to be called simply Ocean in 14, 201, and source of all the gods.

9. Aïdès, also Aïdòneus (5, 190) and Pluto, god of the dead and of the underworld, is a second brother to Jupiter, 15, 187. Aïdès means *unseen, invisible*: the Attics made Hades of it. Persephona, in Latin Proserpina, is wife of Aïdès, 9, 565. It is not distinctly stated in the Iliad that Persephona is daughter of Demèter (mother Earth), but 14, 326 alludes to it. Demèter is the giver of bread, but has no further functions in the poem. She is Ceres in Latin.

10. Hermes or Hermeas is nearly the same as the Latin Mercury; god of heralds and of court ceremonies, of foreign intercourse, and hereby of trade. Among qualities serviceable to ambassadors and merchants, are, subtlety, grace and plausibility; he is therefore pre-eminent in these accomplishments, and even in slyness (5, 390; 24, 24;) and seduction (16, 184). His great prominence in the last book has been thought a mark that the whole book is spurious; especially because (it is said) elsewhere Iris, not Hermes, is the messenger of Jupiter. But in that book Priam needs an escort and protector, not a mere

messenger; and Iris also is actually the messenger, vv. 77, 117. Nevertheless, it may justly be suspected that the 24th book was left in various parts imperfect, and has been completed by another hand.

11. Vulcan or Mulciber by his Latin name, is Hephaistos in Greek; god of fire and of the smith's art. The adding of *beauty* to this grimy trade is described as the marriage of Vulcan to a *Grace* (18, 383). Later mythology, even in the *Odyssey*, turns the *Grace* into *Aphrodita* herself, and thoroughly vulgarizes the mythos. The relations of *Arès* to *Aphrodita*, (*Mars* to *Venus*) are pure in the *Iliad*. They are simply brother and affectionate sister (5, 357) with no hint of any thing else. In the *Odyssey* the relation is impure, and the origin of that mythos had already disappeared, viz. that barbarous soldiers are lustful. The poet of the *Odyssey* tells his tale with sensual gust, quite foreign to the spirit of the greater poet, the author of the *Iliad*. The lameness attributed to Vulcan was probably borrowed from the religion of *Samothrace*, whether *Pelasgian* or *Phœnician*. Vulcan is son of *Juno* and *Jupiter* (1, 572, 578; 18, 396).

We must not omit certain elder gods, apparently *Titans*. *Cronos* or *Saturn*, *Nereus* or *Oceanos*, and *Demeter* or *Ceres*, have been named. *Elector* (the *amber coloured*?) is apparently god of the *Sun* (6, 513; 19, 398;) who has also the name or surname *Hyperion*, though *Hesiod* makes the *Sun* offspring of *Hyperion*. Besides these, is *Rhea*, wife of *Cronos*, mother of *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Neptune* and *Pluto*; also *Tethys*, wife of *Nereus*, whose other name is *Amphitrita*. The *Furies* are mentioned. *Dionysos*, in one wild fable, is connected with

the *Thracians* (6, 130), a very drunken people, and with *Thracian Lyeurgos*, who tried to suppress the vice; yet his mysterious relation to *Thebes* is implied in his birth from *Semela*, 14, 323. *Dionysos* was thoroughly an *Asiatic divinity*; he had no national worship in *Greece*.

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Besides the marks of antiquity in the *Iliad* just noticed, the widely different view given of *Atreus*, *Thyestes* and *Ædipus* from those which we meet in the later *Greeks* deserves careful attention. In 2, 105-107, *Thyestes* received the sceptre from (his brother) *Atreus*, and transmits it to *Agamemnon* son of *Atreus*. The poet appears quite ignorant of the implacable feud and cannibalism on which the later writers dwell, as also of the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*. So, while he alludes to the quarrel and war between the sons of *Ædipus* (4, 377, 386), he represents their father as having fallen in battle (23, 679), a flat contradiction of his blindness and old age, and virtually of the whole monstrous story as gloated over by *Sophocles* and the rest. The *Odyssey* takes one step forward concerning the mother of *Ædipus*, but leaves him on the throne. As *Greece* became republican, greedy credulity of royal horrors probably increased, and the misfortunes of the fallen kings were attributed to crimes of distant ancestors. It has also long been observed how silent *Homer* is concerning the *Dorians*; which is most easily explained, by believing that he wrote before they were distinguished in *Greece*. This likewise best agrees with the very ancient character of his dialect.

I must not close without adverting to the enormous controversy which perhaps has been nearly fought out, on the question, whether the *Iliad* is the work of one man, or is a growth by additions from many hands at many eras. Undoubtedly the spelling has been modernized, as indeed has the alphabet. No one can deny that under such a process many partial changes may have crept in. We must expect that, as in the plays of Shakespeare, so in the *Iliad*, the early copyist often had to follow his own discretion; and if he found lines defective, he was not likely to feel scruples as to filling them as he best could. But this is quite a different matter from adding whole books to the poem, or rewriting a narrative with expansion. That the poem underwent several *editions* (as we should call them), and received new passages and even new books, appears to me internally pretty clear: but the obvious probability (to be believed until disproved) is, that the changes *were made by the original poet himself*. In the first edition, (I am inclined to think,) the 5th book ended with v. 625; moreover the 6th book, dropping what is now its first line, began with 626 of the 5th. Thus the severe wound of Sarpedon (5, 696), inconsistent with books 12 and 16, disappears. Many think the 10th book is an after addition, because we find no mention of the horses of Rhesus afterwards, such as we might expect in book 23. Probably the whole of books

13 and 14, and the greater part of book 15, perhaps also a great part of book 12, were originally absent; for the narrative with which book 16 opens is in closest relation of time with the end of book 11; so too, 15, 727 ought to be the sequel of 11, 555—565. But if the poet himself added so much, it is not to be imagined that in so doing he could dispense with destroying or altering some part of his own work. It is unreasonable to expect that by mere *omissions* we shall ever regain his earliest poem. Nevertheless we obtain a narrative sufficiently continuous if we omit even the *whole* of the 12th, 13th and 14th books, and the 15th down to v. 727. I see high probability that the work was originally shorter by full four books. But the portions thus omitted contain poetry as vigorous and splendid as any part of the *Iliad*: and all must feel the improbability of such a masterhand devoting itself to expand another man's work. That the *Iliad* is a whole, very artfully elaborated, and therefore designed by a single mind, is abundantly manifest. Critics have invented for themselves enormous difficulty, by assuming that the poet had not the art of writing, although in contact with Asia where the art existed. As in the European Middle Age the barons were illiterate, while monks possessed the art, so in early Greece the use of it would long be quite exceptional.

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## NOTICE.

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THE reader will be kind enough to observe, that I avoid clipping the pronunciation of words, as unsuitable to Epic style. Heaven, Tower, Bower, are with me two syllables: Murderous, Gorgeous, Chariot, Flowery, Venison, Threatenest, are three; Outrageous, Olympian, are generally four; but Impetuous *before a vowel* is equivalent to three. So I avoid the combination of consonants in Didst for Diddest, &c. Also in such compounds as Sea-coursing, I throw the accent on the second syllable, as alone melodious.

It is worth while to add, that I on purpose use the forms *me, thee, him* after *than*, not as accusatives, but as the emphatic form, as in French *moi, toi, soi*. Everybody so uses *whom* (not *who*) after *than*. I cannot but suspect, that an erroneous imitating of Latin syntax has brought about confusion in this matter.

# HOMER'S ILIAD.

## BOOK I.

### The Quarrel for Briseïs.

GODDESS of song! the wrath rehearse | of Pelus' son Achilles,  
Baleful; which did with endless smart | Achaia's army visit;  
And to the realm of Aïdes | flung many a valiant spirit  
Of heroes, and themselves to dogs | and every fowl that ravins  
Yielded for booty: ay! for thus | did Júpiter accomplish 5  
His counsel steadfast, from the hour | which first embroil'd in quarrel  
The son of Atreus, lord of men, | against divine Achilles.  
Which among Gods did match the twain | in evil feud to wrangle?  
Latôna's son and Jupiter's: | for he, in heart embitter'd,  
Sent through the army sore disease, | till troop on troop would perish, 10  
All for the fault of Atreus' son; | sin as the king dishonour'd  
Chryses, Apollo's worshipper: | who, to redeem his daughter,  
The sharp Achaian galleys sought | and countless ransom tender'd,  
Bearing the fillets in his hand | of archer-lord Apollo,  
Wreathèd around his golden rod; | and sued to all Achaians, 15  
And to the sons of Atreus chief, | twin marshals of the people:  
"Children of Atreus! and the rest | of trimly-greav'd Achaians!  
Oh unto you may gods who hold | high dwellings on Olympos,  
Grant Priam's city for a spoil, | and homeward speed your voyage!  
But my dear child to me restore, | when ye have ta'en my ransom, 20  
Nor slight the son of Jupiter, | Apollo the far-darting."  
Then all Achaia's other folk | with word of kindly omen  
Mercy toward the priest would show, | and take the brilliant ransom:  
But Agamemnon, Atreus' son, | delight in mercy found not,  
But rudely flouted him away, | and stern monition added: 25





Much-knowing Calchas, Thestor's son, | of all the augurs foremost ;  
 Who knew the present and the past | and all hereafter coming ; 70  
 And eke, as far as Ilion, | Achaia's barks had guided  
 Safely,—by that foreboding art | which bright Apollo gave him :  
 Who thus with kindness harangu'd | and spake his word among them :

“ Achilles, dear to Jupiter ! | dost bid me to interpret  
 The sore displeasure of the prince | Apollo the far-darting ? 75  
 I then will tell it : but thy oath | and covenant I challenge,  
 That verily with word and hand | thou foremost wilt uphold me.  
 Ay : for I reckon to enrage | a man, mid all Achaians  
 Who with high puissance lordeth it, | and Argives bow before him.  
 For stronger is a king, when he | with common man is ireful. 80  
 For even if on that one day | he may his passion smother,  
 Yet in his bosom haply still | he fostereth a hatred,  
 Which shall in after-season wound. | Then think, if thou wilt save me.”

To him Achilles, fleet of foot, | did words responsive utter :  
 “ Take courage, surely ; and avow | whate'er the gods have shown thee. 85  
 For, by Apollo lov'd of Jove, | who, mov'd by thy entreaty,  
 O Calchas ! to the Dánaï | divine decrees expoundeth ;  
 While I yet live, and on the earth | gaze up to light of heav'n,  
 No man of all the Dánaï | beside the hollow galleys  
 On thee the heavy hand shall lay ; | not, were it Agamemnon, 90  
 Who mid Achaians challengeth | to be by far the greatest.”

The noble seer then courage took, | and did his message open :  
 “ Not on behoof of stinted vows | or hecatomb he blameth,  
 But on his worshipper's behoof ; | whom Agamemnon scorning  
 Will'd not his daughter to release, | nor to accept the ransom. 95  
 Therefore the archer-lord hath sent, | and yet will send, disaster.  
 Nor will he of the pestilence | hold back the heavy onset,  
 Until ye to her father dear | restore the curl-eyed damsel  
 Unbought, unransom'd ; and withal | lead solemnly to Chrysa  
 A hecatomb : then haply might | we pacify and trust him.” 100

Thus spake the seer, and down he sat ; | then in the midst before them  
 Rose Atreus' widely-reigning son, | the hero Agamemnon,  
 In anguish : for with frenesy | the swollen heart within him  
 Was darkened ; and his eye twain | like coals of fire did sparkle.  
 Calchas address'd he first of all, | with scowl that evil boded : 105

“ Prophet of ill ! thou never yet | for mé hast lucky saying.  
 Loss and calamity to spell, | to thee is alway pleasant ;  
 But goodly issue,—deed or word,— | not all thy art may compass.  
 And now among the Dánaï | expounding thou haranguest,  
 That therefore doth the archer-lord | forsooth ! disaster send them, 110  
 Because the brilliant ransom-price, | for Chryses' daughter tender'd,

Pleas'd me not : for surely much | the wench herself prefer I  
 At home to keep ; and love her more | even than Clytemnestra,  
 My consort early wedded : ay ! | in nought is she behind her,  
 Neither in feature, nor in frame, | in mind, or handy cunning. 115  
 Still, even so, to give her back | I choose, if this be better :  
 My people I desire to be | in safety, not to perish.  
 But ho ! for mé forthwith a prize | have ready ! lest of Argives  
 Alone I unrewarded be ; | the which, I trow, befits not.  
 To this then look ye,—other way | what gift to me is coming." 120  
 To him the trusty-footed prince | divine Achilles answer'd :  
 " Atrides most illustrious ! | thou greediest of all men !  
 Whence shall th' Achaians lofty-soul'd | a prize for thee discover ?  
 For nowhere keep we common spoil | in store ; but, from the cities  
 Whate'er we pillag'd, all is shar'd ; | and sooth ! it were unseemly 125  
 Now from the people to reclaim | what once hath been divided.  
 But to the god surrender thou | this maid ; and we, Achaians,  
 Threefold and fourfold will repay, | if haply Jove allow us  
 To storm and pillage Iliion, | that grandly-fencèd city." 130  
 To him in words reciprocal | spake royal Agamemnon :  
 " Achilles, image of the gods ! | do not, howe'er intrepid,  
 Steal past me thus ! thou wilt not mé | outstrip : persuade thou shalt not.  
 Dost wish, a prize thyself to have, | and me, despoil'd, dishonour'd,  
 So to sit still ? and biddest me | my portion to surrender ?  
 Now if th' Achaians lofty-soul'd | somewhence a gift discover, 135  
 Worthy of kingly dignity | and to my humour suited,  
 'Tis well : but if they find it not, | and I, with hand at random,  
 Clutch either thine or Aias' prize, | or haply from Odyssees  
 Seize and lead off ;—then whomsoe'er | I visit, may be wrathful.  
 But all such riddles may we spell | in new debate hereafter. 140  
 Now in the briny flood divine | launch we a dusky galley,  
 And rowers for it carefully | collect, and place within it  
 A hecatomb and eke herself | the dainty-cheek'd Chrysis.  
 And of our councillors let one | with high command be present,  
 Whether mayhap Idomeneus | or Aias or Odyssees, 145  
 Or, son of Peleus ! e'en thyself, | most marvellous of heroes ;  
 So by pure victims mightest thou | appease the Far-Enérgic."  
 To him Achilles fleet of foot | with frowning glance responded :  
 " Ah thou in shamelessness array'd, | with fox's greedy temper,  
 How, ever, shall Achaian man | with zeal obey thy summons, 150  
 Either upon a march to go | or strive in manly combat ?  
 For not in quarrel of my own | against the spearèd Troians  
 Hither I came to fight with them : | nor guilt against them charge I.  
 For never have they beeves of mine | nor yet my horses driven,

Nor ever on the ample loam | of Phthia, nurse of heroes, 155  
 Brought on my harvest detriment : | for verily betwixt us  
 Is many a shady mountain-ridge | and many a roaring billow.  
 But thee, O huge of impudence ! | for thy delight we follow,  
 Earning renown at Troian cost | for thee and Menelâos,  
 O dog in forehead ! nought of which | abasheth thee nor troubleth. 160  
 And lo ! of e'en my proper prize | thou threatenest to strip me,  
 Fruit of my toil : which eke to me | Achæia's sons awarded.  
 Never have I an equal lot | to thine, when wé Achæians  
 May haply of the Troians sack | some city thickly peopled.  
 In sooth, the chieffer offices | of battle's fitful onset 165  
 Mine are the hands that serve ; but if | some booty wait allotment,  
 To thee accrueth larger share ; | and I unto my galleys  
 Carry my portion, small but dear, | when jaded by the combat.  
 But now to Phthia will I go ; | for better far I find it  
 Home to return with hornèd ships : | nor staying here dishonour'd,  
 Think I thy overbrimming cup | with riches to replenish." 170

Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | to him replied alternate :  
 " Flee, surely ! if thy temper thus | persuadeth ; nor entreat I  
 That thou on mý behoof remain ; | for at my side are others,  
 (And chief is Jove the Counsellor,) | who mé will fitly honour. 175  
 Mid all the princes nurs'd of Jove | most hateful theé I reckon ;  
 For alway feud to thee is dear, | and violence, and combat.  
 But if thy prowess doughty be, | —I trow, 'tis God that gave it.  
 Then hie thee homeward on thy ships | along with thy companions,  
 And over Myrmidons be lord : | but I about thee fret not, 180  
 Nor to thy mood of wrath give heed. | Nay, further, thus I threaten.  
 Since bright Apollo for himself | to take Chryseïs willeth,  
 Her in a galley of my own | by hand of my companions  
 Shall I escort ; but I myself, | unto thy tent proceeding,  
 May lead thy proper prize away, | the dainty check'd Briséis, 185  
 And teach thee my præminence, | and make all others shudder  
 To hold pretensions face to face | and think to play my equal."

Thus spake he, and in Peleus' son | a pang of grief implanted.  
 The heart beneath his shaggy breast | asunder torn, did falter,  
 Whether to draw the cutlass sharp, | which at his thigh he carried, 190  
 And put the circling throng to rout | and slay the son of Atreus ;  
 Or curb upon his impulse set, | and his resentment strangle.  
 While he in bosom and in soul | such controversy bandied,  
 And from the scabbard half had drawn | the mighty sword ; Athéna  
 From heav'n alighted, forward sent | by Juno, white-arm'd goddess, 195  
 Who over both of them did watch | with kindness grave and tender.  
 Behind him, by his auburn hair | she caught the child of Peleus,

And stood, to him alone reveal'd ; | but none beside him saw her.  
 First marvell'd he ; then was abash'd, | when quickly he distinguish'd  
 Maiden Athëna. Dreadfully | her two eyes beam'd upon him. 200

Yet he, accosting her at length, | thus spake in wingèd accents :  
 " Offspring of ægis-holding Jove ! | what errand hither brought thee ?  
 Was it, this outrage to behold | from lordly Agamemnon ?  
 But frankly will I say,—(and deem, | the word shall meet fulfilment)—  
 He by his extreme haughtiness | may chance his life to forfeit." 205

To him alternate then replied | Athëna, grey-ey'd goddess :  
 ' I came thy frenesy to stay, | (in hope thou wilt obey me,)  
 Hither from heaven forward sent | by Jumo, white-arm'd goddess,  
 Who over both of you doth watch | with kindness grave and tender.  
 But come, desist from feud, nor jerk | that sword within the scabbard, 210  
 But wrangle thou with words alone, | —as wrangle will ye, surely.  
 For, this outright to thee I wed, | which soon shall meet fulfilment.  
 E'en thrice as many brilliant gifts | hereafter shall be brought thee,  
 This outrage to repay : but thou, | refrain thee, and obey us."

But her Achilles, fleet of foot, | address'd in words responsive : 215  
 " A charge from yóu, twain goddesses, | from mé obeisance claimeth,  
 Embitter'd tho' my passion is : | but thus I find it better.  
 Who yieldeth fealty to gods, | to him they greatly listen."

This said, upon the silver hilt | his heavy hand he planted,  
 And back into the scabbard thrust | the mighty sword, obeying 220  
 Athëna's word. But gone was she | aloft into Olympos,  
 In ægis-holding Jove's abode | to meet the other Spirits.

Again the child of Peleus then | with deadly alteration  
 To Atreus' son address'd himself, | nor yet from rage desisted.  
 " Drench'd with the wine-cup! eyes of dog, | but heart of deer, who bearest ; 225  
 Never with all the people thou | to busk thee for the battle  
 Hast hardihood of soul, nor yet | among Achaia's chieftains  
 On ambuscade to go ; but this | to thee right deadly seemeth.  
 More gainful truly is it, midst | Achaia's ample army

To plunder of his gifts, who'er | a word against thee sayeth :— 230  
 A king who doth his folk devour, | sin as they all are worthless !  
 Else this, Atrides ! were in sooth | thy last exploit of outrage.

But roundly will I say,—and swear | a mighty oath upon it,—  
 That, by the sceptre in my hand, | whence twig or leaf or blossom  
 Never shall sprout, sithence the trunk | it left upon the mountains ;— 235  
 For by the wasting edge of brass | both leaf and bark around it  
 Are peel'd away ; but now in turn | do children of Achaia,  
 Servants of Justice, carry it, | whom Jupiter hath chosen  
 Upholders of his Sanctities : | (to swear by this is sacred :)—  
 Surely upon Achaia's sons | shall longing for Achilles 240

Come, soon or late, on one and all : | but thou, tho' pierc'd with anguish,  
 Shalt then unable be to help, | when man-destroying Hector  
 In heaps shall slaughter them : but thou | shalt inly rend thy spirit,  
 Rueing that e'er thou heldest cheap | the greatest of Achaïans."

Thus did the son of Peleus speak ; | then on the ground his sceptre, 245  
 Studded with golden nails, he dash'd, | and took his seat among them.  
 On other side Atrides rag'd. | Then rose between them Nestor,  
 Soft of address and clear of tone, | the Pylian haranguer,  
 Whose words came gushing from the tongue, | than liquid honey sweeter.  
 To him already ages twain | of voice-dividing mortals 250  
 Had wanèd, which in early days | were rear'd with him, and follow'd,  
 In heav'nly Pylos' land ; but he | over the third was reigning :  
 Who thus with kindness harangu'd, | and spake his word among them.  
 " Good Spirits ! mighty grief in sooth | home to Achaïa reacheth.  
 Truly might Priam joyful be, | and all the sons of Priam, 255  
 And other Troians too in soul | be mightily delighted,  
 Did they such words unfriendly hear | of chieftains, each to other,  
 Who are of Dánaï supreme | in council and in combat.  
 But now comply ! and both of you | in age are far below me.  
 For I long since with ancient men, | of prowess yours surpassing, 260  
 Held intercourse ; and never aught | of slight towârd me show'd they.  
 For nót yet sùch men have I seen, | nor ever shall behold them,  
 As were of yore Peirithôos, | Dryas the people's shepherd,  
 And Polyphêmos match for gods ; | Exádios and Caineus, 265  
 And Theseus, Aigeus' son, who bare | the form of an immortal.  
 Of all the men who tread on earth, | these hardiest were nurtur'd.  
 Most hardy were themselves : and they, | with mountain-lurking monsters  
 Most hardy, fought : and all of them | they marvellously slaughter'd.  
 And I with these high intercourse | afar from land of Apis  
 Maintain'd, from Pylos coming forth, | compliant to their summons. 270  
 And in my measure, *I* too fought : | but like to *them*—no mortal,  
 Of all who now set foot on earth, | may quit himself in battle.  
 And they to my discourse gave ear, | and oft obey'd my counsel.  
 But ah ! obey ye also : since | obedience is better.  
 Nor thou, exalted as thou art, | despoil him of the damsel, 275  
 But let alone the prize, as once | Achaïa's children gave it.  
 Nor thou, Pelides ! deem it meet | against the king to wrangle  
 Confronted ; sin as ye the rest | nowise are peers in honour  
 With sceptre-holding king, to whom | high Jove hath glory granted,  
 And if thou stalwart art in fight | and goddess mother bare thee, 280  
 Yet worthier is he, because | wider his kingdom rangeth.  
 But thou, Atrides ! calm thy heat ! | myself I do beseech thee  
 Against Achilles wrath to drop ; | since in mischance of battle  
 He doth a mighty bulwark stand | for all Achaïa's children."

To him with word reciprocal | spake royal Agamemnon : 285  
 Ay ! verily all this, old friend ! | discreetly hast thou spoken ;  
 But this man willeth high above | all other men to tower.  
 O'er all he claimeth sway to hold | and over all to lord it,  
 And give command to all : but this | I do not think to suffer.  
 But if the everliving gods | to be a spearman made him, 290  
 Of ribald railing deemest thou | hereby they yield him license ?  
 Then quickly catching up his word, | divine Achilles answered :  
 " For heartless might I verily | and worthless be reputed,  
 If every matter I to thee | should yield, whate'er thou biddest.  
 On other chieftains saddle thou | thy orders : but hereafter 295  
 To me give no command ; for I | no longer think to bear it.  
 This also will I say ;—and thou, | within thy bosom east it.  
 Not for the damsel will I now | by hand and might do battle  
 With thee, nor yet with other man ; | since yé take back, who gave her.  
 But of the rest, that mine are call'd | round my sharp dusky galley, 300  
 Nothing against my will shalt thou | to bear away adventure.  
 Or else,—come on, and trial make, | that these may know the issue :  
 For instantly thy livid blood | around my spear shall bubble."  
 Thus did the princes twain adverse | stand up with words alternate  
 Jangling ; and did the mote break up | beside th' Achaian galleys. 305  
 Pelides hied him to his cots | and galleys even-balané'd  
 Along with Ménoitiades | and other dear companions.  
 Then to the saltflood Atreus' son | drew down a pointed galley,  
 And for it twenty rowers pick'd, | and in it placed beside them  
 A hecatomb, to please the god : | but dainty-cheek'd Chryséis 310  
 Came last ; and o'er them leader went | Odysseus much-devising.  
 They then embarking floated forth | along the watery channels.  
 But (so Atrides bade) the folk | well cleans'd with holy washings,  
 Into the salt wave's purity | rejected all defilement.  
 And they, on pebbles of the beach, | beside the brine unfruitful. 315  
 Serv'd perfect hecatombs of bulls | and goats to lord Apollo.  
 Then mounted to the sky the scent, | with curls of smoke aspiring.  
 Such cares employ'd the multitude : | but nought did Agamemnon  
 Abate of outrage, which afore | on A'chilles he threaten'd.  
 But he unto Talthybios | and Eurybat address'd him, 320  
 Who sacred heralds were to him | and ministers obeisant :  
 " Go both ; and entering the cot | of Peleus' son, Achilles,  
 Lead hither, taking by the hand, | the dainty-cheek'd Briséis.  
 But if they shall not let her go ; | why then,—myself may fetch her,  
 Coming with larger multitude ; | which were to him severer." 325  
 This spoken, forward sent he them, | and stern monition added.  
 The twain, o'er pebbles of the beach, | beside the brine unfruitful,  
 Unwilling to the cots and fleet | of Myrmidons betook them.

But him outside the cot they found, | nigh to his dusky galley,  
 Seated : nor A'chiles, I ween, | was joyful to behold them. 330  
 In tremour, they before the king | with reverential homage  
 Stood still : yet no salute they spake, | and no inquiry made they.  
 But he in his own mind was ware, | and first the twain saluted :

“ All hail ! ye heralds, who from Jove | bear message, and from mortals.  
 Draw nearer : justly I reproach | not you, but Agamemnon, 335  
 By whom on errand ye are sent | to fetch the child of Briseus.  
 But come, Patroclus ! brood of Jove ! | pr'ythee, bring out the damsel,  
 And to their guidance yield her : but,— | I claim them both to witness,  
 Before the face of blessed gods, | before the face of mortals,  
 Ay ! and before that king so harsh. | And if there rise hereafter, 340  
 Some need of me, from all the rest | to ward unseemly ruin,  
 Bear record ! for he verily | with deadly bosom fumeth,  
 Nor knoweth wisely to look out | forward at once and backward,  
 How his Achaians by the ships | might best in safety combat.”

Patróelos, when he answer'd thus, | obey'd his dear companion, 345  
 And straightway leading from the cot | the dainty-cheek'd Briséis,  
 Did yield her : back then hied the twain | along th' Achaian galleys,  
 And at their side unwilling went | the woman. But Achilles  
 Afar from his companions sat | in loneliness and weeping,  
 On gravel of the hoary brine, | o'er sheets of purple gazing. 350  
 And much unto his mother dear | he pray'd, with hands uplifted :

“ O mother ! since thou me hast borne | for life of narrow compass,  
 Honour at least was Jupiter | Olympian high-rumbling  
 Bound to vouchsafe me : yet he now | no whit of honour granteth.  
 Nay ! mé the widely-reigning lord | Atrides Agamemnon 355  
 Dishonoureth. My prize he holds : | himself is my despoiler.”

When tear-beflooded thus he spake, | his queenly mother heard him,  
 As sat she in the briny deeps | beside her aged father.  
 She from the hoary wave, like mist. | emerging fleetly scudded,  
 And while his tears did stream amain, | she seated her before him ; 360  
 Then, soothing him with hand and voice, | thus spake, his name pronouncing :

“ My child ! why weepest thou ? | what grief hath inly reach'd thy bosom ?  
 Speak out, and no concealment make : | thereby we both shall know it.”

To her Achilles, fleet of foot, | did answer, sore bemoaning :  
 “ Full well thou knowest : why to thee | should word on word be added ? 365  
 Against the king Eëtion | forth sallying, we pillag'd  
 His sacred city Theba : thence | we hither drave the booty.  
 Then duly did Achaia's sons | the rest divide among them,  
 But dainty-cheek'd Chryséis first | for Atreus' son selected.  
 Thereafter Chryses, worshipper | of silver-bow'd Apollo, 370  
 Unto the pointed galleys came | of brazen-mail'd Achaians,

Wishful his daughter to release ; | and countless ransom tender'd,  
 Bearing the fillets in his hand | of archer-lord Apollo,  
 Wreathèd around his golden rod ; | and sued to all Achaians,  
 And to the sons of Atreus chief, | twin marshals of the people. 375  
 Then all Achaia's other folk | with words of kindly omen  
 Mercy toward the priest would show | and take the brilliant ransom.  
 But Agamemnon, Atreus' son, | delight in merey found not,  
 But rudely flouted him away, | and stern monition added :  
 Then the old man with swelling heart | departed : and Apollo 380  
 To his entreaty bow'd the ear : | for greatly did he love him.  
 Against the Argives bolts of woe | he shot : thereby the people  
 Did perish, heaps on heaps ; and o'er | Achaia's ample army  
 Rov'd the god's arrows every where. | To us a seer right skilful  
 Haranguing, did the secret mind | of Hécatos interpret. 385  
 Straightway I foremost was to urge | atonement to the godhead :  
 But on Atrides anger came ; | and suddenly uprising,  
 He utter'd words of threatening, | which, lo ! are all accomplish'd.  
 For, *her* to Chrysa even now | the curling-ey'd Achaians  
 Escort on pointed galley,—gifts | unto her father bearing. 390  
 But *her*, whom late Achaia's sons | to me as prize awarded,  
 Her now the heralds from my cot | have torn,—the dame Briséis.  
 But thou around thy bonny child | enfold thy arms, if able.  
 Unto Olympos haste to Jove, | and supplicate, if ever  
 Thou to the heart of Jupiter | by word or deed wast aidful. 395  
 For in my father's house I oft | thy vaunt have heard, that only  
*Thou* of immortals diddest once | from Crónides dark-clouded  
 Ward bale unseemly ; when the rest, | Juno and maid Athèna  
 And Neptune, mid the Olympians | in shackles fast would bind him. 400  
 But thou, O goddess, swift of aid, | diddest from bondage save him,  
 To long Olympos summoning | the giant hundred-handed,  
 By gods entitled Briareus, | by all mankind Aigaion,  
 (For than his father hé again | is mightier in prowess :)  
 Who then at side of Crónides | sat glorying in grandeur. 405  
 Before him quail'd the blessed gods, | and thought of bonds no longer.—  
 Sit at his side and clasp his knees, | and of those deeds remind him,  
 If he may haply willing be | to show the Troians favour,  
 And hem, against the galley-poop | and water's edge, th' Achaians  
 In carnage perishing ; that all | may richly taste their monarch. 410  
 So shalt thou teach to Atreus' son, | wide-reigning Agamemnon,  
 His frenzy, who did cheaply prize | the greatest of Achaians."

To him then Thetis, tear-bestream'd, | did words responsive utter :  
 " Alas ! my child ! and wherefore then | did hapless mother rear thee ?  
 O mightest thou by galley-side, | from tears and pangs exempted, 415



Sit still ! since brief of span thy lot, | nor very long endureth.  
 But now beyond the rest art thou | at once both speedy-fated  
 And doleful : so with evil lot | I bare thee in my chambers.  
 But I to thunder-loving Jove | to speak thy word, will hasten  
 Myself,—in hope he may comply,— | to snowy-capt Olympos. 420  
 Do thou at present sit beside | thy swift-careering galleys,  
 And ire against th' Achaïans vent ; | but stay from war entirely.  
 For Jove to Ocean yester-eve | for solemn feast departed  
 Unto the noble Æthiops ; | and all the gods attended.  
 He on the twelfth-revolving day | returneth to Olympos : 425  
 Then to the brazen-floor'd abode | of Jove will I betake me,  
 And will his knees embrace for thee, | and reckon to persuade him.”

After such converse, parted she, | and left him, there still seated  
 Swelling in passion, thus to lose | the dapper-girdled woman ;  
 Sin as against his will by force | they seiz'd her. But Odysseus, 430  
 Envoy of sacred hecatomb, | attain'd the shores of Chrysa.  
 When here arriv'd they were, inside | the spacious depth of harbour,  
 Furling the sails, they stow'd them close | within the dusky galley,  
 Then lower'd by its shrouds the mast | right handily, and lodg'd it  
 Within its case ; and *her* with oars | push'd forward into moorings. 435  
 Then out they toss'd the mooring stones | and bound to them the stern-ropes,  
 And out themselves did disembark | amid the surf of breakers,  
 And out they brought the hecatomb | to honour bright Apollo,  
 And out from that sea-coursing bark | came last of all Chrysêis.  
 Her then before the altar led | Odysseus much-devising, 440  
 And to her tender father's hands | consigning her, address'd him :

“ Me Agamemnon, lord of men, | O Chryses ! charg'd with mission  
 In service of the Dánaï ; | to bring to thee thy daughter,  
 And by a sacred hecatomb | to soothe the lord far-darting,  
 Who now with many a moanful grief | the Argives hath afflicted.” 445

Thus speaking, render'd he the maid : | the sire receiv'd rejoicing  
 His daughter dear. Then quickly they | around the well-built altar  
 The god's illustrious hecatomb | in seemly order rangèd,  
 In holy water dipp'd the hand, | and barley-meal uplifted.  
 For them did Chryses loudly pray, | his hands to heaven raising : 450

“ God of the silver arrows, hear ! | who over Chrysa watchest,  
 Who valiantly in Ténédos | and heav'nly Killa reignest.  
 To my entreaty diddest thou | afore already listen,  
 And, mé avenging, direfully | hast harm'd th' Achaïan army.  
 Now, once again implor'd, do thou | my new petition honour, 455  
 And from the Dánaï at length | ward off unseemly ruin.”

So spake the priest his orison, | and bright Apollo heard it.  
 But after prayèr, first did they | the barley-meal throw forward.  
 Then back the victims' necks they drew, | and slaughter'd them and skinn'd them.

And parted out the thighs ; but these | in double fold they cover'd 460  
 With fragrant fat, and over them | the choicer pieces laid they.  
 Then sparkling wine the aged man | upon them dropt, and kindled  
 Faggots below, while five-pronged forks | by younger men were wielded.  
 When they had roasted well the limbs, | and had the vitals tasted,  
 The rest they into pieces slash'd, | and spitted every morsel, 465  
 And broil'd them all right skilfully, | and drew them off perfected.  
 But when they rested from the toil, | and all the feast was ready,  
 They banqueted ; nor lack'd their soul | meet plenitude of banquet.  
 But when desires importunate | of food and drink were ended,  
 Thereat th' attendant youths with wine | did crown the bowls high-mantling, 470  
 And, after fit initial cups, | mov'd round to all in order.  
 And they all day with melody | made to the god atonement,  
 Youths of Achaia, chanting high, | and sang in noble Pæan  
 The Far-Enérgie : listen'd he, | and was in heart delighted.

Now, at what hour the sun went down | and Earth in gloom enshrouded, 475  
 Then they, reposing, slumber took | beside the moorèd galley.  
 But at what hour the Early-born, | the rosy-finger'd Morning,  
 Shone forth, then sailèd they to join | Achaia's ample army.  
 To them fairwasting breezes gave | Apollo Far-Enérgie.  
 They rais'd the mast, and from the yard | spread the white breadth of canvas. 480  
 Right square the wind upon the sail | blar'd, and the purple billow  
 Around the bows shriek'd mightily, | as rush'd the galley onward.  
 Over the water scudded she, | her distances completing.  
 But when they fully had attain'd | Achaia's ample army,  
 Upon the solid land aloft | they haul'd the dusky galley 485  
 On to the sand, and underneath | long buttresses extended ;  
 Thereafter, were dispersed free, | amid the cots and galleys.

But he, Achilles, brood of Jove, | fleet-footed son of Peleus,  
 Sat by the swift-careering barks, | nursing his wrath ; nor ever  
 Wended, in man-ennobling mote, | as heretofore, to mingle, 490  
 Nor yet to combat ; but at home | his fond heart inly wasted.  
 There idly clinging, hanker'd he | for war and loud alarum.

Now when the twelfth revolving morn | thereafter came in order,  
 Then did the everliving gods | back to Olympos hie them,  
 Gather'd in throng ; and Jove, I ween, | was foremost. Nor did Thetis 495  
 The charges of her son forget ; | but, from the wave emerging,  
 Early of dawn forthwith she clomb | great Heaven and Olympos,  
 And found wide-sighted Crónides | apart from others sitting.  
 Upon the topmost pinnacle | of many-ridg'd Olympos.  
 Afront himself she seated her, | with her left hand embracing 500  
 His knees ; and with her better hand | beneath the chin she caught him.  
 Then thus, addressing Cronos' son | lord Jupiter, she pleaded :

“ If, mid immortals, Father Jove ! | I e'er to thee was aidful

By word, or e'en by deed, do thou | this one request accomplish.  
 Give to my son, who most of all | is speedy-fated, honour. 505  
 For, Agamemnon, lord of men, | disgrace hath cast upon him,  
 Holding Achilles' proper prize : | himself is the despoiler.  
 But thou, O Jove the Counsellor ! | Olympian ! exalt him ;  
 And so long to the Trôians | give puissance, till th' Achaians  
 Set honour on my son, and learn | in due esteem to prize him." 510

She spake ; and cloud-collecting Jove | no word to her responded.  
 In utter silence long he sat : | but Thetis, bent to win him,  
 Clung to the knees she first had touch'd, | and doubled her entreaty :

" Plight me the word of promise fast, | and nod to me approval,  
 Or else, refusing, clearly show, | (since thee no fear withholdeth) 515  
 How much among the gods am I | of all the most dishonour'd."

To her with indignation huge | spake Jove the cloud-collector :  
 " O deadly is the task, whereto | thou callest me, in brawling  
 With Juno to conflict, who aye | with wrangling words will fret me.  
 For alway doth she even now | among the gods immortal 520  
 Revile me, and aver that I | the Troians aid in battle.

But thou at present backward draw | thy step, lest haply Juno  
 Get knowledge : I for thy request | will study, to perform it.  
 Dost doubt it ? then by bow of head | will I full surety give thee,  
 Than which, among immortal gods, | no sign from me is firmer. 525  
 For whatsoever by the nod | I once behight,\* is neither  
 Deceptive nor revokeable, | nor faileth of fulfilment."

Such answer given, Crónides | with raven eyebrow nodded ;  
 And that immortal lordly head | did its ambrosial tresses  
 In mighty undulations wave : | and great Olympos shudder'd. 530

After such counselling, the twain | were parted. She thereafter  
 Leapt from Olympos' blazing heighth | into the briny billow ;  
 And Jove unto his own abode | return'd : the gods, to greet him,  
 Rose all from off their seats at once, | before their proper father.  
 Not one his coming dar'd to wait, | but all stood up before him. 535

Thus HE did there upon his throne | sit down. Nor yet was Juno  
 Unknowing, that with Jupiter | had silver-footed Thetis,  
 Daughter of Ocean's aged lord, | been join'd in secret parley ;  
 And straightway unto Crónides | heart-cutting words address'd she :

" O wily plotter ! whó of gods | hath join'd with thee in parley ? 540  
 Pleasant it alway is to thee, | apart from me abiding,  
 With covert purpose to decide ; | nor ever yet thou lovest  
 To me in willing confidence | thy inner thoughts to utter."

To her responded thereupon | the Sire of gods and mortals :

\* *Behight*, i.e. specify, stipulate, promise : p.t. *Behote*, partic. *Behoten*.

“ All the discourses of my heart | aspire not thou, O Juno : 545  
 To enter : toilsome will they be | even to thee, my consort.  
 But of my counsels whatsoe'er | for conference is fitted,  
 Not one shall earlier than thee, | of gods or mortals, know it.  
 But what, from other gods apart, | it liketh me to ponder,  
 Ask not, in several regard ; | nor seek my mind to fathom.” 550

To him with word reciprocal | spake cow-ey'd queenly Juno :  
 “ Alas ! what word from thee hath dropt, | O direst son of Cronos ?  
 Nought have I in the past inquir'd, | in nought thy mind have fathom'd :  
 But greatly at thy ease, in sooth ! | whate'er thou wilt, thou plannest.  
 Now grimly in my soul I dread, | lest silver-footed Thetis, 555  
 Daughter of Ocean's aged lord, | have haply won thee over.  
 For with high morning at thy side | she sat, thy knees embracing ;  
 To her (I gather) thou by nod | art plighted, on Achilles  
 Honour to set, and carnage make | along th' Achaian galleys.”

Then cloud-collecting Jupiter, | addressing her, responded : 560  
 “ Ah ! spritesome lady ! evermore | alert to watch and track me !  
 But nothing wilt thou more avail | to compass ; yea, and rather  
 From thee wilt sunder my regards ; | which were to thee more painful.  
 If, as thou thinkest, so it is, | my will (be sure) decideth.  
 But dumb in silence sit thee down, | to my command submissive ; 565  
 Lest near I draw, and cast my hands | intractable upon thee,  
 And none may succour thee, of gods | who to Olympos\* haunt them.”

So spake he : terror-stricken then | was cow-ey'd queenly Juno,  
 And dumb in silence down she sat, | her tender heart subduing.  
 Then were the heav'nly gods, throughout | th' abode of Jove, indignant. 570  
 But Vulean, fam'd in handieraft, | to them began discourses,  
 Earnest to soothe his mother dear, | the white-arm'd goddess Juno.

“ Fie ! deadly work will here be seen, | no longer to be suffer'd,  
 If ye, in sake of mortals, both | do jangle thus and wrangle,  
 And mid th' immortals drive a match | of cawing. Sooth ! no pleasure 575  
 Of goodly banquet will be left, | since worsè counsels conquer.  
 Now to my mother I advise, | (who, troth ! is sage without me.)  
 To bear the humours of her lord, | lest Jupiter my father  
 Raise a new quarrel, and embroil, | —along with us,—the banquet !  
 For if he list, who hurleth wide | his lightnings from Olympos, 580  
 To wrench the mountain from its bed, | —his might is far surpassing.  
 But oh ! with words of gentleness | do thou, my mother ! soothe him,  
 Thereat th' Olympian forthwith | will be to us propitious.”

So spake he : and, upspringing quick, | a goblet doubly-hollow  
 Presented to his mother dear | in hand, and thus address'd her : 585

\* *Haunt them to* ; i.e. accustom themselves to : frequent. Compare our word *Wont*,  
 with Germ. *Wohnen*, to dwell.

" Bear up, my mother ! and endure, | albeit keenly fretting,  
 Lest I (belovèd as thou art) | beneath my eyes behold thee  
 Smitten full rudely :\* nor shall I, | tho' stung at heart, be able  
 To help thee : for, th' Olympian | is troublous to encounter.  
 For, once upon a time before, | when I to aid was eager, 590  
 Hitch'd by the foot, he hurtled me | down from the heav'nly threshold.  
 On travel was I all the day, | and when the sun was setting,  
 Plumb down on Lemnos' isle I came ; | and little breath was in me ! *21*  
 But there the men of Sintis quick | did from the fall recruit me." —

Thus prattled he ; and drew a smile | from Juno, white-arm'd goddess, 595  
 Who, smiling, from her kindly son | in hand the cup accepted.  
 But he to all the other gods, | from right to left proceeding,  
 Cup-bearer acted, from the bowl | teeming the luscious nectar.  
 Then laughter rose unquenchable | among the gods immortal,  
 Vulcan to see along the halls | so diligent of service. 600

Thus then, throughout the livelong day, | until the sun was setting,  
 They banqueted ; nor lack'd their soul | meet plenitude of banquet,  
 Nor yet the harp right-beautiful | in hand of bright Apollo,  
 And Muses, who with dainty voice | sang, each to each responding.  
 But when the brilliant light of sun | was sunk, and day departed, 605  
 To take their rest then wended they | each to his proper dwelling,  
 Wherein with cunning various | the greatly famous artist,  
 The limping Vulcan, had prepar'd | for every one his mansion.  
 And Jove, Olympian lightener, | to his own bed proceeded,  
 Where erst it was his wont to lie, | when press'd by gentle slumber : 610  
 There rested he : and by his side | lay golden-thronèd Juno.

\* Compare Jupiter's brutal treatment of his queen, as described by himself, 15, 18—24.

## BOOK II.

### Muster of the Two Hosts.

THAT night all others,—gods on high | and men with plumes of horsetail,—  
Tranquil did rest them : only Jove | in balmy slumber lay not.  
But he with evertossing heart | took counsel, on Achilles  
Honour to set, and carnage make | along th' Achaian galleys.  
After such ponderings of thought | he deemèd it were wisest, 5  
On Agamemnon, Atreus' son, | to send a ghastly Vision.  
Therefore addressing him, the god | thus spake in wingèd accents :  
“Thou ghastly Vision ! up ! and seek | the sharp Achaian galleys.  
Hie to the cot of Atreus' son, | the hero Agamemnon,  
And every thing to him declare | exact, as I enjoin thee. 10  
Bid him, the train promiscuous | of streaming-hair'd Achaians  
Duly to busk ; for now should he | Troy's ample-streeted city  
O'ermaster : sin as deathless gods, | dwellers on high Olympos,  
No longer sunder'd are in mind : | for, Juno by entreaty  
Hath bent them to her will, and woes | are on the Troians fasten'd.” 15  
He spake ; and off the Vision flew, | soon as it heard the bidding,  
And gliding rapidly, attain'd | the sharp Achaian galleys ;  
Then straight to Agamemnon hied, | and found the chief reposing  
Under his cot ; and o'er his eyes | was pour'd ambrosial slumber.  
There, right above his head, it stood, | like to the son of Neleus, 20  
Nestor ; whom most of aged men | did Agamemnon honour.  
In such similitude, to him | spake forth the heav'nly Vision :  
“Son of a skilful-hearted sire | Atreus the courser-taming !  
Sleepest thou yet ? not all the night | a Counsellor may slumber,  
Who holdeth many a folk in trust, | and duties high purveyeth. 25  
Quick now the purport of my word | receive ; for, Jove hath sent me,  
Who, far asunder, yet for thee | great care and pity feeleth.  
He biddeth thee the train entire | of streaming-hair'd Achaians  
Duly to busk : for now shalt thou | Troy's ample-streeted city  
O'ermaster : sin as deathless gods, | dwellers on high Olympos, 30  
No longer sunder'd are in mind ; | for, Juno by entreaty  
Hath bent them to her will : and woes | are on the Troians fasten'd

From Jupiter. But thou, when left | by heart-assuaging slumber,  
Hold this within thy mind, nor let | forgetfulness invade thee."

After such saying, forth it fled, | and left him there reposing, 35  
With fond imaginings of heart | for no fulfilment destin'd.

For, simpleton! in that same day | to master Priam's city  
He counted; nor at all was ware | of Jupiter's devices,  
Who shortly would on Dánaï, | and eke on men of Troas,  
New miseries and wailings lay, | by dint of hardy struggles. 40

He woke from sleep, and round him stream'd | the utterance of heaven.  
Rising, he seated him upright; | then in soft shirt encas'd him,  
New-woven, dainty: over it | he cast his breadth of mantle,  
But underneath his glossy feet | the dapper sandals tied he.  
About his shoulders next he slung | the sword with silver studded 45  
Lastly, his father's sceptre took, | for ever undecaying,  
And with it wended by the ships | of brazen-mail'd Achaïans.

So soon as morning's heav'nly Queen | had long Olympos mounted,  
To tell of light to Jupiter | and other gods immortal;  
Forthwith did Agamemnon bid | the clear-intoning heralds 50  
To summon into public note | the streaming-hair'd Achaïans.

*These* gave the word of summoning; | right quickly *those* assembled.  
Meanwhile, where Nestor Pylos-born | had moor'd his royal galley,  
Thither the king a Council call'd | of lofty-minded Elders.  
When these together seated were, | sage purposes he open'd: 55

"Listen, my friends! In dream by me | was seen a heav'nly Vision,  
Amid the night ambrosial; | and most, of god-like Nestor,  
In form, in feature, and in size, | had narrowly the semblance.  
There, right above my head, it stood | and spake to me this errand:

'Son of a skillful-hearted sire | Atreus the couser-taming! 60  
Sleepest thou yet? not all the night | a Counsellor may slumber,  
Who holdeth many a folk in trust, | and duties high purveyeth.  
Quick now the purport of my word | receive; for, Jove hath sent me,  
Who, far asunder, yet for thee | great care and pity feeleth.

He biddeth thee the train entire | of streaming-hair'd Achaïans 65  
Duly to busk: for now shalt thou | Troy's ample-streeted city  
O'ermaster: sin as deathless gods, | dwellers on high Olympos,  
No longer sunder'd are in mind; | for, Juno by entreaty

Hath bent them to her will; and woes | are on the Troians fasten'd  
From Jupiter. But hold thou this | in heart.' Such charges given, 70  
He flew and vanish'd; and from me | sweet slumber then departed.  
But come,—if haply we may busk | the children of Achaïa.

And I their temper first will try | with words, as is permitted,  
And with their galleys many-bench'd | homeward to flee will counsel.  
But ye must, each in diverse part, | by skillful words detain them." 75

Thus spake the prince, and down he sat ; | but next arose before them  
 Gerenian Nestor, Neleus' son, | the lord of sandy Pylos,  
 Who thus with kindness harangu'd, | and spake his word among them.

“ O friends, who to the Argive folk | are governors and leaders,  
 If, of Achaians, other man | had told us of the Vision, 80  
 We might, as falsehood, shun the tale : | but now a king hath seen it,  
 Who mid the army challengeth | to be by far the greatest.  
 But come,—if haply we may busk | the children of Achaia.”

With such address, he led the way | and from the Council parted.  
 Then all the sceptre-bearing kings, | unto the people's shepherd 85  
 Obeisant, were dispers'd around | amid the folk assembling.  
 In fashion as the nations move | of honey-bees incessant,  
 Which from the niches of a rock | swarm fresh and fresh for ever,  
 And settle thickly clustering | upon the vernal flowers ;

In clouds successive, hither some | and thither others flutter : 90  
 So then of these the many tribes | throughout the cots and galleys  
 Duly in squadron rangèd were, | for full assembly ready,  
 Along the ample-bosom'd shore : | and Rumour blaz'd among them,  
 Jove's messenger, exhorting all | to haste ; nor did they loiter.

Th' assembly all in ruffle was : | the ground itself with clatter 95  
 Groan'd, as the peoples took their seat. | But heralds nine in number  
 With clear command did marshal them, | to check the voice of tumult,  
 And for the princes nurs'd of Jove | attention due to challenge.

With earnest purpose instantly | the folk in seemly order  
 Were seated, and from noise withheld. | Then royal Agamemnon 100  
 Arising, forth the sceptre held, | by Vulcan deftly fashion'd.  
 First Vulcan to lord Jupiter, | offspring of Cronos, gave it,  
 But he unto his minister, | the Argicide, lord Hermes.

As gift from Hermeas it came | to courser-smiting Pelops.  
 On Atreus, shepherd of the folk, | did Pelops next bestow it, 105  
 But to Thyestes rich in rams | Atreus bequeath'd it dying.  
 Thyestes yielded it in turn | to Agamemnon's honour,  
 For lordship over many an isle, | and o'er the whole of Argos.  
 So, resting him on this, he spake | these words among the Argives :

“ Friends, heroes of the Dánaï | and ministers of Ares ! 110  
 Jove, child of Cronos, mightily | in dire annoy hath chain'd me ;  
 Cruel : who did in former day | by solemn gage assure me  
 Well-fencèd Ilium to storm | and home the spoil to carry ;  
 But now an evil artifice | hath plotted, and commands me  
 Argos to seek, ignoble ; since | I many lives have wasted. 115  
 So seemeth it the will to be | of Jupiter o'ermatching  
 Who hath the lofty pinnacles | of many a city lower'd,  
 And yet will lower : for, his sway | is mightiest to mortals.



But this is eke to future age | a rumour ever shameful,  
 That, after effort impotent, | a people of Achaians, 120  
 So choice and many, endless war | and useless battle carry  
 Against a town of fewer men : | nor see we end before us.  
 For if, by joint agreement, we, | both Troians and Achaians  
 Striking a faithful treaty, will'd | our tale of men to reckon ;  
 If Troians severally cull'd | the hearthmen of the city, 125  
 And we Achaians into troops | of half a score were\_marshall'd,  
 And each troop chose one Troian man | the wine-cup to replenish ;—  
 I trow, the minister of wine | to many a ten were lacking.  
 So much, in number, I aver, | the children of Achaia  
 Surpass the city-dwelling throng | of Troians : but, to aid them, 130  
 From many a friendly city, men | spear-brandishing are present,  
 Who mightily my hands distract, | nor suffer me, tho' eager,  
 To storm and ravage Ilion, | that city thickly peopled.  
 Nine circling times of lofty Jove | already are accomplish'd :  
 Sapp'd are the timbers of our barks | and rotted is the tackle. 135  
 Meanwhile, I ween, our consorts dear, | and eke our childish offspring,  
 Sit in the halls expecting us : | but, as ye see, the purpose  
 To us is unfill'd, for which | we hither made the voyage.  
 But come : as I the word shall speak, | let all compliant follow.  
 Unto our native land belov'd | upon the galleys lie we ; 140  
 For ample-streeted Ilion | no longer can we capture.”  
 Thus speaking, to the depth he touch'd | the soul within their bosom  
 To all among the multitude, | who had not heard the Council.  
 With keen commotion heav'd the mote, | as heave the long sea-billows  
 Over the breadth of Icaros ; | which East and South together 145  
 Crosswise bestir, from many a cloud | of Jove the father darted.  
 As when upon tall standing corn | the West wind, sheer alighting,  
 Surgeth along the yielding stalks | and every ear depresseth ;  
 Such was the hurtle of the mote | entire : and they with clamour  
 Stream'd to the galleys. Everywhere | beneath their feet ascended 150  
 Dust as a cloud ; and each did each | exhort to cleanse the channels,  
 And launch upon the sacred flood | their barks. The props beneath them  
 Away they pull'd. To heaven reach'd | their shout, as home they hurried.  
 Then unpredestin'd homeward flight | had Argive fates defeated, 155  
 But that the danger Juno saw, | and thus address'd Athêna :  
 “ Ah me ! unwearable child | of Jove the ægis-holder !  
 Say ; to their native land belov'd | shall Argives thus betake them,  
 Over the sea's broad-swelling backs | in homeward voyage fleeing ?  
 Then would they for a glory leave | to Priam and the Troians 160  
 Helen the Argive : whom to win, | Achæia's sons so many,  
 Far from their native land belov'd, | on Troian soil are perish'd.

But now amid the host proceed | of brazen-mail'd Achaians,  
 And by thy gentle arguments | each warrior arrest thou,  
 Nor let them launch upon the brine | the easy-steering galleys." 165

She spake ; nor uncompliant found | Athēna, grey-ey'd goddess.  
 Down from Olympos' summits she | with sudden rush descended,  
 And, gliding rapidly, attain'd | the sharp Achaian galleys.  
 Odyssees there she found, to Jove | in weight of counsel equal,  
 Standing aloof : nor he, I trow | would touch his dusky galley 170  
 Featly beplank'd : but pangs of grief | his heart and soul did enter.  
 Then, standing at his side, thus spake | Athēna, grey-ey'd goddess :

“ Scion of Jove ! Laertes' son, | Odyssees much-devising !  
 Say, shall ye thus, intent on home | and native land belov'd,  
 Rushing on galleys many-bench'd | to dastard flight betake you ? 175  
 Then would ye for a glory leave | to Priam and the Troians  
 Helen the Argive ; whom to win, | Achaia's sons so many,  
 Far from their native land belov'd, | on Troian soil are perish'd.  
 But now amid th' Achaian host | proceed, nor flinch before them ;

And by thy gentle arguments | each warrior arrest thou, 180  
 Nor let them launch upon the brine | the easy-steering galleys.”  
 When thus she counsell'd, well he knew | the goddess' voice, which call'd him.  
 For lighter movement, off he cast | his cloak : but it the herald  
 Eurýbates of Ithaca, | attending him, recover'd.

Then he, to Atreus' elder son | straightway himself presenting, 185  
 His father's sceptre gat from him, | for ever undecaying,  
 And with it hied along the ships | of brazen-mail'd Achaians.

Whatever leading warrior | or monarch came across him,  
 Him he with gesture of respect | and gentle words arrested :

“ My spritesome worthy ! wrong it were | for *thee* to quail as coward ; 190  
 But steady sit thyself, and bid | the people to sit steady.

For not yet clearly knowest thou | what was Atrides' purpose ;  
 Achaia's sons now tempteth he, | and haply will chastise them.  
 Nor did we all in council hear | what form of speech he utter'd :  
 Beware, lest on Achaia's sons | his anger work some evil. 195

To monarch nurst of Jupiter | exalted is the spirit :  
 From Jove is honour : him too Jove | the Counsellor befriendeth.”

But of the common folk, if one | busy he found and shouting,  
 Him with the sceptre smote he quick, | and word of menace added :

“ My spritesome sirrah ! sit thou still, | and hear the word of others, 200  
 Who are thy betters far : but thou | unwarlike art and feeble,  
 Nor ever mayest count for aught | in battle or in council.  
 'Tis not for all Achaians here, | I trow, to play the monarch.  
 Not good is many-headed rule : | let one alone be ruler,  
 Let one be king ; to whom the child | of sly-devising Cronos 205

Sceptre and ordinances gives, | for royal sway among them."

Thus he, with princely governance | hied, marshalling the army.  
But they, from galleys and from cots, | again to mote did hurry  
With hollow noises; e'en as when | the sea's tumultuous billow  
Screecheth upon the mighty strand, | and all the floods reëcho. 210

Then did the others, seated fast, | to rightful place restrict them :  
But still, incontinent of word, | alone Thersites chatter'd ;  
Who, wont with reckless argument | against the kings to wrangle,  
Knew many a thought refractory, | and many a word unseemly.  
Whatever might to laughter stir | the Argives, that he utter'd, 215  
And of the host which came to Troy | none other was so ugly.  
One of his eyen glancèd forth | askance ; one foot was crippled,  
His shoulders round and bunching were, | toward his breast contracted.  
Sharp was his head, and cover'd ill | with scanty down above it.  
Chiefly to Achilles was he | and to Odyssees hateful, 220

Whom most he worried : now in turn | at godlike Agamemnon  
He keen upbraiding screech'd aloud. | Against him indignation,  
And wrath unmeasur'd, mov'd (I ween) | the heart of all Achaians.  
But he with loudly bawling voice | thus rail'd at Agamemnon :

"What further, son of Atreus ! now | complainest thou or lackest ? 225  
Of copper, lo ! thy cots are full ; | and women, pick'd for beauty  
Within thy curtains numerous | are found, whom WE Achaians  
On thee præminent bestow, | when WE some city capture.  
Or gold dost need beside, which some | of courser-taming Troians  
May haply bear from Ilion, | as ransom for his offspring, 230  
Whom I in bonds may lead away, | or other of Achaians.  
Or youthful woman listeth thou | for dalliance of fondness,  
Whom thou detainest at thy will | unjustly ? yet a chieftain  
Nowise beseemeth it, in harm | to plunge Achaia's children.

O gentle hearts ! Achaia's shame ! | no longer men, but women ! 235  
Home with our galleys let us go : | leave this man, here remaining,  
Over his dainty spoil to brood | in Troy ; till he discover,  
Whether in aught his mightiness | safety from us deriveth.  
Who with dishonour woundeth now | a man, than him far better,—  
Achilles :—for, his prize he holds ; | himself is the despoiler. 240  
Not bitter-hearted is in truth | Achilles, but indulgent ;  
Else this, Atrides ! were in sooth | thy last exploit of outrage."

Such words Thersites uttering | revil'd the people's shepherd  
Atrides : but aside of him | quick stood divine Odyssees,  
With frowning glances eyeing him, | and bitter chiding added : 245

"O thou of talk promiscuous ! | though smooth thy tongue and fluent,  
Check thee, Thersites ! nor desire | alone with kings to wrangle.  
For of the army, which to Troy | with Atreus' sons was gather'd.

Than thee, I reckon, liveth not | another mortal viler.  
 'Tis safer therefore, not with kings | betwixt thy teeth to chatter, 250  
 And vent reproachful taunts on them, | and watch to scuffle homeward.  
 Nor yet too surely know we all, | how endeth this beginning,  
 Whether Achaia's children back | for weal or woe will hie them.  
 At Agamemnon, Atreus' son, | the people's royal shepherd,  
 Railing thou sittest : why ? because | gifts manifold upon him 255  
 The valiant Danaï bestow : | and sooth ! thy jibes are cutting.  
 But this outright to thee I say, | which eke shall meet fulfilment.  
 If e'er I light on thee again, | as now, the dotard playing,  
 May then the head no longer stay | on shoulders of Odyssees,  
 Nor of Telémachos may I | be longer Sire entitled, 260  
 But I will on thee seize forthwith, | and strip thy pleasant garments,  
 The cloak and tunic, and whate'er | hideth thy shame from daylight,  
 And thee with contumely of blows | from out th' assembly driving,  
 Send thee to champ thy grief, beside | the swift-careering galleys."

Thus spake he ; and with sceptre stout | across his back and shoulders 265  
 Smote him amain. He writh'd, and dropt | warm tears from out his eyen.  
 Beneath the golden sceptre's force | the flesh, ungently stricken,  
 Rose on his back with stains of blood : | so down he sat, and trembled.  
 Then, helpless looking, wip'd away | his tears, though keenly smarting.  
 The rest, though grieving to be stopt, | to pleasant scoff betook them ; 270  
 And thus spake one, with eye that glauc'd | upon some other near him :  
 " Kind Spirits ! troth ! unending is | Odyssees' worthy service,  
 Who doth in sage advisings lead | and brazen war arrayeth ;  
 And mid the Argives now again | hath wrought this best achievement,  
 To hinder from his contumelies | this orator unbridled. 275  
 His haughty spirit will not soon | again, I wot, bestir him.  
 Such ribald-blurting insolence | on royalty to spatter."

Thus spake the crowd : but rising up, | Odyssees city-rieving  
 The sceptre held ; and at his side | grey-ey'd Athena standing  
 Unto a herald like in form, | the people call'd to silence, 280  
 That all Achaia's children there, | nearer or farther sitting,  
 At once the speaker's voice might hear | and ponder on his counsel :  
 Who thus with kindness harangu'd, | and spake his word among them.  
 " Atrides ! now to all the race | of voice-dividing mortals  
 Preëminent in shame, O prince ! | Achaians seek to make thee. 285  
 Nor care they longer to fulfil | the vow, which erst they plighted  
 When hitherward on voyage set | from courser-feeding Argos,—  
 Well-fencèd Ilion to storm, | and home her spoil to carry.  
 For lo ! as tender children now, | or like to widow women,  
 With soft remembrances of home | they whimper, each to other. 290  
 And homeward, verily ! the toil | might in vexation drive us :

Sin as, who but a single Moon | from his own wife is parted,  
 Upon his galley many-bench'd, | which ever-fretting surges  
 And stormy whirlwinds drive about, | —hath plentiful annoyance.  
 But nine times over now to *us* | the Sun in yearly circle 295  
 While here we stay, travérseth : hence | I blame not, that Achaians  
 Beside their hornèd galleys feel | annoyance : yet, disgraceful  
 Is it, on all wise, long to stay, | and homeward empty hasten.  
 Endure, and wait awhile, my friends ! | until with surety know we  
 Whether with utterances true, | or falsely, Calchas spelleth. 300  
 For well in memory we hold, | —and all of you may witness,  
 Who stand from deadly fates exempt, | which, yester-eve or sooner,  
 Sweeping, did others bear away : | —that, when th' Achaian galleys  
 Gather'd at Aulis, fraught with woe | to Priam and the Troians,  
 And we, beneath a planetree fair | beside the sacred altar, 305  
 With gift of perfect hecatombs | made worship to th' immortals,  
 Around, upon a fountain-brink, | whence rippled brilliant water ;  
*There* did a mighty sign appear : | a serpent, streak'd with purple,  
 Terrific, whom th' Olympian | himself sent forth to daylight,  
 Shot from the altar's under-side, | and on the planetree darted. 310  
 But thereupon were little ones, | the nestlings of a sparrow,  
 Crouching beneath the leaves to hide, | toward the branchy summit ;  
 Eight was their number ; ninth was she, | the parent of the younglings :  
 There he devour'd them one by one, | while piteous their twitter.  
 The mother flitted round and round, | her darling ones bewailing ; 315  
 But by the wing, with rapid coil, | he caught the orphan mourner.  
 When thus the sparrow and her young | he finally had swallow'd,  
 The god, who sent him forth to light, | made him a signal token ;  
 For, sly-devising Cronos' child | in stony form enchain'd him :  
 And we in wonderment stood by, | to see the deeds which follow'd, 320  
 When thus dire monsters of the gods | our hecatombs invaded.  
 But Calchas instantly harangu'd, | the oracles expounding :—  
 Why dumb in silence are ye held, | O streaming-hair'd Achaians ?  
 To us hath Jove the Counsellor | display'd this mighty portent,  
 Late seen, and in fulfilment late, | whose glory ne'er shall perish. 325  
 As did the snake the sparrow's self | devour with all her offspring,  
 In number eight, but ninth was she, | the parent of the children ;  
 So here, by like account, shall we | years just so many combat,  
 But in the tenth shall overmatch | the ample-strected city.—  
 So Calchas then interpreted ; | which now completion findeth. 330  
 But come ye ! patiently abide, | O trimly-greav'd Achaians !  
 Here, where we are ; until we storm | lord Priam's mighty city."

The Argives, when he thus harangu'd, | skirl'd loudly ; and the galleys  
 Gave echo with terrific crash, | beneath th' Achaians shouting,

Who to divine Odysseus' word | would jointly speak approval. 335  
 Also with them the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor pleaded :  
 " O gods and spirits ! verily ! | doth one discourse to other  
 Like silly children, all unvers'd | in hardiment of battle.  
 Whither are gone the oaths for us, | and whither are the treaties ?  
 In fire should counsellors' debate | be cast, and all our wisdom, 340  
 And pure libations, and right hands, | on plight of which we trusted ?  
 For vainly wrangle we with words | incessant, nor are able  
 A worthy remedy to find, | though here long time abiding.  
 But still, as erst, Atrides ! thou, | with counsel firmly stablish'd,  
 Over the Argives play the chief | amid their hardy straggles. 345  
 And if Achaians one or two | haply apart take counsel,  
 To Argos earlier to go, | ere that events decide us,  
 Whether the plighted word be true | of Jove the ægis-holder ;—  
 Leave these to pine and vanish : since | to them is no fulfilment.  
 For, overswaying Jupiter, | I say, approval nodded, 350  
 High on the right hand lightening, | tokens of favour showing,  
 Upon that day, when Argives erst | their swift-careering galleys  
 Ascended, carnage and despair | unto the Troians bearing,  
 Wherefore, let none of us to speed | on homeward course be willing,  
 Before that every one have seiz'd | some Troian wife as booty, 355  
 Our chase of Helen to avenge | and all our dark disasters.  
 Or if among you one for home | be marvellously eager,  
 Let him before the rest be quick | to touch his dusky galley,  
 Featly beplank'd ; that earliest | he fate may meet, and slaughter.  
 But prince ! wise counsel take thyself, | and hear another wisely : 360  
 The word, which I will tender thee, | not despicable deem I.  
 By tribes and brotherhoods thy men, | O Agamemnon ! sever ;  
 Let brotherhood from brotherhood | and tribe from tribe have succour.  
 If such be thy command, and if | th' Achaians yield obeisance,  
 The coward then shalt thou beknow, | of chieftains or of people, 365  
 And also who is brave : for, each, | as is his might, shall quit him :  
 And whether by unearthly will | a city scape thy pillage,  
 Or by the people's cowardice | and negligence of combat."  
 To him in words reciprocal | spake royal Agamemnon :  
 " Troth ! still thou in debate, old friend ! | Achæia's sons surpassest. 370  
 Would that I had, O father Jove, | Athêna, and Apollo !  
 Ten counsellors, who might with thee | compete, among Achaians.  
 Then should lord Priam's city bow | full soon the head before me,  
 Captur'd and pillag'd, top to base, | beneath the hands of Argos.  
 But Jove, the ægis-holding child | of Cronos, me has smitten,  
 Who tangleth me in net of strife | and quarrel ever-fruitless : 375  
 Since for a damsel's sake have I | with Achilles contended

By altercation opposite; | —and *I* in rage was foremost.  
 But if in counsel we again | ever be join'd, no longer  
 Shall Troy postponement earn of woe, | for e'en a scanty moment. 380  
 But now to banquet come, that next | we may the battle summon.  
 Let each man sharpen well his spear, | and each adjust his buckler,  
 Each to his nimblefooted steeds | supply the fodder duly,  
 Each keenly eye his chariot, | and well prepare for battle;  
 So shall we, all the day, hold plea | with melancholy Ares. 385  
 For no remission will we give | for e'en a scanty moment,  
 Till haply intervening Night | men's controversy sunder.  
 Now of the man-encircling shield | the strap on many a bosom  
 Shall sweat, and clinging to the spear | shall many a hand be weary;  
 And many a steed, who straining trails | the polish'd car, shall swelter. 390  
 But whomso wishful I descry | to straggle from the combat,  
 And loiter by the hornèd ships, | apart; for him thereafter  
 No remedy shall sure abide | against the dogs and bird's."

The Argives, when he thus harangu'd, | skirl'd loudly, as a billow,  
 Whene'er the South wind maketh stir, | upon the rugged margin 395  
 Where far out-jutteth lofty crag; | which yet the billows leave not,  
 If other fitful breezes play, | hither or thither veering.  
 Then rising from the mote they rush'd, | along the galleys scatter'd,  
 And rais'd from every cot a smoke | and set themselves to dinner.  
 To gods of birth eternal they | their sundry worship offer'd, 400  
 With vows imploring to escape | death and turmoil of Ares.  
 But Agamemnon, lord of men, | to Crónides o'erswaying  
 Did a fat beeve, five years of age, | for them as victim offer;  
 Then Panachaia's elder chiefs | he to the banquet summon'd.  
 Nestor was first of all; but lord | Idómeneus was second: 405  
 The two Aiantes next were call'd, | and then the son of Tydeus;  
 Odysseus was the sixth, to Jove | in weight of counsel equal.  
 But Menelâos, good at need, | came of his proper motion;  
 For well his brother's soul he knew, | by many cares distracted.  
 Around the bull these took their stand, | and barley-meal uplifted: 410  
 Then, amid all, the common vow | spake royal Agamemnon.  
 "O Jove, most glorious and great! | cloud-wrap! in heaven dwelling!  
 Let not the sun go sooner down | and yield the world to darkness,  
 Ere that I headlong overthrow | the royal hall of Priam,  
 Doorposts and roof by deadly fire | in heaps of ashes buried; 415  
 And round the breast of Hector's self | the tunic soft he rended  
 By griding brass; and many a man | among his trusty comrades  
 Face-forward hurl'd upon the ground, | may bite the dust convulsive."  
 So spake he: nor did Cronides | as yet the vow accomplish:  
 The sacrifice accepted he; | but toil ungrudging added. 420

When ended was the pray'r, and they | the barley-meal threw forward,  
 Then back the victims' necks they drew, | and slaughter'd them and skinn'd them,  
 And parted out the thighs; which eke | in double fold they cover'd  
 With fragrant fat; then over them | the choicer pieces laid they.  
 And these they roasted with the flame | from leafless faggots kindled; 425  
 Then upon forks the vitals held | above the flame of Vulcan.  
 When they had roasted well the limbs, | and had the vitals tasted,  
 The rest to smaller bits they slash'd, | and spitted every morsel,  
 And broil'd them all right skilfully, | and drew them off perfected.  
 But when they rested from the toil, | and all the feast was ready, 430  
 They banqueted, nor lack'd their soul | meet plenitude of banquet.  
 But when desires importunate | of food and drink were ended,  
 To them the Pylian charioteer | Nestor began advices :  
 " O Agamemnon, lord of men, | most glorious Atrides !  
 No more debatings need we here; | nor longer let postponement 435  
 Hamper the high emprise, which God | within our hands entrusteth.  
 But come ye ! to the common throng | of brazen-mail'd Achaians  
 Now let the heralds notify | a levy at the galleys.  
 And for ourselves, patrol we thro' | Achaias's ample army  
 Together: thus we speedier | may Ares keen awaken." 440  
 He spake: nor was the lord of men, | wide-reigning Agamemnon,  
 Unwilling; but intently bade | the clear-intoning heralds  
 To summon to the ranks of war | the streaming-hair'd Achaians.  
 These gave the word of summoning: | right quickly those assembled.  
 The princes must of Jupiter, | around the son of Atreus, 445  
 Hasting, the folk assorted: them | grey-ey'd Athëna aided,  
 With costly ægis on her arm, | immortal, undecaying.  
 A hundred tassels, all of gold, | around it are suspended;  
 All are of dainty broidery, | each worth a hundred oxen.  
 Flashing with this on arm, she rush'd | thro' all Achaias's army, 450  
 To march of battle rousing them; | and every heart among them  
 She fill'd with vigour, ceaselessly | to toil in war and combat.  
 And sweeter suddenly to them | became the fray, than voyage  
 Unto their native land belov'd | on smoothly-rounded galleys.  
 As a destructive fire may blaze | across a boundless forest 455  
 Upon the mountain-summits, whence | afar its splendour darteth,  
 So then, as march'd the companies, | from off their brass resplendent  
 Shot up unearthly radiance | and reach'd the lofty heaven.  
 In fashion as the many tribes | of feather'd water-birdès  
 Whether of geese or cranes or swans | lengthy of neck, which alway 460  
 Haunt them to leas of Asia, | by marshes of Cäyster,  
 And hither thither flutter wide, | exulting in their pennons,  
 Or with loud scream alight in front, | and all the leas reëcho;



So then of these the many tribes | from out the cots and galleys  
 Into Scamander's ample plain | flow'd onward: but beneath them 465  
 From feet of horses and of men | did earth terrific rumble.  
 Station then took they on the mead | of flowery Scamander  
 By tens of thousands, as in spring | bud forth the leaves and blossoms.

As are the races numerous | of buzzing flies incessant,  
 Which rambling flit in clouds, where'er | the cattle hold their station 470  
 In early season, when with milk | the pail is wetted alway:  
 So many then upon the plain | the streaming-hair'd Achaians  
 Confronting to the Troians stood, | bent on their sheer destruction.

And as, amid vast herds of goats, | right easily the herdsmen  
 Distinguish each his proper flock | when mix'd are they in pasture; 475  
 So these the leaders, parting well, | hither and thither marshall'd  
 For warlike struggle. Midst of them | was royal Agamemnon,  
 To thunder-loving Jupiter | in head and eyen semblant,  
 To Neptune at his shoulder-breadth, | to Ares at his girdle.

In fashion as amid the herd | foremost by far outstandeth 480  
 The bull, præminent of rank | among the kine collected;  
 So on that day præminent | did Jove exalt Atrides,  
 Chosen above the common throng, | and amid heroes chiefest.

O tell me now, ye Muses, who | hold dwellings on Olympos,—  
 For ye in truth are goddesses, | all-present and all-knowing, 485  
 But we a rumour only hear, | nor aught for certain know we;—  
 Whó mid the host of Danaï | were governors and leaders.  
 But, for the multitude, not I | their tale might tell or name them,  
 Not, if I had a tenfold mouth | and tenfold tongue within it,  
 Tho' shod with iron were my voice, | and lungs within me brazen, 490  
 Unless the Muses, progeny | of Jove the ægis-holder,  
 Olympos' songsters, tell who came | neath Ilion for battle.  
 Now will I all the ships rehearse, | and all their chiefs, in order.

Of the Boiôtian galleys was | Peneleôs commander, 495  
 Arkésilas and Clonios, | Leitos and Prothoênor.  
 All who in Hyria had lot, | all who in rocky Aulis,  
 In Eteônos many-slop'd, | in Scoinos or in Scólos,  
 On Mycalêssos' ample floor, | in Thespia and Graia;  
 All who Erythrai occupied, | Eilesios or Hanna,  
 And all who dwelt at Eleôn, | at Peteôn or Hyla, 500  
 At Ocalê or Medeôn, | a trimly builded city,  
 In Thisba, land of turtle-doves,—in Copai or Eutrêsis:  
 All who in Coroneia dwelt | and grassy Haliartos,  
 And all who Glisan occupied, | and all Plataia's people,  
 And all who Hypothêba held, | a trimly builded city, 505  
 Or who in bright Onchêstos dwelt, | domain to Neptune sacred,

And all who held Mideia's soil, | and grape-beteeming Arna :  
 All who in heav'nly Nisa dwelt | and in remote Anthêdon :—  
 By these were fifty galleys mann'd ; | and youths, six score in number,  
 Of the Boiôtians embark'd | on board of every galley. 510

Asplêdon and Orchómenos, | the Minyeian city,  
 Were by two sons of Ares rul'd, | whom in the house of Actor  
 Astyoeha, a maid august, | into her chamber mounting,  
 To stalwart Ares bare : but he | her secret bed had enter'd.  
 One son was nam'd Aseilaphos, | Kílmenos the other ; 515  
 And thirty smoothly rounded barks | contain'd their train of peoples.

Epístrophos and Schedios | to Phôkis were commanders,  
 Sprung by high-hearted Iphitos | from Naubolos their grandsire.  
 All who in Kyparissos dwelt, | all who in rocky Pythôn,  
 In Daulis and in Pánopeus, | and who in heav'nly Crisa ; 520  
 Whoso around Hyampolis | or round Anemorea  
 Inhabited, or who beside | divine Kephîsos' river,  
 Or who Lilaia occupied | close to Kephîsos' sources :  
 From these a company was made | of forty dusky galleys.  
 Their leaders, moving busily, | the Phôkians were ranging, 525  
 Who close to the Boiôtians | were on the left accoutred.

But over Loeris Aias swift, | Oileus' son, was leader,  
 In bulk and stature not so big | as Telamonian Aias,  
 But greatly smaller : slight was he, | and girt with linen corslet,  
 Yet with the spear excell'd mid all, | Hellênes or Achaians, 530  
 Who dwelt in Kynos, Opoëns, | Calliaros or Bêssa,  
 Amid Augeia's lovely fields, | or in the fields of Scarpha,  
 By waters of Boagriôs, | at Thronios and Tarpha.  
 Of Loerians, who dwell against | Euboiâ's sacred island  
 On adverse coast, with him in train | came forty dusky galleys. 535

As for Euboiâ's proper folk, | th' Abantes valour-breathing,  
 In Histiaia vine-yeclad, | Eretria or Chalkis,  
 Who dwelt at Dion's fortress steep | and maritime Kerinthos,  
 Or who Carystos tenanted, | or held their lot at Styra ;—  
 These Elephênor, branch of Ares, | rul'd beneath his sceptre. 540  
 Calchôdon's offspring, leader o'er | the lofty-soul'd Abantes.  
 And in his train th' Abantes mov'd | with long hair backward streaming,  
 Spear-wielding active warriors, | with ashen shafts extended  
 Eager to burst the corslet thro' | upon the foeman's bosom.  
 With him there came a company | of forty dusky galleys. 545

Them who in Athens dwelt, within | the trimly build'd city,  
 Home of the mighty-hearted king | Erechtheus,—whom Athêna,  
 Jove's daughter, nurtur'd, (tho' to him | life-giving Earth was mother,)  
 But She in Athens planted him, | within her own rich temple.

Where, as the circling years are full, | by gift of rams and oxen 550  
 The youths of Athens busy them | to win her kindly favour :—  
 O'er these the son of Peteôs, | Menestheus, was commander.  
 To him not yet had mortal man | on earth arisen equal  
 To marshal chariots in rank | and buckler-wielding heroes.  
 Nestor alone his rival was, | and Nestor was his elder. 555  
 With him there came a company | of fifty dusky galleys.  
 Aias, the prince from Salamis, | was of twelve galleys leader,  
 And where the bands of Athens stood, | thither he led his comrades.  
 But them who Argos tenanted | and wall-encircled Tiryns,  
 Hermïona and Asina, | in inward gulf retreating, 560  
 And Epidaurus vine-yeclad, | Eïones and Troizen,  
 And all Achaia's youth who dwelt | in Mases or Aigina ;—  
 These Diomêdes, good at need, | beneath his sceptre marshall'd,  
 And Sthenelos, the offspring dear | of Capaneus the famous.  
 A third with these,—Eurýalos, | a godlike man, proceeded, 565  
 Whose father lord Mekisteus was, | and Talaos his grandsire :  
 But Diomêdes, good at need, | the bands collective guided.  
 Of these there came a company | of eighty dusky galleys.  
 But them who in Mykênai dwelt, | a trimly builded city,  
 Or in Cleônai trimly built | or in the wealthy Corinth, 570  
 Or lovely Araithurea ; | and tenants of Orneiai  
 And Sikyôn, which formerly | was kingdom of Adrastos ;—  
 All who in Hyperesia | and lofty Gonoëssa  
 Or in Pellêna dwelt, or held | round Aigion possessions,  
 Or widely spreading Helica, | and up the whole sea-margin :— 575  
 From these a hundred ships were led | by royal Agamemnon,  
 Atrides : lieges in his train | most numerous and greatest  
 Follow'd ; and mid them shone himself | with dazzling brass invested,  
 In matchless glory triumphing, | preëminent of heroes,  
 Sin as far mightiest was he, | and mightiest his vassals. 580  
 Those who in many a coomb were hid | of hollow Lakedaimon,  
 Messa, the land of turtle-doves, | or Sparta and Bryseia ;  
 And all who Pharis occupied | and beautiful Augcia ;  
 Who had their lots round Oitylos | and Laïis, or were planted  
 At Helos, fortress maritime, | and 'Amyclai :—their peoples 585  
 Did Menelâos, good at need, | his brother, lead behind him  
 From sixty galleys : but his bands | asunder were embattled.  
 Among them mov'd the prince himself, | with his own proper passion  
 Afire, to battle stirring them : | for keenly was he eager  
 His chase of Helen to avenge | and all their dark disasters. 590  
 But them who Pylos tenanted | and beautiful Arêna,  
 Thyron, a ford of Alpheos, | and trimly builded Aipy ;

Who Kyparissés habited | and round Amphigeneia,  
 Pteleion, Helos, Dôrion ; | where formerly the Muses  
 Met Thámyris the Thracian | and from his warbling stopt him, 595  
 When from Oichalian Eúrytos | out of Oichalia wending.  
 For he, high boasting, undertook | to conquer, if the Muses,  
 Daughters of ægis-holding Jove, | themselves his song would rival.  
 But they in anger marr'd his sight, | and eke his heav'nly carols  
 Brought to an end, and made his hand | of minstrel-art forgetful.— 600  
 The bands of these the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor guided,  
 And ninety smoothly rounded barks | were rang'd beneath his order.  
 But all who held Arcadia | beneath Kyllêna's mountain  
 Lofty and steep, beside the tomb | of Aipytus, where heroes  
 Hand to hand combating are found ; | and all who dwelt at Rhîpa, 605  
 Pheneion or Orchómenos | with flocks of sheep abounding ;  
 All who at Tegea had lot | or lovely Mantinea,  
 Windy Enispa, Stratia, | Parrhasia, Stymphálos ;—  
 O'er these Anchaïos' son bare rule, | the royal Agapênor,  
 In sixty galleys : and on board | of every galley mounted 610  
 Men of Arcadia numerous, | with feats of war acquainted.  
 For, Agamemnon lord of men | himself the son of Atreus  
 Gave them the galleys featly-plank'd | across the purple waters  
 To voyage ; sin as none of them | in seamen's work are busy.  
 But those who o'er Buprasion | were spread and heav'nly Elis, 615  
 Contain'd within Aleision | and limit of Hymîna,  
 From the tall rock of Olenos | to Myrsinos remotest ;—  
 Also to these were chieftains four, | and every chief was follow'd  
 By ten sharp galleys : each of them | did bear Epeians many.  
 Over two parts Amphimachos | and Thalpios were leaders : 620  
 To this man, Ctéatos ; to that | was Eurytos the father.  
 The third did stout Diôres lead, | the son of Amarynkeus.  
 Over the fourth, command was held | by godlike Polyxeinos,  
 Whose father was Agasthenes, | his grandsire lord Augeias.  
 But them who from Dulichion | and from the sacred islands 625  
 Th' Echinai come, across the sea | which lie, anent of Elis,  
 Meges the captain was of these, | in weight a match for Ares,  
 Son of a chief by Jove belov'd, | the charioteering Phyleus,  
 Who to Dulichion withdrew, | in wrath against his father.  
 With Meges came a company | of forty dusky galleys. 630  
 The highsoul'd Kephallenians | were by Odysseus marshall'd,  
 Who at leaf-shaking Nêritos | or Ithaca were planted.  
 All who in Crokyleia dwelt | or Aigilips the rugged,  
 And who round Samos held their lot | or dwelt upon Zakynthos,  
 And tenants of the continent, | the adverse coast possessing ; 635

All these Odyssees led, to Jove | in weight of counsel equal.  
 With him there went in company | twelve scarlet-sided galleys.  
 Thoas, Andraimon's offspring, o'er | th' Aitôlians was leader,  
 Who held their lot at Olenos | and Pleurôn and Pylêna  
 And Chalkis hard upon the sea, | and Calydon the rocky. 640  
 For neither did the sons survive | of mighty-hearted Oineus,  
 Nor Oineus' self; but death had seiz'd | on auburn Meleáger.  
 To Thoas then was princely rule | o'er all Aitôlia granted,  
 And with him came a company | of forty dusky galleys.  
 By spear-renown'd Idómeneus | the Cretans were commanded. 645  
 Whoever Gnóssos tenanted | or wall-encircled Gortyn,  
 Who Lyctos and Milêtos held | and chalky-soil'd Lyncastos,  
 Who held the thickly peopled towns | of Rhytion and Phaistos,  
 Or over hundred-citied Crete | dwelt loosely; these were marshall'd  
 By spear-renown'd Idómeneus, | with Méron beside him 650  
 Able to tilt the scale of Strife | against the god of Carnage.  
 With them there came a company | of eighty dusky galleys.  
 Tlepólemos, to Hêraclès | a tall and goodly offspring,  
 Led of the haughty Rhodians | from Rhode nine dusky galleys.  
 These over Rhode possessions held | into three States divided 655  
 Of Lindos and Iêlysos | and chalky-soil'd Cameiros.  
 Their armies by Tlepólemos | the spear-renown'd were guided,  
 To whom by mighty Hêraclès | Astýocha was mother,  
 Whom out of Ephyra he brought | from the Sellêis river,  
 When of Jove-nurtur'd warriors | he many a town had ravag'd. 660  
 But in the featly builded hall | Tlepólemus to manhood  
 Scarce did attain, and slew alas! | his sire's maternal uncle,  
 A branch of Ares now decay'd, | Likymnios belovèd.  
 Then built he galleys instantly, | and, many folk collecting,  
 Went o'er the deep a fugitive: | for deadly threats were utter'd 665  
 By other sons and sons of sons | of Hêraclès the mighty.  
 Drifting at random, fill'd with pangs, | on Rhode at length he landed.  
 There dwelt they threéfold, tribe by tribe, | and greatly were they favour'd  
 By Jupiter, who over gods | and over mortals reigneth;  
 And upon them did Crómides | unearthly riches shower. 670  
 Nireus again from Syma led | three even-balanc'd galleys,  
 Nireus, to Charopos the prince | and to Aglaia offspring;  
 Nireus, of all the Danaï | neath Ilion who muster'd,  
 The man of fairest form, except | the noble son of Peleus.  
 But easy of despoil was he, | and scant his train of people. 675  
 Then all who at Nisúros dwelt | and Crapathos and Casos,  
 And Cos, Eurypylos' old realm, | and the Calydna islands;  
 Over their armies Antiphos | was leader, with Pheidippos,

Two sons of Thessalos, a son | of Hêracles the lordly :  
 And thirty smoothly rounded barks | were duly rang'd beside them. 680  
 Now further, those who held their homes | within Pelasgian Argos,  
 In Alos or in Alopa, | or had their lot in Trachis,  
 Or Hellas, land of women fair, | did occupy, or Phthia,  
 Who were entitled Myrmidons, | Hellènes and Achaians ;—  
 Of fifty galleys mann'd from these | was Achilles the leader. 685  
 But they of harshly braying war | unthoughtful were and listless,  
 For none stood forward at their head | to marshal their battalions.  
 For idle at his galleys lay | Achilles trustyfooted,  
 Swelling at heart to lose the dame, | the bright-hair'd child of Briseus,  
 Whom, by much toil, select he won, | as booty from Lyrnêssos, 690  
 When of Lyrnêssos spoil he made, | and storm'd the walls of Theba,  
 And those spear-frenzied chiefs o'ercame, | Epistrophos and Mynes,  
 Whose sire Euênos was, and lord | Selepios their grandsire.  
 So, grieving for his prize he lay ; | but soon to rise was destin'd.  
 But those who dwelt at Phylaca | and that domain of Ceres, 695  
 The flower-spangled Pyrasos, | Itôn of flocks prolific,  
 And Antrôn, hard upon the sea, | and grassy-couch'd Pteleion ;—  
 Of these commander formerly | was brave Protesilâos,  
 While living ; but already then | the earth's dark bosom held him.  
 His spouse with mangled cheeks remain'd | in Phylaca deserted, 700  
 Within his half-completed house : | but him a Dardan hero  
 Slew, as from off his ship he leapt | far foremost of Achaians.  
 Nor yet unmarshall'd was his folk, | tho' for their leader pining :  
 But them in ranks of war array'd | Podarkes, branch of Ares,  
 Whose father Iphiclos was son | of sheep-abounding Phylax. 705  
 Unto the mighty-hearted slain | own brother was Podarkes,  
 But of more tender age : but *he* | was loftier and braver,  
 Protesilâos, martial chief : | nor did in sooth the people  
 Suffer from lack of governance ; | yet long'd they for their hero.  
 With him there came a company | of forty dusky galleys. 710  
 But those who Pherai occupied | beside the marsh of Boiba,  
 And Boiba's self and Glaphyrai | and trimly built Iolcos,  
 These did Admêtos' darling son | lead in eleven galleys,  
 Eumêlos : whom Alkestis bare, | —fairest of all her sisters,  
 Divine of women, Pelias' child,— | to steed-renown'd Admêtos. 715  
 But those who in Thaumakia | held lots, and in Methôna,  
 And Meliboia occupied | and rugged soil'd Olisdon,  
 All these did Philoctêtes lead, | in archery accomplish'd.  
 O'er seven galleys bare he rule, | and each with fifty rowers  
 Was well equipp'd, in archery | for stalwart fight distinguish'd. 720  
 But he upon an island lay, | enduring stubborn anguish,

Upon the heav'nly Lemnos, where | Achaia's children left him  
 Tormented by the evil sore | of that malignant hydra.  
 There lay he anguish-pierc'd ; but soon | the Argives at their galleys  
 Were doom'd remembrance to regain | of lordly Philoctètes. 725  
 Nor yet unmarshall'd was his folk, | tho' for their leader pining,  
 But Medon did their ranks array, | Oileus' bastard offspring,  
 Whom for his city-rieving sire | Rhena his mother nurtur'd.  
 All who in Tricca held their lot | or many-knoll'd Ithôma  
 Or where Oichalian Eurytos | once o'er Oichalia reignèd, 730  
 Two sons of Aisculapios, | Podaleiris and Machâon,  
 Excelling in the healing art, | were over these the leaders :  
 And thirty smoothly rounded barks | were duly rang'd beside them.  
 But those who held Ormenios | and Hypercia's fountain,  
 And who Asterion possess'd | and Titan's whity summits ; 735  
 Of these Eurypylos was chief, | Euaimon's brilliant offspring.  
 And with him came a company | of forty dusky galleys.  
 But those who at Gyrtôna dwelt | or tenanted Argissa,  
 And Olôsson, city white, | and Ortha and Elôna,  
 These Polypoites, staunch in war, | beneath his sceptre guided, 740  
 Son of Peirithoôs, to whom | immortal Jove was father.  
 This offspring to Peirithoôs | renown'd Hippodameia  
 Bare on the day, on which the Beasts | with downy hides he punish'd,  
 Which he thrust out from Pélion | and to th' Aithikes drove them.  
 Nor Polypoites lonely stood ; | but with him, branch of Ares, 745  
 Leonteus, son of Caineus' son, | the haughty-soul'd Corônos.  
 With these there came a company | of forty dusky galleys.  
 But two and twenty galleys came | from Kyphos, led by Gumeus :  
 Him the Peraibi staunch in war | and Eniènes follow'd,  
 Who fix'd their dwellings round about | the winter-land Dodôna, 750  
 Or joyful tillage tended near | delightful Titarêsos,  
 Who poureth in Peneios' lap | his dainty-streaming water,  
 Nor with the silver-eddying | Peneios ever mingleth.  
 But, alway sunderèd, as oil | along the surface floateth ;  
 Sin as it streameth from the Styx, | which gods invoking shudder. 755  
 Of the Magnêtes Prothoôs | Tenthrêdon's son was leader,  
 An eager hero : these were spread | along Peneios' currents,  
 Or held their homes where Pélion | his head leaf-shaking reareth.  
 With Prothoôs in company | came forty dusky galleys.  
 These of the Danaï were nam'd | the governors and leaders. 760  
 But Muse ! do thou declare for me | who among all were bravest,  
 Both men and steeds, which companied | in train of the Atridae.  
 Preëminent of coursers shone | the famous breed of Pheres,  
 Which drew Eumêlos' chariot, | and vied with birds in fleetness,  
 Like was their hue, and like their age ; | their height of equal measure. 765

These erst were in Pieria rear'd | by silver-bow'd Apollo,  
 Both of the gentler sex ; yet they | spread fear and flight before them.  
 But of the men præminent | was Telamonian Aias,  
 While as Achilles stood away : | for no one with Achilles  
 Might vie, nor with the steeds that drew | the noble child of Peleus. 770  
 But indolently listless he, | enrag'd at Agamemnon  
 Shepherd of peoples, lay beside | his hornèd barks sea-coursing ;  
 And all his people, straying loose | beside the breakers' margin,  
 Took their amusement at the quoit, | or with the jav'lin darting  
 And arrows : while by every ear | unharness'd stood the horses, 775  
 Munching the grassy lotus-leaf | and marsh-engender'd parsley,  
 Tranquil : and in the princes' cots | the chariots well cover'd  
 Idly repos'd : and they themselves, | their warlike leader missing,  
 Stroll'd hither thither o'er the camp, | nor join'd the moving army. 780  
 But it, as fire along the fields | invading, hurried onward.  
 Rumbled the ground beneath their tread, | like as around Typhôeus  
 When thunder-loving Jupiter | the earth in anger lasheth  
 Mid Arim mountains, where (they say) | are couches of Typhôeus.  
 So then beneath the feet of these | rumbled the earth deep-thrilling,  
 As on they went : and speedily | the breadth of plain travèrs'd they. 785  
 But Iris swift with feet of wind | on message to the Troians  
 From ægis-holding Jupiter | came down with painful tidings.  
 And they in public mote did sit | before the doors of Priam,  
 The younger and the elder men | in full assembly gather'd.  
 Then Iris fleet of foot drew near, | and stood, and spake her message. 790  
 In voice she did the semblance take | of Priam's son Polites,  
 Who, to his fleetness trusting, sat | as watcher for the Troians  
 On summit of the barrow-hill | of ancient Aisyêtes,  
 To spy, if e'er th' Achaian host | might from its vessels sally.  
 In such resemblance Iris fleet | her message spake to Priam. 795  
 "O father ! undecisive talk | to thee is alway grateful,  
 As formerly in peace : but war | unintermitting riseth.  
 For often truly have I gone | thro' many a fight of heroes,  
 But never people yet saw I | so many and so mighty.  
 Sin as, too like to forest leaves | or to the sands in number, 800  
 Across the champaign march they now, | to fight around our city.  
 Thee, Hector ! chiefly would I charge, | whom so to act behoveth.  
 For full of many brave allies | are the wide walls of Priam,  
 But men from diverse race deriv'd | to diverse language listen.  
 Let every chieftain give the word | to those who know his guidance, 805  
 And each his proper citizens | in sundry order marshal."  
 Thus spake she : nor did Hector doubt | the goddess' voice which call'd him,  
 But quickly brake he up the mote : | so to their arms they hurried.  
 Then open all the gates were flung, | and out the folk did pour them,



- The footmen and the horsemen both, | and rous'd unmeasur'd riot. 810  
 In front a steep and lofty knoll | before the city riseth,  
 Standing apart amid the plain, | by open roads encircled ;  
 Which was by earthly men of old | entitled Batieia,  
 But by the gods, the monument | of nimble-limb'd Myrinna :  
 There were the Troians and allies | in sundry order marshall'd. 815  
 Hector with helmet motley-wrought | was to the Troians leader,  
 Offspring of Priam : tribes of men | most numerous and noblest  
 With him array'd for battle stood, | with ashen lances eager.  
 Next came Anchises' bonny child | as leader of the Dardans,—  
 Aineias ; whom on Ida's slopes | immortal Aphrodita 820  
 Bare to Anchises,—goddess bright | unto a mortal wedded.  
 Nor lonely stood he : with him came | Anténor's double offspring,  
 Archélochos and Acamas, | in feats of arms accomplish'd.  
 But those who in Zeleia dwelt | beneath the foot of Ida,  
 Troians of wealthy race, who drank | Aisépos' darkling water ; 825  
 O'er those Lycàon's brilliant son, | young Pándaros, was leader,  
 On whom Apollo's self of yore | bestow'd his archer-weapons.  
 But those who Adrasteia held | and country of Apaisos,  
 Or who in Pityeia dwelt | and Tera's lofty mountain ;  
 These did two sons of Merops lead, | Adrastos, and Ampheios 830  
 With linen corslet. Verily | their sire, Percôtan Merops,  
 (To spell the future, skilfullest | was he,) forbad his children  
 To hero-wasting fray to march : | but they his word obey'd not.  
 For why ? the Fates to gloomy death | the youths unknowing hurried.  
 But those who occupied their lots | round Practis and Percóta, 835  
 And Sestos and Abydos held, | and glorious Arisba ;  
 Over their armies Asios, | high captain, was commander :  
 Asios, son of Hyrtacos, | whom coursers from Arisba,  
 Flanehued and stately, bare along | from the Sellôis river.  
 As for the tribes of warriors, | Pelasgians spear-frenzied, 840  
 Who held their dwellings on the breadth | of loamy-soil'd Larissa ;  
 These did Hippothoös conduct, | and Pylas, branch of Ares,  
 Whose sire Pelasgian Lethos was, | and Teutamios their grandsire.  
 Next Acamas and Peiroös | the Thracians conducted,  
 All whom the grandlyflowing stream | of Hellespont embraceth. 845  
 But of the warrior Kicones | Euphêmos was commander,  
 Whose sire Troizénos, nurst of Jove, | claim'd Keas for his father.  
 The bending-bow'd Paionians | were by Pyraichmes guided  
 From widelyflowing Axios | and Amydon's recesses ;  
 From Axios, whose stream is shed | the daintiest to mortals. 850  
 Pylaimenes of shaggy heart, | from Eneti proceeding,  
 Where a wild breed of mules is found, | the Paphlagonians marshall'd :  
 Men who in Sêsamos had lot, | and tenants of Kytôros,

And whose famous dwellings held | around the Virgin river,  
 And Cronna and Aigialos | and lofty Erythini. 855  
 O'er Halizōns Epistrophos | and Hodios were leaders  
 From distant Myba, wherein | a birth of silver lieth.  
 The Mysi Chronais own'd as chief, | and Ennomos the augur ;  
 Nor he by arts of augury | black destiny averted.  
 But him Pelides fleet of foot | with hand relentless slaughter'd 860  
 Within the river : where his might | to many more was deadly.  
 With Phorkys and Ascanios | the godlike,—next, the Phryges  
 Came from Ascania's distant land, | all eager for the struggle.  
 Over the brave Maionians | stood Antiphos and Mesthles,  
 Twain off-spring to Talaimenes | bestow'd by lake Gygaia. 865  
 These marshall'd the Maionians | born at the foot of Tmolos.  
 The Careḥ barbarous of voice | by Nastes were commanded,  
 Who at Milētos dwelt and held | the leafy mount of Phthirai,  
 And Mycala with lofty tops, | and currents of Maiander.  
 Over their bands Amphimachos | and Nastes were commanders, 870  
 Both Nastes and Amphimachos, | Nomion's brilliant children ;  
 Nastes, who enter'd war, with gold | bedizen'd like a damsel,  
 O simpleton ! nor this at all | sad destiny averted.  
 But skilful-hearted Achilles, | Aiakides fleet-footed  
 Subdued him in the river's flood, | and seiz'd the golden booty. 875  
 Sarpēdon led the Lycian bands ; | beside him, noble Glaucos ;  
 Who came afar, from Lycia, | from banks of whirling Xanthos.

## BOOK III.

### The Duel for Helen.

WHEN thus the armies several | were with their leaders marshall'd,  
The Troians, like to wingèd flocks, | mov'd clattering and screaming ;  
As verily the scream of cranes | across the sky is carried,  
Who, scar'd by storm ineffable, | and by the scowl of winter,  
Soar on the pinion clamouring | toward the streams of Ocean, 5  
And to the men of Pygmy breed | do fate and murder carry ;  
Where they, at early morning, set | dire controversy forward.  
But breathing vigour, silently | stept all th' Achaians onward,  
Each for his comrade resolute | some feat of arms to venture.

As when the Southern wind hath pour'd | mist o'er a mountain's summits, 10  
To shepherds hateful, but to thief | than shades of night more friendly ;  
And so far as one casts a stone, | may each man see before him :  
So then the dust-wave, wreath'd in storm, | arose beneath their tramping,  
As on they went ;—and speedily | the breadth of plain travèr's'd they.

When both to shorter distance came, | advancing each on other, 15  
Foremost among the Trojan ranks | was godlike Alexander,  
With panther skin and bending bow | around his shoulders hanging,  
And cutlass : but high brandishing | two copper-pointed lances,  
Challenge to all he made,—whoso | might be from Argos bravest,  
In foemen's grim arbitrement | advèrse to try his prowess. 20

When Menelas, by Ares lov'd, | beknew his foe, advancing  
With lengthy-striding gait, by far | afront of all the Troians,  
His joy was as a lion's joy, | on some large game alighting ;  
Whether a mountain-goat he find, | or hart with antlers stately.  
For he in hungry mood, I ween, | doth greedily devour it, 25  
Tho' hard behind him houndès fleet | and lusty callants gather.  
So Menelâos joy'd to meet | the godlike Alexander  
Beneath his eye : sin as he | the culprit thought to punish ;  
And straightway from his chariot | leapt to the ground in armour.

But soon as in the foremost ranks | did godlike Alexander 30  
Beknow, who fac'd him ; instantly | his tender heart was smitten ;  
And back he to his comrade troop | withdrew him, fate avoiding.

As when, amid a mountain-copse, | a man hath seen a serpent ;—  
 Startled, he sudden stands aloof, | his limbs are seiz'd with tremor.  
 And back recoileth he, with cheek | by paleness overmaster'd : 35  
 So then, in dread of Atreus' son, | did godlike Alexander  
 Withdraw him, mingling in the crowd | of haughty-hearted Troians.

But Hector saw, and bitterly | with words of scorn address'd him :  
 " Ill-omen'd Paris ! fair of face, | seducer, woman-frenzied !  
 O that unborn thou couldest be, | or baddest died unwedded ! 40  
 For this would I prefer for thee, | and far more gainful were it,  
 Than thus a contumely to be | and common mark of hatred.  
 In sooth, disdainfully do laugh | the streaming-haired Achaians,  
 Who say, that with a face so fair | thy prowess in the battle  
 Needs must excel ; but thou in soul | nor force nor spirit bearest. 45  
 Diddest, with such a heart as that, | belov'd companions gather,  
 And o'er the breadth of waters float | in sea-trav'ring galleys,  
 And, mix'd with strangers to our soil, | bear off a comely woman,  
 A bride of chieftain warriors, | from out the land of Apis ?  
 O mighty torment to thy sire, | the town, and all the country ; 50  
 A triumph to thy enemies, | but to thyself dishonour !  
 In sooth, 'twas wiser, not to wait | for warlike Menelâos,  
 Or try the prowess of the man, | whose blooming spouse thou holdest.  
 For not thy harp would succour thee, | nor gifts of Aphrodita,  
 Nor tresses, nor surpassing form, | if thou with dust be mingled. 55  
 But very cravens are the folk ; | or thou long since, in guerdon  
 For all the mischief thou hast wrought, | wouldest in stone be shirted."

But thus responsively to him | spake godlike Alexander :  
 " With right, and not beyond the right, | dost thou upbraid me, Hector !  
 Ever thy heart unworn doth last, | like edge of axe, unblunted, 60  
 Which by the arm of him, whose craft | a galley's timber shapeth,  
 Enters a massy beam, and much | th' impact of man enhanceth :  
 So in thy bosom dauntlessly | abideth aye thy purpose.  
 Blame not in me the lovely gifts | of golden Aphrodita.  
 Not wisely may a mortal slight | such glorious endowment, 65  
 Which, at their pleasure, gods bestow, | and none at will may choose it.  
 But now, if still thou wishest me | to enter war and combat,  
 Bid all the others, back to sit, | —both Troians and Achaians,—  
 But Menelas, by Ares lov'd, | match thou with me together,  
 For Helen and for all her gear | in feats of war to prove us. 70  
 And whichever win the day | and greater be in prowess,  
 Let him the woman have at home, | and all her gear around her.  
 And ye the rest, well reconcil'd | in faithful oaths and friendship,  
 O'er loamy Troas wide shall dwell, | and yonder host recover  
 Achaia, land of women fair, | and courser-feeding Argos." 75

He spake : and Hector greatly joy'd | to hear his brother's errand.

Along the Troian front he mov'd, | and check'd their close battalions,  
 Grasping his spear midway : then all | stood motionless in order,  
 While many an arrowshot at him | the streaming-hair'd Achaians  
 Sent eagerly ; and many a stone | and javelin they darted. 80

But Agamemnon, lord of men, | was ware, and shouted loudly :  
 " Hold ! hold, Achaians ! stay your darts, | ye warriors of Argos !  
 For Hector of the motley helm | some word to speak doth plight him."

This spoken, they from fight withheld, | and eagerly to listen  
 Did hush them. Then mid both the hosts | spake motley-helmèd Hector : 85

" Hear me, ye Troians ! hear me too, | ye trimly-greav'd Achaians ;  
 In Alexander's name I speak, | for whom this strife hath risen.  
 He biddeth that the rest of us, | both Troians and Achaians,  
 Upon the many-feeding earth | put off our beauteous armour ;  
 But twixt the armies let himself | and warlike Menelâos, 90  
 For Helen and for all her gear, | alone in fight be proven.  
 And whichever win the day | and greater be in prowess,  
 Let him the woman have at home | and duly take her dowry,  
 And us the rest be reconcil'd | in faithful oaths and friendship."

He ended : and on either side | they all were dumb in silence. 95  
 Then Menelâos, good at need, | thus spake his word among them.

" To me too listen, all of you ! | for sense of wrong and outrage  
 Me chiefly reacheth : now at length | I trust to part the combat  
 Of Argive and of Trôïan ; | since many a woe hath pierc'd you  
 Out of my quarrel, and on score | of Alexander's frenzy. 100

But of us two whichever be | to fate and slaughter destin'd,  
 Die let him ; so to you the rest | be combat quickly parted.  
 Twin lambs adverse of sex bring ye— | one white, the other dusky,  
 For Earth and heavenly Sun : but we | for Jove will bring another.

And fetch ye mighty Priam's self, | to ratify the treaties, 105  
 Hither in person ; since his sons | out-foaming are and faithless ;—  
 Lest Jove's high treaties damag'd be | by aught of rash transgression.

For in their counsels younger men | are flighty and unstable :  
 But if an old man interpose, | forward at once and backward  
 Glanceth his thought, how either side | may best arrange the future." 110

He spake ; and gladden'd by his word | both Troians and Achaians,  
 Who from war's endless misery | now hop'd for speedy riddance,  
 So drew they up in line their steeds, | and from their cars dismounted,  
 And put the armour from their necks, | and on the earth repos'd it,  
 Each army to the other near, | with scanty space betwixt them. 115

Then to the city heralds twain | right speedily did Hector  
 Forward dispatch, two lambs to fetch, | and bear the call to Priam.  
 So to the smoothly-rounded barks | did royal Agamemnon  
 Command Talthybios to hie, | and bring for the Achaians  
 One lamb : nor he of duty fail'd | to godlike Agamemnon. 120

Iris meanwhile as messenger | arriv'd to white-arm'd Helen,  
 In form like to Laódicea, | whom royal Helicæon  
 Anténor's son, in marriage held, | —old Priam's fairest daughter.  
 Helen within her hall she found : | but she a purple tissue 125  
 Did broider : wide, of double web ;— | and many a toil emblazon'd  
 Of courser-taming Trôïans | and brazen-mail'd Achaïans,  
 Which for her quarrel yet they bore | beneath the hands of Ares.  
 Then Iris fleet of foot drew near, | and stood, and spake her message :  
 “ Lady belovèd, hither come, | the wondrous deeds to witness 130  
 Of courser-taming Trôïans | and brazen-mail'd Achaïans ;  
 Who formerly, across the plain, | with thirst of deadly contest,  
 Did each against the other drive | the stress of tearful Ares :  
 But lo ! in silence sit they now, | and respite have from battle,  
 Leaning upon their shields ; and near, | are fix'd their lengthy lances. 135  
 But Ménelas, by Ares lov'd, | himself and Alexander  
 In single combat shall for thee | with lengthy lances prove them :  
 And to the winner shalt thou be | the consort dear entitled.”  
 Thus spake the goddess, and within | the heart of Helen wafted  
 Sweet yearnings for her ancient lord, | her city, and her parents. 140  
 And instantly with limbs enwrap | in folds of gauzy splendour,  
 Forth from the bower hurried she, | a tender tear distilling,  
 But not alone : as retinue | beside her, two companions  
 Attended,—large-ey'd Clýmna | and Aithra, Pittheus' daughter.  
 Quickly above the gates of Troy, | —the Skaïan gates—arriv'd they ; 145  
 Where, at the royal Priam's side, | Panthöos and Thymoites  
 And Hikétæon, branch of Ares, | Clytiös and Lampos,  
 Anténor and Ucalégon, | aged alike and prudent,  
 Over the Skaïan gates of Troy, | high aldermen, were sitting :  
 Who verily through age were slack | for battle ; but in council 150  
 Laborious, to crickets like, | which, mid the dewy forest,  
 Perch'd on a bush, unceasingly | their tiny treble quaver :  
 Such then upon the tower sat | the leaders of the Troïans.  
 And when they Helen now beheld | the tower-stair ascending,  
 In wingèd accents softly one | made whisper to another : 155  
 “ None may be wroth, that Trôïans | and trimly-greav'd Achaïans  
 For such a woman many a year | choose bitter woe to suffer.  
 Unto the deathless goddesses | her face hath awful likeness,  
 Still let her, such altho' she be, | hie homeward in her galleys,  
 Nor here a pestilence be left | for us and for our children.” 160  
 While thus they whisper'd, Priam spake, | and call'd the name of Helen :  
 “ Hither advance thee, dearest child, | and take thy seat before me,  
 Upon thy former lord to look, | amid his friends and kinsmen,  
 Not upon thee the guilt I cast : | the gods to me are guilty,  
 Who by th' Achaïans drive on me | the stress of tearful warfare. 165

But come ; declare to me by name | this man of bulk majestic,  
Whoso among Achaian men | thus comely is and stately.  
For others verily there are | of head and stature taller ;  
But nowhere yet so noble form | my eyes have e'er encounter'd,  
Nor so magnificent : in troth, | a royal man he seemeth." 170

To him with words responsive spake | Helen, divine of women :  
" Dear marriage-father ! thou to me | art reverend and awful.  
O that I rather willingly | had rush'd to Death's embraces,  
Nor hither companied thy son, | abandoning my bower,  
My kinsfolk and my tender girl | and lovely friends of childhood. 175  
But sin as other was my lot, | thereof I pine with weeping.  
Now, what thou askest me to tell, | that shortly will I answer.  
Yon hero, Agamemnon is, | wide-reigning son of Atreus ;  
At once a wisely ruling king, | and eke a doughty spearman.  
O that he still, to me \*dog-fac'd, | as once, were husband's brother !" 180

As thus she spake, the aged man | brake forth in words admiring :  
" Oh blessed son of Atreus, born | with fate and gods propitious,  
How many a bold Achaian youth | before thy sceptre boweth !  
Once into Phrygia vine-yeclad | in distant days I enter'd,  
Where men with dapple steeds I saw, | the many bands of Otreus 185  
And Mygdon, who with gods might cope : | such were the Phrygian levies,  
Along the banks of Sângaros | who then were rang'd for combat.  
For I, to their alliance join'd, | among their ranks was counted,  
When Amazons, a match for men, | invaded them with battle.  
Yet those were fewer, than are here | of curling-ey'd Achaians." 190

Next, the old man Odyssees saw, | and spake, anew inquiring :  
" Come, dearest daughter ; name to me, | who is this second hero.  
Than Agamemnon, Atreus' son, | in stature is he shorter,  
But broader to the sight, across | his mighty chest and shoulders.  
Upon the many-feeding earth | his armour lies ; and boldly, 195  
Amid the armed rows of men | like some tame pet, he bustleth.  
Unto a ram with solid wool | I verily compare him,  
Who through a vast and dazzling flock | backward and forward paceth."

Then Helen, brood of Jupiter, | to him alternate answer'd :  
" This is the much-devising man, | Laertes' son, Odyssees, 200  
Who on the stony ruggedness | of I'thaca was nurtur'd,  
Well skill'd in various enterprize | and craftiness of wisdom."

Then straight to her responsive spake | Antênor, sage of counsel :  
Oh Lady ! verily thy word | unerringly was utter'd.  
For long ago, on sake of thee, | in public errand hither 205  
With Ménelas, by Ares lov'd, | arriv'd divine Odyssees.  
Them did I entertain as guests | and in my halls befriended,

\* Dog-fac'd.—See I, 160, 225.

And learn'd the features of them both, | and heard their sage advices.  
 Now when amid the gather'd crowd | of Trôians they mingled,  
 While as they stood, at shoulders' breadth | was Menelâos taller, 210  
 But of the twain, when down they sat, | Odyssees was the grander.  
 Whene'er, in full assembly, both | did speech and counsels ravel,  
 Then Menelâos runningly | with curt harangue proceeded.  
 Few were his words, but sweet and clear : | no windy talker was he,  
 Nor rambling from his argument, | though he in birth was younger. 215  
 But when Odyssees rich of craft | did sudden rise before us,  
 He stood, and downward cast his eyes, | with firm and vacant glances ;  
 His sceptre he nor forward stretch'd, | nor backward did he wield it,  
 But rested on it motionless, | like to some empty fellow ;  
 Some wild fanatic he might seem, | or simpleton all witless. 220  
 But when at length from out his breast, | the mighty voice came gushing,  
 And words that hail'd incessantly, | like wintry snows exhaustless,  
 No longer then might other man | Odyssees' peer be counted,  
 Nor longer did Odyssees' form | with admiration fill us."

A third time then the aged man | inquir'd, at sight of Aias : 225  
 " What other of Achaian men | is that, so grand and goodly,  
 With lofty head and shoulders broad | præminent of Argives ?"

To him then Helen ample-rob'd | divine of women, answer'd :  
 " Thou seest Aias, huge of might, | high bulwark of Achaians ;  
 And on one side Idómeneus | is seen amid the Cretans, 230  
 Like to some god ; and round him, lo ! | the Cretan leaders gather.  
 Him Ménelas, by Ares lov'd, | of yore did often welcome,  
 Within our hospitable home, | whene'er from Crete he voyag'd.  
 But now behold I all the rest | of curling-ey'd Achaians,  
 Whom I might, one by one, beknow, | and tell their names and titles. 235  
 Only twin marshals of the folk, | —the courser-taming Castor  
 And Polydeucas, strong of fist, | —discern I not among them.  
 Own brothers both to me were they, | both children of my mother.  
 Did they perchance not join the host | from lovely Lakedaimon ?  
 Or hither did they voyage take | in sea-travèrsing galleys, 240  
 But now in fight of warriors | unwilling are to mingle,  
 Fearing the countless infamy | and mockings cast upon me ?"

So fancied *she* : but *them* already | Earth life-teeming cover'd  
 There, in their own beloved land, | their native Lakedaimon.

But, for the treaties of the gods, | heralds along the city 245  
 Carried the sacramental gear, | twin lambs, and wine propitious,  
 Fruit of the earth, in skin of goat ; | while, chief of Trojan heralds,  
 Idaïos, a resplendent bowl | and golden goblets carried,  
 And standing by the aged prince, | thus urgently address'd him :  
 " Son of Laómedon, arise ! | thee now the chieftains summon 250  
 Of courser-taming Trôians | and brazen-mail'd Achaïans.



To join them on the plain below, | and strike a faithful treaty.  
 But Ménelas, by Ares lov'd, | shall there with Alexander,  
 In single combat for their spouse, | with lengthy lances prove them ;  
 And whoso winneth, him the wife | and all her gear shall follow. 255  
 Then we too, duly reconcil'd | in faithful oaths and friendship,  
 O'er loamy Troas wide shall dwell ; | and yonder host recover  
 Achaia, land of women fair, | and courser-feeding Argos."

So spake he : but the aged man | shudder'd ; and bade th' attendants  
 His car to harness : busily | the king's command obey'd they. 260  
 Then on the seat did Priam mount, | and drew to him the bridles,  
 And on the dapper chariot | Anténor sat beside him :  
 Thus thro' the Skaians to the plain | held they the nimble coursers.

But when arriv'd they were, among | Achâians and Troians,  
 Upon the many-feeding earth | they from the car descended, 265  
 And station'd them in midmost throng | of Troians and Achaians,  
 But Agamemnon, lord of men, | uprais'd him on the instant ;  
 And up, Odyssees rich of craft. | Thereat, the stately heralds  
 The sacred treaty well prepar'd : | wine in the bowl they mingled,  
 And on the hands of all the kings | sprinkled the holy water. 270  
 But Atreus' son the knife drew forth, | which from his sword's great scabbard  
 Hung away ; and from every lamb | the forelocks shear'd : thereafter  
 The heralds dealt them to the chiefs | of Troians and Achaians.  
 For them Atrides loudly pray'd, | with hands to heaven lifted : 275

" Oh father Jove, from Ida ruling, | glorious and greatest,  
 And Sun, who overseest all, | and hearkenest to all things,  
 And River gods, and mother Earth, | and Ye Below, who punish  
 The men whose work is done,—whoso | a perjurd oath hath utter'd !  
 Be all of you our witnesses, | and guard our faithful treaties. 280  
 If Alexander win the fight | and slaughter Menelâos,  
 Then let him keep his foreign wife | and all her gear beside her ;  
 And we the rest will homeward go | in sea-travérsing galleys.  
 But next ; if auburn Ménelas | shall slaughter Alexander,  
 Then let the Troians straight restore | Helen and all her dowry, 285  
 And let them pay to us beside | a forfeit that is seemly,  
 Which eke to children yet unborn | may tarry in possession.  
 But if, tho' Alexander fall, | Priam and Priam's children  
 Refuse the treaty to fulfil | and pay to me the forfeit,  
 Then I, abiding here, will still, | on score of that amercement, 290  
 In warfare persevere, until | I reach the end of battle."

He spake, and gash'd the victim's throats | with ruthless blade ; and cast them  
 Panting and helpless on the ground, | bereft of living vigour.  
 The chiefs then dipping in the bowl | took up the wine in goblets, 295  
 And pour'd, with invocation due | to gods of birth eternal.  
 And thus did one or other speak | of Troians and Achaians :

"Jove greatest and most glorious ! | and all ye gods immortal !  
 Whichever side shall work annoy, | and first transgress the treaties,  
 As thus the wine on earth is spilt, | so may their brains be sprinkled,      300  
 Theirs and their children's ; but their wives ! a booty be to others !"

So pray'd they ; but Saturn's child | not yet the vow accomplish'd.  
 Then Priam, sprung from Dárdanos, | thus spake his word among them :  
 " Hear me, ye Troians ; hear me too, | ye trimly-greav'd Achaians !  
 Back now to windy Ilion | must I return : for never      305  
 Could father's eyes bear to see | his own beloved offspring  
 With Menelas, by Ares lov'd, | in deadly strife encounter,  
 Haply 'tis known to Jupiter | and other gods immortal,  
 For which of these two combatants | the end of death is destin'd."

So spake the godlike man ; and plac'd | upon his car the victims ;      310  
 Then mounted he the seat himself, | and drew to him the bridles,  
 And on the dapper chariot | Anténor sat beside him :  
 Thus back to Ilion the twain | departing, took their journey.

Then with divine Odyssees' aid | did Hector, son of Priam,  
 First for the battle measure out | the spaces due : thereafter      315  
 For either combatant a lot | within the copper helmet  
 They toss'd, to try which earlier | should hurl the brazen weapon.  
 Then all the folk made orison, | with hands to heaven lifted,  
 And thus did one or other speak | of Troians and Achaians :  
 " O father Jove, from Ida ruling, | glorious and greatest !      320  
 Whichever chieftain of the twain | hath put this work betwixt us,  
 Grant that the house of Aïdes | he perishing may enter,  
 And we the rest be reconcil'd | in faithful oaths and friendship."

So spake they ; but with eyes revers'd | great motley-helmed Hector  
 Toss'd up the morion ; and swift | out leapt the lot of Paris.      325  
 The others duly kept their seats | in rank, of either army,  
 Where stood their nimblefooted steeds | and lay their curious armour.  
 Around his shoulders thereupon | did godlike Alexander,  
 Lord of the bright-hair'd Helen, straight | in gleaming harness busk him.  
 First on his shins the dapper greaves, | with silver anklets fitted,      330  
 Arrang'd he : but, to guard his chest, | his brother dear, Lycæon,  
 Lent him a corslet of his own ; | but him it suited bravely,  
 About his shoulders next he slung | a sword with silver studded,  
 Brazen of edge : and after it | his buckler great and stubborn :      335  
 And on his gallant head he put | a helm well wrought of leather,  
 Bushy with horsetail ; dreadfully | the plume above it nodded :  
 Lastly, he pick'd a valiant spear, | unto his grasp adapted.  
 So too did Menelâos busk | in all his martial harness.

When thus apart from either host | the twain were well accoutred,      340  
 In measur'd step their posts they took | mid Troians and Achaians,  
 With dreadful glances. Deep amazement | held the hearts of gazers.

Both courser-taming Tróians | and trimly-greav'd Achaïans.  
 There, at short distance, stood they both, | upon the ground appointed,  
 Their adverse lances brandishing, | indignant each at other. 345  
 First Alexander forward threw | the spear with lengthy shadow  
 And hit the shield of Atreus' son | which equal was on all sides ;  
 Nor might the metal force its way, | but first the point was broken,  
 Caught in the sturdy buckler. Next, | Atrides Menelâos,  
 With pray'r to father Jupiter, | uprose to hurl his weapon. 350

"Grant vengeance, royal Jove! on him, | who foremost was in outrage,  
 And prostrate lay beneath my hands | the godlike Alexander :  
 That e'en in late posterity, | each may hereafter shudder,  
 Mischief to work against a host | who friendly welcome giveth."

He spake ; and poising, forward threw | the spear with lengthy shadow, 355  
 And hit the shield of Priam's son | which equal was on all sides,  
 Right thro' the shield's resplendency | hurtled the massy weapon,  
 And thro' the corslet's crafty work | with force uncheek'd was planted :  
 Close to his side from front to back | it thro' the tunic glided  
 Harmless ; for quick the hero flinch'd | and gloomy fate avoided. 360

Thereat, the son of Atreus drew | his sword with silver studded,  
 And rising smote the helmet's ridge : | but instantly the weapon  
 Out of his hand all aidless dropt, | threefold and fourfold shiver'd.  
 Then gazing to the vasty sky, | the son of Atreus groan'd :

"Oh father Jove, of all the gods | none is than thee more deadly. 365  
 For all his baseness, troth! I thought | to punish Alexander :  
 But piecemeal now within my hands | the sword is snapt ; and bootless  
 The spear has darted from my arm, | nor have I hit my foeman."

He spake, and on him rushing, seiz'd | the helmet thick with horsetail,  
 And twisting haul'd his foe toward | the trimly-greav'd Achaïans. 370  
 Forthwith around his tender neck, | the broider'd strap would choke him,  
 Which to his triplecrested casque | beneath the chin was fastened.  
 Then surely had he dragged him off | and earn'd uncounted glory,  
 But Aphrodita, child of Jove, | did speedily desery it,

And burst in twain the leathern thong | of the bull stoutly slaughter'd, 375  
 And empty in his broad hand left | the triplecrested helmet.  
 Hereat the hero, mid the crowd | of trimly-greav'd Achaïans,  
 Toss'd it with whirling : instantly | his lov'd companions caught it.  
 Thereafter, back again he rush'd, | with brazen weapon burning  
 To slay his foeman, hand to hand ; | but him did Aphrodita 380  
 Rescue, as gods do, easily, | and wrapp'd in mist abundant,  
 And cradled him in fragrancy, | within his perfum'd bower.

Again then sallied she herself, | Hellen to call ; and found her,  
 By Troïan women throug'd around, | upon a lofty tower.  
 The goddess, seizing with her hand | the nectar-breathing vesture, 385  
 Shook it, beneath the semblance hid | of woman eld-yestricken,

Who, diligent of carding wool, | in dainty tasks was skilful,  
 And greatly Helen lov'd, when yet | she dwelt in Lakedaimon.  
 In such similitude, to her | spake heav'nly Aphrodita.

“Come hither! to thy proper home | thee Alexander calleth. 390  
 There in his bower waiteth he, | upon his turnèd sofa,  
 With garb and beauty glistening: | and not from fight of heroes  
 Wouldest thou deem him newly come, | but to the dance proceeding,  
 Or haply, weary from the dance, | and seated to recruit him.”

She spake, and strongly did bestir | the woman's heart within her. 395  
 Nor yet was Helen slow to mark | the neck supreme of beauty,  
 And bosom with allurements fraught, | and eyes brightly sparkling.  
 Fill'd with amazement, yet she spake, | and call'd on Aphrodita:

“O spritesome goddess! wherefore thus | delightest to cajole me?  
 Wilt haply further list, within | some city thickly peopled, 400  
 Whether of lovely Maionis | or Phrygia, to plant me?

If, there too, thou some darling hast | of voice-dividing mortals.  
 And now, because that Ménelas | to godlike Alexander  
 Hath prov'd in war superiour, | and homeward fain would carry  
 Me, hateful wight; dost therefore now | with cunning guile beset me? 405

Go then, and seat thee by his side; | the path of gods forsake thou,  
 Nor turn the courses of thy feet | hereafter to Olympos;  
 But toil for ever, him to serve; | keep sentinel around him,  
 Until he take thee for his wife, | or haply for his bondslave.  
 But I, not thither wend my way,— | for troth! it were a scandal,— 410  
 To make me servant of his bed; | lest all the Troian women  
 Mock me hereafter: now, enough | of woes uncounted bear I.”

To her replying, angrily | spake heav'nly Aphrodita:  
 “Beware to fret me, insolent! | lest I in wrath forsake thee,  
 And then my enmity be fierce, | as now my love is wondrous. 415  
 And lest against thee I devise | in Danaï and Troians  
 Hatred unpitying, and thou | by base disaster perish.”

But Helen, brood of Jupiter, | hearing such answer, trembled.  
 In white resplendent robe of gauze | enwrapt, she went in silence,  
 By Troian women all unseen; | for why? the goddess led her. 420

But when, in Alexander's house | all gorgeous they enter'd,  
 Her two attendants busily | to diverse work betook them,  
 But she, divine of women, sought | her lofty-roof'd chamber.  
 Forthwith, the heav'nly Queen of Smiles, | immortal Aphrodita,  
 For her a double chair advanc'd | in front of Alexander. 425  
 Thereon did Helen, scion bright | of Jove the ægis-holder,  
 Sit, with her eyes turn'd away, | and sharply chode her consort:

“Art come from battle? on the field | 'twas thy desért to perish,  
 Slain by a mighty warrior, | in early day my husband.  
 Oft was in former time thy boast, | that thou, with deadly weapon 430

Than Ménelas, by Ares lov'd, | wast mightier in puissance.  
 But côme now : send a second time | and challenge make of battle  
 To Ménelas, by Ares lov'd. | But no ! in sooth I counsel ;  
 To temper enterprize, nor think | with auburn Menelâos  
 To try thy prowess, front to front, | in stress of equal combat, 435  
 Unwisely : lest his javelin | by cruel stroke subdue thee."

To her with words reciprocal | spake princely Alexander :  
 " Oh lady ! wound not thou my soul | with bitterness of insult.  
 Now, by Athêna's aid, for once | hath Menelâos conquer'd ;  
 Again shall *I* o'er *him* prevail : | for, mé too Heaven aideth. 440  
 But come ! in dear companionship | upon the couch repose we.  
 For never yet so much did love | my very soul encompass,—  
 Not even, when in early day | from lovely Lakedaimon  
 I snatch'd thee as my prize, and sail'd | in sea-travérsing galleys,  
 And on the isle of Crauacê | in bed and fondness held thee,— 445  
 As now I am on fire for thee | and sweetly captive taken."

Thus speaking, to the couch he led, | and with him went his consort ;  
 So mid the perforated frames | the twain repos'd in secret.  
 Meanwhile Atrides, mid the throng, | like some wild beast, was prowling,  
 If haply somewhere might he spy | the godlike Alexander. 450  
 But no one of the Trôians, | nor of the allies so famous,  
 To Ménelas, by Ares lov'd, | might Paris then discover :  
 Tho' not from tenderness, I ween, | had any spar'd to show him ;  
 For, like to gloomy pestilence, | abhorr'd was he by all men.  
 Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | thus spake his word among them : 455

" Troians and Dardans and allies ! | unto my summons listen !  
 To Ménelas, by Ares lov'd, | the victory hath fallen.  
 Do ye then Argive Helen yield | and all her gear around her,  
 Full speedily : and pay beside | a forfeit that is seemly,  
 Which eke to children yet unborn | may tarry in possession." 460  
 Atrides spake : and to his word | acclaim'd the Achaian army.

## BOOK IV.

### Breach of the Treaty.

NOW by the side of Jove the gods | were in full session gather'd,  
Over the golden pavement ; where | among them, queenly Heba  
The nectar flagon bare around ; | but they, in golden goblets,  
Gave welcome each to each, toward | the Troian city gazing.  
Then instantly did Cronides | with contumely of banter 5  
Bestir him, Juno to provoke | by keen harangue allusive.  
“ To Ménelas, from heaven's band | twain goddesses are helpers,—  
Athêna, war-repelling maid, | and Juno queen of Argos.  
Yet they afar from him do sit | and cast but glance upon him,  
In indolent delight ; the while, | to Paris, Aphrodita, 10  
The Queen of Smiles, is sentinel, | and screeneth him from danger ;  
And now hath rescued him anew, | when Death he counted instant.  
To Menelas, by Ares lov'd, | since victory hath fallen,  
Our part it is to ponder, how | may these affairs be ended :  
Whether disastrous war to rouse | and tribesmen's deadly slogan, 15  
Please us, or amity betwixt | the combatants to order.  
But if, to all of us aloft, | it grateful be and welcome,  
Let lordly Priam's city still | by throng of men be peopled,  
And Argive Helen grace again | the home of Menelâos.”  
He spake : thereat they mutter'd deep, | both Juno and Athêna : 20  
Close sat they, side by side, and woes | against the Troians plotted.  
Truly Athêna nothing spake | to Jupiter her father,  
And dumb, tho' wounded sore, abode, | yet fierce displeasure fill'd her,  
But Juno hid not in her breast | her wrath, but thus address'd him :  
“ O son of Cronos, grim and dire ! | what utterest so cruel ? 25  
How meanest, all my work to make | empty and unrewarded,  
And all the sweatings of my toils ? | My very steeds are weary,  
The people gathering, for woe | to Priam and his children.—  
Do so : but we, the other gods, | not all shall praise thy doing.”  
To her with indignation huge | spake Jove the cloud-collector : 30  
“ My spritesome lady ! how do thén | Priam and Priam's children  
So many mischiefs work on thee, | that eagerly thou longest

To storm and pillage Iliou, | that city trimly builded ?  
 If through the gates thou mightest pass, | within the long defences,  
 And there, as cannibal, devour | Priam and Priam's children 35  
 And all the Troians, then mayhap | thy cholour would be healèd.  
 Work thou thy will against them, lest | in aftertime the quarrel  
 Into a mighty struggle rise | of Jupiter with Juno.  
 This also will I say,—and thou | within thy bosom cast it.  
 If I hereafter in my turn | the purpose hold, to pillage 40  
 Some town, wherein are born and rear'd | the favourites of Juno ;  
 Then seek not thou my wrathful mood | to stay, but yield it passage :  
 For I too this to thee concede, | freely, with heart unwilling.  
 For verily, of all the towns | which men on earth inhabit,  
 Beneath the beams of yonder sun, | beneath the starry heaven, 45  
 Not one than sacred Iliou | to *my* regards is dearer,  
 And Priam's self, and all the folk | of ashen-spearèd Priam.  
 For never hath my altar lack'd | meet plenitude of banquet,  
 And fragrant fat, and streams of wine, | which are our proper honour."

To him responded thereupon | the cow-ey'd queenly Juno : 50  
 " Three cities verily to me | in all the world are dearest,—  
 First Argos ; Sparta next ; the third, | Mykênai ample-streeted.  
 These do thou ravage utterly, | if e'er thy soul abhor them :  
 I to defend them stand not forth, | nor grudge thee thy indulgence.  
 For if, repining at thy will, | I seek to stay their ruin, 55  
 Nothing may my repinings earn ; | for greatly art thou stronger.  
 Yet I too some regard may claim, | lest fruitless be my labour :  
 For I am, e'en as thou, a god :— | from the same source our being ;—  
 And eldest born I vaunt to be | of sly-devising Cronos,  
 Eldest by birth, nor less in rank ; | sin as I hold the title 60  
 Thy wedded queen to be ; and thou | mid all immortals reignest.  
 And now, if mutually we | concession make alternate,  
 I unto thee, thou unto me ; | the other gods immortal  
 Our primacy will own. But thou | quickly dispatch Athêna  
 To enter mid the slogan fierce | of Troians and Achaians, 65  
 And compass, that the Trôïans | may first against the treaties  
 Begin with noyance to assail | the high-renown'd Achaians."

Nor did the Sire of men and gods | resist, when thus she pleaded ;  
 But to Athêna instantly | replied with wingèd accents :  
 " Hie to the army speedily, | mid Troians and Achaians ; 70  
 And compass, that the Trôïans | may first against the treaties  
 Begin with noyance to assail | the high-renown'd Achaians."

He by such charge Athêna spurr'd, | herself already eager ;  
 And, speedy darting, down she came | from summits of Olympos.  
 In such aspèct, as when the son | of sly-devising Cronos 75

Sendeth a shining meteor, | a prodigy to sailors  
 Or to some army's ample ranks ; | and trails of light it flasheth ;—  
 In such appearance, down to earth | maiden Athêna darted,  
 Plunging amid them. Deep amazement | held the hearts of gazers,  
 Both courser-taming Trôians | and trimly-greav'd Achaians. 80  
 And thus spake one, with eye that glanc'd | upon some other near him :  
 " Either again disastrous war | and tribesmen's deadly slogan  
 Shall vex us ; else shall Jupiter, | who arbiter to mortals  
 Of warfare sitteth, amity | betwixt the armies order."  
 So then did one or other speak | of Troians and Achaians. 85  
 But she, in semblance as a man, | —like to a sturdy spearman,  
 Laôdocos, Antênor's son,— | the crowd of Troians enter'd,  
 Searching for godlike Pândaros, | if here or there she find him.  
 And soon upon the field she found | Lycæon's noble offspring,  
 Standing : and all around were pour'd | the shielded stout battalions 90  
 Of men, who from Aisêpos' streams | beneath his guidance follow'd.  
 She at short distance took her stand, | and spake in wingèd accents :  
 " Wilt thou, mayhap, my word receive, | Lycæon's skilful offspring ?  
 Art brave enough, a speedy shaft | to send at Menelâos ?  
 This would, with all the Trôians, | favour and glory win thee, 95  
 And signally among them all | with royal Alexander.  
 From him thou earnest instantly | full many a brilliant present,  
 If he might look on Atreus' son, | war-loving Menelâos,  
 Borne to his lofty funeral, | beneath thy arrow conquer'd.  
 But come ! an arrow-shot address | to famous Menelâos ; 100  
 And to that archer glorious, | to Lycia-born Apollo,  
 Vow, an illustrious hecatomb | of firstling lambs to offer,  
 When safe unto thy home restor'd, | Zeleia's sacred city."  
 Athêna, thus addressing him, | his silly heart persuaded.  
 Quick he uncas'd the polish'd bow | made from a mountain ibex, 105  
 Which as from out a rock it came, | himself in ambush waiting  
 Hit on the breast, and back it fell | upon the hard earth prostrate.  
 The horns that from its forehead grew | were sixteen palms in measure.  
 These the horn-bowyer duly scrap'd | and join'd with crafty labour ; 110  
 Then polishing, at either end | a golden twist he added.  
 Low resting this against the ground, | Lycæon's brilliant offspring  
 Strung it ; and his companions brave | before him held their bucklers,  
 Lest, ere he reach brave Menelas, | high captain of Achaians,  
 Haply Achæia's warlike sons | start sudden up and screen him. 115  
 But he the quiver's lid uprais'd, | and thence a shaft selected  
 Perfect in feather, never shot, | a germ of dismal anguish.  
 Quickly did he upon the string | adjust the stinging arrow,  
 And to that archer glorious, | to Lycia-born Apollo,



Vow'd, an illustrious hecatomb | of firstling lambs to offer, 120  
 When safe unto his home restor'd, | Zeleia's sacred city :  
 Then seiz'd the arrow at the notch | and smoothly drew the oxgut,  
 And brought the string against his breast, | against the bow the iron.  
 But when the mighty bow was strain'd | to well-proportion'd circle,  
 The arch recoil'd, loud shriek'd the string, | and forth the arrow darted, 125  
 Whetted for murder, all a-rage | amid the crowd to hurtle.

Nor, Menelâos ! of thy life | the blessed gods immortal  
 Forgetful were ; and foremost came | Jove's daughter, queen of booty,  
 Who stood before thee, and repell'd | the shaft with anguish freighted.  
 She from the flesh the dart beat off | gently, as may a mother 130  
 Beat from her boy a fly, when he | in pleasant sleep reposes ;  
 Yet did herself with guiding hand | upon the girdle bring it,  
 Where golden buckles join'd, and | where the corslet met it double :  
 There, on the girdle fitly set, | lighted the stinging arrow.

Right through the girdle's broidery | it cut an easy passage, 135  
 And thro' the corslet's crafty work | with force uncheck'd was planted :  
 The waistband, which, for fence of darts, | upon his flesh he carried,  
 Warded the mischief bravely ; yet | thro' even this it piercèd.

Spent in its force, the arrow-shot | did skin-deep barely graze him,  
 And from the gash the blood straightway | in cloudy streamlet trickled. 140  
 As when some dame of Maionis | or Caria distaineth

With scarlet dye the ivory | to be a horse's cheek-piece ;  
 Within her chamber stor'd it lies, | and vainly many a horseman  
 Prayeth to bear it ; there it waits. | to grace a king's equipment,  
 Alike, a beauty to the steed, | and to the driver glory : 145  
 Such, Menelâos ! was thy side, | from noble thigh and downward  
 Unto thy comely ankle, seen,— | with crimson all distainèd.

But Agamemnon, lord of men, | thereat in terror shudder'd,  
 When he the dusky gore beheld, | which from the gash did trickle.  
 And Menelâos too himself, | belov'd of Ares, shudder'd : 150  
 But when the twisted gut he saw | and barbs, outside remaining,  
 Into his bosom baek again | his spirit was recover'd.  
 Then holding Menelâos' hand, | did royal Agamemnon  
 Speak with deep moan ; and after him | moan'd also his companions.

“ Dear brother ! deadly to thy life, | alas ! a treaty made I, 155  
 Against the Troians posting thee | sole champion for Argos :  
 So have the Troians wounded thee, | and trodden down the treaty.  
 But surely not in vain at all | are oaths, and blood of victims,  
 And pure libations, and right hands, | wherein we had confided.  
 For even if th' Olympian | have not at once fulfill'd them, 160  
 Yet will he, late of time, fulfil : | then men with great amercement,  
 By their own heads, and by their wives | and children, have repaid it.

For this, in heart and soul, full sure | I know :—a day is coming,  
 A day, when sacred Ilion | at length shall perish headlong. 165  
 And Priam's self and all the folk | of ashen-spearèd Priam ;  
 When lofty benchèd Cronides, | Jove, who in heaven dwelleth,  
 Wrathful at this deceit, himself | shall flaunt his gloomy ægis  
 Against them all. Not then, in sooth ! | fruitless will be the vengeance.  
 But anguish grim on mé shall fall | for thee, O Menelâos !  
 If thus thou perish, filling full | thy life's predestin'd limit. 170  
 Then back to thirsty Argos I | with base reproach shall lie me :  
 For straightway my Achaians will | their native land remember :  
 Then should we for a glory leave | to Priam and the Troians  
 Helen the Argive ; while thy bones | within the loam shall moulder  
 In Troas lying;—token clear | that all our toils were empty. 175  
 And thus, I reckon, then shall speak | some overweening Trojan,  
 Leaping along the barrow mound | of famous Menelâos ;  
 Oh, would that Agamemnon might | on all so wreak his vengeance,  
 As hither fruitlessly he led | his army of Achaians !  
 And lo ! he to his home is gone, | to his dear native country, 180  
 With empty galleys,—leaving here | the worthy Menelâos.—  
 So shall one say hereafter :—then, | may yawning earth engulph me.”  
 But auburn Menelâos spake, | his brother's heart to lighten :  
 “ Be of good cheer ! 'tis yet too soon | to fright th' Achaian people.  
 Not in a mortal part is fix'd | the pointed dart : my girdle 185  
 All-broider'd warded it in front, | and eke the sash and waistband,  
 My under furniture, which men, | who work in copper, labor'd.”  
 To him with words reciprocal | spake royal Agamemnon :  
 “ Oh that it so may really be, | beloved Menelâos !  
 But the chirurgeon shall probe | the noyance, and assuagements 190  
 Spread in, which haply may afford | reliefs of dismal anguish.”  
 This said,—unto Talthybios, | herald divine, he turn'd him :  
 “ Talthybios ! with utmost speed | Machâon hither summon,  
 The son of Aisculapios, | chirurgeon accomplish'd.  
 Straight must he see brave Menelas, | high captain of Achaians, 195  
 At whom some skilful archer-hand | hath aim'd an arrow truly,  
 —Glory to him, but woe to us,— | or Lycian, or Trojan.”  
 He spake ; nor disobedient | the herald heard his bidding,  
 But sped to go along the host | of brazen-mail'd Achaians,  
 Peering to see Machâon's form ; | and soon espied the hero 200  
 Standing : and all around were pour'd | the shielded stout battalions  
 Of men, who with him companied | from courser-feeding Tricca.  
 He at short distance took his stand, | and spake in wingèd accents :  
 “ Rise ! son of Aisculapios ! | king Agamemnon calleth.  
 Quick must thou visit Atreus' son, | war-biding Menelâos, 205

At whom some skilful archer-hand | hath aim'd an arrow truly,  
—Glory to him, but woe to us,— | or Lycian, or Trojan.”

He spake, and strongly did bestir | the hero's heart within him.  
So they, returning, hied along | Achæia's ample army  
Amid the crowd. But when they came | where auburn Menelâos 210  
Was wounded, and in circle thick | around him all the noblest  
Were gather'd, and amidst of them | the godlike man was standing ;  
First would Machâon pull the shaft | from the well-fitting girdle,  
But that the pointed barbs were snapt | and tangled, as he drew it.  
Then from his waist unfasten'd he | the all-embroider'd girdle, 215  
The sash, and waistband underneath, | which smiths of copper labor'd.  
But when he saw the wound, wherein | the stinging arrow lighted,  
He suck'd from it the blood, and spread | within it mild assuagements,  
Which friendly-hearted Cheiron once | unto his sire imparted.

While Menelâos, good at need, | did in such cares detain them, 220  
Meantime the shielded Trôians | in close array were present ;  
The others too their armour donn'd, | and zeal of fight remember'd.  
Then not a-slumber hadst thou seen | the godlike Agamemnon,  
Nor like a coward skulking low | and from the fight reluctant,  
But all a-blaze with eagerness | for man-ennobling combat. 225

For he his brass-belayèd car | and snorting steeds abandon'd.  
Them did his squire Eurymedon, | the son of Ptolemaios,  
Who from Peiraiens offspring was, | detain behind at distance.  
To him he many charges gave, | at hand to have them always,  
When weariness his limbs might seize, | long marshalling the peoples ; 230  
But, hurrying on foot, himself | review'd the ranks of heroes.  
Whomso industrious he saw | of charioteering Argives,  
Beside them standing, thus he spake | their courage to awaken :

“ Argives ! of valiant enterprize | not yet remission make ye !  
Never will father Jupiter | of lies become a patron : 235  
But they who wilfully have wrought | annoy, against the treaties,  
The vultures on their tender flesh | shall surely make a banquet.  
And in our galleys we, whene'er | their city we may capture,  
Shall bear their darling wives away | and eke their infant offspring.”

But whomso elsewhere might he see | of war's stern work neglectful, 240  
These did he vehemently chide | with argument embitter'd :

“ Oh Argive braggarts ! theme for scorn ! | and doth no shame possess you ?  
Why thus aghast and stupified, | in guise of fawns, abide ye ?  
As these,—when they, by lengthen'd race | over the plain, are weary,—  
Stand still, nor in their empty hearts | is any courage gender'd ; 245  
So ye, like fawns, are stupified, | nor make the battle ready.  
What ? wait ye, till the Trôians | come nearer, where our galleys  
With ample poops aloft are haul'd | above the hoary billow,

That so ye try, if Cronides | will stretch his hand to save you?"

Thus thro' the army marshalling, | from rank to rank patroll'd he. 250

Moving along the troop of men, | then came he to the Cretans,

Who, round the sage Idómeneus, | accoutrement were making.

Their chief was in the foremost ranks, | like to a boar in provess,

While, to exhort the rearmost bands, | Meríones was active.

Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | at sight of them was joyous, 255

And instantly with honey'd words | Idómeneus accosted :

“ Chiefly, Idómeneus ! to thee | of charioteering Argives

Honour I give,—alike in war, | and work of other aspect,

And at the pleasant banquet, where | the mightiest of Argos

Mingle within the common bowl | bright wine which age hath ripen'd. 260

In sooth, while all the other chiefs | of streaming-hair'd Achaians

Drink by the portion, yet for thee, | as for myself, the goblet

Is on my table alway full, | to drink, when humour urgeth.

But such as formerly thy boast, | such rouse thee now to battle.”

To him in turn Idómeneus, | the Cretan chief, responded : 265

“ O son of Atreus, verily | will I thy lov'd companion

Be, even as in olden time | I solemnly did plight me.

But others rather stir thou up | of streaming-hair'd Achaians,

That we incontinent may close | in battle ; since the Troians

The oaths have voided ; but on them | shall death and woes hereafter 270

Alight, who wilfully have wrought | annoy, against the treaties.”

So answer'd he ; and Atreus' son | passed on, in heart delighted.

Moving along the troop of men, | he came upon th' Aiantès :

Both were full-arm'd, and after them | a cloud of footmen follow'd.

As when a goatherd may a cloud | behold from some tall summit, 275

Beneath the Westwind's gustiness | across the deep advancing ;

To him, as he apart doth stand, | dusky like pitch it seemeth

Over the water's face to hang, | and a thick squall it carries ;

He sees and shudders, and his flock | beneath a cavern driveth :

Such did the callants nurs'd of Jove, | together with th' Aiantes, 280

March onward into foeman's strife, | close-wedg'd in many a phalanx,

In a broad shade of blue confus'd, | with shields and lances bristling.

Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | at sight of them was joyous,

And halting to address them, thus | spake forth in wingèd accents :

“ Aiantes ! who twain captains are | of brazen-coated Argives, 285

To you no charge—(for need is none)— | make I to urge your peoples ;

For ye yourselves do eagerly | to sturdy battle whet them.

Would that I found (O father Jove, | Athèna and Apollo !)

In all my chiefs such enterprize | within the bosom planted !

Thén should lord Priam's city bow | full soon the head before me, 290

Captur'd and pillag'd, top to base, | beneath the hands of Argos.”

So saying, them he left behind, | but after others hasted.  
 Next met he Nestor, clear of voice, | the Pylian haranguer.  
 Ranging his comrades carefully, | and stirring them to battle :  
 Amid them, mighty Pélagon, | and, shepherd of the people, 295  
 Bias, and Haimon wide of sway, | and Chromis and Alastor.  
 In front his charioteers he plac'd, | with chariots and horses,  
 But, for the rearguard, posted he | his footmen brave and many,  
 A bulwark of the war to be : | and set his worser people 299  
 Full in the midst, where each perforce, | despite his will, must combat.  
 First to the charioteers he gave | his charges : these, discreetly  
 Bade he to hold their steeds, nor dare | in throng of war to justle.  
 " Let none, on charioteering skill | or bravely reliant,  
 Hanker for solitary fight | in front, against the Troians :  
 Nor yet retire ; for easier | will then be your despoilment. 305  
 If any seek another's car, | his proper horses leaving,  
 Let him with lengthy lance reach out : | this mángery is better.  
 For thus the men of former days | did walls and cities capture,  
 Such caution and such enterprize | within their bosom holding." 310  
 So did the aged man exhort, | of old in warfare skilful.  
 But Agamemnon, lord of men, | at sight of him was joyous,  
 And halting to address him, thus | spake forth in wingèd accents :  
 " Would that, O aged friend, as now | the heart in thy dear bosom,  
 So did thy knees bear company, | and so thy force were steady !  
 But on thee Eld all-levelling | leans hard. I would some other  
 Of men might barter it, and thou | hold lot among the younger." 316  
 But him thereat the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor answer'd :  
 " Atrides ! glad in sooth were I | to keep my ancient vigour,  
 Which godlike Ereuthálion | once met, and fell beneath it,  
 But not to mortal men do gods | grant everything together. 320  
 If then a stalwart youth I was, | and now doth Eld o'ertake me,  
 Yet with the charioteers in turn | I company, and charge them  
 With counsel and with argument ; | which is the elder's dower.  
 The spear in fight of spear to wield, | to younger men is seemly,  
 Who are than Nestor later-born, | and confident of prowess." 325  
 So answer'd he ; and Atreus' son | pass'd on, in heart delighted.  
 He found the son of Péteôs, | Menestheus courser-smiting,  
 Standing amid th' Athenians, | devisers of alarum.  
 Hard by, the much-contriving man | Odyssees stood, and round him  
 The ranks of Kephallenians, | no easy prey to spoilers ; 330  
 Sin as not yet their companies | had heard the yell of onset.  
 For hardly were the phalanxes | of courser-taming Troians,  
 And of Achaians, stirr'd anew | to battle : but they waited  
 Inactive, until otherwhence | some column of Achaians

Rushing against the Troïans, | commencement make of warfare. 335  
 Them Agamemnon, lord of men, | reproachfully regarded,  
 And, halting to address them, thus | spake forth in wingèd accents:  
 “ Offspring of kingly Peteôs ; | son of a sire Jove-nurtur’d !  
 And thou, with fox’s puny heart, | in evil wiles excelling !  
 Why halt ye crouching in the rear, | and wait the lead of others ? 340  
 Seemly for both of you it were, | right in the van of fighters  
 Your post to hold, and face to face | encounter fiery battle.  
 For of a banquet both of you | from me have early notice,  
 When for the counsellors a feast | at Argive cost we furnish.  
 There to regale on roasted flesh, | and from the cups at pleasure 345  
 The lusciousness of wine to quaff, | to you is more delightful.  
 Now would ye willingly look on, | altho’ with ruthless weapon  
 Ten phalauces of Danaï | afront of you did combat.”  
 To him with frowning glance replied | Odysseus much devising : 349  
 “ Betwixt the outwork of thy teeth | what word hath slipt, Atrides ?  
 What negligence of war dost find | in *us* ? whene’er th’ Achaians  
 Against the Troians steed-renown’d | awaken eager Ares,  
 Then shalt thou see, if so thy will, | and if such things concern thee,  
 Telémachos’ beloved sire | with courser-taming Troians  
 Mix’d in their foremost ranks : but thou | dost wind and folly utter.” 355  
 But royal Agamemnon then, | his wrathful mood perceiving,  
 Upon him smil’d, and instantly | again took up discourses :  
 “ Scion of Jove, Laertes’ son, | Odysseus much-devising,  
 Needless to thee my banter is, | and needless my addresses.  
 For surely do I know, the heart | within thy deepest bosom 360  
 Hath friendly ponderings for me ; | for such thy aims, as mine are.  
 But come, if aught amiss hath now | been blurted, this hereafter  
 Will we adjust : and may the gods | make all my bodings empty !”  
 So saying, them he left behind, | but after others hasted.  
 The son of Tydeus next he found, | high-hearted Diomêdes, 365  
 Amid the featly joinèd cars | and harness’d horses standing :  
 Also stood Sthénélos, the son | of Cápeneus, beside him.  
 Him Agamemnon, lord of men, | reproachfully regarded,  
 And halting to address him, thus | spake forth in wingèd accents :  
 “ Son of a skilful-hearted sire, | Tydeus the steed-subduer ! 370  
 Alas ! why, crouching, peerest thou | along the battle’s causeys ?  
 But not to Tydeus thus, I trow, | to skulk behind was pleasant,  
 But on the foeman, far in front, | for comrades dear, to sally.  
 So said they, who his work beheld : | but as for me,—I never  
 Met him nor saw him ; but they say, | surpassing was his valour. 375  
 Once truly came he, not with war, | as stranger, to Mykénai  
 With Polyneikes, match for gods, | who in those days would gather

A host, embattled to assault | the sacred walls of Theba ;  
 And for choice helpers of the fray | they eagerly besought us.  
 Willing were we the men to grant, | and to their bidding hearken'd, 380  
 But Jupiter diverted us, | illomen'd signs displaying.  
 That host departed, onward still | in steady journey wending,  
 And came unto Asôpos' banks | deep-rushy, grassy-bedded :  
 Whence Tydeus by the league was sent | to speak their common message.  
 He on the embassy went forth, | and found Cadmeians many, 385  
 Feasting within the palaces | of mighty Eteócles.  
 Then, tho' a stranger in their walls, | yet courser-driving Tydeus  
 No terror knew, when lonely left | amid Cadmeians many.  
 But he to combats challeng'd them | and in them all full lightly  
 Did win : such backer of the fray | to him was maid Athêna. 390  
 Thereat the youths of Cadmus' fort, | spurrers of steeds, indignant,  
 To compass his returning steps, | in secret ambush planted  
 A band of fifty warriours ; | and twain to them were leaders,  
 The offspring of Autóphonos, | war-biding Lycophontes,  
 And Maion, Haimon's son, who bare | the form of an immortal. 395  
 Yet Tydeus even upon these | unseemly doom inflicted :  
 All slew he, till but one was left | to bear the tidings homeward :—  
 Maion he spared, obedient | to prodigies from heaven.  
 Such Tydeus, that Aitolian, | was once ; but leaves an offspring  
 Worser than him in fight of men, | in council haply braver." 400  
 When thus he chided, no reply | gave stalwart Diomêdes,  
 In reverence before the lips | of the majestic monarch.  
 But quick replied to him the son | of Cápaneus the famous :  
 "Atrides, speak not falsely, when | rightly to speak thou knowest.  
 For us, our boast it is to be | far braver than our fathers : 405  
 Us, who have storm'd the fast abode | of seven-gated Theba,  
 Leading beneath her fortress-wall | a shorter train of peoples,  
 Yet with the aid of Jupiter, | and to high signs obeisant.  
 But by its own outrageousness | that former host was ruined :  
 Then never place our sires with us | in the same rank of honour." 410  
 But stalwart Diomêdes now | with frowning glance address'd him :  
 "Dear fellow, still and silent be, | to my request compliant.  
 Not *I* will Agamemnon blame, | high shepherd of the people,  
 Who doth to feats of battle urge | the trimly-greav'd Achaians.  
 For 'o his throne will glory great | be added, if the Troians 415  
 Fall slain, and sacred Ilion | be storm'd by his Achaians :  
 On him too mighty grief will light, | if our array be ravag'd.  
 But come ! let *us* too busied be | in thoughts of fierce encounter."  
 He spake, and from his chariot | leapt to the ground in armour :  
 And dreadful was the clang of brass | upon the prince's bosom 420

As down he plung'd : e'en hardy souls | it might have fill'd with terror.

As when the surges of the deep, | by Western blore uphoven,  
Against the ever-booming strand | dash up in roll successive :  
A head of water swelleth first | afar ; then, under-harried  
By the hard bottom, roareth high ; | till, hollow at the summit, 425  
Sputtering the briny foam abroad, | the huge crest tumbleth over :  
So then the lines of Danaï | successive and unceasing,

In battle's close array mov'd on. | To his own troops each leader  
Gave order : dumbly went the rest, | unto their chiefs obeisant  
In silence : nor would any know, | whether a throng so mighty 430  
Held in its bosom voice at all : | and all the ranks well-marshall'd  
Were clad in craftsome panoply, | which on their bodies glitter'd.  
Meantime, as sheep, within the yard | of some great cattle-master,  
While the white milk is drain'd from them, | stand round in number countless  
And, by their lambkins' cries distress, | with bleat incessant answer ; 435  
So then along their ample host | arose the Troian hurly.

For neither common words spake théy, | nor kindred accent utter'd,  
But mingled was the tongue of men | from diverse places summon'd.  
By Ares these were urged on, | those by grey-ey'd Athêna,  
By Fear, by Panic and by Strife | immeasurably eager, 440  
Who sister and companion is | to hero-slaying Ares :  
Who truly doth at first her crest | but humble rear ; thereafter,  
Planting upon the ground her feet, | her head in heaven fixeth.  
Who eke did then, from band to band | proceeding, widely kindle  
Contention,—an impartial curse ; | and groans of men enhancèd. 445

When to one spot the armies twain | were brought, together rushing,  
Hides clash'd on hides, and spear on spear, | and might with might of heroes  
In brazen armour corsleted : | the shields with sturdy bosses  
Did one against another press ; | and plentiful the turmoil.  
Then rose, from every side, of men | a groaning and a boasting, 450  
From victors or from vanquishèd : | and reek'd the earth with carnage.  
Like as when torrents fed by storms, | down from the mountains streaming,  
Mix in the bottom of a dell | the riot of their water,  
Spouted from mighty fountainheads | within a hollow dingle,  
And far along the cliffs aloft | their brawl the goatherd heareth : 455  
So, when in conflict these were mix'd, | did scream arise and turmoil.

First, in the van, Antilochos | hent an accoutred Troian,  
The offspring of Thalusios, | the gallant Echepólos.  
The spear upon his helmet's ridge, | with horsetail bushy, lighted, 460

(458).—*Hent*, *Overhend*, overtake. The Greek word means strictly *took*, yet practically suggests *slew*, surprized and overpower'd. An antique word bears the liberty more easily than a modern one.



Reach'd to the forehead, pierc'd the bone ;— | and darkness veil'd his eye :  
 As falls a tower, so fell he | amid the hardy struggle.  
 Him, by the foot, Chalcôdon's son, | wide-ruling Elephênor,  
 Chief of th' Abantes lofty-soul'd, | would drag from out the weapons, 465  
 Eager his armour to despoil : | nor long his effort lasted.  
 For, watching as he pull'd the corpse, | the lofty-soul'd Agênor  
 Reach'd with a brazen-headed pike | his side, which was uncover'd,  
 Beneath the buckler, as he stoop'd ;— | and cast his body helpless.  
 So fled his spirit. Over him, | 'twixt Troians and Achaians 470  
 Rose noisome onset, as of wolves, | and man by man was slaughter'd.  
 Then did a blooming youth fall slain | by Telamonian Aias.  
 His father was Anthémion : | to watch the sheep, his mother  
 Companion to her parents came | adown the slopes of Ida.  
 There in the dale beside the banks | of Simoïs she bare him ; 475  
 So Simoënsis call'd she him. | Nor to his loving parents  
 Paid he the fitting nurture-price ; | but soon his life was ended,  
 Too early ravish'd by the spear | of mighty-hearted Aias. 480  
 On his right breast the brazen point | hit him, and through the shoulder  
 Piercèd outright ; and in the dust, | there fell he, like a poplar,  
 Which in a marshy mead grows smooth, | but branchy at the summit ;  
 A chariot-joiner cuts it down | with iron bright, to fashion 485  
 For some fair car a rounded wheel ; | prostrate it lies and wither'd  
 Beside the river : even so | fell Simoënsis prostrate,  
 Smitten by Aias, brood of Jove. | Then sudden mid the tumult  
 Did Priam's offspring, Antiphos, | array'd in motley corslet,  
 At Aias hurl the spear ; but miss'd ; | and hit Odyssees' comrade, 490  
 The gallant Leucos, in the groin, | aside the carcass dragging.  
 He dropt the dead man from his hands, | and prostrate fell around him.  
 His comrade's slaughter mightily | arous'd Odyssees' choler.  
 He thro' the foremost ranks advanc'd, | in flashing brass accoutred. 495  
 There at short distance did he stand, | and hurl'd his shining weapon,  
 Turning on every side his gaze. | The Troians shrank before him,  
 As from him flew the javelin : | nor vainly did he aim it,  
 But lighted on Demócoón, | the bastard son of Priam,  
 Who from Abýdos came to him, | from pasturing his coursers. 500  
 Thro' both his temples pierc'd the brass, | and darkness veil'd his eye :  
 So with a loud crash down he dropt, | and o'er him clang'd his armour.  
 Their van, and Hector brave, fell back. | With mighty whoop the Argives 505  
 Drew up the dead, and onward rush'd : | but bright Apollo, gazing  
 From Pérgamos, indignant cried, | the Troians to encourage :  
 " Ye courser-taming Troians, rise ! | yield not in zeal of battle  
 To Argives : for in sooth their flesh | is neither stone nor iron, 510

To bear the gashing brass : nor now | the child of brighthair'd Thetis,  
Achilles, fights : but at his ships | doth champ his spleenful rancour."

So from the citadel the god | spake dreadful : but th' Achaïans,  
Them did the child of Jupiter, | august Tritogeneia, 515  
Passing along the ranks exhort, | where'er she saw them languid.

Then destiny Diôres trapp'd | the son of Amarynkeus :  
His ankle by a rugged stone | was maul'd : a chieftain hurl'd it,  
Peirôos, son of Imbrasos, | arriv'd from Thracian Ainos. 520

With scrape and smash all merciless | the stone did either tendon  
And bone assail : back in the dust | he fell, with anguish swooning,  
Yet to his comrades stretch'd his hands. | But speedy came the victor,  
And with the lance his navel pierc'd : | then darkness veil'd his eye. 526  
But at the Thracian in turn | Aitôlian Thoas darted,

And in his chest the weapon fix'd ; | then, close to him advancing,  
Pluck'd out the spear, and took his life, | by swordstab in the bosom. 530  
Yet might not he the armour strip ; | for, round their leader, crowded  
The lofty-tufted Thracians, | outstretching lengthy lances,  
Who, valiant tho' he was, and tall, | and stately, yet repell'd him.  
Thrust back, he yielded : but the twain | lay, side by side extended, 535  
Cast into common dust : but *this*, | of brazen-mail'd Epeians  
Was leader ; *that*, of Thracians : | and many fell around them.

Had any view'd those deeds at ease, | hither and thither wending,  
Unwounded and invisible, | —not lightly would he taunt them, 540  
If maid Athéna seiz'd his hand, | and thro' the hurly led him,  
Warding the darts and thrusts of spear : for on that day full many  
Headlong in dust fell side by side, | of Troians and Achaïans.

## BOOK V.

### Prowess of Diomed.

TO Diomêdes, Tydeus' son, | hereon did maid Athêna  
Courage impart and enterprize, | that he, mid all the Argives,  
Might in præminence be seen, | and earn excelling glory.  
About his helmet and his shield | unwearied fire she kindled,  
In fashion of autumnal star, | which, fresh from bath of Ocean, 5  
Blazeth abroad iradiant, | beyond the host of heaven :  
Such fire the goddess round his head | and down his shoulders kindled,  
And urg'd him to the midmost ranks, | where'er the rout was thickest.  
Among the Troians liv'd a man, | the noble priest of Vulcan,  
Dares, of opulent estate ; | who had a double offspring : 10  
Phegeus,—Idaios,—were they call'd ; | in feats of arms accomplish'd.  
These came, as counter-champions, | apart, against Tydides,  
*They* from the lofty car to fight, | but *he* on foot assail'd them.  
When they to shorter distance came, | advancing each on other,  
First Phegeus, poising, forward threw | the spear with lengthy shadow ; 15  
Yet harmless did it pierce the air | over Tydides' shoulder,  
Missing him on the left : then *he* | not vainly flung his weapon,  
But thro' the bosom pierc'd the foe, | and from the horses dash'd him.  
Down, from the car right beautiful, | Idaios wildly bounded, 20  
Nor dar'd to stand as champion | around his lifeless brother.  
Nor even had himself mayhap | from gloomy fate found refuge,  
But Vulcan, lest the aged sire | with double grief be smitten,  
Rescued Idaios from the foe | and shrouded him in darkness.  
Then mighty-hearted Tydeus' son | drave off the car and horses, 25  
And to the hollow galleys bade | his comrades to conduct them.  
But when the Troians lofty-soul'd | beheld the sons of Dares,  
One slinking from the foe, and one | beside his horses slaughter'd,  
The soul of all was deeply stirr'd. | Meanwhile, grey-ey'd Athena,  
Seiz'd by the hand and thus with words | address'd impetuous Ares : 30  
“ O Ares ! Ares, pest to man ! | bloodsprinkled ! towersealing !  
Might we not haply leave alone | the Troians and Achaians

- To prove the will of Jupiter | and snatch the battle's glory,  
 While we, the father's wrath to shun, | retire us from the conflict ?" 35  
 Thus speaking, from the battlefield | she drew impetuous Ares,  
 And on the high banks seated him | which edge Scamander's valley.  
 Then sank the heart and might of Troy : | the Danaï exulted,  
 And every leader hent his man. | First, royal Agamemnon  
 Cast stately Hodios from his car, | prince of the Halizônes,  
 Turning to flight ; but he the spear | between his shoulders planted 40  
 Right in the back, and thrust it thro' | and reach'd into his bosom :  
 So, with a loud crash, down he dropt, | and o'er him clang'd his armour.  
 Idomeneus next Phaistus slew, | son of Maonian Boros,  
 From loamy Tarna come : but him, | Idómeneus spear-famous 45  
 Reach'd on right shoulder with the pike, | when he would mount his horses.  
 From the car's edge sheer down he fell, | and hateful darkness hent him :  
 The squires around Idómeneus | stript off the dead man's armour.  
 But Menelâos, Atreus' son, | the pointed spear outstretching,  
 Reach'd Stróphides Scamandrios, | a man in hunting skilful, 50  
 Practis'd in various archery ; | whom Ártemis instructed  
 Herself to hit all venison, | which mountain-forest reareth.  
 But not the arrow-pouring Queen | disaster then averted,  
 Nor all the archeries, whereby | of yore he was distinguish'd.  
 For, as he fled in front of him, | Atrides Menelâos 55  
 Spear-famous, aiming justly, fix'd | the lance between his shoulders  
 Right in the back, and thrust it thro' | and reach'd into his bosom.  
 Thereat, head foremost, down he dropt, | and o'er him clang'd his armour.  
 But Mérion slew Phereclos, | son of a crafty joiner  
 Harmónides ; who skilful was | all handiwork to fashion 60  
 Right daintily ; for, him the maid | Athêna lov'd supremely.  
 He too for Alexander fram'd | the even-balané'd galleys,  
 Source of annoy ; which carried home | evil to all the Troians  
 And to himself ; so knew he not | the oracles of heaven.  
 Him, in the right haunch, Mérion, | when by pursuit he caught him, 65  
 Had wounded ; and the brazen point | came thro' beyond the bladder :  
 So, groaning on his knees he dropt, | and death his soul enshrouded.  
 By Megeas was Pedaios slain, | Antênor's son, a bastard,  
 Whom bright Theâno tenderly | as her own children nurtur'd, 70  
 Her lord to please : but Phyleus' son | spear-famous, near approaching,  
 Pierc'd thro' his head from back to front, | and tongue from teeth divided.  
 Down in the dust he dropt, and champ'd | the weapon's brassy coldness.  
 Euaimon's son, Eurýpylos, | pursued divine Hypsênor, 75  
 High-hearted Dolopion's son ; | a man, who to Scamander  
 A priest was made, and by the folk, | e'en as a god, was honor'd.  
 Him, as he fled, Euryppylos, | Euaimon's brilliant offspring,  
 With cut of sabre overhent, | and clean the shoulder sever'd. 80

Into the dust the gory limb | dropt from the swooning hero :  
 There crimson Death his eyen press'd, | and Destiny resistless.  
 So they of either army toil'd | amid the hardy struggle.  
 But Tydeus' son might puzzle thee, | in which array he counted : 85  
 Not in the Troian ranks fought hé, | nor yet among Achaians.  
 For o'er the breadth of plain he rag'd, | as when, by storms yeswollen,  
 A river's swiftly gliding flood | hath breach'd the dykes beside it.  
 For not embankments featly pight, | I trow, avail to stay it,  
 Nor stauncher may the fences hold | of orchards lusty-thriving, 90  
 If down it sudden rush, when rains | from Jupiter fall heavy ;  
 And by its fury wasted lie | fair works of many a callant.  
 So by Tydides routed fell | the closely pack'd battalions  
 Of Troas ; nor, tho' numerous, | might venture to await him.  
 But when Lycæon's brilliant son | descried the son of Tydeus 95  
 Sweeping in rage across the plain, | the bands before him routing,  
 Quickly he drew his bending bow, | at the right shoulder aiming,  
 And hit the corslet's cavity. | In flew the stinging arrow,  
 Piercing the hero's flesh ; and blood | was on the corslet sprinkled. 100  
 Then did Lycæon's brilliant son | shout vehemently joyful :  
 " Up, courser-spurring Trôians ! | onward, ye lofty-hearted !  
 The greatest of Achaian chiefs | is wounded ; nor, I reckon,  
 Long will against my stalwart bolt | hold out, if lord Apollo,  
 Offspring of Jove, from Lycia | did truly speed me hither." 105  
 Vaunting he spake. His foe nathless | the wingèd shaft subdued not.  
 Withdrawn unto the rear, before | his chariot and horses  
 He stood, and call'd on Sthénélos, | the Capaneian hero :  
 " Thou gentle son of Cápaneus, | haste ! from the car dismount thee ;  
 Thou from my shoulder now must aid | to draw a stinging arrow." 110  
 He spake, and Sthénélos straightway | down from the horses bounded,  
 Stood by his side, and pull'd outright | the arrow from his shoulder :  
 Then thro' the tunic's twisted work | the blood in gushes spurted.  
 But Diomédes, good at need, | lifted his supplication :  
 " Offspring of regis-holding Jove ! | unwearable ! hear me. 115  
 If ever at my father's side | with friendly thought thou stoodest  
 In fray of foes, to mé too now | thy favour show, Athéna !  
 Grant me to gain spear-reach of him, | who hath from ambush hit me,  
 And glorieth that I not long | shall see this sunny splendour." 120  
 So utter'd he his orison, | and maid Athéna heard him.  
 His limbs,—both feet and hands above,— | nimble she made and buxom,  
 Then at short distance took her stand, | and spake in wingèd accents :  
 " O Diomédes, cheer thee now | with Trôians to combat !  
 For in thy bosom, lo ! I breathe | thy sire's intrepid valour, 125  
 Such as the heart of charioteer | shield-wielding Tydeus carried.  
 The mist, which heretofore hath veil'd | thy eyen,—now withdraw I ;

So rightly mayest thou beknow | mortals and gods of heaven.  
 Therefore, if any god appear | within the bands to tempt thee,  
 Against the other deathless gods | shalt not thou join in battle 130  
 Direct ; but if, in throng of men, | Jove's daughter Aphrodita  
 Herself adventure, then do thou | with pointed weapon stab her."

Thus did grey-ey'd Athèna speak | and with the word departed.  
 But Tydeus' son again went forth | and mid the foremost cast him ;  
 And, eager tho' afore he was | with Trôians to combat, 135  
 Then rage upon him threefold came, | as on a wounded lion,  
 Who, to devour the woolly flock, | in the broad field hath bounded  
 Over the fence. The shepherd's dart, | grazing, doth not subdue him ;  
 Nay, doth his might awaken : then, | no more the man resisteth,  
 But plungeth mid the stalls of sheep, | and they, abandon'd, tremble ; 140  
 Huddled together, so stand they, | in consternation aidless,  
 Till from the deep yard leapeth he, | an eager heart obeying.  
 So eagerly with Troians clos'd | the stalwart Diomêdes.

Then did he hend Astynoös | and, shepherd of the people,  
 Hypeinor ; *one* with brazen point | he hit above the bosom, 145  
 The other with his mighty sword | smote he beside the shoulder  
 On collarbone ; so the whole limb | from back and neck he sever'd.  
 Leaving them there, he straight pursued | Abas and Polyeidos,  
 Children of old Eurydamas, | a skilful dream-expounder :  
 Yet never to their sire they came, | to hear their dreams expounded, 150  
 But slaughter'd there and stript were left | by stalwart Diomêdes.

Xanthos and Thoön next he chas'd, | two sons of wealthy Phainops,  
 Two tenderlings ; but he, their sire, | in gramsome Eld did languish,  
 And rear'd no other child beside, | his riches to inherit.  
 There did the hero cast them low | and riev'd the tender spirit 155  
 Of both ; and to their father left | wailing and mournful sorrow :  
 For never did he welcome them | back from the fight returning  
 Alive, but heirs of orphanhood | his wide estates divided.

Echêmon next and Chromios | sons of Dardánid Priam,  
 Both riding in one chariot | were borne to his encounter. 160  
 As, when a hornèd cattleherd | within a thicket grazeth,  
 A lion, pouncing sudden, breaks | the neck of cow or bulkin ;  
 So both of them did Tydeus' son | dash from the horses headlong,  
 Sorely unwilling ; then at ease | he stript their splendid armour,  
 But to his comrades gave the steeds, | to drive them to the galleys. 165

But when Aineias saw the chief | the ranks of heroes routing,  
 He sped him o'er the battlefield, | amid the darts and tumult,  
 Seeking for godlike Pándaros, | if here or there he find him :  
 And soon among the bands he found | Lycàon's noble offspring,  
 And there in face of him stood forth, | and spake his word before him : 170

"Whither is gone, O Pándaros ! | thy bow and winged arrows,

And glorious report, wherein | none here with thee competeth,  
 Nor any, e'en in Lycia | may vaunt to be thy better ?  
 But raise to Jupiter thy hand, | and come ! address an arrow  
 To this—whatever man he be— | who o'er the Troians swayeth 175  
 Ruthless, and hath the knees unstrung | of many a highborn hero :  
 Unless some god it haply be | against the Troians anger'd  
 On score of holy sacrifice : | and wrath divine is dreadful."

To him replying spake in turn | Lycæon's brilliant offspring :  
 " Anchises' son ! high councillor | of brazen-coated Troians, 180  
 All his outside to me is like | the skilful son of Tydeus,  
 Whom by the buckler I beknow | and triple-crested vizor,  
 And by his steeds : yet be he man | or god, I know not surely.  
 But, should he be the man I deem, | the skilful son of Tydeus,  
 Not without aid divine, I trow, | so rageth he ; but alway 185  
 Standeth by him some deathless one, | with shoulders wrapt in darkness,  
 Who turn'd my winged shaft aside, | which duly reach'd and hit him.  
 For I already aim'd at him ; | and in his better shoulder  
 My arrow lighted, piercing through | the hollow of his corslet.  
 I thought to fling him verily | to realms of Aïdôneus, 190  
 But, ne'ertheless, I tam'd him not : | some god embitter'd is he !  
 Nor now stand ready for my feet | a chariot and horses.  
 Yet in Lycæon's halls, I wot, | are chariots eleven,  
 Newmade, fresh-panel'd, beautiful, | with curtains clos'd ; and coursers,  
 Twain for each car, stand duly train'd, | rye and white barley munching.  
 Truly Lycæon, spearman old, | to me gave many charges 197  
 Within his featly-buïlded home, | when I for Troy would leave him.  
 He bade me mount a chariot, | and bring with me the horses,  
 And play the chief to Tróians | amid their hardy struggles : 200  
 But I his counsel follow'd not, | (which verily was better),  
 In mercy to my gallant steeds, | lest, hemm'd within the city,  
 They find but scanty nutriment | and miss their wonted plenty.  
 So left I him, and came on foot | to Ilion, reliant 204  
 On archery ; but all my shafts, | it seemeth, will not aid me.  
 For I already arrows twain | at chieftains twain have aimèd,  
 Yea, and my shot hath reach'd them both, | Tydides and Atrides,  
 And from their bodies drawn true blood, | yet only rous'd their courage.  
 Therefore with evil destiny | my bending bow I pluckèd  
 Down from the peg, upon that day, | when I my Trojan levies 210  
 Led up to lovely Ilion, | a joy to godlike Hector.  
 But if I haply scape the war, | and, back alive returning,  
 See with my eyes my sire and wife | and lofty-roof'd mansion,  
 May instantly some foreign wight | my head from off me sever,  
 If with my hands I do not snap | this bow and arrows piecemeal, 215  
 And cast them in the shining fire : | for vainly do I bear them."

To him in turn spake opposite | Aineias, Troian leader :  
 " Hold not discourses thus. And yet | nought other may betide us,  
 Ere we, against this hero match'd | with chariot and horses,  
 Of armèd prowess trial make, | with might advèrse confronted. 220  
 But come, this car of mine ascend, | and see my steeds' careering,  
 What virtue hath the breed of Tros, | with all the plain acquainted,  
 Hither and thither fleet to scour | and chase or flee alternate.  
 These to the city us will save, | if Jupiter o'ermatching  
 Haply anew may glory give | to Diomed Tydides. 225  
 Do *thou* within thy hands receive | the scourge and reins resplendent ;  
 Then from the chariot will *I* | dismount, to meet the foeman.  
 Or else do *thou* encounter him, | and *I* will tend the horses."

To him again in turn replied | Lycáon's brilliant offspring :  
 " Aineias ! hold the reins thyself, | and guide thy proper horses. 230  
 Liefer will they the rounded car | beneath their wonted driver  
 Draw, if mayhap we afterward | flee from the son of Tydeus.  
 Lest, missing thy familiar voice | and terrified by tumult,  
 They swerve, unruly of career, | nor bear us from the battle,  
 And mighty-hearted Tydeus' son, | by fleetness overhending, 235  
 Slay both of us and drive away | the single-hoofed horses.  
 But thou thyself thy proper car | and proper horses manage,  
 And him, if he invade us, I | with pointed spear will welcome."

Into the craftsome chariot | (this converse past) they mounted,  
 And straight against Tydides held | the horses fleet and eager. 240  
 But Sthénélos, the brilliant son | of Cápaneus, beheld them,  
 And to Tydides instantly | spake thus in wingèd accents :  
 " O Diomêdes, Tydeus' son, | to my regards most pleasing,  
 Two stalwart warriors I see, | for thy encounter eager.  
 No measure may their sinew tell : | one is a skilful archer, 245  
 Young Pándaros, who glorieth | as offspring of Lycáon :  
 But great Aineias arrogates | a parentage more splendid ;  
 Anchises is his noble sire ; | his mother, Aphrodita.  
 Then, mounting on the chariot, | a little space withdraw we ;  
 Nor madly mid the foremost rush, | lest thy dear life be forfeit." 250

To him with frowning glance replied | the stalwart Diomêdes :  
 " Urge not (I pry'thee) flight, to mé : | for fruitless were the counsel.  
 Nor truly is it in my breed | to fight a skulking battle,  
 Or crouch to rearward ; hitherto | unharm'd my force abideth.  
 I loathe upon the car to mount : | thus, as I am, I face them, 255  
 On foot : Athéna, heav'nly maid, | forbiddeth me to tremble.  
 Not both of them, by our attack | unscath'd, shall hence be carried  
 By the swift horses off the field, | if even one escape us.  
 This also will I say ;—and thou | within thy bosom cast it :  
 If that the much-devising maid | vouchsafe to me the glory 260



To slay both one and other,—then | do thou thy bridles tighten,  
 Upon thy chariot-rim, and here | arrest thy steeds' careering ;  
 But, duly mindful, forward rush | and drive Aineias' coursers  
 From out the Trojan ranks, to join | the trimly-greav'd Achaians.  
 For, from that breed, which formerly | did Jupiter wide-sighted 265  
 Give unto Tros as ransom-price | of auburn Ganymêdes,  
 Sin as beneath the Dawn and Sun | no coursers these may equal,  
 Therefore Anchises, lord of men, | Laómedon outwitting,  
 Into the stables brought his mares, | and stole from these an offspring.  
 Six of this race were foal'd to him | within his proper stables : 270  
 The four, he kept at home himself, | and fondled at the manger ;  
 But twain to Aineas he gave, | devisers of wild panic.  
 If these we capture, verily | we earn excelling glory."

Thus they reciprocally held | betwixt themselves discourses :  
 But nearer now the twain were come, | the nimble coursers driving ; 275  
 And first Lycæon's brilliant son | address'd him to Tydides :  
 " Thou stubborn-hearted skilful man, | offspring of stately Tydeus,  
 My winged shaft subdued thee not, | though stinging was the arrow ;  
 'Tis well ; but with the spear I now | will try, if I can hit thee."

He spake, and poising, forward threw | the spear with lengthy shadow, 280  
 And hit the shield of Tydeus' son : | and thro' the stubborn leather  
 The brazen point flew forcibly, | and reach'd into the corslet.

Then did Lycæon's brilliant son | in highrais'd shout address him :  
 " Right thro' thy hollow form my spear | hath found its way ; nor deem I  
 Long wilt thou last : so thou to me | a mighty boast hast given." 285

But, nought dismay'd, to him replied | the stalwart Diomêdes :  
 " It was a miss, and not a hit : | but heroes ! ye, I reckon,  
 No pause of eagerness will make, | till one or other falling  
 Glut with his gore the warrior— | unwearable Ares."

Thus, saying, forth he threw the dart ; | and it, above the nostril 290  
 Athena planted, near the eye ; | past the white teeth it glided ;  
 Thro' the tongue's root it cut, until | beneath the chin it issued.  
 So dropt he from the chariot, | and o'er him clang'd his armour,  
 Motley and all-irradiant. | The nimblefooted coursers 295  
 Swerv'd in alarm : but he by life | and force was there abandon'd.

But quick with shield and lengthy lance | Aineias leapt above him,  
 In tremor, lest the Achæians | might drag away the carcase.  
 He, like a lion, round it strode, | relying in his prowess,  
 And forward held his spear, and shield, | which equal was on all sides, 300  
 Full resolute to slay the man, | whoso might dare to front him,

(266).—Ganymêdes. See 20, 232.

(291).—The wound seems at first impossible ; but it implies that Pandaros had bowed his head suddenly forward to escape the spear, but did not stoop sufficiently.

And direful was his yell of war. | But next did Diomêdes  
 Uplunge a mighty crag of stone, | which not two men might carry,  
 (Men such as now are seen), but he | alone with ease did swing it. 305  
 With this he struck Aineias' hip, | just where, as on a pivot,  
 The thigh within the hip is hing'd ; | and men *the socket* call it :  
 The rugged stone the socket crush'd, | and wrench'd away the tendons,  
 Tearing the hero's hide ; but he, | on his broad hand supported,  
 Sank to his knees ; and clos'd his eyes | in swoon of dismal darkness. 310

Now would Aineias, lord of men, | in such encounter perish,  
 But for his gentle mother's care, | Jove's daughter Aphrodita,  
 Who, to Anchises tending kine, | on slopes of Ida bare him.  
 The goddess round her own dear son | her two white arms extended,  
 And of her brilliant vesture spread | a fold in front above him, 315  
 Fleet missiles to repel ; lest one | of Danaï quick-driving  
 A weapon in his bosom cast | and quench his living spirit.

While thus she rescued stealthily | her own beloved offspring,  
 Well did the son of Cápaneus | that argument remember,  
 Which Diomêdes, good at need, | had straitly charg'd upon him. 320  
 Apart from tumult, in the rear, | he held his proper horses,  
 Upon the car's rim tightening | their bridles ; then, invading  
 Aineias' empty chariot, | he drove the long-man'd coursers  
 From out the Troian ranks, to join | the trimly-greav'd Achaians,  
 And gave them to Dêipylos | his comrade (whom he honor'd 325  
 Beyond his other friends of youth, | for that their hearts were suited),  
 Unto the smoothly-rounded barks | to drive them : then the hero  
 Mounting upon his proper car | drew up the reins resplendent,  
 And instantly with ardour press'd | the flintyfooted horses  
 After Tydides. Gone was he, | with ruthless brass pursuing 330  
 The queen of Kypros. Well he knew, | *she* was no armèd power,  
 Nor counted with those goddesses | who manly battle marshal :  
 She nor Athêna is, nor yet | Bellóna city-rieving.

But when he had her overta'en | thro' troops of footmen chasing,  
 Then mighty-hearted Tydeus' son | his brazen point extended. 335  
 So, leaping from the ground aloft, | with a slight scratch he wounded  
 Her hand, at bottom of the palm ; | nor might her flesh resist it.  
 Thro' her ambrosial veil it pass'd, | work of the sister-Graces,  
 And drew immortal blood ; such juice, | as from the blessed floweth. 340  
 For they no earthly viands eat, | nor drink they wine resplendent ;  
 And therefore bloodless are they all, | and deathless are reputed.  
 But she then, shrieking fearfully, | dropt from her hands their burden ;  
 But in a cloud of dusky blue | thereat did bright Apollo  
 Screen him within his arms ; lest one | of Danaï quick-driving 345  
 A weapon in his bosom cast | and quench his living spirit.

Then Diomêdes, good at need, | in high-raisd shout address'd her :

“ From war and bargaining of foes, | daughter of Jove ! retire thee.  
Seemeth it little to cajole | women,—of sex unwarlike ?  
If thou with battle’s grim array | wilt deal, in sooth I fancy 350  
Hereafter e’en the talk of war | shall make thy heart to shudder.”

He spake ; and she, with sore annoy | delirious, departed.  
Her, Iris swift as wind receiv’d, | and drew her from the tumult,  
Fretted with throbbing pains ; | and all her dainty flesh was darken’d.  
Soon, to the left, from fight apart, | she found impetuous Ares 355  
Sitting : and on a cloud his spear | and nimble horses rested.  
Then, sinking on her knees, did she, | from her beloved brother,  
With many a supplication ask | his golden-trappèd horses.

“ Carry me off, O brother dear ! | and grant to me thy horses,  
That to Olympos I may go, | abode of the immortals. 360  
Sorely I suffer from a wound, | wherewith a mortal stabb’d me,  
Tydides, who with father Jove | would presently do battle.”

She spake : to hér then Ares gave | the golden trappèd horses.  
Within the car she seated her, | in her dear heart sore wounded,  
And Iris mounting by her side, | in hand the bridles gather’d, 356  
And lash’d the coursers, nothing loth | in flying race to speed them.  
Quickly unto the gods’ abode, | Olympos steep, arriv’d they ;  
Where Iris, swift with feet of wind, | the steeds’ career arrested,  
And loos’d them from the yoke, and cast | ambrosial fodder near them.  
But heavenly Aphrodita fell | into Diôna’s bosom,— 370

Her mother : she within her arms | embrac’d her proper daughter,  
And soothing her with hand and voice, | she spake, her name pronouncing :  
“ Beloved child ! what heav’nly hand | such ill hath wrought upon thee,  
All wantonly, as tho’ thou wert | in flagrant guilt arrested ?”

But Aphrodita, queen of Smiles, | to her thereat responded ; 375  
“ The son of Tydeus me hath stabb’d, | high-hearted Diomêdes,  
Because—that I would stealthily | my own beloved reseue,  
My child Aineias, who to me | far dearest is of all men.  
The deadly warery now is nót | of Troians and Achaians ;  
But even with immortals now | the Danaï do battle.” 380

Forthwith, divine of goddesses, | Diôna, spake responsive :  
“ Bear up, my daughter ! and endure | albeit keenly fretting.  
For many a smart have we who hold | high dwellings on Olympos,  
Suffer’d from mortals, either race | on each fierce anguish laying. 385  
Once Ares learnt to suffer, when | Otos and Ephialtès,  
Alôeus’ reckless progeny, | in sturdy bond enchain’d him.  
So he for thirteen moons was kept, | in brass and brick encasèd.  
And there would Ares perish now, | insatiate of battle,  
But that their father’s dainty bride, | Eëriboia, learnt it.  
And notice gave to Hermeas ; | who slyly rescued Ares, 390  
Outworn already : for the chain | did cruelly subdue him.

And *Juno* tasted suffering, | when with a threebarb'd arrow  
 Shot from his bow, *Amphitryon's* | remorseless offspring pierc'd her  
 In the right bosom; whence she knew | immedicable anguish. 395  
 Nor less, stupendous *Aïdes* | by a swift arrow suffer'd,  
 What time the selfsame man, the son | of *Jove* the ægis-holder,  
 Before the portal of the dead | with impious weapon stung him.  
 But he to *Jupiter's* abode | and long *Olympos* mounted,  
 Fretted in heart and pierc'd all thro' | with torture: for the arrow  
 Was in his sturdy shoulder fix'd, | and sorely did annoy him. 400  
 But soon *Païëon* over it | spread pain-destroying unguents  
 And heal'd the wound: for not, in sooth, | mortal of fabric was he.—  
 Worker of bale, and savage he, | of fell achievement reckless,  
 Who by his arrows worried gods | that to *Olympos* haunt them.  
 And now this son of *Tydeus*, whom | *Athëna*, greyey'd goddess, 405  
 Hath urg'd against thee, knoweth not, | O simpleton! to ponder,  
 That *he* not long endureth, who | against immortals fighteth:  
 Nor, when he cometh from the war | and foemen's grim encounter,  
 Shall children climb upon his knees, | and lisping, "Father" call him.  
 Wherefore, let *Tydeus' son*, tho' now | so stalwart is his valour, 410  
 Take warning, lest one better far | than thee in battle cross him:  
 Lest haply sage *Aigiála*, | the mighty-hearted consort  
 Of courser-taming *Díomed*, | and grandchild of *Adrastos*,  
 Awake from sleep, and, shrieking loud, | arouse her dear domestics,  
 Missing her early-wedded lord, | the greatest of *Achaians*." 415  
 She spake, and from the wounded wrist | wip'd off the pure effusion  
 With both her hands: the wrist was heal'd, | and grievous pains were ended.  
 But *Juno* and *Athëna* watch'd | these deeds afar; and shortly  
 By words of cutting banter tried | *Jove Cronides* to challenge.  
 To them discourses first began | *Athëna*, grey-ey'd goddess: 420  
 "O father *Jove*, if aught I speak, | might it awake thy anger?  
 The queen of *Kypros* (as I trow) | some *Argive* woman urging  
 To company with *Troïans*, | whom now she fondly favours,  
 While stroking with her slender hand | such well-rob'd wench of *Argos*,  
 Hath scratch'd her wrist so delicate | against a golden buckle." 425  
 She spake. The Sire of gods and men | smil'd at *Athëna's* sally:  
 But next, a word of counsel spake | to golden *Aphrodita*:  
 "Not unto thee, my child, we give | the ministry of warfare;  
 But *thou* shall rightfully pursue | the lovely cares of marriage:  
 These other tasks to *Ares* keen | and to *Athëna* leave we." 430

(393).—*Heracles*, or *Heracles*, ostensibly son of *Amphitryon*, is also son of *Jupiter*, as in v. 396.

(401).—*Païëon*. See 899. He is the physician of the gods: in the later mythology identified with *Apollo*, who received the name *Païôn* or *Païán*.

Thus they reciprocal exchang'd | among themselves discourses.  
 But Diomêdes, good at need, | against Aineias sallied,  
 Knowing it was Apollo's self | that held his hand above him.  
 Nor, even so, the mighty god | reverèd he ; but alway  
 Long'd to o'ermaster Aineas, | and strip his famous armour. 435  
 Thrice did he rush against the foe, | in eagerness of battle,  
 And thrice Apollo forcibly | dash'd back his shining buckler.  
 But when the fourth time on he sped, | like to a mighty Spirit,  
 With direful menace spake to him | Apollo Far-Enérgic :  
 " O Tydeus' son, beware ! retire ! | aspire not in thy fancies 440  
 A peer unto the gods to be : | for other is the nature  
 Of men that move upon the ground, | and of the gods immortal."  
 Thus spake the god : and Tydeus' son | a scanty space retir'd him,  
 And yielded ; shunning to enrage | Apollo the fardarting.  
 But, from the crowd apart, the god | bare off and plac'd Aineias 445  
 Amid the sacred Pérgamos ; | wherein to lord Apollo  
 A fane was builded : there, within | an ample crypt, Latôna  
 And arrowpouring Ártemis | to health and splendour rais'd him.  
 [But silver-bow'd Apollo next | an empty form devisèd,  
 Unto Aineias similar | and like in all his armour : 450  
 And round this form the Trôians | and lofty-soul'd Achaians,  
 Each of the others ravagèd | around their hardy bosoms  
 The oxhide shields orbicular, | and shaggy-fringèd targets.]  
 Then thus did bright Apollo speak | unto impetuous Ares :  
 " O Ares ! Ares ! pest to man ! | bloodsprinkled ; tower-scaling ! 455  
 Wilt thou not chase across the field | and drag away this hero,  
 Tydides, who with father Jove | would presently do battle ?  
 The queen of Kypros, on the wrist, | first with his weapon stabbd he,  
 And then upon myself he rush'd, | like to a mighty Spirit."  
 Himself on topmost Pergamos, | after such charge, did seat him : 460  
 But ghastly Ares mid them mov'd, | to stir the ranks of Troians,  
 In form like unto A'eamas, | keen leader of the Thrakes ;  
 But chiefly did on Priam's sons, | Jove-nurtur'd, lay his charges :  
 " Sons of a father nurs'd of Jove ! | children of royal Priam !  
 How long abandon ye the folk | for slaughter to th' Achaians ? 465  
 Till haply round the wellmade gates | the battle rage, await ye ?  
 A hero prostrate lieth, whom, | as peer of godlike Hector,  
 We did esteem,—Aineias, son | of lofty-soul'd Anchises.  
 But come ye ! let us from the brawl | our noble comrade rescue."  
 He, by such words, in every breast | spirit and strength excited. 470  
 Sarpédou next a sharp rebuke | address'd to godlike Hector :  
 " Whither, O Hector, now is gone | thy ancient heart of prowess ?  
 Alway thy challenge was of yore, | without allies and peoples,  
 By brethren and by marriage-kin, | thyself to keep the city ;

But of thy kinsmen none do I, | peering around, discover ; 475  
 Sin as they stealthy crouch behind, | as dogs around a lion,  
 And *wē* the brunt of combat bear ; | *wē*, who allies are counted.  
 For *I* too thy ally am call'd, | and from afar have journey'd :  
 For far is Lycia from hence, | upon the whirling Xanthos,  
 Where I my dearest consort left, | and eke my tender infant, 480  
 Yea, and my plentiful estate, | an envy to the poór man.  
 Yet, even so, my Lycians | I hearten, and am eager  
 Myself with warriors to fight ; | though nothing here possess I,  
 Which men of Argos ravaging | could drive away or carry.  
 But thou dost indolently wait, | nor even on the others,— 485  
 Thy people,—urgest firm to stand, | and for their wives do battle.  
 Beware, lest thou, and Priam's self, | entangled in the meshes,  
 Unto the foemen both become | a sport and lucky booty :  
 Then will they pillage greedily | your thickly-peopled city.  
 Thee it behoveth, night and day, | on these affairs to ponder, 490  
 And pray the princes of allies | far-summon'd, unremitting  
 To hold them firm ; and from yourselves | ward off our keen reproaches."

So spake Sarpédon ; and his word | deep stung the heart of Hector,  
 Who from his chariot straightway | leapt to the ground in armour.  
 Two pointed jav'lines brandishing, | thro' all the army went he, 495  
 Enheartening his men, and rous'd | the deadly whoop of tribesmen.  
 Then did they gather to a ball, | and stood against th' Achaïans :  
 But eke th' Achaïans clos'd their ranks, | and kept their ground unyielding.

As on the sacred threshing-floors | chaff by the wind is carried,  
 What time the peasant winnoweth | beneath the active breezes, 500  
 When auburn Ceres by her sieve | the crop and chaff doth sunder ;  
 And all the ground of winnowing | is whiten'd ;—so th' Achaïans  
 Were white all over with the cloud | of dust, which feet of horses  
 Stamp'd unto heaven's brassy vault, | betwixt the men's careering  
 Onward and back : for round and round | the charioteers did turn them. 505  
 But straight the battle rush'd ahead, | hand against hand ; and round it  
 Impetuous Ares darkness wrapt, | in favour to the Troians  
 The ranks in all parts visiting : | thus accomplish'd he the bidding  
 Of that bright goldenbelted lord | Apollo, who did charge him  
 To rouse the Troian heart, sithence | he saw the maid Athena 510  
 Departed : for the Danaï | found none like Her to aid them.  
 But from the temple's wealthy crypt | himself brought out Aineias,  
 And to the shepherd of the folk | breath'd courage in the bosom.

Aineias mid his comrades stood | anew : and joyful were they,  
 When they beheld him thus, alive | and safe and sound advancèd, 515  
 And full of noble vigour : yet | no question did they ask him ;

For other toil forbade,—arous'd | by silverbow'd Apollo,  
 By Ares, pest of man, and Strife | immeasurably eager.  
 There also, by Aiantes twain, | Odyssees and Tydides,  
 The Danaï to war were urg'd ; | but they, by proper courage, 520  
 Nor at the force of Trôians | nor at the hurly trembled.  
 But firm abode they, like to clouds, | which, on the peakèd summits  
 Of mountains, Cronides hath lodg'd, | amid the hush of breezes  
 Immovable, while as the might | of Boreas may slumber,  
 And other winds tempestuous, | whose ever-squally whistle 525  
 Seareth apart the shady clouds | in eddying disorder :  
 So firmly stood the Danaï, | nor shrank before the Troians.  
 But thro' the crowd Atrides mov'd, | with many an exhortation :  
 " O friends, be men ! and in your heart | uphold ye bold reliance,  
 And each to other bashful be | amid your hardy struggles : 530  
 Of bashful-hearted men, the most | are safe, and few are slaughtered ;  
 But runaways no glory win, | nor runneth safety with them."  
 He spake and keenly hurl'd his spear, | and hit a chieftain hero,  
 Déicöon, who comrade was | to mighty-soul'd Aineias,  
 And son of Pérgeasos : but him, | as peer to Priam's children 535  
 The Troians held ; for keen was he | to fight among the foremost.  
 Down on his buckler came the spear | of royal Agamemnon ;  
 Nor might the bullhide parry it. | Thro' all the folds it hurried,  
 And underneath the girdle's breadth | deep in the vitals pierc'd him.  
 So with a loud crash down he dropt, | and o'er him clang'd his armour. 540  
 Then of the Danaï in turn | two children of Dióeles,  
 Chief heroes, by Aineias fell ;— | Orsilochos and Crethon.  
 Their father held a wide domain | in trimly-built Phera,  
 Wealthy of substance ; and his race | he boasted from the river  
 Alpheios, who with waters broad | the land of Pylos parteth, 545  
 Who erst Orsilochos begat, | a lord to many lieges :  
 Orsilochos begat in turn | the lofty-soul'd Dióeles :  
 But for Dióeles' heritage | twin children were begotten,  
 Orsilochos and Crethon, skill'd | in every guise of battle.  
 When these at man's estate arriv'd, | they on the dusky galleys 550  
 To charioteering Iliön | did swell the train of Argos,  
 For Agamemnon, Atreus' son, | and Menelas his brother  
 Earning renown ; but there in Troy | the end of Death enwrapt them.  
 And they, like to twin lion-cubs, | which, deep within the covert  
 Of forests o'er a mountain-ridge, | under their dam grow mighty ; 555  
 And thro' the stables ruin spread, | plump sheep and oxen stealing,  
 Till, by the hands of men, themselves | with the sharp brass are slaughter'd :  
 Such did these princées fall, subdued | beneath Aineias' puissance.  
 Lofty they fell, and prostrate lay, | in guise of lofty larches. 560  
 But Menelâos, good at need, | their fall beheld and pitied,

And thro' the foremost ranks advanc'd, | in flashing brass accoutred,  
And brandishing his spear. In sooth, | 'twas Ares stirr'd his spirit,  
Planning by hands of Aineas, | swift death for Menelâos.

But him Antilochos, the son | of lofty-minded Nestor, 565  
Beheld, and thro' the van advanc'd : | since for the people's shepherd  
Sore was his fear, lest aught befall, | and direly mar their labour.  
The twain already opposite | with hand, and pointed lances,  
Confronted each the other near, | in eagerness of onset :

But quickly stood Antilochos | beside the peoples' shepherd. 570  
Then, tho' an ardent warrior, | Aineias shrank before them,  
When side by side two chiefs he saw | awaiting his encounter.  
So did the twain draw up the dead | amid th' Achaian army,  
And plac'd the miserable pair | in hands of their companions ;  
Then turning back themselves, were mix'd | in battle of the foremost. 575

Forthwith, Pylaimenes was slain | an even-weight for Ares,  
Prince of the Paphlagonians, | shieldbearers, mightyhearted ;  
To whom the lance of Atreus' son, | spearfamous Menelâos,  
Alighted on the collar-bone, | and by the blow subdued him.  
Meanwhile, Antilochos laid low | Mydon, Atymnos' offspring,— 580  
The charioteer and gallant squire,— | just as he wheel'd his horses,  
With massy stone his elbow hitting ; | then, in dust of battle,  
The bridles white with ivory | dropt from his helpless fingers.  
Thereat the victor, rushing on, | smote with the sword his temple.  
Out of the wellwrought chariot, | gasping, he toppled headlong, 585  
And lighting where the sand was deep, | stood long on crown and shoulders,  
Till the two horses, moving on, | into the dust o'erthrew him :  
Them, with a thong, Antilochos | drave to the Achaian army.

When Hector mid the ranks descried | the twain, he rush'd against them  
With yell of battle ; after him | the bands of Troians follow'd,  
Stubborn ; for now, to lead them, march'd | Ares and queen Bellôna :  
With *her* was ruthless brawl of fray, | with *him* was might of weapons.  
Stalking he mov'd alternately | before and after Hector. 595

But Diomêdes, good at need, | on sight of Ares, shudder'd.  
As when some clownish simpleton, | a mighty plain travérsing,  
Lighteth upon a river's brink | that sea-ward swiftly floweth,  
Bemazèd at its gurgling foam, | he starteth sudden backward :  
So then did Tydeus' son recoil, | and spake unto the people : 600

“ Not without cause, O friends, do we | at godlike Hector marvel,  
What sort of spearman he is prov'd, | and warrior intrepid.  
For alway at his side some god | nigh standeth, bale to parry :  
And now you Ares at his side | in mortal figure stalketh.  
But with your faces onward turn'd, | to front the Troians alway, 605  
Retire ye, nor against the gods | be covetous of battle.”

He spake : meanwhile the Troïans | approach'd for nearer onset.



There Hector slew two warriors, | with feats of arms acquainted,  
 Menesthes and Anchíalos : | a single car contain'd them.  
 Great Telamonian Aias saw, | and sorrow'd at their slaughter. 610  
 He at short distance took his stand, | and hurl'd his shining weapon,  
 And struck the son of Sélagos, | Ampheios, who in Paisos  
 Dwelt, rich in cattle, rich in corn ; | but Destiny constrain'd him  
 For service of ally to march | to Priam and his children.  
 Him Telamonian Aias struck | beneath his breadth of girdle, 615  
 And fix'd within his lowest lap | the spear with lengthy shadow.  
 So with a loud crash down he dropt : | and up ran gallant Aias  
 To strip his armour ; but their darts | the Troians thickly shower'd,  
 Pointed and all-irradiant ; | which in his buckler bristled.  
 But he with heel advancing trod, | and pluck'd his brazen weapon 620  
 Out of the corpse ; yet might not he | tear off the dapper armour  
 From shoulders of the dead ; for sore | the javelins distress'd him :  
 And of the haughty Tróians | the concourse fierce he dreaded,  
 Who, valiant though he was and tall | and stately, yet repell'd him, 625  
 Many and brave, at point of spear ; | till he, thrust back, receded.  
 So they of either army toil'd | amid the hardy struggle.

But overmatching Fate drave on | against divine Sarpêdon  
 Tlepólemos the Hêracleid, | a man both tall and goodly.  
 When they to shorter distance came, | the son against the grandson 630  
 Of cloud-collecting Jupiter, | advancing each on other ;  
 Then first Tlepólemos with words | did thus accost Sarpêdon :  
 " Sarpêdon ! wise by Lycia | esteem'd ! what folly hither  
 To skulk and tremble driveth thee, | a man unskill'd in warfare ?  
 False is their tale, who trace thy birth | to Jove the ægis-holder ; 635  
 For twixt those warriors and thee | no parity perceive I,  
 Who were, in days of former men, | by Jupiter begotten.  
 Far other do the ancient folk | my proper sire remember,  
 The mightiness of Hêraclès, | audacious, lion-hearted.  
 Who came with galleys only six | to get his rightful guerdon, 640  
 The coursers of Laómedon ; | and then, tho' scant his escort,  
 Widow'd the streets of Ilion | and all her treasure pillag'd.  
 But *thou* a dastard art in soul, | and wasted are thy lieges :  
 Nor now, arriv'd from Lycia, | a rampart to the Troians  
 Deem I that thou at all wilt be, | if even thou be stalwart ; 645  
 But thro' the gates of Aïdes, | by me subdued, shalt travel."

Hereon the chief from Lycia, | Sarpêdon, spake responsive :  
 " Truly was sacred Ilion, | Tlepólemos ! sore wasted  
 By him, thro' folly of her prince | Laómedon the stately :  
 Who benefits from him had reap'd, | but with reproaches answer'd, 650  
 Nor paid the coursers as his meed, | for which from far he journey'd.  
 But upon thee, (behoight I) here | shall gloomy fate and carnage

From me alight ; and thou beneath | my spear cast low, shalt furnish  
To me a glory, and a life | to charioteering Pluto."

Sarpêdon spake : Tlepólemos | from other side uplifted 655  
The ashen shaft : of both the chiefs | at once the lengthy lances  
Sped from their hands : Sarpêdon's | point upon the neck alighted  
Right in the middle : thro' and thro', | the anguish-bearing weapon  
Issued behind : straightway his eyes | were veil'd in gloomy darkness.  
Meanwhile, his foeman's worsèr thigh | Tlepólemos had piercèd 660  
With his long spear : with fury fill'd, | the brazen point flew onward,  
Deep cutting to the bone ; but still, | death by his Sire was warded.

Around Sarpêdon, match for gods, | his comrades strove, to bear him  
Out of the battlefield : but him | the lengthy weapon trailing  
Sorely distress'd ; for none took thought, | nor minded, in their hurry, 665  
Out of his thigh the ashen shaft | to pull : their care was only,  
How might he reach the steeds ; and toil | too much their minds distracted.  
But while the Achaïans trimly-grear'd | out of the battle carried  
The body of Tlepólemos, | divine Odyssees saw it.

Hardy resolve possess'd his heart ; | his inmost bosom panted. 670  
He thereupon with mind and soul | held conferences, whether  
The son of deeply-rumbling Jove | to chase with keener battle,  
Or from the troop of Lycians | to doom more lives to slaughter.  
Nor did the Fates, I trow, assign | to mighty-soul'd Odyssees  
A valiant son of Jupiter | to slay with brass relentless. 675

Wherefore against the Lycians | Athêna turn'd his anger.  
Then Coiranus was slain by him | and Chromis and Alastor,  
And Prýtanis and Hálios, | Noémon and Aleander.  
And by divine Odyssees' hand | yet more of them had fallen,  
But that it quickly drew the eye | of motley-helmèd Hector. 680  
He thro' the foremost ranks advanc'd, | in flashing brass accoutred,  
With terror to the Danaï, | but by his coming gladden'd  
Sarpêdon, son of Jupiter ; | who piteously call'd him :

"O son of Priam, leave me not | to Danaï a booty  
Here prostrate, but avenge me ; then, | within your sacred city 685  
Let life desert me ; since, (it seems) | me Destiny forbiddeth,  
Returning to my proper home, | and my dear native country,  
Delight to my dear wife to give | and to my infant offspring."

He spake : but no reply came back | from motley-helmèd Hector :  
Past him he rush'd, athirst with zeal | to rout and slay the Argives. 690  
But round Sarpêdon, match for gods, | his comrades strove, and laid him  
Beneath a beech right-beautiful | of Jove the ægis-holder.  
Thereat, the valiant Pèlagôn, | who was his dear companion,  
Drew from the wound the ashen shaft, | which in his thigh was planted. 695  
His life was gone in swoon, and mist | lay heavy on his eyelids :  
But soon his breath came back again ; | and softly-playing breezes,

From Boreas, preserv'd alive | his sadly-gasping spirit.  
 The Argives,—them tho' Ares press'd | and brazen-helmèd Hector,  
 Neither their faces ever turn'd | toward the dusky galleys 700  
 Nor yet did straightwise meet the foe | in fight ; but alway backward  
 Withdrew them, when the rumour spread, | “ Ares the Troians aideth.”

Then who was first, and who was last, | a victim and a booty  
 To Hector, son of Priamos, | and brazen-coated Ares ?  
 First, godlike Teuthras ; after him, | Orestes courser-smiting ; 705  
 And after him, Oinómaos, | Trechos, Aitolian spearman,  
 Hélenos, son of Oinops ; next, | Oresbios of Hyla,  
 Mark'd by his baldric's motley hues ; | a man to wealth devoted,  
 Who close to lake Kephisis held | his dwelling ; and around him  
 Dwelt his compeer Boiôtians | in their fat soil of plenty. 710

But when, from heaven looking down, | the whitearm'd goddess Juno  
 Saw them, her Argives ravaging | amid the hardy struggle,  
 She to Athêna instantly | thus spake in wingèd accents :

“ Ah me ; unwearable child | of Jove the ægis-holder !  
 Then verily in vain we pledg'd | our word to Menelâos, 715  
 Well-fencèd Ilion to storm | and home the spoil to carry,  
 If ghastly Ares we permit | to riot thus in madness.  
 But come, let us too busied be | in thoughts of martial ardour.”

She spake ; nor uncompliant found | Athêna, grey-ey'd goddess.  
 Then Juno, venerable queen, | daughter of mighty Cronos, 720  
 Bestir'd her, tackling for the course | her golden-trappèd horses.  
 And Heba quickly to the car | put on the wheeled circles ;—  
 All were of brass, each had eight spokes ;— | around the iron axle.  
 Their felly incorruptible | was golden ; but above it,  
 The fitted tires were all of brass, | a spectacle for marvel. 725  
 The boxes which on either side | ran round, were both of silver.  
 On golden and on silver straps | the seat was swung : around it  
 Two rims half-circular were stretch'd : | its pole was form'd of silver.  
 Upon its end she bound the yoke, | golden and fair ; and thro' it 730  
 Pass'd the fair golden traces ; then | beneath the yoke did Juno  
 The nimblefooted steeds conduct, | for strife and onset eager.

Meanwhile Athêna, maiden-child | of Jove the ægis-holder,  
 Shed on the pavement of her sire | the robe of gauze resplendent,  
 Whose tissue she herself had wrought | and with her hands embroider'd ; 735  
 Then, in a martial tunic clad, | address'd her in the armour  
 Of cloud-collecting Jupiter, | to meet the tearful battle.  
 So on her shoulders' breadth she slung | the many-tassell'd ægis,  
 Dreadful ; which, on the rim around, | hath Terror for a garland,  
 And in it Strife, and in it Might, | in it benumbing Turmoil, 740  
 In it the frightful sever'd head | of the gigantic Gorgon,  
 Frightful and grisly : prodigy | of Jove the ægis-holder.

And on her head a casque she set | with double ridge, fourtufted,  
 All golden : measur'd to contain | a hundred cities' footmen.  
 Into the flaming chariot | then with her feet she mounted, 745  
 And grasp'd her spear, vast, weighty, stout; | wherewith the ranks she wasteth  
 Of heroes, when she rageth high, | child of a direful father.  
 But Juno keenly with the scourge | the coursers touch'd. Before them,  
 Self-oping, boom'd the heav'nly gates, | whereat the Hours are wardens,—  
 The Hours, who hold beneath their trust | great Heaven and Olympos, 750  
 Alike to raise or overspread | the closely-shutting darkness.  
 Betwixt these gates they guided clear | the spur-excited horses,  
 And found, apart from other gods, | the child of Cronos seated  
 Upon the topmost pinnacle | of many-ridg'd Olympos.  
 There Juno, whitearm'd goddess, stay'd | the ardour of her horses, 755  
 And to Cronion, Jove supreme, | address'd salute and question :  
 "Dost thou, O father Jove, approve | these hardy deeds of Ares,  
 How many and how noble men | he from th' Achaian army  
 Hath slain at random, ruthlessly ? | to me a grief ! but Kypris  
 Tranquil rejoiceth at the sight, | with silver-bow'd Apollo : 760  
 These have set on this frantic one, | of right and custom reckless.  
 O father, wouldest thou with me | be angry, should I haply  
 Chase Ares from the battle-field, | with moanful anguish stricken ?"  
 Then cloud-collecting Jupiter, | addressing her, responded :  
 "Go to ; against him rather rouse | Athèna queen of Booty, 765  
 Who beyond others aye is wont | in bitter pains to catch him."  
 He spake : nor uncompliant found | the whitearm'd goddess Juno.  
 She lash'd the coursers, nothing loth | in flying race to speed them  
 In the mid regions, over Earth, | and under starry Heaven.  
 Far as across to outmost haze | the peasant's eye travèrseth, 770  
 Who, seated on a pinnacle, | gazeth o'er seas of purple,  
 So far the gods' high-neighing steeds | at every bound were carried.  
 But when in Troas they arriv'd | and at the streaming rivers,  
 Where blendeth Símôis his flood | with waters of Seamander,  
 There Juno, whitearm'd goddess, stay'd | the ardour of her horses, 775  
 And loos'd them from the ear, and spread | around them mist abundant :  
 And for their pasture, Símôis | shot up ambrosial herbage.  
 But they, the goddesses, with track | like unto trembler pigeons,  
 Darted across in eager speed | to aid the men of Argos.  
 But when they were arrived, where men | most numerous and noble, 780  
 Standing around the mightiness | of Argive Diomèdes,  
 Were closely held at bay, in guise | of raw-devouring lions,  
 Or like to sturdy forest-boars, | no easy prey to spoilers ;  
 There Juno, whitearm'd goddess, paus'd ; | and stood, and loudly shouted,  
 In semblance wearing Stentor's form ; | who, brazen-voic'd, high-hearted, 785  
 Shouted in tones that pierc'd as far | as other fifty heroes :

“ Argives, in beauty marvellous ! | O shame ! O base reproaches !  
 While-as the godlike A'chiles | went to and fro in battle,  
 Never beyond the Dardan gates | did then the steps of Troians  
 Adventure ; ay ! for verily | his weighty spear they dreaded. 790  
 But now, far from their walls they fight, | hard by the hollow galleys.”

She, by such words, in every breast | spirit and strength excited ;  
 But straight to Diomêdes sped | Athêna, greyey'd goddess,  
 There found she, in the midst, | the prince beside his car and horses,  
 Cooling the wound, which Pandaros | with arrow-shot implanted. 795

Sorely he felt the strap, whereon | was hung his orbèd buckler,  
 Where heat and sweat and gore were mix'd ; | and all his arm was weary :  
 But he the clouded blood beneath | would wipe, the strap upraising.  
 Then holding by the horses' yoke, | the goddess thus address'd him :  
 “ How little like to Tydeus' self | I see the child of Tydeus ! 800

Tydeus was short of stature ; yet, | a thorough fighter wás he ;  
 Even when I his ardour check'd, | nor suffer'd him in battle  
 Or sport of martial sallies ; when | without Achaians came he,  
 Single ambassador to Thebe, | to meet Cadmeians many.

Him I commanded in the halls | to take the banquet tranquil ; 805  
 But he, with that stout heart in him, | such as of old he carried,  
 Challeng'd the youths of Cadmus' fort | and won in every combat  
 With ease : such backer of the fray | stood I behind him alway.

Also with thee, behold ! I stand | close to thy side, and guard thee ;  
 And thee I zealously exhort | to battle with the Troians. 810  
 Either, much-sallying, thy limbs | by weariness are conquer'd,  
 Or heartless fear possesseth thee ; | then never could I hold thee  
 The offspring true of Oineus' son | Tydeus the skilful-hearted.”

To her alternate thereupon | spake stalwart Diomêdes :  
 “ Well do I know thee, maiden-child | of Jove the ægis-holder : 815  
 To thee then promptly will I speak | my word, nor will conceal it.  
 Not heartless fear possesseth me, | nor any base reluctance :

But what thyself did charge on me, | that charge I still remember ;—  
 Against the other deathless gods | might I not join in battle  
 Direct ; but if, in throng of men | Jove's daughter Aphrodita 820  
 Herself adventur'd, then should I | with pointed weapon stab her.

Therefore do I myself retire, | and eke on other Argives  
 With many a warning have I urg'd, | their forces here to rally :  
 For, Ares' self do I beknow | wide-marshalling the battle.” 825

To him responded thereupon | Athêna greyey'd goddess :  
 “ O Diomêdes, Tydeus' son, | to my regards most pleasing,  
 Neither do thou yon Ares fear, | nor other of immortals,  
 At all : such backer of the fight | am I, behind thee standing.  
 But come, and guide on Ares first | the single-hoofed horses,  
 And strike him hand to hand, nor feel | respect for this mad creature, 830

Impetuous Ares. Troth ! is he | turncoat and finished rascal:  
 Who, in discourses whilom held, | to me and Juno plighted  
 Against the Troians to fight | and to support the Argives ;  
 But now with Troy consorteth he, | and hath his pledge forgotten."

She spake, and grasping Sthénélos, | withdrew him from the horses 835  
 Down to the ground ; but Diomed, | quick as the word, ascended.

Into the selfsame car, beside | the godlike Diomêdes,  
 Eager she mounted : with the load, | deep groan'd the beechen axle ;  
 For dreadful was the god it bare, | and mightiest the hero.  
 Then maid Athêna, instantly | the scourge and bridles seizing, 840  
 Guided on Ares' self direct | the single-hoofed horses.

Just had he slain a man,—of all | Aitolians the bravest,—  
 Bright offspring of Ochesios, | gigantic Periphantes ;  
 Him gore-polluted Ares slew | and stript him ; but Athêna  
 Put on the casque of Aïdes, | lest direful Ares know her. 845

When Ares, pest of mortals, saw | the godlike Diomêdes,  
 He turn'd himself away, and left | gigantic Periphantes  
 In the same spot, whereon he fell, | to lie ; but, fill'd with fury,  
 On courser-taming Diomed | a new attack address'd he. 850

When they to shorter distance came, | advancing each on other,  
 First, Ares stretch'd with brazen spear, | in eagerness for slaughter,  
 Beyond the branching yoke, and eke | over the horses' bridles.  
 But reaching from the chariot, | Athêna, greyey'd goddess  
 Caught it within her hand and sent | to spend its fury vainly. 855

But Diomêdes, good at need, | did next to fight apply him  
 With brazen spear : Athêna's self | did mightily enforce it,  
 The foe in lowest lap to strike, | where he his baldric girded :  
 There did it hit him : thro' and thro' | his comely flesh it mangled.

But back she drew the spear again. | Then brazen-coated Ares  
 Groan'd loud as thousands nine or ten | of men who shout in battle, 860  
 Closing in struggle. Trembling seiz'd | both Troians and Achaians,  
 From fear : so loud did Ares groan, | insatiate of combat.

Such as a mist of Erebos | appeareth in the welkin  
 When from an evil-breathing wind | distemper'd heat proceedeth ; 865

Such and so huge to Tydeus' son | did brazen-coated Ares  
 Appear, upclimbing on the clouds | into the vasty heaven.  
 Swiftly into the gods' abode, | Olympos steep, arriv'd he,  
 Wounded in spirit : there beside | Jove Cronides he sat him,  
 And pointed to the heav'nly blood, | which from the gash was streaming, 870  
 And thus in melancholy tone | did wingèd accents utter :

" Dost thou, O father Jove, approve, | to see these hardy dealings ?  
 For ever do we gods endure | things piteous and cruel,  
 Which, to the joy of mortal men, | each upon other plotteth.  
 But thee we all assail ; for thou | a cursed maid hast gotten. 875

Insensate ; who is evermore | to impious deeds devoted.  
 For all the other gods, whoe'er | unto Olympos haunt them,  
 To thee submissive, each of us | obeisance duly yieldeth.  
 But upon hér, by word or act, | no fetter thou imposest,  
 But givest rein ; since from thyself | this baleful child was gender'd. 880  
 Who now hath driven Tydeus' son, | outfoaming Diomêdes,  
 Against immortal deities | with frenzied heart to riot.

The queen of Kypros, on the wrist, | first with his weapon stabb'd he :  
 And then upon myself he rush'd, | like to a mighty Spirit.  
 But me my speedy feet bare off : | else many a sorrow might I 885  
 There suffer, many a lengthy hour, | among grim heaps of corpses ;  
 Or, tho' alive, be powerless, | from stubborn blows of weapons."

But cloud-collecting Jupiter | with frowning glance responded :  
 "O Sirrah Turncoat ! sit not here | beside me thus to wimper.  
 Of gods who on Olympos dwell, | most hateful thee I reckon, 890  
 For alway fend to thee is dear, | and violence and combat,  
 In thee intolerable lives | the spirit of thy mother  
 Unyielding Juno, whom by words | I alway hardly manage.  
 And by her promptings, troth ! I count | this hath upon thee fallen.  
 But still, much longer cannot I | endure thee bearing anguish ; 895  
 Sin as of *me* a birth thou art,— | to *me* thy mother bare thee.  
 But if, from other of the gods, | thus baleful thou wert gotten,  
 Long since had I degraded thee | below the ranks of heaven."

Thus spake he, and commandment gave | to Heaven's leech, Paiçôn,  
 To heal him. Quick Paiçôn then | spread pain-destroying unguents, 900  
 And heal'd him : for not, verily, | mortal of fabric was he.  
 As the white milk by curdling juice | into commotion riseth ;  
 At first 'tis liquid : speedily | it thickens, as one mixeth ;  
 So swiftly did the heav'nly skill | then heal impetuous Ares.  
 Him Heba tended at the bath, | and cloth'd in pleasant garments : 905  
 So he beside Jove Cronides | sat glorying in grandeur.

When thus the goddesses had stopt | Ares, the pest of mortals,  
 From hero-slaughter, to the house | of mighty Jove return'd they,  
 Athéna, fury-warding maid, | and Juno queen of Argos.

## BOOK VI.

### The Women of Troy.

SO the grim battlecry was left | to Troians and Achaïans.  
Hither and thither, o'er the plain, | diversely rush'd the battle,  
While either army brazen spears | straight at the foeman guided,  
Midway betwixt the Símois | and currents of Scamander.  
First Aias, son of Telamôn, | chief bulwark of Achaïans, 5  
Gave light unto his comrades dear, | the line of Troians breaking.  
For he a hero struck, who mid | the Thracians was noblest,  
Both tall and goodly ; A'camas, | the son of Eüsôros.  
The spear upon his helmet's ridge | with horsetail bushy lighted :  
Reach'd to the forehead, pierc'd the bone ;— | and darkness veil'd his eyes. 10  
By Diomêdes, good at need, | the son of Teuthras perish'd,  
Axýlos, who his dwelling held | at trimly-built Arisba.  
A man of substance plentiful, | and dear was he to all men ;  
For-that he dwelt beside the road, | and all, who came, befriended. 15  
Yet none of those who lov'd him well | then stood in front, and warded  
The ruesome fate ; but two at once | fell by the son of Tydeus,  
Axýlos, with Calesios, | his minister and driver.  
Then did Eurýalos despoil | Opheltios and Dresos. 20  
Aisépos next and Pédasos | he chas'd ; whom erst a Naiad,  
The nymph Abarbareia, bare | to noble Bucoleion.  
Who boasted in a stately sire | Laómedon ; and truly,  
His eldest child he was, but base ; | by stealth his mother bare him.  
Tending his sheep he met the nymph, | and join'd in love's embraces ; 25  
And she, in months complete, bestow'd | twin children on their father.  
And now Mekisteus' son, of both | unstrung their gallant sinews  
All helpless, and the armour stript | from shoulders of the heroes.  
War-abiding Polypoites slew | Astýalos : Odysseus  
With brazen weapon pierc'd to death | Pereosian Pidýtes ; 30  
Teucer did Aretâon slay ; | Antilochos, Ablêros.

21.—A *Naiad* or *Naid*, a nymph of freshwater streams.



But Agamemnon, lord of men, | slew E'latos ; who lately  
Beside the banks of Satnious, | that smoothly-flowing river,  
Dwelt in the lofty Pèlasos.— | Eurýpylos too slaughter'd  
Melanthios : while Lêtos | o'ertook the fleeing Phylax. 35

But Menelâos, good at need | captur'd meanwhile Adrastos  
Alive ; for o'er the plain his steeds | had gallop'd wild with terror,  
Till in the boughs of tamarisk | the crooked car was tangled.  
Then snapping short the pole, themselves | career'd without a driver ; 40  
Back to the city, whither eke | the rest in panic hurried.

For he, their lord, beside the wheel | from out the car was tossèd,  
Into the dust face-forward hurl'd, | helpless : and lo ! beside him  
Stood Menelâos, Atreus' son, | with spear of lengthy shadow.  
Adrastos then his knees embrac'd, | in lowly supplication : 45

“ Save me alive, O Atreus' son ! | and take a worthy ransom :  
For in my wealthy father's home | are large possessions treasur'd,  
Many and costly ; brass and gold | and many-fashion'd iron :  
From these my sire would speedily | with boundless ransom please thee,  
Soon as he learns of me alive | beside th' Achaian galleys.” 50

So spake he ; and the hero's heart | did listen to his proffer.  
Shortly had he the captive sent, | by hand of his attendant,  
Unto the sharp Achaian ships, | in rear ; but Agamemnon  
Against him quickly running came, | and spake in keen remonstrance :  
“ O Menelâos ! gentle heart ; | and why this care so fruitless 55

For lives of men ? troth ! thou at home | hast met delightsome fortune  
From Troians. Then, let none of them | escape, from hands of Argives,  
Headlong destruction. Show not e'en | to unborn children merey :  
But vanish all of Ilion, | unwept, unknown, unburied.” 60

He spake ; and by well-reason'd words | his brother's mind persuaded ;  
Who thrust Adrastos off from him : | and royal Agamemnon  
By a side-stab the foe o'erthrew. | Thereat the son of Atreus,  
Stepping with heel upon his breast, | pull'd out the ashen weapon. 65

Then Nestor rais'd his voice aloft, | and charg'd the Argive army :  
“ Friends, heroes of the Danaï, | and ministers of Ares,  
Think not of spoil, nor stay behind, | each to increase his booty ;  
But slay the men ; then tranquilly | shall ye despoil the corpses.” 70

He, by such words, in every breast | spirit and strength excited.  
Then surely would the Trôians | beneath th' Achaian heroes  
Again have enter'd Ilion, | in martial strength defeated ;  
But Priam's offspring, Hélenos, | of all the Trojan augurs  
The wisest, came and spake a word | to Hector and Aineias. 75

“ O Hector and Aineias ! since | of Lycians and Troians  
On you supremely resteth toil ; | for that ye are the bravest  
In every deed of enterprize, | and first in every counsel ;

Patrol the army, form the lines, | before the gates array them, 80  
 Ere in their wives' embrace they fall, | and yield the foe a triumph.  
 When ye have strengthen'd all the bands, | we at our posts abiding  
 Against the Danaï will fight, | —perforce, if sore the labour. 85  
 But Hector, thou the city seek ; | and bid our common mother  
 Unto greyey'd Athèna's fane | upon the city's summit  
 The aged women to collect ; | and with the key to open  
 The sacred temple's door, and bring | the robe, which in her palace 90  
 Largest and loveliest may be, | and to herself the dearest :  
 This let her place upon the knees | of ample-hair'd Athèna :  
 And pledge the vow to consecrate | twelve heifers in her temple,  
 Yearlings, unknowing of the goad, | if-that she deign to pity  
 The city of the Trôians, | their wives and infant offspring ; 95  
 If she from sacred Ilion | may ward the son of Tydeus,  
 That fierce and hardy warrior, | deviser of wild panic,  
 Whom deem I verily to be | of all Achaians stoutest.  
 Not even from Achilles' self, | captain of heroes, felt we  
 So much affright, altho' (they say) | a goddess mother bare him. 100  
 But this man rageth wondrously, | and none his might may equal."

He spake ; and Hector willing show'd | compliance to his brother,  
 And from his chariot straightway | leapt to the ground in armour.  
 Two pointed jav'lines brandishing, | thro' all the army went he,  
 Enheartening his men, and rous'd | the deadly whoop of tribesmen. 105  
 Then did they gather to a ball, | and stood against th' Achaians ;  
 And back the Argives drew themselves, | and respite made of carnage.  
 For some immortal seem'd to them | down from the starry heaven  
 With aid among the Trôians | to drop ; so quick they rallied.  
 Then Hector rais'd his voice aloft, | and charg'd the Troian army : 110  
 " Ye high-soul'd Trôians, and ye | allies from distance summon'd !  
 Be men, my friends ! and earnestly | brave enterprize remember  
 Whilst Ilion I seek, and urge | our counsellors and consorts  
 The heav'nly spirits to adore, | and hecatombs to promise." 115

Then Hector of the motley helm | with such address departed.  
 His bossy shield (so vast its orb) | with its black rim of leather  
 Rattled alternate, as he mov'd, | against his neck and ankles.  
 Then in the midst, between the hosts, | did Tydeus' son and Glaucos,  
 The offspring of Hippólochos, | meet eager for the combat. 120  
 When they to shorter distance came, | advancing each on other,  
 Him Diomêdes, good at need, | first with salute accosted :  
 " What name is thine, O worthiest | among the race of mortals ?  
 For never did I heretofore | in man-ennobling combat  
 Behold thee ; who dost verily | by far surpass in boldness 125  
 All men,—who darest to await | my spear with lengthy shadow :

And troth ! unhappy are the sires, | whose sons my force encounter.  
 But if from heaven thou art come, | and art a god immortal,  
 Not lightly with the heav'nly gods | would I in fight adventure.

130

No, truly ! for Lyncrgos too, | the sturdy son of Dryas,  
 Lasted not long, who strove against | the habitants of heaven.  
 For down the heav'nly Nysa's cliff | of yore did he the nurses  
 Of frantic Dionÿsos chase : | they, with an ox-goad wounded  
 By murderous Lyncrgos' hands, | did all in wild disorder

135

Shed on the ground their sacred gear ; | but Dionÿsos, frightened,  
 Into the briny billow plung'd : | and Thetis in her bosom  
 Caught him all shuddering : for dread | from the man's raving seiz'd him.  
 Therefore the gods who live at ease | the man Lyncrgos hated,  
 And Jove in anger blinded him : | nor lasted he much longer,  
 When into enmity he came | with all the gods immortal.

140

Wherefore against the blessed gods | fain would I shun to battle.  
 But if a mortal man thou art, | and earthly viands eatest,  
 Come nearer ; so thou earlier | destruction's goal shalt compass."

To him alternate then replied | Hippólochos' brave offspring !  
 " Why askest thou my origin, | high-hearted son of Tydeus ?

145

As leaves upon the trees are born, | such is the birth of mortals.  
 Of leaves one brood before the wind | on earth is shed ; but others  
 Soon from the budding forest rise, | in hour of spring succeeding :  
 So too the courses of mankind | grow up and fail, successive.  
 But if it please thee this to learn, | then straightway will I tell thee

150

Our higher parentage ; wherewith | are many men acquainted.  
 A city dwelleth in a nook | of courser-feeding Argos,  
 E'phra, town of S'isyphos, | the craftiest of mortals :  
 Father to him was Aiolos, | but Glaucos was his offspring :  
 And Glaucos in his turn begat | noble Bellerophontes,

155

On whom the heav'nly gods bestow'd | beauty and lovely manhood.  
 But Proitos, who was mightier | (for Jove beneath his sceptre  
 Subdued the Argives), hated him, | and drave him from the people.  
 For Proitos' wife, divine Anteia, | burn'd for him with frenzy,

160

Yet might not win the righteous heart | of sage Bellerophontes.  
 Then she with false and wicked words | king Proitos thus accosted :—  
 O Proitos ! either die thyself, | or slay Bellerophontes,  
 Who tried, in service of his lust, | my will to overmaster.—

165

When from his spouse such tale he heard | the prince was seiz'd with anger.  
 To slay his rival he forbare | (for boding thoughts withheld him),  
 But sent him forth to Lycia, | and baleful tokens gave him,  
 Engraving many a deadly mark | within a folded tablet,

169.—*Engraving*,—scratching or painting. It is still disputed, whether picture-writing like the Mexican, is intended, or rather, under poetical phrases, alphabetic writing.

To show unto his consort's sire | and work his sure destruction. 170  
 He on his path escorted went | by chivalry of heav'n.  
 But when to Lycia he came | and to the streaming Xanthos,  
 The prince of wide-spread Lycia | gave to him friendly welcome :  
 Nine days he entertain'd the guest, | nine oxen did he offer.  
 But when the rosyfinger'd Morn | a tenth time dawn'd upon him, 175  
 Then did he question put to him | and ask to see the token,  
 Which by Bellerophontes' hand | his daughter's lord might send him.  
 But when the evil marks he saw, | and knew the mind of Proitos,  
 First sent he him with charge to kill | th' infuriate Chimaira,  
 Who (so methinketh) was a brood | of gods, and not of mortals, 180  
 With front of lion, serpent's tail, | a goat in centre only,  
 Who direful might of blazing fire | breath'd forth from out her nostrils.  
 Her slew he first; to prodigies | from gods on high obeisant.  
 Next, with the famous Sólymi | did he engage in combat,  
 And deem'd, that never fight of men | a hardier he enter'd. 185  
 Then A'mazons, a match for men, | in third emprize he conquer'd.  
 But for his backward path the king | wove new device of danger :  
 From the broad land of Lycia | the bravest heroes pick'd he,  
 And laid an ambush;—yet of these | not one came home in safety,  
 For, all of them that noble wight | Bellerophontes slaughter'd. 190  
 But when the king at length in him | discern'd the goodly offspring  
 Of heaven, he detain'd him there, | and his own daughter tender'd,  
 And eke, imparted half to him | of all his royal honour.  
 Also for him the Lycians | apportionèd a portion,  
 Select, for his enrichment; fair | with orchards and with tillage. 195  
 That marriage yielded children three | to sage Bellerophontes,  
 Isander and Hippólochos | and fair Laodameia.  
 But she with Jove the Counsellor | in bed of love was coupled,  
 And bare to him that match for gods, | Sarpêdon brazen-helmèd.  
 But, when at length the noble chief | by all the gods was hated, 200  
 Over the plain of Wandering | then wanderèd he lonely,—  
 Devouring his own heart and soul, | the track of man avoiding.  
 For by the famous Sólymi, | in new array of battle,  
 Ares, insatiate of blood, | had slain his son Isander :  
 And golden-bridled A'rtemis | in anger slew his daughter. 205  
 But me Hippólochos begat, | and him I claim as parent.  
 He into Troas sent me forth, | and many charges gave me,  
 Always to be præminent, | and play the chief to others,

179.—*Chimaira*, in Greek simply means a She-goat, and is so used in v. 181.

200-5.—Apparently, it means, Bellerophon became insane at his children's calamities.

Nor to misgrace my father's breed, | who foremost were in valour  
Alike in Argive E'plyra | and Lycia's broad acres. 210

Such is the parentage, and such | the blood, in which I glory."

Then Diomèdes, good at need, | hearing his speech, was joyful.  
Upon the many-feeding earth | upright his spear he planted,  
And thus with kindness address'd | the shepherd of the people :

"Troth ! thou a stranger-friend to me | art by ancestral title. 215

For godlike Oineus formerly | with hospitable welcome  
Kept in his halls for twenty days | noble Bellerophontes.

Fair tokens then of friendliness | did each bestow on other.

Oineus a girdle gave to him | with scarlet dye resplendent :  
To him Bellerophontes gave | a golden double-goblet ; 220

And I, departing for the war, | within my palace left it.

But Tydeus I remember not : | since mé he left behind him

An infant, when at Theba fell | our army of Achaians,  
Therefore to thee a friendly host | am I in midmost Argos,

And thou to me in Lycia, | when I their people visit. 225

But let us, each amid the throng, | with spear avoid the other.

Enough I find of Trôïans | and brave allies, to slaughter,  
Whomever God to me may grant, | and I o'erhend by fleetness :

Thou too enough of Argives hast | to slay, if thou be able.

But let us, each with other, change | our arms ; that all who see us  
May know, that, to be stranger-friends | is our ancéstral glory." 230

On such alternate argument, | they from their cars descending  
Each of the other seiz'd the hand | and pledges gave of friendship.

Then throughly did Jove Cronides | the wits of Glaucos rifle,

Who with Tydides Diomêd | made barter of his harness, 235

And yielded golden arms for brass, | for nine a hundred oxen.

Meanwhile retiring, Hector reach'd | the Skaian gates and beech tree,

And all around him flock'd the wives | and daughters of the Troians,

To make inquiry for their sons, | their brothers and their kinsmen,

And for their husbands. He, in turn, | with solemn train commanded 240  
All to entreat the gods : but grief | was fastened upon many.

But when at Priam's beauteous house, | with shining porches builded,  
He had arriv'd,—wherein were rang'd | fifty bright marble bowers,

All side by side ; where Priam's sons | slept with their wedded consorts ; 245

But opposite, within the court, | were twelve bright marble bowers,

Under the roof, all side by side, | abode of Priam's daughters,

Where slept, beside their wives august, | the sons-in-law of Priam :— 250

Just then, benign in tenderness, | his mother came across him,

Leading with her Laódica, | the fairest of her daughters ;

And closely did she press his hand, | and spake, his name pronouncing ;

"And why, my child, thus comest thou, | leaving the hardy battle ?

Achaia's children (luckless name !) | around the city warring, 255  
 Sorely, I guess, outwear the folk ; | and thee thy mind commanded  
 To come and raise thy hands to Jove | upon the city's summit.  
 But stay, and let me bring thee wine. | With wine, as honey luscious,  
 Shalt thou libations make to Jove | and other gods immortal,  
 Firstly ; and afterward thyself | shalt by the draught be strengthen'd. 260  
 Wine to a man allwearièd | enhanceth mighty vigour ;  
 As wearièd art thou, my son, | thy kinsmen's lives defending."

Great Hector of the motley helm | then spake to her responsive :  
 " Raise not to me heart-soothing wine, | O venerable mother,  
 Lest thou my limbs unnerve, and steal | my memory of valour. 265  
 It shameth me, the sparkling wine | to pour with hands unwashen  
 To Jupiter ; nor may a man | with gore and filth bespatter'd,  
 To gloomy-clouded Cronides | a seemly worship offer.  
 But thou with gifts of incense seek | Athèna, queen of booty,  
 Within her temple, gathering | the aged women round thee. 270  
 Out of thy choicest store select | the robe, which in thy palace  
 Largest and loveliest may be, | and to thyself the dearest :  
 This do thou place upon the knees | of amplehair'd Athèna :  
 And pledge thy vow to consecrate | twelve heifers in her temple,  
 Yearlings, unknowing of the goad, | if that she deign to pity 275  
 The city of the Trôïans, | their wives and infant offspring :  
 If she from sacred Ilion | may ward the son of Tydeus,  
 That fierce and hardy warrior, | deviser of wild panic.  
 Do *thou*, within her fane, approach | Athèna, queen of booty ;  
 But *I* must Alexander seek, | and summon him, if haply 280  
 He learn to feel reproaches. Oh ! | might yawning Earth engulf him !  
 For troth ! a grievous pestilence | to mighty-hearted Priam  
 And all his sons and all his folk | th' Olympian hath rear'd him.  
 If to the house of Aïdes | him I beheld descending,  
 Seemeth, that joyless misery | were wip'd from my remembrance." 285

He spake. Then she, unto her halls | departing, gave commandment  
 To her attendants : they forthwith | about the city gather'd  
 The aged women. She herself | went to her perfum'd chamber,  
 Where robes of curious broidery, | many and large, were treasur'd,  
 Wrought by Sidonian women, whom | had godlike Alexander 290  
 Himself from Sidon brought to her, | over the broad flood sailing  
 In that enprize of voyage, which | bare off the highborn Helen.  
 Of these did Hecuba take one, | for honour to Athèna,  
 Which was in varied broideries | most beautiful and largest :  
 Like to a star its brilliance was ; | and undermost she found it. 295  
 Then forth she hied ; and after her | pour'd many aged women.

But when Athèna's fane they reach'd | upon the city's summit,

To them the doors were openèd | by dainty-cheek'd Thêâno,  
 Whose sire was Kisseus, but her lord | Antênor coursertaming ;  
 Sin as the Troians her had set | to be Athêna's priestess. 300  
 Then all, with trilling cry, their hands | uplifted to Athêna.  
 Thereat, the robe all gorgeous | did dainty-cheek'd Thêâno  
 Place reverent upon the knees | of amplehair'd Athêna ;  
 And to the child of mighty Jove | spake vow and supplication :  
 " Lady Athêna, maiden-queen, | protectress of the city, 305  
 Divine of goddesses ! break thou | the spear of Diomêdes,  
 And cast before the Skaian gates | himself the hero headlong :  
 So do we vow to consecrate | twelve heifers in thy temple  
 Yearlings, unknowing of the goad, | if that thou deign to pity  
 The city of the Trôians, | their wives and infant offspring." 310  
 So utter'd she the vow ; nor gain'd | assent from maid Athêna.  
 Thus to the child of mighty Jove | did they their worship offer ;  
 But Hector, he meanwhile had reach'd | the house of Alexander,  
 All-splendid, which himself had built | by men, who then were counted  
 Of all in loamy Troas' land | the craftiest of workmen ; 315  
 Who made a spacious hall for him, | a court and secret bower,  
 To Priam's self and Hector near, | upon the city's summit.  
 There enter'd Hector, lov'd of Jove, | and in his hand he wielded  
 A lengthy spear, which measur'd ells | eleven ; and before him  
 Glitter'd its brazen head, whose neck | a golden ring surmounted. 320  
 But he his brother found, employ'd | about his beauteous armour  
 Within his bower ; handling shield | and crooked bow and corslet :  
 And Argive Helen sat amidst | her own domestic women,  
 Giving to every hand its task | of glorious achievement.  
 Then Hector, seeing, chided him, | with utterance reproachful : 325  
 " My spritesome fellow ! ill it is | such gloomy bile to foster.  
 The people, round the lofty wall | and o'er the plain contending,  
 Perish. On score of *thee*, behold ! | clamour and battle blazeth  
 Abroad on every side ; and thou | with other man wert angry,  
 If haply shouldest any see | in hateful warfare languid. 330  
 But up and act ; lest soon the town | by foeman's fire be warmèd."

But thus responsively to him | spake godlike Alexander :  
 " With right, and not beyond the right, | dost thou upbraid me, Hector !  
 To thee then will I speak : but thou, | accord in turn, and hear me.  
 Within my bower here sat I, | no gloomy bile to foster 335  
 Nor scorn of Troians ; only wish'd | in sorrow to indulge me.

314.—*Himself* ; Alexander.324.—*Glorious* is explained by 3, 126-8.331.—*Warmèd* is a bitter irony for *Burned* ; so elsewhere.

But now by force of gentle words | my wife hath me persuaded  
 Into the war to hurry : yea, | myself I deem it better,  
 So to determine.—Victory | her champions exchaugeth,  
 But wait thou at my side, the while | I don my martial armour 340  
 Or go, and I will follow thee, | and think I shall o'ertake thee.”

He spake, but no reply came back | from motley-helmed Hector ;  
 To whom with soothing accents spake | Helen, divine of women :

“ O, brother ! verily am I | a dog, a mischiefworker,  
 A numbing horror. Better far | deserv'd I, when my mother 345  
 First gave me light, an evil squall | of rushing wind had borne me  
 Into the dells of mountain beasts, | or through the brawling billows :  
 There would the wave have swept me off, | before these deeds were compass'd.

But tho' it pleas'd the gods above | such miseries to destine,  
 I might some braver man at least | have chosen me for partner, 350  
 Able to suffer from contempt | and mockeries of mortals.

But as for this one, neither now | his mind is firm, nor ever  
 Hereafter will be : therefore he | (I deem) will reap disaster.

But enter now, and in this chair | take thou the seat afront me,  
 My brother ! since on thee in chief | hath toil and sorrow crowded, 355

For me, the vixen of my sex, | and Alexander's frenzy ;

On both of whom hath Jupiter | laid evil fate, which always

To men of aftertime shall yield | a theme of song unfailing.”

Great Hector of the motley helm | then spake to her responsive :  
 “ O loving Helen, seat me not : | nor may I be persuaded : 360

My heart already o'er the field | rusheth abroad, to succour

The Tróians, who sorely feel | the absence of their leader.

Rather, do thou this fellow rouse, | and let himself be active,

That me he shortly may rejoin, | ere-that I quit the city.

For to my home must I too go, | to look upon its inmates, 365

My lovèd wife and infant boy : | for none can know the future,

Whether, returning safe, again | I yet may see their faces,

Or whether, by Achaian hands, | the gods may lay me prostrate.”

Then Hector of the motley helm | with such discourse departed.

Unto his mansion's goodly site | he speedily was carried, 370

Nor found whitearm'd Andrómacha | still in her halls abiding :

But on a tower high she stood, | in tears and plaining melted,

While an attendant trimly-rob'd | in arms her infant carried.

But Hector, soon as he within | found not his noble consort,

Stept backward to the threshold : thence, | he call'd to the domestics : 375

“ Harken, ye women of my house, | and answer to me truly,

Whither whitearm'd Andrómacha | went forth from home ? To any



Of marriage-sisters trimly-rob'd | doth she mayhap betake her ?  
 Or went she to Athêna's fane, | where other Troian women,  
 Comely with matron tresses, crave | the dreadful goddess' favour ?" 380

To him the keeper of his house, | discreet of women, answered :  
 " Hector ! since thou commandest us | the very truth to tell thee,  
 Neither the mansion doth she seek | of trim-rob'd marriage-sister,  
 Nor went she to Athêna's fane, | where other Troian women,  
 Comely with matron tresses, crave | the dreadful goddess' favour : 385  
 But to a tower forth she went | through Iliou, on hearing  
 The Troians worsted were, and great | the puissance of th' Achaians.

So she unto the outmost wall | to see the war hath hurried,  
 In frantic fashion ; and the nurse | her infant with her beareth."

So spake the chief domestic ; then | again did Hector sally 390  
 Along the trimly-builted streets, | the selfsame path retracing.

When at the gates he was arriv'd, | through the great city passing,  
 (For at the Skaian gates would he | pass out to join the army ;)   
 Here did his richly purchas'd wife | with pace disorder'd meet him,   
 Andrómacha, whose father was | Eietion great-hearted, 395

Eietion, who late had dwelt | beneath the woody Placos,  
 And o'er Cilicians had reign'd | in Hypo-Placan Theba :  
 His daughter was in wedlock held | by brazenhelmèd Hector,  
 And met him now : along with her | went also an attendant 400  
 Bearing within her arms the child, | a tenderhearted infant,  
 Like to a brightly twinkling star, | the darling son of Hector,  
 Whom Hector call'd Scanandrios, | but all the other Troians  
 Astýanax : for Iliou | was sav'd by Hector only.

The father cast upon his boy | a glance, and smil'd in silence :  
 But by his side Andrómacha | stood, all in sorrow melted, 405

And closely did she press his hand, | and spake, his name pronouncing :

" My spritesome Hector ! doom'd to die | of valour ! who no pity  
 Dost cherish for thy infant child, | and me thy wife ill-fated,  
 Who soon shall be despoil'd of thee : | for, rallying together, 410  
 Soon shall th' Achaians slaughter thee. | To me then better were it,

Of thee bereavèd, under Earth | to sink : for other comfort  
 None will remain, if thou by fate | shalt once be overhended,

But only griefs : since father none | have I, nor queenly mother :  
 For Achilles, a match for gods, | has slain my sire, and ravag'd

The city of Cilicians, | the loftygated Theba, 415  
 Planted upon a goodly lot : | but when he slew their chieftain,

The bloody corpse despoil'd he not, | (for boding thoughts withheld him,)  
 But burn'd it, even as it was, | in all the craftsome armour,

And rais'd a barrowmound above ; | and round it elms were planted  
 By mountain damsels, heav'nly brood | of Jove the ægis-holder. 420

But those who in my father's halls | were rear'd, my brothers seven,  
 They to the house of Aïdes | all in one day descended,  
 Slain by the might of A'chiles, | that trustyfooted hero,  
 When they the snowy sheep would guard | and clovenfooted oxen.

And for my mother, queen was she, | beneath the woody Placos, 425  
 And her he brought away with him, | along with other booty,  
 Then for a mighty ransom-price | releas'd her; but she perish'd  
 By arrow-pouring A'rtemis | within her father's chambers.  
 But Hector, thou my father art | and thou my queenly mother,  
 Thou art to me for mother's son, | and thou my blooming consort. 430  
 But come now, pity me; and here | abide upon the tower,  
 Nor doom thy child to orphanhood, | and make thy wife a widow.  
 By the wild figtree post the bands | in firm array; where chiefly  
 Open to harm the city is, | and where the wall was mounted.  
 For thrice have here the bravest foes | assay'd to force an entrance, 335  
 Around the two Aiantes, round | Idomeneus the famous,  
 Around the Atridai, and around | the valiant son of Tydeus;  
 Whether-that one gave hint to them, | with oracles acquainted,  
 Or eke their selfadvising heart | doth hither onward urge them."

Great Hector of the motley helm | then spake to her responsive : 440  
 " O lady, all this argument | by me too is regarded :  
 But direfully abash'd were I | before the men of Troas  
 And Trojan women trailing-rob'd, | if, skulking like a coward,  
 I shunn'd the war : nor doth my heart | allow it; but hath taught me  
 Mid foremost Trôians to fight | and show a chieftain's virtue, 445  
 And guard my father's great renown | and lift myself to glory.  
 For this, in heart and soul, full sure | I know; a day is coming,  
 A day, when sacred Ilion | at length shall perish headlong,  
 And Priam's self, and all the folk | of ashen-spearèd Priam.  
 But not so much for Trôians, | hereafter, feel I sorrow, 450  
 Nor e'en for Hécula herself, | and for the royal Priam,  
 Or for my many brothers brave, | who, by the hands of foemen,  
 Slaughter'd will fall in dust :—for none | of *these* doth anguish rend me,  
 So, as for thee : whom haply one | of brazenmail'd Achaians,  
 Despite thy tears, shall lead away | spoil'd of thy day of freedom : 455  
 Then at a foreign mistress' loom | shouldest thou weave, in Argos,  
 Or from Messëis, or mayhap | from Hyperëia's fountain  
 Bear water;—sore against thy will : | but stern constraint will force thee.  
 And haply one may say, who sees | a tear from thee to trickle;—  
 'This is the wife of Hector, who, | of courser-taming Troians, 460  
 When rag'd the war round Ilion, | held primacy in battle.'  
 So may one say hereafter; then, | in lack of such a husband  
 To ward the day of slavery, | on thee shall fall new sorrow.

But oh, may death my senses shut, | and piles of earth conceal me,  
Ere-that I see thee dragg'd away | and hear thy shriek of anguish." 465

Thus saying, gallant Hector stretch'd | his arms toward his infant.  
But to the dappergirld nurse | the child recoil'd with wailing  
Into her bosom, frighted sore | by his dear father's aspect,  
Aghast the dazzling brass to view | and ample plume of horsehair,  
Which from the helmet's topmost ridge | terrific o'er him nodded. 470

Then did his tender father laugh, | and laugh'd his queenly mother,  
And gallant Hector instantly | beneath his chin the helmet  
Unfasten'd; so upon the ground | he laid it all resplendent :  
Then pois'd his little son aloft, | and dandled him, and kiss'd him,  
And rais'd a pray'r to Jupiter | and other gods immortal : 475

" O Jupiter, and other gods, | grant ye, that this my infant  
Soon may become his father's like, | among the Troians signal,  
Mighty to reign in Ilium, | and terrible in prowess.  
And when from battle he returns, | may some one say hereafter,—  
' Far greater than his sire is he ;' | and with him may he carry 480  
The gory trophies of a foe, | his mother's heart to gladden."

Thus saying, in the mother's arms | he lodg'd the tender infant ;  
And she her own dear child receiv'd | within her fragrant bosom,  
Laughing amid her tears : the which | her husband saw, and pitied ;  
And soothing her with hand and voice, | he spake, her name pronouncing : 485  
" My spritesome lady ! let not grief | extravagant betoss thee.  
No man, o'erpassing fate's decree, | shall hurry me to Pluto :  
But Destiny, I well aver, | no mortal wight hath scaped,  
From the first day he saw the light,— | nor valorous nor coward.  
But thou, returning to thy house, | to thine own work betake thee, 490  
The loom and distaff,—diligent ; | and see that thy attendants  
Their tasks appointed duly ply ; | but *men* must care for battle,—  
All, who in Ilium are born, | and I, thy Hector, chiefly."

So, gallant Hector spake, and took | his helmet, plum'd with horsetail.  
But his dear partner, leaving him, | unto her home departed, 495  
With many a turn and lingering, | and gaze by tears beclouded.  
When to the grandly-seated home | of hero-slaying Hector  
She afterward arriving came, | there found she many a handmaid  
Gather'd within ; and in them all | she wak'd a love of sorrow.  
So they, for Hector still alive, | did wail in Hector's palace : 500  
For, sooth, they counted not that he, | out of the war returning,  
Would look on them again, escap'd | from hands and might of Argos.

Nor long did Paris stay behind | within his lofty mansion ;  
But he his glorious armour donn'd, | inwrought with brass, and hurried  
Along the spacious Ilium, | on rapid feet reliant. 505  
As when a charger, closely kept, | highpamper'd at the manger,

Bursting his halter, o'er the plain | with prance and gambol trampeth.  
 Accustom'd in the flood to bathe | of some fair-streaming river,  
 Wild glorying; and holdeth high | his head, and off his shoulders  
 Rusheth the mane abroad; and he | in his brave beauty trusteth;                   510  
 Lightly his knees then carry him | to horses' haunts and pastures:  
 So from the heighth of Pergamos | did Paris, son of Priam,  
 Accoutred in full panoply, | all sparkling as Elector,  
 Exultant hurry down, but him | his rapid feet bare onward.  
 Thus speedily he overtook | his godlike brother Hector,                         515  
 Who there still linger'd, where with him | his own dear partner commun'd.  
 Then Alexander, peer of gods, | to him began discourses:  
 " My gracious sir! by lingering | I verily detain thee,  
 Keen when thy hurry; nor in time | arriv'd I, as thou badest,"  
 Him Hector of the motley helm | address'd in word responsive:                   520  
 " My spritesome fellow! never man, | who rightful is of spirit,  
 Thy feats of battle may despise; | for doughty is thy valour.  
 Yet wilfully dost thou relax, | and backward art: but sorrow  
 My inmost heart possesseth, when | reproachful words against thee  
 I hear from Troians, who endure | on score of thee much travail.                 525  
 But go we: afterward will we | these things arrange, if haply  
 Jove grant, that we unto the gods | of heav'nly birth eternal  
 Hereafter in the palace crown | with wine the bowl of freedom,  
 When out from Troas we have driv'n | the trimly-greav'd Achaians."

## BOOK VII.

### Tournament and Truce.

**A**FTER much parley, from the gates | outsallied gallant Hector ;  
And with him Alexander went, | and both the royal brothers  
Alike were vehement of soul | for warfare and for combat.  
And, as to wishful mariners | if haply God have granted  
A wafting breeze, what time as they | with blades of fir well-polish'd 5  
Dashing the waves are wearied, | and toil their limbs hath loosen'd ;  
So then the brothers twain appear'd | unto the wishful Troians.

Then Alexander overhent | Menesthius of Arna,  
Son of Areithoös : for, him | large-ey'd Philomedusa  
To that club-wielding chieftain bare, | Areithoös : but Hector 10  
With pointed weapon smote, beneath | the helmet's brassy margin,  
Right thro' the neck, Eioneus ; | and cast his body helpless.  
And Glaucos Hippolochides, | the Lycian commander,  
Hit Dexis' son Iphinöos | amid the hardy struggle,  
Upon the shoulder with the spear, | when he upon his horses 15  
Would leap ; but down to earth he fell, | and there his limbs were loosen'd.

But when, from heaven looking down, | Athëna, greyey'd goddess,  
Saw them her Argives ravaging | amid the hardy struggle,  
She from Olympos' pinnacles | with sudden rush descended  
Unto the sacred Ilion. | To meet her, sped Apollo, 20  
As high from Përgamos he gaz'd | and wish'd success to Priam.  
So did the twain from adverse part | beside a beech encounter ;  
And her the lordly son of Jove, | Apollo, first accosted :

“ Daughter of lofty Jupiter ! | and why dost thou so eager  
Haste from Olympos ? whereunto | doth mighty passion urge thee ? 25  
Wilt haply to the Danaï | give mastery recruited,  
Since not for Troians perishing | doth thought of pity hold thee ?  
But if my counsel thou regard | (which greatly would be better),  
Now let us intermission set | of war and fell encounter,  
To-day ;—but afterward shall they | perforce renew the battle, 30  
Till-that an end of Ilion | be found ; if so be grateful

To you immortal goddesses, | this city to demolish."

Thereat to him alternate spake | Athèna, greyey'd goddess :  
 " So be it, Far-Enérgie ! since | myself from high Olympos  
 Am come, such counsels pondering, | mid Troians and Achaians. 35  
 But tell me, how designest thou | to stay the war of heroes ?"

To her the lordly son of Jove, | Apollo, thus responded :  
 " Let us the hardy prowess rouse | of courser-taming Hector,  
 If haply to the Danai | he, one to one, make challenge  
 In foeman's grim arbitrement | advérse to try his prowess ; 40  
 And rous'd by emulation keen, | the brazen-greav'd Achaians  
 Some single champion may spur | to war with godlike Hector."

He spake, nor uncompliant found | Athèna, greyey'd goddess.  
 But their discourses Hélenos, | belovèd son of Priam, 44  
 Heard, and discern'd the argument, | which pleas'd the gods debating ;  
 Then close to Hector's side he stood, | and spake his word of counsel :

" O Hector, Priam's sou ! to Jove | in weight of counsel equal !  
 Wouldest thou haply hark to me ? | and sooth, am I thy brother.  
 Bid all the others back to sit, | Achaians and Troians :  
 But with thyself, whoso may be | from Argos bravest, challenge 50  
 In foeman's grim arbitrement | prowess advérse to measure.  
 For not is yet thy fate to die | and reach thy term appointed.  
 So am I warnèd, listening | to gods of birth eternal."

He spake : and great was Hector's joy | to hear his brother's errand.  
 Along the Troian front he mov'd | and check'd their close battalions, 55  
 Grasping his spear midway ; then all | in line compact did seat them.  
 On other side Atrides stay'd | the trimly-greav'd Achaians.

Also Athèna, heav'nly maid, | and silver-bow'd Apollo  
 Above the armies perchèd them, | in guise of plumèd vultures,  
 Upon the lofty beech of Jove | the ægis-holding father ; 60  
 Delighted with the warriors, | whose crowded ranks before them  
 With shields and helmets flashing sat | and with long lances bristling.

As when the Westwind rising new | across the boundless water  
 Spreadeth afar a shuddering, | where light and darkness mingle ;  
 So, bright and darkling, sat the ranks | of Troians and Achaians 65  
 Over the plain. Then Hector spake | betwixt the expectant armies :

" Hear me, ye Troians ! hear me too, | ye trimly-greav'd Achaians !  
 That I the counsel may declare | which in my bosom riseth.  
 Our treaties high-bench'd Cronides | to no fulfilment carried, 70  
 But bodeth on the double host | some purpose of disaster,

Till either ye the ramparts gain | of our high-tower'd city,  
 Or at your sea-travérsing barks | yourselves by us be vanquish'd.  
 Of Pan-Achaia's gather'd chiefs | my eyes behold the bravest :  
 Now then, whome'er his soul may bid | to join in fight against me.  
 Let him step forward,—champion | and match for godlike Hector. 75

Such terms of battle do I bear;— | and Jove shall be our witness :—  
 If with the lengthy edge of brass | your champion shall slay me,  
 Let him my armour strip, and bear | unto the hollow galleys ;  
 But let him to my kindred yield | my body, that, with honour  
 Of rites becoming, Troian men | and wives of Troy may burn me. 80  
 But if Apollo grant to me | the boast,—to slay your hero,—  
 Then I to sacred Ilion | his arms despoil'd will carry,  
 And hang them on the temple-walls | of Hecatos Apollo,  
 But to the galleys featly plank'd | will I restore his body.  
 So shall he find meet funeral | from streaming-hair'd Achaians, 85  
 Who hard by Hella's brackish flood, | shall heap for him a barrow.  
 Then, e'en in late posterity, | each mariner of Argos,  
 Floating in many-benchèd ship | over the purple waters,  
 Shall say : ' Behold the tomb of one | who fell in ancient battle ;  
 Of Argive men a champion, | but slain by gallant Hector.'— 90  
 So shall one say hereafter : then, | ne'er shall my glory perish."

Such was his challenge : thereupon, | they all were dumb in silence :  
 Refusal was indignity, | acceptance were a danger.  
 After long pause, at length stood up, | Atrides Menelâos,  
 And spake with words of contumely, | and deeply groan'd within him. 95  
 " Ah woe ! Achaiian threateners, | no longer men, but women !  
 For verily will grim disgrace | for ever grinly stain us,  
 If no one now of Danaï | dare Hector to encounter.  
 But oh ! may all of you, who here | thus side by side are seated  
 Heartless and ignominious, | be turn'd to earth and water ! 100  
 And I myself against this man | will arm me : but in heaven  
 The cords of victory are held | in hands of gods immortal."

After such utterance, the prince | would don his dapper armour.  
 Then, Menelâos ! had thy life | beneath the hands of Hector  
 Reach'd its fulfilment speedily ; | —for greatly was he stronger :— 105  
 Had not Achæia's chieftains quick | uprising stay'd thy rashness.  
 And Atreus' elder son himself, | wide reigning Agamemnon,  
 By the right hand his brother seiz'd, | and spake, his name pronouncing :  
 " Art mad, Jove-nurtur'd Menelas ? | such madness, troth ! is needless  
 For thee or us : refrain thyself, | tho' bitter is thy sorrow, 110  
 Nor wish contentiously to fight | with one of higher puissance,  
 Hector Priámides ; at whom | all Argive faces lower.  
 And even A'chiles himself, | a hero far thy better,

86.—*Brackish* ; the word also, and indeed generally, means *Broad*. Each rendering is explained by supposing that Homer regarded the Hellespont (or Dardanelles) as a river and not a sea. Hellespont means sea of Hellè. See Note at the end, on 24, 515.

109.—A far more delicate excuse would have been, that Menelaos had recently fought ; but Agamemnon is too agitated to be delicate.

Did shudder to confront his might | in man-ennobling combat,  
 Hie thee away and take thy seat | in troop of thy companions, 115  
 And for this man th' Achaïans soon | will other match discover,  
 Be he intrepid as he may | and gluttonous of turmoil,  
 Yet do I deem, right gladly he | his knees will bend, if haply  
 He scape from battle's outrages | and foemen's grim encounter."  
 He spake, and by well-reason'd words | his brother's heart persuaded; 120  
 Who yielded and forbore to strive. | Thereat the squires rejoicing  
 Quickly the weighty armour drew | from Menelâos' shoulders.  
 But Nestor to the Argives rose, | and spake his word among them :  
 " Good spirits ! mighty grief in sooth | home to Achaïa reacheth.  
 How deep the aged heart would groan | of chariotteering Peleus, 125  
 Haranguer of the Myrmidons | and counsellor persuasive ;  
 Who in his own abode of yore | rejoic'd to prove my knowledge,  
 Asking of me the parentage | and breed of every Argive.  
 Now, if he heard that all of these | do quail at sight of Hector,  
 He his dear hands would lift in pray'r | full oft to gods immortal, 130  
 That, home to Aïdes, his soul | from out his limbs might shuffle.  
 Would that I had (O father Jove, | Athêna and Apollo !)  
 Such prowess of my youth, as when | Arcadians spear-frenzied  
 And Pylïans assembling fought | by Kêladôn swift-flowing,  
 Amid the streams of Yárdanos, | beside the walls of Pheia. 135  
 To them stood Ereuthálion, | a godlike man, as leader,  
 Bearing of lord Areíthoos | the armour on his shoulders,  
 Godlike Areíthoos, whom men | and dainty-girdled women  
 Did by a new name signalize, | and titled him *Club-béarcr*,  
 For-that he not with lengthy lance | nor arrows dealt his battle, 140  
 But with an iron-studded club | brake down the thick battalions.  
 Him did Lyeurgos kill by guile,— | for truly not by puissance,—  
 Within a narrow path, where nought | avail'd his club of iron  
 Death to avert ; for, starting up | all suddenly, Lyeurgos  
 Right thro' his body thrust the spear | and down to hard earth dash'd him,  
 Then from the corpse the armour stript, | which brazen Ares gave him. 146  
 In this, himself thenceforth was clad | amid the broil of Ares.  
 But when within his palaces | eld-stricken was Lyeurgos,  
 Then he to Ereuthálion, | his dear attendant, gave it :  
 Who, in this panoply array'd, | did all our bravest challenge. 150  
 In sooth they trembled with alarm, | and none stood forth to front him.  
 But me my much-enduring soul | drave forward into battle  
 Against his vaunting : yet of all was I | by birth the youngest,—  
 Who yet withstood him ; and to mé | Athêna glory granted.  
 So slew I then a warrior | the sturdiest and biggest : 155  
 For plentiful in bulk he lay, | hither and thither sprawling.  
 Oh that I still were thus in youth, | and unimpair'd my vigour !



Then soon should Hector motleyhelm'd | be match'd in foe's encounter,  
 But ye, who glory in the name | of Pan-Achaia's chieftains,—  
 To measure him with Hector, now | not one of you is eager." 160

Thus spake the old man scornfully, | and a full nine upstart'd :  
 But Agamemnon, lord of men, | rose far of all the foremost,  
 After him Diomédes rose, | the stalwart son of Tydeus,  
 And after him th' Aiantes twain, | ensheath'd in martial ardour,  
 But next to them Idómeneus, | and Mérión his comrade, 165

Able to tilt the scale of strife | against the god of Carnage :  
 And after these Eurypylos, | Euaimon's brilliant offspring ;  
 Andrainon's son too, Thoas, rose, | and last, divine Odyssees :  
 All these were willing combatants, | I say, with godlike Hector.  
 Again to them the charioteer, | Gerenian Nestor, turn'd him : 170

“ Now thro' your whole list cast the lot | to find the lucky hero ;  
 For he, with service good, will aid | the trimly-greav'd Achaians,  
 Yea, and himself to his own life | do service good, if haply  
 He scape from battle's outrages | and foemen's grim encounter.” 175

When thus he spake, each hero | mark'd upon his lot a token,  
 And cast them in the morion | of royal Agamemnon.  
 Then all the people pray'd the gods, | with hands to heaven lifted,  
 And gazing to the vasty sky, | thus whisper'd one or other :

“ To Aias or to Tydeus' son | or to himself, the monarch  
 Who sways Mykênai rich in gold, | O father Jove, assign it !” 180

The lots meanwhile the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor shuffled  
 And toss'd within the casque : then out | leapt, as their wishes prompted,  
 The lot of Aias : mid the crowd | the herald rightwise moving  
 To all th' Achaian champions, | one after one, display'd it :  
 But each in turn rejected it, | unknowing of the owner. 185

But when through all that company | he pass'd, at length arriv'd he  
 At gallant Aias, who had mark'd | and in the helmet cast it.  
 He, to the herald's hand outstretch'd | his hollow palm did offer,  
 And knew the token of his lot, | and in his soul was joyful.  
 It to the ground before his feet | he flung, and straight address'd them : 190

“ My friends ! the lot, full sure, is mine : | and all my soul within me  
 Sternly rejoiceth : for I count | to vanquish godlike Hector.  
 But come ! do ye, meanwhile that I | in martial armour busk me,  
 Your vows to lordly Jupiter, | the son of Cronos, offer  
 In silent bosom every man, | lest-that the Troians hear you ;— 195  
 Or even with loud voices ; since | of none do fears possess us.  
 For no one, willing tho' he be, | shall chase me off unwilling,  
 By force ; nor yet by skill of arms : | for 'tis my hope that I too  
 Was born and bred in Salamis | no despicable witling.”

So spake he ; then to lordly Jove, | the son of Cronos, pray'd they, 200  
 And gazing to the vasty sky | thus whisper'd one or other :

“ O father Jove, from Ida ruling, | glorious and greatest,  
Grant thou that Aias carry off | conquest and brilliant glory !  
But if with equal tenderness | thou eke dost Hector cherish,  
Then unto both the champions | give equal force and honour.” 205

So pray'd the people. He, meanwhile, | in dazzling brass equipp'd him.  
And when around his tender skin | he all his gear had fitted,  
Forward he hurried, such in guise | as burly Ares marcheth,  
Moving to war in chase of men, | whom Cronides in quarrel  
Of soul-devouring enmity | has sternly match'd together. 210

Such then, huge towering, advanc'd | Aias, Achaian bulwark,  
Smiling with glances horrible ; | and with his feet beneath him  
Strode long and lofty, brandishing | the spear with lengthy shadow.  
Right joyful were the Argives then, | their combatant surveying,  
While over every Troian limb | crept grimly-boding terror, 215

And e'en to Hector's self the heart | leapt stronger in his bosom :  
Yet now no longer choice to him | was left, to shrink or shuffle,  
Hidden in numbers ; since himself | to feats of arms had challeng'd.  
Then Aias nearer came, his shield | like to a tower bearing,  
Which for him Tyehios had wrought | of brass and bullhides seven, 220

Who was of tanners craftiest, | and held his home at Hyla,  
And made for him the motley frame | complex with folds of leather  
From seven bravely-fatted bulls, | and cas'd with brass the seventh.  
Bearing this shield before his breast, | then Telamonian Aias  
Stood near to Hector, front to front, | and spake a word of menace : 225

“ Hector, alone with me alone, | now shalt thou learn to surety,  
Among the ranks of Danaï | what champions are nurtur'd,  
Without the hero-crushing might | of lion-soul'd Achilles.  
But he, enrag'd at Atreus' son, | the people's royal shepherd,  
Doth indolently lie beside | his horn'd barks seacoursing, 230  
Yet we, the others, still suffice | thy onset to encounter,  
And many is our crew : but come, | lead off our war and battle.”

Then to his argument replied | great motley-helm'd Hector :  
“ Chieftain of peoples, brood of Jove, | O Telamonian Aias !  
Tamper not thou with me, as tho' | some puny boy or woman 235  
Were I, all-unexperienc'd | in hardiment of warfare.

But troth ! wellvers'd am I in fight | and murderous encounter.  
Toward the right, toward the left, | I know to wield the bullhide  
Rigid and sturdy : therefore eke | enduring is my combat.  
Amid the race of scouring mares | I know to press the scuffle, 240  
And in the standing-fight I know | to dance to grisly Ares.  
But, being what thou art, I fain | with javelin would reach thee,  
Not by sly peering, but in front, | if haply I may hit thee.”

He spake, and poising, forward threw | the spear with lengthy shadow,  
And hit the seven-hided frame, | the dreadful shield of Aias, 245

Upon its outmost ease of brass, | which spread as eighth upon it.  
 Thro' the six folds the stubborn point | of brass ran keenly piercing,  
 But in the seventh hide was stay'd. | Then Aias, brood of heaven,  
 Second advancing, forward threw | the spear with lengthy shadow,  
 And hit the shield of Priam's son, | which equal was on all sides. 250  
 Right thro' the shield's resplendency | hurtled the massy weapon,  
 And thro' the corslet's crafty work | with force uncheck'd was planted ;  
 Close to his side from front to baek | it thro' the tunic glided  
 Harmless : for quick the hero flinch'd, | and gloomy fate avoided.  
 Then with the hand did each of them | pluck out the dangling weapon, 255  
 And clos'd in fight anew, in guise | of rawdevouring lions,  
 Or like to sturdy forest-boars, | no easy prey to spoilers.  
 The son of Priam with his spear | the middle buckler wounded,  
 Nor might the metal force its way ; | but first the point was broken.  
 Then Aias with a mighty bound | smote on the shield, and thro' it 260  
 Drove deep and far his javelin, | which check'd the eager hero,  
 And gashing reach'd his neck : whereat | forthwith the dark blood spouted.  
 Nor yet did Hector motley-helm'd | from battle thus withdraw him :  
 But he, retiring on the plain, | with brawny arm uplifted  
 A stone, which there behind him lay, | mighty and black and rugged, 265  
 And with it hit the seven hides, | the dreadful shield of Aias,  
 Full in the centre, at the boss ;— | and round it rung the metal.  
 After him Aias rais'd aloft | a second stone far bigger,  
 And adding effort measureless, | against him whirling sent it.  
 The massy weight, like stone of mill, | the shield beneath it crushing, 270  
 Stagger'd his dear knees under him. | Cast on his back, and prostrate,  
 He fell, with shield against him press'd : | yet quick Apollo rais'd him.  
 Then in close combat of the sword | had each the other wounded,  
 But that the heralds, who from Jove | bear message and from mortals,  
 Were present, one from Troians, one | from brazenmail'd Achaians, 275  
 Idaios and Talthybios, | discreet alike of counsel.  
 And they betwixt the twain held out | their sceptres ; and Idaios,  
 A herald deep of sage advice, | thus spake their common errand :  
 “ No longer, children dear ! persist | in feats of war and combat :  
 For cloud-collecting Jupiter | to both of you hath favour, 280  
 And both of you are warriors ; | of which we all have sample.  
 But now arriveth Night : to Night | 'tis wise to yield compliance.”  
 Then Aias, son of Telamón, | reciprocal addressed him :  
 “ Idaios, put thy argument | within the lips of Hector ;  
 For hé it was, who all our braves | to feats of prowess challeng'd. 285  
 On him it resteth to begin : | then gladly will I follow.”  
 Thereat to him alternate spake | great motley-helmèd Hector :  
 “ O Aias, sin as God to thee | both size and force hath given

And cunning, and to wield the spear | art ablest of Achaians ;  
 Now let us intermission take | of war and fell encounter 290  
 This day ; but afterward again | shall we be match'd, till Heaven  
 Dispart the quarrel and bestow | on either army conquest.  
 For now arriveth Night : to Night | 'tis wise to yield compliance.  
 So all th' Achaian host shalt thou | beside their galleys gladden,  
 Chiefly whom thou for intimate | and whom for comrades holdest : 295  
 Whilst I, within the mighty wall | of lordly Priam coming,  
 Bring gladness to the men of Troy | and trailing-robèd women,  
 Who wend in sacred pageant | to win my life of Heaven.  
 But come now ; let us mutual | exchange some gifts of splendour ;  
 That thus hereafter each may say | of Troians and Achaians : 300  
 'These chiefs as foemen battled once | in soul-devouring quarrel,  
 Yet were they after reconcil'd, | and strife by friendship ended.' ”  
 Thus as he spake, he gave to him | a sword with silver studded,  
 Complete with scabbard bearing it, | and with the well-cut leather.  
 But Aias offer'd him in turn | a girdle bright with purple. 305  
 So parted then the twain : and one | hied to the Achaian army,  
 The other to the crowd of Troy : | who verily were joyful,  
 When they beheld him thus, alive | returning, and deliver'd  
 Safe from the hands intractable | and hardiment of Aias.  
 So up the city led they him | nor yet believ'd his safety. 310  
 But Aias, him on other side | the trimly-greav'd Achaians  
 To godlike Agamemnon led, | in victory rejoicing.  
 But when within the royal tent | of Atreus' son they rested,  
 Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | to Cronides o'erswaying  
 Did a male beeve, five years of age, | for them as victim offer. 315  
 They skinn'd, and duly plied the work, | and laid the carcase open,  
 And into pieces fitly minc'd, | and spitted every morsel,  
 And broil'd them all right skilfully, | and drew them off perfected.  
 But when they rested from the toil, | and all the feast was ready,  
 They banqueted, nor lack'd their soul | meet plenitude of banquet. 320  
 But widely-reigning Atreus' son, | the hero Agamemnon,  
 Yielded the chine, from end to end, | to honour valiant Aias.  
 And when desires importunate | of food and drink were ended,  
 Foremost of all the aged man | would weave for them devices,  
 Nestor, whose counsel heretofore | had eke appear'd the wisest ; 325  
 Who thus with kindness harangu'd, | and spake his word among them :  
 “ O Atreus' son, and ye the rest, | chieftains of Pan-Achaia,  
 Sin as we weep for many lives | of streaming-hair'd Achaians,  
 Whose dark-blood bitter Ares now | on banks of fair Scamander  
 Hath foully scatter'd, but their souls | to Aïdes are flitted ; 330  
 Thee it behoveth, with the dawn | to stay Achaian battle :

But we, assembled, upon wains, | with steers and mules from all sides  
 Hither ourselves will bring the dead ; | then will we burn the bodies  
 Ament the galleys, nigh at hand ; | that, when we homeward voyage,  
 Each to the children of the slain | their gather'd bones may carry. 335

Then will we by the fires of death | heap up a single barrow,  
 Rear'd from the plain, promiscuous ; | and, hard beside it, quickly  
 Build lofty ramparts, for defence | alike of selves and galleys :  
 And in the ramparts, eke may we | wellfitted portals open,  
 Thro' which our charioteers may drive | their chariots and horses : 340  
 And let us on the outer side | deep delve a moat along it,  
 Which shall our people in the camp | and chariots deliver,  
 Lest from the haughty Tróians | rush battle overwhelming."

Whén thus he counsell'd, all the kings | to his advice assented.  
 Meanwhile, upon the city's heighth, | the Troians held assembly,  
 With riot manifold distract, | beside the doors of Priam.  
 To them Anténor, sage of heart, | was leader of advices :

"Troians and Dardans and allies ! | to my discourses listen,  
 That I the counsel may declare | which in my bosom riseth.  
 Come, let us Argive Helen yield | and all her gear around her, 350  
 For Atreus' sons to bear away : | for now the faithful treaties  
 Are by our battle falsified ; | wherefore from other dealing  
 Nought but disastrous fortune now | do I expect from heaven."

So spake the sage, and down he sat ; | but instantly before them  
 The lord of bright-hair'd Helen rose, | the godlike Alexander, 355  
 Who in responsive argument | did wingèd accents utter :

" Anténor ! this thy word to me | no longer friendly soundeth :  
 Well knowest thou to meditate | some other counsel better.  
 But if of very truth suchwise | in earnest thou haranguest,  
 Then surely have the gods themselves | marred all thy proper wisdom. 360  
 But I do plainly advertize | the courser-taming Troians  
 And roundly speak it out ; that I | the woman will not render :  
 But all her gear, whate'er I brought | into our house from Argos,  
 All that will I give back, and eke | from my own stores enhance it."

So spake the prince, and down he sat ; | then straightway rose before them  
 Priam Dardánides, to gods | in weight of counsel equal, 366  
 Who thus with kindliness harangu'd, | and spake his word among them :

"Troians and Dardans and allies ! | to my discourses listen,  
 That I the counsel may declare | which in my bosom riseth.  
 Now in the city, as afore, | let each man take his supper, 370  
 And hold remembrance of the watch, | and every one be wakeful :  
 But let Idaïos go at dawn | unto the hollow galleys,  
 And utter Alexander's word, | for whom this strife hath risen,  
 To Menelâos, Atreus' son, | and to his royal brother ;

And sage proposal make hereto, | —if haply they be willing 375  
 To stay them from the din of war, | until we burn the corpses.  
 Yet will we afterward again | the fight renew, till Heaven  
 Dispart the quarrel, and bestow | on either army conquest.”  
 He spake, and they all duteous | did listen and obey him.  
 [Along the army, rank by rank, | they took each man his supper :] 380  
 And with the dawn Idaios went | unto the hollow galleys.  
 And there he found the Danaï, | the ministers of Ares,  
 Assembled at the galley-poop | of lordly Agamemnon.  
 Then, standing in the midst, spake forth | the clear-intoning herald :  
 “ O Atreus’ son, and ye the rest, | chieftains of Panachæia, 385  
 A charge I bear from Priam’s self | and other stately Troians,  
 To speak (if so to all of you | it grateful be and welcome,)  
 A word from Alexander’s mouth, | for whom this strife hath risen.  
 Whatever Alexander brought | within his hollow galleys  
 Of wares and equipage to Troy ; | (oh, had he sooner perish’d !) 390  
 All this will he give back, and eke | from his own stores enhance it.  
 But her, the early-wedded wife | of famous Menelâos,  
 No wise doth he restore : but sooth : | greatly the Troians urge it.  
 Also another word I bear,— | if haply ye be willing  
 To stay you from the din of war, | until we burn the corpses. 395  
 Yet will we afterward again | the fight renew, till Heaven  
 Dispart the quarrel, and bestow | on either army conquest.”  
 So spake the herald : thereupon | they all were dumb in silence,  
 Till Diomêdes, good at need, | at length his counsel utter’d :  
 “ No more let any now receive | the gear of Alexander 400  
 Nor Helen’s self : for even one | who silliest is counted,  
 Well knoweth, that Destruction’s cords | are for the Troians fasten’d.”  
 So spake he ; and Achæia’s sons | skirl’d loud in admiration,  
 When courser-taming Diomed | this hardy counsel utter’d.  
 Then royal Agamemnon spake | unto Idaios turning : 405  
 “ Idaios ! e’en thyself hast heard | the word of my Achæians,  
 How they reply : and for myself, | I too thus find it seemly.  
 But as regards the slaughter’d dead, | I grudge thee not to burn them.  
 For when a man of life is reft | and death has seiz’d his body,  
 No one can stingy be of fires | which soothe the darksome spirit. 410  
 But to the oaths let Jove give heed, | loud-rumbling lord of Juno.”  
 Thus having said, aloft he rais’d | to all the gods his sceptre ;  
 Then unto sacred Ilion | Idaios back betook him.  
 But Troians and Dardánidai | were all in mote assembled,  
 Together sitting, to await | Idaios : he returning 415  
 Stood in the midst, and spake his tale : | then quickly they equipp’d them,  
 Alike, the corpses in to bear, | and others after fuel.

So, from their galleys featly plank'd, | on other side the Argives  
Were urgent to bear-in the dead, | and others after fuel. 420

Newly across the country's tilth | the Sun his beams was casting,  
Forth risen from the currents deep | of smoothly-streaming Ocean  
Into the steep of heaven, when | each army met the other.  
Nor easy was it to beknow | each hero from his fellow :  
But, warm tears dropping for the slain, | they wash'd away with water 425  
The gore's defilement, and uprais'd | the corpses on the waggons,  
But wailings, Priam's royal word | forbade ; so they in silence,  
Grieving with inward heart, did heap | into a pile the corpses ;  
Then unto sacred Ilion, | when all were burnt, departed.

So likewise on the other side | the trimly-greav'd Achaians, 430  
Grieving with inward heart, did heap | into a pile the corpses,  
And to their hollow galleys back, | when all were burnt, departed.

When not as yet the dawn was come, | but still the night was doubtful,  
Already gather'd round the pile | a band of pick'd Achaians ;  
Then did they by the fires of death | heap up a single barrow 435  
Rear'd from the plain, promiscuous ; | and close against it, quickly  
Built lofty ramparts, for defence | alike of selves and galleys.  
And in the ramparts, eke did they | wellfitted portals open,  
Thro' which the charioteers might drive | their chariots and horses.  
So did they, on the outer side, | deep delve a moat along it, 440  
Ample and broad, with pointed stakes | all featly palisaded.

Such were the toils which occupied | the streaminghair'd Achaians.  
Meanwhile, with Jove the lightener | the blessed gods were sitting  
And gaz'd upon the mighty work | of brazen-mail'd Achaians.  
Then Neptune, shaker of the earth, | to them began discourses : 445

“ Jove Father ! liveth mortal man | o'er breadth of Earth unbounded,  
Who henceforth wisdom will ascribe | and counsel to th' immortals ?  
Seest not thou, that presently | the streaminghair'd Achaians  
A rampart there have built, and delv'd | a moat, anent their galleys,  
Yet no illustrious hecatombs | unto the gods have given ? 450  
And far abroad as Dawn is shed, | so wide shall be its glory ;  
But that high-tower'd toilsome wall | which I and bright Apollo  
Buildd for king Laomedon, | no more will men remember.”

To him with indignation huge | spake Jove the cloud-collector :  
“ Good Spirits ! what a word was that, | wide-powerful Land-shaker ! 455  
Some other of the gods mayhap | at mortal schemes might tremble,  
One who than thee was weaker far | in prowess and in spirit ;  
But far abroad as Dawn is shed, | so wide shall be thy glory.  
But now, go to ! as soon as e'er | the streaminghair'd Achaians  
Unto their native land belov'd | lie homeward on their galleys, 460  
Do thou this rampart huge break up, | and sweep it into ocean,

And with thy sand-heaps once again | the ample shore envelop ;  
So shall Achaia's mighty wall | be evermore demolish'd."

Thus they reciprocally held | betwixt themselves discourses.  
Down sank the sun ; yet true to time | their work the Achaians ended, 465  
And oxen slew amid their tents, | and set themselves to supper.  
But galleys many stood at hand | with wine from Lemnos freighted,  
Which Jason's son Eunêos sent ; | —Eunêos, who for father  
The people's shepherd Jason claim'd, | Hypsípyla for mother.  
But separate, to Ménelas | and to his royal brother 470  
Did Jason's child a gift present,— | strong wine, a thousand measures.  
Then for supply of wine went down | the streaminghair'd Achaians,  
With hides of oxen, living kine, | or brass or shining iron :  
Others in barter slaves would give, | and made a dainty banquet. 475  
Thereafter thro' the livelong night | the streaminghair'd Achaians  
Kept festal ; so within the town, | likewise, allies and Troians.  
Yet, all night long, for them was Jove | the Counsellor devising  
Evil, and thunder'd direfully. | Pale Terror inly seiz'd them,  
Wine from their cups to earth they pour'd ; | nor any dar'd to drain them, 480  
Till due libation he should make | to Cronides o'erswaying :  
Thereafter, on their couches laid, | they took the gift of slumber.

478.—*Them*, seems to mean the Achaians.



## BOOK VIII.

### Defeat of the Achæians.

SOON as did saffron-vested Morn | o'er all the earth disport her,  
Forthwith to thunderloving Jove | the gods in mote were gather'd  
Upon the topmost pinnacle | of many-ridg'd Olympos.  
To him then listen'd all the gods, | the while himself harangu'd them :  
    " Oh all ye gods and goddesses ! | to my announcement hearken,                     5  
That I the counsel may declare | which in my bosom riseth.  
Let none of heaven's habitants, | of weaker sex or stronger,  
Try to rebut my argument ; | but all of you together  
Give due assent, that speedily | this business I finish.  
Whomso of all the blessed gods | I may discover wishful,                     10  
Hieing apart, to carry aid | to Danaï or Troians,  
Back to Olympos shall he come, | by blows unseemly driven,  
Or down to misty Tartaros | quick will I catch and fling him,  
Into far distance, where the pit | beneath the earth is deepest,  
Whereof the threshold brazen is, | and iron are the portals,                     15  
Lower so much than Aïdes, | as Earth is under Heaven :  
Then shall ye know, how far am I | of all the gods the strongest.  
Or come, adventure, all ye gods ! | so may ye surely learn it.  
When ye a golden chain have dropt, | which I aloft may grapple,  
Then, all ye gods and goddesses ! | lay hold, and pull against me.                     20  
Yet never shall ye down to earth | drag from the height of heaven  
Jove, the supreme deviser ; not, | e'en though ye toil your utmost.  
But after this, should I in turn | with hearty purpose pull it,  
Aloft I draw the Earth itself, | and Sea, and all within them.  
Then might I bind the chain around | a shoulder of Olympos,                     25  
And set the universal world | to swing and wait my pleasure.  
So great is my supremacy | o'er gods alike and mortals."

Thus did he charge them : thereupon | they all were dumb in silence,  
Aghast at that high utterance : | so sturdily he spake it.  
After long pause, at length replied | Athêna, grey-ey'd goddess :                     30  
    " O thou, supreme of governours, | our father, son of Cronos !

Right well are we aware ourselves, | unyielding is thy puissance.  
 Yet for the spearèd Danaï, | we none the less have sorrow,  
 Who will accomplish destiny, | I ween, and vilely perish.  
 Now from the war will we, in truth, | hold off, as thou commandest ; 35  
 But counsel to the Argives still | may we suggest, for profit ;  
 Lest speedily they perish all | beneath thy sore displeasure."  
 Then cloud-collecting Jupiter | with gracious smile address'd her :  
 " Cheer thee, beloved, Triton-born ! | not with a soul so earnest  
 Have I harangu'd ; and fain would I | to thee, my child, be gentle." 40  
 So spake he ; then beneath the yoke | he back'd his heav'nly coursers,  
 Brazen of foot and swift to fly, | with golden manes longstreaming.  
 He on his own immortal skin | with gold was clad ; and grasping  
 The golden scourge's crafty work, | on his own seat he mounted,  
 And flogg'd to drive them, nothing loth | in flying race to speed them 45  
 In the mid regions, over Earth | and under starry Heaven.  
 Soon unto Ida, rill-bestream'd, | parent of game, arriv'd he,  
 At Gargaros, where his domain | was fix'd, and fragrant altar.  
 There did the Sire of gods and men | arrest his steeds' careering,  
 And loos'd them from the car, and spread | around them mist abundant. 50  
 Himself upon the pinnacles | sat glorying in grandeur,  
 Gazing upon Achaia's barks | and on the Troian city.  
 But when the Achaïans streaminghair'd | their early meal had taken  
 Quickly amid their tents, from it | they truss'd themselves for battle.  
 On other side the Trôïans | within the town equipp'd them, 55  
 Fewer in numbers ; yet their heart, | e'en so, was bent on struggle,  
 By dint of hard necessity, | for children and for women.  
 Then open all the gates were flung, | and out the folk did pour them,  
 The footmen and the horsemen both, | and rous'd unmeasur'd riot.  
 When to one spot the armies twain | were brought, together rushing. 60  
 Hides clash'd on hides and spear on spear, | and might with might of heroes  
 In brazen armour corsleted : | the shields with sturdy bosses  
 Did one against another press ; | and plentiful the turmoil.  
 Then rose, from every side, of men | a groaning and a boasting,  
 From victors or from vanquished ; | and reek'd the earth with carnage. 65  
 While that the morning lasted still | and sacred day was waxing,  
 So long from either side the darts | did fly, and people perish.  
 But when the lofty-climbing sun | had touch'd his noon of heaven,  
 The common Father thereupon | his golden balance lifted,  
 And, charg'd with death slowlingering, | two fates he cast within it, 70  
 For coursertaming Trôïans | and brazen-mail'd Achaïans.  
 He pois'd the scales ; then tilting fell | th' auspicious hour of Argos.  
 Upon the many-feeding earth | Achaia's fates were seated ;

The fates of Troas mounted high | into the vasty heaven.  
 Himself from Ida thunder'd loud, | and mid th' Achaian people 75  
 Sent forth a streaming brillianey | of flame : and they, beholding,  
 Aghast were smitten : over all | pale Terror held dominion.  
 Then neither dar'd Idómeneus | to stay, nor Agamemnon.  
 Nor either Aias held his post, | twain ministers of Ares.  
 Alone abode Gerenian Nestor, | watcher of th' Achaians, 80  
 And he, unwilling : but his horse | by godlike Alexander,  
 Husband of Helen, bryghthair'd queen, | was with an arrow wounded,  
 Upon the forehead's topmost point, | whereat the horse's forelock  
 Takes its first growth from out the skull : | and chiefly is it vital.  
 Into the brain the shaft had pier'd : | the steed, with anguish rearing, 85  
 And writhing round the pointed barbs, | the other coursers troubled.  
 While the old man would slash away, | with hasty sword, the trappings,  
 Which tangling held the dying horse ; | meantime the steeds of Hector  
 Approach'd in swift pursuit, and bare | a charioteer behind them,  
 Hector the daring. Then, I wot, | the aged man had perish'd : 90  
 But Diomédes, good at need, | descried the danger quickly,  
 And, with a horror-striking cry, | address'd him to Odysses :  
 " Scion of Jove, Laertes' son, | Odysses much-devising,  
 Whither, as coward in a throng, | dost turn the back on battle ?  
 Beware, lest, as thou fleest, one | strike-in his spear behind thee : 95  
 But wait, till from our aged friend | we drive this man so savage."  
 He spake ; nor did divine Odysses, | much-enduring, heed him,  
 But rushing onward, pass'd to reach | Achaiá's hollow galleys.  
 Then Tydeus' son, tho' left alone, | plung'd in the foremost battle,  
 And stood before the chariot | of Neleus' aged offspring ; 100  
 To whom with pitiful address | he spake in wingèd accents :  
 " Oh aged sir ! in very truth | young warriors distress thee :  
 Thy force is languid ; Eld to thee | is but a cruel escort.  
 Infirm (I trow) thy charioteer | and sluggish are thy coursers.  
 But come, this car of mine ascend, | and see my steeds' careering, 105  
 What virtue hath the breed of Tros, | with all the plain acquainted,  
 Hither and thither fleet to scour, | and chase or flee alternate ;  
 Which late from Aineas I won, | devisers of wild panic.  
 To thine then let our squires attend, | but *wc* behind the others  
 Against the charioteering foe | will hold our course ; that Hector 110  
 May learn, if haply in my hands | the wielded spear is frantic."  
 Thus when he spake, the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor yielded.  
 Then friendly-soul'd Eurýmedon | and Sthenelos high-hearted,

97.—The poet by Odysses' flight denotes, that military wisdom urged retreat, though Diomedes is too audacious for wisdom. He no more imputes cowardice to Ulysses, than to Hector, Meriones, Idomeneus. &c., in like case. See 10. 241 ; 11. 313.

Squires of the princes, took in charge | the car and steeds of Nestor ;  
 But on the car of Diomed | rode both the chiefs together. 115  
 Forthwith did Nestor in his hands | the scarlet ribbons gather,  
 And lash'd the coursers: speedily | arriv'd they nigh to Hector.  
 Eager and straight he came ; but quick | flew Diomêdes' weapon.  
 It miss'd the mark, and hit him not ; | but struck the squire beside him,  
 Enôpeus, whose father was | the lofty-soul'd Thebaïos : 120  
 Him, as the horses' reins he held, | it thro' the bosom pierced.  
 So dropt he from the chariot : | the nimble-footed coursers  
 Swerv'd with alarm : but he by life | and force was there abandon'd.  
 Then sorrow for his charioteer | grimly o'erclouded Hector,  
 Yet left he him, there as he was, | to lie, tho' for his comrade 125  
 Inly bestraight ; but look'd to find | some driver bold : nor truly  
 Long did the horses lack a guide ; | for speedily descried he  
 Bold Archeptólemus, the son | of Iphitus : him Hector  
 Call'd up beside him, and the reins | into his hands entrusted.  
 Then deeds beyond repair had been, | and carnage out of number, 130  
 Yea, and the foe in Ilion, | like unto lambs, been folded,  
 Had not the Sire of gods and men | descried the danger keenly.  
 So with a fearful thunderclap | he threw a bolt of lightning,  
 All blazing on the ground, before | the steeds of Diomêdes.  
 Terrific darted then the flame | from out the burning brimstone, 135  
 And both the coursers, smit with dread, | fell covering before it.  
 Straightway did Nestor from his hands | let drop the reins resplendent,  
 And, with a spirit bow'd by fear, | spake words to Diomêdes :  
 " Come, son of Tydeus, turn to flight | the single-hoofèd horses.  
 Art not aware, that might from Jove | with us no longer follows ? 140  
 This day on Hector, Cronides | most high bestoweth glory :  
 On us too afterward again | shall he, if such his pleasure,  
 Bestow it. Jupiter's design | no mortal force may parry,  
 Be never man so valorous ; | for greatly is He stronger."  
 Then Diomêdes, good at need, | to him replied alternate : 145  
 " Ay, verily, all this, old friend ! | discreetly hast thou spoken ;  
 Only, my heart and soul are here | by anguish grimly wounded.  
 For Hector in harangue will say | hereafter to the Troians :  
 ' The son of Tydeus fled from me | in terror to the galleys.' 149  
 So will he boast hereafter : then, | may yawning Earth engulf me ?"  
 To him in turn the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor answer'd :  
 " Ah ! word how simply utter'd !—son | of skilful-hearted Tydeus !  
 If ever Hector *thou* shall call | a coward and unwarlike,  
 Yet Troians and Dardánidai | will ne'er believe the saying ;

116.—*Scarlet*, viz., phoinicoenta. Some editions have sigaloenta, as in 137, and as in 5, 328. The meaning of the latter is extremely uncertain.

Nor consorts of our shielded foes | the mightyhearted Troians, 155  
 Who for their blooming husbands mourn | by thee in dust laid prostrate.”

Upon the word, he turn'd to flight | the single-hoofèd horses  
 Their steps retracing : after them | the Trôians and Hector  
 With an unearthly clamour pour'd | their darts' distressful shower.  
 Then loudly shouted after him | great motley-helmèd Hector : 160

“ O son of Tydeus, thee of yore | the Danaï swift-driving  
 With seat, with dainties, and full cups, | præminent did honour :  
 But now will they dishonour thee, | who art become a woman.  
 Avaunt and perish ! puny doll ! | for never on our towers  
 Foot shalt thou set and I give way ; | nor shalt thou bear our women 165  
 Upon the galleys : earlier, | will I thy fortune order.”

When thus he vaunted, Tydeus' son | with double purpose falter'd,  
 Linging to wheel his horses round | and close advèrse in battle.  
 Thrice did he hold with mind and soul | a conference of passion,  
 And thrice did Jove the Counsellor | from Ida's mountains thunder, 170  
 And to the Troians token gave | of mastery recruited.

But Hector rais'd his voice aloft | and charg'd the Troian army :  
 “ Dardans, who hand to hand contend, | and Lycians, and Troians !  
 Be men, my friends ! and earnestly | brave enterprize remember.  
 Well am I ware, that Cronides | conquest and mighty glory 175  
 To me by willing nod behote, | but to the Argives ruin.

Silly ! whose art elaborate | these ramparts hath erected,  
 Feeble and nothing worth : for ne'er | shall these avail to stay me,  
 And lightly will my steeds o'erleap | the moat that deep is delvèd.  
 But at what time I reach beside | the smoothly-rounded galleys, 180  
 Of fiery ravage thereupon | let each have some remembrance,  
 That I their galleys may with fire | well kindle, and may slaughter,  
 All scar'd and blinded by the smoke, | the Argive rout beside them.”

Such charges utter'd, to his steeds | with cheery voice he shouted :  
 “ Now do ye twain to me repay | the cheer, wherewith my consort, 185  
 Daughter of proud Eiétiôn, | Andrómacha, regal'd you.

For, the heartsoothing wheat to *you* | she earlier presented,  
 And wine she mingled for your drink, | if haply such your liking,  
 Sooner than e'en to *me*, who vaunt | to be her blooming consort. 190

But follow close, and overhend | by speed, that we may capture  
 The Nestoreian shield ; whereof | the rumour reacheth heaven,  
 How that the gnides and shield itself | are all of gold constructed.  
 Then too the corslet curious, | which Vulcan deftly fashioned,  
 Would we from off the shoulders strip | of charioteer Tydides. 195

Well might I hope, if both of these | we captur'd, that th' Achaians,  
 Before the night is gone, would mount | upon their speedy galleys.”

Thus spake he vauntingly : thereat | indignant, queenly Juno  
 Rock'd her upon her throne, bestraight ; | —and long Olympos shudder'd.

Then before Neptune, mighty god, | her heart she fearless open'd : 200  
 " Good Spirits ! doth not even yet, | wide-powerful land-shaker !  
 The soul within thy breast beweept | the carnage of the Argives ?  
 Yet gifts they consecrate to thee | at Hélicia and Aigai  
 Many and pleasant : *thou* in turn | for *their* success bestir thee.  
 For if we chose,—all we, by whom | the Danaï are holpen, 205  
 To curb wide-sighted Jupiter | and to beat off the Troians,  
 Alone on Ida might he sit, | in impotence of sorrow."  
 To her with indignation huge | spake the land-shaking ruler :  
 " O Juno, reckless of discourse, | what utterest so empty ?  
 Never would *I*, that we the rest | even with might united 210  
 Jove Cronides to fight defy : | for greatly is He better."  
 Thus they reciprocally held | betwixt themselves discourses.  
 Meanwhile the space from galley-poop | to moat beside the rampart  
 With tramp of fugitives was chok'd, | —horses and shielded heroes,—  
 Driven to strait ; for, Hector's self, | the son of Priam, drave them, 215  
 To eager Ares fit compeer, | when Jove to glory rais'd him.  
 Now had he kindled, torch in hand, | the even-balan'd galleys ;  
 But queenly Juno mov'd the heart | of royal Agamemnon ;  
 Himself with busy eagerness | to rouse the bands of Argos.  
 He hied and hurried, passing on | beside the tents and galleys, 220  
 Bearing upon his brawny arm | an ample robe of purple,  
 And stood upon the dusky hull, | huge-bellied, of Odyssees,  
 Which midmost of the galleys lay ; | for shout both ways adapted,  
 Alike toward the tented camp | of Telamônian Aias  
 And to Achilles' bands, which haul'd | their even-balan'd galleys 225  
 Last on the strand, on bravery, | and strength of hand reliant,  
 Then to the Danaï abroad | with piercing voice he shouted :  
 " Handsome of visage, base of fame, | O shame, ye men of Argos !—  
 Whither are gone the boasts, wherein | we challeng'd to be bravest ?  
 O empty vaunters ; ye who once | in Lemnos made pretension ! 230  
 While richly banqueted on flesh | of lofty-crested bullocks  
 And emptying the bowls, with wine | o'erbrimming,—sooth ! ye boasted,  
 That each one would in battle stand, | match for a hundred Troians  
 Or for two hundred : nów are wé | not worth a single Hector,  
 Who will in scorching fire ere long | enwrap the barks of Argos. 235  
 With such disaster, father Jove ! | oh ! diddest ever ruin  
 Any of overswaying kings, | despoil'd of mighty glory ?  
 Yet, hither roaming to my woe | on many-benchèd galley,  
 No beauteous altar yet of thine | I anywhere have slighted ;  
 But upon all I dutiful | burnt fat and limbs of oxen, 240  
 In eager hope of pillaging | Troy's grandly-fencèd city.  
 But Jupiter ! this wish at least | do thou for me accomplish :  
 Let but my people's lives and limbs | come scatheless from the danger,

Nor wholly by the Trôians | crush thou th' Achaian army."

So spake he ; and the Father griev'd | to view him tear-beflooded : 245

Assent he nodded, that the host | be safe and scape destruction.

Straightway an eagle sent he forth, | of feather'd wights most perfect,

Which held a swift hind's progeny, | a fawn, within its talons ;

And by a beauteous altar's side,— | whereat the Achaians honour'd

Jove, source of every mystic Voice,— | let drop the fawn before them. 250

But they, well knowing that from him | had come the bird of omen,

Leapt braver on the Trôians, | and pride of arms remember'd.

Thereat not one of Danaï, | tho' many was their number,

Might boast, in front of Tydeus' son, | and earlier, to rally,

And drive beyond the moat his steeds, | and join in adverse combat : 255

But far the foremost, cast he down | the Troian Agelâos,

A helmèd hero, Phradmon's son ; | who turn'd to flight his horses ;

But as he turn'd, Tydides fix'd | the spear between his shoulders

Right in his back, and thrust it thro', | and reach'd into his bosom.

So from the chariot he dropt, | and o'er him clang'd his armour. 260

After him Agamemnon came, | and Ménelas his brother,

And upon these th' Aiantes twain, | ensheath'd in martial ardour,

And after these Idómeneus, | and Mérion his comrade,

Able to tilt the scale of strife | against the god of Carnage ;

And after these Eurýpylos, | Euaimon's brilliant offspring : 265

The ninth was Teucer, twanging oft | his bow's retorted arches,

Who shelter'd him beneath the screen | of Telamonian Aias.

Then Aias slowly would his shield | move onward ; but the bowman

Peering around, if in the crowd | he haply with an arrow

Hit one or other, left him there | to gasp away his spirit ; 270

But he returning, like a child | into his mother's bosom,

Crept away into Aias, who | with shining buckler hid him.

Then who was first of Trôians | o'erhent by noble Teucer ?

Orsílochos and O'rmenos | were first, and Ophelestes,

And Lycophontes, match for gods, | Daitor and Melanippos, 275

And Chromios, and Amopáon, | son of Polyaimon :

All these successive cast he down | on Earth, the many-feeder.

Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | was joyful to behold him

Wide-wasting from his stalwart bow | the Tróian battalions,

And straightway moving to his side, | he stood, and thus address'd him : 280

" Dear Teucer, son of Télamôn | and chieftain among peoples !

Shoot thus, and by thy arrows shed | some ray of light on Argos,

And on thy father Télamôn ; | who nurtur'd thee, when little,

And rear'd thee, meaner tho' thy birth, | within his princely chambers ;

Now, in far distance tho' he is, | aloft on glory mount him. 285

But so much unto thee I say, | and will the word accomplish :

If ever ægis-holding Jove | and maid Athêna grant me  
 To storm and pillage Iliion, | that city trimly builded,  
 After myself, thy hand shall first | receive a gift of honour,  
 A tripod, or a pair of steeds | with chariot to match them, 290  
 Or a fair woman, suited well | in common bed to meet thee."

Then words reciprocal to him | did noble Teucer utter :  
 " O Atreus' son, most glorious, | when I myself am eager,  
 Why urgest me ? for verily, | far as my force availeth,  
 Never stop I : but syne as first | to Iliion we drave then, 295  
 Thenceforth in ambush with my bow | I wait, and slay the foeman.  
 E'en now have issued from my string | eight lengthy-barbed arrows,  
 And all within the limbs are fix'd | of callants keen in battle.  
 Only to hit this raving dog | as yet my art hath fail'd me."

After such answer, from the string | another arrow shot he,  
 In purpose, straight at Hector aim'd ; | for much he long'd to hit him. 300  
 But of his mark he miss'd, and smote | with arrow in the bosom  
 The noble prince Gorgýthion, | the bonny son of Priam,  
 Whom erst a mother bare to light, | from far Aisýma courted,  
 In form like to the goddesses, | the bright Castianeira. 305  
 And as a poppy leans aside | his head, which in a garden  
 Surcharg'd with its own fulness is | and with the vernal moisture ;  
 So did he bend his head aside, | o'erladen with the helmet.

But Teucer quickly from the string | once more an arrow darted,  
 In purpose, straight at Hector aim'd ; | for much he long'd to hit him. 310  
 Yet once again he miss'd ; for still | Apollo foil'd his finger.

But upon Archeptólemos, | brave charioteer of Hector,  
 Eager for battle, fell the shaft, | and pierc'd him thro' the bosom :  
 So dropt he from the chariot : | the nimblefooted coursers  
 Swerv'd with alarm ; but he by life | and force was there abandon'd. 315

Then sorrow for his charioteer | grimly o'erelouded Hector,  
 Yet there he left him lying, tho' | stung for his comrade deeply ;  
 But chancing nigh at hand to see | Kebríones his brother,  
 Bade him the coursers' reins to take : | who heard, nor disobey'd him.  
 But from the allresplendent ear | himself to hard earth leaping, 320  
 Seiz'd with his hand a massy stone, | and hurried straight at Teucer  
 With terror-striking yell ; for fierce | his soul was bent to crush him.

He from the quiver verily | had pick'd a stinging arrow,  
 And on the string adjusted it : | but motley-helmèd Hector,  
 While as he drew it, struck his arm, | high up beside the shoulder, 325  
 Where the key-bone most critical | the neek and bosom parteth ;  
 Here with the rugged weight he smote | and stay'd the eager archer,  
 And snapt his bowstring : to the wrist | his arm was numb'd : he stumbled  
 On to his knees, and from his hands | forth fell the bow and arrow.



But Aias, when his brother fell, | no tender care neglected, 330  
 But ran and overstrode his limbs | and spread the buckler round him.  
 Then, stooping to receive the load, | his two belov'd companions,  
 Mekisteus son of E'chios | and noble-soul'd Alastor,  
 Bare to the smoothly-rounded barks | the deeply-groaning archer :  
 And soon again th' Olympian | breath'd might into the Troians. 335  
 Then straight t'ward their hollow moat | th' Achaians back were driven.  
 And Hector mid the foremost mov'd | with grim delight of prowess,  
 In guise no other, than as hound | on nimble feet reliant  
 Chaseth the buttocks and the hips | of savage boar or lion,  
 And watcheth when he wheeleth round, | and clingeth still behind him ; 340  
 So Hector closely kept in chase | the streaminghair'd Achaians,  
 And, who was hindmost, him he slew, | and scar'd the rest before him.  
 But when across the palisade | and up the moat they clamber'd  
 Fleeing, and many fell in death | beneath the hands of Troians,  
 Then, checking by the galleys' side | their wild career, they halted, 345  
 And each to other made appeal, | and to all gods in heaven  
 Did every one with lifted hands | loud supplication offer.  
 And Hector hither, thither, wheel'd | his glossy-coated horses,  
 His eyes like Ares, pest of man, | or like the grisly Gorgon.  
 But Juno, whitearm'd goddess, them | from heaven saw and pitied, 350  
 And to Athêna instantly | did winged accents utter :  
 " Offspring of ægis-holding Jove, | alas ! shall we no longer  
 Care, if the Dánaï be now | by utter bale o'erhended ?  
 They will accomplish destiny, | I ween, and vilely perish  
 By dint of one man's force : but he, | Hector, the son of Priam, 355  
 His madness bridleth not, and lo ! | hath many a woe accomplish'd."  
 To her with word responsive spake | Athêna, greyey'd goddess :  
 " Ay, troth ! would this man long ere now, | of life and spirit rievèd,  
 Have perish'd on his father's soil | beneath the hands of Argos,  
 But that, by evil mind possessèd, | my own high Father rageth, 360  
 Cruel ; a sinner evermore, | my effort alway foiling.  
 Nor doth he in remembrance hold | how oft and oft I rescued  
 His son, outwearièd beneath | the taskings of Eurystheus.  
 For he to heaven mournfully | would weep ; then Jove would send me  
 In hurry from the lofty sky | to aid him with my presence. 365  
 But if within my bosom sage | I had forecast the future,  
 When to the portals tightly-barr'd | of Aïdes he ventur'd,  
 To bring from E'rebos the dog | of Aïdes the awsome,  
 Never had he the direful streams | of river Styx escapèd.  
 Now me doth Jupiter disdain, | and hath fulfill'd the counsels 370  
 Of Thetis, who his knees embrac'd | and strok'd his beard, imploring  
 That he to honour would exalt | Achilles city-rieving.

Yet shall he one day, troth ! again | his greyey'd darling call me.  
 But for us twain now harness thou | the single-hoofèd horses,  
 While I, the chambers entering | of Jove the ægis-holder, 375  
 Shall busk me in accoutrement | for combat ; to discover  
 Whether, when we together shine | along the battle's causeys,  
 The sight will gladden Priam's son, | great motley-helmèd Hector ;  
 Or whether some of Troians too, | beside th' Achaian galleys  
 Fallen in death, with flesh and fat | shall glut the dogs and birdèd." 380  
 She spake, nor uncompliant found | the whitearm'd goddess Juno.  
 But Juno, venerable queen, | daughter of mighty Cronos  
 Bestir'd her, tackling for the course | her golden-trappèd horses.  
 Meanwhile Athèna, maiden-child | of Jove the ægis-holder,  
 Shed on the pavement of her sire | the robe of gauze resplendent, 385  
 Whose tissue she herself had wrought | and with her hands embroider'd :  
 Then, in a martial tunic clad, | address'd her in the armour  
 Of cloud-collecting Jupiter | to meet the tearful battle.  
 Into the flaming chariot | then with her feet she mounted,  
 And grasp'd her spear,—vast, weighty, stout,—| wherewith the ranks she wasteth  
 Of heroes, when she rageth high, | child of a direful Father.  
 But Juno keenly with the scourge | the coursers touch'd. Before them  
 Self-oping, boom'd the heav'nly gates, | whereat the Hours are wardens,—  
 The Hours, who hold beneath their trust | great Heaven and Olympos,  
 Alike to raise or overspread | the closely-shutting darkness : 395  
 Betwixt these gates they guided clear | the spur-excited horses.  
 But when from Ida father Jove | beheld, in grim displeasure  
 He sent on urgent embassy | the goldenwingèd Iris :  
 " Hie, hurry, speedy Iris !—back | turn thou the twain ! nor suffer  
 To thwart my purpose : for in sooth | our combat were unseemly. 400  
 For, what I surely will achieve, | that roundly do I warn them.  
 That I beneath their chariot | will lame the nimble horses,  
 Out of the seat will cast themselves, | and piecemeal break the carriage ;  
 Nor when ten times the Sun hath closed | the year's revolving circle,  
 Shall they of wounds be heal'd, wherewith | my thunderbolt shall score them ;  
 So may the greyey'd shun to fight | against her proper Father.  
 But less with Juno I in truth | am angry and indignant ;  
 For she, whatever be my bent, | is always wont to cross it."  
 He spake, then on her errand sped | the stormy-footed Iris,  
 And from the mounts of Ida, down | to long Olympos went she. 410  
 Meeting them at the foremost gates | of many-coomb'd Olympos,  
 There would she stop them, and from Jove | did thus her message utter :  
 " Whither are urgent ? why, ye twain, | is heart in bosom frantic ?  
 Straitly doth Cronides forbid | to bring the Argives succour.  
 For thus hath Cronides denounc'd | (and shortly will achieve it), 415

That he beneath your chariot | will lame the nimble horses,  
 Out of the seat will cast yourselves, | and piecemeal break the carriage ;  
 Nor when ten times the Sun hath clos'd | the year's revolving circle,  
 Shall ye of wounds be heal'd, wherewith | his thunderbolt shall score you ;  
 So mayst thou, Greyey'd! shun to fight | against thy proper Father. 420

But less with Juno he in truth | is angry and indignant,  
 For she, whatever be his bent, | is alway wont to cross it.  
 But thou! bold vixen! termagant! | if truly thou adventure  
 Against the might of Jupiter | thy massy spear to brandish."

So utter'd Iris fleet of foot, | and with the word departed. 425  
 Then Juno hastily addressed | a word unto Athêna :

" Offspring of ægis-bearing Jove! | alas! but I no longer  
 Urge that we twain with Jupiter | wage war in sake of mortals.  
 Of them, as chance may rule, let one | live, and another perish :  
 But Jupiter, let *him*, whate'er | his mind and soul may purpose 430  
 For Troians and for Dánaï, | play umpire, as is seemly."

With such avowal, back she turn'd | the singlehoofed horses.  
 Then did the Hours unyoke for them | the glossy-coated horses,  
 Whom, free from harness, fast they tied | at their ambrosial mangers,  
 But 'gainst the allresplendent fronts | the chariot they leanèd. 435  
 Meanwhile the heav'nly twain themselves, | on golden chairs were seated  
 Promiscuous with other gods, | but pierc'd with inward sorrow.

Ere long from Ida father Jove | did his well-wheèlèd carriage  
 And coursers to Olympos drive ; | and reach'd the heav'nly dwellings.  
 Then the Landshaker glorious | the steeds unloosed, replacing 440  
 The carriage on a pedestal, | and curtains spread above it.  
 But when on golden throne himself | widesighted Jove would rest him,  
 Beneath the pressure of his feet | was great Olympos shaken.

There, at the side of Jupiter | sat Juno and Athêna  
 Alone ; yet spake they no salute | and no inquiry made they. 445  
 But he in his own mind was ware, | and first the twain accosted :

" O Juno and Athêna, why | thus doleful your demeanour ?  
 Not weary are ye now, I wot, | in man-ennobling battle  
 The Troians slaughtering, for whom | grim bitterness ye nurture.

If heart and hands intractable | avail me, surely never 450  
 Back would I turn for all the gods, | who to Olympos haunt them.

But *you*,—your limbs illustrious | by tremor were invaded,  
 Ere that in sight of war ye came, | or works of war uncertain.  
 For, what I surely had achiev'd, | that roundly will I warn you.  
 Never upon your proper car, | once smitten by my lightning, 455  
 Back to Olympos had ye come, | where dwell the gods immortal."

He spake ; thereat they mutter'd deep, | both Juno and Athêna :  
 Close sat they, side by side, and woes | against the Troians plotted.

Truly Athèna nothing spake | to Jupiter her father,  
 But dumb abode, tho' wounded sore | and seiz'd with fierce displeasure. 460  
 But Juno hid not in her breast | her wrath, but thus address'd him :  
 " Alas, what word from thee hath dropt, | O direst son of Cronos ?  
 Right well are we aware ourselves, | unyielding is thy puissance.  
 Yet for the spearmen Dánaï | we none the less have sorrow,  
 Who will accomplish destiny, | I ween, and vilely perish. 465  
 Now from the war will we in truth | hold off, as thou commandest :  
 But counsel to the Argives still | may we suggest, for profit ;  
 Lest speedily they perish all, | beneath thy sore displeasure."  
 Then cloud-collecting Jupiter | reciprocal address'd her :  
 " At morrow's dawn, if such thy will | O cow-ey'd queenly Juno, 470  
 Thou more than ever shalt behold | the over-matching fury  
 Of Cronos' offspring, wasting wide | the spearman host of Argos.  
 For Hector's all-oppressing force | no pause shall make of battle,  
 Until Pelides swift of foot | start up beside his galley,  
 E'en on the day, when, foot to foot, | hard by the poops they combat 475  
 In grim inevitable strait | around Patróelos fallen :  
 So do the fates ordain.—But I | for thee and thy displeasure  
 Take no account,—not even if | the lowest seats thou visit,—  
 The ends of Earth and Ocean, where | Iápetos and Crónos,  
 Sitting apart, have no delight | from rays of sun o'ergliding, 480  
 Nor from the breezes, but by depths | of Tártaros are girded.  
 But thee and all thy moodiness | I heed not, e'en if roaming  
 Thither thou venture ; for than thee | no worsèr vixen liveth."  
 To this denouncement, nought in turn | did whitearm'd Juno answer,—  
 But now in depth of Ocean sank | the orb of Sun all brilliant, 485  
 Upon the Earth's life-giving soil | the gloom of night entraining.  
 The Trojan army lost the light | unwilling ; but th' Achaians  
 With joy and threefold hankering | the shroud of darkness welcom'd.  
 Then eke did gallant Hector call | the Troians to assembly,  
 At distance from the galleys meet, | beside the whirling river, 490  
 Where ground was open, clear to view, | betwixt the piles of carnage.  
 Then they, dismounted from their cars | on to the earth, did listen  
 What Hector, lov'd of Jove, might speak : | but in his hand he wielded  
 A lengthy spear, which measur'd ells | eleven ; and before him  
 Glitter'd its brazen head, whose neck | a golden ring surmounted. 495  
 But resting then his arm on this, | he spake among the Troians :  
 " Troians and Dardans and allies, | unto my counsel hearken !  
 Now had I thought outright to quell | th' Achaians and their galleys,  
 And unto windy Ilion | back to return in triumph :  
 Only too soon did darkness come, | which chiefly now hath rescued 500  
 The Argive army, ships and all, | on margin of the breakers.

But verily, to dusky Night | now let us yield compliance,  
 And furnish out our suppers ; but | the glossy-coated horses  
 Loose ye unharness'd from the cars, | and fodder cast beside them.  
 But send unto the city-gates, | and thence stout sheep and oxen 505  
 Fetch to the army speedily, | and wine heart-soothing purchase,  
 But bread let each man bring from home, | and pick ye sticks in plenty,  
 That we, thro' livelong night, until | the early birth of morning,  
 May kindle copious fire, whose blaze | to heaven high shall flicker :  
 Lest haply under screen of night | the streaminghair'd Achaians 510  
 Over the sea's broad-swelling backs | to hasty flight betake them.  
 Troth! would I not, that one of them | at ease embark, unhurried,  
 But that each wight may carry off | a gash, at home to muse on,  
 Whether the point of lengthy lance | or arrow overhend him,  
 While leaping up his galley-side ; | —so shall all others shudder, 515  
 With tearful battle to annoy | the courser-taming Troians.  
 And let the heralds dear to Jove | along the city publish  
 Levy for boys of tender age | and hoary-templed elders,  
 Who from the city-homes shall tryst | upon the godbuilt towers.  
 And let the women, weak of sex, | each one within her chambers 520  
 Kindle a brilliant light ; and let | some constant guard be holden,  
 Lest in the absence of the host | an ambush force the city.  
 Thus, as I bid you, be it done, | O loftyhearted Troians.  
 So much, for needs already ripe, | let it suffice to mention :  
 Again at dawn will I address | the coursertaming Troians. 525  
 But, after vows to Jupiter | and other gods immortal,  
 To-morrow trust I hence to drive | these houndès Fate-escorted,  
 Who drift by noisome Destinies | abroad on dusky galleys.  
 And verily, this night, must we | for our own selves be watchful ;  
 But, with the morning's early dawn, | complete in arms accoutred, 530  
 Must at the smoothly-rounded barks | awaken eager Ares.  
 So shall I learn if Diomed, | that stalwart son of Tydeus,  
 From ships to wall shall drive me back, | or I with brazen weapon  
 Make havoc of his life, and bear | a prize of gory trophies.  
 To-morrow shall to trial bring | his valour, if he venture 535  
 To wait my spear's arrival ; but, | I trow, among the foremost  
 Shall he in death be prostrate laid, | and round him many a comrade,  
 What time to-morrow's Sun is high, | For would that I so surely  
 Immortal might be, and my days | exempt from Eld enfeebling,  
 And I such honour meet, as eke | Athèna and Apollo, 540  
 Surely as doth the coming day | bear mischief to the Argives."

Thus Hector spake, and cheerily | to him the Troians shouted.  
 Then every one his sweating steeds | did from the yoke unharness,  
 And duly fastened them with thongs, | each by his proper carriage,

And sent unto the city's gates, | and thence stout sheep and oxen 545  
 Fetch'd to the army speedily, | and wine heartsoothing purchas'd,  
 But bread did each man bring from home, | and sticks in plenty gather'd.  
**Then** did they perfect hecatombs | unto th' immortals offer,  
 And from the plain the breezes bare | the steam to height of heaven,  
 Fragrant; yet blessed gods averse | no grateful savour tasted; 550  
 For sacred Ilion by them | was held in deadly hatred,  
 And Priam's self and all the folk | of ashen-spear'd Priam.  
 But they with overweening thoughts | along the battle's causeys  
 Sat all the livelong night, and fires | beside them kindled many.  
 And as around the shining Moon the | stars aloft in heaven 555  
 Glisten with radiance distinct, | when all the sky is breathless,  
 And every lofty peak is shown, | and headland edge and forest,  
 And from behind the cloven sky | unfathom'd heaven gleameth;  
 Nor hidden any star may be; | and joyful is the shepherd;  
 So many fires, betwixt the streams | of Xanthos and the galleys, 560  
 Shone then in front of Ilion, | by hands of Troians kindled.  
 A thousand fires along the plain, | I say, that night were burning,  
 And close to every glaring blaze | sat fifty men in armour.  
 And by their chariots the steeds, | rye and white barley munching,  
 Stood, waiting till the Queen of Morn | fair-thron'd should rise before them. 565

## BOOK IX.

### Embassy to Achilles.

**A**FTER such guise the Troians kept | their watches ; but th' Achaïans  
Were seiz'd by ominous Dismay, | comrade of Rout disastrous,  
And deep with grief unbearable | were piercèd all the bravest.  
As when two adverse-blowing winds | stir up the fishful waters,  
If Bóreas and Zéphyros | from coasts of Thrace which lufle, 5  
Rush of a sudden ; presently | do all the darkling surges  
Rise into knolls, and on the beach | cast many a heap of seaweed ;  
So fitfully the heart was toss'd | within th' Achaïan bosom.

The son of Atreus, deep in soul | with mighty anguish piercèd,  
Hither and thither pac'd, and bade | the clear-intoning heralds, 10  
By special challenge, every man | to summon to assembly,  
But not by shouting : he himself | among the foremost labour'd.  
So in full gathering they sat | with grief ; but Agamemnon  
Up rose before them, tear-bestream'd, | as some dark source of waters,  
Which down a stormcapt precipice | poureth a murky torrent. 15  
So he with heavy groaning spake | his word among the Argives :

“ Friends, heroes of the Dánaï, | and ministers of Ares,  
Jove, son of Cronos, mightily | in dire annoy hath chain'd me ;  
Cruel ; who did in former day | by solemn gage assure me  
Wellfencèd Ilion to storm, | and home the spoil to carry. 20

But now an evil artifice | hath plotted, and doth urge me  
Argos to seek, ignoble ; since | I many lives have wasted.  
So seemeth it the will to be | of Jupiter o'ermatching,  
Who hath the lofty pinnacles | of many a city lower'd,  
And yet will lower ; for his sway | is mightiest to mortals. 25  
But come ! as I the word shall speak, | let all compliant follow :  
Unto our native land belov'd | upon the galleys hie we ;  
For ample-streeted Ilion | no longer shall we capture.”

Thus did he charge them : thereupon | they all were dumb in silence.  
Dismay'd with sorrow, long were all | Achaïa's children speechless ; 30  
Till Diomêdes, good at need, | at length replied before them :

“Firstly with thee infatuate, | Atrides! will I combat,  
 As seemly is in council, Prince! | so take it not in anger.  
 Lately before the Dánaï | hast thou my might disparag’d,  
 Saying, unapt for war was I, | —shorn of my father’s valour : 35  
 Whereon the Argives, young and old, | themselves may pass the verdict.  
 Thee sly-devising Cronos’ son | with half a gift hath honour’d :  
 He with the sceptre gave to thee | preëminence of station,  
 But, what is mightiest of sway, | valour, to thee he gave not.  
 O spritesome monarch! diddest thou | so deem Achaia’s children 40  
 Unwarlike and unvalorous | to be, as thou haranguest ?  
 Now if for craven backward course | thy proper bosom panteth,  
 Hie thee away : the path is free : | beside the sea thy galleys  
 Stand many, which along with thee | came hither from Mykênai.  
 But here, I ween, will stay the rest | of streaming-hair’d Achaians, 45  
 Until we pillage Troy. Or if | their will be such, allow them  
 Unto their native land belov’d | to flee upon their galleys :  
 But I and Sthénélos alone | will fight, until we compass  
 An end of Ilion : for, troth ! | with God’s approval came we.”  
 So spake he ; and Achaia’s sons | skirl’d loud in admiration 50  
 When courser-taming Diomed | this hardy counsel utter’d.  
 Then Nestor too, the charioteer, | arose and spake among them :  
 “ O son of Tydeus, thou in war | surpassingly art stalwart,  
 And thou among thy equal-born | in council art the wisest. 55  
 As many as Achaians are, | not one thy speech disdaineth,  
 Nor will gainsay it : yet the *word* | no end of *deed* hath pointed.  
 And young thou verily art still ; | to me, of all my children  
 Mightest be latest-born : but yet, | right sagely thou haranguest  
 Unto the Argive princes ; since | discreetly hast thou spoken.  
 But come, let me, who make the boast | to be than thee far older, 60  
 Speak out and follow up the whole | of *action* : nor will any  
 Cast on my word dishonour ; not | wide-reigning Agamemnon.  
 Hearthless and reckless of the right, | in brotherhood unbanded,  
 Is he, who loveth chilly feud | amid his proper people.  
 But verily to dusky night | now let us yield compliance, 65  
 And furnish out our suppers ; next, | to watch outside the rampart  
 Along the moat, let sentinels | be severally chosen.  
 Unto the younger men such charge | address I ; but thereafter,  
 Thyselċ, Atrides ! take the lead, | as kingliest thy station.  
 To banquet call the elder men, | which truly thee beseemeth : 70  
 ’Tis not unseemly ; for thy cots | of wine are full, which daily  
 O’er the broad sea from Thracia | Achaian galleys carry.  
 All cheer hast thou to welcome guests, | who over many rulest.  
 So, when on summons many meet, | his counsel shalt thou follow,  
 Who best adviseth thee ; and sooth ! | great need have all th’ Achaians 75



Of counsel provident and sage : | for foemen near the galleys  
 Burn many fires of war. To *whom* | may such events be joyful ?  
 This night will either sheer destroy | the army, or will save it."

He spake ; and they full readily | did listen and obey him.  
 Then fullarm'd sentinels rush'd out, | who follow'd Thrasymêdes 80  
 The people's shepherd, Nestor's son, | and those two sons of Ares,  
 Ascálahos, Iálmenos ; | and Mérión beside them,

And A'phareus and Deípyros | and godlike Lyeomêdes.  
 These seven o'er the sentinels | were leaders ; and around them 85  
 To each one pac'd a hundred youths, | outreaching lengthy lances.  
 Inside the moat, without the wall, | they went and took their stations ;  
 In that mid space their fires they made, | and each arrang'd his supper.

But Atreus' son into his tent | th' Achaian elder chieftains  
 Conducted, and before them plac'd | a spirit-soothing banquet. 90  
 On the good cheer before them laid | the ready hand they darted.  
 But when desires importunate | of drink and food were ended,  
 Foremost of all the aged man | would weave for them devices,  
 Nestor, whose counsel heretofore | had eke appear'd the wisest ;  
 Who thus with kindness harangu'd, | and spake his word among them : 95

"O Agamemnon, lord of men, | most glorious Atrides !  
 With thee my speech will end, | from thee beginneth ; since thou reignest  
 A prince to many peoples ; ay ! | to thee hath Jove vouchsafèd  
 Sceptre and ordinance, wherewith | awards to them thou makest.  
 Thee then behoveth it in chief | to utter words and listen, 100  
 And eke to ratify, whate'er | another's heart may urge him  
 Wisely to speak : but every deed, | begun, on thee will fasten.

And I my counsel will avow, | as best to me it seemeth :  
 For, other better thoughts than these, | which I within me ponder  
 Alike both now and heretofore,— | no man will lightly fashion : 105  
 As judge I, from the day whereon | in anger with Achilles  
 Thou from his cot, O brood of Jove ! | the dame Briséis tarest,  
 Not surely with applause from us ; | for I in truth dissuaded  
 In ample words and strong : but thou, | to lofty passion yielding,  
 Against a chief most worthy,—ay, | whom e'en th' immortals honour, 110  
 Dishonour wroughtest : for, his prize | despoil'd thou hast, and holdest.  
 But let us even now take thought, | if haply by persuasion  
 Of gentle words and pleasant gifts | we yet may soothe and win him."

Him Agamemnon, lord of men, | address'd with words responsive :  
 "O aged friend, not falsely thou | my follies hast recounted. 115  
 My frenesy, myself confess. | In place of many lieges  
 That man may count whom Jupiter | in heart doth dearly cherish ;  
 As, *him* to honour, now hath he | beat down th' Achaian people.  
 But though enfrenzied have I been, | a wretched heart obeying,  
 Again to win him, fain were I, | and pay him countless ransom ; 120

And splendid gifts will I rehearse | before your common presence.—  
 Of gold ten talents duly weigh'd | and twenty urns resplendent,  
 And seven tripods new to fire, | and racers twelve unwearied,  
 Prize-bearers ; who from many a race | have earn'd the meed of fleetness. 125  
 Not void of precious gold and spoil | were he, to whom were granted  
 All that those single-hoofed steeds | have brought to me in prizes.  
 And Lesbian women will I give, | with gentil work acquainted,  
 Seven : whom when beneath himself | fell trimly-built Lesbos,  
 I did pick out ; whose beauty far | surpass'd the tribes of women. 130  
 These will I give, and with them *her*, | of whom I then depriv'd him,  
 Daughter of Briseus : and besides, | a mighty oath I proffer,  
 That never did I touch her bed | with tenderness and passion,  
 As is esteem'd the ordinance | to man and woman sacred.  
 So much shall all presented be | at once ; but if hereafter 135  
 Our host by heaven's favour rieve | the mighty town of Priam,  
 With gold and brass abundantly | then let him lade a galley  
 From all th' Achaian booty, ere | awards we make to any.  
 And let him take the choice himself | of twenty Troian women,  
 Who after Argive Helen seem | præminent of beauty. 140  
 But if that udder-soil we reach, | my own Achaian Argos,  
 I will with wedlock and high state | adorn him, like Orestes,  
 Who in abundant daintiness | is rear'd, my tender offspring.  
 Within my palace featly pight | three maiden daughters have I,  
 Chrysóthemis, Laódica, | and last, Iphianassa. 145  
 Of these, whoso is dear to him, | let him without redemption  
 Lead her to Peleus' house ; but I | will add a honey'd portion,  
 Such marriage gifts, as never yet | gave any with his daughter.  
 For, seven thickly-peopled towns | shall be the bride's endowment.  
 Kardamyla and E'nopa | and Pherai, heav'nly country, 150  
 Ira, the land of grassy hills, | Antheia deep of meadow,  
 And vine-beteeming Pédasos, | and beautiful Aipeia.  
 All hard beside the sea they lie, | lowest in sandy Pylos,  
 And yeomen stout within them dwell, | in rams and oxen wealthy,  
 Who him with tributary gifts, | like to a god, shall honour, 155  
 And ordinances fat and fair | shall pay beneath his sceptre.  
 Such things will I make good to him, | when he from anger changeth.  
 Then yield he should. Troth Aides | is ruthless and unyielding,  
 But therefore eke of all the gods | most hateful he to mortals.

(123)—A *tripod* is anything three-footed ; whether a trivet, a kettle, a stool, or a table. A three-legged kettle seems here intended. See 18, 344, 373.

(123)—*Unweary*. The Greek word is of very uncertain sense. In Od. 5, 388, it is epithet of the surge in which the hero is caught for *two days*. The meaning *solid* seems to me impossible. “Unweary” is meant to represent Latin *pernix*, persevering (in motion).

Let this man homage pay to me, | for-that I am more kingly, 160  
 And forasmuch as I by birth | may boast to be the elder."

Hereat to him the charioteer, | Gerenian Nestor, answer'd :  
 "O Agamemnon, lord of men, | most glorious Atrides !  
 Gifts unrebukable dost now | to lord Achilles offer.  
 But come ! an embassy select | decided be, who urgent 165

May straight to the pavilion hie | | of Peleus' son, Achilles :  
 Or else, myself will name the men ; | and let them yield approval.  
 Let Phoinix, dear to Jupiter, | be in this errand foremost ;  
 With him let taller Aias go, | and last, divine Odysseus,  
 And in their train Eurýbates | and Hodios, as heralds. 170

But now, bring water for the hands ; | silence proclaim well-omen'd,  
 That we to Cronides may pray, | if haply he will pity."

When thus he spake, to all of them | a pleasing word he utter'd :  
 And first upon the princes' hands | the heralds sprinkled water.  
 Thereat the attendant youths with wine | did crown the bowls high-mantling,  
 And after fit initial cups | mov'd round to all in order.

So when libations they had made, | they drank as pleasure prompted,  
 And from the cot of Atreus' son | the embassy proceeded.  
 But many a charge the charioteer, | Gerenian Nestor, gave them,  
 With wink and gesture unto each, | but chiefly to Odysseus, 180  
 That with all effort they appease | the noble son of Peleus.

Along the pebbles hied the twain | beside the brawling surges,  
 And many a prayèr to the god | Land-shaking Earth-encircling  
 Made they, to win Aiakides | and soothe his haughty spirit :  
 So pac'd they to the Mýrmidons, | and reach'd their tents and galleys. 185

Him with the tender harp they found | his moody soul beguiling.  
 Fair was the harp, with silver bar, | fine-wrought ; which, when he ravag'd  
 The city of Eëtion, | he from the spoil selected :  
 With this he did his heart amuse, | singing the praise of heroes.

Alone in presenee of the chief | Patróelos sat in silence, 190  
 Waiting until Aiakides | might have his fill of singing.  
 Then forward stept the twain, | and first advanc'd divine Odysseus,  
 And stood before him. Starting up | in quick surprise Achilles

Quitted the seat whereon he sat, | and, harp in hand, receiv'd them.  
 So likewise stood Patróelos up, | soon as he saw them coming. 195  
 Thereat Achilles, fleet of foot, | the twain with welcome greeted :

"Hail ! friendly pair ! great need, I ween, | hath hither brought the heroes,  
 Who unto me, though sore displeas'd, | are dearest of Achaians."

Divine Achilles, speaking thus, | the men conducted onward,  
 And upon chairs repos'd their limbs, | their feet on purple carpets ; 200  
 Then to Patróelos, standing by, | forthwith a word he utter'd :

"Son of Menoitios, I pray, | a greater bowl bring hither,  
 And stronger mix the wine, and eke | a cup for each man furnish.

For now within my chamber sit | men who to me are dearest.”

So did he charge : Patróelos quick | obey'd his dear companion. 205

Before the blazing fire he plac'd | a spacious tray, well laden  
 With chine of sheep, fat chine of goat, | and chine of oily porker.  
 Antómedon the portions held, | divine Achilles cut them,  
 Then into smaller pieces chopt, | and spitted every morsel : 210  
 Meanwhile Patróelos, godlike man, | the fire to fury kindled.  
 But when its noisome force was spent, | and all the flame was faded,  
 He spread the glowing embers out, | and stretch'd the spits above them,  
 Uplifted on their own supports : | then sacred salt he sprinkled.  
 Now when the meat was roasted well | and duly plac'd in dishes, 215  
 Patroelos, he the shares of bread | along the table handed  
 From dainty baskets ; but the meat | Achilles' hand apportion'd.  
 Himself a seat did occupy | anent divine Odyssees  
 Close to the chamber's adverse side ; | and bade his dear Patroelos  
 Honour the gods : compliant he | cast in the flames a firstfruit. 220  
 On the good cheer before them laid | the ready hand they darted.  
 But when desires importunate | of drink and food were ended,  
 Aias to Phoinix nodded. This, | divine Odyssees notie'd,  
 And, with his goblet fill'd anew, | spake greeting to Achilles :  
 “ All hail, Achilles ! none may lack | meet plenitude of banquet, 225  
 Nor otherwhile within the cot | of royal Agamemnon,  
 Nor now with thee ; but here are laid | heartsoothing viands many,  
 For banquet. Yet no care have we | of banquet's sweet engagement ;  
 But, O Jove-nurtur'd ! deadly woe | doth verily confront us  
 And strike with terror. Doubt there is | of rescue or destruction 230  
 For all our galleys featly plank'd, | unless thou don thy valour.  
 For nigh unto our wall and ships | the loftyhearted Troians  
 With Dardans and far-call'd allies, | their nightly beds have planted ;  
 And many watchfires kindle they | along their host, and reckon  
 No more to be withheld, but rush | and gain the dusky galleys. 235  
 To them doth Cronides aloft, | tokens of favour showing,  
 Lighten : and Hector, vaunting high, | with grim delight of prowess,  
 Raveth to marvellous excess, | on Jupiter reliant,  
 But reckless both of men and gods ; | for, fury dire hath fill'd him.  
 Now prayeth he that Dawn divine | may quickly beam from heaven. 240  
 For 'tis his vow to chop away | our poops' extreme adornments,  
 And in the scorching flame to wrap | the galleys ; and to ravage,  
 All scar'd and blinded by the smoke, | th' Achaian rout beside them.  
 Now grimly in my soul I dread, | lest that the gods accomplish  
 For *him* these menaces, and Fate | for *us* have here appointed 245  
 Haply in Troy to perish, far | from courserfeeding Argos.  
 But up ! O prince ! if still, tho' late, | thy heart be fain to rescue  
 Achaia's children, sore opprest | beneath the Troian riot.

Thyself wilt afterward have grief, | and when the ill prevaieth,  
 No remedy may then be found : | but earlier bethink thee 250  
 How from the Argives mayest thou | ward off the day of evil.  
 O gentle heart ! thee verily | thy father Peleus warn'd,  
 Upon that day, to Atreus' son | when he from Phthia sent thee :—  
 ' Prowess and strength, my child ! | on thee, if Juno and Athêna  
 So choose, will they bestow ; but thou, | thy lofty-minded passion 255  
 Within thy bosom strongly check ; | for friendliness is better.  
 From mischief-plotting rivalries | desist ; and so the Argives,  
 Aged and young alike, the more | shall visit thee with honour.'—  
 Such charges did the aged man | enjoin ; but thou forgettest.  
 Still, even now, thy rancour stay : | be sooth'd ; and Agamemnon 260  
 Right worthy presents offereth, | if thou from anger turn thee.  
 Then come, do thou give ear to me, | while I rehearse in order  
 What gifts from his pavilions | king Agamemnon pledgeth.  
 Of gold ten talents duly weigh'd, | and twenty urns resplendent,  
 And seven tripods new to fire, | and racers twelve unwearry, 265  
 Prize bearers ; who from many a race | have earn'd the meed of fleetness.  
 Not void of precious gold and spoil | were he, to whom were granted  
 All that those steeds of Atreus' son | have brought to him in prizes.  
 And Lesbian women will he give, | with gentil work acquainted, 270  
 Seven : whom when beneath thyself | fell trimly-built Lesbos,  
 He did pick out, whose beauty far | surpass'd the tribes of women.  
 These will he give ; and with them *her*, | of whom he then depriv'd thee,  
 Daughter of Brisens : and beside, | a mighty oath he proffers,  
 That never did he touch her bed | with tenderness and passion, 275  
 As is the ordinance, O prince ! | to man and woman sacred.  
 So much shall all presented be | at once : but if hereafter  
 Our host by heaven's favour rieve | the mighty town of Priam,  
 With gold and brass abundantly | then shalt thou lade a galley  
 From all the Achaian booty, ere | awards we make to any. 280  
 And do thou take the choice thyself | of twenty Troian women,  
 Who after Argive Helen seem | præminent of beauty.  
 But if that udder-soil we reach, | his own Achaian Argos,  
 He will with wedlock and high state | adorn thee, like Orestes,  
 Who in abundant daintiness | is rear'd, his tender offspring. 285  
 Within the palace featly pight | three maiden daughters hath he,  
 Chrysóthemis, Laodica, | and last, Iphianassa.  
 Of these, whoso is dear to thee, | do thou without redemption  
 Lead her to Peleus' house : but he | will add a honey'd portion,  
 Such marriage-gifts, as never yet | gave any with his daughter. 290  
 For, seven thickly-peopled towns | shall be the bride's endowment ;  
 Kardányla and Enopa | and Pherai, heav'nly country,  
 Ira, the land of grassy hills, | Antheia, deep of meadow,

And vine-beteeming Pòdasos, | and beautiful Aipeia.  
 All hard beside the sea they lie, | lowest in sandy Pylos, 295  
 And yeomen stout within them dwell, | in rams and oxen wealthy,  
 Who thee with tributary gifts, | like to a god, shall honour,  
 And ordinances fat and fair | shall pay beneath thy sceptre.  
 Such things will he make good to thee, | when thou from anger changest.  
 But if from bottom of thy heart | thou hatest Agamemnon, 300  
 Him and his gifts, yet pity thou | the host of Panachaia,  
 Us, who are perishing ; who thee, | e'en as a god, will honour.  
 Truly thou wouldest in our heart | surpassing glory conquer.  
 For now thou mightest Hector slay ; | since, fill'd with deadly raving,  
 Full near would he to thee advance ; | for, none his peer he deemeth 305  
 Of Dánaï, who hither came | on even-balan'd galleys."

But him Achilles, fleet of foot, | address'd in words responsive :  
 " Scion of Jove, Laertes' son, | Odyssees much-devising !  
 How I am minded ; what I will | with purpose of achievement ;  
 This with unflinching hardihood | it liketh me to utter, 310  
 To stay you, each on other hand, | from whimpering beside me.  
 For like the gates of Aïdes | that man to me is hateful,  
 Who one thing hideth in his mind | and uttereth another.  
 But I my argument will speak, | as best to me it seemeth.  
 Neither (as I opine), himself | Atrides Agamemnon, 315  
 Nor other chief of Danaï, | will me persuade ; for thankless  
 Troth ! is the toil, unceasingly | to fight with foemen alway.  
 Like portion hath the stay-at-home, | as though he bravely battled,  
 And equal honour is assigned | to cowards and to heroes.  
 Dieth alike the lazy man, | and he who much hath travail'd ; 320  
 Nor aught of vantage do I win | that smart on smart I suffer,  
 And in ungrateful feats of arms | my life endanger alway.  
 And as the parent bird doth bear | unto her callow nestlings  
 Morsels of meat, whate'er she catch, | and her own welfare slighteth,  
 So, many a sleepless night have I, | and bloody day of combat, 325  
 Fighting with warriors, endur'd, | your consorts to recover.  
 On foot, eleven towns (I say) | I riev'd in loamy Troas,  
 And with my galleys pillag'd twelve | of city-dwelling peoples ;  
 From all of which I duteous | pick'd noble treasures many 330  
 To grace Atrides, who behind | at galley-side abiding  
 Receiv'd my booty : much he kept, | and portions few awarded.  
 Howbeit, when some gifts he *did* | to kings and chiefs distribute,  
*Their* rights inviolate abide ; | but *me* of all Achaians 335  
 Alone he outrag'd, ravishing | the wife who pleas'd my humour.  
 Let him her dalliance enjoy ; | but now, what mean the Argives  
 By warfare on the Troians ? why | did Agamemnon hither  
 This host assemble ? was it not | in sake of bright-hair'd Helen ?

Of all the voice-dividing race | do none but sons of Atreus 340  
 Cherish their partners ? nay, whosó | is virtuous and thoughtful,  
 Her who is his, doth fondly tend ; | as I from inmost bosom  
 Lov'd *her*, though purchas'd by my spear. | Since force and fraud have seiz'd her,  
 The spoiler cannot win my will : | no farther let him tempt me ; 345  
 But rather, with his other kings, | and with thyself, Odyssees !  
 Ponder, the foeman's fire to ward | from your sea-coürsing galleys.  
 For troth, without my aid hath he | full many a work accomplish'd ;  
 Hath built a rampart, and in front | hath drawn a moat beside it,  
 Vast, broad and deep, with pointed stakes | all featly palisaded. 350  
 Nor can he, even so, repel | the hero-slaying fury  
 Of Troian Hector : yet while I | beside the Achaians battled,  
 Hector was rare beyond the wall | with sport of martial sally,  
 But only to the Skaian gates | and near the beechtree ventur'd :  
 There once to meet me waited he, | and barely scap'd my onset. 355  
 But now, since I no pleasure take | to fight with godlike Hector,  
 To Jupiter and all the gods | to-morrow will I offer  
 Due sacrifice, and freight my ships : | then, when to sea I launch them,  
 Shalt thou behold,—if so thy will,— | or if such things concern thee,—  
 Upon the fishful Hellespont | at early morn my galleys 360  
 Sailing away, and bearing off | their bands of eager rowers.  
 But if the fam'd earth-shaking god | shall voyage fair vouchsafe us,  
 On the third morning may I reach | the shores of loamy Phthia,  
 Where many a treasure did I leave, | hither for sorrow wending.  
 Now shall I all my other gear, | of gold or ruddy copper 365  
 Or hoary iron, hence convey, | and dappergirdled women,  
 And all the chattel won by me : | only, my prize of beauty,  
 The man who gave it, Atreus' son, | wide-reigning Agamemnon,  
 By outrage, for himself hath ta'en. | To him report my answer  
 All open, as I speak it : so | shall anger seize th' Achaians, 370  
 If against other Dánai | new frauds he plot hereafter,  
 Alway array'd in shamelessness. | Yet, though a dog in forehead,  
 Eye unto eye, my gaze to meet, | I deem, he would not venture.  
 No deed nor counsel will I join | with him, who me defrauded  
 Thus guiltily ; so not again | by words shall he delude me. 375  
 Away with him in peace ; for Jove | the Counsellor hath craz'd him.  
 To me his gifts are foemanlike, | and as a straw I count him.  
 If tenfold or if twentyfold | of all his present substance  
 He offer'd me, and more beside, | so much as are the treasures 380  
 Which to Orchómenus may come, | or unto Thebe of Egypt,  
 That hundredgated city, where | in every gate are counted  
 Two hundred men, who each go in | with chariot and horses ;  
 Where in the merchant-chambers lie | stores of surpassing richness ;

Or if so many were his gifts, | as sand and dust in number ; 385  
 Not even so might Atreus' son | my stubborn purpose vanquish,  
 Before he thoroughly repay | his spirit-racking outrage.  
 Nor will I for my wedded mate | have Agamemnon's daughter ;  
 Not if in beauty she compete | with golden Aphrodita,  
 Or tho' her hands' accomplishment | vie with greyey'd Athèna, 390  
 Still I accept her not. For her, | let him from all th' Achaïans  
 Another choose, more suitable, | and one than me more royal.  
 For if the gods have care of me | and home I reach in safety,  
 Peleus (I wot) himself for me | a seemly wife will furnish.  
 On Hellas and on Phthia dwell | Achaïan damsels many, 395  
 Daughters of chieftains, who maintain | each man his proper fortress :  
 From these (I reckon), whom I please, | might I select as consort.  
 Much verily and oftentime | my noble soul hath urg'd me,  
 With a betroth'd and wedded wife, | a well-beseeming partner,  
 There to delight me in the wealth | by aged Peleus gather'd. 400  
 Since, recompense for *life* to me | is none, in all the chattel,  
 Hoarded (they say) in Iliou, | that city thicklypeopled,  
 While yet in garish peace she dwelt, | ere came Achaïa's children ;  
 Nor in the treasures prison'd | beneath the marble pavement  
 Of bright Apollo, archer-lord, | within his rocky Pythôn. 405  
 For, troth ! by foray and by raid | ye get stout sheep and oxen,  
 And tripods eke by purchase come, | and auburn crests of horses :  
 But *life* to summon back again, | when once it pass the outwork  
 Of a man's teeth, no purchase then | nor martial raid hath power.  
 For, Thetis of the silver foot, | my goddess mother, often 410  
 Warneth me, that by double fates | I unto death am carried.  
 If, here abiding, round the walls | of Iliou I combat,  
 No backward voyage waiteth me, | but deathless is my glory ;  
 But if I homeward sail, and reach | my native land beloved,  
 No noble glory waiteth me, | but days of life extended 415  
 Shall long endure, nor quickly shall | the end of death o'ertake me.  
 Yea, and to all the rest of you | I do this counsel tender,  
 Homeward your galley-prows to turn ; | since never will ye compass  
 The end of lofty Iliou : | for, Jupiter wide-sighted  
 Holdeth his own hand over her, | and hearteneth her people. 420  
 But ye, at your return, address | the chieftains of Achaïa,  
 And tell your tidings : such, I trow, | the dower is of elders.  
 Bid them within their heart to frame | some other counsel, better,  
 Their smoothly rounded barks to save | and Argive folk beside them ;  
 Since this which they devis'd is vain, | while I abide relentless. 425

405.—*Pythôn*, afterwards called Delphi, from its new inhabitants.



But in our cots let Phoinix stay | and pass the night : to-morrow,  
If such his pleasure, he with us | to his dear native country  
Shall voyage ; but against his will, | surely I will not take him."

Thus did he answer : thereupon | they all were dumb in silence, 430  
Aghast at that high utterance : | so sturdily he spake it.  
After long pause, at length replied | old charioteering Phoinix  
With gushing tear ; for mightily ! fear for the galleys mov'd him.  
" Gallant Achilles ! if return | be now in truth thy purpose,  
Nor wiltest deadly fire to ward | from the sharp-pointed galleys 435  
At all, since rage possesseth thee ; | how then could I be parted  
From thee, dear child ? but me to thee | old charioteering Peleus  
Gave on that day, to Atreus' son | when he from Phthia sent thee.  
A child wast thou, to council new, | where men achieve distinction, 440  
And rude in war all-levelling ; | therefore with thee he sent me,  
As one who words for thee might speak, | and guide to deeds thy effort.  
So would not I from thee, dear child ! | be parted ; not, if Heaven  
Did proffer, Eld to strip from me, | my bloom of youth renewing, 445  
As erst when I from Hellas fled, | —that land of lovely women,—  
To shun the quarrel of my sire | Orménides Amyntor,  
Who, for his consort's bright hair'd maid | was fill'd with rage against me ;  
A maid, for whose endearments he | his proper spouse dishonour'd, 450  
My mother. She my knees embrac'd | and oft with tears implor'd me  
To win the damsel for myself | and balk my aged rival.  
I heard, and wrought my mother's will. | But he forthwith suspecting,  
Utter'd against me many a curse, | and pray'd the awful Furies,  
That never upon knees of him | might sit a darling offspring 455  
From me begotten : troth ! his word | the mighty gods accomplish'd,  
Both nether-swaying Jupiter | and terrible Proserpine.  
Awhile I plotted in my heart | with the sharp brass to slay him ;  
But some immortal stay'd my wrath, | and counsell'd me to ponder  
The many luckless jibes of men | and rumours of the people, 460  
If haply I a paricide | were call'd among Achaians.  
While bearing thus my father's wrath, | the heart within my bosom  
No longer might endure to dwell | pent up within his chambers.  
But verily from every side | my cousins and my kinsmen  
Encircling me, with many a pray'r | would in the palace keep me. 465  
Then many a stout sheep slaughter'd they, | and crumplehornèd oxen  
Cloven of foot : and many a hog | luxuriant in fatness,  
Huge scorching carcasses, were stretch'd | across the flame of Vulcan ;  
And from that aged prince's jars | strong wine was teen'd in plenty. 470  
Nine nights they slept around me : guard | in turns they kept : nor ever

The fire went out, within the porch | of the well-girded cloister,  
 Nor eke before my bower-doors | amid the entrance-chambers.  
 But when the tenth night came on me | enwrapt in gloomy darkness,  
 My bower's closely-fitted doors | I brake, and leaping lightly 475  
 Over the court-wall, passed my guards,— | men, and domestic women.  
 Then I thro' Hellas' wide domain | escap'd, and came to Phthia,  
 Parent of sheep and deep of loam, | unto the lordly Peleus,  
 Who greeted me with forward love, | e'en as a wealthy father 480  
 Loveth his child, his tenderling, | his only heir begotten.  
 He made me rich, and gave to me | a train of many lieges ;  
 So among Dolopès I rul'd, | and dwelt in farthest Phthia,  
 And lov'd thee from my inmost heart | and to this godlike stature 485  
 Rear'd thee, divine Achilles ! since | with other man thou wouldest  
 Neither unto a banquet go, | nor feed within the palace,  
 Ere on my knees I seated thee, | and gave thee tastes of dainties,  
 And held the wine-cup unto thee. | In infantine annoyance 490  
 Oft diddest thou the draught reject, | and wet my bosom's vesture.  
 So then for thee I verily | much suffer'd and much labour'd,  
 Forecasting, that for me the gods | no proper offspring destin'd ;  
 But thee, divine Achilles ! I | as my own child adopted,  
 If-that thou mightest ward from me | unseemly force hereafter. 495  
 Oh Achilles ! thy mighty soul | subdue ! nor is it rightful  
 For thee a ruthless heart to hold : | the very gods are yielding,  
 The gods, who are præminent | in virtue, force and honour.  
 E'en they by penitence of men | are from their purpose turned  
 With sacrifice and pleasing vow | and incense and libation, 500  
 When mortal man hath trespassèd | and made himself a sinner.  
 For, Penitences damsels are | by mighty Jove begotten,  
 Knee-stumbling, haggard in the cheek, | with eyes askance and downcast,  
 Who in the track of Frenesy | with sad remorse do follow.  
 But Frenesy is vigorous | and sound of limb ; for alway 505  
 She plungeth far ahead of them, | and earlier for mischief  
 Man's heart doth occupy : and they | but heal the wounds behind her.  
 Now whoso kindly pitieth | Jove's daughters near approaching,  
 Him greatly do they benefit | and hark to his entreaty :  
 But whoso to their word is deaf, | and e'en refuseth harshly, 510  
 They of Jove Cronides implore, | that Frenesy in guerdon  
 May on the ruthless soul alight, | and craze him for disaster.  
 But A'chiles ! do also thou | unto the heav'nly damsels  
 Pay honour, and thy spirit bend, | as others soothly noble.  
 Did not Atrides gifts present, | and more in future promise, 515  
 But alway nakedly persist | in bitterness of outrage ;  
 No prayer I to thee would make | to cast away thy anger

And to the Argives succour bring, | entirely tho' they need thee,  
 But now, forthwith doth he at once | give much, and more accordeth  
 To give hereafter, and hath sent | forth from th' Achaian army 520  
 Chieftains select, as ambassy ; | who to thyself are dearest  
 Of all the Argives : whose address | and coming, make not idle !  
 Before such meed of honour came, | none might thy anger censure.  
 So have we heard from former days | the tales of mighty heroes,  
 When haply some of them were mov'd | by bitterness of anger, 525  
 Yet noble gifts acceptance found | and gentle words appeas'd them.  
 Now I myself an ancient deed | remember : 'tis not recent ;  
 But as it was, so will I tell | to you, my friends assembled.  
 Around the city Calydón | two war-abiding peoples,  
 Curètès and Aitòlians, | did each the other slaughter. 530  
 To guard the lovely Calydón | th' Aitòlians were fighting,  
 But the Curètès eager were | with foeman's rage to waste it.  
 For, golden-thronèd Artemis | this mischief rous'd betwixt them,  
 Wrathful, that in the orchard's lap | to *her* no festive honours  
 Had Oineus held : and other gods | on hecatombs were feasted, 535  
 But to the maid of mighty Jove | alone no honours paid he.  
 Forgetful he or thoughtless was ; | but ruinous the folly.  
 For she, the arrow-scatterer, | issue divine, enragèd,  
 Sent-in a savage white-tusk'd boar | to wallow in the herbage,  
 Who, to the orchards haunting him, | wrought much annoy for Oineus. 540  
 For, many a tall and fruitful tree, | with stem and branch and flower,  
 Out of the soil uprooted he : | but auburn Meleáger,  
 The son of Oineus, slaughter'd him ; | from many towns collecting  
 Huntsmen and hounds ; for, such a foe | no scanty force might master, 545  
 So huge was he : and many men | on the sad pyre he mounted.  
 But She around his carcase rais'd | much shouting and embroilment  
 For the boar's head and shaggy hide, | betwixt the keen Curètès  
 And lofty-soul'd Aitolians. | Now while that Meleáger, 550  
 Belov'd of Ares, fought ; so long | 'twas ill with the Curètès,  
 Nor might they, many tho' they were, | abide without their rampart,  
 Until in Meleáger's soul | his mother dear, Althaia,  
 Kindled a fury, such as eke | in canny hearts hath power. 555  
 Then lay he by his wedded wife, | the lovely Cleopatra,  
 The daughter of Euenos' child, | Marpessa slender-ankled  
 And Idas ; whom by far of all | the men on earth then living  
 Stoutest I deem : who did in fight | with lord Apollo bandy  
 The shafts of archery, to save | his bride with slender ankle. 560  
 Her in their chambers thereupon | her sire and queenly mother

By surname call'd Alkÿona ; | sin as, the doom enduring  
 Of ever-tearful Alkyon, | she steadfast wept her\* lover,  
 When bright Apollo snatch'd him off | by weapon Far-Energie.  
 So Meleager by his spouse | lay indolently chaumping 565  
 The spleenful rancour of his heart, | stirr'd by his mother's curses,  
 Who, by her brother's slaughter stung, | spake many a curse to heaven.  
 And oft the many-feeding earth | she thrash'd with hand of passion,  
 Seated on knee of suppliant, | (and tears bedew'd her bosom.)  
 And call'd aloud on Aïdes | and terrible Proserpine, 570  
 Death to her child to give : and her | from Erebos the Fury,  
 Who in mid darkness stalketh, heard, | implacable of spirit.  
 Meanwhile around the gates, from *them*, | as they assail'd the towers,  
 Rose clang and hurly ; and to *him*, | with humble supplication,  
 The chiefest of the priests arriv'd, | sent by th' Aitolian elders, 575  
 To pray, he would in rescue come, | and promis'd mighty guerdon.  
 Where'er of lovely Calydon | the plain was richest deem'd,  
 There willèd they to bid him choose | a portion chief in beauty,  
 Of fifty acres ; half for vines, | and half for ploughing suited. 580  
 And Oineus, aged charioteer, | upon the threshold stepping  
 Of the high-roof'd bower, came | and shook the join'd panels,  
 Seeking to clasp his knees : but *he* | not e'en his sire admitted.  
 Yea, tho' with many a plaintive cry | sisters and queenly mother  
 Implor'd him, still he more and more | refus'd. And much his comrades 585  
 Entreated, who of all to him | were pleasantest and nearest :  
 Nor did they, even so, persuade | the heart within his bosom,  
 Till on the chamber batterings | came thick, and on the towers  
 Mounted the foe, and scatter'd fire | over the mighty city.  
 At last with weeping and with wail | his dapper-girdled consort 590  
 Did Meleager supplicate, | and all the woes recounted  
 Of captur'd towns :—' the men are kill'd, | and fire the city wasteth,  
 While others lead the children off, | and broadly-girded women.'—  
 Then was the breast within him stirr'd, | to hear such deeds of evil ; 595  
 He hied to go, and o'er his skin | he don'd his shining armour.  
 So he from those Aitôlians | the day of mischief warded,  
 Withdrawing from his anger : yet | to him no more fulfill'd they  
 The many pleasant gifts, but he | thankless achiev'd his labour.  
 But thou of such a mind beware ; | and let no prompting Spirit 600  
 Turn thee to this, O child belov'd : | far sorer were the combat  
 To rescue galleys flaming : but, | while gifts are yet behoten,  
 Come for thy need : then like a god | th' Achaians thee will honour.  
 But if to hero-wasting war | uncall'd and late thou hurry,

\* 563.—I correct *μήτηρ* of the received text into *μνηστῆρ'*. (See note at the end.)

Then, tho' thou rescue them, far less | will be thy praise and guerdon." 605

But him Achilles, fleet of foot, | address'd with words responsive :  
 " Jove-nurtur'd Phoinix, aged friend ! | to me such praise and guerdon  
 Is needless. Jove's arbitrement, | I trust, with seemly honour  
 Will greet me, aye abiding sure, | beside the hornèd galleys,  
 While in my bosom dwelleth breath, | and my dear knees spring onward. 610  
 This also will I say ;—and thou | within thy bosom cast it :  
 Do not with wailing and with grief, | to gratify the hero  
 Atrides, melt my tender heart ; | nor rightful do I count it  
 For thee to love him ; lest by me, | who love thee, thou be hated.  
 Rightful for thee it is, with me | to vex, whoso me vexeth. 615  
 Live as my peer in royalty, | endow'd with half my honour.—  
 Now these shall bear the message back. | and thou behind abiding  
 In a soft couch shall rest ; but we, | when early Dawn ariseth,  
 Will ponder, whether to remain, | or homeward to betake us."

This said, unto Patroclos he | with silent eyebrow nodded, 620  
 A bed for Phoinix, soft and thick, | to strew, that with the morning  
 They from the cot might quickly plan | the homeward course. Then Aias,  
 The godlike son of Telamôn, | thus spake his word among them :

" Scion of Jove, Laertes' son ! | Odysseus much-devising !  
 Go we : for not by this approach | the purport of our errand 625  
 Shall (as I deem) fulfilment find : but back we now must carry  
 This answer, evil tho' it be, | unto the chiefs of Argos,  
 Who now, I ween, wait in their seats | expectant. But Achilles  
 A savage haughty-hearted soul | within his bosom keepeth,  
 Cruel : nor is abash'd before | the kindness of comrades, 630  
 Wherewith, beside the galleys, *him* | præminent we honour :  
 O ruthless ! Yea, but every man | a slayer's fine accepteth,  
 For son or brother kill'd ; and he | who costly ransom payeth,  
 Among his people doth abide ; | the other, sooth'd by presents, 635  
 Curbeth his lofty moodiness. | Now for a single damsel  
 With bad and ceaseless rage the gods | thee kindle : yet we offer  
 Seven præminent, and much beside. | But thou, appease thy spirit ;  
 Revere thy own abode ; for here | beneath thy roof we meet thee 640  
 From the full throng of Dánaï ; | and we, of all th' Achaians,  
 Would alway fain abide to thee | the tenderest and dearest."

But him Achilles, swift of foot, | address'd in words responsive :  
 " Chieftain of peoples ! brood of Jove ! | O Telamonian Aias !  
 All that thou sayest seemest thou | after my mind to utter. 645  
 But anger swelleth in my heart, | when I his deeds remember ;  
 How mid the host he outrag'd me | as some degraded outcast.  
 But ye unto your king return | and speak to him my message.  
 So soon as godlike Hector, son | of skillful-hearted Priam, 650  
 Reacheth the cots of Mýrmidons, | and smouldereth the galleys,

Slaying the Argives ;—only then | will I give heed to battle.  
 But, whatsoe'er his eagerness, | beside my dusky galley  
 And round my cot, I deem that he | a pause will make of combat." 655  
 He spake : then one by one they grasp'd | a goblet doubly hollow  
 And made libation ; backward then | beside the galleys hied they.  
 Odyssees led in front : meanwhile | Patroelos bade his comrades  
 And handmaids quickly to array | a dainty bed for Phoinix :  
 And they obedient array'd | a bed, as he commanded, 660  
 With shaggy rug and coverlet | and flimsy down of linen.  
 There did the aged man repose, | awaiting heav'nly Morning.  
 But in a corner A'chilles, | within his tight pavilion,  
 Slumber'd, and by his side a dame, | whom he from Lesbos captur'd.  
 Daughter of ancient Phorbas she, | the fair-cheek'd Diomêda. 665  
 Patroelos on the other side | reclin'd, and eke beside him  
 Did dapper-girdled Iphis lie, | whom erst divine Achilles  
 Gave him, when Skyros' isle he took, | steep fortress of Enÿeus.  
 But when to Agamemnon's cots | again their feet had borne them,  
 Achaia's children, one by one, | to each with golden goblets, 670  
 Uprising, salutation made, | and spake a word of question.  
 But Agamemnon, lord of men, | was foremost with inquiry :  
 " Come say, Odyssees, rich of lore, | great glory of th' Achaians,  
 Willeth he from the foeman's fire | to screen the Argive galleys,  
 Or hath refus'd, and anger still | his mighty heart possesseth ?" 675  
 To him replied the godlike man, | Odyssees much-enduring :  
 " O Agamemnon, lord of men, | most glorious Atrides !  
 In sooth he willeth not his rage | to quench, but more than ever  
 Is swollen with disdain ; and thee | and eke thy gifts rejecteth.  
 Upon thyself he layeth charge | to ponder with the Argives, 680  
 How mayest thou the galleys save | and people of Achaia.  
 But, for himself, he threateneth, | so soon as morrow dawneth,  
 Into the briny flood to launch | his easy-steering galleys.  
 Yea, and to all the rest of us | this counsel doth he tender,  
 Homeward our galley-prows to turn ; | since never shall ye compass 685  
 The end of lofty Ilion ; | for, Jupiter wide-sighted  
 Holdeth his own hand over her, | and hearteneth her people.  
 Such were his words ; and others here, | who follow'd me, are witness,—  
 Both Aias, and the heralds twain | discreet alike : but Phoinix,  
 The old man, sleepeth there : for so | Achilles bade. To-morrow, 690  
 If such his pleasure, he with them | to their dear native country  
 Shall voyage : but against his will | Achilles will not take him."  
 Thus did he answer : thereupon | they all were dumb in silence,  
 [Aghast at that high utterance : so sturdily he spake it.]

694.—This line was appropriate at 8, 29, and 9, 431 : but not here.

Dismay'd with sorrow, long were all | Achaia's children speechless, 695  
Till Diomêdes, good at need, | at length replied before them :  
“ O Agamemnon, lord of men, | most glorious Atrides !  
Would that thou haddest never sued | the noble son of Peleus  
With offer of unbounded gifts ! | He of himself is haughty,  
And now with haughtinesses new | much more hast thou inflam'd him, 700  
But him we now may let alone, | whether he choose to voyage  
Or here abide : in time shall he | to war return, whenever  
The spirit in his heart may bid, | and when the god shall rouse him,  
But come ; as I the word shall speak, | let all compliant follow :  
Take ye this night your slumber, when | ye have your heart recruited 705  
With pleasant bread and wine ; for this | to weary men is vigour.  
But when the rosyfinger'd Morn | hath risen fair upon us,  
Then quick and urgently let each | set men and steeds in order  
Before the galleys, and himself | do battle mid the foremost.”  
Thus spake he : then the gather'd kings | did all assent applauding, 710  
When courser-taming Diomed | this hardy counsel utter'd.  
So, when libations they had made, | went each to his pavilion,  
And laid their bodies to repose | and took the gift of slumber.

## BOOK X.

### The Night Adventure.

NOW all the rest by galley-side, | chieftains of Pan-Achaia,  
Kept thro' the livelong night repose, | by gentle sleep o'ermaster'd.  
But not the shepherd of the folk, | Atrides Agamemnon,  
Might be in slumber sweet detain'd ; | but tides of thought did toss him.  
And as when bright-hair'd Juno's lord | thro' heaven lightning sendeth, 5  
Devising hail or piercing sleet | (when snow the clods hath powder'd),  
Or flood ineffable of rain, | or bitter-yawning battle ;  
So then with sobbing thickly drawn | did royal Agamemnon  
Moan from the bottom of his heart ; | and all his vitals trembled. 10  
When o'er the Troian plain he gaz'd, | the many flames admir'd he,  
Kindled in front of Ilion ; | the sound of flutes and whistles,  
And hum of men : but when he saw | th' Achaian folk and galleys,  
Then many a hair with lowest roots | from out his head uptare he 15  
To Jupiter aloft ; and sigh'd | deep in his noble bosom.  
But to his mind this path appear'd | the best ; to go for Nestor,  
The son of Neleus, first of men ; | if-that the twain from ruin  
Haply the Danaï may save | by counsel not ignoble. 20  
Upright he rais'd him, and put on | around his breast the tunic,  
And underneath his glossy feet | the dainty sandals tied he.  
But next, a fiery lion's hide | he wrapt about his shoulders,  
Vast, ruddy, reaching to the heel ; | and took his spear beside him.  
So eke on Menelaos came | like trembling ; nor did slumber 25  
Sit on his eyelids ; smit with fear, | lest aught befall the Argives,  
Who truly o'er the waters wide | for vengeance of his quarrel  
To land of Troas voyagèd, | audacious combat planning.  
First with a spotted panther-skin | his shoulders' breadth he covered ;  
But next a brazen coronal | upon his head adjusted, 30  
And in his broad hand grasp'd a spear ; | and hied to rouse his brother,  
Who mightily the Argives sway'd, | and as a god was honour'd.  
But him he found, around his frame | the beauteous armour fitting,



At stern of galley ; and to him | brought joy by his arrival. 35  
Then Menelâos, good at need, | his brother first accosted :

“ My gracious sir, why arnest thou ? | dost haply urge some comrade  
To spy the Troian camp ? but I | direly misdoubt, that any  
This work will undertake,—alone | amid the foes to venture, 40  
Peering across ambrosial night. | A sturdy heart is wanted.”

To him in words reciprocal | spake royal Agamemnon :  
“ Jove-murrur'd Ménélas ! for thee | and me is need of counsel,  
Crafty to liberate and save | the Argives and their galleys.  
For Jove's intent is chang'd, who now | on offerings of Hector 45  
Rather hath set his mind : for I | neither by sight nor story  
Have known one man within one day | so wild achievement compass.  
As Hector, dear to Jove, hath wrought | upon Achaia's children,  
He a mere mortal, nought of birth | from god or goddess boasting. 50  
Works hath he wreakèd, which (I say) | the Argives shall remember  
To far off age : so many an ill | from him Achaia rueth.

But go now : summon to our aid | Idómeneus and Aias,  
Beside the galleys speeding thee ; | and I to godlike Nestor  
Will go, and urge him to arise, | if haply he be willing 55  
Unto the sacred watcher-band | to cross, and keenly stir them.  
For none will they obey as him, | sin as his son is leader  
To marshal them ; and eke with him | Idómeneus' attendant,  
Meriones. For upon these | chief trust have we reposèd.”

Then Menelâos, good at need, | to him replied alternate : 60  
“ How willest thou that I perform | this errand and injunction ?  
Am I beside the watch to stay, | and wait until thou join us,  
Or hie me after thee again, | when duly I have charg'd them ?”

Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | reciprocal address'd him :  
“ Stay on the spot, lest we perchance | miss each the other, passing, 65  
Amid the darkness : many are | the paths along the army.  
And where thou goest, speak aloud, | and urge them to be wakeful,  
And name the parentage of each, | their line of sires recounting,  
And lavish praise on all ; nor err | by haughtiness of spirit,  
But let us both good service do | in person. So, it seemeth, 70  
Jove with the past events on us | distressful toil imposeth.”

After such parley, forth he sent | his brother, well instructed ;  
And hied himself in speed, to find | Nestor, the people's shepherd.  
But him within his cot he found, | beside the dusky galley,  
On a soft bed ; and close to him | was laid his craftsome armour, 75  
His shield, two spears, and shining | casque with triple crest above it,  
Beside them, eke the girdle lay, | all-motley ; which around him  
The old man girded, whensoe'er | to hero-wasting battle,

Leading the folk, he hied ; for he | enfeebling Eld resisted.  
 Now on his elbow raising him, | he, with the head uplifted, 80  
 Address'd to Atreus' son his speech, | and summon'd him with question :  
 " Who lonely by the galleys there | along the army paceth  
 In covert of the dusky night, | when other mortals slumber ?  
 Say, seekest thou some mule astray, | or one of thy companions ?  
 Speak out, nor silent come on me, | but tell, what errand brings thee." 85

Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | to him in turn responded :  
 " O Nestor, Neleus' progeny ! | great glory of th' Achaians !  
 Canst Agamemnon recognize ? | whom in a sea of troubles  
 Beyond all mortals Jove hath plung'd, | entirely and for ever,  
 While in my bosom dwelleth breath, | and my dear knees spring onward, 90  
 Thus roam I, since upon my eyes | no gentle slumber sitteth ;  
 For, my sad heart doth ruminate | Achaian war and sorrows,  
 And grimly for the Dánaï | I fear : my thoughts within me  
 Steadfast no longer are, but faint, | and waver : from my bosom  
 My heart outleapeth, and beneath, | my gallant limbs are palsied. 95  
 But if thou aught of vigour hast, | since wakeful thou abidest,  
 Descend we to the sentinels, | to visit them, lest haply,  
 Conquer'd by sleep and weariness, | they yield themselves to slumber,  
 The watch forgetting : close at hand | sitteth the foe ; nor know we 100  
 Whether mayhap in shades of night | he eager be to combat."

To him thereat the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor answer'd :  
 " O Agamemnon, lord of men, | most glorious Atrides,  
 Truly not all the purposes | which Hector now deviseth,  
 Will Jove the Counsellor perform ; | but he, I trow, will struggle 105  
 With troubles more and worsen, if | from his disastrous anger  
 Achilles change his noble heart. | But thee I gladly follow ;  
 And others eke will we arouse ; | —the spear-renown'd Tydides,  
 And Meges, Phyleus' valiant son, | swift Aias and Odysse, 110  
 And greater Aias, match for gods, | if one were free to fetch him ;  
 Both him and lord Idómeneus : | for farthest stand their galleys.  
 But Ménelas, all-be-that I | dear and august account him,  
 To thy displeasure will I chide, | nor will I hide my censure, 115  
 Who sleepeth, and to thee alone | such busy duty leaveth.  
 But now his task it were, to toil | beyond all other chieftains,  
 With supplication ; for distress | unbearable hath reached us."

Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | to him replied alternate :  
 " My aged friend, at other times | I bid thee to rebuke him ; 120  
 For oft in listlessness he waits | and willeth not to labour,  
 Not from a coward slothful heart, | nor aught perverse in temper,  
 But keeping still on me his eye, | and my resolve awaiting.  
 Now woke he earlier than me, | and stood above my pillow.  
 Him have I forward sent, to call | the chiefs of whom thou askest. 125

But go we : them I trust to meet | before the fencèd portals  
Among the sentinels ; for there | the trysting-place assign'd I."

To him thereat the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor answer'd :  
" 'Tis well : for so, on future day, | none will of all the Argives  
Indignant be or disobey, | if he incite and charge them." 130

This said, the aged man put on | around his breast the tunic,  
And underneath his glossy feet | the dainty sandals tied he,  
Above his shoulder buttoning | a mantle dyed in crimson,  
Double, lowreaching, covered well | with curly slag above it.  
Then did he grasp a valiant spear, | pointed with brass welltemper'd, 135  
And hied to go along the ships | of brazen-mail'd Achaians.

Odysses first he found, to Jove | in weight of counsel equal,  
And with loud call arous'd him : quick | the voice his heart encircled,  
And from the cot forthwith he came, | and spake to them in answer : 140

" Why lonely by the galleys thus | along the army roam ye  
In Night ambrosial ? wherein | doth need so pressing urge you ?"

To him thereat the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor answer'd :  
" Scion of Jove, Laertes' son, | Odysses much-devising,  
Take no offence : so fierce distress | upon th' Achaians presseth, 145  
But follow, while we others rouse, | all upon whom it resteth  
In our high council to decide | either on flight or battle."

He spake : then, entering his cot, | Odysses much-devising  
A muchwrought buckler slung around | his breast, and mov'd behind them.  
Next, after Diomed they went ; | and found the son of Tydeus 150

Couch'd under open sky with arms ; | and round, his comrades slumber'd.  
Their heads upon their shields were propt ; | their spears upright were planted,  
Fix'd in the earth by upper end : | far flash'd the brassy gleaming,  
As darts of father Jupiter ; | but sleep still held the hero.

Beneath his body lay a hide, | torn from a bull field-roaming, 155  
But underneath his head was stretch'd | a sheeny-broider'd carpet.

Then with his foot the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor stirr'd him,  
And waken'd and incited him, | and with reproach confronted :  
" Wake, son of Tydeus ! why all night | dost cull the prime of slumber ?  
Nor knowest that the Trôians | are seated near the galleys 160  
Around a swelling of the plain, | and little space doth ward them ?"

When thus accosted, from his sleep | right quickly up he started,  
And straightway speaking in reply, | did winged accents utter :

" Severe, my aged friend, art thou ! | from toil thou restest never :  
Hath not Achæa younger sons | than thee, to move patrolling 165  
And wake the princes ? aged sir !—distressful is thy vigour."

To him in turn the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor answered :  
" Ay, verily, all this my friend, | discreetly hast thou spoken ;

142.—*Ambrosial*. So in v. 41. A possible rendering is, "Amid the *lonely* night."

For, noble children, troth ! have I, | and a long train of lieges, 170  
 Who might patrol and summon you : | but heavy need oppresseth  
 Th' Achaians mightily : for now | upon an edge of razor  
 Standeth their future,—or to live, | or fall in moanful ruin.  
 But come, swift Aias rouse for us ; | withal, the son of Phyleus ; 175  
 Since pity for my age thou hast : | for thou than me art younger.”  
 Hereat, a fiery lion's hide, | vast, reaching to the ankle,  
 Tydides round his shoulder wrapt, | and took his spear beside him,  
 And started on his path : and them | he rous'd and quickly gather'd.  
 But when amid the assembled watch | at length they were arriv'd, 180  
 They found not slumbering, I wot, | the captains of the watchers,  
 But all with panoply complete | in wakeful mood were seated.  
 As, penn'd upon a field, the dogs | around the sheep are anxious,  
 Hearing some stalwart-hearted beast, | who thro' the forest howleth,  
 Crossing the mountains ; after him | an endless riot gathers 185  
 Of dogs and shepherds ; all the night, | their hope of sleep hath perish'd :  
 So from their eyelids vanish'd then | all hope of gentle slumber,  
 As thro' that evil night they watch'd : | for to the plain they alway  
 Turn'd their regard, whene'er they deem'd | the Trôians advancing.  
 At sight of them the aged man | was joyous, and, to cheer them, 190  
 He spake a word enheartening, | and wingèd accents utter'd :  
 “ Dear children ! watch ye, diligent, | as now ; and let not slumber  
 Any invade ; lest we become | a triumph to the foemen.”  
 He spake, and crossing, pass'd the moat ; | and after him there follow'd  
 All who to council summon'd were, | king-leaders of the Argives. 195  
 Along with them Meriones | and Nestor's brilliant offspring  
 Proceeded ; for the kings themselves | their joint advice invited.  
 Then o'er the deep-entrenchèd moat | they cross'd, and took their station  
 Where ground was open, clear to view | betwixt the piles of slaughter'd,  
 Who fell, where Hector yester-eve, | prostrate the Argives laying, 200  
 Pause on his fury set at length, | when shades of night enclos'd him.  
 Here duly seated, each to each | did sage advices open.  
 To them the Pylian charioteer, | Nestor, began discourses :  
 “ My friends ! can no man then be found | of Argos, who, confiding  
 In his own daring soul, among | the mighty-hearted Troians 205  
 Would venture, if perchance he catch | some foeman on the outskirt,  
 Or hear among the Trôians | some rumour of their purpose,  
 Whether their bent be, here to stay, | afar, anent the galleys,  
 Or to the city back to go, | as victors of th' Achaians. 210  
 Might he such questions duly sound, | and safe return among us,  
 His glory would to heaven reach, | and worthy gifts await him.  
 To him, (behight I,) every chief, | who Argive galley leadeth,  
 Shall give a black ewe, big with young, | of woolly chattels peerless ; 215  
 And alway shall he find a seat | at public feast and banquet.”

Such was his counsel : thereupon | they all were dumb in silence,  
Till Diomêdes, good at need, | his voice among them uttered :

“Nestor, my high strung heart and soul | do mightily bestir me 220  
Into the Troian foeman-host, | which lieth nigh, to enter.  
But, with another join'd, it were | more comforting and cheery.  
When two together go, the one | before the other seizeth,  
How gain is won ; but, when alone, | if rightly he discern it, 225  
Yet puny is his enterprize, | and all his mind more sluggish.”

He spake ; then many wish'd to be | escôrt to Diomêdes.  
For this did both Aiantes wish, | twin ministers of Ares,—  
And Mèrion : but greatly did | the son of Nestor wish it.  
The son of Atreus wish'd for it, | spear-famous Menelâos. 230  
And much Odysseus' daring soul | the throng of Troy to enter  
Was eager ; since for hardy deed | his mind was ready alway.

Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | spake forth his word among them :  
“O Diomêdes, Tydeus' son, | to my regards most pleasing,  
Now mayest thou thyself select | the comrade whom thou willest, 235  
Who of the claimants bravest is ; | since many here are eager.  
But thou no reverence of heart | indulge, to lose the braver,  
Where choice is free ; nor take the worse, | by bashfulness persuaded,  
Looking to birth ; not even if | one kinglier be offer'd.”

So spake he, inwardly afraid | for auburn Menelâos. 240  
But Diomêdes, good at need, | again replied among them :  
“If then in truth on mé ye lay | myself to choose a comrade,  
Could I in such arbitrement | forget divine Odysseus,  
In whom the high-strung heart and soul | surpassingly are forward  
For every feat of hardiment ; | and maid Athèna loves him ? 245  
If *he* be my escôrt, I ween | we might return deliver'd  
Safe even out of blazing fire : | so sage are his devices.”

To him the much-enduring man, | divine Odysseus, answer'd :  
“O son of Tydeus, praise me not | too much, nor yet reproach me ;  
For, those who hear thee, Argives are, | with me and thee acquainted. 250  
But go we ; for the night apace | doth yield, and morn approacheth :  
The stars are far upon their course, | and of the nightly watches  
More than two parts are gone ; | a third barely for use remaineth.”

So spake they mutual ; and both in dreadful arms equipp'd them.  
Buckler and cutlass double-edg'd | war-biding Thrasymêdes 255  
Did upon Tydeus' son bestow ; | for he beside the galleys  
Had left his own : and round his head | he plac'd a cap of bull-hide,  
Ridgeless and crestless ; such doth guard | the heads of blooming callants.  
But to Odysseus Mèrion | a bow and quiver offer'd, 260  
And sword ; and plac'd around his head | a helmet wrought of leather,  
With many a twisted strap within | girt strongly ; but without it  
On *this* and *that* side thickly rang'd | a boar's white tusks were planted

Well and right cleverly ; but felt | was in the middle fitted. 265  
 Erst from the prince of Eleôn, | Orménides Amyntor,  
 Autólyeos had stolen it, | the closèd chamber boring.  
 It at Seandéia he bestow'd | on a Kythêran hero,  
 Amphídamas ; from whom it pass'd | as hospitable token  
 To Molos : he to Mèrion, | his proper son, bequeath'd it 270  
 For use of battle : now its fence | Odysseus' head encircled.  
 When thus the chieftains both were busk'd | complete in dreadful armour,  
 They hied to go ; and on the spot, | behind them, all the bravest  
 They left ; and maid Athèna sent | beside their path a heron,  
 Bird of good omen. Nought the twain | amid the gloomy darkness 275  
 Might by the eye discover ; yet, | its cry they heard full clearly.  
 Glad then, Odysseus hail'd the bird, | and thus besought Athèna :  
 " Offspring of ægis-holding Jove, | who alway dost beside me  
 In every feat of danger stand, | and all my goings knowest,  
 Hearken to me, and chiefly now | befriend me, O Athèna ! 280  
 Grant us returning to arrive | with glory at the galleys,  
 After some deed of hardiment, | which Troians long may ponder."  
 Next Diomêdes, good at need, | did second raise his prayèr :  
 " Eke unto me, O child of Jove ! | unweariable ! hearken.  
 Guide me, as diddest thou of yore | my father, godlike Tydeus, 285  
 Guide into Theba, when he went | ambassador for Argos,  
 And left upon Asôpos' banks | the brazen-mail'd Achaïans.  
 Thither a kindly word did he | to the Cadmeians carry.  
 Yet on his back-returning path | wild perils he adventur'd,  
 Goddess divine ! by thy support, | who stoodest by, to prompt him. 290  
 In the same fashion, *mé* beside | now willing stand, and guard me :  
 To THEE then will I grateful give | a broad-fac'd yearling heifer  
 Untam'd ; which no man hitherto | beneath the yoke hath fasten'd.  
 Gold will I spread around its horns | and yield it to thy honour."  
 So lifted they their orison, | and maid Athèna heard it. 295  
 When to the child of mighty Jove | they thus had paid their worship,  
 They hied to go, as lions twain, | in gloom of night enshrouded,  
 Mid carnage, over carcasses, | thro' dusky gore and armour.  
 And Hector, neither yet did *he* | permit the haughty Troians  
 To sleep ; but into counèil thick | he all the bravest summon'd, 300  
 As many as of Trôïans | were governours and leaders.  
 When these together he had call'd, | sage counsel he propounded :  
 " Who now for mighty recompense | would undertake and finish  
 The deed which in my mind I plan ? | nor should this meed be scanty.  
 For I the chariot will give | and two high-crested coursers, 305  
 Which are of all præcèminent | at yon Achaïan galleys,

266.—From 9, 448 we learn that this Amyntor was father to old Phoinix.

To him, who will a feat achieve, | which would with glory crown him,—  
 Hard by the swift-careering barks | to venture, for espial,  
 Whether they guard them, as of old ; | or, by our hands o'ermaster'd, 310  
 One with another, haply flight | they counsel, nor are willing  
 Sated by direful weariness, | to keep the nightly watches."

So he harangu'd them : thereupon | they all were dumb in silence.—  
 Among the Troians was a man, | Dolon ; whose sire Eumêdes  
 A godlike herald was : the son | was rich in gold and copper, 315  
 Not comely he in form, I trow, | tho' excellent his swiftness :  
 Five were the daughters of his sire, | but he their only brother.  
 Who then stood forth, and spake his word | to Hector and the Troians :

" Hector ! my highstrung heart and soul | do mightily bestir me  
 Nigh to the swift-careering barks | to hie me for espial. 320  
 But come, thy sceptre forward reach, | and swear an oath upon it,  
 That verily the chariot | inwrought with brass, and coursers  
 On *me* thou wilt bestow, which bear | the noble son of Peleus.  
 But I a spy to thee will be | nor vain nor short of promise :  
 For thro' the army I outright | will pass, until before me 325  
 Stands Agamemnon's galley, where | (I deem) the bravest heroes  
 Join the high council of debate, | whether for flight or battle."

Then Hector held his sceptre forth, | and sware an oath upon it :  
 " Bear witness Jupiter himself | loud-rumbling lord of Juno ;  
 No other man of Trôians | shall on these coursers mount him, 330  
 But thou perpetual shalt reap | delight from them and glory."

False was the oath which thus he sware, | yet *him* it keenly prompted.  
 Quickly behind his back he slung | his bending bow and quiver :  
 On outer part a hoary skin | of wolf he wrapt around him,  
 With casque of weasel screen'd his head, | and seiz'd a pointed jav'lin, 335  
 Then from the army shipward went | in speed. But troth ! he never,  
 Back from the galleys hieing him, | should tiding bear to Hector.  
 For, soon as he behind had left | the throng of men and horses,  
 And sallied eager on his path ; | when he approach'd them nearer,  
 Odysseus, brood of Jove, was ware, | and spake to Diomêdes : 340

" Some man, O Diomêdes,—hark ! | comes hither from the army,  
 Whether the galleys to espy, | or to despoil the corpses.  
 But let us suffer him to pass | along the plain a little,  
 Then, rushing after, catch him quick : | or if his feet outstrip us, 345  
 Yet shipward press him with the spear, | from his own folk divided."

After such whisper and reply, | they crouch'd amid the corpses  
 Beside the path ; and swiftly he, | O simpleton ! ran past them. 350  
 When só far onward he was gone, | as in a match of ploughing  
 The mules unto the oxen give : | —for they by far are quicker

351.—*A match.* The original is obscure, and the sense here assigned conjectural.

In new and sinking soil to drag | the heavy-framèd ploughshare :—  
 Then, in pursuit, on ran the twain. | He heard, and stood and listen'd ;  
 For o'er his fancy rush'd the thought, | that, at command of Hector, 355  
 His comrades of the Tróians | came after to recal him.  
 But when within a lance's length | they reach'd, he knew the foemen,  
 And plied his supple knees to flee ; | and sharply did they chase him.  
 As when, with jagged rows of teeth, | two hounds to hunting trainèd 360  
 Over a woody lawn pursue | a fawn or hare with effort  
 Ever incessant ; forward scuds | with shriek the tender quarry :  
 So at Tydides' side did then | Odyssees city-rieving,  
 From his own folk the foe cut off | and chase with speed relentless.  
 But when almost he had achiev'd | to mingle with the watchers, 365  
 In flight unto the galleys, then | Athèna mighty vigour  
 Into Tydides breath'd, lest some | of brazen-mail'd Achaians  
 Boast earlier to fling the dart, | and *hè* but follow second.  
 Then, brandishing his weapon, cried | the stalwart Diomèdes :  
 “ Stand still, or else my javelin | shall reach thee : nor, I reckon, 370  
 Long time beneath my hand shalt thou | from headlong fate be rescued.”  
 He spake, and hurl'd his javelin, | but miss'd the man on purpose.  
 The point of its well-polish'd shaft | over his better shoulder  
 Glided, and fasten'd in the ground : | then still he stood, and trembled,  
 All pale with terror : in his mouth | his teeth did champ and chatter. 375  
 Panting, the twain arriv'd and seiz'd | his hands : then weeping spake he :  
 “ Ah ! let your mercy spare my life, | and quit you with a payment ;  
 For in our home is brass and gold | and many-fashioned iron.  
 Lightly my father will from these | with boundless ransom please you, 380  
 Soon as he learns of me alive | beside the Achaian galleys.”  
 To him, thereat, responsive spake | Odyssees much-devising :  
 “ Be of good cheer, nor let thy mind | by thoughts of death be troubled.  
 But come, explain thou this to me | and faithfully declare it :  
 Why from the army lonely thus | toward the galleys goest 385  
 In covert of the dusky night, | when other mortals slumber ?  
 Is it, the corpses to despoil ? | or art thou sent by Hector  
 As spy upon the hollow ships ? | or comest thou self-bidden ?”  
 Dolon replied, and while he spake, | his limbs beneath him trembled : 390  
 “ By frenzied follies Hector mé | entic'd against my judgment,  
 Behighting to bestow on me | the single-hoofèd horses  
 Of Peleus' stately son, and eke | the car with brass adornèd ;  
 So through the gloom austere of Night | he bade me to adventure, 395  
 And to the foeman's galley-side | to hie me, for espial,  
 Whether they guard them, as of old, | or, by our hands o'ermastered,  
 One with another, haply flight | they counsel, nor are willing,  
 Sated by direful weariness, | to keep the nightly watches.”  
 To him with smiling glance replied | Odyssees much-devising : 400



"To mighty guerdon verily | aspir'd thy daring passion.  
 Hard are those steeds for mortal men | to tame and guide in harness,  
 To all but skilful A'chiles, | born of a deathless mother.  
 But come, explain thou this to me, | and faithfully declare it. 405  
 Where, hither coming, leftest thou | Hector, the peoples' shepherd ?  
 Where is his martial armour laid ? | and where repose his horses ?  
 And of all other Trôïans | how lie the beds and watches ?  
 What are their plans ? and are they bent | to stay anent the galleys, 410  
 Or to the city back to go, | as victors of th' Achaïans ?"

Dolon, Eumêdes' son, thereat | reciprocal address'd him :  
 "Right faithfully will I to thee | declare the things thou askest.  
 With those who are high counsellors | Hector exchangeth counsels 415  
 Far from the din of war, beside | the tomb of godlike Ilos.  
 As for the watches, none distinct | do guard and save the army.  
 For where a fire is kindled, there | are men awake to watch it :  
 Each guardeth other : but th' allies, | from many countries summon'd, 420  
 Slumber ; for to the Trôïans | they trust the charge of watching.  
 Themselves in near vicinity | nor children have nor women."

To him in turn responded then | Odyssees much-devising :  
 "But how ? promiscuous reclin'd | with coursertaming Troïans  
 Slumber they ? or on ground apart ? | distinctly this inform me." 425

Dolon, Eumêdes' son, thereat | reciprocal address'd him :  
 "This also, which thou askest me, | right faithfully I tell thee.  
 Toward the sea the Léleges | and Carès and Caucônes,  
 And Païones with bending bows, | and the divine Pelasgi. 430  
 Tow'rd Thymbra lie the Lycians | and haughty-hearted Mysi,  
 And Maïones with horsehair-plumes, | and coursertaming Phryges.  
 But why thus carefully of me | inquire ye where they slumber ?  
 For if ye eager are, the crowd | of Trôïans to enter,  
 Here lie the Thracians apart, | new-come, of all the outmost.  
 Rhesos, the son of Eïoneus, | their king, encamps among them, 435  
 Whose steeds I saw, of all on earth | the handsomest and largest,  
 Whiter in hue than falling snow, | and like the winds in fleetness.  
 With gold and silver beauteous | his chariot is fashion'd.  
 With him he brings a spectacle | right marvellous to gaze at,  
 Gigantic armour, all of gold, | which for a man and mortal 440  
 Seemeth too glorious to wear ; | meet only for the deathless.  
 But now permit me to approach | the swift-careering galleys,  
 Else bind me with a ruthless bond, | and here, behind you, leave me,  
 Till ye have gone and trial made, | whether I told you truly." 445

To him with scowling glance replied | the stalwart Diomêdes :  
 "Dolon ! no fancy of escape | within thy heart indulge thou,  
 Sithence our hands have grappled thee ; | albeit good thy tidings.  
 For, ransom'd or escaping now, | mightest thou come to-morrow

Against the sharp Achaian barks, | as spy or open fighter. 450  
 But if, beneath my hands laid low, | thou here from life shalt vanish,  
 Never wilt thou hereafter work | annoy against the Argives."

Then Dolon reach'd his spreading hand, | upon the beard to stroke him,  
 In guise of suppliant; but he, | uprising with the cutlass, 455  
 Smote him in middle of the neck | and adverse tendons sever'd;  
 And ere his lips as yet were still, | his head with dust was mingled.

Then off stript they the weasel-cap, | quiver, and bow retorted,  
 Wolfskin and spear; the which aloft | divine Odyssees raising  
 With vow and worship thus invok'd | Athêna, queen of Booty : 460

"With these, O goddess, be thou pleas'd: | for, thee, of all immortals,  
 First in Olympos we invoke: | but once again conduct us  
 Against the coursers and the beds | of men, from Thrace reported."

This said, upon a tamarisk | he rais'd aloft and plac'd them. 465  
 Then reeds collecting and the twigs | of tamarisk fresh-sprouting,  
 He made a token, clear to sight, | lest in the gloomy darkness  
 Of Night austere, they haply miss | their trophy of the foeman.

This finish'd, onward went the twain, | thro' dusky gore and weapons,  
 And sudden on the squadron came, | from Thrace arriv'd but yester. 470

And they, by toil outweari'd, | did slumber; and beside them  
 Upon the ground in order fair | by triple row their weapons  
 Brilliant were laid; and every man | had coursers twain beside him.  
 But Rhesos in the middle slept; | and his swift chargers near him  
 From outmost rim of chariot | with leathern straps were coupled. 475  
 Odyssees then, first seeing him, | to Diomêdes beckon'd:

"O Diomêdes, lo! the man, | and lo! the snow-white coursers,  
 Which Dolon, whom we slew but now, | hath faithfully denoted.  
 But come, thy sturdy might put forth. | Idle to stand, befits not  
 A harness'd warrior like thee: | do thou untie the horses : 480  
 Or else, the men shalt *thou* assail, | and *I* will tend the horses."

When thus he spake, the greyey'd maid | breath'd might into Tydides.  
 From side to side he slaughter'd them; | and horrible the groaning  
 Rose, as the smiting cutlass fell: | red grew the earth with carnage.  
 And as a lion on a flock | of cattle unprotected, 485

Or goats or sheep, doth sudden pounce | with heart of desolation,  
 So did the son of Tydeus vent | on men of Thrace his fury,  
 Till twelve lay slain beneath him: | but | Odyssees much-devising,  
 Did backward by the ankle trail | each, as Tydides slew him; 490

So might the glossy-coated steeds | pass quieter betwixt them,  
 Nor tremble, stepping on the dead: | for new were they to slaughter.  
 But when unto the king at last | the son of Tydeus reachèd,  
 From him, the thirteenth, ravish'd he | the life, as honey pleasant, 495  
 Gasping already: for, that night, | by purpose of Athêna,  
 Over his head a phantom dire | stood forth,—the son of Tydeus!

Daring Odyssees loos'd meanwhile | the single-hoofèd horses  
 Slung them together, drave them out, | and whipp'd them with his bowstring ;  
 (For from the craftsome car to take | the shining scourge forgat he ;) 500  
 Then with a whistle notice gave | to godlike Diomèdes.

He on yet wilder reckless deed, | staying behind, did ponder ;  
 Whether the chariot to seize, | which held the curious armour,  
 And outward drag it by the pole, | or mightily uphoist it, 505  
 Or from the troop of Thracians | devote more lives to slaughter.  
 While all his soul with such debate | did heave, meanwhile Athèna  
 Close standing by his side, address'd | the godlike Diomèdes.

“ Now meditate return, O son | of mighty-hearted Tydeus,  
 Unto the smoothly-rounded barks ; | lest scar'd thou hurry thither, 510  
 If haply by some other god | the Trôians be waken'd.”

When thus she whisper'd, right he knew | the goddess' voice which warn'd him.  
 Quickly they mounted on the steeds ; | and with his bow Odyssees  
 Smack'd them ; and fleetly they approach'd | the sharp Achaian galleys.

Meantime no idle watch was kept | by silver bow'd Apollo. 515  
 Soon as with Tydeus' son the god | beheld Athèna dealing,  
 Wrathful against her, plungèd he | mid the thick host of Troians,  
 And rous'd Hippócoön from sleep ; | to Rhesos, noble kinsman,  
 And councillor to Thrace, was he. | Then up from slumber starting,  
 When empty he beheld the place, | where stood the snow-white coursers, 520  
 And found the corpses heaving yet, | with noisome carnage reeking,  
 Thereat with many a moan he wail'd, | and call'd his dear companion.  
 Soon tumult and uncounted scream | rose, as the tide of Troians  
 Together hurtled furious, | and gaz'd at deeds of horror,  
 Achiev'd by men unseen,—escap'd | unto the hollow galleys. 525

But when they came returning, where | they slew the spy of Hector,  
 There did Odyssees, dear to Jove, | arrest the coursers' gallop.  
 His comrade, leaping to the ground, | the gory spoils recover'd,  
 And plac'd them in Odyssees' hands, | and on the steed remounted.  
 They flogg'd the coursers, nothing loth | in flying race to speed them 530  
 Unto the smoothly-rounded barks, | whither their wishes hasted.

And Nestor first the tramping heard, | and spake unto the princes :  
 “ O friends, who to the Argive folk | are governours and leaders,  
 Falsely or truly, shall I say | what yet my heart persuadeth ?  
 My ears do quiver with the tramp | of nimble-footed horses. 535

O heaven ! may Odyssees thus | and stalwart Diomèdes  
 Drive sudden from the Trôians | the single-hoofèd horses.  
 Yet grimly in my heart I dread, | lest-that the Argive bravest  
 In some disaster tangled be | beneath the Troian riot.”

Not all his word was utter'd yet, | when lo ! themselves were present, 540  
 Quick to the ground dismounted they : | the rest, in heart delighted,  
 With the right hand saluted them | and eke with bland addresses.

First thereupon the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor ask'd them :

“ Come say, Odysseus, rich of lore, | great glory of Achaians,  
Whence are these coursers ? took ye them | amid the throng of Troians ? 545  
Or did some god fall in with you, | and give them as a present ?  
To the sun's awful brilliancy | would I compare their whiteness.

Ever among the Troian ranks | I mix ; nor wont to tarry  
Beside the galleys, troth, am I, | albeit old for fighting :  
Yet coursers, such as these, not yet | with eye nor fancy saw I, 550  
But rather ween I that some god | hath met you and bestow'd them.  
For cloud-collecting Jupiter | to both of you hath favour,  
And eke Athèna, maiden-child | of Jove the ægis-holder.”

To him in turn responsive spake | Odysseus much-devising :  
“ O Nestor, Neleus' progeny, | great glory of Achaians, 555  
A god, who will'd it, easily | might honour us with presents  
Of coursers nobler far than these ; | for greatly are they higher.  
Howbeit, aged friend, in sooth, | the steeds, of which thou askest,  
Are Thracian and newly come ; | and gallant Diomêdes  
Slaughter'd their lord, and by his side | twelve comrades, all his bravest. 560  
A thirteenth man, whose spoils are here, | we captur'd near the galleys,  
Whom, to espy our camp, and sound | our strength and courage, Hector  
And other stately Trôians | sent forward from their army.”

This said, across the moat he urg'd | the singlehoofed horses,  
Highglorying ; along with him | the others went, delighted. 565  
When at the featly joinèd cot | of Tydeus' son arriv'd they,  
With wellcut thongs they fastenèd | the horses to the manger,  
Where, eating lusciousness of wheat | stood Diomêdes' horses.  
And on the poop Odysseus hung | the gory spoils of Dolon, 570  
With purpose, featly to devise | a trophy for Athèna.  
Themselves, descending on the beach, | into the waters waded,  
From feet below, to neck above, | the cleansing power courting.  
But when the billow clean had wash'd | much sweat from off their members,  
And had their hearts refresh'd, they stept | into the baths wellpolish'd. 575  
After their bodies thus were bath'd, | and with fat oil anointed,  
So sat they to the morning-meal ; | and to Athèna's honour  
The full bowl tilting, pour'd a stream | of wine, as honey luscious.

## BOOK XI.

### *Disasters of Achaian Chiefs.*

**T**HE Queen of Morning | from the bed of glorious Tithónos  
Uprose, to carry light to men | and eke to gods immortal.  
But on the sharp Achaian barks | came Strife, from Jove descending,  
Noisome, who bare within her hands | battle's portentous ensign :  
And stood upon the dusky hull, | huge-bellied, of Odysseus, 5  
Which midmost of the galleys lay | for shout both ways adapted,  
Alike toward the tented camp | of Telamônian Aias  
And to Achilles' bands, which haul'd | their evenbalanc'd galleys  
Last on the strand, on bravery | and strength of hands reliant.  
There did the goddess station her | and shouted sharp and dreadful 10  
With voice highlifted, breathing-in | to each Achaian bosom  
Vigour immense, unceasingly | to toil in war and combat.  
And sweeter suddenly became | the battle, than the voyage  
Unto their native land below'd | on smoothly-rounded galleys.  
The son of Atreus, shouting, bade | the Argive host for battle 15  
To gird them : midmost he himself | in dazzling brass equipp'd him.  
First on his shins the dapper greaves, | with silver anklets fitted,  
Arrang'd he ; next, to guard his breast, | enwraught him in a corslet,  
Which erst from Kínyras he gat | as hospitable token, 20  
What time to Cyprus spread abroad | high tiding, that the Argives  
Would shortly on their galleys sail | against the land of Troas.  
Therefore on him bestow'd he it, | to gratify the monarch.  
Ten stripes of blue and dusky steel | ran o'er its polish'd surface ;  
Its stripes of gold were six and six, | but those of tin were twenty. 25  
Toward the neck, three on each side, | the forms of dark blue serpents  
Did arch them, like to heav'nly bows ; | the which upon the welkin  
May Cronides set forth,—a sign | to voice-dividing mortals.  
Next slung he round his shoulders' breadth | the cutlass brightly studded 30  
With gold ; within a silver sheath, | which hung on golden braces.  
Above, he took his furious shield, | much-crafty, man-encircling,

Round which ten brazen circles ran. | On the fair front in centre,  
 Mid twenty bosses of white tin, | one of blue steel protruded. 35  
 Upon it Gorgon horrid-ey'd, | the outmost border filling,  
 Cast dreadful glances ; and around | sat Flight and Consternation.  
 The strap with silver was encas'd : | o'er it an azure serpent  
 Was twin'd with three out-gazing heads, | forth from one neck proceeding. 40  
 But on his head a casque he set | with double ridge, four tufted,  
 Bushy with horsetail : dreadfully | the plume above it nodded.  
 A pair of valiant spears he grasp'd, | with tips of copper sharpen'd,  
 And from them shone the yellow gleam | afar into the heaven.  
 From Juno and Ath ena then | in honour to Atrides, 45  
 Lord of Myk nai rich in gold, | did claps of thunder echo.

So to his proper charioteer | each chief gave urgent bidding,  
 There on the moat in order due | to stay their steeds expectant :  
 But they themselves on foot, | with arms and panoply accoutred,  
 Stream'd wildly ; and from early dawn | incessant rose the clamour. 50  
 Before the charioteers they reach'd | the moat, all fitly marshall'd.  
 Nor long the charioteers behind | were left ; but bad disorder  
 Did Cronos' son among them rouse ; | and from the lofty heaven  
 Sent mistiness of gory dew ; | sin as he now was minded,  
 Headlong to fling to Aides | full many a valiant spirit. 55

Along a swelling of the plain, | on other side, the Troians  
 Round generous Polydamas | and mighty Hector rallied,  
 And round Aineias, whom the folk, | e'en as a god, did honour ;  
 With these, Ant enor's children three ; | brave P olybos, Ag enor,  
 And youthful Acamas, who bare | the form of an immortal. 60  
 But Hector held in front his shield, | which equal was on all sides.  
 And as a deadly star is seen, | from out the clouds emerging,  
 Allradiant, and then again | in cloudy darkness sinketh ;  
 So at one moment Hector did | among the foremost show him,  
 Among the rearmost otherwhile, | to urge them ; and as lightning 65  
 From Jove the  egis-holding sire, | he flash'd with brass all over.

As, on some wealthy lord's domain, | the reapers, adverse hasting,  
 With wheat or barley line their track, | and thick the swathes lie prostrate :  
 So Troians and Achaians then, | one on the other leaping, 70  
 Made havock, nor did either side | take thought of deadly terror,  
 But raging darted on, like wolves, | and equal in the struggle  
 Both held their heads ; and moanful Strife | look'd down and was delighted.  
 For She was with the combatants, | alone of the immortals :  
 No other gods were there ; but all | sat in their chambers quiet, 75  
 Where, in Olympos' coombs, for each | fair palaces were builded.  
 On Cronos' gloomy-clouded child | they all did cast reproaches,  
 For-that upon the Tr oians | he will'd to lavish glory.  
 Nor ear'd the Father for their wrath ; | but, with himself secluded, 80

Apart from all the other gods, | sat glorying in grandeur,  
Gazing upon Achaia's barks, | and on the Trojan city,  
And on the flash of brazen arms, | the victors and the vanquish'd.

While that the morning lasted still | and sacred day was waxing,  
So long from either side the darts | did fly, and people perish : 85

But at what hour to early meal | in thickets of a mountain  
The woodman turns him, when his hands | felling tall trees, are weary ;  
Glutted with toil, his soul | by love of pleasant food is captur'd ;  
At this same hour the Dánaï | burst thro' the bands by valour, 90

Urging their comrades, rank by rank. | But foremost Agamemnon  
Forth sallied, and a hero slew, | a shepherd of the people,  
Biânor ; and his comrade next, | Oïleus courser-smiting.  
Oïleus from his chariot | leapt down, and stood to meet him :

But he with pointed javelin | smote straight upon his forehead ; 95  
Nor might the helmet's rim resist, | heavy with brass ; but thro' it  
Mid bone and brain the weapon tare, | and quell'd his eager hurry.

But Agamemnon, lord of men, | there both of them abandon'd,  
With naked breasts all glistening, | since he had stript their armour. 100

Thereon, to slay and spoil he sped | at Antiphos and Isos,  
Two sons of Priam, noble *one*, | *one* born of meaner mother,  
Both in a single chariot : | the charioteer was Isos ;  
But royal Antiphos the spear | did wield : both these Achilles  
Once at the foot of Ida caught | the sheep of Priam tending, 105

Bound them with tender withy-bands, | but set them free for ransom.  
Them widely reigning Atreus' son, | the hero Agamemnon,

Hit with his spear upon the chest | the *one*, above the bosom ;  
But with his cutlass by the ear | smote Antiphos, and cast him  
Down from the car : then hurrying | he stript their beauteous armour, 110

Knowing them ; sin as both he saw | beside the pointed galleys,  
What time Achilles, fleet of foot, | of yore from Ida brought them.

And as a lion, springing light | upon the helpless children  
Of a swift hind, doth easily | betwixt his strong teeth crunch them,  
Coming within their lair, and quick | their tender life doth ravish ; 115

And she, if haply nigh she be, | yet not the more availeth  
For succour ; nay, but she herself | by trembling dire is smitten,

And, at the stalwart beast's attack, | in sweat of terror rusheth  
Bounding across the tangled brake | and thro' the forest darting :

So eke of all the Trôians | not one might then destruction 120  
Parry from these ; for all were scar'd, | nor dar'd to meet the Argives.

Then royal Agamemnon met | two war-abiding heroes,  
Sons of a skillfulhearted sire, | Antínachos ; who chiefly  
Forbade to render Helen back | to auburn Menelâos ;

For, brilliant gifts of gold had he | from Alexander taken. 125  
Peisander and Hippólochos, | his sons, together driving,

Both in a single chariot, | the mighty king encounter'd.  
 A sudden tremor palsied them : | they dropp'd the reins resplendent  
 Out of their hands : but Atreus' son, | resistless as a lion,  
 Rose opposite : then from the car | they suppliantly pleaded : 130  
 " Save us alive, O Atreus' son ! | and take a worthy ransom :  
 For with Antimachos at home | are large possessions treasur'd,  
 Many and costly ; brass and gold | and many-fashion'd iron :  
 Lightly our father will from these | with boundless ransom please thee,  
 Soon as he learns of us alive | beside th' Achaian galleys." 135  
 So did the Troian brothers twain | weeping address the monarch  
 With words of rueful gentleness ; | but ruthless was the answer :  
 " If ye for father have in | truth Antimachos the crafty,  
 Who once,—when Menelâos came | on embassy from Argos,  
 With sage Odyssees, peer of gods, | —in council of the Troians 140  
 Did urge to kill them there, nor grant | a safe return to heralds ;  
 Now shall ye suitably repay | your sire's unseemly outrage."  
 Speaking, he flung his spear, and pierc'd | Peisander in the bosom,  
 Hurl'd from the car to earth : who there | with face upturn'd lay heavy.  
 But from the car Hippólochos | leapt down : him too he slaughter'd, 145  
 Chopt off the hands he rais'd to pray, | and smote his neck asunder ;  
 Then, like a ninepin sent his trunk | to roll amid the tumult.  
 These he abandon'd ; but, where'er | the bands were thickest justled,  
 Thither he rush'd, and eke the rest | of trimly greav'd Achaians.  
 By footmen were the footmen slain, | when these to flight were driven ; 150  
 By charioteers the charioteers ; | and from the plain beneath them  
 Thick rose the dust, which thundering | the feet of horses trampled,  
 Amid the havock of the spear : | but royal Agamemnon  
 Incessant slaying, follow'd hard, | and still did urge his Argives.  
 As when upon a scrubby copse | destructive fire alighteth, 155  
 And by the curling wind abroad | is carried, but the bushes  
 Fall, ravag'd to the stump, beneath | the burning of its fury :  
 So fell in dust beneath the might | of royal Agamemnon  
 The heads of Troians fugitive ; | and many high-neck'd coursers  
 Rattled their empty chariots | along the battle's causeys, 160  
 Missing their noble charioteers ; | who on the earth lay prostrate,  
 To vultures a far sweeter sight | than to their tender consorts.  
 But Hector was by Jupiter | from hail of darts withholden,  
 From hero-murder and from gore, | from dust and loud alarum.  
 Then Atreus' son chas'd vehement, | the Danaï inciting. 165  
 Meanwhile the foe stream'd city-ward | in flight, beside the fig-tree,  
 Where ancient Ilos, Dardan seed, | in signal tomb reposesh,  
 Amid the plain : but Atreus' son | did still with yell of battle  
 Chase, and his hands intractable | from carnage were bespatter'd.  
 But when the fleeing Troians reach'd | the Skaian gates and beechtree, 170



There form'd they, rallying, a band, | and waited one for other.  
 Yet many o'er the breadth of plain | drave wide, like kine affrighted,  
 To whom, in murkiness of night, | a lion, coming sudden,  
 Scareth the herd, and swift on one | with deadly doom alighteth.  
 Seiz'd by his stalwart teeth, at once | his victim's neck is broken : 175  
 Thereafter, swilleth he the blood, | and all her entrails gorgeth.  
 So were they chas'd by Atreus' son | wide-reigning Agamemnon,  
 Who alway slew the hindmost man, | and scar'd the rest before him.  
 And many from their chariots | on face or back lay prostrate  
 Beneath Atrides ; for, his spear | rag'd aye around and foremost. 180  
 But when he haply soon would reach | beneath the city's circuit  
 And lofty fortress-wall, thereat | the Sire of gods and mortals,  
 From heav'n descending to the tops | of rill-bestreamèd Ida,  
 Assum'd his royal seat, and held | within his hands the lightning,  
 Then spake his summons and command | to goldenwingèd Iris : 185  
 " Hie, hurry, speedy Iris ! bear | to Hector this injunction.—  
 While he amid the foremost foes | shall see the people's shepherd,  
 The son of Atreus, raging fierce, | the ranks of heroes wasting ;  
 So long let him from fight withhold, | but bid the other people  
 Against the foemen to contend | amid the hardy struggle. 190  
 But if a spear-thrust wound the king, | or if an arrow reach him,  
 And he upon his car shall leap ; | then puissance I to Hector  
 Vouchsafe, to conquer, till he reach | the featly-plankèd galleys,  
 When, at his western goal, the Sun | shall yield to sacred darkness."  
 He spake ; nor disobedient | was stormy-footed Iris, 195  
 But down to sacred Ilion | she sped from heighths of Ida.  
 There found she godlike Hector, son | of skilfulhearted Priam,  
 Amid the featly-joinèd cars | and harness'd horses standing.  
 Then Iris fleet of foot drew near, | and stood, and spake her message.  
 " O Hector, Priam's son, to Jove | in weight of counsel equal ! 200  
 Me hath sire Jupiter sent forth | to thee this word to carry.  
 While thou amid the foremost foes | shalt see the people's shepherd,  
 The son of Atreus, raging fierce, | the ranks of heroes wasting,  
 So long do thou from fight withhold, | but bid the other people  
 Against the foemen to contend | amid the hardy struggle. 205  
 But if a spear-thrust wound the king, | or if an arrow reach him,  
 And he upon his car shall leap ; | then Jove to thee doth puissance  
 Vouchsafe, to conquer, till thou reach | the featly-plankèd galleys,  
 When, at his western goal, the Sun | shall yield to sacred darkness."  
 So utter'd Iris fleet of foot, | and with the word departed. 210  
 Then Hector from his chariot | leapt to the ground in armour.  
 Two pointed jav'lins brandishing, | thro' all the army went he,  
 Enheartening his men, and rous'd | the deadly whoop of tribesmen.  
 Then did they gather to a ball, | and stood against th' Achaians.

The Argives on the other side | their close battalions strengthen'd : 215  
 So in fair order fronting stood | the ranks : but Agamemnon  
 Was first to sally, coveting | the battle's foremost glory.  
 O tell me now, ye Muses, | who hold dwellings on Olympos,  
 What warrior did foremost stand | confronting Agamemnon,  
 Or of th' illustrious allies, | or of themselves the Troians. 220  
 Iphidamas, Antênor's son, | a man both tall and comely,  
 Who on the loamy soil of Thrace, | parent of sheep, was nurtur'd.  
 Kisseus, the Thracian prince,—the sire | of daintycheek'd Theano,  
 His mother,—in the palaces | did nurture him when little.  
 When years advancing stablish'd him | complete with manhood's glory, 225  
 Still would the king detain him there, | and tenderèd his daughter.  
 So from the bridal chamber he, | at rumour of th' Achaians,  
 Arriv'd with hornèd galleys twelve, | which sail'd beneath his guidance.  
 But in Percôta left he then | the even-balanc'd galleys,  
 And came on foot to Ilion, | the city of his father. 230  
 Such hero foremost now (I say) | confronted Agamemnon.  
 When they to shorter distance came, | advancing each on other,  
 The son of Atreus miss'd his mark, | the weapon sideways glancing :  
 On other side Iphidamas | beneath the corslet reach'd him,  
 Upon the girdle, rushing close, | and thrust with weighty effort. 235  
 Yet did the girdle's work complex | resist him : for, the weapon,  
 Like lead, was blunted in the shock, | nor might travèrse the silver.  
 Wide-reigning Agamemnon then, | with lion-fury grasping  
 The spear-shaft, tugg'd it to himself : | so from his hand he pluck'd it ;  
 Then with the sword he smote his neck, | and cast his body helpless. 240  
 So (sight of pity !) fell he there, | and slept a brazen slumber,  
 For succour to his citizens ; | far from his wedded consort,  
 His first-belov'd, his beautiful, | scarce seen, and dearly purchas'd.  
 For her a hundred kine he gave | at once ; and eke behote he  
 Further, a thousand goats and sheep, | which countless cropp'd his pastures. 245  
 Then did Atrides, stooping low, | despoil the lifeless body,  
 And to th' Achaian troop retir'd, bearing the beauteous armour.  
 But when Antênor's eldest son, | Cóon, of heroes signal,  
 Discern'd his brother's fall, his eyes | were dimm'd by grief distressful. 250  
 With sideways spearthrust came he on, | by godlike Agamemnon  
 Unseen, and smote him in the arm, | beneath the bend of elbow :  
 Right thro' the flesh he pierc'd, until | the point beyond it glitter'd.  
 Then Agamemnon, lord of men, with sudden pang did shudder,  
 Yet, even so, desisted not | from hardiment of battle, 255  
 But quick on Cóon threw himself | the spear wind-nurtur'd bearing.  
 He by the foot was dragging off | Iphidamas his kinsman,

Son of his father, eagerly ; | to all the bravest shouting :  
 But with the brazenheaded pike, | beneath his bossy buckler,  
 The monarch reach'd him in the side, | and cast his body helpless, 260  
 And there beside Iphidamas | the brother's corpse beheaded.  
 So then Antenor's offspring twain | beneath the king Atreides  
 Fill'd up their destiny of life | and sank to Pluto's dwelling.

Now while as from the gash his blood | well'd fresh and warm, assail'd he,  
 With spear and sword and mighty stones | the ranks of other heroes. 265  
 But after-that the wound was stiff, | and all the gore was clotted,  
 Then thro' the frame of Atreus' son | sank pangs of thrilling anguish.

As when the lancing thro' assails | a woman in her travail,  
 Sharp darted from the goddesses | who wait on painful childbirth, 270  
 Daughters of Juno, anguish-fraught | to every mortal mother ;  
 So thro' the frame of Atreus' son | sank pangs of thrilling anguish.

Into the car he sprang, and charg'd | the charioteer to speed him  
 Unto the smoothly-rounded barks : | for sore his heart was smitten.  
 But to the Danaï abroad | with piercing voice he shouted : 275

“ Oh friends, who to the Argive folk | are governours and leaders !  
 To *you* I leave it, to defend | the sea-careering galleys  
 From noisome battle-cry ; for Jove, | the Counsellor, allows not  
*Me* with the Trôians to wait | the livelong day in combat.”

So spake he : but the driver lash'd | the glossy-coated horses 280  
 Unto the smoothly-rounded barks : and nothing loth they gallop'd.  
 Their breasts with streaks of foam were white, | the dust their bellies spatter'd ;  
 While from the fight they bare away | the sorely-gallèd monarch.

But Hector, when afar he saw | the back of Agamemnon,  
 Loud shouted to the Trôians, | and Lycians and Dardans : 285

“ Dardans, who hand to hand contend, | and Lycians and Troians !  
 Be men, my friends, and earnestly | brave enterprize remember.  
 Gone is a hero-chief ; and now | Jove Cronides hath given  
 To me high boast ; but drive ye straight | the single-hoofèd horses  
 Against the valiant Danaï, | to win a nobler glory.” 290

He, by such words, in every breast | spirit and strength excited.  
 As when in haunts of savagery | against a boar or lion  
 A huntsman may with cheery shout | bestir the white-tooth'd houndès,  
 So Hector, Priam's son, a peer | to Ares, pest of mortals,  
 Against Achaians did bestir | the mighty-hearted Troians. 295

Himself with thoughts of arrogance | stept on among the foremost,  
 And into thickest struggle dash'd, | like to a high tornado,  
 Which on a sea of violet | with stormy scuffle plungeth.

Then who was first, and who was last, | a victim and a booty  
 To Hector, son of Priamos, | when Jove to glory rais'd him ? 300

First was Assaios ; after him | Autonoös, Opítes,  
 Opheltios, and Clytos' son | Dolops, and Agelâos,  
 And Oros and Æsymnos, with | Hippónoös war-biding.  
 Such leaders of the Danaï | o'ertook he ; next, the many.  
 As when with massy tempest-stroke | the driving Westwind scareth 305  
 Clouds by the brilliant Southwind brought, | and many a curdy billow  
 Onward is roll'd, and far aloft | the crests of foam are scatter'd  
 By huffling of the fitful gale ; | so then by hand of Hector  
 Thickly fell prostrate on the field | the crests of Argive heroes.  
 Then deeds beyond repair had been, | and carnage out of number, 310  
 And now the fleeing Argive host | would haply reach their galleys,  
 But that Odyssees cried aloud | to Diomed Tydides :  
 " Tydides ! say, what ailing us, | brave enterprize forget we.  
 Come, gentle heart ! and stand by me ; | for troth ! it were a scandal,  
 If that our galleys captur'd were | by motley-helmèd Hector." 315  
 To him with words reciprocal | spake stalwart Diomêdes :  
 " Stand will I fast, and bear what comes : | yet short delight awaits us :  
 Sin as to Troians, more than us, | darkclouded Jove is kindly."  
 Speaking, he flung his spear, and hurl'd | Thymbraios from his horses, 320  
 Through the left bosom smitten deep : | and after him Odyssees  
 Struck down Molion, peer of gods, | squire to the hero fallen.  
 Those then they left upon the ground, | for ever stay'd from battle.  
 Then plunging mid the throng, the twain | made riot ; as, resistless,  
 Rush on the houndès two wild boars | on haughty soul reliant. 325  
 So, sallying from bay, did these | make havock of the Troians ;  
 Glad respite thus th' Achaians gain'd, | escaping godlike Hector.  
 The twain o'ermaster'd next a car, | and in it two bold brethren  
 Chiefs of the people. Verily | their sire, Percôtan Merops,  
 (To spell the future, skillfulest | was he,) forbade his children 330  
 To hero-wasting war to march : | but they his word obey'd not :  
 For why ? the Fates to gloomy death | the youths unknowing hurried.  
 So from their bodies Tydeus' son, | spear-famous Diomêdes,  
 Emptied the spirit and the life, | and stripp'd their beauteous armour.  
 Eke by Odyssees slaughter'd were | two champions of Troas, 335  
 Hippódamos the one was nam'd, | Hypefrochos the other.  
 Thereat, from Ida looking down, | Jove Cronides the balance  
 Of deadly combat even set. | The spear of Diomêdes  
 Pierc'd in the hip Agástrophos, | a hero-son of Paion : 340  
 Nor were his coursers nigh, for flight ; | —and ruinous the folly.  
 But them his driver held afar : | meanwhile, on foot, their master  
 Rag'd thro' the van of war, until | his tender life was forfeit.  
 But Hector mid the ranks descried | the twain, and rush'd against them  
 With yell of battle : after him | the bands of Troians follow'd.  
 But Diomêdes, good at need, | at sight of Hector, shudder'd, 345

Then to Odysseus, standing near, | a sudden word address'd he :

“ On *us* now rolleth this annoy, | this burly weight of Hector :  
But let us stand and hold our ground, | and sturdily repel him.”

He spake, and poising, forward threw | the spear with lengthy shadow,  
And struck unerringly his mark, | the margin of the helmet. 350

But from the brass the brass did glance ; | so his fair skin it reach'd not,  
Warded by bright Apollo's gift, | the triple-plated vizor.

But Hector stagger'd back afar, | quick with his people mingling :  
There to his knees the hero sank, | on his broad hand supported, 355

Low on the ground : and clos'd his eyes | in swoon of dismal darkness.

But while the son of Tydeus went | his weapon to recover,

Afar, across the foremost ranks, | where on the earth it lighted,

Meantime did Hector breath regain, | and on the seat ascending  
Back drave unto the multitude, | and gloomy Fate avoided. 360

Then, chasing with the javelin, | spake stalwart Diomêdes :

“ Hound ! thou again hast death escap'd : | yet verily the mischief

Did miss thee barely : now anew | hath bright Apollo sav'd thee ;

To whom, I ween, in din of darts | adventuring, thou prayest.

But when hereafter thee I meet, | I surely shall dispatch thee, 365

If I too find among the gods | some backer of my prowess.

But now on others, whomsoe'er | I catch, shall be my onset.”

He spake ; and straight from Paion's son | spear-famous, stript the armour.

Meanwhile, where by the mason's hand | a rocky tomb was builded

To Ilos, Dardan progeny, | an ancient of the people, 370

Hard by, behind a pillar hid, | did Bowman Alexander,

Lord of the bryghthair'd Helen, crouch | to shoot against Tydides

Shepherd of peoples ; who, at ease, | would snatch the motley corslet

From breast of brave Agástrophos, | and buckler from his shoulders,

And sturdy helmet : but the foe, | his bow to circle straining, 375

Twang'd it : nor vainly did the shaft | speed from his hand, but lighted

On the right foot, amid the sole ; | and thro' and thro', the arrow

Piercing, within the ground was fix'd. | Then gladly laughed the archer,

And from his ambush bounded forth, | and spake a word of vaunting :

“ It wounded thee : nor sped my shaft | in vain : might Heaven grant me 380

To hit thee in thy lowest lap, | and rieve thy noisome spirit !

So would the Trôians at length | have from thy mischief respite,

Who now avoid thee, shuddering, | as bleating goats the lion.”

But, nought dismay'd, to him replied | the stalwart Diomêdes :

“ O archer, contumelious, | horn-brilliant, damsel-gazer ! 385

Wouldest thou try, in arms complete, | to meet my close encounter,

No succour then thy bow should bring, | nor all thy sheaves of arrows.

385. *Horn-brilliant*, proud of thy horn-bow? It is possibly a real *pun*, having as secondary sense, “ proud of thy topknot of hair.”

Now, that my footsole thou hast grazed, | thus fruitlessly thou boastest.  
 Nor more care I, than if thou wert | a silly boy or woman :  
 For of a pithless worthless man | unwarlike is the battle. 390  
 Far otherwise in sooth from *me* | the touch of spear is proven,  
 If small of surface, sharp in smart, | and quick to slay the foeman.  
 His wife with mangled cheeks is left, | in orphanhood his children,  
 On crimson'd earth he rots ; and round, | more vultures watch than women."  
 He spake ; and close before him stood | the spear-renowned Odyssees, 395  
 While Diomêdes sat behind, | and tugg'd the stinging arrow  
 Out of his foot : but thro' his flesh | thrill'd pitiable anguish.  
 Into the car he sprang, and charg'd | the charioteer to speed him  
 Unto the smoothly-rounded barks ; | for sore his heart was smitten. 400  
 Thereon Odyssees spear-renown'd | was lonely left ; for no one  
 Of Argives by his side abode, | but fear had all o'ermaster'd.  
 Then he in indignation spake | to his own haughty spirit :  
 " Alas ! what now for me is left ? | to turn my back, were shameful,  
 Fearing the crowd ; yet worse it were, | if lonely I be captur'd. 405  
 And all the other Dánaï | Jove Cronides hath frighted.  
 But ah ! why holdest thou, fond heart ! | within me such discourses ?  
 For, cowards—well of old I know— | withdraw them from the battle ;  
 But whoso playeth champion | in warfare, him behoveth  
 To stand right sturdily his ground, | and conquer or be conquer'd." 410  
 While he in bosom and in soul | such controversy bandied,  
 Meanwhile the shielded Trôians | in close array were present,  
 And to the middle driving him, | would coop the danger inmost.  
 As when on traces of a boar | do lusty youths and houndès  
 Hurry in eager chase ; but he | from a deep thicket rusheth, 415  
 Whetting his tusk of ivory | amid his jaws loud-gnashing ;  
 Yet round they stream, and on the spot | dire tho' he be, await him ;  
 So then Odyssees, dear to Jove, | was by the Troians circled.  
 But he, upspringing, first assail'd | the noble Deiopites, 420  
 High on the shoulder ; after him | on E'nnomos and Thoön  
 Fell deadly ; then Chersídamas, | down from his horses hasting,  
 Beneath the bossy shield he reach'd, | and pierc'd him in the navel :  
 So in the dust he fell, the earth | with gripe convulsive clutching. 425  
 These then he left ; but with the spear | another chief he wounded,  
 Charops,—to Híppasos a son ; | to lordly Socos, brother.  
 But Socos, man of godlike form, | hied quickly to his succour ;  
 Who at short distance took his stand, | and spake unto Odyssees :  
 " Odyssees ! rich of lore and wiles, | insatiate of labour ! 430  
 Over two sons of Híppasos | shalt thou to-day have triumph,  
 That thou hast two such heroes slain, | and eke despoil'd their armour,  
 Or else beneath my spear laid low, | thyself of life be rievèd."  
 He spake, and thrusting struck the shield, | which equal was on all sides.

Right thro' the shield's resplendency | hurtled the massy weapon, 435  
 And thro' the corslet's crafty work | with force uncheck'd was planted,  
 And from the ribs stript all the skin : | yet not did maid Athêna  
 Suffer its lengthy point to reach | the vitals of the hero.

Full well Odyssees knew, himself, | not mortal was its errand,  
 And back his step withdrawing, gave | his answer unto Socos : 440

“ Ah, wretched man ! on *thee* in sooth | now deadly fate alighteth :  
*Me* truly thou awhile hast stay'd | from fight against the Troians ;  
 But upon *thee*, behight I here | shall gloomy fate and carnage  
 This day alight ; and thou, beneath | my spear, cast low, shalt furnish  
 To me a glory, and a life | to charioteering Pluto.” 445

He spake ; but Socos, drawing back, | would unto flight betake him.  
 But ere he might escape, the spear, | between his shoulders planted,  
 Made thro' the helpless back its way, | and drave into his bosom :  
 So dropt he with a crash : thereat | divine Odyssees vaunted :

“ O Socos ! son of Híppasos | wise-hearted, courser-taming ! 450  
 Quickly hath death o'erhended thee, | nor mightest thou escape me.  
 Ha, never, wretched man ! for thee | shall sire and queenly mother  
 In sleep of death thy eyelids close ; | but wrangling fowl shall pluck thee  
 With rawdevouring beak, and spread | their huddling wings around thee.  
 But me the Achâians divine, | whene'er I die, shall bury.” 455

He spake, and drew the massy spear | of skilfulhearted Socos  
 Out of his wounded flesh, and eke | from out the bossy buckler :  
 But from himself the blood meanwhile | gush'd out, and griev'd his spirit.  
 And when the Troians loftsoul'd | beheld Odyssees bleeding,  
 They in thick number rush'd on him | with mutual exhorting. 460

But he, a little, back withdrew, | and to his comrades shouted.  
 Thrice did he lift his voice, as high | as one man's throat may compass,  
 And thrice did warlike Ménelas | receive the voice high-lifted ;  
 Then suddenly his thought he spake | to Aias, near him standing :

“ Chieftain of peoples ! brood of Jove ! | O Telamonian Aias ! 465  
 My ears are circled by the voice | of hardy-soul'd Odyssees,  
 In semblance like to that, as tho' | the Trôians had caught him  
 Alone, by force o'ermastering, | amid the hardy struggle.  
 But hurry we along the crowd ; | far better 'tis to succour.  
 For our brave friend I fear, lest he, | cut off among the Troians, 470  
 Be harm'd, and to the Dánai | bequeath a mighty sorrow.”

He spake, and led the way : behind | the godlike hero follow'd.  
 Then soon Odyssees, dear to Jove, | they found ; and Troians round him  
 Swarm'd, as a pack of red wild dogs | upon the mountain gather 475  
 Around a hornèd stag, whose side | a shaft hath pierc'd. Escaping,  
 He hurrieth, while warm his blood, | and while his knees spring onward,  
 Till the swift arrow conquers : then | the mountain-dogs raw-craving  
 Rend him within a shady holt : | but if the god bring thither 480

A baleful lion, quick the dogs | disperse, and yield the quarry.  
 So then the Troians, numerous | and gallant, through'd Odysseus  
 Well-skill'd in various enterprize | and counsel : but the hero  
 Still with his weapon sallying | repell'd the rueful moment.  
 But Aias nearer came, his shield | like to a tower bearing, 485  
 And stood beside him : quickly then | the foes dispers'd in panic,  
 And Ménelas by Ares lov'd | out of the tumult led him,  
 Holding him by the hand, until | the squire drove close his horses.  
 But Aias on the Troians sprang | and slew a son of Priam,  
 Dorýelos, mean on mother's side ; | then Pándocos he wounded 490  
 And Pýrasos in close attack, | Lysander and Pylartes.  
 As when an overflowing brook | down from the mountains cometh  
 On to the plain with tossing gush, | by storms from Jove escorted,  
 And many a dry and rotten oak, | and many a pine it beareth,  
 And slime and rubbish plentiful | into the salt wave casteth ; 495  
 So then did gallant Aias deal, | filling the plain with turmoil,  
 Horses and heroes slaughtering. | Nor yet did Hector hear it ;  
 For by Scamander's bank afar | he on the left was fighting.  
 Where chiefly heads of heroes fell | and clamour rose incessant, 500  
 Round warrior Idómeneus | and round the mighty Nestor.  
 With these did Hector company ; | and ruthless deeds achiev'd he  
 By spear and charioteering skill, | the bands of young men wasting.  
 Nor the divine Achaians yet | before him had retreated,  
 Unless that bryghthair'd Helen's lord, | the bowman Alexander, 505  
 Had stay'd Machâon, champion | and shepherd of the peoples,  
 In his right shoulder piercing him | with triple-barbèd arrow.  
 For him th' Achaians, breathing might, | were sore afraid, lest haply,  
 If that the battle change its course, | the foemen overhend him.  
 Then instantly Idómeneus | accosted godlike Nestor : 510  
 " Oh Nestor, Neleus' progeny, | great glory of th' Achaians,  
 Haste, mount upon thy chariot : | beside thee take Machâon,  
 And to the galleys swiftly drive | the singlehoofèd horses.  
 Surely a sage chyrurgeon, | skilful to cut out arrows  
 And overspread assuagements soft, | hath many fighters' value." 515  
 He spake : to him the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor hearken'd,  
 And straightway mounted on his car, | and took with him Machâon,  
 The son of Aiseulapios, | chyrurgeon accomplish'd :  
 And flogg'd the coursers, nothing loth | in flying race to speed them  
 Unto the smoothly-rounded barks, | whither their wishes hasted. 520  
 But from afar, Kebríones, | the charioteer of Hector,  
 Saw tumult in the Trojan ranks | and thus address'd his leader :  
 " O Hector, here upon the skirts | of harshly braying combat  
 We twain do many a bargain hold | with Danaï ; but elsewhere,—  
 Horses and men promiscuous, | the Troians are in tumult. 525



Aias, the son of Têlamôn, | doth rout them : well I know him ;  
 For ample beareth he the shield, | around his shoulders hanging.  
 We therefore,—thither let us guide | our chariot and horses,  
 Where horse and footmen signally, | propounding evil quarrel,  
 In carnage mutual are caught, | and uncheck'd clamour riseth." 530

So spake Kebríones, and lash'd | the glossy-coated horses  
 With the shrillsounding scourge : | but they, to the sharp smack attentive,  
 Did quickly speed the chariot | mid Troians and Achaians,  
 Tramping on shields and carcasses. | Beneath the car the axle,  
 And the broad rims orbicular, | with gore of men were pelted, 535  
 Splash'd from the tires and horses' hoofs. | But eager he to enter  
 And rend the tangled human maze, | leapt in ; and dire disorder  
 Hurl'd on the Danaï ; and gave | of spear but scant remission.  
 With lance and sword and mighty stones | in ranks of other heroes 540  
 Right busy, he the battle shunn'd | of Telamônian Aias.

But Jove the lofty-benchèd sire | pour'd terror into Aias.  
 Heart-smitten, he behind him threw | his sevenhided buckler,  
 And gaz'd in tremor at the throng, | like some wild beast, receding 545  
 With knees scarce parting in the step, | and stood and turn'd alternate.  
 And as when dogs and rustic men | have chas'd a flame-hued lion  
 From the mid yard ; and watching keen | thro' the long night, forbid him  
 To pick the fattest of the kine ; | forward and back he springeth, 550  
 Hungry and foil'd ; for, darts thick flung | from sturdy hands repel him,  
 And burning brands, which harry him, | albeit fierce his onset ;  
 And in the morning, sorely griev'd | and empty, off he passeth :  
 So Aias from the Troians then | withdrew him, right unwilling, 555  
 And sore of heart ; for mightily | fear for the galleys mov'd him.  
 As a dull ass doth on the fields | resist the might of children,  
 Who on his hide break many a stick ; | yet he the corn doth enter  
 And crop the juicy blade ; for, vain | and infantine their effort, 560  
 And hardly may they drive him out, | when he is fill'd with fodder :  
 So then th' allies from distance call'd | and Troians haughty-hearted,  
 Thrusting with lengthy pikes against | his ample breadth of buckler,  
 Did from the ground incessant drive | great Telamônian Aias.

And Aias one time would anew | brave enterprize remember, 565  
 And turning sudden, check'd the bands | of coursertaming Troians ;  
 Elsewhile, betook him to retreat ; | yet even so, restrain'd he  
 The foeman's inroad on the ships ; | for still did he terrific  
 Twixt Troians and Achaians stand : | and spears with onward errand 570  
 Flung from bold hands, stood partly fix'd | within his mighty buckler,  
 And others midway numerous, | for glut of carnage greedy,  
 Ere the fair skin they might attain, | harmless in earth were planted.

When thereupon Ευρύπυλος, | Euaimon's brilliant offspring,  
 Descried the hero sorely press'd | by hail of darts relentless, 575

Close at his side he took his stand, | and hurl'd his shining weapon,  
 And hit a shepherd of the folk, | Phausides Apisâon,  
 Where lies the liver nethermost, | and straight unstrung his sinews ;  
 Then onward rush'd he, and would strip | the armour from his shoulders.  
 But godlike Alexander saw, | and at the hero aiming, 580  
 Into Eurýpylos' right thigh | did straightway send an arrow.—  
 The shaft was broken in the flesh, | and sore the limb disabled :  
 So, back he to his comrade-troop | retreated, fate avoiding.  
 Then to the Dánaï abroad | with piercing voice he shouted : 585  
 “ O friends, who to the Argive folk | are governours and leaders,  
 Rally, and ward the rueful day | from Aias, who by weapons  
 Direly is press'd, and scarce may scape | from harshly braying battle.  
 But front, and meet your champion, | great Telamônian Aias.” 590  
 When thus the wounded hero cried, | they clos'd their ranks and hurried,  
 With spears extended, shields aslant, | till Aias came and met them :  
 And quickly fac'd he round, | when first he reach'd his troop of comrades.  
 While thus in guise of blazing fire, | on either part they battled, 595  
 The mares of Nestor sweating bare | out of the war Machâon,  
 Shepherd of peoples, with their lord. | As on they sped them urgent,  
 From far the trusty-footed prince, | divine Achilles, saw them  
 Rightly : for he, upon the poop | of his huge-bellied galley,  
 Stood gazing on the toil severe | and all their tearful riot. 600  
 Then from the galley shouted he, | and call'd to him Patroclus,  
 His comrade : he, within the tent, | did hear ; and forth he issued  
 A peer to Ares :—this to him | commencement was of evil.  
 Then gallant Menoitíades | did first discourses open :  
 “ Achilles ! wherefore callest me ? | wherein my service needest ?” 605  
 But him Achilles, fleet of foot, | address'd in words responsive :  
 “ O godlike Menoitíades, | to my regards most pleasing,  
 Now deem I that th' Achaian kings | will fall in supplication  
 Around my knees : for need at length | unbearable hath reach'd them.  
 But now, Patroclus, dear to Jove ! | hie thee, and ask of Nestor, 610  
 What wounded hero in his car | he carrieth from battle.  
 To me his hinder aspect seem'd | all like unto Machâon,  
 The son of Aisculapios : | but his front view I saw not,  
 For-that the onward-hasting mares | shot speedily across me.”  
 Patroclus, hearing the reply, | obey'd his dear companion, 615  
 And hied to speed him by the cots | and galleys of th' Achaïans.  
 When to the cot of Neleus' son | the chariot had borne them,  
 Upon the many-feeding Earth | the heroes twain alighted.  
 Thereat the squire Eurýmedon | the old man's steeds unharness'd. 620  
 Themselves, upon the beach, would dry | the sweat from off their garments  
 In the sea-breeze ; then entering | the cot, on couches rested.  
 For them a mingled drink was made | by brightlock'd Hecamêda,

Daughter of brave Arsínoös, | whom to the aged chieftain, 625  
 For-that in counsel he excell'd, | the Achaïan choice awarded  
 From the fair isle of Ténédos, | what time Achilles sack'd it.  
 She first before them quickly plac'd | a table, fair, well-polish'd,  
 With feet of dusky blue ; and next, | on it a brazen flagon,  
 Pale honey, sacred barley-meal, | and drink-enticing onion ; 630  
 Near these, a chalice gorgeous, | with golden chasings studded,  
 Which the old man from home had brought. | Double its stem : on margin  
 Four ears stood out ; aside of each | two golden doves were feeding.  
 To move it from the board, when full, | to others cost much effort, 635  
 Yet aged Nestor easily | did from the table lift it.  
 Then with Pramnèian wine the dame, | in semblance as a goddess,  
 Mingled therein a drink for them, | and with a brazen scraper  
 First goats' cheese into it she par'd, | then barley-meal ensprinkled,  
 And bade them to indulge their hearts, | sin as the drink was ready. 640  
 When therefore from much-parching thirst | the pleasant draught had freed them,  
 By friendly intercourse of talk | did each delight the other.  
 Meanwhile Patroclos, godlike man, | before the doors was present.  
 Thereat from off his shining seat | the aged chief arising,  
 Led him within with grasp of hand | and urg'd him to be seated ; 645  
 Patroclos, he on other side | discreetly spake refusal :  
 " No seat for me, Jove-nurtur'd friend ! | nor may I be persuaded.  
 Majestie, quick to wrath, is he | who hither sent me forward,  
 To ask, what wounded chief with thee | was carried ; but already  
 I know it ; for, Machâon here, | shepherd of peoples, see I. 650  
 Now, to discharge my embassy, | return I to Achilles.  
 Well thou, Jove-nurtur'd aged friend ! | the moody passion knowest  
 Of that dread man ; who presently | mayhap would blame the blameless."  
 To him thereat the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor answer'd :  
 " But wherefore doth Achilles thus | bewEEP Achaiá's children, 655  
 Be few or many wounded sore ? | nor knoweth he how sorrow  
 Over the army wide is spread ? | sin as the Argive bravest  
 Lie prostrate at the galley-side, | by stab or flying arrow.  
 Lances have Agamemnon pierc'd, | and spear-renown'd Odyssees, 660  
 Arrows have reach'd Eurypylos | and stalwart Diomêdes ;  
 I a third arrow-wounded chief | have rescued : but Achilles,  
 Tho' valiant, for the Danaï | hath no concern nor pity.  
 Waits he, till, on the water's edge, | despite of Argive effort, 665  
 The foe's invading fire shall warm | our sharply-pointed galleys,  
 And we ourselves, line after line, | be slaughter'd ? [for no longer  
 Sinew have I, as once I had | within my buxom members.  
 O that I still were thus in youth | and unimpair'd my vigour,  
 As when of old a fray arose | twixt us and the Eleians, 670  
 What time, in strife for captur'd kine, | Itýmoneus I slaughter'd,

Brave offspring of Hypeïrochos, | who held his home in Elis.  
 Pledges of booty *we* would seize, | and *he* his kine would rescue ;  
 But from my hand a dart was flung, | and mid the foremost struck him ;  
 So down he fell ; and round the corpse | his rustic people trembled. 675  
 But booty from the plain we drave | promiseuous in plenty :  
 For, fifty were the herds of beeves, | the flocks of sheep were fifty,  
 Fifty the grazing troops of swine, | the goats' broad herds were fifty ;  
 But three times fifty were the heads | of auburn steeds we captur'd,  
 All of the gentler sex ; and foals | to many ran beside them. 680  
 These to the town by night we drave | within Neleian Pylos,  
 And glad was Neleus, that success | my early warfare greeted.  
 But when the Dawn her face had shown, | the heralds shrilly summon'd  
 All, whosoe'er on score of spoil | had claims on heav'nly Elis. 685  
 Thereat, from all the Pyliaus | the princely chiefs assembling  
 Distributed ; for many a one | was by the Epeians plunder'd,  
 When, scant in numbers, we engag'd, | and worsted were in Pylos.  
 For-that, in former years, had come | unto our loss and sorrow  
 The mightiness of Hēracles, | who slew our bravest heroes. 690  
 For, of male offspring, children twelve | were born to noble Neleus,  
 But, sole survivor, I of these | was left ; the others perish'd.  
 Therefore, contemptuous in pride, | the brazen-mail'd Epeians  
 Did contumely upon us heap | and direful doings plotted.  
 So then my parent for himself | a herd of kine selected 695  
 And a vast flock of sheep ; and pick'd | three hundred, with their keepers.  
 For, to him also, large redress | was due from heav'nly Elis.  
 For when, to join the race, he sent | a chariot and horses,—  
 Four steeds for prizes famous,—them | the prince of men Angeias 700  
 Kept ; and sent off the charioteer, | in grief to lose his horses.  
 Stung by such insult and such deeds, | my aged sire was wrathful,  
 And pick'd unstinted recompense : | the rest for distribution  
 Unto the people yielded he, | that none might miss his portion.  
 So *we* then severally dealt | the spoil, and round the city 705  
 Unto the gods did sacrifice ; | but *they*, together thronging,  
 On the third day came forth, | themselves and singlehoofed horses,  
 With common levy : mid their ranks | were arm'd the two Molions,  
 Children in age, nor wholly yet | in daring onset skillful.  
 At distance from Alpheios' banks | the city Thyroëssa 710  
 Sitteth upon a lofty knoll, | lowest in sandy Pylos :  
 Round this their warriors did spread, | all eager to destroy it.  
 But when they cover'd all the plain, | and unto *us* Athēna  
 Came from Olympos darting swift | with message to array us,  
 By night,—in Pylos gather'd she | the people not reluctant, 715  
 But burning fierce with eagerness | of war : nor me did Neleus  
 Allow to busk me for the fight, | but hid away my horses ;

Sin as (he deemèd) I not yet | had skill in feats of warfare.  
 Yet, even so, forth sallying | on foot, was I distinguish'd  
 Amid our charioteers : for so | the strife Athèna guided.— 720  
 Near to Arèna falls a stream | into the briny billow,  
 The river Minyeios : where | the charioteers of Pylos  
 Did heav'nly Dawn await : but we, | the troops afoot, flow'd onward.  
 In common levy thence we rush'd, | complete in arms accoutred,  
 And at the noon of day attain'd | Alpheios' sacred current. 725  
 Fair victims offer'd we thereat | to Jupiter o'erswaying ;  
 A bull to Neptune did we slay, | a bull unto Alpheios,  
 Lastly, a heifer of the herd | unto greyey'd Athèna.  
 Along the army, rank by rank, | we took, each man his supper,  
 And by the river-banks we slept, | each in his proper armour. 730  
 Eager to storm our city, throng'd | the lofty-soul'd Epeians,  
 But sudden now must they confront | a mighty work of Ares.  
 For when with shining beams the sun | above the earth was risen,  
 Our ranks upon them rush'd, with vows | to Jove and to Athèna. 735  
 When contest thus arose betwixt | the Pylians and Epeians,  
 First I a hero slew, and won | his singlehoofed horses,  
 The spear-renownèd Múlios ; | a prince, who held in wedlock  
 Angeias' daughter eldest-born, | the auburn Agamèda,  
 Skill'd in all medicíal drugs, | whatever broad Earth reareth. 740  
 Hinn with the brazen-pointed spear, | as he advanc'd, I piercèd :  
 So down in dust he fell ; but I, | into his car upleaping,  
 Confronted all their champions : | but the high-soul'd Epeians  
 Shrunk hither thither, panic-struck | at fall of such a hero,  
 A leader of their chariots, | a champion excelling. 745  
 Then, thro' their ranks, in darted I, | like to a gloomy tempest,  
 And captur'd fifty chariots : | beneath my weapon vanquish'd,  
 Two men from every one did gripe | the earth with bite convulsive.  
 Now had I Aetor's offspring quell'd, | the two Molion-children,  
 But that their widely reigning sire, | the great Land-shaking power, 750  
 Out of the battle rescued them | with copious mist enshrouded.  
 Then to the Pylians did Jove | vouchsafe surpassing puissance.  
 For we, across the widespread plain, | with eagerness did follow,  
 Slaying the men, and gathering | their arms and beauteous harness,  
 Until our steeds that land of wheat, | Buprasion, had enter'd, 755  
 Beside the rock of Olenos, | and, near the famous " Pillar,"  
 Aleision. There, to return, | Athèna warn'd the people.  
 There the last hero did I slay | and left him : but th' Achaians  
 To Pylos from Buprasion | back their swift horses guided,  
 All praising Jupiter of gods | but among mortals Nestor. 760  
 Such was I (would that still I were !) | mid heroes : ] but Achilles  
 Alone surviving will enjoy | his courage : much repentance

He surely, all too late, will know, | after the folk is perish'd.  
 O gentle heart ! thus verily | Menoitios did charge thee  
 Upon that day, to Atreus' son | when he from Phthia sent thee. 765  
 We two, then entering your home, | I and divine Odyssees,  
 Heard in the chambers everything, | how urgently he charg'd thee.  
 For we, the army gathering | o'er populous Achaia,  
 Came to the mansion noblyplac'd | of Peleus, prince of Phthia.  
 There found we in its ample walls | Menoitios the hero 770  
 And thee and Achilles ; meanwhile | old charioteering Peleus  
 To thunderloving Jupiter | did burn fat thighs of oxen  
 Within the cloister of his yard ; | and held a golden tankard  
 And pour'd from it the sparkling wine | upon the blazing victims.  
 So round the carcases you both | were busied : *we* before you 775  
 Stood in the threshold. Starting up | in quick surprize Achilles  
 Led us within with grasp of hand, | and urg'd us to be seated,  
 And tender'd kindly courtesy, | as is the due of strangers.  
 But when of eating and of drink | we had our pleasure taken,  
 Then foremost I our errand told, | and urg'd you, us to follow. 780  
 Willing were ye ; and they, your sires, | in many words did charge you.  
 Then aged Peleus straitly charg'd | upon his child Achilles,  
 Always to be præminent, | and play the chief to others ;  
 And Actor's son Menoitios | on thee in turn laid charges :  
 ' Truly, my child, in princely rank | Achilles standeth higher ; 785  
 Older of birth art *thou* ; but *he* | in prowess far surpasseth :  
 But drop a secret word to him | and softly make suggestion :  
 Guide him to rightful deed ; and he, | I wot, shall give compliance.'  
 So spake thy aged sire ; but thou | forgettest ; yet, be urgent  
 On skilful-hearted Achilles, | who even now may hear thee. 790  
*Who* knoweth, if with heaven's aid | thou mayest by persuasion  
 Bestir his spirit ? useful is | a comrade's exhortation.  
 But, if, with heart foreboding, he | some heav'uly danger shunneth,  
 Which, from the lips of Jupiter, | his queenly mother taught him,  
 Yet *thee* he forth may send, and eke | his Myrmidons behind thee, 795  
 (So shall thy coming haply shed | some ray of light on Argos,)  
 And bid thee in the fight to wear | his own resplendent armour ;  
 If-that perchance the Trôians, | deluded by thy semblance,  
 Stand off from battle, and hereby | Achaia's warlike children  
 Gain respite of their toil ;—and short | the respite is of warfare. 800  
 'Twere light for you unwearièd, | from off the cots and galleys,  
 Unto the city back to drive | men wearied in combat."  
 He spake ; and strongly did bestir | the hero's heart within him,  
 Who back unto Aiákides | along the galleys hasten'd.  
 But when Patroclus near the ships | of the divine Odyssees 805  
 In his career arriv'd, whereat | were built the sacred altars,

Round which the Argives causes judg'd | with ordinances holy ;  
 Here met he, limping out of war, | thigh-wounded with an arrow,  
 Eurýpylos, Euaimon's son, | a race from Jove descended.  
 Down from his head and shoulders | flow'd the sweat; and dark blood gurgled  
 Out of the fretting wound ; but still | his minî abode unclouded.—  
 Then valiant Menoitíades | did pitying behold him,  
 And, wingèd accents uttering, | sent forth a wail of sorrow :

“ Ha, wretched ! who to Dánaï | are governours and leaders ! 815  
 So then, your doom it was, afar | from friends and native country,  
 With whiteness of your fat to gorge | the nimble dogs in Troas !  
 But truly now, Eurýpylos, | Jove-murtur'd hero, tell me ;—  
 Thinkest, th' Achaians yet will stay | the burly weight of Hector ?  
 Or that, beneath his spear cast low, | they presently will perish ?” 820

Then wary-soul'd Eurypylos | confronting him responded :  
 “ Alas, Patroclus, brood of Jove ! | no fence beyond remaineth,  
 But all Achaians now will rush | and climb their dusky galleys.  
 For those who formerly bare lead, | as bravest of the Argives,  
 Lie prostrate at the galley-side | by stab or flying arrow 825  
 Beneath the hands of Trôïans, | whose strength is always fiercer.  
 But me at least save thou, and lead | unto thy dusky galley,  
 And from my thigh the arrow cut, | and wash the gore's defilement  
 Out of the wound with water warm ; | and o'er it spread assuagements  
 Salubrious and gentle ; which | (they say) Achilles taught thee, 830  
 Who was himself by Cheiron taught, | the justest of the Centaurs.  
 For of our twin chirurgeons, | Machâon, sorely wounded,  
 Lies in the cot, and needs, I ween, | himself a leech accomplish'd.  
 His brother Podaleirios,— | from him no aid may reach me ;  
 For on the plain withstandeth he | the foeman's keen encounter. 835

Then gallant Menoitíades | to him replied alternate :  
 “ Hero Eurýpylos ! what course | remaineth ? how to serve thee ?  
 To skilful-hearted Achiles | I, from Gerenian Nestor,  
 Achaian warden, go to bear | the tidings that he bade me :  
 Yet even so, in sore distress, | I may not lightly leave thee.” 840

He spake, and grasp'd beneath the breast | the shepherd of the people,  
 And led him to a cot. A squire | beholding, spread beneath him  
 Ox-hides, whereon he stretchèd him ; | then cutting, he extracted  
 The pointed arrow anguish-fraught ; | and wash'd the gore's defilement  
 With water warm ; then with his hands | he rubb'd for quick infusion 845  
 A bitter pain-assuaging root, | whereby the pangs of sorrow  
 Were all arrested ; thus was staunch'd | the wound, the blood was stoppèd.

## BOOK XII.

### Storm of the Rampart.

THUS valiant Menoitiades | within the cots was healing  
Wounded Eurypylos ; meanwhile, | the Argives and the Troians  
In diverse group of battle met. | Nor might, I ween, much longer  
The delv'd moat avail, nor yet | the rampart broad above it,  
Which, the sharp galleys to defend, | and plenteous spoil beside them, 5  
Around their fleet the Danaï | right-counselling had builded,  
Yet no illustrious hecatombs | unto the gods did offer.  
Thus, built against th' immortals' will, | not long unharm'd it lasted.  
So long as Hector was alive, | and Achilles was wrathful, 10  
And while lord Priam's city still | its day of doom averted,  
So long undamag'd eke abode | the great Achaian rampart.  
But when among the Tróians | the bravest all were perish'd,  
And whoso of the Argives liv'd | did Priam's city capture 15  
In the tenth year, and straight embark | to seek their native country ;  
Then Neptune and Apollo plann'd | to lay the rampart level,  
Turning on it the rivers' might, | which seaward flow from Ida,  
Heptáporos and Rhodios, | Carêsos and Granícos, 20  
And Rhesos and Aisêpos' stream, | and eke divine Scamander,  
And Simois, where fell in dust | full many a shield of bullhide,  
And many a triplecrested helm, | and men of gods begotten.  
But bright Apollo turn'd the mouths | of all to meet together,  
And on the rampart drave their stream | nine days ; while Jove, the quicker, 25  
Floating in sea, the walls to sweep, | did pour his rain incessant :  
And the land-shaking god himself, | in hand the trident holding,  
Led the attack, and from the depth | the stocks and stones uprooted,  
In-builded by Achaian toil, | and mix'd them with the billows,  
And to grand-flowing Hella's stream | made all the region level. 30  
Thereon the mighty shore again | with heaps of sand he cover'd,  
After the rampart flat was laid ; | and to their proper channel  
Turn'd back the rivers, where afore | ran their fair-streaming water.  
Such were the after-deeds to be | of Neptune and Apollo :  
But then did fight and clamour blaze | round the wellbuilded rampart. 35  
The timbers of the towers crash'd | oft smitten ; and the Argives,



Fainting beneath the scourge of Jove, | were hemm'd against their galleys,  
 A-scare at Priam's hardy son, | deviser of wild panic,  
 Who swept, like to a hurricane, | as heretofore, destroying. 40  
 As when mid hunter-troop and hounds | a boar or lion faceth,  
 With grim delight of strength ; but they | in close battalion dress them,  
 And, frontwise standing, shower thick | their darts, nor scare nor trouble  
 His noble spirit ; nay, his heart, | too chivalrous, but kills him ; 45  
 And oft with rally turneth he, | the hunter-ranks attempting,  
 And to what part he dasheth straight, | there yield the ranks of hunters :  
 Thus Hector thro' the maze of men | did rush, and to his comrades  
 Gave charge to cross the moat ; nor yet | his nimblefooted horses 50  
 Might dare it ; but they loud did neigh, | close on the outmost margin,  
 Affray'd by the mighty trench, | too wide for overleaping,  
 Too close for passage : all along | on either side the scarpment  
 Hung over, and sharp stakes aloft | were planted stout and many, 55  
 Which Panachia's children fix'd, | a shelter from the foeman.  
 Not easily might there the steed, | the wheelèd chariot trailing,  
 Down venture ; but the ranks of foot | did hanker to achieve it.  
 Then, standing by bold Hector's side, | Polydamas address'd him : 60  
 " Hector, and ye the rest, whosó | lead-on the allies or Troians,  
 Madly across the moat we drive | the nimblefooted horses.  
 And it, sore troublous is to pass : | for, pointed stakes within it  
 Are planted ; and anent to them | th' Achaian rampart standeth.  
 Not thither must the charioteers | go down for rash embroilment ; 65  
 For in its narrowness, I wot, | may cruel wounds assail us.  
 Now if high rumbling Jupiter, | unchangeably malignant  
 To waste the foemen, purposeth | the Tróians to succour ;  
 This surely would I greatly wish | forthwith to be accomplish'd,  
 That, far from Argos, shorn of fame, | th' Achaians here might perish. 70  
 But if they rally in recoil | and drive us from the galleys,  
 Chasing in turn, and we within | the delvèd moat be smitten ;  
 No longer then would messenger, | —I say, not one,—escaping  
 Back to the city reach, beneath | the rallying of Argos.  
 But come, as I the word shall speak, | let all compliant follow. 75  
 Let every squire upon the moat | rein up the eager horses,  
 But we ourselves on foot, with arms | and panoply accoutred,  
 Shall in a body follow close | with Hector ; but th' Achaians  
 Will not withstand, if truly Fate | her cords for them hath knotted."  
 Thus sagely spake Polydamas, | and won the heart of Hector ; 80  
 Who straightway from his chariot | leapt to the ground in armour.  
 Nor stay'd the other Tróians | upon their cars assembled,  
 But all dismounted instantly, | on seeing godlike Hector.  
 Then to his proper charioteer | each chief gave urgent order,  
 Halting before the moat in ranks | to bridle-in the horses ; 85

Themselves, in five-fold band of foot, | close to their leaders follow'd.  
 Of them the largest company | and bravest went with Hector  
 Beside the noblehearted \*seer ; | and chiefly were they eager  
 The rampart to destroy, and fight | beside the hollow galleys. 90  
 Along with these Kebríones | went third ; but by the horses  
 Hector another left, to him | inferiour in prowess.  
 Paris, Agenor, Alcathûs, | over the *next* were leaders :  
 Over the *third* Déíphobos, | and Hélenos the godlike,  
 Two sons of Priam ; but with them | went Asios the hero, 95  
 Asios, son of Hýrtacos, | whom coursers from Arisba  
 Flame-hued and stately bare along | from the Sellêis river.  
 Next came Anchíses' bonny child, | who to the *fourth* was leader,  
 Aineias ; but beside him stood | two children of Antênor,  
 Archélochos and Acamas, | in feats of arms accomplish'd. 100  
 Over the glorious *allies* | Sarpêdon was commander,  
 Who Glaucos chose beside, and eke | warlike Asteropaios :  
 For these among them seem'd to him, | for valorous distinction,  
 After himself, to stand supreme ; | but he mid all was signal.  
 Now when with frames of oxen-hide, | each clos'd upon his neighbour, 105  
 Against the Dánaí they dash'd | with eager zeal, and reckon'd  
 No more to be withheld, but rush | and gain the dusky galleys.  
 Then all the other Trôïans, | and eke th' allies far-summon'd,  
 Sagely compliance yielding, heard | Polýdamas unblemished :  
 But not the son of Hýrtacos, | Asios, chief of heroes, 110  
 Listed his coursers there to leave | and charioteer attendant ;  
 But to the galleys sharp approach'd | behind his stately horses,  
 O simpleton ! nor troth ! for *him*, | with chariot and coursers  
 Defiant, did the gods decree | safe journey from the galleys  
 Back unto windy Ilion, | from evil doom escaping. 115  
 Nay : for a luckless Destiny | did earlier enshroud him  
 Beneath the son of Deúcalos | Idómeneus the stately.  
 For he unto the galleys' left | did hie him, where th' Achaians  
 Out of the plain were streaming back | with chariots and horses.  
 There, thro' he drave his car and steeds ; | for at the gates he found not 120  
 The panels' ample breadth foreclos'd, | nor the huge bar athwart them.  
 But men did hold them open wide ; | if haply they might rescue  
 Some of their comrades, who from war | would flee unto the galleys.  
 Thither with purpose straight he held | his steeds ; the people follow'd  
 With piercing yell ; (for verily | they reckon'd that the Achaians 125  
 No more would be withheld, but rush | to gain their dusky galleys :)  
 O simpletons ! for in the gates | they found two signal heroes,

\* Polýdamas.

117. *Deucalos*. The form of the name is Deucalion in 13, 451.

From the spear-wielding Lapithai | a lofty-minded offspring.  
 One to Peirithoös was son, | the stalwart Polypoites,  
 Leonteus was the other, peer | to Ares, pest of mortals. 130  
 So stood before the lofty gates | the twain, as on the mountains  
 High-headed oaks, which day by day | the wind and rains do buffet,  
 Yet firmly hold they still their ground, | by mighty roots enanchor'd.  
 So then the chieftains twain, on hands | and bravery reliant, 135  
 Awaited mighty Asios, | nor shrank from his encounter.  
 But with appalling hurly, straight | against the wall well-built,  
 Holding aloft the rigid frames | of oxhide, rush'd the people  
 Around the princely Asios, | Iamenos, Orestes,  
 Adamas, son of Asios, | Oinomaos and Thoön. 140  
 Truly the others would at first, | within the wall abiding,  
 The trimly-greav'd Achæians urge | to combat for the galleys :  
 But when the Trôians they saw | upon the rampart rushing,  
 While of the Danaï arose | screaming at once and terror ;  
 Thereat, forth sallying, the twain | beyond the portals battled, 145  
 As on the mountain savage boars | await the driving riot  
 Of dogs and hunters ; slant they dash, | and crush the circling forest  
 Snapt from the roots ; and clash their tusks, | until some dart may slay them :  
 So unto these the shining brass | did clash upon their bosom, 150  
 Pelted by adverse weapons ; since | right sturdily they battled,  
 Reliant on their folk above, | and on their proper courage.  
 But those with weighty stones did fling | from the wellbuilt towers,  
 Their friends to succour, and the cots | and swift-careering galleys. 155  
 Thickly as flakes of snow are shed | on Earth the many-feeder,  
 When by the whirl of gusty winds | the cold dark clouds are winnow'd ;  
 So darted weapons from their hands | in constant stream, alternate  
 From Troians and Achæians : | helmets and bossy targets 160  
 Batter'd by massy stones of mill, | with hollow boom resounded.  
 Then Asios Hyrtácides, | indignant at the struggle,  
 Slapt on his thighs with double hand, | and utter'd words of groaning :  
 " O father Jove ! and eke dost *thou* | the faith of trustful mortals  
 Delight to baffle ? never I, | in sooth, against our valour 165  
 And hands intractable, believ'd | th' Achæian host would rally.  
 But they, as wasps with stripy waist, | or bees, which make their houses  
 Along a craggy-clifted path, | maintain their hollow dwelling,  
 And swarm against marauding men, | to combat for their children ; 170  
 No other wise do these refuse | to yield them from the portals,  
 Albeit twain alone, until | they conquer or be conquer'd."  
 He spake, nor by his argument | the heart of Jove persuaded,  
 Who upon Hector chose to set | the primacy of glory.  
 Now battle, diverse gates around, | by diverse men was waged ; 175  
 And troth ! for me, like to a god, | all things to tell, were toilsome.

For round the stony wall aloft | the fire's unearthly splendor  
 Arose terrific : so perforce, | albeit griev'd, the Argives  
 Fought for the galleys ; and the gods | were pierc'd in heart with anguish,  
 All in Olympus, who in fight | the Dánaï would succour. 180  
 Yet did the Láipithai engage | in war and strife of foemen.  
 And straightway Peirithóides, | the stalwart Polypoites,  
 With spear hit Dámasos, and pierc'd | his brazen-cheekèd helmet :  
 Nor might the brazen helm resist | the weighty point ; but thro' it, 185  
 Mid bone and brain the weapon tare, | and quell'd his eager hurry.  
 Next he for death and plunder caught | both Ormenos and Pylon.  
 While, at the girdle aiming well, | Leonteus, branch of Ares,  
 Struck with the spear Hippómachos, | Antímachos' brave offspring :  
 Then from its sheath his cutlass keen | drew forth ; and mid the tumult 190  
 Rushing against Antiphates | in close encounter smote him  
 Supinely falling : Menon next, | Iámenos, Orestes,  
 All these successive cast he down | on Earth the many-feeder.  
 While from the bodies of the slain | they stript the sparkling armour, 195  
 Meanwhile, behind Polýdamas | and Hector, throng'd the bravest,  
 Eager the rampart to o'erthrow | and burn with fire the galleys :  
 But standing at the trench's brink | they falter'd in the onset.  
 For, while they eager were to pass, | an omen flew from heaven, 200  
 An eagle lofty-hovering | keeping to left the people,  
 Who in her talons bare away | a gory snake portentous,  
 Alive and quivering, nor yet | of feats of war forgetful.  
 For writhing backward in her grasp, | it tore her neck and bosom, 205  
 Till, stung with anguish, down amid | the gazing crowd she dropt it,  
 And on the breezes of the wind | herself with scream departed.  
 Thereat the Troians shudder'd, when | they saw, amid them lying,  
 The stripy serpent,—prodigy | of Jove the ægis-holder.  
 Then standing by bold Hector's side, | Polydamas address'd him : 210  
 “ Hector ! when I sage argument | in public speak, thou ever  
 Castest on me some blame, as tho' | no common man in council—  
 (Less yet in battle)—thee may cross, | but only swell thy glory.  
 Yet roundly will I speak my thought, | as best to me it seemeth. 215  
 Go not against the Danaï | to combat for their galleys !  
 For I this issue do forebode, | if truly on the Troians  
 Eager to pass the moat and wall | this omen came from heaven,  
 The eagle lofty-hovering, | keeping to left the people,  
 Who in her talons bare away | a gory snake portentous, 220  
 Alive ; but dropt it instantly, | ere her dear nest attain'd she,  
 Nor might complete the chase, and bear | the quarry to her children :  
 So, if by mighty strength we burst | the gates and stony rampart,  
 And force th' Achaians to retire ; | yet, not in comely order  
 Shall we along the selfsame course | march homeward from the galleys. 225

Since, many a Troian shall we leave | behind us, whom th' Achaïans  
 May with the wasting brass lay low, | in rescue of the galleys.  
 Thus would a sage interpreter, | in heav'nly marvels skilful,  
 And by the people trusted well, | spell forth to thee the vision."

To him with frowning glance replied | great motley-helmèd Hector : 230

" Polydamas ! thy word to me | no longer friendly soundeth :

Well knowest thou to meditate | some other counsel better.

But if in very truth such wise | in earnest thou haranguest,

Then surely have the gods themselves | marr'd all thy proper sageness ;

Who wouldest urge my heart to be | of that resolve forgetful, 235

Which lofty-rumbling Jupiter | by sacred nod hath plighted ;

And now expounding biddest me | in lengthy-feather'd omens

Credence to place : but I for these | nor bashful am nor heedful,

Whether toward the east and sun | they on the right hand hie them,

Or leftwise haply they may sheer | toward the dusk of sunset. 240

For *us* ; rely we confident | on Jupiter's high purpose,

Who reigneth mighty over all, | both mortals and immortals.

One omen is for ever best, | —to battle for one's country.

But, as for thee, why darest *thou* | warfare and strife of foemen ?

For if the rest of us shall all | beside the Argive galleys 245

Rush upon slaughter, yet for *thee* | no fear there is to perish ;

Since, heart to sally, none hast thou, | nor to await the foeman.

But if thyself shalt skulk away, | or by enticing reason,

Smooth-tongu'd, shalt others turn aside | and damp them for the battle ;

Forthwith, beneath my spear laid low, | shalt thou of life be rievèd." 250

He, with such menace, led the way | and they beside him follow'd

With shout unearthly : after it, | from Ida's mountain-summits

Did thunder-loving Jupiter | arouse a squally tempest,

Which on the galleys carried straight | the dust ; and he, bewitching

The Argive spirit, glory sent | to Hector and the Troians ; 255

Who, trusting on their proper might | and on the signs from heaven,

With many an effort sought to rend | the mighty Argive rampart.

Against the battlements they push'd : | they pull'd the knops outstanding ;

They min'd, the buttresses beneath, | which first th' Achaïans planted

Deep-rooted in the ground, to serve | as holders of the towers. 260

At these too did they tug, and hop'd | the bulwark of th' Achaïans

To breach ; nor yet the Danaï | withdrew them from the struggle :

But they, the gaps of battlement | with line of oxhide fencing,

Flung from above against the foe, | who came beneath the rampart.

Along the towers, to and fro, | meanwhile the two Aiantes, 265

With cheery shout exhorting, mov'd, | to rouse th' Achaïan courage.

And when they any might desery | all-negligent of battle,

*This* one with words of gentleness, | *that* one they harshly chided :

" O friends ; whoso of Argives is | præminent or feebler,

Or eke of middle state (for, troth ! | not all of men in combat 270  
 Alike may quit them) : now for all | a common struggle pendeth.  
 And this yourselves too know, I ween : | wherefore let no one, hearing  
 The call to battle, turn his back | to flee unto the galleys ;  
 But forward ever struggle ye, | and each exhort the other,  
 If Jove, Olympian lightener, | this day may haply grant us 275  
 The onset to repel, and chase | the foemen to their city."

Thus did the twain with forward shout | stir up th' Achaian battle.  
 Thickly as fall the flakes of snow | upon a day of winter,  
 When Jove the Counsellor is bent | his weapons to exhibit 280  
 Snowing on mortals : mid the lull | of winds, he sheds it steady,  
 Until the lofty mountain-peaks | and outmost knolls it cover,  
 And eke the lotus-bearing plains | and the fat tilth of peasants :  
 Yea, and along the hoary main, | the shores and creeks it lineth,  
 Save where the billows washing up | repel it ; but beyond them 285  
 Are all things overwapt, whene'er | the storm from Jove is heavy :  
 So they on either side did fling,— | on Troians—on Achaians,—  
 The stones thick-showering : and noise | along the rampart hooted.

Nor then might yet the Trôïans | and gallant Hector striving 290  
 Have bursten thro' the mighty bar | and panels of the portal,  
 Unless-that Jove the Counsellor | had rous'd against the Argives  
 His son Sarpêdon, as against | crook-hornèd kine a lion.  
 Forthwith, he held in front his shield, | which equal was on all sides,  
 Brazen and fair, by crafty smith | well-hammer'd ; but within it 295  
 Many bullhides were firmly sew'd | around on golden edges.  
 This foremost holding for defence, | two javelins he brandish'd,  
 And started on his path ; in guise, | as mountain-nurtur'd lion,  
 Whom, when of flesh bereavèd long, | his haughty spirit urgeth, 300  
 In sally on the sheep, to pierce | within their pen close folded :  
 For tho' beside it swains on guard | with dogs and spears await him,  
 Yet, without struggle scorneth he | to scurry from the tumult,  
 But ór some booty seizeth he, | amid the flock alighting, 305  
 Or sooner wounded is himself | by javelin brisk-dárted.  
 So then Sarpêdon, match for gods, | by daring soul was driven  
 To mount upon the foeman's wall | and burst its strong defences.  
 To Glaucos Hippolóchides | a word address'd he straightway :

"Wherefore, O Glaucos, are we both | for meed of honour greeted 310  
 With seat exalted, dainty flesh, | and goblet oft-replenish'd,  
 In Lycia ? and why do all | as peers of gods regard us ?  
 Wherefore enjoy we broad domains | beside the banks of Xanthos,  
 Noble for wheat-beteeming soil, | for fruitful orchards noble ?  
 Now then beseemeth us, I wot, | to stand among the foremost, 315  
 And lead the Lycians to meet | the fiery van of battle ;  
 That thus may every Lycian | close-corsleted record us :—

'Not void of glory, verily, | the princes of our people  
 Dominion hold in Lycia, | regal'd on sheep well fatted  
 And choicest lusciousness of wine : | but in their sinew liveth 320  
 Brave spirit ; since among the first | of Lycians they combat.'—  
 O gentle friend ! if thou and I, | from this one war escaping,  
 Might live hereafter evermore | immortal, unenfeebled  
 By Eld allwasting ; neither I, | myself among the foremost  
 Would sally, nor would thee set forth | to man-ennobling battle. 325  
 Now, since ten thousand shapes of Death | do anywise beset us,  
 Which never may a mortal man | nimbly avoid or parry,  
 Onward ! and glory let us earn, | or glory yield to some one."

Thus spake he : nor did Glaucos flinch, | nor disobey his bidding :  
 So, forward went they, side by side, | the host of Lycia leading. 330  
 But Mnestheus, son of Peteôs, | their vast array beholding,  
 Shudder'd : for *he* the tower held, | at which was aim'd their mischief.  
 He then along th' Achaian wall | did peer, if haply might he  
 Espy some chieftain, strong to bring | fresh succour to his comrades.  
 Quick he descried th' Aiantes twain, | insatiate of battle, 335  
 Standing ; and Teucer, from the tent | newly arriv'd, beside them,  
 Nor distant ; yet, to reach their ears | by shout, his throat avail'd not ;  
 For, drowning was the battle-din : | to heaven rose the clatter  
 From banging at the shields, and helms | with triple crest of horsetail,  
 And at the gates : for all of them | were fasten'd : but against them 340  
 Stood troops of foemen, who by force | would try to burst an entrance.  
 Then forward he to Aias sent | Thoôtes, speedy herald :

" Godlike Thoôtes ! hie thee swift, | and hither Aias summon :  
 Rather the twain : and *that* of all | were best : for, dire destruction 345  
 Here urgeth, where with fury press | the Lycian commanders,  
 Who fierce of onset were afore | amid our hardy struggles.  
 But if there too distressful strife | be sharp, yet let them spare us  
 The valiant son of Telamôn, | with Teucer, skilful archer." 350

He spake ; nor disobedient | the herald heard his bidding,  
 But sped to go along the wall | of brazen-mail'd Achaians,  
 And quickly reach'd th' Aiantes' side, | and instantly address'd them :

" Ho ! ye Aiantes ! leaders twain | of brazencoated Argives :  
 Jove-nurtur'd Péteos' dear son | hath sent me to entreat you 355  
 Thither to hasten, that, awhile | at least, ye stay the danger :  
 Rather the twain : and *that* of all | were best : for, dire destruction  
 There urgeth, where with fury press | the Lycian commanders,  
 Who fierce of onset were afore | amid our hardy struggles. 360  
 But if here too distressful strife | be sharp, at least afford them  
 The valiant son of Telamôn, | with Teucer, skilful archer."

So spake he, nor reluctant found | great Telamônian Aias,

Who straightway to Oileus' son | did wingèd accents utter : 365  
 "Aias ! hereat abiding, thou | and stalwart Lyeomêdes,  
 The Danaï to battle rouse ; | I, to repel the danger,  
 Go thither ; but again will come, | when *them* I well have rescued."  
 Then Aias, son of Télamôn, | with such address departed, 370  
 Attended by his father's son, | Teucer his trusty brother ;  
 And by their side Pandion bare | the bending bow of Teucer.  
 When at the towèr they arriv'd | of mightysoul'd Menestheus,  
 Within the rampart entering, | and found their comrades straiten'd ;  
 Just then upon the battlements, | like to a gloomy tempest, 375  
 The governours and leaders brave | of Lyciâ were mounting :  
 So front to front both sides did dash, | and high arose the clamour.  
 First Aias, son of Telamôn, | laid low an adverse hero.  
 The mighty-hearted Epicles, | a comrade of Sarpêdon :  
 Him with a rugged stone he smote, | which lay within the rampart 380  
 Highest beside the battlements : | no man, tho' young and sturdy  
 (Men such as *now* are), easily | with both his hands would raise it :  
 Yet on the helm with fourfold ridge | he from aloft did swing it.  
 Helmet and bones and head were smash'd | at once ; and like a diver, 385  
 He from the lofty towèr plung'd, | and life his bones abandon'd.  
 But Teucer aim'd an arrowshot, | which from the lofty rampart  
 Did eager-rushing Glaukos hit, | Hippólochos' brave offspring,  
 Where he the arm unguarded saw ; | and stay'd his zeal of battle.  
 He from the towèr stealthily | leapt back, that no Achaian 390  
 Might pry more closely at the wound | and words of triumph utter.  
 But anguish on Sarpêdon came, | when Glaukos thus departed,  
 Soon as he saw it : he nathless | did pride of arms remember.  
 With lucky aim of spear he reach'd | Alemâon, son of Thestor,  
 And pluck'd the weapon out : thereat | the wounded hero headlong 395  
 Follow'd the spear, and round him clash'd | his brass-belayèd armour.  
 Sarpêdon then with sturdy hands | a battlement engrappled,  
 And tugg'd toward him : all of it | follow'd in mass : the rampart  
 With a wide breach was open laid, | and made a road for many.  
 Both sons of Telamôn rush'd up : | a shaft from Teucer smote him 400  
 Upon the shining strap, whence hung | the man-encircling buckler :  
 But Jove forbid his proper son | at galley-poop to perish.  
 Then Aias with a mighty bound | smote on his shield ; and, thro' it  
 Altho' the weapon piercèd not, | with buffèt rude repell'd him, 405  
 Tho' eager, from the battlement | a space : nor yet withdrew he  
 Entirely : since his heart within | gave hope of earning glory.  
 Forthwith, the godlike Lycians | he rallying exhorted :  
 " Why thus, O Lycians, relax | from fierce emprise of valour ?  
 For me, whate'er my bravery, | the task is overmatching, 410



By single prowess, clear to cut | a passage to the galleys.

But follow after,—all in \*plump : | the more, I deem, the better.”

He spake : the people quail'd beneath | the prince's voice upbraiding,  
And, round their chieftain-counsellor, | press'd weightier of onset.  
The Argives on the other side | their close battalions strengthen'd 415

Within the rampart : then for both | was mighty toil propounded.  
For neither might the Lycians | the ramparts burst, tho' valiant,  
And mid the Danaï enforce | a passage to the galleys :  
Nor might the spearmen Danaï | repel the Lycian onset  
And hurl them from the rampart back, | when once their band attain'd it. 420

But as within a common field | two men contest the limits  
With rod in hand, and inch by inch | debate the doubtful portion ;  
So by the battlements were these | scarce sunder'd ; and across them,  
Each of the other ravagèd | around their hardy bosoms 425

The oxhide shields orbicular | and shaggy-fringed targets.  
Then many a hero hand to hand | with ruthless brass was wounded,  
Or fleeing with unguarded back, | or frontwise thro' the buckler.  
Thus everywhere with gore of men | the battlements and towers 430

From Troians and Achaians were | on either side bespatter'd.  
Nor might they, even so, avail | to fright away th' Achaians :  
But as a woman, scrupulous | and toilsome for her children  
To earn hard sustenance by wool, | her anxious balance trimmeth ; 435

So in their balance was the war, | by weights on both sides, equal.  
Until—that overswaying Jove | to Hector son of Priam  
Gave higher glory, who to cross | th' Achaian wall was foremost.  
Then shrill he shouted far and wide | to all the Troian army :

“ Up ! coursertaming Troians ! burst | the rampart of the Argives, 440  
And on their galleys scatter well | the fire's unearthly fury.”

He spake exhorting : all of them | did ope their ears to hear him,  
And straight against the rampart dash'd | in pack : the rest thereafter,  
Well-sharpen'd weapons bearing, clomb | upon the knops outstanding.  
But Hector clutch'd a massy stone, | which lay before the entrance, 445

Broad at the base, but sharp above : | not *two* men pick'd for sinew  
On to a carriage easily | might heave it from the pavement,  
(Men such as now are seen), but he | alone with ease did swing it :  
For, sly-devising Cronos' child | took off for him the burthen. 450

As when some lusty swain the fleece | of a male sheep may carry,  
A single hand sufficeth him, | and slight the toil to raise it ;  
So Hector, lifting high the stone, | bare straight against the panels,

412. *Plump* ; that is, band, troop, flock, pack ; as a Plump of spears, a Plump of water-fowl. It is perhaps etymologically the same word as Lump. I might use the military word *Mass*, only that is too modern.

Which clos'd the lofty two-leav'd gates, | tightly and stoutly fitted,  
 Clasp'd by alternate inward bars, | thro' which one bolt was fasten'd. 455  
 There, at short distance did he stand, | and sturdily enforc'd it  
 Full on their middle ; stepping broad, | to make his swing the stronger.  
 The hinges both were torn away : | the stone with weighty hurtle  
 Fell thro' within, and mightily | the portals boom'd around it : 460  
 The bars were shatter'd by the blow ; | the panels split to shivers.  
 Then in did gallant Hector leap ; | and while his cheeks did darkle  
 Austere as Night, the sheathing brass | shone horrid from his body.  
 Two spears he brandish'd : baleful gleam | burnt in his eyes ; nor any, 465  
 Save only god, might check his rush, | when thro' the gates he bounded.  
 Facing about, to right, to left, | he shouted to the Troians  
 To climb the rampart : nothing loth, | they hearken'd to his summons.  
 Straightway, some overclomb the wall ; | some thro' the portals enter'd.  
 Then to the smoothly rounded barks | the Danaï betook them. 470  
 Fleeing ; and unremitting din | arose in either army.

## BOOK XIII.

### *Interference of Neptune.*

WHEN to the galleys Jove had thus | brought Hector and the Troians,  
There left he either host with toil | and wearisome disaster  
To struggle : but himself away | his beaming eye turned,  
Gazing upon the distant land | of Thracia's horseman people,  
The Mæsiæns close-combating | and those Mare-Milkers stately, 5  
Justest of men, who feed on milk, | nor archer weapon handle.  
But he no longer unto Troy | his beaming eye turned :  
For surely trusted he in heart, | not one of all immortals  
To Troians or to Danaï | for battle-aid would venture.  
Nor was a fruitless outlook kept | by the landshaking ruler : 10  
For he too held a lofty seat, | the hardy war admiring,  
Upon the topmost pinnacle | of woody Samo-Thracæ ;  
Whence, open to the view, appear'd | Ida, and Priam's city,  
And galleys of the Danaï : | so, from the wave emerging,  
Hither he hied him, pitying | the Argives, whom the Troians 15  
Sore worsted ; and with Jupiter | was mightily indignant :  
Then from the mountain's craggy height | incontinent descended  
With foot outstriding rapidly. | The forest and long ridges  
Shiver'd beneath th' immortal tread | of Neptune onward hasting.  
Three steps he made ; and with the fourth | he reach'd his goal at Aigai ; 20  
Aigai, within whose lake profound | are builded to his honour  
Golden abodes illustrious, | that sparkle undecaying.  
Hither arriv'd, beneath the yoke | he back'd his heav'nly coursers,  
Brazen of foot and swift to fly, | with golden manes longstreaming.  
He on his own immortal skin | with gold was clad ; and grasping 25  
The golden scourge's crafty work, | on his own seat he mounted,  
And o'er the billows 'gan him drive. | From all their caverns rising,  
The ocean-monsters well beknew | their lord, and frisk'd around him.  
The sea with gladness op'd its lap, | when swiftly skimm'd along it  
Those coursers ; nor was, underneath, | the brazen axle wetted. 30  
So him the lightlybounding steeds | bare to th' Achaian galleys.

Within the water's secret depth | an ample cavern lieth,  
 In midway course from Tenedos | and craggy-clifted Imbros.  
 Here Neptune, shaker of the earth, | his steeds' career arrested,  
 And loos'd them from the yoke, and | cast ambrosial fodder near them 35  
 For pasture; and around their feet | fetters of gold he tackled,  
 Safe against mighty blows or craft; | that they, their lord awaiting,  
 Firmly might there abide, the while | he sought th' Achaian army.

With Hector, son of Priamos, | went, measureless of ardour,  
 Like to a tempest or to flame, | the thickly gather'd Troians, 40  
 Whooping and skirling with accord; | and ever hop'd to capture  
 The Argive galleys, and to slay, | beside them, all th' Achaians.  
 But Neptune, earth-encircling god, | land-shaker,—like to Calchas  
 In shape and voice unwearied, | out of the deep sea coming, 45  
 The Argives rous'd; and first address'd | th' Aiantes, always eager:

“Aiantes! verily ye twain | will save th' Achaian people,  
 If ye to Bravery give heed, | and not to Fear benumbing.  
 For, tho' the Troians in a crowd | have seal'd the mighty rampart,  
 Yet I their hands intractable | in other places fear not: 50  
 Sin as th' Achaians trimly-greav'd | avail to stay their onset.

But here, with terrible dismay | I grimly dread disaster,  
 Where, like to flame celestial, | this frantic man is captain,  
 Hector, who vaunteth him a son | of Jove supremely mighty.  
 O would some god this argument | within your bosom stablish, 55  
 Yourselves right sturdily to hold, | and eke the rest encourage!  
 Then, let him rush his worst, but ye | from our swiftcoürsing galleys  
 Would dash him, even if himself | th' Olympian incite him.”

This said; the earth-encircling god, | land-shaker, with his sceptre  
 Smote both of them, and fill'd them full | with hardiment of valour. 60  
 Their limbs,—both feet and hands above,— | nimble he made and buxom.  
 Himself,—as darteth on its flight | a rapid-wingèd falcon,  
 Which, bent another bird to chase | along the boundless champaign,  
 Soareth from some farreaching ledge | of precipices stormcapt;  
 So, parting from their company, | land-shaking Neptune soarèd. 65  
 Of them, Oileus' agile son | first knew the voice of heaven,  
 And to the son of Tèlamôn | his thought did instant utter:

“Aias! since in an augur's shape | some god, from high Olympos  
 Descending, biddeth thee and me | to combat by the galleys:—  
 Nor troth! is he our oracle | and omen-speller Calchas. 70  
 For, as he started, clear I mark'd | the traces of his footstep;  
 And gods, tho' gods they be, to men | are easy of discernment.  
 Yea, and myself within do feel | thro' all my deepest bosom  
 Fresh purpose of ennobling feats | kindled; and every member,  
 Both feet below and hands above, | do throb with glad excitement.” 75

Him Aias, son of Tèlamôn, | with word responsive greeted:

“Eke unto me hath he bestirr’d | the life-blood; and beneath me  
Both feet spring forward; and my hands | intractable are frantic,  
Grasping the spear; and e’en alone | I hanker for the combat  
With Hector, son of Priamos, | tho’ measureless in fury.” 80

Thus they reciprocal exchang’d | betwixt themselves discourses,  
Exultant in the battle-glow, | wherewith the god had fill’d them.  
Meanwhile the Earth-encompasser | arous’d the hindmost Argives,  
Who, to the galley-side withdrawn, | their tender heart recruited.  
But now their sinews were unstrung | by all-oppressing travail, 85  
And anguish rose within their heart | to see the sight of terror,  
When in a crowd the Trôïans | had scal’d the mighty rampart.  
Gazing at these, big tears they dropt, | nor thought to scape the mischief:  
But the Earth-shaker entering | soon rous’d the stout battalions. 90  
To Teucer first and Lêtos | with exhortation came he,  
To Thoas and Peneleôs | and Deîpyros the hero,  
Antilochos and Mêrion, | devisers of alarm.  
Then he, to stir their bravery, | did winged accents utter:

“O shame! ye Argives, tender boys! | on *you* in sooth I trusted 95  
By deeds of valiant enterprize | our galleys to deliver.  
But if ye slackly take in hand | the rueful work of battle,  
Now we our day of doom behold, | to fall beneath the Troians.  
Good Spirits! troth, a marvel great | doth here my eyes encounter,  
Dreadful;—of which the accomplishment | never my heart expected;— 100  
That men of Troas hardily | should reach the ships of Argos;  
Men, who were like to timid hinds | afore; which in the forest  
Become to panthers or to wolves, | or to wild dogs a quarry,  
Helpless at random wandering, | of battle-glow unknowing;  
So heretofore the Trôïans, | with Argive might confronted, 105  
Knew not our onset to abide | for e’en a scanty moment;  
But now, far from their walls they fight, | hard by the hollow galleys,  
For-that perverse our leader is, | and negligent our people,  
Who for the swift-carcering barks | refuse to combat bravely,  
Emrag’d against their king; and now | themselves are slain beside them. 110  
But if this widely-reigning lord, | the hero Agamemnon,  
In sooth be gravely chargeable, | sin as he hath dishonour’d  
Pelides fleet of foot; yet we | nowise should be neglectful,  
But heal the mischief: healsome are | the bosoms of the noble. 115  
Nor *ye* neglectful well may be | in feats of martial ardour,  
Who all are bravest in the host: | but if a sorry fighter  
Were slack in battle, never I | with such a man would wrangle,  
Or blame; but verily with *you* | from soul am I indignant.  
O gentle hearts! by this neglect | some worsèr ill ye haply 120  
May bring on us: but, each of you, | both Shame and Indignation  
Within his bosom print: for lo! | a mighty strife is risen.

For now doth Hector, good at need, | beside the galleys combat,  
Direful : who hath the mighty bar | and portal-panels shatter'd."

Goading the Argive spirit thus, | the Earth-encircler urg'd them. 125

Then stood, around th' Aiante twain | the closely-wedg'd battalions,  
Stubborn : the which in muster-view | nor Ares nor Athêna,  
Stirrer of peoples, would dispraise ; | since the selected bravest

Did here against the Trôïans | and godlike Hector's onset  
Stand firm, and fencèd spear with spear, | buckler to buckler closing. 130

So helmet was by helmet screen'd | and buckler propt by buckler,  
And warrior by warrior : | the horse-tail helmets waving  
With ridges bright each other touch'd : | so thick they stood together.  
The javelins were like to kiss, | when sturdy hands would wield them,  
But the men's hearts were gone in front, | and burn'd to join the battle. 135

Forward in pack the Troïans burst : | for at their head was Hector,  
Frantic with purpose of assault ; | as may a massy boulder  
Roll o'er the margin of a cliff, | if torrents storm-yeswollen  
Have wrench'd the brute crag's fastenings | by countless gush of waters.  
Aloft it bounceth : with the shock | the forest boometh hollow : 140

But it with unimpeded swing | careereth, till it lighteth  
On the flat plain ; nor farther then | may all its anger roll it :

So Hector's mighty rush, awhile, | unto the water's margin  
Threaten'd to reach, amid the cots | and galleys of th' Achaians,  
Slaying : but when he pitch'd against | the closely wedg'd battalions, 145

He paus'd, full near them : for in front | the children of Achæia,  
With swords and with twohanded pikes | against his bosom stabbing,  
Kept him to measur'd distance off : | so to retreat they drave him.

Then shouted he with piercing voice | to all the Troïan army :

" Dardans, who hand to hand contend, | and Lyeians, and Troïans : 150  
Stand firmly by my side : not long | th' Achæians shall stay me,  
Albeit tower-wise in sooth | they dress themselves for battle.

But they (I reckon) will retire | beneath my spear, if truly  
Me hath the chief of gods impell'd, | loud-rumbling lord of Juno."

He, by such words, in every breast | spirit and strength excited. 155

But Priam's son Déiphobos | mid them with haughty spirit  
Did march, and forward held his shield, | which equal was on all sides,  
Under its covert stealthily | with tripping gait advancing.

But Mériôn with shining spear | took faithful aim against him,  
And hit him on the tough bullhide, | which equal was on all sides : 160

Nor might he pierce it thro', for first | the lengthy spear was broken  
Low in the shaft : yet far aloof | Déiphobos did hurtle

The leathern buckler from his side, | in terror, lest the weapon  
Of skilfulhearted Mériôn | might reach him. But the hero

Retreated to his comrade troop : | and direly was indignant 165  
Alike for ruin'd victory | and for his broken weapon.

Then hied he, far along the huts | and galleys of the Achaians,  
 Out of his proper cot to fetch | a lance which there he treasur'd.  
 Meanwhile, the others join'd in fight, | and hurly rose incessant.

Then Teucer, son of Telamôn, | was first to slay a hero, 170  
 The spearman Imbrios, a son | of Mentor rich in horses.  
 Ere that Achæia's children came, | his dwelling was Pedaion,  
 And Medecasta was his bride, | a meaner child of Priam.  
 But when the Danaï appear'd | with easy-steering galleys,  
 Back came he then to Ilion, | and was among the Troians 175  
 Signal, and dwelt in Priam's court, | honour'd as Priam's children.  
 Him Teucer reach'd beneath the ear | with thrust of lengthy weapon,  
 And back withdrew it : then, as falls | an ashtree by the woodman,  
 Which on a farseen mountain's top | its tender leaves lays prostrate ; 180  
 So did he fall : and round him clash'd | his brass-belayèd armour.  
 Then rush'd the son of Telamôn, | eager to strip his harness,  
 But with the shining javelin | against him Hector darted.  
 He, seeing it, by scanty space | the brazen point avoided,  
 Which deadly on the bosom struck | Amphimachos, the offspring 185  
 Of Cteatos Actórides | returning to the battle :  
 So with a loud crash down he dropt, | and o'er him clang'd his armour.  
 Then Hector from the hero's head | would rush to snatch the helmet  
 Of mighty-soul'd Amphimachos, | wellfitted to his temples :  
 But Aias with the shining spear | at Hector thrust ; nor pierc'd him : 190  
 (For all his flesh with dreadful brass | was sheathèd :) but he goaded  
 The buckler's boss right sturdily, | and into distance drove him  
 From both the corpses : these forthwith | th' Achaians drew toward them.  
 Amphimachos by Stichios | and by divine Menestheus, 195  
 Leaders of Athens, mid the host | of Danaï was carried ;  
 Imbrios, by th' Aiantes twain, | for fierce encounter eager.  
 As when from dogs with jagged fangs | in thickets of a forest  
 Two lions snatch a goat ; aloft | within their jaws they bear it, 200  
 Raising it from the ground ; so him | the twain fullarm'd Aiantes  
 Carried aloft, then stript his arms : | but next, Oilens' offspring  
 In anger for Amphimachos | his tender neck beheaded,  
 And sent the sever'd head to whirl, | ball-wise, among the people :  
 So down into the dust it came | before the feet of Hector. 205

Then Neptune, shaker of the earth, | was, deep in soul, embitter'd,  
 To see his grandson perishing | in foemen's grim encounter,  
 And hied to go along the huts | and galleys of th' Achaians,  
 The souls of Danaï to whet ; | and plotted woe to Troians.  
 Him presently Idómeneus | the spear-renown'd encounter'd, 210  
 Returning from a comrade's cot, | whom his companions newly

Bare from the war, beneath the ham | by a sharp weapon piercèd.  
 On the chirurgeons had he | laid charge, and forth was coming :  
 For still to meet the war he burn'd. | Him the Land-shaking power 215  
 Accosted ; but in voice he seem'd | Thoas, Andraimon's offspring,  
 Who, over lofty Calydôn | and in wide Pleurôn, rulèd  
 Th' Aitolians ; and by the folk, | e'en as a god, was honour'd.  
 " Idómeneus, high councillor | of Cretans ! whither vanish  
 The threats, which once at Tröians | Achaia's children utter'd ?" 220  
 To him in turn Idómeneus, | the Cretan leader answer'd :  
 " No *man*, I reckon, is in fault : | O Thoas, all are valiant.  
 Not heartless fear possesseth us, | nor yet, to sloth compliant,  
 Doth any Argive basely shun | dire battle : but, it seemeth, 225  
 By Cronos' overmatching child | this issue is determin'd,  
 That far from Argos, shorn of fame, | th' Achaians here should perish.  
 But Thoas ! to withstand the foe | thou heretofore wast alway  
 Alert, and eke dost others urge, | whomso thou seest idle ;  
 Now, more than ever, stir thee well, | and one by one exhort them." 230  
 Then Neptune, shaker of the earth, | reciprocal address'd him :  
 " Idómeneus ! oh may that man | never from soil of Troas  
 Safely return, but here to dogs | become a joyful portion,  
 Whoever this day willingly | neglectful is of battle.  
 But hither hie thee quick, and take | thy arms, and let us sally 235  
 In speed ; if haply only two | may yet achieve some succour.  
 Consorted valour tells for much ; | yea, e'en of sorry fighters :  
 But thou and I are trainèd, eke | against the brave to quit us."  
 So spake he : then again the god | was mix'd in toil of mortals.  
 But when Idómeneus had reach'd | his tightly join'd pavilion, 240  
 He donn'd his beauteous arms, and gat | two javelins, and hurried  
 In fashion as a lightning-bolt, | which Jove, the son of Cronos,  
 Doth from Olympos' dazzling height | with hand engrasping brandish,  
 Showing a sign to mortal men ; | and brilliant are its flashes :  
 So on the running prince's breast | did flash the brass resplendent. 245  
 Nor distant from the cot was he, | when lo ! he met returning  
 Meriones, his bonny squire, | who to his lord would hie him,  
 A brazen spear to fetch : but him | Idómeneus accosted :  
 " O son of Molus, Mèrion | fleet-footed, dearest comrade,  
 Why hither coming leavest thou | the war and fell encounter ? 250  
 Art haply wounded in the flight ? | and doth the weapon rack thee ?  
 Or errand bringeth after me ? | nor troth ! myself do hanker  
 Idle within my cots to sit, | but sturdily to combat."  
 Thereat the sage Meriones | did briefly tell his errand :  
 " Idómeneus, high councillor | of brazencoated Cretans, 255  
 In quest return I to thy cots | if there a spear remaineth,  
 Useless : for that which heretofore | I wielded, have we broken



Against the shield of Priam's son, | D  iphobos the haughty."

To him in turn Id  meneus, | the Cretan leader, answer'd :  
 "Spears, if it list thee, thou in sooth | shalt find or one or twenty, 260  
 Standing together in my cot | against the splendid frontings ;  
 Which from the slaughter'd Tr  ians | I rifle : ner regard I  
 From far to skirmish with the foe : | and therefore have I plenty  
 Of helms and corslets laughing bright | and spears and bossy bucklers." 265

Thereat the sage Meriones | to him replied alternate :  
 "Eke unto me beside my cot | and in my dusky galley  
 Are many Troian spoils ; but now | too far they lie to take them :  
 For neither (as I trow) myself | forgetful am of prowess,  
 But do among the foremost stand | in man-ennobling combat, 270  
 When in embattled warriors | dire controversy riseth.  
 If haply to some other man | of brazenmail'd Achaians  
 My battle be unseen, yet thou | (I ween) thyself dost know it."

To him in turn Id  meneus, | the Cretan leader, answer'd :  
 "What is thy valour, know I well : | such argument is needless : 275  
 For if' beside the galleys now | we all, whoe'er are bravest,  
 Were pick'd for ambushade, wherein | men's worth is best distinguish'd,  
 Where dastard men and valorous | are clearly seen asunder :—  
 (For oft the coward changeth hue, | nor may his soul be steady : 280  
 From knee to knee he shifteth him, | and feet beneath him foldeth,  
 His heart within him, boding doom, | throbbeth ; his teeth do chatter :  
 While-that the brave man changeth not | his hue, nor greatly knoweth  
 Tremor, when he with comrade-men | the ambushade hath enter'd, 285  
 But only prayeth speedily | in rueful fray to mingle :)  
 Not even there might any man | thy heart and hands disparage.  
 For if, in thiek of battle, thou | by dart or thrust wert wounded,  
 Not from behind the blow would light, | but in thy breast or belly, 290  
 While onward rushing to the van | for bargain with the foremost.  
 But come (lest some o'erbrimmingly | indignant be,) no longer  
 Stand we as prating simpletons, | such argument to reckon :  
 But hie thee to my cot, and there | pick out a sturdy weapon." 295

Thus spake he : but Meriones, | a match for eager Ares, 295  
 A brazen weapon from the cot | right speedily selected,  
 And closely chas'd Id  meneus, | with mighty zeal for combat.  
 In guise as Ares, pest to man, | moveth to war, and with him  
 Terror, his darling son, is seen, | both stalwart and unflinching,  
 Who even in a hardy soul | may damp the battle's ardour : 300  
 But they from Thraee accoutre them, | twixt Ephyri to parley  
 And mightyhearted Phl  gyes ; | nor yet to both the armies  
 Alike may listen, but to one | give eminence of glory :  
 Such then proceeded to the war | those captains of the Argives,  
 Id  meneus and M  rion, | with flashing brass accoutred. 305

To him thereon Meriones | did first his question utter :

“ O son of Deúcalos, whereat | willest the crowd to enter ?  
Whether toward the right of all, | or midmost of the army,  
Or, as I ween, toward the left ? | for nowhere else so sorely  
Doth want of champions distress | the streaminghair'd Achaians.” 310

To him in turn Idómeneus, | the Cretan leader, answer'd :

“ At midmost of the galleys stand | eke other chiefs for succour,—  
Th' Aiantes twain, and Teucer : he | in archery is signal  
Mid all Achaians, nor, I trow, | in standing combat feeble.  
These will a glut of turmoil give | (tho' stalwart be his valour) 315

To Hector, son of Priamos, | now rushing into battle :

And frantic as his purpose is, | hard will he find the effort  
Their hands and hearts intractable | to quell, and burn our galleys,  
Unless Jove Cronides himself | cast flaming brands upon them. 320

Great Aias, son of Télanon, | to none of men is second.

Whoso of fabric mortal is, | and fruit of Ceres eateth,  
Whose body may by pointed brass | and mighty stones be wounded.  
Not hero-crushing Achilles | would carry vantage from him  
In standing combat ; speed alone | preëminent he claimeth. 325  
Keep we to leftward of the host ; | so shall we know full quickly,  
Whether we glory may achieve, | or glory yield to some one.”

So spake he : but Meriones, | a match for eager Ares,

Led in the path, until they reach'd | amid the leftward army.  
They, when Idómeneus they saw, | like to a flame in fury,— 330

Himself and his attendant, girt | in all their curious armour,—

Did all in scuffle rush on him | with mutual exhorting ;  
And opposite the outmost ships | their strife was poised even.  
As when by night of whistling winds | tornadoes haste together,  
In season when along the roads | the dust in heaps is gather'd, 335

And mist promiscuous doth rise ; | so did their battle thicken,

Dark and embroil'd : and mutual | they burn'd in heart for carnage.  
With long fleshgashing pikes of brass | the mortal combat bristled,  
And eyes by brassy gleam were daz'd | from corslets newly polish'd 340

And beaming shields and flashing helms, | as close they came together.

Hard were a heart to see such toil | with gladness, not with sorrow. 345

Diverse in spirit and in aim, | two mighty sons of Cronos

Were for the hero-warriours | dire misery devising.

Jove, as I said, will'd victory | for Hector and the Troians

Glory to heap on Achilles : | nor wholly yet he listed

Before the walls of Ilion | th' Achaian host to perish :

But Thetis would he glorify | and eke her child stemhéarted. 350

And Neptune, from the hoary brine | in close disguise emerging,

Bestirr'd the Argives, passing thro' ; | vex'd that they sore were worsted

By Troians ; and with Jupiter | was mightily indignant.

Truly of both, the breed was one ; | one and the same their birthplace ;  
 But Jupiter was elder born, | and wider was his knowledge. 355  
 Therefore in manifest array | did Neptune shun to succour,  
 But alway stealthily the ranks | bestirr'd, in mortal figure.  
 So they, alternate, both ways haul'd | the cable tough and stubborn  
 Of strife and war all-levelling | which many knees unstringeth. 360  
 Then, shouting to the Danaï | and on the Troians leaping,  
 Idómeneus, tho' ting'd with grey, | began the rout of foemen,  
 In-that Othryóneus he slew ; | who at the battle-rumour  
 Was newly from Cabêsos come, | and made his home in Troas,  
 And sued Cassandra for his bride, | of Priam's daughters fairest : 365  
 Nor other dower proffer'd he, | but pledg'd a great achievement,  
 From land of Troas forcibly | to drive Achaia's children.  
 On this the aged Priamos | with solemn gage assented  
 To give the damsel : so he fought | upon that gage reliant.  
 Aiming at him, Idómeneus | with shining weapon darted, 370  
 And hit him as he lofty strode, | and pierc'd him thro' the body ;  
 Nor did the corslet aught avail, | which, wrought of brass, encas'd him :  
 So with a loud crash down he dropt. | Thereat the victor boasted :  
 "Thee chiefly of the sons of men, | Othryóneus ! extol I,  
 If truly thou wilt all achieve, | which lately thou behotest 375  
 To Priam, sprung from Dardanos ; | who pledg'd to thee his daughter.  
 We too behest would make to thee, | and faithfully perform it,  
 To lead from Argos as thy bride, | of Agamemnon's daughters  
 Whoso may fairest be of form ; | if that with us thou capture  
 (In sooth) and pillage Ilion, | that thickly-peopled city. 380  
 But off ! with me ! so shall we make | at our seacoursing galleys  
 The marriage-compact ; sin as we | of dower are not stingy."  
 So spake Idómeneus, and tugg'd, | amid the hardy struggle.  
 His foeman by the foot : thereon | came Asios for vengeance,  
 Afoot before his coursers. These | his charioteer attendant 385  
 Kept at his shoulders, breathing hot : | but while the hero hanker'd  
 Idómeneus to hit, himself | was earlier arrested,  
 Pierc'd by the Cretan javelin, | which through his weazand issued.  
 Then toppled he, as may an oak | or some white poplar topple,  
 Or pine upon the mountain-side | tall shooting, which for timber 390  
 Ship-carpenters have inly chopt | with newly whetted axes :  
 So he, before his chariot | and coursers, lay extended,  
 Gnashing his teeth,—the gory dust | with hand convulsive clutching.  
 But of the wits, which erst he had, | the charioteer was stricken :  
 Nor heart retain'd he enough | to scape the hands of foemen, 395  
 Wheeling his coursers ; thereupon Antilochos war-biding,  
 Hit him with skilful javelin, | and pierc'd him thro' the body :  
 Nor did the corslet aught avail, | which, wrought of brass, encas'd him :

So from the well-wrought chariot | he fell, and gasp'd expiring.  
 The coursers, them Antilochos, | son of great-hearted Nestor, 400  
 Drive from the ranks of Troy, to join | the trimly-greav'd Achaians.  
 Then close against Idómeneus | Dèíphobos advancing  
 Stung by the loss of Asios, | with shining weapon darted.  
 The Cretan saw it opposite, | and stoop'd to shun its fury,  
 Hiding beneath his ample shield ; | which equal was on all sides, 405  
 Turned in a circle ; and was eas'd | with dazzling brass and leather  
 Of sturdy bull-hide, and within | with double guide was fitted.  
 Smug under covert here he crouch'd, | the while the flying danger  
 Pass'd over ; but the buckler jarr'd | with harsh and hollow tinkle,  
 Graz'd by the spear. Nor vainly then | from his broad hand it issued, 410  
 But hit a shepherd of the folk, | Hippasides Hypsenor,  
 Where lies the liver nethermost : | and straight unstrung his sinews.  
 Then loudly cried Dèíphobos | with marvellous rejoicing :  
 " In truth not unaveng'd in turn | lies Asios : but wending  
 Unto the portals tightly bar'd | of Aïdes the stubborn, 415  
 He will (I ween) rejoice ; since I | escórt to him have given."  
 When thus he vauntingly exclaim'd, | it sorely griev'd the Argives,  
 And chiefly in Antilochos | did sage concern awaken.  
 Nor did he, tho' with anguish stung, | neglect his own companion,  
 But ran and overstrode his limbs | and spread the buckler round him. 420  
 Then, stooping to receive the load, | his two belov'd companions  
 Mekisteus, son of Echios | and noble-soul'd Alastor  
 Unto the smoothly rounded barks | with moans of sorrow bare him.  
 Nor yet Idómeneus withdrew | his might ; but alway hanker'd  
 Either to veil in gloom of night | some Troian, or to perish 425  
 Himself in combat, warding off | dire slaughter from the Argives.

Jove-nurtur'd Aisyétas left | an offspring dear,—the hero  
 Alcáthoös, who held as spouse | a daughter of Anchises,  
 Hippodameai, eldest born | of all Anchises' daughters.  
 Her in the chambers of their home | her sire and queenly mother 430  
 Supremely lov'd at heart ; for she | mid all her friends of childhood  
 Egregious for beauty was, | for mind, and handy cunning :  
 Therefore in all the breadth of Troy | the noblest bridegroom found she.  
 But he, her lov'd one, now beneath | Idómeneus was vanquish'd ;  
 For Neptune witch'd his sparkling eyes | and tied his gallant sinews. 435  
 For neither backward might he haste | nor shun the adverse danger,  
 But, like a lofty-spreading tree, | or like a pillar, stood he  
 All motionless in front ; until | Idómeneus the hero  
 Pierc'd thro' his bosom with the spear, | and burst the tunic round him,  
 Brass-twisted ; which in former days | his life from bale defended : 440  
 But now right harshly did it clank, | around the rending weapon.

So with a loud crash down he dropt ; | but deep the spear was planted  
 Within his heart, which, panting high, | made the shaft's end to quiver,  
 Until rude-hurting Ares gave | remission of his fury.  
 Then loudly cried Idómeneus, | with marvellous rejoicing : 445  
 “ Dêíphobos ! how countest thou | the tale of slaughter'd foemen ?  
 Three against one, despite thy boast, | a worthy portion seemeth,  
 O spritesome sirrah ! But thyself | stand forward and confront me ;  
 So mayest thou be taught, what blood | from Jupiter I eary,  
 Who, for the oversight of Crete, | did Minos erst engender : 450  
 By Minos was a noble son | Deucálion begotten ;  
 But me Deucalion begat, | for lordship of the peoples  
 Over the ample Crete : and now | hither my ships have borne me,  
 To thee and to thy sire a woe | and to the other Troians.”  
 So spake he : then Dêíphobos | with double purpose falter'd, 455  
 Whether to take in comradeship | some mighty-hearted Troian,  
 Backward retiring, or to try | his own unaided puissance.  
 After such ponderings of thought, | he deemed, it were wiser  
 To fetch Aineias : him be found | among the rear battalions,  
 Standing : and alway rancorous | was he with godlike Priam, 460  
 That to a chieftain so approv'd | no leadership he trusted.  
 He at short distance took his stand, | and spake in wingèd accents :  
 “ High councillor of Tróïans ! | Aineias ! thee behoveth  
 Now to avenge thy sister's lord, | if kinsmanship doth move thee.  
 Haste ! vengeance for Alcáthoös ! | who, being thy stepbrother, 465  
 Within his chambers heretofore | did nurture thee, when little.  
 Him spear-renown'd Idómeneus | hath caught for death and plunder.”  
 He spake, and strongly did bestir | the hero's heart within him,  
 Who hied, Idómeneus to meet, | with fiery zeal of battle.  
 But nowise was Idómeneus | dismay'd, as tender weakling ; 470  
 But stoutly waited, as a boar, | on bravery reliant,  
 Which in a solitary lair | awaiteth on the mountains  
 The riot of a rushing throng. | Then high his back doth bristle,  
 And his two eyen gleam with fire ; | but in his jaws he whetteth  
 His tusks, full resolute of heart | to stay both hounds and huntsmen. 475  
 So spear-renown'd Idómeneus | abode, nor yielded footstep,  
 Before Aineias keen at need ; | but shouted for his comrades,  
 Ascalaphos and Aphareus | and Deípyros to summon,  
 Antilochos and Mêrion, | devisers of alarum.  
 These to his succour did he call, | in wingèd words exhorting : 480  
 “ Hither, my friends ! and succour me, | who am alone ; and grimly  
 Dread I Aineias fleet of foot, | who now on me is rushing ;  
 Who, heroes in the fight to slay, | surpassingly is stalwart,  
 Yea, and of youth the flower hath, | whereof is mighty vantage.  
 For if, with such a heart as this, | my years to his were equal, 485

Full shortly should he take or yield | the primacy of valour."

He spake: then all of them, one soul | within their bosom holding,  
Closing their rank, stood side by side, | with shield aslant on shoulder.  
Aineias on the other side | to his own comrades shouted:

To Paris and Déiphobos | and brave Agênor looking, 490

Who leaders were of Trôïans: | but after each, the people  
Follow'd, as doth behind the tup | the flock from pasture follow  
To seek the water, giving joy | unto the shepherd's bosom.

So thro' the breast of Aineias | the soul was inly joyful,  
When he the tribes of people saw, | which companied behind him. 495

Then they around Alcáthoös | for nearer combat sallied  
With lengthy pikes; but direfully | the brass upon their bosoms  
Rattled, as each within the crowd | at other hurl'd. Among them

Two war-abiding champions, | præëminent of valour,  
Aineias and Idómeneus, | in weight a match to Ares, 500

Hanker'd with ruthless brass to gash | the body, each of other.

And first against Idómeneus, | his spear Aineias darted.

The Cretan saw it opposite, | and stoop'd to shun its fury:

Then far behind him in the earth | Aineias' spear was planted,  
Strong quivering; and fruitlessly | his sturdy arm impell'd it. 505

His foe not vainly hit in turn | Oinómaos: the weapon

Reuding the corslet's hollow, pierc'd | his lap, and drain'd his vitals:  
So in the dust he fell, the earth | with gripe convulsive clutching.

Quick did Idómeneus regain | the spear with lengthy shadow  
Out of the corpse: yet might not he | tear off the dapper armour 510

From shoulders of the dead; for sore | the javelins distress'd him.

Much had the sinews of his feet | already lost their freshness,

Whether to sally for his spear, | or shun the foe's encounter:

And tho' in standing-fight he well | the ruthless moment warded,  
No longer nimble were his limbs | from stress of war to save him. 515

While he retreated step by step, | Déiphobos (who alway  
Against him stubborn rancour kept) | his shining weapon darted:

But miss'd Idómeneus again, | and struck the son of Ares,

Ascalaphos. The weighty spear | ran keenly thro' his shoulder:

So in the dust he fell, the earth | with gripe convulsive clutching. 520

Nor yet had that dread Arbiter | of Strife, his sire rude-shouting

Heard that his offspring dear was slain | amid the hardy struggle.

But underneath the golden clouds | upon Olympus' summit

He, by the will of Jupiter | coop'd up, was idly sitting,

As eke the other deathless gods, | debarr'd from war's alarm. 525

But they around Ascalaphos | for nearer combat sallied.

Already had Déiphobos | the dead man's shining helmet

Carried away, when Mérión, | a match for eager Ares,

Rush'd at him, wounding with the spear | his arm. With hollow tinkle

Out of his hand then fell to earth | the triple-crested vizor. 530  
 A second time Meríones | on darting, like a vulture,  
 Regain'd the weighty spear, from where, | near to the wrist, he fix'd it ;  
 Then back unto his comrade troop | withdrew. Thereat Polites,  
 Own brother to Déíphobos, | his arms around him spreading,  
 Forth led him from the ranks of war | harsh-braying, till they reachèd 535  
 His speedy coursers, which in rear, | beyond the throng of battle,  
 Stood, with the much-wrought chariot | and charioteer behind them.  
 These to the city carried him, | outworn and deeply groaning,  
 While from his newly wounded wrist | big drops of crimson trickled.  
 The rest no pause of combat made, | but clamour rose incessant. 540  
 First with sharp-pointed javelin | Aineias leaping forward  
 Smote A'phareus, Calétor's son, | where throat and neck lay open.  
 Thereat to one side dropt his head | helpless : the buckler follow'd  
 And helmet after it : so him | soul-crushing Death enshrouded.  
 Meanwhile, as Thoön turn'd aside, | Antilochos awaiting 545  
 With stroke of sabre leapt on him, | and shear'd away the sinews,  
 Which, running upward from the back, | about the neck are gather'd.  
 Through these the cleaving weapon cut : | then into dust the Troian  
 Fell on his back, and spread abroad | both hands unto his comrades.  
 On sped Antilochos, and quick | the armour from his shoulders 550  
 Would strip, with widely glancing gaze. | The Troians spread in circle,  
 Goaded from every side with spears | his broad and motley buckler,  
 Yet might not reach Antilochos, | to graze with ruthless weapon  
 His tender skin behind it screen'd : | sin as land-shaking Neptune,  
 Even amid the storm of darts, | the son of Nestor rescued. 555  
 No lack of foemen fronted him, | yet eye to eye he fae'd them,  
 Nor for a moment steady held | his spear ; but wreath'd and threaten'd  
 This way and that, unceasingly ; | and in his heart was aiming  
 Either some distant foe to hit, | or close in nearer struggle.  
 While thus forefencing to assault | the crowd, he drew observance 560  
 From Adamas Asiades, | who, rushing close for combat,  
 Thrust at the middle of his shield : | but purple-haired Neptune,  
 Grudging him longer days of life, | his pointed weapon blunted.  
 It, like a stake fire-harden'd, snapt, | and half of it was fasten'd  
 In buckler of Antilochos, | but half on earth was splinter'd. 565  
 Then back he to his comrade-troop, | retreated, Fate avoiding,  
 But fronted still the foe. Thereat | Meríones pursuing  
 With spear beneath the navel pierc'd | his lowest lap, where chiefly  
 Freightèd with anguish Ares is | to miserable mortals.  
 Then forward falling round the spear | his body leapt and struggled, 570  
 As struggleth on the mountain wide | a bull, whom peasant cowerdhs  
 Have with the thongs of nooses bound, | and lead away unwilling :  
 So for a little while, not long, | struggled the prostrate hero ;

Until the victor, coming close | and stooping o'er his body,  
 Pluck'd out the spear; but Adamas | in darkness clos'd his eye. 575  
 Then with a mighty sword of Thrace | on Deípyros advancing,  
 Did Helenos his temple smite, | and cleft the crested helmet.  
 To earth the triple crest was tost | afar; and some Achaian  
 Regain'd it, as it roll'd across | amid the feet of fighters :  
 Thereat by shades of E'rebos | his eye was enshrouded. 580  
 But anguish came on Atreus' son, | war-biding Menelâos,  
 Who then with menace Helenos | the hero-prince confronted,  
 And pois'd his javelin, intent. | The foe, to circle straining  
 His bow, defied him : so they met ; | the one, to dart his weapon  
 All eager; but the other drew | an arrow on the bowstring. 585  
 Therewith the son of Priam hit | the hollow of the corslet  
 Beneath his bosom; but, repell'd, | off flew the stinging arrow.  
 As on an ample threshing-floor | the dark-skinn'd beans or vetches  
 From the broad sieve of winnowing | beneath the active breezes  
 Leap by the peasant's jerk; so then, | off flew the stinging arrow,  
 Far from the corslet wandering | of famous Menelâos. 590  
 But in the hand which held the bow | well polish'd, Menelâos  
 The son of Atreus, good at need, | his javelin implanted,  
 Which pierc'd the hand right thro', until | into the bow it enter'd. 595  
 The Troian to his comrade-troop, | Fate to avoid, retreated,  
 And trail'd the ashen shaft along, | with hand beside him dangling.  
 But from his flesh quick pulling it, | the mighty-soul'd Agenor  
 Did gently bandage up the wound | with wool of sheep well twisted,  
 Which from a sling his ready squire | tare for the people's shepherd. 600  
 Then straight Peisander forward went | at famous Menelâos :  
 For he by evil destiny | to his last goal was hurried,  
 By thee, O Menelas, to die | in foemen's grim encounter.  
 When they to shorter distance came | advancing each on other,  
 The son of Atreus miss'd his mark, | the weapon sideways glancing. 605  
 Peisander did the buckler goad | of famous Menelâos,  
 Nor might his utmost force avail | right thro' to drive the weapon ;  
 For, the broad bullhide warding it, | and close above the metal  
 His shaft was snapt : but he in heart | rejoic'd, and hop'd for conquest.  
 Thereat, the son of Atreus drew | his sword with silver studded, 610  
 And leapt upon Peisander : he, | beneath his buckler crouching,  
 Wielded a shining axe of brass, | with haft of olive-timber,  
 Lengthy, well polish'd : so the twain | together came for combat.  
 The Troian struck upon the ridge | the helm with horsetail shaggy,  
 Under the plume : above the nose, | the other smote the forehead 615  
 Of his advancing foe : forthwith | the skull and gristle crackled,  
 And low before his feet in dust | fell both his gory eye.  
 Then writhing dropt he ; but with heel | upon his bosom treading



Atrides did his armour strip | and boastfully exulted :

“Ye over-foaming Tróïans, | gluttons of direful onset ! 620

Troth, *thus* shall ye the galleys leave | of charioteering Argives.

Other disgrace and infamy | abundant on you resteth,

For all the outrage, which on me, | O evil hounds ! ye lavish'd,

Nor trembled at the bitter ire | of Jupiter loud-rumbling,

The god of strangers ; who shall soon | your lofty city ravage : 625

O ye, who, welcom'd once by me | and by my wedded consort,

Did rudely carry her away | and eke much gear beside her.

And now, methinketh, hanker ye | on our sea-coursing galleys

To scatter fiery ravages | and slay th' Achaian heroes.

Yet, howso eager, here or there | will ye from Ares stay you.— 630

O Jove, our Father ! thee in sooth | they call supreme of wisdom

Mid gods and mortals ; yet from thee | do all these doings issue :

Sin as thou dost indulgence show | to men who deal in outrage,—

To Tróïans, whose spirit aye | atrocious is ; nor can they

In heat of war all-levelling | be satiate with uproar. 635

Of all things is satiety ;— | of slumber and of fondness,

And of sweet tones melodious | and noble skill of dancing ;

All which doth every man, I trow, | with keener relish follow

Than fighting ; yet the Troians are | insatiate of battle.”

Such vauntings utter'd o'er the slain, | the noble Meneláos 640

Stript from his skin the bloody arms | and gave them to his comrades ;

But he himself again went forth, | and with the foremost mingled.

The son of king Pylaimenes | then suddenly assail'd him,

Harpálion, who came to Troy | for fellowship of warfare

Behind his father dear ;—nor e'er | his native land regainèd ;— 645

Who with a thrust of spear would pierce | the buckler of Atrides :

Nor might his utmost force avail | right thro' to drive the weapon.

Then back he to his comrade troop, | Fate to avoid, retreated,

Round glancing cautious, lest some dart | alighting reach his body.

As he withdrew him, Merion | sent forth a brazen arrow, 650

And in the right haunch planted it ; | but thro' and thro', the arrow

Under the bone a passage found | and reach'd into the bladder.

Down on the spot the hero sank, | in hands of dear companions

Breathing his spirit forth, and lay | like to a worm extended,

And with the dusky-streaming gore | the earth beneath him wetted. 655

Around his body giving aid | with hearts by anguish smitten,

The lofty-soul'd Paphlágones | on to a car did lift him,

And drave to sacred Ilion : | beside them hied his father,

Melted in tears, nor forfeiture | won for his slaughter'd offspring.

Then bitterly was Paris stung, | sin as the slain had often 660

Cheer'd him in Paphlagonia | with hospitable welcome :

So, for his host indignant, forth | he shot a brazen arrow.—

A man there was, both rich and good, | who held his home at Corinth,

And, well foreseeing deadly fate, | embark'd upon his galley. 665  
 Oft was he warn'd by his sire, | the prudent Polyeidus,  
 A seer,—that he by dire disease | would perish in his chambers,  
 Or by the Troians be subdued | amid th' Achaian galleys.  
 Of these the latter would he choose, | and shunn'd the heavy forfeit  
 Onlaid by Argos, and the griefs | of heart-consuming sickness. 670  
 Him did the arrow strike betwixt | the ear and jaw ; and quickly  
 Out of his members life was flown, | and hateful darkness whelm'd him.  
 While thus in guise of blazing fire, | the combatants were raging,  
 Not yet had Hector, dear to Jove, | espied, nor learnt the tidings, 675  
 That here, upon the galleys' left, | his people by the Argives  
 Were ravag'd ; yea, and haply eke | much glory had th' Achaians  
 Won, when the great landshaking god | with his own strength endued them.  
 For Hector, where he first had pass'd | the gates and rampart, tarried  
 Amid the shielded Danai, | their thick battalions breaking ; 680  
 Where by the hoary billow's edge | Protesilas and Aias  
 Had drawn aloft their galleys : here | the wall was lowest builded,  
 Sin as here chiefly men and steeds | were fierce in battle's onset.  
 On one side the Boiôtians | and Locrians and Phthians, 685  
 And trailing-rob'd Iônians | and gallant-soul'd Epeians  
 Scarcely had puissance to repel | the rush of godlike Hector,  
 When, like an onward-spreading flame, | he dash'd toward the galleys.  
 There, foremost of th' Athenians, | a chosen band was posted,  
 Led by the son of Peteôs, | Menestheus : but behind him 690  
 Mov'd bonny Bias, Stichios, | and Pheidias. O'er th' Epeians  
 Amphion stood, and Drachios, | and Meges son of Phyleus ;  
 But o'er the Phthians Medon and | Podarkes war-abiding.  
 (Medon to Aias brother was ; | their sire, divine Oileus :  
 But Medon was of meaner birth, | and dwelt afar, as exile, 695  
 Long time in Phylaca ; for he | whilom had slain a hero,  
 A kinsman of his father's bride | his stepdame Eriôpis.  
 The son of Phylax, I'phiclos, | was father to Podarkes.)  
 These twain, accoutred well, before | the mighty-hearted Phthians,  
 Along with the Boiôtians | fought to defend the galleys. 700  
 Meanwhile Oileus' other son, | the nimble Aias, stirr'd not  
 From Aias son of Telamôn, | for c'en a scanty moment.  
 But as two purple-hided steers, | possess'd by equal spirit,  
 Strain at the stoutly-framed plough | on acres freshly broken,  
 And round the bottom of their horns | the sweat uprising trickleth ; 705  
 And nothing but the polish'd yoke | parteth the pair asunder,  
 Struggling within the furrow, which | the field in outline marketh :  
 So they, advancing side by side, | did each the other succour.  
 Behind the son of Telamôn | his comrade people follow'd,

Many and gallant, who in turn | his weighty shield supported, 710  
 Whene'er his knees outwearied | with toil and sweat might stagger.  
 But round Oileus' noble son | no Locrians then follow'd,  
 Nor might their courage firm abide | amid the standing struggle :  
 For brazen helmets none had they | with plume or horsetail shaggy,  
 Nor bare they shields orbicular | and ashen-shafted lances ; 715  
 But they, on arrow-shooting bow | and wool of sheep well-twisted  
 Reliant, unto Ilion | had come ; with these thereafter  
 Thick darting, they discomfited | the Trôian battalions.  
 So with one band the leaders then | in front, with curious armour,  
 Dealt battle to the Trôians | and brazen-helmèd Hector : 720  
 The others shower'd from behind | by stealth ; nor did the foemen  
 Remember pride of arms ; for sore | the arrowshots bestraght them.

Then from the galleys and the cots | haply with sad disaster  
 Back unto windy Ilion | the Troians had retreated ;  
 But, standing by bold Hector's side, | Polydamas address'd him : 725

“ Hector! untractable art thou | to hearken sage advisement.  
 Sin as to thee supremely God | hath feats of battle given,  
 Therefore in counsel wouldest thou | take mastery of others :  
 Yet not in every kind at once | mayest thyself be foremost.  
 For unto one man chiefly God | hath feats of battle given, 730  
 A second in the dance hath skill, | a third with lyre and chantings :  
 Within the bosom of a fourth | doth Jupiter wide-sighted  
 Plant lofty wisdom, whence to men | accrueth mighty welfare ;  
 Which cities oft hath sav'd, and eke | in Jove supremely dwelleth.  
 But I my counsel will avow, | as best to me it seemeth. 735  
 For, compassing thee everywhere, | a wreath of battle flameth :  
 And of our mighty-hearted host, | sithence they pass'd the rampart,  
 Some with their weapons hold aloof ; | others, beside the galleys  
 Hither and thither scatter'd, fight | few against foemen many.  
 But thou, retiring, hither quick | do all the bravest summon. 740

Thereafter, we right earnestly | the whole design would ponder,  
 Whether in plump\* to fall upon | the many-benchèd galleys,  
 If God may haply victory | on us bestow ; or quickly  
 Now from the galleys to return | unharm'd. For I with terror  
 Quake, lest their debt of yesterday | th' Achaïans haply pay us ; 745  
 Since by their galleys, now, a man | insatiate of battle  
 Abideth ; nor (I ween) will he | refrain him from the combat.”

Thus sagely spake Polydamas, | and won the heart of Hector ;  
 Who straightway from his chariot | leapt to the ground in armour,  
 And with few words addressing him, | thus spake in wingèd accents : 750

“ Polydamas ! here on the spot | detain thou all our bravest.  
 Thitherward I myself will wend, | and meet the war's encounter,

And, after exhortation due, | I back will quickly hie me.”

He spake ; then as a raging bird | onward the hero darted  
With piercing scream, and flew across | amid the allies and Troians. 755

But they, when Hector's voice they heard, | did all, with eager hurry,  
To kindly-soul'd Polydamas, | Panthoös' son, betake them.

But Hector mid the foremost ranks | mov'd through, with earnest purpose,  
Seeking for prince Déiphobos | and Helenos his brothers,  
And Adamas, and Asios | the chieftain from Arisba. 760

But them no longer might he find | unwounded or unslaughter'd.

For some already prostrate lay | beside the outmost galleys  
Freshly of tender life bereft, | beneath the hands of Argos :  
Some were within the city-wall, | by stab or missile wounded.

Yet did he speedily descrie | the godlike Alexander, 765

Lord of the brighthair'd Helen, far | to left of tearful battle,  
Cheering the comrades at his side, | and stirring them to combat.

But Hector, when he close was come, | with words of scorn address'd him :

“ Ill-omen'd Paris ; fair of face ! | seducer ! woman-frenzied !

Where now are prince Déiphobos | and Helenos thy brothers, 770

And Adamas, and Asios | the chieftain from Arisba ?

Whither is gone Othryoneus ? | Now from the summit fallen  
Is lofty Ilion ; and thee | dire overthrow awaiteth.”

But thus responsively to him | spake godlike Alexander :

“ Hector ; sin as thy will it is, | even to blame the blameless, 775

More likely were I otherwhile | to start away from battle ;

Nor did my mother Heecuba | to be a dastard bear me.

But constantly, sithence that thou | beside the galleys rousest

The battle of thy companies, | with Danaï we bargain  
Here in the field. But those our friends | are slain, of whom thou askest. 780

Only the prince Déiphobos | and Helenos our brothers

Are from the combatants withdrawn, | with lengthy lances wounded

Both in the hand ; but deadly fate | Jove Cronides hath warded.

Now, whitherso thy heart and soul | commandeth, thither lead me ;

And we behind thee eagerly | will follow ; nor shall valour, 785

I trow, defaulter be, so far | as sinew may avail me :

But, in default of sinew, none, | whate'er his heart, may combat.”

When thus the hero spake, the word | his brother's heart persuaded ;

Who onward mov'd, where chiefly then | battle and whoop of tribesmen  
Sounded around Kebriones | and Phalkes and Orthaios, 790

And noblesoul'd Polydamas | and godlike Polyphétas,

Morys son of Hippotion, | Ascanios and Palmys,

Who on the former morn had come | as substitutes of battle

From loamy-soil'd Ascania : | now Jove arous'd their courage.

Then onward did they rush, in weight | like to a troublous whirlwind, 795

Which from the thundercloud of Jove | down droppeth on the champaign,

And doth the briny flood bestir | with an unearthly uproar :

Then in the ever-brawling sea | full many a billow splasheth,  
 Hollow, and bald with hoary pate, | one racing after other :  
 So then the Troians closely wedg'd, | one after other marching, 800  
 Sparkling in brazen panoply, | beside their leaders muster'd :  
 And Hector, Priam's son, a peer | for Ares, pest of mortals,  
 Led them ; and forward held his shield, | which equal was on all sides,  
 Compact with bull-hides : over them | thick plates of brass were welded,  
 And his resplendent helmet's plume | around his temples nodded. 805  
 This way and that he tried, amid | the foeman's ranks advancing,  
 If, as beneath his shield he mov'd, | perchance they yield before him.  
 Yet nowise daunted he the heart | within th' Achaian bosom ;  
 But Aias, proudly stepping forth, | did foremost speak a challenge :  
 " O spritesome chieftain ! nearer come ! | why vainly wouldest frighten 810  
 The Argive heroes ? not, in sooth, | unskill'd are we in battle,  
 But by the evil scourge of Jove | awhile th' Achaians suffer.  
 And verily thy heart, I ween, | for pillage of our galleys  
 Hopeth ; but straightway eke to us | are many hands to rescue.  
 I plight, that earlier by far | your thickly-peopled city 815  
 Captur'd and ravagèd shall be | beneath the hands of Argos.  
 Yea, to thyself, I say, 'tis near, | when thou, in flight escaping,  
 Shalt pray to Father Jupiter | and other gods immortal,  
 Swifter than falcon-flight to make | the glossy-coated horses,  
 Which, toiling o'er the dusty plain, | shall bear thee to the city." 820  
 While thus he boasted, from the right | a lofty-sailing eagle,  
 Brave augury, flew up : thereat | Achæia's army shouted,  
 Cheery to see the bird of Jove. | Then answer'd gallant Hector :  
 " Aias, big vaunter, rash of speech ! | what utterest so empty ?  
 Oh that to ægis-holding Jove | so surely I were offspring, 825  
 And queenly Juno gave me birth | for days and years eternal,  
 And I such honour met, as eke | Athèna and Apollo,  
 Surely as doth the present day | unto the Argive army  
 Bear common ruin : mid the crowd | shalt thou thyself be vanquish'd,  
 If to await my lengthy spear | thou venture, which shall mangle 830  
 Thy lily skin ; and thou, subdued | beside th' Achaian galleys,  
 With fatness of thy flesh shalt gorge | the Troian dogs and vultures."  
 After such words, he led the way : | the multitude behind him  
 Shouted aloud, and forward press'd | with an unearthly clamour.  
 From other side the Argives too | did shout, nor were of valour 835  
 Forgetful ; but awaited firm | the bravest Troian onset.  
 So to Jove's brilliant æther reach'd | the noise of either army.

## BOOK XIV.

## Deiçe of Juno.

NOR might the winecup longer hide | the nearer din from Nestor,  
Who unto Aselepiâdes | did winged accents utter :

“Godlike Machâon ! turn thy thought, | how these affairs may issue.  
Louder along the galleys comes | the shout of sturdy callants.  
Do thou then, sitting here, abide, | the sparkling wine enjoying, 5  
Until the bath for thee be warm'd | by bright-hair'd Hecamêda :  
So shall thy skin right pleasantly | from gore and filth be cleansèd.  
I forth to glance around must go, | and shortly thee revisit.”

He spake, and seiz'd the sturdy shield | of skilful Thrasymêdes  
His courser-taming son ; which lay | within the cot beside him 10  
Brilliant with brass : but Thrasymêd | his father's buckler carried.  
Then Nestor grasp'd a valiant spear, | pointed with brass well temper'd,  
And sallied from the cot ; and straight | he saw a work unseemly,—  
His gallant comrades driven hard, | while the high-hearted Troians  
Did rout them from behind ; and down | was cast th' Achaian rampart. 15  
As curdleth under helpless\* surge | the mighty deep, foreboding  
Fleet scud of breezes whistling shrill, | all vainly ; for it rolleth  
No way, till some decisive wind | from Jupiter descendeth :  
So heav'd the aged hero's soul, | distraught by double purpose, 20  
Whether among the crowd to go | of charioteering Argives,  
Or to the shepherd of the flock, | Atrides Agamemnon.  
After such ponderings of thought, | he deemed, it were wiser  
To seek Atrides : they, meanwhile, | did one the other slaughter  
In adverse fight : and round their skin | crackled the brass unyielding, 25  
As foemen foemen stabb'd with swords | and with two-handed lances.

But the Jove-nurtur'd royal chiefs, | who by the brass were wounded,  
Lord Agamemnon Atreus' son, | Odyssees, and Tydides,  
Returning from beside the ships | met the advance of Nestor.

2. *Aselepiâdes*, son of Asclepios or Aisculapios.

16. *Helpless surge* : the undulation of the sea (so unpleasant to mariners) in calm after a storm.

For at far distance from the fight | upon the strand their galleys 30  
 Were from the hoary wave retir'd ; | since these they haulèd foremost  
 On to the plain ; and near their poops | in front the rampart builded.

But, broad albeit was the beach, | not all th' Achaian galleys  
 Might on its margin lie abreast ; | but straiten'd were the people.  
 Wherefore, with hulls alternate plac'd, | poop before poop, they drew them, 35  
 And fill'd the mighty depth of shore | betwixt th' outrunning headlands.  
 But now the princes, fain to see | the onset and the battle,  
 Resting upon their lances came | collected ; and their bosom,  
 Heaving with grief, felt new dismay | at sight of aged Nestor. 40

To him with earnest utterance | spake royal Agamemnon :  
 " O Nestor, Neleus' progeny ! | great glory of th' Achaians !  
 Why hither comest thou, apart | from hero-wasting battle ?  
 I tremble lest dire Hector crown | that saying with fulfilment,  
 Which he in full harangue to Troy | against us whilom threaten'd, 45  
 That back to Ilion would he | no earlier betake him,  
 Than he our galleys wrap in flame | and slay ourselves beside them.  
 So then haranguing threaten'd he ; | which all is now approaching.  
 Ye spirits ! do then others too | of trimly-griev'd Achaians  
 Foster against me in their heart | fierce choler ; as Achilles ; 50  
 Nor choose against the galley-poop | to play their best in battle ?"

To him in turn the charioteer | Gerenian Nestor answer'd :  
 " Ay, verily, these things do nigh | o'erhang ; nor other issues  
 May loudly rumbling Jupiter | himself devise anent us.  
 For prostrate in the dust is laid | the wall, whereon we trusted, 55  
 Unto our galleys and ourselves | to be a breachless rampart.  
 But at the pointed galleys now | strife unremitting hold they,  
 Incessant ever ; hardly might | thy gaze, tho' closely prying,  
 Know, whether this or other way | th' Achaians routed flounder.  
 So are they slaughter'd in melay ; | and din to heaven reacheth. 60  
 Our part it is to ponder, how | may these affairs be turnèd,  
 If haply wisdom aught effect : | but nowise would I counsel  
 Yourselves to enter war ; for vain | the battle of the wounded."

Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | to him in turn responded :  
 " O Nestor, since the Troian fray | our galleys' poop invadeth, 65  
 Nor hath the moat availèd us, | nor the high-builded rampart,  
 For which the Danaï amain | did toil, and fondly fancied  
 It to our galleys and ourselves | to be a breachless rampart ;  
 So seemeth it the will to be | of Jupiter o'ermatching,  
 That far from Argos, shorn of fame, | th' Achaians here should perish. 70  
 For well I knew, when zealously | the Danaï he favour'd :  
 So know I now again that he | the Troian host exalteth  
 As peers of blessed gods, but ties | the hands and might of Argos.  
 But come ! as I the word shall speak, | let all compliant follow.

First, of the galleys whichsoe'er | unto the sea are nearest, 75  
 These drag we to the sacred flood | and push them o'er the margin,  
 And moor them to the mooringstones | aloft, till Night immortal  
 Arrive; if haply in her gloom | the Trôïans from battle  
 May stay them: instantly would we | then launch the inmost galleys,  
 And flee with all: for shame is none, | even by night to save us: 80  
 For better 'tis, by flight to scape, | than be o'erta'en by mischief."

To him with frowning glance replied | Odysseus much devising:  
 "Betwixt the outwork of thy teeth | what word hath slipt, Atrides?  
 O doom'd to ruin! would thou wert | some other army's captain,  
 And lord to dastards, not to us, | for whom hath Jove, methinketh, 85  
 Destin'd, from manhood's early dawn, | even to eld, to ravel  
 Distressful wars beside thee, till | we every one shall perish.  
 Art thou thus eager then to leave | the ample-streeted city  
 Of Troy, in sake of which we here | much misery have suffer'd?  
 Hush thee, O prince! lest other folk | among th' Achaïans hear it,— 90  
 A word, with which no man at all | within his lips would dally,  
 Who knoweth counsel suitable | from out his heart to utter,  
 And is a sceptre-holding King | to whom so many peoples  
 Loyal obeisance yield, as thou | amid the Argives reignest.  
 Now, as thou speakest, in thy mind | much lack of sense deplore I: 95  
 Who when encompassèd we are | with war and din of battle,  
 Biddest, the galleys featly plank'd | to launch; whereby the Troïans,  
 Fluster'd already with success, | shall gain their wishes double,  
 But upon *us* shall ruin fall | headlong: for when the galleys  
 Seaward ye drag, th' Achaïan host | will not withstand the combat, 100  
 But starting backward, gaze around, | for pride of valour palsied.  
 So will thy counsel baleful be, | O chieftain of the peoples."

But Agamemnon lord of men, | then spake to him responsive:  
 "Odysseus! troth! thy bitter word | lasheth my heart; but never  
 Meant I, against their will to bid | the children of Achaïa 105  
 Into the briny flood to launch | their featly plankèd galleys.  
 Now, may the man be found, to speak | some other counsel better!  
 Whether he young or old might be, | to me it were a pleasure."

Then Diomêdes, good at need, | spake forth his word among them:  
 "Near is the man, not long to seek, | if ye to hear be willing, 110  
 Nor grudge and wonder, for-that I | am youngest-born among you.  
 I too a noble pedigree | do vaunt, and noble father,  
 Tydeus; whom in Cadmeïan Thebe | a heapèd barrow hideth.  
 Sin as by Portheus were of yore | three noble sons begotten, 115  
 Who dwelt o'er high Aitôlia, | in Calydôn and Pleurôn;  
 Melas and Agrios, but third | was chariotearing Oineus,  
 Sire of my sire, who mid them all | most signal was of valour.  
 He in his native land abode; | but roaming thence, my father



Rested in Argos ;—so I ween, | did Jove and other powers 120  
 Decide. In wedlock there he held | a daughter of Adrastus.  
 So dwelt he in a wealthy home, | and plentiful his acres  
 Teeming with wheat ; and many were | his rows of planted orchards,  
 Many his flocks of sheep : and how | he with the spear was foremost  
 In all Achaia,—this, I trow, | from none of you is hidden. 125  
 Wherefore, ye may not call my breed | ignoble and unmanly,  
 Or scorn upon the counsel cast, | which prudently I utter.  
 Come ! enter we the war, perforce : | albeit we are wounded :  
 Let us, beyond the reach of darts, | therein from fray of foemen  
 Ourselves abstain, lest haply one | by wound on wound be stricken. 130  
 But yet, new courage may we breathe | in others ; who, in languor  
 Their hearts indulging, stand aloof | nor stir themselves for valour.”  
 He spake ; and they all willingly | did listen and obey him :  
 Forward they hied, and in their front | mov'd royal Agamemnon.  
 Nor was a fruitless outlook kept | by the renown'd Landshaker. 135  
 In semblance of an aged man | he follow'd in their footstep,  
 And, by the right hand grasping tight | Atrides Agamemnon,  
 With an address of courtesy | did wingèd accents utter :  
 “ O son of Atreus ! now, I ween | Achilles' bosom swelleth  
 With deadly gladness, whilst he views | Achaian flight and carnage ; 140  
 For, of right judgment, in his heart | no shred at all abideth.  
 Now perish may he, as he is, | and righteous Heaven maim him !  
 Yet against thee the blessed gods | not yet are wrathful wholly :  
 But troth ! the Troian leaders still | and governours shall seuffle  
 Over the dusty breadth of plain : | and thou thyself shalt see them 145  
 Fleeing to reach their city-wall, | far from the cots and galleys.”  
 So saying, mightily he yell'd, | over the plain advancing.  
 For,—loud as thousands nine or ten | of men who shout for battle,  
 Closing in Ares' strife,—such voice | did the Landshaking ruler 150  
 Out of his breast send forth ; and | shed in each Achaian bosom  
 Vigour immense, unceasingly | to toil in war and combat.  
 Then, standing on Olympos' brink, | did golden-thronèd Juno  
 Gazing descry amid the throng | of man-ennobling combat 155  
 Jove's brother and her own employ'd ; | and in her soul was joyful :  
 But Jove upon the highest top | of rill-bestreamèd Ida  
 Seated beheld she, and the sight | was to her heart distasteful.  
 Then poise of counsel held the mind | of cow-ey'd queenly Juno,  
 What snare delusive should she frame | for Jove the ægis-holder. 160  
 After such ponderings of thought | she deemed it were wisest,  
 Into her fairest guise bedight, | to show herself on Ida ;  
 If, kindled by her brilliancy, | his heart might haply covet  
 Love's nearer pressure ; then would she | with warm and gentle slumber  
 His eyelids overcloud, and eke | his close-devising bosom. 165

So to her chamber hasted she, | which her belovèd offspring  
 Vulcan had fashion'd, closing fast | the panels to the doorposts  
 With lock mysterious, the which | no god but she might open.  
 There enter'd, she the shining doors | shut fast : and first with essence  
 Pure and divine, her lovely skin | she cleans'd from all defilement, 170  
 Anointed with immortal oil, | which for herself was mingled  
 Fragrant, and dainty to the taste ; | and, on the brazen pavement  
 Of Jove disprison'd, cast its scent | to Earth and ends of Heaven.  
 Herewith her fair skin ointed she, | and comb'd and featly braided, 175  
 Streaming from that immortal head, | the bright ambrosial tresses.  
 Then, in ambrosial flimsy-vest | she clad her, which Athena  
 Had trick'd with many a broidery, | and artful polish added.  
 With golden brooches was the robe | across her bosom buckled : 180  
 A girdle did she then gird on | with hundred tassels fitted.  
 Next, through her ears' well-piercèd flaps | the crafty jewels pass'd she,  
 Three-ey'd and piec'd of many a stone ; | from which much beauty glisten'd.  
 Above,—divine of goddesses,— | with head-attire resplendent  
 New-fashion'd, she accoutred her : | like to a sun its glory. 185  
 Lastly, beneath her glossy feet | tied she the dainty sandals.  
 When thus around her tender skin | she all her gear had fitted,  
 Forth from the bower hasted she, | and, calling Aphrodita  
 Apart from other gods, to her | a winsome word she utter'd :  
 “ Wouldest thou, dearest child, comply, | if I some favour ask thee ? 190  
 Or scornful wilt thou haply be, | within thy heart resenting,  
 That I the Dánaï do aid, | and thou the Troians aidest ? ”  
 To her in words responsive spake | Jove's daughter Aphrodita :  
 “ O Juno, venerable queen, | daughter of mighty Cronos,  
 Speak forth thy meaning : me my heart | exhorteth to fulfil it, 195  
 If aught avail I, and if e'er | of yore fulfill'd it hath been.”  
 Then guileful-heartedly to her | spake venerable Juno :  
 “ Give now that loveliness to me | and charms, whereby thou swayest  
 Over all mortal men, and eke | over the gods immortal. 200  
 For I, on visit to the ends | of Earth the many-feeder,  
 Wend unto Ocean, source of gods, | and unto mother Tethys,  
 Who kindly in their own abodes | receiving me from Rhea,  
 Nurtur'd and fondled me ; what time | wide-sighted Jove did Cronos  
 Banish, beneath the Earth to dwell, | beneath the cropless Ocean.  
 To these on visit go I now, | to end their hopeless quarrel. 205  
 For they long time withholden are | from fondness and embraces,  
 Repugnant mutual, sithence | rage on their soul hath fallen.  
 If I by blandishment of words | might oversway their temper,  
 And join them in the rightful bed | of ancient endearments,  
 Always should I by them be held | at once belov'd and awful.” 210  
 Then Aphrodita, queen of smiles, | in turn address'd the goddess :

“Thy counsel to reject, I find | nor possible nor seemly ;  
For thou, in arms of Jupiter | Greatest and Best, reposest.”

Thus saying, from around her breast | the broider'd belt she loosen'd,  
All-curious ; inwrought for her | with manifold bewitchment. 215

In it was fondness, in it charm, | and in it gentl<sup>e</sup> whisper,  
Right winsome ; which hath stolen oft | the wisdom e'en of sages.  
This into Juno's hand she gave,—and spake, her name pronouncing :  
“ Here ! in thy bosom place the belt | complex : and troth ! I reckon 220  
Within it all thy wish is wrought, | nor vain shall be thy errand.”

So answer'd she, and drew a smile | from large-ey'd queenly Juno,  
Who smiling took from her the belt | and in her bosom lodg'd it.  
Straightway unto her chamber went | Jove's daughter Aphrodita ;  
But Juno, hasting on her path, | Olympos' margin quitted. 225

Over Emathia's lovely land | along Pieria wending,  
She to the snowy mountains sped | of Thracia's horseman people,  
Above the summits : nor was Earth | imprinted with her footstep.  
From heighth of Athos came she down | amid the swelling billows,  
And lighted upon Lemnos' isle, | estate of godlike Thoas. 230

Here, in his proper dwelling-place, | Death's brother, Slumber, met she,  
And closely did she press his hand, | and spake, his name pronouncing :

“ O Slumber, lord of all the gods ! | lord of the race of mortals !  
If ever diddest thou afore | to my entreaty hearken,  
Now too obey me : and to thee | all days will I be grateful. 235

Beneath the brows of Jupiter | close thou the beaming eyen,  
So soon as by his side I lie | in dalliance of fondness.  
Then I a throne to thee will give | for ever undecaying,  
Golden and fair ; which my own son, | the doubly-dextrous Vulcan,  
By art shall fabricate, and eke | a footstool place beneath it, 240  
Which to thy dainty feet shall yield | delightful rest in banquet.”

Then balmy Slumber timidly | made answer to the goddess :  
“ O Juno, venerable queen, | daughter of mighty Cronos !  
Other of gods eternal-born | full lightly might I fetter ; 245  
Yea, even river Ocean's flow, | who Source is held of all things.

But Cronos' son, lord Jupiter,— | to him approach I dare not,  
Nor lull him into slumber, save | when he himself might bid me.  
Ay ! for thy urgency of yore | a sager lesson taught me ;  
What time that haughty-hearted son | of Jupiter was sailing 250  
From Ilion, and left behind | the Troian city ravag'd.

Then did I overcloud the mind | of Jove the ægis-holder,  
Shed balmy round him : thou meanwhile | his son in mischief caughtest,  
Arousing o'er the widespread main | the noisome blore of tempests :  
So thou to thickly-peopled Côs | diddest the hero carry, 255

250. Son of Jupiter. Héracles (Hercules). See 5, 639—642 ; also 15, 25.

Afar from all his friends. But Jove | awaking was indignant,  
 And in disorder tost the gods | along his hall : but chiefly  
 Me sought he, and from heaven high | had hurl'd me lost in ocean ;  
 But Night, who tameth gods and men, | to whom I fled for rescue,  
 Receiv'd me : then his hand he stay'd, | (albeit sore his anger,) 260  
 Shunning annoy to Night austere, | and dreading to displease her.  
 And now this other featless toil | me to achieve thou urgest."

To him thereat reciprocal | spake large-ey'd queenly Juno :  
 " O Slumber ! why within thy breast | so sad remembrance ponder ?  
 Deemest, widesighted Jupiter | such succour unto Troians 265  
 Giveth, as he for Héracles, | his proper son, was anger'd ?  
 But hearken further ! I to thee | one of the younger Graces  
 Behight for wedlock's joyances, | and to be call'd thy partner,  
 Pasíthea, for whom thy heart | thro' many a year doth hanker."

Then Slumber, kindled with delight, | her covenant accepted : 270  
 " Come then, and swear to me by Styx, | inviolable water !  
 And of thy hands lay thou the one | on Earth the many-feeder,  
 The other on the sparkling sea ; | that all the deathless powers,  
 Who sit with Cronos under Earth, | betwixt us twain be witness ;  
 To me thou verily shalt give | one of the younger Graces, 275  
 Pasíthea, for whom my heart | thro' many a year doth hanker."

He spake, nor uncompliant found | the white-arm'd goddess Juno ;  
 Who, as he bade her, sware the oath | and every god rehearsèd  
 Under the deep of Tartaros, | who hold the name of Titans. 280  
 After she had perform'd to swear | and all the oath was ended,  
 Then, leaving Lemnos' peopled seat | and Imbros, on they darted,  
 With mist as garment wrapping them, | a speedy course achieving.  
 So unto Ida rill-bestream'd, | parent of game, arriv'd they,  
 At Lectos. Quitting then the sea, | over dry land thereafter  
 They journey'd, and beneath their feet | the topmost forest bended. 285  
 Here Slumber pausing tarried, ere | Jove's eyen might descry him ;  
 Therefore he mounted on a fir | high-soaring, which on Ida  
 Thro' the low air grew tapering, | and unto heaven piercèd.  
 Snug in the branches of the fir | a seat of shelter found he,  
 In form not other than the bird, | which skirling on the mountains 290  
 Is *Chalkis* by th' immortals call'd, | but men the nighthawk call it.

But Juno unto Gárgaros, | the top of lofty Ida,  
 Swiftly advanc'd ; and Jupiter | the cloud-collector saw her.  
 Nor sooner on her gaz'd, than love | his closest bosom enter'd  
 In-pouring, even as when he | his first embrace of fondness 295  
 Adventur'd, in the stolen bed, | from their dear parents hidden.  
 So there confronting her he stood, | and spake, her name pronouncing :

“Juno! with what so urgent thought | down from Olympos hastest,  
Nor here stand ready for thy feet | thy chariot and horses?”

Then guileful-heartedly to him | spake venerable Juno ; 300

“I now, on visit to the ends | of Earth the many-feeder,  
Wend unto Ocean, source of gods, | and unto mother Tethys,  
Who in their own halls welcom'd me | with kindly cares and nurture.  
To these on visit go I now, | to end their hopeless quarrel.

For they long time withholden are | from fondness and embraces, 305

Repugnant mutual, sithence | rage on their soul hath fallen.

But on an outmost under-knoll | of rill-bestreamèd Ida  
Tarry my cousters, which career | o'er foodful lea or waters.

But thy approval to ensure, | down from Olympos haste I,  
Lest-that hereafter thou with me | be wrathful, if in silence 310  
I take departure for the halls | of deeply-flowing Ocean.”

Thereat to her reciprocal | spake Jove the cloud-collector :

“O Juno, thither mayest thou | well afterward betake thee :  
But come, in dear companionship | upon the couch repose we.

For never yet did love so much | of goddess or of woman, 315

Flooding my very soul within, | around and thro', subdue me :

Not even when Ixion's spouse | my wiser senses ravish'd,

Who bare to me Peiríthoös, | a peer to gods in counsel ;

Or when the slender-ankled wench, | Argive Acrisiona,

Who royal Perseus bare to me, | among all heroes signal : 320

Or when I sought the daughter fair | of far-renownèd Phoinix,

Who Rhadamanthys, match for gods, | to me brought forth, and Minos ;

Or when, in Theba, Semela | and sage Alemèna held me :—

The latter gave me Hêracles, | a stalwart-hearted offspring,

The former Dionýsos bare, | a joy to weary mortals. 325

Not Ceres, mistress of the earth, | that goddess dainty-braided,

Nor glorious Latona, nor | thyself did e'er bewitch me

As now I am on fire for thee, | and sweetly captive taken.”

Then guileful-heartedly to him | spake venerable Juno :

“Alas! what word from thee hath dropt, | O direst son of Cronos ? 330

If now in dear companionship | thou hanker to entrance us

Upon the tops of Ida, where | all things are wide and open,

Say, what if haply some among | the gods of birth eternal

Espy us twain asleep, and haste | to bruit the rumour widely

Unto all gods ? never would I | back to thy palace trust me, 335

Uprising from that bed : in sooth, | the argument were scandal.

But if thy will be thus, and if | such longings draw thy fancy,

Thou hast a chamber of thy own, | which thy beloved offspring

Vulcan hath fashion'd, closing fast | the panels to the doorposts.

Thither go we to lie, since now | the bed to thee is pleasing." 340

Then cloud-collecting Jupiter | to her did shortly answer :

" O Juno, fear not thou at all, | lest god or man behold us.  
In such a golden cloud will I | thickly around enwrap thee,  
Thro' it no ray of sun shall pierce, | whose eye of all is sharpest." 345

So speaking, Jove with both his arms | enclasp'd his proper consort.  
Beneath them quickly sacred Earth | new tender herbage sprouted,—  
The lotus, fraught with juicy dew,— | crocus and hyacinthus,—  
In masses thick and soft, whereby | they high from earth were lifted.  
Hereon repos'd the twain : above, | a cloud of gold was woven, 350  
All-glorious : and from it dews | dript glittering upón them.

So then on highest Gargaros | the Father rested tranquil,  
By sleep and tenderness beguil'd ; | and clasp'd in arms his partner.  
Then quickly balmy Slumber hied, | to reach th' Achaian galleys,  
Sent upon errand to the god | landshaking Earth-encircling ; 355  
And standing close in front of him | did wingèd accents utter :

" Now Neptune ! to the Danaï | right zealous succour bear thou.  
While Jove on Ida sleepeth yet, | on thém bestow a glory,  
Short though it be ; for soft and deep | have I on him descended ;  
For by endearments Juno hath | to guileful bed enchain'd him." 360

So spake he, and departing sought | the famous tribes of mortals.  
But Neptune more than ever burn'd | the Danaï to succour,  
And mid the foremost ranks straightway | forth leaping, loud exhorted :

" O Argives, yield we mastery | to Hector, son of Priam,  
Once more ? that he the ships may take | and earn excelling glory ? 365  
And verily so speaketh he | and vaunteth, since Achilles  
Beside the smoothly rounded barks, | enrag'd at heart, abideth.  
Yet no too keen regret of him | shall be, if we the others  
Do each to mutual support | his fellows duly rally.

But come ! as I the word shall speak, | let all compliant follow. 370  
Whatever bucklers in the host | are sturdiest and biggest,  
These let the strongest heroes take ; | then, with resplendent helmets  
Screening their heads, and in their hands | the longest weapons grasping,  
Onward ! but I myself will lead : | nor Hector, son of Priam,  
I deem, shall longer hold his ground, | albeit fierce his purpose. 375  
Also, whoe'er is stout to fight, | but wieldeth on his shoulder  
Puny equipment, he forthwith | should to a weaker yield it."

He spake ; and they all willingly | did listen and obey him.  
Them quickly did the kings themselves, | albeit wounded, marshal,—  
Lord Agamemnon, Atreus' son, | Odyssees and Tydides ; 380  
Who, passing in review thro' all, | exchang'd their martial armour.  
Good warriours good arms put on, | and worse to worser yielded.  
So when their skin in dazzling brass | accountred was, thereafter  
They hied to speed them : at their head | stood the land-sháker Neptune,

Wielding within his breadth of grasp | a direful sword long-bladed, 385  
Which, like to lightning, flash'd abroad : | nor yet in rueful quarrel  
May it commingle for assault ; | but fear withholdeth mortals.

The Troians, them on other side | did gallant Hector marshal.  
Hector and Neptune purple-hair'd | battle's grim tangle lengthen'd, 390  
To either army bearing aid,— | to Troians or to Argives.

The surging billows rose aloft | unto the huts and galleys  
Of Argos : then with vast uprôar | did both the hosts encounter.  
Neither against the rugged shore | so much the billow roareth,  
When Boreas from breadth of sea | with bitter puff doth drive it ; 395

Nor hooteth fiery-blazing flame | within a mountain's hollows  
So loudly, when it riseth fierce | the forest to enkindle ;  
Nor wind, which in its hour of wrath | is mightiest of bluster,  
Unto the lofty leaf-hair'd oaks | such altercation screameth ;  
Such, as was then the voice abroad | from Troians and Achaians, 400  
When each upon the other rush'd | with terrible alarum.

Then gallant Hector darted first | with shining spear at Aias,  
Who straight before him fronting stood ; | nor failèd he to hit him,  
Just where the double breadth of strap | was cross'd around his bosom ;  
(From *this* the shield was hung, from *that* | the silverstudded sabre ;) 405

Which did his tender skin defend, | together : then was Hector  
Enrag'd, that fruitless from his hand | the weapon sharp had issued,  
And back he to his comrade troop | retreated, Fate avoiding.  
But, as he yielded, after him | great Telamonian Aias

Seeing the weighty stones which roll'd | beside the feet of fighters, 410  
Many, to moor the galleys sharp ; | with one of these, uplifted,  
Smote on his bosom, near the neck, | above his buckler's margin ;  
And as a top is whirl'd around, | so forcibly he whirl'd it.

As by the stroke of Father Jove | an oak may topple headlong  
Uprooted, and intense from it | the stench of brimstone riseth ; 415  
So frightful is his thunderbolt ;— | whoso beholdeth, quailèth :—  
Thus then fell sudden in the dust | the sturdy might of Hector.

Out of his hand he dropt the spear ; | on it the buckler follow'd  
And helmet ; and around him clang'd | his brass-belayèd armour. 420  
Thereat with mighty skirling rush'd | Achæia's children forward,  
Hoping to drag his body off ; | and thick their bolts they darted,

In showers ; yet not one of them | might reach the people's shepherd,  
Nor closely stab him ; for in front | the bravest sooner crowded,  
Aineias and Polydamas, | and mighty-son'd Agênor, 425  
Sarpêdon, prince of Lycians, | and with him noble Glaukos.

Nay, nor did any of the rest | neglect him ; but before him  
They held their shields orbicular : | meanwhile his dear companions  
With hands uplifting bare him out | from danger, till they reachèd  
His speedy coursers, which in rear, | beyond the throng of battle, 430  
Stood, with the much-wrought chariot | and charioteer behind them

These to the city carried him, | outworn and deeply groaning.

But when unto the ford they reach'd | of the fair-streaming river,  
Xanthos much-eddying, to whom | immortal Jove was father,  
There from the chariot on earth | they rested him, and o'er him 435  
Pour'd water: then he breath'd anew | and gaz'd abroad; and rising  
On to his knees, from out his mouth | much dusky gore he spouted.  
Yet sank he backward soon again | to earth, and dark night cover'd  
His wilder'd eyes; for the bolt | did still subdue his vigour.

Meanwhile the Argives, when they saw | that Hector was departed, 440  
Leapt braver on the Trôïans | and pride of arms remember'd.  
Then Aias swift, Oileus' son, | in-springing far the foremost,  
With pointed weapon,—Satnio, | the son of Enops, wounded;  
Whom erst to Enops tending kine | a noble Naiad damsel 445  
Bare on the banks of Satnio. | Him then Oileus' offspring  
Spearfamous, close approaching, fell'd, | stabbing his side: and round him  
Both Trôïans and Danaï | commingled hardy struggle.  
But unto him Polydamas, | spear-brandishing avenger,  
The son of Panthoös, advanc'd; | and wounded Prothoënor, 450  
Son of Areflyeos:—the spear | passed thro' his better shoulder:—  
So in the dust he fell, the earth | with gripe convulsive clutching.  
Then loudly cried Polydamas | with marvellous rejoicing:

“In truth not fruitlessly in turn | from sturdy hand, I reckon,  
Hath Panthoös' highhearted son | his darting weapon guided; 455  
But it some Argive welcometh | deep in his skin, and resting  
Upon such staff, doth better walk | down to the house of Pluto.”

When thus he vauntingly exclaim'd, | it sorely griev'd the Argives;  
And chiefly did the soul bestir | of skilful-hearted Aias,  
The son of Telamôn; to whom | the slain had nearest fallen; 460  
And, at the foe retreating, quick | his shining weapon darted.  
Then tho' Polydamas himself | the gloomy fate avoided,  
Hurrying sideways, yet its force | fell on Antênor's offspring,  
Archélochos: sin as the gods, | I wot, his doom had plotted.  
Just where the head and neck are join'd, | and where the spine is ended, 465  
The spear alighting, keenly shear'd | thro' both the adverse tendons.  
So down the hero dropt to earth; | where head and mouth and nostrils  
Rudely were batter'd, sooner far | than knees or shanks might reach it.  
Then to high-soul'd Polydamas | in turn exulted Aias;

“Poise well the scales, Polydamas, | and speak thy answer truly. 470  
Have ye not paid a costly life | as price for Prothoënor?  
To me not worthless seemeth he, | nor born of worthless parents.  
Mayhap as brother or as son | Antênor courser-taming  
Beknoweth him; for sooth his form | to him near likeness beareth.”

He spake, but knew him well: and grief | possess'd the Troian bosom. 475  
Then with his long spear Acamas, | around his brother striding,  
Thrust thro' Boiôtian Promachos, | who by the feet would drag him.



Thereat loud shouted Acamas | with marvellous rejoicing :

“ O Argives, full of empty boast, | insatiate of menace,  
Not verily to *us* alone | is turmoil and affliction 480  
Allotted ; but at times,—as here,— | must also *ye* be slaughter'd.  
Ponder ye well, how Promachos | in tranquil sleep reposes,  
Tam'd by my spear ; nor long, I ween, | the forfeit for my brother  
Unpaid abideth : therefore eke | exulteth every hero  
To leave a kinsman in his halls, | avenger of his noyance.” 485

When thus he vauntingly exclaim'd, | it sorely griev'd the Argives,  
But chiefly lord Peneleôs | his fallen comrade pitied,  
And fierce advanc'd on Acamas, | who waited not his sally.  
But by the angry chieftain's lance | Ilíoneus was wounded,  
Offspring of Phorbas rich in flocks, | who of the Troian people 490  
Was chiefly lov'd by Hermeas, | and with large riches favour'd.  
To him Ilíoneus was born, | his mother's only offspring.

But now, beneath his eyebrow thrust, | the spear drove out the pupil  
And issued thro' his head behind. | But he, with arms expanded, 495  
Sank sitting to the ground ; until | the foe, his sharp sword drawing,  
Smote him in middle of the neck, | and dash'd both head and helmet  
Off to the ground, albeit still | the heavy spear was planted  
Thro' the eye's socket. He the head, | like to a poppy, lifting,  
Unto the Troians made address | and spake a word of boasting. 500

“ Troians ! send word for me, and bid | the sire and tender mother  
Of your august Ilíoneus | to wail within their chambers.  
Ay, for the spouse of Promachos | and father Alegônor  
Never again may joy to see | their warrior's arrival,  
When we, Achaian youths, return | from Troas with our galleys.” 505

He spake ; and all the Tróians | by terror pale were master'd,  
And each did singly look around | from direful fate to save him.  
Utter for me, ye Muses, now, | who dwell on high Olympos,  
Who first among Achaian men | then earn'd him gory trophies,  
When the Landshaker glorious | the tide of battle turnèd. 510

First Aias, son of Télamôn, | smote Hyrtios, the leader  
Of hardy-hearted Mysians ; | —Gyrtios was his father.  
Antílochos did Mérmeros | and Phalkes hend for plunder ;  
By Mérion, Hippótion | and Morys eke was slaughter'd,  
But Periphêtes low was laid, | and Próthoön, by Teucer. 515

Next Menelâos, hand to hand, | deep wounded Hyperênor,  
The people's shepherd, in the flank ; | and drain'd with wasting weapon  
His vitals ; but the hero's soul | into the vast air hurried  
Through the wide-yawning gash : so there | did darkness veil his eye.  
But most of all, Oileus' son | swift Aias, overhended ; 520

For of Achaians none to him | was peer, on foot to follow,  
When men were stricken with alarm, | and Jove to flight did urge them.

## BOOK XV.

### Complete Rout of the Achæians.

**B**UT when across the palisade | and up the moat they clamber'd  
Fleeing, and many fell in death | beneath the hands of Argos,  
Then checking at the chariots | their wild career, they halted,  
With terror pale and all-amaze. | But on the tops of Ida  
Jove woke from slumber, at the side | of golden-thronèd Juno. 5  
So stood he, starting up, and view'd | Achæians and Troians,  
The latter routed in the fray ; | the Argives, close behind them,  
Hotly pursuing, and their ranks | by lordly Neptune headed :  
But Hector lying on the plain | he saw, and, round him sitting,  
His comrades. Fainting he at heart, | dropt blood from mouth and nostrils, 10  
And painfully did gasp ; for not | the puniest of Argos  
Had smote him. Him with pity view'd | the sire of gods and mortals,  
And with a direful under-glance | address'd a word to Juno :  
“ Thy mischief-plotting artifice, | unmanageable Juno !  
Hath godlike Hector stay'd from war, | and terrified his people. 15  
Nor know I, whether haply now | of this illwoven noyance  
Thyself shall first the folly taste, | beneath my grievous scourging.  
Or dost forget, how once aloft | thou hungest, when I fasten'd  
A pair of anvils from thy feet, | and round thy hands a fetter,  
Golden, which nought might break ; | so thou in clouds and æther hungest. 20  
Then indignation seiz'd the gods | who dwell on long Olympos ;  
Yet of their concourse was there none | to loose thee ; but whomever  
I caught, them clutching one by one | I toss'd from off the threshold,  
Till swooning he the Earth might reach. | Nor yet did this appease me,  
Smarting with anguish for the fate | of Héracles the godlike, 25  
Whom thou, by wind of Boreas, | diddest, the Squalls persuading,  
Across the ever-barren main | escort by ill devices.  
So thou to thickly peopled Còs | diddest the hero carry ;  
But thence my power rescued him, | and after many a labour  
Restor'd him to his proper home | in courser-feeding Argos. 30  
Now,—that from trickeries thou cease, | —of this will I remind thee.

Hereby thou mayest trial make, | whether the bed of fondness,  
For which thou camest from the gods | deceitfully, shall aid thee."

Thus when he spake, with terror quail'd | the cow-ey'd queenly Juno;  
So meekly she addressing him | did wingèd accents utter :

35

"I call to witness now this earth | and heighth of vasty Heaven  
And dripping water of the Styx, | which to the heav'nly blessed  
Greatest and direst is of oaths : | yea, by thy head so sacred,  
And our own early bed,—by which | swear vainly would I never :

40

Not surely for the sake of *me* | doth the landsháker Neptune  
Plague Hector and the Trôians, | or aid to Argos giveth.  
I ween, his selfadvising heart | doth to such doings urge him,  
Since at the galleys he beheld | and pitied their disasters.

But (let me say it) eke to him | would I my counsel tender,  
Into that path to go, wherein, | Dark-clouded One! thou guidest."

45

The sire of mortals and of gods | with smiles her terror greeted,  
And in responsive argument | did wingèd accents utter.

"If thou then verily henceforth, | O cow-ey'd queenly Juno,  
Sittest likeminded unto me | among the gods immortal,  
Then shall lord Neptune (tho' perchance | full other be his purpose)  
Sudden his bent of soul reverse, | thy heart and mine to follow.

50

But if sincerely from thy breast | in very truth thou speakest,  
Hie thee among the tribes of gods | forthwith, and hither summon  
Iris, my errand to perform, | and arrow-fam'd Apollo ;

55

That *she* amid the wide array | of brazen-mail'd Achaians  
May speed her, and the earnest word | to lordly Neptune carry,—  
From battle to withdraw him straight | and seek his proper dwellings :

But bright Apollo, *he* meanwhile | shall Hector urge to battle,  
And breathe in him new might, and give | forgetfulness of anguish,

60

Which now, deepseated, galleth sore | his vitals;—but th' Achaians  
Back from the battle shall he turn, | unmanly flight inspiring,  
Till to the many-benchèd ships | of Peleus' son Achilles

In flight they hurry. He in turn | shall rouse his own companion  
Patroclus,—soon to fall in death | by spear of gallant Hector

65

Before the walls of Ilion, | when many a youth beneath him  
From life hath parted ; with the rest, | my godlike son Sarpêdon.  
But great Achilles, for his friend | enrag'd, shall Hector slaughter.

Thenceforward from the galleys I | continuous will give thee  
A never-ceasing back-pursuit | of war, until th' Achaians

70

Shall capture lofty Ilion | by counsels of Athêna.

But earlier withdraw I not | my anger, nor permit I  
Other immortals on the field | the Danaï to succour ;  
Ere-that Pelides' hankering | be crown'd with full completion,

As first I undertook for him | and with my nod assented,

75

Upon the day, when by my knees | the goddess Thetis clasp'd me,

Imploring honour for her son | Achilles city-rieving."

He spake, nor uncompliant found | the white-arm'd goddess Juno,  
But, from the mounts of Ida, down | went she to long Olympus. 80  
As darteth forth the mind of man, | who over ample country

Distant hath journey'd ; haply he | in bosom sage remembreth,  
" In such a place was I, and such,"— | and roveth wide at random ;  
So then, in eagerness across | flew venerable Juno.

At steep Olympus she arriv'd, | and found the gods immortal 85  
All gather'd in the hall of Jove. | They, seeing her arrival,

Upstart'd from their seats at once, | and welcom'd her with goblets.  
She of the rest took no account, | yet did accept the goblet  
From Themis dainty-check'd ; who first, | to meet her, came in hurry,  
And with address of courtesy | such wingèd accents utter'd :

" Juno, why hither wendest thou, | and, like to frighten'd, seemest ? 90  
Troth ! Cronides hath scarèd thee, | who is thy proper consort."

To her then spake reciprocal | the white-arm'd goddess Juno :  
" Themis ! dear goddess ! ask not me | too much : thyself well knowest  
His heart of royal haughtiness, | how stern and overfoaming, 95

Do thou, in chambers of the gods, | preside at rightful banquet,  
But of these doings afterward | wilt hear, with all the immortals,

What ill achievements Jupiter | doth show us : nor, I reckon,  
Will he to all alike give joy, | —on earth, nor yet in heaven,  
Albeit at the heavenly board | each one now cheery feasteth."

Such words did queenly Juno speak, | and took her seat among them. 100  
Then in the hall of Jupiter | the gods were all indignant :

But Juno, smiling with her lips, | no gladness on her forehead  
Display'd along her raven brow ; | but angrily address'd them :

" Simple are we, infatuate, | who with intentness ponder 105  
Whether we will some limit set | on Jove, by close encounter

Of word, or haply of constraint : | but he, apart abiding,  
At our misliking fretteth not | nor heedeth ; for he vaunteth,  
That he, egregious of gods, | in strength and might is foremost.

Wherefore, whatever ill to each | he list to offer, take ye. 110  
And now already, I opine, | for Ares woe is accomplish'd ;

For in the battle fallen is | his son, of heroes dearest,  
Ascalaphos, whom to himself | Ares as offspring claimeth."

She spake ; but Ares instantly | with double palm descending  
Smote on his lusty thighs, and pour'd | an utterance of wailing.

" Blame not my purpose, gods who hold | high dwellings on Olympus ! 115  
My slaughter'd offspring to avenge | beside th' Achaian galleys ;

Albeit eke for me be doom | to lie among the corpses  
Struck by the thunderbolt of Jove, | in blood and dust confounded."

So spake he, and accordant bade | Terror and Flight to harness 120  
His coursers, and himself would don | his allresplendent armour.

Then other turmoil had been wrought | more mighty and more noisome  
 By the fierce wrath of Jupiter | against the gods immortal ;  
 But that Athêna, smit with fear | for all the heav'nly dwellers,  
 Out o'er the threshold rush'd, and left | the throne whereon she rested,  
 And off his head the helmet drew | and buckler from his shoulders ; 125  
 Then taking from his sturdy hand | the brazen spear, she fix'd it  
 Upright, and with reproachful words | did lash impetuous Ares :  
 " O doltish and bewilder'd soul, | besotted are thy senses :  
 Troth ! vainly hast thou ears to hear ; | thy shame and wits are perish'd.  
 Or heardest not, what argument | spake white-arm'd goddess Juno, 130  
 Who now afresh, from Jupiter | th' Olympian, arriveth ?  
 Dost wish, thyself with many a woe | bestrought, by stern compulsion,  
 Despite thy anger, back to haste | retiring to Olympos,  
 And to the other blessèd ones | great mischief to engender ?  
 For shortly Jupiter will leave | the haughty-hearted Troians 135  
 And Argives : but on *us* will come | with riot to Olympos,  
 And indiscriminate will catch | the guilty and the harmless.  
 Thou therefore for thy bonny son | remit, I say, thy anger.  
 For one than him far mightier | in force and skill already  
 Slain either is, or shall be soon : | and verily, too toilsome 140  
 The task were found, childer and kin | for all mankind to reseue."  
 Thus speaking, she upon his throne | impetuous Ares seated :  
 Out of the chambers thereupon | did Juno call Apollo  
 And Iris, who is messenger | unto the gods immortal ;  
 Then straitly she exhorting them | harangu'd in wingèd accents : 145  
 " Jove biddeth both of you to come | with utmost speed to Ida ;  
 But when arriv'd ye be, and raise | on Jupiter your eyen,  
 Then accomplish, whatsoe'er of tasks | his pleasure may enjoin you."  
 Such errand spoken, back again | hied venerable Juno  
 And sat upon her throne ; but they, | the twain, flew darting forward. 150  
 Soon unto Ida rill-bestream'd, | parent of game, arriv'd they,  
 And found widesighted Cronides | upon the summit resting  
 At Gargaros, and round his form | was wreath'd a cloud of incense.  
 So entering, before the face | of Jove the cloud-collector  
 Stood they ; nor when the twain he saw, | was he in heart displeas'd, 155  
 That to the bidding of his spouse | they quickly gave obeisance.  
 Then he to Iris earlier | did wingèd accents utter :  
 " Hie, hurry, speedy Iris ! hence ; | bear thou to lordly Neptune  
 The rightful errand of my words, | nor be a false reporter.  
 Command him to withdraw himself | from contest and from battle, 160  
 Returning mid the tribes of gods | or the salt flood eternal.  
 But if he choose not to obey | my word, but disregardeth,  
 Let him thereafter ponder well | within his heart and bosom,  
 Lest, stalwart tho' his hardiment, | in onset he be feeble

- Me to withstand : for I than him | in force am greatly better, 165  
 And earlier of birth ; and yet | his fantasy would venture  
 To hold pretension as my peer, | at whom all others shudder.”  
 He spake, nor uncompliant found | fleet stormy-footed Iris,  
 But down to sacred Ilion | from Ida's mountains hied she.  
 And as when hailstorm from the clouds | may fly, or sleety showèr, 170  
 Chill'd by the gust of Boreas, | whom sky serene doth gender ;  
 So swiftly in her eagerness | across flew speedy Iris,  
 And standing close in front, address'd | the glorious Landshaker :  
 “ O Earth-encircler purple-hair'd ! | to thee I hither hurry  
 From ægis-holding Jupiter | a rightful errand bearing. 175  
 He biddeth to withdraw thyself | from contest and from battle,  
 Returning mid the tribes of gods | or the salt flood eternal.  
 But if thou choose not to obey | his word, but disregardest,  
 Then doth he threaten thee in turn, | with adverse force to lie him  
 For battle hitherward : but thee | he urgeth, from encounter 180  
 With him to shrink ; for he than thee | in force is greatly better,  
 And earlier in birth ; and yet | thy fantasy would venture  
 To hold pretension as his peer, | at whom all others shudder.”  
 To her indignantly replied | the glorious Landshaker :  
 “ Ye Spirits ! troth, tho' grand he be, | haughty the word he speaketh, 185  
 If me, who am in rank his peer, | he will constrain unwilling.  
 For we, three equal brethren are, | whom Rhea bare to Cronos,  
 First Jove, next me, then A'ides, who nether regions swayeth.  
 All things in threefold lot are cast : | each hath his share of honour.  
 To me the hoary brine for aye | as dwelling was apportion'd, 190  
 When lots we shook ; to A'ides | the sunless dusk was granted ;  
 Jove had as his the ample sky | of clouds and empty æther :  
 But Earth to all is common yet, | as eke is long Olympos.  
 So will not I by his decree | demean me : let him tranquil  
 Abide within his own third share, | albeit stalwart is he. 195  
 But truly let him not by force | alarm me, as a coward.  
 More seemly were it and more right | against his sons and daughters,  
 Whom he himself begat, to scold | with keen and lordly errand.  
 These, when he sendeth urgent word, | must e'en perforce obey him.”  
 To him responded thereupon | fleet stormy-footed Iris : 200  
 “ O Earth-encircler purple-hair'd ! | alas ! is *this* my errand ?  
*This* must I bear to Jupiter | from thee,—so stern and hardy ?  
 Or wilt thou somewhat bend and yield ? | and noble hearts are yielding.  
 Thou knowest, how on elders-born | for ever wait the Furies.”  
 Then Neptune, shaker of the earth, | reciprocal address'd her : 205  
 “ Iris, dear goddess ! troth ! this word | discreetly hast thou spoken.  
 Good followeth the messenger, | who sage advisings knoweth.  
 Only my heart and soul are here | by anguish grimly wounded,

When Jupiter usurpeth right | with words of gall to wrangle  
 Against his peer in destiny, | to equal lot appointed. 210  
 But now, indignant tho' I am, | to this will I submit me.  
 Yet one thing will I farther say | and from my heart will threaten.  
 If he, against my will,—against | Athêna, queen of booty,—  
 Despite of lordly Vulcan,—ay ! | of Hermeas, and Juno,—  
 Shall rescue lofty Iliou, | nor suffer us to storm it 215  
 And to the Argive arms to give | the mastery of glory ;  
 Know he : a feud betwixt us twain | unheal'd abideth ever.”  
 So speaking, the Landshaker left | the army of Achaia,  
 And plung'd beneath the deep : and soon | th' Achaian heroes miss'd him.  
 But cloud-collecting Jupiter | thereat address'd Apollo : 220  
 “ Go now, dear shining one ! and hie | to brazen-helmèd Hector.  
 For now the god who quaking Earth | encircleth, is departed  
 Already to his sacred flood, | our keen displeasure shunning,  
 Sagely ; for of our prowess once | heard other gods before him,  
 Who, nethermost of nature, dwell | around the home of Cronos. 225  
 But verily, alike to me | and to himself, more gainful  
 Was it, that he did earlier | indignantly submit him  
 Beneath my puissance : else, the toil | no common struggle boded.  
 But carry now within thy hands | my ægis many-tassell'd,  
 And in their faces flaunting it, | dismay th' Achaian heroes. 230  
 But thou, Fardarter ! must thyself | have care of gallant Hector,  
 And in him waken mighty force | so long, until th' Achaians  
 Unto their galleys reach in flight | and to the flood of Hella.  
 But I thenceforward will myself | of word and work bethink me,  
 How-that th' Achaians may again | find respite from disaster.” 235  
 So spake he ; nor Apollo heard | his sire's command reluctant,  
 But down from Ida's tops he went, | in semblance of a falcon  
 Fleet-wingèd, pigeon-murdering, | of feather'd wights the swiftest.  
 Soon found he godlike Hector, son | of skilful-hearted Priam,  
 Sitting, nor prostrate still : for he | anew had sense recover'd, 240  
 Knowing his comrades round about. | Gasping and sweat were ended,  
 Sithence the mind of Jupiter, | the ægis-holder, rais'd him.  
 Then, near beside him standing, spake | Apollo Far-enérgic :  
 “ O Hector, son of Priamos ! | why thus apart from others  
 Sittest thou faint at heart ? perchance | doth some disaster harm thee ?” 245  
 To him with puny vigour left | spake motley-helmèd Hector :  
 “ Who art thou, worthiest of gods ! | that face to face dost ask me ?  
 Hearest thou not,—in outmost fight | against th' Achaian galleys,  
 How Aias, good at need, while I | his comrades slaughter'd smote me  
 Full on the bosom with huge stone, | and quell'd my martial ardour. 250  
 And verily I thought to see | the dead, and house of Pluto,  
 Upon this day : so near did I | gasp forth my tender spirit.”

To him the Far-énérgic lord | Apollo spake responsive :  
 “Now cheer thee ! such reserve of war | Jove Cronides from Ida  
 Hath forward to befriend thee sent | and rescue thee from danger,— 255  
 Me, golden-belted shining lord | Apollo, who do ever  
 Of yore deliver both thyself | and eke thy lofty city.  
 But to thy many charioteers, | come now, give earnest bidding  
 Unto the smoothly rounded barks | to drive the nimble horses :  
 And I, in front of them myself, | advancing, for the horses 260  
 Will level all the chariot-roads | and scare th’ Achaian heroes.”  
 So saying, mighty strength he breath’d | into the people’s shepherd.  
 As when a charger, closely kept, | high-pamper’d at the manger,  
 Bursting his halter, o’er the plain | with prance and gambol trampeth,  
 Accustom’d in the flood to bathe | of some fair-streaming river, 265  
 Wild glorying ; and holdeth high | his head, and off his shoulders  
 Rusheth the mane abroad ; and he | in his brave beauty trusteth ;  
 Lightly his knees then carry him | to horses’ haunts and pastures :  
 So too with supple foot and knee | did Hector hurry onward,  
 Soon as he heard the voice divine, | his charioteers to order. 270  
 And as when hounds or rustic men | have chas’d upon the mountains  
 A hart well-antler’d, or wild goat ; | which, under shaggy forest  
 And rocks footcheating, baffleth them, | their hot pursuit evading ;  
 At length, beneath their shouting rous’d, | upon the path appeareth 275  
 An ample-bearded lion, who | doth sudden scare their courage :  
 So for awhile the Danaï—in troops did keenly follow,  
 With swords and with twohanded pikes | against the foeman stabbing ;  
 But when they Hector saw amid | the ranks of heroes moving,  
 They trembled, and the soul of all | beside their feet lay prostrate. 280  
 Thoas hereat, Andrainon’s son, | did with harangue accost them :  
 Of all Aitólia bravest he ; | to dart the jav’lin skilful,  
 And good in standing fight : but few | might in debate surpass him,  
 When in full mote Achaian youths | held rivalry of prudence ;  
 Who then with kindly soul harangu’d | and spake his word among them : 285  
 “Ye spirits ! now these eyen see | in truth a mighty marvel,  
 If Hector they behold again | arisen, Fate escaping.  
 Yet verily each heart of us | was trusting, that this hero  
 Lately had perish’d by the hands | of Telamónian Aias.  
 But now some heav’nly god anew | hath sav’d and rescued Hector, 290  
 Who had of many Danaï | unstrung the knees and sinews.  
 So now, as I forebode, again | will be : for here he standeth  
 Not without Jove high-thundering | a champion thus ardent.  
 But come, as I the word shall speak, | let all compliant follow ;  
 Back to the galleys bid we now | the common folk to hie them ; 295  
 But for ourselves, who boast to be | amid the army bravest,  
 Confronting him with spears outstretch’d, | let us withstand his onset,



If we may haply drive him back : | and he, I ween, tho' eager,  
Will shrink to meet the Danaï, | and in their troop to mingle."

He spake ; and they right willingly | did listen and obey him. 300  
Whoso with either Aias stood, | and,—peer in weight to Ares,—  
Meges, and lord Idómeneus, | and Mèrion and Teucer ;  
These did the conflict well address, | each champion arraying,  
Fierce to withstand the Trôïans | and Hector ; but behind them  
Back to th' Achaian galleys hied | the multitude returning. 305

Forward in pack the Troians burst, | and at their head was Hector,  
Majestic striding : in his front | hied bright Apollo onward,  
Clad round his shoulders with a cloud ; | the furious ægis bearing,  
Shaggy with fringes, terrible, | splendid to view ; which Vulcan,  
Worker of copper, gave to Jove | for rout of men to carry : 310  
This ægis holding in his hands, | Apollo led the peoples ;  
But eke the Argives clos'd their ranks | unmov'd ; and deadly clamour  
From either side arose : then leapt | the arrows from the bowstring,  
And may a brazen javelin, | by sturdy sinews darted,  
Partly were fix'd within the limbs | of callants keen in battle, 315  
And others midway numerous, | for glut of carnage greedy,  
Ere the fair skin they might attain, | harmless in earth were planted.

While bright Apollo held unmov'd | the ægis many-tassell'd,  
So long from either side the darts | did fly, and people perish ;  
But when he flouted full in face | the charioteering Argives, 320  
Shaking his arm, and eke himself | yell'd loudly ; then their bosom  
With terror was bewitch'd, and straight | forgat impetuous ardour.  
And as, amid a herd of kine | or mighty flock of bleaters,  
In thickest murkiness of night | do two wild beasts make havoc,  
Which suddenly arrive, nor find | the keeper at his station : 325  
So were th' Achaians put to rout,—unwarlike ; for Apollo  
Fill'd them with fear, and glory give | to Hector and the Troians.

Thereon each hero slew his man, | when scatter'd was the struggle.  
Arkésilas and Stichios | first were by Hector slaughter'd.  
The latter, trusty comrade was | to mighty-soul'd Menestheus ; 230  
To brazen-mail'd Boiôtians | Arkésilas was leader.

Aineias next for death and spoil | caught I'asos and Medon.  
Medon to Aias brother was ; | —their sire, divine Oileus ;—  
But Medon was of meaner birth, | and dwelt afar, as exile,  
Long time in Phylaca ; for he | whilom had slain a hero, 335  
A kinsman of his father's bride | his stepdame Eriôpis.  
But I'asos bare rank as chief | among Athèna's people,  
And Sphélos was his father call'd, | but Búcolos his grandsire.  
Mekisteus by Polydamas, | Echios by Polites,  
And foremost Clonios was slain | beneath divine Agênor. 340  
Paris hit Deíochos behind | at bottom of the shoulder,

As in the foremost ranks he fled ; | and thrust the weapon thro' him.  
 While from the slain the victors stript | their arms, meanwhile th' Achaïans,  
 Within the deep-entrenchèd moat | and palisades entangled,  
 Rov'd hither, thither ; and anew | perforce the rampart enter'd. 345  
 Then Hector rais'd his voice aloft | and charg'd the Troian army  
 To leave the gory panoplies | and rush upon the galleys :

“ But whomso swerving I desery | and from the galleys slinking,  
 I, on the spot, will weave for him | destruction : nor shall ever  
 The men and women of his clan | in rightful flames enwrap him : 350  
 But, cast before our city-wall, | dogs shall his carcase mangle.”

Thus speaking, with the scourge he lash'd | his horses on the shoulder,  
 Cheering across the Troian ranks | aloud : and they, beside him,  
 Guided with shout of rivalry | the chariot-trailing horses.  
 Unearthly was their battle-din. | Before them bright Apollo 355  
 With his broad foot did easily | cast down into the middle  
 The scarp'd embankments of the trench, | and bridg'd an ample causey  
 Solid and broad ; so far, as when | a man, to outmost distance,  
 Flingeth in air his javelin, | his martial vigour trying.

Over this road in ample squares | they pour'd ; in front Apollo 360  
 With costly ægis on his arm. | Right easily o'erthrew he  
 Th' Achaïan rampart, e'en as when | a child lays low his sandheap ;  
 Who, where the billow lately dash'd, | a playful wall hath built him  
 Of sand, and when his sport is done, | with foot or hand o'erthrows it :

So then by thee, bright Eïos, | the plenteous toil and trouble 365  
 Of Argives vain was made, and eke | themselves were fill'd with terror.  
 But, checking by the galleys' side | their wild career, they halted,  
 And each to other made appeal, | and to all gods in heaven  
 Did every one with lifted hands | loud supplication offer.

Mid them Geremian Nestor there, | Achaïan warden, chiefly 370  
 Made prayèr to the gods, his hand | to starry heaven lifting :

“ O father Jove, if ever yet | a man in wheatful Argos,  
 Burning to thee the costly limbs | of sheep or eke of bullock,  
 Besought a safe return, whereto | thou diddest nod approval ;  
 Think of all this, Olympian ! | and ward the ruthless moment, 375  
 Nor wholly by the Trôïans | crush thou th' Achaïan army.”

So prayèd Neleus' aged son ; | thereat with mighty thunder  
 Did Jove the Counsellor reply, | his supplication hearing.  
 The Troians also, at the voice | of Jove the ægis-holder,  
 Leapt braver on th' Achâïans | and pride of arms remember'd. 380

As on the ample-breasted sea | when a huge billow plungeth,  
 Over the galley's wooden ribs | descending, if the hurtle  
 Of wind impress it ; for 'tis this, | that chief the waves engrosseth :  
 So then with úproar terrible | the Troians seal'd the rampart.  
 And now, their coursers driving in, | at poop of galley fought they, 385

Mingled in battle, foe to foe, | with doublehanded weapons,  
 These mounted on the chariots ; | but those from dusky galleys  
 With lengthy shipspears warded them, | which on the decks were storèd,  
 Fasten'd with clamps for naval fight, | and tipt at end with copper. 390

But, for Patroelos, he meantime, | while Troians and Achaians  
 Outside, beyond the Argive fleet, | around the wall were fighting ;  
 With friendly-soul'd Eurypylos | he in the tent was seated  
 So long, and sooth'd his heart with talk ; | and as a balm of anguish,  
 Drugs o'er the painful wound he spread, | of medicinál virtue. 395

But, when he after was aware, | the Troians o'er the rampart  
 Were enter'd, while the Danaï | were fill'd with scream and tumult ;  
 Then loudly groan'd he, and straightway | with double palm descending  
 Smote on his thighs, and pour'd abroad | an utterance of wailing :

“ Eurypylos ! albeit much | thou needest me, no longer  
 May I beside thee stay ; for lo ! | a mighty strife is risen. 400  
 But thee, let now thy squire amuse ; | and I unto Achilles  
 Must quickly hie me, if perchance | I win him to the combat.  
 Who knoweth, if, with heaven's aid, | I haply by persuasion  
 May stir his spirit ? useful is | a comrade's exhortation.”

He, with such words, on speedy feet | departed ; but th' Achaians 405  
 Firmly the Trôïan advance | awaited, nor were able,  
 Albeit fewer were the foes, | to ward them from the galleys.  
 Nor might the Troians yet break thro' | the Dánaan battalions  
 And force a passage to the cots | and mingle with the galleys.  
 As by a cunning workman's hands, | in wisdom of Athèna 410  
 Taught perfectly, the rule doth draw | a galley's timber even ;  
 So even, of those combatants | was drawn the fight and combat.  
 And battle, diverse ships around, | by diverse men was wagèd,  
 But Hector made his chief attack | against illustrious Aias. 415  
 Around one galley had the twain | fierce trouble, nor were able,  
 The Troian, forth to drive his foe | and wrap in flames the galley,  
 Nor he, the assailant to repel ; | for why ? the god had brought him.  
 Then gallant Aias with his spear | struck on the breast Calètor,  
 The active son of Clytios, | fire to the galley bearing ; 420  
 So with a loud crash down he fell, | and dropt the brand beside him.  
 But Hector, when before his eyes | his cousin he discernèd  
 Laid prostrate in the dust, in front, | beneath the dusky galley,  
 He shouted to the Trôïans | and Lycians and Dardans :

“ Dardans, who hand to hand contend, | and Lycians and Troians ! 425  
 Not yet, in such a strait, my friends ! retire ye from the battle ;  
 But save the son of Clytios, | nor let th' Achaians strip him,  
 Fallen before the galley-poop, | in theatre of battle.”

So spake he, and with shining spear | straightway at Aias darted,

And miss'd him : but the weapon hit | Lycophron, son of Mastor, 430  
 Who, at divine Kythêra born, | of yore had slain a hero :  
 Then quitted he his early home, | and dwelt, as squire, with Aias.  
 To this man, as by Aias' side | he stood, the spear of Hector  
 Enter'd his head above the ear ; | then sudden fell he backward  
 Into the dust from galley-poop : | and all his limbs were loosèd. 435  
 But Aias shudder'd at the sight | and straight address'd his brother :  
 " Dear Teucer ! lo ! before our eyes | is slain our trusty comrade,  
 The son of Mastor, whom we both | did in our chambers welcome  
 With honour like to parents dear, | arriving from Kythêra.  
 But mighty-hearted Hector him | hath slain. Where now thy arrows 440  
 Death swiftly dealing, and the bow | which bright Apollo gave thee ?"  
 He spake, and Teucer caught the word, | and ran, and stood beside him,  
 Holding within his hand the bow | back-bending, and the quiver  
 Fraught full with arrows : quick he shot | his bolts against the Troians.  
 By the first arrow Cleitos fell, | Peisênor's brilliant offspring, 445  
 The comrade of Polydamas | the stately son of Panthûs,  
 Holding within his hands the reins. | He with the steeds was busied,—  
 Such was his task, for kindly aid | to Hector and the Troians,—  
 Where thickest justled were the ranks : | but quickly came the mischief  
 On to himself ; which none of all, | tho' eager, then averted. 450  
 For deep within his neck, behind, | the grievous arrow piercèd :  
 So from the chariot he dropt ; | and sudden swerv'd the horses,  
 Rattling the empty chariot. | But quickly was its master  
 Polydamas aware, who first | in front the steeds arrested.  
 Them gave he to Astynoös, | the son of Protiân, 455  
 And on him many a charge he laid, | at hand to keep the horses,  
 Eying his master ; straight himself | regain'd the foremost battle.  
 Then Teucer took a second shaft | for brazen-helmèd Hector ;  
 And would an end of war have made | against th' Achaian galleys,  
 Had he the chieftain slain, in whom | was primacy of valour. 460  
 Nor this the wary mind escap'd | of Jupiter, who guarded  
 Hector, and glory's vaunt denied | to Telamonian Teucer.  
 For while as in the noble bow | he drew the string well-twisted,  
 Jove sudden snapt it : thereupon | the brazen-weighted arrow  
 Stray'd other way, and from his hand | down fell his vain equipment. 465  
 Then Teucer shudder'd at the sight | and straight address'd his brother :  
 " Ye Spirits ! troth ! some powèr high | our plans of battle snappeth  
 All rudely, who from out my hands | hath cast the bow and arrow,  
 And burst the newly-twisted string, | which I this morning fasten'd,  
 That stoutly it might carry home | the thickly-springing arrows." 470  
 Then spake to him reciprocal | great Telamonian Aias :  
 " Dear fellow, leave thy bow in peace | and all thy sheaves of arrows ;

Since, envying the Danaï, | some god hath these confounded.  
 But in thy hands take lengthy spear | and buckler on thy shoulder,  
 And fight against the Trôïans | and rouse the other peoples. 475

Let us remember pride of arms ; | nor let the task be easy  
 Our galleys tightly plauk'd to take, | tho' mighty be their vantage."

So spake he : Teucer then replac'd | within his cot the arrows,  
 But round his shoulders quickly slung | his shield with plates quadruple,  
 And on his gallant head he put | a well-wrought helm of leather, 480  
 Bushy with horsetail : dreadfully |, the crest above it nodded.  
 Lastly, he grasp'd a valiant spear, | pointed with brass well temper'd,  
 Hied on his path, and speedily | ran up, and stood by Aias.

But Hector, when his eye descried | the bolts of Teucer crippled,  
 Loud shouted to the Trôïans | and Lycians and Dardans : 485

" Dardans, who hand to hand contend, | and Lyeians and Troians !  
 Be men, my friends ! and earnestly | brave enterprize remember  
 Beside the smoothly rounded barks. | For lo ! these eyes are witness,  
 How of a leading warrior | the bolts by Jove are crippled.

Full easily may man discern | where might from heaven standeth ; 490  
 Alike, to whomso Jupiter | high mastery vouchsafeth,

And eke whomso he will abate, | nor careth to avenge them ;  
 As now the Argives willeth he | to crush, but us to succour.

But fight ye at the galleys, all | in troop : and if to any  
 By flying arrow or by thrust, | death be the doom allotted, 495

Let death be welcome : seemly 'tis | in combat for one's country  
 To die, if need be ; but his wife | and children safe behind him

And house and lot inviolate | abide, whene'er th' Achaians  
 Back to their native land belov'd | depart upon their galleys."

He, by such words, in every breast | spirit and strength excited. 500  
 But Aias, he on other side | did charge his own companions :

" O shame, ye Argives ! now behold | your remedy ;—to perish  
 Or save our fortunes, beating back | this noyance from the galleys.

If motley-helmèd Hector burn | th' Achaian ships, then hope ye  
 Each man his native land to reach | on his own feet returning ? 505

Hear ye not Hector call the folk, | urgent, our fleet to kindle ?  
 Not to a dance he summoneth, | I reckon, but to combat.

For us no counsel and intent, | better than this, abideth,  
 Foot against foot, hand against hand, | to grapple, soul and body. 510

Better it is now once for all | to live or else to perish,  
 Than here to wither lingering | in terrible encounter,  
 Thus as we are, beside the ships, | —with men than us less valiant."

He, by such words, in every breast | spirit and strength excited.  
 Then Hector struck down Schédios, | a son of Perimêdes, 515

And Prince of Phokis : Aias slew | Antênor's brilliant offspring,

The prince Laódamas, who led | Troy's infantry to combat.  
 Polydamas for death and spoil | caught Otos of Kyllêna,  
 Comrade of Phyleus' son, and chief | to the high-soul'd Epeians.  
 But Meges saw, and rush'd on him : | Polydamas evaded, 520  
 Flinching aside ; so him the thrust | struck not : nor did Apollo  
 Allow the son of Panthoös | to fall in front encounter.  
 But Croïsmos' bosom, in his stead, | to meet the spear was destin'd :  
 Crashing he fell, and Meges stript | the armour from his shoulders.  
 Meanwhile upon him Dolops rush'd, | to wield the spear right skilful, 525  
 Train'd in all hardiment of war ; | Dolops, the son of Lampos,  
 Son of Laómedon : (his sire, | Lampos, was chief of heroes :)  
 This man, approaching, with the spear | assail'd the son of Phyleus,  
 And pier'd his midmost buckler thro' ; | but the close corslet sav'd him,  
 Which, at the hollows jointed well | he wore : (his father Phyleus 530  
 Brought it of yore from E'phyra, | from the Sellêis river.  
 His host Euphêtas, lord of men, | on him as gift bestow'd it,  
 To wear for battle's garniture, | a shelter from the foeman ;  
 Which from the body of his son | did then avert destruction.)  
 But Meges on his helmet's top, | brazen, with horsetail shaggy, 535  
 Thrust heavy with his spear, and brake | the plumed crest, which sudden  
 Fell all dishonour'd in the dust, | of late with crimson shining.  
 While Dolops yet the fight maintain'd, | of victory still hopeful,  
 Meanwhile as succour to the foe | came martial Menelâos. 540  
 He on the flank approach'd unseen, | and flung behind the shoulder  
 His spear : its onward-hasting point, | possess'd by fury, issued  
 Right thro' the hapless Trojan's breast, | who sideways there fell headlong.  
 Then rush'd the heroes twain to strip | the armour from his shoulders.  
 But to the kinsmen of the slain | Hector address'd him sternly, 545  
 And chief to Melanippos brave, | the son of Hiketâon :  
 Who, while the foemen where afar, | did pasture in Percôtas  
 His crumple-hornèd kine ; but when | their easy-steering galleys  
 Arriv'd, came back to Ilion, | and was among the Troians 550  
 Signal, and dwelt in Priam's court, | honour'd as Priam's children.  
 On him did Hector cast reproach, | and spake, his name pronouncing :  
 " O Melanippos, shall we thus | neglect ? and is thy bosom  
 Not wounded by distressful ruth, | to see thy kinsman fallen ?  
 Or doth it scape thee, how the foe | round Dolops' arms is busied ? 555  
 But follow ! for no longer choice | have we, aloof to combat  
 Against the Argives : choice is none, | but them to slay, or suffer  
 The fall of lofty Ilion | and bondage of her people."  
 He spake, and led the way : behind, | the godlike hero follow'd.  
 But Aias, son of Telamôn, | meanwhile bestirr'd the Argives : 560  
 " Oh friends, be men, and in your souls | a bashful honour cherish,

And each to other bashful be | amid your hardy struggles.  
 Of bashful-hearted men, the most | are safe, and few are slaughter'd :  
 But runaways no glory win, | nor runneth safety with them." 565  
 So spake he ; and his comrades eke | themselves for fight were earnest.  
 They in their inmost bosoms cast | his word, and fenc'd the galleys  
 With barrier of brass ; but still | did Jove arouse the Troians.  
 Then Menelâos, good at need, | Antilochos would challenge :  
 " Of Argive chieftains none than thee, | Antilochos, is younger,  
 Nor swifter is of foot ; nor e'en, | as thou, is bold in battle, 570  
 If from the ranks thou wouldest leap, | and hit some foremost Trojan."  
 He spake and parted : but his word | was spur to Nestor's offspring,  
 Who, leaping from the foremost ranks, | with shining weapon darted,  
 Turning on every side his gaze : | the Troians shrank before him,  
 As from him flew the javelin : | nor vainly did he aim it, 575  
 But struck in middle of the breast | the son of Hiketâon,  
 Seeking for danger's foremost post, | high-hearted Melanippos :  
 So with a loud crash down he dropt, | and o'er him clang'd his armour.  
 Then forward sped Antilochos, | as hound on fawn that's wounded,  
 Which, as it springeth from its lair, | with deadly aim a hunter 580  
 Hitting, its sinews hath unstrung ; | so then, O Melanippos,  
 On thee the war-abiding youth | sprang, to despoil thy armour.  
 But godlike Hector saw, and ran | to thwart him in encounter.  
 Then, tho' an ardent warrior, | Antilochos retreated, 585  
 Skulking away, like some wild beast, | that conscious is of mischief,  
 Which, having haply kill'd a dog | or herdsman round the cattle,  
 Hurries escaping, ere the crowd | of peasants be assembled :  
 So hurried Nestor's son. At him | the Troïans and Hector  
 With an unearthly clamour pour'd | their darts' distressful shower : 590  
 But quickly fac'd he round, when first | he reach'd his troop of comrades.  
 Meanwhile the Troian army, like | to raw-devouring lions,  
 Against the galleys press'd amain | and Jove's command accomplish'd,  
 Who alway waken'd in their heart | high courage ; and bewitching  
 The Argive spirit, *them* despoil'd | of glory ; *those* incited, 595  
 Sin as the purpose fixt he held, | on Hector, son of Priam,  
 Glory to lavish, till he cast | upon the hornèd galleys  
 The restless awful-blazing fire, | and wholly win for Thetis  
 Her pray'r ill-omen'd. This was Jove | the Counsellor awaiting,  
 The blaze before his eyes to see | rise from a burning galley. 600  
 Thenceforward destin'd he to give | a back-pursuit unceasing,  
 Driving the Troians from the ships | with glory to the Argives.  
 Such purpose holding, he against | the smoothly rounded galleys  
 Rous'd Hector, son of Priamos, | himself already eager ;  
 Who rag'd, as eke may Ares' self, | spear-poiser ; or as rageth 605  
 Upon the mountains deadly fire | in thickets of a forest.

Foam circled from his gnashing teeth : | beneath his horrid eyebrow  
 Gleam'd his two eyes ; but the helm | shook dreadful on his temples  
 Amid the battle : sin as now | his champion from heav'n 610  
 Was Jupiter himself, who him | mid many heroes honour'd  
 And glorified alone ;—not long : | nay, for in scant remainder  
 His hours of life were counted, since | already maid Athëna,  
 Beneath Pelides' might, on him | the day of doom was bringing.

To force a passage much he long'd, | the ranks of men attempting, 615  
 Where thickest he the crowd beheld, | and noblest was the armour.  
 Yet, earnest tho' his hankering, | not even so he brake them,  
 As stuck they, fitted towèr-wise, | like to some crag that riseth  
 On margin of the hoary deep, | broad-sided, foot-betraying,  
 And firm abideth, tho' aloft | may gales fleet-coursing whistle, 620  
 And at the bottom curdy waves | full oft be belch'd against it.  
 So firmly stood the Danaï, | nor shrank before the Troians.  
 But he amid the scuffle leapt, | with blaze around him sheeny,  
 Plunging, as on a galley sharp | may plunge a sweeping billow,  
 Swollen by cloudborn squalls. The hull | entire by spray is cover'd : 625  
 The wind's dire huffling on the sail | doth roar ; the trembling sailors  
 Shrink with alarm ; for close they ride | to death beside them yawning.  
 So direfully the heart was rent | within th' Achaian bosom.  
 Then as the kine, on whom may come | a deadly-hearted lion, 630  
 In the great pasture of a marsh, | where they in numbers countless  
 Graze ; with a herdsman in the midst, | not yet well train'd of valour  
 With carnage-loving beasts to fight | for crumple-hornèd cattle ;  
 Thus, as the kine move, moveth he : | but pouncing on the middle, 635  
 The beast a heifer hath devour'd, | and all with panic filleth :  
 So then, by Father Jupiter | and Hector, all th' Achaians  
 With heav'nly panic were dismay'd : | yet none he overhended,  
 Save only Periphêtas, son | of Mykenaian Copeus,  
 Who, for stern tasks to Hêraclès, | bare oft Eurystheus' errand, 640  
 Begotten of a worsè sire | was born a son far better  
 In every virtue,—whether feet, | or hand to fight were needed ;  
 And he in counsel might compare | with chieftains of Mykênai :  
 Who by his fall to Hector gave | the meed of higher glory.  
 For, backward turning him, he tript | against his buckler's margin, 645  
 Which, fence of javelins, he bare, | unto his ankles reaching.  
 By this entangled, down he fell, | right on his back : the helmet,  
 Bang'd on the hard ground suddenly, | rang horrid round his temples.  
 But Hector, quick espying it, | ran up, and in his bosom  
 Planted the spear, and tho' hard by | stood many a kindly Argive, 650  
 Slew him : for these unable were, | tho' for their friend heart-stricken,  
 Rescued to bring him ; but themselves | had awe of godlike Hector,  
 And turn'd their faces to the fleet. | The furthest hulls outflank'd them,



Which uppermost ashore were haul'd : | and onward stream'd the Troians.  
 Then from the foremost galley-poops | perforce withdrew the Argives, 655  
 Yet cluster'd densely round the cots, | nor in confusion straggled,  
 By shame and fear held-in, while each | to each spake thick remonstrance,  
 Gerenian Nestor most of all, | Achaian warden, stirr'd him,  
 And touched the knees of every man, | beseeching by his parents :  
 " O friends, be men, and in your souls | a bashful honour cherish, 660  
 Fearing the blame of other men ; | and every one remember  
 His children and his tender wife, | his lot of land, and parents,  
 Whether alive they still abide | or whether death have ta'en them.  
 For sake of these dear absent ones | I by your knees beseech you 665  
 To keep your stations hardily, | nor turn your backs in terror."

He, by such words, in every breast | spirit and strength excited,  
 And maid Athëna from their eyes | the cloud of mist unearthly  
 Did scatter : so from either side | full light was shed around them,  
 Alike, where stood their inmost ships, | and o'er th' impartial battle : 670  
 So knew they Hector good at need, | and knew their own companions,  
 Both *whoso* held themselves aloof | nor took their share of combat,  
 And *whoso* by the galleys sharp | stood hardily for rescue.

No longer pleas'd it then the soul | of mighty-hearted Aias  
 To stand, where backward stood in troop | the children of Achaia ; 675  
 But he along the galley-decks | with lengthy strides invading,  
 Wielded within his hands a pike, | made long for naval combat ;—  
 Full two-and-twenty ells its length, | with brazen clamps compacted.  
 As on the horses' backs is seen | a man to riding trainèd,  
 Who, picking from an ample herd, | four steeds together slingeth, 680  
 And, from the country driving them, | to a great city rideth  
 Along a people-trodden road ; | and many men and women  
 Stand to regard him : he at ease | alternate safely springeth  
 From back to back, as listeth him ; | and headlong, on they hurry :  
 So Aias on to many decks | of swiftcareering galleys 685  
 Long striding, mov'd alternately, | and rais'd his voice to heaven ;  
 And alway to the Danaï | with dreadful whoop he shouted,  
 To save the galleys and the cots.— | On other side, nor Hector  
 Would, mid the crowd of Troïans | close-corsleted, await him ;  
 But as upon a plump of fowl | a tawny eagle souseth, 690  
 Whether on geese or cranes or swans | lengthy of neck ; which alway  
 Feed in the marshes of a stream ; | so, straight ahead did Hector  
 Against the blue-prow'd galley dash : | for, Jupiter behind him  
 By his own mighty hand press'd on, | and with him urg'd the people. 695

Then at the galleys once again | arose a bitter combat.  
 Lightly thou mightest deem, that men | unwounded and unwearied  
 Each upon other rush'd in war ; | so fierce was that encounter.  
 Nor yet the combatants alike | were minded ; for, th' Achaians  
 Escape from overmatching fate | hop'd not, but there to perish : 700

But of the Troians every heart | in every breast was hopeful  
 Upon the galleys fire to cast | and slay th' Achaïan heroes.  
 With such forebodings inwardly | stood both the hosts confronting.  
 At length did Hector touch the poop | of that seacoursing vessel,  
 Fine-shap'd, swift-rowing o'er the waves, | which bare Protesilâos 705  
 To Troy,—nor brought him back again | to his dear native country.  
 Fighting about this ship, I say, | Achâians and Troians  
 Did each waste other, hand to hand ; | nor stood apart, awaiting  
 The distant arrowshots and darts : | but, bent on close encounter, 710  
 As with a single heart possest, | with hatchets sharp were fighting,  
 With axes and with mighty swords | and long twohanded lances.  
 And many a dapper-hilted sword, | hung by black strap of leather,  
*Some* fell from hands upon the ground, | and *others* from the shoulders,  
 Lost with the belts of combatants ; | and dark earth flow'd with carnage. 715  
 But Hector, when he once had seiz'd | the poop, no more would yield it,  
 But grasp'd th' adornments in his hand, | and loudly charg'd the Troians :  
 " Fire ! bring ye fire ! and eke yourselves, | close-thronging, swell the onset.  
 Jove granteth now to us a day, | that for all others payeth,  
 Their ships to capture ; which, despite | the gods, have hither ventur'd, 720  
 And laid much misery on us, | thro' folly of our elders :  
 Who, when against the galley-poops | I eager was to combat,  
 Forbade my marching to the war | and stopt my train of people.  
 But if widesighted Jupiter | did then our counsels cripple,  
 Yet now, right manifest, himself | impelleth us and urgeth." 725  
 So spake he : they yet more and more | did press upon the Argives.  
 But Aias might no longer wait ; | for sore the darts distress'd him :  
 Yet drew him but a little back, | tho' instant death foreboding,  
 And left the even galley's deck, | and planted him in ambush  
 Upon a bench of seven feet : | thence with his spear repell'd he 730  
 The Troians from the ship, whoe'er | the restless fire might carry.  
 And alway to the Dánaï | he call'd with horrid outcry :  
 " Friends, heroes of the Dánaï | and ministers of Ares !  
 Be men, my friends ! and earnestly | brave enterprize remember.  
 Deem ye, that now reserves we keep | auxiliar behind us, 735  
 Or fortress-bastion of war | for rescue in disaster ?  
 No city hold we nigh at hand, | with muniment of towèrs,  
 Wherein might beaten troops be hid | with fresh recruits to back them.  
 But, on the plain of Trôians | close-corsleted, we combat  
 Leaning against the depth of sea, | far from our native country. 740  
 Therefore on daring dawneth light | and not on gentle fighting."  
 Frenzied he spake, and on the word | with pointed weapon follow'd.  
 Then whosoe'er of Trôians | against the hollow galleys  
 Rush'd onward with the kindling brand, | obeying Hector's summons ;  
 Him with long spear did Aias thrust, | forth sallying from ambush. 750  
 So laid he prostrate hand to hand | twelve men before the galley.

## BOOK XVI.

### Needs and Death of Patroclus.

SO round the galley featly plank'd | still was the combat eager.  
But at divine Achilles' side | meanwhile arriv'd Patroclus,  
Pouring adown his cheek warm tears, | as some dark source of waters,  
Which down a stormcapt precipice | poureth a murky torrent.  
With pity stricken at the sight, | Achilles trustyfooted, 5  
Shepherd of peoples, spake to him, | in wing'd words addressing :  
    " Patroclus ! wherefore weapest thou, | like to a tender nursing,  
Who, tripping at her mother's side | her outer-vesture catcheth,  
Imploring to be lifted up ; | and hindereth her hurry,  
And, to be lifted in her arms, | with many a tear uplooketh : 10  
Like unto her, Patroclus, thou | the tender teardrop sheddest.  
Hast haply for the Myrmidons | or for myself a message ?  
Or is to thee alone some news | arriv'd from distant Phthia ?  
Still, as they say, Menoitios, | the son of Actor, liveth,  
And still among the Mynnidons | liveth my father Peleus ; 15  
Either of whom, by fate's decree | remov'd, would sorely grieve us.  
Or for the Argives sorrowest, | how now their bands are wasted,  
Beside the smoothly rounded barks, | to scourge their proper trespass ?  
Speak out, and no concealment make : | thereby we both shall know it."  
    To him with heavy groans didst thou, | horseman Patroclus ! answer : 20  
    " O son of Peleus ! A'chiles ! | high worthy of Achaians !  
Take no offence : so fierce distress | upon th' Achaians presseth.  
For, all who formerly bare lead, | as bravest of our army,  
Lie prostrate at the galley-side | by thrust or flying arrow.  
Lances have Agamemnon pierc'd | and spear-renown'd Odysseus, 25  
Arrows have reach'd Eurýpylos | and stalwart Diomêdes.  
About them the chirurgeons | with many a drug are busied,  
Healing their wounds ; but *thou* art made | unhealable, Achilles !  
*Me* never may such anger seize, | as that which *thou* dost foster ! 30  
Woe on thy valour ! why should men | of future ages bless thee,

If thou from Argos wilt not | to ward unseemly ruin ?  
 O cruel ! never sire to thee | was charioteering Peleus.  
 Nor Thetis was thy mother : nay, | but grey sea-billows bare thee  
 And rocks foot-cheating : therefore eke | so rugged is thy bosom. 35  
 But if, with heart foreboding, thou | some heav'nly danger shunnest,  
 Which, from the lips of Jupiter, | thy queenly mother taught thee,  
 Yet mé send forward quick, and lend | thy Myrmidons to back me :  
 So shall my coming haply shed | some ray of light on Argos.  
 And on my shoulders grant to me | to bear thy proper armour ; 40  
 If that perchance the Trôians, | deluded by my semblance,  
 Stand off from battle, and hereby | Achaia's warlike children  
 Gain respite of their toil :—and short | the respite is of warfare.  
 'Twere light for us unwearièd, | from off the cots and galleys,  
 Unto the city back to drive | men wearied in combat." 45  
 So supplicating spake he then, | great simpleton ! for truly  
 He for himself did supplicate | a direful doom of ruin.  
 To him Achilles, fleet of foot, | indignantly responded :  
 " Alas, Patroclos, brood of Jove ! | what utterest so empty ?  
 Nought from the lips of Jupiter | my queenly mother teacheth, 50  
 Nor know I heav'nly oracle | to fill with awe my bosom.  
 Only, my heart and soul are here | by anguish grimly wounded,  
 When one, who is in sway and force | superiour, delighteth  
 His equal to bereave of right, | and back his prize to ravish.  
 Grim anguish deem I this ; for I | in heart have sorrow suffer'd. 55  
 The damsel whom Achaia's sons | for me as prize selected,  
 Whom by my spear I purchasèd, | a wallèd city storming,  
 Her from my hands did Atreus' son, | king Agamemnon, ravish,  
 Claiming her back again, as tho' | from some degraded outcast.  
 But leave we these things, past and gone ; | and any-wise uncomely 60  
 Was it, with obstinate resolve | for ever to be anger'd.  
 Troth ! thought I, never would I stay | the fury of my passion,  
 Till the loud onset of the war | might reach my proper galley.  
 Yet thou, my own illustrious arms | upon thy shoulders placing,  
 Lead the warloving Myrmidons | to join the hardy struggle ; 65  
 Since, like a cloud of dusky blue, | the Troians now, it seemeth,  
 Circle the fleet, o'ermastering ; | but on the breakers' margin  
 The Argives lean, hemm'd every way, | and hold but scanty portion  
 Of land remaining ; while on them | comes all the Troian city,  
 Cheery : for they no longer view | the frontlet of my helmet 70  
 At scanty distance gleaming : else, | discomfited, they haply  
 With corpses would the ditches fill, | if royal Agamemnon  
 To me were kindly minded : now, | around the camp they combat.  
 Nor longer in the skilful grasp | of Diomêd Tydides  
 Rageth the spear, which once would save | the Danaï from ruin, 75

Nor rumour reacheth me as yet, | that Atreus' son high shouteth  
 From hated mouth : nay, but the voice | of hero-slaying Hector  
 Cheering his Troians, echoeth | rebounding : they, with úproar  
 The plain preoccupy, in fray | outmatching these Achaians.  
 Yet, even so, Patroclus ! thou, | to save the fleet from ruin, 80  
 Fall in with overswaying might, | lest they the galleys kindle  
 With blazing firebrand : thus would they | of sweet return despoil us.  
 But thou, as in thy mind I set | a charge complete,—obey me ;  
 (So thou from all the Danaí | shalt mighty honour earn me  
 And glory ; who with public train | unto my cots shall convoy 85  
 The woman bright and beautiful, | and splendid gifts beside her.)—  
 When from the fleet the foe is scar'd, | return thou ! or, if haply  
 Juno's loud-rumbling spouse on thee | bestow some meed of glory,  
 Without my presence hanker not | to dally in the battle  
 With the warloving Tróians : | and cheaper wilt thou make me : 90  
 Nor, O my friend, in foeman's play | and pride of arms exulting,  
 And rieving lives of Tróians, | to Ilion pursue them ;  
 Lest of the gods eternal-born | one meet thee from Olympos :—  
 And sooth ! the Far-enérgic lord | Apollo greatly loves them.  
 But turn thee backward, soon as thou | some ray of light hast open'd 95  
 Unto the fleet, and o'er the plain | leave them their strife to finish.  
 Would it might be,—O father Jove, | Athéna and Apollo !  
 That of all Tróians who live, | and eke of all the Argives,  
 Not one from slaughter might escape, | and only we survive them.  
 Then would we twain, of Ilion | o'erthrow the sacred turrets." 100  
 So they reciprocally held | betwixt themselves discourses.  
 But Aias might no longer wait ; | for sore the darts distress'd him.  
 The mind of Jove o'ermaster'd him, | and bands of stately Troians  
 With bolts unwearied pelting thick. | Pelted, around his temples,  
 The shining helm a rattle kept : | and pelted was he alway 105  
 Over his harness deftly wrought. | All-weary was his shoulder,—  
 The left,—which steadfast ever held | his buckler's orb resplendent :  
 Yet they, with darts hard pressing round, | to dash him off avail'd not.  
 A noisome gasping cramp'd his breast, | and down him sweat abundant  
 Flow'd from his limbs on every side, | nor might he breath recover 110  
 And respite gain ; but every where | was evil heap'd on evil.  
 O tell me now, ye Muses, who | hold dwellings on Olympos,  
 How first the deadly fire was cast | upon th' Achaian galleys.  
 Hector with Aias battle join'd.— | Hector with mighty sabre  
 Above its head of metal smote | his foeman's ashen weapon, 115  
 And lopt the metal sheer away : | so Telamonian Aias  
 Brandish'd in vain the crippled shaft : | whose brazen point far falling  
 Rang on the ground re-echoing. | Then Aias knew the omen,  
 And shudder'd in his noble soul | to see the gods' achievements,

How Jove high-rumbling utterly | did shear away the counsels 120  
 Of Argive battle, bent to yield | high puissance to the Troians.  
 He from the darts withdrew ; but they | on the sharp galley scatter'd  
 Unweary fire, whose quenchless flame | was sudden pour'd across it.  
 Around the galley-poop the fire | crept onward : but Achilles  
 Smote on his thighs with double palm, | and thus address'd Patroelos : 125  
 " Ho ! quick arouse thee, brood of Jove ! | Patroelos courser-guiding !  
 The spurting of the foeman's fire | behold I by the galleys,  
 And if the galleys captur'd be, | no more escape remaineth.  
 But don thy armour speedily, | and I the folk may gather."  
 When thus he urg'd, Patroelos quick | in dazzling brass encas'd him. 130  
 First on his shins the dapper greaves, | with silver anklets fitted,  
 Arrang'd he : but to guard his breast, | he took the crafty corslet  
 Borne by Pelides fleet of foot, | all various and starry.  
 About his shoulders next he slung | the sword with silver studded, 135  
 Brazen of edge ; and after it | his buckler great and stubborn :  
 And on his gallant head he put | the helm wellwrought of leather,  
 Bushy with horsetail : dreadfully | the plume above it nodded.  
 Lastly, he pick'd two valiant spears, | unto his grasp adapted,  
 Alone, of all th' equipments borne | by Pelens' noble offspring,<sup>1</sup> 140  
 The lance he took not,—weighty, huge ; | which no Achaian chieftain  
 Beside might brandish : none but he, | Achilles, knew to wield it ;  
 (An ash of Pélion the shaft, | which, from the mountain's summit,  
 For his dear father Cheiron gat, | to be the death of heroes.)  
 The steeds, right speedily he bade | Automedon to harness, 145  
 Than whom he only honour'd more | Achilles hero-crushing ;  
 Who eke most faithful was to him, | to stand the shout in battle.  
 For him Automedon did haste | to yoke the nimble coursers.  
*Chesnut* and *Spotted*, both of whom | flew swiftly as the breezes ;  
 Whom, as along a lea she graz'd | beside the stream of Ocean, 150  
 The Harpy *Spry-foot* bare of yore | unto the breezy Zephyr.  
 But noble Pédasos beside | in the flank-traces slung he,  
 Whom from Eëtion's domain | Achilles took for booty ;  
 Who, mortal as he was, kept pace | with those immortal coursers.  
 But, visiting the Myrmidons | meanwhile, Achilles arm'd them 155  
 All in their cots with panoply | of helmet, shield, and corslet.  
 And they, as rawdevouring wolves, | who hardihood unfathom'd  
 Hold in their heart, and on the fells | a stag with antlers mighty  
 Have caught and mangled ; bloody-red | their chaps are all distainèd ;  
 And they in company advance, | from some dark source of waters 160  
 With slender-lolling tongues to lap | the dusky-tinted water  
 From off the surface : forth they belch | death-gore, and in their bosoms  
 Intrepid doth their heart abide, | tho' pinchèd is their belly :  
 Such then did all the Myrmidons | with governours and leaders,

Obeying swift Aiákides, | around his brave companion 165  
 Fierce circle : and in midst of them | stood warrior Achilles,  
 Waking the mettle, both of steeds, | and eke of shielded heroes.  
 Fifty the galleys sharp of prow | were counted, which Achilles,  
 Belov'd of Jupiter, to Troy | had led ; and fifty heroes,  
 His comrades, came with every one, | upon the benches seated : 170  
 Five governours he made, to whom | he trusted, to command them  
 Under his guidance : but himself | supreme of sway was leader.  
 One of the bands Menesthios, | with motley corslet, guided,  
 Who claim'd Spereheios as his sire, | a river dropt from heaven.  
 Him did that never-resting stream | receive from Peleus' daughter, 175  
 Fair Polydóra,—woman weak | to an immortal wedded ;  
 Yet Boros was his sire esteem'd, | the son of Perières,  
 Who boundless dower paid for her, | and led her into bridal.  
 Commander of the second band | was warrior Eudôros,  
 A hero maiden-born : but him | fair-dancing Polymêla, 180  
 Daughter of Phylas, gave to life, | whom the brave Argos-killer  
 Beheld, and lov'd her, as she danc'd | amid the virgin-comrades  
 Of golden-shafted Artemis, | the ever-whooping huntress.  
 Forthwith, good-fellow Hermeas, | into her chamber mounting,  
 Lay at her side by stealth ; and she | a brilliant offspring gave him, 185  
 Eudôros, swift of foot to run, | and terrible in combat.  
 But when at length the goddess, who | on painful childbirth waiteth,  
 Awoke him unto light of day, | to see the sun in splendour ;  
 Then E'checles of stalwart might, | the son of Actor, paying  
 Uncounted dower, led away | the mother to his chambers ; 190  
 But aged Phylas took the child | and nurtur'd him discreetly,  
 Fondly embracing him with love, | as tho' his proper offspring.  
 Over the third battalion stood | the warrior Peisander,  
 The son of Maimalos ; but he | to wield the spear was signal  
 Beyond all other Myrmidons, | except Pelides' comrade. 195  
 Over the fourth battalion went | old chariotearing Phoinix ;  
 Over the fifth Alkimedon, | Læerkes' noble offspring.  
 But when Achilles, picking well, | had posted them in order  
 Beside their leaders, then to all | he stern monition added :  
 "O Myrmidons, let none, I pray, | forget the words of menace, 200  
 Which at the Trôians did ye | by the sharp galleys threaten,  
 During my day of anger, when | ye every one rebuk'd me :—  
 'O cruel son of Peleus ! troth, | on gall thy mother fed thee ;  
 Heartless ! who keepest by the ships | thy comrades sore unwilling.  
 Right homeward let us wend our way | with sea-careering galleys, 205  
 Returning ; since so evil rage | upon thy soul hath fallen.'—  
 To me, assembled, thus ye spake | ofttime : and now before you  
 Riseth the slogan's mighty task, | for which ye erst did hanker ;

Here then to fight with Trôians | let each have valiant spirit."

He, by such words, in every breast | spirit and strength excited ; 210  
 And when their monarch's voice they heard | more close the ranks did pack them.  
 As when with wellcompact stones | a man may deftly fashion  
 For some highroofèd house a wall, | screen to the force of tempest ;  
 So fitted then were bossy shields | and horsetail-crested helmets.  
 For helmet was by helmet screen'd, | and buckler propt by buckler, 215  
 And warrior by warrior : | the plumed helmets waving  
 With ridges bright each other touch'd : | so thick they stood together.  
 And in the front of all, two men | stood forth complete in armour,  
 Patroelos and Autómedon, | possess of single spirit,  
 To head the Mymmidons in fight. | Meanwhile, Achilles hied him 220  
 Into his cot : there open'd he | the lid, that clos'd a coffer,  
 Dainty and varied ; which to him | had silverfooted Thetis  
 For convoy on the galley placed, | well-fill'd with under-raiment  
 And cloaks,—a shelter from the blast, | and curly-haired carpets.  
 Amid them, there a goblet lay, | well-carvèd ; nor from out it 225  
 Did other man than A'chiles | drink ever wine resplendent,  
 Nor he to other god would pour, | save unto Jove the Father.  
 Out of the coffer this he took | and cleansèd it with brimstone  
 First ; afterward besprinkled it | with dainty streams of water.  
 Himself besprinkled eke his hands, | and fill'd with wine the goblet. 230  
 Then standing midmost in his court, | he pray'd, and made libation,  
 With eyes to heaven rais'd ; and Jove | the thunderloving knew it :  
 " Lord Jupiter, enthron'd afar, | Pelasgo-Dodonæan !  
 Thou who Dodóna's winter-land | o'erswayest ! and around thee  
 Dwell with unwashen feet thy seers | the ground-encouchèd Selli. 235  
 To my entreaty diddest thou | afore already hearken,  
 And me avenging, direfully | hast harm'd th' Achaian army :  
 Now, once again implor'd, do thou | my new petition honour.  
 Myself by galley-side shall stay, | in theatre of battle,  
 But with the trooping Myrmidons | my comrade send I forward 240  
 To combat : now, widesighted Jove ! | on him bestow successes.  
 With mighty courage strengthen thou | his heart ; whereby shall Hector  
 Learn, whether our companion dear | even without my presence  
 Knoweth to combat, or his hands | intractable are frantic  
 Then only, when I hie with him | mid the turmoil of Ares. 245  
 But after from the galleys he | the din of fight have chasèd,  
 May he to me forthwith return | and reach the galleys scatheless,  
 With comrades, round his side who fight, | and all my craftsome armour."  
 He pray'd ; and Jove the Counsellor | with open ear did listen.  
 The one petition granted he : | the other he rejected. 250  
 Far from the ships to drive away | the battle's present danger,  
 He granted ; but the safe return | from battle, this he gave not.



The prince,—libation now complete, | and pray'r to Jove the Father,—  
 Returning to his cot, replac'd | the goblet in the coffer ;  
 Then forth proceeded from the cot, | and still in soul did hanker 255  
 The deadly battle-cry to watch | of Troians and Achaians.

But they, accoutred, mov'd in rank | with mighty-soul'd Patroclus,  
 Until with prowess-teeming heart | they rush'd upon the foe-man.  
 Forthwith out-swarm'd they, in aspéct | as wasps, who hold their houses  
 Hard by the beaten road ; whom oft | are children wont to harry, 260  
 Tormenting alway ; bringing eke | a common woe on many.

For if some traveller perchance | unwilling now bestir them,  
 With valiant bosom forth they fly, | to combat for their children. 265  
 Such heart and spirit cherishing, | the Myrmidon battalions  
 Then from the galleys sallied out ; | and clamour rose incessant.  
 Patroclus too his comrades urg'd, | with voice uplifted shouting :

“ O Myrmidons, who comrades are | of Peleus' son, Achilles |  
 Be men, my friends, and earnestly | brave enterprize remember : 270  
 So shall we honour Peleus' son, | who bravest is of Argives  
 Beside the galleys, and the squires | who fight around his buckler.  
 So shall we teach to Atreus' son, | wide-reigning Agamemnon,  
 His frenzy, who did cheaply prize | the greatest of Achaians.”

He, by such words, in every breast | spirit and strength excited. 275  
 Quick on the Trôians they fell, | collected ; and the galleys  
 Responded with terrific crash, | beneath th' Achaians shouting.  
 But when the Troians saw the chief, | Menoitios' brave offspring,  
 Himself and eke his charioteer ; | in all their armour sparkling,  
 Deeply to all the heart was stirr'd : | and their battalions trembled, 280  
 Deeming that by the galley-side | at length had swift Pelides  
 His stubborn anger cast away, | and blended him in friendship.  
 So each did singly look around | from direful fate to save him.

Patroclus first with shining spear | into the middle darted, 285  
 Where most were jüstled, near the poop | of great Protesilâos.  
 Over the plum'd Paionians | Pyraichmes there was leader.  
 Who brought them from far Amydôn | and Axios wide-flowing.  
 On the right shoulder him it hit ; | so, groaning fell he prostrate  
 Down in the dust, and round his corpse | his dear companions trembled,  
 His own Paionians : since all | Patroclus fill'd with terror, 291  
 Slaying their champion, who held | the primacy of valour.

Thus from the beach he drave them off, | and quench'd the fire that sparkled ;  
 And there the half-burnt ship was left. | With an unearthly clamour  
 The Troian army took to flight : | the Danaï pursued them. 295  
 Along the smoothly-rounded barks, | and din arose incessant.  
 As when from off a mountain huge, | whose head sublime is shrouded,  
 May lightning-wreathing Jupiter | draw back the cloudy curtain ;  
 And every lofty peak is shown, | and headland edge and forest,

And from behind the cloven sky | unfathom'd heaven gleameth ; 300  
 So, for awhile, the Danaï, | repelling from the galleys  
 The foeman's fire, did breath regain : | yet was no pause of battle.  
 For not to hasty-rushing flight | did Troians yet betake them,  
 Sear'd from the dusky ships, beneath | th' Achaians lov'd of Ares,  
 But still they party-wise withstood | and but perforce withdrew them. 305  
 Thereon each man his fellow slew, | when scatter'd was the struggle,  
 Among the leaders. First of them, | Menoitios' brave offspring,  
 While-as Arçilyeos was turn'd, | pierc'd thro' his thigh entirely  
 With pointed lance, and crush'd the bone : | he to the earth fell headlong. 310  
 But Menelâos good in war | struck Thoas in the bosom  
 Beside the buckler open left, | and there unstrung his sinews.  
 And Phyleus' son, in ambush hid, | caught Amphiclos in sally,  
 Piercing the pillar of his leg, | where thew of man is thickest : 315  
 The weapon's point his sinews rent, | and darkness veil'd his eyen.  
 Of Nestor's sons, Antilochos | with piercing sidestab wounded  
 Atymnios, who dropt in front ; | then Maris for his brother  
 Rush'd angry, and before the dead | stood firm : but Thrasymêdes, 320  
 Ere Maris might a wound implant, | did instant fix his weapon  
 Into the shoulder, brake the bone, | and stript the limb of sinew :  
 So, with a loud crash down he fell, | and darkness veil'd his eyen. 325  
 Thus by two brethren brethren twain, | Sarpêdon's brave companions,  
 Skillful in darting, overmatch'd, | to Erebos descended.  
 Their sire the dread Chimaira rear'd, | a pest to many mortals.  
 Aias, Oileus' son, rush'd in, | and captur'd Cleoboulos 330  
 Alive, entangled in the rout ; | but quick with hilted weapon  
 Smote on his neck, and drained his life, | the sword with red blood warming.  
 There crimson Death his eyen press'd, | and Destiny resistless.  
 Then Lycon met Peneleôs. | With spears they miss'd each other, 335  
 Darting in vain ; thereat with swords | together ran : and Lycon,  
 Smiting the horsehair helmet's crest, | snapt at the hilt his sabre.  
 But by his ear th' Achaian sword | within his neck descended :  
 His head by skin alone hung on, | and there his limbs lay helpless. 340  
 But Mêrion, with active feet | quick overhending, wounded  
 In the right shoulder Acamas, | when he would mount his horses :  
 So fell he from the car, and mist | lay heavy on his eyelids.  
 But prince Idômeneus drave on | the brazen weapon ruthless 345  
 Right through the mouth of Erymas : | beneath the brain it enter'd,  
 The white bones splintering : and out | the teeth were dash'd : his eyen  
 Were fillèd both with blood : but it | out of his mouth and nostrils  
 He spurted gasping : so did Death | with dusky cloud enshroud him. 350  
 Such leaders of the Danaï | slew every man his fellow.

As noisome wolves on lambs or kids | dart, from the flock selecting,  
 Which by the keeper's witlessness | along the fells is scatter'd ;  
 The beasts, beholding, sudden snatch | the feeble-hearted quarry : 355  
 Thus upon Troians Danaï | did pounce ; but those, surrender'd  
 To shrieking flight, forgetful were | of valorous resistance.

But mighty Aias always long'd | at brazenhelmèd Hector  
 To hurl his weapon : he in turn, | in fierce encounter skilful,  
 With breadth of shoulder always screen'd | beneath his shield of bullhide, 360  
 Peer'd forth upon the noisy darts | and hurtle of the arrows.  
 In sooth, the foe's recruited strength | he felt, and tide of fortune ;  
 Yet stood he, even so, awhile, | and sav'd his dear companions.

But ás, when, after sky serene, | advanceth from Olympos  
 Blackness of cloud, if Jupiter | drive stormy squall thro' heaven, 365  
 Such was the turmoil of the host | and hurry from the galleys,  
 While, not with honour, back they pass'd. | Then by his nimble horses  
 Hector with heavy armour scap'd, | and left his host of people,  
 All whom the deep-entrenchèd moat | behind him kept unwilling.  
 And chariot-trailing nimble steeds, | within the moat entangled, 370  
 The pole short snapping, many left | their lords' equipment crippled.  
 Meanwhile Patroclus keenly chas'd, | the Danaï inciting,  
 Fierce-minded to the Trôians. | But they with scream and panic  
 Fill'd all the paths, when once their bands | were scatter'd : and to heaven  
 High rose a dust-tornado, whilst | the single-hoofèd horses 375  
 Back from the galleys and the cots | did spank toward the city.  
 But where Patroclus saw the folk | in worst annoy bewilder'd,  
 Thither with cheering hurried he : | and men beneath the axles  
 Fell headlong from the chariots : | and cars were rattled over.  
 Then, onward hasting in career, | the nimble-footed horses 380  
 Immortal,—brilliant gift which erst | the gods to Peleus yielded,—  
 Outright did overleap the moat : | for he on Hector cheer'd them,  
 To overhend him bent ; but him | the speedy coursers rescued.

And as beneath a tempest's weight | all the dark earth is loaded  
 Upon a day of autumn, when | his greatest glut of water 385  
 Jove poureth down, if he with men | be wrathfully indignant,  
 Who in assembly of the folk | by force give crooked verdict,  
 And Justice rudely drive away, | the gods' observance slighting :  
 Then all the flowing hollow brooks | from the high clouds are fillèd,  
 And many a steep outstanding cliff | is rent by gush of waters, 390  
 Which streaming to the purple sea | right headlong from the mountains  
 Resound with mighty moan, the while | the works of men they ruin :  
 So mightily the Trojan mares | in fleet careering moanèd.

Patroclus, when his course had cut | the foremost bands asunder,  
 Back to the galleys hemm'd them in, | reversing, nor allow'd them, 395  
 Eager, the city-walls to reach : | but twixt the ships and river

And lofty rampart slaughter'd them, | and forfeit took for many.  
 There Prónoös with shining spear | he wounded in the bosom  
 Beside his buckler open left, | and straight unstrung his sinews ; 400  
 So, with a loud crash down he dropt. | Next Thestor, son of Enops,  
 By second sally. Close he sat, | in chariot well polish'd  
 Coop'd up, in panic, frenzy-struck. | From out his hands the bridles  
 Dropt to the ground. But close at hand, | thro' his right cheek the foeman  
 Urg'd-on the spear, betwixt his teeth ; | then o'er the car's rim drew him 405  
 Haul'd by the weapon ; as a man, | who sits on rock outjutting,  
 With line and ringing brass may draw | a sacred fish from ocean :  
 So from the seat with shining spear | he drew his gasping captive,  
 And cast him full upon his face : | so there his spirit left him. 410  
 Thereafter, with a stone he struck | on-rushing Eryläos  
 Upon the head direct, and clave | in twain the weighty helmet.  
 Headlong to earth he fell, and him | soul-crushing Death enshrouded.  
 Then Erymas, Amphoteros, | Tlepolemos, Epaltes, 415  
 Ipheus, Euippos, Echios, | Pyris and Polymêlos ;  
 All these successive cast he down | on Earth the manyfeeder.  
 But when Sarpêdon, son of Jove, | saw his ungirdled comrades  
 Beneath the Myrmidonian chief | subdued in strife of Ares, 420  
 He to the godlike Lycians | with harsh invective shouted :  
 " Shame ! whither flee ye, Lycians ? | in sooth, ye now are nimble.  
 But I myself will meet this man ; | so shall I well inform me,  
*Who* is the chief, that swayeth wide | with noyance to the Troians,  
 Ruthless ; and hath the knees unstrung | of many a highborn hero." 425  
 He spake, and from his chariot | leapt to the ground in armour.  
 Patroelos on the other side | leapt also, when he saw it,  
 Out of the chariot : and they, | as two hook-beakèd vultures,  
 Crook-tálon'd, on a lofty rock | with mighty screams may combat ;  
 So these with uproar terrible | each upon other sallied. 430  
 With pity seeing them, the child | of sly-devising Cronos,  
 Did to his sister and his wife, | Juno, address his sorrow :  
 " Alas for me ! that Destiny | by cruel sentence doometh  
 Sarpêdon, dearest of mankind, | to perish by Patroelos.  
 My heart by double thoughts is torn, | and faltereth my purpose, 435  
 Whether to snatch him still alive | from out the tearful battle,  
 And plant him safe on Lycio, | in his fat soil of plenty,  
 Or unto death resign him, slain | by prowess of Patroelos."  
 To him with word reciprocal | spake large-ey'd queenly Juno :  
 " Alas, what word from thee hath dropt, | O direst son of Cronos ? 440  
 A man, who mortal is of birth, | long syne by doom predestin'd,  
 Him from sadwailing Aïdes | dost ponder to deliver ?  
 Do it : but we, the other gods, | not all shall praise thy doing.  
 This also will I say,—and thou | within thy bosom cast it :

If to his own abode and home | alive thou send Sarpêdon, 445  
 Think, may not other too of gods | desire his own dear offspring  
 Safe to deliver and alive, | from out the hardy struggle ?  
 For many are embattled now | round Priam's mighty city,  
 Born from immortal gods ; in whom | thou direful wrath wilt nourish.  
 But if thy son is dear, and if | thy heart with pity wailleth ; 450  
 His body now resign to death, | slain in the hardy struggle,  
 And glory to Patroclus give, | Menoitios' brave offspring.  
 But, when his time of life is gone | and breath hath left his body ;  
 Then balmy Slumber send and Death, | as convoy to escort him,  
 Till in widespreading Lycia | they reach his proper country. 455  
 His brothers and his kinsfolk there | meet burial shall yield him,  
 With flames, with pillar and with mound ; | which are the dead man's honour."

She spake, nor uncompliant found | the sire of gods and mortals.  
 He shed from heaven gory drops | his lovèd son to honour, 460  
 Who must on loamy Troas' soil | far from his country perish.  
 When they to shorter distance came, | advancing each on other,  
 Patroclus struck in lowest lap | the famous Thrasymêlos,  
 The prince Sarpêdon's bonny squire, | and there unstrung his sinews. 465  
 Sarpêdon, second aiming, miss'd | his foeman's self, but wounded  
 The mortal courser Pêdasos,— | on his right shoulder lighting  
 With shining spear. He groan'd, and fell, | and gasp'd, and breath'd no longer.  
 The others swerv'd apart : the yoke | creak'd loudly, and the bridles 470  
 Were tangled, since the outer horse | in dust and death was prostrate.  
 But spear-renown'd Automedon | the troublous danger ended :  
 For, drawing from his brawny thigh | the lengthy-bladed cutlass,  
 In sallied he, and slash'd away | the out-horse, nor was foiled.  
 Clear came the living steeds at once, | and in the traces stretch'd them ; 475  
 But the two heroes met again | for soul-devouring quarrel.  
 Vainly anew the shing spear | was by Sarpêdon darted ;  
 For harmless did it pierce the air | over Patroclus' shoulder,  
 Missing him on the left : then *he* | not vainly flung his weapon, 480  
 But hit, where round the ceaseless heart | the membranes weave a curtain.  
 Then toppled he, as may an oak | or some white poplar topple,  
 Or pine upon the mountain-side | tall-shooting, which for timber  
 Ship-carpenters have inly chopt | with newly-whetted axes :  
 So he, before his chariot | and coursers, lay extended, 485  
 Gnashing his teeth,—the gory dust | with hand convulsive clutching.  
 And as a lion, mid the herd | of cloven-footed oxen,  
 Alighteth fiercely on a bull | flame-brilliant, mighty-hearted,  
 And he beneath the lion's jaws | with many a bellow dieth ;  
 So stricken by Patroclus then | with many a moan Sarpêdon, 490  
 Lord of the shielded Lycians, | call'd on his dear companion :  
 " Glaucos, my friend ! thou warrior | mid heroes ! now, if ever,

A thorough spearman prove thyself, | and warrior intrepid.  
 Now, if thy heart be keen and true, | let evil war delight thee.  
 First, visit all the Lycians, | throughout their wide battalions, 495  
 And rouse their chiefest men to fight | around Sarpêdon's body.  
 Next eke thyself, my friend! for me | well quit thee in the combat.  
 For in the distant after-days | a contumely and scandal  
 Shall I for ever be to thee, | if of my arms th' Achaians  
 Strip me, who fall before the fleet | in theatre of battle. 500  
 But hold thee sturdily to work, | and rouse my folk to ardour."  
 Thus when he spake, all-ending Death | his eyes and nostrils cover'd.  
 The victor, tramping on his breast, | drew out the spear, and with it  
 Follow'd the membrane of his heart | and all his breathing spirit. 505  
 Meanwhile the crew of Myrmidons | his puffing steeds arrested,  
 Eager to flee, sin as the car | of both its lords was rievèd.  
 But anguish grim on Glaucos came, | to hear his friend adjure him.  
 His heart was earnestly bestir'd, | in helplessness of vengeance.  
 Grasping he pinch'd his arm, thereat, | where Teucer's arrow gall'd him, 510  
 Shot from the lofty wall, to ward | disaster from his comrades.  
 Then with entreaty he address'd | Apollo the far-darting :  
 " Hear me, O prince ! who haply art | in Lycia's fat country  
 Now, or in Troas. Everywhere | thou able art to listen, 515  
 When man in trouble is, as now | am I by trouble harried.  
 Me troubleth this sore-galling wound. | My hand with piercing anguish  
 Is wrung, nor may the blood be staunch'd ; | which doth my shoulder burden.  
 Nor firmly can I hold my spear, | nor fight against the foeman. 520  
 Fallen, behold ! a hero-chief, | the son of Jove, Sarpêdon,  
 Whose Father him protecteth not : | but thou, O lord Apollo,  
 Heal *thou* this bitter wound for me, | and hull the fretting sorrow,  
 And grant me puissance to exhort | my Lycians to combat, 525  
 While I, to save our chieftain's corpse, | do manfully acquit me."  
 So spake the chief his orison, | and bright Apollo heard him.  
 Forthwith the smarting pang he quell'd, | and round the gash so troublous  
 He staunch'd the dusky gore, and breath'd | high prowess in his bosom. 530  
 But Glaucos inwardly beknew, | and in his heart was joyful,  
 That, to his pleading, speedily | the mighty god had hearken'd.  
 First, visiting the Lycians, | throughout their wide battalions,  
 He rous'd their chiefest men to fight | around Sarpêdon's body.  
 But after, to the Trôians | with lengthy strides he hied him,  
 To Panthûs' son Polydamas | and to divine Agênor ; 535  
 Also Aineias sought he out, | and brazen-helmèd Hector,  
 And standing close in front of them | harangu'd in wingèd accents :  
 " Now, Hector ! thou of thy allies | art utterly forgetful,  
 Who, from our land of birth and friends | afar, our souls do lavish  
 Thy greatness to exalt : but thou | not eager art to aid us. 540

The lord of shielded Lycia, | who erst, by rightful verdicts  
 And prowess, Lycia upheld, | —Sarpêdon,—prostrate lieth.  
 For, him beneath Patroclus' lance | hath brazen Ares vanquish'd.  
 But friends ! stand nobly at his side, | and be in hearts indignant,  
 Lest-that the crew of Myrmidons | his armour strip, and outrage 545  
 The person of the dead, enrag'd | for loss of many comrades,  
 The Dánaï, whom we beside | their galleys sharp have slaughter'd.”

When thus he spake, the Trôians | from head to foot were seizèd  
 By sorrow irrepressible, | unyielding ; since they held him  
 A native bulwark, strange alone | in soil ; for with him, peoples 550  
 Came many : in them he himself | held primacy of valour.  
 So straight against the Dánaï | they rush'd : for Hector led them,  
 Embitter'd by Sarpêdon's fall. | On other side th' Achaïans,  
 Them did Patroclus' shaggy heart | encourage : first he turn'd him,  
 The two Aïantes to exhort, | themselves already eager : 555

“ Aïantes ! take ye pleasure now, | to show yourselves in combat,  
 Such as mid heroes heretofore | ye were, or even braver.  
 Prostrate the chieftain lies, who first | did scale th' Achaïan rampart,—  
 Sarpêdon. Oh ! if now we might | for outrage seize his body,  
 And from his shoulders strip his arms, | and eke of his companions 560  
 With ruthless weapon some lay low, | who fight their lord to rescue !”

So spake he : but for bold emprise | themselves were keenly eager.  
 Soon as the adverse leaders thus | had strengthen'd the battalions,  
 Then Lycians and Myrmidons | and Troians and Achaïans  
 Around the carcase of the slain | in shock of close encounter 565  
 Hurried together, yelling fierce ; | and direful clang'd their armour.  
 And Jove a deadly darkness spread | over the bitter struggle  
 For toil of deathful hardiment | around his son belovèd.

Then first the Trôians repell'd | the curling-ey'd Achaïans,  
 When of the Myrmidons was slain | a hero not the weakest, 570  
 Offspring of godlike Agacles, | the mighty-soul'd Epeïgeus,  
 Who once with lordly puissance held | Budeïon thickly peopled :  
 Till he a worthy kinsman slew, | then presently betook him  
 As suppliant to Peleus' hearth | and silverfooted Thetis :  
 Who with their hero-crushing son | in train of battle sent him 575  
 To charioteering Iliôn | for combat with the Troians.

Him gallant Hector with a stone | hit, as he touch'd the carcase,  
 Upon the head direct, and clave | in twain the weighty helmet.  
 Prone on the corpse he fell, and him | soul-crushing Death enshrouded. 580  
 But anguish on Patroclus came | to see his comrade fallen.  
 Straight thro' the foremost ranks he dash'd, | like to a gliding falcon,  
 Swift-pouncing, fraught with sore dismay | to noisy daws and starlings :  
 So thou upon the Lycians, | Patroclus courser-guiding !  
 And on the Troians, diddest plunge, | enrag'd for thy companion. 585

With a huge stone the hero hit | the neck of Sthenelâos  
 Ithaimenes' beloved son, | and tare away the tendons.  
 Back then the foremost ranks withdrew, | and gallant Hector with them.  
 Far as a lengthy javelin | a man may fling on trial 590  
 In public game, or e'en in war | against hearterushing foemen,  
 So far withdrew the Trôïans ; | so far th' Achaians drove them.

But Glaucos, rallying anew | first of the Trojan army,  
 Leading the shielded Lycians, | slew Bathycles highhearted,  
 Whose loving father Chalcou was : | a man who dwelt in Hellas, 595  
 Signal among the Myrmidons | for affluence of plenty.

Him Glaucos wounded with a spear | in middle of the bosom,  
 Turning upon him sudden, when | in fleet pursuit he caught him.  
 So with a loud crash down he fell. | Deep sorrow seiz'd th' Achaians,  
 Since fallen was a noble man ; | but much rejoic'd the Troians. 600  
 So then, assembled round the corpse | stood they : nor yet th' Achaians  
 Prowess forgot, but on the foe | onslaught straightforward carried.

By Mèrion, Laogonos | was caught, a full-arm'd Trojan,  
 Onètor's hardy son ; whose sire | to Jupiter Idæan 605

A priest was made, and by the folk | e'en as a god was honour'd.  
 Him Mèrion betwixt the ear | and jaw did strike, and quickly  
 Out of his members life was flown, | and hateful darkness hent him.

Aineias next at Mèrion | his brazen weapon darted,  
 Hoping to hit him, as he march'd | beneath his buckler's covert.  
 He, seeing it, by scanty space | the flying point avoided, 610

Stooping him forward : far away, | the lengthy spear behind him  
 In earth alighted ; where its force | made the shaft's end to quiver,  
 Until rude-hurling Ares gave | remission of his fury.  
 Thus, far behind him in the earth | Aineias' spear was planted,  
 Strong quivering ; and fruitlessly | his sturdy arm impell'd it. 615  
 But anger seiz'd Aineias' heart ; | then at his foeman scoff'd he :  
 " Meriones, thou dancest well ; | yet haply to thy dancing  
 My spear a thorough end had brought, | had I attain'd to hit thee."

Then spear-renown'd Meriones | with vaunt alternate answer'd :  
 " Aineias, valiant tho' thou art, | 'tis hard for thee to cripple 620  
 The might of every man, who'er | in battle may confront thee.  
 Mortal art even thou ; but if | I might in turn be lucky  
 With a full hit, then thou, so bold | and trusting in thy prowess,  
 To me shalt glory yield, and life | to charioteering Pluto." 625

But valiant Merotiâdes | for such discourse rebuk'd him :  
 " O Mèrion ! we know thee brave : | yet wherefore thus haranguest ?  
 Not for reproachful words, my friend ! | the Trôïans will yield them  
 From carcase of the slain ; but first | must earth hold many a hero.  
 Issue of battle is from might ; | of wordy war, from counsel. 630  
 Then talk abundant need we not, | but hardihood of fighting."

He spake, and led the way ; behind, | the godlike hero follow'd.



As when the woodman's steady axe | in thickets of a mountain  
 From many a hand drops ponderous, | and far is heard its echo ;  
 So from the widely-travell'd earth | their noise resounding echoed, 635  
 While sabres and twohanded pikes | clash'd against brass and bullhide.  
 Hard was it for a keen-ey'd man | to know divine Sarpèdon,  
 So then did weapons, gore and dust | from head to toe o'erlay him, 640  
 And alway throug'd they round the dead, | as, mid the stalls of cattle,  
 Beside the overfoaming pails, | gnats whirl them, loud of riot,  
 In early season, when with milk | the pail is wetted alway ;  
 Thus (say I) round the dead they throug'd. | Nor from the hardy struggle  
 Did Jove a moment turn away | his ever-beaming eyen, 645  
 But alway gaz'd unceasingly | to watch it, and bethought him,  
 With diverse purposes distract, | on slaughter of Patroclos ;  
 Whether already, where he stood, | amid the hardy struggle  
 Should gallant Hector him in turn, | over divine Sarpèdon,  
 Relentless ravage, and despoil | the armour from his shoulders ; 650  
 Or first to other combatants | the rugged toil be heighthen'd.  
 After such ponderings of thought | he deemed it were wiser,  
 Still further should the bonny squire | of Peleus' son Achilles  
 Harry the Troian arms away | with brazenhelmèd Hector,  
 And hem them to the city-wall | and doom more lives to carnage. 655  
 So into Hector first of all | he breath'd unwarlike panic ;  
 Who knew the sacred scales of Jove, | and, on his ear upleaping,  
 To flight betook him, calling loud | that all should flee beside him.  
 Then not the valiant Lycians | stood firm, but all were scatter'd  
 In terror, since their king they saw | with deadly wound heartstricken, 660  
 Prone in assembly of the dead : | for many fell around him,  
 When o'er his body Cronos' child | the hardy strife entangled.  
 Then from his shoulders stript the foe | the armour of Sarpèdon,  
 Brazen and all-resplendent : this, | Menoitios' brave offspring  
 To his companions gave, to bear | unto the hollow galleys. 665  
 Then cloud-collecting Jupiter | address'd him to Apollo :  
 "Go now, dear Shining one ! draw forth | Sarpèdon from the weapons :  
 Cleanse off the cloudy gore, apart ; | in living waters bathe him ;  
 Anoint him with ambrosia, | and wrap ambrosial raiment 670  
 Around his sacred form ; and send, | as convoy to escort him,  
 Slumber and Death, twin-bretheren ; | that speedily they place him  
 Upon wide-spreading Lycia, | within his own fat country.  
 His brothers and his kinsfolk there | meet burial shall yield him,  
 With flames, with pillar and with mound, | which are the dead man's honour."  
 So spake he : nor Apollo then | did disobey his father, 676  
 But hied him to the slogan fierce | down from the tops of Ida.  
 Straightway, uplifting, forth he drew | Sarpèdon from the weapons ;  
 Cleans'd off the cloudy gore, apart ; | in living waters bath'd him ;  
 Ointed him with ambrosia, | and wrapt ambrosial raiment 680

Around his sacred form; and sent, | as convoy to escort him,  
Slumber and Death, twin-bretheren: | who speedily replac'd him  
Upon wide-spreading Lycia, | within his own fat country.

On Trôïans and Lycians | Patroclus follow'd, cheering  
His coursers and Antomedon; | and direful was his folly, 685

O simpleton! for had he kept | the bidding of Pelides,  
From evil doom of murky death | he verily had escapèd.  
But alway than the wit of man | the wit of Jove is higher:  
Who doth the valorous affright, | and victory despoileth 690  
Right easily; but otherwhile | himself to battle stirreth;

Who then into his bosom breath'd | this surplusage of valour.  
Then *who* was first and *who* was last | a sport of death and plunder,  
Patroclus! when the heav'nly fates | invited thee to ruin?

Adrastos and Autónoos, | Epistor, Melanippos,  
Elas, Echéclos, Perimos, | Moulïos and Pylartes: 695

All these he slaughter'd; but the rest | did each of flight bethink them.

Then had Achaia's children storm'd | Troy's lofty-gated city  
Beneath Patroclus' hands:—for dire | the fury of his weapon:— 700

But bright Apollo stood aloft | upon the tow'r well-built,  
Bearing against him deadly wrath, | and kindly to the Troians.

For thrice upon the parapet, | which from the rampart juttet,  
Patroclus climb'd on high; and thrice | Apollo backward dash'd him,  
With hands immortal thrusting hard | his all-resplendent buckler.

But when the fourth time on he sped, | like to a mighty Spirit, 705  
With direful menace warnèd him | Apollo far-energetic:

“Retire, Patroclus, brood of Jove! | nor deem that fate alloweth  
The walls of haughty Trôïans | by thy assault to totter:  
Not even by Achilles' self, | a man than thee far better.”

So spake he: thereupon the chief | an ample space retir'd him, 710  
And yielded; shunning to enrage | Apollo the far-darting.

But Hector in the Skaïans kept | his singlehoofed horses;  
Debating, whether back to drive | and fight amid the tumult,  
Or all his scatter'd folk exhort | to coop them in the city.

While thus he ponder'd, lo! advanc'd | beside him bright Apollo, 715  
Like to his kinsman Asios, | a warrior intrepid;—

Own brother he to Hecuba, | who mother was to Hector,  
Yet youthful was he still for war: | but Dymas was his father,

Who on the banks of Sangaros | in Phrygia did habit;—  
Like unto him, the son of Jove | Apollo spake to Hector: 720

“Hector, why pausest thou from fight? | such pausing, *thee* misseemeth.  
Oh that, as weaker I than thee, | by so much I were stronger!

Not to thy joy then wouldest thou, | mayhap, thus start from battle.  
Come! on Patroclus urge thy steeds | flint-hoofèd; if Apollo  
Haply to thee may glory give: | so *him* shalt thou o'ermaster.” 725

Thus spake he: then again the god | was mix'd in toil of mortals.

To skilful-soul'd Kebríones | thereat did gallant Hector  
 Give order, mid the war to lash | his coursers. But Apollo  
 Hied him to enter mid the throng ; | and, breathing in the Argives  
 Disastrous turmoil, glory gave | to Hector and the Troians. 730  
 All other Danai the chief | pass'd by, nor car'd to slay them ;  
 But straight against Patroclos urg'd | the flinty-footed horses :  
 Patroclos, *he* too on the earth | from off the car alighted.  
 His left hand held the spear ; his right, | around a huge stone curling,  
 Which rugged sparkled, heav'd it high : | nor long aloof withheld him, 735  
 But hurl'd it fiercely,—not in vain ; | but struck the squire of Hector.  
 Kebríones, a meaner son | of Priam widely famous,  
 Full in the forehead : both the brows | were crush'd ; the skull withstood not.  
 Out of his face his eyes were torn : | so plung'd he, like a diver, 741  
 Down from the wellwrought car ; and there | did life forsake his body.  
 Then thou, Patroclos charioteer ! | diddest with scoff address him :  
 “Ye Spirits ! what a nimble man ! | how easily he tumbleth ! 745  
 If haply on the fishful sea | he list this art to practise,  
 Deep plunging from a galley's deck | aloft, to dive for oysters,  
 He many a mouth might glut, I ween, | even tho' rough the billows :  
 As now upon the plain so light | he tumbleth from the horses.  
 Troth ! eke among the Tróians | is many a dainty tumbler.” 750  
 This said, upon the fallen squire | Kebríones he bounded  
 With spring like to a lion's spring, | who, ravaging the stables,  
 (By his own valour lur'd to death) | is on the bosom wounded :—  
 So upon *him* then diddest thou, | Patroclos ! eager cast thee.  
 But Hector, he too on the earth | from off the car alighted. 755  
 The twain around Kebríones | made contest, like two lions,  
 Which, both with emptiness of maw | and both with lordly spirits,  
 Around a slaughtered doe may fight | upon a mountain summit ;  
 So round Kebríones the twain, | devisers of alarm,  
 Patroclos son of Actor's son | and motley-helmèd Hector, 760  
 Hanker'd with ruthless brass to gash | the body, each of other.  
 But Hector, when he once had seiz'd | the head, no more would yield it ;  
 Patroclos firmly grasp'd in turn | the foot : meanwhile the others,  
 Troians and Danai alike, | commingled hardy struggle.  
 As blowing from the East and South | within a mountain's hollows 765  
 The winds hold controversy sore | a close-grown holt to shatter,  
 Of diverse timber,—beech and ash, | and lanky-leafèd cornel ;  
 Which, each upon the other, grind | their long-outreaching branches  
 With rustling scratch ; and when they snap, | unearthly is the crackle :  
 So Troians and Achaians then, | each upon other springing, 770  
 Made havoc, nor did either side | disastrous fear remember.  
 And round Kebríones were fix'd | sharp-pointed lances many,  
 And many wingèd arrow-shafts | off leaping from the bowstring.  
 And many a rugged mass of stone | dash'd heavy on the buckles,

As round his corpse they fought : but he, | amid a dust-tornado, 775  
 Grand in his bulk, lay grandly there, | of chariot-art forgetful.  
 Now when the lofty-climbing Sun | had touch'd his noon of heaven,  
 Thenceforth from either side the darts | did fly and people perish.  
 But from what time the Sun declin'd, | freeing from toil the oxen ;  
 Then, overriding doom's decree, | Achaian might was higher. 780  
 Out of the rain of darts they dragg'd | Kebriones the hero,  
 And from the Trojan din ; and stripp'd | the armour from his shoulders.  
 Then, with fell purpose to the foe, | again Patroelos sallied.  
 Upon them thrice he rush'd, in weight | a match for eager Ares,  
 With dreadful yell of battle ; thrice, | nine heroes fell beneath him. 785  
 But when the fourth time on he sped, | like to a mighty Spirit,  
 Then unto thee the fates unveil'd | thy end of life, Patroelos !  
 For now the direful Shining one, | advancing thro' the tumult  
 Unseen, confronted thy career, | amid the hardy struggle.  
 Behind the hero stood the god, | enwrapt in mist abundant, 790  
 Who then with palm descending smote | his back and breadth of shoulders.  
 Dazzled and giddy were his eyes : | the casque forsook his temples.  
 The crested vizor rolling far | beneath the feet of horses  
 Rattled aloud : with dust and gore | was the fair plume distain'd. 795  
 (Not heretofore might dust distain | that horsetail-crested helmet :  
 For godlike was the man whose brows | and forehead fair it cover'd,—  
 Achilles' self :—but Jupiter | the glory gave to Hector,  
 To wear it round his proper head | and nearer bring destruction.) 800  
 Next, in Patroelos' hand was snapt | the spear with lengthy shadow,  
 Huge, weighty, stout, with iron point | well-capt ; and from his shoulders  
 Down with its belt on earth was cast | the anklereaching buckler.  
 Lastly, the lordly son of Jove, | Apollo, loos'd his corslet.  
 Stupor his heart possess't : unstrung | was every gallant sinew. 805  
 So stood he all aghast. Behind, | a Dardan chief, Euphorbos,  
 Offspring of Panthoös, the spear | betwixt his shoulders planted.  
 In charioteerings, skill of lance, | and swiftness, far surpass'd he :  
 For, in his rudiments of war, | full twenty chiefs he slaughter'd, 810  
 Stricken from off their cars, when first | he of his steeds made trial.  
 Who first at thee, O charioteer | Patroelos ! cast his weapon,  
 Nor did subdue thee. Back he ran, | and mingled in the tumult,  
 But from the wound the ashen spear | first pluckèd ; nor endur'd he  
 Patroelos, tho' of armour stript, | to meet in feud of battle. 815  
 But he, beneath the god's assault | and by the spear o'ermaster'd,  
 Unto his dear companion-troop | retreated, Fate avoiding.  
 But Hector, when from far he saw | the mighty-soul'd Patroelos  
 Retiring wounded, thro' the ranks | dash'd quick to overhend him,  
 And stab'd him in the lowest lap, | and drave, right thro', the weapon. 820  
 So dropt he with a crash, and sore | th' Achaian host afflicted.  
 As when a wiry boar may fall | beneath a lion's prowess,

If on the mountain's top the twain | with haughty spirit wrangle  
 About a petty well, where each | would slake his thirst of water ; 825  
 At length the panting hog is taught | how terrible the lion :  
 So, when Menoitios' brave son | had many lives bereavèd,  
 In turn did Hector with the spear | in close encounter slay him.  
 Then, vaunting o'er the fallen foe | he spake in wingèd accents :

“ Patroelos ! haply 'twas thy thought | our goodly town to ravage, 830  
 And in thy galleys lead away | to thy dear native country  
 A train of Troian women, torn | from home and day of freedom :  
 O simpleton ! but, them to save, | do Hector's nimble horses  
 Spank forth in garniture of war ; | and mid war-lóving Troians  
 Myself an signal with the spear. | Lo ! thus from them repel I 835  
 That forceful misery : but thou, | meanwhile, art food of vultures.  
 Ha ! wretched man ! nought A'chiles, | albeit brave, avail'd thee ;  
 Who, when to war thou camest, laid | such charge as this upon thee :—  
 ‘ Unto the smoothly rounded barks, | Patroelos courser-guiding !  
 Hither come nót to me again, | until about the bosom 840  
 The gory harness thou hast rent | of heroslaying Hector.’  
 So (deem I) then he spake, and troth ! | thy foolish heart persuaded.”

To him, with puny vigour, thou, | horseman Patroelos ! spakest :  
 “ Now, Hector ! greatly vauntest thou : | for unto thee Apollo  
 And Jove the child of Cronos give | high glory. *They* subdued me 845  
 Full easily ; for from my breast | themselves stript off' my armour.  
 If twenty heroes like to *thee* | I met in equal battle,  
 They all should perish on the spot, | beneath my spear o'ermaster'd.  
 But me hath deadly Fate outmatch'd, | and bright Latóna's offspring,  
 And, among men, Euphorbos : *thou* | but third to slay me camest. 850  
 This also will I say ; and thou | within thy bosom cast it :—  
 Eke not for *thee* abideth life | long time : for lo ! already  
 Standeth beside thee forceful Doom | and Death, to overthrow thee  
 By prowess of Aiákides, | the noble son of Peleus.”

While thus he spake, the end of death | his mouth and voice foreclosèd. 855  
 Out of his members flew his soul, | and reach'd the house of Pluto,  
 Mourning its own sad destiny, | from youth and manhood parting.  
 Then gallant Hector to the corpse | a word did further utter :  
 “ Why now, Patroelos ! upon *me* | dire overthrow forebodest ?  
 Who knoweth, whether A'chiles, | tho' child of brighthair'd Thetis, 860  
 May earlier perchance of life | beneath my spear be rievèd ?”

With such address, he from the gash | drew forth the brazen weapon,  
 Tramping upon the dead man's breast, | who lay supine beneath him.  
 Forthwith against Automedon | a new assault design'd he,—  
 Automedon, the godlike squire | of A'chiles swift-footed ;— 865  
 And much to hit him long'd : but him | the nimble horses rescued,  
 Immortal, which, as brilliant gifts, | the gods bestow'd on Peleus.

## BOOK XVII.

### Fight for Patroelos' body.

NOR was it hid from Atreus' son, | war-biding Menelâos,  
That in the deadly Troian fray | Patroelos fallen lieth.  
He thro' the foremost ranks advanc'd | in flashing brass accoutred,  
And round the hero's body mov'd, | as round her calf a heifer,  
New to maternal tenderness, | plaintive to save her firstborn : 5  
So round Patroelos' body then | mov'd auburn Menelâos,  
And forward held his spear, and shield, | which equal was on all sides,  
Full resolute to slay the man, | whoso might dare to front him.  
Nor was the ashen-spearèd son | of Panthoös neglectful,  
Soon as his noble foe was slain : | but he, to Menelâos, 10  
Belov'd of Ares, drawing nigh, | stood forth, and thus address'd him :  
“ Jove-nurtur'd Menelâos, son | of Atreus ! prince of peoples !  
Retire ! withdraw thee from the dead, | and leave my gory trophies.  
For none of all the allies renown'd, | or Trôians, before me  
Smote down Patroelos with the spear | amid the hardy struggle. 15  
Therefore allow me noble fame | to earn among the Troians,  
Lest also *thee* I hit, and rieve | thy life as honey pleasant.”  
To him with indignation huge | spake auburn Menelâos :  
“ Troth ! Father Jove ! not seemly 'tis | for man to vaunt too proudly. 20  
No thought so arrogant, I trow, | in panther or in lion  
Dwelleth, or in the savage boar, | whose spirit in his bosom  
Doth inly nurture signally | a grim delight of prowess ;  
As are the ashen-spearèd sons | of Panthoös aspiring.  
Yet not the courser-taming youth, | their brother Hyperênor,  
Long vantage of his years enjoy'd, | when, slighting, he defied me, 25  
Saying, of all the Danaï | I was the poorest fighter.  
Nor deem I, he, on proper feet, | to his own home did hie him,  
With pleasure to his consort dear, | and to his worthy parents.  
So will I thee too cast to earth, | in sooth ! if thou withstand me.  
But I my counsel give in turn : | —within the crowd of fighters 30

Withdrawing, shelter thee, (nor thus | stand forward to confront me,)  
Before thou some disaster meet. | —Too late the fool is prudent.”

He spake, but him persuaded not ; | who answering address'd him :  
“ Jove-nurtur'd Ménélas ! in sooth, | now shalt thou pay the forfeit,  
For that my kinsman thou hast slain, | and now dost vaunt thee o'er him, 35  
And in her bower newly built | hast made his bride a widow,  
And hast upon our parents laid | accursed wail and sorrow.  
To their affliction I in sooth | some balm of grief might carry,  
If now I bear away thy head | and eke thy arms, and place them  
Into the hands of Panthoös | and venerable Phrontis. 40  
Nor now much longer, I opine, | untried our struggle tarries,  
But soon the riddle must be spelt, | to conquer or be conquer'd.”

He spake, and thrusting struck the shield, | which equal was on all sides :  
Nor might the metal force its way, | but first the point was broken,  
By the stout shield resisted. | Next, Atrides Menelâos, 45  
With pray'r to father Jupiter, | uprose with spear assailing.  
And, as the foe retreated, he, | on his broad hand reliant,  
Planted and press'd the brass, | where throat is fitted in the bosom,  
And thro' the tender neck its point | outright behind him issued.  
So with a loud crash down he dropt, | and o'er him clang'd his armour. 50  
His hair, that with the Graces vied, | was now with gore besprinkled,  
And ample tresses, which with gold | and silver were embraided.  
As when in solitary dell, | where rife spring-water bubbleth,  
A man may kindly rear a shoot | of easy-sprouting olive,  
Dainty and all-luxuriant, | and full of snowy flowers, 55  
The while around it winds diverse | with gentle breezes rustle :  
But sudden cometh wind indeed, | from storehouse of the tempest,  
Which from its own pit wrencheth it, | and on the earth outlayeth :  
Such then the son of Panthoös, | the ashen-spear'd Euphorbos,  
Beneath Atrides Menelas | was slain and stript of armour. 60  
As when, reliant on his might, | a mountain-nurtur'd lion  
Out of a grazing herd may snatch | a cow, whiche'er is fattest ;  
By his huge weight and stalwart teeth | its neck at once is broken ;  
He rends the victim, laps the blood, | and heart and bowels gorgeth ;  
And while he havoc spreadeth wide, | around him dogs and herdsmen 65  
With many a whimper from afar | are busy ; nor endure they  
His close encounter ; for, themselves | pale terror greatly seizeth :  
So, shout as might they, ventur'd not | one heart in Trojan bosom  
The close encounter to confront | of famous Menelâos.  
Then would Atrides easily | bear off Euphorbos' armour 70  
Right splendid ; but so fair a prize | did bright Apollo grudge him.  
Who then, in semblance of a man, | Mentès, Ciconian leader,  
Against him into battle call'd | Hector, to eager Ares  
Fit rival ; and accosting him | thus spake in wingèd accents :

"Hector! now vainly runnest thou, | to catch Achilles' horses. 75  
 Hard are those steeds for mortal men | to tame and guide in harness,  
 To all but skillful Achilles, | born of a deathless mother.  
 Meanwhile hath Atreus' younger son, | war-lóving Menelâos,  
 Beside Patroclus' body, slain | the bravest of the Troians, 80  
 Euphorbos, son of Panthoös; | and quell'd his daring prowess."  
 So spake he: then again the god | was mix'd in toil of mortals.  
 Then, round his soul of black, with grief | was Hector grimly clouded.  
 Over the battle-field he gaz'd: | there instantly descried he  
 One, stripping off the splendid arms, | but upon earth the other 85  
 Prostrate; and from the open gash | the dusky gore was streaming.  
 He thro' the foremost ranks advanc'd, | in flashing brass accoutred,  
 With skirl of fury, like the flame | by force of Vulcan kindled,  
 Quenchless. Nor might the piercing cry | escape the son of Atreus,  
 Who thus in indignation spake | to his own haughty spirit: 90  
 "Alas for me! if now in fear | I quit the beauteous armour,  
 Abandoning Patroclus, who | in *my* revenge is fallen;  
 Indignant may he be, whoe'er | of Danaï shall see me.  
 But if, for shame and honour, I | with Hector and the Troians  
 Combat by single force,—to *one* | an overmatch are *many*: 95  
 And motley-helmèd Hector now | leads all his Troians hither.  
 But, O fond heart, why holdest now | within me such discourses?  
 Whoso, defying Fortune's odds, | with hero-chief engageth,  
 Whom God doth honour;—haply will | in mighty woe be whelmèd.  
 So, none of Danaï shall be | indignant, should he see me 100  
 Shrink from the might of Hector, who | by aid of heaven fighteth.  
 But if,—how Aias, good at need, | doth quit him in the battle,—  
 I knew, together haply we | might pride of arms remember,  
 And e'en defying Fortune's odds, | might yet draw up the body  
 For Peleus' son Achilles. This, | of evils would be lightest." 105  
 While he in bosom and in soul | such controversy bandied,  
 Meanwhile the Troian ranks were come, | and at their head was Hector.  
 Atrides, backward moving, left | the carcass; yet receded  
 Turning alternate. So recedes | an ample-bearded lion,  
 Whom from the stable dogs and men | may chase with spears and hurly, 110  
 And freeze his valiant heart; then he | the yard unwilling quitteth:  
 Eke from Patroclus' body so | pac'd auburn Menelâos.  
 But quickly fac'd he round, when first | he reach'd his troop of comrades;  
 Then gaz'd on every side to find | great Telamônian Aias, 115  
 And soon descried him far aloof | on left of all the battle,  
 Cheering the comrades at his side | and stirring them to combat;  
 For bright Apollo in their hearts | had shed unearthly panic.  
 Forthwith he hied to run; and straight | arriving, thus address'd him:  
 "O Aias! hither friend!—we now | about Patroclus fallen 120



Must busy us, perchance to bear | his body to Achilles,  
All naked : for the arms are won | by motley-helmèd Hector."

So spake he, and bestirr'd the soul | of skilful-hearted Aias.  
Along the foremost ranks he mov'd | with auburn Menelâos,  
Where Hector held the famous arms ; | and now Patroclus dragg'd he, 125  
Wishful with weapon sharp to cut | his head from off the shoulders  
And toss the maimed trunk abroad | unto the dogs of Troas.  
Then Aias nearer came, his shield | like to a towèr bearing,  
And Hector, back withdrawing, mix'd | within his crowd of comrades,  
And sprang upon his chariot, | and gave the dapper armour 130  
For carriage to the Troian town, | to be his own great glory.  
But Aias round Patroclus slain | his ample buckler spreading,  
Stood forth, as round his proper brood | may stand a parent lion,  
Who hath with hunter-men perchance | in forest-glade encounter'd,  
Leading abroad his young ; but he, | in grim delight of prowess, 135  
Down draweth all his eyebrow-skin, | and covereth his eye :  
Such then did Aias stand around | the fallen chief Patroclus ;  
And Atreus' son on other side, | warbiding Menelâos,  
Stood also, heaving in his breast | a growing load of sorrow.

But Glaucos Hippolôchides, | the Lycian commander, 140  
On Hector turning eyes askance, | with words of anger chided :  
" Hector ! in beauty excellent, | in battle much thou wantest.  
In vain, when runaway thou art, | doth good repute surround thee.  
Take thought, how mayest thou, upheld | now singly by the peoples  
Who have in Ilion their birth, | the town and city rescue ? 145  
For not of Lycians, I trow, | will any for thy city  
To combat with the Danaï | henceforth be keen : for thankless  
Troth ! is the toil, unceasingly | to fight with foemen alway.  
How, mid the turmoil, shouldest thou | a worsèr man deliver,  
O heartless ! who abandonest | thy friend and thy companion, 150  
Sarpêdon, unto Argive men | as sport and lucky booty ?  
He to thy city and thyself | did many a worthy service,  
While yet alive ; but thou from him | to scare the dogs art sluggish.  
Wherefore, if now by my advice | some Lycians shall guide them,  
Homeward to go, straightway for Troy | th' abyss of ruin yawneeth. 155  
For if within the Troians now | did dwell much-daring vigour,  
Intrepid, such as filleth men, | who for their native country  
Against a throng of stranger-foes | have enter'd toilful contest ;  
Then quickly into Ilion | Patroclus might we carry.  
And if into the mighty town | of lordly Priam enter 160  
That hero's corpse, when finally | we win it from the battle :  
Gladly would then the Argives yield | Sarpêdon's noble armour,  
Yea, and himself to Ilion | we lightly might recover.  
Since we have slain the squire of HIM, | who is by far the noblest,—

He and the squires who round him fight,— | beside the Argive galleys. 165  
 But thou no courage hast to meet, | amid the foe's alarm,  
 Eye unto eye, the adverse form | of mighty-hearted Aias :  
 Much less, his shock wilt thou endure : | since he than thee is better."

To him with frowning glance replied | great motley-helmèd Hector :  
 " Glaucos ! we know thee sage : and why | so arrogant thy language ? 170  
 Ye Spirits ! troth : my thought it was, | that thou, of all the heroes  
 Who dwell in loamy Lycia, | hast primacy of wisdom.

Now, as thou speakest, in thy mind | much lack of sense deplore I,  
 Who say, I dare not to abide | the burly might of Aias.  
 Not at the battle shudder I, | nor at the tramp of horses : 175

But alway than the wit of man | the wit of Jove is higher ;  
 Who doth the valorous affright, | and victory despoileth  
 Right easily ; but otherwhile | himself to battle stirreth.  
 But hither, friend ! beside me stand, | and look on my achievement.  
 For ever will I claim to be | coward, as thou pronouncest, 180  
 Or some of Danaï will I, | albeit keen his valour,  
 Stop from his eagerness to fight | around Patroclus fallen."

Then Hector rais'd his voice aloft | and charg'd the Trojan army :  
 " Dardaus, who hand to hand contend, | and Lycians and Troians,  
 Be men, my friends ! and earnestly | brave enterprize remember ; 185  
 Whilst I of noble Achilles | put on the dapper harness,  
 Which (when the hero I had slain) | I took from great Patroclus."

After such exhortation, forth | went motley-helmèd Hector  
 From out the feud of battle. Quick | he ran and overhended  
 His comrades, not yet far ; whom he | with rapid footstep follow'd ; 190  
 Who to the city bare away | Pelides' famous armour.  
 There standing, he the harness chang'd, | apart from tearful battle.  
 His own, from off his body ta'en, | he trusted to his Troians  
 To bear to sacred Ilion ; | and took th' immortal armour  
 Of great Achilles, Peleus' child ; | which erst the gods presented 195  
 To his dear sire ; he to his son, | when old he grew, bequeath'd them :  
 Yet not the son, I wot, grew old, | in armour of the father.

But when, apart from other gods, | Jove cloud-collecting saw him  
 Busking him in the bright array | of Peleus' godlike offspring,  
 Thereat he shook his head, and spake | within his secret bosom : 200

" Ha ! wretched ! eke to thee is Death | nowise a welcome comer,  
 Who near approacheth thee : but thou | th' immortal armour donnest  
 Of chieftain eminent, at whom | all other heroes tremble.  
 Of *him* thou hast the comrade slain, | a kindly man and stalwart,  
 And from his shoulders and his head | hast ta'en, with no decorum, 205  
 The armour : still will I to thee | vouchsafe surpassing puissance,  
 In payment for the deadly grief, | that not from thee returning  
 Shall e'er Andrómacha receive | Pelides' famous armour."

Such sentence utter'd, Cronides | with raven eyebrow nodded.  
 But Hector's body suited well | the arms ; and Ares fill'd him,— 210  
 Ares, dread Arbiter of Strife,— | and, thro' his limbs, within him  
 Pour'd strength and spirit. Thence he hied | to catch th' allies far summon'd,  
 And, as with mighty shout he came, | to all he wore the semblance  
 Of mighty-hearted A'chiles, | resplendent in the armour.  
 Then singly visiting he urg'd | each hero to the battle, 215  
 From Mesthles first and Phorkys and | Thersiloelus and Medon,  
 Asteropeios, Chromios, | Hippóthoös, Deisênor,  
 To Glaueos Hippolóehides | and Eumomos the augur.  
 To these he exhortation made | and wingèd accents utter'd :  
 " Listen ! allies who dwell around | in tribes of number countless ! 220  
 I sought not wider reach of sway, | nor wanted train of peoples,  
 When from your cities, one by one, | your bands I hither gather'd ;  
 But that for Troians and for me | from battle-loving Argives  
 Ye might by kindly aid protect | our wives and tender children.  
 Holding such purposes, by claim | of gifts and food I harass 225  
 The Troian people, while of you | I strengthen every bosom.  
 Wherefore, straightforward, every one | in firm resolve be minded  
 To conquer, or to perish :—such | the communings of warfare.  
 Now whoso Aias driveth back | and seizeth on Patroelos,  
 Dragging his body to the ranks | of courser-taming Troians ; 230  
 Half of the spoils to him I yield, | and half myself will carry,  
 And such as is my honour now, | such eke shall be his honour."  
 He spake ; and weightily did they | with spears uplifted sally  
 Straightforward at the Danaï ; | and greatly were they hopeful  
 To tear the carcase from the hands | of Telamónian Aias ; 235  
 Ô simpletons ! for over it | they many lives did squander.  
 To Menelâos, good at need, | then Aias spake entreaty :  
 " From battle-danger, O my friend ! | Jove-nurtur'd Menelâos !  
 A safe return for both of us | dare I to hope no longer.  
 Nay, nor so sorely tremble I | about Patroelos' body, 240  
 Which haply shall be food ere long | to Troian dogs and birdès,  
 As for my proper head I fear, | lest some disaster seize it,  
 And thine : since Hector round about | wrappeth a cloud of battle,  
 And at our feet the steep abyss | of utter ruin yawneth.  
 But come ! the chieftain Danaï | call thou, if any hear thee." 245  
 Then Menelâos, good at need, | was to his word compliant ;  
 So to the Danaï abroad | with piercing voice he shouted :  
 " O friends, who unto Argive folk | are governours and leaders,  
 Who at the board of Atreus' sons | with public wine are feasted  
 As we ourselves, and with command | each speaketh to the peoples, 250  
 And by the gift of Jupiter | honour and glory holdeth :  
 For me 'tis toilsome, everywhere | to spy out each commander

Of Danaï : so great a strife | throughout the army blazeth.  
 But hie ye hither every one, | and be in soul indignant,  
 If e'er Patroclus may be left, | a joy to dogs of Troas." 255

As thus he cried, Oileus' son, | swift Aias, sharply heard him,  
 Who, speeding thro' the battle-fend, | was first to reach his presence ;  
 But next to him, Idómeneus, | and Mèrion his comrade,  
 Able to tilt the scale of strife | against the god of Carnage.  
 But, of the rest, what wit of man | could all the names remember, 260  
 How many afterward renew'd | the battle of Achaia ?

Forward in pack the Troians burst, | and at their head was Hector.  
 As at the mouth, where shoals hem-in | a river dropt from heaven,  
 Against the current rage and roar | huge billows, and beside them  
 The ridges of the circling beach | with splashing surf rebellow ; 265  
 With such alarum rush'd, I wot, | the Troians : but th' Achaïans  
 Fencèd with brazen bucklers stood, | fill'd with a single spirit,  
 To save Patroclus. Cronides | around their sheeny helmets  
 Pour'd mist in plenty. Sooth ! of old | ne'er hated he the chieftain, 270  
 Not when, beside Aiakides, | he liv'd as dear attendant ;  
 Nor, that Patroclus be a prize | to dogs of Troian foemen,  
 Endur'd he : therefore to his aid | he greatly rous'd his comrades.

Yet first the Troians drave away | the curling-ey'd Achaïans,  
 Who, smit with panic, left the dead : | but the high-hearted Troians, 275  
 Tho' keen for slaughter, slew not one, | but dragg'd to them the carcase.  
 Nor long from reseue stood aloof | th' Achaïans, quickly rallied  
 By Aias ; who in gallant form | and gallant deeds was signal  
 Of all the Danaï, except | the noble son of Peleus. 280  
 Straight thro' the foremost ranks he hied, | like to a boar in prowess,—  
 Such savage male, who easily, | in thickets on the mountain,  
 Standing at bay, hath scatterèd | the hounds and lusty callants :—  
 So, moving thro' them easily, | did then the valiant Aias,  
 Son of the stately Télamôn, | the bands of Troas scatter, 285  
 Who round Patroclus crowdèd thick, | with hearts and hope highlifted,  
 To drag him to their proper walls | and earn the meed of glory.

A gallant man, Hippóthoös, | son of Pelasgic Lethos,  
 In sooth, did tug him by the foot | amid the hardy struggle,  
 Around the ankle fastening | a strap, in hope of favour 290  
 From Hector and the Trôïans. | But on himself came quickly  
 Mischief, which none among them all, | tho' eager, then averted.  
 For, him the son of Télamôn, | on-rushing thro' the tumult,  
 Close in the combat struck, across | his brazen-cheekèd vizor.  
 Beneath the fury of the point | the horsetail-crested helmet 295  
 Yielded : for mighty was the spear, | and broad the hand that drave it.  
 Out of the open gash his brain | ran thro' the vizor's hollow,  
 All-gory, pouring forth his life ; | and there unstrung his sinews.

So from his hand he dropt to earth | the foot of brave Patroclus  
 Releas'd ; and headlong, side by side, | fell prostrate to the carcase, 300  
 Far from Larissa's loamy fields : | nor to his loving parents  
 Paid he the fitting nurture price ; | but soon his life was ended,  
 Too early ravish'd by the spear | of mighty-hearted Aias.

Forthwith at Aias Hector aim'd, | with shining spear to hit him ;  
 But Aias saw it opposite, | and stoop'd to shun its fury, 305  
 By scanty space avoiding it : | yet Schedios it wounded,  
 Son of high-hearted Iphitos, | of Phôkians the bravest,  
 Who dwelt in famous Panopeus | and rul'd o'er many heroes :  
 Him by the collarbone it hit, | and low beneath the shoulder  
 Thro' came the brazen javelin, | from front to back travérsing. 310  
 So with a loud crash down he dropt, | and o'er him clang'd his armour.  
 Then Aias thrust at Phainops' son, | the skilful-hearted Phorkys,  
 Striding around Hippóthoös : | and rent his corslet's hollow.  
 The brazen weapon pierc'd his lap | and drain'd his inmost vitals :  
 So in the dust he fell,—the earth | with gripe convulsive clutching. 315  
 Then did the foremost champions | retire with gallant Hector.  
 The Argives, they the dead drew up,— | Hippóthoös and Phorkys,—  
 With whoop of triumph ; and despoil'd | the armour from their shoulders.

Then surely would the Trôians | beneath th' Achaian heroes  
 Again have enter'd Ilion, | in martial strength defeated, 320  
 And, overriding Jove's decree, | by their own hardy spirit  
 Had then the Argives glory won ; | but that the prince Apollo,  
 In figure like to Periphas, | spake urgent to Aineias.  
 (This man was son of Epytas, | a friendly-minded herald,  
 Friendly and sage, who aged grew | beside an aged father.) 325  
 Hid in such guise, the son of Jove, | Apollo, now address'd him :  
 " Son of Anchises, O that ye, | despite the will of heaven,  
 Would rescue lofty Ilion ! | So have I seen from others,  
 Back'd only by their proper folk, | and that, in tale full scanty,  
 Yet trusting to their own strong hand, | and hardihood and valour. 330  
 Rather to you than Danaï | high Jupiter accordeth  
 Conquest ; but ye yourselves are slack | and heartless in the combat."

So spake he : but Aineias knew | Apollo the fardarting,  
 Seeing him face to face ; and loud | he unto Hector shouted :  
 " Hector ! and ye who leaders are, | or of allies, or Troians ! 335  
 Dishonour now is this,—beneath | the Achaians dear to Ares  
 Again to enter Ilion, | in martial strength defeated.  
 But, since some heav'nly god, but now | beside me standing, sayeth,  
 The Troian battle holpen is | by Jove, supreme deviser ;  
 Go we against the Danaï, | forward ! nor to their galleys 340  
 Let them at leisure bear away | the corpse of dead Patroclus."

He spake, and from the van of men | outleaping, foremost bare him.

Then did they gather to a ball, | and stood against the Argives.  
 Thereat Aineias with the spear | struck down Arisbas' offspring,  
 Leiocritos, the comrade brave | of warlike Lycomêdes. 345  
 But Lycomêdes saw him fall, | and pitied his companion.  
 He at short distance took his stand, | and hurl'd his shining weapon,  
 And hit the son of Hippasos, | a shepherd of the people,  
 Where lies the liver nethermost, | and straight unstrung his sinews.  
 His name was Apisâon : he, | after Asteropaios, 350  
 In loamy-soil'd Paionia | held primacy of valour.  
 Warlike Asteropaios saw, | and pitied him, in falling ;  
 And *he* too on the Danaï | sallied, for combat eager :  
 But nowhere could he reach the foe, | who fenc'd with spears uplifted  
 And bucklers fitted as a wall, | around Patroclus rallied. 355  
 For Aias visited the ranks, | with many an exhortation,  
 That none, withdrawing from the fight, | behind the dead retire him,  
 Nor yet too forward hurry him | to fight in front of others,  
 But rally round the corpse itself, | and from short distance combat.  
 So Aias' burly might enjoined. | Meanwhile the earth was wetted 360  
 With crimson torrents. Slaughter'd fell | corpses alike of Troians  
 And of allies magnanimous, | in thick confusion huddled,  
 And eke of Danaï : for these | might not be bloodless wholly :  
 Yet slain were fewer far of *them* : | for alway they remember'd,  
 Each for his fellow in the troop | to parry fierce encounter. 365  
 Thus fought they, like to blazing fire : | nor sure was it to any,  
 That Sun or Moon was safe ; for mist | of welkin all enshrouded,  
 Where round Actórides' dead son | the bravest stood in combat.  
 But all the other Tróians | and trimly-greav'd Achaians 370  
 Warr'd tranquil under sky serene ; | the Sun's keen rays lay open.  
 No cloud on heaven's eye appear'd, | nor resting o'er the mountains.  
 These, respite had from battle's force ; | and in clear light, avoided,  
 Standing afar, the direful bolts | which each did aim at other.  
 But those by darkness and by war | at once disaster suffer'd, 375  
 And worst the chieftains, wasted sore | by ruthless dint of weapons.  
 Two famous men, Antilochos | and Thrasymêdes, only  
 As yet the tidings had not heard, | that slain is good Patroclus :  
 But ever fancied, he alive | did press the Troian riot. 380  
 Yet they, forboding mournful doom | and flight of their companions,  
 Apart their battle held : for so | gave Nestor strait commandment,  
 Urging to lead the fight aloof | far from the dusky galleys.—  
 Meanwhile the others all-day bare | great strife of noisome quarrel.  
 From toil and sweat incessantly | knees, shanks, and feet beneath them, 385  
 And hands and eyes, bespatter'd were ; | while still they press'd the battle,

367. *Welkin*, i.e. clouds. *Germ.* Wölken. The word is used by modern poets vaguely for the *Sky*, which also once meant Cloud.

Where lay their kindly champion, | the squire of swift Achilles.

As when a man, for currying | may give unto the people,  
Bedrench'd with fat, the ample hide | which once a huge bull cover'd ; 390 .

They, from his hands receiving it, | do stand apart and tug it  
In circle ; and, since many tug | the moisture quickly parteth,  
The oil deep entereth ; and it | throughout, is stretch'd and curried :

So they in narrow space did tug | the carcase, hither, thither,  
Both fill'd with hope ;—the Trôians, | to Ilion to drag it ;— 395

Th' Achaians to the hollow ships. | Around him rose a turmoil  
All savage. Not Athêna's self, | nor Ares people-stirrer  
Would lightly that encounter blame, | e'en in his tartest humour.

Such evil toil of men and steeds | did Jove around Patroclus 400  
Upon that day prolong. Nor yet | the death of his Patroclus

Divine Achilles knew at all ; | for all that stubborn battle  
Far from the Argive galleys rag'd, | beneath the Troian city.  
Therefore, not dead, but strong in life, | (within his soul he trusted,)

Patroclus from the gates of Troy | should back return in safety. 405  
Since not at all did Achilles | hope, that without his presence

His friend high Ilion might storm ; | nor even with his succour.  
For from his mother often this | he heard, apart inquiring ;

Who clearly all the purposes | of mighty Jove reported. 410  
His mother verily not then | reveal'd the dire disaster,

Accomplish'd, unreversible,— | that his belov'd is perish'd.

But they around the hero's corpse | their pointed weapons holding,  
Incessant grappled in the fight, | and man by man was slaughter'd.

And thus did one to other say | of brazen-mail'd Achaians : 415  
“ Shameful to us it were, to seek | the smoothly rounded galleys,

My friends ! defeated : rather may | the murky earth's abysses  
Yawn on us all ! the which for us | were instantly far better,  
Than to give up our hero's corpse | to courser-taming Troians  
Unto their own abodes to drag | and earn the meed of glory.”

But thus did one to other talk | of mighty-hearted Troians : 420  
“ O friend, if even doom demand, | that we beside this hero

Be slaughter'd one and all, let none | withhold him from the battle.”—  
They by such mutual address, | each rous'd his fellow's spirit.

Still went the stubborn tustle on ; | its iron-hearted riot  
Thro' æther's vasty emptiness | to brassy heaven sounded. 425

The coursers of Aiakides, | meanwhile, apart from battle,  
Wept, soon as e'er that tidings bad | into their breast had enter'd,  
How that their charioteer was slain | by hero-crushing Hector.

And verily Automedon, | Diores' valiant offspring,  
Much by keen lashes of the scourge | to move the steeds attempted, 430  
Much by address of honey'd words, | and much by threats and curses.

But neither would they draw the car | returning to the galleys  
 Back unto Hella's brackish flood, | nor to th' Achaian battle.  
 But as upon a monument, | where sleepeth man or woman  
 Under their barrow, motionless | a lofty pillar standeth ; 435  
 So, with the car all-gorgeous, | stood motionless the coursers,  
 Drooping toward the ground their heads ; | and down their plaintive eyelids  
 Did warm tears trickle to the ground, | their charioteer bewailing.  
 Defilèd were their dainty manes, | over the yoke-strap dropping. 440  
 Their tears beholding, Cronides | the deathless coursers pitied ;  
 Thereafter shook his head, and spake | within his secret bosom :  
 " Ha ! why on Peleus, mortal prince, | bestow'd we *you* ? unhappy !  
*You*,—who are born celestial, | from Eld and Death exempted.  
 Was it, that ye, with wretched men, | should learn the taste of sorrow ? 445  
 For, of all things that move on earth | and breathe the air of heaven,  
 Methinketh, none are wretcheder | than man's disastrous offspring.  
 Yet never, verily, on you | and on your ear resplendent  
 Shall Hector son of Priam mount : | for not will I endure it.  
 Enough, that he the armour hath, | and fruitlessly doth vaunt it. 450  
 But I will vigour breathe to you | within your knees and bosom,  
 That ye may eke Automedon | out of the battle rescue  
 Unto the smoothly rounded barks. | For, glory still to Hector  
 Grant I, to conquer, till he reach | the featly-plankèd galleys,  
 When, at his western goal, the Sun | shall yield to sacred darkness." 455  
 Thus speaking, in the heav'nly steeds | a graceful vigour breath'd he.  
 Then they, from off their manes, to earth | shook down the dust, and quickly  
 Bear the swift chariot among | Achaians and Troians.  
 And from the seat Automedon, | tho' grieving for his comrade,  
 Cheering the coursers, chas'd the foe, | as after geese a vulture. 460  
 For easy was escape to him | from out the Troian riot,  
 And easy, chasing to return | and sally in the turmoil.  
 Yet slaughter never might he make | of whom he overhended ;  
 Nor, in a sacred chariot | sitting alone, avail'd he  
 At once to combat with the spear | and hold the nimble coursers. 465  
 At length Alkimedon, his friend | and comrade, right beknew it ;—  
 A man, whose sire Laërkes was, | but Haemon was his grandsire.  
 So to Automedon he spake, | behind the car approaching :  
 " Who of the gods, Automedon ! | out of thy heart hath taken  
 Sound wit, and this ungainful thought | within thy bosom planted, 470  
 That thou against the Trôians | in foremost line dost combat,  
 Alone ? Thy partner of the fight | is slain : and Hector joyeth,  
 The armour of Aiakides | upon his shoulders bearing."  
 But him in turn Diôres' son, | Automedon, accosted :  
 " Alkimedon, *who* unto thee | is equal of Achaians, 475



Except Patroclus' self, to gods | in weight of counsel equal,  
 (While yet he liv'd ; but him in turn | have death and doom o'erhended ;)   
 To curb the spirit and career | of these immortal horses ?  
 But thou within thy hands receive | the scourge and glossy bridles.  
 Then from the chariot will I | dismount, to meet the foeman." 480

Hereat, Alkimedon behind | the coursers swift for succour  
 Mounted, and quickly in his hands | caught up the scourge and bridles.  
 In turn Automedon leapt off : | and gallant Hector saw it.  
 Then, as Aineias near him stood, | he spake a word exhorting :

" Anchises' son ! high Counsellor | of brazen-coated Troians ! 485  
 Lo ! with their foolish charioteers | the coursers of Achilles  
 Amid the battle show themselves. | These may I hope to capture,  
 If thou like-minded art with me : | since hardly will they venture,  
 Against the sally of us both | to try the shock of Ares." 490

He spake, nor uncompliant found | Anchises' bonny offspring.  
 Forward they went,—their shoulders screen'd | by bullhide dry and sturdy,  
 Strengthen'd with brass. But Chromios | and eke divine Aretos  
 Went in their company ; and troth ! | their heart within was hopeful 495  
 To slay the heroes both, and catch | the lofty-crested horses ;  
 O simpletons ! since for themselves | no bloodless journey waited,  
 Back from Automedon ! but he, | to Jove the Father praying,  
 Was fill'd in all his gloomy soul | with hardihood and spirit.  
 Forthwith unto Alkimedon, | his trusty comrade, spake he : 500

" Harken, Alkimedon ! From me | hold not afar the coursers,  
 But breathing on my very back : | for verily I deem not  
 That Hector, Priam's son, will stay | the keenness of his fury,  
 Till, *either*, both of us be slain, | and loftily he mount him  
 Behind the glossy-coated steeds | of A'chiles, dismaying 505  
 The Argive ranks ; *or*, e'en himself | among the first be captur'd."

Thus saying, he, to Ménelas | and either Aias, shouted :  
 " Aiantes, who the Argives lead ; | ye twain, and Menelâos !  
 The carcase, and the foe's repulse, | to able chiefs entrust ye ; 510  
 And from us two,—men yet alive,— | ward off the ruthless moment.  
 For here with fearful weight press on, | amid the tearful battle,  
 Both Hector and Aineias,—men, | of Trôians the bravest.  
 But in the lap of destiny, | I trow, our lot abideth :  
 I too my dart shall fling ; and Jove | will care to guide the issue." 515

He spake, and poising, forward threw | the spear with lengthy shadow,  
 And struck upon Arctos' shield, | which equal was on all sides.  
 Nor might the hide its dint withstand : | thro' all the folds it hurried,  
 And underneath the girdle's breadth | deep in the vitals pierc'd him.  
 And as, behind an ox's horns, | who from the pasture cometh, 520  
 A churl with newly-whetted axe | may chop, if young and sturdy,

And cleave the gristle through : the ox | then forward leaping, droppeth :  
So, with a forward leap, fell he, | supine ; for in his entrails  
Quiver'd the deep-implanted spear, | and there unstrung his sinews.

Then Hector at Automedon | with shining weapon darted. 525

He, seeing it, by scanty space | the flying point avoided,  
Stooping him forward : far away | the lengthy spear behind him  
In earth alighted : where its force | made the shaft's end to quiver,  
Until rude-hurling Ares gave | remission of his fury.

Then in close combat of the sword | had each the other wounded, 530

Had not the two Aiantes come, | at summons of their comrade  
Eager ; and pressing thro' the crowd, | soon did they part the combat.  
For, shrinking from their gather'd force, | nor Hector nor Aineias  
Nor godlike Chromios stood firm ; | but left Arêtos fallen,

Heart-piercèd. But Autómedon, | fit match for eager Ares, 535

The armour of the slain despoil'd, | and spake a word of vaunting :

“A little solace find I now | for slaughter of Patroclus  
To ease this loaded heart,—that I | a meaner life have taken.”

Thus speaking, on the chariot | he plac'd the gory trophies, 540

And mounted on the seat himself, | with hands, and feet beneath him,  
All-bloody, as may lion be | who hath an ox devourèd.

Around Patroclus' corpse again | was strain'd the hardy struggle,  
Noisome and tearful ; since herself | Athêna rous'd the quarrel,  
From heav'n descending, forward sent | by Jupiter widesighted, 545  
To wake the Danaï to war : | for now his mind was turnèd.

As when to mortals Jupiter | may stretch a purple rainbow  
From heaven,—whether sign of war, | or wintry storm untemper'd,  
Vexing the sheep, and ending short | the labours of the peasant : 550

So she, in circling purple cloud | her heav'nly form enwrapping,  
Amid th' Achaian people pass'd | and one by one arous'd them.  
But first approaching Atreus' son, | undaunted Menelâos,  
Whom at short distance she beheld ; | the goddess, like to Phoinix  
In shape and voice unwearièd, | did earnestly address him : 555

“To thee, O Menelâos, this | shall contumely and scandal  
Become, if nimble dogs devour | beneath the Troian rampart  
Him, who to stately A'chiles | was comrade best belovèd.  
But hold thee sturdily to work | and rouse thy folk to ardour.”

But Menelâos, good at need, | reciprocal address'd her : 560

“Aged and patriarchal friend ! | Phoinix ! if now Athêna  
Would ward the flying darts from me, | and give me mighty vigour,  
Gladly would I with hand and foot | bring rescue to Patroclus,  
Whose death untimely deep hath sunk | into my secret bosom.  
But grim-devouring force of fire, | hath Hector, nor relenteth 565  
His brazen ravage ; since on him | Jove still bestoweth glory.”

So spake he, and rejoic'd in heart | Athêna, grey-ey'd goddess,  
 That unto her, of all the gods, | he prayè first had offer'd :  
 So she surpassing vigour breath'd | into his knees and shoulders.  
 Such hardihood as hath a fly, | which still to bite persisteth, 570  
 Tho' from the skin full oft repell'd ; | (but blood of man it loveth :)—  
 Such hardihood in him she pour'd | thro' all his gloomy spirit,  
 And on Patroelos hasting, he | with shining weapon darted.

Among the Troians Podes was, | a man both good and wealthy, 575  
 Offspring of prince Eëtion, | whom Hector of the people  
 Most honour'd ; for to him he was | a comrade dear and messmate.  
 Him, seeking to escape by flight, | did auburn Menelâos  
 Strike in the girdle : thro' and thro' | the brazen weapon hurried :  
 So with a crash he fell. Thereat | Atrides Menelâos 580  
 Drew from the Trôïans the corpse | unto his troop of comrades.

But, standing close to Hector's side | Apollo, like to Phainops,  
 Offspring of A'sios,—a man, | by princely-hearted Hector,  
 Of strangers, chiefly lov'd, who held | his dwelling at Abydos ;  
 In such resemblance, spake to him | Apollo Far-avertèr : 585

“ Who other of Achaïans now | will ever dread thee, Hector ?  
 This Menelâos, who of yore | was but a tender spearman,  
 From *his* encounter shrinkest thou ! | Now by his single prowess,  
 He in the foremost ranks hath slain | thy trusty comrade Podes,  
 Brave offspring of Eëtion, | and carried off his body.” 590

So spake he, but a gloomy cloud | of grief enwrapt the hero,  
 And thro' the foremost ranks he rush'd, | in flashing brass accoutred.

Thereon the son of Cronos took | his many-tassell'd ægis  
 All-sparkling, and in misty cloud | hid Ida, and with lightning  
 Sent forth terrific thunder-claps, | and shook the mighty mountain, 595  
 And puissance to the Troians gave, | but sore affray'd the Achaïans.

Boiôtian Penéleôs | did first to flight betake him :  
 For while he forward alway mov'd, | a spear had graz'd his shoulder,  
 Scoring the bone :—Polydamas | had from short distance hurl'd it. 600  
 Next, Hector wounded on the wrist | and quell'd the battle-vigour  
 Of Lêïtos, whose father was | Alectryon highhearted.

Gazing around, he skulk'd to flee ; | sin as no longer hop'd he  
 To grasp a javelin in hand | against the Troian riot.  
 While Hector dash'd at Lêïtos, | Idómeneus, assailing, 605  
 Goaded with pointed javelin | the bosom of his corslet :

But in the shaft the long spear snapt : | thereat the Troians shouted ;  
 And while the son of Deúcalos | high on his car was stauding,  
 At him did Hector fling the dart | in turn, and barely miss'd him.  
 It lighted upon Coïranos, | who, charioteer-attendant 610  
 Of Mêrion, had follow'd him | from trimly-buïlded Lyctos.

His leader, when he quitted first | the easy steering galleys,  
 On foot proceeding, to the foe | had mighty vantage granted ;  
 But quickly Coiranos drave up | the nimble-footed horses,  
 And came, unto his lord a light, | the ruthless moment warding, 615  
 But his own life the forfeit paid | to hero-slaying Hector.  
 Him struck the javelin betwixt | the ear and jaw : it shatter'd  
 His furthest teeth, and thro' mid tongue | drave on in forceful passage.  
 So from the chariot he dropt, | and shed on earth the bridles.  
 But in his own good hands full soon | Meríones regain'd them, 620  
 Low stooping to the ground ; and thus | Idómeneus accosted :  
 " Ply now the scourge, till that thou reach | the swiftcareering galleys ;  
 For, well thou knowest, victory | no longer waits on Argos."  
 Upon the word his captain lash'd | the glossy-coated horses  
 Back to the smoothly rounded barks : | for, dread his soul had enter'd. 625  
 Nor hidden was from Ménelas | and mighty-hearted Aias,  
 That to the Troians Jupiter | gave mastery recruited.  
 Great Telamônian Aias then | began discourse before them :  
 " Ye Spirits ! open is the truth : | a simpleton may see it,  
 And know, the Troians holpen are | by Jove himself the Father. 630  
 For from the foeman every dart | doth hit, whoever aimeth,  
 Good or bad fighter : any wise | doth Jupiter address them :  
 But darts from *our* battalions fall | vain unto earth and fruitless.  
 But come, and ponder we ourselves, | what counsel may be wisest,—  
 Both to the galleys how to draw | the corpse ; and how, in safety 635  
 Ourselves returning, joy to give | unto our loving comrades,  
 Who, hither looking, wounded are | with grief ; nor deem that longer  
 The might and hands intractable | of hero-slaying Hector  
 May be withholden, but will rush | and gain the dusky galleys.  
 Now, might we some bold comrade find, | who speedily would carry 640  
 True message unto Peleus' son ! | since he as yet (I reckon)  
 Hath not the mournful tidings heard, | that his dear friend is perish'd.  
 Yet nowhere may I such a one | descry among th' Achaïans,  
 For in the welkin are enwrapt | themselves alike and horses.  
 Jove, Father ! from the welkin-mist | Achaïa's sons deliver ! 645  
 Make open sky, and cheery sight | bestow upon our eyes :  
 And since thy pleasure is to slay, | slay us in light of heaven."  
 So spake he ; and the Father griev'd | to view him tear-beflooded.  
 Forthwith the welkin he dispers'd | and chas'd the mist of darkness,  
 And on them cheery shone the Sun, | unveiling all the battle. 650  
 To Menelâos, good at need, | then Aias spake entreaty :  
 " Jove-nurtur'd Ménelas ! look out, | if, yet alive, thou haply

Antilochus discover, son | of mighty-hearted Nestor.  
 Urge him in speed to wend his way | and bear this word of sadness  
 To skilful-hearted A'chiles, | —Thy best-belov'd is perish'd." 655  
 Nor Menelâos, good at need, | his bidding heard reluctant ;  
 But hied upon his path, as hies | from the midyard a lion,  
 Wearied against the dogs and men | in many a fruitless effort.  
 For they, together, watching keen | thro' the long night, forbid him 660  
 To pick the fattest of the kine. | Forward and back he springeth,  
 Hungry and foild : for darts thick flung | from sturdy hands repel him,  
 And burning brands, which harry him, | albeit fierce his onset :  
 And in the morning, sorely griev'd | and empty, off he passeth :  
 So Menelâos, good at need, | departed sore unwilling 665  
 From dead Patroclos. Dire his dread, | lest in the noisome panic  
 Th' Achaians leave him on the field, | a booty to the foeman.  
 And many a charge on Mériion | and on th' Aiantes laid he :  
 " Aiantes ! ye, and Mériion, | who leaders are to Argos !  
 Let all remember now how kind | and gentle was Patroclos, 670  
 Unhappy hero ! Well he knew, | gracious to be to all men,  
 While yet alive : but now, alas ! | do Death and Fate o'erhend him."  
 So auburn Menelâos spake, | and with the word departed,  
 Gazing around on every side, | in fashion of an eagle,  
 Which, of all heaven's fowl, they say, | to scan the earth is keenest ; 675  
 Whose eye when loftiest he hangs, | not the swift hare escapeth,  
 Lurking amid a leafelad bush ; | but straight at it he souseth,  
 Unerring, and with crooked gripe | doth quickly rieve its spirit.  
 So thou, with roving glance of eye, | Jove-nurtur'd Menelâos !  
 Hither and thither diddest search | thro' many a troop of comrades 680  
 If haply Nestor's son alive | be to thy gaze discover'd.  
 In truth there stood he, far aloof | on left of all the battle,  
 Cheering the comrades at his side | and stirring them to combat.  
 So, when he close to him was come, | spake auburn Menelâos :  
 " Hither, Antilochos ! I pray,— | Jove-nurtur'd ! ah, I carry 685  
 To thee a mournful tiding, which— | I would had no fulfilment !  
 Yet troth ! I fancy thou thyself | on-looking dost already  
 Know, that on Danaï the god | anew disaster rolleth,  
 And Troians hold the puissance : slain | Achaias' bravest lieth,—  
 Patroclos ; and to Danaï | bequeatheth mighty sorrow. 690  
 But, speeding to th' Achaian ships, | say shortly to Achilles,  
 If haply sallying he save | the corpse unto his galley,  
 All-naked ; for the arms are won | by motley-helmèd Hector."  
 So spake he ; but Antilochos | the tiding heard and shudder'd.  
 Long while did horror speechless hold | the loving youth, and flooded 695  
 With tears his eyen : in his throat | his lusty voice was stifled.

Nor did he, even so, neglect | the charge of Menelâos,  
 But hied to run, and gave his arms | unto a noble comrade,  
 Laódoeos, who alway wheel'd | his single-hoofed horses  
 Nigh to his side : but him in tears | his feet bare out of battle, 700  
 This evil tidings to announce | to Peleus' son Achilles.

Nor was thy spirit willing then, | Jove-nurtur'd Menelâos !  
 Thy succour to the fainting bands | to give, from whom departed  
 Antilochos, a mighty loss | on Pylians entailing.

To them, for succour, left he none | but godlike Thrasymêdes, 705  
 And to Patroelos, hero-chief, | himself again betook him,

Where, speeding to th' Aiantes' side, | he instantly address'd them :

“ Him have I forward sent, to reach | the swift-careering galleys,  
 And to Achilles fleet of foot | reveal it. Yet, I reckon, 710  
 Sally he will not yet, howe'er | enrag'd with godlike Hector :

For nowise may he, bare of arms, | do battle with the Troians.  
 Well must we ponder for ourselves, | what counsel may be wisest ;  
 Both, to the galleys how to draw | the corpse,—and how in safety  
 Ourselves to baffle Death and Doom, | the din of Troy escaping.”

To him responsive spake thereon | great Telamonian Aias : 715

“ All this discreetly spoken is, | high-honour'd Menelâos !  
 But quickly, thou and Mêrion, | beneath our hero stooping,  
 Lift up and from the broil bear off | his corpse ; and we thereafter  
 Will, twain against the Trôians | and godlike Hector, combat,—  
 We, of a single name, who bear | a common heart, and, standing 720  
 Buckler by buckler heretofore, | endure the brunt of Ares.”

So spake he : they obedient, | in arms the dead man clasping  
 Heav'd him aloft full mightily. | The Troian folk behind them  
 Yell'd fiercely, when they saw the dead | uplifted by the foeman.  
 Forward they then as houndès dash'd, | which on a boar that's wounded 725  
 Sally with eagerness awhile, | in front of youthful hunters ;

But when, reliant on his might, | he turns to bay and standeth,

Arrested sudden, off they slink, | in diverse path retreating :  
 So too the men of Troy awhile | in constant troop did follow, 730

With swords and with twohanded pikes | against the foeman stabbing ;

But often as th' Aiantes twain | stood rallying across them,

So often (deem I) chang'd their skin | its colour ; nor did any

Dare further to rush on, and try | new quarrel for the carcase.

So carried then the eager pair | the corpse from out the battle 735

Unto the smoothly rounded barks. | Behind them, savage contest

Spread ever broader ; like to fire, | which in a town of people

Sudden arising, flareth high. | In its vast blaze the houses,

One after one, are lost ; and it | by might of wind is fluster'd :

So upon them, as they marched, | was ever-braying riot 740

Around their rearmost pour'd amain, | from steeds and spearmen heroes.  
 But they, as when a team of mules, | with stalwart effort plying,  
 Along a craggy-clifted path | may drag, adown a mountain,  
 Whether a beam or mighty mast | for galley-use ; and toiling  
 Too sharply, wasted is their heart | at once by sweat and labour : 745  
 So, earnest, did the twain away | the carcase bear : behind them  
 The two Aiantes stay'd the rush, | as may a mountain-buttress  
 The water stay, if, wooded well, | far in the plain it jutteth.  
 Then even of majestic streams | vexatious flow it curbeth,  
 Balking their current of its will, | and on the plain assigning 750  
 Fit channel ; nor may all their flood | and all their fury breach it.  
 So alway did th' Aiantes twain | hold off the Troian onset  
 Behind them. These would yet press on ; | and two among them chiefly,  
 Son of Anchises, Aíneas, | and Hector, bright of glory.  
 Meanwhile th' Achaians, as in plump | a cloud of daws or starlings 755  
 With ghastly skirling shoot aloft, | when they espy before them  
 The hawk, who with the little birds | blood-controversy holdeth :  
 So then th' Achaian youth, pursued | by Aíneas and Hector,  
 With ghastly skirling troop'd away, | of martial pride forgetful.  
 And many dapper arms were lost | within the moat or round it, 760  
 While as the Danaí withdrew : | yet was no pause of battle.

## BOOK XVIII.

### New Armour for Achilles.

SO then in guise of blazing fire | on either part they battled.  
Nestor's swift-footed son meanwhile | bare message to Achilles,  
And found him forward, out beyond | his lofty-crested galleys,  
Foreboding in his heart the thing, | which truly had befallen :  
So he with indignation spake | to his own haughty spirit : 5  
“ Alas ! and wherefore doth the rout | of streaming-hair'd Achaians  
Flounder anew across the plain, | toward the galleys driven ?  
Mayhap th' immortals to my heart | disastrous ill accomplish,  
As once my mother spake of yore, | and spelt the doom of heaven,  
How that, while I in life abide, | beneath the hands of Troians 10  
The noblest of the Myrmidons | shall leave this sunny splendour.  
Surely, alas ! my cruel friend, | Menoitios' brave offspring,  
Is perish'd. Troth ! my charge it was, | the foeman's fire to parry,  
Then to the galleys back to come, | nor stoutly fight with Hector.” 15  
While he in bosom and in soul | such controversy bandied,  
Meanwhile, with burning tears bestream'd, | the son of stately Nestor  
Arriving, stood before his face, | and spake a bitter message :  
“ Woe on my tiding ! thou, oh son | of skilful-hearted Peleus,  
Must hear disaster, which, alas ! | —oh were it false and empty ! 20  
Fallen Patroelos lies : around, | his naked corpse to rescue  
We combat ; but his arms are won | by motley-helmèd Hector.”  
Upon such words, a gloomy cloud | of woe Achilles shrouded.  
Then scooping in his joinèd hands | the copious dust of ashes,  
Down on his head he pourèd them, | and marr'd his graceful visage,  
And round his nectar-breathing robe | the murky soot was spatter'd. 25  
There, grand of bulk, he grandly lay, | amid the dust extended,  
And, with his own hands rending it, | his princely hair disfigur'd.  
Eke the domestic women, whom | Achilles and Patroelos  
Led off as booty of the spear, | scream'd loudly, smit with anguish,  
And hurried from the cot, around | Achilles skilful-hearted, 30  
And beat the bosom ceaselessly, | till all would swoon exhausted.  
On other side Antilochos, | in tears of sorrow melted,



Held fast Achilles' hand ; for, dread | oppress'd his noble bosom,  
 Lest, impotent of grief, his throat | he sever with the iron.  
 His moans resounded direfully, | and reach'd his queenly mother, 35  
 As sat she in the briny deeps | beside her aged father.  
 Thereat she cried aloud with grief, | and, thronging quick around her,  
 Came all the goddess-Néreiðs | from ocean's deep recesses.  
 Among them was Kymódoea | and Glauca and Thaleia,  
 Nesaia, large-ey'd Halia, | Kymóthoa and Speio, 40  
 Maira and Jaira, Mélita, | Actaia, Limnoreia,  
 Doto and Proto, Pánopa, | Amphithoa, Agáua,  
 Dexámena, Amphínoma, | Dynámena, Pherousa.  
 Callianeira with them was, | with them Callianassa, 45  
 Nemertes and Apsudes, with | Janeira and Janassa ;  
 Thoa and Clymena were there, | Doris and Oreithuia,  
 And Amatheia bright of locks | and famous Galateia ;  
 And other Néreiðs, who dwell | in ocean's deep recesses.  
 With these the brilliant grot was fill'd, | and all did beat the bosom 50  
 Ceaseless : but Thetis spake to them, | and led the dirge of sorrow :  
 " Listen, ye sister Néreiðs ! | so, when ye all have heard me,  
 Full truly may ye know, what griefs | within my heart I carry.  
 Ah woe upon my bridal bed ! | woe on my famous childbirth !  
 Who to a mortal father gave | a noble son and stalwart, 55  
 A chief of warriors : and he | grew tall like to a sapling.  
 And him, as in the orchard's lap | a plant, I fondly nurtur'd,  
 And sent him forth to Ilion | upon his hornèd galleys,  
 Against the Trôians to fight ; | yet in the halls of Pèleus  
 Ne'er shall my child returning meet | the welcome of his mother. 60  
 And while he liveth still for me | and light of heaven seeth,  
 In anguish is he whelm'd ; nor I | approaching may relieve him.  
 Yet will I go, my offspring dear | to look upon,—and hearken,  
 What sorrow hath his bosom reach'd, | while he from war refraineth."  
 Such plaining utter'd, she forsook | the grotto ; they together 65  
 In tears attended : round their forms | was cleft the watery billow.  
 But when to loamy Troas' beach | they came, in train they mounted  
 Where thick the ships of Myrmidons | were drawn round swift Achilles.  
 Beside him, while he deeply moan'd, | appear'd his queenly mother, 70  
 Who on her son's head cast her hand, | and with a wail sharp-piercing,  
 Token of heart compassionate, | thus spake in wingèd accents :  
 " My child why weepest thou ? what grief | hath inly reach'd thy bosom ?  
 Speak out, and no concealment make. | From Jove hast thou fulfilment  
 Of all, whatever thou afore | with hands uplifted askedst. 75  
 For he to galley-poop hath hemm'd | the children of Achaia,  
 Where they, abandon'd of thy aid, | unseemly deeds encounter."  
 To her Achilles, fleet of foot, | with heavy moan responded :

"In sooth, my mother! all my will | th' Olympian fulfilleth.  
 Yet bringeth it no pleasure, since | my comrade dear is perish'd,— 80  
 Patroclus,—whom of all my friends | above the rest I honour'd,  
 As my own peer. Him have I lost: | and Hector holds as booty  
 My splendid armour stript from him, | a spectacle majestic,  
 Right wondrous; which, as brilliant gifts, | the gods bestow'd on Peleus,  
 Upon that day, when thee they gave | in bride-bed to a mortal. 85  
 Ah that thou haddest evermore | with deathless nymphs of ocean  
 Chosen to dwell! then mortal wife | had been to Peleus wedded.  
 But now, that eke thyself may know | the heart's uncounted sorrow,  
 Thy child must shortly fall in death, | nor shall receive thy welcome  
 Returning to his father's halls: | for neither doth my spirit 90  
 Bid me to live, or among men | to dwell, unless—that Hector,  
 Smitten beneath my javelin, | shall first of life be rievèd,—  
 A forfeit for Patroclus dead | unto Patroclus' father."  
 To him alternate, Thetis then | with dropping tear responded:  
 "Ah! speedy-fated wilt thou be, | dear child! as now thou talkest; 95  
 For, after Hector, instantly | for *thee* too Fate is ready."  
 To her Achilles, fleet of foot, | responded, sore disdainful:  
 "To me may Fate come quickly, since | to save my friend from slaughter  
 Was not to me allow'd: | but he far from his native country  
 Perish'd; and mé did sorely need, | avenger of his trouble. 100  
 But now, since to my land of birth | I never more betake me,  
 Nor ray of comfort brought to *him*, | nor to my other comrades,  
 By godlike Hector slain in heaps; | but here beside my galleys  
 I sit, a useless load on earth; | whose prowess none may equal 105  
 Of all th' Achaians brazen-mail'd; | (in council some surpass me:—  
 O might from mortals and from gods | Quarrel for ever perish,  
 And Rancour, which to rage doth goad | even the rich in wisdom,  
 And eke, far sweeter than the comb | with honey dripping, swelleth 110  
 Fuming within the breast; as me | did Agamemnon madden.  
 But leave we these things, past and gone, | albeit keen our sorrow,  
 And the fond fancies of our heart | by stern constraint subdue we.  
 Now must I sally, to o'ertake | my dearest friend's destroyer,  
 Hector; but *then* shall I to Doom | submit me, whensoever 115  
 Such is the will of Jupiter | and other gods immortal.  
 For not the might of Héraclès | his fatal day avoided,  
 Who dearest was to Cronos' child, | lord Jupiter,—of all men:  
 But him too Destiny subdued | and Juno's noisome rancour.  
 In guise no other, (if on me | like Destiny o'erhangeth,) 120  
 Fall shall I also. *Now* must I | earn me some noble glory.  
 So some of Troian dames thro' me, | and of deep-bosom'd Dardans,  
 May wipe from tender cheeks the tear | and utter moan incessant,  
 And learn that I did heretofore | withhold me long from battle. 125

Do thou, tho' loving, stay me not : | nor mayest thou persuade me."

Thereat, to him responsive, spake | the silver-footed goddess :  
 " All this is truly right, my child ! | nor aught amiss I find it,  
 From steep disaster's overthrow | to save thy fainting comrades ;  
 But now thy armour beautiful, | all brass-belaid and sparkling, 130  
 Among the Trôians is held : | for, motley-helmed Hector  
 Upon his shoulders vaunteth it | himself ; nor long, I reckon,  
 Shall vaunt it ; since to him in turn | already nigh is slaughter.  
 But thou, refrain thyself, nor yet | the broil of Ares enter,  
 Ere me returning thou behold : | for at the rise of morrow 135  
 Hither from lordly Vulcan I | will beauteous armour bring thee."

This saying, from her bonny child | she turn'd herself departing,  
 And to her sisters of the sea | betaking her, address'd them :  
 " Do ye, my sisters ! enter now | beneath the sea's broad bosom, 140  
 To visit Ocean's aged lord, | and mansions of our father.  
 To him rehearse ye every thing ; | but I on long Olympos  
 To Vulcan, fam'd artificer, | betake me ; if-that haply  
 It list him, to my son to give | arms noble and resplendent."

She spake, and instantly they plung'd | beneath the wave of ocean. 145  
 But Thetis of the silver foot | unto Olympos hied her,  
 Trusting, for her belovèd child | to bring illustrious armour.  
 Her to Olympos did her feet | bear swiftly ; but th' Achaïans,  
 With an unearthly clamour chas'd | by hero-slaying Hector,  
 Unto their galleys stretch'd the flight, | and to the sea of Hella. 150

Nor might th' Achaïans trimly greav'd | yet from the darts have rescued  
 The carcase of Patroclos dead, | swift A'chiles' attendant ;  
 For after him in new pursuit | came chariots and footmen  
 With Hector, son of Priamos, | like to a flame in fury.

Thrice by the instep and the heel | did gallant Hector catch him, 155  
 Eager to drag him back ; and loud | made menace to the Troians :  
 Thrice from the corpse th' Aïantes twain, | ensheath'd in martial ardour,  
 Dash'd him away : but ever he, | on his own might reliant,  
 At one time into riot thick | would sally ; at another  
 Stood firm with mighty yell ; but back | he not an inch withdrew him. 160  
 As shepherds, watching in the field, | from some slain beast avail not  
 A fiery lion to repel, | whom mighty hunger urgeth ;  
 So neither to those helmèd chiefs, | th' Aïantes twain, was puissance,  
 From the slain hero to repel | Priamidéan Hector.

Then shortly had he dragg'd him off | and earn'd uncounted glory, 165  
 But Iris, swift with feet of wind, | came speeding from Olympos,  
 With errand unto Pelcus' son | (for, Juno sent her forward,  
 Secret from Jove and other gods,) | to corslet him for battle.  
 She at short distance took her stand, | and spake in wingèd accents :

" Rouse thee, Pelides, marvellous | among the ranks of heroes ! 170

Rescue Patroclus, whom to win, | the tribesman's deadly slogan  
 Before the galleys riseth. They | do each the other slaughter ;  
 These ; to regain the corpse ; but those | rush furious to drag it  
 To windy Ilion : and most | doth gallant Hector hanker 175  
 To sever from the tender neck | the head, and high impale it.  
 But up ! and lie no longer here. | Let shame and honour touch thee,  
 Nor leave Patroclus to become | to Troian dogs a dainty.  
 If aught of insult *him* befall | to *thee* it were an outrage." 180

To her replying spake divine | Achilles trusty-footed :  
 " Who, goddess Iris ! of the gods | to me on errand sent thee ?"  
 To him alternate then replied | swift stormy-footed Iris :  
 " By stealth hath Juno, Jupiter's | majestic consort, sent me.  
 Not lofty-benchèd Cronides | nor other of the immortals 185  
 Knows it, of all who dwell around | o'er snowy-capt Olympos."  
 Then her Achilles, fleet of foot, | address'd in words responsive :  
 " How may I lie me to the fray ? | my arms the foeman holdeth,  
 Nor doth my mother dear permit | to conslet me for battle,  
 Ere her returning I behold ; | for at the rise of morrow 190  
 From Vulcan hath she promise made | to bring me dapper harness.  
 Nor know I what illustrious arms | of other man would suit me,  
 Unless I haply take the shield | of Telamônian Aias.  
 But well (I reckon) he himself | doth in the van disport him,  
 Dire ravage dealing with the spear | around Patroclus fallen." 195

Then Iris swift with feet of wind | alternate thus address'd him :  
 " Well also know we, that the foe | thy famous arms retaineth ;  
 But, as thou art, hie to the moat, | and show thee to the armies,  
 If-that perchance the Trôians, | appall'd at thy appearing,  
 Stand off from battle, and hereby | Achaia's warlike children 200  
 Gain respite of their toil :—and short | the respite is of warfare."  
 So utter'd Iris fleet of foot | and with the word departed.  
 Thereat Achilles, dear to Jove, | arous'd him ; and Athèna  
 Around his mighty shoulders slung | her ægis many-tassell'd,  
 Also, divine of goddesses, | above his head a chaplet 205  
 Of golden cloud she set, and thence | flame all-resplendent kindled.  
 As from an island riseth smoke, | when foemen fight around it,  
 Which from the city stretcheth far, | aspiring unto heaven ;—  
 The townsmen all the day hold plea | with melancholy Ares,  
 But, with the setting sun, a train | of many beacons kindle : 210  
 Then shooteth high aloft the blaze, | to dwellers-round a token,  
 In hope, they will with galleys come, | as champions in trouble :  
 So from Achilles' head the blaze | then shot aloft to heaven.  
 He on the margin of the moat | stood forth ; nor with th' Achaians 215  
 Mingled : for alway he rever'd | his mother's sage advices.  
 There standing, shouted he : the voice | did maid Athèna shouting

Double, and in the Trôïans | woke fathomless disorder.  
 As when heart-crushing foemen stand | a city to beleaguer,  
 And to far-piercing notes attune | the blaring of the trumpet ; 220  
 So from the throat of A'chiles | was then the voice far-piercing.  
 But they, when from Aiakides | was heard that brassy war-cry,  
 Were all in heart confounded : yea, | their glossy-coated horses  
 Did wheel the chariots awry, | foreboding sad disaster.  
 Affrayèd were the charioteers, | who saw the fire unwearied 225  
 Flaming abroad from off the head | of mighty-soul'd Pelides,  
 Direful : for, it Athèna's self, | the grey-ey'd goddess, kindled.  
 Thrice from the margin of the moat | divine Achilles shouted,  
 Thrice were the glorious allies | and Trôïans disorder'd  
 And on the spot twelve hero-chiefs | fell then in death, entangled 230  
 With their own chariots and spears. | But gladly did th' Achaïans  
 Rescue Patroclos from the darts | and place him on a pallet.  
 Around, his comrades weeping stood ; | beside them swift Achilles  
 Follow'd : and burning tears he shed, | when he his trusty comrade 235  
 Beheld upon the bier laid out, | and by sharp weapons mangled ;  
 Whom verily to war he sent | with chariots and horses,  
 But never welcom'd him again | unto his cot returning.  
 Then large-ey'd queenly Juno sent | the orb of Sun unwearied,  
 To plunge, unwilling, in his course | beneath the streams of Ocean. 240  
 So he from mortals hid his light : | but the divine Achaïans  
 Rested from war all-levelling | and sturdy whoop of tribesmen.  
 On other side the Trôïans, | out of the hardy struggle  
 Withdrawing, from the chariots | their nimble steeds unharness'd,  
 And, ere for supper heed they took, | in public mote were gather'd. 245  
 All stood upright in mote, nor dar'd | to sit ; sithence Achilles,  
 Long absent from distressful fight, | again appear'd against them.  
 To them the son of Panthöus, | Polydamas the prudent,  
 Open'd harangue : for he alone | both forward saw and backward. 250  
 One night gave him and Hector birth ; | so was he Hector's comrade :  
 But one did in discourse excel, | in fight by far the other.  
 Who thus with kindness harangu'd, | and spake his word among them :  
 " My friends ! weigh either scale aright. | Full urgently I counsel  
 Unto the city now to haste, | nor wait for heav'nly Morning 255  
 Beside the galleys on the plain. | Far from our ramparts are we.  
 Now while this hero wrathful was | with godlike Agameunon,  
 So long far easier to us | was war against th' Achaïans.  
 For truly joyful were the nights, | which by their fleet we tarried,  
 To me ; while hope I had, to win | the easy-steering galleys. 260  
 But now from Peleus' mighty son | grim terror o'er me creepeth.  
 Not on the plain his haughty soul | will list to wait, where Ares  
 To Troïans and Achâïans | hath battle-prize awarded ;

But he our city and our wives | will make his prize of battle. 265  
 Then to our bulwarks hie we now : | obey my word : for surely  
 Foretell I,—Night ambrosial | awhile from combat holdeth  
 Pelides fleet of foot ; but if, | to-morrow, girt in armour  
 He sally and o'erhend us here, | too sharply shall we taste him.  
 For each in sacred Ilion | right gladly will be hidden, 270  
 Whoso may scape him. Such events | far from my ear be buried !  
 For Troians many low shall lie, | a prey to dogs and vultures.  
 But if my words compliance find, | then, tho' chagrin annoy us,  
 Our elders nightly strength shall give | in council ; next, our towers  
 And lofty portals,—and on these | the ample panels fitted, 275  
 Fine-polish'd, join'd and bolted well,— | shall bravely keep the city.  
 But with the morning's early dawn | complete in arms accoutred,  
 Stand we along the towers : then, | if, coming from the galleys,  
 It list him for our wall to fight, | for *him* shall it be worser.  
 Back shall he to the galleys plod, | when, neath the city roaming, 280  
 He to his lofty-crested steeds | hath glut of courses given.  
 Nor will his spirit then be keen | to mount the wall against us,  
 Nor shall he storm the town ; but first | dogs spry of foot shall eat him."

To him with frowning glance replied | great motley-helmèd Hector :  
 " Polydamas ! thy word to me | no longer friendly soundeth, 285  
 Who biddest us again to go | and in the city coop us.  
 Had ye not long ago your fill, | hemm'd fast within the towers ?  
 For verily of yore, we know, | how voice-dividing mortals  
 Did Priam's city " rich of gold " | and " rich of brass " entitle :  
 But those fair treasures now, ye see, | are from our chambers vanish'd. 290  
 Many to lovely Maionis | or Phrygia are carried,  
 To merchant-stranger sold, sithence | great Jove with us was angry.  
 But, now as unto me the son | of Cronos sly-devising  
 Glory hath granted, fast to hem | th' Achaïans by their galleys ;  
 O simpleton, no longer show | such notions to the people : 295  
 For none of Troians will obey ; | nor will myself allow it.  
 But come ! as I the word shall speak, | let all compliant follow.  
 Along the army, rank by rank, | take each man now his supper,  
 And hold remembrance of the watch, | and every one be wakeful.  
 And if a Troian for his gear | with sorrow overbrimmeth, 300  
 Then, lest th' Achaïans swallow it, | 'tis better that he gather  
 And yield his chattels to the folk | for bountiful enjoyment.  
 But we, with morning's early dawn | complete in arms accoutred,  
 Will at the smoothly rounded barks | awaken eager Ares.  
 Also, if godlike Achilles | in very truth is risen 305  
 (An so it list him,) by the ships, | for *him* will it be worser.  
 Not I in harshly braying war | will flee him ; but confronting  
 Will stand, that either he or I | may win the meed of prowess.

Impartial is Strife's Arbiter, | who eke the slayer slayeth."

So Hector counsell'd : to his word | the Troians whoop'd applauding, 310  
Silly : for maid Athëna stole | all wisdom from their bosoms.

For they to Hector gave assent, | who ill devices purpos'd,

But none Polydamas approv'd, | albeit sage his counsel.

Then *they*, along the army, took | their supper : but th' Achaians

Watching throughout the livelong night | bewail'd and mourn'd Patroelos. 315

To them did Peleus' son lead off | the dirge of ceaseless sorrow,

Casting his hero-slaying hands | around his comrade's bosom,

With thick-drawn moanings ; as may moan | an ample-bearded lion,

Whose cubs a hunter of the deer | from out the bushy forest

Hath ravish'd ; and the parent-beast, | too late arriving, mourneth. 320

Thro' many a glen then courseth he, | to track that hunter's footstep

And overhend him : ay, for sharp | the fierceness of his rancour.

So he with deep-resounding moan | the Myrmidons accosted :

"Ye Spirits ! troth ! an empty word | I on that day did utter,

Cheering the old Menoitios | within his princely chambers ; 325

And said, I safely back should bring | his famous son to Opus,

After the storm of Ilion, | with booty's due allotment.

Truly not all their purposes | doth Jove achieve to mortals.

For here in Troas, both of us | alike the soil to crimson 330

Are doom'd ; for never in his halls | old charioteering Peleus,

Nor Thetis, my return shall greet ; | but here the earth shall hold me.

Yet since, Patroelos ! after thee | beneath the earth I journey,

Ere that thy funeral I make, | first hither must I carry

The arms and head of Priam's son, | thy mighty-hearted slayer. 335

And eke before thy pile will I, | by loss of thee embitter'd,

Sever twelve heads of living men, | bright children of the Troians.

Meanwhile thou here shalt lie,—just so, | —beside my crested galleys ;

And round thy body Troian dames | and ample-bosom'd Dardans

Shall night and day bewail ; whom we | by lengthy spear and prowess 340

Did earn, fat cities pillaging | of voice-dividing mortals."

This spoken, godlike A'chiles, | unto his comrades calling,

Bade them upon the fire to set | an ample-bellied tripod

And from Patroelos quickly wash | the clotted gore's defilement. 345

So on the scorching fire they set | a triplefooted cauldron.

Water for bathings in they pour'd | and kindled wood beneath it :

Around the bottom played the fire, | and soon the water heated.

But when within the ringing brass | the water 'gan to bubble,

Then wash'd they all the clots away, | and with rich oil did oint him, 350

And fill'd with unguent nine years old | the gashes of the carcase.

Then on a pallet stretching him, | in flimsy linen wrapt him

344. *Tripod*. See on 9, 124. In v. 373 below small three legged tables seem intended.

From heal to foot, and over all | a robe of white extended.

Thus round Achilles fleet of foot | the Myrmidons were watching  
The livelong night with tear and groan | to mourn for dead Patroclus. 355  
But Jove to Juno made address, | his sister and his consort :

“ So then ! accomplish'd is thy will, | O cow-ey'd queenly Juno !  
For lo ! Achilles fleet of foot | is rous'd. In truth, it seemeth,  
From thy own body erst were born | the streaming-hair'd Achaians.”

To him thereat reciprocal | spake cow-ey'd queenly Juno : 360  
“ O child of Cronos, harsh and dire ! | what utterest so cruel ?

Man verily, I trow, on man | is wont his will to complish,  
Tho' counsel high he kenneth not, | and mortal is of fabric.  
Then I who duly claim to be | of goddesses the chiefest,  
Eldest by birth, nor less in rank ; | for that I hold the title 365  
Thy wedded queen to be ; and thou | mid all immortals reignest.  
How should not I too in my wrath | disaster weave to Troians ?”

Thus they reciprocally held | betwixt themselves discourses.  
But silver-footed Thetis reach'd | meanwhile the house of Vulcan,  
Brazen and starry, mid th' abodes | of all immortals signal, 370  
Free from decay ; which for himself | the limping god had framèd.

Him sweating at his work she found, | around the bellows moving,  
Earnest : for he just then would make | tripods in number twenty,  
To stand in order round the wall | of a right stately chamber, 375  
And unto every one beneath | he golden wheels did fashion,

That mid the company of gods | they might self-moving enter,  
And to their mansion hie them back ;— | a spectacle for marvel.  
So far completeness had they found ; | but ears not yet were added,

All-curious ; these would he frame, | and couple-bands was hewing.  
While he, with soul of artifice, | upon such work was busy, 380  
The goddess of the silver foot, | Thetis, meanwhile approach'd him,

And by the dainty-tired Grace | was seen, who forward hurried,  
Fair partner of the limping god, | the greatly famous artist.  
Then closely did she press her hand, | and spake, her name pronouncing :

“ But wherefore, Thetis ample-rob'd ! | unto our mansion comest, 385  
Belovèd and rever'd ? of old | thou dost not much frequent us.  
But follow further ; then will I | with stranger's welcome greet thee.”

She then, divine of goddesses, | this spoken, led her further.  
Upon a silver-studded chair | all-curious and dainty  
She seated her, where for the feet | a stool below was fashion'd, 390  
And call'd to Vulcan, fam'd in art, | and wingèd accents utter'd :

“ O Vulcan, hither hie thee forth : | some need of thee hath Thetis.”  
To her the limping god replied, | the greatly famous artist :

“ Troth ! then a goddess is within, | to me rever'd and awful : 395  
For, me she rescued when from far | I fell, in sad disaster ;  
Sin as my mother vixen-fac'd, | disdainful of my lameness,



Had set her mind to hide me : then | dire sorrow had I suffer'd ;  
 But Thetis, and Eurýnoma, | who daughter is of Ocean,  
 (Ocean, who flux and réflux hath,) | receiv'd me in their bosom,  
 Beside them, I for nine years forg'd | full many an artful triquet, 400  
 Bell-cups and lobes with spiral twist | and necklaces and brooches,  
 Within a grotto's sheeny dell. | But there, the stream of Ocean  
 Around flow'd gurgling fathomless | with foam : nor any other,  
 Neither of gods nor mortal men, | had knowledge of my secret,  
 But Thetis and Eurýnoma, | these twain, who sav'd me, knew it. 405  
 She to our mansion now is come : | me therefore much behoveth,  
 To pay the salvage of my life | to dainty-braided Thetis.  
 Do thou fair gifts before her place, | meet for a stranger's welcome,  
 While I my bellows put away | and all my tools of workshop."

He spake, and from the stithy rose, | a spectacle for marvel, 410  
 So huge and limping : yet his shanks | amain, tho' slender, glided.  
 The bellows from the fire apart | he plac'd ; and all the weapons,  
 Tools of his art, he gather'd up | into a silver coffer.

Then with a sponge his face around | and both his hands he wiped  
 And sturdy neck and shaggy chest, | and donn'd a fitting tunic ; 415  
 Took in his hand a sceptre stout, | and on his feet proceeded,  
 Lame as he was, abroad. Beside | their lord, obeisant glided  
 Pages of fine-wrought gold, in form | like unto living maidens ; -  
 Which have within their heart a mind, | a voice within their bosom,  
 And strength ; with skill of handicraft | by gift of gods immortal. 420  
 These watch'd the bidding of their lord | to serve him ; he, unaided,  
 Flounder'd upon a shining chair, | near to the seat of Thetis.

Then closely did he press her hand, | and spake, her name pronouncing :

" But wherefore Thetis ample-rob'd ! | unto our mansion comest,  
 Belovèd and rever'd ? of old | thou dost not much frequent us. 425  
 Speak forth thy meaning : me my heart | exhorteth to fulfilment,  
 If aught avail I ; and if e'er | of yore fulfill'd it hath been."

To him then Thetis tear-bestream'd | did words responsive utter :  
 " O Vulcan, say,—of goddesses | who dwell upon Olympus,  
 Knowest thou one, who in her heart | hath borne so bitter sorrow, 430  
 As hath Jove Cronides on *me* | above all others fasten'd ?

*Me* from my sisters of the sea | he to a man subjected,—  
 To Peleus, son of Aiakos : | —a man's embrace I suffer'd,  
 Sorely against my will, in sooth. | Now he within his chambers  
 Lieth, by noisome eld outworn ; | and lo ! new sorrows whelm me. 435

For-that, whereas he gave to me | to bear and rear an offspring,—  
 A chief of warriors ;—and he | grew tall, like to a sapling ;  
 And him, as in the orchard's lap | a plant, I fondly nurtur'd,  
 And sent him forth to Ilion, | upon his hornèd galleys,  
 Against the Trôians to fight ;— | yet in the halls of Peleus 440

Ne'er shall my child returning meet | the welcome of his mother,  
 And while he liveth still for me | and seeth light of heaven,  
 In anguish is he whelm'd ; nor I | approaching may relieve him.  
 The damsel, whom Achaia's sons | for *him* as prize selected,  
 Her from his arms did Atreus' son | king Agamemnon ravish. 445  
 Grieving for her, his spirit pin'd | distemper'd : but th' Achaians  
 Were by the Troians to their poops | hemm'd up, nor dar'd to sally  
 Abroad beyond them. Him the chiefs | and counsellors of Argos  
 Besought, and many gifts to him | right glorious behote they.  
 Thereon refus'd he at the first | himself to ward the mischief. 450  
 Yet, after, in his proper arms | he girt his friend Patroclus,  
 And unto battle sent him forth | and many folk behind him.  
 Then they around the Skaian gates | the livelong day did combat,  
 And in the selfsame day would storm | the city ; but Apollo,  
 When valiant Menoitiádes | had many woes inflicted, 455  
 Slew him amid the foremost ranks | and glory gave to Hector.  
 Therefore before thy knees I come, | if haply thou be willing  
 To aid my speedy-fated son | by triple-crested helmet,  
 Corslet and shield, and dapper greaves, | with anklets duly fitted,  
 Sin as, the arms he whilom had, | his trusty comrade lost them, 460  
 Slain by the Troians : hence my child | in anguish prostrate lieth."

To her the limping god replied, | the greatly famous artist :  
 " Cheer thee ; nor let such things as these | be burden on thy spirit.  
 For, oh that I so easily, | —if deadly fate approach him,—  
 Avail'd, from dismal-wailing death | to hide away thy offspring ; 465  
 As now shall beauteous arms to him | be furnish'd, such as mortals  
 Shall, one and all, count marvellous, | whoever may behold them."

This said, he left her on the spot, | and to the bellows bied him :  
 Against the fire he pointed them, | and bade them to be active.  
 In twenty censers coals were laid, | and twenty bellows blew them, 470  
 Sending their sprightly blast abroad | in every guise of puffing,  
 One while, assisting earnest work, | another while more languid,  
 As might to Vulcan pleasant be, | and aid the work's fulfilment.  
 Into the fire stiff brass and tin, | and costly gold, and silver, 475  
 He cast ; but on the stithy next | he plac'd a mighty anvil ;  
 In one hand grasp'd a hammer stout, | a firetong in the other.

First did he take in hand to frame | a vast and stubborn buckler,  
 Of curious achievement : round | he cast a rim resplendent,  
 Three-plated, sparkling ; from it hung | a strap of twisted silver. 480  
 The buckler's proper substance held | five folds ; but on the surface  
 He fram'd with soul of artifice | full many a fair resemblance.  
 On it the Earth and on it Sea | he plac'd, and on it Heaven,  
 The Sun unwearied, Moon at full ; | and on it all the marvels,  
 The Pleiades, the Rainy stars, | and glorious Orion, 485

Wherewith the sky is crown'd ; and Bear, | which Wain is call'd by others ;  
Which turneth alway on his field, | and lurketh for Orïon,  
And sole exemption hath aloft | from bathings of the ocean.

On it two cities did he place | of voice-dividing mortals, 490  
Splendid. In one of them were held | weddings and festive banquets,  
And thro' the city brides were led, | escorted from their chambers  
With flashing torches : loud arose | redoubled hymenæal.

Dancers were reeling : flutes and harps | to them made tuneful concert, 495  
And from the threshold every wife | stept out to gaze and wonder.

The people in the public square | stood crowded : there a contest  
For forfeit on a homicide | betwixt two men was risen.

One vow'd, he had the whole discharg'd, | —expounding to the people ;  
The other stout denial made, | —no gear had yet been paid him : 500

So both an umpire from the folk | would get, to end the quarrel.

To each in turn acclaim was made, | as each might find supporters,

But heralds did the people's noise | chastise, I ween ; and elders

Were seated upon polish'd stones | within a sacred circle,

And in their hands the sceptres held | of lofty-shouting heralds, 505

Wherewith each sallied in his turn, | when he for judge was chosen.

Full in the midst,—award of law,— | were laid two golden talents,

To yield to him, whose argument | more rightful might be proven.

Around the other city sat | two hosts of foemen people,

Flashing in armour. Diverse thoughts | their counsel were dividing. 510

The one would ravage and destroy, | the other would distribute,

The gear, whatever might be coop'd | within that lovely city.

The townsmen no surrender yet | would make, but arm'd for ambush.

Their helpless children, consorts dear, | and men whom eld enfeebled, 515

Should man the rampart for defence ; | themselves in arms would sally,

By Ares and Athêna led. | Both these were gold, accoutred

In golden raiment ; fair and tall, | as is for gods beseeming,

And mark'd asunder to the eye : | the folk were small beside them.

But when they at the place arriv'd, | whereat it yielded ambush, 520

Beside a river, where a ford | gave watering for cattle,

Near it began they low to crouch, | in flashing brass accoutred.

But for the townsmen, separate | from these, two scouts were sitting,

Watching to tell, if flocks be near, | or crumple-horned oxen.

Soon did the cattle forward come : | with them two herdsmen follow'd, 525

Sporting upon the rustic pipe, | of hidden wile unthoughtful.

The men in ambush notice gat, | and sallied ; quick thereafter

From flocks of snowy-coated sheep | and stately herds of oxen

Did each his portion intercept, | and eke the herdsmen slaughter'd.

The foemen, at their parlements | still seated, heard the úproar 530

Around the cattle : instantly | on springy-footed horses

Mounted, they hurried forth in chase, | and reach'd the ground of combat,

And marshall'd on the river-banks, | to standing fight betook them :  
 So with long lances copper-tipt | did each assail the other.  
 Amid them Riot, mid them Strife, | held dealing ; yea, amid them 535  
 Dragg'd deadly Fate one man alive | fresh-wounded, one unwounded ;  
 Another dead man by the feet | she tugg'd from out the turmoil,  
 And on her shoulders wore a cloak | with blood of heroes scarlet.  
 Such was their dealing, such their fray, | they might be living mortals :  
 And they on either side drew up | the carcases of foemen. 540  
 On it he plac'd a soft new field, | fat soil, thrice-plough'd and ample,  
 Where many ploughmen teams did drive | reversing, hither, thither.  
 When to the limit of the field | they reach'd, and turn'd the cattle,  
 Then did a man, with cup in hand | of luscious wine, advancing 545  
 Give them to drink : those in the rows | to reach the limit hanker'd.  
 Black were the traces of the plough, | albeit all was golden,  
 And seem'd as newly turn'd : such work | was verily a marvel.  
 On it he plac'd a cornfield deep, | where hireling workmen labour'd 550  
 Reaping, and wielded each in hand | a newly-sharpen'd sickle.  
 The bundles,—some, beside the row | did truss and knot together.  
 Three were the binders of the sheaves, | right urgent ; but behind them  
 Children the bundles gathering | and in their arms enclasping, 555  
 With heart of effort, dealt supply : | but, resting on his sceptre,  
 The king in silence near the row | stood forth, in soul delighted.  
 Heralds, apart, beneath an oak | a banquet were preparing,  
 And o'er a mighty bull, new slain, | were busy ; while the women  
 White meal in plenty o'er it shed, | as dinner for the hirelings. 560  
 On it an orchard next he plac'd, | all beautiful and golden,  
 Laden with luscious crop of grapes : | dark were the clusters on it.  
 Across the vineyard every row | was propt on poles of silver.  
 On either side, a dark blue ditch ; | around, a fence he carried  
 Of tin : a single narrow path | led thro' the field to reach it, 565  
 By which the pickers came and went, | when they would crop the vineyard.  
 And tender maids and striplings slim, | with gentle heart of childhood,  
 Did in well-woven baskets bear | the fruit as honey pleasant.  
 And in the midst of them a boy | on shrilly lute was harping  
 Delightsome, and with tiny voice | replied in dainty carol. 570  
 The others to the air beat time, | and humm'd and skirl'd and bounded.  
 On it he further plac'd a herd | of lofty-crested cattle.  
 Of gold and tin the kine were made : | beside a rippling river  
 With lowing came they from their yard, | thro' waving reeds to pasture. 575  
 Four golden herdsmen with the kine | were rang'd : dogs with them follow'd,  
 Nine, spry of foot : but in the front | two lions grim were mauling  
 A bull, that bellow'd loud, to whom | the hounds and youths would speed them.  
 The twain had rent the bull's vast side, | gorging dark blood and entrails,  
 And vainly would the swains give chase, | the nimble dogs exhorting.

These from the lions kept aloof, | nor dar'd to bite ; but round them 585  
 Stood at safe distance, barking fierce, | and slunk from their encounter.

The greatly famous artist next | did a great pasture fashion,  
 In a fair copse, with snowy sheep, | and pens and huts and stables.

Next he achiev'd a dance complex, | like that in ample Cnossus, 590  
 Which Daidalos of yore compos'd | for bright-hair'd Ariadna.

Maidens, who dowers earn of kine, | and bachelours beside them,  
 Therein were dancing, each the hand | on wrist of other holding. 595

The maidens flimsy muslin wore, | the youths were clad in tunics  
 Of tissue featly spun ; and these | as though with oil, were glossy.

Each maiden bare upon her head | a fair leaf-shaking garland,  
 Each youth a golden cutlass wore | by silver strap suspended.

And these with cunning feet one while | did scud in easy running,  
 As when a potter tries his lathe, | whether the wheel will circle : 600

At other while they both in ranks, | one by the other, coursèd.

And round that lovely company | a troop of many people  
 Stood gazing with delight ; from them | came forth a pair of tumblers,  
 Who, leading off a melody, | did whirl them in the middle. 605

Last, in it, he the mighty strength | of river Ocean fashion'd,  
 Along the outmost-circling rim | of the close-welded buckler.

When thus he had achiev'd to make | the buckler vast and sturdy,  
 The corslet after it he wrought, | than blaze of fire more shining ;  
 And eke the weighty morion | unto the temples fitted, 610

All radiant and full of art, | with golden crest upon it.

Greaves too of plated tin he made. | Therewith his work was ended.

But when the Limper glorious | had all the armour finish'd,  
 Before Achilles' mother's feet | he brought and laid his present.  
 She from Olympos' snowy heighth | came sousing as a falcon, 615  
 Bearing from Vulcan to her son | the sparkling arms she promis'd.

## BOOK XIX.

### The Public Reconciliation.

**J**UST then the saffron-vested Dawn | rose from the streams of Ocean,  
To carry unto mortals light | and eke to gods immortal,  
When Thetis to the galleys came, | bearing the gifts of Vulcan ;  
And found her own belovèd son | around Patroelos lying,  
Wailing aloud ; and at his side | were comrades many weeping. 5  
Then she, divine of goddesses, | presented her among them,  
And closely did she press his hand, | and spake, his name pronouncing :  
“ My child ! *him* let us now endure, | albeit keen our sorrow,  
So as he is, to lie ; since he | by will of God is fallen.  
But thou, of Vulcan, thro’ my hands | receive illustrious harness, 10  
Right brilliant : such as never yet | man on his shoulders carried.”  
Thus saying, at Achilles’ feet | the goddess laid the armour.  
Loud clang’d the metals richly wrought : | the Myrmidons in terror  
Did shiver ; nor with steadfast eye | might view the heav’nly splendour.  
But A’chiles, the more he look’d, | the more did rage possess him, 15  
And, neath his eyelids, direful shot, | like flame, his glance of eyes :  
Yet joy’d he in his hands to hold | the brilliant gifts of heaven.  
But when the wondrous handicraft | his eyes with joy had sated,  
He to his mother instantly | thus spake in wingèd accents : 20  
“ My mother ! arms, the god hath sent, | such as from work immortal  
Befitteth : vainly mortal man | would vie in such achievement.  
Gird me for fight forthwith will I, | in sooth : yet direly dread I,  
Lest flies, the meanwhile, entering | the brass-imprinted gashes, 25  
Breed worms within my valiant friend, | and do his corpse dishonour :  
(For all the life is gone from it :) | so would his flesh be rotted.”  
Then Thetis of the silver foot | reciprocal address’d him :  
“ My child ! let not such things as this | be burden on thy spirit.  
The flies, these savage tribes, that eat | heroes in battle fallen, 30  
My care it be, aloof to keep. | If, the full year, Patroelos  
Here lie, his flesh shall always be | still firm, or even better.  
But unto public mote do thou | th’ Achaian heroes summon,  
And there to Atreus’ royal son | renouuce thy mood of anger : 35

Then instant for emprise of war | accoutred, don thy valour.”

Thus having spoken, thro’ his frame | she breath’d intrepid vigour ;  
Then to Patroclus, stooping low, | distill’d she thro’ the nostrils  
Ambrosia and nectar red, | to keep his flesh in firmness.

Meanwhile along the pebbly beach | divine Achilles hied him, 40  
With shout of uproar horrible, | and rous’d th’ Achaian heroes.  
Yea, those who formerly would stay | within the naval precinct,  
Who pilots only were, and kept | the rudders of the galleys,  
And stewards, who beside the fleet | did public bread distribute :  
Now even these to common mote | went eager ; since Achilles, 45  
Long absent from distressful fight, | did re-appear among them.

Amid th’ Achaians, limping came | two ministers of Ares,  
The war-abiding Tydeus’ son | and lofty-soul’d Odysseus,  
Leaning upon the spear ; for still | the bitter wounds distress’d them :  
These mid the foremost of the mote | did hie, and soon were seated. 50  
But Agamemnon, lord of men, | was latest of arriving,  
He too disabled by a wound ; | for in the hardy struggle  
Koôn, Antênor’s son, his arm | with brazen spear had piercèd.  
When therefore in full gathering | th’ Achaians were assembled,  
Thus did Achilles, fleet of foot, | uprising, speak among them : 55

“ Atrides ! troth, for thee and me | far earlier was better  
This present work to do ; when we, | with grief of bosom piercèd,  
Did for a damsel’s sake flame out | in soul-devouring quarrel.  
Would that the shaft of Artemis\* | had slain her in the galleys,  
Upon the selfsame day, when I | Lyrnessus took and ravag’d. 60  
Then of Achaians fewer far | beneath the hands of foemen  
Had strown th’ immeasurable field | thro’ my relentless anger.  
To Hector and the Troians that | was gainful ; but th’ Achaians  
Will long remembrance hold, I ween, | of mine and thy contention.  
But leave we these things,—past and gone, | —albeit keen our sorrow, 65  
And the fond fancies of the heart | by stern constraint subdue we.  
Here then an end I make of wrath : | nor truly is it rightful  
In stubborn passion to abide | alway : but come ! and quickly  
Enhearten to emprise of war | the streaming-hair’d Achaians ;  
So I, with Troians once again | confronted, shall assure me, 70  
Whether beside the ships to sleep | delight them : but I reckon  
That of their army more than one | his knees will bend full gladly,  
If safely from our spear he scape | in shock of foes’ encounter.”

So spake he, and with gladness | fill’d the trimlygreav’d Achaians,  
That mighty-hearted Peleus’ son | renounc’d his mood of anger. 75  
Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | responsive to Achilles,  
Address’d them, seated as he was, | not rising in the middle :

\* 59. See on 6, 205, note at end.

" Friends, heroes of the Danaï, | and ministers of Ares,  
 When any riseth for harangue, | to him 'tis well to listen,  
 Nor interrupt ;—which worrieth | even a skilful speaker. 80  
 For in the hurly of a crowd | what ears avail for hearing ?  
 What voice for speaking ? fluent tongues | and ready hearts are crippled.  
 Now I to Peleus' son reply | straight open : but the others,—  
 Ye Argives ! ponder well my word, | and each of you discern it.  
 Oft time th' Achaïans spake to me | advice, and oft revil'd me, 85  
 Who am not guilty. Jove, and Fate, | and the dusk-roaming Fury,—  
 'Tis these, who in assembly fir'd | my breast with savage frenzy,  
 Upon the selfsame day, when I | Achilles' prize invaded.  
 What else to do avail'd I ? God | doth thoroughly all accomplish. 90  
 Jove's eldest child is Frenesy, | who all men doth enfrenzy,  
 Accursed. Tender are her feet, | nor toucheth she the pavement,  
 But trampeth heads of men, with bale ; | and one or other tangleth.  
 Yea, once she frenzied Jupiter, | whom amid gods and mortals 95  
 Chiefest they call ; yet him with guile | Juno, a female, cheated ;  
 What time Alcëmëna's hour was ripe | in turret-fretted Theba  
 For birth of Hêraclès : then he | before all heaven vaunted : 100  
 ' Oh all ye gods and goddesses ! | to my announcement hearken,  
 That I the counsel may declare | which in my bosom swayeth.  
 A hero from my breed and blood | outsprung,—him Eileithuia,  
 Who painful travail softeneth, | shall show to light of heaven  
 This day, for lordship far and wide | o'er all surrounding peoples.' 105  
 Then guileful-heartedly to him | spake venerable Juno :  
 ' Thou wilt the liar play, nor crown | thy saying with fulfilment.  
 Or else,—come now, Olympian ! | a hardy oath I tender.  
 Swear thou that *he* shall lordship hold | o'er all surrounding peoples,  
 Who, from thy breed and blood, this day | shall drop of woman's travail.' 110  
 When thus she challeng'd, Jupiter | her guilefulness discern'd not,  
 But sware the dreadful oath ; therefrom | a mighty mischief reap'd he :  
 But Juno, hasting on her path, | Olympos' margin quitted  
 And to Achaïan Argos reach'd | right quickly, where did habit 115  
 The valiant wife of Sthenelos | the progeny of Perseus,  
 Who counted seven months (she knew) | in hope of tender offspring.  
 Her did the goddess forward bring, | tho' in her months untoward,  
 And stopt Alcëmëna's travailing, | and held the Eileithuias.  
 Then, her own errand bearing, she | Jove Cronides accosted : 120  
 ' Sire of the shining thunderbolt ! | a word, O Jove ! I bring thee.  
 Now is a noble hero born, | for lordship o'er the Argives,  
 Eurystheus, child of Sthenelos, | the progeny of Perseus,  
 Thy issue : not unfitly he | will o'er the Argives lord it.'

119. The goddesses are here plural, as in 11, 270.



So spake she ; but his soul profound | was smit with piercing anguish. 125  
 Quick by her dainty-braided head | on Frenesy he seizèd,  
 And raging sware a hardy oath, | that never to Olympos  
 And starry Heaven back should wend | she, who doth all enfrenzy.

He, after such avowal stern, | from starry Heav'n toss'd her, 130  
 Whirling her with his hand : and quick | she reach'd the works of mortals.  
 And her he alway curs'd, whene'er | he saw his own dear offspring  
 By contumely of toil distraught | beneath Eurystheus' taskings.

Nor yet the more was I,—what time | great motley-helmèd Hector  
 Dire ravage of the Argives made | beside their outmost galleys,— 135  
 Able from Frenesy to part, | who once had wrought me mischief.

But tho' enfrenzied I have been, | and Jove my wits did rifle,  
 Again to win thee fain am I, | and pay thee countless ransom.  
 But up ! for enterprize of war, | and rouse the folk to ardour ;  
 And pledg'd I hold myself to pay, | whate'er divine Odyssees 140  
 By my commission in thy cots | did yestereven promise.

Or come ! an so will please thee, stay, | albeit press'd to battle ;  
 And hither shall forthwith my squires, | from out my galley bring thee  
 The gifts heart-pleasing : so thine eyes | shall see, and be contented." 145

But him Achilles fleet of foot, | with word alternate answer'd :  
 "O Agamemnon, lord of men, | most glorious Atrides !  
 The gifts (an so thou wilt,) to give, | as seemly is,—or keep them,—  
 With *thee* it resteth. Instant now | let feats of arms concern us,  
 Nor toy nor dally : still undone | remains a vast achievement. 150

As each may Peleus' son behold | again among the foremost  
 Wide wasting with the brazen spear | the Trôian battalions,  
 So eke let every man give heed | to quit himself in combat."

Thereat responsive spake to him | Odyssees much-devising :  
 "Achilles ! image of the gods ! | do not, howe'er intrepid, 155  
 Hurry to drive on Ilion | Achaia's children fasting,

For combat with the Troians ; since | no short-enduring warcy  
 Shall greet us, when for bargain once | the companies encounter  
 Of armèd heroes, both alive | with heaven-breathèd fierceness.

But bid th' Achaians food to taste, | at the sharp-pointed galleys, 160  
 Of pleasant bread and wine : for this | to weary men is vigour.  
 For, man may nowise all the day | until the shades of sunset  
 From gifts of Ceres abstinent | confront the work of Ares.

For tho' his spirit eager be | for enterprize of battle,  
 Yet heaviness by stealth his limbs | doth enter ; thirst and hunger 165  
 O'erhend him, and his knees beneath | are palsied in his goings.

But whoso with the foe may fight, | with wine and eating sated,  
 Even the livelong day,—his soul | is hearty in his bosom,  
 Nor flag his limbs, ere every man | retireth him from battle. 170

But come ! disperse the people ; bid, | that they to dinner busk them ;

And Agamemnon, lord of men, | shall bring his gifts before us :  
 So with their eyes th' Achaïans all | shall see, and thou be gladden'd.  
 And let him swear the mighty oath, | among the Argives rising, 175  
 That never did he touch her bed | with tenderness and passion,  
 As is the ordinance, O prince ! | to man and woman sacred :  
 So be thy spirit satisfied | and sooth'd within thy bosom !  
 Thereafter shall the lord of men | within his cots delight thee  
 By a rich banquet, leaving nought | unfinished of thy honour. 180  
 Thou, son of Atreus ! wilt thyself | hereafter be more rightful  
 In other men's esteem : for none | can blame it, that a monarch,  
 Who did in anger take the lead, | again beseecheth friendship."

Him Agamemnon, lord of men, | address'd with word responsive :  
 " Son of Laërtes ! much I joy | to hear the word thou sayest ; 185  
 For duly hast thou every thing | distinct rehears'd in order.  
 The oath thou namest, this I wish | to swear by mighty power ;  
 Nor shall I perjurd be : my soul | doth urge me : but Achilles  
 Must here that little while await, | albeit press'd to battle.  
 (And stay, assembled, ye the rest,) | until the presents hither 190  
 May from my cot arrive, and I | by faithful oaths may bind me.  
 But on thyself a charge I lay : | do thou then, youths selecting,  
 Chieftains of Panachaia, bear | the gifts from out my galley,  
 Whate'er we yester-eve behote ; | and lead with them the women. 195  
 And, for the Sun and Jove, amid | Achaia's ample army,  
 Talthybios a boar shall bring | to consecrate our treaties."

But him Achilles, fleet of foot, | address'd in words responsive :  
 " O Agamemnon, lord of men, | most glorious Atrides !  
 Rather at otherwhile on this | be busy, if the battle 200  
 Shall after flag, when in my breast | the fire may burn less fiercely.  
 But now our comrades prostrate lie | and mangled, who were vanquish'd  
 By Hector, son of Priamos, | when Jove to glory rais'd him.  
 But ye to feeding urge us. Troth ! | all abstinent and fasting 205  
 Achaia's children spur would I | to war, and *then* with sunset  
 To meet in solemn supper, *when* | we had the outrage punish'd.  
 But neither food nor drink to me | may earlier be pleasant  
 Adown my tender throat to pass, | now as my friend is perish'd, 210  
 Who prostrate lieth in my cot, | by the sharp weapon mangled,  
 Turn'd to the threshold. Round him weep | my comrades. Hence I ponder  
 Not food, but carnage now and gore | and noisome groans of heroes."

To him then spake reciprocal | Odysseus much devising : 215  
 " O son of Peleus, A'chiles ! | high worthy of th' Achaïans !  
 Thou with the spear (I wot) than me | art better, not a little,  
 And stronger ; yet in intellect | might I in turn surpass thee  
 By far ; for I am elderborn, | and wider is my knowledge.  
 Therefore command thy heart to bear | the pressure of my counsel. 220

Satiety of battle-cry | to mortals speedy cometh,  
 Wherein the sickle reapeth crop | too small, but straw in plenty,  
 When Jove, high arbiter of war, | the scale of prowess tilteth.  
 But nowise may th' Achaians mourn | the dead man with their belly ;      225  
 For, every day, successive fall | too many. When may respite  
 Of sorrow be ? Whoso is slain, | him ever must we bury  
 Steeling our hearts, but weeping still ; | and whoso yet surviveth  
 From hateful warfare, him the care | of drink and food befitteth :      230  
 So may we more incessant fight | against the foeman alway,  
 In brass unwearible clad. | Let none among the peoples  
 Stop, waiting fresh commandment, (thence | would evil come,) while any  
 Be at the Argive galleys left. | But, sallying together      235  
 Against the Troians steed-renown'd | arouse we eager Ares."  
 So spake he, and beside him took | the sons of famous Nestor,  
 And Thoas and Meriones | and Meges son of Phyleus,  
 And Lycomèdes, Creion's son, | and lastly Melanippos ;      240  
 Who hied to speed them to the cot | of royal Agamemnon.  
 There, scarcely spoken was the word, | and lo ! the deed was ended.  
 They from the cot the tripods brought, | —the seven which he proffer'd,—  
 The coursers twelve for racing fam'd, | and twenty urns resplendent,  
 Then women quickly led they forth, | with noble work acquainted,      245  
 Seven ; but after them the eighth, | —the dainty-check'd Brisèis.  
 Thereat Odyssees, weighing out | of gold ten perfect talents,  
 Led forward : other youths behind | in train the presents bearing  
 In mid assembly rangèd them : | and up rose Agamemnon.  
 Then by the people's shepherd stood | Talthybios the herald,—      250  
 Whose shout with shout of god might vie, | —and brought the boar before them.  
 But Atreus' son with ready hand | his hunting-knife unfasten'd,  
 Which by his sword's great scabbard hung, | companion never absent,—  
 Clipt first th' bristles of the boar, | —his hands to Jove uplifted,  
 And prayèd. All the Argives sat | in silence at their places,      255  
 Duly to reverence compos'd, | attentive to the monarch.  
 So he invoking spake his pray'r, | to vasty heaven looking :  
 " Of this let Jove be witness first, | of gods the Best and Highest,  
 And Earth, and Sun, and Furies all, | who in the world beneath us  
 Do punish men deceas'd—whoe'er | a perjur'd oath has utter'd ;—      260  
 That never did I lay my hand | upon the dame Briseis,  
 Neither with purpose of the couch, | nor otherwise accosting,  
 But in my cots she aye abode | inviolate, unsullied.  
 If aught hereof be falsely sworn, | then may the gods betray\* me  
 With whatsoe'er of woe they send, | when man in oath offendeth."      265  
 He spake, and thro' the victim's throat | deep drave the heartless weapon.

264. *Bestray* : bestretch, rack, torment : hence partic. *bestraught*.

The corpse, as fodder to the fish, | Talthybios the herald  
 Into the vasty hoary brine | flung whirling. But Achilles  
 Uprising spake his word among | the battle-loving Argives :  
 " O Father Jove ! great frenesies | to men thou truly sendest. 270  
 Never, I trow would Atreus' son | so throughly have bestirred  
 The spirit in my bosom, nor | have ta'en away the damsel  
 Despite my will, intractable ; | but Jupiter, methinketh,  
 Was minded, bale and death to send | to many of Achaia.  
 But now to dinner hasten ye ; | so may we mingle battle." 275  
 Such words he utter'd, and at once | brake up the hasty meeting.  
 Thereat asunder wended they, | each to his proper galley ;  
 But the high-hearted Myrmidons | were with the presents busied,  
 And hied to set them on the ship | of A'chiles their leader :  
 Meanwhile, some in the cots they plac'd, | and seated there the women ; 280  
 The racers, these his stately squires | into the herd had driven.  
 Thereat Brisëis, like in mien | to golden Aphrodita,  
 When she Patroelos' corpse beheld | by the sharp weapon mangled,  
 Pouring herself around him, wail'd | right shrill, and rent with gashes  
 Her bosom and her tender neck | and eke her dainty visage. 285  
 Then, brilliant as the goddesses, | out spake the woman wailing :  
 " Alas, Patroelos, thou who wast | to wretched me most pleasing !  
 Thee verily alive I left, | when from the cot they led me :  
 But now, returning, here I find | O captain of the peoples !  
 Thy corpse unburied. How doth aye | woe after woe receive me ! 290  
 The man, into whose arms my sire | and queenly mother gave me,  
 Before our city him I saw | by the sharp weapon mangled.  
 And eke three warriors belov'd, | own children of my mother,  
 My tender kinsmen, all of them | their deadly day encounter'd.  
 And when swift A'chiles had slain | my husband, and had ravag'd 295  
 The town of godlike Mynes, thou | forbaddest me to sorrow,  
 Trusting to make me wife of youth | to A'chiles, and bear me  
 To Phthia, and with all the folk | to celebrate my wedding.  
 Then measureless thy death I wail, | O thou who aye wast gentle !" 300  
 So spake she weeping ; after her | with moans the women answer'd :  
 Patroelos gave them but pretext | to mourn their proper sorrows.  
 But round Achilles gather'd now | the councillors of Argos  
 Imploring that he taste of food ; | but he with moans refus'd them :  
 " If any of my comrades dear | will listen ; I beseech him, 305  
 With food and drinking bid me not | my inner heart to surfeit :  
 Grim sorrows pierce me : any wise | I stay and last till sunset."  
 When he refusal spake outright, | the other kings departed ;  
 But still the two Atridai stay'd, | old chariotceering Phoimix, 310  
 And Nestor and Idómeneus | and eke divine Odysse,  
 Sagely beguiling him from grief. | Yet nowise would his spirit

Beguilèd be, ere that he front | the line of gory battle.  
 But he incessant heav'd, and spake, | in piteous remembrance :  
 " Dearest ill-fated friend ! of old | how quick and earnest wast thou 315  
 A dainty dinner in my cot | to range, whene'er th' Achaians  
 Hurried to tearful war, against | the courser-tarring Troians !  
 Now, thus thou liest mangled ; but, | albeit here be plenty,  
 In emptiness of thee, my heart | from food and drink abstaineth. 320  
 Nought can I suffer worse ; not if | my father's death afflict me,  
 Who, as I ween, in Phthia now | a tender tear distilleth,  
 Widow'd of such a son ; (who here | for horror-striking Helen,  
 Upon a soil of foreigners | against the Troians warreth ;) 325  
 Or, if I heard my child was dead, | who now is rear'd in Skyros,—  
 If haply Neoptólemos | the godlike yet be living.  
 For in my bosom formerly | my heart this hope did cherish,  
 That only *I* should perish, far | from courser-feeding Argos,  
 Here on the soil of Troy ; but *thoú* | shouldest to Phthia wend thee, 330  
 That thou from Skyros mightest lead | on the sharp dusky galley  
 My child unto his father's home, | and shouldest all things show him,  
 My servants and my wide estate | and lofty-roofèd palace.  
 For, as to Peleus, he, I bode, | outright is either perish'd,  
 Or, with a little life mayhap, | by hateful Eld is worried, 335  
 Aye waiting for my mournful tale, | —the tiding of my slaughter."  
 Wailing he spake, and to his moans | the councillors responded,  
 Each one remembering what each | in his own chambers quitted.  
 While thus they sorrow'd, Cromides | with pity did behold them, 340  
 And instantly with wingèd words | address'd him to Athêna :  
 " My child ! but hast thou utterly | thy bonny hero jilted ?  
 No longer hath Achilles then | a share within thy bosom ?  
 Lo ! there he sitteth, fixt before | his lofty crested gallèys,  
 Beweeping his companion dear. | The others are departed 345  
 For care of dinner : he alone | is abstinent, untasting,  
 But come ! lest famine him distress, | distil thou thro' his bosom  
 The sweetness of ambrosia | and drops of ruddy nectar."  
 He by such charge Athêna spurr'd, | herself already eager ;  
 Who plung'd in semblance of a bird, | the lengthy-feather'd osprey, 350  
 Shrill-screaming, down from upper sky, | thro' heaven : but th' Achaians  
 Forthwith did arm them in the host. | The goddess to Achilles  
 Dropt sweetness of ambrosia | and nectar thro' his bosom,  
 Lest-that unlovely famine loose | the toughness of his sinews ;  
 Then she departing, sought the home, | tight-buikled, of her father, 355  
 High Potentate ; but *they* afar | stream'd ever from the galleys.  
 Thick as from Jupiter may fly | the drops of sleety shower,  
 Chill'd by the gust of Boreas, | whom sky serene doth gender ;  
 So from the galleys thickly pour'd | the helmets brightly joyous,

With bossy bucklers, ashen spears, | and stoutly-jointed corslets. 360  
 The blaze to heaven reach'd; the earth | by brassy flashes stricken  
 Laugh'd all around, and underneath | from feet to battle marching  
 Rose hurly; and amid them all | divine Achilles arm'd him.  
 His teeth did gnash; his eyes shone, | as though with fiery sparkle; 365  
 His heart in grief unbearable | was clad; but he, enfrenzied  
 Against the Troians, donn'd the gifts | by Vulcan deftly fashion'd.  
 First on his shins the dapper greaves, | with silver anklets fitted,  
 Arrang'd he; then, to guard his chest | enwrapt him in the corslet: 370  
 About his shoulders next he slung | the sword with silver studded,  
 Brazen; but after it he took | the buckler great and stubborn,  
 From which a moony radiance | shot forth to far beholders.  
 As when to sailors out at sea | a burning fire appeareth 375  
 Flaring afar; and it aloft | on solitary station  
 Is kindled by the mountaineer: | but them tornadoes carry  
 Far from their friends, despite their will, | over the fishful waters:  
 So from Achilles' buckler then, | all gorgeous and artful,  
 The flare to heaven shot: and he, | his triplecrested helmet 380  
 Upraising, plac'd upon his head | its weight. With starry splendour  
 The casque of triple horsetail shone: | for, hairs of gold around it  
 Thickly along the ridges wav'd | by handicraft of Vulcan.  
 Divine Achilles thereupon | would prove him in the armour,  
 Whether his gallant limbs had ease | for movement sharp and nimble; 385  
 But it, as wings, did lift from earth | the shepherd of the people.  
 Then from the flutings in his cot | his father's spear he pluckèd,  
 Huge, weighty, sturdy; which not one | of all Achaian chieftains  
 Beside might brandish: he alone, | Achilles, knew to wield it:  
 An ash of Pélion the shaft, | which, from the mountain's summit, 390  
 For his dear father Cheiron cut, | to be the death of heroes.  
 Around the steeds Automedon | and Alkimos were busy:  
 Already round their breasts was plac'd | the harness; then, the bridles  
 Thro' their compliant jaws they pass'd, | and strung the reins behind them  
 Unto the deftly-joined ear. | The handy scourge resplendent 395  
 Holding aloft, Automedon | above the horses mounted,  
 And, full accoutred, Achilles | himself leapt up behind him,  
 All-radiant in armour, like | Elector\* overgliding  
 Terrific then he shouted loud | to his own father's horses:  
 "Chesnut and Spotted, noble pair! | far-famous brood of *Spry-foot*! 400  
 In other guise now ponder ye | your charioteer to rescue  
 Back to the troop of Danaï, | when we have done with battle:  
 Nor leave him dead upon the field, | as late ye left Patroclus."  
 But him the dapplefooted steed | under the yoke accosted,

\* 398. See on G, 513.

400. See 16, 149.

And droop'd his anburn head aside | straightway ; and thro' the collar 405  
 His full mane streaming to the ground | over the yoke was scatter'd.  
 (Him Juno, whitearm'd goddess, now | with voice of man endowèd :)  
 " Now and again we verily | will save, and more than save thee,  
 Dreadful Achilles ! yet for thee | the deadly day approacheth.  
 Not ours the guilt ; but mighty God | and stubborn Fate are guilty. 410  
 Not by the slowness of our feet | or dulness of our spirit  
 The Troians did thy armour strip | from shoulders of Patroelos ;  
 But the exalted god, for whom | brighthair'd Latôna travail'd,  
 Slew him amid the foremost ranks, | and glory gave to Hector.  
 Now we, in coursing, pace would keep | even with breeze of Zephyr, 415  
 Which speediest they say to be : | but for thyself 'tis fated  
 By hand of hero and of god | in mighty strife to perish."  
 So much he said : thereat his voice | the Furies stopp'd for ever.  
 To him Achilles fleet of foot, | responded, sore disdainful :  
 " *Chesnut !* why bodeest death to me ? | from thee this was not needed. 420  
 Right surely know I eke myself, | that 'tis my doom to perish,  
 From mother and from father dear | apart, in Troy ; but never  
 Pause will I make of war, until | the Trôians be gluttet."  
 He spake, and skirling, drove afront | the singlehoofed horses.

## BOOK XX.

### Descent of the Gods to Battle.

THUS at thy side, O Peleus' son, | insatiate of battle !  
Th' Achaians did accoutre them | along their hornèd galleys :  
Around a swelling of the plain, | on other side, the Troians.  
But Jove commanded, from the head | of many-coomb'd Olympos,  
That Themis should to council call | the gods : then she, proceeding, 5  
From all sides bade them in the halls | of Jupiter to gather.  
None of the Rivers absent were, | except the stream of Ocean ;  
None of the Nymphs, who make their haunts | along the river-sources,  
And in the pleasant mountain-glades, | and in the grassy prairies.  
But all, attentive to the word, | assembled at the mansion 10  
Of cloudcollecting Jupiter ; | and sat in polish'd porches,  
Which Vulcan's soul of artifice | for father Jove constructed.  
So in the courts of Jupiter | they gather'd ; nor did Neptune  
Disdain the goddess' word, but came | from the deep brine to join them.  
He in the middle took his seat, | and ask'd what Jove might purpose : 15  
“ Lord of the shining thunderbolt ! | and wherefore now to council  
Callest the gods ? dost ponder aught | on Troians and Achaians ?  
For in sore nearness now to them | uproar and battle flameth.”  
Then cloud-collecting Jupiter | reciprocal address'd him :  
“ Earthshaker ! rightly hast thou spelt | the counsel in my bosom, 20  
Wherefore I call you. Perishing, | these mortals still concern me.  
Now in a coomb myself will here | withhold me, on Olympos,  
Forth gazing as may please my soul, | apart ; but ye, the others,  
Go ye, until ye reach the field | mid Troians and Achaians,  
And succour either side, howe'er | the heart of any listeth. 25  
For if with none but human foes | Achilles enter battle,  
No moment will the Trôians | arrest his speedy onset.  
Alway, I trow, of former days | they trembled to behold him ;  
But now, when for his comrade's loss | his soul is grimly wrathful,  
I dread, lest, in despite of Fate, | he storm and spoil the city.” 30  
Such words spake Cronides, and rous'd | an unremitting battle ;



And into war forth went the gods, | diverse in bent of purpose.  
 Unto the galleys' precinct hied | Juno and maid Athèna,—  
 Earthgirding Neptune,—Hermeas, | in crafty soul excelling, 35  
 Giver of gain ; and Vulcan too, | in mighty strength defiant,  
 Albeit limping: yet his shanks | amain, tho' slender, glided.  
 But to the aid of Trôïans | went motley-helmèd Ares,  
 And the Bright prince of locks unshorn, | and A'rtemis the archer,  
 And Aphrodita, queen of smiles, | and Xanthos and Latôna. 40  
 While as from mortal men apart | the heav'nly gods withheld them,  
 So long th' Achaians gloried high, | rejoicing that Achilles,  
 Long holden from distressful fight, | did now appear among them :  
 But over every Troïan limb | crept grimly-boding terror,  
 Smitten with trembling, when they saw | the mighty son of Peleus 45  
 Brilliant in armour, fit compeer | to Ares pest of mortals.  
 But when amid the crowd of men | th' Olympians were enter'd,  
 Then people-stirring hardy Strife | uprose : Athèna shouted,  
 Standing beside the delvèd moat | one while, without the rampart ;  
 Elsewhile along the sounding shores | her cry of battle echoed : 50  
 But Ares on the other side, | like to a gloomy tempest,  
 Urging the Troïans, fiercely yell'd | from down the city's summit,  
 Elsewhile on banks of Simois | by Fair Colôna scudding.  
 Thus blessed gods, on either side | the combatants exhorting,  
 Themselves in strife intestine plung'd, | and join'd unseemly battle. 55  
 Terrific thunder'd from on high | the Sire of gods and mortals,  
 Neptune shook boundless Earth beneath | and the steep heads of mountains.  
 Then all a-quaking were the feet | of rill-bestreamèd Ida,  
 And the hill-tops, and Priam's walls, | and galleys of Achaia. 60  
 Yea, in his underworld-recess | lord Aïdes was frighted,  
 And leapt in terror from his throne, | and shriek'd aloud, lest haply  
 Neptune land-shaking burst for him | the upper earth asunder,  
 And to the eyes of gods and men | lay open all his mansions  
 Horrific, pestilent ; at which | even the blessed shudder : 65  
 So dire the hurly of the shock, | when gods were match'd in quarrel.  
 They fronted one to one ; against | lord Neptune bright Apollo,  
 With wingèd arrows ; Ares met | Athèna grey-ey'd goddess ;  
 A match to Juno, Artemis | stood forth, Apollo's sister, 70  
 The whooping arrow-pouring queen, | the golden-shafted huntress :  
 Staunch lucre-giving Hermeas | against Latôna fronted :  
 But, Vulcan to resist, stood forth | the great deepwhirling river,  
 Whom Xanthos the immortals call, | but men Seamauder name him.  
 Thus, for the battle, god to god | came adverse : but Achilles 75  
 In throng of heroes chiefly long'd | with Hector, son of Priam,  
 To close in combat : *his* the life, | wherefrom his spirit hanker'd  
 To glut with gore the warrior | unwearable Ares.

But upon Peleus' son forthwith | Apollo people-stirrer  
 Arous'd Aineias, limbs and heart | with noble vigour filling ; 80  
 But by his voice he seem'd to be | Lyeaon, son of Priam.  
 In such disguise the son of Jove | Apollo then address'd him :  
 " High Councillor of Troïans, | Aineias ! whither vanish  
 The threats, which o'er the winecup oft | to Troian kings thou spakest,  
 Against Achilles, Pelcus' son, | the shock of war to venture ?" 85  
 To him with word alternate spake | Anchises' son, Aineias :  
 " O son of Priam, wherefore thus, | despite my heart, exhortest  
 In adverse battle to engage | with lofty-soul'd Pelides ?  
 Afront Achilles fleet of foot | not now for erst I find me :  
 For, coming on our kine of yore, | he fray'd me from Ida 90  
 With the same spear, which Pêdasus | then ravag'd, and Lyrnessus.  
 But Jove for rescue granted me | fleet knees and hardy spirit ;  
 Else had I fallen verily | by prowess of Achilles  
 And by Athêna ; who in front | held forth a light to cheer him, 95  
 Bidding with brazen spear to slay | the Leleges and Troians.  
 Wherefore no mortal man, I trow, | may fight against Achilles ;  
 For, deadly strokes to fence, some god | beside him standeth alway.  
 Yea, and without the god his dart | straight flieth ; nor desisteth,  
 Ere through the skin of man it pass : | yet if the god would yield us 100  
 Fair play of single-handed war,— | not easily, I reckon,  
 Me would he conquer *then* ; not if | all-brass to be he vaunteth."  
 Then lord Apollo, son of Jove, | to him in turn did answer :  
 " Come, hero ! eke do thou then pray | to gods of birth eternal.  
 Ay ! for in truth to *thee*, they say, | Jove's daughter Aphrodita 105  
 Gave birth : Achilles, tho' divine, | of parentage is worsen.  
*This* mother is from Jupiter, | *that* from the sire of Ocean.  
 But right against this hero bear | the sturdy brass, nor wholly  
 From manly battle turn'd be | by wretched words and curses."  
 Thus saying, vigour great he breath'd | into the people's shepherd, 110  
 Who thro' the foremost ranks advanc'd, | in flashing brass accoutred.  
 Nor was Anchises' son unseen | by Juno white-arm'd goddess,  
 When he amid the troop of men | mov'd on to meet Pelides :  
 Then she together call'd the gods, | and spake a word before them :  
 " You twain in chief concern'd are, | O Neptune and Athêna, 115  
 To ponder in your bosom, how | may these affairs be ended.  
 Onward Aineias lo ! is gone, | in flashing brass accoutred,  
 To meet Pelides : for, behind | Apollo bright doth urge him.  
 On us it resteth, either back | to turn this god from combat,  
 Or by Achilles stand ourselves, | nor let him fail in spirit, 120  
 But mighty prowess grant to him : | to teach him that the noblest  
 Among th' immortals foster him, | and windy are the others,  
 Whoso for Troians heretofore | repel the feudful battle.

We from Olympos hither all | came down, to share the combat 125  
 Now raging, lest Achilles aught | among the Troians suffer,  
 This day : but he in after-time | —*what*, when his mother bare him,  
 Fate span upon his thread of life, | *that* surely shall he suffer.  
 But if Achilles shall not hear | from voice divine our purpose,  
 Then, if in battle other god | his path arrest confronting, 130  
 Fear shall appal him : hard the task | to face a god's appearance."

To her thereon reciprocal | spake the land-shaker Neptune :  
 "Juno, from prudence wander not | thro' wrath : nor is it needful.  
 Never could I, in sooth, desire, | that we, the gods immortal,  
 In mortals' quarrel mingle us : | for greatly are we better. 135  
 But now, declining from the path, | here sit we for espial,  
 On lofty station, separate, | and men shall care for battle.  
 And if the combat be begun | by Ares or Apollo,  
 Or should they hold Achilles back, | and hinder him from fighting,  
 Then strife of battle will, mayhap, | incontinent be stirrèd 140  
 Even in us : but they, I ween, | with quick-decided contest  
 Will to Olympos hie them home, | and join the gods' assembly,  
 Unto our higher mightiness | constrain'd submission yielding."

So spake the Purple-hair'd, and straight | unto the rampart led them  
 Of godlike Hêracles,—a mound | high-heapèd, which the Troians 145  
 And maid Athêna rais'd for him, | to give the hero shelter,  
 When the sea-monster from the shore | unto the plain would chase him.  
 Thereon did Neptune sit him down | and other gods immortal,  
 And cloud impenetrable wrapt | as garment on their shoulders ; 150  
 Others on other side across, | on brow of Fair Colôna,  
 Sat around *thee*, bright Eïos ! | and Ares city-rieving.

Thus sat they plotting, both apart, | but both commencement dreaded  
 Of anxious war ; tho' Jupiter, | sitting aloft, did urge it. 155  
 Meanwhile the champaign gleam'd with brass | from men and horses thronging,  
 And by the endless rush of feet | the earth beneath was jarrèd.  
 But in the midst two champions | in front of both the armies,  
 Chieftains of prowess eminent, | met eager for the combat,  
 Son of Anchises, Aineas, | and A'chiles the godlike. 160  
 With brandish'd lance and menace high | and weighty helmet nodding,  
 Advanc'd Aineias, holding firm | the furious shield before him.  
 Thereat Pelides opposite | rose, as a baleful lion,  
 Whom all the country long to slay | and gather force against him. 165  
 At first he slighteth them ; but when | from callant keen in battle  
 Some dart may pierce him, then his limbs | he gathereth, and yawneth  
 With jaws terrific. Round his tusks | is foam : against his bosom

152. Eïos. See on 15, 365, note at end.

162. Furious. See on 11, 32.

Swelleth his valiant heart too big : | on either side, his buttock 170  
 And flank he lasheth with the tail, | and goadeth him to battle.  
 With grey eye glaring on his mark | he springeth, bearing slaughter  
 Unto some man, unless himself | before the troop be slaughter'd.  
 So then did overweening heart | and spirit urge Achilles  
 Forthwith the battle to confront | of mighty-soul'd Aineias. 175  
 When they to shorter distance came, | advancing each on other,  
 First to his foeman spake divine | Achilles trusty-footed :  
 " Aineias ! why, so far in front | advancing from the people,  
 Standest ? art eager mé to meet | in shock of battle ; hoping,  
 By Priam's favour, lord to be | in o'er courser-taming Troians ? 180  
 Yet, if thou strip me, not therefore | will Priam pay thee honour ;  
 For he hath sons, and sound of mind | is he, not empty-witted.  
 Shall then the Trôians in sooth | apportion thee a portion,  
 Select for thy enrichment, fair | with orchards and with tillage, 185  
 If-that thou slay me ? That emprize | is hard, I deem, to compass.  
 Already heretofore, I wot, | my javelin hath fray'd thee.  
 Or haply dost forget the day, | when down the fells of Ida  
 Thee, left alone amid the kine, | I chas'd in headlong courses ?  
 Nor in thy flight then diddest thou | look back ; but in Lynnessus 190  
 Wast glad to find escape : but I | by aid of Jove the Father  
 And of Athêna, turn'd on it | my city-rieving onset.  
 Thence led I many a dame away, | reft of her day of freedom,  
 Spoil of my spear ; but thee did Jove | and other gods deliver.  
 But not again, I reckon, they, | as in thy mind thou castest, 195  
 Will save thee. I my counsel give, | within the crowd of fighters  
 To hide thee in retreat, (and not | stand forward to confront me,)  
 Before thou some disaster meet. | —Too late the fool is prudent."  
 To him in words responsive spake | Aineias, Troian leader :  
 " Pelides ! hope not by thy talk | as silly child to fright me. 200  
 Banter is easy to myself, | as eke are foul reproaches.  
 To each the other's breed is known, | to each the other's father,  
 Hearing the tales of old renown, | which sing of mortal heroes :  
 But, face to face, nor thou nor I | have seen the other's parents. 205  
 Thou, as the rumour telleth, art | offspring to noble Peleus,  
 And a seanymp thy mother was, | —the dainty-braided Thetis.  
 I likewise from a noble sire,— | from mighty-soul'd Anchises,—  
 Vaunt to be sprung : my mother is | celestial Aphrodita.  
 Of these shall one or other weep | this day a pleasant offspring 210  
 By Ares torn away ; for not, | I deem, by silly talking  
 Shall we this controversy part | and so from fray return us.  
 But if it please thee this to learn, | then straightway will I tell thee  
 Our higher parentage ; wherewith | are many men acquainted.  
 First, cloud-collecting Jupiter | had Dardanos for offspring, 215

Who o'er Dardania built :—not yet | upon the plain was founded  
 Our sacred fortress Ilium, | for voice-dividing mortals,  
 But still along the slopes they dwelt | of rill-bestreamèd Ida.  
 King Erichthonios in turn | to Dardanos was offspring,  
 And he of mortals richest was : | of whom three thousand coursers 220  
 Were pastur'd on a marsh, all mares, | in tender foals exulting.  
 Eke Boreas, who saw them graze, | enamour'd of their beauty,  
 Became a purple-manèd steed : | thereby twelve foals they bare him ; 225  
 Who, when it likèd them to bound | o'er Earth's lifegiving bosom,  
 Scudded across the stalks of corn | at top, and did not break them :  
 Over the sea's broad-swelling back | when they in turn would gallop,  
 They scudded in the hoary brine | along the breakers' summit.  
 But Erichthonios begat | Tros, ruler of the Troians. 230  
 Also three noble brethren were | from Tros in turn begotten,  
 Ilos and eke Assaracos | and godlike Ganymêdes,  
 Fairest of mortals : him the gods | caught up, on score of beauty,  
 To bear the cup for Jupiter | and dwell among immortals. 235  
 Ilos in turn Laomedon | begat,—a noble offspring ;  
 But father was Laomedon | to Priam and Tithônos  
 And Hiketâon, branch of Ares, | Clytios and Lampos.  
 Also Assâracos had son | Capys, Anchises' father :  
 I from Anchises issue am, | from Priam godlike Hector. 240  
 Such is the parentage, and such | the blood in which I glory.  
 But human valour Jupiter | now swelleth, now abateth,  
 As listeth him ; for he mid all | is mightiest of power.  
 But come, no longer let us stand | such argument to reckon,  
 Prating like childish simpletons | in midst of foeman's struggle. 245  
 Both may, to surfeit, jibes retort : | no hundred-benchèd galley  
 Would hold the cargo : pliable | and rich the tongue of mortals,  
 Which hither thither dealeth out | rife crop of tales and stories.  
 Words, as it list thee, utter thou ; | like repartee shall greet thee. 250  
 But wherefore should we twain with strife | and wrangling, one at other,  
 Quit us, like women ? who, enrag'd | with soul-devouring quarrel,  
 Full in the street advancing, rail | with true and false reproaches  
 Redoubled mutual : and wrath | both this and that suggesteth. 255  
 But not by railing mayest thou | turn off my eager valour,  
 Ere that, confronting thee, I try | hard brass : but come, and quickly  
 Each shall with pointed weapon taste | the prowess of the other."

Thus speaking, in the mighty shield | his weighty spear he planted,  
 Terrific, and around its point | the buckler hoarsely bellow'd. 260  
 Pelides, he with brawny arm | in terror held the buckler  
 Far from his body ; deeming sure | that mighty-soul'd Aineias

217. Voice-dividing :—viz., tribes of diverse language? See on 1, 253, note at end.

Would hurtle through its folds with ease | the spear with lengthy shadow ;  
 Oh simpleton ! who ponder'd not | within his heart and bosom,  
 How toilsome ever is the task | for mortal men to vanquish 265  
 The glory-freighted gifts of gods, | and workmanship unyielding.  
 So neither might the weighty spear | of skilful-soul'd Aineias  
 Then pierce the buckler ; for, the gold, | gift of the god, repell'd it.  
 Yet thro' two brazen outer plates | it pass'd : three still resisted : 270  
 For in the central plate of gold | was stay'd the ashen weapon,  
 And yet two plates of tin remain'd, | by Vulcan forg'd behind it.

Thereat Achilles forward threw | the spear with lengthy shadow,  
 And struck upon Aineias' shield, | which equal was on all sides,  
 Into the outmost rim, whereon | the brass was hammer'd thinnest, 275  
 And thinnest lay the hide of ox : | there, thro' the folds careering,  
 Pierc'd the ash of Pélion, | with clank and crash of leather.  
 Aineias crouch'd, and far from him | in terror held the buckler.  
 Over his back the spear to earth | sped eager, through dividing 280  
 Both orbs of that man-círcing shield : | but he, escaping barely,  
 Shudder'd, and o'er his eyen swam | thick cloudiness of horror.  
 But Peleus' son his sharp sword drew, | and eager leapt upon him  
 And direful was his yell of war. | On other side Aineias 285  
 Uphove a mighty crag of stone, | which not two men might carry,  
 (Men such as now are seen,) but he | alone with ease did swing it.  
 Then had Aineias with the stone | flung at the foe on-rushing,  
 All fruitlessly : for helm or shield | would deadly bale have warded,  
 And with the sword in closing fight | Pelides quick had slain him : 290  
 Bút-that the shaker of the Earth, | Neptune, did keenly watch them,  
 And instant to th' immortal gods | address'd a word of warning :

“ Ye Spirits ! verily I grieve | for mighty-soul'd Aineias,  
 Who soon by Peleus' son subdued | will seek the house of Pluto,  
 Deluded by the empty words | of Hecatos Apollo, 295  
 Silly : for nowise will the god | from deadly mischief shield him.  
 But wherefore should a guiltless man | endure disastrous noyance,  
 Vainly, for woes of other men ; | tho' to the gods, who habit  
 The vasty heaven, always he | doth gifts delightsome offer ?  
 But come ye ! from th' approaching death | let *us* the hero rescue. 300  
 For eke will Cronides be wroth | hereafter, if Achilles  
 Slay him : for heav'nly Destiny | escape for him decreeth,  
 Lest, from remembrance vanishing, | the total issue perish  
 Of Dardanos, whom Jupiter | lov'd most of all the children,  
 Who of his person were yesprung | and born of mortal mothers : 305  
 But Cronides hath long ago | the line of Priam hated.  
 Therefore Aineias' self shall hold | the lordship of the Troians,  
 And children's children after him | in later age begotten.”

To him with word reciprocal | spake cow-ey'd queenly Juno :

“Landshaking god ! do thou thyself | within thy bosom ponder, 310  
 Whether thou wilt Aineias save, | or leave him to be vanquish'd  
 (Worthy albeit in thy eyes) | by Peleus' son Achilles.

But we in many oaths have sworn,— | myself and maid Athēna,—  
 We twain,—to all th' immortal gods ; | that never from the Troians 315  
 Will we the evil day avert ; | not when all Troy shall smoulder,—  
 When Pan-Achaia's warlike sons | the raging flame shall kindle.”

But when landshaking Neptune heard | such answer from the goddess,  
 He sped to hie him thro' the fight | and thro' the hail of weapons,  
 And came, where with Aineias stood | right glorious Achilles. 320

Over the eyes of Peleus' son | a sudden mist he pourèd,  
 And pluck'd the brazen-headed ash | from great Aineias' buckler :  
 So to Achilles back again | before his feet he cast it,  
 And rais'd Aineias from the earth, | and far behind convey'd him. 325

Then many ranks of men and steeds, | Aineias, high uplifted  
 By heav'nly powèr, overleapt, | and reach'd the outmost margin  
 Of ever-fitful war ; whereat | for battle the Cauçônes  
 Were in full harness busking them | : then, close to him approaching, 330  
 Neptune, Land-shaker, him address'd, | and spake with wingèd accents :

“What god, Aineias ! biddeth thee | infatuate to combat  
 Against the overmatching force | of haughty-soul'd Pelides ?  
 Who both is mightier than thee, | and dearer to th' immortals.  
 But alway henceforth draw thee back, | if haply thou confront him, 335  
 Lest to the house of Aïdes, | despite of Fate, he send thee.  
 But after Destiny and Death | have on Achilles lighted,  
 Thenceforward with a cheery heart | fight thou among the foremost,  
 Nor ever dread to be a spoil | to other of Achaians.”

He spake, and left him on the spot, | since he had all expounded, 340  
 And quickly from Achilles' eyes | dispers'd the mist unearthly.  
 He saw ; and sore indignant spake | to his own haughty spirit :

“Ye Spirits ! now these eyen see | in truth a mighty marvel.  
 Here lieth on the ground my spear, | nor do I find the foeman, 345  
 At whom I hurl'd it, hankering | to rieve his tender spirit.  
 Then was Aineias verily | unto the gods immortal  
 Dearly belovèd ; tho' I deem'd | he vainly did implore them.  
 Away with him ! Never again | will *hè* to try my prowess  
 Have courage ; who hath even now | from death escapèd gladly. 350  
 But come, and lét me stir to fight | the Danaï warloving,  
 And of the other Trôïans | seek some one to confront me.”

He spake, and leapt among the ranks, | the men exhorting singly :  
 “No longer now from Troians stand | aloof, divine Achaians !  
 But come, let man with man confront, | and eager be for battle. 355  
 For me, whate'er my bravery, | the task is overmatching.  
 To deal with such a troop of men | and meet their force collected.  
 Not Ares, tho' a deathless god, | might dare, nor yet Athēna,

To bandy hardiment, and face | so broad a front of battle.  
 But whatsoever I, by hands | and feet and strength, may compass, 360  
 No want of enterprize, I say, | shall stay me, e'en a moment :  
 Nay, but across their rank will I | go throughly ; nor, I reckon,  
 Will any Troian joyful be, | who near my spear may venture."  
 So spake he urging them : meanwhile, | brave Hector to the Troians  
 Loud exhortation made, and vow'd | himself to meet Achilles : 365  
 "High-hearted Troians ? tremble not | to hear the son of Pelcus.  
 I too in battle of the tongue | would fight against immortals ;  
 But, with the spear were toilsome work ; | for greatly are they better.  
 Not all his sayings A'chiles | shall carry to fulfilment :  
 If one he complish, shorn of half | he yet will leave another. 370  
 And tho' to fire his hands be like, | I will this man encounter ;  
 Tho' unto fire his hands were like, | his heart to glowing iron."  
 So spake he urging them, and they | their spears advèrse uplifted,  
 And closely mingled their array, | and rais'd the shout together.  
 Then bright Apollo standing near | address'd a word to Hector : 375  
 "Hector ! no longer forward stand, | alone Achilles fronting,  
 But mix'd in tumult of the war | and in the crowd await him,  
 Lest with the sword or flying dart | he reach thee in encounter."  
 So spake he : Hector then again | amid the troop of fighters,  
 Soon as he heard the heav'nly voice, | was frighted, and withdrew him. 380  
 But mid the Troians A'chiles, | with soul ensheath'd in valour  
 And yell appalling, leapt : and first | Iphition confronted  
 Otrynteus' noble-hearted son, | leader of many lieges :  
 Whom to his city-rieving sire, | beneath the snowy Tmolus,  
 Amidst of Hyda's loamy soil, | a Naïd nymph presented. 385  
 Him, as he eager onward rush'd, | the spear of great Achilles  
 Struck, full in middle of the head : | which straight was cleft asunder.  
 So with a crash he dropt. Thereat | divine Achilles vaunted :  
 "Son of Otrynteus, marvellous | among the ranks of heroes !  
 Here dying, here thou long shalt lie : | yet upon lake Gygaia 390  
 Haddest thou life's beginning ; where | thy sire's domain is counted  
 Near upon Hyllos' fishful stream, | and near to whirling Hermos."  
 So spake the victor : but the slain | in darkness clos'd his eyen.  
 His corpse, th' Achaian horses tare | amid the foremost struggle  
 With wheels o'erpassing : after him, | brave champion of battle, 395  
 Antênor's son, Demoleon, | met A'chiles ; who smote him  
 Right thro' the brazen-plated helm, | with spear, upon the temple.  
 Nor might the helmet's brass resist ; | but thro' it, hasty rushing,  
 Mid bone and brain the weapon tare, | and quell'd his eager hurry. 400  
 Then in the back, Hippódamas, | who from the car dismounted  
 And sped in front of him to flee, | with the same spear was wounded.  
 He gasp'd and bellow'd, as the bull, | by callants dragg'd, doth bellow  
 Around the lord of Helicôn ; | wherein th' Earth-sháker joyeth : 405



So him, as there he bellowèd, | his haughty soul abandon'd.

Then went Achilles with the spear | to close with Polydóros,  
The godlike son of Priam : him | his sire forbade to combat,  
Sin as in tale of years he was | of all his sons the youngest, 410  
And dearest to the father he, | and none could match his fleetness.

Then in his folly, to display | how swift his feet could bear him,  
He thro' the foremost rag'd, until | his tender life was forfeit.  
For with the dart, as past he rush'd, | Achilles trusty-footed  
Pierc'd him in middle of the back ; | just in the girdle's centre,  
Where golden buckles join'd, and | where the corslet met it double. 415

Unto the other side the point | came thro', beside the navel :  
So, groaning, on his knees he dropt ; | a purple cloud around him  
Gather'd : and bent aside in death, | his hand his bowels grappled.

But Hector, when he thus espied | his brother Polydóros  
Clutching his bowels in his hand, | and on the earth cast sideways, 420  
Around his eyen mist was shed | nor did his heart allow him  
Longer aloof to stay ; but hé | came fronting to Achilles,  
Like to a flame ; and brandish'd fierce | his weapon : but Achilles  
Saw him, and instant sprang on high, | and spake a word of vaunting :

“ Behold the man at hand, who most | my heart hath deeply printed, 425  
Who slew my dearly-valued friend : | but now, I ween, no longer  
Will each from other skulk away | along the battle's causeys.”

He spake ; then this with scowling glance | to godlike Hector added :  
“ Come nearer ; so thou earlier | destruction's goal shalt compass.”

But, nought dismay'd, to him replied | Hector the motley-helmèd : 430  
“ Pelides ! hope not by thy talk | as silly child to fright me.  
Banter is easy to myself, | as eke are foul reproaches.  
I know, that worthy is thy force, | and that my own is meaner ;  
But in the lap of gods on high, | natheless, our lot abideth, 435  
Whether, tho' lighter be my worth, | I yet may haply slay thee,  
Casting my dart ; for, heretofore, | some men have found it pointed.”

He spake, and poising, forward threw | the spear ; but it Athéna,  
Blowing with gentle breath, turn'd off | from glorious Achilles,  
And back before the feet again | of godlike Hector cast it. 440

But A'chiles, with frenzied zeal | to slay his foeman, sallied  
With horror-striking yell : in vain : | for, him did lord Apollo  
Rescue, as gods do, easily, | and wrapt in mist abundant.  
Thrice rush'd Achilles with the spear, | thrice wounded empty darkness ; 445  
But when the fourth time on he sped, | like to a mighty Spirit,  
Thereon, with direful menace, thus | he spake in wingèd accents :

“ Hound ! thou again hast death escap'd : | yet verily the mischief  
Did miss thee barely : now anew | hath bright Apollo sav'd thee ; 450  
To whom, I ween, in din of darts | adventuring, thou prayest.  
But when hereafter thee I meet, | I surely shall dispatch thee,  
If I too find among the gods | some backer of my prowess.

But now on others, whomsoe'er | I catch, shall be my onset."

Thus speaking, with the dart he pierc'd | the midmost neck of Dryops, 455  
 Who fell before him : him he left, | and next assail'd Demouchos,  
 Philétor's tall and comely son. | His knee the spear had crippled ;  
 The mighty sword then smote him down, | and reft away his spirit.  
 Next from their chariot to earth | he struck two sons of Bias, 460  
 Laogonos and Dardanos, | with javelin and swordcut.  
 Then Tros, Alastor's son, came up, | and clasp'd his knees imploring,  
 If, pitying their equal youth, | he might alive release him : 465  
 O simpleton ! who knew not this, | that nothing *him* could soften.  
 For troth ! no tender-hearted man, | nor sweet of temper was he ;  
 But fierce and earnest. While with hand | the suppliant would soothe him  
 Touching his knees, he plung'd the sword | and stabb'd him in the liver.  
 Forth gush'd the liver : dusky blood | thick following behind it 470  
 His lap with dire pollution fill'd : | so darkness veil'd his eyen,  
 As fail'd the living force. But next, | thro' Moulíos, the victor  
 Piercèd from ear to ear : then he | Agênor's son Echéclos  
 Smote on the head with hilted sword, | and warm'd with blood the weapon : 475  
 There crimson Death his eyen press'd | and Destiny resistless.  
 Next, where the fore-arm-sinews meet, | Deucalion he wounded,  
 Piercing the tender wrist : but he | stood firm before him, crippled, 480  
 And viewing death in front ; until | Achilles' sword descending  
 Lopt off the head and cast afar | the helmet : but the marrow  
 Shot from the spine on high : so hé | lay on the ground extended.  
 Then after Peireus' noble son | Pelides hied to speed him,—  
 Rhígnos, who came from loamy Thrace. | The dart his navel piercèd, 485  
 And dash'd him from the chariot. | His charioteer-attendant,  
 Arethoös, the horses wheel'd ; | but the same spear subdued him,  
 Fix'd in his back : thereat the steeds | were in their harness tangled.  
 As in a parchèd mountain-glen | the fire's unearthly splendour 490  
 Rageth aloft and spreadeth wide, | and the thick forest kindleth,  
 When huffing wind the flames doth roll | and whisk their wreaths on all sides :  
 So with the spear on every side, | like to a mighty Spirit,  
 He rag'd in merciless pursuit ; | and dark earth reek'd with carnage.  
 As when a man beneath the yoke | broad-fronted steers may harness, 495  
 Upon a trimbuilt threshing floor | to trample the white barley :  
 Full quick the deeply lowing brutes | beneath their feet do crush it :  
 So with great-hearted A'chiles | the single-hoofed horses  
 Trampled on shields and carcasses. | Beneath the car the axle,  
 And the broad rims orbicular, | with gore of men were pelted, 500  
 Splash'd from the tires and horses' hoofs : | but he, for glory eager,  
 Scour'd ; and his hands intractable | with carnage were polluted.

## BOOK XXI.

### Battle in the River.

**B**UT when unto the ford they reach'd | of the fair-streaming river,  
Xanthos much-eddying, to whom | immortal Jove was father,  
Then were the Troians split in twain : | and some toward the city  
Fled in disorder, scatter'd o'er | the plain, whereat th' Achaians  
Were on the yester scar'd to flight, | when gallant Hector ragèd : 5  
And in their faces Juno pour'd | thick mist, to stay their hurry.  
Others the silver-eddying, | deepflowing river thwarted.  
Then in, with mighty dash, they plung'd ; | and the dread streams resounded ;  
The banks beside it echoed high ; | and they, with countless hurly, 10  
Hither and thither swam about, | borne by the whirling water.  
As when, the force of flame to shun, | the locusts, high in heaven  
Flitting, toward a river speed, | if fire unweary blazeth  
Uprisen suddenly ; and they, | fall frighted on the water :  
So then, beneath Achilles' force, | with mingled men and horses 15  
The noisy stream deep-eddying | of Xanthos was confounded.  
Thereat the hero, brood of Jove, | beside the bank abandon'd  
His spear by tamarisks upheld ; | and like a mighty Spirit,  
Leapt in, with sword alone in hand, | and dealings fell devis'd he,  
Slashing them right and left : but they, | struck by the sword, responded 20  
With groan distressful : all around | with blood the stream was redden'd.  
As other fishes flee away | from some hugebèllied dolphin,  
And round a harbour's mooring-ground | fill all the snug recesses,  
In terror : for he verily, | whome'er he catcheth, cateth :  
So on the dreadful river's flood | beneath the banks o'erhanging 25  
The Troians shelter'd them. But he, | when weariness of carnage  
Seiz'd him, from out the river pick'd | twelve living sons of Troians,  
A forfeit for Patroclus dead | unto Patroclus' father.  
These from the water led he forth, | aghast and panic-stricken  
Like fawns, and with the wellcut thongs, | which they themselves did carry 30  
Upon their twisted vests,—with these | he bound their hands behind them

And bade his comrades them to lead | unto the hollow galleys.  
 Then to the river back he sped | in frantic rage of slaughter.  
 And there Lycæon did he meet, | son of Dardanid Priam,  
 From out the river fleeing; whom | once from his father's orchard 35  
 Himself by nightly ambuscade | had captur'd, sore unwilling:  
 Who from a figtree wild would hew | with the sharp axe new branches  
 For chariot-rim; but on him came | a mischief all-unlooked-for,  
 Divine Achilles; who thereon | at trimbuilt Lemnos sold him 40  
 Carried on shipboard; but the son | of Jason made the purchase.  
 Thence by a vast redemption-price | Eëtion of Imbros,  
 A stranger, ransom'd him, and sent | unto divine Arisba;  
 Whence he by stealthy journeys came | and reach'd his father's mansion.  
 There for eleven days alone | he with his proper kinsmen 45  
 Rejoic'd, from Lemnos safe return'd; | but on the twelfth did Fortune  
 Cast him within Achilles' reach | again; who now was destin'd  
 To send him on unwilling feet | dark Aïdes to visit.  
 Nor helm nor buckler guarded him: | he on the ground had cast them, 50  
 As eke his spear: sin as the toil | to struggle from the river  
 Distress'd him, and his knees subdued. | Thereat divine Achilles  
 Saw him, and sore indignant spake | to his own haughty spirit:  
 "Ye Spirits! now these eyes see | in truth a mighty marvel.  
 The mighty-hearted Trôïans, | methinketh, whom I slaughter'd, 55  
 Will surely rise again to life | from under misty darkness,  
 As this man now return'd I see, | his cruel day escaping,  
 Whom I at heav'nly Lemnos sold; | nor e'en the briny water  
 Hoar of expanse, which many stops | unwilling, might debar him.  
 Come! of our spear then shall he taste | the point: whereby my bosom 60  
 May learn, if back he still will come | even from thence; or whether  
 Lifegiving Earth, who holdeth fast | the stalwart, safe shall keep him."  
 So, as he waited, boil'd his heart; | but nearer drew Lycæon,  
 Aghast, and shuddering to meet | black fate and sad destruction. 65  
 So when divine Achilles rais'd | the lengthy spear to pierce him,  
 He stoop'd and eager ran beneath, | and clasp'd his knees imploring.  
 Over his back the spear was fix'd, | athirst for glut of carnage. 70  
 Then he with one hand caught the spear, | and held it; with the other  
 Touching his knees as suppliant, | thus spake in winged accents:  
 "Achilles! lo! thy knees I touch: | show reverence and pity:  
 In rank of sacred suppliant | am I with thee, Jove-nurtur'd! 75  
 For I beside thee, days ago, | the flour of Ceres tasted,  
 When, in the trimwall'd orchard caught, | apart from friends and father,  
 And unto heav'nly Lemnos sent,— | a hundred beeves I fetch'd thee.  
 Three times as much my ransom cost; | and now twelve times the morning 80  
 Hath dawn'd, sithence to Ilion | I came, from much disaster.  
 But to thy hands hath deadly Doom | restor'd me: Jove the Father,

I ween, must hate me : soon to die, | alas ! my mother bare me.  
 My mother is Laóthoë, | daughter of aged Altes ; 85  
 Altes, who, o'er the Leleges | warloving, holdeth lordship,  
 Dwelling in lofty Pèdasos, | on Satnious fair-streaming.  
 His daughter, her did Priam wed, | as also many others.  
 From her we twain were born ; and thou | wilt both her children slaughter.  
 Among the foremost infantry | hast thou but lately vanquish'd 90  
 The godlike Polydôros, whom | with pointed spear thou slewest.  
 On me now cometh woe likewise ; | for scarcely may I reckon  
 Again to scape thy hands, whereto | some heav'nly Fate hath brought me.  
 But one thing will I say ; and thou | within thy bosom cast it :  
 Spare me, sin as I was not born | of the same womb as Hector, 95  
 The man who slew thy comrade dear, | so gentle and so stalwart."

So then did Priam's gallant son | address divine Achilles  
 With words of rueful suppliance : | but ruthless was the answer :  
 " No ransom now to me set forth, | thou simpleton ! nor argue.  
 For, once,—ere that by day of doom | Patroelos was o'erhended,— 100  
 So long, my heart more pleasure had | to spare the lives of Troians,  
 Nor lov'd their carnage : many then | I took alive, and sold them.  
 But now in front of Ilion | whomso the god entrusteth  
 Into my hands, no longer one | would I except from slaughter  
 Of all the Troians ; most of all, | not one of Priam's children. 105  
 But come, my friend ! die also thou. | Why thus to wailing yieldest ?  
 Dead also is Patroelos, who | than thee was greatly better.  
 Behold me, what a man am I, | how comely and majestic !  
 Me did a highborn sire beget ; | a goddess mother bare me.  
 Yet even upon *me* will Death | and Destiny resistless 110  
 Come in midday or afternoon | or haply in the morning,  
 When from me also in the fray | shall some one rieve the spirit,  
 Whether the spearthrow strike me down, | or arrow from the bowstring."

By such address Lycæon's knees | and tender heart were palsied.  
 Loosing the spear, he sat him down, | and both his hands expanded : 115  
 Achilles, opposite, drew forth | his two-edg'd sword, and plung'd it  
 Deep in the bottom of the neck : | there the whole weapon enter'd :  
 So headlong dropt he, stretch'd on earth, | which stream'd with gory darkness.  
 Him by the foot Achilles seiz'd, | and toss'd him to the current. 120  
 Then, vaunting over him, he thus | harangu'd in wingèd accents :  
 " Thither amid the fishes hie : | they shall from out thy gashes  
 Lick unconcern'd the blood : but ne'er | thy mother shall compose thee  
 Upon the pallet, wailing thee ; | but eddying Scamander  
 Shall bear thee on his waters tost | to ocean's vasty bosom. 125  
 The whiteness of Lycæon's fat | some fish shall seize as fodder,  
 Who, by the darkling ruffle scar'd, | amid the billow springeth.  
 Perish ye all, till,—ye in flight, | and I behind you routing,—

We reach to sacred Ilion : | nor shall your flood avail you, 130  
 Fair-streaming, silver-eddying ; | tho' many bulls ye yield him,  
 Victims, and in his current drown | live single-hoof'd horses.  
 Deal as ye may, you evil fate | awaiteth, till ye thoroughly  
 Pay forfeit for Patroclus dead | and for Achaian carnage,  
 Which, in my absence, late ye made, | beside our outmost galleys." 135  
 When thus he spake, the River-god | was more in heart embitter'd,  
 And ponder'd in his boiling soul, | how might he quell from effort  
 Divine Achilles, and from bale | the Trôians deliver.  
 Meanwhile Pelides, holding forth | his spear with lengthy shadow,  
 Frantic for carnage, onward leapt | against Asteropaios ; 140  
 (Whose father Pêlegon was son | of that broadstreaming river,  
 Deep-whirling Axios ;—to him | had Periboia borne him,  
 Whose sire was Akesâmenos, | and she his eldest daughter.)  
 On him Achilles rush'd ; but he | confronting mid the river  
 Stood forth, with double spear in hand ; | for, Xanthos in his bosom 145  
 Put courage ; since he wrathful was | for callants slain in combat,  
 Whom A'chiles un pitying | amid the stream did mangle.  
 When they to nearer distance came, | advancing each on other,  
 Divine Achilles, fleet of foot, | was earlier to greet him :  
 " Who art thou,—whence,—of mortals ? thou, | who darest to confront me ? 150  
 And troth ! unhappy are the sires, | whose sons my force encounter."  
 The gallant son of Pêlegon | to him then spake in answer :  
 " Why askest thou my origin, | high-hearted son of Peleus ?  
 From loamy-soil'd Paionia | I come,—a distant country,—  
 Leading long-spear'd Paionians ; | and now th' eleventh morning 155  
 Hath dawn'd, sithence to Ilion | we have the march completed.  
 Myself, I claim my origin | from Axios broad-flowing ;  
 From Axios, who pours on earth | the daintiest of waters.  
 But, spear-renowned Pêlegon, | his son, they call my father.  
 So much of this : but now in turn, | gallant Achilles ! fight we." 160  
 So spake he threatening : thereat | great A'chiles uplifted  
 The ashen shaft of Pêlion ; | but both his spears the hero  
 Asteropaios flung at once ; | for highly was he dextrous.  
 So with the *one* he frontwise hit | the buckler of Achilles,  
 Nor thro' might pierce it : for, the gold, | gift of the god, repell'd him : 165  
 By the right elbow, grazing pass'd | the *other* : dark blood spouted  
 Out of the wound : but it in earth | was fix'd, athirst for carnage.  
 Next, his straightflying ashen shaft | Achilles, keen for slaughter,  
 Against his foeman hurl'd, but miss'd : | the lofty bank receiv'd it : 170  
 Full half its length imbedded was. | Then with the sword Achilles  
 Leapt eager on him : he meanwhile | with might of sinew struggled  
 From the o'erhanging bank to tug | Achilles' ashen weapon. 175  
 Thrice did he hurtle it in vain ; | the fourth time, sought to break it :

Too late : for first Achilles' sword | had stabb'd him in the navel.  
 He gasp'd in carnage hideous, | and darkness veil'd his eyen. 180  
 The foe then, tramping on his breast, | with vaunting speech address'd him :  
 "Lie as thou art. 'Tis hard for thee | to strive against the children  
 Of lofty-handed Cronides, | tho' offspring of a River. 185  
 Thou boastest, that thy origin | is from a stream broad-flowing ;  
 I boast, from mighty Jupiter | to trace my first beginning.  
 A man, who o'er the Myrmidons | holdeth wide rule, begat me,  
 Peleus ; whose father Aiakos | by Jupiter was gotten.  
 Rivers, that trickle to the sea | than Jupiter<sup>†</sup>are weaker ; 190  
 So, than the progeny of Jove, | weaker a River's offspring.  
 Yea, if he aught avail'd to help, | behold ! a mighty River  
 Beside thee here : but none can fight | with Jupiter Cronion.  
 Not royal Achelôios | with him may play the equal,  
 Nor even the majestic strength | of deeply-flowing Ocean ; 195  
 Tho' from his fulness every Sea | and every River welletth,  
 And all the everbubbling springs, | and eke their vasty sources.  
 Yet at the bolt of mighty Jove | doth even Ocean shudder,  
 And at the direful thunder-clap, | when from the sky it crasheth."  
 He spake, and from the bank upright | pluck'd forth the brazen weapon, 200  
 And left the vanquish'd on the sands, | by the dark water wetted.  
 There eels and fishes busy were, | his kidney-fat to nibble.  
 Then next Achilles chas'd and slew, | amid the whirling current, 205  
 Of horsetail-crested Paionès | Thersilochos and Mydon,  
 Astýpylos and Thrasios, | Mnesos and Ophelestes,  
 And Ainios : who shudder'd all | to see in hardy struggle  
 By hands and sword of Peleus' son | their leader stoutly slaughter'd,  
 In their despite. Then more besides | of Paionès had fallen 210  
 By swift Achilles ; but in wrath | the deeply-whirling River,  
 Like to a man, with human voice | call'd out from his abysses :  
 "Achilles ! signal is thy force, | and horrible thy dealing,  
 As man to men : for aye to thee | the gods themselves are helpers. 215  
 If Cronos' child have granted thee | all Trôians to slaughter,  
 Out of my channels on the plain | achieve thy work illomen'd.  
 For lo ! with carcasses are chok'd | my lovely streams already,  
 Nor able am I, by their mass | fill'd up, to pour my current  
 Into the briny flood divine. | Too reckless is thy fury. 220  
 Enough ! in sooth aghast am I, | O captain of the peoples."  
 But him Achilles, fleet of foot, | address'd with word responsive :  
 "Scamander ! all shall truly be, | Jove-nurtur'd ! as thou biddest.  
 Only, I may not cease to slay | these overweening Troians,  
 Ere that I hem them in their walls, | and, force to force with Hector, 225  
 Try, whether of us twain shall be | in deadly feud the stronger."

He spake, and on the Troians rush'd, | like to a mighty Spirit.  
 Thereat to lord Apollo spake | the deeply-whirling River :  
 "Ye Spirits ! oh thou child of Jove, | lord of the silver arrows !  
 Little hast thou the counsel kept | of Cronides, who urgent 230  
 Charg'd thee the Trôians to aid | and rescue, till the evening,  
 Late spreading in the Western sky, | the loamy Earth o'ershadow."  
 He spake : but, rushing from the brink, | did spear-renown'd Achilles  
 Leap in the midst : and after him | Xanthos with billow raving  
 Pursued, and all his streams bestirr'd, | and toss'd aside the corpses, 235  
 Which in thick numbers round about | lay, by Achilles slaughter'd ;  
 These cast he forth, hoarse bellowing, | and in his dainty currents  
 Rescued the living, hiding them | within his vast abysses.  
 Then round Achilles dreadfully | uprose the curling billow, 240  
 And, dashing on his shield, the stream | assail'd him ; nor avail'd he  
 His feet to steady. He thereon | an elm wellgrown and lofty  
 Grasp'd and upwrench'd it, stem and root, | and all the bank around it.  
 Across with branches thick it fell, | and bridg'd the dainty waters. 245  
 Then from the depth the hero rush'd, | with nimble feet upspringing  
 Over the plain to fly, in fear. | Nor did the River's onset  
 Yet cease ; but rose with darkling crests | against divine Achilles,  
 To quell his effort, and from bale | the Trôians to rescue. 250  
 But he a spearthrow onward shot, | like to the dusky eagle,  
 That hunter, who of feather'd wights | is doughtiest and fleetest :  
 With such a rush Pelides sped, | and horrid was the rattle  
 Of brass upon his bosom. He, | the billow's force evading, 255  
 Fleed ; but the water-god behind | pursued with mighty riot.  
 As when a channel-delving man | from some dark source of waters  
 Doth with his spade a rill conduct | amid the plants and gardens,  
 Clearing the gutter of the clods ; | and, as it onward floweth, 260  
 The pebbles noisily are dash'd ; | but it with rapid ripple  
 Trickleth adown the slope, and e'en | outstrippeth its conductor :  
 So did the surges of the stream | alway o'erhend Achilles,  
 Albeit swift was he : but gods | are mightier than mortals.  
 Oft as, reliant on his feet, | he turn'd for onset, trying 265  
 If all immortals be his foes, | who in wide heaven habit ;  
 So oft above his shoulders dash'd | with mighty wave, the river,  
 From Jove descended. Vainly he, | distraught in bosom, bounded  
 With flying feet aloft ; for still | the river, greedy sweeping, 270  
 Out-tir'd his knees, and from his feet | lick'd up the dust beneath him.  
 Then, gazing to the vasty sky, | the son of Peleus groan'd :  
 "Oh father Jove ! of all the gods | doth none in pity save me  
 From river-outrage ? afterward, | let aught, that may, befall me.  
 Of heav'nly dwellers none beside | so much to me is guilty, 275



As my beloved mother, who | with falsehood aye bewitch'd me,  
 Saying (forsooth) before the wall | of tight-accountred Troians  
 I should beneath the gliding shafts | of lord Apollo perish.  
 Might Hector slay me, who of all | is here the bravest nurtur'd !  
 Then valorous the victor were, | and valorous the vanquish'd. 280  
 But now by rueful overthrow | doth Destiny o'erhend me,  
 Caught by the river's might, as tho' | some stripling of a swineherd,  
 Whom, crossing in the winter-rain, | a brook to death may hurry."

He spake : then quickly at his side | stood Neptune and Athèna 285  
 In mortal semblance : hand to hand | enclasp'd, their troth they plighted.  
 And Neptune, shaker of the Earth, | did first begin discourses :

" Pelides ! be not sore dismay'd, | nor yield too much to terror.  
 Such backers of thy fight we twain, | both I and maid Athèna,  
 Come, with accord of Jupiter | to aid thee from Olympos. 290

Nor, to be vanquish'd by a Stream, | for thee was ever fated :  
 But quickly will his power cease, | and thou thyself shalt know it.  
 And if to us thou listen, we | will sage advices give thee,  
 Not earlier to stay thy hands | from all-destroying battle,  
 Till thou the Troian people coop, | —whoe'er of them escape thee,— 295  
 To Ilion's renownèd walls : | then must thou vanquish Hector  
 And to the ships return : ourselves, | to earn this glory, grant thee."

After such word, departed they | to join the gods immortal.  
 But he, (for so the charge divine | was urgent,) straight betook him  
 On to the plain : and all of it | was fill'd with outspread waters. 300

Along it many beauteous arms | of callants slain in battle  
 And corpses floated. High in air | his knees against the current  
 Leapt rushing straightwise ; nor avail'd | the broadly-flowing river  
 To stay him : for Athèna's self | with mighty vigour fill'd him.  
 But eke Scamander ceas'd not yet | from effort ; but, with anger 305  
 Against Pelides fiercer rous'd, | his flowing surges crested,  
 Aloft uprising, and aloud | to Símois he shouted :

" Let us at least by joint attack | restrain this mortal's fury,  
 Dear brother ! else o'erthrow will he | lord Priam's mighty city  
 Full soon ; nor will the Trôians | abide him in the tumult. 310

But lie with succour speedily, | and from thy springs of water  
 Fill well thy streams, and stir for aid | thy tributary currents,  
 And lift a mighty billow high, | and summon endless riot  
 Of floating trunks and rocks upwrench'd, | to stay this savage hero,  
 Who swayeth now preëminent, | and rageth high as heaven. 315

But neither hardihood, I trow, | nor beauty shall avail him,  
 Nor yet his dapper armour : it, | with swash of mud encrusted,  
 Full deep within our pools shall lie : | himself with heaps of rubbish,  
 Countless, will I enwrap in sand, | and wilder the Achaians 320

His bones to gather : such a slush | will I encurdle round him.  
I will myself his barrow-mound | achieve within my waters,  
Nor for Achaian burial | shall hand of man be needed."

So spake he, and with raging might | arose against Achilles,  
Commix'd and riotous, with foam | and blood and corpses gurgling. 325  
When thus the river, dropt from Jove, | its purple billow lifted  
Curling, and would Pelides sweep | beneath its furious eddy,  
Then Juno trembled to behold | the river's mighty surges,  
And straight with shout of terror call'd | her own dear offspring, Vulcan : 330

"Up, Limper ! dearest child ! for, thee | we deem to be in combat  
A match for swirling Xanthos : haste, | full girt with flame, in succour.  
I to the briny deep will go, | a testy squall to summon 335  
Of the West wind and sprightly South, | whose deadly blasts shall instant  
Consume the Troians,—men and arms : | but by the banks of Xanthos  
Burn thou the trees, and wrap in fire | himself ; nor let him stay thee  
By words of gentle blandishment, | nor e'en by curse ill-omen'd.  
Nor sooner lay thy force aside, | save when by skirl of notice 340  
I give the signal ; then do thou | withhold the fire unwearied."

When thus she charg'd him, Vulcan aim'd | the fire's unearthly fury,  
First in the plain he kindled it, | and quick consum'd the corpses,  
Which in thick numbers round about | lay, by Achilles slaughter'd :  
So parch'd he the plain entire, | and stay'd the brilliant water. 345  
As by autumnal Boreas | a newly-water'd orchard  
Quickly is dried up ; and he, | who tendeth it, is gladden'd ;  
So dried then was all the plain, | and burn'd were all the corpses.  
Then he his all-resplendent flame | against the river turn'd.  
The withies, elms, and tamarisks, | the lotus, reed, and bulrush, 350  
Which by the river's dainty streams | grew thick, were scorcht beneath it.  
The eels and fishes were bestraght, | and divid'd within the abysses,  
Hither and thither, from the blast | of much-devising Vulcan. 355  
The River felt his might burnt up, | and spake, on Vulcan calling :

"O Vulcan ! none of all the gods | to thee may play the equal ;  
Nor I against thy flaming fire | can venture me in battle. 3  
Desist from quarrel : from their walls | forthwith let great Achilles  
Drive out the Troians : what am I | for contest or alliance ?" 360

So spake he, parching in the flame, | and his gay currents bubbled.  
And as, by fire abundant urg'd, | a cauldron inly boileth,  
When under it dry faggots lie, | but in it fat of bacon  
From tender-nurtur'd pig doth seethe, | with bubbles swift uprising :  
So then his dainty streams with fire | were parch'd ; his water boil'd, 365  
And halted, nor would onward flow : | for sore the blast distress'd it  
From crafty-hearted Vulcan's force. | The River then to Juno  
With many a supplication spake | and winged accents utter'd :

"O Juno, wherefore hath thy son | my stream with bale invaded  
 Beyond the rest ? not unto me | so much the blame belongeth, 370  
 As to all other gods, by whom | the Trôians are holpen.  
 But I will verily desist, | if so thy will commandeth,  
 And eke let *him* withhold : and I | by oath moreover bind me,  
 That never will I ward away | the day of woe for Troians,  
 Not even when in raging fire | all Ilion shall smoulder, 375  
 If e'er Achæia's warlike sons | the torch of ruin kindle."

When Juno, white-arm'd goddess, heard | these pleadings of the River  
 Again she instantly address'd | her own dear offspring Vulcan :

"O Vulcan, child most glorious ! | withhold thee : nor beseems it  
 In sake of mortals, with distress | to smite a god immortal." 380

She spake : and quickly did he quench | the fire divinely burning :  
 Then back returning rush'd the waves | adown their noble channel.  
 So both the combatants were stay'd ; | for Juno, tho' indignant,  
 Set limit on her wrath, so soon | as Xanthos' might was tamèd.

But on the other heav'nly gods | fell bitterness of quarrel, 385  
 Noisome ; and ways diverse the heart | was in their bosom tossèd.  
 With mighty turmoil on they came : | broad Earth beneath them crackled  
 And vasty heaven trumpeted | aloft : Jove in Olympos  
 Sitting perceiv'd them ; and within, | his heart was fill'd with laughter,  
 Rejoicing, when the gods he saw | in shock of battle meeting. 390

Thereat, no length of time aloof | stood they ; for Ares led them,  
 Hide-piercer ; he his onset first | against Athêna guided,  
 Holding his brazen lance : and spake | an overture of insult :

"Wherefore, thou dog-fly ! now again | the gods to quarrel drivest ?  
 Fill'd with portentous confidence, | set on by mighty passion ! 395  
 Or haply dost forget the day | when thou to wound me sentest  
 The son of Tydeus ; and thyself | diddest in gaze of heaven  
 His spear against me brandish : so | my tender flesh was mangled.  
 Now then I think to pay thee back | for all thy deeds of evil."

After such words, he stabb'd against | her many-tassell'd ægis, 400  
 Direful ; which not the thunderbolt | of Jupiter may vanquish :  
 On this, with lengthy thrust of spear, | did blood-stain'd Ares goad her.  
 But she, retiring on the plain, | in her broad hand uplifted  
 A rock, which there behind her lay, | mighty and black and rugged,  
 Which for a stone of boundary | by former men was destin'd. 405

Herewith she struck upon the neck | and cast impetuous Ares  
 Helpless : o'er seven roods of land | he fell : his arms resounded,  
 And dust defil'd his hair. Thereat | maiden Athêna laughèd,  
 And taunting o'er the fallen god | did wingèd accents utter :

"O simpleton ! not even yet | hast ponder'd, how much greater 410  
 I claim to be than thee, whene'er | my prowess thou confrontest ?

By such atonement mayest thou | requite thy mother's Furies,  
Who angry planneth ill to thee, | for-that thou hast th' Achaians  
Abandon'd, and dost glorify | the overweening Troians."

So much she utter'd: then away | she turned her beaming eye. 415  
But him, as thick and deep he sobb'd, | Jove's daughter Aphrodita  
Led by the hand away, and scarce | his spirit did recover.  
She, as she hurried, drew regards | from Juno, white-arm'd goddess.  
Who to Athêna instantly | thus spake in winged accents:

"Ye gods! unweariable child | of Jove the ægisholder! 420  
Behold! the dog-fly in the rout | doth Ares, pest of mortals,  
From out of foeman's battle lead: | —but instantly pursue her!"

She spake: then off Athêna rush'd, | and in her heart was joyful.  
Assailing with her breadth of palm, | she smote her on the bosom:  
So there upon the spot her knees | and tender spirit fail'd her. 425  
Thus on the many-feeding Earth | they both were laid together;  
And she, with vaunting over them, | harangu'd in winged accents:

"So may all others lie, whoe'er | to Trôians are helpers,  
Often as they to battle march | on tight-accoutred Argives;  
So may they brave and hardy be, | as here did Aphrodita, 430  
To rescue Ares, venture her, | confronted to my prowess.  
Were such their valour, long ago | we had from war withheld us,  
Sated by sack of Ilion, | that trimly builded city."

Athêna spake, and drew a smile | from Juno, whitearm'd goddess;  
Meanwhile the great Earthshaking king | address'd him to Apollo: 435

"Why, Shining one! stand off we twain | aloof? nor is it seemly,  
When others have begun the war. | Still worse were the dishonour,  
If without battle we return | to brazen-floor'd Olympos,  
Palace of Jove. But feud to me | belongs not: thou art younger:  
Begin: for I am elder-born, | and wider is my knowledge. 440

O simpleton, how thoughtless heart | is thine! nor in remembrance  
Holdest at all, how many a smart | we heretofore did suffer  
When, sent by Jupiter, we twain, | alone of gods, obeisant  
In service fill'd at Ilion | the year, for wage behoten  
By lofty-soul'd Laómedon, | who did as lord command us. 445

Then for the Troians I, around | their city, built a rampart  
Broad and right noble; so their town | is made a breachless castle.  
And thou, upon the woody slopes | of coomby Ida, diddest  
Play cow-herd, brightest of the gods! | to crumplehorn'd cattle.  
But when the much-rejoicing Hours | should bring the end of travail, 450  
Then did that haughty-hearted King | with hardy threat discard us,  
Of our complete hardearnèd wage | by violence defrauded.

444. *Behoten*, named, specified, stipulated.

Troth ! threaten'd he with wellcut thongs | both hand and foot to bind us,  
 And ship us for the mart of slaves | in some far-distant island ;  
 And vow'd the ears of both of us | to crop with brass relentless. 455  
 So we, returning, on our path | with soul indignant wended,  
 Enragèd for the hire, which he | had gag'd, but accomplish'd never.  
 Dost thou for this achievement bear | much favour to his lieges,  
 Nor on our side contendest, how | the overweening Troians  
 With children and with wives august | may headlong perish vilely ?" 460  
 To him responsive spake the prince | Apollo Far-Enérgic :  
 " Earthshaker ! rightly mightest thou | unsound of heart pronounce me,  
 If against *thee* I enter war | for miserable mortals ;  
 Who like to leaves do onewhile bud, | and thrive with fiery vigour, 465  
 Earth's bounty eating ; otherwhile, | they pine, bereft of spirit.  
 But leave their quarrel to themselves ; | and us, from fight withdraw we."  
 After such speech, away he turn'd ; | for with his father's brother  
 Much it abash'd him, hand to hand, | to mingle in encounter.  
 At him his sister Artemis, | who in the fields disporteth, 470  
 Queen of all venison, did scoff, | and spake a word reproachful :  
 " O Far-Enérgic, fleest thus ? | hast thou to Neptune yielded  
 Full victory, and empty vaunt | thereby to him permissèd ?  
 O simpleton, why uselessly | that bow and arrows holdest ?  
 Thy voice no longer let me hear | within thy father's chambers 475  
 Boasting, as heretofore thy boast | in presence of th' immortals,  
 That thou in battle wouldest stand | with Neptune's might confronted."  
 When thus she chode him, nought replied | Apollo Far-Enérgic.  
 Then at her haughtiness enrag'd, | did Jove's majestic consort  
 With words of contumely revile | the arrowpouring goddess. 480  
 " But wherefore art thou eager now, | bold vixen ! to withstand me ?  
 To parry my assault, for thee | is hard ; tho' sheaves of arrows  
 Thou bearest ; and tho' Jupiter | a lion unto women  
 Hath made thee, and hath granted might | to slay, whomso thou willest.  
 Better in sooth it is, wild beasts | to kill upon the mountains, 485  
 And woodland does, than valiantly | do battle with the stronger.  
 But if thou willest war to learn ; | then come and let me teach thee,  
 How greatly am I worthier, | if thou my might encounter."  
 She spake : and both the goddess' wrists | with her left hand engrasping,  
 She with the right hand stripp'd away | the quiver from her shoulder, 490  
 Laughing ; and with it o'er the ears | slapt her, as off she turnèd.  
 Out of the quiver fell the shafts : | the goddess, tear-bellodded,  
 Fled the encounter, as a dove, | which chasèd by a falcon,  
 Flies to a rocky cleft, wherein | her capture is forbidden ; 495  
 So fled she tearful from the war, | and left her darts behind her.—  
 Jove's minister, the Argicide, | then turn'd him to Latôna :

"With thee, Latôna! fight I not : | 'tis noisome, with the consorts  
 Of cloudecollecting Jupiter | by cuff of hand to bargain.  
 But, prithee, with a forward zeal | among the gods immortal 500  
 Vaunt, that by might and main thou hast | my prowess overmaster'd."  
 So spake he : she from off the ground | pick'd up the bow and quiver,  
 And arrows, fallen here and there | amid the dust-tornado ;  
 And soon as she her daughter's shafts | had gather'd, quick withdrew her.  
 The daughter hasted on her path | to brazen-floor'd Olympos, 505  
 Palace of Jove ; there at the knees | of her own father seated,  
 She wept, and her ambrosial vest | trembled around. Cronion,  
 Her father, drew her to himself ; | and laughing sweet, put question :  
 "Belov'd child ! what heav'nly hand | such ill hath wrought upon thee,  
 All wantonly, as tho' thou wert | in flagrant guilt arrested ?" 510  
 To him replied the chapleted, | the everwhooping huntress :  
 "Thy consort, Sire ! hath smitten me, | the whitearm'd goddess Juno,  
 Who on immortals fasteneth | the jar of evil quarrel."  
 Thus they reciprocally held | betwixt themselves discourses  
 But into sacred Ilion | did bright Apollo enter ; 515  
 For, the highboulded city's wall | he cherish'd, lest the Argives  
 Upon that day, despite of fate | haply avail to storm it.  
 The other everliving gods | unto Olympos wended :  
 One part embitter'd by the fray, | others with glory haughty,  
 Nigh to blackclouded Jupiter | were seated. But Achilles 520  
 Did ravage men of Troy alike | and single-hoof'd horses.  
 And as when high-aspiring smoke | to vasty heaven reacheth  
 From out a blazing city ; it | by wrath of gods is kindled,  
 And toil on many hath it laid | and sorrow sent to many :  
 So on the Troians A'chiles | laid many a toil and sorrow. 525  
 But on a sacred tower stood | old Priam : thence descried he  
 Achilles' huge majestic form. | But he, where'er he turn'd him,  
 At once with huddling panic smote | the Troians, nor retain'd they  
 Valour at all. Then wailing he | the tower left, and passing  
 Along the ramparts to the gates, | did charge the stately warders : 530  
 "Hold in your hands the leav'd gates | wide-open, till the peoples  
 Reach to the city, scar'd in flight : | for verily Achilles  
 Here hieth routing them : and hence, | I ween, will come disaster.  
 But when they respite gain at length, | coop'd up within the fortress,  
 Quickly behind them shut again | the panels tightly fitted. 535  
 I tremble, lest this ghastly man | may spring within our rampart."  
 So spake he : they the bolts push'd back | and spread abroad the panels,  
 Which, open, to the fugitives | gave comfort. But Apollo  
 Leapt out in front, from baleful doom | the Trôians to rescue.  
 Straight for the town and lofty wall, | parch'd up with thirst and dusty, 540

Out of the plain they fled : but he | keen with the spear pursued them.  
 Dire fury held his inmost soul, | which aye for glory hanker'd.  
 Then had Achaia's children storm'd | Troy's lofty-gated city ;  
 But bright Apollo to emprize | bestirr'd divine Agênor, 545  
 Antenor's noble stalwart son ; | and fill'd his heart with daring.  
 Beside him, leaning on a beech, | in copious mist enshrouded  
 Himself Apollo stood, to ward | the noisome thrusts of Carnage.  
 Agênor, when he near descried | Achilles city-rieving, 550  
 Stood still ; and much his heart within, | as there he waited, curdled.  
 Then he with indignation spake | to his own haughty spirit :  
 " Woe to my fortunes ! if I flee | from valorous Achilles,  
 Whither the rest are scar'd in rout, | he even so will catch me, 555  
 And butcher me all helpless : but, | if these I leave behind me  
 Routed by him, and on my feet | make for the plain of Ilos,  
 Until to Ida's slopes I reach | and in the bushes hide me,  
 But in the evening afterward | I bathe me in the river, 560  
 And, cool'd from sweat, to Ilion | I take my backward journey :—  
 But O fond heart ! why holdest thou | within me such discourses ?  
 For if, as to the plain I swerve, | he notice me, and chasing  
 With rapid foot outstrip my speed ; | from Death and Fate no longer 565  
 Escape remaineth ; for his force | all mortals far surpasseth.  
 What if before the city wall | I valorously front him ?  
 He too, I wot, hath flesh, which may | by point of brass be wounded :  
 And, tho' Jove Cronides aloft | escorteth him with glory,  
 Mortal he is ; and men opine, | a single life is in him." 570  
 He spake, and gathering his force, | stood to await Achilles,  
 With valiant spirit inwardly | for war and battle eager.  
 As from a thicket deep may come | for combat with the hunter  
 A panther, undismay'd in soul, | tho' bark of dogs re-echo ; 575  
 For e'en if earlier a stab | or shot of dart may wound him,  
 Not, tho' the weapon pierce him thro', | doth he his ardour lessen,  
 But that he grapple with the foe, | or in the effort perish :  
 So too divine Agênor then, | son of august Antênor,  
 To flee approv'd not, ere he try | the prowess of Achilles. 580  
 Forthwith, he held in front his shield, | which equal was on all sides,  
 And with the spear took aim at him, | and shouting loud address'd him :  
 " Gallant Achilles ! lofty hopes, | I ween, thy bosom holdeth,  
 That thou wilt doubtless this day storm | the town of haughty Troians.  
 O simpleton ! for many a woe | must still be borne beside it. 585  
 For in its fortress, warriors | many and valiant dwell we,  
 Who in the sake of parents dear, | of consorts and of children,  
 Do rescue Ilion : but thou | here shalt thy fate encounter,  
 Be thou however marvellous | and valorous a fighter."

He spake, and from his heavy hand | sent forth the pointed weapon, 590  
 Which struck beneath the knee his shank, | nor miss'd: then horrid crackled  
 The greave of newlyforgèd tin, | the workmanship of Vulean,  
 And heav'nly gift; which turn'd aside | the rushing brass, nor yielded.  
 Then second, sallied Peleus' son | against divine Agènor; 595  
 But bright Apollo foil'd his hope, | and cheated him of glory,  
 Shrouding the foe in copious mist, | and snatching him from battle;  
 Him sent he, quiet to return, | from toil and danger rescued.  
 Then he by guile asunder drew | Pelides from the people.  
 For, wholly to Agènor like, | himself the Far-Énergie 600  
 Stood forth before Achilles' feet | and to pursuit entic'd him.  
 While o'er the wheatful plain he chas'd, | and wound beside Scamander,  
 River deepwhirling, and the god | but little did outstrip him,  
 Bewitching him with guileful hope, | that soon his feet shall conquer; 605  
 Meanwhile the other Trôïans, | in troops affrayèd rushing,  
 Gladly had refuge in the walls | and fill'd with throng the city.  
 Nor longer ventur'd they to wait | outside the town and rampart  
 One for another, and to learn, | whó fell, and whó surviveth: 610  
 But all, whom feet and knees bare off, | pour'd wildly to the city.



## BOOK XXII.

### Death of Hector.

THUS scar'd and routed from the plain, | as fawns, within the city  
They cool'd themselves from sweat, and drank, | and heal'd the thirst of water,  
Against the noble buttresses | reclining : but th' Achaïans  
Drew ever nearer to the wall, | with shields aslant on shoulder.  
Hector alone by deadly doom | from Jupiter was fetter'd, 5  
In front of Ilion, beside | the Skaïan gates, to tarry.  
But bright Apollo, speaking clear, | address'd the son of Peleus :  
“ Why, Peleus' son ! with speedy foot, | thyself a mortal, chasest  
Me, an immortal son of Jove ? | nor yet dost thou beknow me,  
God that I am ; but hankerest | incessant to o'erhend me. 10  
The Troïans, by thy onset scar'd, | have coop'd them in the city,  
By thee neglected : thou meanwhile | art hither gone a-roaming.  
But me thou wilt not slay ; for I | to Destiny am scatheless.”  
To him Achilles, fleet of foot, | responded, sore indignant :  
“ Thou, deadliest of all the gods, | hast foil'd me, Far-Enérgic ! 15  
Who from the rampart me hast turn'd : | else many an armèd Troïan,  
Ere they might reach to Ilion, | yonder the earth had bitten.  
But thou of mighty glory me | hast cheated, them reserving  
Right easily ; for free art thou | from fear of after-vengeance.  
Sooth ! would I vengeance take on thee, | if but I had the power.” 20  
Thus saying, he with haughty soul | toward the city hied him,  
Speeding, as with the chariot | may a prizebearing courser,  
Who spanking broad along the lea | full easily careereth :  
So did Achilles foot and knee | ply, supple and unwearied.  
But him did aged Priam's eyes | first ken, as o'er the champaign 25  
Swift rush'd he, flashing like the star, | which forth in autumn cometh,  
Which also was by ancient men | Orion's Dog entitled ;  
Whose rays in murky night appear | mid many stars resplendent ;  
For he by far most brilliant is, | and sign of woe is counted, 30  
And beareth fever plentiful | to miserable mortals :

So on the running hero's breast | did flash the brass resplendent.  
 Then groan'd the aged man, and struck | his head with hands uplifted,  
 And call'd, imploring his dear son, | who, match'd against Achilles, 35  
 Stood forth with ardour measureless | before the gates for battle.  
 Him the old man, with arms outstretch'd, | right piteous accosted :  
 " Hector ! dear child ! with single might | await not thou this hero  
 Apart from others, lest that thou | do quickly fate encounter,  
 Vanquish'd by Peleus' son : for he | than thee by far is better. 40  
 Ah cruel ! would that from the gods | such tenderness might greet him,  
 Such as from me : then quickly should | vultures and dogs devour him  
 Prostrate : so would my inmost heart | of sorrow grim be lighten'd :  
 A man, who hath bereav'd me | of children brave and many,  
 Slaying, or selling in the mart | of some far-distant island. 45  
 Now too, my eyes Lycæon miss, | nor Polydôrus see I,  
 Two children, whom Laothoë, | a royal woman, bare me,  
 Who stand not with the fugitives, | into our city crowded.  
 If in the army of the foe | they live, we might redeem them :  
 For, gold and copper still have we | within : since aged Altes 50  
 (Illustrious name !) sent many a gift, | in honour of his daughter.  
 But if already they be dead | and in the house of Pluto,  
 This to their parents grief will be, | —to me and to their mother ;  
 Yet to the other folk natheless | more shortliv'd were the sorrow,  
 Unless thou, Hector ! also, fall | by A'chiles o'ermaster'd. 55  
 Nay, but within the city-wall | be screen'd, my child ! to rescue  
 The Troian dames and men of Troy, | nor yield a mighty glory  
 To Peleus' son and be thyself | of tender life bereav'd.  
 Pity thou eke unhappy me, | who still have thought and feeling,  
 Ill-fated ; whom, on stair of Eld, | sire Jupiter Cronion 60  
 Shall by outwearing doom destroy, | when many a grief I've witness'd,—  
 Sons slaughter'd, daughters torn away, | and bridal chambers ravag'd,  
 And infants hurl'd upon the ground | in ruthless grasp of foemen,  
 And my sons' partners rudely dragg'd | by deadly hands of Argives. 65  
 Me last of all before my gates | raw-eating dogs shall mangle,  
 When stab or shot of dart shall take | the life from out my members.  
 Those dogs, whom in my palace halls | I feed from off my table,  
 The guardians of my doors, shall lie | upon my threshold raving, 70  
 And swill my lifeblood. Not for youth | unseemly 'tis, in battle  
 By savage Ares slain,—to lie, | by the sharp weapon mangled.  
 For to the warrior, in death | happen what may, 'tis comely.  
 But when an aged man is slain, | and with immodest outrage,  
 Despite of hoary head and chin, | the dogs his corpse dishonour, 75  
 This do I deem most piteous | to miserable mortals."

He spake ; and many a hoary hair | pluck'd from his head : but Hector

Abode unyielding : thereupon | on other side his mother  
 With loosen'd robe and open breast, | and wailing voice implor'd him. 80  
 Then she with tear-beflooded cheeks | thus spake in wingèd accents :  
 " Hector, my child ! revere my breast | and pity thy own mother.  
 If e'er the soothing teat to thee | I held ; dear child ! obey me.  
 Ward from within the wall the foe, | nor stand in front against him, 85  
 Cruel ! for if he vanquish thee, | never shall I bewail thee  
 Upon thy pallet, darling bud ! | nor thy rich-purchas'd consort ;  
 But far from us the nimble dogs | by Argive ships shall eat thee."  
 Thus weeping did the parents twain | address their dearest offspring 90  
 With much entreaty ; nor avail'd | to move the mind of Hector :  
 But still he waited the approach | of terrible Achilles.  
 As at his den a mountain-snake, | which evil bane hath eaten,  
 With direful anger in his heart | a man's assault awaiteth ;  
 And horrid is his glance of eye, | as round his den he twineth : 95  
 So Hector stir'd not from his post, | possess'd by quenchless ardour,  
 But on the tower's shelving ledge | his shining buckler proppèd.  
 Then he with indignation spake | to his own haughty spirit :  
 " Ha, wretched ! if I enter now | within the gates and rampart,  
 Polydamas will earliest | reproaches lay upon me, 100  
 Who plainly counsell'd, to conduct | the Troians to the city,  
 During this deadly night, which first | arous'd divine Achilles.  
 But I his counsel follow'd not, | which verily was better.  
 Now, since infatuate I was, | and many a life have wasted,  
 I blush before the men of Troy | and trailing-robed women, 105  
 Lest haply some one, than myself | far worsè, say hereafter :—  
 ' Hector the Troian folk destroy'd, | on his own might reliant.'  
 So will they say : thereat to me | the odds were vastly better,  
 Confronted with Achilles' force, | to come away his victor,  
 Or else before the city-gate | myself to die with glory. 110  
 If bossy shield and sturdy casque | to lay aside I counsel,  
 And prop against the wall my spear, | and venture thus, confronting  
 Noble Achilles ; and behight, | that I will Helen render,  
 And with her all the gear, whatso | within his hollow galleys 115  
 Did Alexander bring to Troy ;— | which was the strife's beginning ;—  
 That I both this to Atreus' sons | will yield, and give beside it,  
 All of the city's hidden store, | as payment to th' Achaians ;  
 And take upon the Trôians | a solemn oath of elders,  
 Nought to conceal, but forward bring | for common distribution 120  
 The gear, whatever may be coop'd | within our lovely city :—  
 But oh fond heart ! why holdest thou | within me such discourses ?  
 Never may I to *him* draw near | thus peaceful, who to pity  
 And reverence is stranger ; who | will slaughter me, defenceless  
 And as a woman helpless left, | if I of armour strip me. 125

Nowise from oak or rock may we, | as bachelour to maiden,  
 Converse ; as bachelour and maid | hold, each with other, converse.  
 Better it is, in instant strife | to grapple ! so we quickly  
 May learn, to which the Olympian | vouchsafeth higher glory." 130  
 So heaving in his heart, he stood, | but near him came Achilles,  
 Meet rival to the Lord of Strife, | that helmet-shaking captain,  
 And pois'd the ash of P'ëlion | over his better shoulder,  
 Dreadful ; and brass upon his frame | from head to ankle glitter'd,  
 In semblance as a blazing fire | or rising sun in splendour. 135  
 But Hector, when he saw, was seiz'd | with trembling ; nor endur'd he  
 There to abide ; but left the gates | behind, and fled in terror.  
 But after him Pelides rush'd, | on speedy feet reliant.  
 As o'er the mountain-side a kite, | of feather'd wights the nimblest,  
 Glideth along his easy path | after a trembler pigeon ; 140  
 Which flies beneath him ; he behind | with shrilly scream approaching  
 Souseth full oft upon the game, | with heart intent to gripe it :  
 So he, all eager for revenge, | flew straight ; but Hector hurried  
 Plying his supple knees, to course | beneath the Troian rampart.  
 And they, within the watchman's mound, | within the windy figtree, 145  
 Ever beside the chariot-road | under the fortress sped them.  
 Then to the dainty-streaming wells | they came, whereat two runnels  
 Gush forth, that feed the silver depths | of eddying Seamander.  
 The one with water alway warm | rilleth, and smoke around it,  
 As tho' from blazing fire, aloft | from off the surface riseth : 150  
 The other hurrieth abroad | like unto hail in summer,  
 Or as the cold of melting snow, | or ice from out the water.  
 Here stand beside them washing-seats, | broad slabs of dainty marble,  
 Where wives and daughters fair of Troy | did wash their shining garments, 155  
 While yet in tranquil peace they dwelt, | ere came Achaia's children.  
 Hereby ran they, in flight the one, | the other close pursuing.  
 Brave was in sooth the man who fled, | but braver the pursuer,  
 And fierce their hurry ; since I wot, | to them the prize of running  
 No vietim was nor hide of ox, | which prizes are of swiftness ; 160  
 Nay, but they scudded for the life | of courser-taming Hector.  
 As fleetly round the goal may race | the single-hoof'd horses  
 Prize-bearers ; when a costly prize, | a tripod or a woman,  
 Is offer'd, at the burial | of some deceased hero ;  
 So round and round three times the twain | did Priam's city compass 165  
 In rapid running. All the gods | look'd down to see the contest.  
 Thereat the Sire of gods and men | to them began discourses :  
 " Ye Spirits ! lo ! beneath my eyes | I view a lov'd hero  
 Chas'd round his rampart ; and my heart | hath pity upon Hector,

Who to my honour many a time | hath limbs of oxen offer'd, 170  
 One while upon the pinnacles | of many-coombèd Ida,  
 Elsewhile upon the city's height : | but now divine Achilles  
 With speedy feet pursueth him | around the walls of Priam.  
 But come, bethink you, all ye gods ! | and enter into counsel,  
 Whether we now from coming death | shall save him, or shall quickly 175  
 Beneath Achilles, Peleus' son, | slay him, albeit worthy."

Hereon responsive spake to him | Athèna, grey-ey'd goddess :  
 " Sire of the shining Thunderbolt ! | what sayest thou, Dark-clouded !  
 A man, who mortal is of birth, | long syne by doom predestin'd,  
 Him from sad-wailing Aïdes | dost ponder to deliver ? 180  
 Do it : but we, the other gods, | not all shall praise thy doing."

Then cloud-collecting Jupiter | reciprocal address'd her :  
 " Cheer thee, beloved, Trito-born ! | not with a soul so earnest  
 Have I harangu'd : and fain would I | to thee, my child ! be gentle.  
 Do, as thy bosom prompteth thee, | and flinch not from thy purpose." 185

He by such charge Athèna spurr'd, | herself already eager,  
 And, speedy darting, down she came | from summits of Olympos.

But swift Achilles Hector chas'd | with unremitting scuffle.  
 As o'er the mountains may a hound | thro' glen and thicket follow 190  
 A fawn, upstirrèd from its lair ; | and tho', in bushes crouching,  
 It hide, yet tracking, on he scuds, | until he overhend it :

So Hector vainly would avoid | the race of swift Pelides.  
 Oft as toward the Dardan gates | and lofty-buïlded towers 195  
 He sped, if haply from above | the javelins befriend him,  
 So oft by shorter cut the foe | preventing, fore'd him outward ;  
 Back to the plain ; but he himself | flew alway for the city.

As one, who dreaming tries to run, | can neither flee nor follow,  
 So nor could Hector flee away, | nor could Achilles catch him. 200  
 Nor troth ! had Hector then so long | the fates of Death evaded,  
 But that Apollo first and last | did faithful stand beside him,  
 And breathèd vigour in his heart | and supple made his members.

Then to th' Achaïans with his head | divine Achilles nodded, 205  
 Forbidding others at the foe | their stinging darts to shower ;  
 Lest any, lütting, glory win, | and *he* but follow second.

But when the combatants arriv'd | the fourth time at the fountains,  
 The common Father thereupon | his golden balance lifted,  
 And, charg'd with death slow-lingering, | two fates he cast within it, 210  
 For courser-taming Hector *this* ; | *that* for the son of Peleus.  
 He pois'd the scales ; and tilting fell | th' auspicious hour of Hector.  
 To Pluto fleeted then his years, | and bright Apollo left him.

But, to Achilles' aid, arriv'd | Athèna, grey-ey'd goddess,  
 And she, beside him standing near, | thus spake in winged accents : 215  
 " Gallant Achilles, dear to Jove ! | now shall we twain, I reckon,

Unto the galleys bear away | great glory for th' Achaians  
 By Hector's slaughter; tho' he be | insatiate of battle.  
 Sin as no longer now from us | escape to him is open,  
 Not, tho' with plaint of passion strive | Apollo Far-Enérgic, 220  
 Falling around the knees of Jove | the ægisholding Father.  
 But stand thou now and breath regain; | and I, to him proceeding,  
 By counsel will persuade his heart | with might adverse to front thee."  
 So spake Athêna: he obey'd, | and in his soul was joyful,  
 And leaning on the ashen shaft | barbèd with brass, he halted. 225  
 Him then she quitted, and was found | at side of godlike Hector,  
 With semblance of Dêiphobos | in shape and voice unwearied.  
 She at short distance took her stand, | and spake in winged accents:  
 " My gracious sir! swift A'chiles | too hard doth press upon thee,  
 Chasing with fleet-careering foot | around the walls of Priam: 230  
 But let us stand and hold our ground, | and sturdily repel him."  
 To him with word responsive spake | great motley-helmèd Hector:  
 " Dêiphobos! eke heretofore | wast thou to me far dearest  
 Of all my kin, whom Hecuba | to Priam gave as offspring.  
 Now, more than ever, in my heart | I purpose, thee to honour, 235  
 Who, when thy eyes took note of me, | hast for my sake adventur'd  
 Out of the rampart; but the rest | abide within securely."  
 Then him reciprocal address'd | Athêna, grey-ey'd goddess:  
 " O gracious brother! truly me | my sire and queenly mother,  
 By turns embracing, much implor'd, | —and after them my comrades,— 240  
 There to abide: so great a dread | hath all men overmaster'd:  
 But still my heart was inwardly | by rueful sorrow burden'd,  
 And now with onward eagerness | fight we: no stint is needed  
 Of javelins: so shall we know, | if of our lives Achilles 245  
 Havoc shall make, and bear away | a prize of gory trophies  
 Unto the smoothly rounded barks, | or by thy spear be vanquish'd."  
 Thro' such pretences of the lip, | with guile Athêna led him.  
 When they to nearer distance came | advancing each on other,  
 Unto Achilles first would speak | great motley-helmèd Hector:  
 " No longer, Peleus' son! will I, | as heretofore, avoid thee. 250  
 Thrice fled I round the mighty wall | of Priam, nor adventur'd  
 Thy coming to await: but now | in turn my spirit prompteth  
 To stand against thee: so will I | or vanquish or be vanquish'd.  
 But come, and gage we by the gods: | these, who of all are highest,  
 Will also best be witnesses | and overseers to treaties. 255  
 No éxtrême outrage I on thee | will lay, if Jove may haply  
 Grant me enduring hardiment, | and if I rieve thy spirit:  
 But soon as I have stript away | thy noble arms, Achilles!  
 I to thy friends thy corpse will yield: | to this be *thou* too plighted."  
 To him Achilles, fleet of foot, | with scowling glance responded: 260

"Of no agreements talk to me, | inexpressible Hector !  
 As not to lions and to men | is oath of faithful treaty,  
 And as thro' heart of wolf and lamb | no spirit breatheth common,  
 But each to other constantly | hath nought but evil hatred :  
 So no affection may arise | twixt thee and me, nor treaties 265  
 Will I engage ; but first, I deem, | shall one or other falling  
 Glut with his gore the warrior, | unwearable Ares.  
 Call to remembrance all thy skill | and valour : now, if ever,  
 A thorough spearman prove thyself | and warrior intrepid.  
 No more evasion hast thou here : | straightway doth maid Athèna 270  
 Cast thee beneath my spear, and thou | shalt in one sum repay me  
 The woes of all my friends, whom thou | with frantic spear hast slaughter'd."  
 He spake, and poising forward threw | the spear with lengthy shadow :  
 But Hector saw it opposite, | and stoop'd to shun its fury ;  
 So o'er him flew the brazen point, | and in the earth was fasten'd. 275  
 But maid Athèna caught it up, | and instant to Achilles  
 Restor'd it : but her guile escap'd | Hector, the people's shepherd.  
 Then unto Peleus' noble son | did Hector make rejoinder :  
 "Achilles, image of the gods ! | not yet my fate thou knewest  
 From Jupiter ; but me thy spear | hath miss'd, despite thy menace. 280  
 Thou art, methinketh, apt of speech, | and crafty in haranguing,  
 In hope, so might I thro' alarm | forget intrepid valour.  
 Not, in my back revers'd, shalt thou | thy dart implant ; but drive it  
 (If so the god have granted thee) | straight thro' my eager bosom.  
 Shun now my brazen spear in turn. | O might thy flesh receive it 285  
 Entire ! so should the war become | far lighter to the Troians  
 By thy destruction ; since to them | art *thou* the direst noyance."  
 He spake, and poising forward threw | the spear with lengthy shadow,  
 Nor miss'd ; but in the middle hit | the buckler of Pelides. 290  
 But from the buckler glanc'd the dart | afar : then shudder'd Hector,  
 Indignant, that his pointed spear | so fruitlessly had issued.  
 No other ashen shaft had he ; | so stood he there, desponding,  
 And loudly summon'd to his aid | Dèiphobos white-shielded,  
 Asking of him a lengthy spear : | but nowhere near he saw him. 295  
 Then Hector in his inward heart | discern'd, and spake foreboding :  
 "Ye Spirits ! verily I wot, | the gods to death have call'd me.  
 Right sure was I,—Dèiphobos | the hero stood beside me ;  
 But him the wall doth hide, and me | Athèna hath beguilèd.  
 And now an evil death to me | is near, nor longer distant : 300  
 Escape is none : for thus of old, | methinketh, was it pleasing  
 To Jove and Jove's far-darting son, | who heretofore were alway  
 Zealous to rescue me ; but now | in turn doth Fate o'erhend me.  
 Yet not inglorious would I | without a struggle perish,  
 But after some achievement high | for future age to talk of." 305

Such words he spake, and drew his sword, | which sharp and great and stalwart  
 Hung at his hip, then on he rush'd | collected, as an eagle  
 High-flying thro' the murky clouds | upon the plain descendeth,  
 Pouncing upon a tender lamb | or trembling hare ; so Hector 310  
 Rush'd, brandishing his whetted sword. | Against him sped Achilles,  
 With savage rancour full-possesst, | and held before his bosom  
 His buckler fair and curious, | and nodded with the helmet  
 Four-crested, all-irradiant ; | for hairs of gold around it 315  
 Thickly along the ridges wav'd | by handi-craft of Vulcan.  
 As in the sky at dusk of night | the Even-star appeareth,  
 The fairest stud in heaven's host ; | such radiance was kindled  
 From off the polish'd point of spear, | which in right hand Achilles  
 Brandish'd, with thoughts of deadly bale | for godlike Hector heaving, 320  
 And ponder'd, where the tender skin | might best admit his weapon.  
 The brazen armour beauteous, | which he from slain Patroelos  
 Had stript, did elsewhere screen his flesh : | save twixt the neck and shoulder,  
 Beside the collar-bone and throat, | where life hath quickest exit ; 325  
 Therein did godlike Achilles | with eager weapon pierce him,  
 And thro' the tender neck its point | outright behind him issued.  
 Nor did the brazen-weighted ash | his weazand cut asunder ;  
 So should his throat avail to speak | responsive to Achilles.  
 Then dropt he in the dust ; whereat | divine Achilles boasted : 330  
 ' Hector ! thy thought it was, I ween, | in stripping slain Patroelos,  
 Secure to be, nor heldest count | of *me* apart remaining.  
 Silly ! but *I* behind was left | beside the hollow galleys,  
 Greater avenger : who have thee | disabled. Now thy body 335  
 Shall dogs and birds fowly rend, | and him th' Achaians bury."

To him with puny vigour left | spake motley-helmèd Hector :  
 " I by thy life and by thy knees | implore, and by thy parents,  
 Give me not up, to dogs a prey, | beside th' Achaian galleys ;  
 But from my father's hands accept, | and from my queenly mother, 340  
 Copper in many kinds, and gold, | and other presents costly ;  
 And to my home grudge not to give | my body, that with honour  
 Of rites becoming, Trojan men | and wives of Troy may burn me."

To him Achilles fleet of foot | with frowning glance responded :  
 " Talk not of knees, O dog, to me, | and plead not by my parents. 345  
 Oh that, for all thy outrages, | my heart and soul permitted  
 To slice raw pieces of thy flesh | and down my throat devour them !  
 Therefore shall no one dogs forbid | upon thy head to banquet :  
 Not if they tenfold ransom bring | or twenty myriad hither,  
 And weigh it perfect in my sight, | and more engage hereafter ; 350  
 Nor if Dardanid Priam claim | thy flesh and bones to balance  
 In gifts of gold, yet even so | shall not thy queenly mother  
 Place on the pallet and bewail | Hector, her proper offspring ;



But dogs and birds ravining | shall deal thy limbs among them."

Then spake with dying breath to him | great motley-helmèd Hector : 355

"Right true were my forebodings then, | nor mightest thou by prayèr

Be soften'd : verily thy soul | is iron in thy bosom.

But ponder, lest from wrath of gods | I bring thee woe hereafter,

What time, before the Skaian gates, | by aid of bright Apollo,

The archer Paris thee shall slay, | tho' peerless be thy valour." 360

While thus he spake, the end of death | his mouth and voice foreclosèd.

Out of his members flew his soul | and reach'd the house of Pluto,

Mourning its own sad destiny, | from youth and manhood parting.

Divine Achilles to the corpse | a word then utter'd further :

"Die thou : but I shall *then* to Doom | submit me, whensoever 365

Such is the will of Jupiter | and other gods immortal."

He spake ; and from his prostrate foe | pull'd out the brazen weapon :

But, placing it aside, he stript | the armour from his shoulders,

All bloody. Then around him ran | Achaia's other children,

Who, gazing fearfully, admir'd | the form and comely stature 370

Of Hector ; nor came any near, | but left some stab upon him.

And thus spake one, with eye that glanc'd | upon some other near him :

"Ye spirits ! softer now in sooth | for touch of man to handle

Is Hector, than when late he wrapt | in scorching fire our galleys."

Thus each man spake, and standing near | one after other stabb'd him. 375

But when Achilles fleet of foot, | had stript the noble armour,

With winged accents he harangu'd | among th' Achaians standing :

"O friends, who of the Argive folk | are governours and leaders,

Sin as the gods have granted us | this champion to vanquish,

Who hath more evils wrought alone, | than all his gather'd army ; 380

Trial behoveth it to make | with arms around the city

And learn what temper doth the foe | within his bosom cherish ;

Whether, on such a loss, they think | to quit their lofty fortress,

Or obstinate abide, altho' | no Hector have they longer.

But, O fond heart ! why holdest thou | within me such discourses ? 385

Alas ! for still Patroclus' corpse | beside the galleys lieth,

Unwept, unburied : ne'er will I | forget him, while my spirit

Amongst the living doth abide, | and my dear knees spring onward.

Ay, if in house of Aides | each dead forgetteth other,

Yet even yonder still will I | my comrade dear remember. 390

But now, the Paion shouting high, | youths of Achaia ! wend we

Unto the smoothly rounded barks, | and bear this carcase with us.

Great is the glory we have earn'd ; | for slain is godlike Hector,

To whom the Troians in their town, | as to a god, made prayèr."

So spake he, and unseemly deeds | on godlike Hector plotted. 395

He bor'd the gristle of his feet | beside the heel and ankle,

And thongs of bullhide thro' them strung : | so to the car he bound him,

Leaving his head to drag : aloft | he plac'd the beauteous armour,  
 And mounting, flogg'd the steeds, not loth | in flying course to speed them. 400  
 As on they dragg'd him, clouds of dust | arose ; his locks of purple  
 Abroad were scatter'd ; all his head | was in the dust betossèd,  
 Reft of its former gracefulness : | but then for foul debasement  
 Jove unto foemen yielded him, | in his own native country.

Thus in the dust was all his head | defil'd : meanwhile his mother, 405  
 Her child beholding, rent her hair, | and toss'd her dainty turban  
 Afar, and wail'd aloud : so eke | moan'd piteous his father,  
 And all around, the city-folk | was fill'd with shriek and wailing :  
 Such was the common face of woe, | as tho' from foot to summit 410  
 Brow-rearing Ilium itself | did all in ashes smoulder.

And hardly might the people then | withhold the aged mourner,  
 Their king, who thro' the Dardan gates | would hurry to the foeman ;  
 And vilely rolling him in dung, | entreated his own people,  
 And singly call'd on every man, | his proper name pronouncing : 415

“ O friends, forbear : and from the walls | allow me in my sorrow  
 Alone to issue, and to seek | the galleys of Achaia.

So will I supplicate this man | atrocious, direful worker,  
 If haply he my hoary hair, | and eld, revere and pity.  
 For *he* too such a father hath,— | Peleus, who gat and rear'd him, 420

A woe to Troians, and to me | in chief a mighty sorrow :  
 So many children flourishing | his force from me hath rievèd.

But tho' I grieve, yet not so great | for all of them my anguish,  
 As is for one,—for whom keen smart | shall drag me down to Pluto,— 425

Hector!—Oh would that in my hands | his spirit he had yielded !  
 Then we twain parents,—I myself, | and his illfated mother,—

With tears and wailing o'er his corpse | would take our fill of sorrow.”

So spake he weeping : after him | did moan the people also :  
 But to the women Hecuba | led off the dirge incessant : 430

“ My child ! and wherefore live I still, | with direful anguish smitten  
 By thy destruction ? thou that wast | to Troian men and women  
 Within the city, day and night, | a mighty boast and profit !

Who, as a god, did welcome thee ; | for thou to them great glory 435  
 Wast, while alive ; but now, alas ! | do Death and Fate o'erhend thee.”

So spake she weeping : but his wife | not yet had heard the tidings  
 Of Hector ; for no messenger | to her had brought announcement,  
 Too true ; how that without the gates | her lord to stay persisted :

But she, withdrawn in a recess | of the tall house, was working 440  
 A purple doublet,—spreading web,— | betrick'd with motley flowers ;

And to her dainty-braided maids | she call'd within the chambers,  
 An ample tripod on the fire | to set, whereby should Hector  
 Returning from the battle find | water for warm ablution,

O simpleton ! nor knew, that far | in sooth from all ablution 445

Grey-ey'd Athêna him had slain, | beneath Achilles' onset.  
 Then heard she shrieks reëchoing | and wailings from the tower,  
 And dropt upon the ground her mesh ; | for fear convuls'd her members ;  
 Then did she once again address | her dainty-braided handmaids :  
 " Come ! follow, two of you, behind : | I go to learn this matter : 450  
 The voice of our reverèd queen | I heard, and in my bosom  
 My heart uleapeth to my mouth ; | my knees beneath are palsied  
 With terror : troth, a mighty woe | is near for Priam's children.  
 Far from my ear be such a tale ! | but grim alarm doth seize me,  
 Lest-that divine Achilles now | have haply from the city 455  
 Cut off bold Hector all alone, | and o'er the plain do chase him ;  
 So to the noisome bravery, | which alway did possess him,  
 Might direful end be set : for ne'er | in the thick troop abode he,  
 But lov'd to sally far ahead, | peerless his might esteeming."  
 Thus saying, from the chamber forth | she rac'd, in frantic fashion, 460  
 With heart high-beating : after her | did eke the handmaids follow.  
 But when unto the crowd of men | she reach'd, and to the tower,  
 Upon the rampart there she stood | forth gazing ; and beheld him  
 Before the city dragg'd around, | behind the nimble coursers,  
 Who to Achaia's hollow barks | all-unconcern'd did drag him. 465  
 A swoon of horror then her eyes | in murky night enshrouded :  
 Gasping she fell to earth, and dropt | afar her shining headdress,  
 The braids and ribbons of her tire, | and woven net and turban,  
 Which golden Aphrodita gave, | when motley-helmèd Hector 470  
 Her from Eëtion receiv'd | and countless dower paid him.  
 But many a marriage-sister throug'd | to minister beside her,  
 And stay'd her shatter'd spirit's flight. | With breath and mind returning,  
 Prelude of wail she rais'd, and spake | among the Troian women : 475  
 " Hector ! alas ! unhappy me ! | one destiny, methinketh,  
 Forth brought us both ; thee here in Troy, | within the halls of Priam,  
 And me in sacred Theba's wall, | beneath the woody Placos,  
 In chambers of Eëtion ; | who nurtur'd me when little, 480  
 Unhappy father, hapless child : | would never had he got me !  
 But now to Aïdes' abode, | in Earth's profound recesses,  
 Thou goest, and desertest me | a widow in thy chambers,  
 To hateful mourning : and thy child | is still a helpless infant,  
 To whom, my Hector ! birth we gave, | ill-fated ! for no profit 485  
 Mayest thou be to him, nor he | to thee ; who art departed.  
 For even if his life escape | Achaia's tearful battles,  
 Yet toil and sorrow afterward | never will fail to hunt him ;  
 For, all thy acres broad and fair | will others from him ravish.  
 Upon the day of orphanhood | a boy his equals loseth ; 490  
 His eyes dejected close their lids ; | his cheeks with tears are flooded ;  
 And indigent returneth he | unto his father's comrades.

One then he pulleth by the cloak, | another by the tunic.  
 Then one, from those who pity him, | awhile a cup forth holdeth,  
 Which barely moisteneth his lips, | but wetteth not his palate. 495  
 The boy with double parent blest | him from the banquet driveth,  
 With blows of fist bemauling him, | and chiding with reproaches :  
 ‘ Off to ill luck with *this* ! for not | with us thy father feasteth.’  
 Then weeping, back the boy doth wend | unto his widow’d mother.—  
 Astyanax, who heretofore | on knees of his own father 500  
 Did only upon marrow feed | and tender fat of wethers ;—  
 And when thro’ weariness of sport | slumber might steal across him,  
 Then he upon a couch would sleep, | within his nurse’s bosom,  
 Or downy pillows, when his heart | with daintiness was filled :—  
 But henceforth will he suffer much, | bereft of his dear father, 505  
 He, whom the Trôïans have call’d | Astyanax by surname,  
 For-that thou only diddest guard | our gates and long defences.  
 Now from thy parents far apart, | beside the hornèd galleys,  
 When as the dogs have ta’en their fill, | the twisty worms shall eat thee,  
 All-naked. Yet are garments here | within thy chambers stored, 510  
 Fine-spun alike and graceful, wrought | by women’s handy cunning.  
 But verily in scorching fire | I thoroughly will destroy them :  
 For, sav’d, they useless are to thee, | since never shall they wrap thee :  
 But, burn’d, they honour thee, in sight | of Troian men and women.”  
 So spake she weeping : after her | with moans the women answer’d.

## BOOK XXIII.

### Funeral Games of Patroclus.

SO they with moan incessant fill'd | the city : but th' Achaians  
When to their galleys they had reach'd | and to the sea of Hella,  
Partly were scatter'd on the strand, | each to his proper galley ;  
But to the bands of Myrmidons | Achilles gave the order  
Not to disperse them ; then address'd | his battle-loving comrades. 5

“ O charioteering Myrmidons, | my comrades well-belovèd !  
Loose we not yet beneath the cars | the single-hoofèd horses ;  
But with our chariots and steeds | near to his body coming,  
For slain Patroclus pour the tear, | which is the dead man's honour.  
But after, when with deadly wail | we have our sorrow sated, 10  
Thereon unharness we our steeds, | and meet we here for supper.”

He spake ; and they in company | did moan : Achilles led them.  
Three times around the corpse they drave | the glossy-coated horses,  
And wept amain ; for Thetis rous'd | the love of wail within them.  
With tears the very sands were wet, | with tears their martial armour ; 15  
Since they for such a hero mourn'd, | deviser of wild panic.  
To them did Peleus' son lead off | the dirge of ceaseless sorrow,  
Casting his hero-slaying hands | around his comrade's bosom :

“ E'en in the courts of Aïdes, | all hail from me, Patroclus !  
Now shall I everything fulfil, | which erst to thee I plighted,— 20  
Hither to drag, and raw to dogs | deal forth, the corpse of Hector ;  
And that before thy pile would I, | by loss of thee embitter'd,  
Sever twelve heads of living men, | bright children of the Troians.”

So spake he, and unseemly deeds | on godlike Hector plotted,  
Stretching him prostrate in the dust | beside Patroclus' pallet. 25  
The others, each did lay aside | his brazen armour sparkling,  
And loos'd the lofty-neighing steeds ; | then countless, by the galley  
Of swift Aiakides sat down, | where he to all his comrades  
Dealt forth the feast of funeral, | right pleasing, for Patroclus.  
Then sprawlèd many a sprightly bull | along the edge of iron, 30

In slaughter ; many a bleating goat, | and many a fatted wether,  
 And many an ivory-tusked boar, | luxuriant in fatness,  
 Huge scorching carcases, were stretch'd | across the flame of Vulcan ;  
 The blood from all sides, caught in cups, | around the dead was streaming.  
 Meanwhile, the master of the feast, | Pelcus' swift-footed offspring, 35  
 Him did Achaia's chieftains lead | to godlike Agamemnon,  
 Hardly persuading his stern heart, | embitter'd for his comrade.  
 But when at Agamemnon's cot, | conducting him, they enter'd,  
 Then instantly commanded they | the clear-intoning heralds,  
 An ample tripod on the fire | to set, in hope that quickly 40  
 Pelides from his skin would wash | the gory stains of battle.  
 But firmly he refusal spake, | and sware an oath upon it :  
 " Nay, not by Jupiter, who is | of gods the Best and Highest :  
 Water of washing, none to come | near to this head is rightful,  
 Before that I Patroclus lay | in fire, and raise a barrow, 45  
 And shear my tresses : since again | never so fierce an anguish  
 My heart shall enter, while as I | among the living count me.  
 Now to this melancholy feast | surrender is befitting :  
 But Agamemnon ! lord of men ! | command thou in the morning  
 Firewood to bring ; and all things else | afford thou, which 'tis seemly 50  
 For a dead man to carry down | beneath the misty darkness :  
 Whereby more quickly *him* indeed | th' unwearied fire shall swallow  
 Out of our sight, and eke the folk | to their own works betake them."  
 He spake ; and they all zealously | did listen and obey him.  
 Thereat, when each with busy skill | his supper had preparèd, 55  
 They banqueted ; nor lack'd their soul | meet plenitude of banquet.  
 But when desires importunate | of food and drink were ended,  
 The others to their proper cots, | to take their rest, departed ;  
 But Pelcus' son upon the strand | beside the brawling surges  
 Lay mid a troop of Myrmidons, | still toss'd with heavy sorrow, 60  
 On a clear space, whereat the waves | against the banks were washing ;  
 When slumber seiz'd him,—loosening | the strain upon his spirit,—  
 Shed balmy round him : for in sooth, | with chasing after Hector  
 Around the windy Ilion, | his gallant limbs were weary.  
 Then, hovering, upon him came | the soul of sad Patroclus, 65  
 In all things semblant to the man, | in voice and comely eyes  
 And stature ; and around its form | like garments did it carry :  
 There, right above his head, it stood, | and spake a word complaining :  
 " Dost slumber ? and entirely hast | forgotten me, Achilles ?  
 No longer live I, but am dead,— | I, whom thou disregardest. 70  
 To pass the gates of Aïdes, | quick burial desire I.  
 There, souls of corpses duly burn'd, | shadows of men departed,  
 Repel me, nor beyond the stream | to mix with them, allow me :  
 But vainly wander I, across | Pluto's broad-gated mansion.

Give me thy hand,—with tears I pray : | for never backward wend I 75  
 To thy embrace from Aïdes, | when once to flames ye give me.  
 Nor surely shall we sit alive, | apart from dear companions,  
 For pleasant counsel : but on me | once thy belovèd comrade,  
 The melancholy doom hath yawn'd, | from my first birth predestin'd.  
 Yea, and thyself in turn, beneath | the wall of highborn Troians, 80  
 Achilles ! image of the gods ! | predestin'd art to perish.  
 Another word and charge I speak, | if haply thou obey me :  
 When burn'd I am, place not my bones | apart from thine, Achilles !  
 But, as together we were rear'd | within thy father's mansion,—  
 When to your country and your house | Menoitios from Opus 85  
 Carried me, still a boy, in flight | thro' pitiable slaughter,  
 (For that, enrag'd about the dice, | I slew a boyish playmate,  
 Son of Amphidamas, nor meant | such deed in childish folly ;)  
 Then, in his home receiving me, | did charioteering Peleus  
 Rear me with gentle tenderness | and name me thy attendant :— 90  
 So let a single coffer hold | the bones of both together,  
 The golden double-handled urn, | gift of thy queenly mother.”  
 But him Achilles, fleet of foot, | reciprocal accosted ;  
 “ Wherefore, thou dear familiar ! | art come before my presence ?  
 Why are such charges needed now ? | but I, as thou commandest, 95  
 Will straitly everything fulfil, | and duteous obey thee.  
 But come, and nearer draw to me : | by mutual embraces  
 And deadly wailings let us now | a moment sate our sorrow.”  
 This having said, with loving hands | he stretch'd him to Patroclus,  
 But failed to catch him : for the soul, | like smoke, to realms infernal 100  
 Shrieking departed. Starting up | in quick surprize Achilles  
 His hands together clapt, and straight | spake piteous, replying :  
 “ Ye spirits ! then within the courts | of Aïdes resideth  
 A soul and image, yet within | wanting is sense entirely.  
 For o'er me stood with tearful wail | the soul of sad Patroclus 105  
 All night, and special biddings gave, | and was divinely like him.”  
 So spake he, and in all of them | awoke the love of sorrow.  
 And they still pitiful did weep, | when rosy-finger'd Morning  
 Shone over them, around the dead : | but royal Agamemnon 110  
 Summon'd from all Achaia's cots | both men and mules, to carry  
 Wood for Patroclus' pile. Thereat | arose a noble hero,  
 Meriones, the squire who serv'd | Idómeneus kind-hearted ;  
 And forth they wended : but their hands | bare timber-hewing axes  
 And chains firm-plaited ; and in front | marchèd the mules in order. 115  
 Up steep and down, sidewise and slant, | thro' many a path they hied them.  
 But when the buttresses they reach'd | of rillbestreamèd Ida,  
 Straightway with lengthy edge of brass, | urgent, they chopt asunder  
 The stems of lofty leaf-hair'd oaks ; | the which with mighty echo

Fell crashing. Them the Achæians | thereat did split asunder, 120  
 And bound upon the mules. But these | with steps the ground outmeasur'd,  
 Plodding thro' many a coppice thick, | to reach the flat dale eager.  
 And every timber-hewer eke | bare faggots ; (so commanded  
 Meriones, the squire who serv'd | Idómeneus kind-hearted ;) 125  
 And there in order on the shore | pil'd them, where for Patroclus  
 And for himself Achilles plann'd | a great sepulchral barrow.

But when they had on all sides cast | faggots in heaps uncounted,  
 Sitting they on the spot abode | assembled : but Achilles  
 Straightway, unto the Myruidons | war-loving, gave commandment,  
 That each beneath the chariot | should yoke his steeds, and gird him 130  
 In brazen armour. Quick they rose, | in martial trim accoutred,  
 And on the cars the charioteers | and warriors beside them  
 Mounted : in front the horsemen went ; | a cloud of footmen follow'd,  
 Immumerous ; and in the midst | his comrades bare Patroclus.  
 Then shear'd they their locks of hair, | and on the carcase strew'd them 135  
 Right thickly : godlike A'chiles | the head behind supported,  
 Moaning ; for he to Pluto's home | his noble friend was bearing.

But, at the spot arriv'd, whereof | Achilles gave them notice,  
 Resting the corpse, they faggots heap'd, | of heighth to please him, quickly.  
 Then did the moody chieftain's heart | one other thought imagine. 140  
 For, standing from the pile aloof, | he shear'd his auburn tresses,  
 Which for Spercheios' sacred flood | luxuriant he nurtur'd ;  
 Then, gazing on the purple deep, | exclaim'd he indignant :  
 "Spercheios ! vainly then to thee | my father Peleus vow'd,  
 That I, when thither safe return'd | to my dear native country, 145  
 A sacred hecatomb would serve, | and shear to thee my tresses,  
 And fifty rams would consecrate, | beside thy very sources,  
 Whereat a choice domain thou hast | and incense-breathing altar.  
 So vow'd the aged man : but thou | his thought hast not accomplish'd.  
 But now, since homeward wend not I | to my dear native country, 150  
 Grant me, my tresses to bestow | in honour of Patroclus."

He spake, and plac'd into the hand | of his belov'd comrade  
 The tresses ; and in all the troop | awoke the love of sorrow.  
 Then on their wailing and lament | had come the shades of sunset,  
 But that Achilles sudden spake, | by Agamemnon standing : 155  
 "Atrides ! (for to thy command, | in chief, th' Achaïan people  
 Doth hearken,) whilom may there be | even a glut of wailing.  
 Now from the burning pile aloof | disperse them, with commandment  
 To care for dinner : we, to whom | the dead in chief belongeth,  
 Will busy us hereon : with us | let also captains tarry." 160

But Agamemnon, lord of men, | unto his counsel hearken'd,  
 And to their even-balanc'd ships | instant dispers'd the people ;  
 But the chief mourners there abode | behind, and heap'd the faggots.



The pile, this way and that, they fram'd, | a hundred feet of firewood,  
 And on the very summit plac'd | the corpse, distraught with anguish. 165  
 Then many a fat sheep flayèd they, | and crumplehorned cattle  
 Cloven of foot, with due regards ; | and mighty-soul'd Achilles  
 Took out from all of them the fat, | wherewith the corpse he cover'd  
 From head to ankle, piling round | the victims newly flayèd.  
 On them he rested bulging jars | of unguent and of honey, 170  
 Tilted toward the pallet : next | four lofty-crested horses  
 He earnest added to the pile, | and heav'd with mighty sorrow.  
 Nine dogs as favourites were fed | beneath the master's table :  
 Eke two of these into the flames | he cast, with necks dissever'd,  
 And after them, twelve worthy sons | of mighty-hearted Troians, 175  
 As sacrificial victims slew, | —a dire emprize devising :  
 So to the iron heart of fire | he yielded them as fodder.  
 Thereafter, groaning, panted he, | and nam'd his dear companion :  
 " E'en in the courts of Aïdes | all hail from me, Patroclus !  
 Now shall I everything fulfil, | which erst to thee I plighted. 180  
 Lo ! in the fire twelve worthy sons | of mighty-hearted Troians  
 With thee together swallow'd are ; | but Hector son of Priam  
 Not for the fire's devouring jaws, | but for the dogs reserve I."  
 So threaten'd he : yet not the dogs | around the chief were busy ;  
 But, watching near him day and night, | Jove's daughter Aphrodita 185  
 Frayèd the dogs away, and him | with rosy oil anointed,  
 Ambrosial ; nor troth ! endur'd | that any drag and rend him ;  
 And bright Apollo over him | a cloud of blue extended  
 From heaven to the plain below, | the spot entire enshrouding,  
 Whereon repos'd the carcase ; lest | the sun with force pervading 190  
 The hero's body parch away | with sinews and with members.  
 Yet ill was kindled by the flame | the pile of dead Patroclus.  
 Then did the moody chieftain's heart | one other thought imagine.  
 For, standing from the pile aloof, | to the two Winds he prayèd,  
 To Bóreas and Zéphyros ; | and victims fair behote he ; 195  
 And from a golden goblet eke | did pour libations many,  
 Imploring that in speed they come, | the corpse with fire to kindle,  
 And that the fuel haste to catch. | Then, his petitions hearing,  
 Hied to the Winds as messenger | the swift descending Iris.  
 But they, assembled in the halls | of fiercely blaring Zephyr, 200  
 Feasted in banquet : thereupon, | Iris shot in among them,  
 And on the marble threshold stood. | They, when their eyes beheld her,  
 All started to their feet, and each | hér to his throne invited.  
 But to be seated she refus'd, | and spake her word before them :  
 " No seat for me : hence wend I forth | unto the streams of Ocean 205  
 To the far land of Æthiops, | where hecatombs they offer  
 Unto th' immortals : I too, fain, | would on the victims banquet.

But Achilles to Boreas | and shrilly-rustling Zephyr  
 Maketh entreaty that ye come, | and victims fair behighteth,  
 If ye to fiery vigour fan | the pile, whereon is lifted 210  
 Patroelos, after whom the heart | of all Achaia heaveth."

Such message spoken, parted she : | they with supernal clamour  
 Uprose asudden, hurtling on | the stormy clouds before them.  
 Over the deep free course they found | to blare, and high the billows  
 Rose with the whistling blast : but next | to loamy Troas came they, 215  
 Falling upon the pile : and dire | the flame's unearthly hooting.

Then fiercely pulling all night long | fam'd they the fire together ;  
 And swift Achilles, all the night, | with goblet doubly hollow  
 Out of a golden bowl did teem | the sacred wine, and wetted 220  
 The earth around him, calling aye | the soul of sad Patroelos.

As, when a bridegroom's sudden fate | may grieve his wretched parents,  
 The father, who his bones must burn, | outmoaneth heart-yestricken ;  
 So then Achilles, who the bones | of his companion burnèd,  
 Pacing beside the pile, did moan, | with sigh incessant heaving. 225

But when, announcing light on earth, | the star of day proceeded,  
 Whom shortly saffron-vested Dawn, | shed o'er the sea, doth follow ;  
 Then droop'd the blazing of the pile | and all its splendour faded.  
 The Winds upon their courses hied | unto their homes returning  
 Over the sea of Thrace : but it | with roaring billow ravèd. 230

But Peleus' son on other side | asunder from the burning  
 Reclin'd all weary : quickly there | sweet slumber stole across him.  
 Meanwhile the chieftains were in troop | around Atrides gather'd,  
 And as toward him these advanc'd, | their clank and hurly woke him.  
 So, raising him, upright he sat | and spake his word before them : 235

"O son of Atreus, and the rest, | chieftains of Pan-Achaia,  
 First, wheresoe'er along the pile | the force of flame abideth,  
 Quench ye with sparkling wine the whole : | thereafter let us gather  
 The bones of Menoitiades | Patroelos,—well discerning.

(And easy is discernment : since | in the mid pile we plac'd him : 240  
 Apart, promiscuous, the rest | were burnt, both men and horses.)  
 Them in two folds of fat will I | within a golden flagon  
 Keep, until I myself in turn | with Aïdes be hidden.

Meanwhile no overweening mound | to heap aloft exhort I, 245  
 But suited ;—*such* the height : and ye, | Achaians, will hereafter  
 A broad and lofty barrow rear, | ye who, when I am perish'd,  
 Survivors may behind be left | on many-benchèd galleys."

So spake Pelides fleet of foot, | and they compliant hearken'd.  
 First, wheresoe'er along the pile | the force of flame was active, 250  
 They quench'd with sparkling wine | the whole ; and heavy fell the ashes.  
 Then into double folds of fat | within a golden flagon  
 The white bones of the kindly chief | with tears they duly gather'd,

And stor'd them in Achilles' cots | and veil'd with flimsy linen ;  
 And fram'd a circle for the tomb, | and laid in front foundations 255  
 Around the pile itself. Thereon | fresh earth they heapèd urgent,  
 And when the tomb was all embank'd, | departed.—But Achilles,  
 Seating in ample theatre, | arrang'd the crowded people,  
 And from his galleys bare to view | the prizes of the contest,  
 Cauldrons and tripods, steeds and mules, | and bulls with valiant forehead, 260  
 And iron's rigid hoariness, | and dapper-girdled women.

First for the speedy charioteers | propos'd he brilliant prizes.  
 The foremost victor should receive | a woman taught discreetly  
 In gentil work, and tripod ear'd, | of two-and-twenty measures.  
 The next, an untam'd six-year mare, | a mule within her bearing. 265  
 For the third driver, in the midst | he plac'd a beauteous cauldron,  
 Four measures holding, new to fire, | all in its pristine whiteness.  
 For him whose coursers fourth might be, | he set two golden talents ;  
 But for the fifth a double urn, | new to the fire, he destin'd. 270  
 Upright then stood he forth, and spake | his word before the Argives :

“ O son of Atreus, and the rest | of trimly-greav'd Achaians !  
 Such prizes lie in theatre, | the charioteers awaiting.  
 Now if the Achaians còntest held | in other hero's honour,  
 Myself the chiefest prize, I trow, | unto my cot would carry ; 275  
 For surely know ye, how by far | my steeds surpass in goodness.  
 For they immortal are : of yore | landshaking Neptune gave them  
 Unto my father Peleus : he | in turn to me vouchsaf'd them.  
 But doubtless I aloof shall stay | with single-hoofèd horses :  
 So worthy was the charioteer | whose loss they yet are mourning, 280  
 A lord so kindly, who full oft | with streams of cleanly water  
 Did bathe their manes, unsparingly | with liquid oil anointing.  
 The twain immoveable abide, | and weep : the ground supporteth  
 Their heav'nly manes : so stand they there, | with hearts by smart yestricken.  
 But ye, the others of the host, | stand forth, whoso of Argives 285  
 Trusteth his joinèd chariot, | and goodness of his coursers.”

So spake Pelides : at the word | swift charioteers stept forward.  
 Of them Eumèlos, lord of men, | uprose by far the foremost,  
 Admètos' darling offspring, who | in horsemanship was signal.  
 After him uprose Dioméd, | the stalwart son of Tydeus, 290  
 Who led beneath the yoke the steeds | of Tros, which from Aineias  
 He late had taken, tho' their lord | was by Apollo rescued.  
 After him, auburn Menelas, | scion of Jove, Atrides,  
 Stept forward : he beneath the yoke | led nimblefooted coursers,  
*Spryfoot* and *Blazer*, horse and mare : | the mare was Agamemnon's ; 295  
 Which Echepòlos paid as gift | to royal Agamemnon,  
 Exemption buying from the war, | that there he might disport him,  
 Nor sail for windy lliion : | for he, Anchises' offspring,

Great riches held from Jove, and dwelt | in Sikyôn broad-aered.  
 Her, keen persistent in the course, | did Meuclês harness. 300  
 Fourth did Antilochos array | his dapper-coated horses,  
 Antilochos, the brilliant child | of a high-hearted father,  
 Their master Nestor, Neleus' son; | whose nimblefooted coursers,  
 At Pylos nurtur'd, drew the car. | His father, near him standing,  
 Gave sage instruction to the youth, | himself already wary : 305  
 "Antilochos ! thee verily | have Jove and Neptune lovèd,  
 Albeit young thou art, and thee | in horsemanships have trainèd  
 Of every fashion : therefore thou | not greatly needest counsel.  
 Well knowest thou around the goal | to wind : natheless thy coursers  
 Are slowest in the race : whence eke, | I deem, may come disaster. 310  
 But of the rest the steeds in sooth | are swifter : yet the drivers  
 Know not more fully than thyself | to deal in sage devices.  
 But come, dear fellow ! in thy heart | cast every form of counsel  
 Right crafty, lest from out thy hand | the prizes slip asudden.  
 Far more by counsel than by strength | the timberhewer winneth. 315  
 By counsel and by might of mind | doth eke the pilot safely  
 Over the purple waters guide | his storm-yewrackèd galley.  
 Counsel doth also charioteer | from charioteer distinguish.  
 One man, mayhap, on nimble steeds | and chariot relying,  
 Hither and thither, illadvis'd, | in lengthy courses windeth, 320  
 Wasting abroad his horses' strength | in vain ; nor aught avails he.  
 But whoso worsèr steeds may drive | yet gainful art upholdeth,  
 With eyen fasten'd on the goal | wheeleth right close, nor ever  
 Forgetteth, at the moment due | the thong of ox to tighten ;  
 But holdeth steadily his place, | and for his victor lurketh. 325  
 A mark, right easy to discern, | behold : thou shalt not miss it.  
 A fathom high above the earth | a harden'd block of timber  
 Standeth,—a trunk of oak or pine, | which rotteth not by showers ;  
 And near it, two white slabs of stone | on either side are planted  
 Just in the narrows of the road ; | but smooth the course is round them. 330  
 This hath divine Achilles made | the racers' goal : and haply  
 Such was it eke of yore, or mark'd | where some dead man was buried.  
 Right close to this approaching, drive | thy chariot and horses.  
 Thou in the basket-sided car | must leftwise gently lean thee, 335  
 And to the right steed yield the reins, | and freely lash and urge him.  
 But let<sup>2</sup> the courser on the left | so swerve toward the pillar,  
 As tho' the centre of thy wheel | might doubt to graze the surface  
 Of the rough stone. Shun thou to prove | its perilous encounter, 340  
 Lest-that the chariot it break, | and wound withal thy horses.  
 Disgrace unto thyself were this, | and triumph to thy rivals.  
 But keen, my son ! and wary be : | for if, inside the others,  
 Thou turn the goal, not one of them | pursuing shall o'erhend thee ; 345

Not even if behind thy heels | he drave divine Areion,  
 Adrastos' nimblefooted horse, | which was a brood of heaven,  
 Or the proud steeds of Tros, which here | of all are noblest rearèd."

After such words, back to his seat | return'd Nelician Nestor,  
 When charges to his proper son | he had especial given. 350

But fifth did Mèrion array | the dapper-coated horses.

Then mounted they the chariots | and cast their lots together.  
 Achilles shook them : Nestor's son | gain'd the first lot for starting.

Royal Eumèlos after him | receiv'd his post as second.  
 After him, third, was Atreus' son, | spear-famous Menelâos : 355

Next after him Meriones | was rang'd : but last Tydides,  
 Himself by far the chiefest, came, | to drive his horses hindmost.

When thus in row drawn up they stood, | Achilles mark'd the limits,  
 In the wide level seen afar ; | and station'd godlike Phoinix, 360

His father's minister, as watch | and teller of the contest.

Then rais'd they all their scourges high | and lash'd the steeds, and urg'd them  
 With eager menace : speedily | the breadth of plain travèrs'd they,

Far from the galleys ; but the dust | beneath their breasts uplifted 365  
 Stood as a cloud, or like a squall ; | and from the horses' shoulders

Along the breezes wav'd the manes : | the ears, at one while vanish'd,  
 Sunk in the manyfeeding earth ; | elsewhilè aloft they bounded.

Up stood the drivers from their seats, | with hearts for conquest panting : 370  
 Each shouted to his steeds, and they | in dusty tempest scuffled.

But when, fulfilling their career, | the coursers fleetly scudding  
 Back to the hoary deep would come, | then were the odds apparent

And worth of each ; for hard was stretch'd | the race forthwith : and quickly  
 The rapid mares of Pheres' stud | foremost of all outstarted. 376

Behind, the stallions of Tros | by Diomèd were driven

So near, they alway seem'd as tho' | they on the car would mount them.

Eumèlos' back and shoulders broad | were warm beneath their panting ; 380  
 For aye against him lay their heads, | as close behind they gallop'd.

And now they haply would have pass'd, | or doubtful left the contest,

But bright Apollo, wroth of old | against the son of Tydeus,  
 Struck from his hands the shining scourge : | then tears from out his eyen 385

Fell in his anger, when the mares | onward and onward winning

He saw ; while, of the lash bereft, | his own career was damag'd.

Nor did Athèna fail to mark | Apollo's fraudulent dealing

Against Tydides : quickly she | the people's shepherd chasèd,

And gave him back the scourge, and breath'd | into his horses vigour ; 390

Then, wrathful with Admètos' son, | pursued, and brake asunder

His yoke : down fell the pole : the steeds | this way and that were parted.

Out of the chariot, himself | beside the wheel was rollèd

On to his elbow : nostrils, mouth, | forehead, and brow were mangled : 395  
 His eyes were with tears brimful, | his lusty voice was stifled.  
 Then past him Tydeus' son held-on | the singlehoofed horses,  
 Beyond the others far ahead | forth springing : for Athêna  
 Into his horses vigour breath'd, | and on himself put glory. 400  
 After him auburn Ménélas, | Atrides, held his coursers.

Then did Antilochos rebuke | the horses of his father :  
 "Step on, ye also ; strain to speed. | I claim not, that the coursers  
 Of Tydeus' skilfulhearted son | ye vanquish ; since Athêna 405  
 To them hath swiftness granted now, | and on himself put glory.  
 But overhend Atrides' steeds | and be not left behind them,  
 Quickly ; lest in disgrace ye sink, | if *Blazer*,—she, a female,—  
 Outstrip you in the race. And why | fall ye behind, my bravest ?  
 For this outright to you I say, | which eke shall meet fulfilment : 410  
 No longer shall ye twain receive | grooming and food with Nestor  
 The peoples' shepherd : he forthwith | by the sharp brass will slay you,  
 If by your heartlessness a prize | inferiour we carry.  
 But keep ye pace and follow hard | and send with éxtreme effort :  
 And I myself will machinate | and will espy to compass, 415  
 If in the narrows of the road | I find a place to pass him."

So spake he earnest : they beneath | their lord's upbraiment quailing,  
 Ran swifter on, awhile ; but soon | Antilochos war-biding  
 Saw, where the road was rent away | and hollow'd by a torrent, 420  
 Whose pent-up waters sapp'd the ground | and narrow left the passage :  
 Hereby did Menelâos drive, | concourse of wheels avoiding.  
 But devious his rival held | the singlehoofed horses,  
 Pressing by shorter cut oblique | to meet within the narrows.  
 Then to Antilochos aloud | Atrides cried in terror : 425

"Antilochos ! too reckless is | thy course : hold-in thy horses,  
 While narrow is the road ; and soon, | where it is broader, pass me ;  
 Lest on the chariot thou strike | and bring on both disaster."

So spake he ; but Antilochos | drave nearer still and nearer, 430  
 Urging the horses with the scourge, | alike as tho' he heard not.  
 Then, far as may a youthful man, | his stalwart vigour trying,  
 Over his shoulder fling the quoit, | so far they onward hurried.  
 But Atreus' son in mid career | refrain'd his speed on purpose, 435  
 Lest that the singlehoofed steeds | within the road be tangled,  
 And hurl the basket-sided cars | awry : thereby the drivers  
 Should in the dust themselves be cast, | for victory too eager.  
 Then auburn Menelâos spake | a word of bitter chiding :

"Antilochos ! of all mankind | none is than thee more deadly. 440  
 Avaunt to ruin ! falsely do | th' Achaians hold thee prudent.

But I will challenge thee to oath, | and of the prize despoil thee."

After such words, with cheery voice | he to the coursers shouted :  
 " Stay not behind, nor lose the time, | albeit griev'd, my gallants !  
 To them far earlier, I trow, | will feet and knees be weary,  
 Than unto you : for from them both | the strength of youth is parted." 445

So spake he earnest : they beneath | their lord's upbraiment quailing,  
 Ran swifter on, and speedily | came nearer, and yet nearer.

Meanwhile in theatre behind | abode the Argives, watching  
 The coursers, who across the plain | in dusty tempest scuffled.  
 The Cretan chief Idómeneus | did first beknow the horses ; 450  
 For he beyond the company | to scan around sat forward,  
 And heard the charioteer afar, | and knew his loud upbraiment,  
 And saw a single horse in front, | who else was bay of colour,  
 But bare a white spot, like a moon, | upon his forehead blazing. 455  
 Then stood Idómeneus upright, | and spake before the Argives :

" O friends, who of the Argive folk | are governours and leaders,  
 Do I alone the coursers view, | or eke do ye desery them ?  
 Another pair of steeds than erst, | methinketh, now are foremost ;  
 Ay ; and another charioteer | appeareth : but the others 460  
 I ween, met damage on the plain, | which thitherward had vantage.  
 Surely ahead I saw the mares | around the pillar bending :

But them I nowhere now may ken, | albeit that my eyen  
 Turn, as I gaze, on every side | over the plain of Troas.  
 Either the charioteer his reins | hath dropt, or round the pillar 465  
 Could not his coursers duly hold | and fail'd to wheel discreetly.  
 There (bode I) forth he fell, and brake | his chariot's equipments,  
 And from the road his mares, possest | by untam'd spirit, started.  
 But ye, arising, eke yourselves | behold ; for not distinctly  
 My eyen may beknow : yet here, | methinketh, is a hero 470  
 Aitôlian of birth, who yet | mid Argive princes reigneth,  
 The courser-taming Tydeus' son, | stouthearted Diomêdes."

Then Aias swift, Oileus' son, | with insult base revil'd him :  
 " Idómeneus ! wherefore too soon | dost bluster ? o'er the level  
 Hither the nimblefooted mares | speed far afront of others. 475  
 Among the Argives thou, I ween, | art not so much the youngest,  
 Nor peer thy eyen from thy head | the keenest in the army ;  
 But thou with words of bluster aye | dost prate : and wherefore need we  
 Thy endless prating ? here around | are many talkers abler.  
 Still the same coursers hold the lead, | which at the turn were foremost, 480  
 Eumelos' mares, and in the ear | himself the ribbons holdeth."

To him with anger, front to front, | the Cretan leader answer'd :  
 " O Aias, ill-deviser, skill'd | in jibes ; beneath the Argives  
 In all beside thou fallest, since | ungracious is thy temper.  
 Come ! for a wager stake we now | a tripod or a cauldron, 485

And let us both as umpire take | Atrides Agamemnon,  
Which steeds are foremost : so shalt thou | discover by repayment."

So spake he : but Oileus' son, | swift Aias, rose asudden  
In anger, ready to retort | with words of fierce contention.  
And now had haply farther gone | the strife betwixt the chieftains, 490  
But that Achilles' self arose | and spake a word before them :

"No longer with reproachful words | of fierce contention answer,  
O Aias and Idómeneus : | nor, troth, is it beseeching :  
Yea, with another were ye wroth, | who might such deeds adventure.  
But ye in theatre abide | to watch the steeds' careering. 495  
Soon will they hither come themselves, | with rivalry excited ;  
Then each the coursers shall beknow, | —which first, and which are second."

He spake : but Tydeus' son drew near, | right urgent : on the shoulder  
He alway lashed the steeds ; but they | tossing aloft accomplish'd 500  
Their speedy course : the charioteer | with daubs of dust was powder'd ;  
And, as instinct, the chariot | with gold and tin bedizen'd  
Follow'd the nimble-footed steeds : | and scarce a track behind them  
In the thin dust the tire had left ; | so flew they o'er the champaign. 505  
He in mid company drew up ; | and from the horses trickled  
Abundant sweat down to the ground, | from crests and flanks and bosom.  
Then from the shining chariot | himself to earth outspringing  
Hangèd upon the yoke his scourge. | Without delay, on instant 510  
The valiant Sthénélos stept up, | and seiz'd the prize behoten,  
And to his comrades high of heart | handed the skilful woman  
And earèd tripod, for their lord : | but he the steeds unharness'd.  
Next did Antilochos arrive, | Neleian horses driving,  
Who Menelâos had by craft | outstript, but not by swiftness : 515  
Yet even so with nimble steeds | clung Menelas behind him.  
As wheel is parted from the horse, | who on the champaign straining  
Draweth his master with the car ; | whose outmost tailhair brusheth  
The running tire : (no mighty space, | however far he gallop :) 520  
So far by Nestor's noble son | was Menelâos distanc'd ;  
So far alone : yet was he once | a full quoit-throw to rearward.  
Yet quickly won he back the loss ; | for more and more the vigour  
Wax'd brave in Agamemnon's mare, | the glossy-coated *Blazer*. 525  
And if for both the chariots | the race had farther lasted,  
Full surely had she overpast, | nor doubtful left the contest.  
Fourth came the bonny Mérion, | Idómeneus' attendant,  
Who by high-honour'd Menelas | a full spear-throw was distanc'd :  
For slowest were of all the field | his glossy-coated horses, 530  
And, as a charioteer, himself | upon the list was weakest.  
Latest of all, with long delay | arriv'd Admêtos' offspring,  
Dragging the dapper chariot, | from far his coursers driving.  
Godlike Achilles, fleet of foot, | beheld the chief with pity,



And to the Argives standing forth | harangu'd in winged accents : 535

“ A noblest hero driveth last | his single-hoofèd horses.

But come ye ; upon him a prize | bestow we, as is seemly,

In second rank : but Tydeus' son | must with the first be honour'd.”

So spake he : then the chieftains all | unto his word assented.

And now had he the mare on him | bestow'd ; (for so th' Achaians 540

Approv'd ;) but that Antilochos, | greathearted Nestor's offspring,

Arose, and charg'd by plea of right | Achilles, son of Peleus :

“ Achilles ! troth, shall I with thee | be wroth, if thou accomplish

This word : for of my proper prize | thou thinkest to despoil me,

In pity, that his speedy mares | and chariot were crippled, 545

And that himself is worthy : yet | his duty was, to offer

Vows to th' immortals ; never then | had he been thrown to rearmost.

Pity and love to gratify, | thy cots have gold in plenty,

And brass and sheep and servant-maids | and single-hoofèd horses : 550

Of these thou mayest afterward | take greater prize to give him,

Or even now before us : so | th' Achaians shall approve thee.

But I to none will yield the mare : | whoever would pretensions

To her adventure, must with me | prepare to enter combat.”

So vaunted he, and drew a smile | from Achilles swiftfooted, 555

Delighting in Antilochos, | who was his dear companion.

Theat reciprocal to him | he spake in winged accents :

“ Antilochos ! if verily | thou biddest to Eumèlos

Fresh prize from out my stores to give, | this too will I accomplish :

A corslet I on him bestow, | which from Asteropaios 560

I took : of brass the substance is, | but wreath'd around the margin

Are streams of shining tin : and this | a goodly price would yield him.”

He spake, and to Automedon, | his comrade dear, gave order

To bear it from his cot : but he | quickly return'd, and brought it,

And plac'd it in Eumèlos' hands ; | and he with joy receiv'd it. 565

But Menelâos, sore at heart, | hereon stood forth among them,

In wrath against Antilochos | unmeasur'd : but a herald

Into his hand a sceptre plac'd, | and challeng'd all the Argives

To silence : then the godlike man | spake out aloud before them :

“ Antilochos ! who heretofore | wast sage ; what now hath ailed thee ? 570

Loss to my coursers hast thou wrought, | and to my skill dishonour,

Thrusting thy horses to the front, | which were by far the worser.

But come now ! ye who leaders are | and governours to Argos,

Pass ye a sentence in the midst | for both, with even fairness ;

Lest that hereafter haply one | of brazen-mail'd Achaians 575

Say,—Menelâos did by lies | Antilochos o'erpower,

And carried off the mare, altho' | his steeds were far the worser,

Only as he himself in might | and majesty was grander.

Or else,—come ! I myself will judge ; | nor do I ween that any

Of Danaï will this reprove ; | for fair shall be my trial. 580  
 Antilochos ! Jove-nurtur'd ! hark ! | as seemly is and rightful,  
 Stand thou before the chariot | and coursers ; hold beside thee  
 The lash wherewith thou dravest : touch | the steeds, and swear by Neptune  
 Landshaking, that thou diddest not | by guile my car entangle." 585

But him did sage Antilochos | confronting gently answer :  
 " No more of this ; for, troth, am I | than thee, prince Menelâos !  
 Younger by far, and thou than me | art loftier and braver.  
 Well knowest thou, how youthful men | in trespasses are tangled ;  
 For quicker though their glance of mind, | yet flimsy is their judgment. 590  
 Therefore thy heart will bear with me. | Also to thee resign I  
 The mare, which I had won : and eke | if more thou shouldst ask me  
 From my own stores to bring, this too | at once would I present thee  
 Right willing, rather than with thee, | Jove-nurtur'd ! meet displeasure  
 All days, and an offender be | before the unseen powers." 595

So spake greathearted Nestor's son, | and led the mare, and plac'd her  
 In hands of Menelâos : then | his royal heart was melted.  
 As in a growing crop of wheat, | when all the acres bristle,  
 A dew, descending genial, | the ears doth warm and soften,  
 So, Menelâos ! then to thee | the heart within was soften'd. 600  
 Thereat, addressing him in turn, | he spake with winged accents :

" Antilochos ! now unto thee | myself will yield my anger :  
 For never wast thou heretofore | askew, nor empty-witted.  
 Youth hath thy mind o'ercome : henceforth | shun thou to trick thy betters. 605  
 Other Achaian man mayhap | had not so lightly calm'd me.  
 But troth, much thou endured hast | for me, and much hast travail'd,  
 As thy good sire and brother too ; | therefore to thy entreaty  
 Will I comply : yea, and the mare, | albeit mine,—I yield her : 610  
 So shall these learn, that ne'er my heart | was stern and overweening."

He spake : and to Noëmon's hands, | Antilochos' companion,  
 Gave up the mare, and took himself | the all-resplendent cauldron.  
 And Mèrion, who fourth drove in, | gat the two golden talents.  
 But the fifth prize, which still was left, | the double urn ;—to Nestor 615  
 Achilles thro' the Argive throng | bare it, and spake beside him :

" Here now ! let also this to thee, | old friend ! be made a keepsake  
 For record of Patroclus' grave : | for never among Argives  
 Himself shalt thou again behold. | And hark ! this prize I give thee 620  
 Freely ! for neither race of foot | nor darting wilt thou enter,  
 Wrestling, nor boxing : for on thee | stern Eld already presseth."

He spake, and plac'd it in his hands ; | and he with joy receiv'd it,  
 And unto him reciprocal | thus spake in winged accents : 625

" Ay, verily ; all this, my child ! | discreetly hast thou spoken.  
 For friend ! their early hardihood | hath fail'd my limbs : no longer  
 Sound are my feet, nor lightly dart | the hands beside my shoulders.

O that I still were só in youth, | and unimpair'd by vigour,  
 As when th' Epeians did of yore | king Amarynkeus bury, 630  
 And in Buprasion his sons | set forth the royal prizes.  
 Then no one might with me compare, | neither among Epeians  
 Or mighty-soul'd Aitólions, | nor from my native Pylos.  
 Then Clytomêdes conquer'd I | in boxing,—son of Enops ;  
 To wrestle next Ankaïos rose, | of Pleuron : him o'erthrew I. 635  
 Then I'phiclos, tho' swift he was, | yet did my feet outrun him,  
 And with the spear I overpitch'd | Phyleus and Polydôros.  
 Only the sons of Actor then | outdrave me with their horses,  
 Who two to one against me were, | on fire with zeal of conquest,  
 Sin as the noblest prizes yet | the charioteers awaited. 640  
 Twin brethren wére they : one of them | did ever hold the bridles,  
 The bridles alway manag'd he, | the other lash'd and shouted.  
 Such once was I : but now in turn | let younger men betake them  
 To such achievements : Nestor's head | to Eld unkind must bow him :  
 'Tis fitting : but in days of old | signal was I mid heroes. 645  
 Do thou by games of funeral | pay honour to thy comrade ;  
 And willing I this gift accept ; | yea, and my heart is joyful,  
 That alway thou my kindly soul | well knowest, nor forgettest  
 What honour seemly is for me | among Achaia's children.  
 For this, on *thee* may heav'nly gods | bestow heartpleasing favour." 650  
 So spake he : and Pelides hied | thro' the thick crowd of Argives,  
 When he unto the whole address | of Neleus' son had listen'd.  
 Then of the painful boxing-match | did he propose the prizes :  
 First, a toilbearing mule, untam'd, | —six years its age,—which hardest  
 Is to be tam'd, this led he in, | and tied, mid full assembly. 655  
 Next to the vanquish'd forth he set | a goblet doubly hollow.  
 Upright he stood, and spake his word | before th' assembled Argives :  
 " O sons of Atreus, and the rest | of trimly-greav'd Achaians,  
 Two men, whoever bravest are, | invite we for these prizes,  
 Raising aloft the fist, to box : | and to whiche'er Apollo 660  
 Constant endurance shall vouchsafe | in sight of all th' Achaians,  
 His the toilbearing mule shall be, | unto his cot to lead it :  
 But to the vanquish'd I behight | the goblet doubly hollow."  
 So spake he : then forthwith arose | a man both huge and comely  
 Epeios, son of Panopeus, | of old well skill'd in boxing. 665  
 Who touch'd the toilenduring mule, | and thus spake forth his challenge :  
 " Near let him come who means to get | the goblet doubly hollow :  
 But none, I trow, by strength of fist | from me the mule shall carry  
 Of all Achaians ; since I boast | in boxing to be ablest.  
 In battle of the spear and sword | I yield : doth that content you ? 670  
 Never may man in every work | alike, I ween, be skillful.  
 For roundly will I warning give | and sure my word accomplish :

His flesh asunder will I rip, | and crush the bones within him.  
 Here let his kinsmen wait around, | assembled to receive him  
 And bear his shatter'd frame away, | beneath my onset fallen." 675  
 Thus did he threaten : thereupon | they all were dumb in silence.  
 Alone Eurýalos arose, | a godlike man, to meet him,  
 Whose father lord Mekisteus was, | and Tálaos his grandsire :  
 Who, when in former days at Thebe | slain Oidipous was buried,  
 Came to the games, and conquer'd there | the stoutest of Cadmeians. 680  
 And now Tydides spear-renown'd | was busy to array him,  
 And hearten'd him with words : for much | his victory desir'd he.  
 A girdle fitted to his loins | first handed he ; thereafter  
 Presented wellet thongs of hide | stript from a bull fieldroaming.  
 So then the two wellgirded came | amid the ring of gazers, 685  
 And rush'd together in affray, | with sturdy hands uplifted.  
 Dire was the crackle of their chaps ; | sweat dripp'd from all their members.  
 Until divine Epeios mark'd | his rival's eyes straying,  
 And rising, smote upon his cheek : | nor long the blow endur'd he ; 690  
 For on the spot his gallant limbs | sank staggering beneath him.  
 As on the weedy beach a fish, | by the dark billow cover'd,  
 Outleapeth, if with Boreas | the topmost sea do shudder ;  
 So with the blow upleaped he : | but mighty-soul'd Epeios  
 Rais'd him with both his hands. Around | his dear companions crowded, 695  
 Who led him thro' the gazing ring, | trailing his feet behind him,  
 Spitting thick blood between his teeth, | his head on one side drooping.  
 Half-stunn'd and wandering ; but quick | they seated him among them,  
 And hasted, to his cot to fetch | the goblet doubly hollow.  
 Then to the Danaï anew | the son of Peleus quickly 700  
 For painful wrestling, forward set | a third award of prizes.  
 A tripod, on the fire to stand, | design'd he for the victor,  
 Precious ; and it th' Acháïans | did at twelve oxen value :  
 The vanquish'd to repay, he set | a woman in the middle,  
 Who was in many a service skill'd : | four beeves her price they counted. 705  
 Upright he stood, and spake his word | before th' assembled Argives :  
 " Arise ! whatever pair may list | eke in this game to try them."  
 So spake he : instantly arose | great Telamonian Aias,  
 And next, a man of cunning deep, | Odysseus much-devising.  
 Thereat the two well-girded came | amid the ring of gazers, 710  
 Fronting ; and clasp'd with sturdy hands | the elbows, each of other,  
 As when, within a lofty house, | the force of wind averting,  
 A-famous artizan may frame | twin rafters, crossembraicing.  
 Their backs in hardy tustle crack'd ; | from head to foot sweat trickled, 715  
 And many a wale, blood-purple, ran | along their sides and shoulders :  
 Yet alway eager still they strain'd, | to win the featful tripod.  
 Nor might Odysseus, artful, cast | unto the ground his rival,

Nor Aias ; for, all-sinewy, | Odyssees aye resisted. 720  
 But when at length their struggle pain'd | the trimly-greav'd Achaians,  
 Then, to Odyssees, challenge spake | great Telamonian Aias :  
 " Scion of Jove ! Laertes' son ! | Odyssees much-devising !  
 Let one or other lift his man ; | then Jove the rest shall settle."  
 He spake, and lifted him : with guile | long-practis'd, then Odyssees 725  
 Struck him within the knee, behind, | and tripp'd and cast him backward,  
 And fell upon his breast : thereat | the people gaz'd admiring.  
 Second, the much-enduring man, | Aias to lift, made effort ;  
 But barely stirr'd him from the ground ; | until his knee he twisted, 730  
 And both together fell to earth, | and were with dust defilèd.  
 Again upspringing from their fall, | a third time would they wrestle ;  
 But that Achilles' self arose, | and by his word withheld them :  
 " No longer strain your noble hearts, | nor wear yourselves with hardship. 735  
 The victory to both is due : | both equal prizes taking,  
 Retire ye : so may eke the rest | adventure for the prizes."  
 Thus spake he : they right-willingly | did listen and obey him,  
 And wiping off the dust, sat down, | clad in their rightful tunics. 740  
 Then for the swift of foot anew | Pelides nam'd his prizes.  
 A bowl of silver featly wrought | was first : it held six measures ;  
 And for its beauty, all the earth | no peer of it could furnish,—  
 So gorgeous its workmanship, | by men of Sidon labor'd.  
 But o'er the hazy breadth of sea | Phœnicians had borne it,  
 And lodg'd it safe on Lemnos' shore, | a gift to honour Thoas. 745  
 As purchase-price for Priam's son | Lycáon, did Eunéos,  
 Offspring of Jason, yield it up | into Patroelos' keeping ;  
 And now Achilles set it forth, | —a prize his friend to honour,  
 For him, whoso with rapid feet | might of the host be nimblest.  
 Next, for the second brought he out | an ox well-fed and portly ; 750  
 But half a talent's weight of gold | for the last prize he destin'd.  
 Upright he stood, and spake his word | among th' assembled Argives :  
 " Arise, whomever it may list | eke in this game to try them."  
 So spake he : then Oileus' son, | swift Aias, rose asudden ;  
 Odyssees much-devising, next : | but last, the son of Nestor, 755  
 Antílochos, who with his feet | mid all the youths was signal.  
 Rangèd abreast they stood : thereat, | Achilles mark'd the limits.  
 At very start full speed they made, | and foremost nimble Aias  
 Darted ; but close upon his heels | divine Odyssees follow'd.  
 As when some dapper-girdled wife | near to her bosom holdeth 760  
 The spindle, whence she draweth out | the rove, beyond the sliver ;  
 So near Odyssees kept, and trod | the very prints of Aias,  
 Ere dust could fill them ; o'er his head, | behind, Odyssees panted, 765  
 And, eager to outstrip, press'd on, | while all th' Achaians cheer'd him.  
 But when at length the last career | they sped to close, Odyssees

Unto grey-ey'd Athëna pray'd | within his secret bosom :  
 " O goddess ! be my good ally, | and to my feet show favour." 770  
 So utter'd he his orison, | and maid Athëna heard it :  
 His limbs,—both feet and hands above— | nimble she made and buxom.  
 But when already nigh they were | to dart upon the prizes,  
 Athëna cheated Aias' hope, | and cast him slipping, rolling,  
 Where lay the offal of the bulls | deepplowing, which Achilles 775  
 Slew for Patroclus : nose and mouth | were fill'd with noisome ordure.  
 So, earlier in-rushing, came | Odysseus muchenduring  
 And lifted up the bowl : the ox | was won by gallant Aias,  
 Who, blowing from his lips the filth, | in hand the horn enclaspèd 780  
 Of the field-roaming ox, and spake | before th' assembled Argives :  
 " Ye Spirits ! troth, the goddess-maid | ruin'd my steps, who alway,  
 Like to a mother, stands beside | and succoureth Odysseus."  
 So spake he moanful : him they all | with pleasant laughter greeted.  
 After them came Antilochos | to claim the prize remaining, 785  
 Who, smiling jocund, spake a word | before th' assembled Argives :  
 " My friends ! well know ye,—yet will I | pronounce it ; now, as ever,  
 Th' immortals on more ancient men | delight to lavish honour.  
 For Aias is in years to me | superiour a little ;  
 But this one is of elder birth, | —an age entire before us. 790  
 A *raw* old man, they say, he is : | with him, of all th' Achaians  
 None easily in speed may vie, | except it be Achilles."  
 So to Pelides fleet of foot | he by his words gave glory.  
 Thereat with word reciprocal | Achilles him accosted :  
 " Antilochos ! thy merry praise | shall not in vain be utter'd : 795  
 But a full talent now of gold | I give, for half the talent."  
 He spake, and plac'd it in his hands : | and he with joy receiv'd it.  
 Thereafter Peleus' son brought in | a spear with lengthy shadow,  
 And shield, and triplecrested helm, | the armour of Sarpêdon,  
 Which, late, Patroclus stript from him. | In theatre he cast them, 800  
 And upright stood, and spake his word | before th' assembled Argives :  
 " Two men, whoever bravest are, | invite we for these prizes,  
 Clad in full panoply, to fight | amid the throng of gazers,  
 And each of other trial make | with point of brass fleshpiercing. 805  
 Then whichsoever earlier | may touch the tender body,  
 Grazing the cover'd parts beneath, | till blood the armour sully ;  
 Him with this falchion of Thrace, | fair, weighty, silver-studded,  
 Will I adorn ; the which I took | from slain Asteropaios.  
 But let the twain in common bear | this armour of Sarpêdon,  
 And in our cots will we beside | with a rich banquet grace them." 810  
 So spake he : instantly arose | great Telamonian Aias,  
 And after him rose Tydeus' son, | stout-hearted Diomêdes.  
 But soon as, from the throng apart, | the twain were well-accoutred,

- In middle of the folk they both | met, eager for the combat,  
 With dreadful glances. Deep amazement | held th' Achaians gazing. 815  
 But when, advancing each on each, | they came to shorter distance,  
 Thrice sally did they make, and thrice | they clos'd in nearer battle.  
 Then Aias struck upon the shield | which equal was on all sides,  
 Nor reach'd the flesh behind ; but it | the corslet still defended.  
 But Tydeus' son at Aias' neck | above the mighty buckler 820  
 With changeful flash of javelin | was alway fiercely aiming.  
 Thereat th' Achaians, smit with dread | lest aught go wrong with Aias,  
 Bade them their rivalry to stay | and take the prizes equal.  
 Yet to Tydides Peleus' son | the mighty sword presented,  
 Bearing it, with the thongs well-carv'd, | ensheath'd within its scabbard. 825  
 Thereafter, Peleus' son set forth | a native mass of iron,  
 Which the stout king Eëtion | was wont to hurl aforetime :  
 But him the trusty-footed chief, | divine Achilles, slaughter'd,  
 And on his galleys carried it | along with other chattels.  
 Upright he stood, and spake his word | before th' assembled Argives : 830  
 " Arise, whomever it may list | eke in this game to try them.  
 If one in country far remote, | many fat acres holdeth,  
 For five revolving years enough | of iron this shall yield him  
 For rustic needs : from his estate | shall none thro' lack of iron,  
 Shepherd or ploughman, seek the town ; | but give supply to others." 835  
 So spake he : instantly arose | war-biding Polypoites,  
 Also uprose that match for gods, | the sturdy-sould Leonteus,  
 And Aias son of Telamôn, | and last divine Epeiios.  
 Abreast they rang'd them ; thereupon | Epeiios seiz'd the iron,  
 And whirling flung it : all the crowd | did nought but mock his effort. 840  
 Again Leonteus, branch of Ares, | vainly threw it, second :  
 Then a third throw with sturdy hand | great Telamonian Aias  
 Bravely essaying, over-pitch'd | the tokens of the others.  
 But when the rugged mass was hurl'd | by warlike Polypoites,  
 So far as may a herdsman fling | his crook, which twirling flieth 845  
 Amid the kine, so far he shot | past all. Th' Achaians shouted,  
 And, rising, the companions dear | of stalwart Polypoites,  
 Unto the smoothly rounded barks | the royal prize escorted.  
 Then for the archers forth he set | blue steel in twenty axes ; 850  
 Ten double were, and single ten : | and on the sands at distance  
 He plac'd a blue-prow'd galley's mast, | whence with thin cord he fasten'd  
 A trembler pigeon by the foot, | and bade them aim toward it.  
 Whoso might hit it, to his cot | should bear the double axes ; 855  
 But if one miss'd the bird, yet shot | into the cord his arrow,  
 He should the single axes take, | sin as his skill was meaner.  
 So said he : instantly arose | the might of princely Teucer,  
 And up rose bonny Mèrion, | Idómeneus' attendant. 860

Then in a brazen-plated helm | the lots were duly shaken,  
 And the first lot to Teucer fell. | Forthwith he shot an arrow  
 With forceful effort : he, natheless, | did not to lord Apollo  
 Vow, an illustrious hecatomb | of firstling lambs to offer.  
 The bird he miss'd, sin as the god | begrudgèd him to reach her ; 865  
 Yet went his arrow thro' the cord, | whereby the bird was fasten'd.  
 The cord was sever'd by the shot ; | so, earthward, down it dangled :  
 The pigeon darted heaven-ward, | and all th' Achaians shouted.  
 But Mèrion all-eager drew | the bow, whereon his arrow 870  
 Lay fix'd already ; and invok'd | Apollo the far-darter,  
 Vowing a glorious hecatomb | of firstling lambs to offer.  
 Aloft amid the clouds he saw | the trembler pigeon circle,  
 And pierc'd her thro' beneath the wing : | the arrow, back descending, 875  
 Stuck in the ground before his feet ; | the bird from high alighted  
 Upon the blueprow'd galley's mast : | but quick from out her members  
 Fleeted the life : she droop'd the neck, | and her thick feathers huddled. 880  
 So fell she far away : thereat | the people gaz'd admiring.  
 The double axes, ten complete, | to Mèrion were given,  
 And Teucer to the hollow ships | bare off the single axes.  
 Thereafter Peleus' son brought in | a spear with lengthy shadow  
 And eke a cauldron new to fire | and wrought with artful flowers,— 885  
 A full ox-worth,—in theatre ; | to honour skilful darting.  
 Then up did Atreus' son arise, | wide-reigning Agamemnon,  
 And up rose bonny Mèrion, | Idómeneus' attendant.  
 Godlike Achilles, fleet of foot, | then spake a word before them :  
 " O son of Atreus, well we know | how eminent thy puissance, 890  
 Who art alike in majesty | and eke in darting foremost.  
 Thou shalt my chieffer prize possess | and to the hollow galleys  
 Escort it : but the spear we give | to Mèrion the hero,  
 If pleasant to thy heart it be : | for greatly do I urge it."  
 Then Agamemnon, lord of men, | assented to Achilles, 895  
 Who gave to Mèrion the spear. | Thereon forthwith the hero  
 Summon'd discreet Talthybios | to take the brilliant cauldron.



## BOOK XXIV.

### Embassy for Hector's Body.

SO was the concourse of the games | dissolv'd : forthwith the people  
To the sharp galleys several | were scatter'd : they for supper  
And for delight of slumber sweet | bethought them ; but Achilles  
Wept, at remembrance of his friend | muchlov'd : nor *him* did slumber  
All-vanquishing possess ; but he | hither and thither toss'd him, 5  
And for Patroclos alway griev'd,— | so manly and so kindly ;  
Rememb'ring all the toils and plans, | which they together ravell'd,  
On many a hero-battlefield | or cleaving noisome billows :  
So, tender tears he dripp'd, reclin'd | on side, on face, or backward. 10  
Then rising upright off he reel'd | delirious, and wander'd  
Along the strand, where early Dawn | above the sea was gleaming.  
Then he beneath the chariot | would yoke his nimble horses,  
And Hector fasten to the car | to trail behind their gallop ; 15  
And, when around his comrade's tomb | he three times thus had dragg'd him,  
Again within the cot would rest, | but left his foeman prostrate  
With face cast forward in the dust : | yet still for him Apollo  
Warded all outrage of the flesh, | in pity for the hero  
Even tho' dead, and all around | with golden ægis screen'd him, 20  
Lest that the skin be stript away | by oft-repeated draggings.  
So he in mood of fury wrought | on godlike Hector outrage ;  
Of whom the blessed gods aloft | had pity, as they view'd him ;  
And much they urg'd the Argicide, | keenest of spies, to steal him.  
To all the others pleasing was | such deed ; but not to Juno, 25  
Nor to landshaking Neptune's heart, | nor to the Grey-ey'd maiden :  
But alway, sacred Ilion | with changeless hate pursued they,  
And Priam's self and all his folk, | for Alexander's frenzy,  
Who, when the goddesses approach'd | his midyard, hér exalted,  
Who fann'd his baleful wantonness, | and did but mock the others. 30  
But when thereafter came around | the twelfth-revolving morning,  
Then bright Apollo spake his thought | among the gods immortal :  
“ Cruel ye gods and harmful are : | did not upon your altar  
Hector unceasing burn the thighs | of perfect goats and oxen ?

And now that he by Death is ta'en, | heart ye have not, to save him 35  
 For wife and mother to behold, | for child and father Priam  
 And for the people ; who would quick | with sacred honours burn him.  
 But unto deadly Achilles | ye gods are bent on succour,  
 Who neither rightful is in mind | nor may his breast be melted, 40  
 But brutal as a lion is ; | which, urg'd by haughty spirit,  
 Sallies with mighty force, the flocks | to clutch, and glut his hunger.  
 So Achilles hath pity lost | nor bashfulness admitteth,  
 Which greatly profiteth mankind | or whilom greatly harmeth. 45  
 Mayhap another loseth one, | who nearer is and dearer,  
 Either of common mother born, | or e'en his proper offspring ;  
 Yet after many a tear and wail | he verily remitteth :  
 For in the breast of men the Fates | a patient heart have planted.  
 But this man, day by day, sithence | the pleasant life he riev'd 50  
 From godlike Hector, tieth him | behind the ear, and draggeth  
 Around his dear companion's tomb : | whence earneth he not honour,  
 But danger ; lest, tho' brave he is, | *we* with him be indignant.  
 For on a heap of helpless clay | his fury poureth outrage."

To him in angry mood replied | the whitearm'd goddess Juno : 55  
 " Lord of the silver bow ! thy word | mayhap will meet approval,  
 If equal honour ye shall put | on Achilles and Hector.  
 Yet Hector mortal was of birth | and suck'd the breast of woman ;  
 But Achilles for mother hath | a goddess whom I nourish'd 60  
 Myself, and fondled tenderly, | and gave her as a consort  
 To Peleus, whom of mortal men | th' immortals chiefly honour'd.  
 And in their wedding all ye gods | did feast ; thyself among them,  
 Comrade of rascals ! harp in hand, | tho' now, as always, faithless."

Then cloud collecting Jupiter | addressing her responded : 65  
 " Let not thy anger, Juno, burn | against the gods excessive.  
 Diverse the honour of the twain | shall be : but also Hector,  
 Of men who dwelt in Ilion, | was dearest to th' immortals ;  
 As eke to me : for-that he ne'er | was scant of grateful presents.  
 For never did my altar lack | meet plenitude of banquet, 70  
 And fragrant fat and streams of wine ; | which are our proper honour.  
 To steal bold Hector, pass we o'er : | and secret from Achilles  
 It may not be : for day and night | his mother watcheth near him.  
 Therefore, if some one of the gods | would Thetis summon near me ;  
 So might I whisper secret words | of counsel, that Achilles 75  
 Ransom from Priam may accept | and Hector's corpse deliver."

So spake he : then to bear his word | rush'd stormy-footed Iris,  
 Who in mid course from Samos' isle | to craggy-clifted Imbros  
 Leapt in the black expanse of sea ; | and all the waters echoed.  
 She to the bottom sank forthwith, | like to a leaden plummet, 80  
 Which, in the horn of roaming ox, | brings fate to greedy fishes.

Within a grotto's niche she found | Thetis ; and all the others,  
 Nymphs of the brine, assembled sat | around : she in the middle  
 Was weeping for her noble son, | whom Destiny appointed 85  
 Upon the loamy clods of Troy | far from his home to perish.  
 Then Iris fleet of foot drew near, | and stood, and spake her message :  
 " Thetis ! arise : Jove calleth thee, | who changeless counsel kenneth."  
 Thereat to her responsive spake | the silver-footed goddess :  
 " And wherefore doth that mighty god | command me ? with th' immortals 90  
 I fear to mingle ; for my heart | is full with woes uncounted.  
 Yet go will I ; nor shall the word | be vain, whate'er he utter."  
 Then in a veil of dusky blue, | than which no garb is darker,  
 After such words, her form divine | she wrapt, and hied to speed her.  
 Fleet stormy-footed Iris led : | the wave of sea around them 95  
 Shrunk ; and emerging on the beach | they mounted unto heaven,  
 And found widesighted Cronides | seated, and in assembly  
 Eke all the other blessed gods | eternal sat around him.  
 So sat she by sire Jupiter : | for unto her Ath na 100  
 Yielded the seat : with cheery words | eke Juno did to Thetis  
 Hold a fair golden cup : but she | reach'd out the hand, accepting.  
 Thereat the Sire of men and gods | to them began discourses :  
 " Unto Olympos art thou come, | albeit in thy bosom  
 Holding inexpiable grief, | oh Thetis : I too know it : 105  
 Still will I utter, even so, | wherefore I hither call'd thee.  
 Nine days a controversy hath | among th' immortals risen  
 O'er city-rieving-Achilles | and o'er the corpse of Hector.  
 And some would urge the Argicide, | keenest of spies, to steal him :  
 But for Achilles' honour here | far other way select I, 110  
 In reverence of thee, and eke | thy after-friendship guarding.  
 Quick to the army hie, and give | unto thy son commandment.  
 Say, that the gods are wroth with him, | and that of all immortals  
 Chiefest am I in anger ; since | with frantic mind he holdeth  
 Hector beside the horn'd ships, | nor gave him back for ransom : 115  
 So haply may he fear from me, | and yield the corpse of Hector.  
 But Iris also will I send | to mighty-hearted Priam,  
 Bidding him, for his son's release, | to seek th' Achaian galleys  
 And costly presents bear, the which | may soothe Achilles' bosom."  
 He spake, nor uncompliant found | the silverfooted goddess, 120  
 And, speedy darting, down she leapt | from summits of Olympos,  
 Hasting to reach her proper son. | Within his cot she found him  
 Incessant moaning : all around | stood his belov'd companions,  
 Busy in diverse industry, | to break their fast preparing.  
 They a huge shaggy ram, within | the cot, had newly slaughter'd : 125  
 But she, his queenly mother, close | before himself did seat her,  
 And soothing him with hand and voice | she spake, his name pronouncing :

" My child ! how long in tears and wail, | by sorrow overmaster'd,  
 Eatest thy heart away, nor aught | to taste of food rememb'rest,  
 Nor woman's love ? yet good it is | in sweet embrace to mingle, 130  
 Somewhile : for short to me thy life | abideth ; yea, already  
 Doth crimson Death stand near to thee, | and Destiny resistless.  
 Now speedily discern my word : | from Jove I bring a message,  
 To say the gods are wroth with thee, | and that of all immortals  
 Chiefest is he in anger : since | with frantic mind thou holdest 135  
 Hector beside the hornèd ships, | nor yieldest him to ransom.  
 But come ; release the carcase dead, | and take a costly present."

Then her Achilles, fleet of foot, | address'd in words responsive :  
 " So be it ! whoso gifts may bring, | eke let him take the carcase,  
 If so himself th' Olympian | with earnest purpose urgeth." 140

Thus did the mother and the son | beside the galleys' concourse  
 With winged accents, each to each, | discourses hold alternate.  
 But Jove to sacred Ilion | sent Iris, onward urging :  
 " Hie ! hurry ! leave Olympos' seat, | fleet Iris ! and report thou  
 Within the walls of Ilion, | to mighty-hearted Priam, 145  
 Our word, that for his son's release | he seek th' Achaian galleys  
 And costly presents bear, the which | may soothe Achilles' bosom.  
 But let him lonely wend, nor take | escòrt of Troian heroes.  
 Companion of his way, alone | may go some elder herald,  
 The mules and wheelèd car to guide, | and back unto the city 150  
 To bear the hero's body, whom | divine Achilles vanquish'd.  
 Let not his bosom meditate | on death, nor other terror :  
 For, such a comrade of his road | the Argicide we grant him,  
 Who by his side will stay, until | he bring him to Achilles.  
 But when within Achilles' cot | king Priam shall present him, 155  
 The hero will no outrage do, | but will all others hinder.  
 For neither is he fatuous | nor reckless nor a sinner,  
 And with much sweetness will he spare | a suppliant unarmèd."

He spake : then on her message sped | fleet stormy-footed Iris,  
 And to the house of Priam came : | there din and wailing found she. 160  
 The sons around the father sat | within the court, distaining  
 With tears their garments : in the midst | the aged prince lay prostrate.  
 Wrapt in a cloak, his shape was mark'd ; | and round his head and shoulders  
 Was dung, which plenteous his hands | had newly pack'd together. 165  
 His daughters in the chambers wide | and his sons' wives were mourning,  
 Pierc'd with remembrance of the brave, | who, many, lay unburied,  
 Bereavèd of their tender lives | beneath the hands of Argos.  
 Then by the side of Priam stood | Jove's messenger, and speaking  
 In gentle accents, greeted him ; | but trembling seiz'd his members : 170  
 " Dardanid Priam, courage take, | and let not dread possess thee.  
 Hither arrive I, no alarms | to thee, O prince, foreboding,

But filled with thoughts of kindness : | from Jove I bring a message,  
 Who, far asunder, yet for thee | great care and pity feeleth.  
 Thee doth th' Olympian command | to ransom godlike Hector, 175  
 And costly presents bear, the which | may soothe Achilles' bosom.  
 But lonely thither wend, nor take | escórt of Troian heroes.  
 Companion of thy way, alone | may go some elder herald,  
 The mules and wheeled car to guide, | and back unto the city  
 To bear the hero's body, whom | divine Achilles vanquish'd. 180  
 Let not thy bosom meditate | on death or other terror :  
 For,—such a comrade of thy road | the Argicide he sendeth,  
 Who by thy side will stay, until | he bring thee to Achilles.  
 But when within Achilles' cot | with reverence thou show thee,  
 The hero will no outrage do, | but will all others hinder : 185  
 For neither is he fatuous | nor reckless nor a sinner ;  
 And with much sweetness will he spare | a suppliant unarmèd.”  
 So utter'd Iris fleet of foot, | and with the word departed.  
 Then to his sons the king gave charge, | unto the wheelèd carriage  
 The mules to harness, and on it | to bind the wicker basket : 190  
 But he himself departing sought | his lofty roofèd chamber,  
 Perfum'd, of cedar-timber pight, | which many a marvel treasur'd :  
 There to his consort Hecuba | he call'd, her name pronouncing :  
 “ My spritesome lady ! Jove hath sent | a message from Olympos,  
 Bidding me, for my son's release | to seek th' Achaian galleys 195  
 And costly presents bear, the which | may soothe Achilles' bosom.  
 But come : thy counsel speak to me, | how to thy mind it seemeth.  
 For of myself my heart and soul | is sorely urgent, thither  
 Unto the ships to lie, within | Achaià's ample army.”  
 So spake he : then his consort wail'd, | and with reply address'd him : 200  
 “ Ah ! whither is thy wisdom gone, | for which in lands of strangers  
 Renowned wast thou formerly | and with thy proper lieges.  
 What ! meanest thou alone to seek | amid Achaià's galleys  
 The presence of a man, by whom | thy children brave and many  
 In deadly strife were slain ? in sooth | thy heart within is iron. 205  
 For if this faithless cannibal | shall set on thee his eye  
 And catch thee, he no reverence | will show to thee, nor pity.  
 Let *us* now pour the tear apart | within our chamber sitting ;  
 But *he*, as forceful Destiny, | when to the light I bare him,  
 Span on his thread of birth, that he, | afar from his own parents, 210  
 The sprightly-footed dogs should glut, | beside a man unyielding ;—  
 On whom oh might I fasten me, | and gorge his inmost liver !  
 So for my child were vengeance ta'en ; | whom not the coward playing  
 Nor plotting shelter or escape | he slew, but forward standing 215  
 In front, to rescue men of Troy | and ample-bosom'd women.”  
 Then aged Priam, peer of gods, | did thus in turn address her :

"Check not my eagerness to go, | lest for an evil omen  
 Thyself within my chambers be : | nor mayest thou persuade me.  
 For if of men who tread on earth | some other had announç'd it,— 220  
 Diviner, sacrificing seer, | or priest some temple holding,—  
 We might pronounce it falsity, | and rather shun the speaker.  
 Now, since myself have heard the god, | and front to front have seen him,  
 I go ; nor shall his word be vain. | But if beside the galleys  
 Of brazen-mail'd Achâians | my doom it be to perish, 225  
 So be it. Soon as I in arms | my son have clasp'd, and vented  
 My love of sorrow, instantly | then let Achilles slay me."  
 So speaking, of the cabinets | the dapper lids he open'd.  
 Thence twelve of every sort he took, | —robes splendid of adornment,  
 Carpets and single-woven cloaks, | tunics and dainty mantles : 230  
 Of gold ten talents duly weigh'd | he bare : resplendent tripods  
 Two brought he out, and cauldrons four ; | beside, a beauteous goblet,  
 A costly chattel. Men of Thrace | on him of yore bestow'd it,  
 When he on embassy went forth. | But now, in zeal to ransom 235  
 His much-lov'd son, the aged man | spar'd nothing in his chambers :  
 And from the porch with railing words | he flouted all the Troians :  
 " Away, ye rascal worthless rout ! | is it, because no sorrow  
 At home ye have, that therefore now | ye hither come to plague me ? 240  
 Rejoice ye, that Jove Cronides | to me hath anguish given,  
 Tearing from me my noblest son ? | but ye yourselves will learn it :  
 For by his death th' Achâians | will lighter toil encounter  
 To slay you. As for *me*, before | these eyes behold my city 245  
 Betoss'd and spoilèd, oh may *I* | the house of Pluto enter !"  
 He spake, and with his staff dispers'd | their tumult : forth they hasted  
 Before the old man's ire : but he | did sternly charge his children,  
 Upbraiding godlike Agathôn | and Helenos and Paris,  
 And eke Polites good at need, | Antíphonos and Pammon, 250  
 Déiphobos, Hippóthoös, | and lordly-hearted Dios.  
 Unto these nine the aged man | address'd command and menace :  
 " Hither in haste, ye evil brood ! | children who shame your parents !  
 Would that ye all before the ships | were slain instead of Hector !  
 Alas my hapless fate ! for I | the noblest sons had gotten 255  
 Of all in widespread Troy : of whom | not one, I say, remaineth.  
 Such were car-fighting Tróilos | and lofty-hearted Mestor,  
 And Hector, who mid men below | was as a god, nor seemèd  
 A child of mortal parents, but | some progeny of heaven.  
 These Ares hath destroy'd for me, | and left disgraces only,— 260  
 Liars and dancer-harlequins, | who daintily can foot it ;  
 Men who to plunder lambs and kids | are terrible in prowess.  
 Will ye not stir you speedily | to tackle me a carriage,  
 And stow all these my wares on it, | our journey to accomplish ?"

So spake he earnest: they, beneath | their sire's upbraiment quailing, 265  
 With sturdy effort lifted out | the mules' well-wheeled carriage,  
 Dapper and newly fram'd; and bound | the wicker basket on it.  
 Then from the peg aloft they took | the yoke, for mules adapted,  
 Boxen, which rear'd a boss on high, | with bridle-eyen furnish'd.  
 Together with the yoke, a strap | of cubits nine they carried: 270  
 This to the polish'd pole they join'd, | upon its farthest summit,  
 And o'er the staple hook'd the ring: | thrice on each side they girded  
 Around the boss: then bound it fast, | the tongue beneath inserting.  
 Next, from the chamber carrying, | on the well-polish'd carriage 275  
 They pil'd the boundless ransom-gifts | for Hector's body destin'd,  
 And yok'd the flinty-hoof'd mules, | —trained to work in harness,—  
 Which erst the Mysians bestow'd, | as brilliant gifts, on Priam.  
 Thereafter brought they neath the yoke | the horses, which the monarch  
 Was wont to fondle tenderly | at the well-polish'd manger: 280  
 Which, Priam and the herald old, | in canny art well practis'd,  
 Themselves would harness to the car | within the lofty mansion;  
 When close beside them Hecuba | came up, distraught in spirit,  
 Holding amid her better hand | within a golden goblet  
 Wine heart-assuaging; whence to make | libation, ere departing. 285  
 Before the horses, there she stood, | and spake, his name pronouncing:  
 “Here! make to Father Jupiter | libation, and beseech him  
 That back from foemen ye may come | safe homeward; since thy spirit  
 Unto the galleys urgeth thee, | though *I* be sore unwilling.  
 But to Idaian Jupiter, | dark clouded child of Cronos, 290  
 Whose eye surveyeth Troas-land | entire,—entreaty raise thou.  
 Ask for a lucky messenger, | —the swiftly-flying omen,  
 Which dearest is of fowls to him | and mightiest of power,—  
 On the right hand: so shall thyself, | discerning with thy eyen,  
 On this reliant, seek the ships | of chariotearing Argives. 295  
 But if wide-sighted Jupiter | his messenger deny thee,  
 Then would I surely urge on thee | with exhortation earnest,  
*Not* to the Argive ships to go, | however keen thy longing.”  
 Then aged Priam, peer of gods, | did thus in turn address her:  
 “O lady, since thou urgest it, | herein will I obey thee: 300  
 Hands unto Jove to raise, is good, | if haply he may pity.”  
 Then to the keeper of his house | the aged man made bidding,  
 Duly upon his hands to pour | fresh streams of holy water.  
 And she beside him quickly stood, | basin and ewer holding.  
 With hands thus cleansèd, he receiv'd | the goblet from his consort; 305  
 Then, standing in the midmost court, | he pray'd and made libation,  
 With eyes to heaven upward cast, | and his entreaty utter'd:  
 “Oh Father Jove, from Ida ruling, | glorious and greatest!  
 Grant me, Achilles' cots to reach | with pity and with friendship,

And send a lucky messenger,— | the swiftly-flying omen, 310  
 Which dearest is of fowls to thee | and mightiest of power,—  
 On the right hand : so shall myself, | discerning with my eye,  
 On this reliant, seek the ships | of charioteering Argives.”  
 So pray'd the aged man ; and Jove, | the Counsellor, did hearken.  
 Straightway an eagle sent he forth, | of feather'd wights most perfect, 315  
 Keenest of Hunters, dun of plume, | which eke they call the Dusky.  
 Widely as spread the doors, amid | the lofty-roofèd chamber  
 In mansion of some wealthy man, | with massy bolt well fitted,—  
 So far his wings apart were spread ; | and, thro' the city darting,  
 Rightwise he seem'd to them to sheer : | but they, to see the omen, 320  
 Were comforted ; thus to them all | the heart within was gladden'd.  
 Then on the polish'd chariot | the aged man did mount him,  
 Earnest : so drave he from the porch | and echoing piazza.  
 On the four-wheelèd car in front | Idaios skilful-hearted  
 Guided the mules with costly load ; | the horses after follow'd, 325  
 Which down the city with the whip | the old man plied : behind him  
 With many a wail his dear ones mov'd, | as tho' to death he wended.  
 When thro' the city they were come | and reach'd the open country,  
 The train, returning on their path, | to Ilion betook them, 330  
 The children and his sons-in-law. | But Jupiter wide-sighted  
 Notic'd the pair, upon the plain | appearing : then he pitied  
 The aged man, and thus address'd | Hermes, his proper offspring :  
 “ O Hermes ! since to thee in chief | the ministry pertaineth,  
 Companionship with men to make ; | and thou, to whom thou willest, 335  
 Dost hearken : hie thee ! and beside | Achaia's hollow galleys  
 King Priam so conduct, that none, | ere that he reach Pelides,  
 Of all the other Danaï, | may notice and desery him.”  
 He spake, nor found his minister | the Argicide reluctant.  
 But *he* straightway beneath his feet | did bind the dainty sandals, 340  
 Golden, ambrosial : which him | alike o'er water carry,  
 And o'er the boundless reach of Earth, | fleet as the tempest bloweth.  
 So took he eke the rod, wherewith | the eyes of men he witcheth,  
 Whome'er it listeth him ; elsewhìle, | the slumbering arouseth.  
 This in his hand engrasping, flew | the valiant Argos-killer. 345  
 Quickly to Troas' land he came | and to the flood of Hella,  
 And hied to speed him, like in guise | to youth of princely station,  
 Of age most graceful, when the down | doth first the lip encircle.  
 But they, when past the mighty tomb | of Ilos they had driven,  
 Halted the horses and the mules, | to drink, beside the river. 350  
 Over the earth just then the dusk | fell, when the anxious herald  
 Hermes advancing near beheld, | and spake a word to Priam :



“ Offspring of Dardanos, beware ! | tis' work for cautious dealing ;  
 Near us a man I see, and think | he presently will slay us. 355  
 But let us with the horses flee ; | or else, with supplication  
 Touching his knees, his pity seek, | if haply he may spare us.”

He spake, and with appalling dread | the aged man confounded,  
 Whose every hair upright arose | along his flexile members.  
 Aghast he halted. Thereupon | himself, the god of lucre, 360  
 Approaching, seiz'd the old man's hand, | and spake salute and question :

“ Whither, O father, boldly thus | thy mules and horses guidest  
 In dusk of night ambrosial, | when other mortals slumber ?  
 Dost thou the vigour-breathing sons | of Argos visit fearless,  
 Who nigh thee round about are spread, | implacable, malignant ? 365

And if, thro' gloom of Night severe, | should one of these espy thee,  
 Such load of treasures carrying, | what then would be thy counsel ?  
 Neither thyself art young of years, | and aged is thy comrade  
 The arms of foemen to repel, | whoso may rise in anger.  
 But *I* no mischief will on thee | inflict, but e'en from others 370  
 Will I thy safety guard : for, thee | to my dear sire I liken.”

Then aged Priam, peer of gods, | did thus in turn address him :  
 “ In truth so standeth all the case, | dear child, as now thou sayest :  
 But over me some god, I wot, | his hand hath kindly holden,  
 Who forward sent such traveller | as thee for my encounter, 375  
 Auspicious, who might envied be | for tallness and for beauty,  
 And art of understanding sage | and born of blessèd parents.”

To him in turn the minister, | the Argicide, responded :  
 “ Yea, verily all this, old sire, | discreetly hast thou spoken.  
 But come, explain thou this to me, | and truthfully declare it : 380  
 Dost haply treasures rich and large | convey with thee to dwellers  
 In foreign land ; that of thy stores | thus much may safe be hoarded ?  
 Or out of sacred Ilion | do all of you in terror  
 Hurry to flee, now as thy child, | (such warrior !) is perish'd,  
 Signal ; who never fail'd to match | the battle of Achaia ?” 385

Then aged Priam, peer of gods, | reciprocal address'd him :  
 “ Who art thou, worthiest of men, | and of what parents comest,  
 That hast so truly named the doom | of my illfated offspring ?”

To him in turn the minister, | the Argicide, responded :  
 “ Of godlike Hector, aged sire, | thou askest but to try me : 390  
 Oft have these eyes thy son beheld | in man-ennobling combat  
 Warring ; as when against the ships | he drave the trembling Argives  
 Mangled beneath his weapon keen, | and we stood by admiring :  
 For, Achilles our arms withheld, | enrag'd against Atrides. 395  
 For to Achilles squire am I : | one well-built galley brought us :  
 And I a Myrmidon am call'd. | Polyctor is my father,  
 Who doth in varied wealth abound, | and, like to thee, is aged.

Six sons around him still abide, | and I to him am seventh :  
 And I, when lots we cast, was ta'en, | hither the host to follow. 400  
 Now from the galleys o'er the plain | I come : for in the morning  
 Ye round the city must confront | the curling-ey'd Achaians.  
 For, sitting idle, with annoy | they pine : nor can the chieftains  
 Hold back Achaia's ample host, | for instant battle eager.

Then aged Priam, peer of gods, | a question spake responsive : 405  
 " If on Achilles, Peleus' son, | as minister thou waitest,  
 Come, all the truth recount to me ; | whether beside the galleys  
 My son abideth yet entire : | or haply hath Achilles  
 Him to the dogs already cast, | piecemeal his members cutting ?"

To him in turn the minister, | the Argicide, responded : 410  
 " O aged sire, him neither yet | have dogs nor birds eaten :  
 But so he lieth in the cots | beside Achilles' galley  
 Still, as at first. Already now | twelve times the morning riseth,  
 Sithence he there is stretch'd : nor yet | at all his flesh is rotted,  
 Nor wasted is by worms, which feed | on heroes slain in battle. 415

Him verily around the tomb | of his beloved comrade  
 Achilles draggeth ruthlessly, | when heav'nly dawn appeareth ;  
 Yet outrage none upon his flesh | may rest. A sight of marvel  
 Thyself would judge it ; how the gore | from all his skin is washen :  
 How fresh he lieth, not impure ; | but clos'd are all the gashes, 420  
 Tho' plentiful : for many a man | with brazen weapon stabb'd him.  
 So do the blessed gods on high | care for thy bonny offspring,  
 Even tho' life is fled : but him | with friendly heart they cherish."

So spake he : then the aged man | rejoic'd, and sagely answer'd :  
 " Oh ! good it is, my child, to give | unto the gods immortal 425  
 Due honours. Never while he liv'd | (ah ! would he still were living !)  
 Forgat he in his halls the gods, | who to Olympos haunt them :  
 Therefore have they remember'd him, | even when death hath conquer'd.  
 But come ! this cup so fairly wrought, | out of my hand receive thou ;  
 And for my rescue and defence, | with aid of gods, escort me, 430  
 Till I within the cot arrive | before the son of Peleus."

To him in turn the minister, | the Argicide, responded :  
 " Younger am I, old man, than thee : | yet vainly dost thou tempt me :  
 Who biddest me from thee accept | rich gifts, without Achilles.  
 Sorely his anger I revere, | and in my heart do shudder 435  
 To plunder him ; lest aught of ill | may afterward befall me.  
 But unto thee as escort, I | even to famous Argos  
 Would follow pleasantly,—on foot, | or on the pointed galley :  
 No spoiler should on thee be lur'd, | disparaging thy convoy."

So spake the lucre-giving god : | then on the car and horses 440  
 Quickly upspringing, in his hands | he caught the scourge and bridles,  
 And in the horses and the mules | a graceful vigour breath'd he.

But when unto the moat they came | and ramparts of the galleys,  
 Whereat the sentinels around | were on their suppers busy,  
 Upon them did the minister, | the Argieide, shed slumber 445  
 Profound ; and backward push'd the bolts, | and open threw the portals ;  
 So with the wain and brilliant gifts | in he conducted Priam.  
 But when the cot of Peleus' son | they reach'd,—a tall pavilion,  
 Which for their lord the Myrmidons | had built with beams of larches, 450  
 And from the meadow heap'd aloft | a roof with rushes downy ;  
 But round, with closely planted stakes | a mighty yard they fashion'd,  
 Whose door a single beam of larch | did bar, which three Achaians  
 (Three of the common sort) would lift | to fasten or to open ; 455  
 But only Achilles might raise | the mighty bar unaided :—  
 There lucre-giving Hermeas | unto the old man open'd,  
 And for Pelides fleet of foot | brought in the noble presents,  
 And, from the car on to the earth | dismounting, spake his message :  
 “ Know that from heaven, aged man ! | I come, a god immortal, 460  
 Hight Hermeas ; sin as my sire | to thee as convoy sent me.  
 But truly now upon my path | return I, nor will enter  
 Achilles' presence in thy train : | for troth ! it were a scandal,  
 If, face to face, immortal gods | salute should make to mortals.  
 But enter thou and clasp his knees, | and, by his brighthair'd mother 465  
 And sire and child, entreaty make : | so shalt thou move his bosom.”  
 Such errand spoken, Hermeas | straightway to far Olympos  
 Departed : Priam to the ground | from off the car alighted,  
 And left Idaios there behind : | for he the mules and horses 470  
 Stay'd to make fast ; but the old man | straight hied him to the chamber,  
 Where sat Achilles, dear to Jove ; | and duly there he found him.  
 Apart his comrades had their seats ; | and two alone attending  
 Did minister to Peleus' son ; | Automedon the hero,  
 And, branch of Ares, Alkinus. | But newly had he ended 475  
 A meal of food and drink ; and still | a tray remain'd beside him.  
 Tall Priam pass'd them both unseen, | and stood beside Achilles,  
 And stooping clasp'd the hero's knees, | and kiss'd the hands so dreadful,  
 Hands that were many a time distain'd | with blood of Priam's children.  
 As when within his proper folk | one man hath slain another, 480  
 He fleeth, smit with inward guilt, | unto some stranger people  
 And wealthy mansion : deep amaze | the hearts of gazers holdeth :  
 Eke so amaz'd was Achilles | to see the godlike Priam.  
 Aghast the others were likewise | and each to other lookèd.  
 To him did Priam then his word | of supplication utter : 485  
 “ Achilles, image of the gods ; | thy proper sire remember,  
 Who on the deadly stair of Eld | far on, like me, is carried.  
 And haply him the dwellers-round | with many an outrage harry,  
 Nor standeth any by his side | to ward annoy and ruin.  
 Yet doth he verily, I wot, | while thee alive he learneth, 490

Joy in his soul, and every day | the hope within him cherish,  
 His lovèd offspring to behold, | return'd from land of Troas.  
 Mine is a direr fate ; for I | the noblest sons had gotten  
 Of all in wide-spread Troy : of whom | not one, I say, remaineth. 495  
 Fifty I had, when first arriv'd | the children of Achaia :  
 Of these a score complete, save one, | came from a single mother,  
 My proper Queen : the rest were born | from women in my chambers.  
 Of most the knees are now unstrung | beneath impetuous Ares :  
 But him who was my only guard | to kin and folk and city,  
 Him, fighting for his native land, | thyself hast lately vanquish'd,— 500  
 Hector. And therefore now I seek | the galleys of Achaia,  
 From thee his body to redeem, | and brilliant ransom bear thee.  
 But, Achilles ! revere the gods, | and for my years have pity,  
 Thy proper sire remembering : | but sadder far my portion,  
 Who have endur'd, what none beside | of men on earth would venture, 505  
 Unto my lips to raise the hand | which hath my children slaughter'd.”  
 He spake, and in the hero's heart | arous'd a love of wailing  
 For his own sire : he with his hand | repell'd the old man gently.  
 Then thickly gush'd the tear from both : | Priam, before Achilles  
 Laid prostrate, wept in memory | of hero-slaying Hector : 510  
 Achilles for his proper sire, | and afterward alternate  
 Wept for Patroclus : from the twain | the moaning fill'd the chambers.  
 But when divine Achilles' heart | was satiate with sorrow,  
 And love of wailing left his frame, | from off his seat he started,  
 And, pitying the hoary head | and hoary beard, uplifted 515  
 The aged man, and courteous | thus spake in winged accents :  
 “ Ha, wretched sire ! troth, many a woe | thy inmost soul hath suffer'd.  
 How hast thou dar'd, alone to seek | amid Achaia's galleys  
 The presence of a man, by whom | thy children brave and many 520  
 In deadly strife were slain ? in sooth, | thy heart within is iron.  
 But come, repose thee on a seat ; | and we, tho' stung with anguish,  
 Leave we our sorrows anywise | unstir'd within the bosom.  
 For, fruit is none of chilling wail ; | for so to wretched mortals 525  
 The gods a life of grief have spun : | but they themselves are griefless.  
 For in the hall of Jupiter | two urns upon his pavement  
 With twofold charge of gifts are fill'd, | —things pleasant, and things evil.  
 These, thunder-loving Jupiter | to one man mingled giveth ;  
 So, such a man of fair and foul | alternate hath his portion. 530  
 But if unmingled ill he give, | in misery he wheelneth,  
 And with vile famine driveth him | o'er Earth divine an outcast,—  
 Thereon to wander, not by gods | nor yet by mortals honour'd.  
 So eke to Peleus from his birth | the gods gave brilliant presents.  
 For, lord among the Myrmidons, | in men and wealth surpassing, 535  
 Tho' mortal, from the gods he won | a goddess for his consort.  
 Yet even upon him an ill | by heav'nly doom is fallen,

In-that no ruling race of sons | was born within his chambers :  
 One only son begat he ;—me | short-fated ; who shall never 540  
 Comfort his failing years : for I, | far from my native country,  
 Here sit in Troas' land, a curse | to thee and all thy children.  
 Thou too, old man, of yore (we hear) | a blessed fortune haddest,  
 Who didst in sons and wealth excel, | from Lesbos, home of Macar, 545  
 As far as Hella's endless stream | and Phrygia's high country.  
 But now, sithence the Heav'nly ones | upon thee brought this noyance,  
 Always around thy city-wall | are fights and hero-slaughters.  
 Bear up ; nor droop within thy mind | by unremitting sorrow :  
 By grieving for thy bonny son | thou nought of vantage winnest, 550  
 Nor wilt upraise him, ere thyself | some other mischief suffer."

Then aged Priam, peer of gods, | did thus in turn address him :  
 " Not on a seat, Jove-nurtur'd prince ! | place me, so long as Hector  
 Untended lieth in the cots ; | but in all speed release him,  
 And let me see him with my eyes : | and thou, receive the ransom, 555  
 Ample, which unto thee we bring. | And mayest thou enjoy it,  
 Safe to thy native land return'd ; | since thou hast first permitted  
 Myself confronting thee to live, | and see the light of heaven."

To him Achilles, fleet of foot, | with frowning glance responded :  
 " Old man ! no more my temper fret. | Ransom to take for Hector, 560  
 Myself am minded : such advice | the mother dear, who bare me,—  
 Daughter of Ocean's aged lord,— | from Jupiter hath carried.  
 Yea, Priam ! in my heart I know, | nor mayest thou deceive me,  
 That to Achaia's galleys sharp | some god from heaven led thee.  
 For thro' the army mortal none, | albeit young and stalwart, 565  
 Might well adventure, nor escape | the keenness of the warders,  
 Nor lightly of our proper doors | the barriers unfasten.  
 Therefore, no further stir thou up | the soreness of my spirit,  
 Lest, tho' within my cots, old man, | as suppliant thou camest,  
 Still I endure thee not, but sin, | despite of Jove's commandment." 570

Thus when he spake, the old man quail'd, | and quick obeisance yielded,  
 But, as a lion, Peleus' son | sprang lightly from the chamber,  
 Not unattended ; for the squires | behind his footstep follow'd,—  
 Automedon and Alkimos, | two heroes, whom Achilles,  
 After Patroclus' death, did most | of all his comrades honour. 575  
 These from the chariot and wain | unyok'd the mules and horses  
 And to the cots the herald led, | who erier was to Priam,  
 And on a settle seated him : | then from the well-tir'd carriage  
 They brought the costly ransom in, | the price of Hector's body.  
 Two robes alone behind they left, | and a well-woven tunic, 580  
 So might he duly shroud in them | the dead, for carriage homeward.  
 Then handmaids call'd he forth, and bade | to wash the corpse and oint it,  
 Uplifting it apart, conceal'd ; | lest Priam, pierc'd with anguish,  
 The sight beholding, vent his ire, | and Achilles be wrathful, 585

And slay him on the spot, and sin, | despite of Jove's comundment.  
 When thus the handmaids duteous | the washen corpse had ointed,  
 And round it cast a mantle fair, | over a tunic folded,  
 Himself Achilles thereupon | uprais'd it on a pallet,  
 And with his comrades lifted all | to the well-polish'd carriage. 590  
 Thereafter, with a moan of woe | he nam'd his dear companion :  
 " Patroclos ! be not wroth with me, | if in the halls of Pluto  
 The tidings come to thee, that I | have godlike Hector yielded  
 To his dear father : who in sooth | paid no uncomely ransom :  
 Whereof unto thyself will I | a seemly portion render." 595  
 So spake he : then back to his cot | return'd divine Achilles,  
 And on a chair of crafty work, | on other side the chamber,  
 Whence he had risen, seated him ; | and spake a word to Priam :  
 " Even as was thy will, old man, | behold ! thy son is ransom'd.  
 Upon the pallet is he laid : | and with the dawn of morning 600  
 Thyself shalt see and take him : now | to supper pay we duty.  
 For even bryghthair'd Nioba | of needful food bethought her :  
 Who by a doom disastrous lost | twelve children in her chambers ;  
 Six of them, sons of manly age, | but six were blooming daughters.  
 The sons were by Apollo slain | from silver bow ; the daughters 605  
 By arrowpouring Artemis, | with Nioba enraged,  
 For-that she deem'd herself a peer | to dainty-cheek'd Latôna,  
 Who but to twain gave birth : but *she* | a mother was to many.  
 So they, albeit twain alone, | did all her children slaughter.  
 Nine days in carnage lay they, nor | was any left to bury : 610  
 For Saturn's child to stones had turn'd | the folk : but on the tenth day  
 The gods of heaven buried them. | Then she, outworn with weeping,  
 Of food bethought her. Now, I ween, | in solitary mountains,  
 Amid the rocks of Sipylos, | where (say they) are the couches 615  
 Of the nymph-goddesses, who once | round Achelôus sported ;  
 There she, albeit turn'd by gods | to stone, her griefs beguileth.  
 Then, godlike Elder ! eke let us | on food bestow remembrance.  
 And if to Ilion thou bear | thy loved son, thou mayest  
 After bewail him : many a tear, | I wot, from thee he claimeth." 620  
 So spake Achilles, fleet of foot ; | thereon, upstarting, slaughter'd  
 A white fleec'd sheep ; and straight his squires | did skin and duly dress it,  
 And smaller pieces nicely cut, | and spitted every morsel,  
 And broil'd them all right skilfully | and drew them off perfected.  
 Automedon the shares of bread | along the table handed 625  
 From dainty baskets : but the meat | Achilles' hand apportion'd.  
 On the good cheer before them laid | the ready hand they darted.  
 But when desires importunate | of drink and food were ended,  
 Then Priam, sprung from Dárdanos, | admiring view'd Achilles,  
 What was his stature and his mien ; | how like to gods his presence. 630  
 Also did Achiles in turn | admire Dardánid Priam,

Gazing upon his good aspect | and pondering his sayings.  
 But when, with looking each on each, | they had their pleasure filled,  
 Then royal Priam, peer of gods, | did earlier address him :  
 " Unto my couch, Jovenurturèd ! | do now in speed dismiss me, 635  
 That we our spirit may assuage, | in slumber sweet reposing,  
 At last : for never yet my eyes | have clos'd beneath my eyelids,  
 Sithence by thy assault my son | was of his life bereavèd.  
 Thenceforward alway do I moan | and brood on countless sorrow,  
 Within the cloisters of my yard | amid a dungheap rolling. 640  
 But now, behold ! I tasted have | of food, and wine resplendent  
 Adown my throat have pass'd ; the which | afore I had not tasted."  
 So spake he : then Achilles bade | his comrades and the handmaids,  
 For the old man a bed to lay | beneath the broad piazza,  
 Fair purple coverlets above, | and carpets o'er them, spreading, 645  
 And eke, soft curlyhaired cloaks | to add for night-apparel.  
 Then, torches carrying in hand, | the women from the chamber  
 Forth issued, and with busy zeal | array'd two pallets quickly.  
 Thereon Achilles, fleet of foot, | a word of banter added :  
 " Outside my dwelling, dear old man, | repose ; lest some Achaian, 650  
 High-councillor, may visit me ; | such as do alway hither  
 (As duty sendeth them) arrive, | to ask and proffer counsel.  
 But if, thro' gloom of Night severe, | should one of these espy thee,  
 And bear the word to Agamemnon, | shepherd of the peoples ;  
 Then, to the ransom of the dead | mightest thou meet postponement. 655  
 But come, explain thou this to me, | and faithfully declare it ;—  
 For godlike Hector's funeral | how many days ye destine ?—  
 That I so long myself may stay, | and eke withhold the people."  
 Then aged Priam, peer of gods, | did thus in turn address him :  
 " If me thou wiltest to complete | the rites for godlike Hector, 660  
 By such arrangement, Achilles ! | thou wilt my bosom lighten.  
 How we within our walls are hemm'd, | thou knowest : and the fuel  
 Upon the mountain lieth far : | and great the Troian terror.  
 Nine days would we my son bewail | within our secret chambers,  
 But on the tenth would bury him, | and give the folk their banquet. 665  
 Upon th' eleventh day would we | a barrow raise around him :  
 But on the twelfth, if Fate and Need | require, renew the battle."  
 To him the trusty-footed prince, | divine Achilles, answer'd :  
 " All things shall even so be done, | old Priam ! as thou biddest :  
 For, as is thy petition now, | so long the war withhold I." 670  
 Thus having spoken, thereupon, | to calm the old man's terror,  
 He by the wrist his right hand clasp'd. | Then, in the porch outjutting  
 Slept Priam and the herald old, | in canny art well practis'd.  
 But in the chamber closely pight, | within a niche Achilles 675  
 Slumber'd ; and by his side was laid | the dainty-cheek'd Briséis.  
 That night all others,—gods on high, | and men with plumes of horsetail,—

Kept thro' the livelong hours repose, | by gentle sleep o'er-master'd.  
 But not the lucre-giving god | might be to slumber captive,  
 Within his bosom pondering, | how should he from the galleys 680  
 Send forth king Priam and elude | the sacred portal-warders.  
 So right above his head he stood, | and spake a word of counsel ;  
 " Old man ! of evil thou, I ween, | takest no count ; who sleepest  
 Begirt by foemen round about, | since Achilles hath spar'd thee.  
 Now thy dear son hast thou redeem'd, | and costly ransom given : 685  
 But, for thyself, while still alive, | thy sons behind remaining,  
 Threefold as much of ransom-price | will pay, if Agamemnon  
 The son of Atreus know thee here, | and all th' Achaians know it."

Hearing his word, the aged man | in fear arous'd the herald.  
 Quickly for them did Hermeas | the mules and horses harness, 690  
 And thro' the army guided them | himself ; nor any knew it.  
 But when unto the ford they reach'd | of the fair-streaming river  
 Xanthos much-eddying, to whom | immortal Jove was father,  
 Thereat departed Hermeas, | to far Olympos mounting.  
 But when the saffron-vested Dawn | o'er all the earth was scatter'd, 695  
 They to the city drave the car | with moaning and with wailing :  
 The mules behind them brought the corpse : | nor earlier did any  
 Learn of their coming ; neither men nor | dapper-girdled women ;  
 But first Cassandra, like in mien | to golden Aphrodita,  
 Mounting the heighth of Pergamos, | descried her sire belovèd 700  
 Standing within his car, and eke | the attendant herald-crier ;  
 But Hector saw she on the mules, | extended on his pallet,  
 Thereat she cried aloud with grief, | and wail'd to all the city :  
 " Women of Troy, and Trojan men, | come ye, and look on Hector,  
 If ye in him alive rejoic'd, | to see him come from battle : 705  
 For, troth, a mighty joy was he | to all the folk and city."

So spake she ; then not any man | within the city tarried,  
 Nor woman : for on all of them | came sorrow uncontrolèd.  
 So, near before the gates they met | the wain that bare the carcase.  
 Then, rushing to the wheelèd car, | his wife and queenly mother 710  
 In Hector's honour, from their head | their tresses rent unseemly.  
 The people weeping stood around. | And now the wail for Hector  
 Before the gates the livelong day | till set of sun had lasted,  
 But from his car the aged man | spake forth unto the people : 715  
 " Open ! and yield my mules a way : | but when into his chambers  
 I have my dead brought back, then ye | your hearts shall fill with weeping."

Hereat the people parted them, | and yielded to the carriage.  
 But when within his noble halls | they reach'd, then lodg'd they Hector  
 Within the perforated beds, | and plac'd beside him minstrels, 720  
 Leaders of dirges, who with chant | of melancholy ditty  
 Fram'd the lament, whilst in accord | also the women moanèd.  
 To them white-arm'd Andrómacha | led off the dirge of sorrow,



Clasping within her hands the head | of hero-slaying Hector :

“ Husband ! thou in thy youth of days | art perish'd ; and hast left me 725  
 A widow in thy halls, and eke | thy child a helpless infant,  
 Whom thou and I illfated gave | to light of life : nor deem I  
 That he to manhood will attain ; | for sooner shall the city  
 Be from the summit riev'd : for thou, | its guardian, art perish'd,  
 By whom of yore its worthy wives, | were sav'd, and infant children : 730  
 Who soon upon the galley-backs | shall ride, and I among them.  
 But thou, my child, shalt follow me, | to work at works unseemly,  
 Toiling to serve some ruthless lord : | or haply, some Achaian  
 To sad destruction thee shall give, | down from a tower hurling, 735  
 Enrag'd, whose brother Hector slew | mayhap, or son, or father :  
 For, on th' immeasurable floor, | from out th' Achaian army  
 Full many a man by Hector's skill | the sod beneath hath bitten :  
 Sin as in melancholy fray | not gentle was thy father.  
 Wherefore for him the peoples all | mourn loud along the city. 740  
 So on thy parents, Hector ! thou | accursèd wail and sorrow  
 Hast brought ; but unto me in chief | hast rueful griefs entailèd,  
 Nor diddest, dying, from the bed | reach out thy hand to touch me,  
 Nor whisper any secret word, | which I, thy lone survivor,  
 Might every day and every night | in tears and plaint remember.” 745  
 So spake she weeping : after her, | also the women moanèd.  
 To them anew did Heecuba | lead off the wail incessant :  
 “ Hector, of all my sons wast thou | far to my heart the dearest.  
 Thou even to the gods wast dear, | while thou in life abodest ;  
 And therefore had they care of thee, | even when death had conquer'd. 750  
 Whomso Achilles, fleet of foot | caught of my other children,  
 Them was he wont for gear to sell | across the cropless billows  
 To Samos, or to Imbros ; else | to stranger-hating Lemnos.  
 But when from *thee* with lengthy spear | the life he had bereavèd,  
 Ruthless he trail'd thee many a time | around his comrade's barrow ; 755  
 Nor even so to life restor'd | Patroclos, whom thou slewest.  
 But thou, my much-belovèd child ! | all fresh within the chambers  
 And dewy liest ; like to him, | whom silver-bow'd Apollo,  
 With kindly weapons visiting, | to tranquil death hath given.”  
 So spake she weeping, and arous'd | lament unintermitting. 760  
 Then Helen, after them, the third | led off the dirge of sorrow :  
 “ Hector ! of all my husband's kin | far to my heart the dearest !  
 Lord now to me is verily | the godlike Alexander,  
 Who unto Troy conducted me : | oh ! sooner had I perish'd !  
 Sithence my native land I left, | the twentieth year now circleth : 765  
 Yet never did I hear from thee | words evil or degrading.  
 But if some other might perchance | within the chambers taunt me,  
 Whether of husband's female kin | well-rob'd, or of his brethren,  
 Or e'en thy mother ; (but thy sire | is gentle as a father, 770

Alway :) then wouldest thou with words | dissuade, and eke restrain them  
 Both by thy native kindliness | and utterances kindly.  
 Therefore lament I both for thee, | at once, and me illfated,  
 Heart-smitten ; since not one beside | in all the breadth of Troas  
 Friendly or mild abideth yet ; | but all that meet me shudder." 775  
 So spake she weeping : after her | the countless people moanèd.  
 Then aged Priam to the folk | address'd a word of bidding :  
 " Now to the city, Trôians ! | bring fuel from the forests,  
 Nor fear from Argive ambuscade : | for verily Achilles,  
 When from the dusky galleys back | he sent me, gave commandment, 780  
 On us to wreak no noyance, till | twelve times the Morn have dawned."  
 So spake he : then beneath their wains | they yok'd the mules and oxen,  
 And quick before the city-walls | thereafter were assembled.  
 Nine days successive heapèd they | a boundless store of fuel :  
 But when the Morn a tenth time rose | to carry light to mortals, 785  
 Then they with weeping bare abroad | bold Hector from his chambers,  
 And lodg'd upon the topmost pile | his corpse, for flames to kindle.  
 But when the rosy-finger'd Morn, | the Early-born, returnèd,  
 Then round illustrious Hector's pile | the folk was duly summon'd.  
 And soon as they assembling came | and all were met together, 790  
 First, wheresoe'er along the pile | abode the flame in fury,  
 With streams of sparkling wine throughout | they quench'd it : but thereafter  
 His kinsmen and companions dear | his white bones duly gather'd,  
 All plaintive, and adown their cheek | did the fresh teardrop trickle.  
 These, wrapt in purple raiment soft, | within a golden casket 795  
 They lodg'd, and to a hollow pit | entrusted : but above it  
 A broad foundation pavèd they | of mighty stones and many ;  
 And on it rais'd a barrow-mound, | while watchers sat around it,  
 Lest earlier a raid advance | of trimly-greav'd Achaians. 800  
 Then, when the tomb was rais'd, again | they parted ; but thereafter,  
 In duly-banded companies, | within the halls of Priam,  
 Jovenurtur'd monarch,—royally | to Hector's honour feasted.  
 So tended they the burial | of courser-taming Hector.

F I N I S.

# NOTES ON ILIAD.

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## BOOK I.

VERSE 2. *Achaia*. In the Iliad this word differs very little in extent from the modern kingdom of Greece, or the province called Achaia under imperial Rome. Our poet says also *Pan-Achaia*, as a wide phrase, for *all* the country of Greeks: 2, 404, &c.

13. *Sharp*. Homer uses this word (which in later Greek is simply *swift*) for Sharp and Vehement. As an epithet of Night, I have rendered it *Austere*, knowing nothing better.

17. The *greave* is a metal plate on the outside of the leg.

30. Argos in historical Greece was the town still so called, in the Morea. In 2, 559, this is its sense, as the city of Diomedes. But here Homer apparently uses it for Argolis, the district of which Argos was afterwards the chief city. Agamemnon's own capital was Mykénai, near to Argos. In 2, 108 "the *whole* of Argos" is the proper kingdom of Agamemnon. It will be seen that the poet often says Argives for the host of Achaians. See further 2, 681 and the note.

54. *Mote*; public meeting. Ward-Mote still is used among us, as Folk-Mote formerly.

56. According to the local belief, an ancient hero Dánaüs came from Egypt with 50 daughters, and was established as king in the city of Argos. Hence Diána (Danai) poetically means Argives.

65. *Hecatomb*, strictly means "a hun-

dred *oxen*;" but it is often used vaguely for a hundred *victims*. Thus 4, 102; 23, 864; of lambs.

71. *Iliou* (with the first vowel *long*), is the appropriate name (see 20, 217) for king Priam's city. *Troy* is here ordinarily identical with *Troas* (2, 237; 3, 74), the land of king Tros (5, 222, 266; 20, 230). But it is properly an adjective; hence it may also mean the Troian *city*, as in the Greek of 2, 141.

92. *Noble*, ἀμύμων. The word seems primarily to mean *spotless*. In use it is very like the Latin *ingenuus* or *generosus*; nearly *gentlemanly*, as opposed to vulgar. The adulterous chief Aigisthos is called ἀμύμων in the Odyssey. Dancing is so called, as a gentlemanly exercise, and not merely professional. In this edition I generally render the word *Noble*; but in 6, 171 I have now made it *Chivalrous*, and in 10, 20, *Not ignoble*.

98. *Curled-eyed*. It is the outline of the *eyelid* that curls. In very large eyes, the line of curve is comparable to the horns of the Cape buffalo: hence the epithet suggests "large-eyed." Pindar has the accurate phrase ἐλικοβλέφαρος, having curled *eyelids*.

106. *Lucky*. The Greek adjective is extremely rare, and is called *Doric*. In Theocritus 20, 19 it seems to mean *lucky*.

121. *Trusty-footed*, ποδάρκης. I cannot please myself with a translation. "*Sufficing* with the feet" is the apparent

sense. "Ἀρκίον in 2, 393 seems to mean "a (sufficient) guarantee."

147. *Far-energic*; so 474, 479. . . I feel no confidence as to the right translation. The Greek may also mean *Far-separating* or *Far-averting*. We have three epithets of Apollo which are generally accepted as meaning the same, Hecatos, Hecawergos (as here), and Hecatobolos, to say nothing of the variations of the last, which clearly means *Far-darting*. For Hecatos see 385. In later Greek, Hecata or Hecate is the goddess of sorcery, perhaps of drugs and medicines: which suggests the same sense for the masculine Hecatos, although etymology fails us. Ἀκέτης, of nearly the same sound, would mean *Healer*. Apollo in Attic Greek is ἀπότροπος, the *Averter*; whence the idea that he was a physician, and to be identified with Παιῶν (5, 900) physician of the gods. He wounds and he heals. In 9, 564 the epithet *Averter* does not suit the context.

169. *Phthia*. The Scholiast on Od. 4, 9 observes, "What Homer calls Phthia the later Greeks call Pharsalia."

170. *Horned*. The ship had at prow and stern two ornaments like volutes or ram's horns. The word κορώνη here used generally means a ring, but 4, 111 it is the *twist* at the tip of a bow. In sound it approaches Latin *Cornu*, horn; but *Corona* (ring) is also Latin.

202. *Aegis*. Properly a goat-skin; afterwards, a shield covered by a shaggy hide; see 5, 453. Jupiter's shield of this sort, with a wonderful fringe, is elaborately described, 2, 448; 5, 738. In 15, 309, Vulcan is its maker. Athēna habitually borrows it of her father Jupiter. So Apollo 15, 229, 305.

But (it may be added) the same Greek word αἰγίς means a squall, a sudden storm. Mythology is often eked out by false derivations. May, possibly, the first poet who called Jupiter ægisholding have meant by it merely tempest-holding,—equivalent to cloud-collecting, dark-clouded, thundering?

The god Aiolos (Aeolus) is unknown to the Iliad. Jupiter himself is there the god of storms.

206. *Grey-ey'd*. Aristotle assigns to human eyes four colours, which I believe to mean black, hazel, blue and grey. For hazel-eyed his phrase is αἰγῶπις, *goat-eyed*; and for grey-eyed he has this word γλαυκῶπις, which may also be rendered owl-ey'd. *Glaucous* is an epithet of the olive leaf, Soph. Oed. Col., which is nearly silver-grey, like the willow leaf. Glaucous is also an epithet of the sea, 16, 34. Pope and others render γλαυκῶπις blue-eyed; but blue-eyed in Aristotle is χάρωπος. On the epithet of Juno "cow-eyed," see note to 551.

212. *I Wed, i.e., I gage, plight*.

235. *Sithence*; from the time that, ever since.

250. *Voice-dividing*. The sense is doubtful. The prevalent interpretation is, "articulating with syllables," in contrast to the long howl of wild animals. But in 20, 217 a more natural sense is, "speaking various languages." Homer never uses it in the singular.

269. *Land of Apis*, afterwards called Peloponnēsos, i.e., island (peninsula) of Pelops; now the Morea. Pylos is on its west coast. In the Iliad the word Peloponnēsos is not found.

334. *From Joce*. Heralds were esteemed sacred, as depositories of natural (i.e., international) law.

337. *Briséis* (daughter of Briseus) was a young widow. Achilles had slain her husband Mynes, 2, 692; 19, 295.

371. *Brazen-mail'd*, literally brazen-shirted. Apparently this can only mean, covered with ring-armour or shirt of mail. But it is historically impossible that the common men can have been so accoutred, though one or two chieftains may have obtained such a curiosity from Asia or Egypt. The epithet is a poetical fancy.

393. *Bonny child*. The beauty ascribed to Achilles and Aineias is in evident con-

nection with the idea that their mothers were goddesses. See 8, 305 for such a fable in embryo. Also in 2, 672 a handsome hero has Charopos (*blue-eye*) for his father, and Aglaïa (*brilliance*) for his mother. To praise a handsome man, people said: "His mother must have been a goddess."

404. *His father, i.e.* Uranos (heaven.) *He again, i.e.,* like Jupiter.

468. *Meet plenitude.* The Homeric phrase is simply "An *equal* feast," which many interpret, "equally divided among all the guests." But this interpretation is impossible in 4, 45. As applied to galleys, the word means symmetrical, well-balanced. Hence I get, well-proportioned (to the dignity of the guests), suitable.

477. *Rosy-finger'd.* It is very arbitrary to say that *fingers* mean longitudinal streaks in the sky. I find no plausibility whatever in this. The endeavour to explain all epithets of deities into conformity with modern taste, seems to me thoroughly futile. Compare the green-haired Nerëids and purple-haired Neptune. Even Frenzy, when Homer turns her into a goddess (19, 126), is called by him "dainty-braided." Pluto is steedborne. Many epithets in Greek poetry were founded on sculpture and pictures. I feel little doubt that "rosy-fingered" alludes to the Oriental practice of dyeing the fingers with *henna*. The Morning (Aurora) is an *Eastern lady* in the poet's conception.

529. *Ambrosial, i.e.,* fit for an immortal. We want such a word as *immortalic*.

530. *In mighty undulations wave.* Heyne renders the Greek verb "vacillate strongly." In 18, 411, 417, it seems to mean strong impulse.

551. *Cow-eyed.* I am told by persons of fine taste that they find nothing to offend in this comparison. It is certainly the most obvious sense of the Greek.

561. *Spritesome, δαιμόνιος.* After many trials this is my nearest approach to the Greek. In Æschylus the word means *possessed by an (evil) spirit*: in Aristotle it

is anything *preternatural*. Homer uses it in reproach or in tenderness (2, 190, 200; 6, 407, 486;) and even with very little meaning at all (24, 194). In prose dialogue many render it "My good sir!" "My good creature!"

566. *Intractable, i.e.,* in the literal sense of the Latin word, which may not (with impunity) be handled.

584. *A goblet doubly hollow.* No suitable English occurs for a double cup like two cups whose bottoms cohere.

598. *Teeming, i.e.,* pouring out, emptying out: Northern and Scotch sense.

607. *Limping.* This is the accepted interpretation. That it is correct, seems to me far from sure: yet it is certain that Homer so conceived of this god. See 18, 411, and 21, 331.

## BOOK II.

VERSES 102-108. This "transmission of the Sceptre" gives Homer's view of the dynasty. The first king was Pelops from Lydia, who, coming over to Greece, gave a new name Peloponnêsos to the Morëa, formerly called land of Apis. He supplanted the dynasty of Perseus (19, 116), to which the great Hēracles (Hercules) was believed by the poet to belong. That Hērmes (god of good luck) gave the sceptre to Pelops, has an obvious sense. Atreus and Thyestes were brothers. Atreus, father of Agamemnon and Menelâos, is understood to be son of Pelops; but the poet Æschylus seems to make Atreus, son of Pleisthenes, son of Pelops. Argos, in v. 108, perhaps means Argolis, a part of Peloponnesos. As a modern prince may be King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, so Agamemnon's leadership reached far beyond his direct rule. The epithet Argicide (Argos-killer) given to Hērmes alludes to a wild fable concerning Io, daughter of Inachos, the most ancient

king of Argos known to mythology. Of this fable nothing farther appears in the *Iliad*. The *Argos* slain by *Hermes* was a herdsman who persecuted *Io* when she had been changed into a cow.

145. *Breadth of Icaros*, — the broad *Icarian* sea.

151. *The Channel* is that by which the ship was to glide into the sea.

155. It is remarkable how strongly, here and elsewhere, the poet brings out that the war is hateful to the common people on both sides and to the allies; and is both caused and sustained by nothing but the pride and obstinacy of the chieftains. See 3, 111; 4, 82.

235. *Gentle hearts*. Evidently here, and 6, 55, it is reproachful like *soft heart*, and imputes foolish tenderness. In 5, 109; 9, 252, it must have a good sense like *tender friend*. The Greek word *πέπον* means melon or pippin, and, to judge by etymology, might be used of any ripe soft fruit. *Gentle heart*, *Tender heart*, *Tenderling*, embrace both the good and the reproachful sense. *Tender* is rather too strong for 5, 109.

237. *Troy*, *i.e.*, *Troas*, the country of *Ilium*.

260. This line demonstrates that a story of *Telemachos* and his filial piety was already wide-spread; at least the germ of our *Odyssey*. See also 4, 354. No other Homeric hero boasts of his young son. Yet see 9, 143; 19, 326.

333. *Skirl* (Scotch) cry shrilly, sing shriekingly.

404. *Pan-Achaia*, *i.e.*, *all Achaia*. He tries to make a comprehensive epithet. So *Pan-Hellenes*.

408. *Good at need*: strictly, *Good at* (the crisis of) an alarm or sudden call for aid. The epithet is specially used of *Menelaos* and *Diomedes*, but probably only from metrical convenience. A similar epithet to a chariot (17, 481) proves that the phrase does not mean *Good at shouting*.

461. *Asia* (*Asion*, or *Asios*, uncertain.) Possibly we have here the original district whose name was extended by the Greeks,

first to the kingdom of *Lydia*, next to that of *Persia*, finally to the whole eastern continent.

479. In antique medallions, great breadth of shoulders is assigned to *Neptune*: *Ares* or *Mars* ought to be *small* in girth, which seems to be here intended.

501. *Trimly builded*. The epithet is applied to a threshing floor and a garden; it therefore cannot imply grandeur. The houses of private men, even in the foremost towns, must at that time have been barely neat.

505. *Hypothéba*; apparently a suburb of *Cadmeian Thebes*, which city had been destroyed in the second *Argive* invasion. See 4, 406-410.

512. *Son of Ares*, *i.e.*, distinguished warrior. So *Son of Neptune*, distinguished seaman. The gravity with which *Homer* converts metaphor into theology is instructive.

547. *Erechtheus* seems to be the same word as *Erichthonios*, *i.e.*, "indigenous": hence he is "Son of the Earth." No tradition told of the peopling of *Attica* from abroad. *Athens* (*Athênai*) was emphatically the city of the goddess *Athêna*. That she was so carefully worshipped in *Ilium* also, may mean that the *Troian* people were much given to textile manufactures.

566. *Tálaos* was father of *Adrastos*, a celebrated king, first at *Sikyon*, afterwards at *Argos*. See 572; also 5, 413; 14, 121.

581. The sense of *κηρώεις* is uncertain. Yet by comparing another epithet *μεγακήρης*, which is applied to a dolphin, a ship, and the sea, *κήρος* is reasonably interpreted to mean a cavity, though it ordinarily means a *whale*. "Coomb," for a hollow in a hill, is a *Devonshire* word.

654. *Haughty*. The *Rhodian*s in history are perhaps the noblest of the Greeks, yet even in the time of *Demosthenes* this Homeric epithet stuck to them. That the poet intended it to be characteristic, may appear from the singularly insolent speech which he ascribes to *Tlepolemos*. 5. 633.

672. *Charopos* means blue-eyed, and *Aglaia* brilliancy.

681. *Pelasgian* Argos here is opposed to *Achaian* Argos, 9, 233; 19, 115; which latter is the town of Diomédés or Iliad of Agamemnon. It is rare with Homer to use the Greek article except as a demonstrative. Here its union with the epithet, (Argos *the* Pelasgian) shows the epithet to be carefully distinctive, not ornamental, and virtually denies that the Argos in Peloponnésos is Pelasgian. This is to me one of the many decisive marks of the great antiquity of the Iliad. The later Greek notions concerning the Pelasgians were utterly at variance with this statement. Æschylus and Euripides, and perhaps all the Greeks of that age, supposed Peloponnésos to have been the head-quarters of "Pelasgia," and Peloponnesian Argos to have been preëminently Pelasgian. But that was only by running back to an antiquity described as far earlier than the war of Troy,—before Pelops, before Perseus, before Danaos came from Egypt into Greece. This belief concerning the primitive Pelasgism in southern Greece cannot be said to rest either on unbroken tradition or on historical documents. Dogmatically to deny it, is needless and hazardous; it suffices to insist that it is a theoretical notion foreign to Homer; who conceives the Argos of Thessaly to be *alone* Pelasgian, and would have been likely to tell us if the other Argos had *once* been the metropolis of Pelasgia. Herodotus avows himself uncertain about the Pelasgians. Apparently from deference to general opinion, he does not flatly say that they were all barbarous, *i.e.*, un-Greek; but he says the only Pelasgians *known to him* were barbarous. His notice of the Pelasgians who dwelt for awhile in Attica, and fortified the citadel for the Athenians, but afterwards through a quarrel emigrated in mass, strongly suggests that they were a people heterogeneous to the Greeks, and had never at all blended with the Attic population in several generations. Dodona

apparently was Pelasgian (16, 233.) In Odyssey 8, 294, the Lemnians are Pelasgians, and of barbarous speech. In Iliad 2, 840 the Pelasgians are allies of Priam. Pelasgians in Homer are never confounded with Achaians. Ostensibly the true reason why the moderns in vain seek to clear up this endless controversy, is, because they have adopted as fact the theories or dreams of those who first attempted to make history out of the local mythologies, and traced events "*from Inachos.*"—It is to me a plausible thought that the skill of the Pelasgians in Cyclopien building, notoriously peculiar to them in the time of Themistocles, led the Greeks of that age to *infer* that the buildings of this nature which they found at Mykênai *must* have been Pelasgian, and therefore that the oldest inhabitants of the region were of that stock. That they were, is of course possible. Pelasgians *may* have preceded Achaians and Hellènes *everywhere*. I presume that in Pelasgian Dodona they continued independent, and in Pelasgian Argos or Thessaly were over-powered, as in Scyros and Lemnos. But none of these facts or possibilities give the slightest reason to imagine that the Pelasgian *language* was simply old Greek, as Prichard and others say.

Scyros, Lemnos, Dodóna (16, 233), Molossia, and parts of Thrace were certainly Pelasgian. Thucydides testifies that the Chaones (Molossians) talked a barbarous tongue. The *prima facie* evidence is that the Molossians and Epirots were all Pelasgian: hence would come the Pelasgian migrations on to the Adriatic coast of Italy, speaking the Chaonian language. It may have been Albanian, or something of which we have no living specimen.

683. *Hellas*, which afterwards became the name of all Greece, in Homer is confined to a district of Thessaly. He says *Pan-Hellènes* (2, 530) apparently to mean a part of the dwellers in Opuntian Lœris.

692. Mynes was husband of Briséis, 19, 295.

723. *Hydros*: *Hydra*, watersnake. The arrow that wounded Philoctetes was infected with the snake's poison.

727. *Bastard*, i.e., born of an inferior wife. So 4, 500; 5, 69; 8, 284. See in contrast 6, 25, where the father is unknown. Our language has no distinctive terms.

750. Homer here shows himself ill-acquainted with the interior of the Grecian continent. He was unaware of the existence of the vast mountain chain (Pindos) which severs Dodona from Thessaly. To evade imputing error to him, learned Germans have invented a migration of the *temple* and *name* of Dodona. That his geography is here utterly absurd and purely mythical, is obvious, from his notion that a river flowing *into* the Thessalian Peneios flowed *out* of the Styx, an Arcadian river.

755. *Styx*. The word means *disgust*. From the descriptions which are given of it we may judge that it was a naptha stream. See further 14, 271; 15, 37.

758. *Pelion*, a mountain ridge of Thessaly.

776. *Parsley*: perhaps rather Celery. The word parsley is corrupted from Petroselinon, rock-celery. But, as prize of the Nemean games, we are used to render Selinon *parsley*.

814. *Myrina*, an Amazon.

816. *Motley*. I believe that *αἶδλος* means simply the Latin *varius*, and that to attribute to it the sense of *rapid movement* is an error. No such quality was found in the shield of Aias, 7, 222. In *Odyssey* 20, 27, the verb means simply *variare*. In *Sophocles*, *αἶδλα νύξ* means *nox (astris) varia*, spangled night. *Shining* helmet would not be a distinctive epithet; all metal helmets shine. In 4, 215 Menelaos's girdle is *αἶδλος*: in 4, 135 the same is called *δαίδαλος*: I believe the same, or nearly the same thing was meant: various in hue, or else in complicated work. In 4, 489 Antiphos is distinguished by a corslet which is called *αἶδλος*, as in 5, 407 Oresbios by a baldric: and each receives an epithet from

it. Flexibility, even if it could be peculiar, would not be visible or striking in any of these cases. The rendering *varius* seems to me admissible everywhere for *αἶδλος*, and it is the traditional rendering. I therefore adhere to it, in spite of great modern names.

823. On Antenor's sons, see note in 11, 58.

840. *Spear-frenzied*. The sense of three epithets (of which this is one) ending in *-μωρος*, is highly doubtful. See note on 4, 242.

845. On the Hellespont, see note at 24, 545.

874. *Aiakides*, son (or here, grandson) of Aiakos. The notion that Aiakos was a judge of the dead in the underworld, does not appear in the *Iliad*.

877. *Xanthos*. Perhaps every *yellow* (muddy) river might be so called by Greeks. In the *Iliad* it is not only this Lycian river, but is also the sacred name of Scamander, a river of Troy.

## BOOK III.

VERSE 4. *Ineffable*. The Greek word seems to mean, Inexpressible even to gods.

6. *Pygmy* in Greek means "as large as one's fist." There is little doubt that the monkeys in Africa are the origin of the fable concerning the pygmy men, whom the Cranes used to attack.

26. *Callants* (Scotch), youths. The Greek *αιζητος*, for which I use it, belonged to out-lying dialects.

37. Alexander, in light accoutrement and unshielded, was unfairly matched against a full-armed warrior. That Alexander is not a coward, the poet in many ways displays, 6, 503-522; 7, 2. In 3, 382 he takes heavy armour, as in 6, 504; yet in 8, 82; 11, 371; 13, 775, he is again an archer, and very effective.



78. *Stood motionless*. I suppose this is meant. The obvious sense of the word is that they sat down; but the context seems to forbid.

114. *Their armour* here means only their shields. The Greek shield was so heavy that the soldier seized every opportunity of easing his shoulder from it. See 195; also 7, 101, 103, 122. Perhaps 3, 339 simply means that Menelâos resumed his shield.

145. *Skaian, i.e., on the left hand*. Priam (20, 237) had as brothers Tithónos, Hiketaïon, Clytios and Lampos.

172. *Marriage father*. The Greek language has short words for marriage relations which we cannot express by phrases admissible in poetry. See 3, 123; 6, 378; 22, 472.

180. *Oh that!* The meaning of the Greek particle is contested. I render *εἴπορε* as equivalent to *εἴθε, εἰ γὰρ*. Compare 11, 761; 24, 426.

*Dog-fac'd, impudent*. See 1, 160, 225; 9, 372. In 10, 503 a similar word means "audacious" as a soldier. There, and in 6, 344, 356; 8, 423, 483, the word *dog* cannot be retained.

196. Priam first compares Odysseus to a pet animal, for being so much at home in the ranks: he next narrows his comparison to a ram, for reasons fanciful enough.

346. *Spear with lengthy shadow*. To observe all pictorial phenomena, even when logically irrelevant, belongs to Epic style. Some want to interpret it *long shafted*, from the substantive *ῥοσχη*. But this word seems to mean a vinesucker or twig, not a stout rod, and we should expect from it *ῥολιχοσκοκ*.

425. In a "double chair," two persons sat face to face.

## BOOK IV.

VERSE 15. *Slogan, Battle-cry of tribesmen*. We see by Nestor's advice, 2, 362, that no army could then be esteemed well-organized

unless its divisions were by tribes and brotherhoods; by clans, as we say. Hence *the voice of the tribe*, is, its battle-cry.

105. *Iber*. The Greek has here a word of unknown meaning, *icados*. Either it is an epithet of the goat, or more probably the name of a species, regarded as falling under *wild goat* as its genus.

117. *Germ*. I venture to treat *herma* as equivalent to Latin *germea* and *genma*. In Æsch. Suppl. I think it means *germ*, where it is ridiculously rendered *ballast*. In the plural the word confessedly means *jewels*. *Hormos* also means a necklace. Liddell and Scott say that *Hormathos* is strictly a string of *beads*. The Attic *Ernos*, bud, and *Herma*, in this sense, may possibly be of the same origin.

171. *Thirsty*. The ancients certainly interpreted it, that Argos was deficient in water. Perhaps it is wrong to be dissatisfied, where critics and commentators follow the ancients; yet I have never felt satisfied. Argos was highly fruitful (9, 282), and in Homer has the current epithet "courser-feeding": also in historical times its horses were celebrated. This implies a grassy land.

222. *Battle-glow, χάρμη*. I cannot determine the best rendering. The word is supposed to mean "joy in battle." The sense agrees excellently with 13, 82, but not with 7, 218. I am not able to adhere to a single translation, but make it *feats of war*, as well as *pride of arms, zeal of battle*. Bloomfield thinks that *χαίρω* primitively meant to *leap*, hence *χάρμη* light.

242. *Braggarts*. I mean to derive *ἰόμοροι* from *ἰ* the voice, so that it means "fools in voice." So 2, 840, fools with the spear. But it is wholly uncertain.

328. *Devisers of alarm: 13, 93*. Elsewhere we have, Devisers of fear. See note on 5, 272. I find it hard to judge what is truest.

334. *Phalanx*. Homer employs this very word, elsewhere: but here and in 347 he

uses *Tower* apparently in the same sense. He also compares the compactness of a phalanx to that of stones in a tower wall, and calls its *Tower-wise*. See 13, 126-133; 16, 518.

341. *Outwork of the Teeth*, i.e., the lips. This very quaint phrase is Homer's own. It is not a common Greek idiom.

390. *Backer of the fray*. I suppose ἐπιρροθος to mean one who, by shouting behind, eggs a combatant on: but its Homeric change into ἐπιτάρροθος, at the poet's pleasure, brings in new uncertainty. See 5, 808-828; 21, 289. In Æschylus Sept. Th. ἐπιρροθον seems to mean "an after clap" of misery.

440. *Immeasurably*. I interpret the strange word ἄμετρον as an older form of ἄμετρον, from a lost verb μέτω, Latin mētor, equivalent to μετρέω, Latin mēta=μέτρον.

485. *Iron* (axe.) Iron was then rare; yet knives, spits, axes and ploughshares were made of it. See 18, 34; 23, 30, 834, 850; also 6, 48. Swords were then made of what we vaguely call *brass*; strictly, it was a mixture of copper and tin, very hard, but very brittle. See 3, 363.

515. *Tritogeneia*, i.e., born at the lake Triton in Africa. Such is the account given of the birth of Athēna by an eccentric myth. That she sprang out of the head of Jupiter, was an idea which could not arise, until Athēna was mystically interpreted to be the Wisdom of the most High.

## BOOK V.

VERSE 89. *Fight*, built: qu. pegged.

122. *Buzom* (German *Beugsam*), pliant, supple, elastic. In moral relations the word meant *complaisant*. The sense is ridiculously mistaken in modern days.

153. *Orphanhood*, bereavement. An *orphan* (Greek) is simply one bereaved:

whether a fatherless child or a childless father. It is Latin *Orbus*.

162. *Bulkin*, little bull, i.e., calf. *Bullock*, substantially the same in etymology, is now limited to a young but full-grown animal.

226. *Resplendent*. The sense of σιγαλόεις is quite uncertain. Pindar's phrase νεοσίγαλον τρόπον does not help us. As an epithet of reins, it probably denotes something ornamental. See 5, 583 for reins plated with ivory; 8, 116 for scarlet reins. In 23, 481 reins have a wholly new name, which I render *ribbons*. The luxury of that age expatiated in highly wrought arms, armour, chariots and harness.

272. Here and in 8, 108 Heyne has the dual, applying the epithet, *devisers of panic*, to the horses. This is not unlike to 2, 767, yet is certainly harsher. Applied to Aineias, it is similar to 6, 97, 278, where it is an epithet of Diomēdes.

413. *Grandchild*. Probably this is the sense, not *daughter*: for Tydeus, father of Diomēdes, married a daughter of Adrastus, 14, 121.

449, 453. These lines are inconsistent with 467, 514. The poet may have changed his story in some new version, and never quite reduced it to harmony. Such things certainly happen now with poets.

501. *Siere*: the celebrating winnowing shovel, or *vannus*. See 13, 590.

638. Perhaps ἀλλοίον is a better reading than ἀλλ' οἶον.

650. *Benefits*, viz., by his killing the sea-monster, 20, 147.

697. After only four nights, Sarpedon reappears, book 12, quite unconscious of a wound.

831. *Turncoat and finish'd rascal*. *Finish'd* seems to be a very exact translation; it means, elaborated as by high art, of Vulcan or Daidalos. *Turncoat* also is exact. Only concerning *rascal* one may doubt whether the Greek is masculine or neuter. It may mean "a mischief, an evil," but here these words will not suit us.

## BOOK VI.

VERSE 153. *Ephyra* here means Corinth. In 2, 659 is another *Ephyra*. Seven towns of this name are counted in Dr. W. Smith's Geog. Dict. See 13, 301.

179. *Infuriate*. The sense of ἀμαιμακέρη. is uncertain. With Pindar it is an epithet of the sea.

205. Sudden deaths, especially of women, are ascribed to the arrows of Artemis. See 428; 19, 59; 21, 483.

216. Oineus, father of Tydeus, father of Diomedes. We make out the family history from 5, 413; 14, 115-125; 2, 566, 572, 642; 4, 386-399; 23, 471. Diomedes had the principality of Argos through his mother, daughter of Adrastus, who was king of Argos, and previously of Sikyon. To the Aitolian royalty of Oineus, Meleager son of Oineus succeeded. Diomedes married his cousin, a granddaughter of Adrastus.

236. No further allusion is made to Diomedes as appearing in more splendid or Glaucos in inferior armour. The Roman poet Horace rationalized this tale, as meaning that Glaucos ransomed his life from Diomed.

394. *Richly-purchased wife*. See 22, 471. Compare 11, 244; 16, 178, 190; 18, 593. On the contrary, for special honour to Achilles, Agamemnon (9, 148) offers to him a large dowry with his daughter.

397. *Hypo-Placan*, i.e., under Placos. On this Theba, see 1, 366. It must not be confounded with Boiotian Theba (4, 406), of which Hypo-Theba (2, 505) was probably an outpost. A far greater Theba was that in Egypt, 9, 331.

403. *Asytanax*, i.e., lord of the city. The logic is not clear. See 22, 507.

424. *Cloven-footed*: so 9, 467. I cannot justify this translation by etymology; yet

I think Homer must have meant it. The dictionaries are quite unsatisfactory.

457. *Messôis*, *Hyperëia*: two fountains. See 2, 734.

513. Elector here is certainly a new name of the Sun. It is a substantive. In later Greece the word was ridiculously identified with Alektor, *a cock*. Even Æschylus in tragedy seems thus to have understood it, when he calls the Sun the bird of Jove. In 19, 398 this line recurs only with the last word changed to Hyperion. See note on 8, 840.

As to the meaning of Elector,—it is generally thought to be almost equivalent to Phoibos, *bright*; as being the adjective (amber-coloured) derived from Electron, (amber, or a mixture of gold and silver). It may be so. Yet, inasmuch as El is the element of Ionic ἥλιος (*sun*), and Hector means possessor or *lord*, it is equally possible that, in Greek older than the Iliad, Elector conveyed the idea of *Sun-lord*, El-Baal.

518. *My gracious Sir!*—Whatever the etymology, it is a formula of address from an inferior to a superior friend. In contrast is the formula τέτρα! which I render, "Dear fellow!" 4, 412.

## BOOK VII.

VERSE 10. Areithoös the Club-bearer. This must be the same hero who is alluded to in 136-148; but the chronology is irreconcilable. When Nestor was a youth, Areithoös had long been dead; for Lycurgos, assassin of Areithoös, had grown aged. Hence Menesthios, son of Areithoös, could scarcely have been younger than Nestor.

26. *Recruited*. On the whole, this seems to me the sense of ἐτραρκής in the Iliad. See 8, 171; 15, 738; 16, 362; 17, 627. Whether it bears the same sense in Æsch. Pers. I find a hard problem.

101. *Will arm me: i.e.* will resume my shield, which had been laid on the ground at 57, just as in 3, 114. Also 122 below, the squires lift off the shield from his shoulder.—Nevertheless, the word used for *arm me* (*θωρήξομαι*) strictly means “put on my breast-plate,” and in 206, 207 we cannot limit “all his arms” to the shield, so that the poet may really seem to have forgotten that Menelaos and Aias were already full-armed.

223. It is not quite clear, yet the only natural sense is, that there were seven *entire* hides. No actual shield could hold them.

343. Of course this advice denotes that the general result of the battles had been unfavourable to the Achaians; but Homer’s patriotism veils Greek defeat.

380. This line recurs 11, 729; 18, 298; and is both times in place: but here it cannot be reconciled with 370, except by the forced interpretation that *each man* means *each Achaian*.

## BOOK VIII.

VERSE 82. Alexander is again an archer. But two nights have passed since 6, 504.

185. A line appears in the common version, which is here dropped. It contains the names of *four* horses; whereas 186 shows that Hector is addressing only *two*; and in 191 the Greek verb is in the dual.

410. The particle *down* suggests that Ida was loftier than Olympus, against 14, 292.

480. The meaning of Hyperion is uncertain. It must (I think) have been at first an adjective, though it became a proper name, like Phoibos, Pallas. In Od. 1, 24, it is simply a name of the Sun. Hesiod makes Hyperion *father* of the Sun. The only obvious sense of the word is *over-going*, passing-over; though the form of the geni-

tive forbids our believing it to be a true participle. Here and in 19, 398 it is an epithet; hence I render it *over-gliding*, because I know nothing better, though I cannot wholly justify it.

548, 550, 551, 552. These four lines are omitted in Heyne’s edition. No doubt they are opposed to 4, 46, as far as Jupiter is concerned; but see 9, 238, 239, where Jupiter is contrasted to the other gods. Besides, 548 is necessary to 549, which Heyne retains, and Homer often has such inconsistencies. See 3, 454; 7, 390, which are not in agreement with any visible fact. See also 5, 449-453. See again 17, 546, where the poet presently contradicts himself in 594 and 627.

## BOOK IX.

VERSE 5. Boreas, the N.E. wind, blows from Thrace to an Athenian, and the Greeks in general call this the Thracian wind. Zephyros, the West, to a man in Troas blows nearly from Thrace. Homer seems here to have combined these inconsistent ideas.

15. According to the common interpretation, for storm-capt precipice we should read goat-abandoned rock; *i.e.*, they say, abandoned *even* by goats; which is highly unsatisfactory. Liddell and Scott betray suspicion that *αἰγίλιψ* is connected with *λιψ* in the sense of a cliff; and *π* in the genitive cannot surprise us, when we remember *λεπὰς* a precipice. That *αἰγίς* in Homer, equally as in Æschylus, may mean a storm, is a reasonable inference from the verb *ἐπαγίλιω*. I therefore, until better informed, accept *αἰγίλιψ* as a substantive, meaning a precipice of storms, a *Wetter-horn*. The word recurs 13, 63.

182, 192. The twain cannot mean the two heralds. 196-8 show Odysseus and Aias to be intended. There was here some patch-

work, which the poet never reduced to harmony, if we have his true text.

561. *Ier* in their chambers thereupon. Τότε, at that time. But at what time? Surely not in the crisis of war with the Curiætes. It can only mean *immediately after* the fight of Idas with Apollo: therefore the pronoun *Ier* necessarily suggests Marpessa, the bride. No doubt, either in this line, or at least in 565, the pronoun *Ier* must go back abruptly to Cleopatra. The old Greek interpreter so understands *Ier* in 561, and brings out this sense. "Cleopatra's parents, Idas and Marpessa, called Cleopatra Alkyona, because Marpessa herself, when carried off by Apollo, wept like Alkyon." They justify giving the *daughter* a name from the sufferings of the *mother* by some other cases: thus, the infant son of Aias was called Eurysakes (broad-shielded), because his father had a broad shield. Nevertheless, the whole seems very lame. Idas (it seems) fought with Apollo, and nothing came of it. He was neither the worse nor the better for the battle. His bride was carried off, yet somehow lived quietly with him at home (ἐν μεγάροισι) and with their daughter Cleopatra. One might have expected joy at recovering her husband to be her chief characteristic, not grief at the temporary separation. Yet her sorrow was perpetual, like that of the widowed Alkyon! The whole notion is unnatural, and peculiarly un-Greek. — In spite of the acquiescence of learned men in this interpretation, it has always seemed to be unsatisfactory and inadmissible. Heyne avows that Homer's story is at variance with that current at a later time. Indeed Meleager slew *five* brothers of his mother, not one, according to the later account. Nothing is here said of the fatal brand afterwards so famous, nor is it consistent with this tale. We must make out all the events, as we can, from Homer's own words. The comparison of Marpessa to a widow, certainly suggests that Idas was

slain; which is the only natural interpretation. Marpessa then wept, not in Apollo's company, where none would see it, but in the chambers of her family, for her lover snatched away. The pronoun *μιν* in 564 may mean either *him* or *her*. I refer it to Idas, and understand that he saved his bride, but at the expense of his own life. Thereupon her parents (Ew'nos and his wife) called *Marpessa* Alkyona from her incessant regret of her lost bridegroom. Such a tale is clear enough, and we may even rationalize it, thus: Marpessa was smitten with pestilence: her bridegroom Idas nursed her tenderly and saved her life: but by it he caught the pestilence and died himself. Hence he was said to have fought against Apollo the far-darting, and to have been slain in the cause of his bride. Then the pronoun *Ier* in 561 refers to Marpessa, but *μήτηρ* in 563 becomes undeniably corrupt. I now see that instead of it we may plausibly suggest *μνηστήρ* (suitor, wooer), which gives an accusative to the verb *κλαίε*, and directly explains *μιν*, *him*. (In Eurip. Iph. T. 1242. I wish to correct *μάτηρ* into *κρατήρ*, the *basin* of Delos.) The tense of the verb *κλαίε* suggests continuity of weeping, as indeed does the comparison to Alkyon. If the weeping had been only while she was detained by Apollo, how could this have impressed the imagination of Idas?

## BOOK X.

The whole of Book 10 might be omitted without the reader's discovering any loss. That it was an after addition is made probable by there being no mention of the horses of Rhesus in the chariot race of the 23rd book, notwithstanding the high praise of them, 10, 437, 550.

## BOOK XI.

VERSE 1. *Tithónos* in 20, 237 is a brother of Priam. Fable had already in the poet's age made him *husband* of Aurora, goddess of the East. It perhaps meant only that he migrated Eastward, or again, that he obtained an Eastern throne and the hand of an Eastern queen. In the same spirit, Memnon, the swarthy-faced ally of Priam, is called by later poets *a son* of Aurora.

11. *Strife*, = *Enýō* = Bellōna, sister of Ares, 4, 441.

33. *Furious* (ῥ). What the poet means by calling a shield *θοῶπις* (impetuous) is uncertain. It recurs 15, 308; 20, 162. It was possible to push with the boss of a shield: but the weight was an impediment to agility. Perhaps the epithet implies that the shield was (for a shield) very light, so as to aid a warrior's *impetuosity*. May it refer to the devices of the shield and mean *terrible*? See 5, 740, and here 36, 37.

58. Three sons of Antenor are here named,—Polybos, Agenor and Acamas: but two others, Iphidamas and Coon, are slain by Agamemnon 221-261. Another, Arche-lochus, was named 2, 823, and is slain 14, 464. A seventh, Pedaios, in 5, 69; son of a concubine. An eighth, Laodamas, is slain 15, 516. Demoleon, a ninth, is slain 20, 396. Of Acamas, see further, 16, 342. A tenth is Laodocos, 4, 87.

101. Antiphos, son of Priam and Hecuba, is distinguished 4, 489 by his motley or curious *corslet*, as Hector by his motley or curious *helmet*.

155. *Scrubby copse*. The sense of the Greek epithet *ἄξυλος* is contested. I suppose it may mean, "having no timber, but only brushwood."

166. Ilos, great grandson of Dardanos, but grandfather of Priam: 20, 219-237.

244. Iphidamas bought, by 100 larger and 1000 smaller cattle, *from his own grandfather and foster-father*, that grandfather's daughter, as his wife. At first one thinks there is some mistake: but the Greek is quite clear. Pope is so shocked at the bargain, that he deliberately perverts the statement.

643-802. The want of judgment here shewn by the poet is astonishing, though comparable to 20, 200-258. Achilles was not likely to listen while Aineias told him his genealogy in 58 lines: nor would Patroclus, who has not time to sit down, listen to 150 lines from Nestor about things long gone by. Homer in each case wished to gratify some of his hearers by the digression. He might have made Nestor tell his story to Machaon *before* Patroclus arrived, during the leisurely talk alluded to in 642, and continued until 14, 1. We can easily compose it thus:—

643. "Other than Nestor now must save  
The galleys; for no longer  
Sinev have I, &c." . . .

[as from 668 to 760.]

Upon this, let Patroclus arrive. Nestor's speech would still be too lengthy, even if from 668 to 762, or 94 lines, were cut out. But when we observe that books 12, 13, 14, 15 are all interposed, before Patroclus, with all his hurry, can get back to his impatient and imperious friend, it becomes more than probable that the poet originally composed his poem without these books, and when he afterwards revised and added, it is possible that he did not give his last corrections to this portion. On the other hand, the repetition of *ἀνὰρ Ἀχαιεύς*, 662, 761, gives the appearance of 99 lines having been here interpolated; whether by the poet himself, for reasons of his own (other than poetical reasons,—say, to gratify some Pylia chief-tain),—or else by a strange hand. The connection would be bearable, if, omitting these 99 lines, we read:—

662. I a third arrow-wounded chief  
Have rescued: but Achilles

762. Alone surviving will enjoy, &c. . . .  
Nevertheless this transition is less natural than we get by the omission of 94 lines only, which the Greek admits with equal ease:—

667. And we ourselves, line after line,  
Be slaughter'd ? but Achilles

762. Alone surviving, &c. . . .

*i.e.*, Achilles, *if we be slaughtered.*

In fact, the last is decidedly *better* connection than what the books now give, *viz.*:—

761. Such was I (would that still I were!)  
'Mid heroes: but Achilles

762. Alone surviving, &c. . . .

Altogether the vanity ascribed to Nestor, as we now read, is suited only to comedy.

749. The twins, named *Molions*, (after their mother, as is supposed) are regarded by Homer as having Actor for titular father, Neptune for their true father. Cteatus and Eurytus are their true names, 2, 621. See also 13, 185 and 207; also 23, 638.

758. *The Achaians*. The phrase here suggests that the Epeans of Elis were not strictly Achaians.

## BOOK XII.

VERSE 140. *Adamas*; son, probably, of Asios, brother of Hecuba. This *Adamas* is slain, 13, 575. A third *Asios* is named, 17, 583.

293. Only three nights have pass'd (7, 282-421; 8, 1; and book 10), since Sarpedon's dreadful wound. Either the poet counted on the reader's forgetfulness, or (what seems likely), he added 300 lines to book 5 after he had composed the passage before us. Indeed, if we ended book 5 with verse 626, and put 627 in place of the first line of book 6, no reader would miss anything.

## BOOK XIII.

VERSE 6. I interpret *ἄβιοι* to mean *without bows*: the ancients did not, because they looked for truth in such notices by Homer. He seems to me to have conceived of the Mare-milkers as Herodotus of the Argippeans.

519. On Ascalaphos, see note to 2, 512.

590. The winnowing sieve or shovel (*vannus*) is embraced in the spread arms of a man, and jerked up and down. The mould and stones collect in its centre, the chaff is blown away sideways, and the cleansed grain falls on the floor.

686. *The Ionians* seem to mean the inhabitants of all Attica. The poet betrays no acquaintance with Ionian colonists from Attica. This is among the marks of his antiquity.

693. *Phthians* (Pharsalians?)—This is contradicted by 2, 683, 704, 727.

754. *Raging bird*. The Greek text presented to us has *ῥρεῖ νιφόμεντι*, snowy mountain; which I cannot believe to be what Homer wrote. I conjecturally correct it to *ῥνρέφ θύουρι*.

The interference of Neptune in this book and the next (to bring exhortation, *not* war-like aid, 355; 14, 386) may perhaps be explained by 19, 48. When the Achaians were driven to the galleys, the *seamen* came out to feed, comfort, and exhort them.

## BOOK XIV.

VERSE 319. *Acrisióua*, *i.e.*, Danaë, daughter of Acrisius.

321. *Phoinix*, or the Phœnician; generally called Agñor by later poets. His daughter is named by them Európa. Her name is not found in Iliad nor Odyssey.

426. Glauco had been severely wounded (12, 391), and is suffering in 16, 510; when he was miraculously healed, 16, 528. He ought not to be free from suffering already.

## BOOK XV.

VERSE 284. *Elder* chiefs and princes spoke in the council; the younger men in the assembly only; and in the Homeric times but rarely, it seems.

361. *Costly* ægis. See 2, 449.

365. Eios is clearly a surname of Apollo: its meaning is very uncertain. Sophocles makes it Iëios.

422. *Cousin*. In 20, 238, Clyti<sup>os</sup> is brother to Priam.

551. Hiketa<sup>on</sup> and Lampos also were brothers to Priam, 20, 238.

713. *Leather*. The Greek epithet is literally *black bound*. I do not feel at all sure of the sense. In Æschylus the word is an epithet of the *shield*, here of the *sword*.

735. *Auxiliar*. I conjecture the Homeric ἀοσσεῶ to be a softened form of ἰοσσεῶ, related in sense to ἀξέω, as in Latin *auxiliar* to *augeo*.

## BOOK XVI.

VERSE 151. Homer perhaps understood by a Harpy a flying mare, a griffin. The Harpies and Griffins were elsewhere imagined with an eagle's head: possibly the Cherubs as sculptured and painted in Assyria and Egypt may have supplied both fancies. The Greek root *Harpy* is the Latin *Rap*; and in Homer the cognate roots *Karf*. *Kraf* denote speed. Harpy as a mare means Rapid, as a bird means Rapacious.

342. Acamas, here slain, is apparently the son of Anten<sup>or</sup> (2, 823; 11, 58). Another Acamas, a Thracian (2, 844) was slain in 6, 8.

408. *Sacred fish*. I cannot be pleased with the interpretation, "Sacred, that is, Supernatural, that is Huge." Whales and

grampuses are not caught by line and hook, nor sharks by one man sitting on a rock. I think a special kind of fish must be intended, perhaps remarkable for splendid colours.

## BOOK XVII.

VERSE 9. *Son of Pantho<sup>os</sup>*: here, Euphorbos, 16, 807. On his brother Hyperenor, see 14, 516. His other brother is Polydamas.

80. *Troians*: the word here must include Dardans. Euphorbos was a Dardan, 16, 806.

302. *Larissa*: not the Thessalian Larissa, known historically, but the Larissa of 2, 841.

306. *Schedios, son of Iphitos*. See 2, 517. Another Schedios, son of Perimedes is slain 15, 515. Each is a prince of Phokis.

343. Apisa<sup>on</sup>, son of Hippasos. Compare 11, 431, 577 and 13, 411.

354. The books have εἶτι εἶχε, bad in metre, and with unusual sense. Perhaps it should be εἶτ' ἔπεσχε, *reached*; as 21, 407; 23, 238; 24, 792.

460. *Vulture*. According to us, the vulture eats only dead carcasses. By an opposite error, eagles are spoken of as feasting on the dead.

546. The statement does not agree with 594, 627, &c.

577. Podes, son of Eetion, was brother of Andromacha.

## BOOK XVIII.

VERSE 209. In the Greek perhaps οἱ τε ought to be οἱ δε: "but the *others*," *i.e.*, the townsmen.

220. *Trumpet*. Allusion is again made to the trumpet in 21, 388, where we cannot get rid of it without mutilating the book.



Here we *might* omit three lines only. It is of importance, as showing that the poet does not, necessarily and always, attribute to his heroes the practices of his own age. He always represents them as using the human voice only, even where a trumpet would have been a high convenience.

351. *Nine years old*. This is interpreted "brought from home nine years earlier."

399. *Flux and reflux*. This is the only reasonable interpretation of the epithet. It seems to show the poet's acquaintance with the tides of the Indian Ocean, or even of the Atlantic.

592. *Maidens who dowers earn*. See 6, 394; 11, 244.

## BOOK XIX.

VERSE 141. *Yester eve*. It does not appear that the Greek word (here and in 195) can mean anything else: yet evidently *two* nights have passed (11, 1; 18, 239) since the speech of Odysseus (9, 225). Are we to call it forgetfulness in the poet?

360. On the tight joinings of the corslet, see 15, 530.

382. I understand that Vulcan substituted golden wire for horsehair.

## BOOK XX.

VERSE 203. To omit 203-255 would be an improvement, according to our taste. Homer wanted to introduce the pedigree of Aineias, which is a poor excuse for 203-245. But the last passage, 246-255, seems to have no excuse at all. *Bonus dormitat Homerus*.

281. *Both orbs*. I do not understand this. From 322 it appears that the spear still stuck in the shield, though it reached through into the earth.

397, 8. These lines certainly suggest, that in the poet's own age there was a

dynasty ruling in Troy which traced its descent to Aineias, and that he had never heard Virgil's tale of the migration of Aineias to Italy.

405. It is agreed that the lord of Helicón means Neptune: why, is uncertain.

407. This Polydórus has Laothoë for mother: see 21, 91; 22, 47. The Polydórus celebrated in Euripides and Virgil is son of Priam by Hecuba.

## BOOK XXI.

VERSE 41. Son of Jason. See 7, 468: also 23, 741-7.

166. Achilles is wounded in the arm. The fable that he was invulnerable, except in the heel, is thus shown to be of later origin.

## BOOK XXII.

VERSE 145. *Watchman's mound*: see 2, 793. *Wild fig tree*: 6, 433.

315. *Fourcrested*. But in 19, 380 it was triplecrested, unless with Buttman we reject the received translation.

475. *Prelude of wail*. I now interpret ἀμβλήδην from ἀνεβάλλετο καλὸν αἰδεῖν.

## BOOK XXIII.

VERSE 679. The epithet given to Oidipous (δεδονπόρος, *fallen in battle*) shows that the poet of the Iliad followed a totally different tale from the Attic Tragedians.

705. The woman, whose price is only one-third of a firepot, though said to know "many works," must mean a farm servant only. The woman (verse 263) who is "taught in gentile work" (ἀμύμονα ἔργα), embroidery and lacemaking, being the first

prize in the chariot race, though there with a tripod in addition, must have been more valuable. In 885 a new cauldron wrought with flowers is worth but one ox: why the tripod here should be worth twelve, no reason appears. The cauldron (897) is called "a very beautiful prize."

745. Thoas, king of Lemnos (14, 230), father of Hypsipyla, mother of Eunôos, 7, 469.

761. I do not certainly understand the description; but I suppose spinning, not weaving, to be intended.

836. On Polypoites and Leonteus see 12, 127, as well as 2, 738-746.

## BOOK XXIV.

VERSE 29-30. These two lines may be suspected as an interpolation, (if the book be, as I believe, from the same poet as the preceding 23,) for Paris has never hitherto been represented as a *herdsman*, nor is his judgment of the three goddesses previously alluded to. It seems to be a later tale. The "frenzy" of Alexander in book 3, &c., is his rape of Helen, not his mockery of the pretensions of Juno and Athênâ to beauty. Besides, the argument of these two verses will not apply to Neptune.

81. The lead, with the end of the cord attached to it, was enclosed in a cow-horn, they say, that the fish might not bite it off, with the hook.

257. Tróilos and Mestor, here made so prominent, were not previously named any more than Agathôn, Pammon, Antiphonos, Hippothoôs (?) or Dios.

316. What means the epithet *μορφνός*, applied to an eagle, is somewhat doubtful.

450. Nothing in the rest of the poem has come out to show us that the *κλισίαι*

so often named are wooden huts, as here described, unless we regard 18, 589 to denote it. There the exact phrase is "*roofed huts.*"

545. Macar. This name means *Blessed*. *Endless* might also be rendered *round* or *infinite*: but every way it is a strange epithet for the Hellespont or Dardanelles. In 2, 845 Homer seems to mean the Dardanelles, but to have an exaggerated idea of the length, as limiting his Thrace. Probably the Dardanelles, the sea of Marmora, and the Thracian Bosphorus, were all regarded by him as a single broad brackish (*πλῆγὸς*) river, and named, the sea of Hella or Hellê. The limits here assigned are anything but clear: "Lesbos above (*ἄνω*) and Phrygia from above (*καθ' ὑπερθε*) and the endless or round Hellespont." Did he possibly suppose the Hellespont to form a great arch beyond the Bosphorus, and to come down upon Phrygia? I conjecture that he regarded Lesbos as "above" on a *map*, and Phrygia to be physically aloft, *i.e.*, high table land. Sestos and Abydos in (2, 838) are *not* referred by the poet to the Hellespont: yet in 9, 360 Achilles expects to sail on the Hellespont on his return home. Heyne there interprets it of the northern part of Ægean, the sea on the coast of Thrace. Also 7, 86 the coast of the Hellespont is in the close neighbourhood of the Achaian army.

578. *Well tir'd*. The tires of wheels are made prominent, 5, 725 and elsewhere.

615. Sipylos is a mountain of Lydia, on which a certain huge rock, seen from a distance (according to Pausanias) looked like a woman in tears and in an attitude of grief. The allusion in Sophocles is to the same effect. Out of this rock, and the smaller stones about it, the whole fable must have arisen.

765. *Twentieth year*. This savours of a later tale. How could Paris and Hector still be young?

## CORRECTIONS.

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- P 21, l 232, *for listeth read listest.*
- P 36, l 874, place comma at the end. So P 192, l 521; P 232, l 148.
- P 44, ll 307, 333, place full stop at the end. So P 90, ll 339, 340;  
P 94, l 519; P 288, l 388.
- P 55, l 303, *for bravely read bravery.*
- P 80, l 833, *read Tróians.*
- P 81, l 889, *read whimper.*
- P 87, l 209, *read fathers'.*
- P 95, l 1, *for much read such.*
- P 96, l 34, *read Enérgic.*
- P 109 Foot note; *for Ulysses read Odyssees.*
- P 116, l 408, *for always read alway.*
- P 120, *divide l 555 after Moon.*
- P 125, l 185, *for tents read cots.*
- P 139, l 55, *for go read hie.*
- P 144, l 304, *for this read his.*
- P 156, *divide l 218 after who.*
- P 242, l 626, *read Menoitíades.*
- P 264, last line, *for as they, read as ón they.*
- P 301, l 9, *read stream, singular.*
- P 304, l 133, *for thoroughly read throughly.*

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