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THE ILIAD OF HOMER

WITH A VERSE TRANSLATION.

BY

W. C. GREEN, M.A. (1831-1914)

RECTOR OF HEPWORTH, SUFFOLK; LATE FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND ASSISTANT MASTER IN RUGBY SCHOOL.

VOL. I.
BOOKS I—XII.

London:
LONGMANS AND CO.
1884
ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Θ.

Θεών ἀγορὰς, Τρόιῶν κράτος.

"Αλήθεα μὲν κροκόπετλός ἐκδώσατο πάσαν ὅποι ἀλον, Ζεὺς δὲ θεῶν ἀγορὴν ποιήσατο τερπικέανυσιν, ἀκρωτάτη κορυφή πολυετρόδος Οὐλυμποίων. αὐτὸς δὲ σφ' ἀγάρενε, θεός ὲ ὑπὸ πάντας ἄκουσον' ἐκλυτεῖ μεν, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσιν τε θείαι, 5 ὥρ' εἶπέ τά με θυμός ἐνι στήθεσι κελᾶνει. μῆτε τις ὡν θύλεια θεὸς τό γε μῆτε τις ἡπ τον πειράτω διακόρραι ἐμὸν ὑπὸ, ἀλλ' ἀμα πάντες αἰνεῖτ', ὥφα τάχυστα τελευτήσω τάδε ἔργα. 10 ὦ ὅ ἄν ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλοντα νοήσω ἐλθώντι ἡ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηγέμεν ἡ Δαναώθην, πληγεὶς οὗ κατὰ κόρμον ἐπέστεκε Οὐλυμπόνδε, οὐκ ἐδώντις ἄρ η ἀχαΐα η ἀρήσκεντά, τόλα μάλ', ὧ θεῖς βάθιον ὑπὸ χθονός ἔστι βέρεθρον, ἔσθα σιδήρεια τε πύλαι καὶ χάλκεος οὐδός, τόσον ἔπηρ' Ἀθηνα' δοὺς οὐράνιος ἄττ' ἄττ' γαρ' θορήσ' ἐπεβ' δοὺς εἰμί θεῶν κάρτιστοις ἀπάντην. εἰ δ' ὅρη πειρήσασθε, θεοὶ, ἢ μὴ ἐδέσε πάντες, σειρὴ ἵππεσιν ἐξ οὐρανίων κρεμᾶσατε, πάντες δ' ἔξοπτεσθε θεοὶ πᾶσιν τε θείαι, 15 ἀλλ' ὅποι οἱ ἄρ ἀράσατ' ἐξ οὐρανίων πεδίον δοθεῖ Ζηῦ ἔποιον μῆτερ', οὖδ' εἰ μάλα πολλὰ λαμβάνει.
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ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Θ.

Θεών ἄγορῃ, Τρίων κράτος.

Ἡδὲ μὲν κρόκοπεπλος ἀκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αὐλαν, Ζαδή δ' θεῶν ἄγορὴν ποιήσατο τερπικέραυνος. ἀκροτάτη κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλώμπωιον. αὐτὸς δὲ σφ' ἀγάρευε, θεοὶ δὲ ὅποι πάντες ἄκουος· ἀκλίντα μεν, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θίαναι, ὥρθ' εἶπεν τὰ με θυμῶς ἐνι στήθεσις κελεύει. μίας τις ὁδὸν θύλαια θεὸς τὸ γέ μήτε τις ἁρσὴν τειράτω διασέρας ἐμὸν ἔπος, ἀλλ' ἁμα πάντες αἰνεῖτ', ὥφα τάχουστα τελευτήσας τάδε ἔργα· ὅν δ' ἀν ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἔθελοντα νοησάνεις ἐλθὼν' ὥς Τρώεσσιν ἀργήγεμέν ο' Δαναοῦς, πληγέσθως οὐ κατὰ κόσμον δελέεσθαι Οὐλώμπώδε, ἢ μν ἐλαίων θάρσεως τὰς Τάρταρου ἐφόρεστα, τῆλε μάλ' ἢ χεῖς βαύσαντον ὑπὸ χανοῦν ἐστὶ βέθρουν, ἑσάδε συνήρεσσι τοὺς καὶ καθάνεος οὐδός, τότασον ἔχοντ' Ἀθέους δοὺν οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαλαζ' γυάζετ' ἐκεῖθ' δοὺν εἰμὶ θεῶν κάρπωτος ἀνάπτως. εἰ δ' ὅρα τελπίσοσα, θεοὶ, ὡς εἴθετε πάντες, συνήρ χαρείθαν ἡ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσανς, πάντες δ' ἐξάπτεσθε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θίαναι· ἀλλ' οὕτω ἔροσαν' ἐξ οὐρανόθεν πεδίονθε Ζήν' ἐπιστον μήστερ', οὐδ' εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμουτε.
ILIAD VIII.

Victory of the Trojans by the help of Zeus.

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

ἀς ἐραθ', οἳ δ' ἂρα πάντες ἄχιν ἐγένοντο σιωπὴ μοῦ οὐκ ἀγασσάμενοι' μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσαν. ὡς δὲ δὴ μετέειπτε θεὰ ἡλικίαν Ἀθηνίην' ᾧ πάτερ ἡμέτερε Κρονίδη, ὡποτε κρείνων, εἰ νῦν καὶ ἱμαῖοι ιδέαν ὅ τοι σθένου ὡς ἐπιεικοτέρ' ἀλλ' ἐμπιστός Δαναὸν ὠλυντόμεθ' αἰχμητάνων, οἳ κεν δὴ κακῶν οἴτον ἀναπλήσατες ὅλωνται.

ἀλλ' ἦ τοι πολέμου μὲν ἄφεξόμεθ' ὡς σῦ κελεύεις, βουλὴν δ' Ἀργείους ὑποθησόμεθ', ἣ τῆς νυσσεῖ, ὅσ μὴ πάντες ὅλωνται ἐδυσσαμένοι τεοῖο.

τὴν δ' ἐπιμείνησας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς' 

"θάρσει, Ἕρμηνευεια, φίλοι τέκος' οὐ νῦ τι θυμό 

πρόφρον μυθέασαι, ἐδήλῳ δὲ τοι ἡπτοί εἰναι."

ἀς εἴπων ὑπ' ὄχεσθι τετύπηκεν ταλακόπος ἵππω 

ὡκυπτῆτα, χυψέργον ἐθέλργον κομάωντε, 

χρυσὸν δ' αὐτὸς ἔκων περὶ χροῦ, γένοτ' δ' ἰμάσθηκ 

χρυσαλίαν ἑττικόν, οὖ δὲ ἑπεθήσατε δήθρου, 

μάστιγον δ' ἐλάτω' τὸ δ' οὐκ ἀκούετε πετέσθη 

μεσαρχύς γαῖς τε καὶ ὁφανοῦς ἀστερέωντας."

"Ἰδὴν δ' ἱεαεν πολυπεδακά, μητέρα θηρών, 

Γάργαροι, ἑνά τ' οἱ τέμενος βαρύνος τε ποῆσι,

ἐνθ' ἵπποις ἐστησε πατήρ ἄνδρον τε θεῶν τε 

λύσας ἥξ ὧχεν, κατὰ δ' ἡρα πολύλυ ὧχεν, 

αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κορυφῇ καθήκετο κίδει γαῖαν,
εἰσορῶν Τρῷων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας ᾿Ἄχαιῶν.
οὐ δὲ ἄρα δεισιν ἔλοντο κάρη κομώντες ᾿Ἄχαιοι
Βῆμα κατὰ κλείσια, ἀπὸ δὲ αὐτοῦ θωρήσοντο.
Τρώες δ' αὖθι έτέρωθεν ἀνὰ πόλιν ὑπέλιζον,
πανρότεροι μέμασαν δὲ καὶ ὅσιον μάχεσθαι,
χρειοι ἀναγκαῖοι, πρὸ τε παιδῶν καὶ πρὸ γυναικῶν.
πάσαι δ' οἴρωντο πῦλαι, ἐκ δ' ἱστότο λαός,
pεζώ οθ' ἅπείσες τε' πολὺς δ' ὀρμαγδός ὀράρει.
οὐ δ' ἔτε δὴ β' ἐς χώρον ἐνα ἕφυνόντες ἱκοντο, 60
σὺν β' ἕξαλον μινοῦς, σὺν δ' ἐγχεα καὶ μένε' ἄνδρῶν
χαλκεοθορήκης' ἀταρ ἀσπίδας ὀμφαλόσσαι
ἐπιλήνθ' ἐλλάγυς, πολὺς δ' ὀρμαγδός ὀράρει.
ἐνθ' δ' ἀμ' οἰμωνή τε καὶ εἰχυλίτη πέλεν ἄνδρῶν
ἐλλάγυς τε καὶ ἐλλομένων, βέε δ' αἵματι γαία. 65
δύνα μὴν ἡδ' ἢν καὶ ἀέκτο ἱερὸν ἡμαρ,
tούφα μάλ' ἀμφιτέρων βέλ' ἦπτετο, τίττε δέ λαοί
ἵμυος δ' ἔμιος μάσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβατῆκει,
cαλ τότε δὴ χρύσεα πατήρ ἐτίταιν τάλαντα,
ἐν δ' ἐτίθη δύο κῆρε τανηλεγέος βανάτοι,
70 Τρώων δ’ ἀποδάμων καὶ ᾿Ἄχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶν,
ἐλει δὲ μάσατα λαβοίν ρέτε δ’ αἰχμῶν ἡμαρ ᾿Ἄχαιῶν.
αἰ μὲν ᾿Ἄχαιῶν κῆρες ἐπὶ χθοῦν πουλυβετήρι
ἐξέθην, Τρώων δὲ πρὸς οὐρανὸν εὐρόν δέρθεν.
αὐτὸς δ’ ἐξ Ἰδής μεγάλα κτύπε, δαϊμόνων δὲ
ἀκε σέλας μετὰ λαοῦ ᾿Ἄχαιῶν. οὐ δὲ ἱδόντες
75 δέμισθαι, καὶ πάντας ὑπὸ χλωρὸν δῖος εἶλαν.
ἐνθ’ οὖτ’ ἵδομενιν τῇ μμείμεν οὔτ’ Ἀγαμέμνων,
οὔτε δ’ Ἀτατίς μεκῆ, θεράτωτες ᾿Αργης.
Glorying in majesty, and gazed adown
On Troy's fair city and Achaia's ships.
Achaia's long-haired sons their meal had ta'en
Throughout their tents in haste; and, when 'twas done,
They harnessed them. And on the other side
The Trojans through the town were arming them;
Fewer in number these, but even thus
Right sternly bent to fight in conflict close,
By hard constraint, for children and for wives.
All gates were opened: out the people poured,
Both foot and horse: and loud arose the din.
And when upon one plain the armies closed,
They met with shields and spears and strength of men
In brazen corslet clad; and bossy targe
Touched bossy targe, and loud arose the din.
There wailing cry and glorifying shout was heard—
Slayers and dying—streamed with blood the ground.
While yet 'twas morning-tide and day divine
Still grew, so long the spears of either host
Found mark, and warriors fell. But when the sun,
His round half run, stood in the middle heaven,
Then did the Sire hang forth the golden scales,
Wherein of death that stretcheth stark and stiff
Two fates he laid—of Troy's steed-tamers one
The other of Achaia's mail-clad men—
Then grasped midway and drew the balance. Swift
Sank heavy down Achaia's day of doom:
Till on the fruitful earth Achaia's fate
Sate low, the Trojans' to wide heaven rose high.
Then Zeus himself from Ida thundered loud,
And on the Achaian host a flaming bolt
Hurled forth: who trembling with amazement saw,
And pallid fear thrilled through the heart of all.
There neither dared Idomeneus to stay,
Nor Agamemnon, nor the Ajaces twain,
Henchmen of Ares, stayed. Stayed only one
Νέστωρ ὁ ὁίος ἔμμενε Γερήνιος, ὁ ὅρος Ἀχαϊών, οὗ τὸ ἵκον, ἀλλ' ἤπειρος ἔτελετο, τὸν βάλεν ὑπὸ δίος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἕλενης πόσις ἦν κάμῳ, ἀκρην κακὸ κορυφήν, ὥθη τε πρῶτα τρίχες ἤπειρων κρανίων ἐμπεφύασι, μάλιστα δὲ καλίμων ἐστίν. ἀλγήσας δ' ἀνέπαυτο, βῆλος δ' εἰς ἐγκέφαλον δύ, σὺν δ' ἤπειρως ἑτάραξε κυλινδόμενος περὶ χαλκοῦ. ὁφ' ὁ γέρων ἤπειρον παρηροίκας ἀπέταμεν 
φασάνῳ ἀλόσων, τόφρ' Ἔκτορος ὁ ὅπειρος ἤπειρος ἦλθον ἀρ' ἱερχόν, θρασύν ἠνίχθον φορέωτες Ἔκτορα. καὶ νῦ κεῖν ἔνθ' ὁ γέρων ἀπὸ βυθοῦν ὀδεσσεῖν, ἐὰν μὴ ἀρ' ἠδ' νοῆσαι βοηθὴν ἄγαθὸς Διομήδης. σωματελεύτον δ' ἐβίβασεν ἐποτρύνων Ὀδυσσέα. "ἐνογενέσι Δαερτιάδι, πολυμήχανον Ὀδυσσεῖ, πη φεύγεις μετὰ νότα βαλῶν, κακῶς ῥη ἐν ὀμίλῳ, μὴ τίς τοι φεύγοντι μεταφέροι ἐν δόρῳ τήξρ'. ἀλλὰ μὲν', ὁφρὰ γέρουτος ἀπώσομεν ἀγρίων ἄνδρα." ὥσ' ἐφατ', οὐδ' ἐσάκουσε πολύτιλα δίος Ὀδυσσεί, ἀλλὰ παρίζευνοι κοίλας ἐπὶ νήσος Ἀχαιών. 
Τυδείθη δ' αὐτὸς περ ἐων προμάχωσιν ἐμίχθη, στῇ δὲ πρόσθ' ἤπειρων Ἡλημίδαο γέρουτος, 
καὶ μν' φωνήσαι ἔπεστε πετρέετρα προσθίμα. "ὁ γέρων, ἢ μάλα δὴ σε νεός τελούς μαχηταλ, σῇ δὲ βία λείπαι, χαλεπῶν δὲ σε γῆρας ὅποιει, ἑκδιδαίος δὲ νῦ τοι θεράπον, βραδεῦς δὲ τοι ἤπειροι. ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἐμῶν ὄχλων ἐπιβίβασεν, ὁφρὰ ἔρημοι ὅπως Τραῖοι ἤπειροι, ἐπιστάμενοι πεδινοί"
ILIAD VIII.

Gerenian Nestor, watchman of the host;
Nor of free will, but by his steed's mischance:
Which Alexander, long-haired Helen's lord,
Struck with an arrow on the very crown,
Just where the forelock grows, above the skull,
Most fatal spot. In pain the stricken horse
Reared high, then, as the shaft sank in the brain,
With brazen point infixed, rolled o'er in death,
And hampered both his fellows of the yoke.
While yet the greybeard strove with hasty blade
To cut the trace that linked the outer steed,
Came Hector's flying coursers through the rout
Bearing a dauntless driver, Hector's self.
And there and then the greybeard king his life
Had lost, but Diomedes good in fray
Was quick to mark, and with terrific shout
Odysseus to the rescue he recalled:
"Laertes' son, thou man of many wiles,
Zeus-born Odysseus, whither fliest thou
Turning thy back, a coward in the throng?
Beware lest, flying thus, pursuer's lance
Pierce thee behind. Nay stand, that I and thou
May from the greybeard drive his savage foe."
So spake he: but the man of many toils,
Godlike Odysseus, heard him not, but passed
On rushing to Achaia's hollow ships.
Then Tydeus' son, unaided though he was,
Mixed in the van of fight, and stood before
The horses of the aged Neleus' son,
And thus to him in wingèd words he spake:
"Father, I ween the younger fighters now
Distress thee sore: thy force is all unstrung,
And grievous age is on thee. And withal
Weak is thy squire, thy horses slow of foot.
Come, mount my car, and see what steeds be these,
The steeds of Tros, well-knowing to and fro
κρατοῦν μᾶλ' ἦνα καὶ ἦνα διωκόμεν ἕνες φέβεσθαι, 
οὕς ποι' ἂν Ἀινείαν ὑλῶν, μήστορι φόβου.
tούτω μὲν θεράπου Κομῆτως, τόδε δὲ ναὶ
Τρείς ἐφ᾽ ἑπτοδόμους ἴδυνομεν, ὅφρα καὶ "Εκτωρ
εἰσεται ἢ καὶ ἔμοι δόρυ μακαται ἐν παλάμησιν."
 δὲ ἔφη, οὐδ᾽ ἀπίθησε Γερήνης ἱππότα Νέστωρ.
Νεότορες μὲν ἔπειθ᾽ ἑπτούς θεράπους κομῆτην
ἐφῆμοι, Σθένεις τε καὶ Εὐρυμάδος ἀγαπήσωρ·
tοῦ δ' εἰς ἀμφότεροι Διομήδεος ἀρματ' ἱβητην. 115
Νέστωρ δ' ἐν χείρισι λάβε ἡνία συγκόλαντα,
μάστιξεν δ' ἑπτούς· τάχα δ' "Εκτόρας ἄρχε γένουτο.
tοῦ δ' ἔβους μεμακος ἀκόντως· Τυδίος νῦν,
καὶ τοῦ μὲν ἔφαμαρτεν, δ' ἡνίων θεράπου, 120
νῦν ὑπερθύμου Θηβαίων Ἁμοπή,
ἐπεπήν ἡνί' ἠχοντα βάλε στήθος παρὰ μαζών.
ἦρας δ' ἔχειν, ὑπερώοσαν δὲ οἱ ἑπτοο
αἰετοδέος· τοῦ δ' ἀδεί λύθη ψυχή τε μένος τε.
"Εκτόρας δ' αἰσθὲν ἄρχεις τύχασεν φρένας ἡμώνχοι.
tοῦ μὲν ἔπεις εἴρεται, καὶ ἀρχινόμεις περ ἐπαρκον, 115
κεῖσθαι, δ' ἡνίων μέθετεν θρασύν. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτε δὴν
ἐπὶ δεινόθην σημαίνοσοι· ἀλὰ γὰρ εὗρεν
"Ιφιτίδην 'Αρχεστόλοιον θρασύν, ὅπα τὸ ὅποι ἑπτών
αἰετοδέοις ἔπεθησε, δίδου δὲ οἱ ἡνία χερσίν.
ἐνεκα καὶ λογὸς ἦν καὶ ἀνίχνεψα εἰργά γένουτο, 110
καὶ τοῦ δ' ἐστίκασθαι κατὰ Ἡλιον ὑπὸ δρυνώ,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὄνος ὑπὸ ταὐτρὶ άνδρῶν τε θεῶν τα.
βροντήσας δ' ἀρχεὶ ιεών ἂφης' ἀργότα κεραυνών,
ILIAD VIII.

Swift o'er the plain to follow or to fly:
These counsellors of fear some while ago
I from Aeneas took. Let then our squires
Look to thy horses twain: mine I and thou
On Troy's steed-taming sons will urge direct;
That Hector's self may learn whether or no
My hand, as his, can wield a raging spear."
He spake: nor disobeyed Gerend's knight.
Then Nestor's steeds the squires received in charge,
Two valiant wights, Eurymedon to wit,
Lover of manly deeds, and Sthenelus.
But both the chiefs upon the chariot stept
Of Diomedes. Nestor in his hands
Then grasped the shining reins and lashed the steeds.
And soon to Hector they drew near. At whom,
As onward straight he pressed, Tydides hurled,
And missed the chieftain, but his charioteer
And squire, of mighty-souled Thebaeus son,
Eniopeus, who reined the steeds, he smote
Full in the front beside the breast; who fell
From out the car: his coursers stayed their speed,
And there the warrior's strength and life were loosed.
Darkened was Hector's soul with anguish keen
For loss of charioteer: yet left he him
To lie awhile, though for his comrade grieved,
And sought another driver bold. Nor long
His horses lacked a ruler: soon he found
Bold Archeptolemus of Iphitus
The son, whom then behind his fleet-foot steeds
He set, and gave his hands the reins to wield.
And there had havoc been, and deeds been wrought
Irreparable; and now in Ilion
Had all been shut, as lambs within a pen,
Had not the sire of gods and men been quick
To mark it, who with awful thunder-clap
Launched the white-flashing bolt, that close before
G. H.
καὶ δὲ πρῶτο Ἡπτως Διομήδεος ἦκε χαμάξις·
δειπὴ δὲ φλαξ ἄρτο θείον καιμένου,
τῷ δὲ Ἡπτως δείσαντε καταπήνην ὑπὸ ὄχειονι.
Νέστορα δὲ ἐκ χειρῶν φύγον ὤνα παγαλόντα·
δεινος δὲ γὰρ ὁ θυμὸς, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέπετεν·
"Τυδείδη, ἄγιος ἐστε φόβουν ἠξε μάννυας Ἡπτως.
ἂν οὖν γνωρίζεις ὃ τοι ἐκ Δίως ὦν ἔστε ἀληθεῖ; 139
κάτω μὲν γὰρ τὸν πρῶτον Κρόνιδας Ζεὺς κύδους ὑπάρκων,
σήμερον δὲτερον ἀυτὸ καὶ ἤμως, αἱ ἡθέλησιν,
δείκνυς ἀνὴρ δὲ καὶ οὐ τῷ Δίῳ νόοι εἰρύοσατο,
οὔτε μᾶλθ' ἰδέμπος, ἐπεὶ οὐ πολύ φόρτερος έστιν·"
τὸν δὲ ἤμελεν ἡμείας ἐπεί τοῖς ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
"καὶ δὴ ταύτα ταῦτα, γέρον, κατὰ μούραν δειπνεῖς.
ἀλλὰ τὸν δὲ αὐτὸ χρόνον καὶ θυμὸν ἱκάνεις.
"Εκτωρ γὰρ τοῦτο φήσει ἐν Τρώασε αὐτοῖς· αὐτοῖς·"Τυδείδης ὑπερ' ἴμεο φοβεροίον ἴτικο νησί·
ἐς τὸν αὐτολήσει τοῦτο μοι χάνοι εὐρέα ἡθίδην·"
τὸν δὲ ἤμελεν ἡμείας ἐπεί τοῖς Γερήνοις ἕθητο Νέστωρ·
"ἀ μοι, Τυδείοις ὡδε δαὶφρονος, οἶνῳ δειπνεῖς.
ἐλ περ γὰρ σ' "Εκτωρ γὰρ πᾶκαν καὶ ἀνάλεια ϕήσεις,
ἀλλ' οὐ πείσονται Τρώες καὶ Δαρδανίων,
καὶ Τρώων ἱλοχοί μεγάθυμοι ἀπορίσταν,
tῶν ἐν κοινῷ βάλονθα θαλεροῦς παρακόλυτας."
οὔ ἰρα ϕωνήσεας ϕύγαθε τράπε μὴν χαμαξας Ἡπτως
ἀνεί αὐτοῖς ἰν' λυκχων· ἑπὶ δὲ Τρώες τε καὶ "Εκτωρ
ὔχῃ θεοκτησί βδέλυα στονύστα τέχνω.
τῇ δὲ ἐπὶ μακρύν ἄνεις μέγας κορυφάλλος "Εκτωρ·
"Τυδείδη, περὶ μὲν σὲ τὸν Δανοῦς ταχύτατος
δῆρο τῷ κράσιν τοῖς θελείς δελεάσεις·
οὔτα ὡς αὕτης ἐτειμήσας, γυναικὸς ἐρ' άντι τέτυξε·"
The steeds of Diomedes fell to ground.
Affrighted both the coursers starting back
Crouched 'neath the car; from Nestor's hands down slipped
The shining reins; and sore afraid at heart
To Diomedes thus the greybeard spake:
"O son of Tydeus, haste thee, turn again
Thy firm-hoofed steeds to fly. Dost thou not know
That strength of war from Zeus attends thee not?
For now, the son of Cronos glory grants
To this our foe to-day; to us again
Hereafter, if he please, will grant the same:
And man may nowise thwart the mind of Zeus,
How strong soe'er, for Zeus is mightier far."

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

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

With that he turned the firm-hoofed steeds to fly
Back through the battle: but the Trojans all
With Hector showered their baleful shafts amain
Behind them with a wondrous din: and loud
Great plumèd Hector at his foeman cried:
"Tyndides, thee the swift-horsed Danaans once
Honoured preeminent: high seat was thine,
Choice meat, full cups: but now they'll surely stint
Such meed; for weak as woman thou art found."
ιοις, κακη γλήνη, ὅτει οὐκ ἐξαντος ἐμέιον πόργων ἦμετρών ἐπιβήσαται, οὐδὲ γνώσεις ἐξει ἐν κήσει τάδε τοι δαίμονα δῶσιν." 165

ἐν χόρῳ, Τυψίδης δὲ διὰδοχικα μεμηρήξεν, ἵππους τε στρέφας καὶ ἐναντίμων μαχᾶσθαι. τρεῖς δὲ μεμηρήξε ταῦτα φίλον καὶ κατὰ θυμόν, τρεῖς δὲ ἄρ’ ἔπει 'Ἰδαίων θρόνων κτύπε μητέρας Ζεὺς σήμα τιδές Ἴαρέσσο, μάχης ἑπεραλεῖκα κληρινήν. 170

"Εμπρός δὲ Ἴαρέσσων δέσκελτο μακρὸν ἄσωσις; "Τρίσε καὶ Λύκωι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχοῖτα, ἄνεσε ἄστυ, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θουρίδος ἀλήθης γεννάσσω δὲ ὅταν μοι πρόφορον κατέσυνες Κρονίων νεκρὸν καὶ μέγα κόδος, ἀτὰρ Δαναοὶ γε πῆμα. 175

μήποι, οἴρα δὴ τείχεα μεγαλότερα ἄβλητες οὐδενόσερα τὰ δὲ οὐ μίνιος ἄμων ἄριστε, ἄπαντες δὲ βέβα τάφρον ὑπεθροδίου ἀρκετήν. ἄλλον δὲ κεν δὴ νησιόν ὅτι γλαφυρῷ γένομαι, 180

μεμοσύνη τοις ἐπειτά πυρὸς δὴ διὸ ηγεσία, δέσει πυρί νῆσας ἐπιστρήσου, κείλον δὲ καὶ αὐτοῖς Ἀργείους παρὰ νησιών, ἀνυξιμών πόροι καπνοῦ." 185

ἀς εἰςον ἵππους εἰκόλετο, φάνησιν τε'

"Αλλα δὲ τε καὶ ὑπὸ Πόδαργυ καὶ Αἴθων Δάματε τε δίδα, 186

νῦν μοι τὴν κομμῆν ἀποτίνιτο, ὡς μᾶλλα παλλὴν Ἀνδρομάχη, θυγάτηρ μεγαλίτορος 'Ηελίωνου, ὅμων τὰ προτέρους μελαφροῦς πυρὸν ἐδήκεν οἶνον τ’ ἐγκεράσασα πικέω, δέσει θυμός ἀνέφηγο, ὡ ἄμω, ὃς πέρ οἱ θαλατρὸς πόσις εὐχομαι εἴναι. 190

ἄλλα ἐφομαρτεύτου καὶ στείλωτον, ὡφρα λάβωμεν ἀντίδο Νεατρέρη, τῆς νῦν αἰλίδος οὐρανοῦ λαεῖ, πᾶσαν χρυσῆν ἄμεναι, κανόνας τε καὶ αὐτήν, 

ἀυτῷ ὅπ’ ἀμοῖν διομήδεος ἱπποδάμου.
ILIAD VIII.

Go, puny doll! Thou wilt not by my flight,
Or mount our towers, or bear away in ships
Our wives: myself ere that will work thy doom."

He spake: Tydides pondered much in doubt,
To turn his coursers and to face the fight.
Thrice doubtful pondered he in heart and soul;
Thrice from the crags of Ida thundered Zeus
The counsellor, presaging thus to Troy
Balance of strength and victory in fight.

Then Hector to the Trojans shouted loud:
"Ye Trojans, Lycians, and ye Dardans good
In closest fight, quit you like men, my friends,
And of impetuous valour be your thought.
Now know I that Cronion's ready will
To me grants victory and great renown,
But to the Danaans loss. Poor fools! who planned,
It seems, these ramparts, feeble, nothing worth,
That will not check my onset; for my steeds
The spade-dug trench shall lightly overlap.
But soon as to the carvèd ships I come,
Forget not then destructive fire, that I
May set the fleet aflame, and by their ships
Slay, scared before the smoke, the Argive throng."

With that he shouted to his steeds, and spake:
"Xanthus, and thou Podargus, and withal
Æthon, and Lampus, steed divine, now pay
That careful tendance which Andromaché,
High-souled Eetion's daughter, gave; who served
You first with sweetest grain of wheat, and mixed
Wine for your drinking whenso ye might thirst;
You before me who am her manly lord.
So follow on, and haste, that we may win
The shield of Nestor, whose renown doth reach
High heaven, that all of gold it is, both targe
Itself and rods that cross the under side;
And from steed-taming Diomedes' arms
δαιδάλεων θάρηκα, τὸν Ἡφαιστοῦ κάμε τεύχων. 198
ei τοῦτο γε λάβομεν, ἐδποίησα καὶ Ἀχαίων
cαί τοὺς κατάφησέμεν ὁμοίως ὁμοιώμεν." 199
ﻩὲ δὲ ἐφεγεντο \( \delta^\prime \) εὐχόμενον, νεκάσησε ὃ ἐπὶ τάτα τοῦ Ἡρῆ,
περὶ \( \delta^\prime \) εἰς τὸ ὅρμην, ἐπιλήξε ὃ μερών ὡς Ὄλυμπον;
καὶ ἰς Ποσειδάνια μέγαν θεὸν οὖν \( \alpha \)ὐν ηὔδα." 200
"ἐπὶ τῶν, ἐννοοῦσας ὑποσθείνες, οὐδὲ γε μη σοὶ περ
ὁλυμπίας Δανάεων ὀλοφύρηται ἐν φρεατί ψυμός;
οἱ δὲ τοὺς \( \epsilon \) Ἐλέσην τοι καὶ Ἀγάς διὸ ἀνάγονται
πολλά τοι καὶ χαρέων. \( \delta \) δὲ σφυρ ὑβίλει νίκης;
ἐπὶ περ γάρ \( \epsilon^\prime \) ἐθάλομεν, ὅσοι Δαναοὶ ἄργοι, 205
Τρώας ἀπεσασθαι καὶ ἑρκεκέμεν εὐρύτατα Ζῆν,
αὐτοῦ \( \epsilon \) ἐνθ' ἀκάρχοιο καθήμενος οἶος ὑπὸ Ἡρῆ." 210
τὴν δὲ μὲγα ὁχθῆςας προσέφη κρείλων ἐννοοῦσιν
"Ἡρῆ ἀγαπητά, ποίον τὸν μῦθον δεῖτες;
οὐκ ᾧ ὀν ὑπ' ἐθάλομεν Δεῦ Κρονίων μάχεσθαι
ἡμᾶς τοὺς Δίλους, ἐπεὶ ἡ πολὺ φέρτερος ἐστὶν."
ἀς \( \epsilon \) μὲν τοιαύτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγρέοντο
τῶν \( \delta^\prime \), ὅσοι εἰ νηῶν ἀπὸν πύργου τάφρος ἐργεῖν,
πλὴθον ὅμοι ἴππον τοι καὶ ἄνδρων ἀσπιστών
ἐλαμένοις \( \epsilon \) ἔλες \( \theta \)θοφ ἀπάλατος Ἡρῆς 215
"Εστώρ Πριμοθῆς, δητε οἷς Ζεὺς κύδος ἔδωκεν,
καὶ \( \nu \) \( \epsilon^\prime \) ἐνέτραψεν τυρὶ κηλείς νηῶς ἔτεις,
ἐι \( \mu \) \( \epsilon^\prime \) φρεάτι \( \theta \)θῆς "Ἀγαμάμουν ποτὺν ὡς Ἡρῆ
αὐτῷ ποιῆσάντως θεὸς ὁπίσει Ἀχαίων.
βῆ δὲ ἐδώ τε κλίσιας καὶ νηῶς Ἀχαίων,
πορφύροις μέγαν φάρος ἔχον ἐν χειρὶ ταχεία,
στῇ \( \delta^\prime \) ἐπ' Ὁδυσσής μεγακίτει νηὶ μελαῆς,
ὃ \( \beta \) ἐν μεσότερο ἔσκε, γυναῖκες ἄμφοτέρωσεν."
That we may strip his corslet rich and rare,
Wrought by Hephaestos. If these prizes twain
We win, then may I hope this night to force
Achaia's sons aboard their flying ships."

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

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

Such converse they of heaven together held.
Meanwhile the space between Achaia's ships
And rampart flanked by sheltering trench was filled
With steeds alike and shielded men, close penned;
Whom Hector Priam's son, swift Ares' peer,
Close penned, when Zeus gave glory to his arms.
And with consuming fire the balanced ships
He now had burned: but Heré goddess queen
Moved Agamemnon's soul to stir himself
Amain, and swiftly rouse Achaia's host.
So through the tents and ships he took his way
Bearing a purple robe of ample fold
In his broad hand: and by Odysseus' ship
He stood, that midmost lay, black-hulled and huge,
Whence either way his voice might well be heard,
Or to the tent of Ajax Telamon,
Or to Achilleus' tent, those twain who ranged
Last of the line their balanced ships, secure
In their bold manhood and their mighty hands.
Thence to the Danaans his shrill shout he sent:

"Shame, Argives! cravens base! for comely limbs
Alone admired. Where now are gone our boasts,
Who whilom claimed to be of all the best?

Those empty vaunts that ye in Lemnos spake—
While of the flesh of upright-hornèd kine
Ye ate your fill, and drank the bowls of wine
Crowned to the brim—bragging that each would stand
Against fivescore or tenscore sons of Troy
In field of war? But now not even worth
One champion we are found, Hector to wit,
Who soon will burn our ships with wasting fire.
O Father Zeus, didst ever heretofore
Cross with such curse as mine a mighty king,
And rob him of great glory? Yet I say
That never passed I by thy altar fair,
As hitherward I took my luckless way
In many-benchèd ship, but burned on all
The fat and thighs of kine, in eager hope
To waste and sack the well-walled town of Troy.
But this my prayer, O Zeus, at least fulfil;
Grant that ourselves may flee and scape, nor thus
Achaians fall before the Trojan host."

He spake: the father pitied much his tears,
And willed to save his host and not to slay.
And straightway sent an eagle, surest bird,
Bearing a fawn, the child of fleet-foot doe,
Trussed in his talons. By the altar fair
Of Zeus he dropped it, where Achaia's sons
Gave worship to the god of oracles.
οῦ δὲ ὡς οὖν εἶδον οὐ τ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐκ Διώς ἥλυθεν ὅρνις,
μᾶλλον ἀπ᾽ Ἰτρόσσοι βόρον, μείζοντο δὲ χάρμης.
ἂν οὖν τις πρότερος Δαναῶν, πολλῶν περ ἐλπίνων,
εὐξαμονῶν τάρον σχίμαν ὅκιας Ἰπποῦς
tάφρον τ᾽ ἥξελάσαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχήσασθαι,
ἀλλὰ τοῦτο πρότερος Τρόών ὅπερ ἄνδρα κορυφήν,
Φραδμονίδην Ἀγάλλαον. ὧ μὲν φύγας ἔτρατεν Ἰππούς,
τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρένῃ εἰς δόρο πῆξεν
ἄμως μεσσηψί, διὰ δὲ στῆθεσθιν ἔλασσεν.
ἠρετή δ᾽ ἐξ ὁχίμων, ἀφάβησε δὲ τεύχεν ἐκ᾽ αὐτῆς.
τὸν δὲ μετ᾽ Ἀτρείδας Ἀγαμέμνονα καὶ Μενδλᾶος,
τοῖς δ᾽ ἐκ᾽ Ἀλακτεθοῦρίν ὑπειρήμενοι ἀλεην,
toῖς δ᾽ ἐκ᾽ Ἰδομένοικαν καὶ ὑπάκοα Ἰδομενῆος
Μηρίωντι, ἀτάλαστος Ἑνυλλῆρ ἀνδρείφωτην,
toῖς δ᾽ ἐκ᾽ Εὐρυπυλος Ἐναίμονος ὠγλαδος ὑιός.
Τεύκρος δ᾽ εἰωντος ἱλθε, παλάτουν τῶν τυταίων,
στῇ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑν᾽ Ἀλατος σάκει Τελαμονοίδαοι.
ἐνθ᾽ Ἀλας μὲν ὑπεξέφεραν σάκος: αὐτάρ δὲ γ᾽ ἦρως
παρθένα, ἄτει ἄρ᾽ ὅσιότερα ἐν ὅμιλῷ
βεβλήκειν, δὲ μὲν αὐδὶ πεσών ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλεθεν,
αὐτὰρ δὲ αὐτος ὅπερ, πάνες ὡς ὑπὸ μητέρα, δύσεν
eἰς Ἀλαθ᾽: δὲ μὲν σάκει κρύπτασκε φαινόντι.
ἐνθα δὲ τὰ τρεῖν πρῶτον Τρώων ἐλε Τεύκρους ἁμύμουν.
Ὀρσέλοχον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Ὄρμανον ὑπ᾽ Ὀφελότην
Δαναῶν τε Ἰχρόβα τε καὶ ἀντίθεουν Δυναφότην
καὶ Πολυαμονίδην Ἀμακάσωνα καὶ Μελάννητον
πέντες ἔτασσοντον πέλασε χθονὶ πουλιβοτελῇ.
And they, when now they saw that sent of Zeus
The bird had come, leapt on their Trojan foes
More fierce, and turned their spirit to the fight.

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

Next after him the sons of Atreus came,
With Agamemnon Menelaüs : these
Ajaces twain, clothed with impetuous might,
Fast followed : these Idomeneus and his squire
Meriones, peer of Enyalios
Man-slaughtering power : and these Euryppylus
Evæmon's glorious son. Ninth Teucer came
Bending the springing bow, and took his stand
Beneath the targe of Ajax Telamon.

And there, as Ajax ever and anon
Lift up his targe, the hero peerèd thereout
And shot an arrow. Whomso in the throng
He smote; there fell he slain and left his life:
But back, as to a mother doth a child,
Shrank Teucer, and with Ajax shelter found,
Who hid him safe beneath his shining shield.

There whom of Troy slew noble Teucer first?
First fell Orsilochus, and Ormenus,
And Ophelestes, Daitor, Chromius,
And godlike Lycophontes, and the son
Of Polyæmon, Amopaon named,
And Melanippus : in succession swift
των δὲ ἔσον γῆθησα διὰ άνδρῶν 'Αγαμέμνων,
tóxou ἀπὸ κρατεροῦ Τραών ὄλεουντα φάλαγγας
στῇ δὲ παρ' αὐτῶν ἱοῦ, καὶ μνὺ πρὸς μύθον δειπνήν ἔσο
"Τεύκρε, φίλη κεφαλή, Τελαμώνε, κοίραν λαίων,
βαλλ' ὑπέω, εἰ κὲν τὸ φῶς Δαναοῖς γένηαι
πατρὶ τε σφ' Τελαμών, δὲ σε τράφει τιτθὲν ἵππαν
καὶ σε νόθον περ ὄντα κομίσατο δ' ἐνι οἶκερον
τὸν καὶ τηλὸθ' ἵππαν ἐκκλησίας ἔπιβησον.
σοι δ' ἐγὼ ἤφειρε ός καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔστας,
εἰ κὲν μοι δόῃ Ζεὺς τ' αἰγίοχος καὶ 'Αθηνὴ
'Ιλιὼν ἐξαλατζα, ὑκτήμενον πτολεμόρον,
πρώτη τοι μετ' ἐμὸ πρεσβήμον ἐν χερὶ θῆνος,
ἡ τρῖτον ἴδῃ δῶν ἵππους αὐτοῖς ἁχεσθήν
ἦ γυμναῖς, ἥ κὲν τοι ὁμον λέχος εἰσαναβάλανοι."

tων δ' ἀπαμείβομενος προσεφόνει Τεύκρος ἄμυνον

"Ἄτρείδῃ κόσμοι, τί με σπεύδουντα καὶ αὐτῶν
ἀπερίτες; οὐ μὴν τοι, δυνάμεις γε πάρεστιν,
παύομαι, ἀλλ' ἐξ οὗ προτέρ' Ἰλιὼν ὑπάμεθ' αὐτοῖς, 395
ἐκ τοῦ δὴ τόξου ἔδεεμνός ἄνδρας ἁλατζα
ἀκτᾶ δὴ προήκη ταυτάλωχας ὀίστοις,
πάντες δ' ἐν χρῷ πέχθεν ἀρμιθῶν αἰγίοχο
τυγον δ' οὗ δύναμι βαλλέα καὶ λυμηθῇρα."

ἡ μὲ, καὶ ἄλλον ὀίστον ἀπὸ νευρήφιν Ιλαίλην

"Εκτόρος ἄντεκρος, βαλλέας δὲ ἐς ἤτο θυμός.
καὶ τού μὲν ρ' ἀφάμαρθ', δ' ἀμύνον Γοργυθέων,
νῦν ἐθν' Πριμέω, κατὰ στήθος βάλει ἱφ. 300
τῶν ρ' ἐς Αιτιόντεν ὑπνομάζει τέκνα μήτηρ,
καλή Καστάνερα, δέμας εἰσεύθες θεὸν."
All these he made to touch the fruitful earth.
And glad was Agamemnon king of men
To see him dealing from his mighty bow
Death to the ranks of Troy. Toward him he went,
And stood beside the chief, and thus he spake:
“Teucer, dear head, thou son of Telamon,
Prince of a people, shoot thou ever thus,
And, if thou mayst, to Danaans be a light,
And to thy father Telamon, who reared
Thy infancy, and bastard though thou wert
Fostered thee in his home. Him, though he now
Bide far away, exalt thou to renown.
And out I tell thee what shall e’en be done:
If with Athené ægis-wielding Zeus
Grant me the spoil of Ilion’s well-built hold,
To thee the first next to myself will I
A special guerdon in thy hand bestow,
Or tripod, or two steeds with car complete,
Or woman captive who shall share thy bed.”
And answer thus the noble Teucer made:
“Glorious Atrides, wherefore urge me thus
Who am myself right eager? Never yet,
Far as my strength doth serve me, do I cease;
But since we drove the host to Ilion
I with my bow lie still in wait, and slay
Our foemen. Long-barbed arrows I have sped
Already eight, and all firm lodgment found
In lusty warriors’ flesh. Yet one is here
A raging hound whom still I cannot strike.”
He spake, and from the string another shaft
Launched full at Hector, whom he yearned to strike.
And him he missed, but hit upon the breast
Noble Gorgythion, Priam’s gallant son,
Whose mother from Æsymé came to wed
Her lord, a woman goddess-like in form,
Castianira fair, and bare a son.
μήσεων δ' ἐς ἐτέρωσε κάρη βάλειν, ἢ τ' ἕνε κέφα
καρπῆς βριθομένη νοτίσε το εἰκαρμήσων'.
ὡς ἐτέρωσ' ἦμως κάρη τῆλης βαρυνθέν.

Τεύκρος δ' ἄλλον ὅστων ἀπό νευρήφων ἰαλλων'.
"Εκτορος ἀντικρόν Βαλέων δὲ ἐς ἐκτελοῦσ.

ἀλλ' ὃ σα σαὶ τῶν ἁμαρτε παρέσυρον γῆρ Ἀπόλλων'.
ἀλλ' Ἀρχεπτόλου θρασύν "Εκτορος ἦμοιχα,
ἵμασιν πτελεμόνδε βάλα στήθος παρά μαζών.
ὁμείρε δ' ἐξ όχεων, ὑπεράφησαν δε ἐν ὅσοι
αὐτόπτες' τοῦ δ' αὐῆσι λύθη ψυχή θε μένος τε.

"Εκτορα δ' αἰνόν ἄχος πύκασαν φρένας ἡμέρχιοι.
τὸν μεν ἤτειτ' εἰλασαι καὶ ἄχρυμνως περ ἐταίρου,
Κεβρώνην δ' ἔδεισαν αὐθαλφέν ἄγγος ἕστα
ἐπτών ἂν' ἔλαιν'. δ' ἔρι οὐκ ἀπίθηκεν ἀκούσας.
αὐτός δ' ἐκ διόροι χαμαλ θόρει παμφανώντος

σμεραλδαία ἱάχων'. δ' ἐδε χερμάδιων λάβει κεηρή.
βη δ' ἱθὲς Τεύκρον, βαλέων δὲ ἐς θυμός ἀνώγει.
ἤ τοι δ' μὲν φαρέτρης ἐξείπετο πικρῶν ὅστων,
θῆκε δ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ τῶν δ' αὐ κουρβαδόλος "Εκτωρ
αυρεούντα παρ' ὅμοι, δὲι ἀληθις ἀποφέρει

αὐχένα τα στήθος τε, μάλιστα δὲ καλρων ἐστίν,
τῇ δ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεραίμα βάλαν λίθος ἄδοστοι,
ῥῆξε δὲ οἱ νευρῆι νάρκης δὲ χειρ ἐπὶ καρπῆς,
sth δ' ἐν κρατών τάξιν δὲν ὅρων, τάξι δὲν ὅσον χειρός.

Ἀλλὰ δ' οὔκ ἀμέλισσο κασαρνήτου πεσόντοιν,
ἀλλὰ θίεων περίβη καὶ οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκάλγων.
τοῦ μὲν ἄτειθ' ὑποδότε δῶν ἐρήμου ἐταύροι,
Μηκιστοῦ τού γάτος καὶ δίος Ἀλάστωρ.
And as a poppy sideways hangs the head,
That in some garden grows, weighted with fruit
And springtide showers, so burdened by the helm
Drooped to one side the warrior's falling head.

Then Teucer from the string another shaft
Launched full at Hector, whom he yearned to strike,
And missed him yet again, for the erring bolt
Apollo turned: but Archeptolemus,
Bold charioteer of Hector, on the breast
Beside the nipple, as he sought the fray,
He smote: who headlong fell from out the car,
And from their way his fleet-foot horses swerved,
While there the hero's life and strength were loosed.
But sorrow deep enshrouded Hector's soul
For loss of charioteer: whom yet he left,
Though for a comrade grieved; and now he bade
Cebriotes his brother, who was near,
To take the reins: who heard, nor disobeyed.
Then from his glittering chariot to the ground
Out leapt himself, with shout most terrible,
And seized a boulder in his hand, and made
At Teucer, whom his spirit bade him strike.
He from the quiver even now had plucked
A bitter shaft and placed it on the string:
But plumèd Hector, as he drew it back,
Close by the shoulder, where the collar-bone
Parts neck and breast—the surest spot to smite—
There struck his foe, as at himself he aimed,
With jagged stone; and breaking bowstring through
Numbed hand and wrist. Down sank he to his knees
And stood, and from his fingers fell the bow.
Then Ajax of his brother fallen thus
Was not regardless: swift he ran to him
And paced him round and covered with his shield:
Till trusty comrades twain, Mecisteus son
Of Echius, and Alastor godlike wight,
νήσας ἐπὶ γλαφυρῶς φερότην βαρέα στενάχοντα·
ἄφ᾽ ὅ αὐτὸς Τραύσειν Ὀλύμπιος ἐν μένος ἁριστών.
οὗ δ᾽ ἠδὲ τάφροι βαθεῖς ὦσαν Ἀχαιῶν,
"Εἰς εἰς πρῶτοις κεί σβήνει βλασίμηννων,
ός ὦς τὸς τὰς κόντες ἀγρίου ἡ λεόντος ἀπταίτησιν κατόπωσθε, ποσῆν ταχέος διάκονον,
ισχία τὰ ἄλοντος τε, ἀλασώμενον τοι δοκεῖνει,
ὅτε "Εἰς εἰς παῖζε κάρη κυμάωντας Ἀχαιῶν,
αἰδεῖ ἀποπειραίως τῶν ὀπίστατον: ὃ δὲ φέβοντο.
αὐτάρ ἔτει διὰ τὰ σκότατα καὶ τάφρον ἔβησαν
φρύγοντες, πολλαὶ δὲ δάμει Τραύων ὑπὸ χεροῦ,
οἷς καὶ παρὰ ἤκουν ἐρήμωστο μένοντες,
ἀλλὰσοι τε κεκλαμένοι, καὶ τᾶς θεοῦσιν
χεράς ἀνίσχουντες μεγάλ' εὐχετόνωτο ἑκατόστοι.
"Εἰς εἰς ἀμφιπεριφράσα καλλιτριχα ἔππονες,
Γαργοῦς ἄμματ' ἤχουν ἡ βροτολογοῦ Ἀρησ.
τοῖς δὲ ἱδοῦν' ἐλέσσε θεᾶ λευκάλευον Ἡρῆ,
αὐτά ὃ 'Αθηράλην ὑπεκ πτερόντα προσήθα.
"ό πότοι, καὶ ἄγιοντος Διὸς τέκνο, οὐκέτι ναῖ
ἀλληλῶν Δαναών κεκαθηρίσαμεθ' ὑπατίας περ'/
οἷς καὶ κακῶν οὕτω κακπλήσσεστε δλονται
ἀδρός ἐνεὶ ῥυπῆ: ὃ δὲ μαίνεται οὐκέτα ἀνεκτώς,
"Εἰς εἰς Πριαμίδης, καὶ δὲ κακὰ πολλὰ ἐφοργευν·
τὴν δ᾽ αὕτη προσέλει θεᾶ γαλακτωσί "Αθηνής,
"καὶ λήνη οὕτος τοι λέγειν τ᾽ ὀλεσσον,
χερον ὑπ' Ἀργείων φθείρων ἐν πατρίδε γαίρη
ἀλλὰ πατὴρ οὕτως φρεσκ' μαίνεται οὐκ ἀγαθήσεως,
σχέτιον, αἰδεὶς ἀληθῆς, ὅμων μενεῶν ἀπεμενεῖς.
Could lift his form and to the hollow ships
Bear him away as heavily he groaned.
Now in the sons of Troy the Olympian king
New spirit roused again. To the deep trench
Right backward did they force Achaia's lines:
Hector the foremost, terrible in strength.
And as a hound on lion or on boar
With nimble foot close presses from behind,
In act to seize the haunches of his game,
And marks and foils each turn, so Hector pressed
Achaia's long-haired sons, and ever slew
His hindmost foe, as they before him fled.
But when the stakes and trench they now had passed
In flight, though many fell by Trojan hands,
Beside the ships they rallied them and stayed,
Each calling on his fellow, and raised their hands
To all the gods, as each man loudly prayed.
But Hector to and fro was turning oft
His fair-maned steeds, and in his eyes the glance
Of Gorgon or of slaughtering Ares shone.

These Heré, white-armed goddess, pitying saw,
And to Athené cried in wingèd words:
"O shame! Thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus
Shall we no more the Danaans dying thus
Regard, though idle at the last our aid?
For soon the measure of their evil doom
Fulfilling they will perish by the blast
Of one man's fury—Hector Priam's son—
Who with mad force no longer to be borne
Doth rage, and now hath wrought unnumbered woes."

To whom Athené, stern-eyed power, replied:
"Nay surely he his strength and life would lose
And in his fatherland by Argive hands
Be slain, did not my sire with mind perverse
Rage madly—cruel is he, framing still
Some mischief, and a thwarter of my zeal.

G. H.
οὐδὲ τι τῶν μέμνηται, δ' ὦ μᾶλλα πολλάκις νιῶν τερμέμουν σώσκον ύπ' Ἐδομηθὸς ἄδελφων.

η τοι ἄ μην ἐλαίας πρὸς οὐρανόν, αὐτὰρ ἐμὴ Ζεὺς

τῷ ἐπαλεξίσουσαν ἀντ' οὐρανόθεν προσέλθειν.

εἰ γὰρ ὡσ' τάδε ἦδε' ἐν φρεσκία τεναλίμῃσον,

αὐτὲ μὲν εἰς 'Αδαίο πυλάρτας προὐέμενεν

ἐξ ὀρέβεως ἐξῆλθα κίνη στυγγεροῦ 'Αδαίο,

οὗς ἀν ὑπεξῆγεν Ἐστυγος ὑδάτος αἰ δ' ἐτέθρα.

κύριος ὕμνῳ μὲν στυγδεῖ, Ὑθίδος δ' ἐξήνυε μελώς, ἡ ὄ οὐνατ' ἐκευο τε ἀλαβε' χείρι γενεαί

Λυσσόμενη τιμήσαι Ἀχιλλῆα πτολέμορθον.

ὅ ουτ' ἤν αὐτὲ φίλην γαλάκτωπιδα εἶση.

ἄλλα σὺ μὲν νῦν νῦν ἐπέπνευ κωνοχαί ἱπποῦς,

ἐφ' ὁ ἄγιος καταδίακεν Διὸς δόμον αἰγόχου

ταῖχεσιν ἐν πόλεμον θαρήσομαι, ὅφρ' ἤδε τοιαύτῃ

ἡ νῆι Πρείμου πάσης κορυφαιλοῦ "Εκτώρ

ηθῆσοι προφανείτε ἄνδρον ἱππόμοιο γεφύρας.

ἡ τοι καὶ Τρῶων κορεῖς κύνας ἦδ' οἰωνούς

δημῖο καὶ ἀδέσφοι, πεσόν ἐπὶ νυφῆν Ἀχαίων.

ὡς ἐφοτε' οὖν ἀπέλευσε θεᾶς λευκώλανον Ὕπης.

ἡ μὲν ἐπιχομένη χρυσάμπυκας ἐνυφαῖν ἱπποῦς

Ὑπη πρεσβεια θεά, θυγάτηρ μεγάλου Κρόνου,

αὐτὰρ 'Αθηναίη, κούρη Διῶς αἰγόχου,

πέτελοι μὲν κατέχειν ἵλιον πατρὸς ἐπὶ οὖδει,

ποικίλου, ἐν ᾗ αὐτῇ ποιήσαται καὶ κάμη χερσώ,

ἡ δ' χείτων ἄνδρατα Διὸς νεφελεγχέρατο

tαίχεσιν ὑπ' ἱππόμοιον θερήσοσε δακρύσωσιν,

ἐν δ' ὄχλαι φύλοις ποιεί βήσκο, λάγετο δ' ἄγχος

βριθοῦ μέγα στιβαρόν, τῷ δὲ καλτοὶ στῆχαι ἀνδρῶν.
Neither he in mind, how many a time
His son I rescued, when in sore distress
By labours that Eurystheus on him laid.
He raised his cry to heaven, from heaven I came
Sent down by Zeus to bear him powerful aid.
O had I in my wisdom surely known
How this would be—what time that son of Zeus
Was sent to Hades jailor of Hell-gate
To bring from nether-gloom fell Hades' hound—
He had not 'scapeed the headlong flood of Styx.
But me my sire now hates, and works the will
Of Thetis, who his knees did kiss, and touched
With fondling hand his chin, entreatin much
For honour to her city-storming son.
Yet time shall be when he again shall call
His stern-eyed daughter dear. But go thou now,
Harness our firm-hoofed steeds; and I the while,
Entering the house of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Will arm me for the fight: that I may see
If plumèd Hector, Priam's son, will joy
When we do show us on the battle bridge.
Surely some Trojan then will richly feed
With fat and flesh the dogs and carrion birds,
Beside the vessels of Achaia slain."
She spake. Nor white-armed Herè disobeyed,
Daughter of mighty Cronos, goddess queen:
But went her way to harness for the car
Her steeds with golden frontlet shining bright.
Meanwhile the maid of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Athenè, loosed and on the Father's floor
Cast down her flowing mantle, brodered web
By her own hands and labour deftly wrought,
And donned the tunic of cloud-gathering Zeus,
And braced her armour for the tearful war.
Then on the fiery car she set her foot
And grasped her lance, long, heavy, stout, wherewith
ηρέων τοιῶν τε κατόσοσται ἐμβρυμοτάτην.

"Ἡρη δὲ μάστην θωίς ἑκομαλέτ᾽ ἀρ ἤπτους
αὐτόματα δὲ τυλαὶ μῶκον σύραμον, ἃς ἔχουν Ὡμαι,
τῆς ἐπιστραπτέοι μέγας σύραμος Ὀλυμπότος τε,
ἡμέρα ἀνακλάω συνεδόν νέφος ἦδ᾽ ἐπιεῖναι.

τῷ μὲν δὲ αὐτῶν κατηνεκτέοις ἔχουν ἤπτους.

Ζεῦς δὲ πατὴρ Ἰδηθέν ἔπει θε, χῦσατ᾽ ἀρ ἀνώθ᾽,
"Ἰρις δὲ ἐφηνεν χρυσότερον ἀγγέλευσαν:

"βάσει θε, Ἰρις ταχεία, πάλιν τρέπε μηδ᾽ ἐὰν ἄνθρωπος
ἀρχεσθ᾽ οὐ γὰρ καλὰ συνοιστέμεθα πτολεμάνδε.

οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐφερεν, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένοις ἐσται:
τοιούτῳ μὲν σφών ὑψί ἄρμασιν ὕκεαι ἤπτους,
αὕτος δὲ ἐκ δήφου βαλῶ, κατὰ δὲ ἄρματα ἄξει,
ουδὲ καὶ καὶ δεκάτους περιτελεσμένους ἐναυτοῦς
ἐκεῖ ἀπαληθεύον ὅς καὶ μάρτυς θεραμύνοις,

"Ἡρη δ᾽ οὖ τι τόσον νεμασίσθησαι οὐδὲ χολοῦμαι:

αἰτὶ γὰρ μεὶς ἠδύθης ἐνίκλας δὴν κε ἐκείνων.

ἄν ᾧτα, ἀρ πό ἐς Ἰρίνις δελλότοις ἀγγέλευσα,
βῇ δὲ Ἰδαίων ὑρέων ἔς μακρὸν Ὀλυμποῦ.

προῖτοι δὲ πῦρί τοῦ θεοῦ τοῦ Οὐλίμπου
ἀυτοματα κατέρυκε, Δίως δὲ σφι ἐνέπει μόδον:
"ἰη μέρματον; τὰ σφών ἐκεῖ φρεάτι μαλατήτα ἤτορ;

οὐκ ίδαις Κροῦθος ἐπιμνήσεσιν Ἀργείοισιν.

ἄν τὸ γὰρ ἐπελήσθης Κρόνου πάξι, ὅ τελέει περ,
γυμνάσθω υπὸ σφών ὑψί ἄρμασιν ὕκεαι ἤπτους,
αὐτὸς δὲ ἐκ δήφου βαλῶ, κατὰ δὲ ἄρματα ἄξειν.

οὐδὲ καὶ καὶ δεκάτους περιτελεσμένους ἐναυτοῦς
ILIAD VIII.

She quells the ranks of men who move to wrath
That maiden daughter of a mighty sire.
Then Herē swiftly touched with lash the steeds.
Self-moved before them groaned the gates of heaven
Kept by the Hours; for to their charge is given
Olympus and wide heaven, and now to ope
The massy cloud rolled back, and now to close.
There through these gates the goaded steeds they urged.

But Father Zeus, from Ida when he saw,
Was much in wrath, and Iris golden-winged
Straight bade he forth to be his messenger:
"Hie thee, fleet Iris, turn them back again,
Nor let them meet me; for 'twill not be well
That we in combat close. For thus I say—
And this my word shall surely be fulfilled—
The swift steeds in their chariot I will lame,
And hurl themselves from out the seat, and break
The shattered car: nor ten revolving years
Shall serve to heal their wounds, where once my bolt
Has stricken home. So shall the stern-eyed maid
Know what it is to battle with her sire.
But Herē not so much my vengeance moves
Or wrath; for it is ever thus her wont
To thwart my purpose, whatsoe'er I say."
He spake: and storm-foot Iris rose to bear
The message. Down from Ida's peaks she sped
To tall Olympus, where the goddess pair
At valley-rent Olympus' outmost gate
She met, and stayed, and told the word of Zeus:
"O whither bent, ye twain? What madness moves
Your hearts within your bosoms? Cronē's son
Forbids you aid the Argives: for he threatens
Thus—and his threat he surely will fulfil—
The swift steeds in your chariot he will lame,
And hurl yourselves from out the seat, and break
The shattered car: nor ten revolving years
Αλλα ἐπαλθήσεσθον ἡ κεν μάρτυροι κεραυνός.

ἀφ' εἴδης, Πλασκότης, ὡς ἄν σὺ πατρὶ μάχῃ.

"Ἡρη δ' οὖ τι τόσον νεμοσύνην οὐδὲ χολοῦσιν

αἰὲ γέρ ὁ δὲ δεδομὸν ἐνυπάλην ὡς τι ἐπεῖρ.

ἄλλα σὺ γ' αἰσθάνεται, κύον ἁδεῖς, εἰ ὑπὲρν γε

tομίσθης Διὸς ἀπὸ τελαίρων ἄρρητος ἀείρας."

ὁ μὲν δὲ ὃς εἴποτο' ἀπέβη τόδες οἵτινες Ἰρη,

αὐτήρ 'Αθηναίος "Ηρη πρὸς μόθον δειπνεῖν.

"ἄ τόποι, αἰθρίω σώς τέκος, οὐκέτ' ἐγὼ γε

νῦν ὡς Διὸς ἀπὸ βροτῶν ἐκεῖ πτωλέμμενιν.

tῶν ἄλλων μὲν ἀποφθέγησα ἄλλος δὲ βιβάζω,

ὅς κ' ἀπόκρ' κεῖνος δὲ τὰ ἄρα φρονέων ἐνθ' θυμῷ

Τραπὶ τε καὶ Δανάοις δικαζέται, ὡς ἀπεικόνισα." "

ὅς δ' ἄρα φωνήσας πάλιν τρέπε μὲν νῦν ἂν Ἰπποῦς.

τῆς δ' Ἰρη μὲν λύσαν καλλίτριχας Ἰπποῦς,
 kal τοὺς μὲν κατήξαν ἐν' ἀμβροσίας κάρπους,

ἄρματα δὲ κλίναν πρὸς ἐνώπια παμφανῶντα:

αὐτὴ δὲ χρυσέως ἐντ' ἀκαμψίας καθίζουν

μέγ' ἄλλοις θεοῖς, φίλοι τετυμήναι ὡς τὸ

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Ἰδήθην ἐντροχὸν ἄρμα καὶ Ἰπποῦς

Οὐλμπόνος ἐδίκωσε, θεών δ' ἐξείτο θάκους.

τῷ δὲ καὶ Ἰπποῖς μὲν λύσατο ἀλούτος ἐνσώματος,

ἀρματα δ' ἀρ χωμοῖς τίθη, κατὰ λίθα πετάσας

ἀυτὸς δὲ χρυσέως ἐπὶ θρόνου εἰρύστα Ζεὺς

ἔστε, τῷ δ' ὑπὸ ποσοὶ μέγας πελεμίζῃ ὁ Οὐλμπόνος.

αὐτὸς δ' ὡς Διὸς ἀμφίς Ἀθηναίος τε καὶ "Ηρη

ἔσθητο, οὐδὲ τί μιν προσεφάνενοι οἶδ' ἐρῶντο.

αὐτὸς δὲ ἄρα ήσσιν ἐνι φρεσίν, φώνησέν τε

"τιθ' ὡς τετίγησαν, Ἀθηναίας τε καὶ "Ηρήν;"
Shall serve to heal the wounds, where once his bolt
Has stricken home. So shall the stern-eyed maid
Know what it is to battle with her sire.
But Heré not so much his vengeance moves
Or wrath; for it is ever thus her wont
To thwart his purpose, whatsoe'er he say.
But, most presumptuous queen, thou fearless hound,
Think well if thus in very deed thou'llt dare,
To lift on Zeus thy mighty rebel spear."
Thus feet-foot Iris spake, and went her way.
Then to Athené thus did Heré speak:
"O me! thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
I now no more allow that we with Zeus
Wage battle for the sake of mortal men.
Of whom let this one perish, that one live,
Whoso may chance: and let the sire alone
Think his own thoughts and doom alone his dooms
For Trojans and for Danaans, as is meet."

She spake, and backward turned the firm-hoofed steeds.
And soon the fair-maned steeds the Hours unloosed,
And at the ambrosial mangers tethered them,
But 'gainst the shining inner wall aslope
They laid the car. The goddesses themselves
Sate them on golden seats amid the throng
Of other gods, chafing with sullen heart.

Meanwhile toward Olympus Father Zeus
From Ida drave his wheelèd car and steeds,
And to the gods enthronèd came. His steeds
The famed Earth-shaker loosed, and set the car
On a raised base, and with a cloth o'erspread.
But Thunderer Zeus took seat on golden throne,
Beneath whose feet the great Olympus shook.
Alone Athené there and Heré sat
Apart from Zeus, nor spake him word, nor asked.
Yet knew he all in heart and thus he spake:
"Why, Heré and Athené, chafe ye thus
οὐ μὴν θην κάμετον γε μάχῃ ἐνι κυδιανερή
ἀλλαίοι Τρέωσι, τοῦτοι κάτω αἰώνα ἔθεσθε.
πάντως, οἷον ἓμον γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀπατεῖ,
οὐκ ἂν με τρέψειν ὑπὸν θεοὶ έει' ἐν 'Ολυμπῷ.
σφῶν δὲ πρὶν περ τρόμος ἀλαβε λαβίμα γείνα
πρὶν τολμών ιδέειν τολμώσι τε μέρμαρα ἄργα.
ἀδε χάρ ἐξερεί, τό δέ κεν τετελεσμένον ἦν·
οὐκ ἂν ἐφ' ύμετέρων χένες, πληγήστες κεραυνῷ,
ἄψ ἂς 'Ολυμποῦ λέσσου, ἵ' ἀθανάτων ἔος ἐστίν."
"ὅς ἐφ' ἤλθ' αἰ άπειρικάν 'Αθηναῖοι τε καὶ Ἰρρη
πληρολα ᾧ ἤρεθ' κακόν δὲ Τρέωσι μεδέσθην."
ἡ τοῦ 'Αθηναίας ἀκέων ἦν οὐδὲ τε ἄπειν,
σκυφόμενη Δώ πατρί, χόλος δέ μν άγιος ἤβρει.
"Ηρρ δ' οὐκ ἔχεις στήθος χόλον, ἀλλὰ προσημᾶ.
"ἀλθότετε Κρομῦ, ποιῶν τὸν μύθου ἑαυτὲ
εὖ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἑμεῖς ἔμεν ὡ τοι ἱένος οὐκ ἁλαστάνοιν ἀλλ' ἐμεῖς Δαναῶν ἀλοφυράμεθ' ἁίχυμτάνων,
οἱ καὶ δὴ κακῶν οἰτῶν ἀναπλήρατος ὠλταῦ.
ἀλλ' ἢ τοι τολμᾶν μὴ ἁφεξόμεθ', εἰ οὐ κελεύει
βούλην δ' Ἀργείων ὑποθησόμεθ', ἢ τις ὄνησε,
ὅς τε πάντες ὀλταῦ ὁδοσαμάκυ τείνο."
"τὴν δ' ἀπαιμβόμανος προσίφιν νεφεληγρήτα Ζεις'" "ἡμῶν δὴ καὶ μᾶλλον ὑπερμαία Κροῦσα
ὑφεῖ, εἰ ε' ἐδόξασθα, βοῶπις πάνω "Ηρρ,
ἀλλ' Ἀργείων πουλᾶν στρατῶν ἁίχυμτάνων
εἰ γὰρ πρὶν τολμῶν ἀποταύσεται ἐβρόμοιο "Εκτωρ
πρὶν ὄρθαι παρὰ καίφι ποδόκεα Πηλεώνα." ἡμεῖς τε τῷ δ' ἂν οὐ μὲν ἐπὶ πρύμνησε μάχωτα,······"
ILIAD VIII.

In sullen mood? Ye are not weary sure
With slaying in the fight, man's field of fame,
Troy's sons, 'gainst whom your anger was so hot.
Truly my might and my resistless hands
Are such that none could turn me back, not all
The gods that hold Olympus. But ye twain
Were seized with trembling in your glorious limbs
Before the battle and the toilsome works
Of battle yet ye saw. And well 'twas so.
For thus I say, and it had been fulfilled:
Not on your cars, smit by my bolt, had ye
Resought Olympus, where immortals dwell."

He spake. Low murmured then those twain, who near
Together sat and planned the Trojans' bane,
Ev'n Heré and Athené. Silent sat
Athené, nor spake aught, at Father Zeus
Sullenly scowling, tho' wild wrath within
Was stirring her; but Heré in her breast
Fent not the swelling ire, and thus she spake:
"Dread Cronides, what word of thine is here?
We surely know too well what strength is thine,
A strength unyielding. Yet we pity sore
The Danaan spearmen, who of evil fate
Their measure filling up are doomed to die.
But truly we from war will hold our hands,
If thou dost bid: but to the Argive host
Lend counsel only that may help; and so
Not all beneath thy anger fierce shall die."

To whom in answer thus cloud-gathering Zeus:
"When dawns to-morrow, Heré, large-eyed queen,
Thou shalt, if so thou wilt, yet further see
Strong Cronides destroying wide the host
Of Argive spearmen. For from work of war
Hector the terrible shall never cease
Till from his ship the fleet-foot Peleus' son
Uprouse him, in that day when they shall fight
στείρες ἐν αἰνιγμάτω, περὶ Πατρόκλου πεινάτοις.
δι γὰρ θέσφατον ἡστι. σέθεν δ' ἐγώ οὐκ ἀλεγίζω
χωρήσῃ, οὔδ' εἰ τὰ πελάτα πετρᾶθ' ἵππαι
γάλης καὶ πῶς τον, ἐσ' Ἰαπετός το τρόπος τε
ἡμών οὖν αὐτ' ἄφησ᾽ 'Ὑπερόνου 'Ηλέκτο
τέρπουν' οὖτ' ἀνάμοιοι, βαθὺς δ' ἐς τὸ Τάρταρος ἀμφίπλ.
οὖδ' ἐπὶ ἐνθ' ἀφίησαν Ἀλκμήνη, οὔτ' σετ' ἐγώ γε
συνέρχεσθαι ἀλλήγω, ἔτη οὖ κύντερον ἄλλος·
τ' ὑπὲρ τ' τοι δ' οὖ τι προσέθη λαυκοδόνος Ἰηρ.
ἐν δ' ἔπει 'Ἐκτὸς λαμπρὸν φῶς ἠλέκτο,
ἐλευθερωμένου ἐπὶ ζευκεντρὸν ἄρουρα.
Τρόμουρ μὲν ὅ' ἀκούσαν εἶνα φῶς, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαίοις
ἀπαγορεύτω κηρύλιος ἐπῆλθε νῦν ἔρεθινης.
Τρόμουρ αὐτ' ἄγορην ποιήσατο φαιδόμοι 'Ἐκτωρ,
νόσφη νεών ὁγγοῦς, πατημὸς ἐπὶ διϊνήντης,
ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅτι δει νεκών δεσφαλείτο χώρος.
ἐξ ἵππων δ' ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα μέσον ἀκούσαν
τόν δ' 'Ἐκτωρ ἀγάφες διάφολος' ἐν δ' ἀμφίε
ἐγγύς ἐξή ἄνδρικρά τις πάροικε δε λάμβανο τουράς
αιμή τοῖς ἁλκεέσθη, περὶ δὲ χρύσοις νέες πόρκες.
τ' δ' θ' ἐρευνάμενος ἐπεῖ Τρόκασσα μεγάλεν
di κελυτε μεν, Τροίτες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἰδόν ἐπίκουρον
νῦν ἐφάρμον μήος τ' ἄλλακα καὶ πάντας Ἀχαίοις
ἂν ἀποφυσθέων προτέ θλον ἥνεμοσσεν.
ἀλλὰ πρὶν κύκεας ἦλθε, τὸ νῦν ἔσώςε μάλιστα
Ἀργεῖον καὶ νῆας ἐπὶ ῥηχώμην βόλατος.
ἀλλ' ἢ τοι τὸν μὲν πειθομέθα νυκτὶ μελανυγ
δώρτα τ' ἐφιπποσκέπτεσθ' ἀτάρ καλλιτριχας ἑπεκα
λύσαθ ὑπὲρ ὀχέλων, παρὰ δὲ σφις βαλλετ' ὑδαθήν.
ILIAD VIII.

Hard by the vessels' sterns in fellest strait
Thick-thronged around Patroclus' fallen corse.
For so 'tis fate. And of thy wrath I reck
No whit, no not if to the depth and end
Of earth and sea thou go, where sit the twain
Iapetus and Cronos, never cheered
By rays of upper sun or breath of winds,
But girt around by deep Tartarian gloom.
No, not shouldst thither in thy roaming come,
Heed I thy sullen mood: for other power
Than thee more houndlike surely there is none."

So spake he: white-armed Heré answered naught.
And now in ocean flood the shining sun
Dropt down, and o'er the grain-abounding lands
Drew in his wake black night. To men of Troy
Unwished the sunset: to Achaia's host
Welcome, thrice-prayed for, came the murky night.
But glorious Hector now a council called
Leading his Trojans from the ships apart,
Beside the eddying river, where a place
Shone void and clear amid the frequent dead.
There from their steeds dismounting to the ground
They heard while Hector spake, beloved of Zeus.
A spear in hand he held, cubits eleven
Its length, whose shaft was tipped with flashing brass
Bound on by ring of gold: on this he leant,
And mid the Trojan armies thus he spake:
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies!
I surely said that now I should destroy
The ships, and all Achaia's host withal,
Ere back I turned to wind-swept Ilion.
But darkness came too soon: nought else but this
Saved men and ships upon the sea-smit strand.
But truly now let us obey black night
And ready make our meal: your fair-maned steeds
Unloose ye from the cars, and give them food."
ἐκ τούλιος δὲ ἔξεσθε βόας καὶ ἱφια μῆλα·
καρπαλίμους, οἷον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζεσθε,
ὀτέρων τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἄτι δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγεσθε,
ἀς κεν πανταγιοί μεσφ' ἡοὺς ἤργοθένης
cαλωμεν πυρὰ πολλὰ, οὕτως δ' ἐς οὐρανῶν ὅσῃ,
μὴ πες καὶ διὰ νύκτα κάρη κομώντες Ἀχαίοι
φεύγων ὄρμησον ἐπ' εὐρέα νῆτα θαλάσσης.
μὴ μὴν ἀποποίει γε νεῶν ἐπιβαίνει δήσης.
ἀλλ' ὅτε τις τούτων γε βίλος καὶ οἶκοθε πέσης,
βλέπεις ὡς ἢ ἡ ἐχεῖς ἀξιόντι
νῦν ἐπιθρόσκων, ίνα τις συνηχήσῃ καὶ ἄλλος
Τροισιν δέ' ἐπιδομόμενοι φέρειν πολιδακρον Ἀρηα.
εἰρύκετε δ' ἀνά ἄστιν διεσφίλοι ἀγγελλότων
παῖδας πρωθήματος πολικροτάφος τε γέροντας
λέξασθαι περὶ ἄστιν θεοδήμων ἐπὶ πύργων·
θελοντες δὲ γιναίκες ἐνι μεγάρους ἐκκατο
πῦρ μέγα καιόντων· φυλακῇ δ' τε διὰ ἑμπέδους ἄστιν,
μὴ λάχος εἰσοδῆθης πόλιν λαῶν ἀπεδώντων.
ἐδ' ἄστω, Τραύεις μεγαλητορεῖς, ὡς ἁγορεύον·
μύρος δ' ἐς μὲν νῦν ύψισι, εἰρήμενος ἄστων
tῶν δ' ἡοὺς Τράψεσι μεθ' ἐπιδομόμοι ἁγορεύον.
ἐπορμεὶ εὐκρόμενος Διὶ τ' ἄλλοισιν τε θεοῖσιν
βελώνας ἐνθέος καὶ κηρευσιφόρος,
οὗς κήρες φορέωσι μελανάν ὑπὶ νηῶν.
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι ἐπὶ νυκτὶ φυλάζων ἡμᾶς αὐτοὺς,
πρὸς δ' ὑπηοῖς σὺν τείχεσι θαρηχθέντες
νυνὶν ἑπὶ γλαυκήβουν ἐγέρωμεν ἐξοῦν Ἀρηα.
ἐλπίζουμεν ἡ καὶ μ' ὁ Τυφείδης κρατερός Διαμήδης
πορ νηῶν πρὸς τείχος ἀπεστατεὶ, ἦ καὶ ἐγὼ, τῶν.
And from the city drive ye kine with speed
And lusty sheep, and buy ye honeyed wine,
And bread from out your homes: gather withal
Great store of wood, that through the livelong night
Till morning early-born our fires may burn
Innumerable, whose blaze may mount to heaven:
Lest in the night Achaia's long-haired sons
Haply may stir themselves to flee away
O'er the broad ridges of the billowy sea.
Nay, let them not untroubled and at ease
Get them aboard; but so that ev'n at home
Each may have wounds to nurse, by arrow struck
Or beechen spear, as on his ship he leaps.
So shall all others shuddering fear to bring
On Troy's steed-taming sons a woful war.
And let the holy heralds loved of Zeus
Proclaim throughout the town that stripling boys
And gray-haired grandsires man the god-built towers
Around the wall, but let the women folk,
Each in her halls, burn ample store of fire.
And let sure watch be kept: lest, while the host
Is absent here, an ambush win the town.
Thus be it, high-souled Trojans, as I say.
Let this my word, wholesome for present need,
Suffice. Yet further, when the morrow dawns,
Mid the steed-taming Trojans I will speak.
I hope indeed—and so to Zeus I pray
And all the gods—that we shall drive forth hence
These doom-led hounds, whom sure an evil doom
Leads to their end upon their black-hulled ships.
But for the night look we to guard ourselves;
And with the early dawn don we our arms,
And at the hollow ships awake keen war.
Then will I know if Diomedes stout,
The son of Tydeus, from Achaia's ships
Will force me to our wall, or I slay him.
χελωφ οἴμος ἐπαρα βροτέετα φέρωμαι.
αὐριον ὑπὸ ἀρτην διαεισταῖται, αἰ' ἡ ἐριν δήχοι
μένῃ ἐπερχόμενον. ἀλλ' ἐν πρόσωποιν, ὅδε,
κελεσται οὐτηθεῖς, πολλὲς δ' ἄµφι αὐτῶν ἑταῖροι,
δῆλον ἀλάντιος ἐν αὐριον. εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼν δὲς
εἰκὼν ἀθάνατος καὶ ἐγήρας ἡματα πάντα,
τιμημένο δ' αἰ' τιτ' Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀστέλλων,
νῦν ἡμέρη ἡδὲ κακοῦ φέρει Ἀργελουσίν.
δὲ ἐνταρ ἀγόρευ', ἐπὶ δὲ Τρώας κελάδησαν.
οῇ δ' ἐπτυόταις μὴν ὄλουσαν ὅτα ζυγοῦ ἐδροίνους,
δῆσαν δ' ἑμάστασι παρ' ἀρμασό εἰσιν ἐκαστος
ἐκ τολιος δ' ἐξαυτο βοᾶς καὶ ἠμία μῆλα
καρπαλλων, οἷον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζοντο
ςινόν τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ κύληα πολλα λέγοντο.
κυλὴν δ' ἐκ πεδίον ἄνεμοι φέρων οὐρανὸν εἰςων.
οῇ δὲ μέγα φρονίμοντε ἄνα πτυήμερω γεφύρας
ἐλατο πανύχαιοι, πυρὰ δέ σφισι καλέτο πολλα.
οῇ δ' δὴ' ἐν οὐρανοφ ἀστρα φαινὴν ἄμφι σελήνην
φαινε' ἀνπρότετα, ὅτε τ' ἐκεῖτο νήμεος αἰθήρ'
ἐκ τ' ἱπανε πάσαι σκοπιά και πρόοερες ἀκροι
καὶ νάπαι οὐρανόθεν δ' ἀρ' ὑπερράγη ἀστετος αἰθήρ,
πάντα δὲ εἴδεται ἀστρια, γέγηθε δε τε φρένα πωμῆν'
τάσσα μετάγγι νεὼν ἢδ' Ἐανθοῦ ροδων
Τρώων καλίστων πυρὰ φαίνετο 'Ιλιῷ πρό.
χιλ' ἀρ' ἐν τεδόρ πυρὰ καλέτο, πορ' δέ ἐκάστηρ
ἐλατο πνηκάντα σελαι πυρὸς αἴθρωνον.
ἐπτυο δὲ κρὶ λευκόν ἐρπτόμενοι καὶ ἀλφάς,
ἀστασες παρ' ἄχοσφών, ἀθρονον Ἡ Ἐα μῆλον.
With brazen lance, and bear his bloody spoils.
To-morrow shall he prove his valour well,
If he abide the coming of my spear.
But, as I think, amid the foremost he
Will stricken lie, with many comrades round,
When mounts the morrow's sun. For O were I
As sure to live immortal, ever young
Through all my days, and honoured as the gods
Athené and Apollo, as I am
Sure that this day doth bring the Argives bane."

Thus Hector spake. The Trojans roared acclaim.
They loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
And tethered them with reins, each by his car.
And from the city kine and lusty sheep
They drove with speed, and bought them honeyed wine,
And bread from out their homes: and gathered too
Great store of wood. And of their feast the winds
Bore the sweet savour heavenwards from the plain.
Thus with high hopes upon the battle bridge
All night they camped, and countless blazed their fires.
And as in heaven around the shining moon
The stars gleam sharp and clear in windless calm—
And all the peaks stand out, and jutting bluffs,
And glens: and boundless ether parted wide
Uncurtains all high heaven: and in full tale
Are seen the stars, to shepherd's heart a joy—
So countless 'twixt the ships and Xanthus' stream
The watchfires blazed in front of Ilion.
Burned on the plain a thousand fires: by each
Sat fifty men within the flame's bright glow:
While champing barley white and rye their steeds
Stood by the cars and waited fair-throned morn.
ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ 1.

Απελ.

"Ως οι μὲν Τρῶες φυλακᾶς ἔχουσ' αὐτὰρ Ἀχαῖοις
θεσπεσία ἔχε φύσα, φόβου κρυόντος ἱπταρή,
πάντες δ' ἀπλῆτε βεβολόματο πάντες άριστοι.
ὡς δ' ἄνεμοι δύο πόντον ὀρίων ίχθυόντα,
Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος, τό τε Θρήκηθην ἄγτοι,
ἐλθόντ' ἠματίνης' ἀμμίδις δὲ τε κύμα κελαίων
κορύφεται, πολλάν δὲ παρέξ ἄλα φύκος ἔχεων'
ὡς ἐδαίζετο θυμὸς ἐνι στῆθεσιν Ἀχαίων.
'Ατρέδης δ' ἀχεί μεγάλῳ βεβολημένος ἦτορ
φοίτα κηρύκεσσι λυγφδόγροις κελαίων
ἀλίθην εἰς ἁγορὴν κυκλησκέμεν ἀνδρὰ ἐκαστον,
μηδὲ βοῶν' αὐτὸς δὲ μετὰ πρωτοῦ τυντεῖ.
ὡς δ' εἰν ἁγορῇ τετιθήτε μ' ἀν' ἂν 'Αγαμέμνων
ἴσατο δὲκρινχείκαρ χεῖν ὡς τε κρὴν μελανύδρος,
ἡ τε κατ' αὐγελίπος πέτρης δυσφερὸν χεῖν ὅδωρ.
ὡς δ' ἄρα ποταμῶν ἐπε' Ἀργείοις μετημίδα.
"αἱ φίλοι Ἀργείων ὑγιότερες ἢδὲ μέδοντες,
Ζεὺς με μέγα Κρονίδης ἀτὴ εὐεδίσθη βαρέη,
σχέτως, δε τοῖς οὐκ ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν
'Ιλίων ἀκτέρσαν' ἐπείχεον ἀποκλέονθας,
ὡς δ' εἰκὸν ἀκάθην χουλεύσατο, καὶ μὲ κελάει
δυσκλάς Ἀργος ἰκέσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺν ἡλέσα λαὸν.
ILIAD IX.

Embassy to entreat Achilleus.

SUCH watch the Trojans kept. Achaia's host
Dread Panic, comrade she of shuddering Flight,
Fast bound; and all the bravest and the best
Were stricken sore with grief intolerable.
And vexed and tossed as is the fishful main
When north and west wind meet, two Thrace-born blasts,
With sudden squall—the black waves tumbling crowd
High heaped; the beach with tangle thick is strewn—
So tossed, so vexed, their souls within them swayed.
And stricken to the heart with mighty woe
The son of Atreus ranged the camp, and bade
The clear-voiced heralds to the council call
Each man with several summons, not with shout;
And in the toil himself bore foremost part.
They came and sate in council sorrowing:
But Agamemnon rose and stood, whose tears
Fell as the dropping of a deep black spring,
That down the steep cliff pours its waters dark.
So he sore groaning 'mid the Argives spake:
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Zeus Cronides fast to a heavy fate
Hath bound me—cruel god! whose nod once pledged
The sack of well-walled Troy and safe return;
Yet meant he but to lure me to my bane:
And now—the strength of all my people lost—
Inglorious bids to Argos take my way.
G. H. 23
οὔτε τοὺς Διὸ μέλλει ὑπερμενεῖ φίλων εἶναι, ὅς δὲ πολλάκις πολλῶν κατέλυε κάρφῳ. ἦδ' ὅτι καλ λύσεις· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ὅστι μέγιστον. 35 ἀλλ' ἀγαθ', ὡς ἂν ἔγρα λέγω, τεθέωμεν πάντες. φαύγουμεν ξῆν ὑπῆκοι φίλων ὡς πατρίδα γαίαν· οὐ γὰρ ὅτι Τροίῳ αἴρησομεν εὑρέσωμεν.

ἀς ἀφαθ', οὐ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκῆν ἐγένοντο σωμή. δὴν δ' ἀνεφ' ἔστιν, τετυπήτες υἷς Ἀχαιῶν· 30 ὁφ' ὅτι δ' ἄρα μετέπειτα βοῶν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης· ἢ Ἀργεία, σοὶ πρῶτα μαχῆσομαι ἀφφαλέοντε, ἢ σῶσις ὅστι, ἀναξ, ἀγορῆ· σοὶ δὲ μὴ τέ χολοῖς, ἀληθῶς μὲν μοι πρῶτον ἀνείδισας ἐν Δαναοῖς, φοῖ ἔμεν ἀπόλειμον καὶ ἀνάλεια· ταῦτα δὲ πάντα 35 Ἰσακ' Ἀργείας ἦμεν νῦν ὅτε γέρωντες.

σοί δὲ διανοίξατ' ἔδωκε Κρόνου τᾶς ἀγκυλόμεστον· σκαῖτος μὲν τοι ἔδωκε τετυπᾶται περὶ πάντων, ἀληθῶς δ' οὖ τοι ἔδωκεν, δ' τε κράτος ὅστι μέγιστον, δαιμόνι, οὕτω ποῖον ἔδωσεν ἦλα Ἀχαιῶν· 40 ἀπόλειμον τ' ἔμεναι καὶ ἀνάλειας ὡς ἀγορεύεις; εἰ δὲ σοι αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἔπεσονται ἐς τε νέως, θρήνοι πάρ τοῦ ὕδω, νῆς δὲ τοι ἀγχίδως ραγάτος, αἱ τοῦ ὕδω τὸν Μυκῆνηθεν μάλα πολλαὶ.

ἀλλ' ἀλλοι μενέναι κάρη κομόντες Ἀχαιοὶ 45 εἰς ζ κέ περ Τροῖν διαπέσομεν. εἰ δ' καὶ αὐτοί, φιλόσωποι εἴναι οὕτω φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν' ἢς δ', ἔγαν Σθένελός τε, μαχησόμεθ' εἰς κε τέκμορ Ἱλίου εὐθυμεμ' ἔδω γὰρ θεό εἰςφήμουμεν.

ἀς ἀφαθ', οὐ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπιέχουν ὑἷς Ἀχαιῶν, 50 μόνων ἀγαπάμενοι Διομήδεος ἀποδάμοι. τοῖς δ' ἀνισόταμοις μεταφάευεν ἦπετα Νέατωρ.
So Zeus, methinks, will have it, Zeus the strong;
Who many cities' heads ere now hath bowed,
And yet will bow, for matchless is his might.
Then come, obey we all, e'en as I say,
Take ship, and fly to our dear father-land;
For now we ne'er shall win wide-streeted Troy."

He spake: but they were hushed and silent all.
Long were Achaia's sons in sorrow mute:
At last spake Diomedes good in fray:
"Atrides, first with thee, who art unwise,
I will contend, as is our right, my king,
In council; wherefore be not moved to wrath.
My courage thou didst heretofore impugn
Before the Danaans, and didst call me there
Unwarlike coward; and these words of thine
Are known to every Argive, young and old.
Now surely 'tis thyself to whom the son
Of crooked-counselled Cronos halved his boon,
And gave thee sceptred honour chief of all,
But courage not—which is the mightiest power.
What, sire! dost really deem Achaia's sons
Unwarlike cowards, as thy words would say?
Nay if thine own heart hasteth to return,
Go thou: the way is near, and by the sea
The ships that from Mycenæ followed thee
Stand not a few. But others here will stay,
Long-haired Achaians, till at last we sack
Troy's city. Or let them too, if they will,
Take ship and fly to their own father-land;
Yet will we twain, myself and Sthenelus,
Fight till we work the end of Ilion:
For not without a god we hither came."

So spake he: and Achaia's sons all roared
A loud acclaim, in wonder at the words
Of the steed-taming prince. Then straight uprose
Nestor, Gerene's knight, and 'mid them spake:

23—2
Τυδείδη, περὶ μὲν πολέμῳ ἐνι καρπερός ἐστι, καὶ βουλὴ μετὰ πάντων ὑμήλικας ἐκλαυ ἀριστος. οὗ τοι τὸν μῶθαι ἀνάσσαται, ὡστοι Ἀχαιοὶ, οὐδὲ ταῖλι ἐρέω. ἀνὰρ οὔ τελος ἱεοῖ. μὴ μὲν καὶ νέος ἐστι, ἢμοι δὲ καὶ πάντες ἀνήτοις ἐπλάτατος γερνηθέως ἀνὰρ πεννυμάνα βάζεις Ἀργείων βασιλέως, ἅπει κατὰ μοῖραν δειπνος. ἀλλ' ἄγνω, ὡστοι γεραίτεροι σύμχωμα εἶναι, ἢξεινὸ καὶ πάντα διξομας. οὐδὲ καὶ τίς μοι μῶθαι ἀτίμησει, οὐδὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνον. ἀφθινὲς ἀθλήσωσας ἀνέστιος ἐστιν ἑκαίνος δέ πολέμου δρατεῖ ἀπεδημῶν ἀκρινύντος. ἀλλ' ἢ τινὸς μὲν πειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελαίνη δόρπα τ' ἀφοπωσόμεσθα, φυλακῆρες δὲ ἐκαστοὶ λεξάθωσας παρὰ τάφρον ὕμνητι τιμὴν τίμησεν. κοῦρος μὲν ταῦτ' ἐπιτέλλομαι, αὐτὰρ ἑπείτα, Ἔρεθος, σὺ μὲν ἄρχεσ, σὺ γάρ βασιλεύσατος ἑσπερίδων δαίσιν. δαίσιν γέρονεις, δικαίω τοι, οὗ τοι ἀείκεις. πλειάδι τοις οἰνὼν κλισίαι, τοὺς νήσους Ἀχαιῶν ὑμίναις Θρήκιθεν ἐν' οὐρέα πότῳ ἄγνους. φῶτα τοὶ ἔσοβ' ὑποδέξητε, πολέσεις ἀνάσεις, πολλῶν δ' ἀγρομένων ἄρ' πελεσείς δὲ καὶ ἀρίστην βουλὴν βουλεύσῃ. μάλα δὲ χρωδ πάντας Ἀχαίους ἐσθηθής καὶ πυκνῆς, ὥστε δὲ ἤγγυς οὐν καίουσιν πυρα πολλά. τῆς ἄν τάδε γηθήσεσθαι; νῦν δ' ἢ δ' ἢ δὲ διαφαίειστε στρατὸν ἢ δὲ σάσεις. ἂς αὖθις, σὺ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μαλα μὲν κλίουν ἢδὲ πίθυντο, ἢ Δ' φυλακῆρες σὺν τεῖχεσιν ἐστάτου ἔμφυ τ' Νεστορίδ' Ἐρατημήδεα, πομήνα λαῶν, ἢ' θῶ' ἀμφ' Ἀσκάλαφος καὶ Σιλμενοῦν νῆας Αρησ', ἔμφυ τ' Μηρώνη Ἀφαρῆ τ' Δησυρόν τε,
"Tydides, thou in war art passing strong,
And best in counsel too among thy peers.
Of all Achaians none will blame thy words,
Nor gainsay: yet thou reachedst not the end.
Truly thou'rt young, and mightest be my son,
My youngest born: yet utterest words full wise
To Argive kings, for all was fitly said.
But come, and I, who claim more years than thou,
Will speak and set forth all in full: and none—
Not Agamemnon's self—will scorn my words.
Surely a tribeless, lawless, homeless man
Is he who loves to stir the strife of war
In his own people, that abhorred plague.
But let us now indeed obey black night,
And spread our meals: and let the several guards
Be ranged along the trench without the wall.
To our young men this charge I give: but then
Take thou the lead, Atrides, for thou art
The chiefest king, and to our elders make
A feast, as fits thee well nor misbecome.
Thy tents are full of wine, which day by day
O'er the wide waters from the shore of Thrace
Achaia's ships convey: all stores thou hast
For hospitality, and thou art a king
O'er many. But when many thus have met,
Him shalt thou follow who shall counsel best.
And all Achaia's sons have now sore need
Of counsel good and shrewd: for near our ships
Burn many foemen's watch-fires; and this night
Will work our army's ruin or will save."

He spake: they heard attentive and obeyed.
Out hasted then the guards, in armour clad,
Gathering round Thrasymedes Nestor's son,
A people's shepherd, and the war-god's sons
Ascalaphus and Iaimenus; and around
Meriones, Aphareus, Delpyrus,
358

Ἡδ' ἀμφὶ Κρείστου νίόν, Δυσκομήδεα διόν.

ἐντ' ἦσαν ἡγεμόνες φιλάκων, ἄκατον δὲ ἀκάτορο

καθ' Ἀρτέμίδος στείχον, δολίχ' ἤγερεν χειρὰν ἱχνοτε.

καὶ δὲ μάσον τάφρον καὶ τείχος ἤφεον ἱώτε.

ἔθα δὲ πῦρ κάυστο, τίθεντο δὲ δόρπα ἀκαστος.

"Ἀθραπός δὲ γεροντες· ἀνάλαθ' ἤγεν Ἀχαίων

ἐς κλαίειν, παρὰ δὲ σφί τιθὲ μενοείδε θαίτα·

εἰ δ' ἐν' ὕπναθ' ἀτούμα προκείμενα χείρως ἱλλον.

αὐτὰρ ἔτι πότιος καὶ ἤγητος δὲ ἔρων ἄντο,

τοῖς δ' ἄγροι πάντρωτοι υφανωμένοι ἄρχετο μήτιν

Νέατερ, οὐ καὶ πρόσθεν ἁρπᾶτο φαίνετο υἱοῦς.

δ' σφιν ἐφορώτων ἀγοροστος καὶ μετείχον.

"Ἀθραπός κύδιστα, ἀνὰξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀχαίμενον,

ἐν σοὶ μὲν λήξα, σε δ' ἄρξομαι, οὖνε νεκρῶν

λαῶν ἄνοι ἀνεῖ καὶ τοῖς Ζευς ἐγνυμέλβεν

σπέρτρων τ' ἤδη βέμοται, ἵνα σφια βουλεύῃσθα.

τῷ σε χρῆ περὶ μὲν φάνησαι ἐπος ἢ' ἐπακούσαι,

ἐρημοῖ δὲ καὶ ἄλλα, ἵν' ἂν τις νυμπώ ἀνεύη

ἐπειδ' ἂν Ἰναμίθων· σε δ' ἔρχεται ἐπι κεν ἄρχη.

αὐτὰρ ἔγερε ἐνεκ' μοι δοκεῖ ἐναι ἄρσην.

οὐ γὰρ τις νύσ μᾶλλον ἀμέλοιν τεῦχε νοήσει,

οἷον ἔγερε νοεί, ἤμεν πάλαι ὧδ' ἐτι καὶ νῦν,

ἐξ ἐτι τοῦ ὑπεῖ, διωγενεῖ, Βρισιάδα κούρην

χεμέλου Ἀχιλῆς ἢτθε κλαίεθην ἄπορος

οὐ τ' καθ' ἤμετρον γε νύσι· μάλα γὰρ τοις ἄγοι γε

πάλι' ἀκεροῦμην. οὖ δὲ σφι μεγαλύτεροι ὄμμαφ

ἐξέθες ἀνδρὰ φέριστον, ἄν ἄκατοι τερ ὑπεξαν,

ἡτίσσας· ἡλιὸν γὰρ ἐχεις γερατ. ὅλ' ἐτι καὶ νῦ
And godlike Lycomedes Creion's son.
Seven captains were there of the guards; with each
Went young men full fivescore, bearing in hand
Their lances long. The space between the wall
And trench they sought, and took their ground; and there
Kindled their fires and spread their several meals.

Meanwhile Atrides gathered to his tent
Achaia's greybeards all; and by them set
A full and pleasant feast: who laid their hands
Upon the meats: before them ready spread.
But when desire of meat and drink was stayed,
To them did Nestor first of all begin
To weave his prudent words, the greybeard sage
Whose counsel still of old the best was seen.
He now right wisely'mid their council spake:
"Most honoured son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, I with thee will end,
From thee begin; because thou art a king
Of many peoples, and dost hold from Zeus
Sceptre and laws, to be their counsellor.
Wherefore above all other 'tis thy right
To say thy word, and yet withal to hear
And ratify what other man may say
Moved by his spirit for the public weal:
And what he prompts must still on thee depend.
But I will speak as seemeth me the best:
For better judgment none will form than this—
My judgment both of old, and yet to-day,
Ay ever since that time when, Zeus-born prince,
Braving the chieftan's wrath thou ledst away
The maid Briseis from Achilles' tent,
We in no wise approving. I for one
Spake strong against it: but thou gavest way
To thy proud heart, and on the bravest man
(Whom ev'ry immortals honoured) castest scorn,
For thou didst take and holdest yet his prize.
φροζόμεθα ος ειν μιν άρεσάμενοι πεπίθωμεν δόρων τ' ἀγαθοίς ἕκεσι τε μελεχθοισιν.

τῶν δ' αὕτω προσδειτε ἀνάξ ἄνδρῶν 'Αγαμήμων' οὗ γέρων, οὗ της σφεδος ἐμάς ἄτας κατάλεγας. ἀδαμάνης, οὗτο αὐτὸς ἀναλομαί. ἀντὶ νὰ πολλῶν λαῶν ἄστιν ἄνηρ ὑπὸ τὸ ζεῦτ εἵπτε φιλίασι, οὗ λὺν τούτων ὅσια, διάμασε δὲ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν. ἂλλ' ἀπ' ἀδαμάνης φρεσὶ λαγαλέως πλησίον, ἅν ἐδέναι ἀφάναι, δόμεναι τ' ἀτερελι' ἐποίησιν ὅμως δ' ἐν τάντεσι περικυτῆδο χάρι ὀνομῆσιν, ἃτι' ἀπόρους τρίθοδας, δίκαι δ' χρυσοῦ τάλαντα, αἰθωμας δὲ λήβης ἐκέσι, δάδεκα δ' ἅπτοις τῆς χοῦς ἀθλοφόρους, οὗ ἀθέλλα ποιεῖν ἁρπατ. οὗ καὶ ἄλλος εἶ οὗτος ὁ τόσα γένειον, οὗτο τοῖς ἀκτῆμαν ἐρείπιμοι χρυσοῖς, ἦσα μοι ἡμελείντο ἁθέλλα μένυχες ἅπτοι. δόσον δ' ἐπτά γυναικάς ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἔνιλας, Δεσβίδας, δε, οὗ Δάσβουν ἔκτεμεν οἷος αὐτὸς, ἐξελόμην, οὗ κάλλει ἑλεκων φῦλα γυναικῶν. τὸς μὲν οἱ δώσαν, μετὰ δ' ἔστεται ὁ τότ' ἀπήρων, κούρη Βρισῖος· ἢπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὅρκον ὅμοιοι μὴ ποτέ τῆς εὐνύς ἀπεβήμενα ήδ' μουγήναι ἤ' θέμας ἀνθρώπων πέλει, ἄνδρῶν ήδ' γυναικῶν. ταύτα μὲν αὐτήκα πάντα παρέστησεν εἰ δέ κεν αὕτη 135 ἄτων μέγα Πρίαμοι θεοὶ δώσα' ἀλατάβαι, νῷ ἐλιος χρυσοῦ καὶ χαλκοῦ νησάσθω εἰςελθόν, οὗ κεν δατεώμεθα ληξ' Ἀχαιοὶ, Τριώδας δ' γυναικάς ἐξεσσεν αὐτής ἐλήθοι.
ILIAD IX.

But even now tho' late, devise we plan
That may appease his wrath, and win him o'er
By kindly presents and by honeyed words."

Then answered Agamemnon king of men:
"Father, too truly do thy words declare
My folly. Fool I was: nor can myself
Deny the charge. Worth a whole host is he
Whom Zeus doth dearly love, as now this man
He honours, and afflicts Achaia's host,
But since, obedient to a baneful mood,
I wrought the folly, I to make it good
Am willing, and unstinted price to pay.
And now before you all the glorious gifts
I'll name—Seven tripod urns unscathed by fire,
Of gold ten talents, twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve steeds withal, prize-bearers, stout of limb,
Whose nimble feet have gained them many a prize.
Not landless he, nor poor in precious gold,
To whom may fall those many stores of wealth,
The prizes that my firm hoofed steeds have won.
Seven women will I also give, well-skilled
In faultless work, of Lesbian race, whom I
Chose, out when by his hand fair Lesbos fell,
Passing all womankind in comeliness.
These will I give him: and with them shall be
The maid of Briseus, whom erewhile I took.
And hereto will I swear a mighty oath,
That never have I climbed her bed or lain
Beside her, as a man with woman may.
All this at once shall be his own. But more—
If gods hereafter grant us grace to sack
Priam's great city, let him enter in
And freight his ship with piles of brass and gold
When our Achaian host divides the spoil.
And twenty Trojan women let him take
At his own choice, the fairest of the fair,
αἱ ἐκ μετ’ Ἁργείην Ἐλένην καλλίσται ἔσων. 140.
εἷς δὲ καὶ Ἀργοὺς ἴσομεθ’ Ἀχαίων, οὐδ’ ἀρρυθής,
γαμβρὸς ἐκεὶ μοι ἔσω δέ ἐστι Ορέστη,
ὅσι μοι τελέστως τρέφεται διαλίγι ἐνι πολλῇ.
τρεῖς δὲ μοι εἰσὶ θύγατρες ἐνι μεγάβα ἐνηπήκητε,
Χρυσόδεμης καὶ Λαοδείης καὶ Ἰφιάμασσα.
τάνων δὲν οὐ ἐθήκησι φίλην ἀνάδονον ἀγέσθω
πρὸς ὅλους Πηλῆς; εὖ οὖ νῦν μείλα δόσω
πολλὰ μᾶλ’ ὅσο’ οὗ πᾶ τὰς ἐπίθεσις θυγατρὶ.
ἔστι δὲ οἱ δόσων οὐ χαιμενα πολλάθρα,
Καρδαμύλην Ἐνόπην τα καὶ Ἰφήν τινέσσαν.
150
Φηρᾶς τε ἡ ζαθίας οὐ Ἀνδριαν βαθύλαμον
καλῆν τ’ Ἀπειειν καὶ Πηδασον ἀμπελόσσαν.
πάσης δ’ ἐργῆς ἀλός, νέσται Πῦλον ἡμαθάντος;
ἐν δ’ ἀνδρές ναύσοι πολλὰράνθροι πολυβοῦνται,
οἵ εἴ τ’ ἐντύλιρος θεὸν ἢς τιμήσασιν
καὶ οἱ ὑπὸ σχῆμαρι λατράς τελεύσει βέμοσται.
ταῦτα εἴ τ’ τελέσαμι μεταλθήσει χόλιοι.
διμιθήμεν. Ἀλλ’ ὃς τοι ἀμελεῖς οὐ δόθαι ἀναμαστος,
τούτης καὶ τε βρυσθεὶς θεῶν ἐχθριατος ἀπάντων.
καὶ μοι ὑποστῆτιν, ὅσον βασιλεύτερα εἰμί
155
ἡ δ’ ἄρας γενὴν προγενάστερος εὐχομαι εἰναι.”
τὸ δ’ ἡμεῖς θέστα Γερήνης ἑπιτὸτα Νέωτορ.
"Ἀτρείδη καλίστα, ἃναξ ἄνδραν Ἀγάμεμνον,
δῶρα μὲν οὐκέτ’ ὅνοτα δῖζων Ἀχιλῆς ἀνακαί
ἐλλ’ ἄγετε, ελπίς τοῦ ὑπόμενει οἵ κ’ ἀρχίση
160
Ἐλεῶς” ὡς ἀλλοι πυθηνάδοις Ἀχιλῆς.
οἵ δ’ ὅποι, τοὺς ἐν ἄγον ἐπισύμβαν, οὗ δὲ πινόσβον.
Φοίνιξ μὲν πρώτιστα διόφιλος ἡγησάσθαι,
ILIAD IX.

By Argive Helen's self alone surpassed.
But to Achaian Argos if we come,
That land of milk, my daughter he shall wed;
And I will honour him as my own son
Orestes, who last-born and best-beloved
In rich abundance there to manhood grows.
Three daughters have I in my firm-built hall,
Chrysothemis, Laodicé, and third
Iphianassa. Lead he which he will
An unbought welcome bride to Peleus' home.
And presents with her I will give in store
As never father yet with daughter gave.
Seven towns withal, well peopled, I will give
Cardamylé to wit, and Enopé,
And grassy Ira, Pherre the divine,
Antheia's deep-soiled meads, Æpeia fair,
And vine-clad Pedasus. Hard by the sea
On sandy Pylos' border lie they all.
And they are rich in sheep and rich in kine
Who dwell therein: and they will honour him
With gifts ev'n as a god, and goodly dues
Obedient to his sceptre they will pay.
All this I will for him perform, if he
Will bate his anger. Let him then be bent—
Hades indeed is unappeased, unbent;
And therefore is to mortals of all gods
The hatefullest. And let him yield to me,
Who am the lordlier king and elder born."

Then Nestor answered him, Gerend's knight:
"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, gifts that none can blame
To king Achilles thou dost offer now.
Come, send we chosen men, who with all speed
May get them to the tent of Peleus' son.
Or come, whom I shall name, let them obey,
First Phoenix, loved of Zeus, shall lead the way;
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Ἀλας τε μέγας καὶ δίος Ὀδυσσεύς
ηρύχων ὦ Ὀδυσσεύ, δόλῳ ἔποιον ἔτοιμον.

φάτο δὲ χερσίν ὕδωρ, συνήμησαι τε κήλεσθε,
ὅφρα Δίῳ Κρονίδῃ ἄργησας, εἶ ἐ' ἐλεήσῃ."  

ἐν φάτο, τοῖοι δὲ πᾶσιν ἑαυτὰ μόδοις δέπεψαν. 
αὐτῆς εἴρυκες μὲν ὕδωρ ἄτι χείρας ἔχειναν, 
κούροι δὲ ἅρπηρας ἀπεστέγαντο πτοτοῖον, 
νώμησαν δ' ἂρα πᾶσιν ἑπαρξάμενοι δεσπάσασιν. 

αὐτὰρ ἐπελ σπείσαν τε πλοῦ θ' ὅσων ἔθελα θυμός, 
ἀρμόνε' ἐκ φιλίσθι Ἀγαμήμονος Ἀτρείδαο. 

τοῖοι δὲ πολλ' ἐπέτελε Γερμήνως ἐπιτότα Νέατωρ, 
δεικτέλλων ἐς ἑκαστον, Ὀδυσσεύς δὲ ἄληστα, 

τοῦ δὲ βάτην παρὰ θάνα τοῦλθολοβοσκεθεὶς, 
πολλὰ μὲλ' εὐχομένοι γαϊνόχρη ἐνοσυγαλὸν ἡμῖν πεπιθέουμεν μεγάλας φρένας Αιακίδαο.

Μυρμάδων δ' ἐπὶ τε κλίσιας καὶ νῆτας ἰκέσθην, 

τῶν δ' εὐρὸν φρένα τερπόμενοι φόρμυγις λυγεῖν 
καλῆ δαιδαλῆ, ἐπὶ δ' ἀργυρέων ξυλῆν ἔχεν 

τὴν ἄρτην ἐς ἐνάροιν, πολλ' Ἡττίνως ἀλασάς

τῇ δ' ἂν θυμὸν ἐπέτευκεν, ἀείδε δ' ἂρα κλαῖν ἄνδρον.

Πάτροκλος δὲ οἱ οἷος ἐναντίος ἤκοτο σιωθῆ, 

δῆμηνος Αιακίδην, ὦτοτε λήξειν ἔλευν.

τοῦ δὲ βάτην προτέρω, ἤγειτο δὲ διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς,

σταῦ δὲ πρόσθ' αὐτῶν. ταφῶν δὲ ἄνφορους Ὀχυλίαν 

ἀντὶ σὺν φόρμυγις, λεπτῶν διὸς ἐνθά θάσσεν. 

δε δ' ἂν τοῦ Πάτροκλος, ἐπελ ἦν φάτει, ἀνίστη.

170 175 180 185 190 195
Great Ajax with Odysseus, godlike wight,
Be next: and with them of our heralds twain,
Eurybates and Hodius, shall attend.
But bring ye lustral water for our hands,
And bid a holy silence, while to Zeus
The son of Cronos we for mercy pray."

So spake he, and his counsel pleased them all.
Then water on their hands the heralds poured;
And youths crowned high with wine the brimming bowls,
Made offering due, and served the cups to all.
But when libation they had made, and drunk
All that their soul desired, forth from the tent
Of Agamemnon Atreus’ son they sped.
And many a charge, with earnest glance to each,
Nestor Gerenë’s knight upon them pressed,
But chiefly on Odysseus, that they strive
To move the mind of blameless Peleus’ son.

So by the margin of the sounding sea
The envoys took their way: and much they prayed
The god who girds the land and shakes the earth
For grace to move with ease the mighty mind
Of great Æacides. And now they reached
The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons:
And found the chief within, cheering his soul
With lyre, clear-toned and beauteous, rich-inlaid,
And spanned with silver bridge—The same he took
As booty when Etion’s town he spoiled—
With this he cheered his mind, and sang withal
The lays of heroes. O’er against him sate
Patroclus silent and alone, to wait
Until Æacides should cease the song.
Godlike Odysseus leading, forward came
The envoys, and before Achilleus stood:
Who started up amazed, with lyre in hand,
Leaving the seat whereon he sate; nor less
Patroclus, soon as e’er he saw the men,
τὸ καὶ δεικνύμενος προσέφη πόδας ὁ Ἀχιλλεύς,
“χαλέπτων ὁ φίλοι ἄνδρες ἱκάνων—ὁ τε μᾶλλον χρεό,
οἷς σεξακόμαιν περ Ἀχαιῶς φίλτατοι ἱστόν.”
δε ἄρα φωνήσας προτέρω ἀγε διὸς Ἀχιλλέας,
εἰς ὅ ἐν κλισμοῖς τάπετος τι πορφυροῖσιν. 100
αἱγα δὲ Πάτροκλον προσεφώνεν ἐφύς ὠντα:`
“μῆκον δὲ κρηπῆρα, Μενοτικου νεί, καβλητα,
ζωοτερόν δὲ κάραις, δίκας δ’ ἐστιν ἱεάς
οἱ γὰρ φίλτατοι ἄνδρες ἴμφω ὑπέλαο μελαθρῶ.”
δὲ φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλορ ἐπετείθεσθ’ ἐταῖροι. 105
αὐτὰρ δ’ ἐν κρεῖον μέγα κάββαλεν ἐν πυρὸς ἀγγῆ,
ἐν δ’ ἄρα νῦτον ἔθηκ’ διὸς καὶ πόνος αἰγός,
ἐν δὲ σωφς σιγάλω ράχειν τεθαλαινὰ αἴλοθ.
τῷ δ’ ἔχειν Αὐτομέδουν, τάμιν δ’ ἄρα διὸς Ἀχιλλέας,
καὶ τὰ μὲν εὖ μιστυλε καὶ ἄμφ’ ὀξελοῖς ἔπειρεν, 110
πῦρ δὲ Μενοτικᾶς δαίμον μέγα, ἱσόθεος φῶς.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ πῦρ ἐκάνε καὶ φλὸς ἐμαράνθη,
ἀνθρακὴν στοράται ὀξελοῖς ἐφύπερθε τάνυσαν,
πόνος δ’ ἀλὸς θείας, κρατετῶν ἐπαίρας.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δ’ ἐπιθετο καὶ εἷς ἀλοῖον ἔχειν,
Πάτροκλος μὲν σῦν ἄλων ἐπένεμε τραπέζη
καλοῖς ἐν κανίοισι, ἀτὰρ κρέα νείμεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
αὐτὸς δ’ ἄστιλον ἦσεν Ὀδυσσῆος θείοι
τοῖς τοῦ ἐτέρου, θεοῖς δὲ θῦται ἀνάγει.
Πάτροκλον ὁν ἐτάρους δ’ ἐν πυρὶ βάλλει θυγάτῃς. 115
οἱ δ’ ἐπὶ οὐναὶθ’ ἑτοίμα προκελέμεναι χείρας ἱαλλοῦν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπέλ πάσιος καὶ ἐθητοὺς εἷς ἄρον ἐντο,
τεῦχ’ Αἰας Φοίνικα. νήσος δὲ διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς,
Uprose. 'To whom Achilles fleet of foot
Stretched forth his hand and thus a greeting spake:
"Hail, sirs! right welcome are ye. Some sore need
Hath surely brought ye; whom, tho' much in wrath,
Of all Achaia's sons I hold most dear."

So spake the godlike prince, and led them on,
And made them sit on couches purple-strewn;
Then to Patroclus spake, who near him stood.
"Son of Mencetius, a larger bowl
Set on, and mix a stronger draught, A cup
Serve out to each. For these, who now beneath
My roof have come, are men I hold most dear."

So spake he: and Patroclus straight obeyed
His comrade dear. Then by the blazing fire
An ample board the chief cast down, whereon
Of sheep and well-fed goat two loins he placed
With chine of fatted hog thick clothed in lard.
Automedon held for the chief the joints,
Godlike Achilles cut, and sliced with care
And spitted all. Meanwhile Mencetius' son,
A godlike hero, fed a mighty fire.
But when the fire burnt down and flame was dead,
The embers he spread smooth, and over these
Stretched splits upraised on blocks at either end,
And sprinkled o'er the meats with salt divine.
These roasted and upon the dressers laid,
Patroclus taking bread in baskets fair
Served to each table, while Achilles served
The meats. Then 'took he seat right opposite
Godlike Odysseus, by the further wall;
And bade his friend Patroclus give the gods
Their dues: who cast their offerings on the fire.
Then on the viands spread they laid their hands.
But when desire of meat and drink was stayed,
Ajax to Phoenix nodded sign: this marked
Godlike Odysseus, and forthwith a cup
πλησάμενοι δ' εἶναι δέπας δείδετο Ἀχιλῆα.

"χαίρε Ἀχιλευ. διατὸς μὲν ἀίδος οὐκ ἐπιδεινεῖ, ἤμιν ὡς ἐλπίζω Ἀχαμέμνοος Ὀτρείδαον ἢδὲ καὶ ἐνθάδε νῦν' πάρα γὰρ μενοείςα πολλὰ διεννυθε. ἀλλ' οὐ διατὸς ἐπήρατα ἄργα μέμηλεν, ἀλλὰ λίγην μέγα πῆμα, διοτρεφός, ἐλαυρόντος δείδαμεν· ἦν δοιη δὲ σῶς ἔμεν ἢ ἀπολέσθαι νῆας εὐσέβεσιν, ἐι μὴ σὺ γε δύσεας ἀλείην. ἐγώς γὰρ νησι καὶ τεῖχεος αὐτὸν ἑκέντα ὅπεσι ἡρετος Ἰπποσφυρομεῖνος τῇ ἐπίκουροι, κηλίμενοι πυρὰ πολλὰ κατὰ στρατὸν, οὐδ' ἐτε φαξίν σχήσεσθ' ἀλλ' ἐν νυφὶ μελαίνην πετέσθαι. 333

ζεῦ τὸ σφιν Κροινώς ἐνδέξει σήματα φαλων ἀστράτευτο. ἦτοτ' ἄλλα μὲγα θεῖαν βλεμμαίων μαῖνεται ἐκπάγλοις, πάρον τοι, ὅλοι τοῖς ἄλφας οὖν θεούς. κρατηρ' ἔδει λύσας δέδυκεν. ἀράται δὲ τάχιστα φανήμεναι Ἡνὶ διὰν'

ετέται γὰρ νησιν ἀποκολύμενη ἀκρα καρυμβα αὐτὰς τ' ἐμπρήσειν μαλαγού πυρός, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς ἀφάνειαν παρὰ τῆςν ἀυξόμενον ὑπὸ κατού. ταῦτ' αὖν δείδουμα κατὰ φήμα, μη οἱ αὐτείλας ἀκτελίσους θεοί, ἢμὲν δὲ δὴ ἀλαμελεῖς ἐλῃ

φθάσαι ὡς Ἰπποσφυρομεῖνος Ἄργος ὑποβότου. ἀλλ' ἄνα, εἰ μέμονος γε καὶ ὑψὲ περὶ νεῖς Ἀχαιῶν τερμομένους ἐρέσθαι ὑπὸ Ἰπποσφυρομεῖνος

αὐτῷ σει μετόπισθ' ἄρχος ἐσπεται, οὐδὲ το μῆχος μενὸς ὁ μέχρινς κακοῦ ὑπ' ἄρχος εὐρίμενε. ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρῶτοι φράζειν ὅπως Δαναόων ἀλεξίστες κακόν ἦμαρ.
Filling with wine Achilles thus he pledg'd.

"Health to Achilles! Of the well-shared feast
We find no lack, whether within the tent
Of Agamemnon Atreus' son, or now
With thee; for full and pleasant meats are here
To feast on. But no joyous feast is now
Our need. We see a danger, Zeus-born prince,
Exceeding great, and tremble: 'tis in doubt
Whether we save or lose our well-bench'd ships,
Unless again thou clothe thee in thy might.
For near our vessels and our wall are camped
Proud Trojans and allies from distant lands,
With many a watch-fire burning through their host:
Nor shall we stay them more (they say) but fly
Driven to our black-hulled ships. And Cronos' son
Doth lighten on their right with sav'ring signs:
While Hector great and terrible in strength,
On Zeus reliant, raves amain, nor recks
Of men or gods, by fury fell possesst.
And now he prays that dawn divine will haste
Her light: for he is bent to hew away
Our ships' high sterns, and with devouring fire
Set all ablaze, and scared before the smoke
Achaia's sons beside their ships to slay.
And greatly fears my soul that these his threats
The gods may bring to pass: and so methinks
It were our doom to perish here in Troy
From horse-cropt plains of Argos far away.
But up, if thou art minded, e'en tho' late,
To succour in their strait Achaia's sons
From Trojan rout. 'Twill be a grief to thee
Hereafter else; nor, when an ill is done,
Can means of cure be found. Wherefore in time
Take heed, and ward the Danaans' day of doom.
ΙΔΙΑΔΩΣ Ι.

ὥ τόπος, ὃ μὴν σοὶ γε πατήρ ἐπετῆλετο Πηλαίς, ἦματι τῷ· ἰς τῷ γὰρ δὲ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν· τέκνον ἔρω, κάρτος μὲν Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ Ἡρᾷ δῶσον, αἰ εἰ ἔθελες, σὺ δὲ μεγαλότορα θυμόν ἵνα τὰ στῆθές ςι φιλοφροσύνῃ γὰρ ἀμείγνως λαγγέμεναι δ᾽ ἔριδος κακομηχαίνου, ὕφα σε μᾶλλον τίως· Ἀργείων ὡς μὲν νόει ἠδὲ γέροντες.

ἂς ἐκεῖθεν ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ λύθεις. ἄλλ᾽ ἔτι καὶ νῦν παῖς, ἀν δὲ χῶλον θυμαλγεά. σοὶ δ᾽ Ἀγαμέμνονι 160 ἄξια δόρα δίδωσι μεταλλάξειν χόλοι. εἰ δὲ, σὺ μὲν μεν ἄκουσον, ἑγὼ δὲ καὶ τοι καταλάβω δόσα τοι ἐν κλινήσφιν ὑπόσχετο δώρ᾽ Ἀγαμέμνονι· ἐντ᾽ ἀπύρως τρίποδας, δίκα δὲ χρυσόν τάλαντα, ἀλλοκρατίας δὲ λάβῃς τε ἐκεῖκος, δώδεκα δ᾽ Ἰπποὺς 165 πηγοὺς ἀθλοφόρους, οὐ ἀθλίαν ποσοῦ ἄροντο. σὸν κεν ἄλιος εἰς ἀμήρ φ᾽ τόστα γίνοιτο, σωτῆς κεν ἄκτιμον δριτύμοι χρυσῷ, ἣς Ἀγαμέμνονος ἤπποι ἀθλία ποσύν ἄροντο. δώσει δ᾽ ἐπὶ τὰ γυναῖκας ἀμύμων ἐργα ἱδίας, 270 Δεσφίδας, αὗ, ὅτε Δέσβοιν δικτιμένην ἔλεος αὐτῶς, ἐξέλθε, αὐ τὸ καλλία ἄνικων φίλα γυναικῶν.

τὸς μὲν τοι δώσει, μετὰ δ᾽ ἐσταῖν ἢν τοῦ ἀπηρία, κούρη Βρισῆς· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν ὅρκον ὁμείται μὴ ποτε τῆς αὐτῆς ἐπεζημέναι ἤδε μυγήραι 275 ἢ θέμες ἄτοι, ἀναξ, ἢ ὁ ἀνδρῶν ἢ τε γυναικῶν. ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρίσταται· εἰ δὲ κεν αὐτῇ ἀκτῆν μέγα Πρίαμῳ θεοὶ δῶσον ἀλατάξαι, νῦς ἀλὸς χρυσόν καὶ χαλκοῦ νησσασθαι.
Dear prince, thy father Peleus gave thee charge
Upon that day when from thy Pthian home
He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's aid:
'My child, Athené will grant strength of war,
And Heré, if they please: but thou thyself
Check the proud spirit in thy breast, for still
A kindly heart is best. And cease from strife,
Worker of evil, that thou may'st the more
Win honour of the Argives young and old.'
Such charge the greybeard gave: but thou forgetst.
But cease, e'en now, and thy heart-grieving wrath
Forego. Right worthy gifts are offered thee
By Agamemnon if thou bate thy ire.
Nay come, and listen thou, while I rehearse
The many gifts that Agamemnon's self
Within his tent but now did promise thee.
Seven tripods will he give, unscathed by fire,
Of gold ten talents, twenty glittering pots;
Twelve steeds withal, prize-bearers, stout of limb,
Whose nimble feet have won them many a prize.
Not landless he nor poor in precious gold,
To whom may fall those many stores of wealth,
Prizes that Agamemnon's steeds have won.
Seven women also will he give, well-skilled
In faultless work, of Lesbian race, whom he
Chose out when by thy hand fair Lesbos fell,
Passing all womankind in comeliness.
These will he give thee; and with them shall be
The maid of Briseus whom erewhile he took.
And hereto will he swear a mighty oath,
That never has he climbed her bed or lain
Beside her, as a man with woman may.
All this at once shall be thine own. But more—
If gods hereafter grant us grace to sack
Priam's great city, thou may'st enter in
And freight thy ship with piles of brass and gold,
αἰτήθων, ὅτα καὶ δατεῖομέθα λαϊὸς Ἀχαιοί,
Τρικάδας δὲ γυναῖκας ἐκέκουσιν αὐτὸς ἔλοςθαι,
αἱ καὶ μετ᾽ Ἀρχείνης Ἐλένην κάλλισται ἔχουσιν.
οἱ δὲ καὶ Ἀργοῖς ἱκούμεθ' Ἀχαιοῖν, ὄθαρ ἄρειός,
γεμβρῶς εἰν ὁι ἔνως τίσι οὐκ ἔστω ὑμαῖσιν,
ὁ ληλύγητοι τρέφεσθαι θαλή ἐνι πολλῇ,
τρεῖς δὲ οἱ ἄγιοι θυγατρεῖς ἐνι μεγάρῳ ἀγανήτην,
Χρυσόθεμες καὶ Δαυδῆς καὶ Ιφιάδοςσα
τάδε ἦν κ' ἐθέλοντο φίλην ἀναδοῦν ἄγεσθαι
πρὸς οἶκον Πηλόφοι. δ' δ' αὖτ' ἐπὶ μείλια δώσει
πολλὰ μᾶλ', ἦσθ' οὐ πρὸ τις ὑμῖν ἐπεδῶκεν θυγατρὶ,
ἐκτὰ δὲ τοι δώσει εὐ ναόμενα ποτελεύρθα,
Κάρδαμοιδὴν Ἐνύπην τε καὶ Ἰρῆν θητὲσαν
Φιλάκα τε θεάς ὡς Ἀθηναῖον βαθύλειμον
καλὴν τ' Ἀιτείαν καὶ Πηλάσσαν ἀμπελόθεον,
πάσας δ' ἐγγὺς ἄλλος, κέαται Πύλον ἱμαθόντος
ἐν δ' ἄνδρες ναυους πολύρρηπας πολιβοῦται,
οἳ κέ σε δειλύρησι θεοῦ ὡς τιμήσουσιν
καὶ τοι ὑπὸ συκάτρορες τιτῆσιν θέματας.
ταῦτα κέ τοι τελέσεις μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
οἳ δὲ τοῖς Λαμβάδοις μὲν ἀπύκνεστο σηρόθε μᾶλλον,
αὐτός καὶ τοῦ δόρα, οὗ δ' ἄλλους περ Παναχαιοῦν
tείρομένους ἔκλαιε κατὰ στρατὸν, οἳ σε θεοῦ ὡς
τίσων' ἢ γὰρ κέ σφι μάλα μέγα κόδος ἄροιο, 
νῦν γὰρ χ' "Εὐστρο' ἦλως, ἕτελ ἄν μᾶλα τοι σχέδον Ὑἱ
λύσαν ὥκων ὰλοίν, ἕτελ οὐ τω ἄνθη ἄνθην ὑμῶν
ὁ ἡμεῖς Δαυαὶν ὡς θυάδε νῆς ἐνεκέαν.

τοῦ δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας αἰκὸς Ἀχιλλε
ILIAD IX.

When our Achaian host divides the spoil.
And twenty Trojan women thou may'st take
At thine own choice, the fairest of the fair,
By Argive Helen's self alone surpassed.
But to Achaian Argos if we come,
That land of milk, his daughter thou shalt wed;
And he will honour thee as his own son
Orestes, who last-born and best-beloved
In rich abundance there to manhood grows.
Three daughters has he in his firm-built hall,
Chrysothemis, Laodice, and third
Iphianassa. Lead thou which thou wilt
An unbought welcome bride to Peleus' home.
And presents with her he will give in store,
As never father yet with daughter gave.
Seven towns withal, well-peopled, he will give,
Cardamyle to wit, and Enopé,
And grassy Ira, Pherae the divine,
Antheia's deep-soiled meads, Apeia fair
And vine-clad Pedasus. Hard by the sea
On sandy Pylos' border lie they all.
And they are rich in sheep and rich in kine
Who dwell therein: and they will honour him
With gifts ev'n as a god, and goodly dues
Obedient to his sceptre they will pay.
All this he pays thee, if thou bate thy wrath.
But if thy heart so hateth Atreus' son,
Himself and these his gifts, yet pity thou
In their sore strait Achaia's general host;
Who as a god will honour thee, for thou
Wilt surely win them passing great renown.
For now thou may'st slay Hector, who will come
Full near to thee, possesst with baneful rage:
Since of the Danaans whom our vessels bare
Hither to Troy, he reckons none his peer.

To him replied Achilles fleet of foot:
“Διογένης Δασερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν’ Ὀδυσσέως, 
χρη μὲν δὴ τὸν μῦθον ἀπηλεύσω ἀποικεῖτεν, 
η τερ δὴ φρονεῖ τε καὶ ὡς τετελεσμένον ἐστιν, 
apt μοι μοι τρίζεις παρῆμενοι ἀλλοθεν ἄλλοι. 
ἔχθροι γὰρ μοι κείνοις ὅμως Ἀλβαύν πύλησον 
δε χ’ ἐτερον μὲν κεύθη ἐνὶ φρεσκών, ἄλλο ὀμη αὐτῷ. 
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ ἔρξεν ἃς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα. 
οὐτ’ ἐμα ὧ Ατρείδης Ἀγαμέμνονα παισέμεν οἷον 
οὐτ’ ἄλλους Δαναοὺς, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα τις χάρις ἦν 
μάρτυροι δηλοιον ἐπὶ ἀνδράσι πολεμῶν αἰεὶ. 
ἄρα μοίρα μεῖνεται, καὶ εἰ μάλα τις πολεμίζοι 
ἐν δὲ ἐν τιμῇ ἦμὲν κακὸς ἦδε καὶ ἐσθόλος. 
καθαύν’ ὁμώς ὧ ἵ ἀργὸς ἄνηρ ὑ το πολλά ἄργων. 
οὐδὲ τι μοι περιεῖναι, ἐπεὶ πάθους ἄλγεα θυμὸ 
ἀδευ ἔμην ψυχὴν παραβαλλόμενον πολεμίζειν. 
ὁς δ’ ὁρις ἀπῆχει νεοσοφῶν προφέρσιν 
μάσται’, ἐπεὶ καὶ λάβοι, κακὸς δ’ ἄρα οἱ πόλει αὐτῇ, 
ὅς καὶ ἐγὼ πολλὰς μὲν ἄντινους νῦκτας ἴαν, 
ῄστατ’ δ’ αἵματεντα διέστρεψον πολεμίζοις 
ἀνδράς μαρφάμενοι δάρων ἔνεκα σφετέρων. 
διδεκα δὴ σὺν ψυχὶ πολὺς ἀλὰκτος’ ἀνδρότων, 
πεξιὸν δ’ ἰνδεκα φημι κατὰ Τροίην ἐρίβωλων’ 
τῶν ἐν παισέων κομήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἱσθόλα 
ἐξόλημεν, καὶ πάντα φέρων Ἀγαμέμνονος δόσκοιν’ 
Ατρείδης δ’ δ’ ὑπίστη ἄνων παρὰ ψυχὶ θούσιν 
δεξάμενοι διὰ παύρα δασάκετο, πολλὰ δ’ ἴχνεσθεν. 
ἄστα δ’ ἀριστήσει διδού γῆρα καὶ βασιλεύσειν, 
τοῦτο μὲν ἐπεδέκα κεῖται, ἔμευ δ’ ἀπὸ μοῦνον Ἄχαιῶν 
ἐλευθερία’ τῇ ταυρῶν τρεῖσθεν. τῇ δὲ δεὶ πολεμίζεμεν Τρεῖσθεν.”
"Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,
Thou many-counself man, my word herein
I must speak bluntly forth, ev'n as I think
And will most surely do, lest flocking here
Ye sit beside me to make idle moan.
For him I hate, ay, as the gates of death,
Whose heart hides aught but what his lips forthtell.
And I will say as seemeth me the best.
Me neither will Atrides, as I ween,
Persuade, nor other Danaan; since to fight
Untiringly and alway with the foe
Brought me no thanks. The laggard ever bore
Like share with warrior, fought he never so;
One honour had the coward and the brave.
Death comes not less to him of many deeds
Than to the deedless idler. And what gain
Results from all the ills my soul endured,
Who ever risked my life in brunt of war?
Ev'n as the mother-bird to unfledged young
Bears in her beak whate'er she find, yet fares
Herself but scantily—so through sleepless nights
Full many I lay, and fought through bloody days
With men who battled for their own dear wives.
Twelve cities sacked I, sailing with my ships,
Eleven on land in deep-soiled plain of Troy.
From all these cities many treasures rich
I took. To Agamemnon Atreus' son
I brought and gave them all: who stayed behind
By the swift ships, and gathering in the spoils
Apportioned out but little, much retained.
Prizes he gave to chieftains and to kings:
But while the rest yet keep their own secure,
From me alone of all Achaia's host
He took, and holds, the wife my heart held dear.
Let him e'en take his pleasure by her side.
But wherefore need the Argives war on Troy?
Ἀργείους, τι δὲ λαὸν ἀνήγαγεν ἐνθάδε ὡγέας Ἀτρείδης; ὥς οὖς Ἐλένης ὤνει ἡμεῦνοι; ὥς μεν ἰφίλοιού ἀλόχονι μερόποις ἀνδρῶτοι Ἀτρείδης; ὥς τε τις ἀνήρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἑχέφρων, τὴν αὐτὸν φιλέως καὶ σήμερα, ὡς καὶ ἐγὼ τὴν ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλαν δουρειτητὴν περ ἐσώτερα.

καί δὲ ἐκ χειρῶν γέρας εἰλετο καὶ μ' ἀπάτησαν, μὴ μεν πωράτω εὖ αἰδότος' οὐδῖ μὲν παῖσει. ἄλλ', Ὀδυσσεύ, οὐν σοί τε καὶ ἀλλοισι βασιλεῖσιν φραξέοντο νῆσον ἀλεξάμεναι δήμον πύρ.

ἡ μὲν δὴ μᾶλα πολλὰ πονήσατο νόσφιν ἐμείο, καὶ δὲ τείχος ἰδείμε, καὶ ἱλασά τάφρον ἐπ' αὐτῷ εἰρέασας μεγάλην, ἐν δὲ σκόλουσας κατέσκηνεν'. ἄλλ', οὐδ' ὡς δύναται σθένος Ἕκτωρ ἀνδροφόνοιο ἰσχυμ. ὅφρα δ' ἐγὼ μετ' Ἀχαιῶν πολέμικον, οὐκ ἀθλοτεικε μάχην ἀπὸ τείχος ὀφρύμεν Ἕκτωρ, ἄλλ', ὡς Σκαμάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγῶν ἱκανον ἐνθα πτολ' οἷον ἰμιμε, μόγις δὲ μεν δεσφυγεν ὀρμήν. 355

καί δ', ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἠθέλομαι πολεμικὲς Ἕκτωρ βίον, αἴρον ἀρὰ Δία μέξας καὶ πάσι θεοῖς, νήψασα εὖ νῆσα, ἐκεῖ ναῦς προερύσασα, ὄψεις, ἧν ἠθέλοσα καὶ εἰ κέν τοι τὰ μεμήχη, ἄρτ' μελ' Ἐλλησποτοῦτον ἐπὶ ἱχθύσαντα πλεούσασα 360 νῆσα ἐμᾶς, ἐν δ' ἀνδρας ἐρεσφέμεας μεμαφέτας. εἶ δὲ κεν εὐπλοὶν δῷ κακὸν εἰσούχασα, ἣματι καὶ τρυγόν Θήλην ὑμῖν ἱκανων ἰκολήμην. ἔστι δὲ μοι μᾶλα πολλὰ τὰ καλλήτων ἐνθάδε ἐρρων' ἄλλον δ' ἐνθάδε κρυσόν καὶ χαλέπυν ἐρυθρόν 365 ἥδε γυναικας ἐξώδους πολλών τε σύκουν
ILIAD IX.

Why led Atrides here his gathered host?
Say, was it not for long-haired Helen's sake?
Do then alone of all speech-gifted men
The sons of Atreus love their wives? Nay, sure
Whoe'er is good and wise loves well his own
And cherishes: and so loved I that maid
With all my heart, although a spear-won bride.
But now, since from my hands he took my prize
And played me false, let him not try me more
Who know him well: he never will persuade.
But let him e'en with thee and other kings,
Odysseus, counsel how to save his ships
From foemen's fire. Surely without my aid
Full many labours he has wrought: a wall
He now has built, and dug thereto a trench
Both broad and deep, and set it thick with stakes.
Yet even thus the slaughtering Hector's might
He cannot check. But while among your host
I battled, Hector dared not stir the fight
Out from the city-wall, but just so far
As to the Scaean gates and oak-tree came.
There once he faced me singly, and my charge
Hardly escaped. But now, since I to war
With godlike Hector choose not, I will pay
To-morrow morn due sacrifice to Zeus
And other gods, then frightening well my ships
Will drag them seawards down; and thou shalt see,
If so thou wilt and carest for the sight,
Bound for the fishful Hellespont betimes
My ships and shipmen lab'ring at the oar.
And if the famed Earth-shaker speed our voyage,
To deep-soiled Phthia in three days I come.
Full many stores I have, which there I left
Bound hither to my bane: and gold from hence
And ruddy brass, and well-girt women-slaves,
And iron grey I take—my share of spoil.
iversary, δευτερομενον τε παντες άγορασμεν ως οπενδαλων, έμφαλαν, δίπλα και άλλοι όπισκόπουσαν ΄Αχαιοι, ει τινα των Δαναων έτι διηκοτε έξαπατήσειν, αλευν άναγκαιον επιεικείνος ουδέ άν έμοι γε τεταλητη κυνοει περ έδιω εις άτα λειταηαι, ευδε το οι βουλάς συμφράσομαι, ουδέ τε έργονι ως γαρ δη μι' επιτήρησι και ήλιον. ουδέ άν ει τινες 375 έξαπατόντο έπεσεις άλλοι δε οι, άλλα δηλος έφετονι ως γαρ ευ φρόνεις επετε μητέτα Ζεύς. έχραδα δε μοι το δώρα, τινε δε μιν έν καρδια αφιγ. ουδέ ει μοι δεκακες και εικοσάκες τσα δοιη δοσα το οι νυν δεται και ει ποθεν άλλα γνώσιοι, 380 ουδε δε έτι 'Ορχομενον ποτινιζοται, ουδε δοσα Θήβαις Άθηνας, έβε πλειοτα δημοι εν κτήματα κειται, αι δ’ εκατόμυλα εισι, δεικόντι θα’ αν’ εκάστος αιρετε δευτέρων εν τη ποισιν και δευτέρων’ ουδε ει μοι τοσο δοιη δοσα γάμαθος τε κυνοει τε, 385 ουδε κατο δε έτι θυμον έμοι πελησε ΄Αγαμέμνων, πριν η’ άνδρ πάσαν έμοι δόμεναι θυμισατα λίβην. κούρην δ’ ου γαμέω ΄Αγαμέμνονος ΄Ατρειδαο, ουδε ει χρυσετη ‘Αφροδίτη κάλλος άριστοι, εργα δ’ ‘Αθηναίη γλαυκόπεδη ισοφαριζει 390 ουδε μιν έτι γαμέω δ’ δε ΄Αχαιων άλλον άλογον, δε τοι οι θεοί και δε βασιλεύτεροι οστίνι ζην γαρ δη με σωσι θεοι και ολαλ’ λειμαν, Πηλαις θερ μοι ένεστα γυναίκα γαμοστεναι αυτη, πολλαλ ΄Αχαιδει εισιει δε έπελάδα τε Θηήν τε, 395
ILIAD IX.

But that my prize he took again who gave—
Insulting—Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Our sovereign lord. To whom declare ye all,
Ev'n as I charge ye, in the public ear;
So may Achaians all be wroth, if yet
He hopes to cozen other Danaan chief,
He that is ever clothed in shamelessness;
Yet, hound-like tho' he be, he will not dare
To look me in the face. Nor will I join
His counsels or his deeds. He played me false,
And wronged me; nor shall cozen me with words
Again: be once enough. But let him go,
By me untroubled, to his bane, for Zeus
The counsellor hath reft him of his mind.
His gifts I hate; I prize him at a hair.
No, not if ten times o'er or twenty times
His gifts were told; not all his present store
With other joined thereto; not all the wealth
That to Orchomenus or Egyptian Thebes
Flows in, where countless treasures hoarded lie,
That hundred-gated town whose every gate
Pours forth two hundred men with steeds and cars.
No, not if gifts in number as the sand
Or dust he bring, not even so my mind
Will Agamemnon move, till he have made
For grievous outrage done atonement full.
No child of Agamemnon will I wed,
Be she to golden Aphrodite peer
In beauty, and in skill of handiwork
A rival of Athene, stern-eyed queen.
Not e'en so will I wed her. Let him choose
Some other of Achaia's sons, whose'er
May fit himself, forsooth, some lordlier king.
For if gods speed me and I reach my home,
Peleus himself shall find me then a bride.
In Hellas and in Phthia many maids
καθαίρεις ἄριστην οἱ τὸ πτωλέθρα ῥύονται·
τάις ἢν κ᾽ ἐθέλει μὴν ποιήσωμεν ἄς άς ἄς ἄς ἄς ψίλλων.
ἐκεῖ δὲ μοι μᾶλλα πολλὰν ἐπέσώτερον τυμος ἄγνωρ
γήματι κινετήθηκεν ἄλοχον, ἀκαύναν ἄς ἄς ἄς ἄς ἄς,
αὐτής τερέσθαι τὰ γέρων ἀμφότερο Ἡλεύς.
σὺ γὰρ ἐμοὶ ψυχὴς ἀντίδοξον οὐδ᾽ ἄς σας φασὶν
Πλοῦν ἀμφότεροι σὺ καύμανεν πτωλεύθρον,
τὸ πρὶν ἐπ᾽ αἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθέμενον όλα 'Αχαιῶν,
οὐδ᾽ ἄς λαίνος οὔδ᾽ ἄς ἄγνως ἄατος ἄγνως ἄγνως
Φοῖβον Ἀττίλλοις, Πυθνὸν ἐν πτερύγισιν.
λαμβανέται μὲν γὰρ τὸ βόες καὶ ἱμὰς μῆλα,
παρατίθεται δὲ τρὶστός τε καὶ ἕπταν ήκαθα δικαίων,
ἀνθρώπη ἡ ψυχὴ πάλιν ἐλθέμενοι οὔτε λαμβάνεται
οὔτ᾽ ἐκεῖ, ἐπεὶ αὔτον ἀμφίστης ἄγνως ἄατος·
μήτηρ γὰρ τὸ μὲ φησὶ θεά, Θήσις ἀργυρώπετα,
δυσθαλεῖς κεῖς φερέμεν θανάτου τέλοσθε.
αὐτὸ μὲν κ᾽ αὖθι μένων Τρῆων πάλιν ἀμφιπάλαιοι,
ἀλλὰ μὲν μου νότος, ἀπὸ τὸ κλέος ἀμφίτης ἄντας·
αὐτὸ δὲ καὶ οἰκεῖ οἰκεῖ φίλης ἐν πατρίδα ἀγαίνη,
ἀλλὰ μὲν κλέος ἄδιδον, ἕπει διὸν δὲ μοι αἰών
ἐκεῖ, οὗτος κέ με ἀκαίρειον τοῦ φανάτου κείσθη.
καὶ δ᾽ ἀν τοῖς ἄλλοις ἐγὼ παραμυθεψάμην
οἰκεῖ ἀποπλεῖν, ἀπὸ σὺ τῇ τέκμερον
'Πλοῦν αἰτεῖσθε' μάλα γὰρ ἐθέν εὐρύτου Ζεὺς
χείρα ἐκ υπερήφανος, τεθαρσήκασθαι δὲ λαοῦ.
ἀλλ᾽ ὑμεῖς μὲν ἔστωτε ἀριστήσεσθε 'Αχαιῶν
ἀγγέλλην ἀκτήσασθε (τὸ γὰρ γέροντα ἐκεῖ γερόντων),
ὅτι οἶκεν φράζωσιν ἐν φρεάτι μὴν ἠμείνα, οὐκ εἰ σφιν νόθα, τε σύρε καὶ λαὸν 'Αχαιῶν,
πῆλος ἢ γλαφυρῆς, ἀπὸ σὺ σφιν ἢ γ᾽ ἀναμαύρευσ. 413
There be, Achaia's daughters, born of chiefs
Who keep strong cities. Whom I will of these,
I to my bed may take. There oft and much
My noble spirit wished to woo and wed
A wife, a fitting partner, and enjoy
The wealth that Peleus won, my greybeard sire.
For life to me is more than all the store
That Ilion, that well-peopled city, owned
Once, as they say, in peace, ere yet had come
Achaea's sons. And life is more than all
That in the temple hoarded lies behind
The stony threshold of the archer-god
Phoebus Apollo, on high Pytho's crag.
For kine and lusty sheep may come by spoil,
And tripod urns and steeds of tawny mane
Are goods that may be won: but breath of life
By spoil or winning cannot come again,
Once it hath passed the barrier of the teeth.
Me too—my goddess mother Thetis says,
The silver-footed dame—two fates at choice
Await, to lead me to the goal of death.
If biding here around Troy's walls I fight,
Return is lost to me for evermore,
But I shall gain a name imperishable.
But if to home and fatherland I go,
My noble name is lost, but long my life,
Nor soon will death o'ertake and bring the end.
Such lot is mine. And to the rest of ye
My counsel is, 'Sail home:' for Ilion's end
Ye will not see; o'er whom loud-thundering Zeus
Holds shielding hand, whereat her hosts are bold.
But go your way, and to Achaia's chiefs
Bear back plain word—as is the greybeards' part—
That other plan and better they devise
To save the ships and save Achaia's host
Beside the hollow ships: since nought avails
Ἡ νῦν ἐφφάσαντο, Ἑμέω ἀπομηνίσαντον
Φοίνιξ ὦ ἄδει πάρ᾽ ἄμμι μένων κατακομμηθήτων,
ὅτα μεῖ οὐ νῆσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδ᾽ ἐπιταῖ
αὐραὶ, ἣν ἐθέλησον ἀνάγκη ὅ τι μιν ἄξεω."  
το ἄφθα, οὗ δ᾽ ἄρα πάντες ἄκην ἐγένοντο σιωπή· 430
μᾶθον ἀγασσάμενοι μᾶλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀπέειπαν.
ὅτε δὲ δὴ μετέπειτα γέρων ἰππηλάτας Φοίνιξ
δικρα ἀναπρῆσας περὶ γὰρ δὴν νῦν ἸἈχαιῶν·
"οἳ μὲν δὴ νόστον γε μετὰ φρεσί, φαλδίμ 'Ἀχιλλεὺ,
βάλλειν, οὐδὲ τι πάμπαν ἀμύνεις νυνὶ θυρίζων
τῷ θελείς ἀδίκηλοι, ἤτει χόλος ἐμπεσε θυμῷ,
τὸς δὲ ἐτειχ᾽ ἀπὰ σεῖο, φίλον τίκος, αὐθίη λυπόλην
οἶος; σοι δὲ μ᾽ ἐπεμπε γέρων ἰππηλάτα Πήλεος
ἔματε τῷ ὅτε σ᾽ ἐκ Θήης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπτε
νήμαν, οὐ πει εἰδόθ᾽ ὡμοίου πολέμου 435
οὐδὲ ἀγορέων, ὥς τ᾽ ἄνδρες ἀριστρεπτέες τελέθουσιν.
τούμηκα με προέηκε διδασκόμεναι τάδε πάντα,
μῶθον τε τῇ μητήρ᾽ ἔμεναι προκτήρα τε ἐργῶν,
ὡς ἐὰν ἐπειτ᾽ ἀπὰ σεῖο, φίλον τίκος, οὐκ ἐθελοίμα
λείπεσθ᾽, οὐδὲ εἰ κέν μοι ὑποσταὶ βῆς αὐτός,
ἡρας ἀπεούσας, θῆσειν νόεν ἤβισωντα,
οἶον ταῖς πρώτον λιτῶν Ἑλλάδα καλλιγύναια,
φεύγων νείκεα πατρὸς Ἀμύντωρος Ὀρμενίδαο,
δέ μοι παλλακίδοις περικάσατο καλλικούμοιο,
τῆς αὐτὸς φιλέσαν, ἀτμαξευκα δ᾽ ἀκοινῶν,
μητέρ᾽ ἥμην. ὃ δ᾽ αὖν ἐμὲ λισθήσκοτο γούνων
παλλακίδε προμηγῆναι, ἵν᾽ ἐξήρειε γέροντα.
What now they planned, for still my wrath endures.
For Phoenix, let him bide the night with us,
And rest him here: that with me he may sail
To-morrow to our own dear fatherland,
If so he please: I shall not force his will."
He spake: but they in silence all were mute,
Awed at his words; for he full strongly spake.
At length amid them Phoenix, greybeard knight,
Found words and spake, with bursting flood of tears,
So sorely feared he for Achaia's ships:
"If of return indeed thou hast a thought,
Glorious Achilleus, and thus utterly
Deniest thine aid to ward the wasting fire
From our swift ships, since wrath hath seized thy soul;
How can I then away from thee, dear son,
Be left behind alone? With thee I came
By Peleus, greybeard knight, sent on that day
When thee to Agamemnon's aid he sent
From Phthia; thee a child, nought knowing yet.
Of doubtful war, or council, where full soon
Men shine conspicuous forth. Wherefore thy sire
Despatched me too, to teach thee all that lore,
To speak where words are meet, where deeds, to do.
I would not then consent, dear son, of thee
Thus to be left behind. No not although
A god himself should promise me to strip
My slough of age and make me young again,
As once I was, when Hellas first I left,
Land of fair women; fleeing, in his wrath,
Amyntor son of Ormenus, my sire.
Wroth was he with me for a woman's sake,
A fair-haired paramour, whom now he loved,
Scorning my mother his true wedded wife.
But she besought me ever at my knees
'The grey-beard with her rival to forestall,
That she might loathe him.' I obeyed her best
τῇ πεδόμην καὶ ἄρεξα. πατήρ δ’ ἐμός αὐτίκ’ οἰσθεὶς πολλὰ κατηράτω, στυγερὰς δ’ ἐπεκέκλετο ἔρειν, μὴ ποτὲ γούνας οἷς ἐφόσοσθαι φίλον νῦν ἔξ ἐμόθεν γεγαίτα· θεοὶ δ’ ἐτέλειον ἐπαρᾶς, Ζεὺς τε καταφθάνω καὶ ἐπαυτὶ Περσεφόνεια.

tὸν μὲν ἑγὼ βούλευσα κατακάμενον ὡς ἐκαλεί άλλα τὶς ἀθανάτων παύσειν χῶλον, ἢς μ’ ἐν τῷ θυμῷ δέμου θήκε φάτνῃ καὶ οὐείδει πολὺ ἀνθρώπων, ἢς μ’ παραφόρων μετ’ Ἀχαίοισιν καλεόμην.

ἐνθα’ ἐμός οὐκέτι πάμπαν ἐρητότι ἐν φρεσὶν θυμός πατρὸς χαρομένιοι κατὰ μέγαρα στροφάθαι. ἢ μὴν πολλὰ ἔται καὶ ἀνεψιοι ἀμφὶς ὑπότες αὐτοῦ λισσόμενοι κατερήτων ἐν μεγάρωισιν,

πολλὰ δὲ ὅψα μῆλα καὶ εἰλίτοδας ἀλκας δοῦσι ἐσφαξον, πολλοὶ δὲ σὺν θαλάσσωτες ἀλοιφῆς αὐτῶν ταῦτα διὰ φλογὸς Ἰφαλεστοῖ,

πολλῶν δ’ ἐκ κεράμων μὲθι πίνετο τοῦ γέροντος. εἰνάνυχες δ’ ἐμοὶ ἀμβ’ αὐτὰ παρὰ νύκτας λακοῦ’

αὐτῷ ἀμείβομενοι φυλάκαις ἤχων, οὗτοι ποι’ ἑσβή πῦρ, ἔτροφοι μὲν ὑπ’ ἀἰδοῦσας ἐφερκος αὐλῆς,

ἀλλ’ ἐν ἐν προδόμῳ, πρὸςθεὶς βασάμοις θυράχνῃ.

ἀλλ’ δ’ ἐδικάτο μοι ἐπήλυθε νῦν ἐρεβηνήν, καὶ τότ’ ἐν ἀλάμουθε δύσα πυκνώς ἄραρυλας

μῆκος ἐξῆλθον, καὶ ἐπερθοῦν ἐρίδον αὐλῆς ἔμα, λαθὼν φυλάκας τ’ ἀνθρας ἐμῶς τ’ γυναῖκας.

φαῦνον ἕπειτ’ ἀπάνευθε δ’ Ἐλλάδος εἰρυχόριοι, Ἐδίκην δ’ ἐξειδήμην ἐριβώλακα, μυτῆρα μῆλον,

ἐν Πηλήνα ἀναχθ’. δ’ ἐν με πρόφρον ὑπεδεκτο, καὶ με φίλην’ ὅς ἐλ’ τα πατήρ ἐν παῖδα φιλία

μούνων τηλίγετον πολλοσίον ἐπὶ κτείτεςτιν, καὶ μ’ ἀφεινὸν ἔθηκε, πολὺ δ’ ἐμοὶ ὑπατε λαὸς

384 ΙΑΙΔΑΟΣ Ι.
And did the deed. My father straight perceived, 
And cursed me deeply, calling to his aid 
The abhorred Furies. Never on his knees 
(He prayed) might sit a son by me begot. 
And to these prayers the gods fulfilment brought, 
The nether Zeus and dread Persephone. 
Him first I purposed with keen sword to slay, 
But some immortal power my anger checked, 
And set before my mind the people's voice 
And all mankind's reproaches; for I feared 
Achaian lips should call me parricide. 
Then could my soul no more be bent to bear 
Life in our halls beneath a father's ire: 
Though friends indeed and kinsmen flocking round 
Besought me much, to stay me in my home. 
And many were the lusty sheep they slew, 
And kine of clumsy foot and curvèd horn; 
Many the swine, all rich with fat, they singed 
Lying wide-stretched across the Fire-god's flame: 
Many the jars whereout was drunk the wine, 
The greybeard's store. And so for nights thrice three 
Around me close they slept or watched in turn: 
Nor e'er was quenched the fire; one burning still 
Beneath the cloister of the well-walled court, 
One in the hall before my chamber door. 
But when the tenth dark night came on, I brake 
The solid chamber door, and got me out, 
And o'er the courtyard wall full lightly leapt 
Unseen by watching men or women slaves. 
Then fled I far through Hellas' plains, and came 
To deep-soiled Phthia, mother land of flocks, 
To Peleus Phthia's king: who took me in 
With kindly zeal, and gave me love, as gives 
A father to an only son, late-born, 
Well-loved, to all his ample substance heir. 
Wealthy he made me too, and gave in charge.
ναίον δ' ἄγχατινη Θήρη, Δολότεισσει ἀνάσσων.
καὶ σε τοσοῦτον ἔθνεα, θεοῖς ἐπιεἴκει 'Ἀχιλλεύ,
ἐκ θυμοῦ φιλῶν, ἄτελειοι ἐπὶ ἐθέλεσκες δι' ἄλλη
οὐτ' ἐς δαίμον' ἰδώντ' ἐν μεγάροις πάσασθαι,
πρὸ τ' ὅτε δὴ σ' ἐν ἑοῦνοι ἐγὼ γροῦσσει καθήσοις
ὡς τ' ἀσαίμε προταμόν καὶ ὅντων ἐπισχινί.
πολλάς μοι κατέδευσας ἐπὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνά
ὁνοῦ ἀποθῆκυν ἐν νησίῳ ἀλεπεχί.
ἐς ἐπὶ σοὶ μᾶλα πολλὰ πάθον καὶ πολλὰ μόνησα,
τὰ φρονέων, δ' μοι οὖ τι θεοὶ γονῶν ἐξετέλεοι
ἐξ ἑμῶν' ἀλλὰ σὲ παῖδα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκει.'Ἀχιλλεύ,
pοιεῖς ἡμών, ἣν μοι ποτ' ἀείκελο λογινὸν ἅμης.
ἀλλ', 'Ἀχιλλεύ, δάμασον θυμῶν μέγαν, οὔτε τι σε χρὴ
μηλεῖτε ήτορ ἔχειν' στρεπτοὶ δὲ τε καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοὶ, 
τῶν περ καὶ μείζων ἀρετῆ τιμῆ τε βίη τε.
καὶ μὴν τοὺς θυέσθη καὶ εὐχαλῆς ἁγανήσιν
λοιμὴν τε κνίσῃ τε παρατρεπὼ' ἄνθρωποι
λισθόμενοι, ὅτε κέν τις ὑπερβή καὶ ἀμαρτή.
καὶ γάρ τε Διτᾶν εἶναι Δίως κούρας μεγάλου,
χωλαὶ τὲ ρωσὶ τε παραβλώπες τ' ὀφθαλμῷ,
αἰ ἕ χος τοι καὶ μετόπισθ Ἀτης ἀδύνατοι κιόύζαι.
ἡ δ' Ἀτη σθεναρῆ τε καὶ ἄρτιτος, οὐκείκα πάσας
πολλὰν ὑπεκροθεῖς, φθάνει δὲ τε πᾶσιν ἐν' αῖαν
βλάπτουσιν ἄνθρώπους' αἰ δ' ἐξακοῦσαι ὑπόσωμω,
ὡς μὲν τ' αἰδεύσατε κούρας Δίως ἀσσον ἱούσας,
τὸν δὲ μὲν' ἑνήσας καὶ τε κλίσον εὐχομένου
δὲ δὲ κ' ἑνήσατε καὶ τε στερεῶς ἀποείσθη,
κιόσταται δ'. ἔρα ταῖς γε Δία κροτείνω κιόσται
A numerous folk; thus of the Dolopes
A prince in Phthia's border land I dwelt.
There reared I thee, Achilleus peer of gods,
To be what now thou art, with hearty love.
For thou with none but me would'st seek the feast,
Nor taste the viands in the hall, till I
Set thee upon my knees and fed thy wants,
Cutting thy meat and holding wine to thee.
Oft didst thou stain my bosom, when thy lips
Spilled out the wine in froward childishness.
Much then for thee I suffered, much I toiled:
This thinking, that the gods ordained me not
Child of my own; wherefore, O peer of gods
Achilleus, I would make of thee a son,
To guard me in my age from shameful harm.
But now, Achilleus, tame thy mighty wrath:
A ruthless heart it fits thee not to have.
The very gods to mercy may be moved,
Whose honour worth and might are more than ours.
And these by sacrifice and soothing prayers
And outpoured wine and savour sweet mankind
Turn and entreat for trespass and for wrong.
For Supplications are of mighty Zeus
The daughters; lame and wrinkled to the view,
Shamefaced with sidelong glance: who following close
The track of Sin watch heedfully the while.
Now Sin is strong of limb and firm of foot:
Wherefore she far outruns them all, and comes
To every land the first, upon mankind
Working her harms: they follow her, and heal.
Whoso reveres the daughters of great Zeus
As they approach, him do they greatly bless
And hear his prayer: but whoso shall reject
And sternly say them nay—then do they go
To Zeus the son of Cronos making suit
That Sin may dwell with him, till he in turn

25—3
"Αθηνά δὲ ἔπεσε, ἵνα βλαφθῆτε ἀποτίσῃ.

Ἀχαλαῖος πόρε καὶ σὺ Δίως κούρησυν ἔπεσει τιμῷ, ὅ τ᾽ ἄλλων περ ἐκυρίαμπτει νῦν ἐσθλών.

αἰ μὲν γὰρ μὴ δῷρα φέρω, τὰ δ᾽ ὅπως ὀνομάζοι "Ατρείδης, ἄλλ᾽ αἰών ἐπιζαφεῖλος χαλεπάλων,

οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ ὅτι σε μήν ἀπορρήγατα κελαίμην Ἀργείωναμ ἀμμόκες, χατέοιε. περ ἐμπεῖρα

νῦν δὲ ἀμα τ᾽ αὐτίκα πολλὰ διδοῖ, τὰ δ᾽ ὅπως πέπεσαν ὑπέστη, ἀνθρας δὲ λαστεσθαι ἐπιπροῖκεν ἁράτων

κρινόμενοι κατὰ λαῖν Ἀχαικὼν, οἳ τε σοι αὐτῷ φιληταὶ Ἀργείων τῶν μη σὺ γε μόνον ἐλάχιστος μοῖχο πόδας. πρὶν δ᾽ ὅτι νεμησητοῖς κοχλώσατε,

οὕτω καὶ τῶν πρόσθεν ἐπευθύμεθα κλέα ἀνδρῶν ὠράων, ὅτε κέν τιν᾽ ἐπιζάφελος χῶλος ἔκει

δωρητοὶ τ᾽ ἐπέλευσαν παράρρητοι τε ἔπεσειν. μέμημαι τόδε ἔργον ἐγὼ πάλαι, οὐ τι νέον γε, ὥσ ἦν᾽ ἐν δ᾽ ὑμῖν ἄρει πάντεσσι φίλοισιν.

Κουρητεῖς τ᾽ ἑμάχοντε καὶ Αἰτωλοὶ μενεχάρμαι ἀμφὶ πόλεων Καλυδώνα, καὶ ἀλλήλων ἐνάριον,

Αἰτωλοὶ μὲν ἀμμόκες Καλυδώνος ἔρανης, Κουρητεῖς δὲ διαπράσιν μεμαῖτες "Ἀργη. καὶ γὰρ τοῖς κακῶν χρυσόθρονοι "Ἀρτέμις ἄρον, χασαμένη ὅ οἱ οὗ τί βαλύνα μουρῷ ἄλωθς Ὀινείν τέξσ᾽. Αἴλοι δὲ θεοὶ δαίμονθ᾽ ἐκατέμβας,

οὐ δ᾽ οὐκ ἔρρεξε Δίως κούρη μεγάλου. ἦ λάθετ᾽ ἢ οὐκ ἐνόησεν ἀδάστο δὲ μέγα δυμῷ.

ἡ συλλοςμένη, διὸν γένος, ἐρχέσθαι
By suffering harm his folly shall atone.
Wherefore, Achilleus, to the maids of Zeus
Give thou due reverence: reverence for their claim
Doth every brave man’s heart to mercy move.
If gifts indeed Atrides offered not,
Naming yet more to come, but, as before,
Still raged in furious wise, it is not I
Would bid thee cast away thy righteous wrath
And aid the Argives, tho’ they need it sore.
But now not only gives he much at once
And warrants more to come, but he hath sent
With supplication chosen chiefs, the best
From all Achaia’s host, dear to thyself
Above all Argives. Of such messengers
Scorn not the lips, nor turn thou back the feet:
And heretofore thine anger none will blame.
Such stories learn we of the men of old,
Those heroes, when with furious wrath possesst;
How gifts could alway move, and words persuade.
I do remember me of deeds that happed
Long since, not late—how all was done—and here
Before you all, as friends, will tell the tale.

Around the city Calydon of yore
Fought the Curetes and Ætolia’s sons,
Staunch warriors these, and each the other slew.
Ætolia’s ranks fought for fair Calydon,
To spoil the same by war the foemen strove.
For Artemis the golden-throned had sent
A plague upon the land; in wrath for this,
That Æneas of his fruitful orchard paid
To her no offerings—other gods made cheer
With hecatombs, to her alone, the maid
Of mighty Zeus, no sacrifice was given.
Forgot he this, once meant, or ne’er in mind
Conceived, he surely sinned a mighty sin.
And she, the seed of Zeus, the arrow-queen,
390 ΙΑΙΔΟΣ Ι

τὸν δ' υπὶ λευκὴν σὺν ἀγριῶν ἀργύδοντα,
δὲ κακὰ πάλι ἔρεισε ὅθων Οἰνής ἀλώνη·
πολλὰ δ' ὧν προθέλουν χαμαὶ βάλε διέδρας μακρὰ
αὐτὴν ἔριξοι καὶ αὐτοῖς ἄνθεσις μῆλων.
τὸν δ' υπὸ Οἰνῆς ἀπέκτεινεν Μελέαγρος,
πολλὰς ἐς πολλὰς θηρίτορας ἄρδας φύερας
καὶ κύνων· οὐ μὴν γὰρ κε δάμη παύρους βροτοῖς·
τόσσος ὶν, πολλὰς δὲ πυρῆς ἐπέβοσ᾽ ἄλεγενής.
ὁ δ' ἄμφι αὐτῷ θῆκε πολὺς ἱλαδον καὶ αὐτήν,
ἄμφι σὺς κεφαλῇ καὶ δέρματι λαχυστεῖ.
Κουρήτων τε μεσημῆ καὶ Αἰτωλῶν μεγαθύμων.
ἄφρα μὲν οὖν Μελέαγρος ἀρχιφίλος πολλῆς
τόσσος δὲ Κουρήτεσσι κακῶς έν, οὐδὲ δύνατο
τέχνεσι ἐκτοσθὲν μίμων πολές περ ἔντες·
ἀλλ' ἵνα ὃς Ἐλέαγρον ἔδω χίλιοι, δὲ τὸ καὶ ἄλλων
αἰδάνει ἐς στήθοςι νῶν πύκα περ φρονείτων,
ὅ τοι δ' μυτρὶ φύη 'Ἀλθαίρα χαόμενος κήρ
καίτο παρὰ μνηστή ἄλοχα, καλῇ Κλεοπάτρῃ,
καύρῃ Μαρτῆςης καλλισφύρου Εὔηνης.' Ἰδεῖ ς',
ὅσ' κάρτιστος ἐπιχθυνόντων γένεις ἀνδρῶν
τῶν τότε, καὶ μα ἀνακτὸς ἐκατόν εἰςετὸ τόξον
Φοίβου 'Ἀπόλλωνος καλλισφύρου εἶναι νῦμφης.
τὴν δὲ τότε ἐν μεγάροις πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
'Ἀλεκῶνη καλέσκον ἑταῖρων, οὕνεν' ἀπ' αὐτῆς
μήτηρ ἀλεκῶνος πολυτεθεός οἰτον ἔχουσα
εἰς', ὦτε μεν ἅκαρες ἀνήρτατε Φοίβου 'Ἀπόλλων.
ILIAD IX.

Was wroth, and stirred from out his grassy lair
A wild boar of the field with flashing tusks.
Who haunting Ceneus' orchard wrought great scathe.
Tall trees he cast adown in ruinous heaps,
With roots upwrenched and prostrate bloom of fruit.
Whom Meleager, son of Ceneus, slew,
Gathering from many cities to the chase
Both men and dogs. Few mortals to his death
Nought had availed—so huge the monster was,
And brought full many to their funeral fires.
Then did the goddess cause much noise and fray
About the beast, a strife for head of boar
And bristly hide between the peoples twain,
Curetes and Ætolia's high-souled race.
Now long as Meleager led the war,
Beloved of Ares, the Curetes fared
But ill, nor might they venture to abide
Without the wall, full many tho' they were.
But soon as Meleager's anger burned—
Anger that in the bosom makes to swell
The heart of men however wise they be,
He with Althaea his own mother wroth
Dallied in idlesse by his wedded wife
Fair Cleopatra—of Marpessa she
The daughter was, and she, fair-ankled dame,
Born of Evenus. Cleopatra's sire
Was Idas, strongest in that age of men
Who walked the earth; and once he took the bow
To face, in his fair-ankled bride's behalf,
Phoebus Apollo's self the archer king.
But Cleopatra by a second name
Her sire and queenly mother in their halls
Were wont to call, Halcyoné to wit;
For that her mother wept a piteous strain
Like to the sorrowing halcyon bird, what time
Far-darting Phoebus bore her swift away.
τῇ δ’ ἐν παρακάλεστῳ χύλῳ θυμαλγέα πέσσων, δὲ ἐὰν μητρὸς κεχελαμένος, ἣ ρα τεθεῖν 
πόλις ἀχέουσα ἤρατο κασθρώτοιο φόνῳ, 
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ ναὸς πολυφόρθην χερῶν ἁλοὶ 
κεκλήσκουσ’ Ἀἴδην καὶ ἐπαυμὸν Περσεφόνειαν, 
πρὸς καθεχομένη, δεόντω δὲ δάκρυοι κόλποι, 
παιδὶ δέμεν δάνατον’ τῇ δ’ ἡμεροφοίτης ἄριστόν 
δελνυ τὸ ἐρήμεσθον ἀμείληχον ἢτορ ἔχουσα. 
τὼν δὲ ταχ’ ἀμφὶ πόλις ὅμαδος καὶ δοῦτος ὁ ὁρῶν 
πύργων βαλλομένον. τὼν δὲ λάστοις ἡρότους 
Ἀπελεύθεροι, πύρπον δὲ θεοὺς ἑρήμας ἀρίστους, 
ἐκεῖθεν καὶ ἀμφῶς, ὑποσχόμενοι μέγα δάρων. 
�示τὶ πιότατον πεδίον Καλλιδώνος ἐραμνῆς, 
ἐνθα μὲν ἤκουσι τέμνον περικαλλὲς ἁλέθαι 
πενηκοινόγοις, τὸ μὲν ἢμων οἰνοπέδοιο, 
ἡμον δὲ συλλήρ ὁρῶι πεδίον ταμῆθαι. 
πολλὰ δὲ μιν λιτάνευ μέροι ἐπηχλάτα Οἰνευς, 
εἰδοὺ ἐπιμελείας ὑψηρεφός θαλάμων, 
σείων κοιστήσας σανίδας, γοναύμενοι νῦν· 
πολλὰ δὲ τὸν γε κασθρητὰ καὶ πότνια μήνη 
ἀλασθοῦν· δ’ δὲ μάλλον ἁνάωτο. πολλὰ δ’ ἐναίριε, 
οἱ οἱ κανὸντατοι καὶ φιλότατοι ἡσαν ἄπαντων· 
αλλ’ ὄνλ’ ὡς τοῦ θυμόν οὐλ στήθοςσα ἐπειδον, 
πρὶς γ’ ὦτε δὴ θάλαμος τοῦ εἰβάλλετο, τοι δ’ ἐκτ’ πύργων 
βαίνων Κουρίτες καὶ ἐνέμηθην μέγα ἀστύ. 
καὶ τότε δὴ Μελέαγρον ὄζωνος παράκοτος 
νάσσαν ὀδυρομένη, καὶ οἱ κατελεύθ αἵματα 
κηδε’, δε’ ἀνθρώπωσι πέλει τῶν ἅτι ἀλαίρ’ 
ἄνδρας μὲν κτείνοντες, πόλιν δὲ τε πῦρ ἀμβώμει,
ILIAD IX.

By her lay Meleager, nursing still
Heart- vexing wrath, wrath from his mother's curse,
Who, grieving, to the gods prayed oft and long
To venge her brother slain; and oft her hands
Struck earth all nourishing, as loud she called
On Hades and the dread Persephoné,
Crouched kneeling low, while tears her bosom dewed,
To bring her son to death. Erinys heard
In Hell, gloom-haunting fiend of ruthless heart.
And quickly round the walls of Calydon
The battle-din arose with thundering strokes
Of battered towers. Then prayed the angry prince
Ætolia's greybeards, and in embassage
The gods' most holy priests, to get him forth
And save: and ample guerdon did they pledge.
Where in bright Calydon is fattest soil
There bade they him to choose a wide domain
Surpassing fair: acres two-score and ten;
Half meet for vines, but half, a treeless plain,
To plough and corn he better might assign.
Oft too his father Æneas, greybeard knight,
In supplication on the threshold stood
Of his high-vaulted chamber, oft he shook
The firm door-panels, suitor to his son.
And sisters too, and queenly mother, oft
Besought, but he the more refused: and oft
His comrades, they who were to him of all
Worthiest and dearest. Yet not even thus
Might they persuade the spirit in his breast:
Till now his battered chamber felt the foe,
While on the towers the bold Curetes stepped,
And were in act to fire the mighty town.
To Meleager then his well-girt wife
Prayed weeping, and rehearsed in full the woes
That wait the dwellers in a conquered town—
Men slain, streets crumbling in the wasteful fire,
τέκνα δέ τ' ἄλλοι ἄγουσι βαθυκόνιος τε γυναίκας. 
τοῦ δ' ἐφικτοῦ θυμὸς ἀεόνυμος κακά ἔργα, 598
βῆ δ' ἔλαθε, χροὶ δ' ἐνετὲ ἐδύσετο παμφανώντα.
ὅς δ' μὲν Δικτόλοιον ἀπήμυνεν κακῶν ἡμαρ
εἶχεν φ' θυμῷ τῷ δ' συνέτε δόρα τέλεσαν
πολλά τε καὶ χαρέντα, κακῶν δ' ἦμυνε καὶ ἄδεις.
ἀλλ' σὺ μὴ μοι ταύτα νόει φρεατ, μηδὲ σε δαίμον' 600
ἐσταιθα τρέψεις, φιλίοις χαλεπών δέ κεν εἶπ
νυνὶς καιομένησιν ἀμυνόμεν. ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δώρους
ἐρχετ' ἵσον γάρ σε θεῷ τίσουσιν Ἀχαιοι.
εἰ δὲ ε' ἀτερ δώρων πόλεμον φιλοσήνωρα δύνης,
οὐκεῖθ' ἐμὸς τιμῆς ἐσθε, πόλεμόν περ ἀλαλκῶν." 605
τῶν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόθας οἴκεις Ἀχιλλεύς;
"Φειδίξ ἄττα, γεραμῖ, διστρέφει, οὐ τί με ταύτης
χρεά τιμῆς' φρονέω δὲ δετειμήθηκας Δίως ἄλθῃ,
ὅ μεν παρὰ μηνι πορώνσιν εἰς δ' ε' αὐτη
ἐν στήθεσιν μὲν καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀργάφη. 610
ἀλλ' ἐδει τοῖς ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐν φρεατ βαλλομενοίν.
μή μοι σύγχει θυμῶν ὀδυρόμενος καὶ ἄχεεν,
'Ατρεβῇ ἱκροὶ φόρων χάρων' οὐδὲ τί σε χρή
τῶν φίλεσσ, ἵνα μή μοι δόξηθαι φιλέωτε.
καλὸν τοῦ σὺν ἑμοί τὸν κηδέμον δ' ε' ἐμὲ κηδή.
615
Ἰων ἑμοὶ βασιλεῦς, καὶ ἦμυν μείρεσι τιμῆς.
οἴτοι δ' ἂγγελονες, σὺ δ' αὐτόδι λέγει μίμων
εἰνή ἐν μάλακῃ: ἢμα δ' ἢ διὸ φαινομένων
φραστόμεθ' ἢ κε νεῦμεθ' ἐφ' ἢμετερ' ἢ κε μένωμεν." 610
ἡ, καὶ Πατρόκλος δ' ἐπ' ὀφρύς νεῦτοι σώμη
Φειδίους στορέσαι πυκνῶν λέχους, ὁφρα τάχιστα
Children and deep-zoned women captive led.
Stirred was his spirit when those ills he heard:
And forth he went, in gleaming armour clad.
Thus warded he Ætolia's day of doom,
To his own pleasure yielding; but no more
Paid they to him the many gracious gifts.
He saved from evil, but for nought he saved.
But thou be not thus minded. Thee, my friend,
May never god to such a temper turn!
'Twere ill for thee thus late, when ships are fired,
To bear them aid. Nay come, while gifts are thine:
Achaia's host will honour thee as god.
But if the warrior-wasting battle-plain
Giftless thou enter, thou wilt win no more
Like honour, tho' thine arm be strong to save.

To him replied Achilles fleet of foot:
"O Phoenix, aged father, Zeus-born prince,
This honour need I not: truly, I ween,
Already by the ordinance of Zeus
Honour is mine; and mine will still remain
Beside the beaked ships, long as my breast
Have breath, and life be stirring in my limbs.
And I will tell thee yet another thing,
Which lay thou well to heart. Vex not my mind
Wailing and grieving, while thou seek'st to please
The hero Atreus' son. It fits thee not
Him thus to love, lest I, who love thee, hate.
Who troubles me, with me to trouble him
Were best for thee. So be thou equal king
With me, and of my honour share the half.
Now these shall bear their message. Bide thou here
And couch thee in soft bed. With opening dawn
Resolve we or to seek our home or stay."

He spake, and to Patroclus silent signed
With nodding brow to lay the thick-strewn bed
For Phoenix, while the others from his tent
ἐκκλισθεὶς νόστου μεδολάτῳ. τοῖς δ' ἀρ' Ἀλας ἀντίθεος Ἀκαμανίάδης μετὰ μύθου διειμεν' "διωγοῦς Δαρετίαδη, πολυμηχαν' Ὀδυσσεύ, ἱομεν' οὐ γὰρ μοι δοκεῖ μύθου τελευτή τῇ δὲ γ' ὀδῷ κρανέσθαι' ἀπαγγέλιω δὲ τάχιστα χρή μύθου Δαναός, καὶ οὐκ ἀγαθὸν περ ἔντα, οὗ τοῦ μοῦ δαίμων ποιεῖτο μεγαλύτερα θυμὸν σχέσιμος, οὐδὲ μετατρέπεται φιλότητος ἐταῖρων. τῆς δὲ μιν παρὰ νήμαθν ἐτίομεν ἔσοχον ἄλλων, νηλῆς' καὶ μὴν τὸ τε κασυνήκτου φοινὸς πωνῆν ὦ οὐ ποιεῖτο ἐδέξατο τεθηνὸς' καὶ ἐπὶ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μὲνει αὐτοῦ πόλλη ἀποτίσας, τοῦ δὲ τ' ἐφτύτευε κραδία καὶ θυμὸς ἀγνώρις πωνῆν δεξαιμένου. σοι δ' ἀλληκτόν τε κακὸν τε θυμῶν ἐν στίθεσιν θεοί θέσαν ἐνεκα κούρης οἰσιν. νῦν δὲ τοι ἐπτα παρισχομεν ἔσοχ' ἀρίστας ἄλλα τε πόλλ' ἐπὶ τῆς. σοὶ δ' Ἡλαον ἐνθεο θυμῶν, αἰ��εσθαι δὲ μελαθροῖς ὑπορόφοι δε τοι εἰμὲν πλεθὺν ἐκ Δαναῶν. μέμαμεν δὲ τοι ἔσοχον ἄλλων κτίσιον τι' ἱμέναι καὶ φιλτατοῦ, ὅσοι Ἰχαιοὶ. τῶν δ' ἀπαμεβόμενοι προσέφη πόθας εἰμὲν Ἀχιλλεύς. "Ἀλας διωγοῦς Ἀκαμανία, κολρανε λαῶν, πάντα τί μοι κατὰ θυμῶν ἔλεγα μυθήσασθαι" ἄλλα μοι ὀψιάστεται κραδία χόρλη, ὅπωρ' ἐκεῖνως μενὴσθαι, ὅς μ' ἀσέφηλον ἐν Ἀργελον ἔρεξεν Ἀτρειδῆς ὁς ἔλ τι' ἁμήτου μετανάστην. ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς ἄρχεσθε καὶ ὄγειλήν ἀπόφασθε.
ILIAD IX.

Should busk them for return. Then 'mid them spake
The godlike Ajax son of Telamon:
"Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,
Thou man of many counsels, let us go.
Methinks no issue will our errand find
By this our coming: wherefore with all speed
Our answer bear we, tho' not good it be,
To Danaan chiefs, who sit, I trow, and wait.
But, for Achilleus—he within his breast
Hardens his mighty heart, a cruel wight,
Nor cares for comrades' love, that love wherein
We prized him more than others by our ships.
Unpitying! Yet a blood-fine man accepts
Ev'n from a brother's slayer, or for death
Of son: and so the slayer dwelleth on
In his own people, when full price is paid,
And stayed from vengeance is the kinsman's soul
And haughty spirit, when the fine he holds.
But in thy breast the god hath set a rage
Ceaseless and evil, for a maiden's sake,
And only one. And now we tender thee
Seven, of the best, and with them much besides.
Bear then a gentle heart; revere thy tent,
For we are here beneath thy roof, elect
Of all the Danaan thousands; and we claim
Above all other men to be to thee
Nearest and dearest of Achaia's host."
To whom replied Achilleus fleet of foot:
"O Zeus-born Ajax, son of Telamon,
A people's prince, meseems in all thou say'st
There is that stirs my soul. But still my heart
Swells high with anger, oft as I recall
That deed of his—what outrage Atreus' son
Before the Argive chieftains on me wrought
As on some alien wanderer spurned and scorned.
But go your way, and bear my message back.
ου γαρ πρων πολέμου μεδήσομαι αἰματάντων
πρων ὑδν Πριμάμου δαθρονον, "Εκτορα διον,
Μυρμιδόνων ἐπὶ τα κλώσια καὶ νήσας ἱεθεὶς
κτείνοντ᾽ Ἀργεῖον, κατὰ τα σφικά τυρί νήσας.
ἀμφὶ δὲ τοι τῇ ἐμῇ κλωσίᾳ καὶ τῇ μελανῇ
"Εκτόρα καὶ μεμαωτὰ μάχης σχησοθ' ὄιω." 635

ἐν ὕφασ' ὦ ἔδει ἔκαστος ἔλαιν ἔλαιας ἀμφικύπτελλον
στείλαντες παρὰ νήσας ίσαν πάλιν ὅρχε δ᾽ Ὅδυσσεῦς.
Πάτροκλος δ᾽ ἔταρχοι οἴδε ἄμμερεις κέλευς
Φιλίμας στορόσαι πυκνῶν λέχος ὅτι τάχαστα:
αἰ δ᾽ ὕππειθόμεναι στόρεσαν λέχος δ᾽ ἐκέλευνεν, 660
καὶ οὖ τὸ μηγὸς τε λυσσὸ τε λεπτῶν ἀυτῶν.
ἐνθα δ᾽ ἔθελον κατέλεκτο καὶ Ἡοὶ διὰν ἔμμενεν.

αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς εῦδε μυχῷ κλωσίς ἐπιθύμητον
τῷ δ᾽ ἄρα παρκατελεκτῷ γυνῇ, τῆν Δεσφίδεν ἔγειν,
Φόρμαντος θυγάτηρ Διομήδη καλλιπαρόν. 665
Πάτροκλος δ᾽ ἔτερωθεν ἀλέξατο πάρ δ᾽ ἄρα καὶ τῷ
"Ἰφις ἄξωνος, τὴν οἵ πόρα δίως Ἀχιλλεὺς
Σκύρων ἔλαιν αἰτείαν, Ἤνυνος πτολεβρόν.

οῖ δ᾽ ὅτε δὴ κλαίσασθ᾽ ἐν Ἀτρειδῶ τέλοντο,
τοὺς μὲν ἄρα χρυσοῖς κυπέλλους ὁμὲν Ἀχιλλοῦ 670
δεδίκατ᾽ ἐλλοθεν ἅλλος ἀναστάθον, ἐκ τ᾽ ἑρώτω
πρῶτος δ᾽ ἐξερέεσιν ἀνα ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
"ἐὰν ἄγεί λ ὃς πολύων Ὅδυσσεῖ, μέγα χείδος Ἀχιλλοῦ,
ἡ δ᾽ ἐτέλει τῇσειν ἀλεξέμεναι δῆμον τῦρ,
ἡ ἀτείπην, χόλος δ᾽ ἐν ἐχει μεγαλύτερα θυμόν." 675

τῶν δ᾽ αὕτη προσέπτη πολύτλας δίοι Ὅδυσσεῖς.
For never will I think of bloody war,
Till godlike Hector, prudent Priam's son,
On Argives dealing death, shall make his way
To tents and vessels of the Myrmidons,
And whelm the crumbling ships in smoke and fire.
But at my tent and black-hulled ships I ween
Hector tho' furious will forego the fight."

He spake: then took they each his double cup,
Libation poured, and bade them back again
Along the line of ships: Odysseus led.
Meanwhile Patroclus bade at once his men
And women-slaves to lay a thick-strewn bed
For Phoenix: they obeying, as he charged,
Strewed well the bed—fleece, and coverlet,
And linen fine and smooth. There laid him down
The greybeard, and awaited dawn divine.
In the far corner of the well-fixed tent
Achilles slept: by him a woman lay,
Whom he from Lesbos brought; of Phorbas she
The fair-cheeked daughter, Diomedé named.
And on the other side Patroclus lay,
With well-girt Iphis; whom the godlike chief
Gave to his friend when Scyros he o'ercame,
Enyeus' citadel, a rocky isle.

But when the envoys to Atrides' tent
Were come, Achaia's sons in golden cups
A welcome pledged them, each on every side
Upstanding from his seat, and questioned them.
And first asked Agamemnon king of men:
"Speak, tell me now, Odysseus, highly praised,
Achaia's boast, doth he consent to save
The ships from foeman's fire, or saith he nay,
Anger possessing yet his haughty soul?"

Replied Odysseus, godlike, patient chief:
"Âτρείδη κύδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον, κείμεν η τεύχι ζῆλεσαι χῶλον, ἄλλη ὅτι μᾶλλον τιμπλάνηται μένεις, σὲ δ᾽ ἀναίνεται ἤδε σὰ δώρα. αὐτὸν σὲ φράζουσα ἐν Ἀργείοις ἄνοιγεν ὅπως κεῖ τε ὁ κόποις καὶ λαῶν Ἀχαιῶν. αὐτὸς δ᾽ ἤπειρησεν ἄμ᾽ ἤοι φαυμομένην νῆας εὔστελμοις ἄλαδ᾽ ἐκλέμεν ἀμφιλήσασα. καὶ δ᾽ ἂν τοὺς ἄλλουν ὤφη παραμύθησασαι οἶκας ἀποπλειν, οἷς οὐκέτι δῆτε τέκμερ Ἰλίου αἰτείνης: μάλα γὰρ ἔθεν εὐρύστα Ζεὺς χαίρα ὡς ὑπέροχε, τεθαρρύκασι δὲ λαοὶ. ὅς ἄφατ᾽· εἰσὶ καὶ οἴδε τὰ εἰπέμεν, οἳ μοι ἔποντο, Λιας καὶ κήρυκε δύο, πτευμένοι ἀμφόθι. Φοίνιξ δ᾽ αὐθ᾽ ὃ γέρων κατελέξατο· ἂς γὰρ ἀνάγεται, δῆτο ἄφρα οἳ ἐν νῆσοι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα ἐπητι αἴροις, ἢν ἐθέλησεν· ἀνάγηκε δ᾽ οὐ τί μιν ἄξει." ὅς ἄφατ', οἳ δ᾽ ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπή μόδον ἀγασσάμενοι, μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγώρευσαν. δὴν δ᾽ ἄνω ἦςαν τετυχότες υἷς Ἀχαιῶν· ἀφήνει δὲ δὴ μετένειτο βοήν ἀγαθός Διομήδης· "Ἀτρείδη κύδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον, μὸν ἄφατες λισσαίρεις ἀμύμων Πηλαδῶν, μυρλα δῶρα δοιοῦσ· δ᾽ ἐγέρθησας ὡστὶ καὶ ἄλλως· νῦν αὐτὶ μιν τολὶ μᾶλλον ἀγνηρότητα ὑπὲκα. ἄλλα ἂν ἦτε ἢ τοι κέλων μὲν ἐκόλυμοι, ἢ καὶ ἥλιον ἢ σε μέρη· τότε δ᾽ αὐτε μαχησθαὶ ὑπὸτε καὶ μιν θυμός ἐν ὑπεδέσωσιν ἀνάγη καὶ θεὸς δρομ. ὅς ἄφατ', οἳ οὐ ἤν ἐφ᾽ ἐστι, πειθώμεθα πάντες. νῦν μὲν κοιμήσασθε τεταρτόμενοι φίλοι ἤτορ σῖτου καὶ οἴνου· τὸ γὰρ μένος ὡστὶ καὶ ἀληθ newSize(222,378,958,594) 400 ΙΑΙΑΔΟΣ Ι.
“Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, he doth not consent
To quench his wrath, but yet the more with rage
Is filled; and thee and all thy gifts he spurns.
He bids thee 'mid the Argives frame thy plans
To save thy ships and save Achaia's host.
But for himself, he threats with opening dawn
Seawards to drag his well-bench'd rolling ships.
And to the rest, he saith, his counsel is,
'Sail home, since Ilion's end ye never now
Will see, for over her loud-thundering Zeus
Holds shielding hand, whereat her hosts are bold.'
Thus did he speak. And these are also here,
To say the same—even these who followed me,
Ajax, and heralds twain discreet and wise.
But there with him the greybeard Phoenix lies,
For so he bade; that with him he may sail
To-morrow to their own dear fatherland,
If so he choose: he would not force his will."

So spake he: they were mute and silent all,
Awed at his words: for he full strongly spake.
Long were Achaia's sons in sorrow mute:
At last spake Diomedes good in fray:
"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, would thou hadst not sued
The blameless Peleus' son, and proffered gifts
Unnumbered. Proud enough was he before;
And now yet more thou giv'st him room for pride.
But leave we him indeed; whether he go
Or stay. He then will fight, when in his breast
The humour bids him or a god shall move.
But come, and as I say, obey we all.
Take now your rest, filled to your heart's desire
Of meat and wine—spirit and strength are they.
αυτοί ἐπεὶ ἐκ φανῆ καλῆ ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἴος, καρπαλίμως πρὸ νεῶν ἐχέμεν λαῖν τε καὶ Ἰπποῦν ὑπέρ ὦν, καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἐν πράτουσι μάχεσθαι." ὲς ἐφαθ', οἷς ἀφαὶ πάντες ἐπήμησαν βασιλῆς, μὴν ἐγαστάμενοι Διομήδεις ἤπειδομοί. καὶ τότε δὴ συνεώρυξαν ἔβαν ἑλεύθερε ἐκαστὸς, ἕθελα δὲ κομίζοντο καὶ Ἰπποῦ δἐρον ἐλευτε.
But when the fair and rosy-fingered morn
Shines forth, then swiftly range before the ships
Thy men and steeds, O king, and give command:
And ev'n thyself amid the foremost fight."

So spake he: and the kings around him all:
Approval gave, in wonder at the words
Of the steed-taming prince. Then did they make
Libation due, and sought each man his tent:
There lay they down and took the gift of sleep.
"Ἄλλοι μὲν παρὰ νησίν ἀριστῆς Παναχαῖον ἐδόν παρθένου, μαλακῆς δεδημένου ὑπνοί·
ἀλλ’ οὐκ Ἀτρείδης Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν ἐπικούρει, πολλά φρεσκὰ ὑμαῖνοντα.
εἰς δὲ ἐν ἀστράτημα πόσιν Ἡρῆς ἤμικοιοι,
τεῖχος ἢ πολὺς ὄμβρον ἄθεσφατος ἢ κάλαξαν
ἡ νυφήν, ὡς πέρ τε χιοῦν ἐπάλυνεν ἄρουρας,
ἡ δὲ ποθε πτολέμιο μέγα στόμα πευκεδανίῳ,
ὡς πυκνὸς ἐν στήθεσιν ἁυστερῶς Ἰ' Ἀγαμέμνονων
πεύκων ἐκ κράδης, τρομοῦσι δεὶ οἱ φίλες ἐντός.
ἡ τοι ὡς ἐν πεδίον τὸ Ρωμίων ἀθρόισεν,
θαύμαζεν πυρὰ πολλὰ τὸ καλέτο Ἡλίῳ πρό,
αιῶν συρῆγην τ’ ἐνοπῆ ὦμαδόν τ’ ἀνδρῶπων.
αὐτῷ δὲ ἐν κάτω τοι καὶ λαῶν Ἀχαῖοι,
πολλὰς ἐκ κεφαλῆς προθελήσαν ἔλαλον χαῖτας
ὕψθ’ ἐνοί Δι’, μέγα δὲ στένει εὐδάλμων ἕρ.
هة δὲ ὡς κατὰ θυμαν ἀρίστη φαυνητο βούλῃ,
Νέατορ’ ὑπὶ πρῶτον Νηλῆον ἄλθεμεν ἀνδρῶν,
οὶ τιμᾶ τιν ρήμαν ἀμύμονα τεκτήναιτο,
ἡ τε ἀλεξικής πάσιν Δαναοῖς ἔχειντο.
ILIAD X.

Night expedition to the Trojan camp.

The chieftains of the Panachaian host
Slept all beside their ships, the livelong night,
By slumber soft o'erborne: but Atreus' son,
Great Agamemnon, shepherd of his folk,
No sweet sleep held, with many cares distraught.
But frequent as the lightning-flashes come
Of fair-haired Heré's lord, what time he sends
Rain great and terrible, or hail, or snow
To strew the fields with white, or bodes perchance
The wide-embattled front of biting war—
So frequent in his breast and deeply drawn
From inmost heart were Agamemnon's groans,
And all within his bosom trembling shook.
Where'er he gazed upon the Trojan plain,
Wond'ring he saw the countless fires that burned
In front of Ilion; and wond'ring heard
The sound of flutes and pipes and hum of men.
But when upon Achaia's ships and host
He turned to look, then plucked he from his head,
Lock after lock, his hair, with Zeus on high
Indignant, and deep groaned his haughty heart.
And to his mind this counsel seemed the best,
Nestor the son of Neleus first of all
To seek, if haply he might lend him aid
To frame some blameless plan that should avert
Disastrous harm from all the Danaan host.
όρθωθείς δ' ἐνθωμεῖ, περὶ στήθοςι χείτων, ποσοὶ δ' ὑπὸ λειταρίσους ἔδησατο καλὰ πέδιλα, ἀμφί δ' ἐπειτὰ δαφνινῶν ἔστησα τέρμα λάγους ἀλθέους μεγάλῳ ποδηνεκές, ὡλετο δ' ἔχος.

ὅτε δ' αὐτὸς Μενέλαος ἤχει τρόμος· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτῷ τι ὑπόσει ἐπὶ Μελεφάροις ἐφίκεσε, μὴ τοῖς πάθοις Ἀργείως, τοι δὲ ἔθεν εἰκές πουλῶν ἐφ' ὑγρὴν ἡλίον ὅς Τροίας πόλεις θραύσαν ὄρμαντος. παρθέλη μὲν πρῶτα μεταφερεν εἰρ' κάλυγην ποικίλην, αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ στεφάνῳ κεφαλής ἁείρας ὁθέκατο χαλκεῖς, δόρυ δ' ἐλετο χαρὶ παχεῖς.

βῆ δ' ἦμεν ἄνωτῆσιν δὸν ἀδιέρευνθ' ὑπὸ μέγα πάντων Ἀργείων ἁριανεῖν, θεοὶ δ' ὡς τίτπο δήμωρ.

τὸν δ' εὗρ' ἀμφ' ἄρμα θείῳ τιθήμενον ἔνεα καλὰ νῆ κατὰ πρασμην' τῷ δ' ἀστάσιος γίνετ' ἠθάν. τὸν πρῶτος προσέβετε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος· "τίθ' ὅποιος ἥθεις κορύσσεαι; ἢ τιν' ἐταφὼν ὄρμανθεις Τρόώσοις ἑτακοποι; ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἀλίκος δεδουχ' µῆς οὔ τὸς τοῦ ὑπόσχεται τόδε ὅριον, ἀνδρας δυσμενέοις σκοπειαζέον όνος ἑπειδήν ἀνθέατα δὲ ἀμβροσίαν. µᾶλα τις θρασυκάρδιος ἦσται." τὸν δ' ἀπαλαβόμενος προσέθη χρείαις Ἀγαμέμνονος· "χρείαν θουλῆς ἔμε καὶ σε, διοτρεψε δ' Μενέλαε, κερδελής, ὣς αἱ ἐρύσεσθαι ὧδε σαώσει Ἀργείως καὶ νῆας, ὥστε Διὸς ἐτρήτευτο φρίν. Ἑκτερός οὖν ἄρα μᾶλλον ἐπὶ φρένα θῆν' ἵπποιοιν οὐ γὰρ τῷ λθόμη, οὐδὲ κλώνι αἰδήσαντος, ἀνδρ' ἐνα τοσάδα μέρερ' ἦν' ἠματι μητύσασθαι οὖν Ἑκτερ θρεξε δίφολα υπὸ Ἀχαίων, αὐτῶς, οὐτε θεοὶ οὐδ' φίλοις οὔτε θεοῖ.
So up he stood, and round his breast he donned
His tunic, and beneath his shining feet
Bound his fair sandals, then he wrapped him round
In tawny skin, of lion bright-hued, large,
Mantling him to the feet, and took his spear.

And Menelaus likewise trembled sore,
Nor on his wakeful lids sat sleep; lest harm
Should touch the Argive host, who for his sake
Across a water wide had come to Troy,
Stirring a venturous war. First his broad back
He covered with a spotted panther skin,
Then raised and set around his head a helm
Of brass, and in his broad hand took a spear.
And forth he went his brother to uprouse,
Who o'er all Argives reigned a mighty king
And by his people honoured as a god.
Him found he as he donned his armour fair
Around his shoulders by his vessel's stern:
Who gladly saw his brother come. Then first
Addressed him Menelaus good in fray:
"Why arming thus, mine honoured lord? Dost urge
Some comrade forth a spy on Troy? Nay much
I fear me none will undertake this work,
To spy our foemen, through ambrosial night
Alone advancing. Dauntless heart were his."

And sovereign Agamemnon made reply:
"Needs both for me and thee, O Zeus-born prince
My Menelaus, counsel shrewd, to guard
And save the Argives and their ships: for now
Changed is the mind of Zeus, who hath respect
To Hector's sacrifices more than ours.
For never saw I yet, nor heard it told,
That one man in one day such deeds of dread
Devised as Hector loved of Zeus hath wrought
Upon Achaia's sons—wrought a mere man,
No darling son of goddess or of god."
408. ΙΩΑΝΝΟΣ Κ.

ἐργα δ' ἐρεῖ δοσα φησι μελησάμεν Ἀργελούσιν
dηθά τε καὶ δολιχὸν' τόσα γὰρ κακὰ μῆσατ Ἀχαιοῦν.
ἀλλ' ἦδι νῦν, Λαμνα καὶ Ἰδομενῆς κάλεσσον
μῆμα θεών παρὰ νῆας· ἀγὰ δ' ἐπὶ Νέστορα δίον
eἰμι, καὶ ὀρμένω ἀντιῆμεν, αὐτῷ ἐθέλεις
ἐλθὼν ἐκ φυλάκων ἑρῶν τέλος ἢ πρὸ ἐπιτελεῖ
καίρῳ γὰρ κε μάλιστα πυθόλατο· τοῦ γὰρ υἱὸς
σημαίνει φυλάκεσσι, καὶ Ἰδομενῆς ὅπως Ἡρμώνης
tοῖς γὰρ ἐπετραπομέν γε μάλιστα·

τὸν δ' ἑμεῖσθεν ἐπειτα βοήν ἁγαθὰς Μενέλαος·

πῶς γὰρ μοι μὴν ἐπιτέλεις ἡδὲ κελεύες;
ἀδῆι μένω μετὰ τούτων, δεδεγμένοις εἰς δ' κιν ἔλθης,
ἡ θέων μετὰ σ' αὐτὸς, ἐκήν τιθ' τοῖς ἐπιτελεῖ;

τὸν δ' αὐτῷ προσείπτει ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀχαιοῦν

"αὐθι μένειν, μή πως ἀβροτάξομεν ἀλλήλουν
ἐρχομένων· τολλάλ γὰρ ἀνὰ στρατόν εἰσὶ κέλευθοι,
φθέγγει δ' ἡ καὶ ἵσθα, καὶ ἔργοις ἵσθαν ἰσχεῖς,
παραθέσει ἐκ γενεῆς ὅνομάζον ἄδρα έκαστον,
πάντας κυδαιού· τιμῇ μεγαλίκε γυμνοὶ,
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸι περι πονεώμεθα. ὡδὲ ποτὶ ἄμμων

Ζεὺς ἐπὶ γηγομένους ἢ κακῆτι βαρείαν·

ὡς εἰπὼν ἀνέπεμπτεν ἄδελφεσιν, εἰ ἐπιτελεῖς,
αὐτὰρ δ' βῆ β' ἔναι μετὰ Νέστορα ποιμένα λαῶν.

τὸν δ' εἴρεθν παρὰ τε κλοίῃ καὶ νῆι μελανῇ
eισῇ ἐνι μαλακῇ· παρὰ δ' ἐνεάς ποιεῖ· ἐκεῖο,
ἀντὶς καὶ δύο δοῦρε φαείῳ τε τρυφάλεια.

πᾶς δὲ ἔστηρ κείτο παναλώς, ὁ ἄρα ἁμαρτο
ζωνθῇ δὲν ἐν πόλεμον φθονήνοια θαρήσσοντο

λαῶν ἰγνώ, ἐπὶ οὐ μὲν ἀνεπέτρεπε γῆραι λυγρῇ.
Deeds he hath wrought full many, which I deem
Will work the Argives sorrow long and late,
Such woes against Achaians hath he planned.
But hie thee now, run swiftly by the ships,
And call me Ajax and Idomeneus.
To godlike Nestor I myself will go,
And bid him rise, to seek, if so he will,
The sacred band of guards, and give them charge.
For him they best will hear: his son it is
Who doth command the guards; and with him joined
Meriones squire of Idomeneus:
For 'twas to them we gave that special trust."

Then answered Menelaus good in fray:
"How means thy word of bidding and command?
Shall I remaining there with them await
Until thou come, or speed me back again
To thee, when I have given them careful charge?"

Answered him Agamemnon king of men:
"Remain thou there; lest haply as we come
We miss each other: there be many paths
That cross the camp. Speak too, where'er thou goest,
And bid them wakeful be; naming each man
By father and by kin, with titles due
To all; nor bear thee with a haughty mind;
But labour we ourselves. Zeus at our birth
Willed us, I ween, such heavy lot of woe."

So spake the king, and sent his brother forth
With careful charge. Himself then took his way
To seek out Nestor, shepherd of his folk.
Him by his tent and black-hulled ships he found
On a soft bed. Beside him lay his arms
Full richly wrought, a shield, two spears, a helm
Bright-glittering: and beside him lay withal
The supple belt that girt the greybeard's loins
When for the warrior-wasting fight he armed,
Leading his folk: for he to grievous age
ὁρθωθεῖς δ᾽ ἂρ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ὁγκόνος, κεφαλὴν ἐπαιράς,
"Ἀτρεΐδην προσείτε καὶ ἐξερεύνετο μύθῳ·
"τὴ δ᾽ οὖτος κατὰ νύχα ἀνὰ στρατόν ἔχειαν οἶος

τὸν δ᾽ ἡμεῖσθε ἐπεῖτα ἄναξ ἄνδρών Ἀγαμέμνον'
"οἱ Νέστορ Νηλημάδη, μέγα κόδος Ἀχαιῶν,
θυσείς Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, τὸν περὶ πάνω

πλάξομαι δὲν, ἐπεὶ οὐ καὶ εὐδοκοῦσι δεμαῖοι ὑπὸν

αἰνῶς γὰρ Δαναῶν περιδείδια, οὐδὲ μοι ἦτορ

ἐκατέρθηκα, ἀλλ' ἀλαλύκτημαι, κραδὴ δὲ μοι ἔχω

ἀλλ᾽ εἰ τε δραλεῖς, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ σὲ τέ ὑπὸν ἰκάνει,

δυσμενέας δ᾽ ἄνδρας σχέδου εἶλας; οὐδὲ τι ἵθελεν,

μὴ τοι μὲν καμάτῳ ἄθικότες ἱδὲ καὶ ὑπὲρ

τὸν δ᾽ ἡμεῖσθε ἐπεῖτα Γερμήνος ἱππότα Νέστωρ.
"Ατρείδην κυδίστε, ἄναξ ἄνδρών Ἀγαμέμνον,

οὐδέν Ἐκτορι πάντα νοῦμα μοτίτα Ζεὺς

καὶ ἀνο αἰτεῖς, ὡσα τὸν Ἕλπιται· ἀλλὰ μιν οὖν

αἰδεῖσι μοχθῆσθαι καὶ πλεῖσσοιν, εἰ κεν Ἁχιλλεύς.
ILIAD X.

No whit would yield. Upon his elbow propped
Now lift he up his head: and Atreus' son
He thus address with words of questioning:
"And who art thou that comest thus alone
Throughout our ships and host, in darkest night,
When other mortals sleep? Is it some guard,
Or comrade that thou seest? Speak, nor come
Thus voiceless on me. What may be thy need?"

Then answered Agamemnon king of men:
"O Nestor, Neleus' son, Achaia's boast,
Know me for Agamemnon Atreus' son;
Whom above all in troubles Zeus hath plunged,
Troubles to last so long as in my breast
Be breath, and life be stirring in my limbs.
I wander thus because upon mine eyes
Sound sleep sits not, but I am much distraught
By cares of war and of Achaian woes.
Sorely I fear for this our Danaan host;
Nor stedfast stands my mind, but to and fro
I sway, and from my breast the heart leaps forth,
While my bright limbs beneath me trembling shake.
But if thou wilt do aught—since thee, as me,
Sleep visits not—come, go we to the guards,
To see, lest haply welmed by toil and sleep
They lie, their watchful duty clean forgot.
For foes are camped full near, nor know we well
That e'en by night they may not dare the fray."

Whom Nestor answered then, Gerene's knight:
"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, not to all his thoughts
Will Hector find that Zeus the counsellor
Fulfilment brings, as now perchance he hopes.
But, as I think, with woes more numerous yet
He will be troubled, if Achilleus e'er
ἐκ χῶλον ἀργαλέοιο μεταστρέψῃ φίλον ἢτορ.
σοι δὲ μάλ’ ἔγγοι’ ἐγά’ ποτὶ δ’ αὐ’ καὶ ἑγείρομαι ἄλλων,
ἡμὲν Τυδείδην δουμελατόν ἦδ’ Ὅδυσση
ἡδ’ Ἀλαστα ταχύν καὶ Φιλέως ἀλειμον νύών.

ἀλλ’ εἶ τις καὶ τούσδε μετοιχόμενος καλέσειν,
ἀπειθέν τ’ Ἀλαστα καὶ Ἰδομενή ἀνακτα’
tῶν γὰρ ἤνει ἑαυτὶ ἑκαστάτω, οὐδὲ μάλ’ ἔγγοι.
ἀλλὰ φίλοι περ ἑώτα καὶ ἀλβὸν Ἀνδρέαν
νεκέω, εἰ πέρ μοι νεμέσσησαι, οὐδ’ ἐπικεύσω,
ὡς εὖδει, σοι δ’ οἴρ ἐπέτρεψεν πονέσσαι.

ὡν ὀφελέν κατὰ τάντας ἀριστῆς πονέσσαι
λασόμενος· χρείαν γὰρ ἱκάνεται οὐκ’ ἀνεκτός;"

tὸν δ’ αὐτὲ προσεῖτε ἀναξ’ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ἐδ ἔριον, ἄλλοτε μὲν σε καὶ αἰτιάσσαι ἄνωγα·
πολλαίκει γὰρ μεθεὶς τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθελεῖ πονέσσαι,
οὐτ’ ὅπερ ἔκανον οὐτ’ ἀφφαβίζοι νῦοι,
ἀλλ’ ἐμὲ τ’ εἰσορῶν καὶ ἐμὴν ποτιδέγμενον ὀρμήν.

ὑν’ ἐμὸν πρότερος μᾶλ’ ἐπέτρεπο καὶ μου ἐκτάτη.
τῶν μὲν ἐγὼ προσέκα καλῆμεναι οὐδ’ σοὶ μεταλλῆς.
ἀλλ’ ἴμενεν· κείνους δὲ κιχηρόμεθα πρὸ τυλών
ἐν φυλάκεσσε; ἵππα γὰρ σφιν ἑπέφαδον ἑγερέθθεσθαι;"

τὸν δ’ ἠμελθετ’ ἐπεὶ Τεκίνας Ἰππότα Νέστωρ
"οὕτως ὑμεῖς οἱ νεμεῖσθαι οὐδ’ ἀπείρηση
Ἀργείων, ὅτε κὼ τιν’ ἐποτρύνη καὶ ἀνώγη." 130

ἀς εἰτῶν ἐνδοὺει περὶ στήθεσις χιότων,
ποσὶ δ’ ὑπὸ λυπαρών ἐδήσατο καλὰ πάξιλα,
ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρα χλαϊναν περονίσατο φοινίκεςαν
δεπλὴν ἑταῖραν, ὀλη δ’ ἑκαρίως λάχεῃ.

ἐίλτα δ’ ἀλειμον ἔχοι, ἀκακήναν ὄξιν διας,
βῆ δ’ ἴππει κατὰ νῆει Ἀχαϊῶν χαλκοχιτῶν.
Shall turn his heart to quit his grievous wrath.
But now I readily will follow thee:
And rouse we others to our company,
Tydides, spear-famed chief, Odysseus too,
Ajax the fleet, and valiant Phyleus' son.
Nay, and 'twere not amiss if one should go
And summon these besides—Ajax the great,
A peer of gods, and king Idomeneus;
Whose ships are far to seek, not near at hand.
But Menelaus, tho' I hold him dear
And honoured, I will chide, e'en if thy wrath
Thereby I stir, nor will I hide my thought,
For that he sleeps and lets thee toil alone.
Now ought himself to toil and sue each chief,
For need no longer to be borne is ours."

Then answered Agamemnon king of men:
"O greybeard, times there are when I would bid
Thy blame be spoken; for he oft is slack,
Nor wills to work; not yielding to base fear,
Nor from a witless mind, but looking still
To me, and waiting ever for my lead.
But now he even rose before myself,
And sought me first. And him have I sent forth
To call those very men thou askest for.
But go we: we shall find them with the guards
Before the gates; for there I bade them meet."

Him answered Nestor then, Gerone's knight:
"So will no Argive chafe nor disobey,
Whom he may spur to action or command."

So spake he, and around his breast he donned
A tunic, and beneath his shining feet
Bound his fair sandals; then about him clasped
A mantle crimson-hued, double, and long,
Thick with soft wool, and grasped a mighty spear
Tipped with keen brass, and went his way along
The vessels of Achaia's mail-clad men.
πρώτον ἦπερ Ὁδυσσήα Διὸ μῆτις ἀτάλαυτον ἢ ἱππον ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ φθεγξάμενος. τὸν δ' αἵρει περὶ φρένας ἠλυθ' ἰση, ἐκ δ' ἠλθεὶς θλίψης, καὶ σφες πρὸς μῆδον ἱείτεν "τίθ' οὗτο κατὰ νήσος ἀνὰ στρατὸν οἷον ἀλάσθε ἑντα δ' ἀμβροσίαν, δι' ἢ χρεία τοίου ικεῖς;" τὸν δ' ἠμέλητε ἱείτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ "διογναίς Δαερτάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὅδυσσεύ, μη νεμέας τοῖν γὰρ ἄχος βαβιλήκες Ἀχαιοὺς. ἀλλ' ἱππεῖν, ὑφρα καὶ ἄλλον ἐγείρομεν, δι' ἐπέοικες βουλᾶς βουλεύεις, ἡ φευγέμεν ἡ μάχεσθαι." ἅς φάθ', δ' ἐκ κλοιονιδε καὶ πολύμετρο Ὅδυσσεῦσ πουλησαν ἀμφι' ὄμοιοι σάκκος θέτο, βη δ' μετ' αὐτούς. βαρ δ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδην Διομήδεα. τὸν δὲ κλίθεαν ἐκτὸς ἀπὸ κλοιος σὺν τεῦγεσιν ἀμφι δ' ἔταιροι εὐδο, ὑπὸ κρασίν δ' ἱχθυν ἀστιγμᾶς. ἡχει δὲ σφιν ὅρθν ἐπὶ σαυρωτήροις ἄμπλατε, τῇ δὲ χαλκὸς λάμπει ἅς τε στεροπῇ πατρὸς Διός. αὐτὰρ δ' ἴππης εὕδ', ὑπὸ δ' ἐκτρωτοὶ μινὸν βως ἀγανάκτου, αὐτὰρ ὑπὸ κράτεσφι τάτης τεταῦνυ στοιχεῖον. τὸν παροῦσαν ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ, λαβὲ τοὺς κανήσας, ἀμφις τοι, νεικεσθ' τ' ἄτην ἁγρεώ, Τυδείδεις υἱὲ. τὴν πάνυνυχον ἱππον ἀστεῖς; οὐκ ἀλείς ὅπες Τροίαι ἐπὶ βροσμῷ πεδίου ἠμαῖς ἄγχη λέον, ὅλογος δ' ἔτι χώροι ἐρύκει;" ἅς φάθ', δ' εἶ ἱππον μάλα κρατινός ἀνέρουσαν, καὶ μεν φωνήσας ἱππα κτερόντα κροσιφόρα "οὐκετίλιος ἐσσι, γεραιά' σὺ μην πόνον οὐ ποτὲ λήγεις.
Odysseus first, in counsel peer of Zeus,
Nestor Gerene's knight uproused from sleep
With summons loud. Full quickly to his soul
The voice found entrance; and from out his tent
Advancing thus the chieftains he addrest:
"Why roam ye thus alone through ships and host
In night ambrosial? what your urgent need?"
Then answered him Nestor Gerene's knight:
"Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,
Achaia's boast, thou man of many wiles,
Chafe not: for direst grief doth press our host.
But follow thou; that we may likewise rouse
Some other, whomsoe'er it may beseeem
Counsel to give, whether we fly or fight."
He spake. Odysseus, many-counselled man,
Entered his tent, and round his shoulders braced
A shield right richly wrought, and followed them.
Then Diomedes, Tydeus' son, they sought:
And him outside and separate from his tent
They found, all armed: round whom his comrades slept
Pillowed upon their shields; with spears hard by,
Planted upon their butts upright, wherefrom
Blazed far a brazen sheen as of the flash
Of Father Zeus. Slept too the hero's self,
A wild bull's hide beneath his body strewn,
A bright-hued carpet stretched beneath his head.
Then by him Nestor stood Gerene's knight,
And stirring him with vigorous push of foot
Waked up, and urged him on, and roundly chid:
"Rouse thee, thou son of Tydeus! Wherefore sleep'st
A night-long sleep? Hear'st not how sons of Troy
Upon the rising ground are camped, hard by
Our ships, and scant the space that holds them back?"
He spake: the other quick from sleep upsprang,
And thus in winged words addrest the king:
"A stubborn carle, greybeard, art thou! Of toil
οδ νυ καλ ἄλλοι δασὶ νεότεροι ὕπε Ἀχαίων,
οὐ καν ἐπίεσα ἐκατον ἐγείρειν βασιλέων
πάντη ἐποιχόμενοι; σὺ δ' ἀμήχανος ἐσσι, γεραιεί.

τὸν δ' αὐτὸ προσέκειν Γερήνας ὑπότα Ὑπατόρ.

"καὶ δὴ ταῦτα γε πάντα, τέκτα, κατὰ μοίραν δεικτες.
εἰσὶν μὲν μοι παῖδες ἁμύσμοις, εἰσὶ δὲ λαοί
καὶ πολέμες, τῶν καὶ τις ἐποιχόμενος καλὸς ἐνεχεῖ.

ἀλλὰ μᾶλη μεγάλη χρεω βεβηκεν Ἀχαιών;

"καὶ δὴ πάντεσσον ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἱσταται ἀμὴς
ἡ μᾶλη λυγρὸς δλευθος Ἀχαίων ἤ βιωναι.

ἀλλ' ἢι νῦν Αιαντα ταχὺν καὶ Φιλέας νῦν
ἀντιθν (σὺ γὰρ ἐσαὶ νεότερος), εἴ μ' ἀλλαίρας.

"ἀς φάθ', δ' δ' ἀμφ' ἀμοιν' ἑστατο δόρα κλάντος
αἴθωνος μεγάλου ποδηρεῖς, εἴλετο δ' ἐγχος.

βὴ δ' λέει, τοῦτ εὖθεν ἀνασθάς αὖγεν ἤρως.

οδ δ' ἢτε δὴ φυλακέσσον ἐν ἄγρομένων ἰμυχθὲν, 180
οὐδὲ μὲν εὐδοντας φυλάκων ψήγιτορας εὔρον,
ἀλλ' ἑγχορτὶ σὺν τεῦχεσιν εἵατο πάντες.

οὐ δὲ ταῦτα περὶ μῆλα δυσσωρίζως ἐν αὐλῇ
θρόος ἀκούεταις κρατερόφρονος, δὲ τε καθ' ὅλην
ἐρχεται δ' ὅρεσθ' 'πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ἐν αὐτῷ
ἀνδρῶν ἦὲ κυνὰς, ἀπὸ τε σφισιν ὕπνοις ἀλλελοι
ὁς τῶν νυόμοις ὕπνοι ἀπὸ ἀλεγάρων ὠλαῖς

νίπτα φυλασσομένους κακὶν' πεδίοντες γὰρ αἰεὶ
τετράβαθ', ὅπως' ἐπὶ Τροίων ἔτεοι ἔπλων.

τοῦτ' δ' ὡς ἑρων ἡθησε ἱδαν, ἄρσωνε τε μῦθοι,
καὶ σφαὶς φινὴσας ὑπεν περέσαντα προσήθα

"οὔτε νῦ, φίλα τέκνα, φυλάσσετε μηδὲ των' ὕπνοις
ἀλείτω, μὴ χάρμα γενόμεθα δυσμικέσσοις."
ILIAD X.

Thou know'st no end. Are then none other found,
Achaia's sons, younger in years, to go
Round all our camp and rouse each sleeping king?
Greybeard, thou art indeed a restless wight."

And answer made Nestor Gerene's knight:
"Yes, all thou say'st, my friend, is fitly said.
Sons have I blameless, people have I too
Full numerous; and of these some one might well
Bear round the summons. But it is a need
Exceeding great constrains Achaia's sons.
For on a razor's edge stands now the fate
Of all our host; destruction dire or life.
But hie thee now, Ajax the fleet arouse,
And Phyleus' son: for thou, the younger man,
May'st do my errand, if thou pitiest me."

He spake: the other wrapped his shoulders round
With skin of lion tawny-hued and large,
Mantling him to the feet, and took his spear.
Then went he on his way, and from their place
The hero roused and led the chieftains twain.

And when they came among the gathered guards,
Their captains found they not asleep, but all
Were sitting ready armed in wakeful wise.
And as the dogs around a flock in fold
Keep painful watch—when they have heard the roar
Of dauntless beast, who through the mountain wood
Approaches by large rout of men and dogs
Full sorely pressed—and all their sleep is gone:
So from the eyelids of the guards sweet sleep
Was gone, as through the evil night they watched.
For ever and anon toward the plain
They turned them as they heard the Trojans move.
And these the greybeard joyed to see, and spake
To cheer them, and in wingèd words addrest:
"Watch on, dear children, thus: let none by sleep
Be holden; lest we cause our foemen joy."

G. H. 27
Ας αύτων τάφροι διέσωτοι' τοι δ' ἄμι ἐποντο Ἀργελῶν βασιλέας, δοὺς κεκλήματο βουλήν. τοὺς δ' ἄμα Μησίωνης καὶ Νέστορος ἄγλαδος νύσι ἦσαν· αὐτοὶ γὰρ κάλεσαν ξυμμεταμεταβάται. τάφρον δ' ἐκδιαβάντες ὅρυκτην ἐδριάσων ἐκ καθαρῆ, δὴ δὲ νεκών διεφανέν χώρος πτευτόνων· ζῆν ἂντίς ἀπετράπεσσ' ἀβρίμοις Ἐκτόρ ὀλὸς Ἀργελῶν, δι' ἄτη περὶ νῦν ἐκδινυφέν. ἐσθα καθεξήμονοι ὑπὲρ ἀθλῆσαν πέλαμκαν. τοίοι δὲ μίθων ᾧ ρῆξε Γερήνως ὑπάτα Νέστορ' ἦ δ' φλοι, οὐκ ἀν δὴ τις ἀνήρ πεπειθοθ' ὦφ αὐτοῦ θυμῷ τολμήσατε μετὰ Τρῶας μεγαθύμους ἐδείν; εἰ τυά ποὺ δηλοὶ ἐσχατώντα, ἢ τυά ποὺ καὶ φήμων ἐκ Τρώησσι πῦθετο, ἢσα τα μητύμωμε μετὰ σφίκω· ἢ μεμλᾶν αὐθί μένεω παρὰ νησίων ἀπόπροεθεν, ἢ πόλινδε ἄν ἀναχωρήσουσιν, ἢπεὶ δαμασαντος ἡ Λακωνια. ταῦτα καὶ πάντα πῦθετο, καὶ ἄν ηεῖ ἡμᾶς ὅθεοι ἀκπάθης. μέγα καὶ οἱ υπουράνιοι κλεῖος εἰς πάντας ἐν ἀνθρώποις, καὶ οἱ δόσις ἑσταται εὔθλης ἄσσοι γὰρ νίσχων ἐπικρατέσαν ἀριστοι, τῶν πάντων οἱ θεάστοι διὰ δώσουν μάλιαν θῆλων ὑπόρρητον, τῇ μὲν κτέρας οὐδὲν ὅμων· αἰεὶ δ' ἐν δαίτησι καὶ εἰλιπνίχοι παρέσται." ἂς ἐφαθ', οὐ δ' ἀρα πάντες ἁκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ. τοῖοι δὲ καὶ μετέπειτα βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης' "Νέστορ, ἦ μ' ὕπροινε κραδή καὶ θυμάς ἠγήνωρ ἀνδρῶν δυσμενῶν δύνας στρατὸν ἐχόνοι ἐστα, Τρῶων. ἀλλ' εἰ τίς μοι ἀνήρ ἄμι ἐποντο καὶ ἄλλος, μᾶλλον θαλαπτη καὶ θαρσαελετρόν ὤσται. σύν τε δ' ἐρχομένω καὶ τε πρὸ δ' τοῦ ἐνδήσεων
ILIAD X. 419

He spake, and swiftly sped across the trench:
And with him followed close those Argive kings
Who had been called to council. With them went
Meriones and Nestor's beaming son,
Whom now themselves did call their rede to share.
But when the deep-dug trench was crossed and cleared,
In a void place they seated them, where shone
An open plot amid the thick-strewn dead.
There was it that impetuous Hector stayed
His charge and turned him back from dealing death
On Argives, when the veil of night came down.
There sate they, and in turn declared their words:
Of whom spake first Nestor Geréné's knight:
"O friends, will no man on his daring heart
Reliant to the high-souled Trojans' camp
Go forth? if haply he may take some foe
Outlying on the verge, or learn some news
Among the Trojans, what their counsel is,
Whether they mean here by our ships to bide
Abroad, or to their city back again
To turn, Achaia's armies once repelled.
All this a man might learn, and come again
To us unscathed. Great would his glory be
Beneath wide heaven o'er all the tribes of men.
And good shall be his guerdon. For the chiefs
Who rule our ships shall give him, each and all,
A black ewe, mother with a sucking lamb,
A prize that nought can rival: and a place
At feast and banquet he shall alway claim."

He spake: but they were mute and silent all.
Then out spake Diomedes good in fray:
"Nestor, my heart and manly spirit prompts
Our Trojan foemen's camp, who lie so near,
To enter. But one comrade could I take,
More cheer were mine, and greater boldness too.
When two together go, what's best to do
ζητων αέρδος ἔρχεται μοῦνος δ’ εἰ πέρ τε νοήσῃ,
ἀλλὰ τὰ οἱ βράσασθ’ τε νόος λεπτή δε τε μήτες.
ός ἐστιν εἰ δ’ ἔθελον Διομήδει πολλοὶ ἀκέσθαι.

ηθελήσῃ Δίαντε δῶν, θεράπουτε Ἄρησος,
ηθελε Μηρίωνης, μᾶλα δ’ ἦθελε Νέστορος νῦς,
ηθελε δ’ Ἄτρεδος δουρικλείτος Μενέλαος,
ηθελε δ’ τὸ γλέκτον Ὀδυσσείς καταδύναι διπλα
Τρέσου’ αἰεὶ γὰρ οἱ ἐνεφεσθ’ θυμὸς ἑγόμενα.
τοῖς δὲ καλὶ μετέπειτε ἄναξ ἄνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνον.

Τοῦτον Δίαμφιος ἐκίες κεχαρισμένες θυμῷ,
τὸν μὲν δὴ ἔταρόν γ’ αἰρήσει διὸν κ’ ἐθέλοντα,
φαινομένων τὸν ἀριστον, καὶ μεμάσατ’ ἐν πολλοὶ.
μοιὸν γ’ αὐτῆς αἰδήμων θυμὸς ἔφευ τὸν μὲν ἄρεος
cαλλείτευν, σὺ δὲ χαίρειν’ ῥνάσεσαι αἰδεῖ δικαίως,
ἐπὶ γενεῖν ἀγῶν, μήδει βασιλεύτερος ἐστίν.

δὲ δέραι’, ἔβδεισεν δὲ περὶ ξαυθὸν Μενελάος.

τοῖς δ’ αὐτῶν μετέπειτε βοὴν ὀγάθος Διομήδης.

εἰ μὲν δὴ ἔταρόν γε κελεύσετ’ μ’ αὐτῶν ἐλάσσαι,
πῶς ἄν ἔτειτ’ Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐγὼ θείον λαβομεν,
οὐ περὶ μὲν πρόφροννι κραδίζει καὶ θυμῶς ἀγήνωρ
ἐν πάντεσσιν πόνοις, φιλεί δὲ ἐς Παλλᾶς Ἀθηνή.

τοῦτον γε σπομένοι καὶ ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθρομένου
ἄμφως νοσίσαμεν, ἐπὶ περιοδε νοσίσοις.

τὸν δ’ αὐτὸ προσέπιετο πολυτάλης δίος Ὀδυσσείς.

Τοῦτον, μήτ’ ἀρ μὲ μᾶλ’ αἰνείς μήτε τε νεκεῖς,
εἴδοςι γὰρ τοις ταύτα μετ’ Ἀργείους ἀγροεῖνες.

ἄλλ’ ἤορα’ μᾶλα γὰρ νῦς ἄνεται, ἐγγύθη δ’ ἔφες,
ἀστρα δὲ δὴ προβεβηκένε, παροχθευκένε δὲ πλέων νῦς
τῶν δύο μοιρῶν, τρισάτη δ’ ἤτοι μοῖρα λειλειτεία.

δὲ εἰπόθ’ ἐπλουσίῳ ἐνι δειφούσιν ἐδύτην.
ILIAD X.

One sees before the other: but alone
Tho' one may see, yet may his mind to see
Be slower, and his single counsel weak."

He spake: and many now were fain to go
With Diomedes. Fain the Ajax pair,
Henchmen of Ares; fain Meriones;
Full fain the son of Nestor; fain withal
The spear-famed Menelaus, Atreus' son.
Fain was Odysseus, much-enduring man,
The Trojan throng to enter, for his heart
Within his breast was ever venturous.
And then spake Agamemnon king of men:
"O Diomedes, to my soul most dear,
Thou son of Tydeus, whomsoe'er thou wilt,
That comrade choose, of those whom here thou seest
The best, since many to the service press.
Nor for a scruple leave the better man
And take the worse, from reverence of rank,
Looking to higher birth, or kinglier sway."

He spake, afraid for Menelaus' sake,
That hero yellow-haired. Then 'mid them all
Again spake Diomedes, good in fray:
"If now ye bid myself—my comrade choose,
How could I pass divine Odysseus by?
Whose ready heart and manly spirit shines
In every toil preeminent: whom withal
Pallas Athené loves. If he be there,
E'en out of burning fire we both may come,
Since all unrivalled is his cunning wit."

To whom replied the godlike patient chief:
"Tydides, praise me not o'er much, nor blame:
For this whereof thou speakest these Argives know.
But go we. Night is waning, dawn is near:
The stars are forward far: of night are past
Two parts and more, a third alone remains."

So spake the twain: and then in armour dread
Τυδείθι μὲν ἔδωκε μανεπτύλεμος Ἐρασιμήδης
φᾶσανον ἀμφηκες (το δ' ἐδώ παρὰ νη ἀλεπτο) καὶ σάκας: ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κυνῆν κεφαλῆς θηκεῖν
tαυρεῖν, ἀφαλῶν τε καὶ ἀλοφον, ὡ τε καταῖνυ̣
κελεται, μόνως δὲ κάρη θαλαρῶν αἰληνῶν.
Μηριῶνες δ' Ὅδυσῆ σωκου βιὸν ἦδὲ φαρώτην
καὶ ξίφος, ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κυνῆν κεφαλῆς ἠθηκεν
μινὺ ποιητήν: πυλών δ' ἠτοσθεὶ ἰμᾶς ἐντάτω
στερεῶς: ἠτοσθεὶ δὲ λαυκόι ὄδωντες
ἀργυδάντος υὸς θαμῆς ἤχου ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα
εὖ καὶ ἐπισταμένως, μέσῃ δ' ἐν τὸς ἄρηπεω
τὴν ρά ποτ’ ἐξ’ Ἑλεώνος Ἀμφιδάματος ἤξιθειν
Αὐτόλυκος πυκνῶν δόμων ἐντηκεῖον,
Σκάνδελος δ' ἄρ' ἔδωκε Κυδηρήν Ἀμφιδάματος.
Ἤμφιδάματος δὲ Μύλην δῶκε ξεινήν εἶναι,
αὐτὴ δ' Μηριῶνες ὄγκως φαιδεῖν.
δ' ὅτι Ὅδυσῆ θυσιασεν κάρη ἀμφισθεῖσα.
το δ' ἐτελ οὖν ἐκλογοσ εἰς δεισοῖς οἴνην,
βῶς θ' ἔναι, λεπτήν δὲ κατ' αὐτόθι πάντας ἄριστοις.
τὸις δὲ δεξίων ἦκεν ὄρων ὄργυν ὅδοιο
Πελλᾶς Ἀθηρηθῇ τοι δ' ὅπει ὄνοι ὄρθαλμοισ
πύκτα δὲ ὕφραμεν, ἀλλὰ κλάψαντος ἀκούσαν.
χαῖρε δὲ τῷ ὄρῳ Ὅδυσῆ, ἧρατο δ' Ἀθηρῇ
"ἐλθὼν μεν, ἄγιοχόῳ Δίῳ τέκος, ὥ τι μοι αἰεί
ἐν πάντεσσι πώσιοι παρίστασαι, οὐδὲ σε λήθω
κενύμενος. νῦν αὐτὸι κάλουτα με φιλαν, Ἀθηῆν,
δὸς δὲ τόλων ἐπὶ νῆσας ἐκελεῖας ἀμφικεύσαι
ῥέξαντας μέγα ἔργον, δ' κτεν Τράσσως μελήσει."
They clad them. Thrasymedes staunch in war
Gave Tydeus’ son a sword of double edge
(For he beside the ships had left his own),
And shield besides; and on his head he set
A bull’s hide helm, plain without cone or crest,
Such as is called a bonnet, and is worn
By lusty youths to save the head from harm.
But to Odysseus gave Meriones
A bow and quiver, and a sword withal,
And on his head a helm he set, all wrought
Of leather—plaited firm with many a thong
Its inner fold, to strengthen it without
The gleaming teeth of white-tusked boar were set
Frequent on every side with cunning skill,
While firm-packed felt lined well the space between.
This from Amyntor son of Ormenus
At Eleon once Autolycus stole away,
Forcing the close-barred house. He gave it then
To go to Scandia with Amphidamas,
Who in Cythera dwelt: Amphidamas
To Molos gave it when his guest: and he
To his own son Meriones to wear.
And now it crowned and capped Odysseus’ head.
So they, when both in armour dread were clad,
Went on their way, and all the other chiefs
Left there behind. A heron on their right
Pallas Athené sent, near to the way,
Which through the gloom of night they could not see,
But heard his scream. Rejoicing at the bird
Odysseus to Athené made his prayer:
“Hear me, thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Who standest by me still in all my toils,
Nor move I e’er by thee unseen! Again,
Athené, show thy special love, and grant
That we may glorious from the ships return,
Some great deed done to vex the sons of Troy.”
δεύτερος αυτ' ἤρατο βοηθή
ἀγαθός Διομήδης,
κάκλαθι νῦν καὶ ἔμειο, Δίως θέκος, ἀπρυτώμη.
αὐτῷ μοι ὡς ὦτε πατρὶ ἄμ' ἐσπερ Τυδεί δίφ
ἐς Θήβας, ὦτε τε πρὸ Ἀχαιῶν ἄγγελος ζει.
toús ὥ' ἄρ' ἔπ' Ἀσαντῆ λίπτε χαλακχύστων Ἀχαιῶν,
αὐτῷ δ' μειλίχων μύθοιν φέρε Καδμείουν
κείων' αὐτῷ ἄψ' ἀπιών μάλα μέρμερα μήσατο ἐργα
οὐν σοί, διὰ δει, ὦτε οἱ προφάσασα παράτης.
δὲς νῦν μοι ἐθέλουσα παρίστασα καὶ με φύλασσε.
αὐτῷ δ' αὐτ' ἐγὼ ἔργον βοήν ἦνιν εὐρυμέτωπην
ἀδρήτην, ἥν ὦτε ὑπὸ Ἱψόν ἔγαγεν ἀνήρ:
τὴν τε ἐγὼ ἔργον, χρυσὸν κέρασιν περικέφαλα.
ὡς ἠφαν εὐχόμενοι, τῶν ἐς κλίθες Παλλᾶς Ἀθήνη.
ὅτ' ἐπεὶ ἤρρεσαντο Δίως κούρη μεγάλου,
βάμ' Ἰμεν ὡς τε λέοντε δίων διὰ νῦτα μέλανων,
ἀμ' φάνων, ἀν νέκυαι, διὰ τ' ἐντεα καὶ μέλαιν αἴμα.
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ Τρώας ἄγημος ἐλασ' ἐκτὸρ
ἐδείκνυ, ἀλλ' ἀμύνοις κιηλήσκετο πάντας ἀριστοὺς,
ὅσοι οὖσαν Τρώων ἤγητορος ἤδε μέδουτες.
toús ὥ' τε συγκαλέσασα πυκνὴν ἤρτυντε βουλή
"τις κέν μοι τόδε ἐργαν ὑποσχόμενος τελέσαι
δόρον ἕπτε μεγάλης; μασβὸς δέ οἱ ἄρχοντες 
δόσα μὴ διήροι τε διοτ' ἐριάζειν ἔτοιπους,
oi kev xristou deoai dòv xis été xevosin 'Akhaión,
δό στα τε τλαίνη, τε κ' αὐτῷ κῦδος ἄραντ, 
πνεύμων ὄκτοιρ χαξοῦν ἐθάμεν, ἐκ τε τυθέοιδ
νῆ φυλάσσοντα νῆς θαλ' ὡς το πάρος περ,
ἢ ἤδη χελασοιν ψή' ἡμέρρησα δαμέντες
φόξιν βουλεύοντο μετὰ σφίκοι, οὐδ' ἐθέλουσα
νῦντα φυλασσέμενα, καμάτω ἄθηκτες αἰνη.
ὡς ἠφαν', οὐ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἄκην ἓχοντο συμπ.

424. ΙΔΙΑΔΟΣ Κ.
Second prayed Diomedes good in fray:
“Hear me too now, thou nameless child of Zeus!
Go with me, as thou wentest with my sire
The godlike Tydeus, when to Thebes he came
A messenger before Achaia’s host.
The rest upon Asopus’ bank he left,
Achaia’s mail-clad men: himself bore on
Soft words of peace to them of Cadmus’ line,
While thither bound: but, as he gat him back,
Devised hard deeds of dread, with thee at hand,
Goddess divine, who gav’st him ready aid.
So now stand willing by and guard thou me.
And I to thee a heifer of a year
Will sacrifice, broad-browed, unbroken yet,
Which never man hath led beneath the yoke.
This will I slay, her horns with gold o’erlaid.”
So prayed they both: Pallas Athené heard.
Then they, the maid of mighty Zeus invoked,
Went onward through black night, like lions twain,
Through gore and bodies, over arms and blood.
Nor more the while did Hector leave to sleep
The manly Trojans, but together called
The bravest, all their leaders and their chiefs.
These called he, and set forth his counsel shrewd:
“Who, pray, will promise and perform this deed
For ample gift? Assured shall be his meed.
For I a car will give him, and two steeds
Of arching neck, the best that may be found
At the swift vessels of Achaia’s host.
These to the man who dares—and he will win
Glory himself thereby—near the swift ships
To approach, and learn if yet our foemen guard
Their swift ships, as of old, or by our hands
Now vanquished purpose flight, nor will to keep
A night-long watch, o’erwhelmed by wearying toil.”
He spake: but they were mute and silent all.
ὁ τιμὴ συλήσων νεκρῶν κατατεθημάτων. ἂλλ' ἀδέμνε μνὸν πρῶτα παρεξέλθειν πεδίοιο τυτθὼν· ἔπειτα δὲ κ' αὐτὸν ἐπάλησαν ἔλοιμεν καρπαλίμων. εἰ δ' ἄμμα παραφαίρῃς πόδεσιν, αἰεὶ μὲν ἐπὶ νῆσας ἀπὸ στρατόφυλον προτεινεῖσι δύχας ἐπνεῦσον, μή ποὺς προτὶ ἄστυ ἀλύοις." ὡς ἄρα φωνήσαντε παρίξ ὅδοι ἐν νεκρεσσίν κλαυθῆνε· ἢ δ' ἂρ' ἄκα παρέδραμεν ἀφραδίσιν. 

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ β' ἀπέτην ὄσσον τ' ἐπὶ ὀδρα πέλονται ἡμῶν (αἱ γὰρ τε βοῶν προφερόστερα εἰσίν ἐλκύμαινε νεοῦδο βαθείτης πτετὸν ἀρτρόν), τῷ μὲν ἑπεδραμέτην, ἢ δ' ἁρ', ἐστὶ δυστὸν ἄκουσαι. ἐπετε γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἄποστρέψωται ἐταρπος ἐκ Τροίων θέατι, πάλιν ἑκτερος ὀτρύναντος. 

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ β' ἀπεσαν σουρηνεκές ἢ καὶ ἐλασσόν, γνωρ' ἄνδρας δολοὺς, λαυψηρὰ δὲ γούναν ἔναμα φευγέμεναι· τοι δ' αἴγα διωκέμενοι ἀφρήμησαν. ἢς δ' ὅτε καρχαρόευτε δῶν κύνε, εἰδῶτε θήρης, ἡ καιάδ' ἤ λαγωνῶν ἐπελεγεῖν ἔμμενας αἰεὶ χάρον αὖ ἐλήμνιθ', ἢ δὲ τε προβήσῃ μεμηκώς, ὅς τῶν Τυτεύδης ἤδε πτολίπορος Οὐδόστεύς λαοὺ ἀποτμήζαντε διώκετον ἔμμενες αἰεὶ. 

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἔμελλε μυγδέσσασι φυλάκεσσιν, 355 φέονες ἐκ νῆσα, τὸτε δὴ μένος ἐμβαλ' Ἀδηνην Τυτεύδη. ὁτα μὴ τὰ 'Αχαιῶν χαλκοχιταῖων φθαὶνε ἐπελεγόμενοι βαλέσσω, 360 ἢ δ' ἄντερος ἀλόοι δούρλ' ἐπαύεσσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης· ἢδε μὲν' ἢ δ' ἐν δούρλι αἰκήσομαι, οὔτε σε φῆμι δηρὶ ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀλυζέμεν αἰτῶν ἀλέθρον."
Upon our ships, or bent to spoil the dead.
Suffer we him at first to pass us by
A little space along the plain, then quick
Give chase and catch him: or, by speed of foot
If he outrun us, always hem him in
From his own camp toward our ships, with spear
On rushing, that he 'scape not to the town."

Such words between them passed: then from the way
They turned, and crouched amid the dead; and he
Ran swiftly by them in his heedless haste.
But when he was before them by the length
Of such a plot of ground as mules may plow—
For they are faster still than are the kine
To draw the jointed plough through loamy land—
Then gave they chase: he heard the steps, and stood;
For hoped his heart that comrades came from Troy,
By change of Hector's hest, to turn him back.
But when within a spear-throw they had come
Or even less, he knew the men for foes,
And quickly did he move his limbs to fly,
While they as swiftly bent them to pursue.
And as two sharp-toothed hounds, skilled in the chase,
Fast on the trace of flying fawn or hare
Come pressing ever on, o'er woody ground,
As he before them flies with plaintive cry;
So did the son of Tydeus and withal
Odysseus, city-spoiler, on their prey
From his own people barred press ever on.
But when he now was close upon the guards,
As toward the ships he fled, Athené breathed
New strength in Tydeus' son, lest other man
Of mailed Achaians should forestall his blow
And boast, and Diomedes second come.
On rushed with spear the hero stout, and cried:
"Stand, or my spear o'ertakes thee: nor, I ween,
Long from my hand can'st shun destruction dire."
ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Κ.

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δὲ τις ἐν Τρόασσι Δάλων Εὐμήδεας νῦς 
κήρυκος θελοι, πολύχρυσος πολύχαλκος
δὲ δὴ τοῖς ἔδος μὲν ἦν κακός, ἀλλὰ ποδάκης
αὐτὰρ ὦ μοῦνος ἦν μετὰ πέντε κασυγνήτριων.

320 ἦν μὲν τὸν Τρῶαν τε καὶ "Εκτόρι μῦθον ἔαν
tο ποιεῖται ἢ "Εκτόρι ἢ ἅτρον κενδίσῃ καὶ θυμαὶ σφήνων

325 νηψὶ τεκνώρων σχεδὸν ἔθεμεν ἐκ τε πυθόσθαι.

330 δὲ ἡ γε μοι τὸ σκῆπτρον ἅπασχε, καὶ μοι ὁμοῦ

335 σοι δὲ ἐγὼ σὺν Ἑλλὸς σκουτός ἵσσομαι, οὐδὲ ἄρτῳ δόξης
tόφρα γὰρ ἐστὶ στρατόν εἶμι διαμπερέας ὅφρ' ἃν ἔκακας

340 νῆ' Ἀγαμέμνονέν, δὴ τοῦ μελλοντικοῦ ἄριστοι

345 βουλῆς βουλεύειν, ἡ φευγόμεν ἡδ πάχοσθαι"

350 ἢ φάθι, ὦ ἐν χερσὶ σκῆπτρον λάβε καὶ οἱ ὁμοῦν

"Ιστὸ πῶς ὤν Ζεὺς ἀυτός, ἐργίσουσας πόσις "Πήρης,

355 μὴ μὲν τοῖς ἐπιτευχθέν ἁμὴ ἐποχήσεται ἄλλος

360 Τρῶαν, ἀλλὰ σὲ φημὶ διαμπερέας ἀγαλαίεσθαι"

365 ἢ φάτο καὶ ἡ ἐποχήν ἐπάρθοτο, τὸν δ' ὀράθυνεν.

370 αὐτίκα δ' ἀμφ' ἀμοῦσιν ἀβαλλότο καμπύλα τοῦξ,

375 ἐστάτο δ' ἐκτοσθεν μικρὸν πολιοῦ λύκοιο,

380 κρατὶ δ' ἐν εὐθείᾳ κυνῆν, ὥσι δ' ἄξον ἁκοντα,

385 δῇ δ' ὀλίγη πρῷτῃ νῆς ἀπὸ στρατοῦ. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐμελλεν

390 ἄλθεν ἐκ νηψὶ ὡς "Εκτορὶ μῦθον ἄπολοσ.

395 ἢλ' δὲ δὴ μὲν τοὺς καὶ ἄνδρῶν καλλῷ ὀμιλθ, 

βῇ δ' ἀν' ὅδον μεμακε' τὸν δὲ φράσατο προσάτο

400 διαφενῆ "Οδυσσᾷ, Διομήδει δὲ προσέατεν

405 "οὐδ' τις, Διομήδει, ἀπὸ στρατοῦ ἔρχεται ἀνὴρ,

οὐμ οὐδ' ἡ νῆξεσθ ἐπίκουτος ἢμετέρφεσαι.
ILIAD X.

Now in the ranks of Troy a man there was,
Dolon by name, son of Eumedes he
A sacred herald, rich in gold and brass,
Uncomely he in face, but fleet of foot;
With sisters five an only brother born.
To Hector and the rest he stood and spake:
"Hector, my heart and manly spirit prompts
The swift ships to approach, and gather news.
But come, thy sceptre raise, and swear to me
That thou in very sooth wilt give those steeds,
With chariot too all richly-wrought in brass,
Whereon the blameless son of Peleus rides.
And thou shalt find that no vain scout am I,
Nor fail thy hope; for I will go right on
Throughout the host, ev'n till I reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where, be sure, the chiefs
Debate in council now, to fly or fight."

He spake. The prince his sceptre grasped and sware:
"Let Zeus himself, Heré's loud-thundering lord,
Be now my witness! On these steeds shall ride
No other man of Troy; but thou, I say,
Throughout thy life shalt boast them as thy pride."

He spake, and sware in vain; yet spurred him on.
At once his curvèd bow he slung around
His shoulders, and a grey wolf's hide o'er all
He threw, and set a helmet on his head
Of weasel-skin, and took a pointed dart.
Then from the host he went and toward the ships;
Those ships wherefrom he never should return,
Nor back again to Hector bear his word.
But when the throng of steeds and men was left,
Eager he sped along his way: of whom,
As on he came, Odysseus, Zeus-born prince,
Was ware, and thus to Diomedes spake:
"Yonder, O Diomedes, from the host
Comes on a man, I know not whether spy
ἐ τινὰ συλῆσων νεκῶν καταθηκητῶν.
ἀλλ' ἐσμέν μιν πρώτα παρεξελθέων πεδίου
tυτῆριν ἐπετα κα' αὐτὸν ἐπαξάντες ἔλοιμεν
καρπαλλόμενος. εἰ δ' ἀμμεί παραθάλασσα πόδεσσιν,
αἰεί μιν ἐπὶ νῆσοι ἀπὸ στρατόφιν προτεινεῖν
δύχει ἐπαξάσων, µή πως προτεί ἄστον ἀλύζῃ.

ἀν ἄρα φευγόντες παρεξ ὅδου ἐν νεκρῶσιν
καλυθῇς' δ' ὅρ' ἀκα παρέδραμεν ἀφραδίσιν.
ἀλλ' ἦτα δ' ἂντην ὅσσον τ' ἐπὶ οὖρα πέλονται
ηµῶνων (αἷ γὰρ τε βοῶν προφερέστεραι εἰσίν
ἐλκείειν νεοίρο βαρείας πηγέτων ἄφρον),
to µὲν ἐπεδραμέταν, δ' ὅρ', ἄστι δουτών ἄκουσας
ἔλληντο γὰρ κατὰ θυμόν ἀποστρέφοντας ἐταξίους
ἐκ Τρῶν ἰόνιν, πάλιν Ὁκτορος ὀτρύναντος.
ἀλλ' ἦτα δ' ἂντε εὐθανεῖ τι χαι ἐλασσόν,
γνώρ' ἂνδρας δῆλους, λαυψῆρα δὲ γούνατ' ἐγὼ
φευγόμενα' τοι δ' αἴχα διωκέμεν ὁρμήσαν.
ὡς δ' ἦτα καρχαροδουτε δώοι κόνιν, εἰδότε θύρης,
ἡ κειμάδ' ἢ ἡ λαγωνία ἐπελγητῶν ἐμμενεις αἰεὶ
χώρον ἢ ἐλεύνθ', δ' δέ τε προθήκα λευκών,
ὡς τῶν Τυδείδος ἢδε πτελέπορθος Ὕδυσσεος
λαοῦ ἀποτινώντε διώκετον ἐμμενεις αἰεὶ.
ἀλλ' ἦτα δ' τάχις ἐμελλα μνήσεσθαι φυλάκεσιν.
φαύνων ἐν νήσοι, τότε δ' µένεις ἐμβαλ' Ἄθηνη
Τυδείδη, ἵππα µὴ τε τ' Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτωνίων
φθαίξη ἐπευζάμενος βαλλειν, δ' δὲ δευτερος ἐθοι.
δουρ' δ' ἐπαξάσων προσέβη κρατερός Διομήδης
"οὐ µάν' ἦ σε δουρι κιχῆςμαι, οὐδὲ σε φῆμι
δηρόν ἐµής ἂντὸ χειρὸς ἀλυζέων αὐτὸν ἐλθον."
A grievous team they be for mortal men
To break or ride behind—for all save one,
Achilleus, whom immortal mother bare.
But come declare me this, and tell me true:
Where left’st thou Hector, shepherd of his folk,
When hitherward thou cam’st? his arms of war
Where be they? where his horses? How are placed
The other Trojan lines for watch and sleep?
What counsel they? here by our ships to bide
Abroad, or to their city back again
To turn, Achaia’s armies once repelled?"

Dolon Eumedes’ son then made reply:
“All this I will declare and tell thee true.
Hector, with those that are his councillors,
Holds council now by holy Ilus’ tomb,
Far from the crowd and din: but for the watch,
O hero, that thou askest of—our host
No separate ordered watch defends and guards.
By every fire of Trojans—who perforce
Must do it—there are wakeful men who urge
Each one his mate to watch: but our allies
Summoned from many lands sleep idly on,
Leaving to Trojan care the watch; for they
No children have nor wives abiding near.”

To him again the many-counselled man:
“How mingled, pray, with Troy’s steed-taming sons
Sleep they, or separate? say, that I may know.”

And answer made Dolon Eumedes’ son:
“This too I will declare, and tell thee true.
Towards the sea are Carians, and by them
Paonians armed with curved bows; there too
Leleges and Cauconians, and withal
Divine Pelasgi ans. But toward Thymbra ranged
Are Lycians, Mysians proud, steed-taming sons
Of Phrygia, and Maenians chariot-borne.
But of each special troop why ask ye me?

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αι γὰρ δὴ μὴν μᾶτων Τρεῖναν καταδῦναι ὅμιλον, Θρήσκεις οἳ δ' ἀπάνυθε νεῆλυθε, ἔσχατοι δὲ, ἐν δὲ σφυ 'Ῥήσος βασιλεῦς, πᾶς Ἰονῆς, τοῦ δὲ καλλαίτων ἤπτους Ἰδον ἢ δὲ μεγίστων' λευκότεροι χιόνος, θελειν δ' ἄνεμοισιν ὁμοίοι. ἄρμα δὲ οἱ χρυσὶν τε καὶ ἀργυρός εἶ δέχονται τεῦχεα δὲ χρύσεια πελάρια, θαῦμα ἱδέαθαι, ἢ λυθ᾽ ἠχεῖ τὰ μὲν οὔ τι κατανυτείχει δοκεῖν ἄνδρεσιν φορέων, ἀλλ' ἀδανάτους θεοῖν. ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν νῦν νησὶν πελάσσετον ἀκανόροισιν, ἥ με δήσαντες λίπετ' αὐτὸν νηλάτες ἔσχατες μέγα καὶ δόξην καὶ πειρατῆτον ἀμείον ἢ κατ' ἄλοιπον ἐστών ἐν ὑμῖν ὑδ. καὶ οὔκ ἐν τοῖς μεν εἶχαν προςεύρῃ κρατερὸς Διομήδης. "μὴ δὴ μοι φύειν ὑε, Δόλων, ἐμβάλλειν θυμῷ, ὅσα δὲ περ ἄργεταις, ἐπεὶ λεον ξέραις οὔς ἀμάς. εἰ μὲν γὰρ κέ σε νῦν ἀπολύσωμεν ἦν μεθάμεν, ἢ τε καὶ ὅπερον ἔστω θάδα ἐπὶ νήας Ἀχαιῶν ἢ διαπετέσσεσθαι εἰ ἐναντίην πολεμίζων. εἰ δὲ εὐθὺς ὅπως ἄρε γερολ δαμές ἀπὸ ᾿Αχαιῶν ὀλέσας, στὶκτ' ἐπεὶτα σέ πήμα ποτ' ἔσσει Ἀργελησίων." ᾧ, καὶ δὲ μὲν μιν ἀμέλλα γενελον χειρὶ παραγῆ ἀγάμενος λύσσεθαι, δ' αὐχένα μέσον ἐλάσσεν φασιγάνη ἄξιον, ἀπὸ δ' ἠμέγερις τένων' φθεγγομένου δ' ἄρα τοῦ γε κάρη κουλήσον ἐμikanθη. τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κτιδιήν κυνῆν κεφάλεσθαι ἡπτομεν καὶ λυκῆν καὶ τόξα παλίστων καὶ δόμῳ μακρῶς καὶ τά τη' Ῥωμηλὴ λείτυδε διὸς ᾿Οδυσσεύς ὑψὸς ἄνωχθεν χειρὶ, καὶ σύχλιμενος ἐποὶ νηδά "χειρὲ δειδ' τολῆςσου' σε γὰρ πράττων ἐν Ὠλίμπῃ.
ILIAD X.

For if ye twain are bent the Trojan throng
To enter, here apart are Thracian men
But newly come, the last of all the line.
And in their midst doth Rhesus lie, their king,
The son of Eioneus. Fairest his steeds
And largest-limbed of all that e'er I saw:
Whiter than snow they match the winds for speed.
A chariot hath he also deftly wrought
With gold and silver. Golden are the arms,
Of giant size, a marvel to behold,
Wherewith he came: beseems not mortal men
In such to clothe them, but immortal gods.
But take me now to your swift-sailing ships,
Or bind in ruthless bond and leave me here;
That ye may go your way, and test my tale,
Whether my words to you be truth or no."

Then with grim glance stout Diomedes spake:
"Nay, Dolon, on escape set not thy heart,
Though good thy news, now that we hold thee fast.
For if for ransom we release thee now,
Or let thee go, surely thou'll come again
Hereafter to the swift Achaian ships,
Either to spy or fight in open war:
But if thou lose thy life, slain by my hands,
To Argives thou wilt work no future harm."

He spake: and, as the other with broad hand
Reached out to touch his chin in supplicant prayer,
Right on his neck the flashing sword he drove,
And severed both the tendons, and the head—
Ev'n as he spake—was mingled with the dust.
Then from his head the helm of weasel-skin
They took, with wolf-skin cloak, and springing bow,
And the long lance. These to the Maid of spoil
Athené did Odysseus, godlike wight,
Hold up on high, and thus in prayer he spake:
"Hail, goddess, hail, with these! To thee of all
πάντων ἄθανάτων ἐπιδωσόμεθ'. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὕτης
πέμψαν ἐπὶ Θρηκῶν άνδρῶν ἵππους τε καὶ εὐνάξ."
οἱ δὲ οὖν προσέθησαν καὶ ἀπὸ θεῶν υψό' αέρας
θῆκεν ἄνδρα μυρίσης δέλουν δὲ ἐπὶ σήμα τ' ἔθηκαν,
ζυμαρίζουσα δύνασα μυρίσης τ' ἐρυθλάει δίχους,
μὴ λάθοι αὕτης ἱόντες θοίν δὲ οὐκέτα μελαναν.
τῶς δὲ βάτην προτέρα διὰ τ' ἔστεα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα,
αἵγα δὲ ἐπὶ Θρηκῶν άνδρῶν τέλος ἱξον ἱόντες. 470
οὐδε δὲ οὖν καμάρα ἀδηκότες, ἔστεα δὲ σφίν
cαλά παρ' αὐτοῖς χθονὶ χέλωτο, εὐ κατὰ κόσμον,
τριστοκάτο παρά δὲ σφί ἐκάστη δι' ἔχους ἱπποῖς.
'Ρήσος δ' ἐν μέσῃ αὐδὴ, παρ' αὐτῷ δ' ἅκης ἱπποῖς
ἐξ ἐπιδυμοῦδος πυράντης ἐμάσι δέδεντο. 478
τῶν δ' 'Οδυσσεὺς προσάροιθε ἱδαίν Διομήδει δεῖξεν
'οὐτὸς τούτο, Διομήδε, ἀνής, οὗτος δὲ τοῦ ἤπποι,
οὔτε νόμην πίθανου θάλα, ὅτι ἐπέφυκεν ἡμεῖς.
ἀλλ' ὅγε δὴ, πρόφερε κρατερὸν μένος' οὔδέ τι σε χρή
ἔσταμεν μέλειν ἔναν τείχεσιν, ἀλλὰ λῖ ἤππου. 480
τὰ ὑπ' οὗ άνδρας ἐναρε, μελάσασιν δὲ έμοι ἤπποι.
ὁ δ' φάτο, τῷ δ' ἐμπνεύσει μένος γλαυκότης Ἀθήρης,
κείμεν δ' ἐπιστροφάδην τῶν δὲ στόνως ἀφρως' ἀεικῆς
ἀπὸ θεωμένιν, ἐρυθαίνετο δ' αἵματι γαῖα.
ὡς δὲ λέων μῆλοις ἀσημάντουσιν ἐπέλθον,
ἀγγειο' ἢ ὠδεσὶ, κακὰ φρονέων ἐνορώσῃ,
ὡς μὲν Θρῆμας ἀνδρας ἐτύχοι τυφῶν οὐς,
δρας δυάδες' ἔτρεφεν. ἀτάρ πολύμητος 'Οδυσσεύς,
ὅτι της Τυφώδης ἀπὸ πλύσει παραστάς,
τῶν δ' 'Οδυσσεὺς μετόπισεν λαβὼν ποδὸς ἑξερώτασεν, 488
τὰ φρονέων κατὰ θυμὸν, ὅπως καλλίτριχος ἤπποι,
μέρα διέλθουν, μηδὲ τρομεσάτο θυμὸ.
Immortals in Olympus first we cry.
But ev'n again thy guidance give, and show
The steeds and couches of these Thracian men."

Such words he spake; and lift the spoils on high
Then set them on a tamarisk tree: whereto
A token plain he placed, some gathered reeds
And leafy tamarisk boughs, that coming back
Through black and fleeting night they might not miss.

Then onwards went the twain through arms and blood;
And quickly to the Thracian band they came:
Who wearied out were sleeping. By them lay
Their fair arms on the ground in order piled,
Three lines: and by each man his yoke of steeds,
And in their midst slept Rhesus; and by him
His fleet steeds from the hinder chariot rail
Were tethered by the reins. Him first descried
Odysseus, and to Diomedes showed:
"This is the man, be sure, and these the steeds,
Whereof, O Diomedes, Dolon spake,
Whom late we slew. Come then, thy mighty strength
Put forth: it fits thee not all armed to stand
Nought doing. Wherefore loose the steeds: or thou
Despatch the men, and be the steeds my care."

So spake he: but Athené, stern-eyed maid,
Breathed strength in Tydeus' son, that right and left
He slew, and, as the sword-strokes fell, their groans
Rose grievous, and the soil ran red with blood.
And as on flock unherded, goats or sheep,
A lion sudden springs, bent to destroy,
So came upon the Thracians Tydeus' son:
Till twelve were slain. And he of many wiles,
Odysseus, whomso with the falchion smote
Tydides standing near, him by the foot
He took and backward drew from out the line,
This meaning, that the fair-maned steeds might pass
All smoothly, nor in spirit shrink to step
νεκροὶ. ἄμβασκοινν εἶχαν γὰρ οὕτω ἀυτῶν.

όλλ᾽ ὅστις ἦτο βασιλέα κυβησατο τυδεός ύλος,
τόν τρισπαθίδατον μελαδέα θυμόν ἀφηρά
ἀσθμαίοντε· κακῶν γὰρ ἄνω κεφαλής ἐπέστη
τὴν νότη· Οἰδιπόδον παῖς, διὰ μητὶν Ἀθηνῆς.

τόφρα δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὁ τυλίμμων Ὀδυσσεύς λόε μάνχες ἑπτούς,
σὺν δ᾽ ἴμαρ τήρεσι, καὶ ἱξίδαυνον ὅμλου
τόξον ἐπιπλῆσον, ἐπεὶ οὐ μάρτυρα φαινὴν
ποικλὸν ἐν δίφροιο νεόσσωτο χερσὶν ἑλέσθαι.

ροζήσων δ᾽ ἄρα πυραώσκεις Διομήδει βλέπ.

αὐτὰρ δ᾽ μερρήριζε μένων ὅστις κύντατον ἔρδοι,
ἡ δὲ δίφροιν ἔλαιον, τοῖς ποικλά τεῦχε' ἄκειτο,
μυθοὶ ἰδεροὶ ή δειφρὸν ύφος' ἀδρασ,

ἡ δὲ τῶν πλεύσεων Θρηκίων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἑλώτιο.

ἐνιοῦ δ᾽ τὰῦτ᾽ ἐρμαίνον κατὰ φρένα, τόφρα δ᾽ Ἀθηνῆ
ἀχγίδεν ἱσταμένη προσέφη Διομήδει διὸν.

"νόστου δὴ μαχάς, μεγαθύμου τυδεός υλος,

νὰς ἄτθι γλαφυρὰς, καὶ περιβομπὸν ἄληρης,

μὴ τοῦ τε καὶ Τριῶν ἐγέρῃσον θεὸς ἄλλος."

ἐς φαῖθ, δὴ δὲ ἐμνήσχες θεὸς ὅτα νεφώσης,

καρπάλλως δ᾽ ἑπτῶν ἐπεβήσετο. καὶ τὸ Ὀδυσσεὺς
tόξον τοῖς ἑπτόντοι θυμῷ ἄτθι γιης Ἀχαϊῶν.

οὕλ᾽ ἀλασσακωτὴν εἰς' ἄργυροτόθος Ἀττικῶν,

ὡς ἦν Ἀθηναίην μετὰ Τυδεός ὕλον ἐπεσαν

tῇ κατέναν Τραῖν κατεδώσετο ποιλῶν ἄληρης,

ὁραμὴ δὲ Θρηκίων θυμοφόροι ἑπτοκόμων,

Ῥήσον ἄρχησίν ἐσθίλων, δὲ δὲ ἑπτῶν ἄνορούσας,

ὡς ἦν χείραν ἥρμου δὲ ἑτασσάν οἷας ἑπτοῦ,

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ΙΔΙΑΔΟΣ Κ.
Amid the dead, a yet unwonted sight.
But when the son of Tydeus reached the king,
From him, the thirteenth slain, he took sweet life,
As sore he panted, for an evil dream
Stood o'er his head that night, the warrior child
Of Æneas' son, sped by Athené's wile.
But while he slew, Odysseus, patient wight,
The firm-hoofed horses loosed, which by the reins
He coupled, and drove forth from out the throng,
Striking them with his bow, for the bright whip
From chariot richly-wrought he had not marked
To put his hand and take. Then whistling low
To godlike Diomedes gave he sign.
But he was doubting still, as there he stood,
What boldest deed to do: to take the car,
Where lay the rich-wrought arms, and by the pole
Drag forth or lift on high and bear it out;
Or of that Thracian throng yet more to slay.
But while he pondered thus, Athené came
And standing near addressed the godlike chief:
"Bethink thee of return to the hollow ships,
Thou son of great-souled Tydeus; lest it chance
Thou go in fear and flight: for haply now
Some other god may rouse thy Trojan foes."
She spake: he knew the goddess by her voice,
And hasted him to mount; Odysseus then
Smote with his bow the steeds, that on they flew
To the swift vessels of Achaia's host.
Meanwhile Apollo of the silver bow
No blind watch kept: but, when with Tydeus' son
He saw Athené following, wroth with her
He plunged amid the numerous Trojan throng,
And roused a Thracian councillor, by name
Hippocoon—cousin brave of Rhesus he.
Upstarted he from sleep; and, when he saw
Void space where fleet-foot steeds had stood, and men
άνδρας τ’ ἀσταλφοντας ἐν ἀργαλέρσι φονήσιν, ἡμωξέν τ’ ἄρ’ ἐκείτα, φιλον τ’ ἀνύμηνεν ἔταιρον. Τράων δὲ καληγή τε καλ ἀστετος ἄρτο κυδομιῆς θυσίων ψιμίς  Θησέου δὲ μέριμμα ἐργα, ἦσεν ἄλλες Μέξωντες ἔβαν κολας ἐκεὶ νήσας. 534
οὐ δὲ δ’ ἔτε δή ὢν ἐκεῖνον διδὲ σκοπῶν ὁ Ἐκτόρος ἑκταῖ, ὡς ὁ Ὀδυσσεύς μεν ἐνεξε διήφιλος ἐκέλας ἤππους. Τυδείδης δὲ χαμάξεθε διατόν ἑσαρδε βροτίστα θα λέεσσα ὁ Ὀδυσσής τήν, ἐπεθήκετο δ’ ἤππους. μάςιζεα δ’ ἐλαίαν, τοῦ δ’ οὐκ ἄκοντε πείσειν νήσαι ἐπὶ γλαφυράς τῇ γαρ φιλον ἐπελετο θυμά. Νέστωρ δὲ πρῶτος κτύπον δίε, φώνησεν τε αὐτὸ Ὀδυσσέας ἡγήτορες ἥδε μέδοντες, ψεῦσαμαι ἢ ἐτυμον ἐρέα; κέλεται δὲ μεθυμός. ἤππους μ’ ἀνακόμην ἀμφι κτύπον οὔτα βάλλει. 530 οἱ γὰρ δὴ Ὁδυσσεύς τε καὶ ὁ κρατήρας Διομήδης ἄφαρ ἐσθε Τράων ἐλασαίατο μοίνης ἤππους. 535 ἀλλ’ αἰνεὶς δεῖδωκα μετὰ φερεῖν μὴ τι πάθοισιν Ὁ Ἀργείων ἡρμοτοῦ ὑπὸ Τράων ὀρμογεύοις.”
οὐ πει πὲν εἰρητο ἔπος δὴ ἄρ’ ἠλυθόν αὐτοὶ. 540 καὶ β’ οὖ μὲν κατάθηκαν ἐπὶ χθόνα, τοῖς δὲ χαράντες δεξιάς ἠσταλκοντο ὑπεσί τε μελημαίοις. πρῶτος δ’ ἐξακίνην Γερήνοις ἤππατα Νέστωρ: “ἐπὶ ἄγα μ’, ὁ πολλαύς Ὁδυσσεύς, μέγα κύδος Ἀχαιῶν, ἦτες τούτοι ἤππους λάβετον καταδύντες ὄμηλον 545 Τράων; ἤ τις σφόν πάρεις θεους ἀντιβολής; αἰτεῖς δἐσμοντες δακαίοτες ἐχέλοις.
αἰεὶ μὲν Τράων’ ἐπιμελογομαῖ, οὐδὲ τ’ φημι μμαξάζουν παρά νησι, γέρων περ ἐδών πολεμιστής’
Yet gasping in a hideous heap of slain,  
With cry of woe he named his comrade dear.  
Clamour of Trojans then and uproar rose  
Unutterable, as they together rushed.  
Wond'ring they saw what deeds of dread the men  
Had wrought ere to the hollow ships they turned.  
But for the chiefs—when to the spot they came  
Where Hector's spy they slew, Odysseus there,  
Beloved of Zeus, reined in the fleet-foot steeds;  
And to the ground the son of Tydeus leapt,  
And in Odysseus' hands lifting he placed  
The bloody spoils, and mounted up again.  
The steeds he lashed; who nothing loth flew on  
To the hollow ships, for thither were they fain.  
Their clattering hoofs first Nestor heard and spake:  
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,  
Shall I be false herein, or say the truth?  
My spirit bids me speak. The clattering sound  
Of horses at the gallop strikes mine ears.  
Pray heaven it be Odysseus, and withal  
Stout Diomedes, who thus soon return  
From Trojan camp and drive these firm-hoofed steeds.  
But sore I fear at heart some harm has happ'd  
To these our bravest from the host of Troy."
Not all his words were ended when they came.  
Then to the ground down leapt they: whom the rest  
Rejoicing greeted with right hand of love  
And kindly words: and first Gerenc's knight  
Nestor thus asked them how their work had sped:  
"Come tell me, O Odysseus, much-praised man,  
Achaia's mighty boast, how got ye twain  
These steeds. The Trojan armies entered ye?  
Or met some god who gave them? To the rays  
Of the bright Sun-god they are wondrous like.  
I ever mingle with the Trojan lines,  
Nor loiter—I may boast—beside the ships,  
Albeit a greybeard warrior. Yet such steeds
Ἀλλ᾽ ὁ τε σῳ τοιούτῳ ἱππος ἤδε γοὰ νῆσα. 550
Ἀλλά τιν' ὄμο' ὅπω δομεναι θεον ἀντίσαυτα·
ἀμφότερο γὰρ σφῶν φίλει νεφέληγερέτα Ζεὺς
κυρὴ τ' ἀγνόχοιο Δίως, ἡλικοὺτις 'Αθηνῆ·

τὸν δ' ἀπαμείβομενος προσέφη πολὺντως Ὄδυσσεις·
"Ἄντωρ Νηλημάδη, μέγα κύδος Ἀχαιῶν,
μείρα θεός γ' ἀθλῶν καὶ ἀμέλους ἡ περ σίθε
ἵππους διωχήσαντ' ἔπει τ' ἀνάλεγον διωχήσανδι.
Ἡπός δ' οἶδε, γεραῖε, νεφέλις, οὐς ἐρευνᾶτε,
 Thetaïας τ' ἐν δ' σφὶ ἀνακτ' ὠγαθὸν Διομήδης
ἐστανυ, τὸρ δ' ἐτάφος δυσκαλέσκα πάντας ἄριστον.
ὡς τὸν τρικαλέσκατον σκότον εἴλομεν ἑργάθει νῆσον,
τὸν ἕλπιδ' οὕτω στρατοὺ ἐξαναι ἕμερω τε

"Εκτερ τε προσέπει καὶ ἄλλι Τραῖς ὁγανον."

ὡς εἰκὼν τάφροι διήλασε μάνυχας ἱπποὺς
καγχαλὸν' ἁμα δ' ἄλλοι ἴσαν χαίροντες Ἀχαιῶν·
οὔ δ' ἐφ' ἑκατερίθε θεοὶ ἐκτωπού θυσίατο,
ἵππους μὲν κατέδθησαν διήμιθτους Ἰαμάνος
φοίνι κ' ἐπειδ' ἤδε τοπίαν, ἢ δ' πορνεύομαι ἱπποὺς
ἐστασαν εἰκότος μελήδεα πυρὸν ἔδωμες,
ἤδ' ἐν προμή ἐναρε βροτότευν Διόλωνος
θῆθ' Ὄδυσσεις, ὧφυ' ἱδὼν ἐτομασσαλατ' Ἀθηνῆ.
ἄυτοι δ' ἤδρα πολλῶν ἀπεκλείσανθα θαλάσσα
ἐσβάντες, κηνίας τε ἐνδι λόφον ἀμφι το μηροῦν.
᾿αὐτὸς δ' ἐπεί σφῶν κύμα θαλάσσα τοίρα πολλῶν
νῆσον ἐπὶ χρώμας καὶ ἀνέτυχεν φίλον ἢτορ,
ἐν' ἐπ' ἀσαμίθοις βάνατε εὕξεσαι λύσαντα.
τὸ δ' λοιπομένῳ καὶ ἀπελευγοῦσε λεπτ' ἐλαίῳ
δείχνῃ ὀφζανγηγη, ὡς δ' κρήτηρος Ἀθηνῆ
πλαῦσιν ἀφυεσόμενος λαϊ θυμήθης εἰς τῶν.
I ne'er yet saw nor marked. But 'twas, I ween,
Some god encountering gave them: for to Zeus
Cloud-gatherer, and Athené, stern-eyed maid
Of aegis-wielding Zeus, ye both are dear."

To whom replied the many-counselled man:
"O Nestor Neleus' son, Achaia's pride,
A god with ease, if so he willed, could give
E'en better steeds than these be, for the gods
Are mightier far. But, father, for these steeds
Whereof thou askest, they are newly come,
Of Thracian strain; and him who was their lord
Stout Diomedes slew, and by his side
Twelve comrades, good men all. And one to boot
Thirteenth we took hard by our ships, a scout,
Whom to spy out our army was sent forth
By Hector and the noble sons of Troy."

So spake he, and across the trench he drove
The firm-hoofed steeds, loud laughing: and with him
Followed Achaia's sons rejoicing all.
But when Tydides' well-framed tent they reached,
The horses by the well-cut reins they tied
Fast to the rack, where stood the fleet-foot steeds
Of Diomedes eating sweet-grained wheat.
But Dolon's bloody spoils Odysseus stowed
Safe in his vessel's stern, that they therefrom
An offering to Athené might prepare.
Then entered they the sea, and there washed off
The copious sweat from knees and neck and thighs.
And when the salt sea wave had washed their skin
Of copious sweat, and much refreshed their heart;
Then stepped they into polished bathing tubs
Of water sweet, to cleanse them of the brine.
And so, their bathing done, with olive oil
The twain anointed them and sate to meat;
And to Athené from the brimming bowl
Drew out and duly poured the honeyed wine.
ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Α.

'Ηδ' δ' ἐκ λεχέων παρ' ἀγανοῦ Τεθωνοῦ ἔρευθ', ἐν' ἀπανάτοιοι φῶς φέροι ἦδε βροτοῖσιν. 
Ζεὺς δ' Ἐρείδα προτάλλε θὸς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἄργαλην, πολέμων τέρας μετὰ χειρῶν ἔχουσαν.

στῇ δ' ἐπ᾽ Ὀδυσσῆος μεγακτῆτε νῆι μελανῇ,

ἡ δ' ὑμεσάτηρ δέεικε γεγωνόμενον ἀμφότερος,

ἤμιν ἐπ᾽ Αιαντοῦ κλωσίς Τελεμαονίαδα

ἡ δ' ἐπ᾽ Ἀχιλλῆος, τοῖ δ' ἥχατα λῆσα έτεος ἐίεσαν ἀρωταῖον, ἦνορῇ πλαύνοι καὶ κάρτει χειρῶι.

ἐνθα σταὶ ἦνος θεὰ μέγα τε δεινὸν τε

ἑρθείς, Ἀχαιῶν δὲ μέγα σχένος ἐμβαλει ἐκάστη 

καρδίη, ἀλλικτον πολεμικόμεν ἦδε μάχεσθαι,

τοίοι δ' ἀφαρ πόλεμος ἴλεκτος γένετ' ἦλ νεεθαί

ἐν ζωῆι ἡλαφρόκοι φίλην ἐν πατρίδα γαῖαν.

Ἀρείῆος δ' ἔβδοσε ἤδε ξίωνυσθαι ἄνωγεν

'Ἀργείους' ὡς δ' αὐτῶς ἐδὺσετο νόιρωτα χαλέων.

κατάθασε μὲν πρώτα περὶ κνήμης ἐθήκεν καλάς, ἀργυροῖσιν ἐπισφυρίους ἀράβους.

δεύτερος οἰ θερμαί περὶ στηθὲσιν ἐδώσεν,

τῶν ποτὲ οἱ Κινύρης δέει ξενῆιν ἐνα.
ILIAD XI.

The prowess of Agamemnon, and his wounding.

Morn from her bed and from Tithonus' side,
Her noble spouse, uprose, to bring the light
To gods immortal and to mortal men,
When Discord to the swift Achaian ships
Was sent of Zeus, fell power, bearing in hand
Dread sign of war. And by Odysseus' ship
She stood, that midmost lay, black-hulled and huge,
Whence either way a voice might well be heard,
Or to the tent of Ajax Telamon,
Or to Achilleus' tent—those twain who ranged
Last of the line their balanced ships, secure
In their bold manhood and their mighty hands.
There stood the goddess, and gave forth a shout
Loud terrible and shrill, whereby she breathed
A mighty strength in each Achaian heart
Unceasingly to battle and to fight.
And war they now deemed sweeter than to sail
In hollow ships to their own fatherland.

Then did the son of Atreus cry aloud,
Bidding his Argives gird their armour on,
The while himself he clad in dazzling mail.
First put he round his legs the greaves so fair
With silver ankle-clasps made fast and sure;
The corselet next around his breast he drew,
That Cinyras once had given, a gift from far,
τεύθεν γὰρ Κόπρονδε μέγα κλάος, οὕνεκ' Ἀχαιοὶ ὡς Τροίης κῆσον ἀκαπελεύςθαι ἡμέλλον·
τούνεκα οἱ τῶν ὦδεκε, χαριζόμενος βασιλῆ. τοῦ δὲ τοι δέκα οἴμοι ἦσαν μέλανος κυάνου,
δώδεκα δὲ χρυσοῦ καὶ ἐξακος κασσαντέραοι·
κυνάκοι δὲ δράκαντες δραφάρχατο προτη δειρήν
τρεῖς δεκάτερθ', ἰσωσία ὑιώτες δὲ το κραυνῶν ἐν νεφέω στήριξε τέρας μερόφων ἀνθρώπων.
ἀμφι δ' ἐστ' ἐμοιοι βάλετο ξίφος· ἐν δὲ οἱ ἥλιοι
χρυσεῖοι τάμφασιν, ἀτὰρ περὶ κουλέων ἦν
ἀργύρεων, χρυσέως δορτήρεσσιν ἀφήνως.
ἐν δ' ἐντεὶ ἀμφιβάτην πολυβάδαλον ὄσπίδα θεών,
καλῆ, ἢ τέρι μέν κυάλοι δέκα χάλκεοι ἦσαν,
ἐν δὲ οἱ ἀμφιλοὶ ἦσαν ἄλησις κασσαντέραοι
λευκοί, ἐν δὲ μέσοισιν ἦν μέλανος κυάνου.
τῇ δ' ὡς μὲν Γοργώ διοκυράτεις διεσφάνατο
δεινὸν δερκαμίνη, περὶ δὲ δειμὸς τε φόβος τε.
τῇ δ' ἐξ αργύρεος τελαμών ἦν· αὐτὰρ ἐν αὐτοῦ
κυάνοις ἄλλωτο δράκαιοι, κεφαλὰι δὲ οἱ ἦσαν
τρεῖς ἀμφιστρεφέσθε, ἐνδὸς αὐχένες διεσφανυῖα.
κρατεὶ δ' ἐν τῇ ἀμφίβαλοι κυνήθηθεν θέτο τετραφάληρον
ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος κανύτερθεν ἦσσεν.
ἐλεότο δ' ἐκείμα δώρε δόνη, κεκουρυμένα χαλαφέ
ἐκέφαλέ τιλα δὲ χαλακιῶν αὐτῶν ὀφανῶν ἐλίῳ
λάμπη. ἐπὶ δὲ γίγανθησαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἡρη,
τιμῶσας βασιλῆα πολυχρόσου Ἡμινήν.
ἡμιχρὸς μὲν ἄντεκτα ἐφ' ὑπέτελλα ἄκατος
ἵππους εὖ κατὰ κόσμον ἱρυκέμεν ἄδη ἐπὶ τάφροι,
αὐτὸ δὲ προέλατο σὺν τεῦχος θυρχήθεντες
μέσοι· ἃσβεστος δὲ βοι γέγεν' ἃθεο πρό.
φθάνει δὲ μέγ' ἱπτήμων ἐπὶ τάφροι κομμηθέντες,
ILIAD XI.

For Cyprus heard the mighty fame that now
Achaia's ships would sail the seas to Troy.
Wherefore he gave this gift to please the king.
Ten stripes of dark-blue metal there were wrought
With twelve of gold, and twenty more of tin.
And snakes of dark-blue metal stretched them up
Toward the wearer's neck, three on each side,
Like to the rainbow-lines, that Cronos' son
Sets in the cloud, a sign to speaking men.
Around his shoulders then his sword he slung
Gleaming with studs of gold, in silver sheath,
But bright with gold the gear by which it hung.
Then took he up his lightly-wielded targe,
The body's ample guard, fair, richly-wrought,
Round which ten brazen circles ran; within
Were twenty bosses white of tin, and one
Midmost of dark-blue metal. Rose thereon
A grim-faced Gorgon of terrific glance,
With Terror and with Flight on either side.
And from the shield was stretched a silver strap
With dark-blue serpent wreathed thereon, whose heads
Three turning either way from one neck grew.
Then on his head a helm of double cone
He set, four-plumed, with horse-hair crest above
That nodded terrible: two mighty spears
He took withal brass-tipped and keen, whose blaze
Flashed far to deepest heaven. A thundering sound
Athené then and Heré gave, to grace
The sovereign of Mycenae's golden town.
Now to his charioteer each chief gave charge,
There by the trench to hold his horses back
In order due; but all in armour clad
Themselves moved on afoot; and quenchless rose
Their shout before the dawn. They with the horse
Took order, at the trench; then went they first,
ἐπιτής ὦ ὅλγον μετεκιάθων. ἐν δὲ κυδωμών ὠρεὶ κακῶν Κρονίδης, κατὰ δὲ υψίθεν ἦκεν ἐράς αἱματι μυδαλέας ἀεὶ αἰθόρος, οὐδὲν ἐμαλλὰν τοιαῦτα ἱερὸμον κεφαλᾶς Ἀἰδής προϊόσην.

Τράει δ' αὖ άρεᾶν ἐπὶ θρασμῷ πεδίοιο,

"Εστορά τ' ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἁμύρονα Πούλυδάμαντα Αἰγελάν θ', ὥς Τρασι θεὸς ὥς τίτο δήμῳ,

τρεῖς τ' Ἀρταμηρίδας, Πόλυμπον καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον ἡμῶν τ' Ἀκάμαν', ἑπείτειλον ἀθανάτους. ἠμαρτοι τῶν παμφαιῶν, τῶν δ' αὐτῶς δῖον νῦν σκέψεσθαι, ὥς ἢ "Εστωρ ὅτι μὲν τα μετά πρῶτοις φάνεσεν ἀλλοτρί τ' ἐν πυκνώτατοι κελέους τάς δ' ἄρα χαλκοῦ ὅσα λάμφοι δ' ὧς τε στεροτῇ πατρός Δώσε αὐγάξοιο."

οὔ δ', ὡς τ' ἀμητῆρα ἐναντίον ἀλληλοισιν ἤγονο δεῖλαμον ἄνδρός μάκαρος κατ' ἀρουραν πυρῶν ἢ κριθῶν τὰ δὲ δράματα ταρφεί πάντες ὡς Τράες καὶ Ἀχαῖοι ἐν ἀλλῆλοις θυρότες δήσοντας, οὔδ' ἢτεροι μνάσοντ' ὀλοοῦν φόβουν, ἤτασι δ' ὑμαῖνον κεφαλᾶς ἔχον οἳ δ' λύκοι δ' θύσον. "Ερες δ' ἄρ' ἐχαίρε τελιστοὺς εἰσορόσσα: οὐκ γὰρ ἐν δεισιδείᾳ μαραμένους, οἳ δ' ἀλλ' ὃς σφιν πάρεσαν θεοί, ἀλλὰ ἔκτιοι σφοινκὸν ἦλιον μέγαροι καθελοῦν, ἂς ἐκάστῳ δεῖματα καὶ ἀττυκτο κατὰ πτῦχος Οὐλώμπου. πᾶντες δ' ἑτιώντως κελαυνεῖα Κρονίδα, ὁμόνως ἄρα Τράεσιν ἐβοῦλετο κάκος ὀρείσα τῶν μὲν ἄρ' οὐκ ἄλλον ὑπηρτήρ' δ' ὡς σφι οἰσθαλις ὑπὲρ τῶν ἄλλων ἑπάκειε καθίζετο κύδει γαλῶν, εἰσορόσσα Τράεσι τε τὸλμαν καὶ νῆα τ' Ἀχαῖον.
The horsemen following on nor far behind.
And Cronides with tumult fell inspired
Their host, and from on high sent down a dew
Of dripping blood, in token that he willed
To hurl to Hades many a valiant head.

But o'er against them on the rising ground
Mustered the sons of Troy, around their chiefs,
Hector the great, blameless Polydamas,
Æneas, whom the Trojan folk revered
Ev'n as a god, Antenor's scions three,
Polybus, with Agenor the divine,
And youthful Acamas, of immortals peer.
And Hector foremost bare his orbéd shield.
And as from clouds fell Sirius all ablaze
Now sudden bursts, now hides him in their shade,
So Hector now shone foremost in the van,
Now, hidden, urged the rear, in flashing mail
Bright as the bolt of th' aegis-wielding sire.

The hosts—as reapers in two facing rows
Work the long swathe in wealthy owner's field
Of barley or of wheat, from whose full hands
The severed stalks fall fast—so in firm line
The Trojans and Achaians dealing death
Each at the other leapt, nor either thought
Of baneful flight, but in the conflict still
Held even heads, and wolf-like rushed and raged.
Then woful Discord joyed the sight to see,
For she alone was present at the fight,
Nor other gods were there; but undisturbed
In their own halls they sat, where a fair home
Was built for each within Olympus' glens.
These all on cloud-veiled Cronides cast blame,
That glory thus to Troy he willed to grant.
Yet nought the Father recked of them, but turned
Apart and sate alone in pride of power
Troy's town beholding, and Achaia's ships,
χαλκοῦ τε στεροπῆς, ὀλλόντας τ' ὀλυμπένους τε.

δῆρα μὲν ήσσος ἦν καὶ αέβετο ἱερὸν ἤμαρ,

tόφρα μάλ' ἀμφιτέρων βελεί' ἅπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαός. 83

ημος δὲ δρυτόμος περ' ἀνή πᾶπλάσατο δείκτων

οὖρεως ἐν βήςησιν, ἐπει τ' ἐκορέσατο χειρὶς

tάμνων δενδρεα μακρά, ἀδος τε μὲν ἱεσι θυμών,

αἰτον τε ἑλικεροῖο περὶ φρένας ζηρεος αἰεὶ,

τήμος σφη' ἀρετῆ Δαναοὶ ὁξίαντο φάλαγγας,

κεκλάμενον ἑτάροισι κατὰ στίγμα. ἐν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων

πρώτος ὄρους', ἐδ' ἄνδρα Βιήρα ποιμένα λαῶν,

αὐτὸν, ἐπειτα δ' ἑταῖρον Θηληὰ πλήξετον.

η τοι δ' ι' ἐξ Ἰππών κατεπάληνας ἀντίος ἐστη'

tῶν δ' ιδος μεμαθὴ μετάπτον οξεὶ δουρὶ

νόξ', οὐδὲ στεφάνη δόρι οἱ σχέθε χαλκοβάρεια,

ἀλλὰ δ' αὐτῆς ἁλλε καὶ ὡστίον, ἄγκεφαλος δὲ

ἔνδον ἄπας πεπάλακτο' δάμασε δὲ μὲν μεμαθτα,

καὶ τοὺς μὲν λίπεν ἄθις ἀναζ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,

στήθες παμφαλώσοινται, ἐπεὶ περιδυε χειτῶνας.'

αὐτάρ δ' Βη' Ἰσών τε καὶ Ἀντίφων ἱσαριζών,

νὲον Ὀμῶν Πράμωο, νόθον καὶ γνησίον, ἄμφω

εἰν ἐν διήφο ἐντας. δ' μὲν νόθος ἄρνωγεν,

'Ἀντίφων αὖ παρέβασε περικυλτότως' δ' τοῦ' Ἀχιλέως

'Ιδος ἐν κινοίται δίδο μόσχοισι λυγίσων,

πομπαίοντ' ἐπὶ ἔσσο λαβὼν, καὶ ἔλνυσεν ἄποινον.

δή τότε η' Ἀτρεβίδας εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων

tῶν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοίν κατὰ στήθος βάλε δουρί,

'Ἀντίφων αὖτε παρ' οὔς ἔλατε ἔλφει, δὲ δ' ἐβαλε Ἰππών.

στερχόμενος δ' ἀπὸ τῶν ἀσύλα τεῦχεα καλά,
ILIAD XI.

The sheen of brass, the slayers and the slain.
While yet 'twas morning tide, and day divine
Still grew, so long the spears of either host
Found mark and warriors fell. But at the hour
When in a forest glade the woodman spreads
His mid-day meal—for loathing now the work
His spirit feels desire of pleasant food—
Ev'n at that hour the Danaans' prowess brake
The opposing squares, as in their ranks they urged
Each one his comrade. Agamemnon first
Dashed in, and slew a man, Bienor named,
A people's shepherd, then his comrade true
Oileus slew he, smiter of his steeds.
Who from the car leapt down and faced the foe,
But him, as eager on he pressed, the king
With pointed spear full in the forehead pierced,
Nor did the helmet-rim of heavy brass
Turn back the spear, which through the metal passed
And through the bone, that all the brains within
Were scattered, and his eager spirit quelled.
And these the son of Atreus king of men
Left there to lie with breasts all bare and bright
Stript of their shirts of mail; and hied him on
To slay two sons of Priam, Isus named
And Antiphus, a bastard and a true,
Both in one car. The bastard held the reins,
While noble Antiphus fought by his side.
These twain Achilles once on Ida's slope
Took as they fed their sheep, and bound them fast
With willow bands, and then for ransom loosed.
But now did Agamemnon, mighty king,
The son of Atreus, cast his spear and strike
The one above the nipple on the breast,
And Antiphus he smote beside the ear
With cut of sword, and hurled him from his car.
Then hasted he to strip from off the twain

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γυναίκας καὶ γὰρ σφι πάροι παρὰ νυμφῶν θάρσων εἰδεν, ὡτέ ἔξ Ἰδης ἀγανεν πῦδας ὁκύς Ἀχιλλεὺς. ὡς δὲ λέον ἀλάφοι ταχεῖας νῆται τέκνα φραδὸς συνέζη λαβὼν κρατοῦσιν ἀδῶνι, ἐλθὼν εἰς εὐνὴν, ἀπαλῶν τέ σφι ἡτορ ἀπηρὰ: ἦ δὲ εἶ πέρ τε τὸ χρῆσαι μάλα σχεδόν, οὐ δύναται σφι χρασιμεὺν αὐτὴν γὰρ μιν ὑπὸ τοῦ ῥόμος αἰνὸς λέανει καρπαλίμοιο, δὲ ἔμεξι διὰ δρυμὸ πυκνὰ καὶ ὑλῆν σπείδουσι ἤδρωνσα κραταιό ἤθερος ὑφὶ ὀρμῆσι: ὥς ἄρα τοῖς οὐ τε δύνατο χραισμῆσαι ἀδέρον Τρῶν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸι ὑπ’ Ἀργεῖοις φέβοντο. αὐτάρ ὡς Πεισανδρόν τε καὶ Ὑπάλοχον μεσχάρμην, νιέας ὁ Αντιμάχου δαίφρονος, οὐ παρὰ μάλιστα χρυσὸν Ἀλεξάνδροι δεδεχμένος, ἀγαλμά δώρα, οὐκ ἔτεσίκ Ἐλέφαν δόμεναι ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ, τοῦ περὶ δὲ δύο παῖς τέτει κρέοις Ἀγαμέμνονοι εἰν ἐνί δίφρορο ἔσταται, ὅμως δὲ ἔχουν ὁκεάς ὕππους· ἐκ γὰρ σφετερί τειρῶν φύγοι ἕνεκα συγευδετᾶ, τῷ δὲ κυκηθῆται. δὲ ὁ ἐναντίον ἄρτος λέων ὅς Ἰτρεῖς τῷ δὲ αὐτῷ· ἐκ δίφρονο γνοαπέκινθεν· “ἐσώρευ, Ἀτρέος νυὲ, οὐ δὲ ἄξει δεῖξις ἀπομακρυνέοις τολλία δὲ ἐν Αντιμάχου δόμοις κείμηλια κεῖται, χάλκι τοῦ χρυσοῦ τε πολυκιματίς τε σιδῆροι, τῶν κέν τοις χαρίσαι τιθῆ ἅτρειοι· ἀποικα, εἶ νοὶ ἔχωντες πετυχοῖς ἐπὶ νυμφῶν Ἀχαιῶν.” ὡς τῷ γε κλαιοντε προσανάθηται βασιλῆ μελιχίους ἐπέτεσαι· ἀμελικτον δὲ ὑπ’ ἀκοουσί “εἰ μὲν δὴ Ἀντιμάχου δαίφρονος νιέες ἔστων, ὅτ’ ἐνι Ἀργεῖοι τε οἰκαὶ Μενελαίοι, ἄνωγεν,
ILIAD XI.  453

Their goodly arms, well knowing those whom erst
By the swift ships he saw when captive brought
From Ida by Achilleus fleet of foot.
And as a lion to his lair returned
Finds in his covert laid the weakening young
Of nimble hind, whom in his powerful teeth
With ease he crunches, of their tender life
Bereaving them—but she, their dam, hard by
Yet cannot save them, for with trembling dread
Herself is touched, and swift she speeds away
Through tangled copse and wood, in haste and sweat,
To 'scape the onset of the mighty beast—
So these from doom the Trojans could not save,
But fled themselves before their Argive foes.

Then on Pisander and Hippolochus,
A warrior staunch, Atrides came—the sons
Of brave Antimachus, who most of all,
Brièd by rich gifts of Alexander's gold
To Menelaus of the yellow hair
Forbade to give back Helen—on his sons
King Agamemnon came, two in one car,
As they toward him drove their fleet-foot steeds;
For from their hands the shining reins escaped,
And all confused they strayed. Against them rose
Atrides, as a lion; whom the twain
From out the car addressed with suppliant prayer:
"Give quarter, son of Atreus! and receive
A worthy ransom. With Antimachus
Lie many treasures stored, both brass and gold
And well-wrought iron: and of these our sire
Would give unstinted ransom, should he learn
That at the Achaian vessels yet we live."

Thus weeping they addressed the king with words
Of softness, but no soft reply they heard:
"If truly sons of brave Antimachus
Ye be, who once in Trojan council urged
ἀγγελῆν ἀλθόντα σὺν ἀντιθέτο Ὀδυσσῆι, ἀθικά κατακτεῖναι μὴ δέξωμεν ἄψ ἐς Ἀχαίοις, ἐνε μὲν δὴ τοῦ ταρτᾶς ἀεικέα τίσες λάβην."

ἡ, καὶ Πελαγδρὸν μὲν ἀφὶ Ἰππῶν ὁς χαμάξει, δουρὶ βαλαίν πρὸς στῆθος: ἢ ἡ Ἰππίως οὐδεὶ ορέλασθη Ἰππόλοχος ἡ ἀπόρουσε. τὸν αὐχαμαλ ἤενάριζεν, χείρας ἀπὸ δίφει πλήξας ἀπὸ τῇ αὐχένα κόψας, ἐλμονὶ δὲ ἔσευε κυλίνδεθαι δεὶ ὀμίλου.

τοὺς μὲν δεῖον, ἢ δὲ, δὴ πλείστας κλονόντο φάλαγγες, τῷ β’ ἀνόρουν, ἢ μὲν ἀλλοι εὐκνήμιδος Ἀχαῖοι. πεζοὶ μὲν πεζοὺς ἑλκοὶ φεύγοντας ἀνάγχη, ἕπιθης δὲ Ἰππάς—ὑπὸ σφίσα δὲ ἠρτο κοίνῃ ἐκ πεδίου, τὴν ἄφιαν ἑργαζόμεθα πόδες Ἰππῶν—χαλκῷ δημόσσους. ἀνάρ κρείαν Ἀργαμένων αἴλω ἀποτελεῖν ἄπειρος Ἀργελοῦς κελεύον. 

δ' δ' ὅτα πῦρ ἀέθηλον ἐν αἴθρῳ ἐμπέσῃ θληρ' πάντη τ' εἰλοφόνων ἄνεμος φέρει, οἱ δὲ τοὺς πρόρριζοι πτέτοισιν ἐπενόμενοι πυρὸς ὀρμή: ὡς ἄρ' ὥς Ἀτρείῳ Ἀργαμέμνων πίπτε κάρυνα Τρώων φευγόντων, πολλοὶ δὲ ἐραίνουσε Ἰπποί κεῖσθ' ἔχει κροτάλαξον ἀνά πτολέμιου γεφύρας, ὑπιάλων ποδίτοις ἀμόμονας. δὲ δὲν γαῖρ κελατο, γύτεσσιν πολύν δικτεροὶ ἢ ἀλήχωσιν. "Εκτορὰ δὲ δι' ἀθέλων ὑπαγε Ζεῦς ἐκ τῆς κοίνης ἐκ τ' ἀνδροκτασίης ἐκ θ' αἰματο ἐκτε κυδομοῖο Ἀτρείῳ δ' ἐπετο σφαδανίῳ Δαμασίῳ κελεύνω. δὲ δὲ παρ' Ποῦν σήμα παλαιοῦ Δαρδανίδα, μάρτου κατ' πεδίου, παρ' ἐρμενὸ ἐπεσίωντο.
That Menelaus, when in embassy
He with divine Odysseus came, should there
Be slain, nor to Achaia free return;
Your father's outrage vile ye now shall pay."

He spake, and from the chariot to the ground
Pisander hurled, with spear-wound on the breast,
Who backward struck the earth. Then fled away
Hippolochus; and him on foot he slew,
Severing his hands and sweeping off the neck
With stroke of sword, and as a bowling stone
The limbless trunk sent spinning through the throng.

These there he left, and where the thickest squares
Fled in confused rout there dashed he in,
And with him all Achaia's well-greaved host.
Foot slaughtered foot, as now perforce they fled,
Horse upon horse, while 'neath them rose the dust
Stirred by the thundering hoofs from off the plain,
Dealt death with weapons keen. And he, the king,
Great Agamemnon, followed ever close
Slaying the foes, and urged his Argives on.
And as when wasting fire some forest dense
Invades, and by the wind is onward rolled,
Burnt to the roots the saplings prostrate fall
Pressed by the furious flame, so in their flight
The Trojan heads before Atrides fell.
And many were the steeds of arching neck
That roamed with empty clattering cars across
The battle bridge, lacking the guiding hands
Of blameless charioteers, who prostrate lay
A daintier sight for vultures than for wives.

But Hector from the spears, and from the dust,
And from the carnage and the blood and din,
Zeus kept apart, while Atreus' son pressed on
Furious and fast, urging his Danaan host.
Whose foemen past the tomb of Ilus old
The son of Dardanus, o'er the mid plain
ιέμαι τόλμησι' δ' ἐδὲ κεκληγός ἐπεὶ ἀιεὶ
Ἀτρείδης, ἀληθῶς δὲ παλάσσετο χείρας ἁπάντως
ἀλλ' ἔτε ἑκεῖνης τε τύλας καὶ φηγόν ἤκοντο,
ἥθ' ἀρα δὴ ἤταντο καὶ ἀλλήλους ἀνήμμουν.
οὔ δ' ἔτε καὶ μέσου πεδίων φοβέσατο, βῶς ὡς
ἐς τε λέων ἐφόβησε μολὼν ἐν νυκτὸς ἀμολυγῷ
πάνας· τῇ δ' ἦν ἀναφαίεται αἰτῶς ὀλθρός
τῆς δ' ἐπ disc桓 ἀβαίλειν κρατεροίων ὄδοισιν
πρῶτον, ἕπειτα δὲ θ' αἷμα καὶ ἐγκατα πάντα λαφύεσεν.
ὅς τοὺς Ἀτρείδης ἐφετερ κρησὶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἀλλ' ἀποκτενών τόν ὑπόστατον οἷ' ἐδὲ φάντον.
πολλοὶ δὲ πρηνεῖσ τε καὶ ὑποτεύξαν ὅπως
Ἀτρείδεων ὑπὸ χερου' περιπρᾶ γὰρ ἐγχεῖ θύειν.

ἀλλ' ἔτε δὲ τάχ' ἐμιλλον ὑπὸ πτόλεμιν αἰτῶ τε τεῦχος
Ξεσθαί, τότε δὴ ὅπα πατήρ ἁνδρών τε θεῶν τε
Ἰδεῖς ἐν κορυφῇ, καθ' ἐκτὸς πιθήκος
οὐραν(nullable καταβᾶσι' ἔχε δ' ἀστεροτήν μετὰ χερον
'Ἰρεὺς δ' ἐπτυνων κρυούσπερον ἀγγέλουσαν.

"βάσις" ἴδι, Ἰρι ταχεία, τόν Ἐκτορὶ μῦθον ἔνισπε,
δόφρ' ἐν μέν κεῖν ὄρα Ἀγαμέμνων ποιμένα λαόν
θύσαντ' ἐν προμάχους, ἐναρμότα στῆθας ἁνδρῶν,
tóφρο ἀναχαραίτω, τόν δ' ἐλλον λαὸν ἀνάχηθω
μάρνασθαι δηλοῖς κατὰ κρατερὴν υἱόμην.

αὐτὸς ἐπεὶ ε' ἐν δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἐν βίομενος ἑφ'
εἰς ὑπὸν ἐλατεῖ, τότε οἱ κράτοις ἐγγυάλεξ,
πτερεύνα εἰς δ' ἐν νῆσος ἐνυπίθαμος ἀφέθασιν
δῷ τ' ἰχλοὶς καὶ ὑπὶ κνήφας ἱερὸν ἐλθῇ."
Past the wild fig-tree, fled in eager haste
To gain the town: Atrides following still
With shrilling cry, his hands invincible
All stained with gore. But when the Scaean gates
And oak-tree they had reached, the foremost there
Stood firm, their fleeing comrades to await.
Who o'er the middle plain still fled, as kine
By lion coming in the dead of night
Flee all affrighted, but destruction dire
For one is seen, whose neck with powerful teeth
The beast first seizing breaks, then drains the blood
And all the flesh devours—ev'n so on these
King Agamemnon son of Atreus pressed,
And slew each hindmost foe, as still they fled.
And many fell beneath Atrides' hands,
Face forward from their cars or backward thrown,
For foremost and most furious raged his lance.

But when beneath the town and beetle-wing wall
He now full soon had come, then from high heaven
The sire of gods and men descending sate
On Ida's peak, that mount of many rills,
With levin-bolt in hand: and thus he urged
Iris his courier of the golden wings:
"Hie thee, swift Iris, and to Hector speak
This word of mine: So long as he shall see
Great Agamemnon shepherd of his host
Rushing amid the van and dealing death
On ranks of men, so long let him retire
Himself, but bid the rest, the common throng,
In stubborn conflict with their foemen fight.
But when the king by spear or arrow smit
Leaps on his car, then grant I strength to him:
To slay till to the well-bench'd ships he come,
And sun be set and sacred darkness fall."

He spake: nor disobedient to his word
Swift windfoot Iris got her down in haste
βη δὲ κατ’ Ἰδαλοὺς ὁρέων εἰς Τιμον ἠρην.
εὗρ’ ὕιδιν Πριάμου δαμιφροσος, "Ἐκτορά δὲν, ἔσται" ἐν δὲ ἤκποις καὶ ἄρμας καλλητοῖς.
ἄγχος δ’ ἱσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὁκεά Ἰρις
"Ἔκτορ νῦν Πριάμου, Διὲ μὴν ἄταλανθε,
Ζεῦς μὲ πάντῃ προέκει τεν τάδε μυθήσασθαι.
δορ’ ἀν μὲν κεν δρῆς Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμάνα λαῶν
θύσῃ ἐν προμάχοισι, ἡναρέοντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
tοῦρ’ ὑπόεικε μάχης, τὸν δ’ ἄλλου λαῶν ἀνάξιοι
μάρασθαι δηλοις κατὰ κρατερὴν ὁμήρην.
αὐτῶν ἄτε κ’ ἡ δουρὶ τυπεις ἢ βλήμενος ὥρ
εἰς ζητους ἄστασε, τότε τοι κράτος φυμαλλεῖς,
κτεῖναι εἰς δ’ κε νῆσος ἀνυψάσμους ἀφληται
δὴ τ’ ἤδησος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερῶν ἑλθῃ."
ἡ μὲν ἀρ’ ὡς εἰσοῦσθ’ ἄτεβη πόδας ὁκεὰ Ἰρις,
"Εκτορ δ’ ἐξ ὀχέων ξύν τεύχεσιν ἄξον χαμάξε,
πάλλων δ’ ὀξεί δουρε κατὰ στρατὸν ψχετο πάντῃ,
ἄτροφων μαχέσασθαι, ἤγειρε δὲ φύλασιν αὐτῆς.
οὗ δ’ ἐκλήφθησαν καὶ ἐναντίον ἔσταν Ἀχαίων.
Ἄργεως δ’ ἐτέρωσθαν ἐκαρτύναντο φαλαγγας.
ἡρτύθη δὲ μάχη, στὰν δ’ ἄντων. ἐν δ’ Ἀγαμέμνουν
πρῶτος ὀροῦν, ἥθελαν δὲ πολὶ προμάχεσθαι ἀπαντῶν.
δυτετε νῦν μοι μοῦσαι, "Οὐλύμπια δοῦμας" ἡχουσα,
ὦ τε δ’ πρῶτος Ἀγαμέμνωνος ἀντίον ἠθέθεν
ἢ αὐτῶν Τρεῖων ἢ πλεῖον ἐπικόροιν.
Ἰφιδάμας Ἀντηρόδης ἦς τε μέγας τε,
δὲ τράφη ἐν Θρῄς ἐριθαῖαι, μητέρι μήλων.
Κατοίκος τὸν γ’ ἐθρέψα δόμους ἦν τυτὸν ἐνοτα
ματριπότατον, δὲ ὦτοι Θεανὶ καλλιπάρουν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ β’ ἤθες ἐρυμυδέος ἤκετο μέτρουν,
αὐτὸς μὲν κατέρυκε, δίδου δ’ ὡς θυγατέρα ἤρ’
From Ida's peaks to sacred Ilion.
There godlike Hector warlike Priam's son
Standing she found, with steeds and well-framed car:
And near him fleet-foot Iris stood and spake:
"Hector, thou son of Priam, peer of Zeus
In counsel, Zeus the father sent me forth
These words to bear thee: Long as thou shalt see
Great Agamemnon shepherd of his host
Rushing amid the van and dealing death
On ranks of men, so long do thou retire
Thyself, but bid the rest, the common throng,
In stubborn conflict with their foesmen fight.
But when the king by spear or arrow smit
Leaps on his car, then grants he strength to thee
To slay till to the well-benched ships thou come,
And sun be set and sacred darkness fall."
Thus fleet-foot Iris spake, and went her way;
But Hector from his chariot to the ground
Armed as he was down leapt. Two lances keen
He brandished high, and went through all the host
Urging to fight, and roused the furious fray.
Round turned they all and faced the Achaian foe;
While on the other side the Argive host
Made strong their squares. The battle thus arrayed,
Line fronted line: and Agamemnon first
Dashed in, and far in front was bold to fight.
Ye Muses, in Olympian halls who dwell,
Say now who first 'gainst Agamemnon came,
Of Troy's own sons or of renowned allies.
Iphidamas Antenor's son, a man
Both brave and tall, bred up in deep-soiled Thrace,
Mother of flocks. Him Cisseus in his home
Bred from a child, Cisseus his mother's sire,
He who begat Theano, fair-cheeked dame.
But when to glorious manhood he attained,
His daughter gave he him to wife, and there
γήμας δ' ἐκ θαλάμῳ μετὰ κλῶς ἤκει 'Ακαὶν ἔχων δυοκαίδεκα μηνὶ περινόν, αὐτὸς δὲ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐν Περκὼτη λάτε νῆσας ἔσας, αὐτὰρ δ' ἐπέβη ἐδώ εἰς 'ἲλεον ἐκληπτεί. 330

ὡς ἐς τὸν 'Ἀτρείδην 'Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντιόν ἠθεν. οὐ δ' εἰς δὲ σχέδον ἦσαν ἐκ ἀληθείας πάντες, 'Ἀτρείδης μὲν ἀμάρτε, παραί δὲ οἱ ἐπέκειτ' ἔχοι, 'Ἰφιδάμας δὲ κατὰ ξώμην, θάρηκος ἐνερέθη, νῦν' ἡτὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἐρείσας, βαρεῖς χειρὶ πιθήσας' 335  ὡνδ' ἐπορεύσετο παναλόν, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὸν ἄργυρον ἀντωμένη, μόλυμος δὲ, ἐπέκειτ' αἰχμή, καλ τὸ γε χειρὶ λαβὼν εὐρυκρελῶν 'Ἀγαμέμνων ἔλε' ἡτὶ οἱ μεμαές ὡς τε λιθ', ἥκ' δ' ἄρα χειρός στάσατο τὸν δ' ἄροι πλήξιν αὐξένα, λύσει δὲ γῆν. 340  ὡς δὲ μὲν ἀδέ θεοὺς κοιμήσατο χάλκους ὕπνον ὀλεττοῖ, ἀπὸ μυστικὴς ἀλόχου, ἀποτοίησιν ἀρίττωια, κοιμίσας, ἂς οὐ το χάριν ἔδε, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκεν, πρῶτον ἐκατον βοῦς διώκει, ἐπείτα δὲ χίλι' ὑπεκτή, αὐθαὶς ἄλοχα καὶ δίς, τὰ οἱ ἀποτελαὶ ποιμάνυντο. 345  δή τότε γ' 'Ἀτρείδης 'Ἀγαμέμνων έξευαρίσθη, βῆ δὲ φέρων Ἠ' διμολο 'Ακαὶν' τεύχεα καλά.  

τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνώσε Κόων ἀρείδεκτος ἄνδρων, πρεσβυγενῆς 'Ἀντυριόπης, κρατερὸν πά οἱ τέλειοι ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐκάλυψε κασυνήτου πεσόντος. 350  στῇ δ' εὔραξ σὺν δουρῇ, λαθὸν 'Ἀγαμέμνων διὸν, νύξ τέ μη κατὰ χείρα μέσην, ἀγάκων ἐκεθνεν, ἀντιπολὺ δὲ διασχία φαεσοῦ δουρῆς ἀκοκή.  βραχὺς τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ἄκα βαρῶν 'Ἀγαμέμνων'
Was fain to keep him. But, the marriage made,
Led by the rumour of Achaian war
The new-made bridegroom from his chamber went
With the twelve beakèd ships that followed him.
These balanced ships he at Percote left,
And came by land to Ilion: where now
He fronted Agamemnon Atreus' son.
And to each other when they now drew near,
Atrides missed his mark, his erring spear
Turning aside; but him Iphidamas
Beneath the coralet on the girdle struck,
And followed up the blow with all his weight
Reliant on his heavy hand; yet so
Pierced not the supple belt; ere that might be,
By silver met the point like lead was turned.
Then Agamemnon, mighty king, the spear
Grasped and with lion's fury toward him drew
Wrenched from his foeman's hand, whom with the sword
He smote upon the neck, and loosed his limbs.
So fell he there, and slept a brazen sleep,
Ah! hapless one! away from wedded wife
Aiding his townsmen—far from that young bride
Of whom he saw no joy tho' much he gave.
First gave he kine fivescore, then fifty score
Promised to follow, mingled goats and sheep
From the vast flocks that grazed on his domain.
Him now Atrides slew, and bare away
His goodly armour through Achaia's throng.
Whom soon as Cöon saw, a man of mark,
Antenor's eldest-born, a mighty grief
Darkened his eyes for this his brother's fall.
And with his spear he took his stand, unseen
Of godlike Agamemnon, at the side,
And in mid arm beneath the elbow-joint
So smote him that the glittering point passed on
Right through. Then Agamemnon king of men


462  ΙΑΙΑΔΟΣ Δ.

ἀλλ' οὔ' ἐς ἄπειρην μάχης ἠδέ πτολήμου,
ἀλλ' ἐπήρωσε Κάλαμον ἔχων ἀνεμοτρεφές ἔχος.
ἢ τοι ᾧ Ἰφιδάμαντα κασάρητον καὶ ὅπατρον
ἔλαε ποδός μμαϊν' καὶ ἀιτεὶ πάντας ἀριστοὺς
τῶν ὅ οἴκους ἠ' ὃμοιον ὑπ' ἄπτιδος ὅμφαλοδέσπος
ἀδρος ἐξοτηρ' χαλεπὴς, λύετε δὲ γυῖα' 260
τούτο ὅ ἐπ' Ἰφιδάμαντι κάρη ἀπέκοψε παραστάς.
ἔφθ' Ἀρτέμιρος υἱὸς ὑπ' Ἀτρέιδη βασιλῆ
πότμον ἀναπλήσαντες ὤδον δόμον 'Αἴδος εἰσώ.

αὐτὰ ὅ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπετεύλειτο στίχας ἄνθρωπον
ἐχεῖ τ' αὔρι τε μεγάλοις τε χερμαδίοις,
ἐφ' ὅλοι οἱ αἱμ' ἢ τοι περὶμον ἀνήρθεις ἐξ ἄρτειλῆς.
αὐτὰ ὥσπερ τὸ μὲν ἔλκων ἑτέροις, πάντως τὸ ἀίμα,
ἀξεῖαι ὅ ὅδοιοι δύον τοὺς μένους Ἀτρέιδας.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἄν ὅδοιοι ἔχει δέλος ὅ ὅθεν γυῖαι,
δρμον, τὸ τε προείσθη μογροτόκιοι Ἐλείθωναί,
"Ἡρῆς θυατέρος πιερᾶ ὅδωσας ἢχονυς,
ὡς ὅξει' ὅδοιοι δύον μένους Ἀτρέιδας.
ὅτ' ἄριον ὅ ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἤλθ' ἐπέτελεν
νυνίσι ὅτι ἡλαφυρῆς ἡλαφυρῆς" ἤχετο γὰρ κήρ.
ἦνεν δὲ διαπρόσων, Δαναόης γεγονός' 275
"ὡς φίλοι Ἀργεῖοι ἠγάπητες ἦδὲ μέδοντες,
ὅμεις μὲν τὸν ημών ἀμόνετε ποτοπόροις
φίλοις ἀρχαῖοι, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἡμὲν μακρὰ Ζεύς
ἐλάσει Τραὐσσόι πανομόρφου πολεμίζειν."

ἂν ἐφαθ', ἦλιοις δ' ἱμασών καλλήρεις ἱπτούν 280
νός ὅτι ἡλαφυρᾶς' τῶν ὅ οὐκ ἀκούσει πετάσθην
ἀφρον δὲ στίβεα, ράγωντο δὲ νόρθος κυνή,
tετράμενον βασιλῆ ὅχης ἀπάνευθε φέροντες.
ILIAD XI.

Shuddered indeed, yet stayed not even so
From fight and battle, but on Coön rushed
Waving a spear of tempest-hardened wood.
He in hot haste was dragging by the foot
Iphidamas his brother and sire's son,
Calling the best to aid: but, through the throng
As thus he dragged him, 'neath the bossy shield
His foeman smote him with a brass-shod lance
And loosed his limbs, then standing near cut off
Over Iphidamas his brother's head.
From king Atrides there Antenor's sons
Found their due fate and sought the nether gloom.

Then ranged he through the other warrior ranks
With sword and spear and ponderous boulder stones,
While yet the blood gushed warm from out his wound.
But when 'twas dried, and blood had ceased to flow,
Sharp pains then racked the mighty Atreus' son.
And as a woman travailing doth feel
That arrow sharp and piercing which is sped
By Here's daughters, Ilithyia named,
The queens of child-birth labour who control
The bitter travail's pangs, so sharp the pains
That then did rack the mighty Atreus' son.
Up leapt he on his chariot, and gave charge
That to the carvèd ships his charioteer
Should drive, for he was sick at heart. But first
To all the Danaans his shrill shout he sent:
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Now from the seaborne ships the direful fray
Ward ye; for Zeus the counsellor forbids
That I all day should fight the Trojan foe."

He spake: and straight his charioteer lashed on
The fair-maned steeds to seek the carvèd ships.
Who not unwilling flew, with foam-flecked breasts,
And dust-besprinkled from beneath, as thus
Far from the field they bore the suffering king.
"Εκτερ δ' άς ένθος' 'Αγαμέμνωνα νύσφι κτώντα,
Τρωώ τε καλ' Δυσίλοιον εκδέπτο μακρόν ἄθανας'.
"Τρώης καλ' Δύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανον ἄγχυμαχηται,
ἀνέρες ἄρετος, φίλοι, μνήμησις δε θυώριδος οἰκείος.
οἰχεῖτ' ἀνήρ δραστός, ἐμοί δ' μέγ' εὖχος ἔδεικεν
Ζεῦς Κρόνιος, ἄλλ' ἰθ' ἐλάυνετε μάσποις ἔσεσθε
ιδίμην Δαναώ, ή' ὑπέρτερον εὖχος ἐπηρεάζει." 290
"Ας εἰπών ἐτράυμα μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστοι.
ας δ' έτη ποῦ τις θηρητή κύνας ἀργιδίδοτας
σεβή ἐν' αγροτέρφ συν' καπρόφ ὕδαλλει,
ας έτπ' Ἀρχαίοις σεβέντες Τρώας μεγαβύμον
"Εκτερ Πριμάθης, βροτολογίῳ ίνος 'Αρης,
αὐτός δ'. ἐν πρότωμι μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει,
ἐν δ' ἑπε' ύσμιον ύπεραλί ἰνος ᾑλλῆ,
ή τε καθαλλομένη λοιείδεα πάτον ὁρίζει.
ἐνθα τίνα πρώτον τίνα δ' ύστατον ἐβεβάζειν.
"Εκτερ Πριμάθης, ήτε οί Ζεῦς κύδος ἐδωκεν;
'Ασαίων μέν πρώτα καὶ Αὐτόνου καὶ 'Οπτίνην
καὶ Δῶλαν Κλαυθην καὶ 'Οφέλτιον ἦ' 'Αγάλαον
Ἀστυμόν τ' 'Ωρόν τε καὶ 'Ἰππόνου μενεχρώμην.
τούς ἄρ' δ' ή' ἰγκόνοις Δαναώ̣ς έλευν, αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα
πολίθον, άς ἐπόπτε νήφεα Ζήφυρος στυφελέσι
ἀγγεισταί Νέτοιο, βαθεία λαδαπί τύπτων
πολλάν δ' τρόφι κύμα κυλίδεται, ύφ' ὅς δ' ὄχημ
σεβάθηται ή' ἀνέμιοι πολυπλάκητοι λαοὶ'
ἐν δ' ἀπικ' πνεύμα φαρμάδ' ύφ' 'Εκτορί δάμαντο λαδάν.
ἐνθά κε λοιγὸς ήν καὶ ἀμίχανα ἐγρα γένοτο,
καὶ νύ καν ἐν νήσοι πέτον φεύγοντες 'Αχαῖοι,
εἰ μή 'Ιππαῖοι Διομήδει δίκελος 'Ωδυσσεύς".
ILIAD XI.

But Hector, when retiring thus he spied
King Agamemnon, shouted loud, and called
To all the Trojan and the Lycian host:
"Ye Trojans, Lycians, and ye Dardans good
In closest fight, quit you like men, my friends,
And of impetuous valour be your thought.
Gone is the bravest man; and now to me
Zeus Cronides great glory grants. But drive
Right at the Danaans stout your firm-hoofed steeds,
That so a higher glory ye may win."

He spake, and stirred the heart and soul of each.
And as some hunter urges on the prey—
A lion or a tusky forest boar—
The white-toothed dogs, so Hector Priam's son,
In semblance as the War-god, mortals' bane,
Urged the bold Trojans on the Achaian foe.
Himself full proudly strode amid the first,
And burst upon the fight, as bursts a storm
With forceful gust, that sudden leaping down
Confounds the billows of the darkling main.

Whom first, whom last did Hector Priam's son
There slay, when Zeus gave glory to his arm?
First was Asaeus, then Autonoüs,
Ophites, Dolops (son of Clytus he),
Opheltius, Agelas, Æsymnus then,
And Orus and Hipponoüs staunch in fight.
These Danaan chiefs he slew: then meaner men
Full many; as clouds that of the white south bred
Are by the west wind driven, what time he smites
With headlong squall—On rolls the swelling wave,
High flies the scattered spray beneath the force
Of the wide-wandering wind—So frequent fell
Vanquished by Hector's might his foemen's heads.

And havoc there and deeds irreparable
Had been, and to their ships Achaia's sons
Had headlong fled, had not Odysseus thus
To Diomedes son of Tydeus cried:

G. H.
"Τυδείδη, τι παθόντες λαλάσμεθα θεώροδος ἀλήθης; ἀλλ' ἄγε δεύρο, πέτον, παρ' ἐμ' ἱππασο. δι' ἥδη ἑλεγχοι ἐστεκαί, ἐκεν νῦν ἐςῃ χορυσιάλος Ἕκτωρ."

"ἡ τοι ἴδιο μενέω καὶ τιλέσματα. ἀλλὰ μὴν ἔστησαι ἵδου, ἐπεὶ νεφελογείρειτα Ἁέριν Τριστιν δὴ βιδεῖται δύσων κράτος ἱέ περ ἡμῶν."

"ἡ, καὶ Ἐυμπραῖος μὲν ἄφ' ἵππων ὧς χαμαὶ, δουρὶ βαλεὶν κατὰ μαζὰν ἀριστερῶς, αὐτὰρ Ὁδυσσεὺς ἀντίθεσις θεράποντα Μολόνοι τοῖο ἄνακτος. τοὺς μὲν ἑπετυ' ἔλασαν, ἐπεὶ πολέμῳ ἀντίθεαν· τῷ δ' αὖ ἐμελον ὀντε κυδούμενον, ὡς ὡς κάπρες ἐν κωπὶ ἐπεκούλησα μέγα φρονέοντες πέσαντον· ὡς Ἰλεακι, Τρόας πάλιν ἀρμένοι, αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλ ἀντασίας φεύγοντες ἀνέκπενε Ἕκτωρ διὸν.

"ἐνθε διήλθην δίφρον τε καὶ ἄνφερε δήμου ἀριστα, υἱὸς δέονος Περεκσίον, δι' ἐπὶ πάντων ἡγ' μαντοσύμως, οὐδὲ οὐς παϊδὸς ἔπασαν στείχειν ὡς πολέμῳ φθυσῆρα· τῷ δ' οὐ αὖ τῇ πεπεδεθη. κηρεῖ γὰρ ἄγον μελανος θανάτως. τοὺς μὲν Τυδείδης δουρικελείτος Διομήδης, θυμοῦ καὶ ψυχῆς κεκαδών κατὰ τείχες ἀπήρω, Ἰππόδαμον δ' Ὁδυσσεὺς καὶ Ἡπείροχον ἐξενάριξεν. ἔνθε φως κατὰ ίσα μέχριν ἐπάνωσε Κρονίων ἢ θεῖς καθορῶν τοῖς ἀθλιοῖς ἐφάρμοι. ἦ τοι Τυδείς νῦν ἐρ' Ἀγάστροβον οὔτασε δουρὶ Παυλίδην ἥρωα καὶ Θέρκων οὐδὲ γὰρ ἵπποι ἐγροῖς ἐσαν προφυγόν, ἀδάστο δὲ μέγα χθυμά.
"Tydides, what doth all us to forget
Impetuous valour? Hither come, sweet friend,
Stand thou by me; surely 'twere shame our ships
Should fall to Hector of the glancing plume."

To whom stout Diomedes made reply:

"I truly will remain and dare the fight:
Yet short will be our pleasure; for 'tis Zeus,
Cloud-gathering god, who to the sons of Troy
And not to us determines strength of war."

He spake, and forced Thymbraeus to the ground
From out his car, by spear-throw stricken sore
On the left breast. Odysseus then laid low
That monarch's godlike squire, Molion named.
And these they left when once from battle stayed:
Then through the throng spread havoc, as two boars
High-couraged charge upon the hunter pack;
So turned they and dealt death to sons of Troy.
And welcome breathing-space Achaia's host
Thus found, as they from godlike Hector fled.

There did these twain a car and warrior pair
O'er take, the bravest of their folk, two sons
Of Merops of Percoté, him who knew
Above all other each prophetic art;
Whereby he still forbade his sons to seek
The warrior-wasting war, but they no whit
Obeyed, for fates of black death led them on.
These spear-famed Diomedes Tydides' son
Ref of their breath and life, and bare away
Their glorious arms, while by Odysseus' hand
Were slain Hippodamus and Hypeirochus.
There Cronos' son from Ida looking down
Balanced so evenly the tug of war
That either slew their foes. Tydides smote
Agastrophus a hero, Paeon's son,
By spear-thrust on the hip: to aid whose flight
No steeds were near—most foolish thought! for these
τοὺς μὲν γὰρ θεράτων ἀπάνευθ' ἔχειν, αὐτὰρ ὅ πεῖσιν
θύνε διὰ προμάχων, ἔως φίλον ἅλλος θυμὸν.
"Εκτὸς δ' ἄξιον νόησαι κατὰ στήξας, ὅρτοὶ δ' ἐν' αὐτοῖς
κεκληρόντες· ἐμα δὲ Τραῖνοι εἵτωντο φάλαγγαι.
τῶν δὲ ἔθεν ῥήγητε βοήν ἀγάθῳ Διομήδῃ,
αὖθις δ' Ὁδούστη προστείναι ἄργας Ἰώτα·
"νῦν δὴ τάδε πήμα κυλώδεται, ἡβρίμοις "Εκτόρ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ στέψεμεν καὶ ἀλεξάμεθα μένοντες."

ἡ δ' καὶ ἀμπεταλάν τροὶ πολιχόκαιοι ἐγχοι,
καὶ βάλειν, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε, τιτυσκόμενος κεφαλῆς,
ἀκρον καὶ κάρυθα. πλάγχηθ' ὅ ἀπὸ χαλκόφι χαλκός,
οὐδ' ἱετο χρῶν καλῶν· ἔρυκακε γὰρ τρυφέλεω
τριστιχὸς αὐλώτει, τὴν οὐ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀττίλλαν.
"Εκτὼς δ' ἂν ἀπέδειδρον ἀνέδραμα, μέκτο δ' ὁμιλήθ',
στὴ δὲ γνὺξ ὁρυῶν, καὶ ἔρειστο ἱχθυί παχεῖν
γαῖης· ἀμφὶ δὲ δόσει κελαίνῃ νῦξ ἔκαλυψιν.
δύρει δὲ Θυδεῖθης μετὰ δούρατος ὕχει ὀρυὰν
τῆς διὰ προμάχων, οὖδ' οἱ καταλύσατο γαῖαι,
τῶρ 'Εκτῶς ἀμπυντο, καὶ ἄγα ὁ δέφρον ὀρύσας
ἐξῆκαν· ἐπὶ πλήθοι, καὶ ἀλέσατο κῆρα μᾶλλαν.

δουρὶ δ' ἐπάσωσον προσθέφῃ κρατερὸς Διομήδης
"ἀγ' αὖ νῦν ἄψευξεθαυμῶν, κύνης· ἢ τε τοῖς ἄγιοι
ἡλκὲ καλῶν' νῦν αὐτὰ σὲ ὀρύσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.

ἀ δὲ μᾶλλαν σοφεῖσθαι λέον ἐς δοῦτον ἀκόντων.

ἡ γὰρ εἶπαν γὰ καὶ ὅτερον αὐτεἰδολήσας,

οὐ πόρε τις καὶ ἄμοι γὰ θεῖν ἐπιτάρροδος ἐστίν.

αὖ αὖν αὐτὸς ἄλλοις ἐπιλογίζετο, ὃ κε εἰκεῖσαν.

ἡ, καὶ Παμφὶδὴ δουριμελῶν ἐξανάριθμεν.

αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἐκλέγεις πόσιν ἰμαίμοιο,
ILIAD XI.

His squire apart still held, while he afoot
Rushed through the vanguard till he lost his life.
But Hector quickly spied among the ranks
These chiefs, and 'gainst them rose with shrilling shout,
His Trojan squares close following. At whose sight
Then shuddered Diomedes good in fray
And quick address Odysseus standing near:
"On us now rolls this woe, Hector the strong.
Come, stand we, and abiding beat him back."
He spake, and brandished his long-shadowed lance
And threw, nor missed the head wherein he aimed
Upon the topmost casque; where brass met brass
And glanced aside, nor reached the comely skin;
For by the helm 'twas checked, of triple plate
And crested ridge, Phoebus Apollo's gift.
Quick darted Hector back—a long way back—
And mingled with the throng: then to his knee
He fell, and rested with broad hand on earth,
And o'er his eyes a veil of night was spread.
And while Tydides through the van afar
Followed his rushing spear, where to the ground
He marked 't fall, so long got Hector breath,
Sped to his chariot back, to the main host
Drove off, and shunned black fate. Then with his spear
On rushing stalwart Diomedes spake:
"Death now thou 'scapest, hound! though near indeed
The evil came. Phoebus Apollo now
Hath rescued thee, to whom belike thou prayest
When 'mid the hurtling spears thou dar' st to go.
Truly hereafter I shall meet thee yet
And work thy end, if, as I ween, some god
By me too stands a ready help. But now
Others I'll seek, whome'er my feet may find."
He spake, and slew the spear-famed Paeon's son.
Then at Tydides, shepherd of his folk,
Did Alexander long-haired Helen's lord.
Τυδέθη ἐπὶ τὰ ὑπὸ τιταλωτο, στοιμένα λαδόν,

στήλη κακλιμάνος αὐθροκητή ὑπὲ τῷ βερέ
"Τὸν Δαρβανίδα, πελαίου δημογρήτου.

ἡ τοῦ ὅ μὲν θάρση α' ἀναγράφου ἐθνικοῖ
αἴτημα ὑπὸ στήθους παναλόπο αἰσθία τῷ ὄμοι
καὶ πάρουτα βραβέων ἡ δὲ τάξεω πῆχυν ἀνέλκο
καὶ βάλει, ὀδὸ ὥσι νἰου ὀλίου βάλοι ἐκφυγε χειρός,

ταρσὸν βεθναρός ποδὸς ἡ δὲ ἀμφερέ τὸς ὅ 
ἐν γαλα κατέπνητο. τὸ δὲ μάλα ἢ δ' γελάσσας
ἐκ λόγον αμώθησέν, καὶ εὐχάμενος ἐκστο ὕδα.
"βέθνηε, ὧν ὀλίου βάλοι ἐκφυγεν. ὡς ὄθελον τὸ 380

κελάτον ὡς κενεόν λαβάν ἐκ τῇμάν ἐλάθασιν,

καὶ τόλεας ἀνέκπνευσαν κακότητος,

ἐξ τῷ σε πεφρίκασι λέονθ ὡς ἡμέσες αἴγη."
Bend full his bow, as half-concealed he leant
Against the pillar set upon the mound
Raised by man's hand to mark old Ilus' tomb
The son of Dardanus, that greybeard chief.
Tydides now of stout Agastrophus
The supple corset from the breast, the shield
From off the shoulders, and the heavy helm
Was stripping, when his foeman drew the bow
Grasped by the centre-piece, nor from his hand
Escaped the shaft in vain, but struck the sole
Of his right foot. Full sweetly then he laughed,
Leapt from his lurking-place, and boastful spake:
"Thou'rt hit, no vain shaft 'scaped me. O I would
The wound were 'neath the ribs to reave thy life.
So had the sons of Troy got breathing-space
From their sad stress, who shuddering quake at thee
As at the lion quake the bleating goats."

To whom stout Diomedes, nought affrayed:
"Bowman, insulting braggart, bright-curled fop,
Girl-ogler! would'st thou try me, might to might,
With arms, then were thy bow of no avail,
Or arrows thickly showering. Now no more
Than marking but a scratch upon my foot
Thou boastest. I, as if by woman hit
Or silly child, nought heed it. Blunt and foiled
The weapon of the worthless coward flies.
Far otherwise from me, though it but graze,
Speeds the keen shaft, and quickly stils his heart,
Whomso it strike—a widowed wife laments
With cheeks all torn, children are fatherless,
Reddening the soil with blood his body rots,
Nor women there but carrion vultures throng."

He spake. Spear-famed Odysseus then came near
And stood before him: he, thus sheltered, sat
And drew from out his foot the rapid shaft,
While sore pain thrilled his flesh. Then to his car
He leapt, and bade his charioteer drive back
νησίν ἔτει γλαφυρής ἐλαυνόμεν· ἦχητο γὰρ ἕρ. 400
οἷόθε· δ' Ὀδυσσέως δουρευτόν, οὐδὲ τις αὐτῷ
Ἀργεῖων παρέμενεν, ἐπὶ φόβος ἐλλαβὲ πάντας.
ἐχθῆσας δ' ἄρα ἢτα πρὸς ἐν μεγαλήτωρα θυμόν·
"أنظمة δ οὐ πόλεις, τί πάθως; μέγα μὲν κακὸν, εἰ κε φέβωμαι
πληθῦν τραβῆσας, τὸ δ' ἄρομον, εἰ κα ἀλάώρ
μοῦνον τῶς δ' ᾠλοὺς Δαναοῦς ἐφόβησεν Κρονέων.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
οἶδα γάρ ὡτι κακὸι μὲν ἀπολύονται πολέμου,
ὅτι δὲ ε' ἀριστεύς μάχῃ ἔνι, τὸν δὲ μᾶλα χρεώ
ἐστάμενα κρατεῖν, ἢ τ' ἔθητι ἢ τ' ἐβαλ᾽ ᾠλον." 410
εἰσὶ δ' ταῦθ' ἀρμαίοις κατὰ φέρεα καὶ κατὰ ψιθυρῶν,
tόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στῆχες ἠλυθὸν ἀσπιστάνων,
ἐλευθερία ἐν μέσσους, μετὰ σφίσι τῆμα τιθέντες.
αὕτη δ' ἐπὶ κάρπων ἀμφι κοῦνες θάλεροι τ' αἴτροι
σεύνται· δ' δε τ' εἰσὶ βαθείας ἐκ ἱερόλοχο
θήκην λαυκὸν ὅδων μετὰ γυραμακτῆς γέννουσιν,
ἀμφι δ' τ' ἁλώονται, ὅπαλ δ' τε κόμπος ὅδων
γέρνεται· οὐ δὲ μένουσιν ἅφαρ δεινὸν περ ἔντα.
ὁ δ' ἀτά τ' ἀμφι 'Ὀδυσσῆα διήφιλον ἀκεφόντο
Τρώως· δ' δὲ πρώτον μὲν ἀμύμωνα Δημοτήν
οὐτασσε δ' ἄμοι ὑπερθεν ἐπάλεμνος ἐξεὶ διωρ,
αὐταρ ἐπετὰ Θάοισα καὶ 'Ἐνυμον ἔξενάρβης.
Χερσεῖδάρατα δ' ἐπετεί, καθ' Ἰππικήν ἀβέματα.
δουρὶ κατὰ πρότρισμα ὑπ' ἀκόλοους ὅφαλλοσσιν
νύξει· δ' ἐν κοινῇ πεζῶν ἔλας γιαλὸν ὕποστα· 420
τοὺς μὲν λαοῖς, δ' ἀρ' Ἰππασίδην Χάρον' οὔτασι δουρὶ,
αὐτοκείσορον κυριγήσεσα Σάκειοι.
τῷ δ' ἐπαλειξεόνειν Σάκειος κελ., ισόθεος φῶς,
στῇ δὲ μᾶλ' ὕψυς ἴδιν, καὶ μὲν πρὸς μᾶθον δειπνεῖ
"δ' Ὀδυσσέως τολμάως, δόλων ἄτ' ἔδε πόνοιον, 430"
To the hollow ships, for he was sick at heart.
Spear-famed Odysseus thus alone was left,
Nor any Argive with him staid, for all
Were swept away in flight. Then did the chief
Indignant commune with his mighty soul:
"O woe is me! What may I do? To fly
By numbers cowed were evil great. Yet worse
The horror, be I taken, thus alone,
For Cronos' son hath turned the rest to flight.
Yet wherefore thus debates my mind? I know
That cowards from the battle-field may run,
But whoso boasts him brave in fight, he still
Must stoutly stand to take or give the blow."
While thus he pondered in his heart and mind,
The shielded Trojan ranks came swiftly on,
And hemmed him in their midst, a dangerous foe.
And as the hounds and lusty hunters press
Around a boar—who comes from covert deep
Whetting the white tusks in his curved jaws,
And all around are hurrying, while of teeth
Is heard a gnashing, and his foes await,
Tho' terrible, his onset—so around
Odysseus loved of Zeus the Trojans pressed.
But he on blameless Deiopites first
With keen spear leapt, and smote him from above
Upon the shoulder. Thoön then he slew,
And Ennomus; and then Chersidamas,
Who from his steeds had hasted down, with spear
Full in the navel, 'neath the bossy shield,
He pierced: who fell in dust and gripped the ground
With hollow hand. These left he: then with lance
He wounded Charops son of Hippasus—
Own brother he to Socus nobly-born.
To succour whom came Socus, godlike wight,
And drawing near him stood, and thus addressed.
"O much-bepraised Odysseus, man of wiles,
σήμερον ἢ δοιοίσιν ἔπεξεια 'Ἰππασίθρους, τοιῶθ᾽ ἄδρε κατακτείναις καὶ τεῦχ᾽ ἀπούρας, ἢ κεν ἠμφώ ὅτι δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσῃ."  

ἐν εἰσίνων οὕτως κατ᾽ ἄσπιδα πάντως ἔτοιμη.

διὰ μὲν ἀστίδος ἡθεὶς φαινής ὑβρίσσων ἠγγος, καὶ διὰ θέρημος πολυαίδαλου ἡρήμεστο, πάντα δ᾽ ἀπὸ πλευράν χρῶν ἐργαθεὶς οὐδὲ τ᾽ ἐανεν Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη μικρὸνιέναι ἠγκασι φωτός. γνῶ δ᾽ Ὁδυσεύς ὃ οἶδ᾽ ὅ τι τελος κατακαίριον ἦλθεν, ἄπο δ᾽ ἁνακαρήσῃς Σάκου πρὸς μόθον δυναμεν  

"ἡ δὲλπ", ἢ μάλα δὴ σε κικάρεται αὐτὸς δάφνος. ἢ τοῦ μὲν ἢ ἦκα ἑπυκαλεσα ἐπὶ Τράκεσσι μάχεσθαι: σαλ δ᾽ ἔγει ἐνδέχεος φημὶ φόνου καὶ κήρα μελαναν ἡματι τρεῖς ἐκτεσθαι, ἠμφώ δ᾽ ὅτι δουρὶ δαμώνια εὐχος ἐμοι δώσεω, ψυχὴν δεὶ "Αἰδη κλυτωκάλον."  

ἡ, καὶ δὲ μὲν φυγαδέ αὐτίς ὑποστρέφας ἐβεβήκει, τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφόταν, μεταφρένω ὁ δὲ διὸ πήξε δώμως μεσσηχός, διὸ δὲ στήθος δίασσεν. δούπησεν δὲ πεσόν  δ δ᾽ ἑπεύξετο διὸς Ὁδυσεύς:  

"ἀ Σάκω Ἰππάσου υἱὸ δαλφρονος ἀποδάμου, φθή σε τελος θανάτου αὐχήμενον, οὐδὲ ὑπάλλεως. ἡ δελπ", ὃ μὴν σοί γε πατὴρ καὶ τότια μῆτρα δοσι καθωρισθεον ταχύντι περ, ἀλλ᾽ ὀλοινω οἰκήσω ἐρώσαι, περὶ πτερὰ πυκνὰ βαλῶς τωρ᾽ αὐτάρ ἠμῖν, εἶ κε πάνω, πετροῦσθη γε δεὶς 'Αχαίον."  

ἀ β ἐτιῶν Σάκου δαλφρονος δύρμον ἠγγος ἔκα τε χρῶς ἤλκε καὶ ἀστίδος ὑμφάλωσσίς εἰρμα δὲ οἱ σπασθήσθος ἀνέστησε, κόηδε δὲ θυμών.
Insatiate as of toil, to-day thy boast
Shall be o'er both the sons of Hipparus,
For two such warriors slain and armour spoiled,
Or stricken by my spear thy life thou'lt lose."

He spake, and smote upon his orbéd shield.
Through shield reluigent came the forceful spear,
Through coralet richly-wrought pressed firmly on,
And from the ribs tare all the flesh: beyond
Pallas Athené suffered not the point
To touch the inner vitals. And at once
Odysseus knew no mortal blow was there,
And stepping back to Socus thus he cried:
"Ah! wretched man! surely destruction dire
Doth now o'ertake thee. Me indeed from fight
Against Troy's sons thou stay'st awhile: but thou
Shalt here, I ween, find death and gloomy fate
Upon this very day, and by my spear
Vanquished and slain shalt yield me proud renown,
And Hades lord of noble steeds thy life."

He spake: the other turned him round and fled,
But in his back thus turned his foe the spear
Between the shoulders fixed, and drove it through
Out at the breast. With heavy sound he fell,
And o'er him thus the godlike chief made boast:
"O Socus, son of warlike Hipparus
Steed-tamer, thee too fast the end of death
Outran and overtook, nor could'st escape.
Ah! wretched man! thine eyes nor father now
Nor queenly mother e'er in death shall close:
But flesh-devouring birds shall pluck at thee,
Close shrouding all thy corse with flapping wings.
But I—e'en tho' I die—shall find due rites
Of burial from Achaia's godlike sons."

With that the warlike Socus' weighty spear
Out from his flesh and from his bossy shield
He drew; and when 'twas drawn the blood gushed forth
Τρόβες δὲ μεγάθυμοι ὅτες ἔδων ἅλη 'Οδυσσής, 
πειλάμενοι καθ' ὅμιλον ἐπ' αὐτῷ πάντες ἔβδομον... 460
αὐτῷ δ' ἦν ἐξοπλισμὸν ἀνεγάζοτο, αὖτε δ' ἐταφουν. 
τρίς μὲν Ἰππούν ἦσσεν, ὅσον κεφαλὴ χάδε ψιμτός, 
τρίς δ' δεικνύσεν ἀρνήτικος Μενδλαός. 463
αἷς δ' ἔτρ' Λαγατα προσεφώνειν ἄγγεις ἥντα:
"Αλαν διωγνεῖς Τελεμάχῳ, κοίρας λαῖν, 465
ἀμφὶ μ' 'Οδυσσῆς ταλασσέφρονος λειπ' δύτῃ, 
τῇ λείλῃ ὅτι εἶ ἐ βιφάτο μοῦνον ἥνταν
Τρόβες ἀπομικήζαντες ἐνε κρατερῆ ὑσμίνη.
ἀλ' ἵστρεν καθ' ὅμιλον' ἀλεξίμεναι γὰρ ἀμείοιν. 470
δεικνὺς μὴ τα πάθησιν ἐνε Τράκους μομοθεῖς,
ἐσφῆς ἐδών, μοχάλη δὲ ποθῇ Δαναοῦς γένηται."

ὁτι αὕτην δὲ μὲν ἡρῴ' ὁ δ' ἀμφ' ἐκείνην ἴσαθενος φᾶς.
εὐρὸν ἅρτον 'Οδυσσῆα διήφιλον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἔτρ' αὐτῶν
Τρόβες ἐπονθ' ὅτι εἰ τα δαφονεῖ βαῖνες δραφοὺν
ἀμφ' ἐλαφον κεραίν βεβηλμένον, ὅν τ' ἔβαλ' ἀνήρ 475
ἰδ' ἐπ' κυρίας τὸν μὲν τ' ἡμᾶς πέφασαν
φείγον, ἄφρ' ἀλμα λιαρὸν καὶ γούνατ' ὀράφηθ',
αὕτ' ἐπεὶ δὴ τὸν γε δαμάσατοι ἀκούς οἰστός,
ἀμφάφαγοι μὲν θάες ἐν ὀφρείς δαρδάντους
ἐν νέμει σκειραθ' ἐπὶ τε λίων ἤγαγε δαίμοναν 480
ἀὐτής' θάεσ μὲν τα διέτρεσαν, αὕτ' ὅ δ' ἐδάπεται.

ὁς ρα τότ' ἀμφ' 'Οδυσσῆα δαφράνον πουκελιμῆτην
Τρόβες ἔδων πιθαλι τε καὶ ἔλαμοι, αὕτ' δ' ἐρ' ἤροις
ἀνεικόνο ὃς ἤρχει ἀμόντος νηλεῖς ἕμαρ
Ἀλας δ' ἐγρήγων ἔλθε φέρον σάκος ἤνε τύχην, 485
στῇ δὲ παρέβ', Τρόβες δὲ διέτρεσαν ἄλλους ἄλλοις.
ἡ τοι τῶν Μενδλαῶς ἀρήσας ἔξορ' ὅμιλον.
And made his spirit sink. But when they saw
Odysseus' blood, the high-souled sons of Troy
Cheered on each other through the throng, and all
Bore on him. He retiring backwards cried
For comrades' aid. Thrice cried he, all the voice
That his head held forth uttering: and his shout
Thrice Menelaus, loved of Ares, heard,
And spake at once to Ajax standing near:
"O Zeus-born Ajax, son of Telamon,
Prince of thy people, comes to me the cry
Of patient-souled Odysseus; 'tis a cry
As if the Trojans press'd him now alone
Cut off from others in the stubborn fight.
But go we through the throng: to bear him aid
Were well: I fear lest he should suffer harm,
Single among his foes, that gallant wight,
And to the Danaans be a mighty loss."

He spake, and led: the other godlike chief
Close followed. And Odysseus loved of Zeus
Soon found they; whom the Trojans pressed around,
Ev'n as the tawny jackals in the hills
Around an antlered stag, stricken by shaft
From hunter's bowstring—whom by speed of foot
He 'scapes, while warm his blood and stirred his limbs
By motion, but when soon the arrow swift
Has quelled his life, his flesh in shady glen
The carrion jackals tear, till heaven that way
A ravening lion sends; then scattered wide
The jackals flee, and he alone devours—
So now around Odysseus, warlike wight
Of cunning wiles, pressed on the sons of Troy
Many and valiant, but the hero quick
With flashing lance warded the day of doom;
Till Ajax came anigh with tower-like targe,
And by him stood; then scared the Trojans fled.
But warlike Menelaus from the throng
χιρὸς ἓχων, εἰὼς θεράτων σχεδὸν ἤλεγεν ἵπποις.
Αἰας δὲ Τράοσσων ἐπάλμην ἐδεὶ Δόρυκλον
Πριμάλδην, νόθον νιὼν, ἐπειτα δὲ Πάνδοκον ἔδει,
οὔτα δὲ Δύσανθρον καὶ Πύρασον ὥδε Πυλάρτην.
οἷς ὡς ὅποτε πληθὺς τοιαύτας πεδίους κάτεις
χειμάρρους κατ’ ἀρεσφία, ὁπαξόμενος Δίως δήμηρος,
πολλὴς δὲ δρῦς ἀξιόλας πολλὰς δὲ τὸ πεῖκας
ἀφερεται, πολλῶν δὲ τ’ ἀφυγετον ἐπὶ δὲ βάλλει, 495
ὅτι ἐφετεν κλοιών πεδίων τὸτε φαίμοις Αἰας,
δαίμων ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας. οὐδέ πε "Ἑκτὼρ
πεύκη", ἔπει δὲ μάχης ἐπ’ ἀριστερὰ μάραντο πάσης,
ὅθεσε παρ’ ποταμοὶ Σκαμάνθρου, τῷ μὲν μάλωτα
ἀνδρῶν πίστε κάρφηα, βοηθεῖ ὡς ἀδεστὸς ὀράφει
Νέστορά τ’ ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἀρίθμων Ἰδομηνία.
"Ἑκτὼρ μὲν μετὰ τοιῶν διῆλθε μέριμμα βέλων
ἔχεις θ’ ὑπτυστὴν τε, νέων δ’ ἀλάπατα φιλάγγεα·
οὐδ’ ἢ παντὸς κελεύθου διὸν Ἀχαιοὶ,”
εἰ μὴ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἐλάνης πόσις ἑκομοίου,
πάσης ἀριστερῶν Μαχώνα τοιμάνα λαῶν,
ἵνα τρυγλάξει βαλὼν κατὰ δεξιῶν ὄμην.
τῷ μὲν περιδίεισαν μένεα πνεύοντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
μὴ πάντως μεν πολέμιοι μετακληθήντος δολοῖν.
αὕτη γὰρ Ἰδομηνία προσεφώθει Νέστορα διὸν
"ἀς Νέστορ Νηλιάδη, μέγα κύδως Ἀχαιῶν,
ἀγρεῖν, σῶν ἐχένων ἐπιθῆςιο, παρ’ δὲ Μαχών
βασινῖα, ὡς νῆς δὲ τάχιστοι ἔχε μένυκας ἵππους·
ἐξωρὸς γὰρ ἄκρο πολλῶν ἄστεξος ἄλλων
λοῦν τ’ ἵσταμεν ἔτι τ’ ἡμία φάρμακα πάσσειν.”
Led out the wounded chieftain by the hand,
Till his esquire had driven his horses near.
Ajax the while leapt on the Trojan lines,
And slew Doryclus, Priam’s bastard son;
Then Pandocus he smote, Lysander next,
And with Pylartes smote he Pyrasus.
As when a brimming river to the plain
Comes swirling down, a torrent mountain-born
Forced on by rains of Zeus, that sweeps along
Dry oaks and pines full many, and to the sea
Much mud and refuse casts, so o’er the field
Bright Ajax rushed, and routed horse and man.
But Hector of this work not yet had heard:
For on the left of all the fray he fought
Beside Scamander’s banks, where by that stream
Most frequent fell the heads of men, and shouts
Rose quenchless round great Nestor, and around
Warlike Idomeneus. Mingled with these
Was Hector, doing deeds of dread with spear
And horse-craft, wasting wide the youthful squares.
But not yet had Achaia’s godlike sons
Yielded their foeman way, had it not happed
That Alexander long-haired Helen’s lord
Now stayed Machaon in his valorous course,
That shepherd of his people, whom he hit
On the right shoulder with a three-barbed shaft.
For whom Achaia’s valour-breathing sons
Feared much, lest haply, as the battle turned,
His foes might slay him: wherefore thus in haste
Idomeneus to godlike Nestor spake:
“O Nestor Neleus’ son, Achaia’s boast,
Bestir thee, mount thy car, and with thee take
Machaon; then drive quickly to the ships
Thy firm-hoofed steeds. Worth many another man
Is he of healing art, who from our wounds
Cuts arrows out, and spreads the soothing salves.”
ΙΑΙΑΔΟΣ Α.

ὅς ἐφαί, οὐδὲ ἀπέθησεν Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ. αὐτὸς δὲ ὁ ἄξεων ἐπεβήστησε, τῶρ δὲ Μαχάων βαῖν, Ἀσιληπίου νῦς ἀμύμονος ιητήρος. μάστιξεν δὲ ἴπποις, τῶρ δὲ οὐκ ἀδέσποτε πετέσθην ὅπερ ἦν γλαφυράς τῇ γάρ φίλοι ἐπιλειτο θυμά. 530

Καβράνης δὲ Τράως ὀρισμένοις ἐνόησεν "Εστορ εὐραβεβαί, καὶ μνὰ πρὸς μίθους εὐφένε. ""Εστορ, νῦι μὲν ἐνθαδ' ὁμιλέτροις Δαναοῖς, ἐσχατῇ πολέμου δυσχέρες: οὶ δὲ δὴ Ἀλλοὶ Τράως ὀρισκότα ἐμπίε, ἱπποῖ τε καὶ αὐτῶι. 535

Αἰας δὲ κλικεῖς Τελαμώνιος. εὖ δὲ μὴν ἔχουν εὔρο γὰρ ἀμφ' ὁμοιώσαν ἄχει σάκος. ἐκατ' καὶ ἰμείς κεῖα ἴπποι τε καὶ ἄρμ' ἰδύνομεν, ἐνθα μάλλον ἤπτησεν πεζοὶ τε, κακὴν ἐρίδα προβαλόντες, ἄλληλοις ἄλληκεν, βοῆ δ' ἀσβεστος ὅραμεν." 540

ὑς ἄρα φωνήσας ἱμασεν καλλιτριχὰς ἴππους μάστιγον λυγυρῆ τοι δὲ πληγῆς ἄδουτες ῥήματ' ἐφερον θοὸν ἄρμα μετὰ Τράως καὶ Ἀχαιόως, στεβθέντες πλέον τε καὶ ἀπέβας. αἰματε δ' ἄξεων νέρθεν ὡπος πεπάλακτο καὶ ἀντυγεις α' περὶ δέφερον, 545 ὦς ἀρ' ἀρ' ἴπποις ὁπλέων μαθάμουχες ἠβαλλον αἰ τ' ἄρ' ἐπισσώτερας. δ' δὲ ἵπτο δύναι δημοῦ ἄνδρομοι μήζατι το μετάλλους· εὖ δὲ κυδοῖς ἤσε κακὸν Δαναοῖς, μίνυθα δὲ κακῶτο δευρότο. αὐτὸ δ' τῶν ἄλων ἐπεπολεῖτο στῆχας ἄνδρῶν 550 ἀγχεῖ' τ' ἀκρί τε μεγάλοις τε χερμαδίοις, Αἰαςος δ' ἄλλως μάχην Τελαμώνιαδαν. 

Ζεῦς δὲ πατὴρ Αἴκαθ' ὑψίτως ἐν φόβον ὕφει. στῇ δὲ ταφῶν, ὑπαίθρ' δὲ σάκος βάλων ἐπιταξάζων, 555 πέτων δὲ παπτήνας ἐφ' ὁμίλου, θρέλ' δοκεῖ.
ILIAD XI.

He spake: Gerene's knight obeyed; his car
He mounted straight, Machaon by his side:
Then lashed the steeds, who nothing loth flew on
To the hollow ships, for thither they were fain.

But now Cebriones had marked afar
The Trojans suffering rout, ev'n as he rode
By Hector's side, and to his chief he spake:
"Hector, we twain mix with the Danaans here
At the far verge of the harsh-roaring fray,
While all the other Trojans suffer rout,
Horses and men. Ajax of Telamon
Is he that works the scathe: I know him well,
For on his shoulders is his ample targe.
But thither guide we too our steeds and car,
Where chiefly now the lines of horse and foot
Eager in evil strife are dealing death
Each upon each, and quenchless swells the cry."

So spake he, and lashed on his fair-maned steeds
With whistling whip; who heard the blow, and swift
Bore on the rapid chariot to the fray
Of Trojans and Achaeans, treading down
Bodies and bucklers. From beneath with blood
Reeked all the axle, and the rails that fenced
The chariot-seat, whereon the gory drops
Were showered from hoof of horse and tire of wheel.
And he that rode therein was keen to pierce
And leaping in to break the throng of men.
Disastrous tumult in the Danaan lines
He cast, and seldom rested from his spear.
But while the other warrior ranks he ranged
With spear and sword and mighty boulder-stones
He shunned to fight with Ajax Telamon.

And now the Father Zeus enthroned on high
In Ajax roused a panic fear. He stood
Astounded, and behind him cast his targe
Of sevenfold hide, and trembled as he glared

G. H. 31
ἐντροπαλλόμενος, ὄλγον ὡς ὅπου ἀμελθὼν. 
όν δ’ αἰθῶνα λέοντα βοῶν ἀπὸ μεσσαύλου 
ἐσσεύοντα κύνες τε καὶ ἄνερες ἀγροιώται, 
οἳ τε μν’ ὑκὶ εἶδον βιοῦν ἕκ πώρ ἐλέοθαι 
πάννυχοι ἐγρήγορτες· δ’ ἔδε κρειών ὑρατίκων 
ιδοῖς, ἀλλ’ ὅτι τε πρήσονε τ’ ὑμεῖς ἂ όροι 
ἀκούτες ἀντίον ἀλάσαντες βρασοῦν ἀπὸ χειρῶν, 
καίμεναι τε δεταί, τάς τε τρεῖς ἑσσύμενοι περ’ 
ἡώθεν δ’ ἀπονόασιν ἐβη τετείητο θυμά· 
ὡς Αἰας τότ’ ἀπὸ Τρώων τετειμένος ἦτο 
ἡς πόλις ἀέκων· περὶ γὰρ ἔδε ηὐσοῦν Ἀχαιῶν. 
όν δ’ ὅτ’ ὑδε παρ’ ἄρουραν ἐν’ ἔμπιστο ταῖς 
νυκθεὶς, φ’ ἔδε πολλὰ περὶ ἑγόπαν ἀμφις ἑλάγη, 
κεῖετ’ τ’ εἰςελθὼν βαθὸς λήμνοι· οἳ δ’ ἐς ταῖς 
τυπτοῦσιν ῥοπάλαις, βίη δ’ ἐς τε κηπῆς αὐτῶν 
παρευμὴ τ’ ἐξήλασαν ἐπεὶ τ’ ἐκαρέσσατο φορβής· 
ὡς τότ’ ἐπειτ’ Λαμναία μέγας, Τελαμαώνιοι, 
Τρώες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκειτοί τ’ ἐπίκουροι 
νύσσοντες ἐξοτοίς μέσου σάκος αἰέν ἐποντο. 
Αἰας δ’ ἄλλοτε μὲν μησόσκετο θοῦρίδος ἀλκῆς 
ἀτις ὑποτρέφεις, καὶ ἐρητύσασθε φαλαγγας 
Τρώων ἐποδάμων, ὅτε δὲ τρωπάσκετο φεῦγεν. 
πάντας δὲ προέρχετο θοῦς ἐπὶ νῆα ὀδευεῖν, 
αὐτὸς δὲ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν θύνε μεσημός 
ἰστάμενος. τὰ δὲ δούρα βρασεῖαν ἀπὸ χειρῶν 
ἄλλα μὲν ἐν σάκει μεγάλῳ πάγεν ὅρμενα πρόσω 
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεσημός, τάρος χρόνα λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν, 
ἐν γαίῃ ἴσταντο, κλαίμεναι χρόνος ἄσα. 

τῶν δ’ ὅς ὡς ὁ ἔνοχος Εὐαλμόνος ἀγάλατο νῦς 
Εὐρώπυλος πυκνόσθε βιαξάμενον βελέσσων.
Upon the throng wild-beast-like, turning oft,
As knee with knee slow shifting on he stepped.
As tawny lion from a cattle-yard
Is forced by troop of dogs and farmer folk,
Who watch all night nor suffer him to take
The fatness of the kine—he keen for flesh
Charges, but naught effects, for thick the darts
Fly at him from bold hands, with fagots' blaze,
That daunts him tho' impetuous, till at morn
Sullen and sad at heart he goes his way—
So Ajax yielding from his Trojan foes
With sadness gat him back, against his will,
Full sorely fearing for the Achaian ships.
And as an ass beside a corn-field led
Forces his boyish guides (dull brute on whom
Stout cudgels have been broken not a few),
And entering crops the tall corn, while with sticks
The urchins smite him, but their strength is naught;
And hardly when he now has browsed his full
Drive they him out: so on great Ajax then,
The son of Telamon, the Trojans bold
And their allies from distant lands did press,
And with their lances pricked his middle targe.
But Ajax now would wheel him round again,
Bethinking him of valorous might, and check
The squares of Troy's steed-tamers; now again
Would turn to fly. Yet alway to all foes
The way to the swift ships he barred, as still
Between the Trojan and Achaian lines
Standing he raged. And spears from daring hands
Some in his mighty targe were fixed and checked
From onward flight, many in mid space fell
Nor reached his fair white skin, but in the ground
Stood fast and spent in vain their greed of blood.
Him when Evamem's glorious son perceived,
Eurypylus, by frequent shafts hard pressed,
στῇ βα παρ' αὐτῷ λέων, καὶ ἀκόντισε δούρι φασίν, καὶ βδέλε Φαυσιάδην Ἀπισόνα, ποιμένα λαών, ἦμαρ ὑπὸ πραπτών, αἴθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἐλύσασ. Εὐρύτυλος δ' ἔτροφες, καὶ αἰνετο τεύχει' ἄντ' ἄμον. 586 τὸν δ' ὡς εὖ ἐνόψεις Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδῆ τεύχε' ἀπαντώμενον Ἀπισόνας, αὐτής τόξον ἔλεατ' ἐν' Εὐρυτύλῳ, καὶ μιδ βδέλε μηρὸν ὄςτιν ἰδική δεξίων ἐκλάσῃ δὲ δάναξ, ἰδέαρυν δὲ μηρὸν. αὕτ' ἐτάρων ὦς θένων ἰχάζετο κήρ' ἀθλεῖνων, 588 ἤφευ δὲ διαπρύσῃς, Δαναοῖς γεγονός· "αὗ φίλει Ἀργείους ἴχνητοις ὕδε μέδουτες, στή' δ' ἀδελιχθέντες καὶ ἀμίπνετε νηλεῖς ἤμαρ Ἀλας', δὲ βελέσσει βιάζεται· οὐδ' ἐ φαμι φεῖζες ἐκ πολέμου δυστηρέως. ἀλλὰ μᾶλ' ἄνθην 590 ἱστασθ' ἄψι' Ἀλας μέγαν, Τελαιοῖνον νιὸν." δὲ ἐφατ' Εὐρύτυλος βεβηλημένοις· οἱ δὲ παρ' αὐτῶν πλησίοι εὐτησαν, σακε' ἁμοίως κλάνατες, δώρων ἀναγχόμενοι. τόν δ' ἄντως ἤλευθεν Ἀλας, στῇ δὲ μεταστρεφθεὶς, ἔπει Γειτοὶ θένων ἐταίρων. 595 ὅς εἰ μὲν μάρτυς δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένου. Νέωσα δ' ἐκ τολμῶν φέρον Νήλαιας ἱπποὺς ἰδρασέως, ἤγαν δὲ Μαχίσαν ποιμένα λαών. τόν δὲ ἦλθεν ἐνόψει ποδάρτης διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς· ἐστήσατ' γὰρ ἐκ πρωμαθεῖς μεγακτεῖ νη, εἰσορέων τόνον αἰτίλης λικά τε δακρυέσσαν. αὐτά δ' ἐταίρων ἐν Πατροκλῆ προσέθησαν, ἡθηκάμενοι παρὰ νησί· δ' ἐκ κλεισθέν αἰκόνας ἐκεῖ οὐσίν Ἀργή, κακοῦ δ' ἄρα οἱ τόλον ἀρχή.
He sought his side, and stood, and cast a spear
Bright-glittering, which the son of Phausias
King Apisaon, shepherd of his folk,
Beneath the midriff in the liver struck,
And loosed his limbs. Then rushed the victor on
The armour from his shoulders to despoil.
But him when godlike Alexander spied
Stripping the arms from Apisaon slain,
Quick at Eurypylus his bow he drew,
And in his right thigh fixed an arrow point,
Whose reed shaft broke, and to the thigh yet hung
A painful burden. To his comrade band
He get him back and shunned the fate of death,
Then to the Danaans shouted loud and shrill:
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Wheel round and stand, and ward the ruthless day
From Ajax, who by shafts is sore beset:
Nor deem I now that from harsh-roaring war
He will escape. Yet face the foe, and stand
Around great Ajax son of Telamon."
Wounded Eurypylus thus spake: and they
Stood by him close, shield upon shoulder laid,
And spears aloft. Drew Ajax near, then turned,
And stood, when to his comrade band he came.
Thus fought they there with rage of burning fire.
Nestor the while forth from the battle bare
The mares of Neleus, bathed in sweat: with whom
Machaon rode, the shepherd of his folk.
Him saw and knew Achilleus fleet of foot,
The godlike chief, for he upon the stern
Of his huge ship had taken stand, to gaze
On the dread labour and the tearful rout.
At once his friend Patroclus he addressed,
Loud calling from the ship: who in the tent
Heard and came forth, the very god of war
In semblance, and herewith began his bane.
τῶν πρῶτος προσέτετε Μενούτλον Ἀλκιμος ὦλος·
“τάτε με κειλάσκεις, Ἀχιλλε, τί δὲ σε χρεώ οὕτως;”
τὸ δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας οὖν ἤκουσ Ἀχιλλαῖος:
“ἔδει Μενούτλε, τῷ ὡμῷ κεχαρισμένῳ θυμῷ,
νῦν δὲ περὶ γούνατ’ ἐμι στήσεσθαι Ἀχιλλοῦ,
λοιπομένους χρεώ γὰρ ἴκανεται οὐκέτ’ ἀνεκτός.
····
 maxLength
And thus spake first Menoeceus' valiant son:
"Why call'st thou me, Achilles? what thy need?"
To whom replied Achilles fleet of foot:
"O godlike offspring of Menoeceus,
Most pleasant to my soul, now, as I deem,
Achaians round my knees will stand with prayer,
For need no longer to be borne is theirs.
But hie thee now, Patroclus loved of Zeus,
Ask Nestor who is this whom from the field
Wounded he bears. Behind indeed the man
Like to Machaon shows, Asclepius' son,
In all; but eyes and face I did not see,
So swift in onward haste the steeds swept by."

He spake: obedient to his comrade dear
Patroclus started him to run, and passed
The tents and vessels of Achaia's host.

Now when they reached the tent of Neleus' son,
Themselves stept down upon the fruitful earth,
The steeds Eurymedon the greybeard's squire
Loosed from the car. And from their tunics first
The twain cooled off the sweat, out in the breeze
Standing upon the sandy shore, then came
Within the tent and on the couches sate.
For whom a posset Hecamedé mixed—
That bright-haired handmaid, whom the greybeard won
From Tenedos, when Achilles sacked the isle:
Daughter of mighty-souled Arsinoës
Was she, and her Achaia's sons chose out
His worthy meed for counsels passing wise—
She first toward them moved a table fair
Footed with dark-blue metal, polished clear,
Whereon a brazen tray she set, and there
An onion to lend flavour to the draught,
With honey pale and flour of sacred meal.
And by them was a bowl exceeding fair
Brought by the greybeard from his home, set o'er
χρυσείον ἦλοισε πεπαρμένον· οὗτα δ' αυτοῦ τέσσαρ' ἦσαν, δουλεῖ τε πελεώδες ἀμφὶ ἐκαστὸν χρύσην νεμὼντο, δῶς δ' ὑπὸ πυθμένες ἦσαν. 635
dολος μὲν μορφῶν ἀποκρίνησασκε τραγεῖρος πλείον ἦν, Νέκτωρ δ' ὁ γῆρας ἀμογχητος οὐραν. 640
eν τῷ μέσῳ φόρον κύκληι ἐλκύσα θέησιν ἐφορ Πραμυλέρ, ἐπὶ δ' αὐγιον κυθ' τυρων κυκλεύον, ἐπὶ δ' ἀλφιτα λευκὰ πάλιν, 645
tωμεμενι δ' ἱδελοντες, ἐπεὶ μ' ἐπελευσε κυκελευ. 650
tο δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πίνου κατεφήνει πολυκαγελα δέθην, μέθοισι τέρτοτε πρὸς ἀλλήλων ἐντότες, Πάτρωκλοι δὲ βύργου ἐφίστατο, ἢσόθεος φασι. 645
tων δὲ ἤδην ὁ γεγος ἀπὸ τρόπου ἄρτο φαινο, δὲ δ' ὄνη χειρὸς ἡλίων, κατὰ δ' ἰδρυμάται ἄνειγεν. 650
Πάτρωκλοι δ' ἐτραχθεῖ ἀναλυντο, εἰπέ τε μόθον. "οὐχ ὤδε ἄστι, γεραίδ διοτρήφεις, οὐδέ με πείσεις. αἰδοὺς νεμαντός δ' με προέηκε πυθόθαι 630
ἐν τοῖς τοῦτον ἄριστος βασιλημάνον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἀλλάζῃσιν ἅσθων δὲ Μαχαλόνα ποιμένα λαϊν. 640
τῶν δ' ἦπεροι τοῖς τύμπανοι ἄγγελος εἶπε 'Αχιλλη. 645
eι δ' σὺ οὕτα, γεραίδ διοτρήφεις, οὐδὲ ἄκεινος, διὰ ταύτ' ὅπως καὶ αὐτῶιν αἰτώντο." 650
τῶν δ' ἦμελθεν ἐπείτα Τερενίνος ἑπτάτα Νέκτωρ. 655
"τότε τ' ἀρ' δ' ἀρ' Ἀχιλλης ἀλφοφόρεται υπὸ Ἀχαιῶν, ἦεσον δ' ἅδε βιβλημάται, οὐδέ τι οὕτως 660
πάθεις ἄσταν δραμει κατὰ στρατον' οἱ γὰρ ἄριστοι ἐν πυθεῖ χάσταν βασιλημένοι οὐτάμενοι τε. βασιλεύται μὲν ὁ Τυμελίδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης, 665
ὁτανται δ' 'Οδυσσῆς δουρικλυτὸς ὢδ' Ἀγαμάλλων'
With golden studs. Four ears it had: two doves
On either side each ear bent down to feed:
Two bases underneath upheld its weight.
When filled, to move it from the board was toil
To other hand, but, as he lift it up,
To Nestor, tho’ a greybeard, toil was none.
In this the godlike dame their posset mixed
Of Pramnian wine, and goat cheese grated in
With brazen grating-knife, white barley meal
Sprinkling upon the surface: this to drink
She bade them, when the posset was prepared.
But when by drink their burning thirst was stayed,
With interchange of words their hearts they cheered.
And now Patroclus in the tent-door stood,
That godlike wight; whom when the greybeard saw,
From his bright chair he rose, and took his hand,
And led him in, and bade him sit. The seat
Refusing thus in turn Patroclus spake:
“No seat, O Zeus-born greybeard, is for me:
Thou’lt not persuade me. Awe and fear he claims
Who sent me forth to ask thee whom thou bring’st
Thus wounded back. But of myself I know
And see Machaon, shepherd of his folk:
So now will he me back again with word
Of message to Achilleus. Well thou know’st
O Zeus-born greybeard, what he is, a man
Of dread, who might perchance the blameless blame.”

To whom made answer thus Gerend’s knight:
“And wherefore doth Achilleus make this moan
Over Achaia’s sons, such as by shafts
Have gotten wounds? He knoweth not how great
The mourning through our host aroused. Our best
Lie at the ships, sore hurt by throw or thrust.
By shaft stout Diomedes Tydeus’ son,
By thrust spear-famed Odysseus hath his hurt,
And Agamemnon: then Eurypylus
βήμαται δὲ καὶ Ἑλρύτυλος κατὰ μηρῶν ὀξύτατον τοῦτον ὁ Ἀδλών ἐγὼ νέον ἦγαγον ἐκ πολλῶν ἵππων. ὁ δὲ νεφρὶς βεβηλημένων. αὐτῷ Ἀχιλλεύς ἀσθένει ὡς Δανάων, ὁ ἂν ἐκέχειν τοῦ ἀλατσής.

Ὡς μὲν εἰς δὲ τῇ νήσῳ θολεῖ ἄγχος θαλάσσης, Ἀργαλείων ἁρπαγαί, πυρὸς δῆλον ἄρρημαν, αὐτῷ τε εὐπνῷ ἐπισχεράς; οὐ γὰρ ἔμη ἢς ἡ ἒπερ οἷς πάροικοι ἔθανεν ἐν γναμπτοῖς μέλεσιν, εἰσὶ δὲ ἤβασις, βὴλ δὲ μοι ἐμπεδὸς ἔκ, ἀς ὡς ὑπὸ τῇ Ἑλλασίης καὶ ἡμῖν νείκος ἑτήσῃ ἀμφὶ βοσκάμης, ὡς ἐγὼ κτάνων Ἰτυμονῆα ἄσθλον Ἰτυρόχθην, ὡς ἐν Ἡλίδι ναυτάσκει, μάρτις ἱλασόμενος. ὁ δὲ ἀμμὸν βοι βέβους ἰδίας ἐν πρότοιοι ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀκούσε, καὶ δὲ ἔτεσεν, λαοῖ δὲ περίτρεσαν ἀγροῖσται.

Ἀθλίως δὲ ἐν πολίων συνελάσσαμεν ἦλθαν πολλοί, πεντήκοντα βοῶν ἄγιλας, τόσα πῶς οίδον, τόσα συνών συβόσια, τόσο αὐτήν πλατές αἱγάν, ἔπειται δὲ ξανάθη ἔκαστο καὶ πεντήκοντα, πῶς θυλασί, πολλοί δὲ πώλοι ὑπήραν.

καὶ τὰ μὲν Ἑλασάμεθα Πύλων Νηλόμοιον εἶσον ἐκ νίκης πρότοι ἔτει, γεγονές δὲ φέρειν Νηλόμοις ἐνεργεῖ οὐκ οὐκ ἡ γολία ἄρτα ἔτες πόλεμον καὶ καύσεις καὶ ἀλγανω ἢ ἢς ἀφανεμάτων τοὺς Ἰμέν οἰσαν χρείος ὄφειλεν ἔν Ἡλίδι δῆρ. ὡς δὲ συναγράμμενοι Πυλῶν χρήστες ἄνδρες διατρεσαν, πολλοί γὰρ ἐν τοῖς χρείοις ὄφειλαν, δὲ ἂν ἔνδο αὐτῷ ηκακαμένοι ἐν Πύλω ἤμεν. ἀλλὰς γὰρ ἢ ἐκακεις βηλ Ἡρακλείης τῶν προτέρων ὄτις, κατὰ δὲ ἐκατον δοσοὶ ἀριστοὶ.
ILIAD XI.

By arrow in the thigh. And late I bring
This other from the field, stricken by shaft
From bowstring. But Achilles, warrior brave,
For Danaans' loss no care nor pity feels.
What I waits he till our swift ships by the sea,
Despite the Argives, glow with foeman's fire,
And one upon another we be slain.
For truly now no more that force is mine
That was of old in supple-jointed limbs.
Ah! could I but be young, with strength as firm,
As when with men of Elis once we strove
About a cattle-raid: what time I slew
Hypeirochus' brave son Ilymoneus,
Who dwelt in Elis. As reprisals I
Drove off his herds, he in his kine's defence
Struck mid the first by javelin from my hand
Fell prone, and all his farmer people fled.
Then from the plains we drove together spoil
In store unstinted: fifty herds of kine,
As many flocks of sheep, of swine no less,
As many of goats wide-spreading, steeds withal
One hundred and two-score and ten, in hue
Chestnut, all mares, and many suckling foals.
All these we drove to Pylos, Neleus' home,
Entering by night the town: and glad at heart
Was Neleus at my happy chance who went
So young to war and yet so much had won.
With beam of dawn shrill proclamation made
The heralds, that in Elis' land divine
Those should come forward who a debt could claim:
And so the Pylian chieftains gathered them
And made division, for the Epeans owed
Debts to full many, since in Pylos we
Were few in number and in evil plight.
For years before came Hercules the strong
And wrought us evil, and our best were slain:
διέδεκα γαρ Νηλίως ἀμύμονος οὖν ἦμα τῶν οἶκων λησόμην, οἱ δ' ἀλλοι πάντες ὅλον. ταῦτ' ὑπερηφανεύοντος Ἑπειοὶ χαλαχῆτων, ἡμέας υβρίζοντες, ἀνάσαλα μηχανότον. ἐκ δὲ τῶν ἱερῶν ἀγώλην τοὺς βοῶν καὶ τῶν μέγ' οἰπών εἶλετο, ἔρισκόμενος τριμεθώς ἦδε νεμήμας.

καὶ γαρ τῷ χρείοις μέγ' ὀφείλειν ἐν Ἕλληδι διή, τέσσαρες ἀθλοφόροι ἤπτοι αὐτοίσιν ὤχεσθω, ἀλέωνες μετ' ἀδίλα. περὶ τρίποδος γαρ ἑρμὸλον τοὺς ἰδοὺς ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Αὐγελας ἀκοχεθεῖ, τῶν δ' ἐλατήρ' ἄφην ἀναχίμενον ἤπτοι. τῶν δ' ἱερῶν ἐπάνω κεχαλαμένος ἦδε καὶ ἔργον ἐξελεῖ σωπτα πολλα. τὰ δ' ἄλλα οἱ δήμοι ἔθεραν διατρέειν, μὴ τὴν αἱ στεμπώμενος κλος ἵππης.

ἡμές μὲν τὰ δέκατα διετομεῖ, ἀμφεῖ τὸ ἄστυ ἔρδομεν ἢρ ἂθεσ' οὐ δὲ τρίτην ἤματι πάντες ἤλθον ἁμένας αὐτοὶ τὰ πολεῖς καὶ μάνυχες ἤπτοι, παισοῦσι μετὰ δέ σφι Μολύνῳ θωρίσοντο παῖσ' ἐν τούτῳ, οὗ τῶ μᾶλα εἰδότε θυρίδος ἀλλής. ἵππης δέ τε τῆς Θρωύσσαι πόλεως, αἰσθανώ κολώνης, τῆλεν ὡς 'Ἀλφείῳ, νεάνι τοῦ Πόλου ἡμαθῶντος τὴν ἐμφεστατώσαντο διαρράγεσθαι μεμακτενς. ἂλλ' δ' ἐν τὰς πεδίους μετεκλαθον, ἀμμὶ δ' Ἀθηνη ἀγγελος ἠθεὶς δίκωσι ὁπ' Ὠλύμπου θωρίσοντας ἀνυκθεῖ οὐδ' ἀεικότα Πόλου κατὰ λαὸν ἀγείρειν ἀλλὰ μᾶλις ἀσυμμένοις πολεμίζομεν. οὐδὲ μὲ Νηλίως δε θωρίσοντας, ἀπέκρυψεν δέ μοι ἤπτοι: οὐ γὰρ πού τι μ' ἠφή δήμων πολεμίζω ἄργα. ἀλλὰ καὶ δέ ἤπτεις μετέπεσον ὠμετέρωσιν.
Twelve sons of blameless Neleus we had been,
But only I was left, the rest were slain.
Wherefore the mailed Epeans in contempt
Outraged us devised presumptuous deeds.
And now the greybeard for himself chose out
A herd of kine and ample flock of sheep,
Three hundred set apart, with men to tend.
For a great debt in Elis' land divine
Was owed to him—four steeds, prize-bearers they,
With cars complete, which for a tripod urn
To run were destined, but the king of men
Augeias kept them in his land, and sent
Their driver back sad for his horses lost.
But at such words and deeds the greybeard wroth
Took payment full and large: the rest he gave
For fair division to the common crowd,
That none might go defrauded of his right.
Such settlement we made, and through the town
To gods paid sacrifice; but they, our foes,
On the third day came all, a numerous host,
Of men and firm-hoofed steeds, in hottest haste.
And with them armed were two from Molus sprung,
Mere boys, unskilled as yet in furious war.
There is a city, Thryoessa named,
On a steep hill, beside Alpheus' stream,
Afar on sandy Pylos' utmost verge.
This camped they round right eager to destroy.
But when the wide plain they had crossed, then came
Athené from Olympus speeding fast,
A nightly messenger to bid us arm,
Gathering in Pylos no unwilling host,
But men full keen for war. Yet me to arm
Neleus forbade, and hid my steeds away:
Not yet, he said, knew I the works of war.
Yet even thus I shone conspicuous forth
Among our horsemen, tho' myself afoot,
καὶ πετῶς περ ἄν, ἐτεὶ ὦ, δὴ ἰδὲ νεῖκος Ἀθήνη.
ἀκτεὶ δὲ τις ποταμὸς Μινώης εἰς ἀλα βάλλων ἐγγὺθεν Ἀρήνης, ὁδὲ μείναμεν ἦταν διὰν ἱστής Πυλῶν, τὰ δὲ ἀπέρρεε ὅθενα τεχάν.
ἐνθεν πασοῦδη σὺν τεχάσεις ἐκατιχθέτως ἐνδιοκε ἰαμεσθ' ἱερῶν ρὸν Ἀλφειοῦ.
ἐνθα Διὸ μέξαντες ὑπερμείπε ἱερὰ καλά,
ταῖρον δ' Ἀλφεῖφ, ταῖρον δὲ Ποσειδάνων,
αὐτάρ Ἀθηναὶ γαλακτίην βοῶν φιλάνην,
ἄρκτον ἐπειθ' ἅλομαθα κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέσεσιν.
καὶ κατεκομμήθημεν ἐν ἁπέται ὁδὸν ἤκαστος ἀμφ' ῥοὸς ποτάμιοι. ἀτάρ μεγάθυμοι Ἐπειοὶ ἀμφέσταν ὅταν διαπράθεειμεν μεμάυτες.
ἐνθα σφ' προπάρουσε φάνη μέγα ἄργον Ἀρην.
εὔθεν γὰρ ἑλλοισ φαίδουν ὑπερέχοντε γαῖς,
ἐνμεφόμεσθα μάχη, ἄι τ' εἰχόμενοι καὶ Ἀθήνη.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δ' Πυλῶν καὶ Ἐπειοὶ ἄπλετο νείκος,
πρῶτος ἔγων ἔλαυν ἄνδρα, κόμισα δὲ μόνῳχαι ἑπτούς,
Μαλίων αἰματήνης' γαμβῖτος δ' ἦν Λυγεῖαο,
προσβιντάτην δὲ δύνατην ἐχει ἁμάθην Ἁγαμήδην,
ἡ πάρα φάρμακα ἔδει γὰρ τρέφει εὐρέοι χθαν.
τὼν μὲν ἔγω προσώπων βάλον χαλαχρῆι δουρὶ,
ἐρπετ' δ' ἐν κοινῆς' ἵστω δ' ἐπὶ δίφρον ὀρφάς
στὴν ἔρα προμάχοισιν. ἀτάρ μεγάθυμοι Ἐπειοὶ ἐρεπαν ἅλυπτε ἄλλος, ἐτεὶ ίδων ἄνδρα πεσότα ἐγκυών ὑπήν, ὃς αἰματεύεσθα μάχεσθαι.
αὐτάρ ἔγων ἐπορούσα καλαίμη λαλῶς ἰοσ,
πετήκουσα δ' ἕλαυν δίφρον, δύο δ' ἀμφ' ἕκαστον
φάτες ἐδὲ ἔλαυν ὑδάς, ἕμφ' ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέστη.
καὶ τὸ κεῖν Ἀθηρίων Μαλίων παῖς ἀλήταξα.
For so Athené ruled the chance of strife.
A river Minyeius meets the sea
Near to Arené; there we Pylian horse
Waited the dawn divine, and to us flowed
The tribes of footmen. Thence in hottest haste
Harnessed in arms we journeyed on, and came
By noontide to Alpheus' holy flood.
There goodly victims to almighty Zeus
We slew; a bull Alpheus claimed, a bull
Poseidon; and Athené, stern-eyed power,
A heifer of the herd: then supped we, ranged
Throughout our army by our companies,
And laid us down to rest, each with his arms,
Beside the river stream. But now our foes,
High-souled Epeans, stood around the town
Eager to sack it: but, ere that might be,
A mighty work of warfare they beheld.
For as the sun rose bright above the earth
We closed in battle, uttering prayers to Zeus
And to Athené. Then, as rose the strife
Twixt Pylians and Epeans, I the first
A warrior slew, and won his firm-hoofed steeds—
The spearman Mulius. Of Augeias he
Was son-in-law, his eldest daughter's lord,
Fair Agamedé of the yellow hair,
Who knew all herbs that earth's broad bosom bears.
Him, as he onwards came, with brass-tipped spear
I smote, that in the dust he fell, but I
Leapt on his car, and with the vanguard stood.
Then the high-souled Epeans broke and fled,
Seeing him fall, the leader of their horse,
Their bravest in the fight: but I rushed in
Like a black storm-wind; chariots there I took
Two-score and ten, and warriors twain by each
Vanquished beneath my spear bit hard the ground.
And now those children twain from Molus sprung,
εἰ μὴ σφωνε πατήρ εὐρυκρείων ἔνοσίξθων ἐκ πολέμου ἐσάσσε, καλύψας ἔρι πολλῆ. ἑνθα Ζεὺς Πυλλόιοι μέγα κράτος ἐγγυάλειν, τόφρα γαρ οὖν ἑπόμεσθα διὰ σπιδίδος πεδίου, κτείνοντες τ' αὐτοὺς ἀνά τ' ἑυτεα καλὸς λέγοντες, ὅφρ' ἐπὶ Βουρασίου πολυπύρου βήσαμεν ἱπποὺς πέτρης τ' Ὀλευνῆς, καὶ Ἀλεισὸν ἑνθα κοιλὴν κέιληται· δεῖν αὐτοὺς ἀπέτραπτε λαὸς Ἀθην. ἑνθ' ἀνδρα κτείνας πῦματον λιπὼν' αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ ἄψ ἀπὸ Βουρασίου Πύλον' ἔχουν ὀκίας ἱπποὺς, πάντες δ' εὐχετῶντο θεῶν Διὸ Νέατορι τ' ἀνδρῶν. ὡς δὲν, εἰ ποτ' ἦν γς, μετ' ἀνδράσιν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεῦς, οἰος τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀπονήσεται· ἢ τέ μοι ὁμοὶ πολλὰ μετακλαύσεσθαι, ἐπεὶ κ' ἀπὸ λαὸς ἀληταὶ. ὁ τέτοιον, ἢ μὴν σοὶ γε Μενολίτοις ὅσ' ἐπέτελλεν ἠματι τῷ ὦτε σ' ἐκ Φθίνης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπειν νῦν δὲ τ' ἑυδὸν ἐόντες, ἑγὼ καὶ δίοις Ὀδυσσεῖς, πάντα μᾶλ' ἐν μεγάρως ἱκούμενος ὡς ἐπέτελλεν. Πηλῆς δ' ἱερόμεσθα δόμους εἰ ναετάνοντας λαὸν ἀγελόντες κατ' Ἀχαιίδα καλλυγύναια. ἑνθα δ' ἐπείδ' ἦρμα Μενολίτων εὐφρομένοι ἑυδόν ἦδε σέ, πάρ δ' Ἀχιλλήα' γέρων δ' ἰππηλάτα Πηλῆς πλοῦτα μηρ' ἐκαὶ βοῖος Διὸ τερπικεραύνῳ αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτῳ, ἤκατε ἐν χρύσεωι ἀλεισον, σπένδων αἴθοπα οὕνες ἐπ' αἰθομένοις ἱεροίοις. σφωμ' μὲν ἀμφι βοῖος ἐπετοὺς κρέας, νῦν δ' ἐπείνα στήμεα ἐνὶ προθύρους ταφῶν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλέας, ἐς δ' ὄγη χειρὸς ἱλῶν, κατὰ δ' ἐδριάσθαι ἀνωγεν.
Deemed sons of Actor, I had reft of life,
Had not their truer sire, th’ Earth-shaking king,
Veiled in thick mist and saved them from the war,
There Zeus vouchsafed a mighty victory
To us of Pylos: for we followed on
Through the broad plain, slaying and gathering spoil
Of goodly arms, till on Buprasium’s lands
Wheat-laden trode our steeds, and reached the rock
Olenian, and the hill that bears a name
Drawn from Aleisius. There Athené turned
Our people back: there left I him whom last
I slew: and from Buprasium all drove back
To Pylos their swift steeds, and prayerful owned
Zeus was the god who saved, Nestor the man.
Such was I once, if e’er indeed I was,
‘Mid fellow warriors. But himself alone
Achilleus’ might will profit: yet, I ween,
The host once lost with many tears he’ll rue.
Dear friend, to thee Menoetius surely gave
This charge, on that day when he sent thee forth
From Pthian land to Agamemnon’s aid—
For we were in the hall and heard each word,
Godlike Odysseus and myself, how then
He gave thee charge. To Peleus’ well-built house
We twain had come, as gathering troops we ranged
Achaia’s fruitful land: and there within
Menoetius we found, thy hero sire,
With thee and with Achilleus, while the knight
Old Peleus in the courtyard burned to Zeus
The lightning-lord the fat thighs of an ox,
Holding a golden beaker, whence he poured
The bright wine on the flaming sacrifice.
To the ox-flesh ye both gave heed, when we
Stood in the entrance. Up Achilleus leapt
Amazed, and took our hands, and led us in,
And bade be seated, hospitable cheer

G. H.
ξεινά τ' εὖ παρέθηκας, ὡ τε ξεινοις θέμεις ἔστιν. 780
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρπημεν ἑδητός ἦδε ποτήριος, ἢρχον ἡγα μόθοιν, κελεύων ὃμμ' ἄμ' ἐπεθαλμήσομεν ὑπὲρ τ' ἠθλετον, τῷ δ' ἂμφω πόλλ' ἐπέτελλον. Πήλεως μὲν φ' παῖδι γέρων ἐπέτελλ' Ἀχιλῆι
αἰὲν ἀριστεῦει καὶ ὑπέροχον ἡμεναὶ ἄλλων,
σοὶ δ' ἃθεὶς ἂν ἐπέτελλε Μενεκτεών "Ἀκτορος νῦν". 785
τέκνοι δ' ἐνάν, γενεῖ μὲν ἐπερτρόδος ἐστίν Ἐκδικεύον,
πρεσβύτερος δὲ σὸ σοι ἡσυγ' ᾖ λ' ἐν θόλλον ἀμελεῖσιν. 790
ἀλλ' εἰ οἱ φάσθαί τετεινότα ἐποτὸς ἕξ ἐποθέθεια
cαὶ οἱ σημαίνειν. οὐ δ' πεισταί εἰς ἀγαθόν περ.'
ὡς ἐπέτελλ' ο' γέρων, σοὶ δὴ λήθαν. ἀλλ' ἐτι καὶ νῦν
τα εἶποι Ἀχιλῆι δαίσφον, αἰ κε πιθήται.
τὸς οὖ' εἰ κέν οἴ σῦν δαίμονι θυμόν ἀρίστω
παρειτών; ἀγαθῇ δὲ παραλφάσαι ἔστιν ἑταίρον.
εἰ δὲ των φρεσί ποτα θεοπροτὴν ἀλείμενε
καὶ τινάς οἱ νάρ ζηνὸς ἐπέφεραν πότνια μήτηρ, 795
ἀλλ' σὲ περ προφέλω, ἢμα δ' ἄλλος λαὸς ἐπέσεθο
Μυρμήδων, εἰ γάρ τι φῶς Δαναοῖς γένηται,
καὶ τοῖς τεύχεα καὶ δὴ δότω πολέμῳ δὲ φέρεσθαι,
εἴ αἰ σὺς τὴν ἀσοφοῦντα πολέμου
Τράκος, ἀναπνεύσαι δ' ἄρμοι νῦν Ἀχιλῆοι
τευρόμενοι. ἥλιῃ δὲ τ' ἀνάπνευσαι πολέμου. 800
μείν δὲ ε' ἀκμῆς κεκαμάτας ἄνδρας αὐτή
διανεῖθα προτὶ ἄστι πεῖν ἁπτα καὶ ἀλοιπῶν." 805
ὅς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμόν ὡλ στήθεσιν δρινον,
βῆ δ' θεῶν παρὰ νῆας ἐν' Ἀλκιήνο "Ἀχιλῆα."
Setting before us such as guests may claim.
But when of meat and drink we had our fill,
I first began the word, bidding you both
To follow with us. Ye right willing were;
And both your sires then gave you fullest charge.
His son Achilles greybeard Peleus charged
Ever to be the best, excelling all:
But thee thus charged Menoetius, Actor’s son:
‘My child, of nobler birth Achilles is,
But thou art elder. He again in strength
Exceeds thee far; but be it thine to speak
Shrewd word suggesting, and to warn him well;
And for his good he surely will obey.’
Such charge the greybeard gave, but thou forgetst.
Yet even now this counsel thou may’st tell
The warlike prince, if haply he will hear.
Who knows but, with a god to help, thou may’st
Stir and persuade his soul? for alway good
Persuasion is that cometh from a friend.
But if some god-sent warning in his mind
He shuns to slight, and if some words from Zeus
His queenly mother spake, yet let him send
Thee forth, with all the Myrmidon host
Following behind, if haply thou may’st dawn
To Danaan ranks a light. His goodly arms
Let him but give thee to the field to bear;
The Trojans may in thee his image see
And slack their battle; and some breathing-space
Achaia’s warlike sons now sore distrest
May find. Short breathing-space doth war allow.
But ye thus fresh and whole the weary-worn
Charging with battle-cry may lightly drive
Back from our ships and tents to yonder town.’
So spake he; but the other’s soul was stirred
Within his breast. Along the ships he ran
To seek Achilles son of Aescus.
 ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Δ.

όλλ' ὑπεὶ δῇ κατὰ νῆας ὁδυσσεύς θείων
ξε θάνων Πατρόκλος, ὡς σφ' ἀγορῇ τε θέμης τε
ηῷ, τῇ δέ καὶ σφ' θεᾶν ἔτεσεν ταῖος, ἐνθα οἱ Ἐυρυπύλος βεβηλημένος ἀντεβόλησεν,
διογενῆς Εὐαμονίδης, κατὰ μηρόν διοτυ, 810
σκᾶξαν δὲ πόλεμον' κατὰ δὲ νύπος πέπειν ἄνδρῶν
ἀμοι καὶ κεφαλῆς, ἀπὸ δ' ἔλεος ἄργαλεον
ἀλμα μέλαν κελάρυζε, νόσος γε μὲν ἔπεσος ἤειν.
τὸν δὲ ἑαυτῷ φανερῷ Μενοιτίδου ἀλειμος ύιός,
καὶ β' ὀλοφυρόμενος ἔπεα πτερώντα προσήνενα: 815
"α δὲ δεῖλο Δαναῶν ἤγητορες ἡδὲ μέδοντε,
ὡς ἄρ' ἄμελλετε, τῆλε φίλων καὶ πατρίδος αἰτῆς,
ἀπει ἐν Τροή ταχίας κύνας ἄργετε δημφ. 820
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τὰδε εἰπέ, διοτρεψές Ἐυρυπύλ' ἠρως,
ἡ β' ἦτι περὶ μνημονίων πελάριων "Εκτωρ' Ἀχαίοι,
ἡ ἠδη φθισονται ὑπ' αὐτοῦ δουρλ. δαμέντες." 825
τὸν δ' αὐτ' Ἐυρυπύλος πεπυμένος αὐτίνοις ἦδα:
"οὐκέτι, διογενῆς Πατρόκλεες, ἄλκαρ Ἀχαῖων
διςεται, ἀλλ' ἐν ἰνημιο μελαίνησιν πεσίονται:
οἱ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, δοὺν πάρος ἤσαν ἄριστοι,
ἐν ἰνημεῖν κέτασι βεβηλημένοι οὐτάμενοι τα
χερσίν ὑπ' Τρόων, τῶν δὲ σθένος δρονται αἰει. 830
ἀλλ' ἐμ' μὲν σὺ σάωσον ἄγνων ὅπι νῆα μελάνων,
μηροὶ δ' ἐκταρὶ διστόν, ὅπ' αὐτῶν δ' αἰμα κελαίνων
νῆ' ὑδατε λιαρῆ, ὅπι δ' ἦπια φάρμακα πάσσο
ἐδήλα, τὰ σε προτὶ φασὶν Ἀχιλήος δεδιάχθαι,
ὅτι Ἰάρων ἐδιδαξε, δικαίωτας Κενταύρων.
ιητοὶ μὲν γὰρ Ποδαλύρως ὥδε Μαχάων,
τῶν μὲν ἐνεκλογημένοι δῖοις δέκοντα,
χρησώντα καὶ αὐτῶν ἀμόμουνος ἀστήρος, 835
But in his running when Patroclus reached
The vessels of Odysseus godlike chief—
Where was the place of gathering and of law,
And where were built the altars of the gods—
Wounded Eurypylus there crossed his way,
Zeus-born Evamnon's son, whose thigh the shaft
Had pierced. And he was limping from the war,
With sweat from head and shoulders streaming down,
While from the painful wound the black blood came
Forth trickling, but his senses still were firm.
Whom as he saw, Menoetius' valiant son
Much pitied, and in lamentation loud
Out-breaking thus with wingèd words addressed:
"Ah! wretched wights, ye captains and ye kings
Of Danaans! was it then your foredoomed fate
Far far away from friends and fatherland
To glut with rich white fat swift dogs of Troy?
But prithee tell me this, Eurypylus
Thou Zeus-born hero: will Achaia's sons
Yet stay perchance the giant Hector's force,
Or perish all subdued beneath his spear?"
And wise Eurypylus thus made reply:
"Zeus-born Patroclus, of defence no more
Achaia's sons will show, but headlong fall
On their black ships: for all who once were best
Lie at the ships sore hurt by throw or thrust
From Trojan hands, whose strength is rising still.
But save thou me, and to my black ship lead,
And from my thigh cut out the arrow, and wash
Therefrom with water warm the purple blood,
And spread thereon those soothing wholesome salves
By thee—so say they—from Achilles learnt,
Whom Chiron, justest of the centaurs, taught.
For Podalirius and Machaon both—
Our leeches—are away: one in his tent
Lies wounded sore, and needs himself, I ween,
κείσθαι· ὀ δ' ἐν πεδίῳ Τρόας μένει ὃξιν "Αρην." τὸν δ' αὕτη προσέπτει Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος νῖός· "πῶς κακὸν ἑαυτῷ ἔργα; τι βέβηκεν, ΕὐρώπιλHibernate ἥρως; ἐρχομαι δ' ἀληθείᾳ, δι' ἂν ὑπάρχῃ τοῦτο ἐν λόγῳ τούτῳ Γερήνου, ὁδοίς Ἀχαιῶν. 840 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἢ περ σεῦ μεθήσομεν τειχομένου." ὃ, καὶ ὅπερ στέρνου λαβήν ὡς ποιμένα λαῶν ὑπὲρ θερέας ὑπὲρ ἁλίκην ὑπὲρ εὐχῆς βοεῖας. ἠδ' ὅσα μεν ἑκατόνδεις ὡς μηρῷ τοῖς μαχαῖρασ ἔνδον βαλον περιπετείας, ἀν' αὐτοῦ δ' αἴμα κελάινον 848 κρῶν ὢν τοῖς λιμάφις, ἀπ' ὃ μηρὸν βάλει πυκνών χεροὶ διατρέγασ, ὡς ἄπασας ἄχρ' ὡς' ὑδάες. τὸ μὲν ἐλκος ἐτέροστο, τάφνως τό αἴμα.
A blameless leech; the other on the plain
Abides the furious brunt of Trojan war."

To whom Menoetius' valiant son replied:
"O how shall these works end? what may we do,
Hero Eurypylus? My errand is
Warlike Achilleus to inform of words
That Nestor of Gerané charged me with,
Achaia's bulwark. Yet not even thus
Will I desert thee in thy sore distress."

He spake, and 'neath the breast supporting led
To his own tent the shepherd of his folk.
At sight of whom th' esquire with ox-hides strewed
The floor; and there Patroclus laid at length
The wounded chief, and with a knife cut out
The sharp and biting arrow from the thigh,
Washed off with water warm the purple blood,
And, powdered 'twixt his palms, a bitter root
Laid on, pain-killing, which his every ache
Assuaged. So dried the wound and ceased the blood.
'Ως δὲ μὲν ἐν κλαίσηι Μενοιτίλου ἀλκίμου νῖός ἵνα Ἐυρυπόλου βεβηλημένον' οὗ δὲ μάχοντο Ἀργείοι καὶ Τρώες ὁμιλακόν. οὐδὲ ἄρ' ἐμελλεν τάφρος ἕτε σχήσεωι Δαναώ̣ καὶ τείχος ὑπέρθεν εὐρύ, τὸ πολυσαντο νεὼν ὑπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ τάφρον ἠλάσαν. οὐδὲ θεοῖς δὲν κλευτὰς ἑκατομβας, ὡφρα σφιν νής τε θωάς καὶ ληδία πολλήν εὑτοῖς ἐχον ὑοῦτο, θεῶν δ' αἰκητὶ τέτυκτο ἀθανάτων τὸ καὶ οὗ τοι πολύν χρόνων ἐμπεδον ἦν. ὡφρα μὲν Ἐκτωρ χωδὸς ἐν καὶ μῆνι Αχιλλεὺς καὶ Πριάμοιο ἀνακτος ἀπόρθητος τόλις ἐπλευ, τόφρα δὲ καὶ μέγα τείχος Ἀχαιῶν ἐμπεδον ἦν. αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μὲν Τρώων βάνων δοσοί αἵματοι, πολλαὶ δὲ Ἀργείων οἳ μὲν δάμεν οἳ δὲ λποντο, πέρθετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις δεκάτην ἐναυτῆι, Ἀργείοι δὲ ἐν νυνὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα ἐβησαν, δὴ τὸ τέμπτιοντο Ποσειδάου καὶ Ἀπόλλων τείχος ἀμαλλίδειν, ποταμῶι μένοι εἰςαγαγόντες δοσοὶ ἀπὸ Ἰδαίων ὄρεων ἀλαδε προπόνσιν, Ἠρίσος δ' Ἑπάτηρος τε Κάρησος τε Ῥοδίος τε
ILIAD XII.

The storming of the Danaan wall.

Thus in the tent Menoetius' valiant son
Succoured Eurypylus the wounded chief:
The rest meanwhile, Argives and Trojans both,
Fought in dense throngs; nor now the Danaans' trench
Should serve to check the foe, nor should the wall
That broad above it rose; which they had made
To shield their ships, and girdled with a trench,
But gave the gods no glorious hecatombs.
Swift ships and plenteous spoil to enclose and save
'Twas built, but built in despite of the gods
Immortal, wherefore no long time it stood.
While Hector lived, while burned Achilleus' wrath,
While yet unsacked was royal Priam's town,
So long Achaia's mighty rampart stood.
But when of Trojans all the best were dead,
And many Argives slain, tho' some were left;
When Priam's city in the tenth year fell,
And to their fatherland the Argives sailed;
Then did Poseidon and Apollo scheme
That rampart to destroy, bringing thereon
The force of all the rivers that run down
Sea-ward from Ida's heights: Rhesus to wit,
Heptaporus, Caresus, Rhodius,
Γρήγορος τε καὶ Ἀσηπος διὸς τε Σκάμανδρος καὶ Σιμώεις, ὅθε πολλὰ βασάρια καὶ τρυφάλειαι κάππεσον ἐν κοινήσι καὶ ἡμιβέον γένος ἄνδρων. τῶν πάσων ὁμός στόματα τράπε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων, ἐννήματ' ὄς τε τείχος ἵη ρόου' ὡς ὅ ἀρα Ζεὺς συνεχεῖς, ὅφη τε θάσσον ἀλὴπλοια τείχεα θεῖ. αὐτὸς ὃς ἱσσοῦγαιος ἦν χείρεσσι τριάνων ὕγειτ', ἐκ ὅ ἀρα πάντα θεμέλια κύμασι πέμπεν φυτρῶν καὶ λάων, τὰ θέσαν μογέωτες Ἀχαιοί, λέει ὅ ἐποίησεν παρ' ἀγάρροι Ἐλληστούνων, αὖτις ὃς ἁμένα μεγάλην φαμάθουσι κάλυψεν, τείχος ἀμαλδύνας, πυταμοίδος δὲ τρέγε νέεσθαι καρ ρόουν, ἵ τε περ πρόσθεν ἐν καλλιρροοῦν ὑδωρ. ὃς ἀρ' ἐμελλὼν ὑπίσθε Ποσειδῶν καὶ Ἀπόλλων θησέμεναι τότε ὃς ἀμφι μάχῃ ἐνοπῆ τε δεδηες τείχος ὄδυμητον, κανάχες δὲ δύο ὅρων βαλλόμεν. Ἀργείοι δὲ Δίδω μάστυνε δαμέντες νηών εἰς ἑλαφυρήσῃ ἐξελέμενοι ἐσχανώνουτο, "Εκτορά δειδίστε, κρατερὰν μηστωρὰ φόβοιο αὐτάρ ὅς τ' ὅς το πρόσθεν, ἐμάραντο ἰσος ἀέλλη. ὄς ὅ εἰ τ' ἀν ἐν τε κόνεσι καὶ ἄνδρας θηρηρίων κάρπος ἕλων στρέφεται σθενεί βλεμαίαν, οὔ δὲ το πυργηθὸν σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύνατες ἀντίλν ἵσταται, καὶ ἀκοντίζουσι βαμεῖας αἰχμάς ἐκ χειρῶν τοῦ ὅς οὐ ποτὲ κυνάλμον κήρ ταρβεῖ οὔδε φοβεῖται, ἀγνορηθὲ δὲ μω ἐκτα- ταρφέα τε στρέφεται στίχας ἄνδρων πειρατιζον ἄλπη τ' ἱδον, τῇ εἴκοσι στίχες ἄνδρων ὡς "Εκτώρ ἄν ἁμέλων ἰδὼν εἰλίσσετ" ἐτάρους τάφρον ἐπιτρύνων διαβαίνεμεν. οὔδε οἱ οἱ ἱπποὶ
Granicus, with Æsepus; and those twain,
Scamander, godlike stream, and Simois,
Where many a bull's-hide targe and many a helm
Fell in the dust, and many a mighty man
Of seed divine. To one united flood
Phoebus Apollo turned the mouths of all,
And for nine days against the rampart drove;
While Zeus incessant rained, the quicker so
In one wide sea the floating walls to whelm.
Himself withal, the Earth-shaker, led the way
Trident in hand, and to the waves heaved forth
All those foundations strong of beams and stones
Laid by much labour of Achaian hands,
And by the rushing stream of Hellespont
Made level plain, and now, the wall effaced,
Again with sand strewed the long line of shore:
The rivers then he turned, that in their beds
Fair flowing, as before, their waters ran.
Thus should Poseidon and Apollo work
Their will in days to come. But now fierce burned
Around the well-built wall the fight and cry,
Rattled with blows the timbers of the towers,
And by the scourge of Zeus the Argives quelled
Close at their hollow ships were penned, in fear
Of Hector mighty counsellor of fight,
Who still, as ever, like a storm-wind fought.
And as among the hounds and hunter throng
A boar or lion turns him, fierce in strength—
They massed in solid wall against him stand,
And frequent from their hands the javelins hurl,
Yet never daunt nor fright his valiant heart,
Whose courage proves his bane; and oft he turns
And tries the serried ranks, but wheresoe'er
He charges there the foemen's ranks give place—
So Hector moved and turned him in the throng,
Urging his comrades on to cross the trench.
τόλμων ἡκύποδες, μάλα δὲ χρεμέτιζον ἐν' ἄκρο
χειλεῖ ἐφεστάτες· ἀπὸ γὰρ δειδίσετο τάφρος
εὐρεῖ, οὐτὲ ἀρ' ὑπερθερμώς σχεδὸν οὔτε περὶ
μηδὲν· κρημνοὶ γὰρ ἐπηρεφές περὶ πᾶσαν
ἐτασαν ἀμφιτεροθέν, ὑπερθεῖ δὲ σεκόλοπεσιν
ἐξέτω ἡρήσει, τοὺς ἑτασαν ὑπὲρ Ἀχαίων
πυκνοὺς καὶ μεγάλους, δηλ. ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρήν.
ἐνθ' οὖ κεῖ ἴππος ἴπποχον ἄρμα τίταλων
ἐσβαίη, πεζόι δὲ μενοίνεοι εἰ τελέοντοι.
δ' ὁτε Πολυδώρας θρασύν "Εκτόρα εἰπε παραστάς· 60
"Εκτόρ γ' ἂδ' ἄλλοι Τραών ὁγοι Ἰξί' ἐπικούρων,
ἀφράδενς διὰ τάφρον ἰλαμομένων ἀκέας ἵππους.
ἡ δὲ μάλ' ἀργαλίς περᾶς· σπόλοτες γὰρ ἐν αὐτῇ
ἐξές ἐστάσει, προλ' δ' αὐτοῦ τέχος Ἀχαίων.
ἐνθ' οὖ ποιε ἔστων καταβήμεναι οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι
ἀπετεία· στείνος γὰρ, δῆτε τρόσεσθαι διό.
ei μὲν γὰρ τὸν τάγμαν κατὰ φρονέων ἀλατάξει
Zeus ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρόασσι δὲ ἵπποι ἀθυγέων,
ἡ γ' ἀν ἑγὼ ἡ' ἐθλομοι καὶ αὐτίκα τούτο γενέσθαι,
ομόμοιος ἀπολέσαι ἀπ' Ἀργεοὶ ἐνθαδ' Ἀχαίων·
ei δ' ἔρωτρέψοσι, παλλωκεῖ δὲ γενέσθαι
eκ νηών καὶ τάφρος ἀνπληξιμῶν ὀρκυτή,
οὐκάτι ἐπειτ' ὅπι οὖν ἀγγελον ἀπονέεσθαι
ἀγιομον ὑπὲρ ἄθμητων ὑπ' Ἀχαίων.
ἀλλ' ἀγεθ', ὅς ἂν ἑγὼ εἰπ' εικόνα, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
ἵππους μέν θεράποντες ἐρκύοντεν ἕπτάφρος,
αὐτοὶ δὲ προλέες σὺν τοίχοι θεραχθήντες
"Εκτόρ πάντες ἕπαμεθ' ἀπόλλεισ. αὐτὸρ Ἀχαιοὶ".
ILIAD XII.

Nor yet his fleet-foot horses dared the deed,
But loudly neighed as on the brink they stood,
Scared by the trench so broad, not lightly leapt—
How near soe'er—nor light the task to climb
Or in or out, for steep round all its verge
O'erhungs the rising banks on either-side;
And sharpened stakes above Achaia's sons
Frequent and large had set, to ward their foes.
No easy entrance there for horse that drew
The wheelèd car: but eager were the foot
If they might do it. Then Polydamas
Spake to bold Hector at whose side he stood:
"Hector, and all ye other chiefs of Troy
And of allies, we surely are but fools
To drive across yon trench our fleet-foot steeds.
Full dangerous is the passage; pointed stakes
Are set thereon, and close beyond them lies
Achaia's rampart. There dismount and fight
Our horsemen cannot; 'tis a narrow lane,
Where hurt and loss will, as I deem, be ours.
For if indeed the lofty-thund'ring Zeus
Desiring utter evil to our foes
Destroys them, and is bent to succour Troy,
I surely were full fain this end might come
At once, that so away from Argos here
Achaia's sons might find inglorious doom.
But if they wheel them round, and from the ships
Pursuit reversed roll back, and we be driven
On the deep trench, then nevermore, I ween,
Will ev'n a messenger regain the town
Escap'd from these Achaian's rallying charge.
But come, as I advise, obey we all:
Our steeds upon the trench our squires shall rein,
Ourselves afoot, armed and arrayed, in mass
Will follow Hector: then Achaia's sons
οὐ μενόν οὐθεν ὁλῷ βαφτην περατε ἐφηται." 

ὡς φάτο Πολυδάμας, ἂδε δ" Ἐκτορι μοῦθος ἀτήμων, το 

αὐτής δὲ ἐξ ἀχέων εἰν τεχνήσιν ἄλτο χαμάζε. 

οὐδὲ μὲν ἄλλοι Τριῶς ἐφ’ ἑπτὼν ἤγερθουν. 

ἄλλ’ ἀπ’ πάντος ὅρουςαν, ἀτεὶ δεῖον Ἐκτορα δεῖον. 

ἥμαχο μὲν ἔπειτα ἐφ’ ἐπετέλλα δεικτος 

ἐπτούς εὐ κατ’ ἀκόμον ἀρνήμεν ἀθὰ ἐπ’ τάφρος. 

οὶ δὲ διαιστάντες, σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες, 

πάνταχα κομμηθέντες ἄμ’ ἤγεμόνεσσαν ἕπτου. 

οἱ μὲν ἀμ’ Ἐκτορ’ ἦσαν καὶ ἀμύμοι Πολυδάμαντι, 

οἵ πλείοτοι καὶ ἀριστοὶ ἦσαν, μεμάζον δὲ μάλλον 

τεχνὸς ρηξάμενος κολής ἐπὶ νυμὸν μάχεσθαι. 

καὶ σφιμ Κεβρώνης τρίτος εἰπετο’ τὰρ δ’ ἂρ’ ὕψοσιν 

ἄλλοι Κεβρώνα λεοενα κάλλιτεν” Ἐκτωρ. 

τῶν δ’ ἐτέρων Πάρις ἡρχε καὶ Ἀλκάθοος καὶ Ἀγήνωρ, 

τῶν δὲ τρίτων Ἑλευς καὶ Δηλόβος θεοίδης, 

ὑπὸ δόμω Πριάμοι’ τρίτος δ’ ἦν Άσιος ἡρας, 

"Ἀσιοῖς Τρακένθης, δὲν Ἀρίσβηθεν φέρων ἑπτὸ 

αἰθρευσε μεγάλοι, ποταμοῦ ἀπο Σελληνοῦ, 

τῶν δὲ τετάρτων ἢρχεν ὃς πάρ’ Ἀγίασα 

λενίνας, ἀμα τῷ γε δόμῳ Ἀντάμορος νῦν, 

Ἀρχέλοχός τ’ Ἄλαμας τε, μάχης εὖ εἰδότε πάσης. 

Σαρτηδών δ’ ἤγησαν’ ἀγκλειτῶν ἐπικοῦρων, 

πρὸς δ’ ἄλετο Πλαῦκον καὶ ἄρημον Ἀστεροπαῖον, 

οἱ γὰρ οἱ εἰςαυτο διακριθέν εἶναι ἀριστοὶ 

τῶν ἄλλων μετὰ γ’ αὐτῶν’ δὲ πρέπει καὶ διὰ πάντων.
ILIAD XII. 511

Will not abide us, if indeed for them
The issue of destruction is ordained."

So spake Polydamas: whose wholesome words
Pleased Hector well, And straightway all in arms
Down leapt he from his chariot to the ground.
Nor now on steeds the other sons of Troy
Mustered their force, but lighted quickly down,
When godlike Hector thus on foot they saw.
Then to his charioteer each one gave charge
There by the trench to hold his horses back
In order due; but they, dispersing them
To several bands, arrayed their solid ranks
In columns five, who followed each their chiefs.
First those with Hector and Polydamas,
That blameless wight, most numerous they and best,
And keenest bent to break the rampart through
And urge the battle at the hollow ships.
Third with these twain followed Cebriones,
Cebriones, than whom a weaker far
Had Hector with his chariot left behind.
The second band led Paris, and with him
Alcathoüs and Agenor: and the third
Godlike Deiphobus with Helenus,
Two sons of Priam, and a third with these
Asius the hero son of Hyrtacus,
Whom from Ariste’s town his horses drew,
Bright bay, large-limbed, bred by Selleis’ stream.
The fourth band ruled Anchises’ gallant son
Aeneas, and with him Antenor’s sons
Were joined, Archeolochus and Acamas,
A pair well-skilled in every wile of war,
Last the far-famed allies Sarpedon led,
And chose him Glauces to his aid, and third
Warlike Asteropaeus; these he deemed
Of other chiefs pre-eminently best
Next to himself, who them and all outshone.
οὐ δὲ ἔτει ἀλλήλους ἄραρον τυκτῷ βόσοσιν, 105
βὰν ἄδικος Δανάως λαλημένοι, οὐδ’ ἔτ’ ἐφαντὸ
σχῆσοβ’ ἄλ’ ἐν νησιὶ μελανησίμω πεσόσθαλι.
δὲν’ ἀλλ’ Τρόνες τηλεκλειτό τ’ ἐπίκουροι
βουλὴν Πολυδάμαντος ἀμφότερον πιθόντο
ἀλλ’ οὐχ ’Ερακλῆς θελ’ Ἀδαισ, ἐρχαμος ἀνδρών,
αὐτᾶς λυτέα θεσσας τε καὶ ἡσαχος θεράσαντα,
ἀλλ’ σὺν αὐτοῖς πέλασεν νήσσες βοῆσεν
νήσσος, οὐδ’ ἐρ’ ἐμέλλε κακῶς ὑπὸ κήρας ἀλύβας,
ἐπεοισεν καὶ ἔχεσοιν ἀγαλλόμενος παρά νησίων
ἄν’ ἀπονοστήσεις προτέρ’ Ἡλιον ἡμέρωσαν
πρόσθεν γὰρ μιν μοιρὰ δυσάνυμοι ἀμφέκαλυθεν
ἐχθρεὶ Ἡδομηνῆς ἄγανος Δευκαλίδαο.
ἐκατο γὰρ νησίν ἐπ’ ἀριστερά, τῇ περ ’Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐκ βεδίου νίσσοντο σὺν ἐπεοισεν καὶ ἔχεσοιν
τῇ ’Ιπποις τε καὶ ἀρμα δηλασεν, οὐδὲ πῦλρων
σὺν ἐπικελμέναις σιανίδας καὶ μακρῶν ὕση,
ἀλλ’ αναπτεταμέναις ἢχον ἀνέρες, εἰ τῶν ἑταίρων
ἐκ πολέμου φεύγοντα σαώσειαν μετὰ νῆσας.
τῇ ’Ιδοὺ φρονέων ἐπεοισεν ἢχε, τοῦ ἐμ’ ἐποιοῦ
ὁδεία κεκληρωτες’ ἐφαντο γὰρ οὐκέτ’ Ἀχαιοὺς
σχῆσοβ’ ἄλ’ ἐν νησίῳ μελανησίμω πεσόσθαλι
νήσσος. ἐν δὲ πῦλρι δοῦ ἀνέρας οὐρὸν ἄριστους,
ὑπὲρ ὑπερθύμου Λατισάον ἀλχητάεως,
τῶν μὲν Πειρίδου νὰ κρατερὸν Πολυτοτην,
τῶν δὲ Δεσφίτα βροτολογή ἵκον Ἀρη.
τῶν μὲν ἀρα προτάροιθε πυλὰν ὑψηλάν
δοταιαν ὡς ὅτε τὸ ὅδυς οὔρεσιν ὑψικάρηνοι,
And when with well-wrought bull's-hide shields their lines
Were locked, against the Danaans straight they went
Full eager: who, they deemed, no more would stay,
But headlong fall upon their hollow ships.

There Trojans and allies from distant lands
Obeyed the counsel of Polydamas
That blameless sage; but Asius, prince of men,
The son of Hyrtacus, willed not to leave
His horses and attendant charioteer:
But onward with them to the swift ships went,
Poor fool! who nevermore, his evil fates
Escaping, proud in chariot and in steeds,
Should back return to wind-swept Ilion.
For him inglorious destiny forestalled
With death's dark veil, by spear of noble king
Idomeneus the son of Deucalus.

Toward the ships' left wing he bent his course,
That way whereby Achaia's warriors came
With steeds and cars returning from the plain:
There drove he steeds and car across, nor found
The doors upon the gateway closed and barred
With the long beam: these open still were held,
That so each comrade flying from the fray
Might pass and at the ships safe refuge find.

Straight for this entrance Asius held his steeds
Resolved: whose warriors followed shouting shrill,
For now no more they deemed Achaia's sons
Would stay, but headlong on their black ships fall.
Poor fools! Two gallant champions in the gate
They found, of Lapithaean spearmen sons
High-couraged: of Pirithoös one was born,
Stout Polypoëtes named; Leonteus one,
In semblance as the war-god, mortals' bane.
Before the lofty gate those champions twain
Stood as two oaks upon the mountain stand
Rearing their heads on high, that through all time

G. H. 33
αἱ τ’ ἀνέμου μέμνουσι καὶ ὑπὸν ἥματα πάντα, μῆλην μεγάλην διηνεκέσθη ἀφραυτή
ἀεὶ ἄρα τὰ χεῖρεσσι πεποιθότες ἢδε βίῃν
μέρους ἀπερχόμενον μέγαν Ἀσιον, οὐδὲ φέβοντο.
οὐ δ’ ἤδε πρὸς τείχος ἠδύμητον, βόας αὐτοῖς ὑψόν ἀνασχόμενοι, εἰκὸν μεγάλη ἄλαλητῳ
"Ἀσιον ἀμφὶ ἀνακάτε καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην
'Ἀσιάδην τ’ Ἀδάμαντα Θεόνα" τ’ Ὀλυμπαίον τε.

οὐ δ’ ἤ τοι εἰς μὲν ἐκεῖνῆμεν Ἀχαιόι
ἀρμοῦν ἐνδοῦν ὑπότε ἀμύνοσθαι περὶ τηῶν
ἀυτῶν ἐπεὶ δὴ τείχος ἐπεστεμένως ἐφόρος
Τρώαι, ἀπὸ Δαναῶν γένετο λαχξὶ τα φόβος τε,
ἐκ δὲ τὰ αἵματε πυλῶν πρόσθε μαχέσθην,
ἀρρητοῖς σύσσει λευκέτε, τὰ τ’ ἐν δρεσσὴ
ἀνδρῶν ἤδ’ κυνῶν δέχαται κολοσσυτών ὁμάτα,
δοξώμετ’ ἀλεσσοῦτε περὶ σφόδρα ἄγνωτων ὅρον,
προμαχὴν ἐκτάμοντε, ὅπως δὲ τα κόμπατε ἱδόντων
γέννεται, εἰς δ’ κέ τις τε βαλλὼν ἀνθρώπους
ὁδεῖν καθ’ ἄλληρθε πεποιθότες ἢδ’ ἰβήρθην.
οὐ δ’ ἄρα χειμάδιωσιν ἔδημητων ἀπὸ τόργων
βαλλοῦν, ἀμύνομενοι σφών τ’ αὐτῶν καὶ κισιδῶν
ηῶς τ’ ἀμφότερων. νιφάδες δ’ ὅς πέπτων ὅραξε,
ἀεὶ τ’ ἄσωμος ζήσῃ, νάφεα σκόπετα δονύσαι,
ταρσεῖς κατέχειν ὑπὶ χθονὶ ποιλμοβοτερῆ.
ἐν τοῖς ἐν χειρῶν βῆλα ρέων, ἡμῶν Ἀχαιῶν
ἤδ’ καὶ ἐν Τρώαις’ κόρυθες δ’ ἀμφί αὐτῶν ἀνθρῶν
βαλλόμεναι μυλάσσεσθαι καὶ ἀστίδες ὤμολόεσθαι.
ἀλλ’ ἦκ τ’ φιμαξεν καὶ ὑπ’ ἔπειληγετὸ μῆρες
Bide brunt of wind and rain, by mighty roots
Far spreading through the soil full firmly set.
So these on hand and strength reliant bode
Great Asius as he came, and fled him not.
Straight for the well-built rampart came the foes,
Their bull's-hide targes hard raised o'er their heads,
With mighty shout, round Asius the king,
Iamensus, Orestes, Adamas
Of Asius son, Thoön, Ænomaës.

Awhile the twain biding within had stirred
Achais' well-greaved warriors to defend
Their ships; but when they saw the sons of Troy
Charge at the wall, and in the Danaan lines
Confused cries and panic fear arose,
Then forth they rushed and fought before the gates,
Like two wild boars, who in their mountain home
Await advancing rout of men and dogs;
And charging with a side-long rush they break
Snapt to the roots the copsewood all around;
And of their teeth the gnashing sound is heard,
Till to some hunter's stroke they yield their life:
So on the heroes' breasts the brazen mail
Rang 'neath the downright blows; for they did fight
Full stubbornly, reliant on their strength
And on the host that crowned the wall above.
These from the well-built towers hurled frequent stones,
Themselves, their tents, and swiftly-sailing ships
Defending. Thick as snow-flakes to the earth
Their missiles fell, flakes that a driving wind
Whirling the shadowy clouds sheds thick and fast
Upon all-nurturing earth: so from their hands,
Both Trojan and Achaian, streamed the shower.
And all around the helms and bossy shields
Beneath the pelting boulders rattled loud.
Then Asius son of Hyrtacus brake forth
With cry of woe, and both his thighs he smote,
"Άσιος ἡ Ἱστακλῆς, καὶ ἀλαστῆς ἔτος ήδ'αν.
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἢ μα νυ καὶ σὺ φιλοζωνής ἐτέτυξον
τάχθρυ μᾶλ' οὐ γαρ ἦγα νέο ύρεα 'Ἀχαίοὺς. οὐ 165
σχῆσιν ἡμέτερον για μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀλήτους.
οὐ δ', δὲ τα σφήκες μέσον αἴσθη μηδ' ἔμεσαι
οἰκεία πονήρων γι' ἐπι παπαλότησην,
οὐδ' ἀπολέοντοι κοιλον δόμον, ἀλλὰ μένοντες
ἀνδρας θηρητήρας ἀμύνονται περὶ τέκνων,
οὐ οἴδ' οὐκ ἐδέλουσι πυλάον καὶ δῷ' ἔντες
χάσσασθαι πρὸς θ' ἢ κατακτᾶμεν ἢ ἀλῶναι.
"οὐ δε', οὐδὲ Δίως πείθεν φρένα ταύτ' ἀγορεύων.
"Εκτορε γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβούλετο κύδος θράξαι.
ἀλλαὶ δ' ἀμφ' ἀληθείς μάχην ἐμάχομεν τύλησον 175
ἀργαλέων δὲ με ταύτα θεν δ' ἂν πάντ' ἀγορεύσαι.
πάντες ἐλέρε τέκνα ορώεις θεσπισάσει πύρ
λάινον. 'Ἀγείοι δὲ, καὶ ἀχνίμουντες τέρας
ηὐδ' ἐμύνοντο. ἔθελ' δ' ἀκαχήσατο θυμόν
τάστες, ὡσι Δαναοίς μάχης ἐπιτάρροδοι ήσαν.
οὔ δ' ἐβαλον Δαλιθαί πῦλον καὶ δημιοῦται. 180
ἐδ' αὐτοὶ Πειριδιόπυ οἰδ' κρατερὸς Πολυτώνης
δουρί βάλει τόδ' αμασον κυνής διὰ χαλκοπαρίου
οὐδ' ἄρα χαλασεῖν κήρας ἐσχεθεν, ἀλλά διαπρό
αἰχμ' χαλασεῖν ρηχ' ὀστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ
ἔδουες αὐτοί πεπόλακτο δαμασσεῖ δὲ μοι μεμαίειν.
αὐτάρ ὑπεταὶ Πύλωνα καὶ Ὄρμανον ἐξενάριαν.
νύν δ' Ἀρτεμίφοι Δεσποτέως ἄσιος 'Ἀρρη
'Ιππόμαχου βάλε δουρί, κατὰ ἔστυρα τυχήσειν.
αὐτός δ' ἐν κολού ἐρυσάμενος ξίφοις ἄνυ 185
'Ἀρτεμίφοις μὲν πρῶτος, ἐναίδες δὲ ὀμίλον,
πλὴν αὐτοσκεδίης. δ' ἀρ' ὑπτιος οὐδὲ ἡρείσθε.
And thus in wrath indignant utterance found:
"O Father Zeus! thou too hast surely now
Turned thee to love a lie: for I had deemed
That these Achaian heroes would not check
Our onset bold and hands invincible;
But they, as supple-waisted wasps or bees,
Who by a rocky road their homes have made,
Nor leave their hollow dwelling, but abide
The hunter’s coming and defend their young,
So from the gates, tho’ twain alone they be,
They give no ground, but stand to stay or fall."
So spake he; but won not the mind of Zeus
With these his words; for ’twas the Father’s will
Glory on none but Hector to bestow.
Others at other gates maintained the fight.
But ’twere a toilsome task, needing a god,
Should I tell all; for round the rampart rose
On every side a heaven-enkindled fire
Of stones; wherein the Argives, tho’ distrest,
Stood for their ships perforce; and sad at heart
Were all the gods who helped the Danaan arms.
But here the war and gathering combat led
Those Lapithaean twain. Pirithoüs’ son
Stout Polypoetes here with flying spear
Smote Damasus right through the brazen helm
That fenced his cheeks; nor stayed for brazen casque
The brazen point, but through and onwards passed
And brake the bone; and all the brains within
Were scattered, and his eager spirit quelled.
Then Pylon next he slew, and Ormenus.
Meanwhile Leonteus, Ares’ scion he,
Hippomachus son of Antimachus
Smote with a spear that lit upon his belt.
Then from the scabbard his keen sword he drew,
Rushed through the throng, and, closing with him, struck
Antiphates the first, who backward fell.
αὐτὸρ ἔπειτα Μένωνα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην
πάντας ἐπασυνέργοις πέλασε χοῦλι πολυμομέρη.
δὲ τοις ἐνάριζον ἀπ' ἔντεα μαρμαροντα,
τότεοι Πολυδάμας καὶ Ἀκτόρης καθοροὶ ἔποντο,
οὶ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἀριστοὶ ἐσαν μέμασαν δὲ μάλιστα
τεῦχος τε βίζειν καὶ ἐνεπρήσειν πυρὶ θησα,
οὶ β' ἐπὶ μεριμνῆσιν ὑφεστάστες παρὰ τάφροι.
ὅτι γὰρ σφῶν ἔγινε περιήμνευκα μεμαίωσιν,
αιτεῖς ὑψίτητής ἐν' ἀριστερὰ λαδὸν ἐέργων,
φωνητὰ δράκοντα φόρων ὀνύχεσθαι πελορον
ξεόν, ἐν' ἀσταλροντα' καὶ οὐ το λέβετο χάρμης,
ἀφε λόγον ἐχοντα κατὰ στῆθος παρὰ δειρῆ
Χρυσάθις ὅπισθω. ὃ μ' ἐπεί ἐθεὸν ἱκε̣ χαμάξ
ἀλλήγορας ὄδύνησι, μέγρις δ' ἐνι καββαλ' ὀμβρῷ,
αὐτὸς δὲ ἀλάγγεις πίτευτο πνοῆς ἄνεμοι.
Τραῖς δὲ ρήγησαν, ὅπως ἰδον αἰῶλον ὅφιν
αἰὼμεν ἐν μέσσοις, Διὸς τέρας ἀλγήχοιοι.
δὴ τότε Πολυδάμας θρασῦν Ἑκτορα ἑπτα παραστᾶς 210
"Ἑκτόρ, ἀεὶ μὲν τοὺς μοι ἑπικλήσεις ἀγορῆσιν
ἐσθαλ φραζόμενου" ἐτελ' ὡδῆ καὶ ὡδῆ ὀδηγε
dίμων ὑπάτα παρὰ ἀγορᾶς μένων 205 ἀυτ' ἐν θυληκ
ὀψα ποτ' ἐν πολέμοι, σὺν δὲ κράτος ἂλλαν ἄλεοιν
τῶν αὐτ' ἐξερέω ὡς μοι δοκεῖ εἰμι ἀριστα.
μὴ λομεν Δαμαῦοι μαχηθόμενοι περὶ θην.
δει γὰρ ἐπελεκύθαι ὀδύοι, οἴ οὔτεν γε
Τραῖνο δ' ὅπως ἐλθε περεσήμαιρε μεμαίωσίν,
αἰτεῖς ὑψίτητης ἐν' ἀριστερᾷ λαδὸν ἔργων,
φωνητὰ δράκοντα φόρων ὀνύχεσθαι πελορον
215
Upon the ground; then in succession swift
Menon, Orestes, and Iamenus,
Upon the fruitful earth he laid full low.
While they from these their glittering armour stripped,
Followed with Hector and Polydamas
Meanwhile a troop of youths, most numerous they
And bravest, and of all most hotly bent
To break the rampart down and fire the ships.
Who standing at the trench were yet in doubt:
For came to them, in eager haste to cross
A bird, a soaring eagle, toward the left,
Parting their host midway, bearing a snake
Trussed in his talons blood-red, huge, alive,
Still struggling, nor forgetful yet of might.
For curling back he struck his ravisher,
Quick darting at his breast, beside his throat,
Who dropt him to the ground, stung with sharp pain,
Flinging him in mid throng, then with a scream
Adown the wafting breezes winged his way.
Shuddering the Trojans saw the writhing snake
Lie in their midst, of aegis-bearing Zeus
The portent dire. Then straight Polydamas
Spake to bold Hector, by whose side he stood;
"Hector, thou alway in assembly chid'st
My words of wholesome wit: for 'tis unmeet
(So thinkest thou) for common man to speak
Beside thy aims, in council or in war;
But we must still support thy sovereign might.
Yet now again what seems me best I say.
Go we not on to fight the Danaan host
Who guard their ships: for thus, I ween, will end
Our venture—if indeed this bird of fate
Came to the Trojans while in eager haste
To cross, a soaring eagle, toward the left,
Parting our host midway, bearing a snake
Trussed in his talons blood-red, huge, alive;
ζωήν ἄφαρ δ' ἄφέγει πάρος φίλα οἰκεῖ ἱεσθαί, ὡ ὡν ἐκέλεσε φέρων δομεῖαι τεκέσσει ἐοίειν. ὡς ἡμεῖς, εἰ πέρ τε πύλας καὶ τείχος 'Ἀχαιῶν ῥηξόμεθα σθενεὶ μεγάλη, εἶξοσι δ' Ἀχαιοι, οὐ κόσμον παρὰ ναῦψιν ἀλευρόμεθα οὐτὰ κέλευθα. 215 πολλοὶς γὰρ Τρῶων καταλείψαμεν, οὕς κεν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκῷ δηψόντοι, ἀμνὸμενοί περὶ ηὕρων. ἀδείς χ' ὑποκρίνατο θεσπρότος, ὃς σάφα θυμῷ εἰδείς τεράων καὶ οἱ πειθολατο λαοῖ.·

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ θαύμα προσέφη κορυθάλωλος "Εὐστόρι 220 "Πολυδάμαθεν, σὺ μὲν ωὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις· οἰσθα καὶ ἄλλου μῦθου ἀμείνον τούδε νοῆσαι. εἰ δ' ἐτεῦν δὴ τούτων ἀπὸ σπουδῆς ἀγορεύεις, εξ' ἀρα δὴ τοῖς ἔπειτα θεοὶ φρένοι ὄλεσαν αὐτοῖ, διὸ κέλεις Ζηνὸς μὲν ἔργου ὅπως λαβέσθαι βουλῶ, ὥς τέ μοι αὐτὸς ὑπὸ σεμερῆ καὶ κατένευσαν τούτη δ' οἰωνοῦς ταυππερήγησι κελευσὲ πείθεσθαι, τῶν οὔ τι μετατρέπομαι οὔδ' ἀλεγίζο, εἰ τ' ἐπὶ δεξί' ὀσιο πρὸς ἡ' τ' ἥλιον τε, εἰ τ' ἐπὶ ἁρματερά τοῖς γε ποτὶ ζῷον ἱερόντα. 235 ἡμεῖς δὲ μεγάλοι Διὸς πειθομέθα βουλῇ, οὐ πάσιν θυντοῦσι καὶ οἰκανῶσιν αἰναστεί. εἰς οἰωνοῦ ἀριστοι πρὸς εὰν γέρας, τόπτεντ δὲ δειδακάς πόλεμον καὶ δυστήτα; εἰ πέρ γάρ τ' ἄλλοι γε περιπτευνομέθα πάντες νυνὶν ἐπὶ 'Ἀργελῶν, σοι δ' ού δεός ἐστ' ἀπολέσαβαι οὔ γάρ τοι κραδὴ μενεδής οὐδὲ μαχῶμοι. εἰ δὲ σοὶ δυστήτοις ἀφέξαι, ἦ τιν' ἄλλον παρφάμενον ἐπέσεσιν ἀποτρέψεις πόλεμο, αὐτὶε ἥμφ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἀπὸ δομῶν ὀλεύσεις." 245 ὅς ἄρα φωνήσας ὑγῆσατο, τοι δ' ἄμ' ἐποῦτο
ILIAD XII.

Which yet he sudden dropt or e'er he came
To his beloved nest, nor to the end
Bare on, nor gave the booty to his brood—
So we, tho' gates and wall with mighty strength
We break amain, and tho' Achaians yield,
Shall in no seemly wise come from these ships
The self-same way; for many a son of Troy
We there shall leave, whom in their ships' defence
Achaia's warriors with the sword shall slay.
So would a seer interpret, skilled in lore
Of portents, whom his people would believe."

But plumèd Hector with stern glance replied:
"Polydamas, I like not now thy words.
Other and better speech by far than this
Thou knowest to devise. Or, if indeed
These be thy earnest words, then of a truth
The very gods have clean destroyed thy wits:
Who biddest me forget the will of Zeus
Loud thundering king—all that himself did pledge
And by his nod confirm. But thou dost bid
A blind belief in birds of spreading wing:
Whom I nor heed nor reck of, fly they east
Toward the right and seek the morning sun,
Or towards the left and misty western gloom.
Obey we now the will of mighty Zeus,
O'er mortals all and o'er immortals king.
One bird is best, to fight for fatherland.
And why at war and conflict tremblest thou?
For, tho' we others at the Argive ships
Be all around thee slain, yet fear not thou
To perish, for no heart to wait the foe
Or dare the fight is thine. Yet, if thou skulk
Away from conflict, or by words persuade
And turn back others from the work of war,
My spear at once shall strike and reave thy life."

With that he led the way: they followed on
νῆχθε θεσπεσίη. ἀπὶ δὲ Ζεύς τερπικέραννος ἔρσεν ἀπ' Ἰδάου ὄρεων αὖμεων θύάλλαν,
ὦ β' ἵθει νῆόν κούλιν φέρειν' αὐτάρ τ' Ἀχαιῶν θέλη τρόπου, Τρωϊν δὲ καὶ Ἑκτωρ κύδος ὑπαξίαν.

τοῦ περὶ δὲ τεράσσετι τετοιοῦτε ἦδε βίβλιον ρήμασθαι μέγα τεῖχος 'Αχαιών πειρήτευον.
κρόσσαν μὲν τὺργων ἔρων, καὶ ἐραίνον ἐπάλξεις, στῆλαι τε προβλήταις ἐμώχλεον, δε ἀρ' Ἀχαιοὶ πράττειν ὑπὸ ἤχηθ ἔθνεαν ἢμεᾶν ἢμιατα πύργων.

τὸς οὐ η' αἰείρων, ἐπικούτο δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν μῆχεσις. οὐδὲ νῦ ποι δαυαλιν ἁξίωτο κελεύθου,
ἀλλ' οὐ γά ρεῖνοι βοῶν φράξαντες ἐπάλξεις βάλλουν ὑπ' αὐτῶν δημος ὑπὸ τεῖχος ἱντάς.

ἀμφιτέρω δ' Ἀλκεντε κελεύτων' ἐπὶ τύργων πάντεσσα φατήτην, μένος ὁτρύνοτε Ἀχαιῶν.

ἐλλασιοὶ μελοχίους ἔλλοι στερεοῖς ἐπέσασιν νέεσσον, ἐν τις πάντα μάχης μεθίπτετα ἰδοιεν
"ὅς φίλον, Ἀργείων ὡς τ' ἔξος ὡς τ' μεσήσεις ὑπὲ τ' χειρόκτενος, ἐπεὶ οὐ ποι πάντες ὁμοίοι

ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, νῦν ἐπέμετ τύργον ἀπαυγαν καὶ δ' αὐτοί τόδε ποι γυμνάσκετε. μὴ τὰς ὀψίασιν
tetráfoθ τοῖς νῆσος ὁμοληθήρος ἀκούοις, ἀλλὰ πρόσαξ ἔσεθε καὶ ἀλλήλοις κέλευθε, αὐτοὶ δὲ Ζεύς ἄφησεν Ἡλλήνιος ἄστεροπτήτης


μεῖκος ἀπωσαμένοις δῆλοις, προτὸ ἄστι δίστασαν." ἢ τὸ γα προβοιστε μάχην ἄφρων Ἀχαιῶν.

τῶν δ', ὃς τοι νοθάδες χώνον πίπτοσι θαμαί πολὺ αἰματες χαμηλοῖς, ὅτε τ' ὀρατο μυτίττα χαίνων


υφέροσα, ἀνθρώπινος πυφαυσείμενος τὰ ἔπιλα.
ILIAD XII.

With wondrous shout. But Zeus the lightning-lord
From Ida's heights a storm-wind roused, that drove
Straight for the ships the dust: and thus the sire
Made weak the spirit of Achaia's sons,
But gave renown to Hector and to Troy.
Bold in his portents and their own strong arms
These strove to breach Achaia's mighty wall,
As at the stony courses of the towers
They tugged, and tore the battlements adown,
Heaving with levers at the buttresses,
Those jutting piles set by Achaian hands
In front, and fast in earth, to shore the towers.
At these they tugged with hope to breach the wall.
Nor did the Danaans yet give ground, but lined
The battlements with fence of ox-hide shields,
Wherefrom they plied with missile shower their foes
As 'neath the wall they came. And on the towers,
Urging them on; strode ever to and fro
The Ajaxes twain and roused Achaian might.
Soft words to one they gave, one sternly chid,
Whomso all negligent of fight they saw:
"O friends, O Argives, rated howso'er,
Or high, or low, or middle—since in war
Never were all men equal—now is work
For all alike; and this, I ween, ye know
E'en of yourselves. Disheartening counsellor
Let no man hear and backward to the ships
Turn him, but press ye forward, and urge on
Each one his friend: so may the lightning-lord
Olympian Zeus vouchsafe us to repel
Assault, and chase our foemen to their town."

Thus they with about Achaia's battle roused.
And as the falling flakes come thick and fast
Upon a winter's day, when Zeus all-wise
Bestirreth him to snow, his feathered shafts
To mortals dealing forth—He lulls the wind
κοιμήσας δ’ ἀνέμους χέει ἡμπεδον, ὑφρα καλύψῃ
ὕφηλον ὄρεον κορυφῆς καὶ πρόωνος ἄχρους
καὶ πεδία λωτοῦντα καὶ ἄνδρῶν πλονά ὧραν,
καὶ τ’ ἕρ’ ἀλὸς πολυῆς κέχυται λυμέως τε καὶ ἀκταιθ’,
κύμα δὲ μιθροπλάξον ἐρύκται: ἄλλα δὲ πάντα ὑδίς εἰλίσται καλύτερθ’, ὡτ’ ἐπιβρίσει Δίως ὡμβρος·
ὅτ’ ἄλων ἀμφιτρώσε ἱδρυν ποτώτῳ θαμεῖα,
αἰ μὲν ἄρ’ ὄς Τρώες, αἰ δ’ ὡς Τρόων ἡς ᾿Αχαϊός,
βαλλομένοις’ τὸ δ’ τεῖχος ὑπὲρ πάν δοῦτος ὄρφει.

ου’ ἄν πά τότε γε Τρώες καὶ φαλίμοιος Ὁκτων
τεῖχος ἀρρήξατο τύλας καὶ μακρὸν όχια,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ’ ὑδίων ὥσ παρθήνα Σαρπήδουνα μητηταὶ Ζεὺς·
όρσεν ἐν ᾿Αργείως, λεον’ ὡς βίους ὑλίζειν.
αὐτίκα δ’ ὡστὶδα μὲν πρόθε σχῆτο πάντως ἑσθῆν
κάλιν χαλκεῖνην ἐξηλατοῦ, ὡς ἄρα χαλκεῖς
ἐλασεν, ἐννοοῦν δὲ βοηθαῖς ράψε βαμείας
χρυσέθγε ράβδοις δηνεκεῖσαν περὶ κύλων.

τὸν ἄρ’ ὅ γε πρόοθε σχίμενον, δύο δούρε τινάσσων,
βῆ μ’ ἱμαν ὅσ τε λέων ὄρετιτρόφος, ὡς τ’ ἐπιδεινὴς
δηρὼν ὡς κρεῶν, καλέται δ’ ἐν δυμός δήνημ
μῆλων περίσσωτα καὶ ὡς πυκνῶν ὁμοῦ ἀλμαν’
εἰ περ’ ἀρ’ χ’ ἐφηρησε παραυτόθε βώτορας ἀνθρατ
σῦν κυωλ καὶ δούρεις φιλάκοσσας περὶ μῆλα,
οὐ μά τ’ ἀπεληροιτο μέρον σταθμοί διαθαῖα,
ἀλλ’ ὅ γ’ ἄρ’ ἡ ἐρπαξε μετάλμενοι ἡ’ καὶ αὐτός
ἐξηλή’ ἐν πρώτοις δοῖς ἀνὸ χειρὸς ἀκοντε.

ὡς ὡ σεῖ τὸν’ ἀντίθεουν Σαρπηδόνα θυμῆς ἀνήκεν
τεῖχος ἐταξίας διὰ τοὺς ὑβασθαῖς ἐπάλξεις.
αὐτίκα δὲ Γάλακτος προσφῆ, παῖδ’ Ἰππολόχου’
And ever pours apace, till he enshroud
The lofty mountain peaks and jutting bluffs
And clover meads and fruitful tillth of man,
And of the hoary sea each bay and beach
Is overspread, the lapping wave alone
Checking the snowy fringe, all else in white
Mantled beneath the Father's heavy storm:
So thick and fast the double stone-shower flew:
Stones on the Trojans from Achaian hands,
Stones from the Trojans: frequent rained the blows,
And loud o'er all the rampart rose the din.
But glorious Hector and the sons of Troy
The rampart gates, secured with mighty bar,
Not yet e'en then had broken; had not Zeus,
Wise counsellor, against the Argives roused
Sarpedon his own son, as lion roused
'Gainst kine of curling horn. His orbèd shield
Forthwith he held before him, fair to view,
Faced by the smith with beaten plates of brass,
With frequent ox-hide folds within knit close,
Fast clamped by golden bands that compassed all
Its ample round. Before him this he held,
And brandishing two lances took his way:
Keen as a lion mountain-bred, whom long
Fasting perforce from flesh his spirit bold
Now bids invade the flock and scale the walls
That close the fold—for though he find therein
Herdsmen with dogs and spears who guard the sheep,
He brooks not without trial from the yard
Back to be driven; but either leaping in
Bears off a prey, or 'mid their foremost ranks
Is struck by javelin from an active hand—
So then Sarpedon, godlike wight, was stirred
To charge upon the wall, and break amain
The battlements. And straightway thus he spake
To Glaucus, scion of Hippolochus:
Γλαῦκε, τῇ δὲ νῦν τετιμήμεσθα μάλωτα ἐδρῇ τε κρίσεών τε ἢδὲ πλεοῦσι δεσπάσσων ἐν Δυνεὶς, πάντες δὲ θεοῦ δὲ εἰσορῶσιν, καὶ τέρματος νεκρομεσθα μέγα Ἐάνθου παρ' ὀχθας καλῶν φυταλίης καὶ ἀροφεὶς πυροφόρῳ;

τῷ δὲ χρῆ Δυνείως μέτα πρῶτοισιν ἔόντας ἐστάμεν ὅδ' μάχης καντειρῆς ἀντιβολήσαι, ὄφρα τοῖς δὲ εἰς̓ τὴν Δυνίου πύκνα θωρηκτέας·

οὐ μὴν ἀκληώς Δυνίου κάτα κουραιόνους ἑμέτεροι βασιλῆς, ἔδωκε τὰ πόλιν μῆλα ὁινὸν τ' ἐξαιτίαν μελημένε. ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ἐς ἑστηκε, ἐπεὶ Δυνείως μέτα πρῶτοισι μάχονται.

ὡς τότε, εἰ μὲν γάρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγότες αἰτὶ δὲ μᾶλλομεν ἀγήρω τ' ἀδανάτω τε ἐξεσοθ', οὔτε καὶ αὐτὸς ἐν πρῶτοισι μαχομεν ὑπὲρ τε σὲ στελλομεν μάχην ἐς κυδιανειαν·

ὡς δ' (ἐμπεδὸς γὰρ κήρες ἐφεστάσων δανάτου μυρίας, δε οὐκ ἐστι φυγείν βροτῶν οὐδ' ὑπαλύεις). λομὲν, ἵ το εὐχον οἴροξεν ὅτι τούτω." 

ὡς ἐφοιτο", οὐδὲ Γλαῦκεος ἀπετράπετε οὐδ' ἀπέθησαν τελ' ἢδ' λέος βήτην Δυνίων μέγα ἔθνος ἄγοντες. 

τοὺς δὲ οἴνῳ πῆγεν' οὔδ' Πετεύο Μενεθεύς· τοῦ γὰρ δὴ πρὸς τύργον ίσων κακότητα φέροντες πάττησαν δ' ἀνα τύργον Ἁχαίων εἰ τιν' ἵκετο ἔγκειμαν, δε τὶς οἱ ἁρὴν ἑτὰροιν ἀμόναις ἐς δ' ἑνήσεις Αἰατε δοὺς, τολάμου ἅρων, ἐπανατε, Τεῦκρον τε νέον κλεισθέν λύντα. ἐγγίθαν. ἀλλ' οὐ πῶς οἱ δὲν βάσαντι γεγονέων τότεν γὰρ ἀτύπος ἦν εὖτε οὐρανω λευ,
"O Glauclus, wherefore do we twain receive
Especial honours in the Lycian land—
High seat, large mess, full cups? Wherefore to us
Look all as if to gods? Why own we too
By Xanthus' bank a wide domain and fair
Of planted vineyard and wheat-laden land?
For this 'mid Lycia's foremost now 'tis meet
We stand, nor shun to face the burning fight:
That of the stout-mailed Lycians each may say:
'Not all inglorious rule in Lycia's land
Our kings, who eat the fatlings of our flocks
And drink the choicest of our honeyed wine.
But surely now a goodly strength is theirs:
For see, 'mid Lycia's foremost men they fight.'
Truly, my sweetest friend, if thou and I,
This battle once escaped, could then live on
Eternal, never-dying, ever young,
Neither myself would 'mid the foremost fight,
Nor stir thee to the man-ennobling fray.
But now—for fates of death, whate'er we do,
Stand threatening near—a multitudinous host
That mortal man may not escape or shun—
Go we: to other's glory or our own!"

So spake he: no! did Glauclus turn him back
Or disobey. Straight onward strode the twain
Leading the mighty host of Lycian men.
Whom when Menestheus son of Peteos saw,
He shuddered; for against his tower they came
Bearing disaster. Anxious gaze he cast
Along the Achaian wall, if he might spy
Some chief, to save his comrades from their bane:
And soon he marked where stood the Ajaces twain,
Insatiate they of war, and from his tent
Teucer but now come forth. Not far were they;
Yet could his shout not reach their ear—so loud
The crash and rattle; rose to heaven the noise
βαλλομένων σακίδων τε καὶ ἵπποκάμων τρυφαλειῶν
καὶ πόλεων" τάσαι γὰρ ἐπάχατο, τόι δὲ κατ' αὐτὰς μετὰ
ιστόμαις παιρώντω βῆ θήξαντες ἅσυλθείν.
αἰσθα ὡς ἐν Ἀλαντα προθε κήρυκα θεωτήν
"ἐρχε, διὰ θωτα, θείων Ἀλαντα καλεσον,
ἀμφότεροι μὲν μᾶλλον ὃ γὰρ ἐκ' ἥχ' ἀριστῶν ἀπάντων
εἶν, ἐκέν τάχα τῆς τετεύζεται αὐτὸς Ἰάθρος;
οὔτε γὰρ ἐβρασαν Δυνείων ὁγνί, οἴ τὸ πάρος περ
ξηρεῖς τελέσουσι κατὰ κρατέρας ὑσμῖνας.
οἴ δὲ σφίν καὶ καίδι τόνος καὶ νεῖκος ὅρμωσαν,
ἀλλά περ οἰς Ἡτοι Τελαμάννοις ἀλκωμοι Αλας,
καὶ οἱ Τεύκρος ἄμα στέσετο τόξων εὐ εἰδῶς.
ἀς ἔρατ', οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ κήρυξ ἀπίθησαν ἀκούσας,
βῆ δὲ θείων παρὰ τεύχος Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶν,
στῇ δὲ παρ' Ἀλάντεσσι κεῖν, εἰθαρ δὲ προστίθα
"Ἀλας" Ἀργελών ἡγήτορε χαλκοχιτῶν,
ὑνέχει Πετεύο διοπρέπεος φίλος νύς
αὐτ' Ἰμεν, ὁφρα τόνον μονιθα περ ἀντίασθην,
ἀμφότεροι μὲν μᾶλλον ὃ γὰρ ἐκ' ἥχ' ἀριστῶν ἀπάντων
εἶν, ἐκέν τάχα κείδι τετεύζεται αὐτὸς Ἰάθρος;
οὔτε γὰρ ἐβρασαν Δυνείων ὁγνί, οἴ τὸ πάρος περ
ξηρεῖς τελέσουσι κατὰ κρατέρας ὑσμῖνας.
οἴ δὲ καὶ εὐθώτα περ πόλεμος καὶ νεῖκος ὅρμωσαν,
ἀλλά περ οἰς Ἡτοι Τελαμάννοις ἀλκωμοι Αλας,
καὶ οἱ Τεύκρος ἄμα στέσετο τόξων εὐ εἰδῶς.
ἀς ἔρατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησαν μέγας Τελαμάννοις Αλας.
αὐτίκ' Ὡμιλάξην ὑπερ πετρόνεντα προσηνδα.
"Ἀλας, σφίζε μὲν αὕτη, σὺ καὶ κρατερός Δυναμόθης,
ἐστάτες Δαμασίν ὑπρόνεται ἵπι μάχεσθαι."
Of blows upon the shields, upon the helms
Horse-plumed, upon the gates, which all were shut,
And foemen at them stood, striving by force
To break and enter in. To Ajax then
A herald sent he forth, Thoëtes named:
"Godlike Thoëtes, hie thee, run and call
Ajax, or rather both who bear the name:
For that were best of all; since here full soon
There will be wrought on us destruction dire:
So heavy here the Lycian leaders press,
Who alway furious rage in stubborn fight.
But if they too have toil and battle there,
Yet let the valiant Ajax come alone,
The Telamonian, and with him attend
Teucer, that cunning master of the bow."

He spake: the herald heard the chieftain's word
Nor disobeyed; but running passed along
The rampart of Achaia's mail-clad men,
And by th' Ajaces stood, and straight addrest:
"Ye leaders of the mail-clad Argive host,
Ajaces twain, thus bids you the dear son
Of Zeus-born Peteos, that ye thither go
To bear, awhile at least, a share of toil:
Both of ye he would have—far better so—
For there will soon be wrought destruction dire,
So heavy there the Lycian leaders press,
Who alway furious rage in stubborn fight.
But if ye too have strife and battle here,
Yet let the valiant Ajax come alone,
The Telamonian, and with him attend
Teucer, that cunning master of the bow."

He spake: nor did great Ajax disobey,
The Telamonian; but Oileus' son.
Straightway with wingèd words he thus addrest:
"Ajax, do thou with Diomedes stout
Stand here, and urge ye both the Danaan host

O. H. 34
530

ΙΑΙΔΩΝ Μ.

αὐτῷ ὁδὸν καιόει ὅμως καὶ ἀντίον πολέμου. 370
αἳγα δ᾽ ἐλαύνοιμαι αὐτῷ, ἐπὶν εἰ τοῖς ἑπαμύνων."

δὲ ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη Τελαμάινος Αἰας,
καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἦμ᾽ ἔγει κασθρῆτος καὶ ἑπατρος·
τοῖς δ᾽ ἄρα Παιδίων Τεῦκρον φέρε καρπύλα τόξα.
εὐτε Μενεσθῆνος μεγαθύμων πῦργον ἱεοτο
τεῖχος ἑτὸς ἑώτεροι ἑπεγομένου δ᾽ ἱεοτο,
ος δ᾽ ἐν« ἐπάλεσε βαῖνον ἐρεμυῆ λαίλατο ἵςο,
πόθειμοι Λυκεῖων ἤγητορες ἤδε μέδοτοι·

Σὺν δ᾽ ἐβάλοντο μάχεσθαι ἑνακτίν, ἀρτο δ᾽ ἀὐτή.

Αἰας δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμάινος ἄδρα κατέκτα,
Σαρπίδαντος ἑταῖρον Ἑπελήξα μεγάθυμων,
μαρμάρῳ ὁλοίοντες βαλεῖν, δ᾽ ἔρυ τεῖχος ἐντός
καὶ τὸ μέγας παρ᾽ ἐπάλεξαν ὑψίρατοι· οὐδὲ καὶ μὴν δὲν
χειρεσεν ἀμφότερος ἔχον ἄσπρο, οὐδὲ μάλις ἤβαν,
οἰον νῦν βροτοι εἰσι. δ᾽ δ᾽ ἐρ' ὑψίθεον ἐμβαλλ' ἀείρας,
Θλάσατε δὲ τετράφαλον κυψην, εἴναὶ δ᾽ ὕστερ' ἀραξίν
πάντες ἀμβοὺς κεφαλῆς· δ᾽ δ᾽ ἐρ' ἀρεντήρᾳ δουκές
κάπωτοι ἀρ' ὑψίθεον πῦργον, λίπε δ᾽ ὅστα θυμός.
Τεῦκρος δὲ Γαλαύκων ἑπατροῖς παῖα 'Ὑποτέχοιο
ἰδ' ἐπεσύμενον. βὰλα τεῖχος ὑψίθεοι,
δὲ ησυχωθήσεται βραχίονα, πάντες δὲ χάρμης.

ἐγῖ δ᾽ στρε ὑπεῖχος ἄλτο λαθῶν, ἵνα μὴ τῆς Ἀχαιῶν 390
βλήμασαν ἀθρήσκει καὶ ἐνχειτόρῳ ἐπεσσώ.
Σαρπίδαντος δ᾽ ἄρος γένετο Γαλαύκων ἑπατροὶ,
αὐτὶ δὲ ἤτε ἐσόβετε· ὅμως δ᾽ οὐ λήβετε χάρμης.

'Αλλ᾽ ἢ γε Θεσπορίζῃ Ἀλκμάονα δοῦρι τυχῆς

δὲ ἐν πάντας ἡχοῖς· τὸ δὲ στόμαν πλάνα δουρί. 395
ILIAD XII.

To fight again. But I will yonder go
And of the battle meet my share, and quick
Return when I have borne them saving aid."

So spake great Ajax, son of Telamon,
And went his way: and with him Teucer went,
Brother and father's son; and with the twain
Pandion, bearing Teucer's curved bow.
Within the wall they past, and when they reached
High-souled Menestheus' tower—whom with his men
Sore pressed they found, for 'gainst the battlements
The stalwart Lycian kings and captains came
Like a dark-lowering storm-cloud—facing these
They closed in fight, and loud arose the cry.

There first did Ajax son of Telamon
A foeman slay: Sarpedon's comrade true
High-souled Epicles. With a rugged stone
He struck him—with a stone that lay atop
Hard by the battlement, within the wall.
Not lightly, tho' in fullest manhood's prime,
Would any with both hands sustain such stone,
As mortals now are born; but high in air
Ajax upheaved and threw it, and brake in
The four-plumed helm, and of the head within
Crushed all the bones. Like diver down he fell
From the high tower, and life forsook his bones.
Then Teucer smote from off the lofty wall
Glaucus stout scion of Hippolochus
As on he rushed, with arrow, where he spied
The arm left bare, and stayed him from the fray.
He from the wall leapt back unmarked, that none
Of his Achaian foes might spy his wound
And speak proud boast. Sad was Sarpedon then
For Glaucus gone, soon as he marked the loss,
Yet not forgot the fray; but thrust with spear
And pierced Alcmaon Thestor's son, then drew;
And following on the lance prone fell the man,
προῆς, ἀμφί δὲ οἱ βράχοι τείχεα τουκέλα χαλεφ. Σαρπίδων δ' ἂρ' ἐπιλεξ ἐλῶν χερσὶν στιμαρῆσιν ἐξ' ἢ δ' ἐκπετο πᾶσα διαμιργητέ, αὐτὰρ ὑπερθαν τείχος ὑμμανόθη, πολέσσι δὲ θήκα κέλευσθαι.

τὰν δ' Ἀλας καὶ Τεύκρος ὑματίςανθ' δ' μὲν ἢ ἢ 400 ἐβαθμίας τελαμάνα περὶ στήθεσι φαευνὸν ἀστίδος ἀμφιβρότης· ἀλλ' Zeus κύρας ἀμυνεν παυδὲς ἑαυτοῦ, μὴ νησίων ἢ τοι προμυφός δαμελή· Ἀλας δ' ἀστίδα νοῦς ἐπάλμενος, οὐδὲ διαστρὸ ἡλύθην ἐργάλη, στυφλίζε ἐς μὴν μεμοικάτα. 408 χέρησαν δ' ἄρα τυτὸν ἐπάλξος. οὐδ' ὡς τὰς πάμπαν χαζὲν, ἐπεὶ οἱ θυμὸς ἐπίλεξε κύδος ἀρέσθαι. εἰςελετὸ δ' ἀντιθέοις ἐλείμανος Δυνεισών· "ἀ Ἴλικοι, τί τ' ἀρ' ἢδε μεθέλετε θοώριος ἁλετής; ἀργαλέον δὲ μοι ἔστι, καὶ ἱψίλαμ περὶ ἔστιν, 410 μὲνερ ρηχαμένον δέθαι παρά νησὶ κέλευθον. ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτήτε πλέον τοι ὅργον ἀμεῖνον" ἢ δ' ἐφάθ', οὐ δ' ἄνακτος ὑποδηλοντες ὑμοικιν μάλλον ἐπέβρωσαν Βουληφόρον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα. ἢργουν δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φαλαγγας τείχεως ἐκτασθέν. μέγα δὲ σφίζει φαευνὸ ὅργον' εὕτε γὰρ ἱψίμοι Δύνεοι Δαναών ἐδύνατο τείχος ῥζαμένοι δέθαι παρὰ νησὶ κέλευθον, εὕτε ποτ' αἰχμαλε Δαναοι Δυνεισών ἐδύνατο τείχος ἀν' ἐσασθαι, ἐτεὶ τὰ πρῶτα τεῦλατε. 415 ἀλλ' ἢς τ' ἀμφ' οὐροις οὐ' ἀνήρ δημάουθον, μὲν' ἢν χεροὺς ἔχοντες, ἐπιξύνῃ ἐν ἀροῦρῃ, ἢ τ' ἀλάγη ἐν’ χάρῃ ὅριζον περὶ λαγο, ὅτ' ἐκρώμη δέχετε ἐπάλξεις· οὐ δ' ὑπὲρ οὕτων ὅρων ἀλλήλων ἀμφὶ στήθεσι βοηλας, ἀστίδος εἰκόκλους λαστήμα τε πτερέστα.
ILiad XII.

Whose rich-wrought brazen arms around him rang.
Then with strong hands laid on the battlement
Sarpedon tugged. Yielding throughout entire
It came away, and left the wall above
All bare, an open path for many a foe.

But on Sarpedon twain at once made charge,
Ajax and Teucer. With an arrow one
Sno'te on his breast the shining belt that bare
His shield the body's ample guard, but Zeus
From his own son kept off the fates of death,
Nor suffered then by the ships' sterns to fall.
But Ajax leapt upon him with the lance
And dealt a thrust, yet pierced not through his shield,
But staggered him all eager, that he shrank
Back from the battlement a little space;
But not retired downright: for still his soul
Hoped to achieve him glory. Round he turned,
And to the godlike Lycians shouted loud:
"Lycians, why slack ye thus your furious might?
Too hard for me the task, how stout soe'er,
Alone beside these ships to breach a way.
Nay, follow on: more hands make better work."
He spake: they at his chiding awed pressed round
Their king and counsellor in heavier throng.
And on the other side within the wall
The Argives strengthened well their squares: and great
The work now seen. For neither Lycians stout
Could by the ships breach through the Danaan wall
A way, nor Danaan spearmen from the wall
Drive back the Lycians, when they once drew near.
But as two neighbours for their bounds contend,
With measuring rods in hand, on common ground,
Who in a narrow plot debate their right,
So these, with battlements between; o'er which
Each on the others' breasts the ox-hide shields
Full-orbed they hacked, and wicker targets light.
πολλοὶ δ᾽ οὐτάξοντο κατὰ χρώα νηλεὶ χαλκῷ, ἢμεν ὅτερ στρεφθέντες μετάφρενα γυμνοθείη 
μαραμένον, πολλοὶ δὲ διαμπερὲς ἀστίδος αὐτῆς. 
πάντῃ δὴ πύργῳ καὶ ἐπάλξεις αἵματι φωτῶν 
ἀφράδατο ἀμφιτεράθην ἀπὸ Τρῶν καὶ Ἀχαιῶν. 
ἀλλ᾽ οὐδὲ ἦς ἐθνάκτο φόβου ποιήσαι Ἀχαιῶν, 
ἀλλ᾽ ἤχου, ὅτε τὸ τάλαντα γυνὴ χερνῆτις ἀληθῆς, 
ἡ τε σταθμὸν ἤχουνα καὶ εἰρινῶν ἀμφίς ἀνέλει 
ισάξουσι, ἦν πυρινὸν δεικῶν μοσθὸν ἀργηταῖς. 
ἀς μὲν τῶν ἐπὶ ιοᾶ μάχη τέτατο πτόλεμος τε, 
πρῶς γ᾽ ὅτε δὴ Ζεὺς κύδος ὑπέρτερον Ἐκτορὶ δάκεν 
Πριαμίδη, ὡς πρῶτος ἐσήλατο τεῖχος ᾿Αχαιῶν. 
ἔμεθεν δὲ διαπρόσων, Τράεσσοι γεγονός: 
“Ἀργοῦσθ᾽; ἐπιδομοί Τρόης, ἡγίνωθ' δε τεῖχος 
Ἀργείων, καὶ νησίων ἐνετε βεστιδαῖς τῦπ.” 
ἂς φαί ἐποτρύνων, οὐ δ᾽ ὀδασὶ πάντες ἄκονον, 
ἵναν δ᾽ ἐπὶ τεῖχος ἀδικόν. οὐ μὲν ἐτείντα 
προσάνων ἐπέβαινον ἀκαχμένα δούρατ᾽ ἄχοντες, 
“Εκτωρ δ᾽ ἀράξας λάθαν φέρειν, ὡς μὲ πταλν 
ἐστινες πρόσβενε, πρυμνὸς παχύς, αὐτὰρ ὑπερθεῖ 
ἄδει ἐπ᾽. τὸν δ᾽ ὧν κε δ᾽ ἀνέρε δήμου ἀριστω 
μησίδος ἐν' ἀμαξῶν ἀπ᾽ ὀδᾶς ὀχλήσεων, 
οἶοι νῦν βροτόλ ἄν᾽. ἐδὲ μῦν ῥέα πᾶλλα καὶ ὁλοῖ. 
τῶν οἳ διαφρῶν ἔθηκαν Κρόνον πᾶς ἀγκυλομήτης. 
ἂς δ᾽ ὅτε ποιμὴν μεῖα φέρει τόκον ἄρονος ἀοίδος 
χεῖρ λαβάν ἐπέρη, ἄλγου δὲ μῦν ἄχος ἐπείγει, 
ἄς ”Εκτωρ Ἰδίς σανίδων φέρε λάθαν ἄειρας, 
οἳ μὲ πταλν ἀριστον τόκα στιβαράς ἀραρυλαί, 
διαλέειν ύψηλός δοιοὶ δ᾽ ἐντοσθεν ἄχος.”
And many bodies by the ruthless blade
Were wounded, if a fighter turned him round
And bared his back, and many through the shield
By downright blow: and everywhere the towers
And battlements with blood of either host,
Of Troy and of Achaia, reeking streamed.
Nor could the stormers turn the Achaian foe:
But steady still they stood, as are the scales
In woman's hand, some honest working dame,
Who holding weight and wool adjusts the twain
To hang in equal poise, that she may earn
A poor scant hire to feed her little ones.
So nicely balanced hung the strife of war:
Till Zeus at last superior glory gave
To Hector Priam's son, who first leapt in
Within the Achaian wall. He now sent forth
A thrilling shout to all the sons of Troy:
"Rouse ye, steed-taming Trojans! breach the wall,
And set the ships ablaze with fire divine."

He spake to spur them on; they all gave ear:
And at the wall in mass they rushed, then climb
The stony courses, bearing pointed spears.
But Hector seized and onward bore a stone
That stood before the gates, broad-based below
But sharp above—which not two men the best
Of all their tribe had without toil upheaved
From off the ground to place upon a wain,
As mortals now are born—yet he alone
Swung it with ease aloft, so light to him
By crooked-counselled Cronos' son 'twas made.
And as a shepherd lifts and bears with ease
A ram's fleece in one hand, and is but pressed
By little burden, so bore Hector then
The lifted stone straight for the panelled wood
That strengthened well the close and firm-framed gates
Double and lofty, by two crossing bars
έχων ἐπημοιβόλη, μέα δὲ κλής ἐπαρήρει. 
στῇ δὲ μάλ’ ἐγήνε ίὼν, καὶ ἐρεισάμανος βάλε μέσσας, 
αὖ διαμένας, ἵνα μή οἱ ἀθαυρότεροι βέλος εἴη, 
μῆν δ’ ἀν’ ἀμφοτέρους θαυμοῦς. πέτε δὲ λίθος ἔσω 
βρυσοῦνη, μέγα δ’ ἀμφί πῦλας μύκων, οὐδ’ ἀρ’ ὀχήμε 460 
ἐσεθέντην, σαῦδες δὲ διέτραγον ἄλλως ἄλλη 
λάος ὑπὸ μεθής. δ’ δ’ ἀρ’ ἐσθορε φαιδίμως Ἑκτωρ 
μετί θοῇ ἄταλαντος ὑπότινα: λάμπε δὲ χαλεφ 
σμερδαλέφ, τὸν δεστὸ περὶ χροῖ, δοιδ δὲ χερσίν 
δοῦρ’ ἔχεν. οὐ κεν τὸς ἐρυκακεν ἀντιβολήςας 463 
νόσφι θεῶν, ὃτ’ ἐσαλτο πῦλας πυρὶ δ’ ὅσσε δεδήμε 
ἀύλετο δὲ Ἐτόσσου διεξάμανος καθ’ ἄμελον 
τείχος ὑπερβαλεμ’ τοῦ δ’ ἔτρυνοντι πύλοντο. 
αὐτίκα δ’ οἱ μὲν τείχος ὑπέρβασαν, οἱ δὲ κατ’ αὐτά 
πικότας ἐφέκυνο τῦλας. Δαυαοὶ δὲ φΘυθέν 
νῆς ἀνὴ γῆς φυροῦ, ἄμαδος δ’ ἄλαστος ἀτίχθη.
Within secured, in which one bolt was shot.
Right near he went, and stood, then planted firm
At the gates' centre full he hurled, with feet
Set well apart, lest weak might be his throw.
Both hinges he brake off; the stone by weight
Pressed on and fell within; loud groaned the gates
Around, the bars held not, the panels flew
Splintered and scattered wide beneath the blow.
Then in leapt glorious Hector, grim of face
As swift-descending night; terrific blazed
The mail that sheathed his limbs; a spear he held
In either hand. None but a god might meet
And stay his onset as within the gates
He bounded. Fiery flame glowed in his eyes;
And turning to the Trojan throng he cried
To mount the wall: who straight his best obeyed.
At once some clomb the wall, some by the gates,
A ready way, poured in. Before them fled
Throughout the hollow ships the Danaan host,
And never-ceasing rose the battle-din.
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