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THE ILIAD OF HOMER

BOOKS I — IV



TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH HEXAMETER VERSE

H. SMITH WRIGHT

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Park Hill,
Wyndhurst,
Wants.

12th April 1885.

Dear Mr Brown.

I have been waiting to
write and thank you for
for the Book you so
kindly said you were
forwarding to me, until
I had at least been able
to see its outside &
glance at its contents.
However, I must not

delay my thanks any longer, Hexameters - or whether
though it has not yet come, you will stick fast
and will write again in them after a few pages
after I have had the pleasure. I ~~do~~ think with you
of reading it. I expect that a Rhyming version
it must be at the Bank of a long Poem must
So I wrote yesterday asking the impossibility of
them to forward it - at once keeping it - sufficiently
if it was there. Near to the Greek sense,

I shall be curious to
hear, when I next see
you, how you like my

but Chapman is a
fine old version.

Yours very truly
H. Smith Wright

1/3

Homerus
"

THE
ILIAD OF HOMER;

BOOKS I—IV.

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH HEXAMETER VERSE.

BY
HENRY SMITH WRIGHT, B.A.,

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1885.

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TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND,

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER,

LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE,

AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS
CHARACTER, ELOQUENCE, AND HIGH POETIC GIFTS :

AND ALSO

IN SINCERE GRATITUDE FOR THE KIND AND ENCOURAGING INTEREST

HIS LORDSHIP HAS TAKEN IN THIS ATTEMPT TO DO JUSTICE

TO THE POET HE LOVES SO WELL :

THIS TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST PORTION OF THE ILIAD

IS DEDICATED,

NOTTINGHAM :

JAMES BELL, PRINTER, CARLTON STREET.

P R E F A C E .

NUMEROUS as have been the attempts to reproduce the Iliad of Homer in English verse, and in almost every variety of metre, including many excellent renderings in blank verse,—one of them being by the present translator's father, the late Mr. Ichabod Charles Wright,—it may probably be assumed that there has been no version of the poem in *hexameters* (the metre of the original Greek) which has commanded much success. At the same time, it has long been the opinion of many distinguished scholars and lovers of Homer, that the metre of the original is the only one whereby it is possible to give anything approaching to a true representation, in English, of the glorious swing and musical rhythm of the Greek Iliad. Amongst those holding this view may be specially mentioned Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, when Professor of Poetry at Oxford, in 1861, strongly insisted on it in his "Three Lectures on Translating Homer," followed in 1862 by his "Last Words on Translating Homer" (Longman & Co.), and the present translator has the authority of this distinguished scholar and poet, for saying that his opinion remains entirely unaltered.

If, then, the Hexameter Metre is the right one to adopt, the question may be naturally asked, Why it is that so little success has attended any of the several versions where it has been used ?

The author of the present attempt would humbly suggest, in reply, that their want of success is mainly due to the fact that a large proportion of the lines that have been written in English, and called "hexameters"—not only by translators of Homer, but by other writers and poets as well—are not really hexameters at all ; *i.e.* they cannot be read as such except by putting a totally wrong and false emphasis on many of the syllables forming the lines.

Now, since *accentuation of syllables* is the only possible equivalent in English for what is called "quantity" in Greek or Latin, it follows that any unnatural *wresting* or *straining* of the accentuation must necessarily destroy the music and rhythm of the metre, just as "false quantities" would do in Greek or Latin verse, and thus render its sound displeasing, rugged and harsh.

The temptation to fall into this error in *English*, where the accentuation is entirely a matter of "ear," and dependent to a great extent on the exact sense intended, is no doubt very great, and especially so in a translation, where the meaning of the original *must* be faithfully given.

It would frequently be easy to write a line that will scan well enough to the mental ear of its producer, (*if he allows himself to smuggle in a slight variation from the correct and natural emphasis of the syllables*), but which, when a stranger comes to read it, will necessarily cause a grievous stumble. To give one instance out of hundreds that could be quoted: the word *too* can never possibly be anything but a *long* syllable; yet there is a line in one of the Hexameter versions of the *Iliad* which commences thus: "Subjects too base to resent," the unfortunate little word being made to do duty as the final *short* syllable of a dactyl, whereby it loses every particle of its meaning.

Another point of great importance in Hexameters, in whatever language they may be written, is the infinite capacity for *variety* which this metre possesses; and the failure to attend to this point has resulted, in many cases, in the metre being considered "monotonous" and "jingling,"—the latter fault being due to the too free use of dactyls, without a proper admixture of spondees to give dignity to the line.

The "cæsura" is also as essential in *English* as in the classical languages.

"Spondaïc" lines (*i.e.* lines where a spondee occurs in the fifth foot instead of the usual dactyl) have been used occasionally in this translation, but very sparingly; in fact their occurrence, on the average of the four Books, will hardly be found to be as frequent as in the Greek.

In mentioning the above points, the translator's object is to shew what he has *aimed at*: whether or no he has in any degree succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of the task, he must leave to be decided by those who may honour his attempt with a perusal.

It only remains to refer to a few matters of detail belonging to the execution of the work.

1. The names of the old Greek divinities have of course been retained in their Greek form, and not Latinized. Not only did Zeus, Hera, Pallas Athenè, Aphroditè, &c., widely differ, in many of their attributes and

legends, from their Roman representatives Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Venus, &c.. but there is surely something in a *name*, and when gods and goddesses have got good names of their own, why change them for others which in most cases are far less euphonious ?

2. The three principal races comprised in the host led by Agamemnon to Troy being *Danaans*, *Argives*, and *Achaians*, Homer seems to use any one of the three terms, as may best suit his metre from time to time, in order to express the *whole* army as distinguished from their Trojan foe.

The translator has therefore taken the liberty of interchanging these terms *occasionally*, when it suited his metre in English to do so, but only in cases where the above *general* meaning is intended.

3. The English letter C has been retained as properly representing the Greek K, *e.g.* Κρονίων=*Cronion*, especially as the Greek χ (ch) is pronounced in English precisely like the English K, *e.g.* Χείρων=*Cheiron*. The diphthong αι (ai), when forming the Greek plural termination, is represented in this translation by *e*, as in *Mycenæ*; otherwise the ai is retained as in *Achaians*, except in a few cases of well-known Latinized names, such as *Ægina*, *Plataea*, &c.

οι (oi) is represented by *e*, *e.g.* Εύβοια=*Eubœa*, and ου (ou) naturally becomes *u* in English, *e.g.* Ὀπῶς=*Opus*.

The termination *ος* forming, as it does, the nominative case of so many names both of *men* and *places* (including cities, rivers and mountains and islands), would be repeated *ad nauseam* if universally adopted in English. * [This is not so in the Greek, because each case other than the nominative has a different termination.]

To obviate this constant repetition, the translator has adopted the arbitrary plan of rendering *ος* by *us* where it occurs in the proper names of *men*, *e.g.* Μενελάῳ, whilst retaining the former termination in the case of *places*, &c.

ος is also retained in the name of the god “*Hephaistos*” as sounding better and more dignified than “*Hephaistus*.”

The termination *ως* is always represented by *os*, *e.g.* Πηνειός.

It may be well to remind English readers that the diphthong $\epsilon\nu$ (eu) is always to be pronounced as *one* syllable, *e.g.* *Zeus, Atreus*, as it is in the Greek, and as it is in English words formed from the Greek such as *euphemism*, and the same remark applies to $\epsilon\iota$ (ei) as in "*Atreides*."

The quantity of syllables (*i.e.* long $\bar{\quad}$, or short $\acute{\quad}$) is very rarely marked, as the metre itself should show it except in the cases of very few proper names.

4. The text used is that of Bekker, 1843, as given in the Oxford Pocket Classics edition of Messrs. Parker & Co. A few of the lines which are there included in brackets, as being interpolations, are omitted in this translation; but in such cases the omission is always referred to in a foot-note, and its sense given.

5. The lines, in the translation, are numbered according to the numbering of the Greek lines they represent, so that a comparison with the original may be made at any point of the translation, without the least difficulty.

In conclusion, the translator wishes to acknowledge the great assistance he has derived from Mr. Paley's excellent edition of the Greek text, with its scholarly notes; and also to state that he is indebted to the Bishop of Derry for the rendering adopted of the epithet $\acute{\alpha}\tau\rho\acute{\upsilon}\gamma\epsilon\tau\omicron\varsigma$ as applied to the sea, *viz.* "harvestless."

H.S.W.

March, 1885.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK I.

THE scene is the camp of the Achaians (also called by Homer "*Argives*" and "*Danaans*"), hard by their ships, which are drawn up on the sea-shore near to the plain of Troy, where they have been now for nine years engaged in the siege of the city.

A pestilence is raging amongst them, the cause of which is unknown until, on the tenth day since its commencement, the seer Calchas is consulted, by the advice of Achilles. He explains that the plague is sent by Apollo, because the king Agamemnon had dishonoured the priest Chryses, by retaining his daughter Chryseis as his prize, she having been recently captured during a raid.

This leads to a fierce quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, the result of which is the seizure by the king of Achilles' prize, Briseis, whilst Chryseis is restored to her father.

Then Achilles withdraws from the war to his own tents, and prays to his mother Thetis, who comes to him from her home in the sea, and promises to influence Zeus to aid the Trojans. She accordingly visits Zeus, and obtains his promise. Then follows a quarrel between Zeus and his spouse, the goddess Hera, (who is a strong partisan of the Achaians, and hates the Trojans), which however is made up by the help of Hephaistos, and the gods retire to rest for the night in the halls of Olympus.

ILIAD.

BOOK I.

WRATH be thy song, O goddess, the baneful wrath of Achilles,
Peleus' son, which brought the Achaians numberless sorrows ;
Hurling the valiant souls of heroes many to Hades,
Whilst their bodies were left for a prey unto dogs, and the wingèd
Fowls of the air. Yet thus the will of Zeus was advancing, 5
E'en from the hour when first, contending fiercely, in anger
Parted Atreides, king of men, and god-like Achilles.

Which of the gods engaged these twain in angry contention ?
Even the son of Zeus and of Leto. Wroth with Atreides,
Raised he an evil plague in the camp, and the people were dying, 10
For the dishonour shown unto Chryses, priest of Apollo.
He to the ships had come, to the swift Achaian galleys,
Bringing unvalued gifts, his captive daughter to ransom,
Whilst in his hand he held far-darting Apollo's chaplet,
Twined on a golden sceptre ; and much he besought the Achaians 15
All, but most the Atreidæ, the leaders twain of the people :

“Hear me, ye sons of Atreus, and ye well-greavèd Achaians ;
Now may the gods that dwell in Olympus grant you to plunder
Priam's city, and home to return with prosperous voyage,
So ye release my well-loved child, and accept her ransom, 20
Thus revering the son of Zeus, far-darting Apollo.”

Then one shout of acclaim uprose from the hosts of Achaia,
Fain to respect the priest, and accept the glorious ransom ;
Only was Atreus' son, Agamemnon, vexed in his spirit.
Scornfully he dismissed him, and added a pitiless mandate : 25

“Old man, let me not find thee beside our hollow vessels
Loitering now, or returning again, lest nought shall avail thee
Sceptre and wreath of the god. The maid will I never surrender :
Sooner shall age o'ertake her in Argos, far from her country, 30

Plying the loom in our halls, and the couch at my pleasure attending.
 Anger me not, but begone—as thou thy safety regardest!”

Spake he : the old man trembled, and gave good heed to the mandate.
 Silent he went by the shore where boomed the billows of ocean ;
 Then, from the ships apart, he earnestly prayed to Apollo, 35
 Bright-haired Leto’s son : “O King, who fondly protectest
 Chrysa and holy Cilla, and Tenedos mightily rulest ;
 Thou of the silver bow, Smintheus, O hear me ! If ever
 I unto thee did build a beauteous temple, or ever
 Burn’d rich meat from the thighs of bulls and goats on thy altar, 40
 This one wish of my heart vouchsafe e’en now to accomplish :
 May thine arrows avenge my tears on the Danaan people !”

Such was his prayer, nor was it unheard by Phœbus Apollo.
 Down from the peaks of Olympus he came, incensed in spirit,
 And, as he moved in wrath,—his bow and his well-closed quiver 45
 Slung from his mighty shoulders,—the arrows rattled behind him.
 Like unto night he moved ; then sate where distant beneath him
 Lay the Achaian ships, and loosed a shaft from the bow-string :
 Dire was the twang that now from the bow of silver resounded.
 First, swift dogs and mules hē assailed ; but soon at the people 50
 Aimed he a pointed shaft, nor ceased from smiting ; and ever,
 Crowded together thickly, the pyres their dead were consuming.

So nine days on the camp fast fell the darts of Apollo ;
 But, when the tenth day dawned, Achilles unto a council
 Summoned the people, moved by the goddess, white-armed Hera, 55
 Who for the Danaans grieved that thus she saw them a-dying.
 Then, when the hosts were gathered, and all in council assembled,
 Straightway arose, and amidst them spake swift-footed Achilles :

“Homeward, Atreides, now with our shattered forces, it seemeth,
 Must we return, if haply we yet may escape from destruction, 60
 Seeing that war and plague are leagued to subdue the Achaians.
 Yet let enquiry first be made of priest or diviner,
 Or of a dream-expounder,—for Zeus sends dreams unto mortals,—
 Who shall declare the cause that hath angered Phœbus Apollo ;
 Whether a hecatomb due, or neglected vow he resenteth : 65
 Haply, with savour of lambs and full-grown goats, on his altar
 Burnt, he will be entreated, and stay the plague from the people.”

Thus did Achilles speak, then sate him down ; and before them

Calchas, the son of Thestor, arose, the chiefest of augurs,
 Skilled all things to divine, that are, that were, and that will be. 70
 He the Achaian ships had erst unto Ilios guided,
 E'en by his power prophetic, the gift of Phœbus Apollo.
 Now, with kindly intent, he spake, and harangued the assembly :

 "Chieftain beloved of Zeus, thou bidd'st me speak, O Achilles,
 So to declare the wrath of the king, far-darting Apollo ; 75
 Therefore I will declare it ; but thou, with solemn engagement,
 Swear thou wilt stand in word and deed my ready defender :
 For, of a truth, I deem my speech will kindle to anger
 One who mightily rules o'er all the race of the Argives,
 Whilst the Achaians own his sway. If monarch be angered, 80
 Ill doth his subject fare ; for, though his wrath he may stifle
 That same day, nathless in his heart he nurseth resentment
 Till he hath found revenge. Judge then if thou wilt protect me."

 Then unto him made answer and spake swift-footed Achilles :
 "Take good heart, and reveal whate'er the oracle bids thee : 85
 For, by Apollo, beloved of Zeus,—whose aid thou invokest
 When it is thine, O Calchas, to tell some sign to the people,—
 Never a man there is, 'midst all the Danaan armies
 Here by the hollow ships, that with ruthless hand shall assail thee
 Whilst I live, and on earth the sun's fair light am beholding ;
 Nay, though e'en Agamemnon should be the chieftain thou namest, 90
 He that of all the Achaians himself the mightiest vaunteth."

 Then did the blameless seer take heart and uttered his mission :
 "'Tis not a hecatomb due, or a vow, that Apollo resenteth ;
 But, that his priest hath suffered despite at the hands of Atreides,
 In that he set not free his child, her ransom refusing. 95
 Therefore the Far-off-darter hath sent us grievous afflictions ;
 Yea, and he still will send them. The noisome plague from the Argives
 Never will he remove, till first the bright-eyed maiden
 Be to her sire restored, no price or ransom demanded,
 And unto Chrysa's walls a sacred hecatomb taken :
 Then may he be entreated for us, and stay his resentment." 100

 Spake he, and sate him down. Then rose the chieftain Atreides,
 Monarch of wide domain, Agamemnon, mightily wrathful.
 There as he stood his breast heaved black with swelling emotion :
 Like unto living fire were his eyes, as he turned upon Calchas

First, with a scowling glance, and spake : "Thou prophet of evil, 105
 Ne'er hast thou served my ends ! In thy heart thou alway delightest
 Ill to divine, nor good hast ever foretold or accomplished.
 Now 'mid the Danaan host, in prophetic guise, thou declarest
 This is the cause that the Far-off-darter sends them afflictions, 110
 Even that I refused to accept the glorious ransom
 Brought for the maid Chryseis, desiring greatly to take her
 Home to my halls ; for in truth I prefer her to Clytemnestra,
 Even my wedded wife, since she nor in form, nor in feature,
 Neither in mind nor in skilful works, surpasseth the maiden. 115
 Yet will I give her back, if so 'tis best, that the people
 Rescue from death may find : but look ye to it, and quickly
 Get ye a prize for me, lest I alone of the Argives
 Lose my share of the spoil ; for that in sooth were unseemly,
 Since, as ye all behold, my prize elsewhere is devoted." 120

Answered and spake the god-like chief, swift-footed Achilles :
 "O most highly renowned, but most rapacious of mortals,
 Say, O Atreides, how shall the high-souled men of Achaia
 Give unto thee a prize ? We know not of treasure abundant
 Stored for the common use ; but the spoils from towns we have taken 125
 All have divided been, and it were not seemly to ask them
 Back from the people again. But thou this damsel surrender
 Now, at the god's behest ; so threefold we, the Achaians,
 Yea fourfold, will requite thee, if e'er Zeus grant us to capture
 Troy with its goodly walls, and Troy's fair city to pillage."

Then unto him made answer and spake the prince Agamemnon : 130
 "Think not cunningly thus to deceive me, god-like Achilles,
 Good as thou art, since neither wilt thou o'er-reach, nor persuade me.
 Art thou minded to keep thy prize, whilst I in contentment
 Rest me despoiled of mine, that the maid thou bidd'st me surrender ?
 Still, if a worthy prize the high-souled men of Achaia 135
 Choose to bestow,—e'en such as to me seems equal in value,—
 Then be it so : but if they refuse a prize to adjudge me,
 Straightway will I make choice for myself, and seize on a damsel,
 Thine perchance, or the prize of Ajax or of Odysseus :
 Her will I lead away, and wroth shall be he whom I visit !
 Howbeit further of this will we consider hereafter. 140
 Now let us haste to launch a dark-hulled ship on the ocean,

Gather a crew of rowers, and then on board her an offering
 Place we, and thus embark fair-cheeked Chryseis. And be there
 One to command the ship, some chieftain famed in the council,
 Ajax, Idomeneus, or be it god-like Odysseus, 145
 Or thyself, Peleides, O thou most wondrous of mortals :
 So with an offering may'st thou appease the Far-off-worker."

Scowling upon him, then outspake swift-footed Achilles :
 "O, with shamelessness clothed, and to sordid cunning devoted !
 How shall a man be found henceforth, in the hosts of Achaia, 150
 Willingly thy commands to obey,—to go on a forage
 Whether it be, or be it to join in battle with foemen ?
 Not for a private feud of mine, with the warrior Trojans
 Came I hither to fight, for in no wise me have they injured.
 Never did they drive off my beeves, nor ever my horses ;
 Nor have they ever ravaged my crops in deep-soil'd Phthia, 155
 Nurse of heroic men, since many a shadowy mountain
 Rearcheth his crest between us, and ocean's billows are roaring.
 No, most shameless of men, dog-visaged ! For thine own pleasure
 Followed we in thy train, to seek redress from the Trojans,
 Yea, to avenge Menelaüs' wrongs and thine. Yet care'st thou
 Nought, nor regardest this : nay e'en my prize dost thou threaten 160
 Straightway thyself to seize, of toils unnumbered the guerdon,
 Granted to me by the sons of Achaia. Albeit, whenever
 Plundered by us hath been some thriving town of the Trojans,
 Never an equal prize with thine unto me is allotted,
 Though upon my hands falleth the brunt of laborious warfare. 165
 Yet when spoils are divided, a prize far greater is ever
 Given to thee, whilst I, all weary with war, to my galleys
 Get me, with some small prize, but dear nathless. Unto Phthia
 Now will I go, since better by far it were with my beak'd
 Ships to return ; nor deem I that thou, unhonoured remaining¹ 170
 Here, wilt acquire henceforth rich spoils of goods or of treasure."

Then unto him made answer the king of men, Agamemnon :
 "Hasten thy flight and begone, since thus thy spirit impels thee ;

1. 170. Reading *ἔτιμον ἐδόντ'* with Schol. Ven. The meaning of the more usual reading *ἔτιμος ἐδόν* seems to be quite inconsistent with what follows in lines 174 and 175, besides involving the very unusual elision of *σοί* (*σ' δάω*) at the end of the preceding line.

Neither do I entreat thee for my sake longer to tarry :
 Others there are will not refuse due honour to pay me,
 Foremost among them Zeus, great counsellor. Thou most hateful 175
 Art unto me of kings Zeus-nurtured, seeing that discord
 Ever is dear to thy soul, and dear are battles and warfare.
 If thou art wondrous strong, from a god thy strength thou receivedst.
 Go with thy ships and men, and o'er thy Myrmidons lord it ! 180
 I care nothing for thee, nor reck I aught of thy anger ;
 Still will I make unto thee this threat : since Phœbus Apollo
 Taketh from me Chryseis, in mine own ship will I send her,
 Manned with mine own retainers ; and I myself will betake me
 Unto the tent, and seize thy prize, fair-cheeked Briseis ; 185
 So shalt thou learn how far o'er thine my puissance prevaieth,
 Nor shall another boast him my peer in speech or in action."

Such were his words, and stung with resentful grief was Achilles.
 Under his shaggy breast his heart two ways was divided,
 Whether to draw from his thigh the keen-edged falchion, and rushing 190
 Through the surrounding guards, forthwith to slay Agamemnon ;
 Or, to subdue his anger, and curb the rage of his spirit.
 Whilst he was pondering thus, in mind and spirit debating,
 And from its sheath was drawing the huge sword,—came there Athenè
 Earthward from heaven, sent by the goddess, white-armed Hera, 195
 Since in her heart she loved them both with an equal affection.
 Standing behind, she seized by his golden tresses Peleides,
 Visible only to him, whilst all unseen of the others.
 Marvelled Achilles : then he turned, and Pallas Athenè
 Straightway to him was known, and her eyes gleamed terribly on him. 200
 Then did he speak aloud, as in winged words he addressed her :

"Why art thou come, O daughter of Zeus, the lord of the ægis ?
 Is it that thou may'st witness the ruthless acts of Atreides ?
 Yet will I this declare, as of no uncertain fulfilment,
 Through his o'erweening pride erelong his life shall he forfeit." 205

Then unto him made answer the bright-eyed goddess, Athenè :
 "Earthward from heaven I came with intent to stay thy resentment,
 If thou wilt hearken,—sent by the goddess, white-armed Hera,
 Seeing she loves you both in her heart with an equal affection.
 Cease, I pray thee, from strife, nor draw thy sword from its scabbard ; 210
 Yet, as indeed is meet, spare not with words to upbraid him :

Aye, and I pledge thee this, as of no uncertain fulfilment,
 Gifts one day shall be thine, for this despite that is done thee,
 Costly, and threefold more ; then stay thy hand and obey us."

Then unto her made answer and spake swift-footed Achilles : 215
 "Goddess, whate'er ye twain command must needs be regarded,
 Yea, though angry at heart one be ; for thus it beseemeth ;
 Whoso obeys the gods, unto him they readily hearken."

Spake he, and placing his ponderous hand on the hilt of silver,
 Back to its scabbard thrust his falchion huge, to Athenè 220
 Yielding obedience prompt : and she e'en now was departed
 Back to the gods of Olympus, the home of the lord of the ægis.

Then Peleides again, with words of savage resentment,
 Turned upon Atreus' son, nor yet would cease from his anger :
 "Drunkard, with look of a dog, but heart of a deer, thou never 225
 Darest to don thine arms, and go with the people to battle,
 Nor to an ambuscade, with the choicest men of Achaia.

This were as death unto thee : far better, amidst the encampment
 Roaming at large, to seize his prize who chance to oppose thee ! 230
 People-devouring king ! a race of men dost thou govern
 Surely, who are not men : else now, O scion of Atreus,
 This were the very last of all thy arrogant doings.

Yet will I tell thee this, with a mighty oath to confirm it :
 Verily by this sceptre, that ne'er, since first in the mountains
 Lopped from its stem, shall again put forth or leaves or branches, 235
 Nor shall renew its growth ; for the axe hath stripped from around it
 Foliage alike and bark ; and now the sons of Achaia,
 Even our judges wield it, the laws from heaven upholding,—
 Therefore a mighty oath will it be,—regret for Achilles

One day surely shall come upon all the sons of Achaia. 240
 Then, though grieved in thy heart, thou shalt not be able to help them,
 Whilst they are falling fast by the hands of the man-slaying Hector :
 Inwardly thou shalt rack thy soul with angry reproaches,
 For that thou did'st despite to the best of all the Achaians."

Such were Peleides' words as he dashed to the earth the sceptre, 245
 Studded with golden nails, and sate him down. But Atreides
 Raged on the other side. Then up rose Nestor amidst them,
 Orator sweet of speech, clear-toned, 'mid the Pylians famous ;
 He from whose eloquent tongue the voice flowed sweeter than honey.

Two generations of men, speech-gifted, had passed from amongst them, 250
 Men who were reared with him long since, and in sacred Pylos
 With him had dwelt of yore ; and now the third he was ruling.
 He with kindly intent thus spake, and harangued the assembly :

“Ah me, mighty the grief that falls on the land of Achaia !
 Verily, now will Priam and Priam’s sons be exultant, 255
 Aye, and the Trojans all in their hearts will mightily triumph,
 If they shall hear the tidings of you, twain leaders, contending ;
 You, of the Danaan host who are first in council and battle.
 Rather obey me, seeing ye both in years are the younger ;
 I, in my time, have mixed with men more puissant in battle 260
 Even than you, and never did they make light of my counsel.
 Never in truth have I seen such men, nor e’er shall behold them ;
 Peirithoüs and Dryas, the people’s shepherd, and Caineus,
 Exadius, and he, fit match for the gods, Polyphemus :² 264
 Strongest of men were these on earth that ever were nurtured ;
 Strongest they were, and with the strongest joined they in combat,
 E’en with the mountain Centaurs, and terribly did they destroy them.
 Yet played I my part with these, and journeyed from Pylos,
 Far, from a distant land, since they had summoned me thither ; 270
 Yea, and I took my share in the fight, and—such were our foemen—
 Nowadays none of the dwellers on earth could meet them in battle.
 Yet unto me they gave good heed, and followed my counsel :
 Therefore do ye, too, hearken, for best it were to obey me.
 Seize not the maiden, thou, albeit in might thou excellest ; 275
 Let her remain his prize on whom the Achaians bestowed her :
 Neither do thou, Peleides, engage with the king in contention,
 Seeing that sceptred monarch, by Zeus unto glory exalted,
 Ever possesses honour in larger share. Though mighty,
 Born of a goddess-mother, thou art, yet he is the stronger 280
 In that his sway is widest. Refrain thy spirit, Atreides ;
 Nay, it is I that entreat thee to bate thy wrath ; for Achilles
 Standeth a tower of strength to the host in perilous warfare.”

Then unto him made answer and spake the prince Agamemnon : 285

2. 264. Here follows in the Greek text a line which is clearly an interpolation, and is omitted from this translation :

Anglicè—“*And Theseus, son of Aegæus, like unto the immortals.*”

“Verily, aged chief, thy words are just and becoming ;
 But there is here a man who claims o’er all to be master ;
 All doth he claim to rule, o’er all as a king would he lord it,
 All direct at his will : not all, I ween, will obey him.
 If the eternal gods have made him famous in battle, 290
 Do they for this ordain him the foremost in arrogant speeches ?”

Then, interrupting, spake in reply the god-like Achilles :
 “Truly a coward, yea and worthless, men will pronounce me
 If I shall yield unto thee, whate’er thou choosest to order :
 Give thy commands to others ; to me no longer address them.³ 295
 Yet this more will I say, and do thou give heed to my warning :
 Fight will I not for the maid, with thee nor yet with another,
 Since ye have taken back the prize that once ye bestowed ;
 But, nought else shalt thou seize and take, of all that belongs me
 Stored by my swift black ship, unless I freely shall give it : 300
 Try if thou wilt, and soon shall all men judge of the issue ;
 Quickly adown my spear thy life-blood dark shall be streaming.”

Thus with opposing words the chieftains hotly contended ;
 Then they rose to depart, and dismissed the council assembled
 Near the Achaian ships ; and Peleides straightway betook him 305
 Unto his tents, e’en where his shapely galleys were lying,
 Taking Menoitius’ son,⁴ and all his band of retainers.
 Down to the sea, meanwhile, a swift-going ship did Atrides
 Launch, and rowers a score he chose ; then placing on board her
 Offerings meet for the god, fair-cheeked Chryseis he guided 310
 Up to the deck, and there did seat her ; whilst, for a captain,
 Into the ship there went Odysseus of many devices.

Then did they put to sea, and sailed o’er the paths of the waters.
 Atreus’ son, meanwhile, a cleansing of all the encampment
 Ordered, and it was made by the host, and the foul offscourings
 Into the sea they cast ; and hecatombs unto Apollo, 315
 Perfect in kind, they offered of bulls and goats ; and the savour
 Rose from the altars, placed by the shore of the harvestless ocean,
 Wreathing itself in the smoke, and, ascending, reached unto heaven.

3. 295. Here again follows an evident interpolation :
 Anglicè—“Give directions : for I ween that I shall obey thee no longer.”

4 307. “Menoitius’ son’ i.e. Patroclus.

Thus in the camp they wrought ; nor ceased from strife Agamemnon,
 Neither forgot the threat that at first he made to Achilles.
 Unto Talthybius spake he, and Eurybatēs, his heralds, 320
 Zealous attendants both : “Go now to the tent of Achilles,
 Peleus’ son, and take by the hand fair-checked Briseïs,
 So to conduct her hither. But if he refuse to resign her,
 I, with a stronger force, myself will seize on the maiden :
 Thus in the end will prove for him more keen the disaster.” 325

Such was his mandate stern as he sent them forth on their errand.
 All unwilling they went, by the shore of the harvestless ocean,
 Till they arrived at the tents and ships of the Myrmidons. Seated
 There, by the side of his tent and his dark-hulled galley, they found him ;
 Nor was Achilles glad when he saw the heralds approaching. 330
 Fearful, and awe-struck stood they before the king, nor addressed him
 Either with word or question ; but he, their mission divining,
 Spake with his voice and said : “All hail unto you, O heralds,
 Messengers both of Zeus and of men ! Fear not to approach me,
 Seeing I blame not you but Atreus’ son, who hath sent you 335
 Hither to take the maid, Briseïs. Arise, O Patroclus,
 Heaven-born chief, I pray thee, and lead her forth and bestow her
 Into the heralds’ charge : and let these twain bear witness,
 Even in sight of the blessed gods and of men that are mortals,
 Aye, and of him this ruthless king, if ever hereafter 340
 Cometh there need for me to save from grievous destruction.
 For, of a truth, this man insensate rushes on ruin ;
 Neither at all, from the past, is wise to know in the future
 How the Achaians here at the ships may battle in safety.”

Such were his words, and Patroclus, his well-loved comrade obeying, 345
 Straight from the tent led forth fair-checked Briseïs, and gave her
 Into the heralds’ charge ; and they to the ships of Achæia
 Wended again their way, while she went with them reluctant.
 Weeping, Achilles sate, far off withdrawn from his comrades,
 Hard by the hoary sea, and gazed o’er its limitless waters, 350
 Whilst, with his hands outstretched, he earnestly prayed to his mother :

“Short is to be the life, O mother, to which thou hast borne me ;
 Therefore Olympian Zeus, the Thunderer, should have allotted
 Honour at least for my portion ; but now no remnant remaineth,
 Seeing that Atreus’ son, Agamemnon, wide of dominion, 355

Seizing by force my prize for himself, hath done me dishonour."

Weeping, Achilles spake, and heard him his goddess-mother,
 Where, by her aged sire, she sate in the deeps of the ocean.
 Rapidly, like to a mist, from the hoary sea she ascended ;
 Straightway was at his side as he wept, and, sitting before him, 360
 Soothed with her hand and voice, whilst fondly by name she addressed him :
 "Why dost thou weep, my son, and why hath sorrow come o'er thee ?
 Speak, nor conceal thy mind, that I may share in thy trouble."

Then, with a heavy sigh, out-spake swift-footed Achilles :
 "Seeing thou knowest all, what need to tell thee my sorrows ? 365
 Thebè it was we attacked, Ection's sacred city ;
 Utterly we despoiled it, and hither carried the plunder :
 Fairly amongst themselves the Achaians made a division,
 And for Atreides' prize fair-cheeked Chryseis was chosen.
 Then came Chryses, the priest of the Far-off-darter Apollo, 370
 Unto the swift-going ships of the brazen-harnessed Achaians,
 Bringing unvalued gifts, his captive daughter to ransom ;
 Whilst in his hands he held far-darting Apollo's chaplet,
 Twined on a golden sceptre ; and much he besought the Achaians
 All, but most the Atreidæ, the leaders twain of the people. 375
 Straightway arose one shout of acclaim from the hosts of Achaia,
 Fain to respect the priest, the goodly ransom accepting :
 Only was Atreus' son, Agamemnon, vexed in his spirit ;
 Scornfully he dismissed him, and added a pitiless mandate.
 Wrathful, the old man now returned, and prayed to Apollo 380
 Who to his prayer gave heed, since great was the love that he bore him :
 Sent he a shaft forthwith on its mission of death to the Argives ;
 Faster and faster they died, as the god's dread arrows assailed them,
 Searching the wide-spread camp where lay the hosts of Achaia.
 Then did a skilful seer the will of the Far-off-darter 385
 Tell unto us, and I first counselled making atonement.
 Anger anon laid hold upon Atreus' son, and, arising
 Quickly, he uttered a threat that now hath seen its fulfilment.
 Yea, for in yon swift ship keen-eyed Achaians are sailing,
 Bearing the maid to Chrysa, with gifts for sov'reign Apollo ; 390
 Whilst but now from the tent are gone the heralds, conducting
 Briseus' daughter, on me bestowed by the sons of Achaia.

Therefore do thou protect thy⁵ son, for well thou art able ;
 Unto Olympus hie thee, and make entreaty, if ever
 Either in word or deed the heart of Zeus thou hast gladdened. 395
 Oft, in my father's halls, have I heard thee boastfully telling
 How that it once was thine, alone of all the immortals,
 Thine from disastrous fall cloud-girt Cronion to rescue ;
 E'en what time the Olympian gods were purposed to bind him,—
 Hera and Poseidon and Pallas Athene,—cam'st thou 400
 Then to his aid, O goddess, and him didst loose from his fetters,
 Summoning quick unto lofty Olympus the hundred-handed,
 (Briareus hight by the gods, by men Aigaion), surpassing
 Even his sire in strength.⁶ He then, in his prowess exulting, 405
 Sate him beside Cronion ; and, struck with fear at his presence,
 Cowed were the blessed gods, nor dared their purpose accomplish.
 Seat thee now at his side and, this thy service recalling,
 Clasp his knees, and entreat him to lend his aid to the Trojans,
 Whilst the Achaians, crowded about the stems of their galleys,
 And by the sea pent in, are slaughtered. So may the people 410
 Duly esteem their king ; and he, Agamemnon Atreides,
 Monarch of wide dominion, may learn his folly insensate,
 In that he did despite to the bravest of all the Achaians.”

Answered him Thetis, weeping : “Alas, my son, that I bore thee,
 Born of a cursèd birth, and reared thee up unto manhood !
 Would thou hadst still remained in the camp by the ships of Achaia 415
 Tearless, and free from wrong, since briefest life is allowed thee,
 Aye, too brief : but now both early-doomed, and the saddest
 Art thou of mortal men ! In Peleus' halls I conceived thee
 Under an evil star ! Yet go I now to Olympus,
 Capped with its crown of snow, unto Zeus who joys in his thunder :
 There will I urge thy suit, if haply so he may hearken. 420
 Thou by thy swift-going ships remain, against the Achaians
 Nursing thy rage meanwhile, but take no part in the warfare.
 Yesterday 'twas that Zeus, with all the gods in attendance,
 Went to Oceanus' halls, to the blameless Æthiops' banquet ;
 But, when the twelfth day dawns, to Olympus back will he journey : 425

5. 393. Reading *έηος* or *έοϊο*.

6. 403. “*Briareus*” *i.e.* “the strong one.” He was the son of Poseidon.

Then will I make my way to his brass-floored home, and beseech him,
Clasping his knees, and in sooth I ween my suit will be granted."

Such were her words, and, departing, she left him there in his anger,
Vexed for the winsome maid thus ruthlessly seized. But Odysseus 430
Sailed meanwhile unto Chrysa, the sacred hecatomb taking.

Reaching the port's deep channel, they furled the sails and bestowed them
Down in the vessel's hold; and then to its crutch, with the stay-ropes,
Quickly they lowered the mast, and rowed their ship to the moorings. 435
Forth from her bows they cast the anchor-stones, and the stern-ropes
Next they secured on shore; and forth from the vessel the sailors
Came to the surf-washed beach, and forth they landed the offerings
Brought for the Far-off-darter, Apollo; and forth Chryseis
Stepped from the sea-borne bark; and Odysseus of many devices
Led to an altar, and there to the loving hands of her father 440
Gave her, and thus addressed him: "Behold, I am here, O Chryses,
Sent by the king of men, Agamemnon, both to restore thee
This thy child; and to offer to Phœbus a solemn oblation;
So to appease the king, on behalf of the Danaan people,
Whom he hath stricken now with afflictions many and grievous." 445

Spake he, and glad was Chryses his much-loved daughter receiving.
Speedily then in order, around the beauteous altar,
Ranging the sacred victims, with clean-washed hands from the baskets
Took they the barley-meal; and amidst them earnestly Chryses
Prayed with uplifted hands: 'O, hear me, thou who protectest 450
Chrysa and holy Cilla, and Tenedos mightily rulest,
God of the silver bow! Thou once didst hear my entreaty,
Yea, and thou gav'st me honour, inflicting on the Achaians
Chastisement sore; so now vouchsafe again to accomplish 455
This my desire, and the Danaans save from grievous destruction."

Thus he entreated, praying, and heard him Phœbus Apollo.
Then, when prayer they had made, and with meal had sprinkled the victims,
Severing first their throats,—their heads thrown backward,—they flayed them
Next; and from off the thighs rich slices carved, and enveloped 460
Each in a fold of fat, whereto raw pieces they added.
These upon new-cleft wood the old man burnt, and libation
O'er them of sparkling wine he poured, whilst stood there beside him
Youths with the five-pronged forks. But when the flesh from the thigh-bones
All was consumed quite, and they the vitals had tasted,

Then did they cut in slices the rest of the meat ; and they roasted 465
 These on the spits with care, and drew them off. From their labour
 When they had ceased,—the viands all made ready,—they feasted,
 Nor did their soul lack aught in the equal banquet. Their hunger
 Now, and their thirst, allayed, with wine the noble attendants 470
 Crowned the o'er-flowing bowls, and to all due measure apportioned,
 Making libation first from the cups of each as they gave them.
 Then, to appease the god, all day did the sons of Achaia
 Chant their harmonious pæan, in praise of the Far-off-darter.
 Listened the god well-pleased : and when the sun in the heavens 475
 Sank, and the darkness came, then, hard by the warps of their galley,
 Lay they down and slept. But, soon as the mist-born Eos
 Touched with her rosy fingers the sombre grey of the morning,
 Putting to sea they sailed for the broad Achaian encampment.
 Sent them a favouring breeze the Far-off-darter Apollo :
 Quickly they reared the mast, and aloft the gleaming sail-cloth 480
 Fluttered : the strong wind came, and pressed on the belling canvas,
 Bearing the good ship onward ; and, as she rushed through the water,
 Sounded along her keel the dark wave curling beneath her :
 Thus o'er the seas she ran, and forward sped on her voyage.
 Now, when at length they came to the broad Achaian encampment,
 High on the sandy beach their black ship dragging, they propped her 485
 Firmly with rows of shores,⁷ and then dispersed, and betook them
 Unto the tents and ships. Meanwhile, by his sea-going galleys
 Heaven-born Peleus' son, the swift Achilles, remaining
 Cherished his wrath, nor sought he the man-cnnobling assembly, 490
 Nor to the war went forth ; but still by his vessels abode he
 Pining at heart, yet longing for war and the shout of the battle.

But, when the twelfth day dawned, then came to Olympus together
 All the immortal gods, in the train of Zeus ; and forgat not 495
 Thetis her son's behest. Up-borne on the surge of a billow
 Forth from the sea she came, with the mists of the morning around her,
 Upward, until she reached the spacious sky, and Olympus
 Rugged with many a peak ; and there, on the loftiest summit,
 Seated apart from the rest, she found far-seeing Cronion.
 Straightway she sate before him, his knees with her left hand clasping, 500

7. 486. The ships were shored up with a row of stones placed on either side of the keel.

Whilst with her right she touched his chin ; and thus her entreaty
Urging, she spake unto sovereign Zeus, the offspring of Cronos :

“Zeus, great father, if e'er I helped thee midst the immortals
Either in word or deed, deign now my wish to accomplish :
Unto my son give honour ; for he both earliest-doomèd 505
Liveth, and him Agamemnon, the king of men, hath dishonoured
Since he hath seized for himself his prize. But thou thine honour
Shew unto him, O Zeus, great counsellor, lord of Olympus :
Strengthen the Trojans hands so long, until the Achaians
Duly shall learn his worth and award the honour it claimeth.” 510

Spake she, but nought spake Zeus, the cloud-compeller, in answer.
Sate he in silence long ; till Thetis, closer than ever
Clung to his knees, as again with a second prayer she besought him :
“Make me a solemn promise, and give thy nod to confirm it ;
Or, if thou wilt, refuse, since fear there is none to constrain thee, 515
So shall I learn that of all the gods I least am regarded.”

Mightily troubled then the Cloud-compeller addressed her :
“Truly, will rueful deeds be wrought if quarrel with Hera
Thou wilt incite, and she with insulting speech shall provoke me :
Nay, she railleth at me e'en now amidst the immortals, 520
Ever averring that I do assist the Trojans in battle.
Rather do thou depart and return, lest Hera observe us,
Leaving to me these matters, that I may work their fulfilment :
Yea, I will even bow my head, so thou shalt believe me,
Seeing that with the immortals is none so mighty a token 525
Given by me : for nought goes back, nor ever deceiveth,
Nor of its end doth fail, when once my nod hath confirmed it.”

Then, with his eye-brows dark, assenting, nodded Cronion.
Forward the locks divine on the deathless head of the monarch
Rolled, as he bowèd and made the vast Olympus to tremble. 530

Thus did the twain hold counsel, and then they parted ; and Thetis,
Springing from bright Olympus, attained her home in the ocean,
Whilst to his halls went Zeus ; and the gods, at their sire's dread presence
All from their seats uprose at once : for none his approaching
Dared to await, but all stood up, and standing received him. 535
Thus to his throne he came, and thus in state was enthronèd.
Nathless, not unaware was Hera, for she had espied him
Busied in consultation with Thetis, the silver-footed,
Child of the old sea-god ; and straightway unto Cronion

Spake she in taunting words ; "With whom of the gods, O schemer, 540
Hast thou again been plotting ? Apart from me thou delightest
Ever, with secret design, events thyself to determine,
Nor hast thou ever deigned unto me thy thoughts to discover."

Then unto her the father of men and of gods made answer :
"Deem not that thou, O Hera, with all the schemes that I purpose 545
Art to be made acquainted ; for this too heavy a burden
E'en for my spouse would be. Whate'er it beseemeth to utter,
This shall be known unto none, or god, or mortal, before thee :
But, such plans as apart from the gods I choose to consider,
Question me not upon these, each one, nor seek to explore them." 550

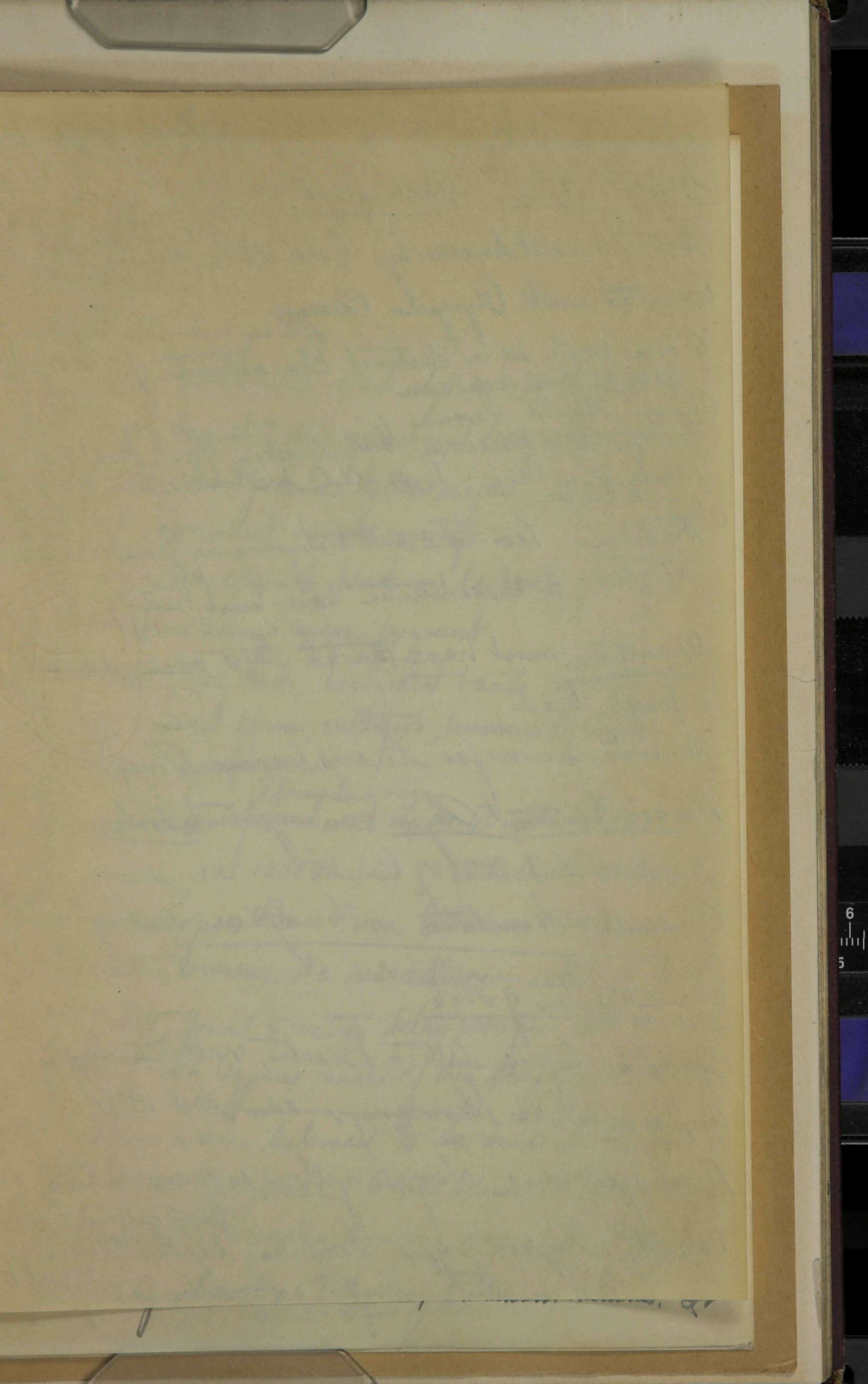
Then unto him made answer the large-eyed sovereign Hera :
"What strange speech is thine, most terrible offspring of Cronos ?
I, of a truth, have never aforetime plied thee with questions,
Neither explored thy schemes : nay, undisturbed dost thou ponder
E'en as thou wilt. But now, unwonted terror hath seized me 555
Lest thou have been cajoled by Thetis, the silver-footed,
Child of the old sea-god. For, wrapped in the mists of the morning,
Seated was she at thy side, and clasped thy knees in entreaty ;
Yea, and methinks e'en now thou art pledged to honour Achilles,
Whilst thou dealest destruction beside the ships of Achaia."

Then unto her spake Zeus, the cloud-compeller, in answer : 560
"Madly perverse ! With thee it is always 'Methinks,' and my actions
Never escape thee. Yet, shalt thou gain in nought but estrangement
Further from me ; and this unto thee no good will betoken.
If I admit thy charge, doubt not my will to perform it.
Sit thee down and be silent ; and give good heed to my mandate, 565
Lest I approach, with hands that none may stay, to assail thee :
Then not all the Olympian gods thy rescue shall compass."

Spake he, and, terror-stricken, the large-eyed sovereign Hera
Sate her in silence down, her rebellious spirit controlling,
Whilst in the halls of Zeus the gods of heaven were troubled. 570
Then was the art-renowned Hephaistos first to harangue them,
Eager to lend his aid to his mother, the white-armed Hera :"

"Truly will deeds be wrought past all enduring disastrous,
If ye twain for the sake of mortals thus are to quarrel,
Bringing amidst the gods discordant feud. From our banquets 575
Gone will the pleasure be of the goodly viands, if evil
Thus be allowed to reign. Then, mother, let me advise thee,

Dr. Sumner



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Protocorinthian: Bibliography

Centaur with human legs (oriental). Seems to be connected with Olympian Bronzes.

A hare-hunt is a distinct character of the Protocor.
Also animal heads are:

Chase: Shield Series

Metropolitan Museum: Greek Pottery, Early Greek Art
Macmillan Vase: Lion-head with hare-hunt motif.

Oberer Washburn: Lion-head with accompanying female head with the characteristic hare-hunt motif.

Corinthians must have started these vases ending in a female head

Corinth famous for its iris (source - Pliny)

Mecro-Corinthia, - Jayne - an important work

Willich - Industries of Corinth

Caldwell - Dissertation on the "Sphinx or Dog" motif

Characteristics of Style

Found in Argona, Attica, Boeotia, & all the Italy, and several in Germany. ca. 700 B.C.

Best specimens; clay, a yellow or greenish clay of flat-bottomed.

Corinth. Types: pyxis, bombulus, leathrus (bearing wire) (ampulla, lat)

Mycenaean Pottery

I. Dull Pottery

II. Bright, polished pottery

a) Made on wheel, with black slip covers, with floral motifs

b) Coarse clay, then slip, geometrical designs " " "

c) Clay very clean, polished yellow surface, bright red bands, occasional human motifs

d) Dull yellow, greenish, black or dark red, quadrupeds and human beings more frequent

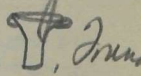
In general; clay red, horizontal bands, spirals, plant designs, animal forms, cuttlefish, humans, and a few large quadrupeds.

Warrior Vase: ^{Attic red ware} found with d. M. III with the Fate

Mycenaean, ca 1200 B.C. or 1250 B.C. Already by the middle of 13th cent. some Achaeans came in with distinctive armour. No resemblance with the geometric style, found 5 metres below surface with Mycenaean pottery. In Cyprus, vases of this shape present.

The lustrous ware believed to be made in and exported from Mycenae. Others believe it to have been made in other locales; however, a great deal must have been produced at Rhodes, Robinson believes. It

is definitely made by a people in contact with the sea.
Dates found by synchronization with chronology of Egypt.
Cretan: ca middle of second millennium B.C. and his
conclusions are now pretty well justified, ca Amenghis III
Vases common in tombs of Ramesses III. Vases in Tombs
labeled "Keftiu" - sea-dwellers. Mycenaean pottery found
in Ras Shamra, Tel Abu Hawa, A. B. O. B. vol 12
Albright.

Mycenaean Style - Group VI - 12th century (conventionalized
and simpler ornaments than that of the earlier Mycenaean)
Cup becomes funnel-shaped, long-handled bowl  Found
all thru Palestine; called Philistine by some. Robinson
says it is an eclectic style, connected with Rhodes. Yalld
It is the pottery of the homeland of the Philistines. Term 'Philistines'
is unfortunate and does not suggest its Mycenaean
connections. Journal of the Dept. of Palear. vol 5.
Crete and the Problem of Aegean Wall Painting, April, 1942
III. Geometric Pottery Dan Wied - 1899. Jahrbuch
Schweizer
Antiquar. 1918 - A. M. - Chronology & History of Geom. Style in Greece
Roes - Geometric Art, Its Origin & Symbolism (poetical!)
Supplement 2, Hesperia - State Geom. Graves
Dan Wied, 1909 - Archiv für die Geschichte der Religion
Archiv für Religionswissenschaften

Greek Literature

Books of the Iliad:

- Trojan Catalogue - view from the walls (Iliad)
- Burial of the dead VII
- Interrupted fight, VIII - scene is at Mt. Olympus. Zeus commands gods to keep out of the fight of the mortals -- but he himself decides to interfere
- Embassy IX - ἰκετορία - embassy consisted of Ajax, Achilles & —, who ask Agamemnon to join the fight.
- Nolanai X - Nolanai, a Trojan spy, captured; slaying of the horse of Phoenos.
- XI - Agamemnon fights valiantly. Patroclus tells Achilles the plight
- Diomedes XII - Trojans led by Hector
- XIII - Zeus encourages the Greeks
- XIV - Trick played on Zeus. Sleep gods — put Zeus to sleep
- XV - Zeus wakes up, Apollo strengthens Hector, Ajax betrays on his ship and departs
- XVI - Patroclus intercedes with Achilles. Patroclus is killed.
- XVII - Achilles hears of the death of his friend Pat.

Achilles' Shield - Chief Companion & the Iliad.

- XIX - Achilles renounces his wrath
XXI - River swells up, gets up and fights as a real person
XXII - Achilles goes after Hector, and circles the city walls 3 times. Hector's soul is weighed. Hector gives up and Achilles slays him.
XXIII - Account of athletic. Spirit of Hector appears to Achilles and complains he has not been buried - so Achilles builds a pyre. Athletic games started at the funeral
XXIV - Ransom of Hector - Achilles drags his corpse; Hermes is deceived and gives a ransom for the corpse. Iliad ends with a 12-day funeral of Hector. (Death of Achilles is one of the cyclic poems)

52
21
Action period of Iliad ca. 45 days, distributed throughout the various books. Duration of funeral stated as the "12th month". Achilles slays Hector in the fourth battle. Events after Iliad written by Quintus of Smyrna

Story of Memnon, legend of Philoctetes

Historical background of Iliad + life of Homer.

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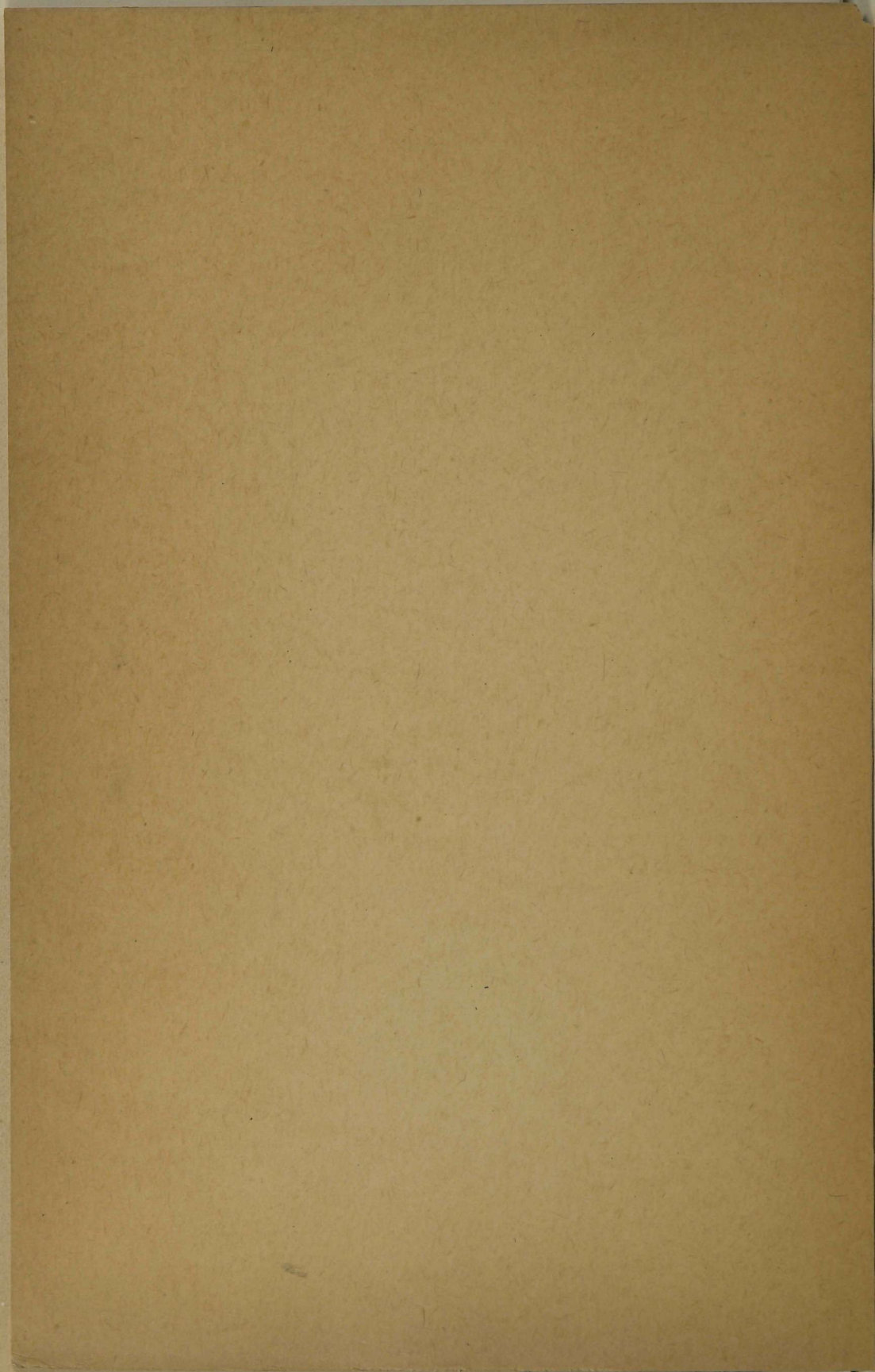
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Wise as thou art : unto Zeus, my sire, give loyal allegiance ;
 So shall he not upbraid thee, and mar our feasts with confusion.
 Easy it were for him, the Olympian lord of the lightning, 580
 Us from our seats to thrust ; so greatly in might he exceedeth.
 Rather do thou approach him with gentle words of endearment :
 Then forthwith will the lord of Olympus turn and be gracious.”

Such were his words, as he rose, and within the hands of his mother
 Placing a double goblet, addressed her : “Patiently bear thee, 585
 Mother of mine, and endure, though sorely vexèd in spirit ;
 Lest it should be my fate to behold thee smitten before me,
 Dear as thou art : and then, though grieved, no help can I render ;
 Hard is the task of him who resisteth the lord of Olympus.
 Once on a time, ere now, I strove to lend thee assistance : 590
 Then by the foot he seized, and from heaven’s high battlements hurled me.
 All day long I fell, and at sunset, lighting on Lemnos,
 Well nigh spent was my life : and there the Sintian people,
 Raising me where I lay, with kindly welcome received me.”

Such were the words he spake, and the white-armed goddess Hera 595
 Smiled, and smiling received from her son the goblet he offered.
 Then to the rest of the gods, on his right commencing,^s in order
 Bore he the cups all round, with nectar sweet, as he filled them
 Each from the bowl. And amidst the gods unquenchable laughter 600
 Rose, as about the halls Hephaistos breathlessly hasted.

Thus all day, till the sun was set, they held their carousal,
 Nor did their souls lack aught in the equal feast ; and Apollo,
 Holding his matchless lyre, discoursed sweet tones ; and responsive
 Unto each other sang, alternate, the clear-voiced Muses.
 But, when the sun’s bright orb had sunk from the heavens, they wended 605
 Homeward to lay them down, each one in the hall that Hephaistos,
 Skilful with either hand, far-famed, had cunningly fashioned.
 Then to his couch went Zeus the Olympian, lord of the lightning,
 Where he was wont to rest whene’er sweet slumber o’ercame him : 610
 There he slept, with Hera the golden-thronèd beside him,

s. 597. “On his right commencing,” Greek ἐνδέξια. This passage has given rise to much controversy, the custom having been to pass the cup from left to right. May not the explanation be that although Hephaistos commenced on his right, yet, as he was facing the gods, the cup would go from their left to right ?

ARGUMENT TO BOOK II.

DURING the night, Zeus devises a scheme whereby to fulfil the promise he has made to Thetis of helping the Trojans; viz. to persuade Agamemnon, by means of a lying Dream, to attack them immediately, although deprived of the assistance of Achilles and his followers.

The Dream, in obedience to the command of Zeus, visits Agamemnon, who is sleeping in his tent, and delivers his message.

At early morning Agamemnon awakes, and proceeds at once to act upon his dream by calling an assembly of the people; but first he holds a separate council of the chieftains and elders, to whom he narrates the dream, and explains his plan of action, which is to try the temper of the people by proposing the relinquishment of the siege, and the return of the expedition to Argos.

He then harangues the assembled host to this effect, and thus arouses so strong a feeling in favour of returning home, that they are afterwards only restrained from carrying it into effect by the exertions of Odysseus, who has been prompted to this course by Athenè, at the behest of Hera.

When the people are again assembled, Thersites comes forward and makes an abusive speech against Agamemnon; but he is promptly answered and chastised by Odysseus.

Then follow harangues from Odysseus, Nestor and Agamemnon, the result of which is that the desire for home is superseded by the war-spirit, now re-kindled; and, after their mid-day meal and the usual sacrifices and prayer, the host is collected on the plain of Scamander, and arrayed in order of battle.

Then follows the celebrated "Catalogue," or description of the Argive host in which the names of the chieftains are given, together with the various tribes and peoples, and the number of ships, under the command of each.

The Trojans, seeing their foes arrayed on the plain, sally forth from the gates, and set in array their own forces outside the city; and the Book closes with a catalogue of the Trojan chieftains and the various tribes under their command.

BOOK II.

THEN did the rest of the gods, and warriors chariot-fighting,
Slumber the live-long night ; but sleep, with its genial thralldom,
Kept not its hold on Zeus. In his mind he anxiously pondered
How he should bring unto honour Achilles, whilst to destruction
Many a life he doomed hard by the Achaian galleys.
Pondering thus, it seemed him best to send to Atreides, 5
Even to king Agamemnon, a baneful dream to delude him.
Calling aloud, forthwith in wingèd words he addressed it :
“Go, thou baneful Dream, to the swift Achaian galleys ;
Seek Agamemnon’s tent, and there right faithfully tell him
All that I charge thee. Bid him the long-haired men of Achaia 10
Hastily arm ; for now wide-streeted Troy shall he capture.
Not any longer amidst the gods who dwell in Olympus
Counsels divided reign ; since all, to Hera’s entreaties
Yielding, are joined in purpose, and woes are decreed for the Trojans.” 15
Spake he, and straightway went the Dream on hearing his mandate.
Rapidly went, and came to the swift Achaian galleys :
Then did it seek Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, and found him
Resting within his tent, in sleep ambrosial folded.
Placing itself at his head, it stood, in likeness of Nestor, 20
Neleus’ son, whom chiefest of all the elders Atreides
Honoured. In form of Nestor the heaven-sent Vision addressed him :
“Sleep’st thou, son of the tamer of steeds—the warrior Atreus ?
'Tis not a councillor’s part the livelong night to be sleeping,
Since unto him is entrusted a nation’s weal, and upon him 25
Many a care doth lie. But learn thou quickly my message :

Herald am I from Zeus, who, though far distant, with pity
 Vast, and with love regards thee. The long-haired men of Achaia
 Hastily arm ; for now wide-streeted Troy thou shalt capture.
 Not any longer amidst the gods who dwell in Olympus 30
 Counsels divided reign ; since all, to Hera's entreaties
 Yielding, are joined in purpose, and woes are decreed for the Trojans
 Even of Zeus. But mind—nor let forgetfulness seize thee
 When from its gentle hold sweet sleep thy spirit releases.'

Uttered the Dream these words and, departing, left Agamemnon 35
 There, in his mind revolving events not doomed to fulfilment,
 Deeming on that same day he should take the city of Priam ;
 Dupe that he was,—unconscious of all that Zeus was devising !
 Little he recked of the woes and groans in store for the Trojans,
 Aye, for the Danaans too, in hard-fought fields. From his slumber 40
 Now he awoke, and about him the voice celestial floated.
 Up in his couch he sate, and donned his delicate tunic
 Fair to behold, new-wrought ; and his huge cloak flung he around him.
 Next, on his shining feet his comely sandals he fastened,—
 Belted across his shoulder his sword, all studded with silver,— 45
 Grasped his ancestral sceptre, unperishing ever, and with it
 Went his way to the ships of the brazen-harnessed Achaians.

Now, when the goddess Dawn unto high Olympus ascended,
 Harbinger fair of light to Zeus and all the immortals,
 Atreus' son commanded the clear-voiced heralds to summon 50
 Unto a high assembly the long-haired men of Achaia.
 They the assembly called, and the people quickly were gathered.
 Nathless first were convened the high-souled elders in council,
 Hard by the ship of Nestor, the king of his native Pylos.
 Them Agamemnon summoned, and thus his scheme he unfolded : 55
 "Hearken, my friends. In the sacred night a heaven-sent Vision
 Came to me whilst I slept, the god-like Nestor resembling
 Closely in form and size, and in features. Standing above me,
 Near to my head, it spake ; and thus its message delivered :
 'Sleep'st thou, son of the tamer of steeds, the warrior Atreus ? 60
 'Tis not a councillor's part the livelong night to be sleeping,
 Since unto him is entrusted the people's weal, and upon him
 Many a care doth lie. But learn thou quickly my message :
 Herald am I from Zeus who, though far distant, with pity

Vast, and with love regards thee. The long-haired men of Achaia 65
 Hastily arm ; for now wide-streeted Troy thou shalt capture.
 Not any longer amidst the gods who dwell in Olympus
 Counsels divided reign ; since all, to Hera's entreaties
 Yielding, are joined in purpose, and woes are decreed for the Trojans,
 Even of Zeus. But mind my words.' It spake, and departed 70
 Swift on the wing ; and now from its hold sweet slumber released me.
 Come then, make we essay to arm the sons of Achaia ;
 Yet will I try them first by speech, as rightly beseemeth,
 Bidding them homeward fly with their well-oared ships ; but amidst them
 Ye disperse, and with words contend against their returning.' 75
 Spake he, and sate him down ; and now up rose in the council
 Nestor, the king who reigned in sandy Pylos. Before them
 He, with kindly intent, made speech : "O friends,—of the Argives
 Chieftains and princes all,—had any other Achaian
 Told unto us this dream, then false we surely should call it, 80
 Yea, and refuse belief ; but now, since he hath beheld it,—
 He who the widest sway 'midst all the Achaians claimeth,—
 Let us essay forthwith to arm the sons of Achaia."
 Thus spake Nestor, and then he led the way from the council ;
 And, as he went, up rose the sceptred kings in obedience 85
 Unto the nation's shepherd, and after them hurried the people.
 Even as thronging bees from a rocky cavity issue
 Forth in their tribes, and ever afresh their numbers are pouring :
 Then on the vernal flowers they alight in clusters, directing
 Hither and thither their flight in diverse groups : so issued 90
 Now from the ships and tents the Argive host, and were marching
 Many, of many a tribe, in troops by the shore of the ocean,
 Skirting its deep-lying sands, in haste to join the assembly.
 Rumour amidst them blazed, of Zeus the messenger, onward
 Urging their steps ; and soon the hosts were gathered, and uproar
 Filled the assembly. Beneath them groaned the earth as the people 95
 Gat to their seats ; and tumult arose, and nine were the heralds
 Shouting aloud to make them cease from clamour, and hearken
 Unto the heaven-born kings. And so at last in their places
 Ranged were they all and seated, and hushed was the clamour of voices.
 Then did arise the prince Agamemnon, holding the sceptre 100
 Made with exceeding toil by Hephaistos. He to Cronion

Gave it of old, and Zeus to the herald, slayer of Argus :
 Sovereign Hermes next unto Pelops, driver of horses,
 Gave it, and he unto Atreus the nation's shepherd ; and Atreus, 105
 When he was now a-dying, the sceptre left to Thyestes
 Wealthy in flocks ; and he unto king Agamemnon bequeathed it,
 Monarch of many an isle and the wide dominion of Argos.
 Leaning upon the sceptre, he now made speech to the Argives :
 "Friends, of the Danaan race ye warriors, servants of Ares, 110
 Zeus Cronides in an evil fate hath sorely involved me,
 Ruthless ! For he had promised, and with his nod had confirmed it,
 Hence that I should not sail till strong-walled Troy I had pillaged ;
 Yet hath he cruelly schemed to deceive my hopes, and to Argos
 Bids me inglorious go with loss of much of my people ;— 115
 Such the almighty will of Zeus, who citadels many
 Hath in the past o'erthrown, and will yet o'erthrow in the future,
 Seeing that he in strength is supreme ;—for this were disgraceful
 Now, and for our descendants to learn, that the hosts of Achaia, 120
 Goodly and vast in number, should thus persist in a warfare
 Fruitless and unsuccessful, to which no end there appeareth,
 Matched against fewer foemen. For, should the Achaians and Trojans
 Choose to conclude a truce, that so each side should be numbered,
 Then,—if the Trojans counted, and reckoned citizens only, 125
 We, the Achaians, ranging ourselves in decades and taking
 One of the Trojans for each, to fill our cups in the banquet,—
 Many a decade of ours would find its cup-bearer wanting.
 Thus, I assert, do Achaia's sons out-number the Trojans
 Dwelling within the city. But others, warrior-spearmen, 130
 Gathered from many a town, there are—allies of the Trojans ;—
 These are the men that thwart me, and sorely hinder my purpose
 Troy's well-peopled city to take and utterly pillage.
 Now are there nine years gone from the mighty Zeus, and already
 Rotten our vessels' timbers are grown, and slack is the cordage ; 135
 Yea, and our wives at home and our tender children await us,
 Seated within the halls, whilst yet is the work unaccomplished,
 Even the work wherefor we came out hither. But hearken !
 All unto my command give due obedience : homeward
 Let us away in our ships to the well-loved land of our fathers, 140
 Seeing that never now wide-streeted Troy shall we capture."

Spake he, and stirred within them the souls of all who were gathered
 There in that mighty throng, save only those who had heard him
 Telling his secret purpose. And now was all the assembly
 Moved, as the waves of ocean that roll in lengthening surges
 In the Iearian Sea, when gales from eastward or southward, 145
 Rushing from out the clouds of the mighty father, are blowing :
 Or, as the strong west wind on a thickly standing corn-field
 Bursts with impetuous force, and the ears are bowed before it,
 So was the whole assembly moved : and now with a war-cry
 Down to the ships they rushed, and the dust from their feet as they hurried
 Stood like a cloud o'er-head ; and now they called to their comrades, 150
 Bidding them lend a hand to drag the ships to the ocean,
 Clearing the trenches out meanwhile for launching ; and upward
 Went there to heaven the shout of men impatiently longing
 Homeward to start, whilst knocked they away the shores from their vessels.
 Then in sooth would have come to pass the return of the Argives, 155
 Even in spite of fate ; but straightway Hera, perceiving,
 Thus to Athenè spake : "What now, unwearying goddess,
 Child of the Ægis-bearer ? And so, it seemeth, the Argives
 Borne on the sea's broad ridges will hasten home to their country !
 Truly a noble boast will they leave behind them for Priam, 160
 Aye, and for all the Trojans, the Argive Helen resigning,—
 Her for the sake of whom full many Achaians have perished,
 Far from their native land, in Troy ! But now the encampment
 Seek thou, and visit the host of the brazen-harnessed Achaians :
 There, with thine own mild words, restrain each man, and persuade them
 So that they drag not down their curved ships to the ocean." 165
 Spake she, nor disobeyed her the grey-eyed goddess Athenè.
 Down from the peaks of Olympus she sped, swift-darting ; and quickly
 Reaching the camp, where lay the fleet Achaiian galleys,
 Found she Odysseus there, of Zeus the rival in council.
 He by his well-benched ship—his dark hulled galley—was standing, 170
 Nor did he strive to launch her ; for o'er his heart and his spirit
 Sorrow had come. Forthwith the grey-eyed goddess Athenè
 Stationed herself hard by, and addressed him : "Son of Laertes,
 Heaven-descended chief, Odysseus of many devices,
 Thus, as it seems, ye are minded, with sudden panic embarking,
 Home to your native land in your well-oared galleys to hasten ! 175

Truly a noble boast will ye leave behind you for Priam,
 Aye, and for all the Trojans, the Argive Helen resigning ;
 Her for the sake of whom full many Achaians have perished,
 Far from their native land, in Troy ! But go thou, and visit
 Now forthwith the Achaian camp, nor tarry an instant :
 There, with thine own mild words, restrain each man, and persuade them 180
 So that they drag not down their curv'd ships to the ocean."

Spake she, and well he knew the voice divine that had spoken :
 Starting to run he flung his cloak aside, and his herald
 Ithacan Eurybates, close-following, took it. Odysseus
 Came meanwhile to the presence of Atreus' son, Agamemnon, 185
 And at his hands the sceptre ancestral—unperishing ever—
 Took, and repaired to the ships of the brazen-harnessed Achaians.
 Then, if he met with a chieftain or noted leader, beside him
 Placing himself, such one he plied with gentle persuasion :
 "Sir, it becomes not thee to be scared like cowardly varlet ;¹ 190
 Rather thyself sit down, and make the people be seated.
 Not yet knowest thou clearly the true intent of Atrides.
 Now is he trying our mettle, but soon will punish the backward.
 All of us did not hear the words he spake in the council.
 Mind lest, angered, he bring some hurt on the sons of Achaia. 195
 Mighty the courage is of a heaven-born king ; for his kingship
 Cometh from Zeus himself, and Zeus—great counsellor—loves him."

But, if found he a man of the baser sort who was brawling,
 Him he struck with the sceptre, and sharply rebuked : "Ho, fellow,
 Sit thee down and be silent, and hear the words of thy betters ! 200
 Weak and unwarlike thou, a cipher in battle and council.
 'Tis not for all of us, the Achaians, here to be reigning.
 Bad is divided rule : let one be ruler and monarch,
 He unto whom the son of the crook'd-counselling Cronos 205
 Sceptre and laws hath given to rule with kingly dominion."

Ordered he thus the host in princely form ; and the people

1. 190 —206. Mr. Paley has the following note on this passage :

"The construction of this address of Ulysses is very artistic : it consists wholly of single and separate lines, each containing an argument more or less complete in itself : it is a string of saws, some spoken to one, some to another, according to the temperament of the hearers."

Forth from the ships and tents rushed back to join the assembly,
 E'en with a noise as when a wave of the booming ocean
 Thunders along the steep, and loud is the tumult of waters. 210

Thus were the people seated, and all were ranged in their places
 Save Thersites alone, who unrestrainedly chattered
 Still ; for within his mind was a store of disorderly language,
 Ever ready to flow in pointless wrangle with princes,
 Speaking to no good end, but to raise a laugh for the people. 215

He unto Ilios came the ugliest man of the Argives ;
 Bandy-legged, one foot lame, his shoulders crooked and forwards
 Drawn to his breast ; and above them his head rose tapering, covered
 Thinly with wool-like hair. To Achilles most, and Odysseus,
 Hateful was he, since these were the twain he was ever reviling. 220

Now on the god-like chief, Agamemnon, poured he his insults
 Screaming them forth ; and mightily vexed at him were the Argives,
 And in their souls indignant. But he, loud brawling, proceeded
 Thus to revile the king : "What now, O scion of Atreus,
 Findest thou wrong, or what fresh boon from us dost thou covet ? 225

Filled are thy tents with brass, and within them beauteous women
 Many there are, whom we are wont to give for a portion
 Foremost of all unto thee, whene'er some city we capture.

Surely thou still art lacking of gold which one of the Trojans,
 Tamers of steeds, shall bring perchance from Ilios hither,
 Even the price wherewith his captive son he may ransom, 230
 Either by me or haply by other Achaian captured ?

Or 'tis a youthful maid thou need'st to share thy embraces,
 One to be kept apart for thyself alone ? It behoves not
 Thee, their leader, to bring Achaia's sons to disaster.

Weaklings ! Achaian women, no longer men of Achaia, 235
 Nay, a reproach are ye ! But homeward now with our galleys

Go we, and leave this man in the Trojan land,—at his leisure
 Here to enjoy his prizes, and learn if aught of his safety
 Doth upon us depend ;—e'en he who now hath dishonoured
 One that is far his better ; for he hath seized from Achilles
 And for himself doth keep his prize. But surely resentment 240

Finds in Achilles' breast no place, and sluggish his spirit ;
 Else, O Atreides, this were the last of thy arrogant doings."

Thus Thersites spake, and thus he reviled Agamemnon

Shepherd of all the host. But straight the god-like Odysseus
 Came to his side with scowling look, and sternly rebuked him : 245
 "Hold thy tongue, Thersites, thou shrill-voiced, reckless declaimer ;
 Neither presume alone to join with kings in contention.
 Never a baser knave than thou, I ween, in our armies
 Followed with Atreus' sons to the walls of Ilios. Therefore
 'Tis not for thee to prate of kings thus glibly, against them 250
 Launching abuse, all eager to watch for the time of returning.
 Nor do we know as yet what end shall come of our labours,
 Whether for good or ill shall be our voyaging homeward.² 253
 Nathless, this will I tell thee, nor shall it fail of fulfilment :
 If I shall find thee again e'en thus thy folly parading,
 Then may Odysseus' head no longer rest on his shoulders,
 Neither may I any more be called Telemachus' father, 260
 If I shall not lay hold and strip thy garments from off thee,
 Cloak and tunic alike, e'en all that thy nakedness covers ;
 Yea, and thyself send howling in tears from out the assembly
 Back to the swift-going ships, with stripes unseemly belaboured."
 Spake he, and with his staff Thersites' back and his shoulders 265
 Smote ; and with pain he writhed, and a tear welled forth from his eyelids,
 Whilst on his back there started a weal of blood from the sceptre
 Studded with gold. Affrighted, he sate him down, and around him
 Vacantly gazed in pain, as he wiped the tear from his visage.
 Then, though sad at heart,³ right merrily laughed the Achaians, 270
 Seeing his plight ; and thus they spake, the one to the other :
 "Marry ! In sooth good deeds have erst been wrought by Odysseus
 Numberless,—leader in council, and foremost arming for battle ;—
 Yet far best is the deed he now hath wrought for the Argives,
 Stopping the slanderous mouth of this word-mongering babbler. 275
 Never again, I trow, will his manful spirit incite him
 Thus to contend with kings in a wordy war of reproaches."
 So did the people talk, and Odysseus, waster of cities,

2. 253. Here follow three lines which are an evident interpolation :

Anglicè—"Therefore now thou calmly revilest Agamemnon, the people's shepherd, because the
 Danaan warriors give him exceeding many gifts : and so thou makest a taunting speech."

3. 270. *sad, i.e.* because their expected return home was put off.

Holding the sceptre, rose. At his side, in form of a herald,
 Grey-eyed Athenè stood, and bade the people be silent ; 280
 So that the Argive ranks, at once the nearest and furthest,
 Might of his speech have hearing, and well consider his counsel.
 He with kindly intent thus spake and harangued the assembly :
 “Surely, O king Atreides, are minded now the Achaians
 Thee amongst men speech-gifted to brand with deepest dishonour ; 285
 Neither will they perform the promise made as they voyaged
 Hither from steed-famed Argos, that thou from hence should’st depart not
 Till, in the dust laid low, Troy’s strong-walled city were pillaged.
 Now they lament like tender boys, or desolate widows,
 Wailing the one to the other, and bent on homeward returning. 290
 Hard were our lot, in sooth, to return thus foiled of our purpose.
 Kept from his wife one month a man may well be a-weary,
 Tied to his well-benched ship, when gales in winter detain him
 Fast in port, and the sea is vexed with boisterous tempests.
 Yet this now is the ninth of the years in their seasons revolving 295
 Since we have here remained : and so not greatly I blame them
 Wearying as they stay by their beaked vessels. Disgraceful,
 Nathless, after remaining long, were an empty returning.
 Courage, my friends, and wait for a while, until we discover
 Whether or no be true the signs that Calchas divineth ! 300
 Well we remember this,—and ye did witness the omen,
 All whom the demon-powers of death have spared from their clutches,—
 Once on a time when lay the Achaian galleys at Aulis,
 Gathering there, and freighted with woes for the Trojans and Priam,
 We by a spring were standing, and faultless hecatombs offered 305
 Unto the gods immortal on sacred altars. Above us
 Stretched there a plane-tree fair, whence limpid water was flowing.
 Then was a mighty portent seen. A terrible serpent
 Blood-red along its back, sent forth by the lord of Olympus
 Into the light, from beneath the altar rapidly gliding, 310
 Up to the plane-tree darted. A sparrow’s delicate fledglings
 There, on the topmost bough, in the leaves were covering together,
 Eight of the brood in all,—the ninth, their mother ;—and quickly
 These the serpent devoured for all their pitiful crying.
 Round them the mother-bird still flew, lamenting her offspring, 315
 Till, as she hovered screaming, he seized her pinion and caught her,

Suddenly twisting round. When thus the serpent had swallowed
 Mother and young alike, the god who had caused his appearing
 Fixed him visibly there ; for the son of Cronos the subtle
 Turned him to stone, whilst we stood by and marvelled, beholding. 320
 Seeing that portent dire our offerings thus had invaded,
 Calchas arose forthwith and spake, declaring the omen :
 ‘Why are ye dumb with amaze, ye long-haired men of Achaia ?
 This great sign unto us from Zeus the counsellor cometh,
 Not to be known till late, and late to see its fulfilment, 325
 Aye, and of lasting fame. E’en as the young of the sparrow,
 Eight in all, were devoured, and the ninth the mother that bore them,
 So shall we wage this war nine years in the land of the Trojans ;
 But, in the tenth, the city of spacious streets shall we capture.’
 Such were the words of Calchas, and now shall all be accomplished. 330
 Tarry ye therefore here, all ye well-greavèd Achaians,
 Even until we capture the mighty city of Priam.”

Spake he, and loudly shouted the Argive host ; and resounded
 Wildly about the ships the cheers of the men of Achaia
 Shouting a glad acclaim to the speech of god-like Odysseus. 335
 Then did arise, and spake steed-famed Gerenian Nestor :

“Out on ye,—now in truth ye do but play at assembly,
 Even as silly boys that are all unwitting of warfare !
 Where will our compacts go, and all our oaths of allegiance,
 Counsels and brave devices, and right hands given, and treaties 340
 Pledged with unmixed wine ? To the fire with all that we trusted,
 Seeing we vainly strive with words, nor can we discover
 Aught that may serve our end, though here long time we are biding !
 Thou, O Atreides, still maintain thy resolute purpose
 E’en as of old, and the Argives lead in the onset of battle ; 345
 Leaving alone to perish the one or two that are scheming
 (Vainly ’twill prove) by themselves, apart from the men of Achaia,
 Home to return to Argos, or yet our knowledge be certain
 Whether the promise given by Zeus the lord of the ægis,
 False shall be found or no. For I assert that Cronion, 350
 Mighty in power, that day when the Argive host were embarking
 Into their swift-going ships,—with slaughter and death to the Trojans
 Freightèd,—did give his promise, and with his nod did confirm it,
 Whilst on the right he flashed his lightnings, pledge of the omen.

Wherefore, I say, let none make haste to return to his country
 Till he has laid him down with a consort seized from the Trojans, 355
 And hath avenged the toils and groans that Helen hath caused us.
 Yet, if a man be found so keenly bent on returning,
 Let him at once lay hold on his well-benched sable galley :
 So shall he first attain the death that surely awaits him.
 Yea, and do thou, O king, thyself give heed to my counsel, 360
 Seeing the words I speak should not be lightly rejected :
 Marshal the fighting-men by tribes and clans, Agamemnon,
 So that the tribes together, and clansmen shoulder to shoulder,
 May in the battle stand. If thus thou do, and the Argives
 Hearken to thee and obey, then clearly shalt thou discover
 Knowledge of chiefs and people, the base from the brave to distinguish. 365
 Each by themselves will fight ; and thou wilt learn the conclusion
 Whether decree divine the city's capture doth hinder,
 Or if valour in men and skill in leaders be wanting."

Then unto him made answer, and spake the king Agamemnon :
 "Verily, aged chief, once more in speech hast thou vanquished 370
 All the Achaian host. O father Zeus and Athenè
 Hearken, and thou, Apollo ! But ten such trusty advisers
 Would that I had with me ! Then soon the city of Priam
 Unto our conquering hands would bow, both captured and pillaged !
 But unto me hath Zeus Cronidès, the lord of the ægis, 375
 Many a grief allotted, in fruitless feuds and contentions
 Ever my life involving. For now have I and Achilles
 Striven about a maiden with angry words, and the quarrel
 I was the first to begin : but if we twain in our purpose
 Ever shall be at one, the evil day for the Trojans
 Then no longer shall wait—not e'en for an hour—its fulfilment. 380
 But to our meal now get we, and so for battle prepare us.
 Each man sharpen his spear right well, and his shield make ready,
 And to his swift-footed steeds their food unsparingly measure ;
 Let him his chariot well o'erlook with soldierly forethought,
 So that the livelong day we may bide the hateful encounter. 385
 For, of a truth, no respite at all shall there be in the conflict,
 Save when night shall approach to part the fury of foemen.
 Fighting beneath his shield, with sweat shall the warrior's baldrick
 Reek on his breast, and his hand that grasps the spear shall be weary :

Lathered with sweat, the steed at the burnished car shall be straining. 390
 Hard shall it go with the man I find at the beakèd galleys
 Seeking to shun the fray : for him no hope of escaping
 Dogs and ravenous birds shall there be when battle is over."

Spake he, and loud were the cheers of the Argives, as when a billow
 Breaketh on some steep shore, stirred up by gales from the southward, 395
 E'en on a jutting rock, round which for ever are surging
 Waves, by the wind upheaved, from whence-so-ever it bloweth.
 Then they arose in haste, amidst the galleys dispersing,
 Lit in the tents their fires and took their meal ; and they offered
 Unto their several gods each one his solemn oblation, 400
 Praying the gods everlasting that he 'mid the turmoil of battle
 Death should escape. Meanwhile the king of men, Agamemnon,
 Offered a five-years' ox, well fed, unto mighty Cronion,
 And to the feast he called the elders, chiefs of Achaia ;
 Nestor the first of all, and the king Idomeneus second ; 405
 Next, the Ajaces twain and Tydeus' son, and Odysseus
 Equal to Zeus in counsel, the sixth. Unasked, Menelaüs
 Famed for his war-cry came, full well in his spirit divining
 What was his brother's toil. The victim then they surrounded,
 Holding the barley-meal, and amidst them king Agamemnon 410
 Praying before them spake : "O Zeus, most glorious, greatest,
 Thou that in clouds art shrouded and in the firmament dwellest,
 Let not the sun go down and night o'ertake us, or ever—
 Blackened with smoke—I have hurled to the ground the palace of Priam,
 And to destroying fire have given its gates ; and the tunic, 415
 Covering Hector's breast, my sword into shreds shall have cloven.
 Prone in the dust may his comrades lie, full many around him
 Falling, and with their teeth the earth in their agony biting."

Such were his words, but as yet would not Cronion fulfil them :
 Though he received the gifts the unceasing toil he redoubled. 420
 Then, when prayer they had made, and with meal had sprinkled the victims,
 Severing first their throats—their heads thrown backward—they flayed them
 Next ; and from off the thighs rich slices carved, and enveloped
 Each in a fold of fat, whereto raw pieces they added.
 These upon leafless wood, new-cleft, they burnt ; and the vitals 425
 Pierced they with spits, and held them above the flame of Hephaistos.
 Then,—when utterly burnt was the flesh from the thighs, and the vitals

Tasted had been,—the rest they cut in slices, and roasted
 These on the spits with care, and drew them off. From their labour
 When they had ceased, and the viands all were ready, they feasted ; 430
 Nor did their soul lack aught in the equal banquet. Their hunger
 Now, and their thirst, allayed, steed-famed Gerenian Nestor
 Opened his speech before them : “O thou most noble Atreides,
 King of men Agamemnon, a truce to present discussion,
 Nor let us longer defer the work the god hath assigned us. 435
 Rather the heralds now of the brazen-harnessed Achaians
 Bid we proclaim throughout the ships to gather the people ;
 Whilst to the broad Achaian camp we hasten together
 E’en as we are, the sooner to rouse keen onset of battle.” 440

Spake he, nor failed to heed him the king of men Agamemnon :
 Straightway he gave command that the clear-voiced heralds should summon
 Unto the ranks of war the long-haired men of Achaia.
 They proclamation made, and the host were speedily gathered.
 Then did the kings heaven-nurtured, Atreides’ trusty attendants, 445
 Marshal the tribes in haste ; and amidst them grey-eyed Athenè
 Went, with the sacred ægis that knows not age or destruction,
 Fringed with its hundred tassels of gold, all skilfully woven,
 Each of them worth in price an hundred oxen. The ægis
 Held she aloft as she flashed throughout the hosts of Achaia, 450
 Urging them on ; and strength for war and battle unceasing
 Roused she in each man’s heart, that now the thought of the conflict
 Sweeter to them was grown than e’en their hope of returning
 Home, in their hollow ships, to the well-loved land of their fathers.

Even as wasting fire lays hold on a boundless forest, 455
 High on the mountain-peaks, and the glare far off is refulgent ;
 So from the wondrous brass, as the hosts were marching to battle,
 Flashing along the skies uprose the sheen unto heaven.

As, on the Asian mead, about the stream of Cayster,
 Hither and thither fly the wingèd tribes in their numbers,— 460
 Geese and cranes and the long-necked swans,—in their plumage exulting :
 Ever with shrilling cries they alight, and ever resoundeth
 Loudly the mead : so now in many a tribe the Achaians
 Poured from the ships and tents to Scamander’s plain : and beneath them 465
 Terribly echoed the earth with the tramp of men and of horses.
 Then in the flowery mead of Scamander stood they, in number

Countless as are the leaves and the flowers that are born in their season.
 As the innumerable tribes of flies, thick-swarming together,
 Hover about some herdsman's shed in the genial spring-time, 470
 E'en when the fresh-drawn milk comes frothing over the milk-pails ;
 Thus on the plain, unnumbered, the long-haired men of Achaia
 Facing the Trojans stood, all fiercely intent to destroy them.

Quickly as herdsmen sort their flocks of goats that are mingled,
 Wide o'er the pasture strayed ; so now with ease did their leaders 475
 Marshal the tribes ; now here, now there, to enter the battle ;
 Whilst in the midst of the host did stand the prince Agamemnon,
 Like in his eyes and head unto Zeus, who joys in his thunder ;
 Like in his girth unto Ares,—his breast was like to Poseidon.
 E'en as amidst the herd, a bull pre-eminent standeth, 480
 Notable most of all amongst the pasturing cattle,
 Such was the grandeur given by Zeus that day to Atreides ;
 Chiefest of many chiefs he stood, a hero of heroes.

Tell me now, ye Muses, that dwell in the halls of Olympus,—
 For, of a sooth, divine ye are, and ever are present, 485
 Conscious of all events, whilst we hear only a rumour,
 Nor is our knowledge certain,—the Danaan leaders and chieftains,
 Tell me of these : but the rest I could not number, or name them ;
 Not though ten were the tongues, and ten the mouths that I spake with,
 And an unwearied voice, and a heart of brass were within me ; 490
 Did not the daughters of Zeus, the lord of the ægis, recall them
 Unto my mind,—e'en ye, the Olympian Muses,—recounting
 Who were the warrior-chiefs that erst unto Ilios wended.
 These, with the ships' commanders, and all the ships in their order
 Now will I tell.

The Bœotian tribes Peneleos ordered,
 Leitus, Clonius too, Prothoënor and Arcesilaüs, 495
 Even the tribes that in Hyria dwelt, and in Aulis the rocky ;
 Schoinos and Scolos too, and the many-peaked Eteonos,
 Graia and Mycalessos, the broad-plained land, and Thespeia ;
 They that in Harma dwelt, and in Eilesion and Erythræ ;
 Dwellers in Elcon too, and Peteon also, and Hylë, 500
 Ocaleë, Medeon, that fortress strong, and Eutresis ;
 Copæ and Thisbe too, the haunt of doves ; Coroneia
 Also, and they that dwelt in the grass-clad land, Haliartos ;

Dwellers in Glisas too, and men that came from Plataea,
 And from the lesser Thebes, that fortress strong, and the holy 505
 Onchestos, where standeth the shining grove of Poseidon ;
 Dwellers in Arnè too, for its vineyards famed, and Mideia,
 Sacred Nisa, and men from the border town of Anthedon.
 Fifty the galleys were that sailed with these, and on board them
 Went there Bœotian youths, six score in each of the galleys. 510

Dwellers in Orchomenos, the Minyans' land, and Aspledou,
 These Ascalaphus led and Ialmenus, children of Ares,
 Borne by Astyochè, in the halls of Actor Azeides,
 Unto the mighty Ares. A maiden modest, she hid her
 E'en in an upper chamber, but he lay with her in secret. 515
 Thirty the hollow ships, that sailed with these.

Of the Phocians

Schedius went as chief with Epistrophus,—sons of Iphitus,
 Naubolus' high-souled son,—e'en dwellers about Cyparissos,
 Yea, and the rocky Pytho and sacred Crisa and Daulis, 520
 Panopeus, Anemoreia, Hyampolis too ; and the dwellers
 Near to the goodly river Cephisos : men of Lilaia
 Also there came, who dwelt hard by the springs of Cephisos.
 Forty the dark-hulled galleys that sailed with these ; and the chieftains
 Marshalled the Phocians' ranks with care ; and near the Bœotians, 525
 Ranged on the left of the line, they stood in order of battle.

Led were the Locrian tribes by Ajax, son of Oileus,
 Swift, but not so huge as the Telamonian Ajax ;
 Lesser by far—nay, small was he—with corslet of linen ;
 Yet with the spear surpassed he Hellenes all and Achaïans. 530
 Men from Calliaròs were these ; from Cynos and Opus,
 Bessa, and Augeiæ the lovely, and Scarphè and Tarphe,
 Thronion too that lieth about Boagriòs' waters.
 Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with him for their leader,
 Ships of the Locrian tribes, e'en they that dwell on the mainland
 Over against Eubœa, the sacred isle, 535

The Abantes,

Men of courageous soul, e'en they that dwelt in Eubœa,
 Eiretria and Chalcis, Histiaia rich in its vineyards,
 Cerinthòs by the sea, and the steep-built fortress of Dion ;
 Dwellers in Caryston and Styra—these Elephenor, 540

Son of Chalcedon led. Of the line of Ares descended,
 Yea, and the lord was he of the proud Abantes ; and with him
 Followed their tribes, swift-footed, their hair far-streaming behind them,
 Warriors eager to rend the mail on the breasts of their fœmen,
 Holding their ashen spears outstretched before them in battle.
 Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with him for their leader. 545

They that in Athens dwelt, the stronghold fair of Erechtheus
 Noble of heart, whom erst Athenè tenderly nurtured,
 Daughter of Zeus, what time the earth, life-giver, had borne him :
 Then she gave him a place in her own rich temple of Athens,
 And the Athenian youths, as the years go round in their courses,
 Pay unto him their worship with bulls and rams for oblation : 550
 These did Peteos' son, Menestheus, order in battle.

Never on earth was man like him for marshalling horsemen,
 Yea, and the fighting-men that bear the shield in the combat ;
 None save Nestor alone, by birth his elder, approached him. 555
 Fifty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with him for their leader.

Salamis twelve good ships with Ajax sent, and his forces
 Ranged he with Athens' sons, hard by their serried battalions.

They that in Argos dwelt and the strong walled city of Tiryns,
 Asinè, hard by the deep-lying gulf and Hermionè ; Trœzen, 560
 Eionæ, Epidaurus—the rich in vines ;—and the choicest
 Youth of Achaia's host who at Mases dwelt and Aegina ;
 These Diomedes, good at the war-cry, led ; and to aid him
 Sthenclus, well-loved son of Capaneus, chieftain renownèd ;
 Whilst for a third there went Euryalus, god-like hero, 565
 Son of the king Mecisteus, the son of Talaius. Nathless
 Leader of all these tribes Diomedes, good at the war-cry,
 Chief in command did go : and their dark-hulled galleys were eighty.

Men from Mycenæ's well-built fort, and Corinth the wealthy,
 And from Cleonæ's stronghold, and they that dwelt at Orneïæ ; 570
 Men of Araithyreè the lovely ; and Sicyon, governed
 First by the king Adrastus ; and dwellers in steep Gonoëssa ;
 Pellenè, Hypercisia too and Aigion ; also
 They by the coast that dwelt and about broad Helicès borders : 575
 Leader of these was Atreus' son, the prince Agamemnon,
 E'en with an hundred ships ; and by far the most and the bravest
 Followed with him ; and amidst them, in brazen armour resplendent,

Proudly he stood, o'er all pre-eminent, hero of heroes,
Seeing that he was noblest, and far the most his retainers. 580

Dwellers in Lacedæmon, within the rifts of the mountains
Nestling low; and Pharès too, and Sparta, and Messè
Favourite haunt of doves; and men of Augeiæ the lovely;
They of Bryseiæ too, and Amyclæ; and Helos, the fortress
Hard by the sea, and Laüs and Oitylos,—these Menelaüs, 585
Good at the battle-shout, Agamemnon's brother, commanded,
Leader of sixty ships; but his men in separate station
Formed their array. In the midst, on his own keen spirit reliant,
Rousing them on to battle, he moved, all ardently longing
Vengeance to take for the toils and groans that Helen had caused them. 590

They that in Pylos dwelt, and the men of Arenè the lovely,
Thryon—Alpheios' ford—and the stablished fortress of Aipy;
They Cyparisseis too that held, and Amphigeneia,
Pteleos also and Helos, and Dorion; (whilom the Muses
Met with the Thracian Thamyris there, and ended his singing, 595
Whilst from Oichalian Eurytus' home in Oichalia fared he.
This was his boastful vaunt, that he would win in a contest
E'en though the Muses sang that are sprung from the lord of the ægis:
Wrathful, they spoilt his sight; and the wondrous gift of his singing
Took they away; and they made him forgetful of all his harping); 600
Leaders of these the steed-famed chief, Gerenian Nestor,
Came to the war, and ninety the hollow ships he commanded.

They that in Arcady dwelt, beneath the steeps of Cyllenè,
Near unto Aipytus' tomb, where hand-to-hand in the combat
Warriors fight; and the men of Pheneos, Stratiè, Rhipè, 605
Orchomenos the wealthy in flocks, and windy Enispè;
They that from Tegea came and Mantineia the lovely;
Men of Parrhasiæ too, and they that dwelt at Stymphelos;
These by the prince Agapenor, Ancaüs' son, were commanded,
Leader of sixty ships; and warriors many in each one 610
Sailed there—Arcadian men well-skilled in war; for Atreides,
E'en Agamemnon the king of men, had given them galleys,
Well-benched ships of his own, the dark-hued ocean to traverse,
Seeing that all unwitting were they of the craft of the seaman.

Dwellers in Buprasion, and the men from glorious Elis,— 615
E'en such part as Hyrminè, and Myrsinos far on the borders

And the Olenian rock with Aleision, bound in their compass,—
Four were of these the leaders, and ten swift galleys with each one
Came to the war, wherein there sailed full many Epeians.

Amplimachus and Thalpius—these were two of the leaders, 620
(Sons of Cleatus they and of Eurytus, scions of Actor;)

Whilst of the next ten ships Amarynceus' son was the captain,
Even Diores the strong; and the fourth Polyxeinus the god-like,
Royal Agasthenes' son did lead—the son of Augeias.

Dwellers at Dulichion and the sacred isles of Echinæ, 625
Over the sea that lie off Elis, Meges commanded—

Equal in war to Ares—of steed-famed Phyleus begotten
Dear unto Zeus. He erst, with his father angered, his dwelling
Changed unto Dulichion: and the dark-hulled galleys were forty
Sailing with him for captain. 630

The Cephallenian squadrons—
High-souled warriors these—did Odysseus lead; and amongst them
Ithaca's sons and men from the wood-clad Neriton followed;
Whilst to the war Crocyleia her warriors sent, and the rugged
Aigilips; Samos too and Zacynthos; yea and the mainland
Over against the isles. All these Odysseus commanded, 635
Equal to Zeus in counsel, and twelve were his galleys in number,
Scarlet on either bow.

And Thoas, son of Andraimon,
Led the Ætolian tribes; e'en they that inhabited Pleuron,
Olenos, Pylenè, Calydon the rocky, and Chalchis 640
Hard by the sea. For now no more was the great-souled Oineus
Living, nor yet his sons; and dead was now Meleager,
He of the golden hair: and to Thoas thus was committed
O'er the Ætolian tribes full sovereign sway as their monarch.
Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with him for their leader.

Spear-famed Idomeneus the Cretan squadrons commanded, 645
Even the men of Cnosos, and strong-walled Gortys and Lyctos;
Dwellers in Miletos and the far-off-gleaming Lycastos,
Phaistos and Rhytion too—all stablished cities,—and others,
Dwelling in Crete of the hundred towns, did own for their leader
Spear-famed Idomeneus; and with him, match for the war-god 650
Slayer of men, there went Meriones. Black were the galleys,
Eighty in all, that sailed with these twain chiefs to command them.

Nine good ships from Rhodes, with the lordly Rhodians freighted,
 Sailed with Heracles' son, Tlepolemus, mighty in stature,
 Yea, and of valiant soul. In Rhodes in separate stations 655
 Dwelt they—Ielÿsos, Lindos and shining Cameiros :—
 These Tlepolemus led, spear-fighting chieftain renownèd,
 Born unto Astyocheia, the spouse of mighty Heracles.
 Her from the stream Sellëis—from Ephyrè—erst had he wedded,
 E'en what time he had ravaged the towns of warrior-chieftains 660
 Nurtured of Zeus, full many. But when, in the strong-built palace
 Reared from a child, unto manhood was come Tlepolemus, straightway
 Slew he his father's uncle Licymnius, scion of Ares,
 Now grown old. And quickly he built him ships; and collecting
 Followers not a few, to the seas in flight he betook him, 665
 Fearing the threaten'd wrath of the other sons and the grandsons
 Sprung from the great Heracles. And thus to Rhodes in his wand'rings
 Came he in sorry plight; and there did he and his people
 Settle in three divisions, by tribes: and greatly belovèd
 Were they of Zeus, the king o'er gods and mortals who reigneth,
 Yea, and exceeding wealth poured down Cronion upon them. 670

Three were the well-trimmed ships that sailed from Symè with Nireus,—
 Nireus, born to Aglaia and royal Charopus,—Nireus,
 Comeliest man of the Danaan host that to Ilios wended,
 Next to the glorious chief Peleides: yet but a weakling
 He; and few were the people that came with him for their leader. 675

They that possessed Nisyros, and men from Crapathos, Casos,
 Cos—Eurypylos' city,—and men from the isles of Calydnæ;
 These to the war Pheidippus did lead and Antiphus with him,
 Sons of the royal Thessalus both, whose sire was Heracles.
 Thirty the hollow ships that sailed with these to command them. 680

Now will I tell of them that dwelt in Pelasgian Argos,
 Even in Alos and Trachis and Alopè, Phthia, and Hellas
 Famed for its women fair,—e'en all the tribes of Hellenes,
 Myrmidons too and Achaians,—of these Achilles was leader, 685
 Sailing with fifty ships: but war's dread din and the battle
 Little did they regard, since chieftain none was there with them,
 None to array their ranks and lead them forth to the combat.
 Idle amidst his ships god-like swift-footed Achilles
 Lingered, enraged for sake of her of the beauteous tresses,

Even the maid Briseïs, his hard-won prize from Lyrnessos, 690
 Won what time Lyrnessos and Thebè's fortress he pillaged.
 Then had he overthrown Mynes and Epistrophus—spearmen
 Famous—Evēnus' sons, the king whose sire was Selepus.
 Grieving for her he lay, yet soon to arise was he destined.
 They that in Phylacè dwelt, and in flowery Pyrasos—precincts 695
 Sacred to Demētēr,—and in Iton rich in her sheep-folds ;
 Antron, hard by the sea, and Pteleos bedded in herbage ;
 These, whilst yet he lived, were led by Protesilaüs
 Valiant in war : but him long since had the dark earth covered,
 Leaving his widowed wife in Phylacè marred with her sorrow, 700
 Yea, and his house half-built ; for a Dardan warrior slew him
 Whilst from his ship he leapt, the foremost far of the Argives.
 Much did his people mourn their chief ; yet found they a leader—
 One to array their ranks—Podarces, scion of Ares,
 Son of Iphiclus Phylacides, in flocks who abounded : 705
 He was in sooth own brother to high-souled Protesilaüs,
 Younger by birth : for e'en as Protesilaüs was older,
 So was he braver too,—a warrior chief :—and his people
 Mourned for their hero gone ; nathless they lacked not a leader.
 Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with Protesilaüs. 710
 They that at Pheræ dwelt by Boibè's lake, and at Boibè ;
 Glaphyræ too, and men from the stablished city Iolcos ;
 These, with eleven ships, the well-loved son of Admetus,
 Even Eumelus, led ; whom erst, of Pelias' daughters
 Fairest, the noble lady Alcestis bare to Admetus. 715
 Dwellers in Thaumaciè, Melibœa and rugged Olizon,—
 Men of Methonè too,—in command of these Philoctetes,
 Skilled with the bow, did sail with seven ships ; and in each one
 Fifty for crew there went, all archers valiant in battle. 720
 Yet was he lying now in the sacred island of Lemnos,
 Suffering grievous pain ; for there had the sons of Achaia
 Left him, sick from the wound of a deadly hydrus. Afflicted,
 There did he lie ; but soon, beside their ships, were the Argives
 Destined to bring once more to remembrance king Philoctetes.⁴ 725

4. 725. Alluding to the warning of the seer, Helenus, that Troy could only be taken by the help of Philoctetes and his bow.

Sorrowed his people much for their chief; yet found they a leader—
 One to command their host—the bastard son of Oileus,
 Medon, of Rhènè borne to Oileus waster of cities.

They that at Tricea dwelt, and Ithomè, mountain-enthronèd;
 Men of Oichalia too, the Oichalian Eurytus' city; 730
 Twain were of these the chiefs, the sons of Asclepius,—leeches
 Skilled in their art,—Podaleirius one, the other Machaon.
 Thirty the hollow ships that sailed with these to command them.

Dwellers in Ormenios and beside the fount Hypereia,
 They of Asterion too, and of Titanos' glistening summits; 735
 These Eurypylus led, the illustrious son of Evaimon.
 Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with him for their leader.

Men in Gyrtone dwelling, and they that came from Argissa,
 Orthè, Elonè, too, and the gleaming town Oloösson;
 Leader of these there went Polypoites, battle-enduring, 740
 Offspring of Peirithoüs whose sire was Zeus the immortal:
 Peirithoüs begat him of far-famed Hippodameia,
 E'en on the day when vengeance he took on the race of the Centaurs,
 Thrusting their shaggy hordes from Pelion;—yea, and he drave them
 To the Aithices' land;—nor went alone Polypoites:
 With him in joint command was Leonteus scion of Ares, 745
 Even Coronus' son the high-souled offspring of Caineus.
 Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with these to command them.

Twenty and two good ships from Cyphos Gouneus commanded:
 He th' Eniënian tribes, and Peraibians battle enduring,
 Led to the war, e'en dwellers about Dodona the stormy; 750
 Holders of farmsteads too by fair Titaresios' waters,
 Stream of pellucid wave, that joins the stream of Peneios,
 Yet with the silver-whirling Peneios never doth mingle.
 Like unto oil, apart, above his waters he floweth,
 Since from the river Styx he springs, dread oath unto mortals. 755

Prothoüs swift of foot, Tenthredon's son, the Magnetians—
 Dwellers about Peneios, and Pelion mantled with forests—
 Led to the war; and forty the dark-hulled ships he commanded.

Thus have I told the chiefs of the Danaan host and their captains: 760
 Now unto me declare, O Muse, of men and of horses
 Following Atreus' son, which most excelled? Of the horses

Those of Pheretiades⁵ were best by far ; and Eumelus
 Drave them ; and swift were they as birds, and matched in their colour,
 Yea, and in age, and in height across their backs by the measure. 765
 Both were mares—by Apollo, the god of the bow of silver,
 Reared in Pereia—and onward they bore the terror of battle.
 Foremost amid the chiefs by far Telamonian Ajax
 Stood in renown, whilst lasted Achilles' rage ; for of heroes
 Bravest of all was he, and best of all were his horses,
 Steeds that were wont in battle to bear the noble Peleides. 770
 Yet was Achilles now by his beaked sea-going galleys
 Biding aloof, enraged with Atreus' son Agamemnon,
 Shepherd of all the host ; and along the strand of the ocean
 Sported with javelin-throwing and quoits and bows his retainers.
 Idle the while their steeds, each one by his chariot standing, 775
 Munched at the clover-grass and marsh-grown parsley beside them,
 Whilst in the tents were ranged the well-wrought cars of the chieftains.
 Listless amidst the camp, their warlike leader regretting,
 Hither and thither roamed his men, nor joined they the battle.
 Like unto wasting fire that consumes the land as it passeth, 780
 Such was the Danaans' march ; and the earth beneath their advancing
 Groaned, as it groans at the wrath of Zeus who joys in his thunder,
 When he hath lashed the earth o'er huge Typhœus that lieth,
 E'en midst Arima's peaks that are called the couch of Typhœus.
 Heavily thus did groan the earth with the tramp of the squadrons
 Rapidly crossing the plain ; and soon its space was accomplished. 785
 Then to the Trojans came there from Zeus a messenger—Iris,
 Fleet as the wind,—with tidings of woe from the lord of the ægis.
 They, both youths and elders, were all in council assembled
 Hard by the gates of Priam ; and near them swift-footed Iris 790
 Stationed herself, and spoke with voice resembling Polites,
 Priam's son, who was wont to sit as scout for the Trojans
 Posted above the tomb of Aisyctes the aged,
 Unto his fleetness trusting ; and thence he watched the Achaians,
 Waiting till he should see them advancing forth from their vessels.
 Like unto him in form, now spake the swift-footed Iris : 795
 " Still unto thee, old man, an endless story is pleasing

5. 763. *Pheretiades* i.e., Eumelus, the grandson of Pheres.

As in the days of peace ; but now hath fallen upon us
 Battle and war unceasing. In many a combat of heroes
 Oft have I taken part ; but host so goodly and mighty
 Never did I behold : nay, e'en like leaves of the forest, 800
 Or as the sand for number, across the plain they are marching
 Straight for the city's walls. Thee therefore, chiefest, O Hector,
 Thus do I charge. Since here, in the spacious city of Priam,
 Many allies are gathered,—of diverse tongues, and of nations
 Dwelling asunder far,—see thou that each of the leaders 805
 Rangeth beneath his orders, and in the battle directeth,
 None but his own retainers who look to him as their captain.”

Spake she, and Hector knew full well the voice of the goddess.
 Straight he dismissed the council ; and now the warriors thronging
 Rushed to their arms ; and the gates were opened wide, and from out them
 Sallied amain both foot and horse, and wild was the uproar. 810

Out in the plain there standeth apart, in the front of the city,
 Girt with a space all round it, a lofty hill “ Baticia ”
 Callèd of men, but of gods “ the tomb of the lissome Myrinè : ”
 There the allies of Troy, and the Trojans marshalled their forces. 815

Leader of all the Trojans⁶ was Hector mighty in battle,
 Stately with glancing helm, king Priam's son ; and the bravest
 Far, and the most in number, were Hector's armed retainers,
 Eager to wield the spear.

The valiant son of Anchises—
 Even Aenēas—he of the Dardan tribes was the leader, 820
 Born unto fair Aphroditè, the goddess-bride of a mortal,
 Wed in the vales of Ida ; and with him went as his captains
 Sons of Antenor twain—Archelochus one, and the other
 Acamas—both well skilled in all devices of warfare.

Men of Zeleia, who dwelt on the lowest ridges of Ida—
 Trois by race and wealthy—and drank of the dark Aisepos, 825
 These did Pandarus lead, the glorious son of Lycaon,
 Taught by Apollo's self the subtle craft of the archer.

Dwellers in Adrasteia, and men from the land of Apaisos ;
 They that Pitÿcia held and the mountain steep of Tereia,
 These didAdrastus lead and Amphius—he that a breastplate 830

6. 816. *Trojans, i.e., as distinguished from the allies.*

Fashioned of linen wore—twain sons of Percosian Merops :
 Skilled above all was he as a seer, and much he protested,
 Urging his sons to hold them aloof from murderous warfare ;
 Yet would they not obey him, for death's dark demons allured them.

Dwellers in Perceotè and Practios, Sestos, Abydos, 835
 Yea, and in sacred Arisbè,—of these was Asius leader,
 Hyrtacus' son : a prince of men, he came from Arisbè—
 Asius Hyrtacides—from beside the river Selleis,
 Borne by his stalwart pair, his steeds of fiery chestnut.

Hippothis did lead the Pelasgians, warrior-spearmen, 840
 Even the tribes that dwelt in the deep-soiled land of Larissa.
 These Hippothis led and Pylaius, scion of Ares :
 Teutamus' grandsons they, their sire Pelasgian Lethus.

Acamas led the Thracians, and Peiroüs valiant in battle,
 Even the men whose coasts the rushing Hellespont boundeth. 845

Chief of the spear-renowned Ciconian tribes was Euphemus,
 Offspring of Ceos son, Troizenus, nurtured of heaven.

Men of the curvèd bow—Paionians—these by Pyraichmes
 Unto the war were led from distant Amydon, dwellers
 E'en where Axios' stream, broad-flowing, poureth his waters ;
 Axios, he that is fairest of all earth-watering rivers. 850

Ordered the Paphlagonian tribes Palaimenes, chieftain
 Rugged of heart. From out the land of the Eneti came they—
 Nurturing land of mules, wild-bred,—e'en men of Cytoros,
 Sesamos too, and they that about Parthenios' waters
 Dwelt in their goodly halls ; and they that inhabited Cromna,
 Aigialos, and the lofty heights that are called Erythini. 855

Twain were the chiefs who led the Halizonians, summoned
 Far, from the distant borders of Alybè, birthplace of silver :
 Odius hight was the one, and the one Epistrophus.

Chromis

Ordered the Mysian host, and Ennomus augur renowned :
 Nathless shunned he not black fate by his auguries, falling
 Slain by the hands of Achilles, the swift of foot, in the river, 860
 E'en in the fight where many another Trojan was slaughtered.⁷

Phorcys the Phrygians led ; and Ascanius, god-like chieftain,

7. 861. Referring to the fight at the river Seamander described in Book xxi.

With him in joint command did go. All eager for battle
 Unto the war they went, from far Ascania summoned.

Led the Mæonian tribes, from beneath the mountains of Tmolos,
 Sons of Talaimenes twain—Mesthles and Antiphus—children 865
 Borne unto him of the nymph in the lake Gygæan who dwelleth.

Nastes the Carians led, a people rugged of language ;
 Men from Miletos these, and the pine-clad mountain of Phthires,
 Yea, and Mæander's waters and Mycalè's towering summits,
 Amphimachus and Nastes of all these tribes were the leaders, 870
 Nastes and Amphimachus, the glorious sons of Nomion.

Like to a girl, in gold attire to the war he⁸ betook him,
 Fool that he was! Nor at all from grievous death did his armour
 Save him ; for he was slain in the river-fight by Achilles,
 Swift of foot ; and his armour of gold the warrior captured. 875

Leading the Lycian tribes Sarpedon and Glaucus the peerless
 Came from afar, from the Lycian land and the eddying Xanthos.

8. 872.—*i.e.*, Amphimachus.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK III.

THE two hosts being now in battle array on the plain of Scamander, Alexandros (as *Paris* is frequently designated by Homer) comes forward from the Trojan ranks, and calls upon the Argives to send a champion to meet him in single combat.

Menelaüs, the husband of Helen, eagerly accepts the challenge, and advances towards Paris, whose heart now fails him; but he is rallied by Hector, his brother, who then proclaims the terms of the combat, viz. that it shall decide the war, and that Helen and her possessions shall belong to the victor. Heralds are sent to summon King Priam, and to bring the sacrifices necessary for the ratification of the treaty.

Priam, meanwhile, is sitting in council with the elders on the tower of the city walls, at the Scæan gates; and thither Helen comes from the palace to view the combat. In reply to Priam's enquiries, she points out to him the principal chieftains of the Argive host, now in full view from the walls.

On the arrival of the heralds, Priam mounts his chariot, and drives out through the Scæan gates to the plain where the two hosts are arrayed, and the solemn treaty is now duly ratified.

Then the lots are cast to decide which of the two champions shall first hurl his spear, and, the lot falling to Paris, the combat commences, but soon results in his defeat; and Menelaüs is dragging him off in triumph when the goddess Aphroditè comes to the rescue, and enables him to escape unperceived to his palace. Thither the goddess then brings Helen, who at first refuses to go and remonstrates angrily, but at length yields to Aphroditè's threats of her displeasure should she not obey her.

Menelaüs, meanwhile, searches in vain for his enemy amongst the Trojan ranks; nor is any Trojan able to point him out, though all would gladly have done so, and the Book concludes with a formal claim made by Agamemnon for the surrender of Helen and her wealth, and for due compensation, as the result of Menelaüs' victory according to the treaty.

BOOK III.

THEN, when all were arrayed, the several tribes with their leaders,
Onward the Trojans came with a bird-like clamour and shouting ;
Like to the clamour of cranes, that along the heavens resoundeth,
Fleeing the coming blasts and the rain-squalls dire of the winter.
Straight for the ocean-streams their flight with clamour directing, 5
Slaughter and imminent death they bring to the race of the Pygmies,
E'en with the morning mists the deadly combat provoking.
Silently, breathing valour, the while advanced the Achaïans,
Eager in soul each man to aid his comrades in battle.

E'en as the south wind bringeth a mist o'er the peaks of a mountain, 10
Unto the shepherd hateful, but better than night for the robber,—
When but a stone's throw from him a man may see for the denseness,—
Thus, from beneath the feet of the squadrons marching to battle,
Thickly the dust-cloud rose, and the plain they rapidly traversed.

But, when at length they both drew near, to the onset advancing, 15
Forth Alexandros came as the Trojans' champion, god-like,
Wearing upon his shoulders a panther's skin, and his curvèd
Bow, and his falchion slung : in his hands two spears did he brandish
Headed with brass : and thus he challenged the host of the Argives,
Calling upon their bravest in mortal combat to meet him 20
Hand unto hand. But when Menelaüs, belovèd of Ares,
Saw him with mighty strides in front of the army advancing,
Then, as a lion finding the carcass huge of an ibex,
Or of a hornèd stag, rejoiceth, when he is hungered :
Greedy he devours it, although swift dogs be pursuing 25
Followed by lusty youths : e'en thus rejoiced Menelaüs

When with his eyes he saw the god-like Paris ; for surely
 Now would he take revenge on the base seducer. And straightway
 Down to the ground he leapt from his chariot, clad in his armour.

Stricken at heart was Paris the god-like, when he beheld him 30
 There, 'mid the champions foremost ; and back to the ranks of his comrades
 Shrank he, avoiding death. As, 'midst the glades of a mountain,
 Backward a man doth start who seeth a serpent ; and trembling
 Seizes his limbs, and pallor his cheeks ; and swift he retreateth : 35
 So did the god-like Paris retire 'mid the lordly Trojans,
 Losing himself in the throng, o'ercome with dread of Atreides.
 Him when Hector beheld, he rebuked with scornful reproaches :
 " Wretched, in noblest guise of comeliness, Paris—seducer—
 Mad in pursuit of women ! I would to heaven that either
 Never hadst thou been born, or, born, hadst perished unwedded : 40
 Such were my wish ; yea, better by far than thus to be living
 Unto thy race a reproach, and of all thy comrades suspected.
 Verily now I ween, are the long-haired men of Achaia
 Jeering at us, and saying a prince for our champion took we
 Only that he was fair in form : but of strength and of courage 45
 Utterly void is thy soul. And was it thou that didst gather
 Comrades trusty, and sailedst the deep in thy sea-going galleys—
 Converse with strangers holding—and broughtest a beauteous woman
 Home from a far-off land, e'en one that was joined in her marriage
 Unto heroic men ? A bane to thy sire and the city,
 Aye, and to all our people she came ; a cause of rejoicing 50
 Unto thy foes, but to thine own self the brand of dishonour.
 Darest thou not to meet Menelaüs, beloved of Ares ?
 Surely thou soon wouldst learn his worth whose beauteous consort
 Thou to thyself hast taken ; and nought thy lyre will avail thee,
 Nought Aphrodite's gifts,—those locks—that grace,—as thou liest 55
 Grovelling 'midst the dust. Too quahmish, in sooth, are the Trojans ;
 Else thou hadst donned ere now the robe of stone¹ thou deservedst."

Then unto him made answer the god-like chief Alexandros :
 " Hear my defence, O Hector, for thou hast justly rebuked me ;
 Ever a heart unflinching is thine, yea, like to a hatchet 60
 Cleaving its way through timber, by skilful hands of the workman

1. 57, *i.e.*, Wouldst have been stoned to death.

Wielded, as he some beam for a ship doth fashion,—its keenness
 Aiding the workman's strength,—e'en so thy spirit is ever
 Dauntless within thy breast. The gifts Aphroditè the golden
 Hath upon me bestowed, with these thou should'st not reproach me :
 Not to be cast aside are the glorious gifts the immortals 65
 Grant of their own free will ; else none could ever attain them
 Strive as they might ; but now, if thou dost will that in battle
 I should contend, make thou the rest sit down in their places,
 Trojans and Argives both. Menelaüs, beloved of Ares,
 Then shall ye set in the midst with me, for single encounter,
 Helen and all her wealth the prize ; and he that prevaieth— 70
 Proving himself the better in fight—let him her possessions
 All, with herself bear off to his home, as rightly beseemeth :
 So shall the hosts make peace with solemn oaths, and the Trojans
 Dwell in their deep-soiled Troy—our foes returning to Argos
 Pasturing land of steeds, and Achaia the home of the lovely." 75

Spake he, and Hector greatly rejoiced at hearing his purpose :
 Seeking the Trojan centre he marshalled back their battalions,
 Ranging the line with his spear grasped half-way down ; and the Trojans
 All were seated ; but now the long-haired men of Achaia
 Aimed at him with their arrows, and stones they showered upon him. 80
 Shouted aloud forthwith the king of men Agamemnon :
 " Hold, ye Argives, hold ! Cease throwing, sons of Achaia !
 He of the glancing helm, great Hector, seeks to harangue us."

Spake he, and promptly now they ceased to fight, and in silence
 Waited ; and Hector stood between the hosts and harangued them : 85
 " Harken to me ye Trojans, and ye well-greavèd Achaians ;
 Whilst Alexandros' words—whose fault did cause our contention—
 I shall unfold. He biddeth the rest, both Trojans and Argives
 All, on the fertile earth lay down their beauteous armour,
 Whilst, in the midst alone, Menelaüs dear unto Ares 90
 Fighteth with him for Helen and all her wealth ; and the victor—
 He that shall prove the better in fight—let him her possessions
 Take, and herself bear off to his home, as rightly beseemeth :
 So shall the hosts make peace, with solemn pledges of friendship."

Spake he, and silence reigned throughout the hosts. Menelaüs, 95
 Good at the war-cry, then did speak, and thus he harangued them :
 " Now unto me, I pray, give hearing, seeing that sorrow

Most upon me doth fall ; yet do I deem that the Argives
 Unto an end at last have brought their war with the Trojans.
 Much have ye all endured for sake of me, in the quarrel 100
 Paris began : but now, whiche'er of us is appointed
 Unto his doom, let death be his ;—thus soonest shall warfare
 Come to an end, and ye disperse and homeward betake you.
 Let there be hither brought two lambs—one white, and the other
 Black—for an offering unto the earth and sun ; and another
 We unto Zeus will offer. And hither the sovereign Priam 105
 Summon, that he himself our solemn treaty may sanction,—
 Seeing his sons are haughty and faithless,—lest it should happen
 E'en that the oaths of Zeus should suffer wrongful transgression.
 Fickle of purpose ever are young men's minds ; but an elder,
 Sharing their counsels, looketh at once both forward and backward,
 So to discern the path that for either side shall be safest." 110

Spake he, and glad were they at his words, both Trojans and Argives,
 Deeming that now would come the end of sorrowful warfare :
 Straightway their steeds they checked and formed in line ; and, descending
 Forth from their chariots, doffed their arms, and near to each other
 Laid them upon the ground ; and small was the space intervening. 115
 Then two heralds in haste did Hector send to the city,
 Bidding them bring the lambs, and bear the summons to Priam.
 Unto the hollow ships meanwhile did king Agamemnon
 Send Talthybius forth, to bring the lamb for the offering :
 Quickly he went his way, the god-like chieftain obeying. 120

Then to the white-armed Helen there came a messenger, Iris,
 Like unto Laodicè, of Priam's daughters the fairest,
 Sister-in-law unto Helen and spouse of the son of Antenor,
 Her whom Antenor's son, the prince Helicaon, had wedded.
 Weaving within the palace was Helen found by the goddess, 125
 Working a mighty web of purple hue, and of texture
 Double, whereon she wrought full many a furious contest,
 Battles of steed-famed Trojans and brazen-harnessed Achaians,
 Even the toils that at Ares' hands for her they had suffered.
 Iris, the swift of foot, stood near, and thus she addressed her :
 " Hither, I pray thee come, dear lady ; so shalt thou witness 130
 Deeds that are passing strange. The brazen-harnessed Achaians,
 Yea, and the steed-famed Trojans, that erst in rueful encounter

Met on the plain,—each host intent on murderous warfare,—
 Now have they sate them down at rest, and battle hath ceasèd :
 Warriors lean on their shields, their tall spears standing beside them, 135
 Whilst Alexandros meeteth the warlike chief Menelaüs,
 Spear against spear in fight, with thee for prize to the victor—
 E'en to be named his spouse, whiche'er shall win in the contest."

Thus as the goddess spake, a longing sweet she imparted
 Into the soul of Helen for him that erst was her husband, 140
 Yea, and for home and parents. In shining raiment of linen
 Straightway she veiled her face, and hastened forth from the chamber,
 Shedding a gentle tear—her maidens twain in attendance,
 Clymenè, large of eye, and Aithrè, daughter of Pittheus.
 Soon to the Scæan gates they came, where, gathered in council, 145
 Found they the friends of Priam, of Panthoüs too and Thymoites ;
 Lampus' and Clytius' henchmen, and eke Hyketæon's retainers,
 Scion of Ares' line ; Oncalegon too and Antenor,
 Sages in council both. All these, being elders, were seated
 Hard by the Scæan gates, since age now kept them from battle : 150
 Yet were they good at speech ; yea, e'en like grasshoppers seemed they,
 Chirping with slender voice from some tall tree of the forest.
 Such were the Trojan leaders that here on the tower were seated,
 Who, when now they beheld fair Helen towards them advancing,
 Softly, in wingèd words, spake thus the one to the other : 155
 "Nought can we blame the Trojans, or well-greaved men of Achaia,
 Suffering hardships long for one so matchless in beauty !
 Wondrous like the immortal gods in face she appeareth !
 Nathless let her depart, though fair she be, with the Argives,
 Rather than here remain unto us—yea, e'en to our children— 160
 Ever to prove a curse."

Such words they spake ; but to Helen
 Priam aloud did call : "Come hither, daughter beloved ;
 Sit thou in front of me, thy former husband and kinsmen
 So to behold, and the friends that once were thine ; for I blame no
 Thee, but the gods who caused this tearful war with Achaia. 165
 Tell me, I pray thee now, this huge Achaian chieftain
 Who may he be, this man so grand and noble to look on ?
 Others there are in sooth by a head his stature exceeding,
 Yet so goodly a man, so royal-seeming a chieftain,

Never did I behold: nay, like to a king he appeareth." 170

Then unto Priam spake the lady Helen in answer:

"Thou my respect and fear, loved father, ever commandest.
 Would I had sought grim death on the self-same day that I followed
 Hither thy son, and left my home and kindred, and daughter
 Tender in years, and all my girlhood's lovely companions! 175
 Thus was it not ordained, and thus in tears am I pining.
 Now will I tell thee all whereof thou makest enquiry:
 Yonder is Atreus' son, of wide domain, Agamemnon,
 Doubly renowned—a mighty king, and valiant in battle;
 Brother was he—yea, once he was—of me, the depravèd." 180

Such were her words, and the old man spake, with wonder beholding:
 "Happy Atreides, born to a blessèd fate and to fortune
 Glorious, since thy potent sway the sons of Achaia
 Countless in number own. To vine-clad Phrygia's borders
 Lately I went, and there I saw the Phrygian horsemen, 185
 Riders of well-trained steeds, the hosts that followed with Otreus,
 Yea, and with god-like Mygdon. Beside Sangarios' waters,
 Thronging his banks, they lay encamped; (for then in alliance
 Counted was I with these, what time the Amazons—warlike
 Even as men—attacked us;) and, vast albeit in numbers,
 Nathless, fewer were they than the keen-eyed men of Achaia." 190

Seeing Odysseus next, the old man spake unto Helen:

"Tell me of this man too, I pray, dear daughter—the chieftain
 Less by a head in stature than Atreus' son Agamemnon,
 Yet, in the chest and shoulders, of mould more massive. His armour
 Lies on the bounteous earth, whilst he the serried battalions, 195
 Like to a well-trained ram, doth range. In shaggy adornment
 Thus, 'mid a huge white flock of ewes, their leader advanceth."

Then did the child of Zeus her answer make unto Priam:

"This is Laërtes' son, Odysseus of many devices, 200
 He that in Ithaca's land—the bleak and rugged—was nurtured,
 Skilful in crafty wiles and schemes of cunning contrivance."

Then unto Helen spake the sage Antenor in answer:

"Lady, in very sooth 'tis true, the word thou hast spoken:
 Hither, as envoy, once there came the god-like Odysseus, 205
 Treating for thy return; and with him came Menelaüs
 Dear unto Ares. Then 'twas mine with friendly reception

These in my hall to welcome ; and thus their form and their features
 Learnt I, and their sagacious minds. But when in assembly
 They with the Trojans mixed, then o'er them all Menelaüs
 Towered as they stood, his shoulders broad o'er-topping the others ; 210
 Whilst of the twain, when seated, the statelier seemed Odysseus.
 When they began in assembly their web of words and of counsels
 Deftly to weave, Menelaüs then with utterance rapid
 Spoke in a voice both loud and clear, yet briefly ; for neither
 Prolix was he, nor rambling, although in years he was younger. 215
 Howbeit, when up rose Odysseus of many devices,
 Stood he, with downcast eyes, the ground intently beholding ;
 Nor did he backwards move his staff nor forwards, but ever
 Fixedly held it still, like witless wight, that he seemèd
 Churlish and void of sense. But when, in accents sonorous, 220
 Forth from his chest he threw his voice, with words that incessant
 Fell in the storm of speech like snow-flakes falling in winter,
 Then was there orator none could hold his own with Odysseus."

Next, with a third enquiry, the old man, looking at Ajax, 225
 Questioned her : "Who may be this other Achaian chieftain,
 Valiant and tall of stature, his head and his massive shoulders
 Towering above the Argives ?"

To him then Helen the peerless,
 Bright in her trailing robe, replied : "The Achaians' bulwark,
 Ajax the huge, is this ; and there, in the midst of the Cretans, 230
 Like to a god, Idomeneus stands ; and round him are gathered
 Warrior-chiefs of Crete. Him often of yore Menelaüs,
 Dear unto Ares, welcomed within our home, as he voyaged
 Thither from Crete. And now the keen-eyed men of Achaia
 All are within my view, e'en they whom well I remember, 235
 Yea, and their names could tell : but two there are of the leaders,
 Castor, tamer of steeds, and the boxer famed Polydeuces,—
 Brothers of mine, yea e'en of the self-same mother conceivèd,—
 These can I not discern. Perchance from fair Lacedæmon
 Hither they never came ; or, borne in the sea-going galleys 240
 Came they, but yet were loth to mix in the onset of battle,
 Fearing the taunts that on me are cast, and the many reproaches."

Thus spake Helen : but them long since in far Lacedæmon,
 E'en in their native land, the life-giving earth had entombèd.

Meanwhile traversed the city the heralds, bearing the offerings— 215
 Pledges of truce—two lambs, and generous wine in a goat-skin,
 Fruit of the teeming earth. And a shining bowl did the herald,
 Even Idaius, bring, with golden goblets; and standing
 Near to the aged king, he essayed with words to arouse him:
 “Son of Laomedon, rise! For the foremost men of the Trojans, 250
 Tamers of steeds, and the chiefs of the brazen-harnessed Achaians,
 Unto the plain invite thee a solemn treaty to sanction;
 Whilst Alexandros meeteth the warlike chief Menelaüs,
 Spear against spear in fight, for the lady Helen contending;
 She and her wealth to go unto him that proveth the victor. 255
 So may the hosts make peace with solemn oaths, and the Trojans
 Dwell in their deep-soiled Troy,—our foes returning to Argos,
 Pasturing land of steeds, and Achaia the home of the lovely.”

Shuddered the aged king at his words, and bade his companions
 Harness the steeds; nor were they slow to obey him; and Priam 260
 Mounted, and tightened the reins as towards him backward he drew them,
 Whilst to the beauteous car Antenor mounted beside him.
 Thus through the Scæan gates they drove the swift-footed horses,
 Down to the plain. But when they reached the Trojans and Argives,
 Quitting the car they stepped on the bounteous earth, and betook them— 265
 Marching in stately form—to the space that severed the armies.
 Rose forthwith Agamemnon, the king of men; and Odysseus,
 Subtle of mind, up rose; and now the glorious heralds
 Gathered the sacred victims, to pledge their solemn agreement,
 Whilst in the bowl they mixed the wine. Then water they sprinkled 270
 Over the hands of the kings; and, drawing his knife, that he carried
 Ever beside his sword's huge sheath suspended, Atreides
 Cut from the heads of the lambs their wool, which straightway the heralds
 Parted amongst the chieftains of both the Trojans and Argives.
 Then, with uplifted hands, his solemn prayer did Atreides 275
 Offer before them all:

“O Zeus, great father, who rulest
 Throned on Ida's summit, in might and glory exceeding,
 Witness; and thou, O Sun, who all things seest and hearest,
 Rivers and Earth, and Powers beneath who on the departed—
 Mortals of life out-worn—take vengeance if they are perjured;
 Now do ye all bear witness, and guard our solemn engagement. 280

If Alexandros slay Menelaüs, straightway of Helen
 Let him possession take with all her riches, and homeward
 We in our sea-going ships will sail. But if Menelaüs—
 He of the golden locks—prove victor, then shall the Trojans 285
 Helen, with all she hath, restore ; and pay to the Argives
 Recompense meet, that ever shall stand with men for a quittance.
 But, should Priam and Priam's sons hold back from the payment,
 Though Alexandros fall, then here stay I to exact it, 290
 Fighting until at last I attain the end of the warfare."

Spake he, and cut the throats of the lambs with the pitiless weapon :
 Then on the ground, all gasping as ebb'd their life, did he lay them,
 Reft of their strength by the blade ; and forth from the bowl with the
 goblets

Drawing the wine, libation now they made with entreaty 295
 Unto the gods everlasting ; and thus both Trojans and Argives
 Uttered their solemn prayer : "O Zeus, most glorious, greatest,
 Thee, and the rest of the gods immortal call we to witness !
 Grant that, whoe'er shall first transgress the oaths of the compact,
 Scattered upon the ground may be their brains and their children's,
 Even as now this wine, and their wives by strangers be ravished." 300

Such was their prayer, but as yet would not Cronion affirm it.
 Then did the Dardan Priam in speech harangue the assembly :
 "Hearken to me, ye Trojans, and ye well-greav'd Achaians :
 Hence will I now depart, and to wind-beat Ilios get me, 305
 Seeing that I could ill endure the sight of the conflict,
 Witnessing son of mine with the brave Menelaüs contending.
 Zeus, I ween, doth know, and the rest of the gods everlasting
 Which of the twain it be for whom Death's doom is appointed."

Thus having said, forthwith the lambs did the god-like chieftain 310
 Place in the car, and mounted ; and now with tightening fingers
 Grasped he the reins ; and straightway beside him mounted Antenor
 Into the goodly car, and to Ilios back they departed.
 Then did Hector, the son of Priam, and god-like Odysseus
 Measure the ground for battle ; and next in a brazen helmet 315
 Placing the lots, they shook them, the issue so to determine
 Which of the warriors first should hurl his spear. And the people
 Prayed with uplifted hands to the gods, both Trojans and Argives :
 " Zeus, great father,—who rulest with strength and glory exceeding, 320

Thronèd on Ida's height,—whiche'er did cause the afflictions
Suffered by both our hosts, may he go down into Hades
Reft of his life, whilst peace be ours with pledges unbroken ! ”

Such was the prayer they made : and now the warrior Hector,
Stately with glancing crest, did shake the helmet, behind him
Looking the while ; and quickly the lot of Paris from out it 325
Leapt ; and the hosts sate down in ranks, each warrior-chieftain
Near to his high-stepping steeds, his emblazoned armour beside him.
Then did the god-like Paris, the consort of bright-haired Helen,
Don his resplendent mail, and about his shoulders secured it :
First, on his legs he fixed the comely greaves, that were fashioned 330
Deftly with ankle-plates of silver. Next, with a corslet
Fitting him closely—albeit his brother's, even Lyeaon's—
Decked he his breast, and his sword of brass, all studded with silver,
Over his shoulders flung, and his shield both huge and endurant. 335
Then on his stalwart head his goodly helmet he fitted,
Topped with the horse-hair plume that waved all dreadful above it,
Whilst with his hands the spear, to his grasp well-suited, he wielded.
Likewise thus in his armour the brave Menelaüs arrayed him.

So, 'mid the throng on either side, they armed for the combat ; 340
Then they advanced mid-way between the Trojans and Argives,
Fierce in their look : and wonder seized on all who beheld them,
Trojans, tamers of steeds, and well-greaved men of Achaia.
Near to each other then, in the space marked out for the combat,
Stood they ; and each his javelin shook with menacing fury. 345
First Alexandros, hurling his spear long-shadowing, drove it
Full on the orbèd shield of Atreides ; nor did the weapon
Pierce ; for its point was turned on the stubborn shield. Menelaüs,
Even Atreides, next with spear up-raised, to the onset
Rushed ; and to father Zeus appealing made his entreaty : 350
“ Grant, unto me, king Zeus, on the god-like chief Alexandros
Now my revenge to take—since he it was who did wrong me
First—and beneath my hands do thou subdue him in battle !
So, to remotest times, shall men take warning, and tremble
Ere they shall wrong their host, who them hath kindly entreated.”

Spake he, and poising aloft his spear long-shadowing, hurled it 355
Full on the orbèd shield of Priam's son ; and the weapon
Ponderous went right through the shining shield, and the breast-plate

Cunningly wrought did pierce ; and its point divided the tunic
 Close to his flank : but, bending aside, dark fate he avoided. 360
 Drawing his falchion now, all silver-studded, Atreides
 Raised it, and smote the ridge of his foeman's helm ; but upon it
 Shattered, in fragments three—nay, four—the blade of the weapon
 Fell from his hand, and loudly the son of Atreus lamented,
 Fixing his gaze intent on the spacious heavens above him :
 “ Surely, O father Zeus, of the gods most pitiless art thou ! 365
 Now had I thought to avenge the wrongs that Paris hath done me ;
 Yet in my hands the sword hath broken short, and my javelin
 Forth from my grasp hath sped in vain, nor quelled is my foeman.”
 Spake he, and rushed at Paris, and seized the plume of his helmet,
 Swinging him round ; and towards the well-greaved host of Achaia 370
 Dragged him ; and choked was he by the strap that, richly embroidered,
 Under the chin was fastened to hold his helmet, and tightly
 Pressed on his tender throat. And now his foe had Atreides
 Captured, and won renown untold ; but straight Aphroditè
 Daughter of Zeus perceived him, and broke the strap that of ox-hide, 375
 E'en from a slaughtered² ox, was made ; and empty the helmet
 Came in his vigorous hand : and anon the warrior flung it,
 Whirling it round, to the ranks of the well-greaved men of Achaia.
 There was the helmet kept by the hero's trusty retainers,
 Whilst on his foe he turned to spring, all eager to slay him,
 Grasping his brazen spear. But lightly now Aphroditè 380
 Snatched him from off the field, as a goddess may, and enwrapped him
 Sudden in mist opaque, and set him down in his chamber,
 Fragrant of odours rare. Then went the goddess to summon
 Helen ; and her she found on the lofty tower, and round her
 Thronged were the Trojan women. Anon at her perfumed raiment 385
 Caught she, and shook its folds and spake, the likeness assuming
 E'en of an ancient dame who erst, in far Lacedæmon,
 Carded her wool for Helen, and most by her was beloved.
 Like unto her in form thus spake divine Aphroditè :
 “ Come thou away ; for, lo, to his halls doth Paris invite thee. 390
 There, on his fair-wrought couch in his chamber, now he reclineth,

2. 376. *A slaughtered ox, i.e., made of the strongest leather, as distinguished from the hide of an ox dying from disease.*

Radiant both in his beauty and vesture ; nor wouldst thou deem him
Lately returned from the fight : nay rather ready he seemeth
Unto the dance to repair, or, fresh from the dance, to be resting.”

Spake she, and deeply stirred was the soul of Helen within her. 395
Quickly she then perceived the neck, transcendent in beauty,
Yea, and the ravishing breast and the sparkling eyes of the goddess ;
Marvelling much, she called her by name and straightway addressed her :
“ Why art thou striving thus, O wondrous queen, to beguile me ?
Is it that thou some-whither—to Phrygia’s populous cities, 400
Or to Maonia fair—wilt lead me on, to a country
Where some darling of thine ’midst men speech-gifted is dwelling ?
Yea, it is even thus : since now Menelaüs hath vanquished
God-like Paris, and chooseth to take me homeward, accursèd,
Therefore art thou come hither with guileful purpose. To Paris 405
Get thee, and sit beside him, thy path amidst the immortals
Leaving ; and turn not back any more with thy feet to Olympus.
Rather for his sake fret thee for ever, and carefully guard him
Till thou become his wife, or perchance for his slave he shall take thee.
Thither will I not go to array his couch ; for a scandal 410
Grievous it were ; and me the Trojan women hereafter
All will reproach, though even now my sorrows are endless.”

Wrathful, to her then spake Aphroditè, glorious goddess :
“ Rash one, vex me no more, lest I in anger forsake thee,
Yea, and to hatred turn the exceeding love I have borne thee ; 415
Then, ’mid the grievous feuds, that between the Trojans and Argives
I should devise, perchance in an evil plight wouldst thou perish.”

Spake she, and Helen, the child of Zeus, with terror was stricken :
Wrapped in a shining robe of white, and led by the goddess,
Silent she went her way, of the Trojan women unheeded. 420
Reaching the beauteous dwelling of Paris, straightway her maidens
Turned to their several tasks, and the noble lady betook her
Unto the high-roofed chamber. And now did the mirth-loving goddess,
E’en Aphroditè, bring with her hands a seat, and for Helen
Placed it in front of Paris ; and straightway, near to her consort, 425
Seated herself thereon the child of the lord of the ægis.
Then, with averted eyes, in taunting words she reproached him :
“ Back from the war hast thou come ! Would heaven that there thou hadst
perished,

Slain by the valiant chief who in days of old was my husband !
 Nay, it was once thy boast that in strength of arm, and in prowess 430
 Hurling the spear, thou didst surpass Menelaüs the warlike :
 Challenge him then, forthwith to renew the combat. But hearken
 Rather to me, nor lightly engage in single encounter,
 Neither again do battle with golden-haired Menelaüs, 435
 Lest, by his spear subdued, a speedy fate should o'ertake thee."

Then unto her spake Paris in answer : " Spare to reproach me,
 Lady, with cruel words that wound my soul. Menelaüs
 Now, by Athenè's aid hath won ; but haply hereafter
 I shall prevail, since gods on our side too are enlisted. 440
 Now to the couch repair we, with dalliance sweet to delight us,
 Seeing that never before did love so fetter my senses ;
 Nay, not e'en at the time when first, from fair Lacedæmon,
 Bearing thee off, I sailed in my sea-going galleys, and converse
 Held on the couch with thee in the isle of Cranaë. Nathless 445
 Now do I love thee more, and sweet desire doth enthral me.'
 Spake he, and led the way, and with him followed his consort.

So, on the polished couch they laid them down ; but Atreides,
 Like to a beast of prey, strode through the ranks of the Trojans,
 Searching amidst the throng for the god-like chief Alexandros. 450
 Yet, of the sons of Troy and the famed allies of the Trojans,
 Never a man there was could show the brave Menelaüs
 Where was his foe ; albeit 'twas not for love they concealed him,
 Seeing that he by all, e'en like dark death, was abhorred.
 Then did the king of men, Agamemnou, speak and harangue them : 455

" Trojans and Dardans, hear me, and ye allies of the Trojans :
 Plain is it now Menelaüs, the loved of Ares, hath conquered ;
 Therefore do ye surrender the Argive Helen, and with her
 All that is hers, and pay such fine as duly bescometh—
 Such as in after times may stand with men for a quittance." 460
 Thus did Atreides speak, and shouted assent the Achaians.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK IV.

THE gods being assembled in council, Zeus proposes that they shall now bring the war to an end by causing the terms of the treaty to be duly observed, so that the siege of Ilios shall be raised, and Helen return to Argos with Menelaüs. This proposal, however, is highly displeasing to Hera and Athenè, who are bent on the destruction of the city of Priam; and Hera, protesting warmly against it, at length prevails on Zeus to cause the treaty to be broken by the Trojans, in order to bring about the continuance of the war.

Zeus accordingly commissions Athenè to this effect, and she forthwith incites Pandarus to shoot at Menelaüs, who is wounded by his arrow.

Agamemnon, at first supposing the wound to be mortal, is deeply moved—by fears for his brother's life, and indignation at the treachery of the Trojans. He gives vent to his feelings in a noble speech, and then immediately bestirs himself to renew the battle, visiting each of the various forces of which his army is composed, and inciting their chieftains to vigorous action.

The Danaans are at length ranged in a long line of columns, and advance in silence against the foe, whilst the Trojans march forward to meet them with much noise and confusion of tongues.

Then the battle commences; and the description of its first stage brings the Book to a conclusion.

BOOK IV.

THUS in the halls of Zeus the gods were holding assembly,
Seated around the golden floor ; whilst Hebe, amidst them
Moving with stately grace, their nectar poured : and in goblets
Golden they pledged each other, their gaze towards Ilios turning.
Then did the son of Cronos essay to rouse unto anger 5
Hera, with bitter words and speech invidious : “ Truly
Goddesses twain there are that are pledged to help Menelaüs ;
Hera, of Argos queen, and Alalcomenēan Athenè ;
Yet do they sit aloof, and delight in watching the combat,
Whilst at her hero’s side Aphroditè, mirth-loving goddess, 10
Ever doth stand, and driveth away the fates that assail him,
Saving him even now from death that imminent seemèd.
Since Menelaüs the warlike hath proved the victor in battle,
Now doth it rest with us to decide events that shall follow ;
Whether disastrous war and the battle’s terrible tumult 15
Rouse we anew, or bring the hosts to peaceful agreement.
If unto all the gods such counsel haply were pleasing,
Verily now might stand king Priam’s city and flourish,
Whilst Menelaüs homeward should fare with Helen of Argos.”
Spake he, and thereat murmured the twain, Athenè and Hera, 20
E’en as they sat hard by, devising ills for the Trojans.
Silent and sorely enraged with father Zeus was Athenè,
Neither a word she spake ; for savage fury possessed her.
Hera the while, in her breast restraining not her resentment,
Spake unto Zeus aloud : “ Most terrible offspring of Cronos,
What strange speech is thine ? How comes it now that thou wiltest 25

Fruitless to make the sweat of my brow, and my labour to frustrate ;
 E'en what time, with my wearied steeds, I painfully laboured
 Calling the hosts together, to be for a curse unto Priam,
 Yea, and to Priam's sons ? But work thy will as thou choosest :
 Yet will the rest of the gods not all appland thy devices."

Mightily wrathful then the Cloud-compeller addressed her : 30
 "Madly perverse ! What ills at Priam's hands dost thou suffer,
 Or from his sons, that thou with relentless vehemence ragest,
 Striving to bring fair Ilios' towers to ruin and pillage ?
 Couldst thou within her gates and lofty battlements enter,
 There on the flesh of Priam and Priam's sons to regale thee, 35
 Yea, and of all the Trojans—a raw-served feast—peradventure
 Sated would be thy rage ! But work thy will as thou choosest,
 Lest this quarrel of ours 'twixt thee and me should hereafter
 Turn to a mighty feud. Yet weigh thou well, and remember
 This that I now shall tell thee : whene'er I too in the future
 Choose to destroy and sack some city, where there are dwelling 40
 Men that are dear unto thee, seek not my fury to hinder
 Neither to thwart my will ; since I, though sorely reluctant,
 Freely to thee have yielded. Beneath the sun, and the heavens
 Spangled at night with stars, doth lie full many a city
 Where there are mortals dwelling ; but sacred Ilios ever 45
 Chiefest within my heart was held in honour ; and Priam,
 Mighty with ashen spear in fight, and the people of Priam ;
 Seeing that never was lack of the equal feast on my altar,
 Offered in meat and drink, such rites as duly are paid us."

Spake unto him in answer the large-eyed sovereign Hera : 50
 "Cities to me most dear are three—wide-streeted Mycenæ,
 Argos, and Sparta. These, whene'er to thy soul they are hateful,
 Spare not at all, but destroy. I stand not forth to defend them,
 Nor do I grudge thy pleasure ; for, even were I to grudge it,
 Yea, and forbade thee lay them waste, yet nought should I compass, 55
 Seeing that thou, of a truth, in might dost greatly surpass me.
 Still it behoves thee not to make my toil unavailing,
 Since of the gods am I, of the self-same lineage nurtured
 Even as thou ; and me did the crooked-counselling Cronos
 Destine to two-fold honour, as eldest born and as consort 60
 Wedded to thee, who reignest a king 'midst all the immortals.

Howbeit yield we now in this, the one to the other,
 I unto thee and thou unto me ; and so the immortals,
 Even the rest of the gods, shall side with us. To Athenè
 Give thy commands forthwith that she shall enter the battle,
 Led by the war-shout fierce of the men of Troy and Achaia ; 65
 There to essay that the Trojans, in spite of oaths and of treaty,
 First the attack shall make on the over-weening Achaians."

Spake she, nor disobeyed her the sire of gods and of mortals.
 Uttering wingèd words he straightway spake to Athenè :
 "Haste to the field where lie the hosts of Troy and Achaia, 70
 There to essay that the Trojans, in spite of oaths and of treaty,
 First the attack shall make on the over-weening Achaians."

Spake he, and roused Athenè, already bent on her mission :
 Down from the peaks of Olympus she sprang, like meteor flashing
 Sent by the son of Cronos, the crookèd-schemer, for portent 75
 Either to men at sea or to hosts for battle extended,
 Scattering many a spark as down from heaven it falleth :
 Such was her flashing form as earthward Pallas Athenè
 Darted, and leapt amidst them ; and wonder seized the beholders,
 Even the Trojan horsemen and well-greaved men of Achaia. 80
 Looked they on one another, and spake : "Now hideous warfare
 Surely will be renewed, and the terrible din of the battle ;
 Or, peradventure Zeus, who war dispenseth to mortals,
 Now doth ordain that peace between the hosts be established."

Thus unto one another they spake, Achaians and Trojans. 85
 Then in the form of Antenor's son Laodocus—spearmann
 Valiant and strong—down into the crowded lines of the Trojans
 Pallas Athenè came in quest of Pandarus. Straightway
 Found she Lycaon's son, the god-like, noble and valiant ;
 Standing was he, and about him the sturdy ranks of his comrades— 90
 Shield-armed warriors—stood, who came from the streams of Aisepos.
 Placing herself at his side, in wingèd words she addressed him :
 "Wilt thou obey my voice, thou warrior son of Lycaon ?
 Boldly a swift-winged shaft shoot thou to smite Menelaüs :
 So wouldst thou favour win, and praise in the eyes of the Trojans 95
 All, and, chiefest of all, in the eyes of princee Alexandros.
 Yea, with glorious gifts would he be first to reward thee
 If he should see Menelaüs, the warrior offspring of Atreus

Borne to the grievous pyre, by thy keen archery stricken.
 Haste thee, and aim forthwith to smite far-famed Menelaüs ; 100
 Praying with vows that thou wilt a noble hecatomb offer,
 Perfect, of firstling lambs, when thy return is accomplished,
 When thou shalt reach thy home, the sacred city Zeleia.”

Such were Athenè's words, and his foolish mind was persuaded.
 Stripped he anon his polished bow, of horn of an ibex, 105
 E'en of a mountain goat, which he himself had aforetime
 Struck in the breast from beneath, as forth from a rock it was springing—
 Whilst in his hiding-place he lay in wait—and had pierced it
 Full in the chest, that backward at once on the rock it had fallen.
 Sixteen palms¹ in length were the horns that sprang from its forehead,
 Which by a cunning smith were trimmed, and deftly together 110
 Fitted, and polished smooth, with a golden tip for the bow-string.
 Such was the bow ; and he strung it and laid it carefully by him,
 Resting its end on the ground. Meanwhile his trusty retainers
 O'er him their shields did hold, that the warrior sons of Achaia
 Might not assail him first, ere Atreus' son should be smitten, 115
 Even the warlike chief Menelaüs. Then from his quiver
 Lifting the lid, he chose a shaft well-feathered, that never
 Yet from the bow had sped, fell source of dismal afflictions.
 Quickly upon the string the pointed arrow arranging,
 First to the son of Light—to Apollo, archer renowned—
 Praying, he vowed that he would a noble hecatomb offer, 120
 Perfect, of firstling lambs, when his return were accomplished,
 When he should reach his home, the sacred city Zeleia.
 Next did he hold together the arrow-notch with the bow-string
 Fashioned of ox's sinew ; and back to his breast did he draw it,
 Whilst to the bow was brought the iron head of the arrow.
 When to a circle now the mighty bow he had bended,
 Sharply the horn did twang ; loud hummed the string ; and the arrow, 125
 Eager to pierce the crowd, leapt forth and flew on its errand.

Yet did the blessèd gods forget not thee, Menelaüs ;
 Chiefest the driver of spoil, the child of Zeus, who, before thee
 Placing herself, staved off the piercing dart. From his body
 Lightly she turned aside its course, e'en as when a mother 130

1. 109. *Sixteen palms, i.e., about five feet each in length from root to top.*

Driveth away a fly from where her infant is sleeping.
 So did Athenè now direct the flight of the arrow
 Straight to the spot where joined were the golden clasps of the girdle,
 Over the mailèd doublet : and full on the close-fitting girdle
 Lighted the bitter shaft, and, its well-wrought surface dividing,
 Onward was forced right through the doublet, cunningly fashioned, 135
 Yea, and the taslet of mail he wore to shelter his body,
 Even to stave off darts : and this served most to protect him.
 Nathless, forward the shaft did press ; and, piercing the taslet,
 Lightly it cut the flesh of the warrior. Straightway there issued
 Forth from the riven gash a blood-stream dark as the storm-cloud. 140
 As when a Lydian dame, or Carian, ivory staineth
 Purple, to be for horses a cheek-piece : stored in the chamber
 Long it remains though many a horseman craveth to wear it ;
 Yet it abideth there to become the boast of a monarch,
 Both to adorn his steeds, and to be the pride of their driver : 145
 Such were the stains wherewith thy shapely thighs, Menelaüs,
 Yea, and thy knees, and beneath them thy comely ankles were stainèd.
 Shuddered anon at the sight the king of men Agamemnon,
 When from the wound he beheld the dark blood issuing downward ;
 Yea, Menelaüs himself, the warrior dear unto Ares, 150
 Shuddered ; but when he marked the arrow's barbs and the lashing,²
 Visible, clear of the wound, renewed was the spirit within him.
 Then spake prince Agamemnon before them, heavily groaning,
 Whilst Menelaüs' hand he held, and groaned his retainers :
 "Brother of mine, well-loved ! Thy death, in swearing the treaty, 155
 Surely did I decree, when thee in front of the battle
 Placed I, to fight alone with the Trojans. Thee have they smitten,
 Trampling beneath their feet our oaths of solemn agreement ;
 Yet not vain is an oath, and the blood of lambs, and libations
 Offered of unmixed wine, and right hands trustfully given.
 Verily, though for the time his hand the Olympian stayeth, 160
 Yet will he pay in full—though late—with mighty requital,
 Vengeance upon their heads, their wives and children, exacting.
 This do I know full well, and my mind and spirit divine it :
 Surely a day will come for sacred Ilios' ruin,

2. 151. *The lashing, i.e. by which the arrow-head was fastened on.*

Even for Priam's fall, and the fall of the people of Priam 165
 Famed for his ashen spear ; when Zeus on high who is throned,
 Even the son of Cronos who in the firmament dwelleth,
 O'er their devoted heads shall wave his shadowy agis,
 Angered at fraud so foul ! Yea, this shall see its fulfilment ;
 Nathless, bitter will be my grief for thee, Menelaüs,
 If thou shalt die, and so thy span of life be completed. 170
 Covered with shame shall I unto thirsty Argos betake me,
 Since the Achaians' thoughts will homeward quickly be turning ;
 Whilst, for a boast unto Priam and all the Trojans, behind us
 Leave we the Argive Helen ; and here thy bones are decaying,
 Deep in the Trojan soil entomb'd, thy work unaccomplish'd. 175
 Then his insulting speech some boastful Trojan shall utter,
 Leaping upon the grave of the far-renowned Menelaüs :
 'Would that in all his schemes of vengeance king Agamemnon
 Even as now might fare, who hither the hosts of Achaia
 Vainly did lead, and back to his native land with his galleys 180
 Empty, returned ; but with him returned not brave Menelaüs.'
 Thus when I hear them speak may the earth gape wide to receive me.'"
 Then with assuring words spake golden-haired Menelaüs :
 "Take good heart, nor fill with alarm the Achaian people :
 Not in a mortal wound is the keen shaft fixed : for its progress, 185
 Checked by the glistening belt in front, and the kirtle beneath it,
 Yea, and the taslet—wrought by the brass-smith's toil—was retarded."
 Straightway to him made answer and spake the prince Agamemnon :
 "Would that it thus might be, Menelaüs, brother beloved !
 Now by a skilful leech shall the wound be tended, and o'er it 190
 Drugs shall he lay to appease the dismal pains that afflict thee."
 Such were his words, and straight he addressed the glorious herald :
 "Go, Talthybius, now with utmost speed ; and Machaon,
 Even the son of the peerless leech Asclepius, summon
 Hither to tend Menelaüs, Achaia's warrior-captain. 195
 Him hath a cunning archer of Troy or Lycia smitten,
 Winning himself renown, whilst us with grief he hath covered."
 Spake he, and straightway hearing his words, the herald obeyed him.
 Passing amidst the host of the brazen-harnessed Achaians,
 Carefully made he search, and found the hero Machaon 200
 Standing ; and, gathered about him, the stalwart ranks of his spearmen,

Men that from Tricè came, from the land that pastureth horses.
 Near unto him he stood, as in wingèd words he addressed him :
 “Son of Asclepius, rise! For thee the prince Agamemnon
 Calleth to tend Menelaüs, Achaia’s warrior-captain. 205
 Him hath a cunning archer of Troy or Lycia smitten,
 Winning himself renown, whilst us with grief he hath covered.”

Spake he, and straightway stirred in his breast the soul of Machaon.
 Then ’mid the crowded ranks of the wide-spread host of Achaia
 Went they, and reached the spot where golden-haired Menelaüs 210
 Stricken did lie, whilst round him the noblest chieftains were gathered.
 Into the midst came now the god-like hero, and straightway
 Forth from the solid girdle he drew the head of the arrow,
 And, as he wrenched it out, the keen barbs backward were bended.
 Loosed he the glistening girdle next, and the kirtle beneath it ; 215
 Loosed he the taslet too, that the brass-smith’s labour had fashioned,
 So to expose the spot that the piercing arrow had entered.
 Then from the wound he sucked the blood, and skilfully o’er it
 Laid he his soothing drugs, e’en such as Cheiron had given
 Unto his sire of old, for the kindly love that he bare him.

Thus whilst busied were they—Menelaüs good at the war-cry 220
 Tending—with serried shields advanced the lines of the Trojans,
 And to their arms again the Achaians mindful of battle
 Gat them ; nor wouldst thou find the god-like chief Agamemnon
 Slumbering now, nor covering as though he shrank from the combat :
 Rather with keen desire for the glorious strife was he burning. 225
 Left he with Eurymedon, Ptolemaius’ son, his attendant,—
 Grandson to Peiraieus,—his brass-decked car and his horses,
 Who, from the throng apart, the steeds impatiently snorting
 Held for his lord ; and straitly he charged him ready to keep them,
 E’en at his call, whene’er his limbs with toil should be weary 230
 Marshalling host so vast. And now, on foot, Agamemnon
 Gat him amidst the ranks of his fighting-men, and beside them
 Stood, and with words of cheer the fleet-horsed Danaans urged he
 On to the fight, yea all that he found preparing for battle :
 “Men of the Argive race, bate not your furious valour,
 Seeing that father Zeus to the false³ will ne’er be a helper ! 235

3. 235. Reading ἐπὶ ψευδέσσι, from ψευδῆς.

Rather shall they who first transgressed the oaths of the treaty
 Give to the kites their tender flesh, whilst we in our galleys
 Carry away their wives and children, when we have captured
 Ilios' fortress strong." But found he those that were backward— 240
 Shrinking from hateful war—with wrathful words he addressed them :

"Are ye bereft of shame, ye Argives, pitiful brawlers ?
 Why are ye standing dazed like hunted fawns, that are wearied
 Scouring the boundless plain till all their courage is wasted ? 245
 Like unto such ye stand astounded—heedless of battle.
 Is it that now ye wait for the near approach of the Trojans
 Even until they reach our galleys' sterns—that are stationed
 Hard by the hoary sea in goodly line—to discover
 Whether or no Cronion will raise his arm to protect you ?"

Thus, as a warrior-prince, he moved amongst his battalions, 250
 Passing amidst the throng of men ; and first to the Cretans,
 Arming around their warlike chief Idomeneus, came he.
 Like to a fierce wild boar in his strength Idomeneus seemed,
 Ranging the foremost ranks ; and the rear Meriones ordered,
 Urging them on to fight. And the king of men Agamemnon, 255
 Glad at the sight, with words of praise Idomeneus greeted :
 "Thee do I honour most of the fleet-horsed Danaan chieftains,
 Whether for warlike deeds or peaceful projects assembled,
 Or at the feast—what time the noblest lords of the Argives
 Mingle the ruddy wine that none may quaff but the elders. 260
 Then do the other chiefs of the long-haired men of Achaia
 Drain their allotted cups, whilst thine stands ever replenished
 Even as mine, to quaff whene'er thy spirit inclineth.
 Now unto war bestir thee, and prove thy valour unfailing."

Then unto him replied Idomeneus, lord of the Cretans : 265
 "Ever a faithful comrade and true unto thee, O Atreides,
 I shall be found as when at the first I pledged my allegiance.
 Wherefore the other chiefs of the long-haired men of Achaia
 Haste to arouse, that so with least delay may the combat
 Now be renewed ; for the Trojans have brought our oaths to confusion ;
 Yea, and upon their heads shall death and sorrows hereafter 270
 Fall, since they were the first to break the solemn agreement."

Spake he, and Atreus' son passed on, rejoicing in spirit.
 Next, as amidst the throng he went, he found the Ajaces

Arming, and in their train a cloud of foot-men there followed.
 As when, watching his goats from a lofty summit, a herdsman 275
 Seeth a cloud approaching, across the sea that is driven
 Urged by the strong west wind ; and to him, far off as he views it
 Passing along the sea, it ever groweth in blackness,
 Even as black as pitch ; and a mighty squall it up-raiseth.
 He at the sight doth shudder ; and straightway, seeking for shelter,
 Into a cave doth drive his flock : so now the battalions,
 Dark with the serried ranks of warrior youths, Zeus-nurtured, 280
 Marched with the twain Ajaces to join the furious combat.
 Bristled with shields and spears their lines ; and prince Agamemnon,
 Viewing their brave array, was glad, and thus to the chieftains
 Uttered his wingèd words : “ No charge unto you, O Ajaces,
 Have I to give, twain chiefs of the brass-clad host of the Argives ! 285
 Need there is none to urge you ; for ye to strenuous battle
 Promptly do rouse your men. O father Zeus and Athene,
 Witness, and thou Apollo ! If only such were the spirit
 Firing the breasts of all, then soon the city of Priam 290
 Unto our conquering hands would bow, both captured and pillaged ! ”
 Spake he, and leaving these forthwith passed on in his progress,
 Seeking the other chiefs. And now he came unto Nestor,
 Chief of the Pyliau tribes, their clear-voiced speaker, and found him
 Ranging his own retainers, and zeal for battle inciting.
 Gathered were they about their several leaders—Alastor, 295
 Haimon of princely sway, and Pelagon mighty of stature,
 Bias, the people’s shepherd, and Chromius. Nestor, his horsemen
 First in the line of battle, with steeds and chariots, stationed ;
 Whilst in the rear he marshalled his foot, both many and valiant,
 Forming a sturdy bulwark to bear the shock of the onset.
 Then to the space between them he drave the cowardly rabble,
 So that they needs must fight, howe’er they shrank from the combat. 300
 Unto the horsemen now he gave his orders, and bade them
 Hold their horses in hand, nor ’ midst the throng be entangled :
 “ Neither alone let any advance in front of his comrades
 Eager to fight the Trojans—to skill in horsemanship trusting,
 Or to his manhood’s strength—nor yet retire from the others ;
 So would ye lose in power ; but when a man may be able, 305
 Forth from his chariot reaching, to strike the car of a foeman,

Let him his thrust deliver ; for so success is the surer.
Thus did the men of old lay waste both city and fortress,
Keeping within their breasts this steadfast counsel and spirit."

Such were the old man's words as he urged his people to battle, 310
Skilled in the wars of yore : and glad was prince Agamemnon
Seeing his zeal ; and thus in wingèd words he addressed him :
" Would that thy limbs, old man, could obey the spirit that lodgeth
Ever within thy breast—thy strength unabated remaining !
Would that the common lot of wearing age on another, 315
Rather than thee, had fallen, and thou could'st ever be youthful !"

Then unto him replied steed-famed Gerenian Nestor :
" Yea, right gladly would I myself be younger, Atreides,
Even as once I was what time I vanquished in battle
Noble Ereuthalion ; but the gods their blessings bestow not
All at the self-same time in the lives of men that are mortal. 320
Then was the time of my youth, but now old age doth beset me :
Yet will I take my place amidst the ranks of the horsemen,
Giving command and counsel ; for such the right that belongeth
Unto the old, whilst they that are still in the prime of their manhood
Wield in the fight their spears, on youthful vigour reliant." 325

Spake he, and Atreus' son passed on, rejoicing in spirit,
Next unto Peteos' son, Menestheus, driver of horses,
Came he, and found him standing with Athens' warriors near him,
Keen for the battle-shout. Hard by was subtle Odysseus,
Whilst at his side were ranged the Cephallenian squadrons, 330
Sturdy and brave ; but these were standing still ; for the war-cry
Unto their ears as yet had come not, since the battalions,
Gathered on either side, were only now to the onset
Moving ; and these did wait till some Achaian column,
Other than theirs, advanced to renew the fray with the Trojans. 335
Seeing the chieftains there, the king of men Agamemnon
Spake in rebuking tone, as in wingèd words he addressed them :
" Ho there, Peteos' son, from a king Zeus-nurtured descended !
Thou too, famous for evil wiles, and crafty of nature !
Why do ye skulk aloof, the advance of others awaiting ? 340
Ye are the two it behoveth to take your stand with the foremost,
Fronting the fiery battle ; for ye are first to be summoned
When the Achaian host doth make a feast to the elders :

Then are ye fain to eat of the roasted flesh, and the goblets 345
 Brimming with luscious wine to quaff whilst so ye are minded.
 Now would ye fain look on though ten Achaian columns
 Fought in the van before you, and plied their pitiless weapons."

Then with a scowl made answer Odysseus of many devices :
 " What is the speech that now hath passed thy lips, O Atreides, 350
 Breaking the guard thy teeth should keep ; or wherefore averr'st thou
 Us to be slack in war ? When once again the Achaians,
 Charging the steed-famed Trojans, arouse the furious combat,
 Then, if thou care'st to look, thou shalt see Telemachus' father
 Fighting the Trojan foe, and aye in front of the battle.
 Verily empty as air are all the words thou hast uttered." 355

Then, with a smiling look, made answer prince Agamemnon
 When he perceived his wrath, and withdrew the words he had uttered :
 " Heaven-born son of Laërtes, Odysseus of many devices,
 Neither do I o'er-much reproach nor greatly exhort thee,
 Knowing the kindly bent of thy inmost spirit, that ever 360
 Moves in accord with mine ; but now go to, and hereafter
 Fairly will we redress it, if aught of ill hath been spoken ;
 Yea, and whate'er it be, may the gods vouchsafe to annul it."

Spake he, and left them there ; and, passing on in his progress,
 Found Diomedes next, the high-souled offspring of Tydeus. 365
 Hard by his well-built car and his steeds he stood, and beside him
 Sthenelus, Capaneus' son : and, seeing him, prince Agamemnon
 Spake in reproachful tone as in wing'd words he addressed him :

" Ah me ! Son of the tamer of steeds—the warrior Tydeus— 370
 Why art thou shrinking thus, between the vistas of battle
 Gazing ? It was not Tydeus' wont to shrink from the onset ;
 Rather would he advance and, far in front of his comrades,
 Fight with the foe,—so say the men who erst did behold him
 Bearing the brunt of war ; for I ne'er met with the hero,
 Nor did I ever see him,—but he pre-eminent standeth 375
 Far above all in fame. He once, a guest to Mycenæ

Came, on a peaceful errand ; and with him came Polyneices
 Match for the gods, to raise a host to lead into battle,
 Even against the sacred walls of Thebes. Their entreaty
 Strongly they urged for brave allies ; and the men of Mycenæ
 Readily gave assent, and were fain to lend them assistance 380

But for the adverse omen of Zeus that hindered their purpose.
 When they had gone from thence and were far advanced on their journey,
 E'en to the rush-clad banks of Asopos, bedded in herbage,
 Then was appointed Tydeus to be the Achaians' envoy.
 Forth on his mission went he, and found the chiefs of the Thebans, 385
 Many in number, gathered as guests of king Eteocles,
 Feasting within his palace. And there, alone and a stranger,
 One amidst many Thebans, the steed-famed warrior Tydeus
 Nathless feared not at all, but called them forth unto contests;
 Yea, and in every bout was an easy victor—Athenè
 Giving him puissant aid whene'er her succour he needed. 390
 Angered at their defeat the Thebans, furious drivers,
 Laid for him homeward wending an ambush strong, that of fifty—
 Even the flower of their youth—was formed, and twain were the leaders;
 One was the god-like Maion, the son of Haimon, and with him
 Went there Autophonus' son, Polyphontes, battle-enduring. 395
 Yet e'en these did Tydeus o'erthrow with hideous ruin,
 Slaying them all save one, the chieftain Maion; for homeward
 Him on his way he sent, the gods' high portents obeying.
 Such was Ætolian Tydeus: but he a son hath begotten
 Worse than his sire in fight, albeit in speech he excelleth." 400
 Spake he, but nought replied the stalwart chief Diomedes,
 Holding in loyal awe the rebuke the monarch had uttered.
 Nathless promptly the son of the glorious Capaneus answered:
 "Why dost thou falsely speak, well knowing the truth, O Atreides?
 Verily we do claim to be better men than our fathers: 405
 We by the aid of Zeus, and obeying the heavenly omens,
 Captured the city of Thebes, the seven-gated,—against it
 Leading a smaller host to assail the fortress of Arcs.
 They by their impious deeds did perish. Wherefore I pray thee
 Ne'er, in the ranks of honour, to place our fathers beside us." 410
 Frowning upon him spake the stalwart chief Diomedes:
 "Sit thee down, good father; obey my words and be silent.
 Nought do I blame Agamemnon, the people's shepherd, for urging
 Onward to join the fray the well-greaved men of Achaia.
 His the renown will be, in sooth, if haply the Argives 415
 Vanquish their Trojan foes, and sacred Ilios capture;
 Whilst, if vanquished should be the Argives, then will the sorrow

Heavily fall on him. But be it ours to bestir us
Now forthwith, and to set our minds on furious valour."

Spake he, and down from his chariot leapt, arrayed in his armour ;
And, as the chieftain moved, the brazen mail of his breast-plate 420
Rang with a sound so dire that the bravest, hearing, would tremble.

As on the sounding shore some surging billow of ocean,
Urged by the strong west wind, in serried grandeur advanceth :
First doth it gather might far out at sea ; but approaching
Soon, on the strand it breaketh with mighty roar ; and, divided, 425
Curleth amid the rocks in crested pride, from its summits
Flinging the salt sea-foam : so now the Danaan columns
Moving in close array, incessant marched to the onset.⁴
Each of the chieftains ordered his own battalion ; but ever
Silent the men did march ; nay, voiceless would'st thou have deemèd 430
Every breast to be in the mighty throng, that in silence,
Awed by their leaders, moved ; while flashèd the glittering harness,
Girt upon each man's breast, as the armèd lines were advancing.
Meanwhile, like unto sheep in a rich man's yard that are standing
Numberless, whilst is drawn the good white milk from their udders,
Hearing the cry of their lambs, with ceaseless bleating they answer ; 435
Such was the clamour heard throughout the host of the Trojans,
Since of a diverse voice and tongue were they ; and their language
Formed a confused jargon, the speech of many a nation.
Urged to the fight were the Trojans by Ares, whilst the Achaians
Grey-eyed Athenè roused ; and Fear and Panic were ever 440
Present : and Strife, the sister and friend of man-slaying Ares,
Raged with unceasing fury. At first her crest she uplifteth,
Small to behold ; but soon with her head she reacheth the heavens,
Whilst with her feet she treads the earth. So now 'mid the turmoil
Strode she along, inspiring with equal hatred and discord
Each of the rival hosts, the groans and slaughter increasing. 445
Now, when both of the hosts were come together, the combat
Joined they at once with targe and spear, and fury of foemen

4. 428. The advance of the Danaans being compared, in this splendid simile, to *one* long unbroken wave (*κύμα ἐπασσύτερον*) rolling in from the sea, and not to a *succession* of waves (as it has been sometimes rendered), it would seem that the columns were ranged in one long solid line (*ἐπασσύτεραι φάλαγγες*) and so advanced until they broke upon the foe.

Clad in their brazen mail ; and bossy shields on each other
 Pressed as the warriors charged, whilst rose tumultuous uproar.
 Then were there heard commingled the cries of pain and of triumph, 450
 Even of dying men and of them that slew ; and around them
 Earth ran red with blood. As when two streams from the mountains,
 Swollen with winter rains, unite the flood of their waters
 Poured from exhaustless springs : through hollow chasm the torrent
 Speeds ; and afar in the mountains the shepherd heareth its roaring : 455
 So, as the warriors met, the shouts and the wailing resounded.
 First Antilochus slew a plumèd chief of the Trojans,
 Valiant amidst the foremost, Thalysius' son, Echepolus ;
 Him was he first to smite on the ridge of his crested helmet,
 Into the forehead driving the brazen point, that it piercèd 460
 Even the very bone : and amid the shock of the battle
 Like to a tower he fell, and his eyes were shrouded in darkness.
 Him, as he prostrate lay, Chalcodon's son Elephenor—
 Even the warrior-chief who led the valiant Abantes—
 Seized by the feet, and forth from beneath the shower of weapons 465
 Dragged him, intent with haste to strip the slain of his armour.
 Yet was his effort brief ; for him the noble Agenor
 Saw, as he dragged the corpse ; and his side—now clear of his buckler
 Whilst to the ground he stooped—with brass-tipped javelin wounded,
 So that his knees were loosed, and the life went forth from his body. 470
 Then did the fray wax hot, and Trojans fought with Achaians
 Over the warrior's corpse ; yea, like unto wolves in encounter,
 Sprang they at one another, and hero struggled with hero.
 Next was Anthemion's son by Telamonian Ajax
 Smitten ;—a lusty youth was he, whom whilom his mother
 Bore upon Simois' banks, as down from Ida she wended, 475
 Following thence her parents to view their flocks. Simoisius
 Thus was he named : yet lived he not to make the requital
 Due to his parents' love ; for short was the span of his being,
 Falling beneath the spear of the high-souled warrior Ajax.
 Full on the right of the breast he smote him, whilst to the onset 480
 Leading the van he charged ; and the brazen point of the javelin
 Entering made its way right through the shoulder ; and earthward
 Prone in the dust he fell. Like poplar grown in a hollow,
 E'en in a wide-spread fen,—all bare of branches that groweth

Save at the top,—now, felled by the gleaming axe of the wheelwright, 485
 Soon for the rim of a wheel for a goodly car to be bended,
 Drying beside the stream it lies: e'en so Simoisius,
 Son of Anthemion lay, by Ajax heaven-descended
 Reft of his life. And anon, from amidst the throng of the Trojans
 Antiphus, Priam's son, of the glancing corslet, at Ajax 490
 Aimed with his pointed spear; but missed his aim, and the weapon
 Entered the groin of Leucus, Odysseus' valiant companion,
 Whilst to the Argive ranks he dragged the corpse; and upon it
 Straightway he fell, and, loosed from his grasp, it dropped. But Odysseus
 Sorely incensed at heart for his comrade's death, to the fore-front 495
 Strode, in his gleaming mail arrayed; and closer approaching
 Stood, and around him glanced,—then hurled his glittering javelin.
 Backward the Trojans shrank as forth the warrior launched it;
 Nor did he hurl in vain, but smote the offspring of Priam,
 Even his bastard son Democoön, who from Abydos
 Came unto him from tending his high-bred mares. On the temple 500
 Him did Odysseus smite with the spear, enraged for his comrade;
 Yea, and the brazen point through both his temples was driven:
 Veiled were his eyes with darkness as down he crashed; and his armour
 Clanged o'er the fallen chief. And now the van of the Trojans,
 Yea, and the noble Hector, did yield their ground; and the Argives 505
 Shouted aloud, and towards them dragged the corpses, and onward
 Further advanced. And sorely enraged at heart was Apollo,
 Watching from Pergamos' heights, and aloud he cried to the Trojans:
 "Steed-famed Trojans, arise and bestir you, nor to the Argives
 Yield in the battle-shock! For not of stone or of iron 510
 Formed is their flesh to resist the piercing weapons that strike them:
 Far from the fray is Achilles, the son of the bright-haired Thetis,
 Biding beside his ships, and nursing grievous resentment."

Thus did the terrible god from the lofty citadel urge them,
 Whilst 'mid the Argive host did pass the glorious goddess,
 Daughter of Zeus, the Triton-born, where-e'er she beheld them 515
 Yielding; and through their ranks she moved, to battle inciting.

Next was Diores stayed, by Fates' dread fetters enthralled,
 E'en Amarynceus' son, on the right leg, near to the ankle,
 Struck by a jagged stone, wherewith the Thracian leader
 Peiroüs Imbracides, who had his dwelling in Ainos, 520

Sinōte him. The cruel stone laid bare the flesh from the tendons,
 Down to the very bone ; and with hands out-stretched to his comrades
 Backward he fell, and lay in the dust, whilst forth from his body,
 Gasping, his life he breathed. Then straightway Peirōüs forward 525
 Rushed, and his navel pierced with the spear,—e'en he who had struck him
 First,—and his entrails forth on the ground were scattered, and darkness
 Covered his eyes. And now, to the Trojan ranks as he hastened,
 Peirōüs wounded fell, by the spear of Ætolian Thoas
 Stricken above the breast ; and the brazen point of the javelin
 Pierced to his lungs. Then Thoas, approaching close to his foeman, 530
 Plucked from his breast the ponderous spear ; and, forth from its scabbard
 Drawing his keen-edged sword, he cleft his belly asunder,
 Quenching the sparks of life ; nathless his armour he took not,
 Since there were standing round him his high-crowned⁵ Thracian comrades
 Wielding their lengthy spears, wherewith they stayed his advancing,
 Tall though he was and strong, and of haughty spirit ; and backward
 Borne by the battle-shock, he reeled. Thus falling, together 535
 Both in the dust were stretched—the Thracians' captain, and, near him,
 He that had led to the war the brazen-harnessed Epeians.
 Yea, and around them slain there lay full many a chieftain.

Not any longer now would a man make light of the carnage,
 Could he but roam unscathed of the spear and the keen-edged falchion, 540
 Guided amidst the fray, and kept by Pallas Athenè,
 Holding his hand, secure from the hurtling rush of the missiles.
 For, of a truth, that day o'erthrown were numberless heroes,
 Side by side in the dust laid low, Achaians and Trojans.

5. 533. *High-crowned*, i.e., wearing their hair in a top-knot.



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