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The fall of Troy

Quintus
(Smyrnæeus),
Arthur Sanders ...
my women
QUINTUS SMYRNÆAEUS

THE FALL OF TROY

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
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MCMXIII
INTRODUCTION

Homer's *Iliad* begins towards the close of the last of the ten years of the Trojan War: its incidents extend over some fifty days only, and it ends with the burial of Hector. The things which came before and after were told by other bards, who between them narrated the whole "cycle" of the events of the war, and so were called the Cyclic Poets. Of their works none have survived; but the story of what befell between Hector's funeral and the taking of Troy is told in detail, and well told, in a poem about half as long as the *Iliad*. Some four hundred years after Christ there lived at Smyrna a poet of whom we know scarce anything, save that his first name was Quintus. He had saturated himself with the spirit of Homer, he had caught the ring of his music, and he perhaps had before him the works of those Cyclic Poets whose stars had paled before the sun.

We have practically no external evidence as to the date or place of birth of Quintus of Smyrna, or for the sources whence he drew his materials. His date is approximately settled by two passages in
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te the poem, viz. vi. 531 sqq., in which occurs an illustration drawn from the man-and-beast fights of the amphitheatre, which were suppressed by Theodosius I. (379–395 A.D.); and xiii. 335 sqq., which contains a prophecy, the special particularity of which, it is maintained by Koechly, limits its applicability to the middle of the fourth century A.D.

His place of birth, and the precise locality, is given by himself in xii. 308–313, and confirmatory evidence is afforded by his familiarity, of which he gives numerous instances, with many natural features of the western part of Asia Minor.

With respect to his authorities, and the use he made of their writings, there has been more difference of opinion. Since his narrative covers the same ground as the Aethiopis (Coming of Memnon) and the Iliupersis (Destruction of Troy) of Arctinus (circ. 776 B.C.), and the Little Iliad of Lesches (circ. 700 B.C.), it has been assumed that the work of Quintus “is little more than an amplification or remodelling of the works of these two Cyclic Poets.” This, however, must needs be pure conjecture, as the only remains of these poets consist of fragments amounting to no more than a very few lines from each, and of the “summaries of contents” made by the grammarian Proclus (circ. 140 A.D.), which, again, we but get at second-hand through the Bibliotheca of Photius (ninth century). Now, not merely do the only descriptions of incident that are found in the fragments differ essentially from the corresponding incidents as described by Quintus, but
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even in the summaries, meagre as they are, we find, as German critics have shown by exhaustive investigation, serious discrepancies enough to justify us in the conclusion that, even if Quintus had the works of the Cyclic poets before him, which is far from certain, his poem was no mere remodelling of theirs, but an independent and practically original work. Not that this conclusion disposes by any means of all difficulties. If Quintus did not follow the Cyclic poets, from what source did he draw his materials? The German critic unhesitatingly answers, "from Homer." As regards language, versification, and general spirit, the matter is beyond controversy; but when we come to consider the incidents of the story, we find deviations from Homer even more serious than any of those from the Cyclic poets. And the strange thing is, that each of these deviations is a manifest detriment to the perfection of his poem; in each of them the writer has missed, or has rejected, a magnificent opportunity. With regard to the slaying of Achilles by the hand of Apollo only, and not by those of Apollo and Paris, he might have pleaded that Homer himself here speaks with an uncertain voice (cf. II. xv. 416–17, xxii. 355–60, and xxi. 277–78). But, in describing the fight for the body of Achilles (Od. xxiv. 36 sqq.), Homer makes Agamemnon say

"So we grappled the livelong day, and we had not refrained us then,
But Zeus sent a hurricane, stilling the storm of the battle of men."
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Now, it is just in describing such natural phenomena, and in blending them with the turmoil of battle, that Quintus is in his element; yet for such a scene he substitutes what is, by comparison, a lame and impotent conclusion. Of that awful cry that rang over the sea heralding the coming of Thetis and the Nymphs to the death-rites of her son, and the panic with which it filled the host, Quintus is silent. Again, Homer (Od. iv. 274–89) describes how Helen came in the night with Deiphobus, and stood by the Wooden Horse, and called to each of the hidden warriors with the voice of his own wife. This thrilling scene Quintus omits, and substitutes nothing of his own. Later on, he makes Menelaus slay Deiphobus unresisting, "heavy with wine," whereas Homer (Od. viii. 517–20) makes him offer such a magnificent resistance, that Odysseus and Menelaus together could not kill him without the help of Athena. In fact, we may say that, though there are echoes of the Iliad all through the poem, yet, wherever Homer has, in the Odyssey, given the outline-sketch of an effective scene, Quintus has uniformly neglected to develop it, has sometimes substituted something much weaker—as though he had not the Odyssey before him!

For this we have no satisfactory explanation to offer. He may have set his own judgment above Homer—a most unlikely hypothesis: he may have been consistently following, in the framework of his story, some original now lost to us: there may be more, and longer, lacunae in the text than any
INTRODUCTION

editors have ventured to indicate: but, whatever theory we adopt, it must be based on mere conjecture.

The Greek text here given is that of Koechly (1850) with many of Zimmermann's emendations, which are acknowledged in the notes. Passages enclosed in square brackets are suggestions of Koechly for supplying the general sense of lacunae. Where he has made no such suggestion, or none that seemed to the editors to be adequate, the lacuna has been indicated by asterisks, though here too a few words have been added in the translation, sufficient to connect the sense.

\[
\text{In the notes } P = \text{Codex Parrhasianus.}
\]
\[
v = \text{vulgata plerorumque lectio.}
\]
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The most ancient, and also the best, of the extant MSS. are the Codex Parrhasianus, which is complete, and the Codex Monacensis, which contains I.–III., IV. 1–10, and XII.

Next in value is the Codex Venetus, which is extant in a copy that belonged to Cardinal Bessarion. This MS. contains the Iliad, Posthomerica, Odyssey, Hymns, and Batrachomyomachia.

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THE FALL OF TROY

BOOK I
ΚΟΙΝΤΟΥ

ΤΩΝ ΜΕΘ ΟΜΗΡΩΝ

ΛΟΓΟΣ ΠΡΩΤΟΣ

Εὖθυν' ὑπὸ Πηλείωνι δὰμη θεοείκελος Ἐκτωρ λαμαὶ πυρὴ καὶ ἐ πυρῆς κατέδαψε καὶ ὤστεα γαία κεκεύθει, δὴ τότε Τρῶες ἔμμυνον ἀνὰ Πριάμοιο πόλη ἔδιδοτες μένος ἡ γην θρασύφρονος Αιακίδαοι· ὑπὲρ ἐνὶ ξυλόχωσι βοῖς βλοσυρῷ λέοντος ἐθάμευεν οὐκ ἐθέλουσιν ἕναντία, ἀλλὰ φέβονται ἠληθῶν πτώσοσουσι ἀνὰ ῥωπηθία πυκνά· δὸς οἱ ἀνὰ πτολίθρουν ὑπέτρεσαν ὁβρίμου ἀνδρὰς μυνήσαμεν προτέρων, ὅποίας ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἱαψεν θύων Ἰδαϊοι περὶ προχοῆι Σκαμάνδρου, ἦδη δόσον σφεύγοντας ὑπὸ μέγα τεῖχος δλεσσεν, Ἐκτοράθ' ὃς ἐδάμασσε καὶ ἀμφείρυσσε πόλην, ἄλλους θ' ὃς ἐδαῖξε δὴ ἀκαμάτῳ θαλάσσης ὄπποτε δὴ τὰ πρώτα φέρε Τρώεσσιν δλέθρον, τῶν οἳ γε μνησθέντες ἀνὰ πτολίθρον ἔμμυνον ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφίσι πενθὸς ἀνιηρὸν πεπότητο ὡς ἦδη στοινόεντι καταιθομένης πυρὶ Τρόιης.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

THE FALL OF TROY

BOOK 1

How died for Troy the Queen of the Amazons,

Pentesilea

When godlike Hector by Peleides slain
Passed, and the pyre had ravined up his flesh,
And earth had veiled his bones, the Trojans then
-Tarried in Priam's city, sore afraid
Before the might of stout-heart Aeacus' son:
-As kine they were, that midst the copses shrink
From faring forth to meet a lion grim,
But in dense thickets terror-huddled cower;
So in their fortress shivered these to see
That mighty man. Of those already dead
They thought—of all whose lives he rest away
As by Scamander's outfall on he rushed,
And all that in mid-flight to that high wall
He slew, how he quelled Hector, how he hailed
His corse round Troy;—yea, and of all beside
Laid low by him since that first day whereon
O'er restless seas he brought the Trojans doom.
Ay, all these they remembered, while they stayed—
Thus in their town, and o'er them anguish'd grief
Hovered dark-winged, as though that very day
All Troy with shrieks were crumbling down in fire.
Καὶ τότε Θερμώδωντος ἀπ’ εὐρυπόροιο ῥεέθρων ἤλυθε Πενθεσίλεια θεών ἐπιειμένης εἴδος, ἀμφω καὶ στονόεντος ἐελδομένη πολέμοιο καὶ μέγ’ ἀλευαμένη στυγηρὴν καὶ ἀεικέα φήμην, μή τις ἕον κατὰ δῆμον ἐλεγχεῖσσι χαλέψῃ ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτης, ἵς εἰνεκα πένθος ἀδεξεν, Ἰππολύτης. τὴν γάρ ῥα κατέκτανε δουρὶ κραταὶφ, οὐ μὲν δὴ τί ἐκούσα, τιτυσκομένη δ’ ἐλάφους τούνεκ’ ἀρὰ Τροίης ἔρικυδέος ἱκέτο γαῖαν. πρὸς δ’ ἔτι οἱ τόδε θυμὸς ἀρήμος ὄρμαινεσκεν, ὃφρα καθηραμένη περὶ λύματα λυγρὰ φόνοι σμερδαλέας θυέσσων Ἐριννυάς ἱλάσσητα, αἱ οἱ ἄδελφεις κεχωλωμέναι αὐτὶχ’ ἐποντὸ ἀφραστοῖ. κεῖναι γὰρ ἁεὶ περὶ ποσοῦ ἀλιτρῶν στρωφῶν’, οὐδὲ τιν’ ἐστὶ θεᾶς ἀλιτόνθ’ ὑπαλύξαι. σὺν δὲ οἱ ἄλλαι ἐποντὸ δυόδεκα πάσαι ἄγαναι, πάσαι ἐελδόμεναι πόλεμον καὶ ἀεικέα χάρμην, αἱ οἱ ὄμολες ἐσκον ἀγακλειταί περ ἐὔσαι. ἀλλ’ ἀρὰ πασάνω μέγ’ ὑπέρεχε Πενθεσίλεια’ ὡς δ’ ὅτ’ ἀν’ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἐν ἀστράσι διὰ σελήνη ἐκπρέπει ἐν πάντεσσιν ἀριζήλη γεγαυίς αἴθερος ἀμφιραγόντος ὑπὸ νεφέων ἐριδοῦτων, εὔπ’ ἀνέμων εὐδήσι μένος μέγα λάβρον ἀέντων’ ὡς η’ γ’ ἐν πάσῃσι μετέπρεπεν ἐσομυνήσαι. ἐνεθ’ ἀρ’ ἐνν Κλονίη Πολεμοῦσά τε Δηρινότ’ τε Εὐάνθρη τε καὶ Ἀντάνδρη καὶ δία Βρέμουσα ἱδὲ καὶ Ἰπποθόη, μετά δ’ Ἀρμοθόη κυανῶπις Ἀλκιβίδη τε καὶ Ἀντιβρότη καὶ Δηριμάχεια, τῇ δ’ ἐπὶ Θερμώδωσα μέγ’ ἐγχεὶ κυδίωσα· τόσσαι ἀρ’ ἀμφιέποντο δαίφροιν Πενθεσίλειῇ.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Then from Thermodon, from broad-sweeping streams,
Came, clothed upon with beauty of Goddesses,
-Penthesileia—came athirst indeed
For groan-resounding battle, but yet more
Fleeing abhorred reproach and evil fame,
Lest they of her own folk should rail on her
Because of her own sister's death, for whom
Ever her sorrows waxed, Hippolytè,
Whom she had struck dead with her mighty spear,
Not of her will—'twas at a stag she hurled.
So came she to the far-famed land of Troy.
Yea, and her warrior spirit pricked her on,
Of murder's dread pollution thus to cleanse
Her soul, and with such sacrifice to appease
The Awful Ones, the Erinnyes, who in wrath
For her slain sister straightway haunted her
Unseen: for ever round the sinner's steps
They hover; none may 'scápe those Goddesses.
And with her followed twelve beside, each one
A princess, hot for war and battle grim,
Far-famous each, yet handmaids unto her:
Penthesileia far outshone them all.
As when in the broad sky amidst the stars
The moon rides over all pre-eminent,
When through the thunderclouds the cleaving heavens
Open, when sleep the fury-breathing winds;
So peerless was she mid that charging host.
Clonië was there, Polemusa, Derinoë,
Ev andre, and Antandre, and Bremusa,
Hippotheoë, dark-eyed Harmothoë,
Alcibië, Derimacheia, Antibroë,
And Thermodosa glorying with the spear.
All these to battle fared with warrior-souled
Penthesileia: even as when descends
Οι δ' άκαμάτοιοι κατέρχεται Ουλύμποιο
'Ηώς μαρμαρέωσιν ἀγαλλομένη φρένας Ἰπποις
'Ωράων μετ' εὔπλοκάμων, μετὰ δὲ σφισὶ πάσης
ἐκπρέπει ἄγγαλοι εἴδος ἰμωμήτων περὶ ἐσόσης.
τοῖς Πενθεσίλεια μόλεν ποτὶ Τρώων ἀστυ
ἐξοχος εἰν πάσησιν Ἀμαζόσιν ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρώως
πάντοθεν ἐσσύμενοι μὲν ἐθάμβεοι, εὐτρ' ἐσίδοντο
Ἀρεος άκαμάτοιο βαθυκυνήματι θύγατρα
eἰδομένην μακάρεσσιν, ἑπεὶ ρά οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
ἀμφο ςεμερδαλέω τε καὶ ἄγγαλον εἴδος ὀρώρει,

μειδιώσο' ἐρατεινον, ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δ' ἱμερόντες
ὁθαλμοι μάρμαρον ἀλήχιον ἀκτίνεσσιν,
αιδῶς δ' ἀμφερύθηνε παριτία, τῶν δ' ἐφύπερθε
θεσπεσίᾳ ἐπέκειτο χάρις καταειμένη ἄλκην.

Λαοὶ δ' ἀμφεγάννυτο καὶ ἁγνύμενοι τὸ πάροιθεν
ὡς δ' ὀπότ' ἀθρήσαντες ἀπ' οὐρεος ἀγροιῶται
Ἰριν ἀνεγρομένην ἐξ εὐρυπόροιο θαλάσσης,
δύμβρον ὅτ' ἵσχανωσι θεουδέος, ὅπποτ' ἄλωαι
ἡδη ἀπαναλυομάτα εὐλόγεμει νυνὸ τοίων θεών,
ὑπερ οὐρανίον γέμας σύρασι, οἱ δ' ἔσσιδότες
ἐσθλοῦν σῆμ' ἀνέμου καὶ ὑστοῦ ἑγγύς ἐόντος
χαίρουσιν, τὸ πάροιθεν ἐπιστενάχοντες ἀροῦραι·
δος ἀρα Τρώων νεος, ὅτ' ἐδρακον ἐνδοθει πάτρης
δευμών Πενθεσίλειαν ἐπὶ πτόλεμοι μεμανίαν,
γύθεον· ἐλπίσῃ γαρ ὅτ' ἐς φρένας ἀνδρὸς ἱκηται
ἀμφ' ἀγαθοῦ, στονόεσαν ἀμαλδύνει κακότητα.
τούνεκα καὶ Πριάμοιο νόσος πολέα στενάχοντος
καὶ μέγι' ἀκηχεμένοιο περὶ φρεσὶ τυτθὸν ἰάνθη,
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνήρ ἀλαοὶσιν ἐπ' ὀμμασι πολλὰ μογήσας
ἰμείρου ἱδέειν ἱερὸν φάος ἡ θανέσσοι.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK 1

Dawn from Olympus' crest of adamant,
Dawn, heart-exultant in her radiant steeds
Amidst the bright-haired Hours; and o'er them all,
How flawless-fair soever these may be,
Her splendour of beauty glows pre-eminent;
So peerless amid all the Amazons
Unto Troy-town Penthesileia came.
To right, to left, from all sides hurrying thronged
The Trojans, greatly marvelling, when they saw
The tireless War-god's child, the mailèd maid,
Like to the Blessed Gods; for in her face
Glowed beauty glorious and terrible.
Her smile was ravishing: beneath her brows
Her love-enkindling eyes shone like to stars,
And with the crimson rose of shamefastness
Bright were her cheeks, and mantled over them
Unearthly grace with battle-prowess clad.

Then joyed Troy's folk, despite past agonies,
As when, far-gazing from a height, the hinds
Behold a rainbow spanning the wide sea,
When they be yearning for the heaven-sent shower,
When the parched fields be craving for the rain;
Then the great sky at last is overgloomed,
And men see that fair sign of coming wind
And imminent rain, and seeing, they are glad,
Who for their corn-fields' plight sore sighed before;
Even so the sons of Troy when they beheld
There in their land Penthesileia dread
Afire for battle, were exceeding glad;
For when the heart is thrilled with hope of good,
All smart of evils past is wiped away:
So, after all his sighing and his pain,
Gladdened a little while was Priam's soul.

As when a man who hath suffered many a pang
From blinded eyes, sore longing to behold
The light, and, if he may not, fain would die,
Πόνος ἤτηρος ἀμύμονος ἥθε θεοῖο
ὀμματ' ἀπαχλύσαντος Ἰδὴ φάος ὑργενεῖς,
οὐ μὲν ὅσον τὸ πάροιδεν, ὁμως δ' ἄρα βαίνοι ἱάνθη
πολλῆς ἐκ κακότητος, ἔχει δ' ἐτι πήματος ἀλγός
αἰνὸν ὑπὸ βλεφάροις λελειμμένου· ὅσ̄ ἄρα δεινήν
νίος Δασμέδοντος ἐσέδρακε Πενθεσίλειαν·
παύρον μὲν γήθησε, τὸ δὲ πλέον εἰσέτι παίδων
ἀχυρτ' ἀποκταμένων. ἀγε δ' εἰς ἔδα δώματ' ἀνασαν, 85
καὶ μιν προφρονέως τίεν ἔμπεδον εἴτε θύγατρα
τῆλθ' νοστήσασαν ἐεικοστ' λυκάβαντι,
καὶ οἱ δόρποι ἐστεύξε πανείδατον, οἶον ἔδουσι
κυδάλμοις βασιλῆς, ὅτ' ἔθνεα δησάντες
dαινυντ' ἐν θαλάσσιν ἀγαλλόμενοι περὶ νίκης·
δώρα δὲ dio πόρῳ καλὰ καὶ ὀλβία, πολλὰ δ' ὑπέστη
δρασέμεν, ἦν Τρώεσσι δαίζομένους ἐπαμύνη.
ἡ δ' ἄρ' ὑπέσχετο ἔργον, δ' ὅπποτε θυτός ἐώλπει,
δησεικ Ἀχιλῆα καὶ εὐρέα λαον ὀλέσσειν
Ἀργείων, πυρσοῖν δὲ νεὼν καθόπερ θεοὶ βαλέσθαι·
ηπίη· οὔδε τι ήδη εὐμμελήν Ἀχιλῆα,
πρός ὑπέρτατος ἦν ἐνὶ φθισμορρ φάρμη.
Τῆς δ' ὦς οὐν ἐπάκουσεν ἔς πάις Ἡτηνῶν
Ἀνδρομάχη, μάλα τοῖα φίλωρ προσελέξατο θυμό·
"ἀ δειλῆ, τί νυ τόσσα μέγα φρονεύοσ' ἀγορεύεις; 100
οὐ γάρ τοι σθένος ἐστίν ὀταρβεῖὶ Πηλείων
μάρνασθ', ἀλλ' σοὶ ὁκα φόνον καὶ λογίῳ ἐφήσει
λευγαλέα, τί μέμηνας ἀνὰ φρένας; ἦ νῦ τοι ἄγχι
ἐστηκεν Θανάτοιο τέλος καὶ δαίμονος Αἰσα.
Then at the last, by a cunning leech's skill,
Or by a God's grace, sees the dawn-rose flush,
Sees the mist rolled back from before his eyes,—
Yea, though clear vision come not as of old,
Yet, after all his anguish, joys to have
Some small relief, albeit the stings of pain
Prick sharply yet beneath his eyelids;—so
Joyed the old king to see that terrible queen—
The shadowy joy of one, in anguish whelmed
For slain sons. Into his halls he led the Maid,
And with glad welcome honoured her, as one
Who greets a daughter to her home returned
From a far country in the twentieth year;
And set a feast before her, sumptuous
As battle-glorious kings, who have brought low
Nations of foes, array in splendour of pomp,
With hearts in pride of victory triumphing.
And gifts he gave her costly and fair to see,
And pledged him to give many more, so she
Would save the Trojans from the imminent doom.
And she—such deeds she promised as no man
Had hoped for, even to lay Achilles low,
To smite the wide host of the Argive men,
And cast the brands red-flaming on the ships.
Ah fool!—but little knew she him, the lord
Of ashen spears, how far Achilles' might
In warrior-wasting strife o'erpassed her own!

But when Andromache, the stately child
Of king Eetion, heard the wild queen's vaunt,
Low to her own soul bitterly murmured she:
"Ah hapless! why with arrogant heart dost thou
Speak such great swelling words? No strength is thine
To grapple in fight with Peleus' aweless son.
Nay, doom and swift death shall he deal to thee.
Alas for thee! What madness thrills thy soul?
Fate and the end of death stand hard by thee!"
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

"Εκτωρ γὰρ σέο πολλὸν ὑπέρτερος ἐπλετο δουρ'.

ἀλλ' ἐδάμη κρατερὸς περ ἑών, μέχα ὁ ἱκαχε

Τρώας,

οἷς ἐθεὸν ὑς πάντες ἀνὰ πτόλιν εἰσορόωντο·
καὶ μοι ἐγν κύδος ἰδ' ἀντιθέως τοκέεσσι

ξωδός ἑών· ὡς εἴ με χυτή κατὰ γαία κεκεύθει,

πρὶν ἐ δι' ἀνθερεώνος ὑπ' ἐγχεὶ θυμὸν ὅλεσσαι.

νῦν δ' ἀρ' ἀόσπετον ἄλγος διζυρόδα οὐσάρησα,

κείνου δ' ἀμφὶ πόλη ποδῶκες εἰρνυν ὕποι

ἀργαλέως 'Αχιλῆς, ὁ μ' ἀνέρος εὐνυν ἔθηκε

κουριδίου, τὸ μοι αἰνὸν ἄχος πέλει ἥματα πάντα."

'Ὡς φάθ' ἐδι κατὰ θυμὸν ἔσφυρος 'Ηντιώνη

μυθαμένη πόσιος· μάλα γὰρ μέγα πένθος ἀέξει

ἀνδρὸς ἀποφθιμένου σαφοφροσι θηλυτέρησιν.

'Ηντιώνος δὲ θησιν ἐλισσόμενος περὶ δῖνης

δύσατεν ὡκεανοῖς βαθὺν ρόουν, ἤμυντο δ' ἕμως.

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ παύσαντο ποτοῦ δαιτός τ᾽ ἐρατεινῆς.

δὴ τότε που δμαφ αὐτοῖς στόρεσαν θυμήρα λέκτρα

ἐν Πριάμοιο δόμοις θρασύφρον Πενθεσιλείης

ἡ δὲ κιονίς' εὐδεσκεν. ὕπνος δὲ οἱ ὅσσε κάλυψε

νήδυμος ἀμϕιπεσῶν· μὸλε δ' αἰθέρος ἄλλο τόιον

Παλλάδος ἐννεήσι οἷος δολόειτο 'Ομελοὺν,

ὑπποὺς μὲν λεύσουσα κακὸν Τρώεσσι γένηται

οἱ τ' αὐτῷ, μεμαίνα ποτὶ πτολέμου στροφάλεγγα.¹

καὶ τὰ μὲν ὅς ὄρμαινε δαῖφροι Τριτογένεια·

τῇ δ' ἄρα λυγρὸς 'Ονειρος ἐφίστατο πατρὶ ἐοικῶς,

καὶ μὲν ἐποτρύνεσκε ποδάρκεος ἀντ' Ἀχιλῆος

¹ Zimmermann, for πτολέμου φάλαγγας of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Hector was mightier far to wield the spear
Than thou, yet was for all his prowess slain,
Slain for the bitter grief of Troy, whose folk
The city through looked on him as a God.
My glory and his noble parents’ glory
Was he while yet he lived—O that the earth
Over my dead face had been mounded high,
Or ever through his throat the breath of life
Followed the cleaving spear! But now have I
Looked—woe is me!—on grief unutterable,
When round the city those fleet-footed steeds
Haled him, steeds of Achilles, who had made
Me widowed of mine hero-husband, made
My portion bitterness through all my days.’’

So spake Eetion’s lovely-ankled child
Low to her own soul, thinking on her lord.
So evermore the faithful-hearted wife
Nurseth for her lost love undying grief.

Then in swift revolution sweeping round
Into the Ocean’s deep stream sank the sun,
And daylight died. So when the banqueters
Ceased from the wine-cup and the goodly feast,
Then did the handmaids spread in Priam’s halls
For Penethisileia dauntless-souled the couch
Heart-cheering, and she laid her down to rest;
And slumber mist-like overveiled her eyes[depths
Like sweet dew dropping round. From heavens’ blue
Slid down the might of a deceitful dream—
At Pallas’ hest, that so the warrior-maid
Might see it, and become a curse to Troy
And to herself, when strained her soul to meet
The whirlwind of the battle. In this wise
The Trito-born, the subtle-souled, contrived:
Stood o’er the maiden’s head that baleful dream
In likeness of her father, kindling her
Fearlessly front to front to meet in fight
QUINTUS Smyrnaeus

θερσαλέως μάρνασθαι ἐναντίον· ἢ δ᾽ ἄτουσα
γῆθεν ἐν φρεσὶ πάμπαν· ὄσσατο γὰρ μέγα ἔργον
ἐκτελέσεων αὐτῆμαρ ἀνὰ μόδον ὄκρυσετα·
νηπία· ἢ ρ᾽ ἐπίθησεν οἰξυρφι περ᾽ Ὀνείρῳ
ἔσπερὼ, ὡς φίλα πολυτλήτων ἀνθρώπων
θέλγει ἐνὶ λεχέσσιν ἄδην ἐπικέρτομα βάξων,
ὡς μὲν ἄρ᾽ ἐξαπάφησεν ἐποτρύνων πονέσσθαι.

'Ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ ρ᾽ ἐπόρουσε ῥοδόσφυρος ἠρυγένεια,
ὅτα τότε Πενθεσίλεια μέγ᾽ ἐνθεμένη φρεσὶ κάρτος
ἐξ εὐνής ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ἄμφ᾽ ὀμοιών ἔδυνε
τεύχεα δαιδαλόντα, τὰ οί θεοὺς ὅπασεν 'Αρης.
πρώτα μὲν ἄρ κυνήγῃσιν ἐπ᾽ ἀργυφέησιν ἔθηκε
κηνήδας χρυσέας, αἰ οἱ ἕσαν εὖ ἀραμιαὶ·
ἔσσατο δ᾽ αὐθώρηκα παναῖλον· ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρ ὀμοῖς
θήκατο κυδίοωσα μέγα χίτος, ὃ περὶ πάντῃ
κούλεος εὖ ἥσκητο δι᾽ ἀργύρῳ ἡδ᾽ ἐλέφαντος·
ἀν δ᾽ ἔλετ᾽ ἀσπίδα δίαν ἀλγίκιον ἀντυγι μήνης,
ἡ θ᾽ ὑπὲρ ὠκεανοῦ βαθυρροῦ ἀντέλλησιν
ἡμίου πεπληθυνα περὶ γναμπτῆσι κεραίᾳ·
τοῖ παραξαφίζεν ἀσπετεὔν· ἀμφὶ δὲ κρατὶ
θῆκε κόρων κομάωσαν ἐθείρησεν χρυσέσσιν
ὡς ἢ μὲν μορόντα περὶ χροὴ θήκατο τεύχῃ.
ἀστερόπῃ δ᾽ ἀτάλαντος ἐείδετο, τὴν ἀπ᾽ Ὀλύμπου
ἐς γαῖαν προῆσυ Δίὸς μένος ἀκαμάτοιο
dεικτὶς ἀνθρώποις μένος βαρυχέος ὀμβρου
ἣ πολυρροίζων ἀνέμων ἄληκτον ἰωήν.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Fleetfoot Achilles. And she heard the voice,
And all her heart exulted, for she weened
That she should on that dawning day achieve
A mighty deed in battle’s deadly toil—
Ah, fool, who trusted for her sorrow a dream
Out of the sunless land, such as beguiles
Full oft the travail-burdened tribes of men,
Whispering mocking lies in sleeping ears,
And to the battle’s travail lured her then!

But when the Dawn, the rosy-ankled, leapt
Up from her bed, then, clad in mighty strength
Of spirit, suddenly from her couch uprose
Pentesileia. Then did she array
Her shoulders in those wondrous-fashioned arms—
Given her of the War-god. First she laid
Beneath her silver-gleaming knees the greaves
Fashioned of gold, close-clipping the strong limbs.
Her rainbow-radiant corslet clasped she then
About her, and around her shoulders slung,
With glory in her heart, the massy brand
Whose shining length was in a scabbard sheathed
Of ivory and silver. Next, her shield
Unearthly splendid, caught she up, whose rim
Swelled like the young moon’s arching chariot-rail
When high o’er Ocean’s fathomless-flowing stream.
She rises, with the space half filled with light
Betwixt her bowing horns. So did it shine
Unutterably fair. Then on her head
She settled the bright helmet overstreamed
With a wild mane of golden-glistening hairs.
So stood she, lapped about with flaming mail,
In semblance like the lightning, which the might,
The never-wearied might of Zeus, to earth
Hurleth, what time he showeth forth to men
Fury of thunderous-roaring rain, or swoop
Resistless of his shouting host of winds.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

αὐτίκα δ' ἐγκονέουσα διὲκ μεγάροιν νέεσθαι
dοιοὺς ἑλετ' ἀκοντας ὑπ' ἀστίδα, δεξιερῆ δὲ
βουπλῆγ' ἀμφίτυπον, τὸν οὐ "Ερίς ὅπασε δεινὴ
θυμοβόρον πολέμοιο πελώριον ἐμμεναὶ ἀλκαρ.
tῷ ἐπικαγχαλώσα τάχ' ἦλθεν ἐκτοθὶ πῦργων
Τρῶας ἐποτρύνουσα μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν
ἐλθέμεναι· τοῦ δ' ὁκα συναγρόμενοι πεπίθουντο
ἀνδρὲς ἀριστῆς, καὶ περὶ πάρος οὐκ ἐθέλουντες
στήμεναι ἀντ' Ἀχιλῆος· ὁ γὰρ περιδάμνατο
πάντας.

ἡ δ' ἀρα κυδιάασκεν ἀσχετον· ἐξετὸ δ' ὕππυρ
καλῷ, ὁκυτάτῳ, τὸν οὐ ἄλοχος Βορέαο
ὁπασεν Ὡρείθυια πάρος Ὅρῃκηνδε κιούσῃ
ξείνιον, ὡς τε θοήσει μετέπρεπεν ἀρπύησι.
tῷ ρὰ τόθ' ἐξομένη λίπεν ἄστεος αἰτὰ μέλαθρα
ἐσθλὴ Πενθεσίλεια· λυγράι δὲ μιν ὄτρυνεσκοιν
Κῆρες ὁμώς πρώτῃν τε καὶ ὡστατῇν ἐπὶ δὴρων
ἐλθέμενοι· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες ἀνοστήτοισι πόδεσσι
πολλοὶ ἐποντ' ἐπὶ δὴρων ἀναιδεὰ τλήμουν κούρῃ
Ἰλαδόν, ἦπτε μῆλα μετὰ κτίλον, ὃς τ' ἂμα πάντων
νισσομένων προθέησι δαμασώνσῃ νομῆσι·
ὡς ἄρα τῇ γ' ἐφέποντο βίῃ μέγα μαιμώνων
Τρῶες εὔσθενες καὶ Ἀμαζόνες ὄβριμόθυμοι.
ἡ δ' οὖθ' Τριτωνίς, ὃτ' ἦλθεν ἀντὰ Γιγάντων,
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Then in 'hot haste forth of her bower to pass
Caught she two javelins in the hand that grasped
Her shield-band; but her strong right hand laid hold
On a huge halberd, sharp of either blade,
Which terrible Eris gave to Ares' child
To be her Titan weapon in the strife
That raveneth souls of men. Laughing for glee—Thereover, swiftly flashed she forth the ring
Of towers. Her coming kindled all the sons
Of Troy to rush into the battle forth
Which crowneth men with glory. Swiftly all
Hearkened her gathering-cry, and thronging came,
Champions, yea, even such as theretofore
Shrank back from standing in the ranks of war
Against Achilles the all-ravager.
But she—in pride of triumph on she rode
Throned on a goodly steed and fleet, the gift
Of Oreithyia, the wild North-wind's bride,
Given to her guest the warrior-maid, what time
She came to Thrace, a steed whose flying feet
Could match the Harpies' wings. Riding thereon
Pentesileia in her goodlihead
Left the tall palaces of Troy behind.
And ever were the ghastly-visaged Fates
Thrusting her on into the battle, doomed
To be her first against the Greeks—and last!
To right, to left, with unreturning feet
The Trojan thousands followed to the fray,
The pitiless fray, that death-doomed warrior-maid,
Followed in throngs, as follow sheep the ram
That by the shepherd's art strides before all.
So followed they, with battle-fury filled,
Strong Trojans and wild-hearted Amazons.
And like Tritonis seemed she, as she went
To meet the Giants, or as flasheth far

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Καὶ τὸτε ὑπὲρ ὁσιώτατος ἀναελαρῆς
χείρας Λασμόδουντος ἐὼς ἴωνος ἄφνειοι
ἐὑχετ' ἐς ἵερον αἰτὶ τετραμμένος Ἰδαίου
Ζηνός, ὁς Ἰλιον αἰεὶ ἕος ἐπιδέρκεται ὁσοὺς·
"κλυθί, πάτερ, καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαικὸν ἢματι τόδε
δὸς πεσόειν ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀρηνίαδος βασιλείης,
καὶ δ' αὐ μν παλίνοροσ ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα σάωσον
ἀξόμενος τεῦν ὕλα πελώριον ὁβριμὸν Ἄρην,
αὐτὴν θ', οὖνε' ἔοικεν ἐπουρανίησθι θεὴσιν
ἐκπάγλως, καὶ σεῖο θεοῦ γένος ἐστὶ γενέθλησι.
αἴδεσαι δ' ἐμὸν ἦτορ, ἡπεὶ κακὰ πολλὰ τέτληκα
παίδων ὀλλυμένων, οὕς μοι περὶ Κῆρες ἐμαρφαῖν
Ἀργείων παλάμησι κατὰ στόμα δηιστήτος·
αἴδεο δ', ἔως ἔτι παύροι ἄφ' αἴματος εἰμὲν ἄγανοι
Δαρδάνου, ἔως ἄδαικτος ἐτὶ πτόλης, ὄφρα καὶ ἥμεις
ἐκ φόνον ἀργαλέοι καὶ Ἀρεος ἀμπυνεύσωμεν."

"Ἤ ῥα μέγ' εὐχόμενος· τῷ δ' αἴετος ἐξὶ κεκληγώς
ἥδη ἀποπνείουσαν ἔχων ὄνυχεσαι πέλειαν
ἐστεμένως ὀμμήσεων ἀριστερός· ἀμφὶ δὲ θυμῷ
τάρβησε Πριάμῳ νόσος, φάτο δ' οὐκέτ' ἀθρῆσειν
ξῷν Πενθεσίλειαν ἀπὸ πτολέμου κιοῦσαν·
cαὶ τὸ μὲν ὃς ἢμελλὼν ἐτήτυμον ἢματι κείνῳ
Κῆρες ὑπεκτελεῖειν· ὅ δ' ἀρ' ἄχυντο θυμὸν ἔσγος.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Through war-hosts Eris, waker of onset-shouts.
So mighty in the Trojans' midst she seemed,
Pentesileia of the flying feet.

Then unto Cronos' Son Laomedon's child
Upraised his hands, his sorrow-burdened hands,
Turning him toward the sky-encountering fane
Of Zeus of Ida, who with sleepless eyes
Looks ever down on Ilium; and he prayed:
"Father, give ear! Vouchsafe that on this day
Achaea's host may fall before the hands
Of this our warrior-queen, the War-god's child;
And do thou bring her back unscathed again
Unto mine halls: we pray thee by the love
Thou bear'st to Ares of the fiery heart
Thy son, yea, to her also!—is she not
Most wondrous like the heavenly Goddesses?
And is she not the child of thine own seed?
Pity my stricken heart withal! Thou know'st
All agonies I have suffered in the deaths
Of dear sons whom the Fates have torn from me
By Argive hands in the devouring fight.
Compassionate us, while a remnant yet
Remains of noble Dardanus' blood, while yet
This city stands unwasted! Let us know
From ghastly slaughter and strife one breathing-space!"

In passionate prayer he spake:—lo, with shrill
scream
Swiftly to left an eagle darted by
And in his talons bare a gasping dove.

Then round the heart of Priam all the blood
Was chilled with fear. Low to his soul he said:
"Ne'er shall I see return alive from war
Pentesileia!" On that selfsame day
The Fates prepared his boding to fulfil;
And his heart brake with anguish of despair.
'Αργείων δ᾽ ἀπάνευθεν ἔθάμβεων, εὖτ᾽ ἐσίδοντο 205 Ἰρώας ἐπεσομένους καὶ Ἀρηίδα Πενθεσίλειαν, τούς μὲν δὴ θῆρεσιν ἑοικότας, οἳ τ᾽ εὖ ὁρεσσὶ ποίμνης εἰροτόκοισι φόνον στοιχεῖτα φέρουσι, τὴν δὲ πυρὸς ῥιπή ἐναλύκιου, ἢ τ᾽ ἐπὶ θάμνων μαίνεται ἀξιλείσσαν ἐπενγομένου ἀνέμοιο· καὶ τις ἄμ φαίρομενοι πάσοι ποτὶ τούτων ἐευπεν· „τῖς δὴ Ἰρώας ἔγειρε μεθ᾽ Ἑκτόρα δησῳτάντα, οὕς φάμεν οὐκέτι νῦν ὑπαντίασειν μεμάτας; νῦν δ᾽ ἄφαρ ἄτσουσιν λειαιμομοι μέγα χάρμης. καὶ νῦ τις ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐποτρύνει πονέσθαι φαίνεσθαι κεν θεών ἔμμεν, ἐπεί μέγα μδεται ἔργον. ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε θάρσως ἄττον εἰνι στέρνοισι λαβόντες ἀληθίς μησώμεσθα δαίφρονος· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡμεῖς νόσφι θεών Ἰρώας μαχσομεθ᾽ ἠματι τῳδε.” „Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δὲ φαεινά περὶ σφίσι τεύχεα 220 θέντες

νηῶν ἔξεχόντο μένους καταιεμένοι ὤμοις· σὺν δ᾽ ἐβαλον θῆρεσιν ἑοικότες ὤμοβόροισι δήρων ἐς αἰματόεσσαν, ὦμοι δ᾽ ἔχον ἐνεα καλά, ἐγχεα καὶ τώρηκας ἑυσθενέας τε βοείας καὶ κόρυθας βριαράς, ἑτερος δ᾽ ἐτέρου χρόα χαλκῷ τύπτουν ἀπηλεγέως· τὸ δ᾽ ἐρεύθετο Ἰρώων οὐδας. ἐνθ᾽ ἐλε Πενθεσίλεια Μολίονα Περσίνον τε Εἰλισσόν τε καὶ Ἀντίθεου καὶ ἀγηνορὰ Δέρνον Ἰππαλμόν τε καὶ Ἀίμονιδην κρατερόν τ᾽ Ἑλάσισ·
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Marvelled the Argives, far across the plain
Seeing the hosts of Troy charge down on them,
And midst them Pentesileia, Ares' child,
These seemed like ravening beasts that mid the hills
Bring grimly slaughter to the fleecy flocks;
And she, as a rushing blast of flame she seemed
That maddeneth through the copses summer-scorched,
When the wind drives it on; and in this wise
Spake one to other in their mustering host:
"Who shall this be who thus can rouse to war
The Trojans, now that Hector hath been slain—
These who, we said, would never more find heart
To stand against us? Lo now, suddenly
Forth are they rushing, madly afire for fight!
Sure, in their midst some great one kindleth them
To battle's toil! Thou verily wouldst say
This were a God, of such great deeds he dreams!
Go to, with aweless courage let us arm
Our own breasts: let us summon up our might
In battle-fury. We shall lack not help
Of Gods this day to close in fight with Troy."

So cried they; and their flashing battle-gear
Cast they about them: forth the ships they poured
Clad in the rage of fight as with a cloak.
Then front to front their battles closed, like beasts
Of ravin, locked in tangle of gory strife.
Clanged their bright mail together, clashed the spears,
The corslets, and the stubborn-welded shields
And adamant helms. Each stabbed at other's flesh
With the fierce brass: was neither ruth nor rest,
And all the Trojan soil was crimson-red.
Then first Pentesileia smote and slew—
Molion; now Persinous falls, and now
Eilissus; reeled Antitheus 'neath her spear:
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Δηρινών δ' ἔλε Λαογόνον, Κλονίη δὲ Μένιππον, 230
οὐ μᾶ πάρος Φυλακίθεν εὑέσπετο Πρωτεσιλάφ,
ὄππως κε Τράωσσιν εὐσθενέσσι μάχηται.
τού δ' ἀρ' ἀποφθιμένου Ποδάρκει θυμός ὀρίνθη
'Ιφικληνίδη τὸν γὰρ μέγα φίλαθ' ἐταίρων
αἴσα δ' ὁ γ' ἀντιθέν Κλονίνη βάλε, τῆς δὲ διαπρὸ 235
ἡλθε δόρυ στιβαρὸν κατὰ νηόυς, ἐκ δὲ οἱ ὁικά
douři χύθη μέλαι αἷμα, συνεσπετο δ' ἔγκατα πάντα
τῆς δ' ἀρα Πενθεσίλεια χολόσατο, καὶ ῥα
Ποδάρκεα

οὕτασεν ἡς μῦνα παχὺν περιμήκει δουρὶ
χειρὸς δεξιτερῆς, διὰ δὲ φλέβας αἰματοσέσσας
cέρσε, μέλαιν δὲ οἱ αἷμα δι' ἐλκεος οὐταμένου
ἐβλυσεν ἐσσυμένως. ὁ δ' ἀρα στενάχων ἀπόρουσεν
eἰσοπίσω μάλα γὰρ οἱ ἐδάμαντο θυμὸν ἀνίη.
tού δ' ἀρ' ἀπεσσυμένου ποθὴ Φυλάκησιν ἑτύχθη
ἀσπετος. ὅς δ' ἀρα βαιδὸν ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο λιασθεῖς
κάθανε καρπαλίμως σφετέρων ἐν χερσίν ἑταίρων.

Ἰδομενεὺς δὲ Βρέμουσαν ἐνήρατο δούρατι τύφας
dεξιτερὸν παρὰ μαζί, ἀφαρ ἔδε οἱ ἱτορ ἐλυσεν
ἡ δ' ἐπεσεν μελί ἐναλίγκιος, ἦν τ' ἐν ὅρεσι
δουρτόμοι τέμνουσιν ὑπείροχον, ἡ δ' ἀλεγεινὸν
ῥοῖζον ὁμώς καὶ δοῦνον ἐρειπομένη προἴσιν
ὅς ἡ ἀνοιμώξασα πέσεν, τῆς δ' ἁψεα πάντα
λύσε μόρος, ψυχὴ δ' ἐμίγη πολυνεύσιν αὐραῖς.
Ἐνανδρὴν δ' ἀρα Μηρόνης ἰδὲ Θερμώδωσαν
εἶλεν ἐπεσσυμένας ὀλοήν ἀνὰ δημιοτήτα

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK 1

The pride of Lernus quelled she: down she bore
Hippalus’ neath her horse-hoofs; Haemon’s son
Died; withered stalwart Elasippus’ strength.
And Derinœ laid low Laogonus,
And Cloniè Menippus, him who sailed
Long since from Phylace, led by his lord
Protesilaus to the war with Troy.
Then was Podarces, son of Iphiclus,
Heart-wrung with ruth and wrath to see him lie
Dead, of all battle-comrades best-beloved.
Swiftly at Cloniè he hurled, the maid
Fair as a Goddess: plunged the unswerving lance
’Twixt hip and hip, and rushed the dark blood forth
After the spear, and all her bowels gushed out.
Then wroth was Penthesileia; through the brawn
Of his right arm she drave the long spear’s point,
She shore atwan the great blood-brimming veins,
And through the wide gash of the wound the gore
Spirited, a crimson fountain. With a groan
Backward he sprang, his courage wholly quelled
By bitter pain; and sorrow and dismay
Thrilled, as he fled, his men of Phylace.
A short way from the fight he reeled aside,
And in his friends’ arms died in little space.
Then with his lance Idomeneus thrust out,
And by the right breast stabbed Bremusa. Stilled
For ever was the beating of her heart.
She fell, as falls a graceful-shafted pine
—
Hewn mid the hills by woodmen: heavily,
Sighing through all its boughs, it crashes down.
So with a wailing shriek she fell, and death
Unstrung her every limb: her breathing soul
Mingled with multitudinous-sighing winds.
Then, as Evandrè through the murderous fray
With Thermodosa rushed, stood Meriones,
A lion in the path, and slew: his spear
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τὴ μὲν ἄρ’ ἐς κραδίην ἐλάσας δόριν, τῇ δ’ ὑπὸ νηθῶν
φάσγανων ἐγχρίμψας· τὰς δ’ ἐσσυμένως λίπεν αἰών.

Δηρινῶν δ’ ἐδάμασσεν Ὄιλεος ὃβριμος νῦς
ἐγχεὶ ὅκριψαν διὰ κληίδα τυχήσας.

'Αλκιβίδης δ’ ἀρα Τυδείδης καὶ Δηριμαχείης ἀμφό
κράτ’ ἀπέκοψε σὺν αὐχέσιν ἄχρις ἐπ’ ὠμοὺς
ἀορὶ λεγαλέφο· ταῖ δ’ ἥντε πόρτες ἀμφό
κάππεσον, ἂς τ’ αἰζήσας ἀφαρ ψυχῆς ἀπαμέρσῃ
κόψας αὐχενίους στιβαρῆς βουπλῆγι τένοντας·
ὡς αἱ Τυδείδαιον πέσων παλάμησι δαμεῖσαι
Τρώων ἀμ πεδίου σφετέρων ἀπὸ νόσφι καρχῶν.

τήσι δ’ ἔπι Σθένελος κρατερὸν κατέπεφε Κάβειρον,
ὡς κίεν ἐκ Σηστοῦ ἀλαίμενους πολεμίζειν
'Αργείοις, οὐδ’ αὖθις ἔην νοστήσατο πάτην.

tοῦ δὲ Πάρις κραδίην ἐχολώσατο δησθέντος,
καὶ ρ’ ἔβαλε Σθένελοιο καταντίον· οὐδ’ ἀρα τὸν γε
οὐταςεν ἐσσύμενος περ, ἀπεπλάγχη γαρ ὀἰστὸς
ἀλλη, ὅπη μν Κήρες ἁμείλιχοι ἰδύνεσκον·
κτείνε δ’ ἄρ’ ἐσσυμένως Εὐήνορα χαλκεομίτρην,
ὡς ρ’ ἐκ Σουλιχίου κίεν Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι.

tοῦ δ’ ἄρ’ ἀποθιμένου ήποις Φυλῆς ἀγανοῦ
ἁράνθη· μάλα δ’ ὠκα λέων ὃς πώεσι μῆλων
ἐνθορε· τοι δ’ άμα πάντες ὑπέτρεσαν ὃβριμον
ἀνδρα·

κτείνε γαρ Ἰτυμονῆα καὶ Ἰππασίδην Ἀγέλαον,
ο’ ρ’ ἀπὸ Μιλήτοιο φέρον Δαναοίσιν ὄμοκλην

Νάστη ὑπ’ ἀντιθέω καὶ ὑπ’ Ἀμφίμαχοι μεγαθύμψι,

1 Zimmermann, from P for ἄγαυδος of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Right to the heart of one he drave, and one
Stabbed with a lightning sword-thrust 'twixt the hips:
Leapt through the wounds the life, and fled away.
Oileus' fiery son smote Derinoe
'Twixt throat and shoulder with his ruthless spear;
And on Alcibiæ Tydeus' terrible son
Swooped, and on Derimacheia: head with neck
Clean from the shoulders of these twain he shore
With ruin-wreaking brand. Together down
Fell they, as young calves by the massy axe
Of brawny flesher felled, that, shearing through
The sinews of the neck, lops life away.
So, by the hands of Tydeus' son laid low
Upon the Trojan plain, far, far away
From their own highland-home, they fell. Nor these
Alone died; for the might of Sthenelus
Down on them hurled Cabeirus' corse, who came
From Sestos, keen to fight the Argive foe,
But never saw his fatherland again.
Then was the heart of Paris filled with wrath
For a friend slain. Full upon Sthenelus
Aimed he a shaft death-winged, yet touched him not,
Despite his thirst for vengeance: otherwhere
The arrow glanced aside, and carried death
Whither the stern Fates guided its fierce wing,
And slew Evenor brazen-tasleted,
Who from Dulichium came to war with Troy.
For his death fury-kindled was the son
Of haughty Phyleus: as a lion leaps
Upon the flock, so swiftly rushed he: all
Shrank huddling back before that terrible man.
Itymoneus he slew, and Hippasus' son
Agelaus: from Miletus brought they war
Against the Danaan men by Nastes led,
οι Μυκάλην ἐνέμοντο Δάτμοιο τε λευκὰ κάρπα
Βράγχου τ' ἁγκεα μακρὰ καὶ ἥοεντα Πάνορμον
Μαιάνδρου τε ῥέεθρα βαθυρρόου, ὄς ἐπὶ γαῖαν
Καρἀν ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀπὸ Φρυγίης πολυμήλου
εἰσὶ πολυγνάμπτοις ἐλισσόμενος προχόηςι.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέπεφυε Μέγης ἐν δημοτῇ
άλλους δ' αὐτ' ἑδάμασσεν, ὅσους κίχε δουρὶ
κελαινυ.
ἐν γὰρ οἱ στέρνοισι θράσος βάλε Τριτογένεια,
ὅφρα κε δυσμενέσσων ὀλέθρων ἥμαρ ἐφείη.
Δρησαίον δ' ἑδάμασσεν ἀρηφίλος Πολυποίτης,
τὸν τέκε διὰ Νέαιρα περίφρονυ Θειοδάμαντι
μιχθεῖσ' ἐν λεχέσσων ὕπαι Σιπύλῳ νυφόεντι,
ὅτι θεοὶ Νιόβην λᾶνθαν θέσαν, ὅς ἐτί δάκρυ
πολυύ μᾶλα στυφελῆς καταλεἴβεται υψόθι
πέτρης,
καὶ οἱ συστοναχοῦσι ροαὶ πολυχέος Ὁρμοὺ
καὶ κορυφαὶ Σιπύλου περιμήκεες, ὅων καθύπερθεν
ἐχθρὴ μηλονόμοισιν ἀεὶ περιπέτεται ὁμίχλη.
η δὲ πέλει μέγα θαῦμα παρεσυμένοισι βροτοῖσιν,
οὐκεξ' ἐοικε γυναικὶ πολυστόνῳ, ἡ τ' ἐπὶ λυγρῷ
πένθει μυρομένη μάλα μυρία δάκρυα χευεῖ.
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἀτρικεὼς φῆς ἐμμεναι, ὀπτώτ' ἄρ' ἀυτῆν
τηλόθεν ἀθρήσειας· ἐπὶ δὲ οἱ ἐγγύς ἴκηαι,
24
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

The god-like, and Amphimachus mighty-souled.
On Mycale they dwelt; beside their home
Rose Latmus' snowy crests, stretched the long glens
Of Branchus, and Panormus' water-meads.
Maeanter's flood deep-rolling swept thereby,
Which from the Phrygian uplands, pastured o'er
By myriad flocks, around a thousand forelands
Curls, swirls, and drives his hurrying ripples on
Down to the vine-clad land of Carian men.
These mid the storm of battle Meges slew,
Nor these alone, but whomsoe'er his lance
Black-shafted touched, were dead men; for his breast
The glorious Triton-born with courage thrilled
To bring to all his foes the day of doom.
And Polypoetes, dear to Ares, slew
Dresaeus, whom the Nymph Neaera bare
To passing-wise Theiodamas: for these
Spread was the bed of love beside the foot
Of Sipylus the Mountain, where the Gods
Made Niobe a stony rock, wherefrom
Tears ever stream: high up, the rugged crag
Bows as one weeping, weeping: waterfalls
Cry from far-echoing Hermus, wailing moan
Of sympathy: the sky-encountering crests
Of Sipylus, where alway floats a mist
Hated of shepherds, echo back the cry.
Weird marvel seems that Rock of Niobe
To men that pass with feet fear-goaded: there
They see the likeness of a woman bowed,
In depths of anguish sobbing, and her tears
Drop, as she mourns grief-stricken, endlessly.
Yea, thou wouldst say that verily so it was,
Viewing it from afar; but when hard by
Thou standest, all the illusion vanishes;
And lo, a steep-browed rock, a fragment rent
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

φαίνεται αἰτήσοσα πέτρη Σιπύλοιο τ' ἀπορρόφε. 305
ἀλλ' ἡ μὲν μακάρων ὄλον χόλον ἐκτελέουσα
μύρεται ἐν πέτρησιν. ἔτ' ἀχνυμένη εἰκύια.

'Αλλοι δ' ἀμφ' ἀλλοισι φόνοι καὶ κηρ' ἔτιθεντο
ἀργαλέην. δεινὸς γὰρ ἐνεστρωφάτο Κυδομὸς
λαοὶς ἐν μέσσοισιν. ἀρατηρῶν δὲ οἱ άγχι
εἰστήκει Θανάτου τέλος, περὶ δὲ σφίσι Κῆρες
λευγάλεαι στρωφώντο φόνον στονήσαντα φέρουσαι.
πολλών δ' ἐν κοινῇς λύθη κέαρ ἦματι κείνῳ
Τρώων τ' Ἀργείων τε, πολὺς δ' ἀλαλητῶς ὁδρέων
οὐ γὰρ πώς ἀπελληγει μένος μέγα Πενθεσίλειν,
ἀλλ' ὡς τάς τε βόεσσι κατ' οὐρα μακρὰ λέαινα
ἐνθόρυ ἄξιασα βαθυσκόπελον διὰ βήσσης
ἀίματος ἰμεροῦσα, τὸ οἱ μάλα θυμὸν ἰαίνειν
ὡς τῆς θανατοῦ Ἀρναυίσιν Ἀρηίας ἐνθόρεο κούρη.
οἱ δ' ὅπισω χάζοντο τεθηπότα θυμὸν ἔχοντες.
ἡ δ' ἔπετ' ἡπτε κῦμα βαρυνδούποιο θαλάσσης
νήεσιν ὀκείσιν, ὅθ' ἱστία λευκὰ πετάσσῃ
οὐρος ἐπευγόμενος, βοῶσι δὲ πάντοθεν ἄκραι
πόντου ἐρευγομένου ποτὶ χθονὸς ἦνα μακρὴν.
ὡς ἡ γ' ἐσπομένη Δαναών ἐδαίξε φάλαγγας,
καὶ σφιν ἐπηπείλησε μέγα φρεσὶ κυδίώσα σα.
320
"ὡς κύνες, ὡς Πριάμωι κακὴν ἀποτίσετε λάβην
σήμερου, οὐ γὰρ πώς τις ἐμὸν σθένος ἐξυπαλύξας
χάρμα φίλοις τοκέεσσι καὶ νιάσιν ἤδ' ἄλθουσιν
ἐσσεται. οἰωνοῖς δὲ βόσις καὶ θηροὶ θανόντες

26
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

From Sipylius—yet Niobe is there,
Dreeing her weird, the debt of wrath divine,
A broken heart in guise of shattered stone.
All through the tangle of that desperate fray
Stalked slaughter and doom. The incarnate Onset-
shout
Raved through the rolling battle; at her side
Paced Death the ruthless, and the Fearful Faces,
The Fates, beside them strode, and in red hands
Bare murder and the groans of dying men.
That day the beating of full many a heart,
Trojan and Argive, was for ever stilled,
While roared the battle round them, while the fury
Of Penthesileia fainted not nor failed;
But as amid long ridges of lone hills
A lioness, stealing down a deep ravine,
Springs on the kine with lightning leap, athirst
For blood wherein her fierce heart revelleth;
So on the Danaans leapt that warrior-maid.
And they, their souls were cowed: backward they shrank,
And fast she followed, as a towering surge
Chases across the thunder-booming sea
A flying bark, whose white sails strain beneath
The wind's wild buffeting, and all the air
Maddens with roaring, as the rollers crash
On a black foreland looming on the lee
Where long reefs fringe the surf-tormentid shores.
So chased she, and so dashed the ranks asunder
Triumphant-souled, and hurled fierce threats before:
"Ye dogs, this day for evil outrage done
To Priam shall ye pay! No man of you Shall from mine hands deliver his own life,
And win back home, to gladden parents' eyes,
Or comfort wife or children. Ye shall lie Dead, ravened on by vultures and by wolves,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

κείσασθ’, οὐδὲ τι τύμβος ἐφ’ ὑμέας ἠξεταί αἷς. 330
πὴ νῦν Τυδείδαο βίη, πὴ δ’ Αἰακίδαο,
ποὺ δὲ καὶ Αἰαντός; τοὺς γὰρ φάτις ἐμμεν ἀρίστος.

ἀλλ’ ἐμοὶ οὐ τλήσονται ἐναντία δημιάσθαι,
μὴ σφιν ἀπὸ μελέων ψυχὰς φθιμένουσι πελάσσω.” 335

‘Ἡ ρα καὶ Ἄργεοισι μέγα φρονέουσ’ ἐνόρουσε 335
θηρὶ βίην εἰκώια, πολὺν δ’ υπεδάμνατο λαὸν
ἀλλοτε μὲν βουνῷ ἔδωρα τιμῆνα, ἀλλοτε δ’ αὐτὲ
πάλλους’ ὃ ἐπὶ ἄκοινα· φέρεν δὲ οἱ αἰώλοις ἦπτον
ἰοδόκην καὶ τόξον ἀμείλιχον, εἰ που ἄρ’ αὐτῇ
χρείων ἀν’ αἰματῶντα μόθων βελέων ἀλεγειών 340
καὶ τόξον πέλοιτο· θοὶ δὲ οἱ ἄνδρες ἐποντο

’Εκτορος ἀρχηγάχοι κασίγνητοι τε φίλοι τε
ὁμικρον ἐν στέρνοισιν ἀναπνείοντες Ἀρη, 345
οἱ Δαναοῦς ἐδαίξον εὐξέστης μελίσσι·
τοι δὲ θοὶς φύλλοις ἑοίκότες ἢ ψεκάδεσσι
πίπτον ἐπασύτεροι, μέγα δ’ ἐστενεν ἄσπετος αἰα
ἀἱματε δευμενὲ νεκύεσσι τε πεπλήθωνα·
 ἦπτοι δ’ ἀμφί βέλεσσι πεπαρμένοι ἡ μελήσιν
ὑστάτων χρεμέτιζον ἐδν μένοι ἐκπνείοντες·
oi δὲ κόνιν βρωγμοῦσιν ἅπαντεσχονον 350
τους δ’ ἀρα Τρόωι ήπτοι ἐπεσύμενοι μετόπισθεν
ἀντιον ὅπως στείβεσκον ὁμοῖ κταμένοισι πεσόντας.

1 Zimmermann, for ἔλαχμοί of Koechly, and δραχμοί of AMP.

28
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

And none shall heap the earth-mound o’er your clay.
Where skulketh now the strength of Tydeus’ son,
And where the might of Aeacus’ scion? Where
Is Aias’ bulk? Ye vaunt them mightiest men
Of all your rabble. Ha! they will not dare
With me to close in battle, lest I drag
Forth from their fainting frames their craven souls!”

Then heart-uplifted leapt she on the foe,
Resistless as a tigress, crashing through
Ranks upon ranks of Argives, smiting now
With that huge halberd massy-headed, now
Hurling the keen dart, while her battle-horse
Flashed through the fight, and on his shoulder bare
Quiver and bow death-speeding, close to her hand,
If mid that revel of blood she willed to speed
The bitter-biting shaft. Behind her swept
The charging lines of men fleet-footed, friends
And brethren of the man who never finched
From close death-grapple, Hector, panting all
The hot breath of the War-god from their breasts,
All slaying Danaans with the ashen spear,
Who fell as frost-touched leaves in autumn fall
One after other, or as drops of rain.
And aye went up a moaning from earth’s breast
All blood-bedrenchened, and heaped with corse on corse.

Horses pierced through with arrows, or impaled
On spears, were snorting forth their last of strength
With screaming neighings. Men, with gnashing teeth
Biting the dust, lay gasping, while the steeds
Of Trojan charioteers stormed in pursuit,
Trampling the dying mingled with the dead
As oxen trample corn in threshing-floors.
Καὶ τις ἐνὶ Τρώσσειν ἀγάσσατο μακρὰ γεγηθῶς,
ὡς ἴδε Πενθεσίλειαν ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἀτσοῦσαν
λαῖλαπὶ κυανῆ ἐναλίγκιον, ὡς τ’ ἐνὶ πόντῳ
μαίνεθ’, ὅτ’ αἰγοκέρη συνέρχεται ἤελλον ἵππῳ
καὶ ρ’ ὡς μαψίδησιν ὑπ’ ἐλπωρήσιν ἔειπεν·
ὁ φίλοι, ὡς ἀναφαυκὸν ἀπ’ ὀυρανοῦ εἰλήλοθε
σήμερον ἀθανάτων τις, ὡς ἀργεῖοις μάχηται
ἡμῖν ἣρα φέρουσα Δίος κρατερόφρον βουλῇ,
ὅσ ταχά που μέμνηται ἐὔσθενεος Πριάμοι,
ὅσ ρ’ οἱ εὐχέται εἶναι ἀφ’ ἀματος ἀθανάτου.
οὐ γὰρ τήνδε γυναικὸ γ’ ὄνομαι εἰσοράσθαι
αὐτῶς θαρσαλέην τε καὶ ἄγλαια τεῦχεν ἐξοῦσαι,
ἀλλ’ ἂρ’ Ἀθηναίην ἢ καρτερόθυμον Ἑνυδῷ
ἢ Ἁριδ’ ἢ κλειτὴν Λητωίδα· καὶ μιν ὅτῳ
σήμερον Ἀργεῖοις φόνον στοιῶντα βαλέσθαι
ὑῇς τ’ ἐμπρήσειν ὅλοφ πυρί, τῆς πάροιθεν
ἥλυθον ὡς Τροίην νῶν κακὰ πολλὰ φέρουτες,
ἥλυθον ἀσχετον ἀμμῖν ὑπ’ ὁδεῖ πῆμα φέρουτες·
ἀλλ’ οὐ μᾶλ παλίνοροι ἢ Ἑλλάδα νοστήσαντες
πάτρην εὐφρανέουσιν, ἔπει θεὸς ἀμμῖν ἀρήγει.’
‘Ὡς ἂρ’ ἐφη Τρώων τις ἐνὶ φρειαί πάγχυ γεγηθῶς,
νήπιος’ οὐδ’ ἂρ’ ἐφράσσατ’ ἐπεσύμενον βαρὺ
pῆμα
οἱ αὐτῷ καὶ Τρώσι καὶ αὐτῇ Πενθεσίλειῃ.
οὐ γὰρ πώ τι μόδοιν δυσχέρεος αμφιπέτυστο
Ἄιας ὀβρυμόμους ιδὲ πτολίπορθος Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἀλλ’ ἀμφω περὶ σῆμα Μενοιτιάδαο κέχυντο
μνησάμενοι ἑτάρῳ γόος δ’ ἔχειν ἀλλούς ἀλλον.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK 1

Then one exulting boasted mid the host
Of Troy, beholding Penthesileia rush
On through the foes' array, like the black storm
That maddens o'er the sea, what time the sun
Allies his might with winter's Goat-horned Star;
And thus, puffed up with vain hope, shouted he:
"O friends, in manifest presence down from heaven
One of the deathless Gods this day hath come
To fight the Argives, all of love for us,
Yea, and with sanction of almighty Zeus,
He whose compassion now remembereth
Haply strong-hearted Priam, who may boast
For his a lineage of immortal blood.
For this, I trow, no mortal woman seems,
Who is so aweless-daring, who is clad
In splendour-flashing arms: nay, surely she
Shall be Athene, or the mighty-souled
Enyo—haply Eris, or the Child
Of Leto world-renowned. O yea, I look
To see her hurl amid yon Argive men
Mad-shrieking slaughter, see her set aflame
Yon ships wherein they came long years agone
Bringing us many sorrows, yea, they came
Bringing us woes of war intolerable.
Ha! to the home-land Hellas ne'er shall these
With joy return, since Gods on our side fight."

In overweening exultation so
Vaunted a Trojan. Fool!—he had no vision
Of ruin onward rushing upon himself
And Troy, and Penthesileia's self withal.
For not as yet had any tidings come
Of that wild fray to Aias stormy-souled,
Nor to Achilles, waster of tower and town.
But on the grave-mound of Menoetius' son
They twain were lying, with sad memories
Of a dear comrade crushed, and echoing
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τύχη γὰρ ὅτι μακάρων τις ἐρήτυχε νόσφι κυδοίμοι. ὡς ὑπὲρ ἀλεξείων ὀλέθρου ἀναπλησσώσα δαμέντες πολλοὶ ὑπὸ Τρώεσσι καὶ ἑσθῆκε Πεθεσιλείῃ. ἦ σφιν ἐπασσυνέροις κακὰ μήδετο, καὶ οἱ ἀέζευ ὀλκὴ ὀμῶς καὶ θάρσος ἐπὶ πλέον, οὐχὶ ποτ' αἰχμήν μισθίδην ἔθυνεν, ἀεὶ δ' ἦ νότα δαίζε σφινγόντων ἡ στέρνα καταντίον ἀισαστῶν. ὅρμῃ δ' αἴματι πάμπαν ἐδεύετο, γυνὰ δ' ἐλεφρὰ ἐπὶ ἐπεσομένης κάματος δ' οὐ δάμματο θυμόν ἀρμον. ἄλλ', ἀδάμαντος ἐχεν μένος· εἰσέτι γάρ μουν. ἥπερ' ἐκλόγων αἰὼν ἐποτρύνουσα "Αχιλῆα, ἡ κυδαινε, ἀπότροπι δ' ἐστήνια κυδαισκεὶν ὀλέθροιν, οὔνεκ' ἐμελλὲ. ἐφη οὐ μετ' δήρον ὑπ' Αἰακίδαο χέρεσι πρὸς ἰμφί δὲ μιν ζόφος ἐκρυφε· τὴν δ' ἔστων καὶ ἐς κακὸν ἴχνεν ὀλέθρον ἐσεῦσαν· ἡ δ' ἀλλοθεν ἄλλον ἐναιρειν. ἐν πρώτος ἔστω κῆπων θορύσσα μιρμήνες εἰλαρρά πόρτις ἐπάντω αἰλοθεν ἄλλῃ ἰδίᾳ μᾶλα τηλεύωντα, οὕτω τ' ἐν ποσὶν ἤμαλαίνεισιν ποτὶ κλαινον ὀπτόνουσα
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Each one the other's groaning. One it was
Of the Blest Gods who still was holding back
These from the battle-tumult far away,
Till many Greeks should fill the measure up
Of woeful havoc, slain by Trojan foes
And glorious Penthesileia, who pursued
With murderous intent their rifted ranks,
While ever waxed her valour more and more,
And waxed her might within her: never in vain
She aimed the unswerving spear-thrust: aye she pierced
The backs of them that fled, the breasts of such
As charged to meet her. All the long shaft dripped
With steaming blood. Swift were her feet as wind
As down she swooped. Her aweless spirit failed
For weariness nor fainted, but her might
Was adamantine. The impending Doom,
Which roused unto the terrible strife not yet
Achilles, clothed her still with glory; still
Aloof the dread Power stood, and still would shed
Splendour of triumph o'er the death-ordained
But for a little space, ere it should quell
That Maiden 'neath the hands of Aeacus' son.
In darkness ambushed, with invisible hand
Ever it thrust her on, and drew her feet
Destruction-ward, and lit her path to death
With glory, while she slew foe after foe.
As when within a dewy garden-close,
Longing for its green springtide freshness, leaps
A heifer, and there rangeth to and fro,
When none is by to stay her, treading down
All its green herbs, and all its wealth of bloom,
Devouring greedily this, and marring that
With trampling feet; so ranged she, Ares' child,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ὡς ἀρ’ Ἀχαιῶν νίας ἐπεσυμένη καθ’ ὀμίλου κούρη Ἐνναλή τούς μὲν κτάνε, τοὺς δ’ ἐφόβησε.

Τρωιάδες δ’ ἀπάνευθεν ἀρήμα ἔργα γυναικὸς θαύμαξαν, πολέμωι δ’ ἔρως λάβεν ἱπποδάμωι
Ἀντιμάχου θύγατρα Μενεπτολέμωι δ’ ἀκοίτην 

Τισιφόθην’ κρατερῆς δ’ ὑπὸ φρεσίν ἐμμεμάσαν θαρσαλέων φάτο μῦδον ὁμήλικας ὀτρύνουσα
δῆριν ἐπὶ στονόςσαν ἐγείρε δὲ οἱ θράσοις ἀλκὴν·
‘‘ὡ φίλαι, ἀλκίμιον ἢτορ ἐνι στέρνοισι λαβοῦσαι ἀνδράσιν ἡμετέρουσιν ὀμοίων, οἱ περὶ πάτρης

dυσμενέσιν μάρνανται ὑπὲρ τεκέων τε καὶ ἱμέων,
oὔποτ’ ἀναπνεύουτες οἵδυσοι—ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ

pαρθέμεναι φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἱστής μυσσόμεθα χάρμης·
oὐ γὰρ ἀπόπροθεν εἴμεν εὐσθενέων αἰζήων,
ἀλλ’ οἱνοι κείνοισι πέλει μένοις ἔστι καὶ ἱμῖν·

Ἰσοὶ δ’ ὀφθαλμοὶ καὶ γούνατα, πάντα δ’ ὀμοία,

εὐνὸν δ’ αὐ πάντεσσι φάος καὶ νῆχυτος ἁγρ,

φορῆθ’ δ’ οὐχ ἐτέρη. τί δ’ ἐπ’ ἀνδράσι λῶιν ἄλλο

θῆκε θεὸς; τῷ μὴ τι φεβώμεθα δημιοῦτα.

ἡ οὐχ ὀρᾶτε γυναῖκα μέγ’ αἰζηῶν προφέρουσαν

ἀγχεμάχων; τῆς δ’ οὐτὶ πέλει σχεδὸν οὔτε

γενέθλη

οὔτ’ ἀρ’ ἐδ’ πτολεῖθρον, ὑπὲρ ξείνιοι δ’ ἀνακτος

πάρναται ἐκ θυμοῦ καὶ οὐκ ἐμπάξεται ἀνδρῶν

ἐνθυμένη φρεσὶ θάρσος ἀταρτηρόν τε νόημα·

ἡμῖν δ’ ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα παραί τοιν ἄλγεα κεῖται·

τῆς μὲν γὰρ φίλα τέκνα καὶ ἀνέρες ἀμφὶ πόλης

34
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Through reeling squadrons of Achaea's sons,
Slew these, and hunted those in panic rout.
From Troy afar the women marvelling gazed
At the Maid's battle-prowess. Suddenly
A fiery passion for the fray hath seized
Antimachus' daughter, Meneptolemus' wife,
Tisiphone. Her heart waxed strong, and filled
With lust of fight she cried to her fellows all,
With desperate-daring words, to spur them on
To woeful war, by recklessness made strong:
"Friends, let a heart of valour in our breasts
Awake! Let us be like our lords, who fight
With foes for fatherland, for babes, for us,
And never pause for breath in that stern strife!
Let us too throne war's spirit in our hearts!
Let us too face the fight which favoureth none!
For we, we women, be not creatures cast
In diverse mould from men: to us is given
Such energy of life as stirs in them.
Eyes have we like to theirs, and limbs: throughout
Fashioned we are alike: one common light
We look on, and one common air we breathe:
With like food are we nourished:—nay, wherein
Have we been dowered of God more niggardly
Than men? Then let us shrink not from the fray!
See ye not yonder a woman far excelling
Men in the grapple of fight? Yet is her blood
Nowise akin to ours, nor fighteth she
For her own city. For an alien king
She warreth of her own heart's prompting, fears
The face of no man; for her soul is thrilled
With valour and with spirit invincible.
But we—to right, to left, lie woes on woes
About our feet: this mourns beloved sons,
And that a husband who for hearth and home
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀλλωθ’, αἱ δὲ τοκῆς ὀδυρόμεθ’ οὐκέτ’ έόντας· ἄλλαι δ’ αὐτ’ ἀκάκηνται ἀδελφεῖῶν ἐπ’ ὀλέθρῳ καὶ πηῶν· οὐ γάρ τις οἰκυρῆς κακότητος ἀμμορός· ἐλπωρῇ δὲ πέλει καὶ δοῦλων ἡμαρ εἰσιδεῖν· τῷ μῆ τις ἕτ’ ἀμβολίῃ πολέμου εἰς τειρομένης· έοικε γὰρ ἐν δαὶ μᾶλλον τεθνάμεν ἡ μετόπισθεν ὑπ’ ἀλλοδαποῖς ἁγεσθαι νηπίαχους ἀμα παισίν ἀνυηρὴ ὑπ’ ἀνάγκη ἀστεος αἱθομένου καὶ ἀνδρῶν οὐκετ’ ἔόντων.”

"Ως ἀρ’ ἔφη· πάσησι δ’ ἔρως στυγεροῦ μόθοιο ἔμπεσεν· ἐσσυμένως δὲ πρὸ τείχεως ὁρμαίνεικον βῆμεναι ἐν τεῦχεσσιν ἄρηγέμεναι μεμανίαι ἀστεῖ καὶ λαοίσιν· ὀρίνετο δὲ σφισι θυμός.

ὁς δ’ ὅτ’ ἔσω σίμβλοιο μέγ’ ἰύζωσιν μέλισσαι χείματος οὐκέτ’ ἔόντος, ὅτ’ εἰς νομὸν ἐντύνονται ἐλθέμεν, οὐδ’ ἀρα τῇσι φίλοιν πέλε ένδοθι μίμενων, ἀλλή δ’ αὐθ’ ἐτέρην προκαλίζεται ἐκτός ἁγεσθαι· ὅς ἀρα Τρωιάδες ποτὶ φύλοπιν ἐγκονέουσαι ἀλλήλας ὡτρυνον· ἀπόπροθή δ’ εἰρία θέντο καὶ ταλάρους, ἀλεγεινά δ’ ἐπ’ έντεα χειράς ἵαλλον.

Καὶ νῦ κεν ἀστεος ἐκτός ἄμα σφετέρωσιν ὄλοντο ἀνδράσι καὶ σθεναρῆσιν Ἀμαζόσιν ἐν δαὶ κείνη, εἰ μὴ σφες κατέρυξε πῦκα φρονέουσα Θεανῶ ἐσσυμένας πινυτῶς παραυδήσασ’ ἐπέεσσι:

“τίπτε ποτὶ κλάνοιν αἰνοὶν ἐελδόμεναι πονέεσθαι, σχέτλαι, οὕτι πάροιθε πονησάμεναι περὶ χάρμης, ἀλλ’ ἀρα νῆδες ἔργον ἐπ’ ἀτλητον μεμανίαι
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Hath died; some wail for fathers now no more; Some grieve for brethren and for kinsmen lost. Not one but hath some share in sorrow's cup. Behind all this a fearful shadow looms, The day of bondage! Therefore flinch not ye From war, O sorrow-laden! Better far To die in battle now, than afterwards Hence to be haled into captivity To alien folk, we and our little ones, In the stern grip of fate leaving behind A burning city, and our husbands' graves."

/ So cried she, and with passion for stern war Thrilled all those women; and with eager speed They hasted to go forth without the wall Mail-clad, asfire to battle for their town And people: all their spirit was aflame. As when within a hive, when winter-tide Is over and gone, loud hum the swarming bees What time they make them ready forth to fare To bright flower-pastures, and no more endure To linger therewithin, but each to other Crieth the challenge-cry to sally forth; Even so bestirred themselves the women of Troy, And kindled each her sister to the fray. The weaving-wool, the distaff far they flung, And to grim weapons stretched their eager hands.

And now without the city these had died In that wild battle, as their husbands died And the strong Amazons died, had not one voice Of wisdom cried to stay their maddened feet, When with dissuading words Theano spake: "Wherefore, ah wherefore for the toil and strain Of battle's fearful tumult do ye yearn, Infatuate ones? Never your limbs have toiled In conflict yet. In utter ignorance
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ὄρνυσθ’ ἀφραδέως; οὐ γὰρ σθένος ἐσσεται ἵσον ἡμῖν καὶ Δαναοίσιν ἐπισταμένοισι μάχεσθαι. 455
αὐτὰρ Ἀμαξόσι δήρις ἀμείλιχος ἰππασίας τε εὐδαυν ἐξ ἄρχης καὶ ὁς’ ἀνέρες ἔργα μέλονται·
τούνεκ’ ἀρα σφίσι θυμὸς ἄρηιος αἰεν ὄρωρεν, οὐδ’ ἀνδρῶν δεύονται, ἐπεὶ πόνος ἐς μέγα κάρτος
θυμὸν ἀνηέξησε καὶ ἀτρομα γούνατ’ ἔθηκε. 460
τὴν δὲ φάτις καὶ Ἀρης ἔμεν κρατερόνθ’ ὑγατρᾷ
τῷ οἱ θηλυτέρὴν τιν’ ἐριζέμεν οὐτε ἐουκεν’
ἡ τάχ’ ἀθανάτων τις ἐπήλυθεν εὐχομένουσιν.
πᾶσι δ’ ἀρ’ ἀνθρώποισιν ὁμὸν γένος, ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ ἔργα
στρωφύντ’ ἄλλος ἐπ’ ἄλλα: πέλει δ’ ἀρα κείνο
φέριστον. 465
ἔργον, οὐτ’ ἠρεσίν ἦσιν ἐπιστάμενος πονῆται·
τούνεκα δηιοτήτοις ἀποσχόμεναι κελαδεώνῃς
ιστὸν ἐπεντύνεσθε φίλων ἐντοςθε μελάθρων,
ἀνδράσι δ’ ἡμετέροισι περὶ πτολέμου μελῆσει.
ἐλπαρή δ’ ἀγαθοὶ τάχ’ ἐσσεται, οὐνεκ’ Ἀχαιοὺς 470
derkómeθ’ ὀλλυμένους, μέγα δὲ κράτος ὄρνυται
ἀνδρῶν
ἡμετέρων: οὐδ’ ἐστὶ κακοὶ δέος: οὐτὶ γὰρ ἄστυ
δήιοι ἄμφις ἔχουσιν ἄνηλες, οὐτ’ ἀλεγεινὴ
γίνετ’ ἀναγκαίᾳ καὶ θηλυτέρησι μάχεσθαι.”

"Ὡς φάτο: ταὶ δ’ ἐπὶ θοντο παλαιοτέρη περ ἑούσῃ, 475
ὑσμίνῃ δ’ ἀπάνευθεν ἐσέδρακον. ἡ δ’ ἐτί λαοὺς
dáμνατο Πενθεσίλεια, περιτρομένοτο δ’ Ἀχαιοί,
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Panting for labour unendurable,
Ye rush on all-unthinking; for your strength
Can never be as that of Danaan men,
Men trained in daily battle. Amazons
Have joyed in ruthless fight, in charging steeds,
From the beginning: all the toil of men
Do they endure; and therefore evermore
The spirit of the War-god thrills them through.
They fall not short of men in anything:
Their labour-hardened frames make great their hearts
For all achievement: never faint their knees
Nor tremble. Rumour speaks their queen to be
A daughter of the mighty Lord of War.
Therefore no woman may compare with her
In prowess—if she be a woman, not
A God come down in answer to our prayers.
Yea, of one blood be all the race of men,
Yet unto diverse labours still they turn;
And that for each is evermore the best
Whereunto he bringeth skill of use and wont.
Therefore do ye from tumult of the fray
Hold you aloof, and in your women's bowers
Before the loom still pace ye to and fro;
And war shall be the business of our lords.
Lo, of fair issue is there hope: we see
The Achaeans falling fast: we see the might
Of our men waxing ever: fear is none
Of evil issue now: the pitiless foe
Beleaguer not the town: no desperate need
There is that women should go forth to war.”

So cried she, and they hearkened to the words
Of her who had garnered wisdom from the years;
So from afar they watched the fight. But still
Penthesileia brake the ranks, and still
Before her quailed the Achaeans: still they found
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὐδὲ σφινθανάτου πέλε στοινόστος ἀλυξίς· ἄλλῳ ἀτε μηκάδες αἰγες ὑπὸ βλοσυρῆς γέννυσε πορδάλιος κτείνοντο, ποθῇ δὲ ἔχεν οὐκέτι χάρμης 480 ἀνέρας ἄλλα φόβοιο, καὶ ἀλλωδις ἦιον ἄλλοι οἱ μὲν ἀπορρήψαντες ἐπὶ χθόνα τεύχε· ἀπ᾽ ὀμοίων, οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα σὺν τεύχεσσι, καὶ ἦν οὐκ ἄνευθεν ἦπποι ἵσαν φεῦγοντες· ἐπεσαυμένοις δ᾽ ἄρα χάρμα ἐπλετ᾽, ἀπολλυμένων δὲ πολὺς στόνος· οὐδὲ τις ἀληθῆ

γίνετο τειρομένουσι· μινυθαδιοί δὲ πέλοντο πάντες, ὅσους ἔκιχανεν ἀνὰ κρυερὸν στόμα χάρμης. ὥς δ᾽ ὅτ᾽ ἐπιβρίσασα μέγα στονάσσα σύκελλα ἄλλα μὲν ἐκ ρίζων χαμάδις βάλε δένδρα μακρὰ ἀνθίσε τηλεθώντα, τὰ δ᾽ ὅτ᾽ πρέμνοιο κέδασσεν 490 ύψοθεν, ἀλλήλοισι δ᾽ ἐπὶ κλασθέντα κέχυνται· δὲς Δαναῶν κέκλιντο πολὺς στρατὸς ἐν κοινήσι Μοιράων ἰότητι καὶ ἐγχεὶ Πειθεσιλείης.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ καὶ νῆς ἐνυπρήσεθαν ἐμελλὼν χερσίν ὑπὸ Τρῶων, τότε που μενεδήσιος Αἰας οἰμωγῆς ἐσάκουσε καὶ Αἰακίδην προσέπετεν· "ὅ ἂν Ἀχιλεὺς, περὶ δὴ μοι ἀπερίτως ἦλθεν αὐθῇ ὀδασίν ὡς πολέμοισ συνεσταῖτος μεγάλοιο· ἄλλ᾽ ἱομεν, μή Τρῶες ὑποθάμενοι παρὰ νησὶν Ἀργείους ὀλέσωσι, καταφλέξωσι δὲ νῆς· νῦν δ᾽ ἀμφωτέροισιν ἐλεγχεῖ ἀλεγείν πεσται· οὐ γὰρ ἐνεκε Δίὸς μεγάλοιο γεγώτας αἰσχύνειν πατέρων ἱερὸν γένος, οἴρα καὶ αὐτοῖ
Nor screen nor hiding-place from imminent death.
As bleating goats are by the blood-stained jaws
Of a grim panther torn, so slain were they.
In each man's heart all lust of battle died,
And fear alone lived. This way, that way fled
The panic-stricken: some to earth had flung
The armour from their shoulders; some in dust
Grovelled in terror 'neath their shields: the steeds
Fled through the rout unreined of charioteers.
In rapture of triumph charged the Amazons,
With groan and scream of agony died the Greeks.
Withered their manhood was in that sore strait;
Brief was the span of all whom that fierce maid
Mid the grim jaws of battle overtook.
As when with mighty roaring bursteth down
A storm upon the forest-trees, and some
Uprendeth by the roots, and on the earth
Dashes them down, the tall stems blossom-crowned,
And snappeth some athwart the trunk, and high
Whirls them through air, till all confused they lie
A ruin of splintered stems and shattered sprays;
So the great Danaan host lay, dashed to dust
By doom of Fate, by Penthesileia's spear.

But when the very ships were now at point
To be by hands of Trojans set aflame,
Then battle-bider Ajax heard afar
The panic-cries, and spake to Aeacus' son:
"Achilles, all the air about mine ears
Is full of multitudinous cries, is full
Of thunder of battle rolling nearer aye.
Let us go forth then, ere the Trojans win
Unto the ships, and make great slaughter there
Of Argive men, and set the ships aflame.
Foulest reproach such thing on thee and me
Should bring; for it beseems not that the seed
Of mighty Zeus should shame the sacred blood
QUINTUS SMYRNÆEUS

tò πρὶν ἀμί Χρακλῆς δαΐφρονι Λαομέδωντος
Τροίης, ἀγλαδν ἀστυν, διέπραθον ἐγχείησιν:
ὡς καὶ νῦν τελέσσθαι ύφ’ ἡμετέρησιν ὅτων
χερσίν, ἐπεὶ μέγα κάρτος ἄεξεται ἀμφοτέρουσιν.

"Ὡς φάτο τῷ δ’ ἐπίθησε θρασύ σθένος Λιακίδαο,
κλαγήν γὰρ στονόεσσαν ὑπέκλυεν οὐοσιν οἰσιν.
ἀμφω δ’ ὄρμήθησαν ἐπ’ ἐντεα μαρμαίροντα.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐσσάμενοι κατενυτῖον ἔσταν ὄμίλουν
τῶν δ’ ἂρα τεύχεα καλὰ μέγ’ ἔβραχε μαίνετο δέ
σφιν

Ἰσον θυμὸς Ἀρη’ τὸσον σθένος ἀμφοτέρουσι
δώκεν ἐπειγομένοισι σακέσπαλος Ἀτρυτώνη.

Ἀργείοι δ’ ἐχάρησαν, ἐπεὶ ἵδον ἄνδρε κραταιῶ
εἰδομένω παίδεσσων Ἀλωῆς μεγάλου,
ο’ ποτ’ ἐπ’ εὐρὺν Ὀλυμπον ἔφαν θέμεν οὐρεα
μακρὰ

"Οσσαν τ’ αἰπεινην καὶ Πήλιων ὑψικάρην,
ὅππως δὴ μεμαιὼτε καὶ οὐρανὸν εἰσαφίκωνται.
τοῖς δ’ ἀντίστηται ἀταρτηροῦ πολέμου
Λιακίδαι, μέγα χάρμα λειαμένοισιν Ἀχαιῶς,
ἀμφω ἐπειγόμενοι δηῖων ἀτὸ λαὸν ὀλέσσαι.
πολλοὺς δ’ ἐγχείησιν ἀμαιμακέτησι δάμασσαν
ὡς δ’ ὅτε πίονα μῆλα βοσδημητήρε λέουτε
ἐὐροῦν’ ἐν ἕυλόχοισι φίλων ἀπάνευθε νομήων

1 Zimmermann (for MS. Τροίης), whose arrangement of lines is adopted.

42
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Of hero-fathers, who themselves of old
With Hercules the battle-eager sailed
To Troy, and smote her even at her height
Of glory, when Laomedon was king.
Ay, and I ween that our hands even now
Shall do the like: we too are mighty men."

He spake: the aweless strength of Aeacus' son
Heartened thereto, for also to his ears
By this the roar of bitter battle came.
Then hasted both, and donned their warrior-gear
All splendour-gleaming: now, in these arrayed
Facing that stormy-tossing rout they stand.
Loud clashed their glorious armour: in their souls
A battle-fury like the War-god's wrath
Maddened; such might was breathed into these twain

By Atrytonè, Shaker of the Shield,
As on they pressed. With joy the Argives saw
The coming of that mighty twain: they seemed
In semblance like Alòeus' giant sons
Who in the old time made that haughty vaunt
Of piling on Olympus' brow the height
Of Ossa steeply-towering, and the crest
Of sky-encountering Pelion, so to rear
A mountain-stair for their rebellious rage
To scale the highest heaven. Huge as these
The sons of Aeacus seemed, as forth they strode
To stem the tide of war. A gladsome sight
To friends who have fainted for their coming, now
Onward they press to crush triumphant foes.
Many they slew with their resistless spears;
As when two herd-destroying lions come
On sheep amid the copses feeding, far
From help of shepherds, and in heaps on heaps
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

πανσυνθή κτείνωσιν, ἀχρις μέλαν αἷμα πλώντες
σπλάγχνων ἐμπλήσωνται ἐν τον πολυχανδέα νηδύν·
δός οὐ γὰρ ἀμφώ διέσαν ἀπειρέσιον στρατὸν ἀνδρῶν.

"Ενθ' Άιας ἔλεξε Δηίσιον καὶ ἄρημον "Τλλον,
Εὐρυνόμον τε φιλοπτόλεμον καὶ Ἐννέα δίον.

'Ανυάληθν δ' ἀρα Πηλείδης ἔλεξε καὶ Πολεμοῦσαν
ηδὲ καὶ 'Αντιβρότην, μετὰ δ' Ἰπποθόην ἐρίθυμοιν,
τησι δ' ἐφ' Ἀρμοθόην· ἐπὶ δ' ψχετο λαβὼν ἄπαντα
σὺν Τελαμονιάδη μεγαλήτορι· τῶν δ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ
πυκνᾶ τε σθεναρᾶς τε κατηρέποντο φάλαγγες
ρεία καὶ ὀστραλῶς, ὡσεὶ πυρὶ δάσκιος ὕλη
οὐρεος ἐν ἐυνοχῆσιν ἐπισπέρχοντος ἄλτεως.

Τοὺς δ' ὁπότ' εἰςενόησε δαφρῶν Πενθεσίλεια
θῆρας ὅπως θύνοντας ἀνὰ μόθον ὀκρυόεντα,
ἀμφιτέρων ὀρμησε καταντίον, ἵττε λυγρή
πόρδαλις ἐν ἐυλόχοισιν ὀλέθριοιν ἦτορ ἔχουσα
αινὰ περισσαίνουσα θόρη κατέναντ' ἐπιόντων
ἀγρευτέων, οὔπερ μιν ἐν ἐντεσὶ θωρηχθέντες
ἐσυμένην μίμουσι πεποιθότες ἐγχείσιν·
δό σ᾽ ἀρα Πενθεσίλειαν ἄρημοι ἄνδρες ἐμμον
δούρατ᾽ ἀειράμενοι· περὶ δὲ σφίσι χαλκὸς ἄντει
κινυμένων· πρώτη δ' ἐβαλεν περικήκετον ἔγχος
ἐσθλὴ Πενθεσίλεια· τὸ δ' ἐς σάκος Λιακίδαο
ἶξεν, ἀπεπλάγχη ἐδειατρυφέν εὐτ' ἀπὸ πέτρησ·
τοί' ἔσαν 'Ηφαίστοιο περίφρονον ἀμβροτα δῶρα.

ἡ δ' ἔτερον μετὰ χερσὶ τετύσκετο θούρον ἄκοντα
Αἰαντος κατέναντα καὶ ἀμφιτέροισιν ἀπείλει·

44
Slay them, till they have drunken to the full
Of blood, and filled their maws insatiate
With flesh, so those destroyers twain slew on,
Spreading wide havoc through the hosts of Troy.

There Déiochus and gallant Hyllus fell
By Aias slain, and fell Éurynomus
Lover of war, and goodly Ényeus died.
But Peleus’ son burst on the Amazons
Smiting Antandrè, Polemusa then,
Antibrotè, fierce-souled Hippothoè,
Hurling Harmothoè down on sisters slain.
Then hard on all their reeling ranks he pressed
With Telamon’s mighty-hearted son; and now
Before their hands battalions dense and strong
Crumbled as weakly and as suddenly
As when in mountain-folds the forest-brakes
Shrivel before a tempest-driven fire.

When battle-eager Penthesileia saw
These twain, as through the scourging storm of war
Like ravening beasts they rushed, to meet them there
She sped, as when a leopard grim, whose mood
Is deadly, leaps from forest-coverts forth,
Lashing her tail, on hunters closing round,
While these, in armour clad, and putting trust
In their long spears, await her lightning leap;
So did those warriors twain with spears upswung
Wait Penthesileia. Clanged the brazen plates
About their shoulders as they moved. And first
Leapt the long-shafted lance sped from the hand
Of goodly Penthesileia. Straight it flew
To the shield of Aeacus’ son, but glancing thence
This way and that the shivered fragments sprang
As from a rock-face: of such temper were
The cunning-hearted Fire-god’s gifts divine.
Then in her hand the warrior-maid swung up
A second javelin fury-winged, against
"νῦν μὲν ἔμης ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐτώσιον ἐκδόρεν ἔγχος· ἄλλα' ὅτω τάχα τὸδε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ὀλέσσειν ἕμεων ἀμφοτέρων, οὐ τ' ἄλκιμοι εὐχετάσσεθε ἐχμειαὶ ἐν Δαναοῖς· ἔλαφροτέρη δὲ μόθου εἴσεται ἰπποδάμωις τότε Τράωσσιν ὀίῳς. ἄλλα μοι ἄσσον ἱκεσθε κατὰ κλόνον, ὃφρ' ἐσίδησθε,

ὁσσον Ἀμαζόσι κάρτος ἐνι στήθεσσιν ὀρφεν· καὶ γάρ μεν γένος ἑστὶν Ὀρήμον· οὐδὲ με θυνητὸς γείνατ' ἀνήρ, ἄλλ' αὐτὸς Ἀρης ἀκόρητος ὁμοκλητός-τοῦνεκα μοι μένος ἑστὶ πολὺ προφερέστατον ἀνδρῶν

ἡ, μέγα [καγχαλώσα κατὰ φρένας· ἥκε δ' ἄρ' ἐγχος δεύτερον-] οἱ δ' ἐγέλασσαν, ὃφαρ δὲ οἱ ἡλάσεν αἰχμὴ

Αἰαντος κυμίδα πανάργυρον. οὐδὲ οἱ εὐσώ ἠλυθεν ἐς χρόα καλὸν ἐπευγομένη περ ἱκέσθαι. οὔ γάρ δὴ πέπρωτο μιγήμεναι αἶματι κεῖνον δυμενέων στονόεσσαν ἐπὶ πτολέμουσιν ἄκωκην. Αἰας δ' οὐκ ἀλέγιζεν Ἀμαζόνος, ἄλλ' ἄρα Τρώων ἐς πληθὺν ἀνόρουσε· λύπεν δ' ἄρα Πηλείωνι οἰω Πενθεσίλειαν, ἐπεί ρά οἱ ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἤδεεν, ὡς Ἀχιλῆι καὶ ἱφθίμη περ ἑοῦσα ρηδίος πόνος ἐσσεθ' ὅτις Ἱρηκι πέλεια.

'Η δὲ μέγα στονάχχεσσεν ἐτώσια δοῦρα βαλόουσα· καὶ μιν κερτομέων προσεφώνει Πηλέος νίς· "δ' γύναι, ως ἀλίοισιν ἀγαλλομενή ἐπέεσσιν

46
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Aias, and with fierce words defied the twain:
"Ha, from mine hand in vain one lance hath leapt! -
But with this second look I suddenly
To quell the strength and courage of two foes,—
Ay, though ye vaunt you mighty men of war
Amid your Danaans! Die ye shall, and so
Lighter shall be the load of war's affliction
That lies upon the Trojan chariot-lords.
Draw nigh, come through the press to grips with me,
So shall ye learn what might wells up in breasts
Of Amazons. With my blood is mingled war!
No mortal man begat me, but the Lord
Of War, insatiate of the battle-cry.
Therefore my might is more than any man's."

With scornful laughter spake she: then she hurled
Her second lance; but they in utter scorn
Laughed now, as swiftly flew the shaft, and smote —
The silver greave of Aias, and was foiled —
Thereby, and all its fury could not scar
The flesh within; for fate had ordered not
That any blade of foes should taste the blood
Of Aias in the bitter war. But he
Recked of the Amazon naught, but turned him thence
To rush upon the Trojan host, and left
Penthesileia unto Peleus' son
Alone, for well he knew his heart within
That she, for all her prowess, none the less
Would cost Achilles battle-toil as light,
As effortless, as doth the dove the hawk. —
Then groaned she an angry groan that she had sped
Her shafts in vain; and now with scoffing speech
To her in turn the son of Peleus spake:
"Woman, with what vain vauntings triumphing —
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ήμεων ἡλυθες ἀυτα λιλαιομένη πολεμίζειν, οἱ μέγα φέρτατοι εἰμεν ἐπιχθούνων ἡρώων· ἐκ γὰρ δὴ Κρονίωνος ἐρυγδοῦποι γενέθλησ εὐχόμεθ' ἐκγεγάμεν· τρομέσσεκε δὲ καὶ θοδὸς" Ἐκτωρ ἡμέας, εἰ καὶ ἀπωθεν ἐσέδρακεν ἀτσοντας δὴριν ἐπὶ στονύσεσαι ἐμὴ δὲ μην ἔκτανεν αἰχμὴ καὶ κρατερὸν περ ἑόντα· σὺ δ' ἐν φρεσὶ πάγχυ μέμηνας,

ἡ μέγ' ἔτλης καὶ νώιν ἐπτηπείλησας ὀλέθρων σήμερον· ἀλλὰ σοὶ εἴθαρ ἐλεύσεται ὕστατον ἡμαρ· οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' αὐτός σε πατήρ ἐτι ῥύσεται. Ἀρης 585 ἕξ ἐμέθεν· τίσεις δὲ κακὸν μόρον, εὔτ' ἐν δρεσι κεμμάς ὁμαρτήσασα βοοδημήτηρι λέοντι.

ἡ οὔπω τόδ' ἄκουσας, ὅσων ὑποκάπτεσε γνία Ἐάνθου παρ προχοῆσιν ὅφ' ἡμετέρης παλάμησιν; 590 ἡ σευ πενθομένης μάκαρες φρένας ἐξείλοντο καὶ νόου, ὅφρα σε Κῆρας ἀμείληχοι ἀμφιχάνωσιν;"

"Ὡς εὐπόν οὕμησε κραταίῃ χειρὶ τιταίνων λαοφόνον δόρυ μακρὸν ὑπαὶ Χείρων πονηθέν· αἰγα δ' ὑπὲρ μαξίονο δαῖφρονα Πενθεσίλειναν οὔτασε δεξιεροῦ· μέλαν δὲ ὅ ἔρρεεν ἀλμα ἐσσυμένως· ἡ δ' εἴθαρ ὑπεκλάσθη μελέεσσιν· ἐκ δ' ἐβαλεν χειρὸς πέλεκυν μέγαν· ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ νῦξ ὀφθαλμοὺς ἤχλυσε καὶ ὅ φρενα δύσαν ἀνώι. ἀλλὰ καὶ δῶς ἀμπνυς καὶ εἰσίδε δήμου ἀνδρα ἡδὴ μιν μέλλοντα καθελκέμεν ὡκέος ὑππον· ὀρμηνεν δ' ἡ χειρὶ μέγα ἔσθος εἰρύσσασα 595 600

48
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Hast thou come forth against us, all athirst
To battle with us, who be mightier far
Than earthborn heroes? We from Cronos' Son,
The Thunder-roller, boast our high descent.
Ay, even Hector quailed, the battle-swift,
Before us, e'en though far away he saw
Our onrush to grim battle. Yea, my spear
Slew him, for all his might. But thou—thine heart —
Is utterly mad, that thou hast greatly dared
To threaten us with death this day! On thee
Thy latest hour shall swiftly come—is come!
Thee not thy sire the War-god now shall pluck
Out of mine hand, but thou the debt shalt pay
Of a dark doom, as when mid mountain-folds
A pricket meets a lion, waster of herds.
What, woman, hast thou heard not of the heaps
Of slain, that into Xanthus' rushing stream
Were thrust by these mine hands?—or hast thou
heard
In vain, because the Blessèd Ones have stol'n
Wit and discretion from thee, to the end
That Doom's relentless gulf might gape for thee?"

He spake; he swung up in his mighty hand
And sped the long spear warrior-slaying, wrought
—
By Chiron, and above the right breast pierced
The battle-eager maid. The red blood leapt
Forth, as a fountain wells, and all at once
Fainted the strength of Penthesileia's limbs;
Dropped the great battle-axe from her nerveless
hand;
A mist of darkness overveiled her eyes,
And anguish thrilled her soul. Yet even so
Still drew she difficult breath, still dimly saw
The hero, even now in act to drag
Her from the swift steed's back. Confusedly
She thought: "Or shall I draw my mighty sword,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

μεῖναι ἐπεσυμένοιο θοῦ Ἀχελήσῃ ἐρών, ἡ κρασίνῳ ἱπποῖο κατ᾽ ἀκυνάτοιο θοροῦσα λίσσεσθ᾽ ἀνέρα δίον, ἦποσχέσθαι δὲ οἱ ὁδα χαλκὼν ἅλις καὶ χρυσῶν, ἵ τε φρένας ἐνδον ἱαίνει τθυητῶν ἀνθρώπων, εἰ καὶ μᾶλα τις θρασύς εἴη, τοῖς ἢ πως πεπίθοιτ' ὀλον σθένος Αἰακίδας· ἡ καὶ ὁμηλίκην αἰδεσσάμενος κατὰ θυμὸν δούλη νόστιμον ἴμαρ ἐελδομένη περ ἁλύξαι.

Καὶ τὸ μὲν ὁὶ ὄρμαινε· θεοί δ᾽ ἐτέρως βάλοντο. τῇ γὰρ ἐπεσυμένοις μέγ᾽ ἔχωσατο Πηλέος υἱός, καὶ οἱ ἄφαρ συνέπειρεν ἀελλόποδος δέμας ὑππου· εὐτέ τις ἄμφ᾽ ὅβελοίσιν ὑπὲρ πυρὸς αἰθαλόεντος σπλάγχνα διαμπείρησιν ἑπειγόμενος ποτὶ δόρπον, ἢ ὡς τις στονόντα βαλὼν ἐν δρέσει ἄκοντα θηρητὴρ ἐλάφοιο μέσην διὰ νηδύα κέρσῃ ἐσσυμένως, πταμένη δὲ διαμπερὲς ὁβριμος αἱχμὴ πρέμυνον ἐς ψυκόμοιο πάγη δρυὸς ἦν νυ πεύκης· δορὰ Πενθεσίλειαν ὁμώς περικαλλεί ἱππῷ ἀντικρυ διάμησεν ὑπ᾽ ἓγχει μαμώνοντι. Πηλείδης· ἡ δ᾽ ὁδα μίγη κοινή καὶ ὀλέθρῳ εὐσταλέως ἐρποῦσα κατ᾽ οὐδεσ· οὐδὲ οἱ αἰδῶς ξυχυνεν δέμας ἢ· τάθη δ᾽ ἐπὶ νηδύα μακρῷ δουρὶ περισπάρουσα, θῷοβ δ᾽ ἐπεκέκλητῳ ὑπηρω· εὐτ᾽ ἔλατη κλασθείσα βίη κρυνοῦρρ Βορέαο, ἢν τὲ ποια εἰπυτάτην ἀνά τ᾽ ἄγκεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλην,
οὐ αὐτῇ μέγ᾽ ἄγαλμα, τρέφει παρὰ πίδακι γαῖα· 50
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

And bide Achilles’ fiery onrush, or
Hastily cast me from my fleet horse down
To earth, and kneel unto this godlike man,
And with wild breath promise for ransoming
Great heaps of brass and gold, which pacify
The hearts of victors never so athirst
For blood, if haply so the murderous might
Of Aeacus’ son may hearken and may spare,
Or peradventure may compassionate
My youth, and so vouchsafe me to behold
Mine home again?—for O, I long to live!”

So surged the wild thoughts in her; but the Gods
Ordained it otherwise. Even now rushed on
In terrible anger Peleus’ son: he thrust
With sudden spear, and on its shaft impaled
The body of her tempest-footed steed,
Even as a man in haste to sup might pierce
Flesh with the spit, above the glowing hearth
To roast it, or as in a mountain-glade
A hunter sends the shaft of death clear through
The body of a stag with such winged speed
That the fierce dart leaps forth beyond, to plunge
Into the tall stem of an oak or pine.
So that death-ravening spear of Peleus’ son
Clear through the goodly steed rushed on, and

Penthesilea. Straightway fell she down
Into the dust of earth, the arms of death,
In grace and comeliness fell, for naught of shame
Dishonoured her fair form. Face down she lay.
On the long spear outgasping her last breath,
Stretched upon that fleet horse as on a couch;
Like some tall pine snapped by the icy mace
Of Boreas, earth’s forest-fosterling
Reared by a spring to stately height, amidst
Long mountain-glens, a glory of mother earth;
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

toίη Πενθεσίλεια κατ’ ὁκέος ἥρπετεν ὅππου
θητή περ ἐσον affidavit κατεκλάσθη δὲ ὁι ἀλκή.

Τρώες δ’ ὡς ἐσίδοντο δαίκταμένην ἐνι χάρμη,
πανούδη̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̄̅
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

So from the once fleet steed low fallen lay
Penthesileia, all her shattered strength
Brought down to this, and all her loveliness.
Now when the Trojans saw the Warrior-queen
Struck down in battle, ran through all their lines
A shiver of panic. Straightway to their walls
Turned they in flight, heart-agonized with grief.
As when on the wide sea, 'neath buffetings
Of storm-blasts, castaways whose ship is wrecked
Escape, a remnant of a crew, forspent
With desperate conflict with the cruel sea:
Late and at last appears the land hard by,
Appears a city: faint and weary-limbed
With that grim struggle, through the surf they strain
To land, sore grieving for the good ship lost,
And shipmates whom the terrible surge dragged down
To nether gloom; so, Troyward as they fled
From battle, all those Trojans wept for her,
The Child of the resistless War-god, wept
For friends who died in groan-resounding fight.
Then over her with scornful laugh the son
Of Peleus vaunted: "In the dust lie there
A prey to teeth of dogs, to ravens' beaks,
Thou wretched thing! Who cozened thee to come
Forth against me? And thoughtest thou to fare
Home from the war alive, to bear with thee
Right royal gifts from Priam the old king,
Thy guerdon for slain Argives? Ha, 'twas not
The Immortals who inspired thee with this thought,
Who know that I of heroes mightiest am,
The Danaans' light of safety, but a woe
To Trojans and to thee, O evil-starred!
Nay, but it was the darkness-shrouded Fates
And thine own folly of soul that pricked thee on
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

καὶ νόσος ἐξορόθυνε γυναικῶν ἔργα λιποῦσαν
βῆμεναί ἐς πόλεμον, τὸν περ τρομέουσι καὶ
ἀνδρεῖς.

"Ὡς εἰπὼν μελίην ἐξείρυσε Πηλέος νίδος
ἀκέος ἐξ ἱπποῦ καὶ αἰνής Πενθεσίλεινής.
ἄμφω δὲ ἀσπαίρεσκον ὕφ᾽ ἐν δόρυ δημαδιντες.
ἄμφι δὲ οἱ κρατός κόρυν εἲλετο μαρμαίρουσαν
ἡλίου ἀκτίσιν ἀλόγκιον ἦ Δίδος αὐγήν.
τῆς δὲ καὶ ἐν κονίσι καὶ αἵματι πεπτηνής
ἐξεφάνη ἑρατήσιν ὑπ᾽ ὄφρυσι καλὰ πρόσωπα
καὶ περ ἀποκταμένης. οἱ δ᾽, ὡς ἱδον, ἀμφιέποντες
'Αργείοι θάμβησαν, ἔπει μακάρεσσιν ἑώκει.
κεῖτο γὰρ ἐν τεύχεσι κατὰ χθονὸς ἦτ᾽ ἀτειρίς
'Ἀρτέμις ὑπνώονσα, Δίδος τέκος, εὗτε κάμησι
γυῖα κατ᾽ οὐρεα μακρὰ θοὺς βάλλουσα λέοντας.
ἀυτὴ γὰρ μὴν ἐτευξέ καὶ ἐν φθιμένουσιν ἄγητὴν.
Κύπρις εὐστέφανος κρατεροῦ παράκοιτις "Αρηός,
ὅφρα τι καὶ Πηλής ἀμύμονος ὑ᾽ ἀκαχήσῃ.
πολλοὶ δ᾽ εὐχετώντο κατ᾽ οἰκία νοστήσαντες
τοῖς ὑς ἀλόχου παρὰ λεχέσσιν ἰάυσαι.
καὶ δ᾽ Ἀχιλεὺς ἀλίαστον ἑ덥 ὑνετείρετο θυμῷ,
οὐνεκὰ μην κατέπεφυ καὶ οὐκ ἄγε διὰν ἀκοιτιν
Φθίνην εἰς εὐπωλον, ἐπει δέγεθος τε καὶ εἶδος
ἐπλετ᾽ ἀμόμητός τε καὶ ἄθανάτηςιν ὁμοίη.

54
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

To leave the works of women, and to fare
To war, from which strong men shrink shuddering back."

So spake he, and his ashen spear the son
Of Peleus drew from that swift horse, and from
Penthesileia in death's agony.
Then steed and rider gasped their lives away
Slain by one spear. Now from her head he plucked
The helmet splendour-flashing like the beams
Of the great sun, or Zeus' own glory-light.
Then, there as fallen in dust and blood she lay,
Rose, like the breaking of the dawn, to view
'Neath dainty-pencilled brows a lovely face,
Lovely in death. The Argives thronged around,
And all they saw and marvelled, for she seemed
Like an Immortal. In her armour there
Upon the earth she lay, and seemed the Child
Of Zeus, the tireless Huntress Artemis
Sleeping, what time her feet forwearied are
With following lions with her flying shafts
Over the hills far-stretching. She was made
A wonder of beauty even in her death
By Aphrodite glorious-crowned, the Bride
Of the strong War-god, to the end that he,
The son of noble Peleus, might be pierced
With the sharp arrow of repentant love.
The warriors gazed, and in their hearts they prayed
That fair and sweet like her their wives might seem,
Laid on the bed of love, when home they won.
Yea, and Achilles' very heart was wrung
With love's remorse to have slain a thing so sweet,
Who might have borne her home, his queenly bride,
To chariot-glorious Phthia; for she was
Flawless, a very daughter of the Gods,
Divinely tall, and most divinely fair.
QUINTUS Smyrnaeus

'Αρεί δ' ἐμπεσε πένθος υπὸ φρένας ἀμφὶ θυγατρὸς
θυμὸν ἀκηχεμένα τάχα δ' ἐκθορεν Οὐλύμπου σμερδαλέως ἀτάλαντος ἐν κτυπεόντι κεραυνῷ, ἃν τε Ζεὺς προήσην, ὁ δ' ἀκαμάτης ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἔσονται ἢ ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπείριτον ἢ ἐπὶ γαῖαν μαρμαίρων, τῷ δ' ἀμφὶ μέγας πελεμίζετ' "Ολυμπος.

τοῖς Ἄρης ταναοῖ δι' ἥρος ὁσχαλῶν κηρ ἔσοντο σὺν τεύχεσισσι, ἐπεὶ μόρον αἰνὸν ἀκούσε παιδὸς ἔης τῷ γάρ ρα κατ' οὐρανόν εὐρύν ἐὼντε Αὔραι μυθήσαντο θοαλ Βορέας θύγατρες κούρης αἰνὸν δλεθρον' ὁ δ' ὡς κλύειν, ἵσος ἀδελφ' Ἰδαίων ὅρεων ἐπεβήςατο τοῦ δ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἀγκεα κίνυτο μακρὰ βαθύρρωμιοι τε χαράδραι καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ πάντες ἀπειρέσιοι πόδες Ἰδῆς, καὶ νῦ κε Μυρμιδόνεσσι πολύστοντον ὠπασεν ἃμαρ, 

εἰ μὴ μων Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου φόβησε σμερδαλέης στεροπῆς καὶ ἁργαλεοίσι κεραυνοῖς, οἱ οἱ πρόσθε ποδῶν θαμέες ποτόωντο δι' αἴθρης δεινον ἀπαιθόμενον. ὁ δ' ἀρ' εἰσόροιν ἐνόσα πατρὸς ἐρυγδούποιο μέγα βρομέουσαν ὁμοκλην' ἔστη δ' ἐσούμενος περ' ἐπὶ πτολέμοιο κυδομών. ὥσ δ' ὀτ' ἄπ' ἦλιβατον σκοτίησ περιμήκεα λαον λάβρος ὁμός ἀνέμουσιν ἀπορρίξη Δίος ὀμβρος, ὀμβρος ἄρ' ἢ γεραυνὸς, ἐπικτυπεύοντες ἐε βῆσσα 

λάβρα κυλινδομένοι, ὁ δ' ἀκαμάτῳ ἄπτο ῥοῖζῳ ἔσσυν' ἀναθρώσκων μάλα ταρφέα, μέχρις ἢκητι πῆχουν ἐν τῇ ἰσόπεδον, σταίκα δ' ἄφαρ ὡκ ἐθέλων περ' 700

56.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Then Ares' heart was thrilled with grief and rage
For his child slain. Straight from Olympus down
He darted, swift and bright as thunderbolt
Terribly flashing from the mighty hand
Of Zeus, far leaping o'er the trackless sea,
Or flaming o'er the land, while shuddereth
All wide Olympus as it passeth by.
So through the quivering air with heart aflame
Swooped Ares armour-clad, soon as he heard
The dread doom of his daughter. For the Gales,
The North-wind's fleet-winged daughters, bare to
him,
As through the wide halls of the sky he strode,
The tidings of the maiden's woeful end.
Soon as he heard it, like a tempest-blast
Down to the ridges of Ida leapt he: quaked
Under his feet the long glens and ravines
Deep-scored, all Ida's torrent-beds, and all
Far-stretching foot-hills. Now had Ares brought
A day of mourning on the Myrmidons,
But Zeus himself from far Olympus sent —
Mid shattering thunders terror of levin-bolts
Which thick and fast leapt through the welkin down
Before his feet, blazing with fearful flames.
And Ares saw, and knew the stormy threat
Of the mighty-thundering Father, and he stayed
His eager feet, now on the very brink
Of battle's turmoil. As when some huge crag
Thrust from a beetling cliff-brow by the winds
And torrent rains, or lightning-lance of Zeus,
Leaps like a wild beast, and the mountain-glens
Fling back their crashing echoes as it rolls
In mad speed on, as with resistless swoop
Of bound on bound it rushes down, until
It cometh to the levels of the plain,
And there perforce its stormy flight is stayed;
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ὡς Δίδος ὃβριμος νίδες Ἀρης ἀἐκοιτή γε θυμῷ ἔστη ἐπειγόμενος περ, ἐπεὶ μακάρων μεδέοντι πάντες ὁμώς εἰκοςίαν Ὄλυμποις, οὕνεκ’ ἃρ’ αὐτῶν πολλοὶ ὑπέρτατὸς ἔστιν, πέλει δέ οἱ ἀσπετος ἁλκή· 705 πολλὰ δὲ πορφύροντα θοὸς νόσος ὀτρύνεσκεν ἄλλοτε μὲν Κρονίδαο μέγ’ ἀσχαλώντος ἐνηπήν σμερδαλέη τρομέοντα πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἀπονεόοςθαι, ἄλλοτε δ’ οὐκ ἄληγεν σφετέρον πατρός, ἀλλ’ ἶνα ἁγιλῆι

μέξαι ἐν αἵματι χείρας ἀτειρέας. ὃψε δέ οἱ κήρ μνήσαθ’, ὅσοι καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐνὶ πτολέμοιοι δάμησαν νιέες, οἷς οὐδ’ αὐτὸς ἐπῆρκεσεν ὀλυμπένοισιν τούνεκ’ ἀπ’ Ἀργείων ἑκας ἦιεν· ἡ γὰρ ἐμελλεν κεῖσθαι ὁμῶς Τιτῆς δαμεῖς στονόεντι κερανιφ’, εἰ Δίδος ἄθανάτοιο παρεκ νόον ἄλλα μενοίνα.

Καὶ τὸτ’ ἄρηιοι νὲς εὔσθενέων Ἀργείων σύλεον ἐσσυμένος βεβροτωμένα τεῦχεα νεκρῶν πάντῃ ἐπεσύμενοι· μέγα δ’ ἄχυντο Πηλεὸς νίδος κούρης εἰσορόών ἑρατὸν σθένος ἐν κούρην τούνεκά οἱ κραδὴν ὀλοικα κατέδαπτον ἀνιαί ὀππόσον ἀμφ’ ἐτάροιο πάροι Πατρόκλου δαμέντοι.

Θερσίης δὲ μιν ἄντα κακῷ μέγα νείκεσε μύθῳ. “ὁ Ἄχιλεῦ φρέας αἰνέ, τίν νῦ σεν ἰπαφε δαίμον ϑυμὸν ἐνὶ στερνοιοσ Αμαζόνος εἰνεκα λυγῆς, ἡ νῶιν κακὰ πολλὰ λιλαῖετο μητίσασθαι; τῆς τοι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῇρα γυναιμανες ἱτορ ἔχοντι μέμβλεται ὡς ἀλόχοοι πολύφρονοι, ἦν τ’ ἐπὶ ἔδυος κουριδήν μνήστευς ἐελδόμενος γαμεέσθαι.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

So Ares, battle-eager Son of Zeus,
Was stayed, how loth soe'er; for all the Gods
To the Ruler of the Blessed needs must yield,
Seeing he sits high-throned above them all,
Clothed in his might unspeakable. Yet still
Many a wild thought surged through Ares' soul,
Urging him now to dread the terrible threat
Of Cronos' wrathful Son, and to return
Heavenward, and now to reck not of his Sire,
But with Achilles' blood to stain those hands,
The battle-tireless. At the last his heart
Remembered how that many and many a son
Of Zeus himself in many a war had died,
Nor in their fall had Zeus availed them aught.
Therefore he turned him from the Argives—else,
Down smitten by the blasting thunderbolt,
With Titans in the nether gloom he had lain,
Who dared defy the eternal will of Zeus.

Then did the warrior sons of Argos strip
With eager haste from corpses strown all round
The blood-stained spoils. But ever Peleus' son
Gazed, wild with all regret, still gazed on her,
The strong, the beautiful, laid in the dust;
And all his heart was wrung, was broken down
With sorrowing love, deep, strong as he had known
When that beloved friend Patroclus died.

Loud jeered Thersites, mocking to his face:
"Thou sorry-souled Achilles! art not shamed
To let some evil Power beguile thine heart
To pity of a pitiful Amazon
Whose furious spirit purposed naught but ill
To us and ours? Ha, woman-mad art thou,
And thy soul lusts for this thing, as she were
Some lady wise in household ways, with gifts
And pure intent for honoured wedlock wooed!
Good had it been had her spear reached thine heart,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ὁς σ’ ὀφελοὺν κατὰ δὴριν ὑποφθάμενη βάλε δούρι,
oùveka θηλυτέρησιν ἀδὴν ἐπιτέρπεαι ἦτορ, 730
οὔδε νῦ σοί τι μέμηλεν ἐνὶ φρεσίν οὐλομένησιν
ἀμφ’ ἀρετῆς κλυτῶν ἔργον, ἐπὶν ἐσίδησθα γυναῖκα.
σχέτικε, ποῦ νῦ τοῦ ἐστιν ἐν σθένοις ἣδε νόμα;
πὴ δὲ βίᾳ βασιλῆς ἀμύμονος; οὔδε τε οἰσθα
/osουν ἄχος Τρώεσσι γυναιμανέουσι τέτυκται;
oὐ γὰρ τερπῶλῆς ὀλοκτερον ἄλλο βροτοῖσιν
ἐς λέχος ἵεμένης, ἦ τ’ ἄφρονα φῶτα τίθησιν
καὶ πινυτὸν περ ἐόντα· πόνοις ὅ’ ἀρα κύδος ὁπηθεὶς·
ἀνδρὶ γὰρ αἰχμητὴ νῖκης κλέος ἕργα τ’ “Ἀρησος
terpvá· φυγοπτολέμῳ δὲ γυναϊκών εὐδαεν εὐνή.” 740

Ἡ μέγα νεικεῖων· ὦ δὲ οἱ περιχώσατο θυμῷ
Πηλείδης ἐρίθυμος· ἀφαρ δὲ ἐ ἐχερί κραταὶ
τύρας κατὰ γναθμόοι καὶ οὔατος· οἱ δ’ ἀμα πάντες
ἐξεχύθησαν ὄδοντες ἐπὶ χθόνα, κάππεσε δ’ αὐτὸς
πρένης· ἐκ δὲ οἱ αἴμα διὰ στόματος πεφόρητο
ἀθρόου· αἶψα δ’ ἀναλκίς ἀπὸ μελέων φύγε θυμὸς
ἀνέρος οὐτιδανοῖο· χάρη δ’ ἀρα λαὸς Ἀχαιῶι·
touς γὰρ νείκει πάμπαν ἐπεσβολὴς κακῆς
αὐτὸς ἔδων λωβητός· ὁ γὰρ Δανάων πέλεν αἰδώς.
καὶ ρά τις ὃδ’ εἰπέσκεν ἀρηθῶιν Ἀργεῖωι· 750
“οὐκ ἄγαθὸν βασιλῆς ύβριζεμεν ἀνδρὶ χέρια
ἀμφαδὸν οὔτε κρυφῆδον, ἐπεὶ χόλος αὐνὸς ὅπῃδείς
ἔστι Θέμως, καὶ γλῶσσαν ἄναιδεα τίνυται “Ἀτη,
ἡ τ’ αἰεὶ μέροπεσιν ἐπὶ ἄλγεις ἄλγος ἀέξει.”

“Ὡς ἄρ’ ἔφη Δαναῶι τις· ὁ δ’ ἀσχαλῶν ἐνὶ θυμῷ· 755
Πηλείδης ἐρίθυμος ἐπος ποτι τοῖον ἐειπεν·
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK 1

The heart that sighs for woman-creatures still!
Thou carest not, unmanly-souled, not thou,
For valour's glorious path, when once thine eye
Lights on a woman! Sorry wretch, where now
Is all thy goodly prowess?—where thy wit?
And where the might that should beseeam a king
All-stainless? Dost not know what misery
This self-same woman-madness wrought for Troy?
Nothing there is to men more ruinous
Than lust for woman's beauty; it maketh fools
Of wise men. But the toil of war attains
Renown. "To him that is a hero indeed
Glory of victory and the War-god's works
Are sweet. 'Tis but the battle-blencher craves
The beauty and the bed of such as she!"

So railed he long and loud: the mighty heart
Of Peleus' son leapt into flame of wrath.
A sudden buffet of his resistless hand
Smote 'neath the raider's ear, and all his teeth
Were dashed to the earth: he fell upon his face:
Forth of his lips the blood in torrent gushed:
Swift from his body fled the dastard soul
Of that vile niddering. Achaea's sons
Rejoiced thereat, for aye he wont to rail
On each and all with venomous gibes, himself
A scandal and the shame of all the host.
Then mid the warrior Argives cried a voice:
"Not good it is for baser men to rail
On kings, or secretly or openly;
For wrathful retribution swiftly comes.
The Lady of Justice sits on high; and she
Who heapeth woe on woe on humankind,
Even Até, punisheth the shameless tongue."

So mid the Danaans cried a voice: nor yet
Within the mighty soul of Peleus' son
Lulled was the storm of wrath, but fiercely he spake:
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

"κείσο νυν ἐν κοινῇςι λελασμένος ἀφροσυνάων
οὐ γὰρ ἀμείνοι φωτὶ χρεῶν κακῶν ἀντὶ ἐρίζειν
δις καὶ ποὺ τὸ πάροιθεν Ὅδυσσῆος ταλαδὸν κῆρ
ἀργαλέως ὄρινας ἑλέγχεα μυρίᾳ βάζων
ἀλλ’ οὔ Πηλείδης τοι ὁμοίος ἔξεφανθην,
ὁς σεν θυμὸν ἐλυσα καὶ οὐκέτι 1 χείρι βαρεῖν
πληξάμενος· σὲ δὲ πότιμος ἀμείλιχος ἀμφεκάλυπεν,

σὲ δ’ ὀλυγοδρανίθ θυμὸν λίπες· ἀλλ’ ἀπ’ Ἀχαιῶν
ἐρρε καὶ ἐν φθιμένουσιν ἔπεσθολίας ἀγόρευε."

"Ὡς ἐφαί’ Αἰακίδαιο θρασύφρους ἀτρομος υἱός.
Τυδείδης δ’ ἄρα μοῦνος ἐν Ἀργείοις Ἀχιλῆ
χῶτο Θερσίταο δεδουπότος, οὐνεκ’ ἀρ’ αὐτοῦ
εὐχετ’ ἀφ’ αἵματος εἶναι, ἔπει πέλεν ὃς μὲν ἄγανον
Τυδέος ὅμορρους υἱός, ὃ δ’ Ἀγρίου ῥοθεόνο
Ἀγρίῳ, ὃς τ’ Ὀινήςος ἀδελφεῖς ἐπλετο δίον.
Οἶνες δ’ νεά γείνατ’ ἀρήν οὖν ἐν Δαναοίσι
Τυδέα· τοῦ δ’ ἐτέτυκτο πάις σθεναρὸς Διομήδης.
τούνεκα Θερσίταο περὶ κταμένου χαλέφθη.
καὶ νῦ κε Πηλείωνος ἔναντίον ἕρατο χεῖρας,
εἰ μή μιν κατέρυξαν Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατοι νεῖς,
πολλὰ παρηγορέουτες ὁμελάδον· δις δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
Πηλείδην ἐτέρωθεν ἐρήτυνοι· ἦ γὰρ ἐμελλον
ηθη καὶ ἐξεφέσσιν ἐριδμαίνειν οἱ ἄριστοι
Ἀργείων· τοὺς γὰρ ρὰ κακῶς χόλος ὀστρώνεσκεν.
ἀλλ’ οἱ μὲν πεπίθοντο παραφασίσσισιν ἐταίρων.

Οῖ δὲ μέγ’ οἰκτείραντες ἀγανήν Πενθεσίλειαν
Ἀτρεῖδαί βασιλῆσις ἀγασσάμενοι ἐ καὶ αὐτὸλ
Τρωσὶ δόσαν ποτὶ ἀστυ φέρειν ἐρικυδεός Ἰλού

1 Zimmermann, for οὐκ ἐπὶ of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

"Lie there in dust, thy follies all forgot! 'Tis not for knaves to beard their betters: once Thou didst provoke Odysseus' steadfast soul, Babbling with venomous tongue a thousand gibes, And didst escape with life; but thou hast found The son of Peleus not so patient-souled, Who with one only buffet from his hand Unkennels thy dog's soul! A bitter doom Hath swallowed thee: by thine own rascalry Thy life is sped. Hence from Achaean men, And mouth out thy revilings midst the dead!"

So spake the valiant-hearted aweless son Of Aeacus. But Tydeus' son alone Of all the Argives was with anger stirred Against Achilles for Thersites slain, Seeing these twain were of the self-same blood, The one, proud Tydeus' battle-eager son, The other, seed of godlike Agrius: Brother of noble Oeneus Agrius was; And Oeneus in the Danaan land begat Tydeus the battle-eager, son to whom Was stalwart Diomedes. Therefore wroth Was he for slain Thersites, yea, had raised Against the son of Peleus vengeful hands, Except the noblest of Achaea's sons Had thronged around him, and besought him sore, And held him back therefrom. With Peleus' son Also they pleaded; else those mighty twain, The mightiest of all Argives, were at point To close with clash of swords, so stung were they With bitter wrath; yet hearkened they at last To prayers of comrades, and were reconciled.

Then of their pity did the Atreid kings— For these too at the imperial loveliness Of Penthesileia marvelled—render up
QUINTUS SMYRNÆAEUS

σὺν σφοίσιν τεύχεσσιν, ἐπεὶ Πριάμοιο νόησαν ἀγγελίην προϊέντος· ὁ γὰρ φρεσίν ἦσι μενοῖνα κούρην ὀβριμόθυμον ὁμῶς τεύχεσσι και ἐπιφω ἐς μέγα σήμα βαλέσθαι ἄφνειον Δαομέδοντος. καὶ οἱ πυρκαίην νήσατο πρὸς θεὸν πόλης ὑψηλῆν, εὐρεῖαν· ὑπέρθε δὲ θήκατο κούρην πολλοῖς σὺν κτεάτεσσιν, ὡσα κταμένη ἐπεφώκει ἐν πυρὶ συγκείασθαι εὐκτεάνῳ βασιλείᾳ. καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέδαψε θοῦν μένος Ἡφαίστου, φλοξ ὀλοή· λαοὶ δὲ περισταδὸν ἀλλοθεν ἄλλοι πυρκαίην σβέσαντο θοῶς εὐώδει οἶνῳ. ὡστεα δ' ἀλλέξαντες ἄδην ἐπέχεναν ἀλειφα ἢδὲ καὶ ἐς κοίλην χελῶν θέσαν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἀρ' αὐτοῖς πίονα δημοῦ ὑπὲρθε βάλαν βοῶς, ἡ τ' ἁγέλησιν Ἰδαίοις ἐν ὅρεσι μετέπρεπε φερβομένης. Ἡρωθε δ' ὡστε θύγατρα φίλην περικωκύδαντες ἀχυρίευοι τάρχυσαν εὐδημητὸν περὶ τεῖχος πύργῳ ἔπι προύχοιτι παρ' ὡστεα Δαομέδοντος ἦρα φέροντες Ἀρη καὶ αὐτῇ Πενθεσιλεῖ. καὶ οἱ παρκατέδαψαν Ἄμαζονας, ὡσαι ἀμ' αὐτῇ ἐστόμεναι ποτὶ δὴριν ὑπ' Ἀργείοισι δάμηςαν· οὐ γὰρ σφιν τῷμβοι πολυκλαύτοι μέγηραν Ἀτρείδαι, Ἡρώθοςι δ' ἐυπτολέμοισιν ὑπασσαν ἐκ βελέων ἐρύσασθαι ὁμῶς κταμένοισι καὶ ἄλλοις·

64
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK 1

Her body to the men of Troy, to bear
Unto the burg of Ilus far-renowned
With all her armour. For a herald came
Asking this boon for Priam; for the king
Longed with deep yearning of the heart to lay
That battle-eager maiden, with her arms,
And with her war-horse, in the great earth-mound
Of old Laomedon. And so he heaped
A high broad pyre without the city wall:
Upon the height thereof that warrior-queen
They laid, and costly treasures did they heap
Around her, all that well beseems to burn
Around a mighty queen in battle slain.
And so the Fire-god's swift-upleaping might,
The ravening flame, consumed her. All around
The people stood on every hand, and quenched
The pyre with odorous wine. Then gathered they
The bones, and poured sweet ointment over them,
And laid them in a casket: over all
Shed they the rich fat of a heifer, chief
Among the herds that grazed on Ida's slope.
And, as for a beloved daughter, rang
All round the Trojan men's heart-stricken wail,
As by the stately wall they buried her
On an outstanding tower, beside the bones
Of old Laomedon, a queen beside
A king. This honour for the War-god's sake
They rendered, and for Penthesileia's own.
And in the plain beside her buried they
The Amazons, even all that followed her
To battle, and by Argive spears were slain.
For Atreus' sons begrudged not these the boon
Of tear-besprinkled graves, but let their friends,
The warrior Trojans, draw their corpses forth,
Yea, and their own slain also, from amidst
The swath of darts o'er that grim harvest-field.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ φθιμένουσι πέλει κότος, ἀλλ’ ἐλεεῖνοι δὴμοι οὐκέτ’ ἐόντες, ἐπὶν ἀπὸ θυμὸς ὁληται.

'Αργείοι δ’ ἀπάνευθε δόσαν πυρὶ πολλὰ κάρνην ἦρων, οὐ δ’ σφιν ὦμοι κτάθεν ἦδ’ ἐδάμησαν Ἰρών ἐν παλάμησιν ἀνὰ στόμα δημοτῆς, πολλὰ μάλ’ ἄχυμενοι κταμένων ὑπερ. ἤξοχα δ’ ἄλλων ἀμφ’ ἀγαθοῦ μύροντο Ποδάρκεος. οὐ γὰρ ἐπ’ ἐσθλοῦ
dεῦτ’ ἀδελφεῖον μάχη ἐνι Πρωτεσιλάου. ἀλ’ ὁ μὲν ᾗδη πρόσθεν υφ’ Ἂκτορι κείτο δαικθεὶς

ἡς Πρωτεσίλαος. ὁ δ’ ἀγχεὶ Πενθεσίλεις βλήμενος 'Αργείοις λυγρόν περικάββαλε πένθος τοῦκεκά οἱ πληθὺν μὲν ἀπόπροθι ταρχύσαντο τεθνατων. κεῖνῳ δὲ πέριξ ἐβάλοντο καμόντες οὐκ σήμι’ ἀρίδηλον, ἐπεὶ θραυσὶ ἐπλετο θυμῷ. νόσφε δὲ Θερσίταο λυγρὸν δέμας ὀιτιδανοῖο θάψαντες ποτὶ νῆας ἐὑπρώρους ἄφικοντο Λαικίδην 'Αχιλῆς μέγα φρεσκι κυδαίνοντες.

ἡμος δ’ αἰγλησσα κατ’ ὁκεανοῖ βεβηκε ηδ’, ἀμφ’ δὲ γαϊαν ἐκίδνατο θεσπεσί νυξ, δὴ τὸτ’ ἀρ’ ἐν κλυσίς 'Αγαμέμνόνου ἀφνεῦοι δαίνυτο Πηλείδαο βλη. σὺν δ’ ἄλλοι ἄριστοι τέρποντ’ ἐν θαλῆς μέχρις ἦδω δἰαν ἱκέσθαι.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Wrath strikes not at the dead: pitied are foes
When life has fled, and left them foes no more.

Far off across the plain the while uprose
Smoke from the pyres whereon the Argives laid
The many heroes overthrown and slain
By Trojan hands what time the sword devoured;
And multitudinous lamentation wailed
Over the perished. But above the rest
Mourned they o'er brave Podarces, who in fight
Was no less mighty than his hero-brother
Protesilaus, he who long ago
Fell, slain of Hector: so Podarces now,
Struck down by Penthesileia's spear, hath cast
Over all Argive hearts the pall of grief.
Wherefore apart from him they laid in clay
The common throng of slain; but over him
Toiling they heaped an earth-mound far-descrived
In memory of a warrior aweless-souled.
And in a several pit withal they thrust
The niddering Thersites' wretched corse.
Then to the ships, acclaining Aeacus' son,
Returned they all. But when the radiant day
Had plunged beneath the Ocean-stream, and night,
The holy, overspread the face of earth,
Then in the rich king Agamemnon's tent
Feasted the might of Peleus' son, and there
Sat at the feast those other mighty ones
All through the dark, till rose the dawn divine.
ΛΟΓΟΣ ΔΕΤΤΕΡΟΣ

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κορυφάζει ὁ ὑπέρ ἡχηντων λαμπρὸν ὑπὲρ φῶς ἤλθεν ἀτειρέος ἑλίσιον, οἱ μὲν ἄρ’ ἐν κλισίσησιν Ἀχαιῶν ὁβριμοὶ ὅλες γῆθευν ἀκαμάτῳ μέγ’ ἐπευχόμενοι Ἀχιλῆ. Τρῶες δ’ αὐ μύροντο κατὰ πτόλων ἀμφὶ δὲ πῦρ·

εξόμενοι σκοπίαζον, ἐπεὶ φόβος ἔλλαβε πάντας, μὴ δὴ ποὺ μέγα τεῖχος ὑπερθόρη ὁβριμος ἀνὴρ αὐτοὺς τε κτεῖνη κατὰ τε πρῆσῃ πυρί πάντα. τοῖσι δ’ ἄρ’ ἀχρυμένοισι γέραν μετείπτε Θυμοίτης· "ὁ φίλοι, οὐκέτ’ ἔγωγε περὶ φρεσὶν οἶδα νοῆσαι, ὅπως ἔσσεται ἀλκαρ ἀνιπρο νόλομοι ὅκτορ ἀγχεμάχου δεδουπτός, δὲ μέγα Τρῶων κάρτος ἦν τὸ πάροιθε· καὶ οὐδ’ ὅ γε Κῆρας ἀλυζεῖν, ἂλλ’ ἐδάμῃ παλάμησιν Ἀχιλλεός, φ’ περ ὑλ’ καὶ θεὸν ἀντιάσαντα μάχῃ ἐν δησθῆναι· οὕτω τήν ἐδάμασσεν ἀνὰ κλόνων, ἦν περ οἱ ἄλλοι Ἀργεῖοι φοβόντο, δαίφρονα Πενθεσίλειαν καὶ γὰρ ἦν ἐκπαγλος· ἔγωγε μν’ ὡς ἐνόησα, 68
BOOK II

How Memnon, Son of the Dawn, for Troy's sake fell in the Battle

When o'er the crests of the far-echoing hills
The splendour of the tireless-racing sun
Poured o'er the land, still in their tents rejoiced
Achaea's stalwart sons, and still acclaimed
Achilles the resistless. But in Troy
Still mourned her people, still from all her towers
Seaward they strained their gaze; for one great fear
Gripped all their hearts—to see that terrible man.
At one bound overlap their high-built wall,
Then smite with the sword all people therewithin,
And burn with fire fanes, palaces, and homes.
And old Thymoetes spake to the anguished ones:
"Friends, I have lost hope: mine heart seeth not
Or help, or bulwark from the storm of war,
Now that the aweless Hector, who was once
Troy's mighty champion, is in dust laid low.
Not all his might availed to escape the Fates,
But overborne he was by Achilles' hands,
The hands that would, I verily deem, bear down
A God, if he defied him to the fight,
Even as he overthrew this warrior-queen
Pentesilea battle-revelling,
From whom all other Argives shrank in fear.
Ah, she was marvellous! When at the first
I looked on her, meseemed a Blessed One
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

"όσιόμην μακάρων, τίν' ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἐνθάδ' ἰκέσθαι ἡμῖν χάρμα φέρουσαν· δ' δ' οὐκ ἀρ' ἐτήτυμον ἦν. 20 ἀλλ' ἂγε φραξώμεσθα, τί λώιον ἄμμη γένηται, ἢ ἐτι που στυγεροῖσι μαχώμεθα δυσμενεύσων, ἢ ἤδη φεύγωμεν ἀπ' ἀστεοὶ ὄλυμένων· οὐ γὰρ ἦτ' Ἀργείωνι δυνησόμεθ' ἀντιφερίζειν μαρναιένου κατὰ δήριν ἀμελίκτουν Ἥχιλῆς." 25

"Ὡς ἂρ' ἐφή· τὸν δ' νίδος ἀμείβετο Δαομέδοντος· "το φίλος ήδ' ἄλλοι Τροῖες σθεναροί τ' ἐπίκουροι, μή νύ τι δειμαίνοντες ἐης χαζώμεθα πάτρης, μηδ' ἐτι δυσμενεύσι μαχώμεθα τὴλε πόλης, ἀλλὰ που ἐκ πύργου καὶ τείχεος, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ Μέμνων ὁβριμόθυμος ἄγων ἀπερείσια φιλα λαών, οἱ ναίοντι μελάμβροτον Αἰθιόπειαν. 30 ἢδη γάρ ὥσ καὶ αὐτὸν ὀδομαῖ ἀγχόθι γαῖς ἐμμεναι ἤμετέρης· ἐπεί ἢ νύ οἱ οὔτε νέον γε ἀγγελίην προέκα μέγ' ἀχυύμενος περὶ θυμῷ.

αὐτὰρ δ' ὥ' ἀσπάσιως μοι ὕπεσχετο πάντα τελέσαν ἔλθὼν ἐς Τροίην' καὶ μιν σχεδόν ἔλπομαι εἶναι. ἀλλ' ἂγε τλῆτ' ἐτι βαἰών, ἐπεί πολὺ λώιόν ἐστι θαρσαλέως ἀπολέσθαι ἀνὰ κλόνου, ἢ ἰ φυγόντας ζῷειν ἀλλοθαποίσι παρ' ἀνδράσιν ἀῖσχε' ἔχοντας." 35

"Ἡ ῥ' ο γέρων· ἀλλ' οὔτι σαόφρονι Πουλυδάμαντι ἠνδανεν εἰσέτι δήρις, ἐὔφρωνα δ' ἐκφατο μύθον· "ει μὲν δὴ Μέμνων τοι ἀριθραδέως κατένευσεν ἡμέον αἰώνον ὀλεθρον ἀπωσέμεν, οὔτι μεγαίρω μύμνειν ἀνέρα δίον ἀνὰ πτόλιν· ἀλλ' ἀρα θυμῷ 40

70
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

From heaven had come down hitherward to bring
Light to our darkness—ah, vain hope, vain dream!
Go to, let us take counsel, what to do
Were best for us. Or shall we still maintain
A hopeless fight against these ruthless foes,
Or shall we straightway flee a city doomed?
Ay, doomed!—for never more may we withstand
Argives in fighting field, when in the front
Of battle pitiless Achilles storms."

Then spake Laomedon’s son, the ancient king:
“Nay, friend, and all ye other sons of Troy,
And ye our strong war-helpers, flinch we not
Faint-hearted from defence of fatherland!
Yet let us go not forth the city-gates
To battle with yon foe. Nay, from our towers
And from our ramparts let us make defence,
Till our new champion come, the stormy heart
Of Memnon. Lo, he cometh, leading on
Hosts numberless, Aethiopia’s swarthv sons.
By this, I trow, he is nigh unto our gates;
For long ago, in sore distress of soul,
I sent him urgent summons. Yea, and he
Promised me, gladly promised me, to come
To Troy, and make an end of all our woes.
And now, I trust, he is nigh. Let us endure
A little longer then; for better far
It is like brave men in the fight to die
Than flee, and live in shame mid alien folk.”

So spake the old king; but Polydamas,
The prudent-hearted, thought not good to war
Thus endlessly, and spake his patriot rede:
“If Memnon have beyond all shadow of doubt
Pledged him to thrust dire ruin far from us,
Then do I gainsay not that we await
The coming of that godlike man within
Our walls—yet, ah, mine heart misgives me, lest,
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

deíðω, μὴ σὺν ἑοίσι κιών ἔταροσι δαμείη
κεῖνος ἀνήρ, πολλοῖς δὲ καὶ ἄλλοις πῆμα γένηται
ἡμετέροις: δεινῶν γὰρ ἐπὶ σθένος ὄρνυτ’ Ἀχαϊῶν.
ἀλλ’ ἀγε, μηδὲ πόλης ἔχσ ἀπὸ τῆς φυγόντες
αἰσχρα πολλὰ φέρωμεν ἀναλκείη ὑπὸ λυγρὴν
ἀλλοδαπὴν περῶντες ἐπὶ χθόνα, μηδ’ ἐτι πάτρη
μὲν ποντός κτεινώμεθ’ ὑπ’ Ἀργείων ὀρυμαγδοῦ,
ἀλλ’ ἤδη Δαναοίσι, καὶ εἰ βραδὺ, λώνιν εἰ
εἰσέτι κυδαλίμην Ἑλένην καὶ κτήματ’ ἐκείνης,
ἡμὲν ὁσα Σπάρτηθεν ἀνήγαγεν ἤδε καὶ ἄλλα,
διττάκι τόσσα φέροντας ὑπὸρ πόλιος τε καὶ αὐτῶν
ἐκδόμεν, ἐως οὗ κτῆσιν ἀνάρσια φύλα δέδασται
ἡμετέρην, οὐδ’ ἀστιν κατήνυκε πῦρ ἀδῆλουν,
νῦν δ’ ἀγ’ ἐμοὶ πείθεσθε περὶ φρεσίν, οὐ γὰρ ὅπω
ἄλλον ἀμέινονα μήτιν ἐνὶ Τρώοις φράσασθαι,
εἰρ’ ὀφελοῦ καὶ πρόσθεν ἔμης ἑπάκουσεν ἐφετημῆς
"Εκτωρ, ὁππότε μεν κατερήτηνον ἐνδοθὶ πάτρης."
"Ὡς φάτο Πολυδάμαντος ἐν σθένοις’ ἀμφὶ δὲ
Τρώες
ἡνεον εἰσαίοντες ἐνὶ φρεσίν, οὐδ’ ἀναφανδόν
μύθον ἔφαιν· πάντες γὰρ ἐδώ τρομόεστε ἀνακτα
ἀξοντ’ ἤδ’ Ἑλένην, κεῖνης ἐνεκ’ ὀλλύμενοι περ.
τὸν δὲ καὶ ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα Πάρις μέγα νείκεσεν
ἀντην’
"Πολυδάμα, σὺ μὲν ἐσσὶ φυγοπτόλεμος καὶ
ἀναλκις,
οὐδὲ σοι ἐν στέρνοσι πέλει μενεδήμων ἢτορ,
ἀλλ’ δέος καὶ φύζα· σὺ δ’ εὐχεῖα εἰναι ἀριστος
ἐν βουλῇ· πάντων δὲ χερείονα μῆδεα οἶδας,
Though he with all his warriors come, he come
But to his death, and unto thousands more,
Our people, nought but misery come thereof;
For terribly against us leaps the storm
Of the Achaean’s might. But now, go to,
Let us not flee afar from this our Troy
To wander to some alien land, and there,
In the exile’s pitiful helplessness, endure
All flouts and outrage; nor in our own land
Abide we till the storm of Argive war
O’erwhelm us. Nay, even now, late though it be,
Better it were for us to render back
Unto the Danaans Helen and her wealth,
Even all that glory of women brought with her
From Sparta, and add other treasure—yea,
Repay it twofold, so to save our Troy
And our own souls, while yet the spoiler’s hand
Is laid not on our substance, and while yet
Troy hath not sunk in gulfs of raving flame.
I pray you, take to heart my counsel! None
Shall, well I wot, be given to Trojan men
Better than this. Ah, would that long ago
Hector had hearkened to my pleading, when
I fain had kept him in the ancient home!"

So spake Polydamas the noble and strong,
And all the listening Trojans in their hearts
Approved; yet none dared utter openly
The word, for all with trembling held in awe
Their prince and Helen, though for her sole sake
Daily they died. But on that noble man
Turned Paris, and reviled him to his face:
"Thou dastard battle-blencher Polydamas!
Not in thy craven bosom beats a heart
That bides the fight, but only fear and panic.
Yet dost thou vaunt thee—quotha!—still our best
In counsel!—no man’s soul is base as thine!
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀλλ’ ἄγα δὴ σὺ μὲν αὐτὸς ἀπόσχεο δημοτήτος,
μίμης δ’ ἐνι μεγάροις καθήμενος· αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι
ἀμφ’ ἐμὲ θωρίζονται ἀνὰ πτόλιν, ἐνοκε θηρός
eὐρωμεν θυμῆρες ἀνηλεγέος πολέμου·
οὐ γὰρ νόσφι πόνοιο καὶ ἀργαλέου πολέμου
ἀνθρώπως μέγα κύδος ἀξεταὶ ἢ δὲ καὶ ἔργον·
φύζα δὲ νηπίαχοισι μᾶλ’ εὔδειν ἢ δὲ γυναιξί·
κεῖσθα πυμὸν ἐοικας· ἐγὼ δὲ τοι οὕτω στέπονθα
μαρναμένοι· πάντων γὰρ ἀμαλδύνεις θρασὺ
κάρτος.”

"Ἡ μέγα νεικείων‘ ὁ δὲ χωρόμενος φάτο μύθον
Ποιλυδάμας‘ οὐ γὰρ οἱ ἐναντίον ἄξετ‘ ἄδναι
κείνος, ἐπεὶ στυγερὸς καὶ ἀτάσθαλος ἢδ’ ἀεσί-
φρων, ὁς φίλα μὲν σαίνησιν ἐνωπαδόν, ἄλλα δὲ θυμῷ
πορφύρει καὶ κρύβδα τὸν οὐ παρεόντα χαλέπτη·
τῷ ῥᾳ καὶ ἀμφαδή μέγα νείκεσε διὸν ἀνακτὰ·
"ὁ μοι ἑπίθυοιν πάντων ὀλοώτατε φωτῶν,
ςον θράσος ἠγαγε νῶς διξά, σὸς νόσος ἐτή
dήριν ἀπειρεσίν καὶ τλῆσται, εἰσόκε πάτρη
ςόν λαοῖς σφετέρους δαἰζομένην ἑσίδηαι·
ἀλλ’ ἐμε μὴ τοιώνδε λάβοις θράσος, ἀμφὶ δὲ
τάρβος
ἀσφαλεὶς αἰὲν ἧχοιμί, σόν δὲ μοι οἶκον ὄφελλοι.”

"Ὡς ἀρ’ ἐφι. ὡ δ’ ἀρ’ οὕτι προσένευτε Ποιλυ-
δάμαντα·

μνήσατο γὰρ, Τρώεσσιν ὄσας ἐφέμηκεν ἀνώς
ἥδ’ ὀπτόσας ἐτ’ ἐμέλλειν, ἐπεὶ ρά οἱ αιθόμενοι κήρ
μᾶλλον ἐφώρμαινεν θανεῖν ἡ νόσφι γενέσθαι
ἀντὶθῆς Ἐλένης, ἡς εἰνεκα Τρώοις οἴς
ὑψόθεν ἑσκοπίαζον ἀπ’ ἀστεος αἰτεινοῦ ὀδημενοὶ'
Ἀργείους ὡδ’ Αἰακίδην Ἀχιλῆα.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Go to, thyself shrink shivering from the strife!
Cower, coward, in thine halls! But all the rest,
We men, will still go armour-girt, until
We wrest from this our truceless war a peace
That shall not shame us! 'Tis with travail and toil
Of strenuous war that brave men win renown;
But flight?—weak women choose it, and young babes!
Thy spirit is like to theirs. No whit I trust
Thee in the day of battle—thhee, the man
Who maketh faint the hearts of all the host!"

So fiercely he reviled: Polydamas
Wrathfully answered; for he shrank not, he,
From answering to his face. A caitiff hound,
A reptile fool, is he who fawns on men
Before their faces, while his heart is black
With malice, and, when they be gone, his tongue
Backbites them. Openly Polydamas
Flung back upon the prince his taunt and scoff:
"O thou of living men most mischievous!
Thy valour—quotha!—brings us misery!
Thine heart endures, and will endure, that strife
Should have no limit, save in utter ruin
Of fatherland and people—for thy sake!
Ne'er may such wantwit valour craze my soul!
Be mine to cherish wise discretion aye,
A warder that shall keep mine house in peace."

Indignantly he spake, and Paris found
No word to answer him, for conscience woke
Remembrance of all woes he had brought on Troy,
And should bring; for his passion-fevered heart
Would rather hail quick death than severance
From Helen the divinely fair, although
For her sake was it that the sons of Troy
Even then were gazing from their towers to see
The Argives and Achilles drawing nigh,

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Τοίοι δ' ἄρ' οὖ µετὰ δηρόν ἀρήμος ἦλυθε
Μέμνων,
Μέμνων κυνάεισι µετ' Αἰθιόπεσσιν ἀνάσσων,
ὅς κεῖ λαὸν ἄγων ἀπερείσιον ἀµφὶ δὲ Τρώας
γηθόσυνοι µην ἰδοντο κατὰ πτὸλμη, ἥττε ναύται
χείµατος ἐξ ὀλοίῳ δι' αἰδέρος ἀθρήσωσιν
ἡδη τειρόµενοι Ἐλίκης περιγγέος ἀγγήν
ὡς λαοὶ κεχάροντο περισταδόν, ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
Δαοµεδοντιάδης· µάλα γὰρ νῦ οἱ ξτὸρ ἐωλπεῖ
δηώσεων πυρὶ νήσα ὑπ' ἀνδράσιν Αἰθιόπεσσιν,
οὔνεκ' ἔχον βασιλῆα πελώριον ἥδε καὶ αὐτοὶ
πολλοὶ ἑσαν καὶ πάντες ἐς "Ἀρεα µαµιώνωτες·
tῷ ᾁΤ' ἀµοτον κύδανεν εὗν γόνον Ἡριγενείης
δωτίνης ἄγαθησι καὶ εὐφροσύνη τεθαλυνη·
ἀλλήλοις δ' ὀἄριζον ἐπ' εἰλαπῖνη καὶ ἐδωδῆ,
ὡς µὲν ἀριστής Δαναῶν καὶ ὡς' ἀλγε' ἀνέτλη
ἐξενέπουν, ὅ δὲ πατρὸς ἐου καὶ µητέρος Ἡνώς
ἀθάνατον βίον αἶεν, ἀπειρεσίης τε ρέεθρα
Τηθύσος, ὥκεανοὶ τε βασιλεύουν ἵερον οἴδμα
ἡδὲ καὶ ἀκαµάτον πέρατα χθονός, ἀντολίας τε
ἡέλιων, καὶ πᾶσαν ἀπ' ὥκεανῳ κέλευθον
µέχρις ἕπι Πριάµοιο πόλιν καὶ πρώονας Ἰδῆς,
ἡδὲ καὶ ὡς ἐδάξεν ὑπὸ στιβαρῆς χέρεσιν
ἀργαλέων Σολύµων ἱερὸν στρατῶν, οἳ µην ἰοντα
ἐλργον, ὁ καὶ σφίσι πῆµα καὶ ἀσχετον ὀπασε
πότμουν.
καὶ τὰ µὲν ὡς ἀγόρευε καὶ ὡς ίδεν ἔθνεα φωτῶν
µυρία· τοῦ δ' ἀῖοντος ὑπὸ φρεσὶ τέρπετο θυµός,
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

But no long time thereafter came to them Memnon the warrior-king, and brought with him a countless host of swarthy Aethiops.
From all the streets of Troy the Trojans flocked Glad-eyed to gaze on him, as seafarers,
With ruining tempest utterly forspent,
See through wide-parting clouds the radiance
Of the eternal-wheeling Northern Wain;
So joyed the Troyfolk as they thronged around,
And more than all Laomedon's son, for now Leapt in his heart a hope, that yet the ships
Might by those Aethiop men be burned with fire;
So giantlike their king was, and themselves So huge a host, and so athirst for fight.
Therefore with all observance welcomed he The strong son of the Lady of the Dawn — With goodly gifts and with abundant cheer.
So at the banquet King and Hero sat And talked, this telling of the Danaan chiefs, And all the woes himself had suffered, that Telling of that strange immortality — By the Dawn-goddess given to his sire,
Telling of the unending flow and ebb Of the Sea-mother, of the sacred flood Of Ocean fathomless-rolling, of the bounds Of Earth that wearieth never of her travail, Of where the Sun-steeds leap from orient waves, Telling withal of all his wayfaring From Ocean's verge to Priam's wall, and spurs — Of Ida. Yea, he told how his strong hands Smote the great army of the Solymi Who barred his way, whose deed presumptuous brought Upon their own heads crushing ruin and woe.
So told he all that marvellous tale, and told Of countless tribes and nations seen of him.
Καὶ ἐ καθαπτόμενος γεραφῶνε μύθῳ.

"Ὄς Μέμνων, τὸ μὲν ἄρα μὲ θεοὶ ποιήσαν ἱδέσθαι
σὺν στρατῷ ἤδε καὶ αὐτοῦ ἐκεῖ ημετέρωσι μελάθροι.

ὡς μοι ἔτι κρήνειαν, ἵν' Ἀργείους ἐςίδωμαι
ολυμπένους ἁμα πάντας ὑπ' ἐγχείσσαν τείσαν
καὶ γὰρ δὴ μακάρεσιν ἀτείρεσι πάντα ἐοίκας
ἐκπύγλως, ὡς οὔτις ἐπιχθονίων ἡρώων
τῷ σ' ὅτι κείνοι φόνον στούντενα βαλέσθαι.

νῦν δ' ἀγε τέρπειο θυμὸν ἐπ' εἰλαπτῆς ἐμήσις
σήμερον· αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα μαχήσεαι, ὡς ἐπέοικεν."
And Priam heard, and ever glowed his heart
Within him; and the old lips answering spake:
"Memnon, the Gods are good, who have vouchsafed
To me to look upon thine host, and thee
Here in mine halls. O that their grace would so
Crown this their boon, that I might see my foes
All thrust to one destruction by thy spears.
That well may be, for marvellous-like art thou
To some invincible Deathless One, yea, more
Than any earthly hero. Wherefore thou,
I trust, shalt hurl wild havoc through their host.
But now, I pray thee, for this day do thou
Cheer at my feast thine heart, and with the morn
Shalt thou go forth to battle worthy of thee."

Then in his hands a chalice deep and wide
He raised, and Memnon in all love he pledged
In that huge golden cup, a gift of Gods;
For this the cunning God-smith brought to Zeus,
His masterpiece, what time the Mighty in Power
To Hephaestus gave for bride the Cyprian Queen;
And Zeus on Dardanus his godlike son
Bestowed it, he on Erichthonius;
Erichthonius to Tros the great of heart
Gave it, and he with all his treasure-store
Bequeathed it unto Ilus, and he gave
That wonder to Laomedon, and he
To Priam, who had thought to leave the same
To his own son. Fate ordered otherwise.
And Memnon clasped his hands about that cup
So peerless-beautiful, and all his heart
Marvelled; and thus he spake unto the King:
"Beseems not with great swelling words to vaunt
Amidst the feast, and lavish promises,
But rather quietly to eat in hall,
And to devise deeds worthy. Whether I
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

εἴτε γὰρ ἐσθλὸς τ' εἰμὶ καὶ ἄλκιμος εἴτε καὶ οὐκί, γνώσῃ ἐνὶ πτολέμῳ, ὄποτ' ἀνέρος εἰδεται ἄλκη.

οὐν δ' ἄγε δὴ κοίτου μεδώμεθα, μηδ' ἀνά νύκτα

πίνομεν χαλεπὸς γὰρ ἐπειγομένοις μάχεσθαι

όνος ἀπειρέσιος καὶ ἀυπνοῦσῃ ἀλεγείνη.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ὁ γεραιὸς ἀγαςάμενος προσ-

εἴπειν

“αὐτὸς ὅπως ἐθέλεις μεταδαίνυσο, πείθει δ' αὐτῷ

οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σ' ἀλκοντα βιήσομαι· οὐ γὰρ ξοικεν

οὐτ' ἀπιόντ' ἀπὸ δαίτως ἐρυκέμεν οὔτε μένοντα

σεύειν ἐκ μεγάροιο· θέμις νῦ τοι ἀνδράσιν

αὐτῶς.”

“Ὡς φάθ'· ο ὧ δ' ἐκ δόρποιο μεθίστατο· βη δὲ πρὸς

ἔνυμνον

ιστατίην' ἁμα δ' ἀλλοι ξβαν κοίτου μέδεσθαι

dαιτυμόνες· τάχα δ' σφιν ἐπήλυθε νήδυμος ὑπνος.

Αὐτάρ ἐνι μεγάροισι Διὸς στεροτηθηρέται

ἀθάνατοι δαίνυντο· πατήρ δ' ἐν τοῖς Κρονίων

eγ' εἰδῶς ἀγόρευε δυσηχέος ἕργα μόθοιο·

“ιστε θεοι περὶ πάντες ἐπεσαύμενον βαρὺ πῆμα

αὐριον εν πτολέμῳ· μάλα γὰρ πολλῶν μένος ἢππον

ἄψεσθ' ἀμφ' ὅχεσσι δαἰξομένων ἐκάτερθεν

ἀνδρας δ' ὀλυμμένους· τῶν καὶ περὶ κηδόμενος τις

μιμνέτω ὑμείων μηδ' ἀμφ' ἐμὰ γοῦναθ ἵκανων

λισσέσθω· Κῆρες γὰρ ἀμελίχοι εἰς καὶ ἡμῖν.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ' ἐν μέσοσιν ἐπισταμένοις καὶ

αὐτοῖς,

ὅφρα καὶ ἀσχαλῶν τις ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο τράπηται,

μηδὲ ἐ λισσόμενοι περὶ νεός ἢ φίλοιο

μαγιδίως ἀφίκηται ἀτειρέος ἐνδον Ὅλυμπον,

καὶ τὰ μὲν ὡς ἐσάκουσαν ἐρυγοῦτον Κρονίδαο,

τλήσαν ἐνι στερνοίς καὶ οὐ βασιλῆς ἐναντα

80
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Be brave and strong, or whether I be not,
Battle, wherein a man's true might is seen,
Shall prove to thee. Now would I rest, nor drink
The long night through. The battle-eager spirit
By measureless wine and lack of sleep is dulled.”

Marvelled at him the old King, and he said:
“As seems thee good touching the banquet, do
After thy pleasure. I, when thou art loth,
Will not constrain thee. Yea, unmeet it is
To hold back him who fain would leave the board,
Or hurry from one's halls who fain would stay.
So is the good old law with all true men.”

Then rose that champion from the board, and
passed
Thence to his sleep—his last! And with him went
All others from the banquet to their rest:
And gentle sleep slid down upon them soon.

But in the halls of Zeus, the Lightning-lord,
Feasted the gods the while, and Cronos' son,
All-father, of his deep foreknowledge spake
Amidst them of the issue of the strife:
“Be it known unto you all, to-morn shall bring
By yonder war affliction swift and sore;
For many mighty horses shall ye see
In either host beside their chariots slain,
And many heroes perishing. Therefore ye
Remember these my words, howe'er ye grieve
For dear ones. Let none clasp my knees in prayer,
Since even to us relentless are the fates.”

So warned he them, which knew before, that all
Should from the battle stand aside, howe'er
Heart-wrung; that none, petitioning for a son
Or dear one, should to Olympus vainly come.
So, at that warning of the Thunderer,
The Son of Cronos, all they steeled their hearts
To bear, and spake no word against their king;
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

μίθην ἐφευρεῖν μάλα γὰρ μὲν ἀπειρέσιον τρωμέεσκον· ἄρανειευν δὲ ἱκανὸν ὅπη δόμος ἦν ἐκάστον καὶ λέχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ τοῖς καὶ ἀθανάτοις περ ἐσόντων ᾧπον βληχρὸν ὑνειαρ ἐπὶ βλεφάροις ταυῦσθη.

Ἦμος δὲ ἡλιβάτων ὄρεων ὑπεράσσονται ἀκρασ λαμπρὸς ἀν' οὐρανὸν εὐρύν ἐωσφόρος, ὥσ τ' ἐπὶ ἐργον ἦδυ μάλα κνώσσοντας ἀμαλλοδητῆρας ἐγείρει. τῆμος ἀρήμων ὑλα φαεσφόρου Ἡρμηνεύσῃς ὑστατος ὑπόνος ἄνήκεν· ὁ δὲ ἐν φρασί κάρτος ἄεξων ᾧδη δυσμενέεσσι λιλαίετο δημιάσσαι.

Ἦώς δ' οὐρανὸν εὐρύν ἄνηςεν ὕκ θέλονσα. καὶ τότε Τρώες ἔσαντο περὶ χροτ ὅμα τεῦχη, τοῖς δ' ἀμ' Ἀιδίοτες τε καὶ ὑπόσα φύλα πέλοντο.

ἀμφὶ βίην Πριάμου συναγρομένων ἐπικούρων πανσυνίῃ· μάλα δ' ἄκα πρὸ τεῖχος ἐσσεύοντο κυνάδους νεφέεσσιν ένοικότες, οἷα Κρονίων χείματος ὄρυμμένω κατ’ ἥρα ποιλῶν ἄγείρει. αἶσα δ' ἅρ' ἐπιλήσθη πεδίου πάνω· οἱ δ' ἐκέχυντο ακρίσι πυρομόροισιν ἀλύγχιοι, α' τε φερούται ὧς νέφος ἤ πολύς ὀμβρός ὑπὲρ χθονὸς εὐρυπέδοιο ἀπληθοὶ μερόπεσοι ἀεικέα λιμὸν ἄγουας· ὅσ οἵ ἰσαν πολλοὶ τε καὶ ὅβριμοι, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄγναι

στείνοντ' ἐσσυμένων, ὑπὸ δ' ἐγρετο ποσοὶ κοινή.

'Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐθάμβευον, εὑρ' ἐσίδοντο ἐσσυμένους· εἴθαρ δὲ περὶ χροτ χαλκῶν ἔσαντο κάρτει Πηλείδαο πεποιθότες· ὃς δ' ἐνὶ μέσοις ἥμε Τιτνεσσι πολυσθενέσσιν ἕοικός

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

For in exceeding awe they stood of him.
Yet to their several mansions and their rest
With sore hearts went they. O'er their deathless
eyes
The blessing-bringer Sleep his light veils spread.

When o'er precipitous crests of mountain-walls
Leapt up broad heaven the bright morning-star
Who rouseth to their toils from slumber sweet
The binders of the sheaf, then his last sleep
Unclasped the warrior-son of her who brings
Light to the world, the Child of Mists of Night.
Now swelled his mighty heart with eagerness
To battle with the foe forthright. And Dawn
With most reluctant feet began to climb
Heaven's broad highway. Then did the Trojans
gird
Their battle-harness on; then armed themselves
The Aethiop men, and all the mingled tribes
Of those war-helpers that from many lands
To Priam's aid were gathered. Forth the gates
Swiftly they rushed, like darkly lowering clouds
Which Cronos' Son, when storm is rolling up,
Herdeth together through the welkin wide.
Swiftly the whole plain filled. Onward they streamed
Like harvest-ravaging locusts drifting on
In fashion of heavy-brooding rain-clouds o'er
Wide plains of earth, an irresistible host
Bringing wan famine on the sons of men;
So in their might and multitude they went.
The city streets were all too strait for them
Marching: upsoared the dust from underfoot.

From far the Argives gazed, and marvelling saw
Their onrush, but with speed arrayed their limbs
In brass, and in the might of Peleus' son
Put their glad trust. Amongst them rode he on—
Like to a giant Titan, glorying.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

κυδίων ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμαισι τού δ' ἀρα τεύχῃ πάντη μαρμαρέσκον ἀλάγκιον ἀστεροπήσιν. οἶος δ' ἐκ περάτων γαμήχου ὀκεανοῦ ἔρχεται ἥλιος φασιμβροτος οὐρανὸν εἰσώ μφανόνων, τραφερῇ δὲ γελᾷ περὶ γαία καὶ αἰθήρ.

τοῖος ἐν Ἀργείοις τότ' ἔσσυτο Πηλέος υἱός. ὃς δὲ καὶ ἐν Τρώοις ἀρχὸς ἦς Μέμνων Ἄρει μαιμώντι πανεκέλοσ, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ προφορεῖσ' ἐφέσσυτο παρεσόμενοι βασιλῆς.

Αἶγα δ' ἄρ' ἀμφοτέρων δολικὰ πονεόντο φάλαγγες

Τρώων καὶ Δαναῶν, μετὰ δ' ἐπρεπὼν Αἰθιοπῆς· σὺν δ' ἐπεσ' καναχὴδῶν ὀμῶς, ἀτε κύματα πάντων

πάντοθεν ἔγρομένων ἀνέμων ὑπὸ χείματος ὀρη. ἀλλήλους δ' ἐδάιζον ἐυξέστηρ μελίσσαι βάλλουτες, μετὰ δὲ σφί γός καναχῇ τε δεδήνει· ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐρίγυδον θυμοί μεγάλα στενάχωσιν εἰς ἀλα χειμώμενοι, ὅτε λαβρότατος πέλει ὁμβρός ἐκ Δίος, εὐτ' ἀλάστον ἐπὶ νέφεα κτυπέωσι θηρόμεν' ἀλλήλους, πυρὸς δ' ἐξέσσυτ' αὕτῃ ὅς τῶν μαρναμένων μέγ. ὑπαλ ποσὶ γαία πελώρη ἐβραχε, θεσπεσίων δὲ δι' ἥρος ἐσσώτ' αὕτῃ σμερδαλέ. δεινὸν γὰρ ἄντεον ἀμφοτέρωθεν.

Ἐνθ' ἔλε Πηλείδης Θάλιον καὶ ἄμυμονα Μέντην ἀμφω ἀργυξότω, βάλε δ' ἀλλον πολλὰ κάρηνα. εὐτ' αἰγὶς βερέθροισιν ὑποχθοιοὺς ἐπορούσῃ λάβρος, ἀφ' ἀρ δὲ τε πάντα κατὰ χθονὸς ἀμφι-χέηται ἐκ θεμέθλων· μάλα γὰρ ρα περιτρομέει βαθὶ γαία.

1 Zimmermann, for εἴτε γαῖης μελάθρουσιν of MSS.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

In steeds and chariot, while his armour flashed
Splendour around in sudden lightning-gleams.
It was as when the sun from utmost bounds
Of earth-encompassing ocean comes, and brings
Light to the world, and flings his splendour wide
Through heaven, and earth and air laugh all around.
So glorious, mid the Argives Peleus' son
Rode onward. Mid the Trojans rode the while
Memnon the hero, even such to see
As Ares furious-hearted. Onward swept
The eager host arrayed about their lord,
Then in the grapple of war on either side
Closed the long lines, Trojan and Danaan;
But chief in prowess still the Aethiops were.
Crashed they together as when surges meet
On the wild sea, when, in a day of storm,
From every quarter winds to battle rush.
Foe hurled at foe the ashen spear, and slew:
Screams and death-groans went up like roaring fire.
As when down-thundering torrents shout and rave
On-pouring seaward, when the madding rains
Stream from God's cisterns, when the huddling
clouds
Are hurled against each other ceaselessly,
And leaps their fiery breath in flashes forth;
So 'neath the fighters' trampling feet the earth
Thundered, and leapt the terrible battle-yell
Through frenzied air, for mad the war-cries were.

For firstfruits of death's harvest Peleus' son -
Slew Thalius and Mentes nobly born,
Men of renown, and many a head beside
Dashed he to dust. As in its furious swoop
A whirlwind shakes dark chasms underground,
And earth's foundations crumble and melt away
Around the deep roots of the shuddering world,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δός οἶ γ' ἐν κούρσι κατήριτον ὦκεῖ πότῳ
ἀιχμῇ Πηλείωνος· ὁ γὰρ μέγα μαίνετο θυμῷ.

"Ὡς δ' αὐτῶς ἐτέρωθεν εὖς παῖς Ἡρμενεύης
Ἀργείους ἐδαίζε κακῇ ἐναλήγκιος Αἰσθ,
ἡ τε φέρει λαοῦσι κακὸν καὶ ἀεικέα λοιγόν.

πρότον δ' εἶλε Φέρονα διὰ στέρνου τυχήςας
δούρατι λευγαλέῳ, ἐπὶ δ' ἔκτανε διὸν Ἐρευθοῦν,
ἀμφῶ ἐκδομαίνω πόλεμον καὶ ἀεικέα χάρμην,
οἱ Θηρόν ἀμφενέμοντο παρ' Ἀλφεοῖο βεέθροις,
καὶ ἡ ὑπὸ Νέστορι βῆσαν ἐς Ἰλίου ιερὸν ἀστυ
tους δ' ὅποτ' ἔζευγρίζεν, ἐπέφυκεν Νηλέος νῦν
κτείναι μιν μεμαώς· τοῦ δ' Ἀντίλοχος θεοειδῆς
πρόσθ' ἐλθὼν ἵθυνε μακρὸν δῶρον, καὶ οἱ ἀμαρτε
τυτθὸν ἀλεναμένου· φίλοι δὲ οἱ εἶλεν ἔτανον
Ἀἴθοπα Πυρρασίδην· ὁ δὲ χωσάμενος κταμένου
Ἀντίλοχος ἐπικαίτο, λέων ὅσ' όμοιόμυος
κατρίφη, ὅς ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς ἐναντίον οἰδὲ μάχεσθαι
ἀνδράσι καὶ θήρεσι, πέλει δὲ οἱ ἀσπάτος ὀρμη-
δως τὸ θὸδος ἑπόρουσεν, δ' εὑρέι μιν βάλε πέτρῳ
Ἀντίλοχος· τοῦ δ' οὕτι λύθη κέαρ, οὖνεκ' ἀρ'
αὐτοῦ
ἀλγινόεντ' ἀπάλαλκε φόνον κρατερή τρυφάλεια·

σμερδάλεον δὲ οἱ ἦτορ ἐνι στερνούσιν ὀρίνθη
βλημένου· ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κόρους ἴαχε· καὶ ὅ ἐτι
μᾶλλον

μαίνετ' ἐπ' Ἀντιλόχῳ. κρατερή δὲ οἱ ἕξανε ἀλκή·
tοῦνεκὰ Νέστορος νῦν καὶ αἰχμητὴν περ ἐόντα
τύψειν ὑπὲρ μαξοῦ· δυναλασε' δ' ὀβρύμου ἐγχος
ἐς κραδήν, θυητοῖσιν ὅπῃ πέλει ὦκως ὀλεθρος.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

So the ranks crumbled in swift doom to the dust
Before the spear and fury of Peleus’s son.

But on the other side the hero child
Of the Dawn-goddess slew the Argive men,
Like to a baleful Doom which bringeth down
On men a grim and ghastly pestilence.
First slew he Pheron; for the bitter spear
Plunged through his breast, and down on him he hurled

Goodly Ereuthus, battle-revellers both,
Dwellers in Thryus by Alpheus’ streams,
Which followed Nestor to the god-built burg
Of Ilium. But when he had laid these low,
Against the son of Neleus pressed he on
Eager to slay. Godlike Antilochus strode forth to meet him, sped the long spear’s flight,
Yet missed him, for a little he swerved, but slew
His Aethiop comrade, son of Pyrrhasus.

Wroth for his fall, against Antilochus
He leapt, as leaps a lion mad of mood
Upon a boar, the beast that flincheth not
From fight with man or brute, whose charge is a flash
Of lightning; so was his swift leap. His foe
Antilochus caught a huge stone from the ground,
Hurled, smote him; but unshaken abode his strength,
For the strong helm-crest fenced his head from death;

But rang the morion round his brows. His heart
Kindled with terrible fury at the blow
More than before against Antilochus.
Like seething cauldron boiled his maddened might.
He stabbed, for all his cunning of fence, the son
Of Nestor above the breast; the crashing spear
Plunged to the heart, the spot of speediest death.
Τοῦ δ’ ὑποδημθέντος ἄχος Δαναῶσιν ἐτύχθη 260
πάσι, μάλιστα δὲ πατρὶ περὶ φρένας ἦλυθε
πένθος.
Νέστορι παιδὸς έοίο παρ’ ὀφθαλμοῖσι δαμέντος·
ού γὰρ δὴ μερόπεσσι κακότερον ἄλγος ἐπείσιν,
ἡ δὲ παιδεῖ διώκται ἐοί πατρὸς εἰσορόωντος·
τοῦνεκα καὶ στερεῖσιν ἀρημάμενος φρεσὶ θυμὸν
ἀχνυτὸ παιδὸς ἐοίο κακὴ περὶ Κηρὶ δαμέντος·
κέκλετο δ’ ἐσσυμένως Ὑρασύμηδα νόσφιν ἑόντα·
"ὄρσο μοι, ὃ Ὑρασύμηδας ἀγακλεές, ὅφρα φονήα
σείο καζυγνήτου καὶ νῦιος ἥμετερου
νεκροῦ ἐκάς σεῦμων ἀεικεός, ἢ καὶ αὐτὸι
ἀμφ’ αὐτῷ στούφοσσαν ἀναπλήσωμεν διζύν.
εἴ δὲ σοι ἐν στέρνουσι πέλει δέοις, οὐ σύ γα’ ἐμεῖο
νῦιος ἐφύς οὐδ’ ἐσσ’ Περικλυμένου γενέθλης,
ὅς τε καὶ Ἑρακλῆς καταντίου ἐλθέμεν ἐτλη.
ἀλλ’ ἄγε δ’ ἃ πονεώμεθ’, ἐπεὶ μέγα κάρτος ἀνάγκη
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πολλάκι μαρναμένου καὶ οὐτιδαισώσιν ὅπαξεί.
"Ὡς φάτο τοῦ δ’ ἄτους ὑπὸ φρεσὶ σύγχυτο
θυμὸς
πένθει τευγαλέοισιν· ἄφαρ δὲ οἱ ἑλυθεν ἄγχι
Φηρεύς, ὃν ὅτε τοι δ’ ἀποκταμένου ἀνακτός
εἴλειν ἄχος· κρατερόι δ’ ἐναντία δηριάασθαι
Μέμνωνος ὑμηθήσαν ἀν’ αἰματόεντα κυδοιμόν.
ὡς δ’ ὅταν ἀγρευτὴρ κατὰ πτύχας ἦλπεςας
οὐρεος ἤλιβατοι λιλαιόμενοι μέγα θῆρης
ἡ συνὸς ἡ ἀρκτοι καταντίοι ἄξωσοι· 1
κτενέμεναι μεμαδίες, ὃ δ’ ἀμφοτέροις ἐποροῦσας
θυμῷ μαιμώσων βὴν ἀπαμύνεται ἀνδρῶν·
ὡς τότε καὶ Μέμνων φρόνεεν μέγα· τοῖς δὲ οἱ ἄγχε
ἤλυθον· ἀλλὰ μιν οὐτὶ κατακτανείεν ἐδύνατο
μακρῆσιν μελήσιν· ἀπέπλαγγεν δὲ οἱ αἰχμαὶ
tῖλε χροῶς· μάλα γὰρ που ἀπέτραπεν Ἑρυγένεια· 290
1 Zimmermann, for ἀτσσοῦσιν of v.
Then upon all the Danaans at his fall
Came grief; but anguish-stricken was the heart
Of Nestor most of all, to see his child
Slain in his sight; for no more bitter pang
Smiteth the heart of man than when a son
Perishes, and his father sees him die.
Therefore, albeit unused to melting mood,
His soul was torn with agony for the son
By black death slain. A wild cry hastily
To Thrasymedes did he send afar:
"Hither to me, Thrasymedes war-renowned!
Help me to thrust back from thy brother's corse,
Yea, from mine hapless son, his murderer,
That so ourselves may render to our dead
All dues of mourning. If thou flinch for fear,
No son of mine art thou, nor of the line
Of Periclymenus, who dared withstand
Hercules' self. Come, to the battle-toil!
For grim necessity oftentimes inspires
The very coward with courage of despair."
Then at his cry that brother's heart was stung
With bitter grief. Swift for his help drew nigh
Phereus, on whom for his great prince's fall
Came anguish. Charged these warriors twain to face
Strong Memnon in the gory strife. As when
Two hunters 'mid a forest's mountain-folds,
Eager to take the prey, rush on to meet
A wild boar or a bear, with hearts afire
To slay him, but in furious mood he leaps
On them, and holds at bay the might of men;
So swelled the heart of Memnon. Nigh drew they,—
Yet vainly essayed to slay him, as they hurled
The long spears, but the lances glanced aside
Far from his flesh: the Dawn-queen turned them thence.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δούρατα δ' οὖχ ἀλίως χαμάδις πέσεν· ἀλλ' ὦ μὲν ὅκα
ἐμμεμαῖδος κατέσευε Πολύμνιον ὑπὰ Μέγητος
Φηρέος ὀβριμόθυμος, δ' ἔκτανε Λαομέδουντα
Νέστορος ὀβριμός νῖος ἀδελφείοις χολωθεῖς,
ὅν Μέμνων ἔδαιξε κατὰ μόθον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἀρ' αὐτῷ
χεροὶν ὑπ’ ἀκαμάτησι λύειν παγχάλκεα τεῦχῃ
οὕτε βίην ἄλογων Ὀρασυμήδεος οὕτε μὲν ἔσθλοι
Φηρέος, οὐνεκα πολλὸν ὑπεύροχος. οἱ δ' ἄτε θῶε
ἀμφ' ἔλαφον βεβαδώτα μέγαν φοβεόντο λέοντα
οὕτι πρόσω μεμαδῴτες ἐτ’ ἐλθέμεν· αἰνὰ δὲ
Νέστωρ
ἐγγύθεν εἰσορόων ὀλοφύρετο, κέκλετο δ’ ἄλλους
σφοῦς ἐτάρους δῆλωσιν ἐπελθέμεν· ἄν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
ἀρμαίων πονεέσθαι ἄφ’ ἄραματος, οὐκε’ ἀρ’ αὐτὸν
παίδος ἀποφθιμένου ποθή ποτὶ μῶλον ἄγεσκε
πάρ δύναμιν μέλλειν δὲ φίλῳ περὶ παῖδι καὶ
αὐτὸς
κεῖσθαι ὅμως κταμένους ἐναρίθμοις, εἰ μὴ ἄρ’ αὐτὸν
Μέμνων ὀβριμόθυμος ἐπεσόμενον προσέετπεν
αἰδεσθεῖς ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὀμῆλικα πατρὸς ἐδο":
"ὦ γέρον, οὗ μοι ἐοίκε καταντία σειὸ μάχεσθαι
πρεσβυτέρου γεγωτός, ἐπεί γ' εὖ οἴδα νοῆσαι·
ἡ γὰρ ἐγώ' ἐφάμην σε νέον καὶ ἄρηίον ἄνδρα
ἀντιαν δῆλοιο· θραύσεις δὲ μοι ἐλπετο θυμὸς
χειρὸς ἐμῆς καὶ τουρὸς ἐπάξιον ἐμμεναι ἐργον.
ἄλλ’ ἀναχάζει τίλη μόθου στυγεροῦ τε φόνου,
χάζει, μὴ σε βάλωιμ καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλων περ ἀνάγκη,
µὴ δὲ τεφ' περὶ παῖδι πέσης μέγ’ ἀμέινουι φωτ’
μαρνάμενοι, μὴ δὴ σε καὶ ἀφρονα μυθῆσονται
ἀνέρες· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν ὑπερτέρῳ ἀντιμάσθαι."

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Yet fell their spears not vainly to the ground:
The lance of fiery-hearted Phereus, winged
With eager speed, dealt death to Meges' son,
Polymnius: Laomedon was slain
By the wrath of Nestor's son for a brother dead,
The dear one Memnon slew in battle-rout,
And whom the slayer's war-unwearied hands
Now stripped of his all-brazen battle-gear,
Nought recking, he, of Thrasymedes' might,
Nor of stout Phereus, who were unto him
But weaklings. A great lion seemed he there
Standing above a hart, as jackals they,
That, howso hungry, dare not come too nigh.

But hard thereby the father gazed thereon
In agony, and cried the rescue-cry
To other his war-comrades for their aid
Against the foe. Himself too burned to fight
From his war-car; for yearning for the dead
Goaded him to the fray beyond his strength.
Ay, and himself had been on his dear son
Laid, numbered with the dead, had not the voice
Of Memnon stayed him even in act to rush
Upon him, for he reverenced in his heart
The white hairs of an age-mate of his sire:
"Ancient," he cried, "it were my shame to fight
With one so much mine elder: I am not
Blind unto honour. Verily I weened
That this was some young warrior, when I saw
Thee facing thus the foe. My bold heart hoped
For contest worthy of mine hand and spear.
Nay, draw thou back afar from battle-toil
And bitter death. Go, lest, how loth soe'er,
I smite thee of sore need. Nay, fall not thou
Beside thy son, against a mightier man
Fighting, lest men with folly thee should charge,
For folly it is that braves o'ermastering might."
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

"Ως φάτο· τόν δ' ἐτέρωθι γέρων ἡμείβετο μύθος.
"δ' Μέμνων, τὰ μὲν ἄρ που ἐτώσια πάντ' ἀγορεύεις.
οὗ μὲν γὰρ δῆλοισι ποιεύμενοι εὐνεκα παιδὸς
ἀφραίνειν ἑρείει τις ἀνηλέα παιδοφονὴν
νεκροῦ ἐκας σεύντα κατὰ μόθον· ὡς ὅφελὼν μοι
ὐλκὴ ἔτ' ἐμπέδος ἦεν, ἵνα γνώης ἕμον ἐγχος.
νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν μᾶλα πάγχυ μέγ' εὐχεαί, οὐνεκα
θυμὸς
θαρσαλέως νέου ἀνδρὸς ἔλαφρότερον δὲ νόημα·
τῷ ρα καὶ ὑψηλὰ φρονέων ἀποφῶλια βάζεις.
εἰ δὲ μοι ἡβώσω τις κατατίναν εἰρηλούθεσις,
οὐκ ἂν τοι κεχαροῦτο φίλοι κρατερῷ περ ἐόντι·
νῦν δ' ὡς τὶς τε λέων ὕπ' γήρας ἄχθομαι αἰνοῦ,
ὅν τε κύων σταθμοῖ οἰονυρῆνοι δήται·
θαρσαλέως, ὦ δ' ἄρ' οὔτε λιλαϊόμενος περ ἀμύνει
οἷς αὐτῶ, οὗ γὰρ οἱ ἔτει ἐμπεδοὶ εἰσιν ὅθόντες
οὔδε βῆς, κρατερῶν δὲ χρόνῳ ἀμαθύνεται ἦτορ·
ὡς ἐμοὶ οὐκέτι κάρτος ἐν στήθεσιν ὅρωρεν,
οἶν περ τὸ πάροιθεν· ὦμοι δ' ἔτι φέρτερος εἶμι
πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων, παῦροις δὲ γήρας ὑπελκεῖ
[ἡμέτερον, τοῖς κάρτος ὦμοις πέλει ἱδ' καὶ ἱβη]."
"Ὡς εἰπόν ἀπὸ βαίον ἔχασσατο· λείπε δ' ἄρ' νία
κείμενον ἐν κανίζεσιν, ἔπει νῦ ὦι οὐκέτι πάμπαν
γναμπτοῖς ἐν μελέσσι πέλε σθένος ὡς τὸ
πάροιθεν.
γῆραί γὰρ καθύπερθε πολυτλήτῳ βεβάρητο.
ὡς δ' αὐτῶς ἀπόρουσεν εὐμελείας Ὄρασημύθης.
Φηρεύς τ' ὁβρυμάθυμοι ἰδ' ἀλλοι πάντες ἐταῖροι
dειδώτες· μάλα γὰρ σφίν ἐποχετο λοίγος ἄνηρ.
"Ὡς δ' ὄτ' ἀπὸ μεγάλων ὄρεων ποταμὸς
βαθυδίνης
καχλάζων φορέται ἀπειρεσίω ὀρμαγὺφ,
ὅπποτε συννεφὲς ἦμαρ ἐπ' ἀνθρώποις ταυτύσῃ
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK 11

He spake, and answered him that warrior old:
"Nay, Memnon, vain was that last word of thine. None would name fool the father who essayed, Battling with foes for his son's sake, to thrust The ruthless slayer back from that dear corpse, But ah that yet my strength were whole in me, That thou might'st know my spear! Now canst thou vaunt
Proudly now: a young man's heart is bold And light his wit. Uplifted is thy soul And vain thy speech. If in my strength of youth Thou hadst met me—ha, thy friends had not rejoiced,
For all thy might! But me the grievous weight Of age bows down, like an old lion whom A cur may boldly drive back from the fold, For that he cannot, in his wrath's despite, Maintain his own cause, being toothless now, And strengthless, and his strong heart tamed by time.
So well the springs of olden strength no more Now in my breast. Yet am I stronger still Than many men; my grey hairs yield to few That have within them all the strength of youth."

So drew he back a little space, and left Lying in dust his son, since now no more Lived in the once lithe limbs the olden strength, For the years' weight lay heavy on his head. Back leapt Thrasymedes likewise, spearman good, And battle-eager Phereus, and the rest Their comrades; for that slaughter-dealing man Pressed hard on them. As when from mountains high A shouting river with wide-echoing din Sweeps down its fathomless whirlpools through the gloom,
Ζεὺς κλονέων μεγά χείμα, περικτυπέουσι δὲ πάντει
βρονταὶ ὦμος στεροτήσις ἄδην νεφέων συνιόντων
θεσπεσίων, κοίλαί δὲ περικλύζονται ἄρουραι
ὀμβρων ἐπεσουμένωι δυσχέος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μακρὰ
σμερδαλέον βοῶσι κατ’ οὐρεα πάντα χαράδραί
δις Μέμων σεῦσκεν ἐπ’ ἥφιος Ἐλληνσόντου
’Αργείους. μετόπισθε δ’ ἐπισοπόμενοι κεράξει
πολλοὶ δ’ ἐν κονίσαι καὶ αἵματι θυμὸν ἑλειπον
Ἀθιὸπων ὑπὸ χεράς. λύθρῳ δ’ ἐφορύνετο γαῖα
ὅλλυμένων Δαναῶν. μέγα δ’ ἐν φρεσὶ γῆθεε
Μέμων
αἰεὶ ἐπεσουμένοις δηνώσ στίχας. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶν
στεῖνετο Τρώων οὐδας. ὁ δ’ οὐκ ἀπέληγε κυδομοὺν
ἐλπετο γὰρ Τρώεσσι φᾶος, Δαναοῖς δὲ πῆμα
ἔσσεσθ’ ἀλλὰ ἐ Μοῖρα πολύπτονος ἑπερόπευεν
ἐγγύθεν ἵσταμένη καὶ ἐπὶ κλόνου ὀτρύνουσα.
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ θεράποντες εὔσθενες πονέοντο,
’Αλκνοεὺς Νύχιος τε καὶ ’Ασιάδης ἐρίθυμος
αἴχμης τε Μένεκλος ’Αλέξιπτος τε Κλύδων τε
άλλοι τ’ ἱσχυροὶ μεμάοτες, οἱ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ
καρτύναν’ ἀνὰ δὴριν ἐξ πίσυνοι βασιλῆι.
καὶ τότε δὴ ῥα Μένεκλον ἐπεσουμένον Δαναοὶ
Νηλείδης κατέπεφνεν. ὁ δ’ ἀσχαλῶν ἐτάροι
Μέμων ὀβριμόθυμος ἐνήρατο πουλῦν ὄμηλον
ὡς δ’ ὅτε τὶς κραυτῆς ἑπιβρισᾶς ἐλάφοισι
θηρητή ἐν δρεσι λίνων ἐγνουθεν ἑρεμῶν
πλαδὸν ἀγρομένην ἐς ὑστάτιον δόλον ἀγρῆς
αἰξηῶν ἵςτητι, κῦνες δ’ ἐπικαγχαλώσιν,
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

When God with tumult of a mighty storm
Hath palled the sky in cloud from verge to verge,
When thunders crash all round, when thick and fast
Gleam lightnings from the huddling clouds, when
fields
Are flooded as the hissing rain descends,
And all the air is filled with awful roar
Of torrents pouring down the hill-ravines;
So Memnon toward the shores of Hellespont
Before him hurled the Argives, following hard
Behind them, slaughtering ever. Many a man
Fell in the dust, and left his life in blood
'Neath Aethiop hands. Stained was the earth with
gore

As Danaans died. Exulted Memnon's soul
As on the ranks of foemen ever he rushed,
And heaped with dead was all the plain of Troy.
And still from fight refrained he not; he hoped
To be a light of safety unto Troy
And bane to Danaans. But all the while
Stood baleful Doom beside him, and spurred on
To strife, with flattering smile. To right, to left
His stalwart helpers wrought in battle-toil,
Aleyoneus and Nychius, and the son
Of Asius furious-souled; Menelaus' spear,
Clydon and Alexippus, yea, a host
Eager to chase the foe, men who in fight
Quit them like men, exulting in their king.
Then, as Menelaus on the Danaans charged,
The son of Neleus slew him. Wroth for his friend,
Whole throngs of foes fierce-hearted Memnon slew.
As when a hunter midst the mountains drives
Swift, deer within the dark lines of his toils—
The eager ring of beaters closing in
Presses the huddled throng into the snares
Of death: the dogs are wild with joy of the chase
πυκνοὶ ὑλακτίωντες, δ' ἐμεμαῷς ὑπ' ἁκοντὶ κεμμάσιν ἁκυντάτησι φόνῳ στοιγνάτα θίδησιν; δός Μέμνων ἐδαίζε πολὺν στρατὸν ἀμφὶ δ' ἐταίροι γῆθεν. Ἀργείων δὲ περικλυτῶν ἀνδρὸς ἐφέβοντο. ὡς δ' ὀπὸ τ' ἐξηρπόντος ἀπ' οὐροῦ ἡμιβάτοιο πέτρου ἀπειρεσίοι, τὸν ἴσον ἀκάματος Ζεὺς ὀς ἀπὸ κρημνοῦ βαλὼν στοιγνάτα κεραυνῷ, τοῦ δ' ἀρ' ἀνα δρυμα πυκνὰ καὶ ἄγκεα μακρὰ ῥαγέντος βησσαί ἐπικτυπέουσι, περιτρομέουσι δ' ἀν ἔλην, εἰ ποὺ μῆλ' ὑπένεβη κυλινδομένου νέονται ἥ βοες ἥ τῶν ἄλλα, καὶ ἐξαλέουσι λόντος ρίτην ἀργαλέῃ καὶ ἀμελίχοις δός ἄρ' Ἀχαιοι Μέμνωνος ᾖρμον ἐγχος ἐπεσωμενοῦ φέβοντο. 

Καὶ τότε δὴ κρατεροῖο μόλε σχεδὸν Αἰακίδαιο Νέστωρ, ἀμφὶ δὲ παιδὶ μέγ' ἀχυρίμενοι φάτο μῦθον "δ' Ἀχιλευ̂ μέγα ἔρκος ἐυσθενεῖν Ἀργείων, ὰλέτο μοι φίλος νῦσ, ἔχει δὲ μοι ἐντεα Μέμνων τεθυνότος, δείδω δὲ κυνῶν μη κύρμα γένηται· ἄλλα θοῶς ἑπάμμουν, ἔπει φίλος δότης ἐταίρου μέμηται κταμένοι καὶ ἀχυνται οὐκ' ἐόντος." "Ὡς φάτο' τοῦ δ' ἀνοντος ὑπ' φρένας ἐμπεσε πένθος. Μέμνων ὦς ἐνόησεν ἀνα στοιγνάτα κυδούμιν Ἀργείους ἅληδον υπ' ἐγχει δηιώντα, αὐτή κάλλυτε Τρώας, ὅσον ὑπ' ἕροι δαίξει ἀμφὶ ἄλλης φάλαγγεί, καὶ ἱσχανὸς πολέμιο ἰλεθεί οἱ κατεύταν χολούμενος 'Αντιλόχου ἡδ' ἄλλον κταμένων· δ' ἀνελετο χείρεοι πέτρην, τὴν ρα βροτοὶ θέσαν ὄρον ἐπισάχους πεδίοιο, καὶ βάλεν ἀκαμάτου κατ' ἀσπίδα Πηλείωνος δῖοι ἀνήρ· δ' ἀρ' οὕτι τρέσας περιμνικεα πέτρην αὐτή καὶ σχεδὸν ἠλθεις μακρὸν δόρυ προσθε τιταίνων,
Ceaselessly giving tongue, the while his darts
Leap winged with death on brocket and on hind;
So Memnon slew and ever slew: his men —
Rejoiced, the while in panic-stricken rout
Before that glorious man the Argives fled.
As when from a steep mountain's precipice-brow
Leaps a huge crag, which all-resistless Zeus
By stroke of thunderbolt hath hurled from the crest;
Crash oakwood copses, echo long ravines,
Shudders the forest to its rattle and roar,
And flocks therein and herds and wild things flee
Scattering, as bounding, whirling, it descends
With deadly pitiless onrush; so his foes
Fled from the lightning-flash of Memnon's spear.

Then to the side of Aeacus' mighty son
Came Nestor. Anguished for his son he cried:
"Achilles, thou great bulwark of the Greeks,
Slain is my child! The armour of my dead
Hath Memnon, and I fear me lest his corse
Be cast a prey to dogs. Haste to his help!
True friend is he who still remembereth
A friend though slain, and grieves for one no more."

Achilles heard; his heart was thrilled with grief:
He glanced across the rolling battle, saw
Memnon, saw where in throngs the Argives fell
Beneath his spear. Forthright he turned away
From where the rifled ranks of Troy fell fast —
Before his hands, and, thirsting for the fight,
Wroth for Antilochus and the others slain,
Came face to face with Memnon. In his hands
That godlike hero caught up from the ground
A stone, a boundary-mark 'twixt fields of wheat,—
And hurled. Down on the shield of Peleus' son
It crashed. But he, the invincible, shrank not
Before the huge rock-shard, but, thrusting out
Πεζός, ἐπεὶ ρὰ οἱ ἱπποὶ ἔσαν μετόπισθε κυδομοῦ, καὶ οἱ δεξιῶν ὄμοιο ὑπὲρ σάκεος στυφέλιζεν. δὲς δὲ καὶ οὐτάμενοι περ ἀταρβεῖ, μάρνατο θυμῷ. τύψε δ’ ἄρ’ Αἰακίδαο βραχίωνα δουρὶ κραταῖο. τοῦ δ’ ἐχύθη φίλον αἴμα· χάρῃ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐτώσιον ἔρως.
καὶ μιν ἄφαρ προσέειπεν ὑπερφιάλοις ἐπέεσσοι. "νῦν σ’ ὀϊῶ μόρον ἀινὸν ἀναπλήσειν ὑπ’ ὀλέθρῳ χερσὶν ἐμῆς δαμέντα καὶ οὐκέτι μώλον ἀλύξαι. σχέτλιε, τίπτε σὺ Τρώας ἀνηλεγέως ὀλέεσκες πάντων εὐχόμενος πολὺ φέρτατος ἐμμεναι ἀνδρῶν, ὢ μητρός τ’ ἄθανάτης Νηρηδός; ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἡδη ἠλῦθεν αἰσίμον ἰμαρ, ἐπεὶ θεὸθεν γένος εἰμὶ Ἡοὺς ὀβρίμοις νῖός, ὃν ἐκποθε λειρόεσσαι Ἐστερίδες θρέψαντο παρὰ ρόου ὀκεανοῦ. τοῦνεκά σεν καὶ δῆριν ἀμείλιχον οὐκ ἀλεείνω εἰδῶς μητέρα διαν, ὅσον προφερεστῆ ἐστὶ Νηρείδος, τῆς αὐτοῦ ἐπευχεῖαι ἐκγονος εἰναί̂ ἡ μὲν γὰρ μακάρεσσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι φαεῖνει, τῇ ἐπὶ πάντα τελεῖται ἀτέρεος ἐνδον Ὀλύμπου ἐσθλὰ τε καὶ κλυτὰ ἔργα, τὰ τ’ ἀνδράσι γίνετ’ ὀνειαρ.’ ἡ δ’ ἐν ἀλὸς κενθμόνοι καθημένη ἀτρυγέτοισι νᾳει ὀμῶς κήτεσσι μετ’ ἰχθύσι κυδώσα ἀπρηκτός καὶ ἄστος: εγὼ δὲ μιν οὐκ ἀλεγίξω οὐδε μὲν ἄθανάτης ἐπουρανίς ιοίκοι.”
"Ὡς φάτο’ τοῦ δ’ ἐνένυσε θρασὺς παῖς Αἰακίδαο. "δ’ Μέμνον, πὴ νῦν σὲ κακαὶ φρένες ἐξορόθυναν ἐλθέμαν ἅπτερ’ ἐμεῖο καὶ ἐς μόθον ἰσοφαρίζειν; δὲ σὲο φέρτερος εἰμι βῆ γενεὶ το φυτ’ τε Ζηνὸς ὑπερθύμιοι λαχῶν ἀρυδείετον αἴμα καὶ σθεναρὸν Νηρῆς, ὃς εἰναλίας τέκε κουρας 98
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

His long lance, rushed to close with him, afoot,  
For his steeds stayed behind the battle-rout.  
On the right shoulder above the shield he smote  
And staggered him; but he, despite the wound,  
Fought on with heart unquailing. Swiftly he thrust  
And pricked with his strong spear Achilles' arm.  
Forth gushed the blood: rejoicing with vain joy  
To Aeacus' son with arrogant words he cried:  
"Now shalt thou in thy death fill up, I trow,  
Thy dark doom, overmastered by mine hands!  
Thou shalt not from this fray escape alive!  
Fool, wherefore hast thou ruthlessly destroyed  
Trojans, and vaunted thee the mightiest man  
Of men, a deathless Nereid's son? Ha, now  
Thy doom hath found thee! Of birth divine am I,  
The Dawn-queen's mighty son, nurtured afar  
By lily-sleender Hesperid Maids, beside  
The Ocean-river. Therefore not from thee  
Nor from grim battle shrink I, knowing well  
How far my goddess-mother doth transcend  
A Nereid, whose child thou vauntest thee.  
To Gods and men my mother bringeth light;  
On her depends the issue of all things,  
Works great and glorious in Olympus wrought  
Whereof comes blessing unto men. But thine—  
She sits in barren crypts of brine: she dwells  
Glorying mid dumb sea-monsters and mid fish,  
Deedless, unseen! Nothing I reck of her,  
Nor rank her with the immortal Heavenly Ones."  

In stern rebuke spake Aeacus' aweless son:  
"Memnon, how wast thou so distraught of wit  
That thou shouldst face me, and to fight defy  
Me, who in might, in blood, in stature far  
Surpass thee? From supremest Zeus I trace  
My glorious birth; and from the strong Sea-god  
Nereus, begetter of the Maids of the Sea,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Νηρείδας, τὰς δὴ ραθεὶ τίους' ἐν Ὄλυμπῳ,
πασῶν δὲ μάλιστα Θέτιν κλυτὰ μητίωσαν,
οὐνεκά που Δίωνυσον ἔοις ὑπέδεκτο μελάθροις,
ὀππότε δειμαίνεσκε βίην ὅλοοι Ἀυκοῦργοι,
ηδὲ καὶ ὥς "Ηφαιστὸν ἐυφρόνω χαλκεότεχνην
δέξαθ' ἐοίσι δόμοις ἀπ’ Ὀλύμπου πεσόντα,
αὐτὸν τ’ Ἀργυκέραυνον ὅπως ὑπελύσατο δεσμῶν
τῶν μμνησκόμενοι παιδερέες Οὐρανίωνες
μητέρ’ ἐμὴν τίους Θέτιν ξαθέω ἐν Ὄλυμπῳ.
γνώσῃ δ’ ὡς θεὸς ἐστιν, ἐπὶ δὲ δύνα χάλκων εἴσω
ἐς τευ πται ἰκηταί ἐμὴ βεβλημένον ἀλκῆ.
"Εκτορα γὰρ Πατρόκλου, σὲ δ’ Ἀντιλόχοιο,
χολωθεὶς
τίσομαι: οὐ γὰρ ἀλλικὸς ἀναλκιδῶς ἀνδρὸς
ἐταῖρον.

ἀλλὰ τὶ νηπιάχοισιν ἐοικότες αφραδέεσσαν
ἐσταμεν ἥμετέρων μυθεύμενοι ἔργα τοκήων
ἡδ’ αὐτῶν; ἐγγύς καὶ "Αρης, ἐγγύς δὲ καὶ ἀλκῆ."

"Ὡς εἰπῶν παλάμησι λάβεν πολυμήκετον ἄορ
Μέμνων δ’ αὐθ’ ἐτέρωθι, καὶ ὀτραλέως συνόρουσαν
τυπτον δ’ ἀλλῆλων ἄμοτον φρεσί μαμώσεντες
ἀσπίδας, ὅς Ἡφαιστος ὑπ’ ἀμβροσία κάμε τέχνη,
πυκνὰ συναίσσοντες· ἐπέφανον δὲ λόφοισιν
ἀλλήλαις εκάτερθεν ἐρειδόμεναι τρυφάλειαι.
Zeus δὲ μέγ’ ἀμφοτέρους φίλα φρονέων βάλε
κάρτος,

τεῦξε δ’ ἀρ’ ἀκαμάτους καὶ μείξονας, οὐδὲν ὀμοίους
ἀνδράσιν, ἀλλ’ ἑοίσιν. "Ερεὶς δ’ ἐπεγήθεεν ἀμφώ.
οὶ δ’ αἰχμὴν μεμοῦσ’ ἀφαρ χρῶς ἐντὸς ἑλάσαι
μεσσηγὸς σάκεος τε καὶ υψιλών τρυφαλείς
πολλάκις ιδύνεσκον ἐδον μένος, ἀλλοτε δ’ αὐτὲ

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

The Nereids, honoured of the Olympian Gods.
And chiefest of them all is Thetis, wise:
With wisdom world-renowned; for in her bowers
She sheltered Dionysus, chased by might
Of murderous Lycurgus from the earth.
Yea, and the cunning God-smith welcomed she
Within her mansion, when from heaven he fell,
Ay, and the Lightning-lord she once released
From bonds. The all-seeing Dwellers in the Sky
Remember all these things, and reverence
My mother Thetis in divine Olympus.
Ay, that she is a Goddess shalt thou know
When to thine heart the brazen spear shall pierce
Sped by my might. Patroclus' death I avenged
On Hector, and Antilochus on thee
Will I avenge. No weakling's friend thou hast slain!
But why like witless children stand we here
Babbling our parents' fame and our own deeds?
Now is the hour when prowess shall decide."

Then from the sheath he flashed his long keen
sword,
And Memnon his; and swiftly in fiery fight
Closed they, and rained the never-ceasing blows
Upon the bucklers which with craft divine
Hephaestus' self had fashioned. Once and again
Clashed they together, and their cloudy crests
Touched, mingling all their tossing storm of hair.
And Zeus, for that he loved them both, inspired
With prowess each, and mightier than their wont
He made them, made them tireless, nothing like
To men, but Gods: and gloated o'er the twain
The Queen of Strife. In eager fury these
Thrust swiftly out the spear, with fell intent
To reach the throat 'twixt buckler-rim and helm,
Thrust many a time and oft, and now would aim
The point beneath the shield, above the greave,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

βαίνων ὑπὲρ κυνήγιος, ἐνεργεῖ δὲ δαιδαλέοιο
θώρηκος βρισκόμεθα ἠρητότος ἀμφὶ μέλεσιν,
ἀμφὶ ἐπεξηγημένοι· περὶ δὲ σφίσι παραποτα τεύχη
ἀμφὶ ὁμοίως ἀράβησε· βοὴ δὲ ἵκετ αἰθέρα δύον
Τρώων. Αἰδιώπων τε καὶ Ἀργεῖον ἐρυθύμων
μαραμένου ἐκάτερθε· κόνις δὲ ὑπὸ ποσσίν ὅρωρει
ἀχρῆ ἐς οὐρανὸν ἑυρύν, ἐπεὶ μέγα κίνυτο ἔργον.

Εὖτε ὀμίχλην κατ᾽ ὀρεσφιν ὀρινομένον ύπετοίο,
ὁσπότε δὴ κελάδοντες ἐνπλήθονται ἐναύλιον
ὑδατος ἐσυμένοιο, βρέμει δὲ ἁρὰ πᾶσα χαράδρη
ἀσπετων, οἱ δὲ ἀρὰ πάντες ἐπιτρομεύοντι νομῆς
χειμάρρους ὀμίχλην τε φίλην ὀλοοίσι λύκοισιν
ἡδ᾽ ἀλλος θήρεσιν, ὅσις τρέφει ἀσπετος ὑλῆς
واجب τῶν ἀμφὶ πόδεσι κόνις πεπότητ' ἀλεγεμῆν,
ἡ τὰ περὶ κάρας ἢ κατέκρυφεν ἡλίοιο
αἰθέρ' ἐπισκιάουσα· κακὴ δὲ ὑπεδάμματ' ὄξος
λαοὺς ἐκ νομῆ τε καὶ αἰνομόρφῳ ύσμην.
καὶ τὴν μὲν μακάρων τις ἀπόσαστο δημοτῆτος
ἐσυμεμέωσ· ὅλοι δὲ θοᾶς ἐκάτερθε φάλαγγας
Κῆρες ἐποτρύνεσκον ἀπειρέσιον πονέσθαι
ἵππῳ ἀνὰ στονόσσαν· Ἀρης δὲ οὐ λήγε θ φόνοιο
λευγαλέου, πάντη δὲ περὶ εὐφορινετο γαῖα
ἀματος ἐκχυμένου· μέλας δὲ ἐπετέρπτε 'Ολεθρος·
στείνετο δὲ κταμένων τεδίον μέγα θ᾽ ἱπποβοτὸν τε,
ὅπποσον ἀμφὶ ροᾶς Σιμόεις καὶ Ἐάνθος εἶργει
Ἰδὴθεν κατιόντες ἐς ἱερὸν Ἀλλησποντον.

Ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ πολλὴ μὲν ἄδην μηκύνετο δήρις
μαραμένων, ἵκαυν δὲ μένοις τεταρτ' ἀμβοτέρουσι,
δὴ τὸτε τοὺς γ᾽ ἀπάνευθεν Ὀλύμπιοι εἰσορόωτες,
oὶ μὲν θυμὸν ἐτερπον ἀτειρεί Πηλείων,
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Now close beneath the corslet curious-wrought
That lapped the stalwart frame: hard, fast they lunged,
And on their shoulders clashed the arms divine.
Roared to the very heavens the battle-shout
Of warring men, of Trojans, Aethiops,
And Argives mighty-hearted, while the dust
Rolled up from 'neath their feet, tossed to the sky
In stress of battle-travail great and strong.

As when a mist enshrouds the hills, what time
Roll up the rain-clouds, and the torrent-beds
Roar as they fill with rushing floods, and howls
Each gorge with fearful voices; shepherds quake
To see the waters' downrush and the mist,
Screen dear to wolves and all the wild fierce things
Nursed in the wide arms of the forest; so
Around the fighters' feet the choking dust
Hung, hiding the fair splendour of the sun
And darkening all the heaven. Sore distressed
With dust and deadly conflict were the folk.
Then with a sudden hand some Blessed One
Swept the dust-pall aside; and the Gods saw
The deadly Fates hurling the charging lines
Together, in the unending wrestle locked
Of that grim conflict, saw where never ceased
Ares from hideous slaughter, saw the earth
Crimsoned all round with rushing streams of blood,
Saw where dark Havoc gloated o'er the scene,
Saw the wide plain with corpses heaped, even all
Bounded 'twixt Simois and Xanthus, where
They sweep from Ida down to Hellespont.

But when long lengthened out the conflict was
Of those two champions, and the might of both
In that strong tug and strain was equal-matched,
Then, gazing from Olympus' far-off heights,
The Gods joyed, some in the invincible son
Of Peleus, others in the goodly child
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οἱ δ’ ἀρα Τιθωνόι καὶ Ὅηος νεὶ ἤφ. ὕψοθι δ’ οὐρανὸς εὕρης ἑπέβραχεν ἀμφὶ δὲ πόντος ἵσθι. κυανή δὲ περίξ ἑλελίξετο γαία ἀμμοτέρων ὑπὸ ποσσί· περιτρομέοντο δὲ πᾶσαι ἀμφὶ Θέτιν Νηρῆς ὑπερθύμου θύγατρες ὅβριμον ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆς ἰδ’ ἄστετα δειμαίνοντο· δείδει δ' Ἰαντέα φίλῳ περὶ παιδὶ καὶ αὐτῇ ἱπποὺς ἐμβεβαία δι' αἰθέρος· αἱ δ' αἱ ἄγχι Ἡελίου θύγατρες ἐθάμβεον ἐστηναί θεσπέσιον περὶ κύκλων, δεν ἡκέλω ἀκάμαντι Ζεὺς πόρεν εἰς ἐναυτὸν ἐνυ δρόμων, δ' περὶ πάντα ξωεὶ τε φθινυθεὶ τε περιπλομέονοι κατ' ἡμαρ νωλεμέως αἰώνοις ἔλισσομένοι ἐναυτῶν. καὶ νῦ κε ἰη μακάρεσσον ἀμείλιχος ἐμπέσε δήμης, εἰ μὴ ὑπ' ἐννεσίησι Δίος μεγαλοβρεμέταν δοιαὶ ἄρ' ἀμφοτέροις θοῶς ἐκάτερθε παρέσταν Κῆρες, ἑρεμυάθη μὲν ἐβη ποτὶ Μέμνωνος ἦτορ, φαιδρὴ δ’ ἀμφ’ Ἀχιλῆς δαίφρωνα· τοὶ δ’ ἐσιδώντες ἀθάνατοι μέγ’ αὐςαν, ἀφαρ δ’ ἔλε τοὺς μὲν ἀνίη λευγαλέη, τοὺς δ’ ἦτο καὶ ἄγλαδον ἔλλαβε χάρμα. "Ἡρωες δ’ ἐμάχοντο καθ’ αἰματόεντα κυδοιμὼν ἐγείρον, οὔδε τι Κῆρες ἐποιχομένας ἐνόησαν θυμὸν καὶ μέγα κάρτος ἐπ’ ἀλλήλοιοι φέροντες· φαῖς κε στονόετα κατὰ μόθον ἰματι κεῖνο μάρνασθ’ ἢ Γίγαντας ἀτειρέας ἢ κραταιόν Τιτῆνας· σθεναρῆ γὰρ ἐπὶ σφίς δήμος ὅρῳριν, ἥμεν ὅτε εἰμφῆσσι συνέδραμον, ἦδ’ ὅτε λάας βάλλον ἐπεσσύμενοι περιμήκειας· οὔδε τις αὐτῶν χάξετο βαλλομένων, οὔδ’ ἔτρεσαν, ἀλλ’ ἦτε πρώνες ἐστασαν ἀμβήτες καταείμενοι ἀστετὸν ἀλκήν· ἀμφῶ γὰρ μεγάλοιο Δίος γένος εὐχετῶντο· 104
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Of old Tithonus and the Queen of Dawn.
Thundered the heavens on high from east to west,
And roared the sea from verge to verge, and rocked
The dark earth 'neath the heroes' feet, and quaked
Proud Nereus' daughters all round Thetis thronged —
In grievous fear for mighty Achilles' sake;
And trembled for her son the Child of the Mist —
As in her chariot through the sky she rode.
Marvelled the Daughters of the Sun, who stood
Near her, around that wondrous splendour-ring
Traced for the race-course of the tireless sun
By Zeus, the limit of all Nature's life
And death, the daily round that maketh up
The eternal circuit of the rolling years.
And now amongst the Blessèd bitter feud
Had broken out; but by behest of Zeus
The twin Fates suddenly stood beside these twain,
One dark—her shadow fell on Memnon's heart;
One bright—her radiance haloed Peleus' son.
And with a great cry the Immortals saw,
And filled with sorrow they of the one part were,
They of the other with triumphant joy.

Still in the midst of blood-stained battle-rout
Those heroes fought, unknowing of the Fates
Now drawn so nigh, but each at other hurled
His whole heart's courage, all his bodily might.
Thou hadst said that in the strife of that dread day
Huge tireless Giants or strong Titans warred,
So fiercely blazed the wildfire of their strife,
Now, when they clashed with swords, now when they leapt
Hurling huge stones. Nor either would give back —
Before the hail of blows, nor quailed. They stood
Like storm-tormented headlands steadfast, clothed
With might past words, unearthly; for the twain
Alike could boast their lineage of high Zeus.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

toúnek' ára σφίσι δήρων ἵσην ἐτάνυσσεν Ἑννὸν 525
πολλὸν ἐρειδομένοισιν ἐπὶ χρόνων ἐν δαί κεῖνη,
αὐτοῖς ἦδ᾽ ἐτάρασιν ἀταρβέσιν, οἱ μετ᾽ ἀνάκτων
νωλεμέως πονέοντο μεμάτες, ἀχρὶ καμόντων
αιχμαλ ἀνεγνάμφησαν ἐν ἀσπίσιν" οὐδὲ τις ἕν
θειομένων ἐκάτερθεν ἁνούτατος, ἀλλ' ἀρα πάντων
ἐκ μελέων εἰς οὐδας ἀπέρρεεν αἴμα καὶ ἱδρὼς
αιὲν ἐρειδομένων, κεκάλυπτο δὲ γαία νέκυσσιν
οὐρανὸς ὡς νεφέεσσιν ἐς αἰγοκερή κίοντος
ἡμῖν, ὅτε πόντον ὑποτρομεῖ μέγα ναῦτης.
τοὺς δ' ἵππους χρεμέσσετος ἐπεσευμένους ἀμα λαοῖς
535
tεθνεότας στείβεσκου, ἂτ' ἀσπετα φύλα κατ'
άλσος
χείματος ἀρχομένου μετὰ τῆλθόωσαν ὑπόρην.
Οἱ δὲ που ἐν νεκύεσσι καὶ αἴματι δηριώντου
νηῆς μακάρων ἐρικυδεῖες, οὐδ' ἀπέληγεν
ἀλλήλοις κοτέουτες. Ἐρες δ' ἠθυνε τάλαντα
ὑσμίνης ἀλεγεινά, τα δ' οὐκ ἢτι ἵσα πέλοντο.
ἀλλ' ἀρα Μέμνονα δίον ὑπὸ στέρνοι θέμεθλα
Πηλείδης οὔτης: τό δ' ἀντικρυ μέλαν ἀορ
ἐξέθορεν: τού δ' ἀληα λύθη πολύτρατος αἰών-
κάππεσε δ' ἐς μέλαν αἴμα, βράχεν δέ οἱ ἀσπετα
τεύχη:'

γαία δ' ἐπεσμαράγησε, καὶ ἀμφεφόβηθεν ἐταῖρον
τὸν δ' ἀρα Μυριμὸνες μὲν ἐσύλεων ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες
φεύγον: ὃ δ' ἀληα δίωκε μένος μέγα λαίλαπι ἱσος.

'Ἡνδ' ἐστονάχησε καλυψαμένη νεφέεσσιν
ἡχλύνθη δ' ἀρα γαία. θοοὶ δ' ἁμα πάντες ὑήται
550
μητρὸς ἐφημοσύνησι μία φορέοντο κελεύθηρ
106
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Therefore 'twixt these Enyo lengthened out
The even-balanced strife, while ever they
In that grim wrestle strained their uttermost,
They and their dauntless comrades, round their kings

With ceaseless fury toiling, till their spears
Stood shivered all in shields of warriors slain,
And of the fighters woundless none remained;
But from all limbs streamed down into the dust
The blood and sweat of that unresting strain

Of fight, and earth was hidden with the dead,
As heaven is hidden with clouds when meets the sun
The Goat-star, and the shipman dreads the deep.
As charged the lines, the snorting chariot-steeds
Trampled the dead, as on the myriad leaves
Ye trample in the woods at entering-in
Of winter, when the autumn-tide is past.

Still mid the corpses and the blood fought on
Those glorious sons of Gods, nor ever ceased
From wrath of fight. But Eris now inclined
The fatal scales of battle, which no more
Were equal-poised. Beneath the breast-bone then

Of godlike Memnon plunged Achilles' sword;
Clear through his body all the dark-blue blade
Leapt: suddenly snapped the silver cord of life.
Down in a pool of blood he fell, and clashed
His massy armour, and earth rang again.

Then turned to flight his comrades panic-struck,
And of his arms the Myrmidons stripped the dead,
While fled the Trojans, and Achilles chased,
As whirlwind swift and mighty to destroy.

Then groaned the Dawn, and palled herself in clouds,
And earth was darkened. At their mother's hest
All the light Breathings of the Dawn took hands,
And slid down one long stream of sighing wind
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἐς πεδίον Πράματο καὶ ἀμφεχέντο θανόντε, ἡμι δ’ ἀνηρείσφαιντο θοῶς Ἡώςιον νύ, καὶ ε’ φέρων πολιοίο δ’ ἡροις’ ἀχυντο δὲ σφεθυμόν ἀδελφείον δεδοντός’ ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρ’ αἰθήρ ἔστενε. τοῦ δ’ ἐπὶ γαίαν ὅσιοι πέσον ἀιματόεσσαί ἐκ μελέων ραθάμυγγε, ἐν ἀνθρώποις τέτυνται σήμα καὶ ἐσσομένῳς· τὰς γὰρ θεοὶ ἀλλοθεῖν ἀλλην εἰς ἐν ἀγειράμενοι ποταμὸν θέαν ἥχηντα, τὸν ρά τε Παθλαγόνειον ἐπιχθόνιοι καλέουσι πάντες, ὅσοι ναιοῦσι μακρῆς υπὸ δειράσιν Ἡθος· ὃς τε καὶ αἰματόεσσας τραφην ἐπινύσσεται αῖαν, ὁπότε Μέμνουνς ἦμαρ ἔς ήγορόν, ὃ ἐνι κεῖνος κάθανε· λευκάλεν δὲ καὶ ἀσχετὸς ἔσσονται ὀμην ἐξ ὧδατος· φαίνεις κεν ἐθ’ ἐλκεος οὐλομένου πυθόμενους ἵχωρας ἀποπνείειν ἀλλεγων· ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν βουλήσηι θεόν γένεθ: οἱ δ’ ἐπέτουν Ἡνός ὄβριμον νύα θοοὶ φορέουτες ἀήται τυτὸν υπὲρ γαῖας δυοφερῆ κεκαλυμμένον ὀρφυς. Οὐδὲ μὲν Αἰθιοπῆς ἀποκταμένου ἀνάκτος νόσφων ἀπεπλάγχθησαν, ἐπεὶ θεὸς αἰγα καὶ αὐτοῦς ήγε λιλαιομένοις βαλὼν τάχος, οίον ἐμελλον οὐ μετὰ δηροῦν ἐχούσες ἐπηερίου φορέσαι τοῦνε’ ἐποντ’ ανέμοισιν ὀδυρόμενοι βασιλῆα. ὡς δ’ ὅταν ἀγρευτήρος ἐνὶ ξυλόκοισι δαμέντος ἡ συνὸς ἢ λέοντος ὑπὸ βλοσυρῆσι γένυσι σῷμ’ ἀναιρομένου μογεροί φορέουσιν ἑταῖροι ἀχνύμενοι, μετὰ δὲ σφι κύνες ποθέοντες ἀνακτά κυνικῆμορ ἐφέπονται ἀνιπήρης ἑνεκ’ ἄργης· ὡς οἱ γε προλιπόντες ἁνηλέα δημοτῆτα λαίψηροις ἐφέποντο μέγα στενάχοντες ἀήταις

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

To Priam's plain, and floated round the dead,
And softly, swiftly caught they up, and bare—
Through silver mists the Dawn-queen's son, with hearts
Sore aching for their brother's fall, while moaned
Around them all the air. As on they passed,
Fell many blood-gouts from those pierced limbs
Down to the earth, and these were made a sign
To generations yet to be. The Gods
Gathered them up from many lands, and made
Thereof a far-resounding river, named
Of all that dwell beneath long Ida's flanks
Paphlagoneion. As its waters flow
'Twixt fertile acres, once a year they turn
To blood, when comes the woeful day whereon
Died Memnon. Thence a sick and choking reek
Stems: thou wouldst say that from a wound
unhealed
Corrupting humours breathed an evil stench.
Ay, so the Gods ordained: but now flew on
Bearing Dawn's mighty son the rushing winds
Skimming earth's face and palled about with night.
Nor were his Aethiopian comrades left
To wander of their King forlorn: a God—
Suddenly winged those eager souls with speed
Such as should soon be theirs for ever, changed
To flying fowl, the children of the air.
Wailing their King in the winds' track they sped.
As when a hunter mid the forest-brakes
Is by a boar or grim-jawed lion slain,
And now his sorrowing friends take up the corse,
And bear it heavy-hearted; and the hounds
Follow low-whimpering, pining for their lord
In that disastrous hunting lost; so they
Left far behind that stricken field of blood,
And fast they followed after those swift winds
ὁς ἄρ' Ἀχαΐῶν ἦλθε ἐπεσυμένη καὶ κούρη Ἑνναλίη τοὺς μὲν κτάνε, τοὺς
Τρωιάδες δὲ ἀπάνευθεν ἄρημα ἔργα
θαύμαζον, πολέμου δὲ ἔρως λάβειν ἢ:
'Αντιμάχου θύγατρα Μενεπτολέμου
Τισιφόρην κρατήσας δ' ὑπὸ φρεσίν
θαρσαλέων φάτο μῦθον ὁμήλικας ὑπὲρ
δήμῳ ἐπὶ στονόςεσαν ἐγείρε δὲ οἱ θα
"ὡς φίλας, ἀλκιμών ἤτορ ἐνι στερνοὶ
ἀνδράσιν ἡμετέρουσίν ὁμοίων, οὐ περ
δυσμενέσιν μάραντα ὑπὲρ τεκέων τ
οὐποτ' αναπνείοντες οἰξύος—ἀλλὰ κα
παρθένον φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἴσης μνησώ
οὐ γὰρ ἀποπροδέχετο εἰμὲν ἔυσθενέων
α ἀλλ' οἷον κείνοισι πέλει μένος ἐστὶν
καὶ ὲσι οἱ ὀφθαλμοὶ καὶ γούνατα, πάντες
ξυνὸν δ' αὐ πάντεσσι φάος καὶ νήχυ
φορβή δ' οὐχ ἐτέρη. τί δ' ἐπ' ἀνδράσ
θήκε θεός; τῷ μὴ τι φεβώμεθα δησον
η οὐχ ὀράτε γυναῖκα μέγ' αἰζηὖν π
ἀγχεμάχων; τής δ' οὔτε πέλει
gενέθλη
οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐδο πτολερον, ὑπὲρ ξείνου
μάραντα εἰκ θυμοῖ καὶ οὐκ ἐμπάζετι
ἐνθεμένη φρεσὶ θάρσος ἀταρτηρόν τε
ἡμῖν δ' ἀλλοθεν ἄλλα παραῖ ποσιν αὐ,
tής μὲν γὰρ φίλα τέκνα καὶ ἀνέρες ἀρ
34
through reeling squadrons of Achaea's sons,
lew these, and hunted those in panic rout.

From Troy afar the women marvelling gazed
at the Maid's battle-prowess. Suddenly
A fiery passion for the fray hath seized
Antimachus' daughter, Meneptolemus' wife,
Eisiphone. Her heart waxed strong, and filled
With lust of fight she cried to her fellows all,
With desperate-daring words, to spur them on
To woeful war, by recklessness made strong:
'Friends, let a heart of valour in our breasts
Awake! Let us be like our lords, who fight
With foes for fatherland, for babes, for us,
And never pause for breath in that stern strife!
Let us too throne war's spirit in our hearts!
Let us too face the fight which favoureth none!

For we, we women, be not creatures cast
In diverse mould from men: to us is given
Such energy of life as stirs in them.
Eyes have we like to theirs, and limbs: throughout
Fashioned we are alike: one common light
We look on, and one common air we breathe:
With like food are we nourished:—nay, wherein
Have we been dowered of God more niggardly
Than men? Then let us shrink not from the fray!

See ye not yonder a woman far excelling
Men in the grapple of fight? Yet is her blood
Nowise akin to ours, nor fighteth she
For her own city. For an alien king
She warreth of her own heart's prompting, fears
The face of no man; for her soul is thrilled
With valour and with spirit invincible.
But we—to right, to left, lie woes on woes
About our feet: this mourns beloved sons,
And that a husband who for hearth and home
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δὲ ἂρ᾽ Ἀχαϊῶν ὑλὰς ἐπεσυμένη καθ᾽ ὀμίλων
cουρή Ἐνυαλίη τοὺς μὲν κτάνε, τοὺς δ᾽ ἐφοβήσε.

Τρωάδες δ᾽ ἀπάνευθεν ἀρήμα ἔργα γυναικὸς
θαύμαξον, πολέμου δ᾽ ἔρως λάβεν ὕπποδάμων
Ἀντιμάχου θύγατρα Μενεπτολέμοι δ᾽ ἀκοίτεν
Τισιφόθην κρατερήσι. δ᾽ ὑπὸ φρεσίν ἐμμεμαζά—
θαρσαλέον πάτο μύδον ὁμήλικας ὀτρύνουσα
dὴραν ἐπὶ στοινέσσαν ἐγείρε δὲ οἱ θράος ἀλκνὴν
"ὁ φίλαι, ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἐν στέρνοις λαβοῦσι
ἀνδράσιν ἡμετέροις ὁμόιοι, οἱ περὶ πάτρης
δυσμανέσιν μάρμανται ὑπὲρ τεκέων τε καὶ ἦμεων,
οὐπτώ ἀναπνείουστε ὀίξιοι—ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ
παρθέμεναι φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἵσθις μητσώμεθα χάρμης;
ὁ γὰρ ἀπόπροθεν εἰμέν ἐσσθενέων αἰξῆων,
ἄλλ᾽ ὅποιν κεῖνοι πελεῖ μένος ἐστί καὶ ἠμῖν
ισοὶ δ᾽ ὀφθαλμοὶ καὶ γούνατα, πάντα δ᾽ ὀμοία,
ζυνὸν δ᾽ αὐτές τοῖς φάσοι καὶ νήχυτος ἀνήρ,
φοβή δ᾽ οὐχ ἐτέρη. τί δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀνδράσι λῶιον ἄλλο
θηκε θεός; τῷ μὴ τι φεβώμεθα δημοτήτα.
ὁ οὖν ὀράτε γυναῖκα μέγ᾽ αἰξηθῶν προφεροῦσαν
ἀγχημάχων; τῆς δ᾽ οὔτι πελεῖ σχεδὸν οὔτε
γενέθλη

οὔτ᾽ ἂρ᾽ ἐδόν πτολέσθρον, ὑπὲρ κείνου δ᾽ ἀνακτὸς
μάρμανατι ἐκ θυμοῦ καὶ οὐκ ἐμπάζεται ἀνδρῶν
ἐνθέμενη φρεσὶ θάρσος ἀταρπητὸν τε νόημα,
ἡμῖν δ᾽ ἀλλοθεν ἄλλα παραὶ ποιοὶ ἄλγεα κεῖται. ἦς
τῆς μὲν γὰρ φίλα τέκνα καὶ ἀνέρες ἀμφὶ πόλῃ
34
Though reeling squadrons of Achaea's sons, 
with these, and hunted those in panic rout.

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And that a husband who for hearth and home
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀχλώι θεσπεσίη κεκαλυμμένοι. ἀμφί δὲ Τρῶες
cαὶ Δαναοὶ θάμβησαν ἃμα σφετέρῳ βασιλῆι
πάντας άιστοθέντας, ἀπεφεσίη δὲ ἀνά θυμὸν
ἀμφασίη βεβόλημα. νέκυν δὲ ἀκάμαντες ἀγήται
Μέμνονος ἀγχεμάχου θέσαν βαρέα στενάχουντες
πάρ ποταμοῖο ῥέθρα βαθυρρόου Λισήπου,
ἡχί τε Νυμφάων καλλιπλοκάμων πέλει ἀλθῶς
καλὸν, δὴ μετόπισθε μακρὸν περὶ σῆμα βάλοιντο
Λισήπτοι θύγατρες ἄδην πεπυκασμένον ὕλῃ
παντολῃ. καὶ πολλὰ θεαὶ περικοκύσαντο,
νιέα κυδαίνουσαι εὐθρόνοι 'Ἡρυγενεῖς.

Δύσετο δ᾽ ἦλιοιο φάος: κατὰ δ᾽ ἦλθεν Ὁ ἔσσος
οὐρανόθεν κλαίουσα φίλον τέκος, ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἂρ᾽ αὐτῇ
κούραι ἐπιπλόκαμοι δυναίδεκα, τῇς μέμηλεν
αἰὲν ἔλισσομένου Ἄπεριονος αἰὶ τὰ θελεθα
νύξ τε καὶ ἢρυγένεια καὶ ἐκ Διὸς ὀπτόσα βουλῆς
γίνεται, οὐ περὶ δῶμα καὶ ἀρρήκτους πυλεώνας
στρωφῶντ' εἴθα καὶ εἴθα πέριξ ἀλκάβαντα
φέρουσαι
καρποίσι βράθοντα κυλινδομένον περὶ κύκλον
χειμώνος κρυνηοῦ καὶ εἰαρος ἀνθεμώντος
ηῇ θέρεις ἐρατοῖο πολυσταφύλῳ τ᾽ ὀπόρης.
αἱ τότε δὴ κατέβησαν ἄπ' αἰθέρος ἤλιβάτου
ἀσπετ' ὀδυρόμεναι περὶ Μέμνονα, σὺν δ᾽ ἂρα τῆς
Πλημάδες μύροντο: περίαγε δ᾽ οὐρα μακρὰ
καὶ ρόος Λισήπτοιο: γόος δ᾽ ἀλληκτος ὀρόρει.
ἡ δ᾽ ἂρ᾽ ἐνι μέσσεσιν ἑν περὶ παιδὶ χυσθείσα
μακρὸν ἀνεστονάχχεσε πολύστονος 'Ἡρυγενεία:
"ώλεο μοι, φίλε τέκνοι, ἡ δ᾽ ἂρα μητέρι πένθος
ἀργαλέων περίθηκας: ἤγω δ᾽ οὐ σεῖο δαμέντος
τλήσομαι ἡθανάτους ἐπουρανίους φαίνειν,
ἀλλὰ καταχθονίων ἐσδύσομαι αἰνὰ βέρεθρα.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

With multitudinous moaning, veiled in mist
Unearthly. Trojans over all the plain
And Danaans marvelled, seeing that great host
Vanishing with their King. All hearts stood still
In dumb amazement. But the tireless winds
Sighing set hero Memnon's giant corpse
Down by the deep flow of Aesopus' stream,
Where is a fair grove of the bright-haired Nymphs,
The which round his long barrow afterward
Aesopus' daughters planted, screening it
With many and manifold trees: and long and loud
Wailed those Immortals, chanting his renown,
The son of the Dawn-goddess splendour-throned.

Now sank the sun: the Lady of the Morn
Wailing her dear child from the heavens came down.
Twelve maidens shining-tressed attended her,
The warders of the high paths of the sun
For ever circling, warders of the night
And dawn, and each world-ordinance framed of
Zeus,
Around whose mansion's everlasting doors
From east to west they dance, from west to east,
Whirling the wheels of harvest-laden years,
While rolls the endless round of winter's cold,
And flowery spring, and lovely summer-tide,
And heavy-clustered autumn. These came down
From heaven, for Memnon wailing wild and high;
And mourned with these the Pleiads. Echoed
round
Far-stretching mountains, and Aesopus' stream.
Ceaseless uprose the keen, and in their midst,
Fallen on her son and clasping, wailed the Dawn;
"Dead art thou, dear, dear child, and thou hast clad
Thy mother with a pall of grief. Oh, I,
Now thou art slain, will not endure to light
The Immortal Heavenly Ones! No, I will plunge
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ψυχή ὤποι σέο νόσφιν ἀποφθειμένοιο ποτάται,
[γαίαν ἀμαυρώσουσα καὶ οὐρανόν ἤδε θάλασσαν]
pántē ἐπικεκδυμένου χάεος καὶ ἀεικέος ὀρφής,
ἀφρα τι καὶ Κρονίδαο περὶ φρένας ἀλγος ἕκηται.
 PyObject 6
οὐ γὰρ ἀτιμοτέρη Νηρηίδος ἐκ Δίας αὐτοῦ
πάντ’ ἐπιδερκόμενη, πάντ’ ἐς τέλος ἄχρις ἀγοῦσα·
μαγιδίως γὰρ ἐμὸν φάος ὦ νῦν ὁπίσωτο Ζεὺς.
tοῦνεχ’ ὑπὸ ζόφου έἰμι. Θέτων δ’ ἐς ’Ολυμπόν
ἀγέσθω
εὗ ἄλος, ὁφρα θεόις καὶ ἀνθρώποις φαείνη·
αὐτάρ ἐμὸν στούντισσα μετ’ οὐρανὸν εὐαέν ὀρφή,
μὴ δὴ σείο φονή φάος περὶ σῶμα βάλοιμ.”

"Ὥς φαμένης μὲς δὰκρυ κατ’ ἀμβροσίου προ-
σώπου
ἀενώς ποταμῷ ἐναλιγκίον· ἄμφι δὲ νεκρῷ
deύτου γαῖα μέλαινα· συνάχυντο δ’ ἀμβροσίη Νύξ
παὶδὶ φίλη, καὶ πάντα κατέκρυφεν οὐρανὸς ἀστρα
ἀχλώι καὶ νεφέεσσι φέρων χάριν Ὑμηρενῆς.

Τρώες δ’ ἄστεος ἐνδόν ἔσαν περὶ Μέμνονι θυμὸν
ἀχυμένου· πόθεον γαρ ὀμῶς ἐτάροιος ἀνακτα.
οὔδὲ μὲν ’Αργεῖοι μέγ’ ἐγήθεον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἐν πεδίῳ κταμένοις παρ’ ἄνδραςὶν αὐλιν ἐχοῦτες
ἀμφω εὔμμελίνη μὲν ’Αχιλλέα κυδαίνεσκον,
’Αντίλοχον δ’ ἀρα κλαίον ἔχον δ’ ἀμα χάρισι
πένθος.

Παννυχίη δ’ ἀλεγεινὸν ἀνεστονάχιζε γοώσα
’Ηώς· ἄμφι δὲ οἱ κέχυτο ζόφος· οὔδὲ τι θυμῷ
ἀντολής ἀλεγιζε, μέγαν δ’ ἥχηρεν ’Ολυμπὸν.
ἄγχι δὲ οἱ μάλα πολλὰ ποδώκεις ἐστενον ὑπ’
γαίαιν ἐπιστείβοντες ἄθεα, καὶ βασιλείαν
ἀχυμένην ὑρόωντες, ἐελδόμενοι μέγα νόστου.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Down to the dread depths of the underworld,  
Where thy lone spirit flitteth to and fro,  
And will to blind night leave earth, sky, and sea,  
Till Chaos and formless darkness brood o'er all,  
That Cronos' Son may also learn what means  
Anguish of heart. For not less worship-worthy  
Than Nereus' Child, by Zeus's ordinance,  
Am I, who look on all things, I, who bring  
All to their consummation. Recklessly  
My light Zeus now despiseth! Therefore I  
Will pass into the darkness. Let him bring  
Up to Olympus Thetis from the sea  
To hold for him light forth to Gods and men!  
My sad soul loveth darkness more than day,  
Lest I pour light upon thy slayer's head."

Thus as she cried, the tears ran down her face  
Immortal, like a river brimming aye:  
Drenched was the dark earth round the corse. The  
Night
Grieved in her daughter's anguish, and the heaven  
Drew over all his stars a veil of mist  
And cloud, of love unto the Lady of Light.  
Meanwhile within their walls the Trojan folk  
For Memnon sorrowed sore, with vain regret  
Yearning for that lost king and all his host.  
Nor greatly joyed the Argives, where they lay  
Camped in the open plain amidst the dead.  
There, mingled with Achilles' praise, uprose  
Wails for Antilochus: joy clasped hands with grief.  

All night in groans and sighs most pitiful  
The Dawn-queen lay: a sea of darkness moaned  
Around her. Of the dayspring nought she recked:  
She loathed Olympus' spaces. At her side  
Fretted and whinnied still her fleetfoot steeds,  
Trampling the strange earth, gazing at their Queen  
Grief-stricken, yearning for the fiery course.
Ζεὺς δ’ ἀμοτον βρόντησε χολούμενος, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαῖα
κινήθη περὶ πᾶσα: τρόμος δ’ ἔλευ ἀμβροτον Ἰῳ.
Τὸν δ’ ἁρὰ καρπαλίμως μελανόχροες Ἀιδιοπῆς
θάψαν ὀδυρόμενοι: τοὺς δ’ Ἰηριγένεια βοῶπις
πόλλ’ ὀλοφυρομένους κρατεροῦ περὶ σήματε
παιδὸς
οἰωνοῦς ποίησε καὶ ἥρι δῶκε φέρεσθαι,
tοὺς καὶ νῦν καλέουσι βροτῶν ἀπερείσια φύλα
Μέμνουνα: ο’ ὅ’ ἐπὶ τύμβου ἔτι σφετέρου
βασιλῆς
ἐσσύμενοι γούσσι κόνιν καθύπερθε χέοντες
σήματος· ἀλλήλοις δὲ περικλονέουσι κυδοίμον
Μέμνουν ἢρα φέροντες· ὁ δ’ εἰν Ἄιδαο δόμοισι
ἡ̂ ποὺ εν μακάρεσσι κατ’ Ἰλυσίων τέδον αὐς
καγχαλάς· καὶ θυμὸν ἱαίνεται ἀμβροτος Ἰὼς
δερκομένη· τοίς δὲ πέλει πόνος ἄχρι καμόντες
εἰς ἑνα δρῶσωνται ἀνὰ κλώνον, ἢ καὶ ἀμφὼ
πότμον ἀναπλήσωσι πονεύμενοι ἀμφὶς ἀνακτα.
Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐνεσίγατο φαεσφόρου Ἰηριγενείς
οἰωνοὶ τελέουσι θοοί· τοῖς δ’ ἀμβροτος Ἰὼς
οὐρανὸν εἰσανόρουσεν ὁμῶς πολυαλδέσιν "Ομαις,
αἰ ρά μυν ὦκ ἐθέλουσαν ἀνήγαγον ἐς Διὸς οὐδὰς
παρθένους μύθοισι, ὅσοις βαρὺ πένθος ὑπεῖκει,
καίτερ ἐτ’ ἄχυμενήν. ἢ δ’ οὐ λάθεθ’ ὁδ ὁρμοιο.
δείδε γὰρ δῆ Ζηνὸς ἄθην ἀληκτον ἐνυτήν,
ἐξ οὐ πάντα πέλονται, ὦ δ’ ὠκεανοῖο ῥέθρα
ἐντὸς ἑχει καὶ γαῖα καὶ αἰθωμένων ἔδος ἄστρων.
τῆς ἁρὰ Πλημάδες πρότεραι ἱσαν· ἢ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
αἰθερίας ὦξε πῦλας, ἐκέδασε δ’ ἀρ’ αὐγήν.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Suddenly crashed the thunder of the wrath Of Zeus; rocked round her all the shuddering earth, And on immortal Eos trembling came.

Swiftly the dark-skinned Aethiops from her sight Buried their lord lamenting. As they wailed Unceasingly, the Dawn-queen lovely-eyed Changed them to birds sweeping through air around The barrow of the mighty dead. And these Still do the tribes of men "The Memnons" call; And still with wailing cries they dart and wheel Above their king's tomb, and they scatter dust Down on his grave, still shrill the battle-cry, In memory of Memnon, each to each. But he in Hades' mansions, or perchance Amid the Blessed on the Elysian Plain, Laugheth. Divine Dawn comforteth her heart Beholding them: but theirs is toil of strife Unending, till the weary victors strike The vanquished dead, or one and all fill up The measure of their doom around his grave.

So by command of Eos, Lady of Light, The swift birds dree their weird. But Dawn divine Now heavenward soared with the all-fostering Hours, Who drew her to Zeus' threshold, sorely loth, Yet conquered by their gentle pleadings, such As salve the bitterest grief of broken hearts. Nor the Dawn-queen forgat her daily course, But quailed before the unbending threat of Zeus, Of whom are all things, even all comprised Within the encircling sweep of Ocean's stream, Earth and the palace-dome of burning stars. Before her went her Pleiad-harbingers, Then she herself flung wide the ethereal gates, And, scattering spray of splendour, flashed there-through.

12
ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΡΙΤΟΣ

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ φῶς ἡλθεν ἐὐθρόνου Ἡρυγενείας, δὴ τὸτ ἃρ Ἁντιλόχοιο νέκυν ποτὶ νῆς ἔνεικαν αἰχμηταί Πύλιοι μεγάλα στενάχοντες ἀνακτα καὶ μιν ταρχύσαντο παρ ἰόσιν Ἐλλησπόντου πολλὰ μᾶλʾ ἄχυμενοι· περὶ δ έστενον ὃβριμοι υἱὲς Ἀργείων· πάντας γὰρ ἀμείλιχον ἀμφεχὲς πένθος Νέστορι ἦρα φέροντας· ὃ δ οὐ μέγα δάμνατο θυμῷ· ἀνδρὸς γὰρ πινυτοῖο περὶ φρεσκὶ τιλήμεναι ἄλγος θαρσαλέως καὶ μὴ τι κατηψίωντ᾽ ἀκάχησθαι. Πηλείδης δ ἐτάρων χολούμενος Ἀντιλόχοιο σμερδυνὼν ἐπὶ Τρόωσσι κορύσσετο· τοι δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ καὶ περ ὑποτρομέοντες ἐμμελήν Ἀχιλῆα τείχεος ἐξεχέοντο μεμαότες, οὐνεκ ἁρα σφι Κῆρες ἐνι στέρνος θράσος βάλον· ἢ γὰρ ἐμελλὼν πολλὸν ἄνοστήτοιο κατελθέμεν Ἀἰδονῆς χερσὶν ὑπ᾽ Αἰακίδαο δαίφρονος, ὅς ὅτα καὶ αὐτὸς φθείσθαι ὁμῶς ἡμέλλε παρὰ Πρώμοιο πόλην. αἴσα δ ἃρ ἀμφιτέρωθε συνήλθον εἰς ἔνα χῶρον Τρώων ἔθνεα πολλὰ μενεπτολέμοι τ᾽ Ἀργείων μαμιώντ᾽ ἐς Ἄρη διεγρομένου πολέμοιο. Πηλείδης δ ἐν τοῖς πολὺν περιδάμαινοι λαδον δυσμενέων· πάντη δ ἐφερέβιος αἶματι γαία

116
BOOK III

How by the shaft of a God laid low was Hero
Achilles

When shone the light of Dawn the splendour-throned,
Then to the ships the Pylian spearmen bore
Antilochus' corpse, sore sighing for their prince,
And by the Hellespont they buried him
With aching hearts. Around him groaning stood
The battle-eager sons of Argives, all,
Of love for Nestor, shrouded o'er with grief.
But that grey hero's heart was nowise crushed
By sorrow; for the wise man's soul endures
Bravely, and cowers not under affliction's stroke.
But Peleus' son, wroth for Antilochus
His dear friend, armed for vengeance terrible
Upon the Trojans. Yea, and these withal,
Despite their dread of mighty Achilles' spear,
Poured battle-eager forth their gates, for now
The Fates with courage filled their breasts, of whom
Many were doomed to Hades to descend,
Whence there is no return, thrust down by hands
Of Aeacus' son, who also was foredoomed
To perish that same day by Priam's wall.
Swift met the fronts of conflict: all the tribes
Of Troy's host, and the battle-biding Greeks,
Afire with that new-kindled fury of war.
Then through the foe the son of Peleus made
Wide havoc: all around the earth was drenched
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

deveto, nay nekovesi peristeinontem reedra
Eanthou kai Simoeus: o d' epepomevos keraiize
mexris eti poliedron, etei phobos amfexhe laous.

kai nyn ke pantas olesse, pulas d' eis oudais
ereise

thamorou exerusas, kai svneaxen ohn

ouhimos ephimeretheis. Daroisi de teike kelven

ou eis Priymou polha, dieprade d' olbion astu,

eis mid ois mega Phoibos amhell ei chosato thumoi,

ex ouden aposteta fula daiptamewn horwos.

aiga d' apt Olymptouo kathilude thari eous

iodokhyn ebousin ehan kai anathese isous

esth d' Aiaxidai katanthor amphi d' apt auti
gmootos kai tiga mido ither ek de iousw

累 amooton mirmare tasin d' eptekontu giaia

omerdalous d' eis se megas theoi. ofo. Achile

texhe ap' tolemono theon sta taisteonta

deisti, kai Trois apto theato safas

'theus. Pi. de. Troiws ekis. oei gar eouk

ou' o' esti distemestei kakas esti kiras iallien,

mii se kai exapatwris tias apt Olymptouo xalepse.'

'Ohi estis o' d' o' esti theo tresev ambroton

aptia'

hina gar ois Kirhes enaluchos awkteristis-
toskei oii tis alethei kai meiga, o' laget istori:

'Phaidi, tei y de theiai ois epemeuetae

pethen Troianon isteupalismoi antrup:

hina gar kai tisate kai istor-istor ois alethei

istori. tisate troiws isteupalismoi lapeus

Euthma, tei apera. Kirhes ena tisate ephesonta.'
With gore, and choked with corpses were the streams
Of Simois and Xanthus. Still he chased,
Still slaughtered, even to the city's walls;
For panic fell on all the host. And now
All had he slain, had dashed the gates to earth,
Rending them from their hinges, or the bolts,
Hurling himself against them, had he snapped,
And for the Danaans into Priam's burg
Had made a way, had utterly destroyed
That goodly town—but now was Phoebus wroth
Against him with grim fury, when he saw
Those countless troops of heroes slain of him.
Down from Olympus with a lion-leap
He came: his quiver on his shoulders lay,
And shafts that deal the wounds incurable.
Facing Achilles stood he; round him clashed
Quiver and arrows; blazed with quenchless flame
His eyes, and shook the earth beneath his feet.
Then with a terrible shout the great God cried,
So to turn back from war Achilles awed
By the voice divine, and save from death the Trojans:
"Back from the Trojans, Peleus' son! Beseems not
That longer thou deal death unto thy foes,
Lest an Olympian God abase thy pride."
But nothing quailed the hero at the voice
Immortal, for that round him even now
Hovered the unrelenting Fates. He recked
Naught of the God, and shouted his defiance.
"Phoebus, why dost thou in mine own despite
Stir me to fight with Gods, and wouldst protect
The arrogant Trojans? Heretofore hast thou
By thy beguiling turned me from the fray,
When from destruction thou at the first didst save
Hector, whereat the Trojans all through Troy
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀλλ’ ἀναχάζει τῇς καὶ ἐς μακάρων ἔδος ἀλλαχὸν ἔρχεο, μή σε βάλομι καὶ ἥθων τὸν περ ἐόντα.”

"Ως εἰπὼν ἀπάτερθε θεὸν λίπε, βη δ’ ἐπὶ Τρώας,
oτ’ ἐπὶ τοῦ φεύγησκον αἰὲ προπάροιθε πόλησος,
καὶ τοὺς μὲν σεύσκεν: ὅ’ δ’ ἀσχαλῶν ἐνὶ θυμῷ
Φοῖβος ἔδω κατὰ θυμὸν ἐπος ποτὶ τοιὸν ἐξεπεν’
"ὡς τόποι, ὡς ὃς ὃ γε μαίνετ’ ἀνὰ φρένας: ἀλλὰ οἱ
οὖτι
οὐδ’ αὕτως Κρονίδης ἐτ’ ἀλέξεται1 οὔτε τις ἄλλος
οὐτῳ μαργαίνοντι καὶ ἀντιόωντι2 θεοῦσιν."

"Ως ἄρ’ ἔφη, καὶ ἀιστός ὁ μοῦ νεφεέσσων ἐτύχθη.
ηὲρα δ’ ἐς σάμενος στυγαρὸν προέκει βέλεμμον,
καὶ ἐ θωὸς οὔτης κατὰ σφυρὸν: αἵμα δ’ ἀνίαι
dύσαν ὑπὸ κράδην. ὁ δ’ ἀνεφάπτετ’ ἦτε πύργος,
ὅν τε βίο τυφώνος ὑποχθοῦνε στροφάλγυρον
ρήξῃ ὑπὲρ δαπέδου κραδαυνομένης βαθὺ γαίης
δ’ ἀκλίθη δέμας ἡ γα κατ’ οὕδεος Αἰακίδαο.
ἀμφὶ δὲ παππήνας ὅλον καὶ
* * *
* * * * * ἔπος ἀκράντον ὀμόκλα.
"τις νῦ μοι αἰνὸν ὑστὸν ἑπιπροέθη κρυφῆδον;
τλήτω μεν κατέναντα καὶ ἐις ἀναφανδόν ἰκέσθαι,
ὁφρα κε’ οἱ μελαν αίμα καὶ ἐγκατα πάντα χυθεὶς
ἡμετέρῳ περὶ δοῦρι καὶ Ἄιδα λυγρὸν ἱκηται;
οἶδα γὰρ ὡς οὕτως με δυνήσεται ἐγγύθεν ἐλθῶν
ἐγχείῃ δαμάσσαται ἐπιχονίων ἀρὸν,
οὐδ’ εἶπερ στέρνοισι μᾶλ’ ἀτρομον ἦτορ ἔχομεν,
ἀτρομον ἦτορ ἔχος λίην καὶ χάλκεως εἰς
κρύβδα δ’ ἀνάλκιδες αἰὲν ἀγαυότερος λοχώσι.
τῷ μεν ὑμῖ πατέναντα, καὶ εἰ θεὸς εὐχεται εἶναι
χωμένος Δαναόις, ἐπεὶ ἡ νῦ μοι ἦτορ ἔσπευν
ἐμεναι Ἀπόλλωνα λυγρῆ κεκαλυμμένον ὀρφήν.

1 Zimmermann, for ἀνέξεται of v.
2 Zimmermann, for ἀντιόωντα.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Exulted. Nay, thou get thee back: return
Unto the mansion of the Blessed, lest
I smite thee—ay, immortal though thou be!"

Then on the God he turned his back, and sped
After the Trojans fleeing cityward,
And harried still their flight; but wroth at heart
Thus Phoebus spake to his indignant soul:
"Out on this man! he is sense-bereft! But now
Not Zeus himself nor any other Power
Shall save this madman who defies the Gods!"

From mortal sight he vanished into cloud,
And cloaked with mist a baleful shaft he shot
Which leapt to Achilles' ankle: sudden pangs
With mortal sickness made his whole heart faint.
He reeled, and like a tower he fell, that falls
Smit by a whirlwind when an earthquake cleaves
A chasm for rushing blasts from underground;
So fell the goodly form of Aeacus' son.
He glared, a murderous glance, to right, to left,
[Upon the Trojans, and a terrible threat]
Shouted, a threat that could not be fulfilled:
"Who shot at me a stealthy-smiting shaft?
Let him but dare to meet me face to face!
So shall his blood and all his bowels gush out
About my spear, and he be hellward sped!
I know that none can meet me man to man
And quell in fight—of earth-born heroes none,
Though such an one should bear within his breast
A heart unquailing, and have thews of brass.
But dastards still in stealthy ambush lurk
For lives of heroes. Let him face me then!—
Ay! though he be a God whose anger burns
Against the Danaans! Yea, mine heart forebodes
That this my smiter was Apollo, cloaked
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δώς γάρ μοι τὸ πάροιδε φίλη διεπέφρας δημήτρι
κείνου ὑπάλ βελέσσω σιν ὅιξυρός ἀπολέσθαι
Σκαῖρής ἁμφὶ πύλης· τὸ δ' οὖκ ἰνεμώλοιν ἤεν·"  
"Ἡ καὶ λυγρὸν ὄστον ἀμειλέκτουσι σχέρεσιν
ἐλκεος ἐξείρυσσεν ἀναλθεος· ἐκ δὲ οἱ αἴμα
ἐσσυντο τευρομένοιο· πότμος δὲ οἱ ἡτορ ἑδάμαν.
ἀσχαλών δ' ἐρρυψε βέλος· τὸ δ' ἀρ' αἴψα
κιοὺσαι

πνοιαὶ ἀνρείχαντο, δόσαν δὲ μιν 'Ἀπόλλωνι
ἐς Δίως οἴχομενφ ζάθεου πέδου· οὐ γὰρ ἐώκει
ἀμβροτον ἰδον ὠλέσθαι ἀπ' ἀθανάτου μολόντα.

δεξάμενος δ' ὅ γε κραίπνως ἀφίκετο μακρὸν

'Ολυμπον

ἀλλων ἀθάνατων ὡς ὀμήγυριν, ἧχι μάλιστα
πανσύδη ἀγέροντο μάχην ἐσορόμενοι ἀνδρῶν·
οἱ μὲν γὰρ Τρώεσσι μενοίνεον εύχος ὅρεξαι
οἱ δ' αὐτ' Ἀργείοις, διὰ δ' ἄνδιχα μητιώντες
δέρκοντο κτείνοντας ἀνὰ μόθον ὀλλυμένουσ τε.

Τὸν δ' ὅποτ' εἰσενόησε Δίως πινυτῇ παράκοιτις,

αὐτίκα μιν νείκεσθεν ἄνιπροις ἐπέεσσιν·

"Φοῖβε, τί ή τόδ' ἐρεξας ἀτάσθαλον ἦματι τόδε,
λησάμενος κείνου, τὸν ἀθάνατον γάμον αὐτοῦ
ἀντιθέω Πηλῆι συνήρσαμεν; εὖ δὲ σὺ μέσσοις

δαιμονείνοις θείδες, ὅπως Θέτιν ἅργυροπέζαν
Πηλεύς ἤγετ' ἀκοίτιν ἄλος μέγα λαῖτιμα λε-

πούσαν,

καὶ σεῦ ὕφροις ἐπήμεν ἄθροα φῶλα,
θηρές τ' οίνων τε βαθυσκόπελοι τε κολώναι
καὶ πτωμαὶ καὶ πᾶσα βαθύσκος ὤμεν ὕλῃ.

ἀλλὰ τὰ γ' ἐξελάθουν, καὶ ἀμεῖληκον ἐρθυν ἐρεξας
κτείνας ἄνερα δίον, ὄν ἀθανάτοισι σὺν ἄλλοις

νέκταρ ἀποσπένδων ἦρησαο παιδα γενέσθαι.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

In deadly darkness. So in days gone by –
My mother told me how that by his shafts
I was to die before the Scaean Gates
A piteous death. Her words were not vain words.”

Then with unflinching hands from out the wound
Incurable he drew the deadly shaft
In agonized pain. Forth gushed the blood; his heart
Waxed faint beneath the shadow of coming doom.
Then in indignant wrath he hurled from him
The arrow: a sudden gust of wind swept by,
And caught it up, and, even as he trod
Zeus’ threshold, to Apollo gave it back; –
For it beseemed not that a shaft divine,
Sped forth by an Immortal, should be lost.
He unto high Olympus swiftly came,
To the great gathering of immortal Gods,
Where all assembled watched the war of men,
These longing for the Trojans’ triumph, those
For Danaan victory; so with diverse wills
Watched they the strife, the slayers and the slain.

Him did the Bride of Zeus behold, and straight
Upbraided with exceeding bitter words:
“What deed of outrage, Phoebus, hast thou done
This day, forgetful of that day whereon
To godlike Peleus’ spousals gathered all
The Immortals? Yea, amidst the feasters thou
Sangest how Thetis silver-footed left
The sea’s abysses to be Peleus’ bride;
And as thou harpedst all earth’s children came –
To hearken, beasts and birds, high craggy hills,
Rivers, and all deep-shadowed forests came.
All this hast thou forgotten, and hast wrought
A ruthless deed, hast slain a godlike man,
Albeit thou with other Gods didst pour
The nectar, praying that he might be the son
By Thetis given to Peleus. But that prayer
QUINTUS Smyrnaeus

ἐκ Θέτιδος Πηλῆς· τεῖς δ’ ἐπελήσαο ἁρῆς ἤρα φέρων λαοῖσι κραταιοῦ Δαμέδουτος, ὃ πάρα βουκολέεσκεσ· ὃ δ’ ἀθάνατον περ ἐόντα θυντὸς ἐών ἀκάχιζε· σύ δ’ ἀφρονέων ἐν ἑλθ γυμφή ἤρα φέρεις Τρώεσσι κελασμένος ὅσο’ ἐμόγησας. σκέτλιος, οὔ τι οἶδας ἐνι φρεσὶ λευγαλέσσειν, οὔθ’ ὅτις ἀργαλεός καὶ ἐπάξιος ἀλγεα πάσχειν, οὔθ’ ὅτις ἀθάνατοις τετιμένοις· ἡ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς ἦπιος ἀμμὶ τέτυκτο καὶ ἐξ ἡμέων γένος ἦν· ἀλλ’ οὐ μόνον Τρώεσσιν ἑλαφρότερον πόνου οὐθ’ ἐσσεσθ’ Ἀιακίδαο δεδουπότος, οὔνεκ’ ἀρ’ αὐτοῦ νῦν ἀπὸ Σκύροιο θοῦς ἐς ἀπηνέα δήριν Ἀργείοις ἐπαρωγὸς ἔλεύσεται εἰκέλος ἀλκήν πατρὶ ἐφ’ πολέσων δὲ κακόν δηίουι πελάσσει. ἡ νυ σοὶ οὐ Τρώων ἐπιμέμβλεται, ἀλλ’ Ἀχιλή ἀμφ’ ἀρετῆς ἐμέγηρας, ἐπεὶ πέλε φέρτατος ἀν-δρῶν;

νήπιο, πῶς ἔτι σοῦσιν ἐν ὁμμασι Νηρήνην ὤψει ἐν ἀθανάτοισι Διὸς ποτὶ δώματ’ Ἰοῦσαν, ἥ σε πάρος κύδαινε καὶ ὥς φίλον ἐδρακεν νία;”

"Η μέγα νεικείουσα πολυσθενέος Διὸς νία "Ηρη ἀκηχεμένη· δ’ ἀρ’ οὐκ ἀπαμείβετο μῦθον· ἄξετο γὰρ παράκοιντον ἐνὶ πατρὸς ἀκαμάτοιο· οὐδὲ οἱ ὁφθαλμοῖσι καταντίον εἰσοράσθαι ἐσθενεν, ἀλλ’ ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἀλληκτὸν ἐόντων ἡστο κατωπιῶν· ἀμοτον δὲ οἱ ἐσκύξατο ἀθάνατοι κατ’ Ὀλυμπὸν ὅσοι Δαναοίσων ἁμυνοῦν· ὅσοι δ’ αὐ̂̄ Τρώεσσι μενοῖσεν εὐχος δρέξαι, κείνῳ μν κύδαινον εἰνὶ φρεσὶ καγχαλὸντες κρύβδ’ "Ηρης· πάντες γὰρ ἐναντίον Ὀὐρανίων ἄζοντ’ ἀσχαλώσαν. ὁ δ’ οὐποι λήθετο θυμῷ Πηλείδης· ἔτι γὰρ οἱ ἀμαμακέτους εἰνὶ γνώσις ἐξεν αἰμα κελαυνὸν ἐεδομένου μάχεσθαι."
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

thou forgotten, favouring the folk
annous Laomedon, whose kine
reptest. He, a mortal, did despite
, the deathless! O, thou art wit-bereft!
ourest Troy, thy sufferings all forgot.
etch, and doth thy false heart know not

is an offence, and meriteth
and who is honoured of the Gods?
smiles showed us reverence—yea,
so of our race. Ha, but the punishment
Of Troy, I ween, shall not be lighter, though
Aeacus' son have fallen; for his son
Right soon shall come from Scyros to the war
To help the Argive men, no less in might
Than was his sire, a bane to many a foe.
But thou—thou for the Trojans dost not care,
But for his valour enviedst Peleus' son,
Seeing he was the mightest of all men.
Thou fool! how wilt thou meet the Nereid's eyes,
When she shall stand in Zeus' hall midst the Gods,
Who praised thee once, and loved as her own son?"

So Hera spake, in bitterness of soul
Upbraiding, but he answered her not a word,
Of reverence for his mighty Father's bride;
Nor could he lift his eyes to meet her eyes,
But sat abashed, aloof from all the Gods
Eternal, while in unforgiving wrath
Scowled on him all the Immortals who maintained
The Danaans' cause; but such as fain would bring
Triumph to Troy, these with exultant hearts
Extolled him, hiding it from Hera's eyes,
Before whose wrath all Heaven-abiders shrank.

But Peleus' son the while forgat not yet —
War's fury: still in his invincible limbs
The hot blood throbbed, and still he longed for fight.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὐδ’ ἀρα οἱ Τρώων τις ἐτόλμα ἐγγὺς ἴκέσθαι βλημένου, ἀλλ’ ἀπάνευθεν ἀφέστασαν, εὔτε λέοντος ἀγρόται ἐν ξυλόχοισι τεθητότες, ὥν τε βάλησι θηρητήρ, ὦ δ’ ἂρ’ οὗτι πεπαρμένος ἦτορ ἀκοντι λῆθεται ἰνορέης, ἀλλὰ στρέφετ άγιρον ὃμμα σμερδαλέον βλοσυρῆσιν ὑπάι γενύεσσι βεβρυχώς. ὥς ἂρα Πηλείδαο χόλος καὶ λοίγον ἔλκος θυμὸν ἀδὴν ὀρόθυνε. θεοῦ δὲ μιν ἰδοὶ ἐδάμαν. ἀλλὰ καὶ ὃς ἁνόρουσε καὶ ἐνθορε δυσμενεῖσσε τάλλων ὀβριμον ἐγχως. ἔλευ δ’ ὮΡυθάωνα δίοιν, ’Εκτορος ἐσθλὸν ἐταίρου, ἢσω 1 κροτάφῳ τυχήσας:

οὐ γὰρ οἱ κόρους ἐσχε μακρὸν δόρυ, μαίμωντος 2 ἀλλὰ δ’ αὐτής αἵάμα καὶ ὁστέου ἐνδὸν ἵκαιν ἰνας ἐς ἐγκεφάλω, κέδασσε 3 δὲ οἱ θαλερὸν κήρ. Ἰππόνοον δ’ ἐδάμασσε κατ’ ὀφρύος ἐγχως ἐρέισσας ἐς θέμεθ’ ὀφθαλμοῖο. χαμαὶ δὲ οἱ ἐκτέσε γλύνη ἐκ βλεφάρων. ψυγὴ δὲ κατ’ ’Αἴδος ἐξηπτήθη. Ἀλκαθόου δ’ ἂρ’ ἐπείτα διὰ γραθμοῦ περήσας γλώσσαν ὅλην ἀνέκερσεν. ὦ δ’ ἐς πέδου ἤρπεν γαῖς ἐκπυείων, αἰχμή δὲ δ’ οὕατος ἐξεφαϊμθη.

καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέπεφυ καταντίον άιστοντας δίος ἀνὴρ πολλῶν δὲ καὶ ἀλλῶν θυμὸν ἐλύσῃ φευγόντων. ἐτί γὰρ οἱ ἐνι φρεσίν ἐξευν αἶμα. ’Αλλ’ οἷς οἱ ψύχοντο μέλη καὶ απήκε θυμός, ἐστὶν ἐρεισάμενος μελὴ ἐπὶ. τὸ δ’ ἐπέτοντο πανσυδῆ τρομέουστα, ὃ δ’ σφιζε τοῖον ὀμόκλα. 126

1 Zimmermann, for ἀνὰ of MSS.
2 Ludwich, for καὶ μεμαέτως of v.
3 Zimmermann, for κέας of MSS.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Was none of all the Trojans dared draw nigh
The stricken hero, but at distance stood,
As round a wounded lion hunters stand
Mid forest-brakes afraid, and, though the shaft
Stands in his heart, yet faileth not in him
His royal courage, but with terrible glare
Roll his fierce eyes, and roar his grimly jaws;
So wrath and anguish of his deadly hurt
To fury stung Peleides' soul; but aye
His strength ebbed through the god-envenomed wound.
Yet leapt he up, and rushed upon the foe,
And flashed the lightning of his lance; it slew
The godly Orythaon, comrade stout
Of Hector, through his temples crashing clear:
His helm stayed not the long lance fury-sped
Which leapt therethrough, and won within the bones
The heart of the brain, and spilt his lusty life.
Then stabbed he 'neath the brow Hipponous
Even to the eye-roots, that the eyeball fell
To earth: his soul to Hades flied forth.
Then through the jaw he pierced Alcathous,
And shore away his tongue: in dust he fell
Gasping his life out, and the spear-head shot
Out through his ear. These, as they rushed on him,
That hero slew; but many a fleer's life
He spilt, for in his heart still leapt the blood.

But when his limbs grew chill, and ebbed away
His spirit, leaning on his spear he stood,
While still the Trojans fled in huddled rout
Of panic, and he shouted unto them:
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

"ἀ δειλοὶ Τρώες καὶ Δάρδανοι, οὐδὲ θανόντος ἐγχος ἔμοι φεῦξεσθε ἀμείλιχον, ἀλλὰ ἀμα πάντες τίσετ' ἀρ' αἰνῶν ὀλεθρον 'Ερυννύσιν ἡμετέρησιν."

"Ὤς φάτο θ' αἴτοντες ὑπέτρεσαν, εὗτ' ἐν ὑδρεσι

φθόγγου ἐριβρύχου νεβροὶ τρομέωσι λέοντος
deίλαιοι μέγα θῆρα πετυξότες· ὃς ἄρα λαοὶ
Τρώων ἰπποπόλων ἡδ' ἀλλοδαπῶν ἐπικούρων
ὑστατήν Ἀχιλής ὑποτρομέσσικον ὀμοκλή,
ἐλπόμενοι μιν ἐτ' ἐμεν ἀνούταιν. ὃς δ' ὑπὸ

πότμω

θυμὸν τολμήντα καὶ ὅβριμα γυία βαρυνθεῖς
ὁρισεν ἄμφι νέκυςσιν ἄλγκιος οὐρεὶς μακρῷ

γαία δ' ὑπεπλατύγησε, καὶ ἄσπετον ἐβραχεῖ τεῦχη
Πηλέιδαο πεσόντως ἀμύμονος. οἱ δ' ἔτι θυμῷ

δήμοι εὐσοροῦντες ἀπειρέσιον τρομάσσον

ὡς δ' ὅτε θῆρα δαφοῦν ὑπ' αἰξησοῖ δαμέντα
μῆλα περιτρομέουσι παρὰ σταθμὸν ἀθρήσαντα

βλῆμενοι, οὐδ' ὁ αγχὸς παρελθείεται μεμάσσων,

ἀλλὰ μιν ὃς κροῦντα νέκυν περιπεφρίκασιν·

ὡς Τρώες φοβεόντο καὶ οὐκέτι ἐστὶ Ἄχιλῆς.

'Αλλὰ καὶ ὃς ἑπέεσσι Πάρις μέγα θαρσύνεσκε

λαοῦν, ἐπεὶ φρεσὼν ἤσων ἐγύθεν· ἢ γὰρ ἐώλπῃ

'Ἀργείους παύσασθαι ἄμαιμακέτου κυδοίμοι

Πηλείδαο πεσόντως· ὃ γὰρ Δαναοῖς πέλεν ἀλκῆ.

"ὁ φίλοι, εἰ ἐτεόν μοι ἀφῇςε εὐμενέοντες,

σήμερον ἥθανομεν ὑπ' Ἀργείοισι δαμέντες,

ἥ σαυθέντες ποτὶ Ἰλιον εἰρύσσωμεν

ἵπποις Ἐκτόρεισι δεδουντότα Πηλείωνα,

οἱ μ' ἐς δησιτήτα κασιγνήτου θανόντος

ἀχινόμενοι φορέουσιν ἐν ποθέοντες ἀνακτα·

τοῖς εἰ πως εἰρύσαμεν Ἀχιλλέα δηωθέντα,

ἵπποις μὲν μέγα κύδους ὀρέξομεν ἢδε καὶ αὐτῷ

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

"Trojan and Dardan cravens, ye shall not
Even in my death, escape my merciless spear,
But unto mine Avenging Spirits ye
Shall pay—ay, one and all—destruction's debt!"

He spake; they heard and quailed: as mid the hills
Fawns tremble at a lion's deep-mouthed roar,
And terror-stricken flee the monster, so
The ranks of Trojan chariot-lords, the lines
Of battle helpers drawn from alien lands,
Quailed at the last shout of Achilles, deemed
That he was woundless yet. But 'neath the weight
Of doom his aweless heart, his mighty limbs,
At last were overborne. Down midst the dead
He fell, as falls a beetling mountain-cliff.
Earth rang beneath him: clanged with a thunder-crash

His arms, as Peleus' son the princely fell.
And still his foes with most exceeding dread
Stared at him, even as, when some murderous beast
Lies slain by shepherds, tremble still the sheep
Eyeing him, as beside the fold he lies,
And shrinking, as they pass him, far aloof.
And, even as he were living, fear him dead;
So feared they him, Achilles now no more.

Yet Paris strove to kindle those faint hearts;
For his own heart exulted, and he hoped,
Now Peleus' son, the Danaans' strength, had fallen,
Wholly to quench the Argive battle-fire:
"Friends, if ye help me truly and loyally,
Let us this day die, slain by Argive men,
Or live, and hale to Troy with Hector's steeds
In triumph Peleus' son thus fallen dead,
The steeds that, grieving, yearning for their lord
To fight have borne me since my brother died.
Might we with these but hale Achilles slain,
Glory were this for Hector's horses, yea,
"Εκτορί, εἰ γέ τίς ἔστι κατ᾽ Ἀίδος ἀνθρώποις ἢ νόσος ἢ θέματες: ὁ γὰρ κακὰ μῆσατο Τρώας καὶ μιν Τρωιάδες μεγάλα φρεσὶ καγχαλώσαι ἀμφιπεριστήσονται ἀνὰ πτόλεμ, ἥτις λυγραὶ πορδάλες τεκέων κεχολωμέναι ἢ λέαιαν ἀνδρὶ πολυκμῆτρῳ μογερῆς ἐπιστορὶ θήρης. ὃς Τρώας περὶ νεκρῶν ἀποκταμὲνον Ἀχιλῆς ἀθράι ἀίδουσιν ἀπειρέσιον κοτέουσαι, ἀι μὲν ὑπὲρ τοκέων κεχολωμέναι, ἀι δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν, ἀι δ’ ἄρ’ ὑπὲρ παίδων, ἀι δὲ γυνωτῶν ἐρυτίμων. γηθῆσε ἁμέλιστα πατὴρ ἔμοι ἢδὲ γέρουντες, ἐςσοὺς οὐκ ἐθέλουντας ἐν ἀστεὶ γῆρας ἔρυκει, τότε ἥμεις εἴπερ τε ποτὶ πτόλειν εἰρύσαντες θήσομεν οἰνονοσιν ἀερσιπέτης εἰδοθήν."

"Ὡς φάτο· τολ δὲ νέκυν κρατερόφρονος Αἰακίδασ ἀμφεβαίν ἐσσυμένως, οἳ μιν φοβέοντο πάροιθεν, Γλαύκος τ’ Αἰνείας τε καὶ ὀβριμοθύμος 'Αγήνωρ ἄλλοι τ’ οὐλομένοι δαιμόνες ὦχυμοι, εἰρύσαται μεμαώτες ἐς 'Ιλίου ἱερὸν ἀστυ. ἀλλὰ οἱ οὐκ ἀμέλησε θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιος Αἰας, ἀλλὰ θω̑σι περὶ βήτη τάντας δ’ ὑπὸ δοῦρατι μακρὸ ὠθεὶ ἀπὸ νέκυος. τολ δ’ οὐκ ἀπέληγων ὠμοκλήσ, ἀλλὰ οἱ ἀμφεμάχοντο περιστάδον ἀιῆσοντες αἰεν ἐπασσύτεροι, ταυυχειλέες εὑετε μέλισσαι, αἱ ρὰ θ’ ἐον περὶ σύμβλον ἀπειρέσιαι ποτέωνται ἀνδρ’ ἀπαμνύμεναι, ὃ δ’ ἄρ’ οὐκ ἀλέγων ἐπιώσαις κηρεύς ἑκτάμυσι μελέχρος, αἱ δ’ ἀκάχονται καπνοῦ ὑπὸ ῥ’-τῆς ἢδ’ ἄνερος, ἀλλ’ ἄρα καὶ ὁς ἀντίκει ἀίδουσιν, ὃ δ’ οὐκ ὀθεῖ τ’ οὐδ’ ἄρα βαίον·
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

For Hector—if in Hades men have sense
Of righteous retribution. This man aye
Devised but mischief for the sons of Troy;
And now Troy's daughters with exultant hearts
From all the city streets shall gather round,
As pantheresses wroth for stolen cubs,
Or lionesses, might stand around a man
Whose craft in hunting vexed them while he lived.
So round Achilles—a dead corpse at last!—
In hurrying throngs Troy's daughters then shall come
In unforgiving, unforgotten hate,
For parents wroth, for husbands slain, for sons,
For noble kinsmen. Most of all shall joy
My father, and the ancient men, whose feet
Unwillingly are chained within the walls
By eld, if we shall hale him through our gates,
And give our foe to fowls of the air for meat."

Then they, which feared him theretofore, in haste
Closed round the corpse of strong-heart Aeacus' son,
Glaucus, Aeneas, battle-fain Agenor,
And other cunning men in deadly fight,
Eager to hale him thence to Ilium
The god-built burg. But Aias failed him not.
Swiftly that godlike man bestrode the dead:
Back from the corpse his long lance thrust them all.
Yet ceased they not from onslaught; thronging round,
Still with swift rushes fought they for the prize,
One following other, like to long-lipped bees
Which hover round their hive in swarms on swarms
To drive a man thence; but he, recking naught
Of all their fury, carveth out the combs
Of nectarous honey: harassed sore are they
By smoke-reek and the robber; spite of all
Ever they dart against him; naught cares he;
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

δος Αίας τῶν οὕτι μάλ' ἐσυμένων ἀλέγιζεν,
ἀλλ' ἀρα πρῶτον ἐνήραθ' ὑπὲρ μαζοίον τυχήσας
Μαιονίδην Ἀγέλαον, ἑπείτα δὲ Θέστορα δίοιν.
εἰλε δ' ἄρ' Ὀκύθοον καὶ Ἀγέστρατον, ἢδ' Ἀγά-

υππον

Ζωρὸν τε Νίσσον τε περικλειτὼν τ' Ἐρύμαντα,
ὡς Δυκίσθεν ἰκανευ ὑπὸ μεγαλήτορι Γλαύκω,
ναὶς δ' ο' ἵ αὐτειν δυνάμενον Ἐλευθερίῳ Ἰρόν Ἀθηνης
ἐνταῖ Μασσικύτοιο Χελιδονίῃς σχεδὸν ἀκρής,
τὴν μέγ' ὑποτρομέουσι τεθητότεσ εἰν ἀλλ' ναύταις,
εὔτε περιγράμπτωσι μάλα στυφελάς περὶ πέτρας.
τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀποφθεγμένου κλυτὸς πάις Ἰππολόχοιο
παγνώθη κατὰ θυμῶν, ἑπεῖ ρά οἱ ἔσκεν ἐστίρος
cαὶ ρά θοῦς Αἰαντα κατ' ἀσπίδα πουλυβόειςν
οὐτασεν, ἀλλά οἱ οὕτι δηλασεν ἐς χρόα καλόν:

μιν γάρ μιν ἔρνυτο βοῶν καὶ ὑπ' ἀσπίδα θώρηξ,
ος ρά οἱ ἀκαμάτοις περὶ μελέσσιαν ἀρήρει.
Γλαύκος δ' οὐκ ἀπεληγεν ἀρταρτηροῖο κυνοιμοῦ
Αἰακίδην Αἰαντα δαμαστέμεναι μενεαίων,
καὶ οἱ ἐπενχόμενος μέγ' ἀπεῖλεν ἄφροι θυμῷ.

"Αἰαν, ἑπεὶ νῦ σε φασι μέγ' ἐξοχον ἐμμεναι

ἀλλοιν

Ἀργείων, σοὶ δ' αἰεὶ ἑπιφρονεῦσι μάλπατα ἀσπετον, ὡς Ἀχιλῆι δακαρθον, τῷ σε θανῶτι
οἴω συνθανεέσθαι ἐπ' ἡματι τρόδε καὶ αὐτῶν."

"Ὡς ἔφατ' ἀκράαμτον ἰείς ἑπος· σοῦ δ' θηδῆ,
ὁςον ἀμείνων ἄνδρος ἐναντίον ἐγχῶ ἐνώμα.
τὸν δ' ὑποδερκόμενον προσέφη μενεθίος Αἰας·
:"ἀ δεῖλ', οὐ νῦ τι οἶδας, ὅσον σεο φήρτερος

"Εκτωρ

ἐπλετ' ἐνι πτολέμοισι; μένος δ' ἀλεεως καὶ ἐγχῶ

ἡμέτερον πινυτ' γάρ ὁμός ἐχε κάρτει θυμόν.

σοι δ' ἤτοι νόος ἑστὶ ποτε ζῷον, ὅσ ῥά μοι ἐτλης
ἐς μόθου ἐλθέμεναι μέγ' ἀμείνοι περ' γεγαώτων."
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

So naught of all their onsets Aias recked; 
But first he stabbed Agelaus in the breast, 
And slew that son of Maion: Thestor next: 
Ocythoüs he smote, Agestratus, 
Agenippus, Zorus, Nessus, Erymas 
The war-renowned, who came from Lycia-land 
With mighty-hearted Glaucus, from his home 
In Melanippion on the mountain-ridge, 
Athena’s fane, which Massikyton fronts 
Anigh Chelidonía’s headland, dreaded sore 
Of scared seafarers, when its lowering crags 
Must needs be doubled. For his death the blood 
Of famed Hippolochus’ son was horror-chilled; 
For this was his dear friend. With one swift thrust 
He pierced the sevenfold hides of Aias’ shield, 
Yet touched his flesh not; stayed the spear-head was 
By those thick hides and by the corset-plate 
Which lapped his battle-tireless limbs. But still 
From that stern conflict Glaucus drew not back, 
 Burning to vanquish Aias, Aeacus’ son, 
And in his folly vaunting threatened him: 
“ Aias, men name thee mightyest man of all 
The Argives, hold thee in passing-high esteem 
Even as Achilles: therefore thou, I wot, 
By that dead warrior dead this day shalt lie!” 
So hurled he forth a vain word, knowing not 
How far in might above him was the man 
Whom his spear threatened. Battle-bider Aias 
Darkly and scornfully glaring on him, said: 
“Thou craven wretch, and knowest thou not this, 
How much was Hector mightier than thou 
In war-craft?—yet before my might, my spear, 
He shrank. Ay, with his valour was there blent 
Discretion. Thou—thy thoughts are deathward set, 
Who dar’st defy me to the battle, me, 
A mightier far than thou! Thou canst not say
QUINTUS Smyrnæus

ό γάρ μεν ξείνοις πατρώιοις εὑχεια εἶναι,
ούδε με δωτίνησι παραιφάμενος πολέμωι
νόσφιν ἀποστρέψεις ὡς Τυδέος ὄβριμον ὑλα.
ἀλλὰ καὶ εἰ κείνοι φύγες μένοι, οὐ δὲ ἐγὼ γενε
ζωὴν ἀπὸ πτολέμου μεθήσομαι ἀπονέεσθαι.
ἡ ἀλλοιότα πέποιθας ἀνὰ κλόνων, οἱ μετὰ σείο
μνής οὐτίδανησιν ἐουκότες ἀποσσουσιν
ἀμφὶ νέκυν Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος; ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ τοῖς
δῶσω ἐπεσύμενος θάνατον καὶ κήρας ἐρεμνάς.
"Ὡς εἰπὼν Τρόασσιν ἐνεστρωφᾶτο, λέων ὡς
ἐν κυσίν ἀγρευνήσῃ κατ' ἄγκεα μακρὰ καὶ κύλην.
πολλοὺς δ' ἀλλ' ἐδάμασσε μεμαότας εὐχὸς
ἀρέσθαι
Τρώας ὁμώς Ἀυκίοισι περιτρομέοντο δε λαοί,
ἄχθυς ὡς ἀνὰ πόντον ἐπερχομένου ἀλεγεινοῦ
κήτεως ἢ δελφίνοις ἀλτρεφεὺς μεγάλωι
ὡς Τρώας φοβέοντο βίην Τελαμωνιάδασ
ἀλείν ἐπεσυμένου κατὰ κλόνων ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ὡς
μάρναντ', ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶν Ἀχιλλεός ἄλλοθεν ἄλλοι 265
μυρίοι ἐν κοσίσιν, ὅπως σὺς ἀμφὶ λέοντα,
κτείνοντ'. οὐλομένη δὲ περὶ σφίσι δήμις ὀρώρει.
ἐνθα καὶ Ἰππολόχοιο δαῖφρων δάμνατο παῖδα
Ἀίας ὀβριμόθυμος. ὃ δ' ὑπτίου ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα
κάππεσεν, εὐτ' ἐν ὄρεσσι περὶ στερεῆ δρύα
θάμνος.
ὡς δ' ὑπε θυρὶ δαμείς περικάππεσε Πηλείων
βλήμενος. ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κρατερὸς παῖς Ἀχιλλα
πολλὰ ποιησάμενοι σὺν ἀρχιφίλοις ἐτάραοισ
ἐϊρυσέν εἰς Τρώας, καὶ εἰς Ἡλίου ιερὸν ἀστι
δύκες φέρειν ἐτάροιι μέγ' ἀχυμένοις περὶ θυμῷ.
αὐτὸς δ' ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα μαχάσκετο τοῦ δ' ἄρα δούρι
μυρίοις καθύπερθεν ἀρχῆς οὔπτασεν Αἰας
χειρὸς δεξιερής. ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἐσσυμένος ἀπόρουσεν
ἐξ ὀλοοῦ πολέμωι, κίεν δ' ἄφαρ ἀστεος εἰσὼ.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

That friendship of our fathers thee shall screen;
Nor me thy gifts shall wile to let thee pass
Scatheless from war, as once did Tydeus’ son.
Though thou didst ’scape his fury, will not I
Suffer thee to return alive from war.
Ha, in thy many helpers dost thou trust
Who with thee, like so many worthless flies,
Flit round the noble Achilles’ corpse? To these
Death and black doom shall my swift onset deal.”

Then on the Trojans this way and that he turned,
As mid long forest-glens a lion turns
On hounds, and Trojans many and Lycians slew
That came for honour hungry, till he stood
Mid a wide ring of flincher’s; like a shoal
Of darting fish when sails into their midst
Dolphin or shark, a huge sea-fosterling;
So shrank they from the might of Telamon’s son,
As aye he charged amidst the rout. But still
Swarmed fighters up, till round Achilles’ corse
To right, to left, lay in the dust the slain
Countless, as boars around a lion at bay;
And evermore the strife waxed deadlier.
Then too Hippolochus’ war-wise son was slain
By Aias of the heart of fire. He fell
Backward upon Achilles, even as falls
A sapling on a sturdy mountain-oak;
So quelled by the spear on Peleus’ son he fell.
But for his rescue Anchises’ stalwart son
Strove hard, with all his comrades battle-fain,
And hailed the corse forth, and to sorrowing friends
Gave it, to bear to Ilium’s hallowed burg.
Himself to spoil Achilles still fought on,
Till warrior Aias pierced him with the spear
Through the right forearm. Swiftly leapt he back
From murderous war, and hasted thence to Troy.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ πονέοντο περίφρονες ἤπτηρες, οἳ ῥὰ οἱ αἷμα κάθηραν ἂφ’ ἐλκεος, ἀλλὰ τε πάντα τεῦχον, ὅς’ οὐταμένων ὅλοας ἀκέονται ἄνιας.

Αἰας δ’ αἰεὶν ἐμάρνατ’ ἀλήγκιος ἀστεροπῆσι κτείνων ἀλλοθεν ἄλλου, ἐπεὶ μέγα τεῖρετο θυμῷ ἀχυνύμενος κέαρ ἐνδον ἀνεψιοῖο δαμέντος. ἀγχὶ δὲ Δαέρτα βαδίσοντος υὸς ἀμύμων μάρνατο δυσμενέσσι φέβοντο δὲ μιν μέγα λαοῖ. κτείνε νὲ Πεισάνδροι θοῦν καὶ ἄρην νὰ Ἔλκαλου, δὲ ναίεσκε περικλυτὸν οὐδὰς Ἀθυόδου

τῷ δ’ ἔπι δῖον ἐπεφνε Ἀτύμπνον, ὅν ποτε Νύμφη. Πηγασᾶς ἥκομος σθαναρῷ τέκεν Ἡμαθίων Γρηγὸρον ποταμῖον παρὰ βόου ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ αὐτῷ. Πρωτέος νὰ δαίξειν Ὀρέσβιον, δὲ τὸ μακεδονὲς Ἰδὴς ναιετάσκειν ὑπὸ πτύχας, οὐδὲ ἐ μήτηρ δέξατο νοστήσαντα περικλειτ’ Πανάκεια, ἀλλ’ ἐδάμη παλάμησιν Ὀδυσσέος, δὲ τὲ καὶ ἄλλων πολλῶν θυμὸν ἐλύσεν υπ’ ἐγχεῖ μαιμώντι κτείνων ὅν κε κίχσι περὶ νέκνυ. ἀλλὰ μιν Ἀλκων

υὸς ἀργηθὸς Μεγακλέος ἐγχεῖ τύψε πάρ γόνου δεξίτερον περὶ δὲ κυμίδα φαεινὴν ἔβλυσεν αἷμα κελαυνὸν’ ὅ δ’ ἐλκεος οὐκ ἀλέγιζεν, ἀλλ’ ἀφαρ’ οὔτηςαντι κακὸν γένεθ’ οὐνεκ’ ἄρ’ αὐτὸν

ἰέμενον πολέμου οἱ ἀστίδος οὐτασε δουρὶ. ῥοκ δὲ μιν μεγάλη τε βίη καὶ κάρτει χειρὸς ὑπτιοῦν ἐς γαϊαν’ κανάχησε δὲ οἱ περὶ τεύχη βλημένου εν κοινής, περὶ μελέσσει δὲ ώρῆς δεύτερο φοινῆσετι λύθρω’ ὅ δ’ λογίμων ἐγχος ἐκ χρονὸς εὔειρύσσε καὶ ἁστίδος, ἢσπιτο δ’ αἰχὴνθυμὸς ἀπὸ μελέων, ἐλεπεν δὲ μιν ἀμβροτος αἰῶν.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

There for his healing cunning leeches wrought,
Who stanched the blood-rush, and laid on the gash
Balms, such as salve war-stricken warriors' pangs.

But Aias still fought on: here, there he slew
With thrusts like lightning-flashes. His great heart
Ached sorely for his mighty cousin slain.

And now the warrior-king Laertes' son Odysseus,
Fought at his side: before him blenched the foe,
As he smote down Peisander's fleetfoot son,
The warrior Maenalus, who left his home
In far-renowned Abydos: down on him
He hurled Atymnius, the goodly son
Whom Pegasus the bright-haired Nymph had borne
To strong Emathion by Granicus' stream.

Dead by his side he laid Orestius' son,
Proteus, who dwelt 'neath lofty Ida's folds.
Ah, never did his mother welcome home
That son from war, Panaceia beauty-famed!
He fell by Odysseus' hands, who spilt the lives
Of many more whom his death-hungering spear
Reached in that fight around the mighty dead.

Yet Alcon, son of Megacles battle-swift,
Hard by Odysseus' right knee drave the spear
Home, and about the glittering greave the blood
Dark-crimson welled. He recked not of the wound,
But was unto his smiter sudden death;
For clear through his shield he stabbed him with his spear

Amidst his battle-fury: to the earth
Backward he dashed him by his giant might
And strength of hand: clashed round him in the dust
His armour, and his corslet was distained
With crimson life-blood. Forth from flesh and shield
The hero plucked the spear of death: the soul
Followed the lance-head from the body forth,
And life forsook its mortal mansion. Then
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τοῦ δ᾽ ἐτάρους ἐπόρουσε καὶ οὐτάμενος περὶ Ὄδυσσεύς,

οὖδ᾽ ἀπέληγε μόθου ὁδυσσεός. ὦς δὲ καὶ άλλοι
πάντες ὁμώς ἐπιμίξις Δαναῖοι μέγαν ἄμφ᾽ Ἀχιλῆα
προφρονέως ἐμάχοντο, πολλῶν δ᾽ ὕπο χείρεσι λαδοῦ
ἐσυμμένος ἐδαίζευ ἐξεστής μελήσων.

ευτ᾽ ἄνεμοι θόα φύλλα κατὰ χθονὸς ἀμφιχέωνται ἀνάβρου ἐπιβρίσαντες ἀν᾽ ἀλσεα ὑλήντα
ἀρχομένου λυκάβαντος, ὅτε φθινόθουσιν ὑπὸ ραίρᾳ.

δὴ τούς ἐγχείρησε βάλων Δαναοὶ μενεχάρμαι
μέμβλητο γὰρ πάντεσσιν Ἀχιλλεῖος ἀμφὶ θανόντως,
ἐκπάγλως δ᾽ Ἀιαντὶ δαθροῦν· τοὔνεκ᾽ ἅρ᾽ ἐμπῆς
Τρώας ἄδην ἐδαίζε κακῆ ἐναλληκιος Ἀισθ.

τῷ δ᾽ ἔπι τῷ ἔτιταινε Πάρως· τοῦ δ᾽ αἴγα νοῦσας
κάββαλε χερμαδίφ κατὰ κράατος· ἐν δ᾽ ἅρ
ἐθλάσσεν

ἀμφιφαλοῦν κυνήν ὄλος λίθος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν νῦς
μάρψαν. ὁ δ᾽ ἐν κοινῇς κατήριτεν, οὐδὲ οἱ οἱ
ηρκεσαν ιεμένῳ· ἐκέχυντο δ᾽ ἅρ᾽ ἀλλύδις ἄλλοι
ev κοινῇ, κενεῖ δὲ παρεκτετάνυστο φαρέτρην
tόξον δ᾽ ἐκφυγε χείρε. φίλοι δὲ μιν ἀρτάξαντες
ὑπποὺς Ἐκτορεῖο ντόν ποτὶ Τρώων ἁστυ
βαίον ἐτ᾽ ἀμπνείοντα καὶ ἀργαλέον στενάκοντα.

οὐδὲ μὲν ἐντε' ἀνακτος ἐκας λίταν, ἄλλα καὶ αὕτα
ek πεδίοιο κόμισαν εἴ ὑστορή φέροντες.

τῷ δ᾽ Ἀιας ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἀντεπ ἀσχαλῶν κῆρ᾽
"οί κύοι, ὡς θανάτοιο βαρὺ σθένος ἐξυπάλλειαν
σήμερον· ἄλλα σοι εἴδαρ εἰεύσεται υἱπτατον ἦμαρ
ἡ τινὸς Ἀργείων ὑπὸ χείρεσιν ἡ ἐμεύ αὐτοῦ.

νῦν δ᾽ ἐμοὶ ἄλλα μέμηλε περὶ φρεσίν, ὡς Ἀχιλῆος
ἐκ φονὸν ἀργαλέων νέκυι Δαναοὶ σαῶσον."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν δηνουσι κακας ἐπὶ κῆρας ταλλην,
οὶ ῥ᾽ ἐτὶ δηριόωντο νέκυι πέρι Πηλείωνος.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Rushed on his comrades, in his wound’s despite,
Odysseus, nor from that stern battle-toil
Refrained him. And by this a mingled host
Of Danaans eager-hearted fought around
The mighty dead, and many and many a foe
Slew they with those smooth-shafted ashen spears.
Even as the winds strew down upon the ground
The flying leaves, when through the forest-glades
Sweep the wild gusts, as waneth autumn-tide,
And the old year is dying; so the spears
Of dauntless Danaans strewed the earth with slain,
For loyal to dead Achilles were they all,
And loyal to hero Aias to the death.
For like black Doom he blasted the ranks of Troy.
Then against Aias Paris strained his bow;
But he was ware thereof, and sped a stone
Swift to the archer’s head: that bolt of death
Crashed through his crested helm, and darkness closed
Round him. In dust down fell he: naught availed
His shafts their eager lord, this way and that
Scattered in dust: empty his quiver lay,
Flew from his hand the bow. In haste his friends
Upcaught him from the earth, and Hector’s steeds
Hurried him thence to Troy, scarce drawing breath,
And moaning in his pain. Nor left his men
The weapons of their lord, but gathered up
All from the plain, and bare them to the prince;
While Aias after him sent a wrathful shout:
“Dog, thou hast ’scaped the heavy hand of death—
To-day! But swiftly thy last hour shall come
By some strong Argive’s hands, or by mine own,
But now have I a nobler task in hand,
From murder’s grip to rescue Achilles’ corse.”
Then turned he on the foe, hurling swift doom
On such as fought around Peleides yet.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οἱ δὲ οἱ ὡς ἀθρησκεύσαν ὑπὸ σθεναρῆσι γέρεσαν πολλοὺς ἐκπενδύοντας, ὑπέτρεσαν οὐδ' ἐτ' ἐμμυνον, οὐτιδανοὶς γύπεσαν ἐοικότες, οὕς τε φοβησῆσι αἰετῶς οἰωνῶν προφερέστατος, εὐτ' ἐν ὁρέσι πώεα δαρδάπτωσι λύκοις ὑπὸ δησθέντα· ὅς τοὺς ἀλλυδεῖς ἀλλον ἀπεσκέδασε θρασὺς Αἴας χεομαδίσθαι θοϊσί καὶ ἄορι καὶ μένει φί. οἱ δὲ μέγα τρομεόντες ἀπὸ πτολέμειο φέβοντο πανυδῆ, φήρεσιν ἐοικότες, οὓς τε δαίζουν κύρκος ἐπισσεύει, τοι δ' ἰλαδόν ἀλλος ἐπ' ἀλλαφ ταρφεῖς ἀτσοντοι ἀλευνόμενοι μέγα πῆμα· ὅς οἳ γ' ἐκ πτολέμειο ποτὶ Πραμοίῳ πόλης φεῦγον ὀἴζυροι ἐπιεμένοι ἀκλέα φύξαν Ἀἰαντος μεγάλου περιτρομέοντες ὑμοικλήν, ὅς ὅ' ἐπετ' ἀνδρομέφε πεταλαγμένοι αἴματι χείρας. καὶ νῦ κε δὴ μᾶλα πάντας ἐπασσωτέρους ἀπό- λεσσεν,

ἑὶ μὴ πεπτάμενηςι πύλησι ἐσέχυντο πόλη βαιῶν ἀναπειόντες, ἔπει φόβος ἠτρο ἱκανε' τούς δ' ἐλθας ανὰ ἅστυ, νομεύς ὡς αἰόλα μῆλα, ἰῖεν ἐς πεδίον, χθόνα δ' οὗ ποιλ μάρττεν ἐοὶς ἐμβαινὼν τεύχεσσαι καὶ αἴματι καὶ κταμένοις κεῖτο γάρ ἐφυρά ὁμιλος ἀπεφεσίη ἐνε γαῖῃ ἄχρις ἐφ' Ἑλλῆσποντον ἀπ' εὐρυχόρο τὸ ρήγας αἰξηῶν κταμένων, ὀπόσοις λάχε δαίμονος Αἴσα. ὡς δ' ᾠτε λήμον αὐν υπ' ἀμητήρεις πέσησι πυκνὸν ἐνν, τὰ δὲ πολλὰ καταντόθι δράγματα κεῖται

βρυθόμενα σταχύσσι, γέγηθε δὲ θυμὸς ἐπ' ἐργῷ ἀνέρος εἰσορόωντος, ὅτις κλιτὼν οὐδας ἔχθραν· ὅς οἳ γ' ἀμφοτέρῳς καθὼ διμήθεντες ὀλέθρῳ κεῖτο πολυκλαύτοιο λεξασμένοι ίσχυμοι πρηνεῖς· οὗδέ τι Τρώας 'Αχαιῶν φέρτατοι υἱς σύλεον ἐν κονίῃσι καὶ αἴματι δησθέντας,

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'These saw how many yielded up the ghost
Neath his strong hands, and, with hearts failing them
For fear, against him could they stand no more.
As rascal vultures were they, which the swoop
Of an eagle, king of birds, scares far away
From carcases of sheep that wolves have torn;
So this way, that way scattered they before
The hurtling stones, the sword, the might of Aias.
In utter panic from the war they fled,
In huddled rout, like starlings from the swoop
Of a death-dealing hawk, when, fleeing bane,
One drives against another, as they dart
All terror-huddled in tumultuous flight.
So from the war to Priam's burg they fled—
Wretchedly clad with terror as a cloak,
Quailing from mighty Aias' battle-shout,
As with hands dripping blood-gouts he pursued.
Yea, all, one after other, had he slain,
Had they not streamed through city-gates flung wide
Hard-panting, pierced to the very heart with fear.
Pent therewithin he left them, as a shepherd
Leaves folded sheep, and strode back o'er the plain;
Yet never touched he with his feet the ground,
But aye he trod on dead men, arms, and blood;
For countless corpses lay o'er that wide stretch
Even from broad-wayed Troy to Hellespont,
Bodies of strong men slain, the spoil of Doom.
As when the dense stalks of sun-ripened corn
Fall 'neath the reapers' hands, and the long swaths,
Heavy with full ears, overspread the field,
And joys the heart of him who oversees
The toil, lord of the harvest; even so,
By baleful havoc overmastered, lay
All round face-downward men remembering not
The death-denouncing war-shout. But the sons
Of fair Achaea left their slaughtered foes
Πρὶν Πηλήνοι ιὼ πυρή δόμεν, ὃς σφιν ὄνειαρ ἐπλετ' ἐνὶ πτολέμοισιν ἐφὶ μέγα κάρτει θύων. τούνεκα μιν βασιλῆς ἀπὸ πτολέμου ἐρύσαντες ἀμφὶ νέκυν πονέοντο ἀπείριτον, εἰ δὲ φέροντες κάτθεσαν ἐν κλισίηι νεὼν προπάροιθε θοῶν· ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν μάλα πάντες ἀγειράμενοι στενάχοντο ἀχύμενοι κατὰ θυμὸν ὑδ γὰρ πέλε κάρτος Ἀχαιῶν,
καὶ τὸ τ᾽ ἐνὶ κλισίῃι λελασμένος ἐγχειῶν κεῖτο βαρυγούποιο παρ᾽ ἱόσιν Ἑλλησπόντου, ὅλος ὑπερφίαλος Τιτυὸς πέσεν, ὅπποτε Δητῶ ἐρχομένην Πυθώδε βιάξετο, καὶ ἐ χολώθεις ἀκάματον περ ἐόντα θοῶς ὑπεδάμνατ᾽ Ἀπόλλων λαυψηροῖς βελέεσσιν, ὁ ὅ ἄργαλεφ ἐνὶ λυθρῷ πουλυπέλεθρος ἐκεῖτο κατὰ χθονὸς εὑρυπέδου μετρός ἑῖς· ὑ δ᾽ νὶα περιστονάχχεσε πεσόντα ἐχθρόμενον μακάρεσσι, γέλασε δὲ πότνια Δητῶ· τοῖος ἀρ᾽ Αἰακίδης δηήτων ἐπικάππεσε γαῖῃ χάρμα φέρων Τρώεσσι, γὼν δ᾽ ἀλίαστον Ἀχαιῶν λαφὶ μυρομένων· περὶ δ᾽ ἐβρέμε βένθεα πότνου. θυμὸς δ᾽ αὐτίκα πᾶσι κατεκλάσθη φίλος ἐνδον ἐλπομένων κατὰ δήριν ὑπὸ Τρώεσσιν ὀλέσθαι· μυησάμενοι δ᾽ ἀρὰ τοῦ γε φίλων παρὰ νηνιὴ τοκῆων,
touς λίπουν εν μεγάροις, νεοδμήτων τε γυναικῶν, αἰ που ὀδυρόμεναι μίνυθον κενεοῖς λεχέσσι νηπιάχοις σὺν παισὶ φίλως ποτιδέγμεναί ἀνδρᾶς, μάλλον ἀνεστενάχοντο· γὼν δ᾽ ἔρος ἐμπέσε θυμῷ· 142
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

In dust and blood unstripped of arms awhile –
Till they should lay upon the pyre the son
Of Peleus, who in battle-shock had been
Their banner of victory, charging in his might.
So the kings drew him from that stricken field
Straining beneath the weight of giant limbs,
And with all loving care they bore him on,
And laid him in his tent before the ships.
And round him gathered that great host, and wailed
Heart-anguished him who had been the Achaecans’ strength,
And now, forgotten all the splendour of spears,
Lay mid the tents by moaning Hellespont,
In stature more than human, even as lay
Tityos, who sought to force Queen Leto, when
She fared to Pytho: swiftly in his wrath
Apollo shot, and laid him low, who seemed
Invincible: in a foul lake of gore
There lay he, covering many a rood of ground,
On the broad earth, his mother; and she moaned
Over her son, of blessed Gods abhorred;
But Lady Leto laughed. So grand of mould
There in the foemen’s land lay Aeacus’ son,
For joy to Trojans, but for endless grief
To Achaean men lamenting. Moaned the air –
With sighing from the abysses of the sea;
And passing heavy grew the hearts of all,
Thinking: “Now shall we perish by the hands
Of Trojans!” Then by those dark ships they thought
Of white-haired fathers left in halls afar,
Of wives new-wedded, who by couches cold
Mourned, waiting, waiting, with their tender babes
For husbands unreturning; and they groaned
In bitterness of soul. A passion of grief
Came o’er their hearts; they fell upon their faces

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κλαίον δ’ αὐτ’ ἀλίαστον ἐπὶ ψαμάθουσι βαθείης πρηνέες ἐκχύμενοι μεγάλῳ περὶ Πηλείων χάτας ἐκ κεφαλῆς προθελύμνους δηιόωντες, χευάμενοι δ’ ἥσχυναν ἀδὴν ψαμάθουσι κάρηνα. οὐς δ’ ἐκ πολέμοι βροτῶν ἐς τείχοις ἀλέντων ὀίμωγῃ πέλεται, ὅτε δηιὸι ἐμμεμαώτες καίωσιν μέγα ἄστυ, κατακτεῖνωσι δὲ λαοὺς πανσυδή, πάντῃ δὲ διὰ κτῆσιν φορέωνται ὁτί πορὰ νυσαίν Ἀχαιῶν ἐπλετ’ αὐτ’ ὡνεκ’ ἀοσσητηρ Δαναῶν παῖς Αιακίδαο κέιτο μέγας πορὰ νυσαί θεοκρήτοι σι βελέμνοις, ὀλος Ἀργίς, ὅτε μὴν δεινή θέος ὀβριμοπάτρη δρών ἐν πεδίῳ πολυνάχθει κάββαλε πέτρῃ. Μυρμιδόνες δ’ ἀλληκτον ἀνεστενάχοντ’ Ἀχιλῆα εἰλόμενοι περὶ νεκρῶν ἀμύμωνοι οἴο ἀνάκτος ἤπιον, δς πάντεσσιν ἵσος πάρος ἦν ἄταῖρος οὐ γὰρ ὑπερφίαλος πέλεν ἀνδράσιν οὐδ’ ὀλούφρων, ἀλλὰ σαοφροσύνη καὶ κάρτει παῦτ’ ἐκέκαστο. Ἀιας δ’ ἐν πρώτοισι μέγα στενάχων ἐγενόμει πατροκασιγνήτω φίλον ποθέων ἀμα παϊδα, βλήμενον ἐκ θεόφων θυνητῶν γε μὲν οὔτιν βλητὸς ἦεν, ὅσι ναλοσιν ἐπὶ χονοσ εὐρυπεδοῖ. τὸν τὸτε κηρ ἀχέων ὀλοφύρετο φαίδιμος Ἀιας, ἁλλοτε μὲν κλισίας Πηλημίδαο δαμέντος ἐσφοιτῶν, ὅτε δ’ αὐτε πορὰ ψαμάθουσι βαλάσσεσ ἐκχύμενος μάλα ποιλὺς, ἐπος δ’ ὀλοφύρατο τοῖον ο’ Ἀχιλεῦ μέγα ἐρκος ἐυσθενῶν Ἀργεῖων, κάκοσιν ἐν Τροῖς Φθίης ἐκας εὐρυπέδοι έκποθεν ἀπροφάτοιο λυγρῷ βεβλημένοι ἠδ’, τὸν ρα ποτε κλόνον ἄνδρες ἀνάλκιδες θύμουσιν οὐ γάρ τις πίσυνός γε σάκος μέγα ναμήσασθαι ἣδ’ περὶ κροτάφοιουσ ἐπισταμένως ές Ἀργα εὖ θέσθαι πιῆληκα καὶ ἐν παλάμῃ δοῦν πῆλαι
On the deep sand flung down, and wept as men
All comfortless round Peleus' mighty son,
And clutchèd and pluckèd out by the roots their
   hair,
And cast upon their heads defiling sand.
Their cry was like the cry that goeth up
From folk that after battle by their walls
Are slaughterèd, when their maddened foes set fire
To a great city, and slay in heaps on heaps
Her people, and make spoil of all her wealth;
So wild and high they wailèd beside the sea,
Because the Danaans' champion, Aeæus' son,
Lay, grand in death, by a God's arrow slain,
As Ares lay, when She of the Mighty Father
With that huge stone down dashed him on Troy's
   plain.

Ceaselessly wailed the Myrmidons Achilles,
A ring of mourners round the kingly dead,
That kind heart, friend alike to each and all,
To no man arrogant nor hard of mood,
But ever tempering strength with courtesy.

Then Aias first, deep-groaning, uttered forth
His yearning o'er his father's brother's son
God-stricken--ay, no man had smitten him
Of all upon the wide-wayed earth that dwell!
Him glorious Aias heavy-hearted mournèd,
Now wandering to the tent of Peleus' son,
Now cast down all his length, a giant form,
On the sea-sands; and thus lamented he:
"Achilles, shield and sword of Argive men,
Thou hast died in Troy, from Phthia's plains afar,
Smitten unwares by that accursèd shaft,
Such thing as weakling dastards aim in fight!
For none who trusts in wielding the great shield,
None who for war can skill to set the helm
Upon his brows, and sway the spear in grip,
καὶ χαλκόν δηλοὶσι περὶ στέρνοισι δαιξαί
ιούσιν γ' ἀπάνευθεν ἀπεσσύμενος πολεμίζειν·
ei γὰρ σεν κατέναντα τὸτ' ἥλυθεν, ὃς σ' ἔβαλεν
περ,
οὐκ ἂν ἀνουτητί γε τεοῦ φύγεν ἔγχεος ὀρμήν. 44
ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς τάχα που τάδε μὴδετο πάντ' ἀπο-
λέσαι,
ἡμέων δ' ἐν καμάτοισιν ἐτώσια ἔργα τίθησιν·
ἥδη γὰρ Τρώεσσι κατ' Ἀργείων τάχα νίκην
νεύσει, ἐπεὶ τόσον περὶ Ἀχαϊῶν ἔρκοσ ἀπηύρα.
ὁ πόλοι, ὡς ἀρα πάγχυ γέρων ἐν δόμασι Πηλεὺς
ощήσει μέγα πένθος ἀτερπεῖ γῆρας κύρσας·
ἀυτὴ μὲν φήμη 2 μιν ἀπορραῖε τάχα θυμὸν·
وذε δὲ οἱ καὶ ἄμεινον διζόν ζῆσα λαθέσθαι·
ei δὲ κεν οὐ φθίσῃ ἐ κακῇ περὶ νεόν ὅσσα,
ἀ δειλὸς χάλεποις ἐν πένθεσι γῆρας ἰάγει
αἰεν ἐπ' ἐσχαρόφιν βίοστον κατέδων ὀδύνηςι,
Πηλεὺς, ὃς μακαρέσσι φίλος περιώσιον ἥνε·
ἀλλ' οὐ πάντα τελοῦσι θεοὶ μογεροίσι βροτοῖσιν.
"Ὡς ο μὲν ἀσχαλόων ἀλοφύρτεο Πηλείωνα.
Φοίνιξ δ' αὐθ' ο γεραιός ἀστπετα κωκύσκεν
ἀμφιχυνεὶς δέμας ἢθρασύφρονος Ἀιακίδαοι·
καὶ ὃ ὀλοφυδύον ἄουσε μέγ' ἄρχυμενος πινυτὸν κήρ.
"ὡλεύ μοι, φίλε τέκνον, ἐμοὶ δ' ἄχος αἰεν
ἀφικτον
κάλλυστες· ὡς ὀφελών με χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα κεκεύθει
πρὶν σὲο πότμον ἱδέσθαι ἀμείλιχον· οὐ γὰρ ἔμοιγε
ἀλλῳ χερεὼτερον ποτ' ἐσηλυθεν ὡς φρέαν πῆμα,
οὐδ' ὅτε πατρίδ' ἐμὴν λιτόμην ἄγανούς τε τοκῆς
φυγὼν ἐς Πηλῆα δἰ' Ἐλλάδος, ὃς μ' ὑπέδεκτο,
καὶ μοι δῶρα πόρεν, Δολόπεσσι δὲ θῆκεν ἀνάσασθεν
καὶ σὲ γ' ἐν ἀγκολυσθι φορέυμενος ἀμφι μέλαθρον·

1 Zimmermann, for ἀπεσσύμενος πολεμίζειν of MSS.
2 Zimmermann, for αὐτὴ σὺν φήμῃ, with lacuna, of Koechly.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

And cleave the brass about the breasts of foes,
Warreth with arrows, shrinking from the fray.
Not man to man he met thee, whoso smote;
Else woundless never had he 'scaped thy lance!
But haply Zeus purposed to ruin all,
And maketh all our toil and travail vain—
Ay, now will grant the Trojans victory
Who from Achaea now hath reft her shield!
Ah me! how shall old Peleus in his halls
Take up the burden of a mighty grief
Now in his joyless age! His heart shall break
At the mere rumour of it. Better so,
Thus in a moment to forget all pain.
But if these evil tidings slay him not,
Ah, laden with sore sorrow eld shall come
Upon him, eating out his heart with grief
By a lone hearth—Peleus so passing dear
Once to the Blessèd! But the Gods vouchsafe
No perfect happiness to hapless men.”

So he in grief lamented Peleus’ son.
Then ancient Phoenix made heart-stricken moan,
Clasping the noble form of Aeacus’ seed,
And in wild anguish wailed the wise of heart:
“Thou art reft from me, dear child, and cureless
   pain
Hast left to me! Oh that upon my face
The veiling earth had fallen, ere I saw
Thy bitter doom! No pang more terrible
Hath ever stabbed mine heart—no, not that hour
Of exile, when I fled from fatherland
And noble parents, fleeing Hellas through,
Till Peleus welcomed me with gifts, and lord
Of his Dolopians made me. In his arms
Thee through his halls one day he bare, and set
κόλπῳ ἔμῳ κατέθηκε καὶ ἐνδυκέως ἐπέτελλε
νηπίαχον κομέειν, ὅσει φίλον γιὰ γεγώτα
τὸ πυθόμην. σὺ δ᾿ ἐμοίσι περὶ στέρνοισι γεγήθως
pollάκι παππάξεσκες ἔτ᾿ ἀκριτὰ χείλεσι βαίζων,
καὶ μεν νηπιέσθην ἄδην ἐνὶ σῆσὶ δήνας
στήθει τῇ ἑδε χιτάνας, ἔχου δὲ σε χερσίν ἐμὴσι
pollόν καγχαλόων, ἐπεὶ ἡ νὺ μοι ἡτὸρ ἐώλπει
θρέψει κηδεμονὴ βίον καὶ γήρας αἰλκαρ.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐπιμεμένῳ βαιὸν χρόνον ἐπλετὸ πάντα.
νῦν δὲ σὺγν οἷχη ἀϊττος ὕπο ἔφον ἀμφὶ δ᾿ ἐμὸν
κήρ
ἀξιντὶ δίζυρόσ, ἔπει ἡ νὺ με κηδός ἰἀπτεὶ
λεγναλέων τὸ καὶ εἰθε καταθῆσειε γοῦντα
πρὶν Πηλῆα πυθέσθαι ἀμύμονα, τὸν περ ὁῖω
κωκύσειν ἀλλαστον, ὅτ᾿ ἀμφὶ ἐφίμως ἓκηται.
οἰκτιστὸν γὰρ νῦόν ὑπὲρ σέθεν ἐσσεται ἄλγος
πατρὶ τε σῷ καὶ ἐμοὶ, τοῖ περ μέγα σεῖο θανόντως
ἀχνύμενοι τάχα γαῖναν ὑπὲρ Δίος ἀσχετον Ἀἰσαν
δυσόμεθ ἐσσεμένος καὶ κεν πολὺ λόων εἰῃ,
ἡ ἐβˈειν ἀπάνευθην ἀοσσηθῆρος εὐοί.

"Η βροῦ γέρων ἀλιστον ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πένθος ἄεξων.
πἀρ δὲ οἱ Ἀτρεῖδης ὀλοφύρετο δάκρυνα χεύων
ἀμοξεν δ᾿ ὔδύνησι μἑγ᾿ αἰθόμενοι κεὰρ ἐνδου'
ὀλεο, Πηλείδη, Δαναῶν μέγα φερτατε πάντων,
ὀλεο, καὶ στρατὸν εὐρύν ἄνερκεα θῆκας Ἀχαιῶν
ῥήτεροι δ᾿ ἀρα σεῖο καταθῆμενοι πέλουται
δυσμενεσιν σῦ δὲ χάρμα πεσῶν μεγα Τρωσὶν
ἔθηκας,
οἳ σε πάροσ φοβέοντο λέονθ᾿ ὡς αἰδᾶλα μῆλα.
νῦν δ᾿ ἐπὶ νυσὶ θοῆσι λιλαιομενοι μακέονται.
ζεῦ πάτερ, ἡ ῥα τι καὶ σῦ βροτοὺς ψευδέσσι
λόγοις
θέλγεις, δς κατενευςας ἐμοὶ Πριάμου ἀνακτος

1 Zimmermann, for θημὶδ of MSS.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Upon my knees, and bade me foster thee, —
His babe, with all love, as mine own dear child:
I hearkened to him: blithely didst thou cling
About mine heart, and, babbling wordless speech, —
Didst call me ‘father’ oft, and didst bedew
My breast and tunic with thy baby lips.
Ofttimes with soul that laughed for glee I held
Thee in mine arms; for mine heart whispered me
‘This fosterling through life shall care for thee,
Staff of thine age shall be.’ And that mine hope
Was for a little while fulfilled; but now
Thou hast vanished into darkness, and to me
Is left long heart-ache wild with all regret.
Ah, might my sorrow slay me, ere the tale
To noble Peleus come! When on his ears
Falleth the heavy tidings, he shall weep
And wail without surcease. Most piteous grief
We twain for thy sake shall inherit aye,
Thy sire and I, who, ere our day of doom,
Mourning shall go down to the grave for thee—
Ay, better this than life unholpen of thee!"

So moaned his ever-swelling tide of grief.
And Atreus’ son beside him mourned and wept —
With heart on fire with inly smouldering pain:
"Thou hast perished, chiefest of the Danaan men,
Hast perished, and hast left the Achaean host
Fenceless! Now thou art fallen, are they left
An easier prey to foes. Thou hast given joy
To Trojans by thy fall, who dreaded thee
As sheep a lion. These with eager hearts
Even to the ships will bring the battle now.
Zeus, Father, thou too with deceitful words
Beguilest mortals! Thou didst promise me
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἄστυ διαπραθέειν, νῦν δ’ οὐ τελέεις δο’ ὑπέστης,
ἀλλὰ λίπην ἀπάφησας ἐμὰς φρένας· οὐ γὰρ ὅτως
εὐφέμεναι πολέμου τέκμωρ φθιμένου Ἀχιλῆος.”

“Ως εφατ’ ἀχύμενος κέαρ ἐνδοθεν ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
κόκυνον ἐκ θυμοίο θρασὺν περί Πηλέωνα·
τοῖς δ’ ἄρ’ ἐπεβρόμενον νῆς περιμυρομένοισιν
ἡχὴ δ’ ἀσπετος ὦρτο δ’ αἰθέρος ἀκαμάτου.
ὡς δ’ ὅτε κύματα μακρὰ βίῃ μεγάλου ἀνέμου
ὄρνυμεν’ ἐκ πόντου πρὸς ἱόνας φορέοντα
σμερδαλέον, πάντη δὲ προσαγυμνήσης ἄλος αἰεὶ
ἀκταὶ ὀμῶς ῥηγμῖσιν ἀπερέσσαν βοῶσιν·
τοῖς ἄρ’ ἀμφὶ νέκυν Δαναῶν στόνους αἰῶνὸς ὀρὸρει
μυρομένων ἀλλήλων ἄταρβεα Πηλέωνα.

Καὶ σφιν ὀδυρομένουσα τάχ’ ἠλυθε κυανή νῦξ,
eἰ μὴ ἄρ’ Ἀτρείδην προσεφώνει Νηλεός υἱὸς
Νέστωρ, ὃς ὅτ’ ἔχεσσεν ἐν φρεατί μυρίων ἄλγος
μυσάμενος σφοῦ παιδὸς ἐὔφρονος Ἀντιλόχως.
“Ἀργείων σκιπτούχε μεγά λατρεών Ἀγά-
μεμνον,
νῦν μὲν ἀποσχώμεσθα δυσηχέος αἰὴς γόοιο
σήμερον· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ’ αὐθις ἐρωτήσει τις Ἀχαιός
κλαυθμοῦ ἄθην κορέασθαι ἐπ’ ἡματα πολλὰ
γοῦντας.

ἀλλ’ ἀγε δὴ βρότον αἰῶνον ἄταρβεός Αἰακίδαο
λούσαντες λεχέεσσ’ ἐνυθείομεν· οὐ γὰρ ἑοκεν
αισχύνειν ἐπὶ δηρῶν ἀκηδείησι ταῦτα.”

Καὶ τὰ μὲν δὲς ἐπέτετελε περίφρον Νηλεός υἱὸς
αὐτὰρ δ’ ὃς ἐτάροισιν ἐπισπέρχον ἐκέλευς
ὐδατος ἐν πυρὶ θέντα ἁφὰς κρυφοὶ λέβητας
θερμῆναι λούσαι τε νέκυν, περὶ θ’ ἐματα ἔσσαι
καλά, τὰ ὦς πόρε παιδὶ φίλῳ ἀλιπόρφυρα μῆτηρ
ἐσ Τροήν ἀνιόντι. θοῦς δ’ ἐπίθησαν ἀνακτήτι·
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

That Priam’s burg should be destroyed; but now
That promise given dost thou not fulfil,
But thou didst cheat mine heart: I shall not win
The war’s goal, now Achilles is no more.”

So did he cry heart-anguished. Mourned all round
Wails multitudinous for Peleus’ son:
The dark ships echoed back the voice of grief,
And sighed and sobbed the immeasurable air.
And as when long sea-rollers, onward driven
By a great wind, heave up far out at sea,
And strandward sweep with terrible rush, and aye
Headland and beach with shattered spray are
scourged,
And roar unceasing; so a dread sound rose
Of moaning of the Danaans round the corse,
Ceaselessly waiting Peleus’ aweless son.

And on their mourning soon black night had come,
But spake unto Atreides Neleus’ son,
Nestor, whose own heart bare its load of grief
Remembering his own son Antilochus:
“O mighty Agamemnon, sceptre-lord
Of Argives, from wide-shrilling lamentation
Refrain we for this day. None shall withhold
Hereafter these from all their heart’s desire
Of weeping and lamenting many days.
But now go to, from aweless Aeacus’ son
Wash we the foul blood-gouts, and lay we him
Upon a couch: unseemly it is to shame
The dead by leaving them untended long.”

So counselled Neleus’ son, the passing-wise.
Then hasted he his men, and bade them set
Caldrons of cold spring-water o’er the flames,
And wash the corse, and clothe in vesture fair,
Sea-purple, which his mother gave her son
At his first sailing against Troy. With speed
They did their lord’s command: with loving care,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἐνδυκέως δ' ἄρα πάντα πονησάμενοι κατὰ κόσμον κάθεσαν ἐν κλίσιμοι δεδουλώτα Πηλείωνα.

Τῶν δ' ἐσιδοῦ' ἐλέησε περίφραν Τριτογένεα· στάζε δ' ἄρ' ἀμβροσίην κατὰ κράσασιν, ἤν Ῥά τε 

φασὶ

δηρὸν ἐρυκακέειν νεαρὸν χρόα κηρὶ δαμέντων· θήκε δ' ἄρ' ἐρχήσητα καλ εἰκελον ἀμπνεύοντι· 

σμέρδαλέου δ' ἄρ' ἐπεσκύψον νεκρῷ περ ἐτευξεν, 

οἶνον τ' ἀμφ' ἐτάροιο δαϊκταμένου Πατρόκλου 

χωμένῳ ἐπέκειτο κατὰ βλοσυροῖο προσώπου· 

βριθύτερον δ' ἄρ' ἐθηκε δέμας καὶ ἀρειὼν ιδέσθαι. 

'Αργείους δ' ἔλε γάμβος ὕμιλαδὸν ἀρβήσαντας 

Πηλείδην ξύωτι πανείκελων, δι' Ῥ' ἐπὶ λεκτροῖς 

ἐκχύμενος μᾶλα πουλίς ἀδὴν εὔνοιτι ἐφιεί

'Αμφὶ δ' μν' μογεραί λητίδες, ἃς Ῥά ποτ' αὐτῶς 

Δήμων τε ξαθένιν Κίλικων τ' αἰπτῳ πτολέθρων 

Θῆβην 'Ηντίωνος ἐλὼν ληύσατο κούρας, 

ἰστάμεναι γοάσκον ἀμύσουσαι χρόα καλὸν, 

στῆθαι τ' ἀμφοτέρησι πεπληγνιαὶ παλίμησιν 

ἐκ θυμοῦ στενάχεσκον ἐυφρόνα Πηλείωνα· 

τὰς γὰρ δὴ τίσκε καὶ ἐκ δηῶν περ ἐυύσας· 

πασάων δ' ἐκπαγιόν ἀκηχεμένη κέαρ ἐνδο

Βρισῆς παράκοιτις ἐὔπτωμέλου 'Αχιλῆος 

ἀμφὶ νέκιν στρωφάτο καὶ ἀμφοτέρης παλάμησι 

δρυπτομένη χρόα καλὸν αὕτεεν· ἐκ δ' ἀπαλοίῳ 

στῆθεος αἰματοκαίσα ανὰ σμωδίγγες ἄρθεν 

θειομένης· φαίης κεν ἐπὶ γλάγος αἴμα χέασθαι 

φοίνου· ἀγαθῇ δὲ καὶ ἀχυνμένης ἄληγεινῶς 

ἰμεροῦν μάρμαρε· χάρις δὲ ό ἀμφεχὲν εἴδος· 

τοῖς δ' ἐκφαίτο μῦθον ὀἰζυροῦ γούμωσα· 

"ὁ μοι ἐγὼ πάντων περιώσιον αἰνὰ παθοῦσα· 

οὔ γάρ μοι τόσσον περ ἐπήλυθεν ἄλλο τι πήμα, 

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

All service meetly rendered, on a couch
Laid they the mighty fallen, Peleus' son.
The Trito-born, the passing-wise, beheld
And pitied him, and showered upon his head
Ambrosia, which hath virtue aye to keep
Taintless, men say, the flesh of warriors slain.
Like softly-breathing sleeper dewy-fresh
She made him; over that dead face she drew
A stern frown, even as when he lay, with wrath
Darkening his grim face, clasping his slain friend
Patroclus; and she made his frame to be
More massive, like a war-god to behold.
And wonder seized the Argives, as they thronged
And saw the image of a living man,
Where all the stately length of Peleus' son
Lay on the couch, and seemed as though he slept.

Around him all the woeful captive-maidens,
Whom he had taken for a prey, what time
He had ravaged hallowed Lemnos, and had scaled
The towered crags of Thebes, Eetion's town,
Wailed, as they stood and rent their fair young flesh,
And smote their breasts, and from their hearts
bemoaned
That lord of gentleness and courtesy,
Who honoured even the daughters of his foes.
And stricken most of all with heart-sick pain
Briseis, hero Achilles' couchmate, bowed
Over the dead, and tore her fair young flesh
With ruthless fingers, shrieking: her soft breast
Was ridged with gory weals, so cruelly
She smote it—thou hadst said that crimson blood
Had dripped on milk. Yet, in her grief's despite,
Her winsome loveliness shone out, and grace
Hung like a veil about her, as she wailed:
"Woe for this grief passing all griefs beside:
Never on me came anguish like to this—"
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὔτε κασυγνήτων οὔτε ευρυχώρου περὶ πάτρης, ὅσσον σεῖό θανόντος· ἐπεὶ σὺ μοι ἱερὸν ἦμαρ καὶ φῶς ἥλιον πέλες καὶ μείλιχος αἰῶν ἐλπωρή τ' ἀγαθοῖο καὶ ἀσπετὼν ἀλκαρ ἀνίχνης πάσης τ' ἀγλαίης πολὺ φέρτερος ἥδε τοκήνων ἔπλεον· πάντα γὰρ οἶος ἐς δημωὴ περ ἐσύστρα καὶ ρά μ' ἔθηκας ἀκοίτιν ἐλών ἀπὸ δούλων ἔργα. νῦν δὲ τις ἐν νήσεσιν Ἀχαίων ἀβεβαί ἄλλος Ἐπάρτην εἰς ἔρβωλον ἢ ἐς πολυάτυφον Ἀργος· καὶ νῦ κεν ἀμφιπολεύσα κακὰς ὑποτλῆσομ' ἀνίχνης σεῖ ἀπονοσφησθείσα δυσάμμορος· ὡς ὀφελόν μὲ γαία χυτῇ ἐκάλυψε, πάρος σέο πότισιν ἰδέσθαι." Ὁς ἡ μὲν δυμηθήντ' ὀλοφύρετο Πηλείωνα δμωῆς σὺν μογερῆς καὶ ἀγνυμένους Ἀχαιόδως μυρομένη καὶ ἀνακτα καὶ ἀνέρα· τῆς δ' ἀλεγεινὸν οὐποτ' ἐτέρσετο δάκρυ, κατείβετο δ' ἄχρις ἐπ' οὖδας ἐκ βλεφάρων, ὡσεὶ τε μέλαν κατὰ πίδακος ὕδωρ πετραίτης, ἢς πολυσ ὑπερ παγετός τε χῦων τε ἐκκέχυται στυφελοῦ κατ' οὖδεος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάχης τήκεθ' ὁμῶς εὐροθ τε καὶ ἥλιοι βολῆσι.

Καὶ τότε δὴ ἡ ἐσάκουσαν ὄρυμομένου γόοιο θυγατέρας Νηρῆς, ὅσαί μὲν βένθος ἔχονοι· πάσησιν δ' ἀλεγεινὸν ὑπὸ κραδηνὸ πέσεν ἄλγος· οἰκτρὸν δ' ἐστονάχησαν, ἐπίαχε δ' Ἑλλήσποντος. ἀμφὶ δὲ κυνέοις καλυφάμεναι χρόα πέπλους ἐσσυμένωσι οἴμησαν, ὅτι γὰρ τόλος ἐπέλει Ἀχαιῶν, πανσυδιὴ πολιῶδο δ' οἴδματος. ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι νυσσομένης θάλασσα δίστατο ταῖ δ' ἐφέροντο κλαγηγῆδον, κρατικῦσιν εἰδόμεναι γεράνουσιν ἄσσομένης μέγα χείμα· περιστενάχων δὲ λυγρόν κτῆσαι μυρομένησιν· ἔσαν δ' ἀφαρ ἔχε νέοντο

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Not when my brethren died, my fatherland
Was wasted—like this anguish for thy death!
Thou wast my day, my sunlight, my sweet life,
Mine hope of good, my strong defence from harm,
Dearer than all my beauty—yea, more dear
Than my lost parents! Thou wast all in all
To me, thou only, captive though I be.
Thou tookest from me every bondmaid's task
And like a wife didst hold me. Ah, but now
Me shall some new Achaean master bear
To fertile Sparta, or to thirsty Argos.
The bitter cup of thraldom shall I drain,
Severed, ah me, from thee! Oh that the earth
Had veiled my dead face ere I saw thy doom!"

So for slain Peleus' son did she lament
With woeful handmaids and heart-anguished Greeks,
Mourning a king, a husband. Never dried
Her tears were: ever to the earth they streamed
Like sunless water trickling from a rock
While rime and snow yet mantle o'er the earth
Above it; yet the frost melts down before
The east-wind and the flame-shafts of the sun.

Now came the sound of that upringing wail
To Nereus' Daughters, dwellers in the depths
Unfathomed. With sore anguish all their hearts
Were smitten: piteously they moaned: their cry
Shivered along the waves of Hellespont.
Then with dark mantles overpalled they sped
Swiftly to where the Argive men were thronged.
As rushed their troop up silver paths of sea,
The flood disported round them as they came.
With one wild cry they floated up; it rang,
A sound as when fleet-flying cranes forebode
A great storm. Moaned the monsters of the deep
Plainly round that train of mourners. Fast
On sped they to their goal, with awesome cry
Παίδα κασιγνήτης κρατερόφρωνα κωκύνουσαι ἐκπάγλως. Μοῦσαι δὲ θῶς Ἕλικώνα λιποῦσαι ἦλυθον ἅλγος ἀλαστον ἐνι στέρνοισιν ἔχουσαι ἀρνύμεναι τιμήν ἐλικόπιδο Νηρήνη.

Zeus δὲ μέγι Ἀργείοισι καὶ ἄτρομον ἐμβαλε θάρσος,

ὅφρα μὴ ἐσθλὸν ὁμίλον ὑποδείσωσι θεάων ἀμφαδὸν ἄθρησαντες ἀνὰ στρατόν· αἱ δ’ Ἀχιλῆος ἀμφὶ νέκυν στενάχοντο καὶ ἄθανατοι περ ἔοικαί τὸ σάσαι ὁμοῖος· ἀκταὶ δὲ περίαχον Ἐλληστόντον· δεύετο δὲ χθόν πᾶσα περὶ νέκυν Λιακίδαο δάκρυσιν· δις μὲγά πένθος ἀνέστενον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαῶν

μυρομένων δακρύοισι φορύνετο τεύχεα πάντα καὶ κλισίαι καὶ νῆες, ἐπεὶ μέγα πένθος ὄρφει. μῆτηρ δ’ ἀμφίχυνθείσα κύσε στῶμα Πηλείωνος παῖδος ἐου, καὶ τοῖν ἐπος φάτο δακρυχέουσα· "γηθεῖτω ῥοδόπεπλος ἂν οὐρανὸν Ἡρμιγένεια, γηθεῖτω φρεσὶν ὤσι μεθεις χόλον Ἀστεροπάλου Ἀξίος εὐφυρέοθροι ἴδε Πριάμωιο γενέθλη· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ πρὸς Ὀλυμπὸν ἀφίξομαι, ἀμφὶ δὲ τοσὶν

κεῖσομαι ἄθανάτοιο Δίως μεγάλα στενάχουσα, ὅνεκά μ’ οὐκ ἐθέλουσαν ὅτ’ ἄνερὶ δικὲ δαμήναι, ἀνέρι, τὸν τάχα γῆρας ἀμείλιχον ἀμφίμεράτης, Κηρές τ’ ἔγγυς ἔσας τέλος θανάτου φέρονται. ἀλλὰ μοι οὐ κεῖνοι μέλει τόσον, ὡς Ἀχιλῆος, ἄν τοῖς Ζεὺς κατένευσεν ἐν Λιακίδαο δόμοισιν ἰφθιμον θήσειν, ἐπεὶ οὕτι μοι ἦνδανεν εὐνῆ· ἀλλ’ ὅτε μὲν ζαῆς ἀνεμος πέλον, ἄλλοτε δ’ ὦδωρ, ἄλλοτε δ’ οἶον φύσανα κῦκος η πυρὸς ὀρμή· οὔδε με θυντὸς ἄνὴρ δύνατ’ ἐν λεχέσσι δαμάσσαι 156
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Wailing the while their sister’s mighty son.
Swiftly from Helicon the Muses came
Heart-burdened with undying grief, for love
And honour to the Nereïd starry-eyed.

Then Zeus with courage filled the Argive men,
That eyes of flesh might undismayed behold
That glorious gathering of Goddesses.
Then those Divine Ones round Achilles’ corse
Pealed forth with one voice from immortal lips
A lamentation. Rang again the shores
Of Hellespont. As rain upon the earth
Their tears fell round the dead man, Aeacus’ son;
For out of depths of sorrow rose their moan.
And all the armour, yea, the tents, the ships
Of that great sorrowing multitude were wet
With tears from ever-welling springs of grief.
His mother cast her on him, clasping him,
And kissed her son’s lips, crying through her tears:
“Now let the rosy-vestured Dawn in heaven
Exult! Now let broad-flowing Axius
Exult, and for Asteropaeus dead
Put by his wrath! Let Priam’s seed be glad!
But I unto Olympus will ascend,
And at the feet of everlasting Zeus
Will cast me, bitterly plaining that he gave
Me, an unwilling bride, unto a man—
A man whom joyless eld soon overtook,
To whom the Fates are near, with death for gift.
Yet not so much for his lot do I grieve
As for Achilles; for Zeus promised me
To make him glorious in the Aeacid halls,—
In recompense for the bridal I so loathed
That into wild wind now I changed me, now
To water, now in fashion as a bird
I was, now as the blast of flame; nor might
A mortal win me for his bride, who seemed

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φαινομένην, ὅσα γαῖα καὶ ὡρανὸς ἐντὸς ἔργηει, μὲσφ’ ὅτε μοι κατένευσεν ὁλύμπιος νύεα δίον ἔκπαγλον θήσειν καὶ ἄρησον. ἄλλα τὰ μὲν ποὺ ἀτρεκέως ἐτέλεσσεν ὁ γὰρ πέλε φέρτατος ἀνδρῶν ἄλλα μιν ὄκυμοφον πούήσατο καὶ μ’ ἀκάχησε. τοῦτε ἐκ ὡρανὸν εἰμι. Δίοις δ’ ἐς δῶματ’ ἵσουσα κωκύσῳ φίλον νία, καὶ ὅπποσα πρόσθ’ ἐμόγησα ἁμφ’ αὐτῷ καὶ παισιν ἀεικήα τειρομένουι μνήσω ἀκηχημένη, ἵνα οἱ σὺν θυμὸν ὅρινον.

"Ὡς ἔφατ’ αἶνα γοῦσ’ ἀλή Θέτις. ἢ δὲ οἱ αὐτῇ Καλλίσπη φάτο μύθουν ἀρημαμένη φρεσ’ θυμὸν. " ἵσχεο κωκυτοῖο, θεὰ Θέτι, μηδ’ ἀλύνουσα εἶνεκα παιδὸς ἐοῦ θεῶν μεδέντι καὶ ἀνδρῶν σκύζεο. καὶ γὰρ Ζηνὸς ἐρίβρεμέταο ἀνακτὸν ὑλὲς ομῶς ἀπόλοντο κατὴ περὶ χηρὶ δαμέντες κάτθανε δ’ υῖος ἐμεῖο καὶ αὐτῆς ἄθανάτων Ὀρφεῦς, οὗ μολυπήσιν ἐφέσπετο πᾶσα μὲν ὅλῃ, πᾶσα δ’ ἀρ’ ὁκρίσσα απέθη ποταμῶν τε ῥέθρα πυοιάτε τε λυγέων ἀνέμων ἀμέγαρτον ἀέντων οἰωνοὶ τε θοᾷ διεσύμενοι περύγεσσον ἀλλ’ ἔτην μέγα πένθος, ἑπεὶ θεῶν οὕτω ἐοικεν πένθεοι λευγαλέοισι καὶ ἀλγεὶ θυμὸν ἀχεύειν. τῷ σε καὶ αὐτής καὶ φυματον ἡμέτως γός νίεος ἐσθιοῦσι καὶ γὰρ οἱ κλεὸς αἰεῖ ἐπιχυσύοιςιν ἀοίδοι καὶ μένος ἀείσουσιν ἔμη τ’ ἱστητι καὶ ἄλλων Πιερίδων. σοὶ δὲ κελαίφῳ πένθει θυμὸν δᾶμασο θηλυτέρησιν ἵσων γοῦσια γυναιξίν. ἣ οὐκ αἰεῖς ὑπὶ πάντας, ὅσι θὸν χονιν ναιετάουσιν, ἀνθρώπους ὅλης περιτπέπταται ἀσχετος Αἰγα 158.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

All shapes in turn that earth and heaven contain,
Until the Olympian pledged him to bestow
A godlike son on me, a lord of war.
Yea, in a manner this did he fulfil
Faithfully; for my son was mightiest
Of men. But Zeus made brief his span of life
Unto my sorrow. Therefore up to heaven
Will I: to Zeus's mansion will I go
And wail my son, and will put Zeus in mind
Of all my travail for him and his sons
In their sore stress, and sting his soul with shame.

So in her wild lament the Sea-queen cried.

But now to Thetis spake Calliope,
She in whose heart was steadfast wisdom throned:
"From lamentation, Thetis, now forbear,
And do not, in the frenzy of thy grief
For thy lost son, provoke to wrath the Lord
Of Gods and men. Lo, even sons of Zeus,
The Thunder-king, have perished, overborne
By evil fate. Immortal though I be,
Mine own son Orpheus died, whose magic song
Drew all the forest-trees to follow him,
And every craggy rock and river-stream,
And blasts of winds shrill-piping stormy-breathed,
And birds that dart through air on rushing wings.
Yet I endured mine heavy sorrow: Gods
Ought not with anguished grief to vex their souls.
Therefore make end of sorrow-stricken wail
For thy brave child; for to the sons of earth
Minstrels shall chant his glory and his might,
By mine and by my sisters' inspiration,
Unto the end of time. Let not thy soul
Be crushed by dark grief, nor do thou lament
Like those frail mortal women. Know'st thou not
That round all men which dwell upon the earth
Hovereth irresistible deadly Fate,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὐδὲ θεῶν ἀλέγουσα; τὸσον σθένος ἕλλαχε μοῦνη· ἢ καὶ νῦν Πριάμου πολυχρόσου πόλη εἰκτέρσει Τρώων τε καὶ Ἀργείων ὀλέσασα ἀνέρας, ἢν κ᾽ ἔθελσεν θεῶν δ᾽ οὕτως μον ἐφύξει."  

"Ως φάτο Καλλιότη πινυτὰ φρεσὶ μητιώσα. 655

ἡέλιος δ᾽ ἀπόρουσεν εἴ ὦκεανοῖο ἰέθρα, ἄρτῳ δὲ νὺξ μεγάλοιο κατ᾽ ἱέρον ὀρφυήσθα, ἢ τε καὶ ἀχυμένῳ σι πέλει θητοίσιν ὄνειαρ.

αὐτοῦ δ᾽ ἐν φαμάθισοιν Ἀχαϊῶν ἔδραθον νῖες ἰλάδον ἀμφὶ νέκυι μεγάλῃ βεβαρητοίσι τῇ. 660

ἀλλ᾽ οὐχ υπνος ἐμαρτπε θεὺν Θέτιν ἀγχι δὲ παῖδος

ἡστο συν ἄθανίτης Νηρησιών ἀμπὶ δὲ Μοῦσαι ἀχυμένην ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἄμοιβαδὶς ἀλλοθεν ἄλλη πολλὰ παρηγορέσκουν, ὅπως λελάθοιτο γόοιο. 665

Ἀλλ᾽ οτε καγχαλόωσα δι᾽ αἰθέρος ἦλθεν ἦώς λαμπρότατον πάσιν τε φάος Τρώωσι φέρουσα καὶ Πριάμῳ—Δαναοὶ δὲ μέγ᾽ ἀχυμένου Ἀχιλῆα κλαῖον ἐπ᾽ ἥματα πολλά, περιστενάχοντο δὲ μακραί 670

ἡιόνες πόντοιο, μέγας δ᾽ ὀλοφύρετο Νηρεὺς ἦρα φέρων κούρη Νηρηίδι, σὺν δὲ οἱ ἄλλοι εἰνάλοι μύροντο θεοὶ φθιμένου Ἀχιλῆος—καὶ τότε δὴ μεγάλοιο νέκυι Πηλημάδας Ἀργείων πυρὶ δῶκαν ἀάσπετα νηήσαντες δοῦρα, τα οἱ φορέωτες ἀπ᾽ οὐρεῖς Ἰδαίοι πάντες ὁμῶς ἐμόγησαν, ἐπεὶ σφεας ὀτρύνοντες Ἀτρείδαι προέκακαν ἀπείριτον οἰσέμεν ὡλήν, ἄφρα θωὸς καίοιτο νέκυι κταμένου Ἀχιλῆος. 675

ἀμφὶ δὲ τεύχεα πολλὰ πυρὴ περιπνήσαντο αἰξητῶν κταμένων, πολλοὺς δὲ ἐφύπερθε βάλοντο

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Who recks not even of the Gods? Such power
She only hath for heritage. Yea, she
Soon shall destroy gold-wealthy Priam's town,
And Trojans many and Argives doom to death,
Whomso she will. No God can stay her hand."

So in her wisdom spake Calliope.
Then plunged the sun down into Ocean's stream,
And sable-vestured Night came floating up
O'er the wide firmament, and brought her boon
Of sleep to sorrowing mortals. On the sands
There slept they, all the Achaean host, with heads
Bowed 'neath the burden of calamity.
But upon Thetis sleep laid not his hand:
Still with the deathless Nereids by the sea
She sate; on either side the Muses spake
One after other comfortable words
To make that sorrowing heart forget its pain.

But when with a triumphant laugh the Dawn
Soared up the sky, and her most radiant light
Shed over all the Trojans and their king,
Then, sorrowing sorely for Achilles still,
The Danaans woke to weep. Day after day,
For many days they wept. Around them moaned
Far-stretching beaches of the sea, and mourned
Great Nereus for his daughter Thetis' sake;
And mourned with him the other Sea-gods all
For dead Achilles. Then the Argives gave
The corpse of great Peleides to the flame.
A pyre of countless tree-trunks built they up
Which, all with one mind toiling, from the heights
Of Ida they brought down; for Atreus' sons
Sped on the work, and charged them to bring thence
Wood without measure, that consumed with speed
Might be Achilles' body. All around
Piled they about the pyre much battle-gear
Of strong men slain; and slew and cast thereon
Τρώων δημόσαντες ὠμῶς περικαλλέας νῦς ἵππους τε χρεμέδοντας ἐυσθενέας θ' ἀμα ταύρους, σὺν δ' οἶνῃ τε σίνας τ' ἐβαλον βρίσοντας ἀλοιφή: φάρεα δ' ἐκ χηλῶν φέρον ἀσπετα κοκύνουσαι δμωίδαις, καὶ πάντα πυρῆς καθύπερθε βάλοντο, χρυσὸν τ' ἥλεκτρόν τ' ἐπενήεον ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίτας Μυρμιδόνες κείραντο, νέκυν δ' ἐκαλυψάν ἀνακτος· καὶ δ' αὐτὴ Βρισης ἀκηχεμένη περὶ νεκρῷ κειραμένη πλοκάμους πύματον πόρε δῶρον ἀνακτι. πολλοὺς δ' ὠμφιφορίας ἀλεῖφατος ὠμφέκεόντο, ἄλλους δ' ἀμφὶ πυρῆ μελίτων θέσαν ἥδε καὶ οἶνον ἥδεος, οὐ μέθυ λαρὸν ὀδώδεε νέκταρι ἴσον. ἀλλὰ δὲ πολλὰ βάλοντο θυώδεα θαύμα βροτοῖσιν, ὅσα χθῶν φέρει ἐσθλὰ καὶ ὀππόσα δία θάλασσα. ἂλλ' ὁτε δὴ περὶ πάγχυ πυρῆν δεικοσμήσαντο, πεζοὶ ἀμ' ῥήτησαι σὺν ἔντεσιν ἔρρωσαντο. ἀμφὶ πυρῆν πολύδακρων. ὅ δ' ἐκποθεν Οὐλύμπω Ζεὺς ψεκάδας κατέχευεν ὑπὲρ νέκυν Αἰακίδαο ἀμβροσίας, δὴ δὲ φέρων Νηρηίδι τιμῆν Ἐρμείνην προῄκεν ἐς Αἰολον, ὁφρα καλέσῃ λαυχηρῶν ἀνέμων ἱερὸν μένος. ὃ γὰρ ἐμελλε κάλεθ' Αἰακίδαι νέκυς. τοῦ δ' ἄιψα μολόντος Αἰολος δὴ ἀπίθησε· καλεσσάμενος δ' ἀλεγεινόν καρπαλίμως Βορέην Ζεφύριο τε λάβρον ἀήτην ἐς Τροίην προῄκε κοπὴ θύωντας ἀέλλη· οί δὲ θοῦς οἰμησαν ὑπὲρ πόντου φέρεσθαι ῥυπῆ ἀπεφείη· περὶ δ' ιαχεῖ ἐσυμένουσι πόντος ὤμος καὶ γαῖα· περικλονεύοντο δ' ὑπερθε πάντα νέφη μεγάλοιο δι' ἱέρος άισσοντα. οἱ δὲ Δίος βουλήσι δαίκταμένου ν' Ἀχιλήος

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

Full many goodly sons of Trojan men,
And snorting steeds, and mighty bulls withal,
And sheep and fatling swine thereon they cast.
And wailing captive maids from coffers brought
Mantles untold; all cast they on the pyre:
Gold heaped they there and amber. All their
hair
The Myrmidons shore, and shrouded with the same
The body of their king. Briseïs laid
Her own shorn tresses on the corpse, her gift,
Her last, unto her lord. Great jars of oil
Full many poured they out thereon, with jars
Of honey and of wine, rich blood of the grape
That breathed an odour as of nectar, yea,
Cast incense-breathing perfumes manifold
Marvellous sweet, the precious things put forth
By earth, and treasures of the sea divine.

Then, when all things were set in readiness
About the pyre, all, footmen, charioteers,
Compassed that woeful bale, clashing their arms,
While, from the viewless heights Olympian, Zeus
Rained down ambrosia on dead Aeacus' son.
For honour to the Goddess, Nereus' child,
He sent to Aeolus Hermes, bidding him
Summon the sacred might of his swift winds,
For that the corpse of Aeacus' son must now
Be burned. With speed he went, and Aeolus
Refused not: the tempestuous North in haste
He summoned, and the wild blast of the West;
And to Troy sped they on their whirlwind wings.
Fast in mad onrush, fast across the deep
They darted; roared beneath them as they flew
The sea, the land; above crashed thunder-voiced
Clouds headlong hurtling through the firmament.
Then by decree of Zeus down on the pyre
Of slain Achilles, like a charging host

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αἶψα πυρὴ ἐνόρουσαν ἀλλὲς, ὦρτο δ’ αὐτὲς Ηφαίστου μαλεροῖς γόρος δ’ ἀλάστος ὅρφει
Μυρμιδόνων ἀνεμοὶ δὲ καὶ ἐσύμενοι περ ἁέλλῃ ι
πάν ἦμαρ καὶ νῦκτα νέκιν πεπουπνύοντες καὶν ἐπινεύοντες ὠμὸς· ἀνὰ δ’ ἔγρετο πουλὺς
κατον ἀς ἑρα δίαν, ἐπέστενε δ’ ἀσπετοὶ ὦλη
dαμναμένη πυρὶ πάσα, μέλαινα δὲ γίνετο τέφρην.
οὶ δὲ μέγ’ ἐκτελέσαντες ἀτειρίες ἔργον ἀρηται
εἰς ἐνω ἄντρων ἐκαστος ὠμοὶ νέφεσαν χέρωντο.
Μυρμιδόνες δ’, ὡτ’ ἀνακτα πελώριον ὅστατον ἄλλων

ήμυστι πῦρ ἀιδήλων ἀποκταμένων ὑπὲρ νεκρῷ

ἐπτων τ’ αἰξῆόν τε, καὶ ἄλλ’ ὀσα δακρυχέοντες

ὀβριμοῦ ἀμφὶ νέκιν κειμήλια θῆκαν Ἀχαῖοι,

ἡ τότε πυρκαίην οὐρας σβέσαν ὡστεα δ’ ἀυτοῦ

φαίνετ’ ἀμφραδέως, ἐτει οὐχ ἐτέροις ὀμοία

ἡν, ἄλλ’ οί Γίγαντος ἀτειρόες, οὐδὲ μὲν ἄλλα

σῦν κεύνοις ἐμέμκην, ἐτει Ἦ βόες ἑδὲ καὶ ὑπτο

καὶ παῖδες Τρόων μῦγδα κταμένεοι καὶ ἄλλως

βαιῶν ἀπωθεί κέοντο ὑπὲρ νέκιν, δι’ δ’ ἐνὶ μέσσοις

ῥυπῆ ὑφ’ Ἡφαίστοιο δεδημενὸς ὦσος ἐκείτο.

τοῦ δὲ καὶ ὡστεα πάντα περιστενάχουντες ἐταίροι

ἀλλεγον ἐς χηλῶν πολυχαίδεα τε βριαρήν τε

ἀργυρένη, χρυσῆ δὲ διανυεῖ πᾶς ἐκέκαστο.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀμβροσία καὶ ἀλείφαισα πάγχυ δήναι

κούραι Νηρῆς μεγ’ Ἀχιλλεά κυδαίνουσαι,

ἐς δε βοῶν δημὸν θέσαν άθροι πάγχυ χέασαι

σὺν μέλιτι λιαρφ’ μήτηρ δε οῖ ἀμφιφορη ὁπας,

τὸν ρα πάροιδε Διώνυσος πόρε δόρουν.

Ἡφαίστον κλυτὸν ἑργον εὐφρονος. φ’ ἐν θῆκαν

ὕστε Ἀχιλλῆς μεγαλήτορος’ ἀμφὶ δὲ τύμβον

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Swooped they; upleapt the Fire-god’s madding breath:

Uprose a long wail from the Myrmidons.
Then, though with whirlwind rushes toiled the winds,
All day, all night, they needs must fan the flames
Ere that death-pyre burned out. Up to the heavens
Vast-volumed rolled the smoke. The huge tree-trunks
Groaned, writhing, bursting, in the heat, and dropped
The dark-grey ash all round. So when the winds
Had tirelessly fulfilled their mighty task,
Back to their cave they rode cloud-charioted.

Then, when the fire had last of all consumed
That hero-king, when all the steeds, the men
Slain round the pyre had first been ravined up,
With all the costly offerings laid around
The mighty dead by Achaia’s weeping sons,
The glowing embers did the Myrmidons quench
With wine. Then clear to be discerned were seen —
His bones; for nowise like the rest were they,
But like an ancient Giant’s; none beside —
With these were blent; for bulls and steeds, and sons
Of Troy, with all that mingled hecatomb,
Lay in a wide ring round his corse, and he
Amidst them, flame-devoured, lay there alone.
So his companions groaning gathered up
His bones, and in a silver casket laid
Massy and deep, and banded and bestarred
With flashing gold; and Nereus’ daughters shed
Ambrosia over them, and precious nards
For honour to, Achilles: fat of kine
And amber honey poured they over all.
A golden vase his mother gave, the gift
In old time of the Wine-god, glorious work
Of the craft-master Fire-god, in the which
They laid the casket that enclosed the bones
Of mighty-souled Achilles. All around
'Αργείοι καὶ σήμα πελώριον ἀμφεβάλοντο ἀκτῇ ἐπ’ ἀκροτάτῃ παρὰ βένθεσιν Ἐλλησπόντου Μυρμιδόνων βασιλῆα θρασύν περικωκύντες.
Οὐδὲ μὲν ἀμβροτοὶ ὑποὶ ἀταρβέος Αἰακίδαιοι μίμων ἀδάκρυτοι παρὰ νῆσιν, ἄλλα καὶ αὐτοὶ μύμωντο σφετέρῳ δαικταμένου βασιλῆος, οὐδ’ ἔθελον μοχεροῦσιν ἐτ’ ἀνδράσιν οὐδὲ μὲν ἔτοιμοι μύσγεσθ’ Ἀργείων ὅλουν περὶ πένθος ἔχοντες, ἀλλ’ ὑπὲρ ὀκεανοῦ Ῥόας καὶ Τηθύνα ἀντρα ἀνθρώπων ἀπάτερθεν οἰκυρῶν φορέσσαι, ἤχθ’ σφεας τὸ πάροιζεν ἑγεῖνατο δὴ Ποδάργη ἀμφώ ἀελώτοδας Ζεφύρῳ κελάδοντι μυγείσα. καὶ νῦ κεν αἰξ’ ἐτέλεσσαν ὅσα σφίσι μῆδετο θυμός, εἰ μὴ σφεας κατέρυξε θεῶν νός, ὦφρ’ Ἀχιλῆος ἔλθοι ἀπὸ Σκύρου τοῦτος παῖς, ὅν Ῥά καὶ αὐτοὶ δέχυνθ’ ὀππόθ’ ἴκοιτο ποτὶ στρατόν, οὖνεκ’ ἄρα σφι
θέσφατα γεινομένοισι Χάοις ἱεροὶ θύγατρες. Μοῖραι ἐπεκλώσαντο καὶ ἀδανάτως περὶ ἔως τρώτα Ποσειδών δαμήμεναι, αὐτάρ ἐπετά ταρσαλέως Πηλῆ καὶ ἀκαμάτω Ἀχιλῆ, τέτρατον αὐτ’ ἐπὶ τοῦ Νευπτόλεμο μεγαθύμω, τὸν καὶ εἰς Ἡλύσιον πεδίον μετόπουθεν ἐμέλλον Ζηνὸς ὑπ’ ἐννεσίησι φέρειν μακάρων ἐπὶ γαῖαν. τούνεκα καὶ στυγγηρ’ βεβολημένου ἦτορ ἀνή μίμων πάρ νῆσισιν ἐών κατὰ θυμὸν ἀνάκατα τὸν μὲν ἀκηχέμενου τὸν δ’ αὐ ποθέοντες ἰδέσθαι. Καὶ τὸτ’ ἐρυγδούποιοι λιπῶν ἄλος ὅβριμον οἴδιμα ἠλθεν Ἐννοσίγαιοι ἐπ’ ἡμῶν’ οὐδὲ μιν ἄνδρες ἔδρακον, ἄλλα θεῖσι παρίστατο Νηρήνης· καὶ Ῥὰ Θέτων προσέειπεν ἐτ’ ἀγνυμένην Ἀχιλῆος· 166
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

The Argives heaped a barrow, a giant sign,
Upon a foreland’s uttermost end, beside
The Hellespont’s deep waters, wailing loud
Farewells unto the Myrmidons’ hero-king.
   Nor stayed the immortal steeds of Aeacus’ son
Tearless beside the ships; they also mourned
Their slain king: sorely loth were they to abide
Longer mid mortal men or Argive steeds
Bearing a burden of consuming grief;
But fain were they to soar through air, afar
From wretched men, over the Ocean’s streams,
Over the Sea-queen’s caverns, unto where
Divine Podarge bare that storm-foot twain
Begotten of the West-wind clarion-voiced.
Yea, and they had accomplished their desire,
But the Gods’ purpose held them back, until
From Scyros’ isle Achilles’ fleetfoot son
Should come. Him waited they to welcome, when
He came unto the war-host; for the Fates,
Daughters of holy Chaos, at their birth
Had spun the life-threads of those deathless foals,
Even to serve Poseidon first, and next
Peleus the dauntless king, Achilles then
The invincible, and, after these, the fourth,
The mighty-hearted Neoptolemus,
Whom after death to the Elysian Plain
They were to bear, unto the Blessed Land,
By Zeus’ decree. For which cause, though their hearts
Were pierced with bitter anguish, they abode
Still by the ships, with spirits sorrowing
For their old lord, and yearning for the new.

Then from the surge of heavy-plunging seas
Rose the Earth-shaker. No man saw his feet
Pace up the strand, but suddenly he stood
Beside the Nereid Goddesses, and spake
To Thetis, yet for Achilles bowed with grief:
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

"Ἰσχεον γὰν περὶ παιδὸς ἀπειρέσιον γούσσας·
οὐ γὰρ ὁ γε φθιμένουσι μετέσσεται, ἀλλὰ θεοῖσιν
ὡς ἦς Διόνυσος ιδὲ σθένος Ἡρακλῆος·
οὐ γὰρ μὲν μόρος αἰνὸς ὕπο ζῦφον αἰεὶ ἐρύξει
οὐδ' Ἀίδης, ἀλλ' αἰγα καὶ ἐς Διὸς ἤξεται αὐγάς·
καὶ οἱ δῶρον ἐγὼγε θεοῦδεα νήσον ὅπασσον
Εὐξείνου κατὰ πόντον, ὅπῃ θεὸς ἔσσεθαι αἰεὶ
σὸς παῖς· ἀμφὶ δὲ φῦλα περικτιῶν μέγα λαῶν
κεῖνον κυδαίνοντα θυηθολίης ἐρατεινῆς
ἰσον ἐμοὶ τίσουσι· σὺ δ' ἰσχεο κωκύνουσα
ἔσσυμένως καὶ μή τι χαλέπτευο πένθει θυμόν.`

"Ὡς εἴπον ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπήμεν εἰκελος αὐρή
παρφάμενοι μύθοις Θεότων· τῆς δ' ἐν φρεσὶ θυμῶς
βαΐνον ἀνέπνευσεν· τὰ δὲ οἱ θεοὶ ἐξετέλεσσεν.
Ἀργείων δὲ γοωντες ἀπήμον, ἥχι ἐκάστῳ
νῆς ἤσαν, τὰς ἤγουν ἄφ' Ἑλλάδος· αἱ δ' Ἑλικόνα.

Πιερίδες νήσουντο, καὶ εἰς ἀλα Νηρηναί
dύσαν ἀναστενάχουσαι εὖφρονα Πηλείωνα.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK III

"Refrain from endless mourning for thy son. Not with the dead shall he abide, but dwell With Gods, as doth the might of Herakles, And Dionysus ever fair. Not him Dread doom shall prison in darkness evermore, Nor Hades keep him. To the light of Zeus Soon shall he rise; and I will give to him A holy island for my gift: it lies Within the Euxine Sea: there evermore - A God thy son shall be. The tribes that dwell Around shall as mine own self honour him With incense and with steam of sacrifice. Hush thy laments, vex not thine heart with grief."

Then like a wind-breath had he passed away Over the sea, when that consoling word Was spoken; and a little in her breast Revived the spirit of Thetis: and the God Brought this to pass thereafter. All the host Moved moaning thence, and came unto the ships That brought them o'er from Hellas. Then returned To Helicon the Muses: 'neath the sea, Wailing the dear dead, Nereus' Daughters sank.
ΑΟΓΟΣ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΣ

Ούδε μὲν ἵππολόχοιο δαίφρονος ὅβριμον ὑπὰ Τρῶς ἀδάκρυτον δείλοι λίπον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸι Δαρδανίης προτάροοθε πῦλης ἔρικυδέα φῶτα πυρκαΐης καθύπερθε βάλον· τὸν δ’ αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων

ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθομένου μᾶλ’ ἐσσυμένως ἀναείρας δώκε θεοῖς ἀνέμοισι φέρειν Δυκίης σχεδὸν αἴησι· οἴ δὲ μιν αἰσ’ ἀπένεικαν ὑπ’ ἄγκεα Τηλάνδροοι χώρον ἐς ἰμερόεντα, πέτρην δ’ ἐφύπερθε βάλοντο ἄρρηκτον· Νῦμφαι δὲ περίβλυσαν ίερὸν ὕδωρ ἀνανόν ποταμοῖο, τὸν εἰσέτι φῦλ’ ἀνθρώπων Γλαύκον ἐπικλείουσιν ἐὑρροοῦν· ἀλλὰ τά μὲν ποὺ ἀθάνατοι τεῦξαντο γέρας Δυκίων βασιλῆι.

Ἀργείοι δ’ ἐρίθυμον ἀνεστενάχοντ’ Ἀχιλῆα νησί παρ’ ὄκυπτόριοισιν’ ἔτειρε δὲ πάντας αἰή λευγαλέη καὶ πένθος, ἐπεί ὡς μιν ὦν ὅδηγεν, οὔδε τις ἤπν ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺ ἀδακρυς. Τρῶς δ’ αὐτ’ ἀλάστον ἐγηθεὶς εἰσφόρωτες τοὺς μὲν ἀκηχεμένους, τὸν δ’ ἐν πυρὶ δημοθέντα· καὶ τις ἐπευχόμενοις μῦθοι ποτὶ τοῖς ἐειτεν·

"ἡμὶν ὡπέσε χάρμα λιλαιμένοισιν ἱδέσθαι ἐν Τροίῃ Ἀχιλῆα δεδουμέναι τὸν γὰρ δίω βλημένου ἀμπτεύσειν Τρῶων ἐρυκυδέα φῦλα"
BOOK IV

How in the Funeral Games of Achilles heroes contended.

Nor did the hapless Trojans leave unwept
The warrior-king Hippolochus' hero-son,
But laid, in front of the Dardanian gate,
Upon the pyre that captain war-renowned.
But him Apollo's self caught swiftly up
Out of the blazing fire, and to the winds
Gave him, to bear away to Lycia-land;
And fast and far they bare him, 'neath the glens
Of high Telandrus, to a lovely glade;
And for a monument above his grave
Upheaved a granite rock. The Nymphs therefrom
Made gush the hallowed water of a stream
For ever flowing, which the tribes of men
Still call fair-fleeting Glaucus. This the gods
Wrought for an honour to the Lycian king.

But for Achilles still the Argives mourned
Beside the swift ships: heart-sick were they all
With dolorous pain and grief. Each yearned for him
As for a son; no eye in that wide host
Was tearless. But the Trojans with great joy
Exulted, seeing their sorrow from afar,
And the great fire that spake their foe consumed.
And thus a vaunting voice amidst them cried:
"Now hath Cronion from his heaven vouchsafed
A joy past hope unto our longing eyes,
To see Achilles fallen before Troy.
Now he is smitten down, the glorious hosts
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

αἵματος εξ ὀλοιοὶ καὶ ἀνδροφόνου υψήλης·
αιεὶ γὰρ φρεσίν ζισιν ἐμήδετο [Τρωοίν ὀλεθρον]
αὐτὰ δὲ οἱ χείρεσιν ἐμαίνετο λογίον ἔγχος
λύθρο ύπ’ ἀργαλέω πεπαλαγμένον, οὐδὲ τις
ἡμέων
κεῖνω ἔναντα κιῶν ἔτ’ ἐσέδρακεν Ἡριγένειαν·
νῦν ὁ οἶω φεύξεσθαι Ἀχαϊῶν ὀβριμα τέκνα
ηυσίν ἐὑπρώροισι δαϊκταμένου Ἀχιλῆος·
ὡς οἴφελον μένος ἢν ἔθ’ Ἑκτορος, ὅφ’ ἀμα
πάντας
Ἀργείους σφετέρησιν ἐνί κλισίησιν ὀλέσσεν.”

“Ὡς ἀρ’ ἐφή Τρώων τις ἐνί φρεσὶ πάγχι γε-
γηθὼς·
ἀλλος δ’ αὖθ’ ἐτέρωθι πῦκα φρονέων φάτο μῦθον·
“φῆσθα σὺ μὲν Δαναῶν ὀλοῖν στρατὸν ἐνδοθι
νηῶν
πόντων ἐπ’ ἕροεντα πεφυζότας αἰγα νέεσθαι·
ἀλλ’ οὐ μᾶν δείσουσι κλαίσκομεν μέγα χάρμης·
eἰσι γὰρ ἡ κρατεροὶ τε καὶ ὀβριμοὶ ἀνέρες ἄλλοι,
Τυδείδης Αἰας τε καὶ Ἄτρεός ὀβριμοὶ ὑλεῖς·
tοὺς ἔτ’ ἐγὼ δεῖσωκα κατακταμένον Ἀχιλῆος·
tοὺς εἰθ’ ἀργυρότοξος ἀναιρήσειν Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ κεν ἀνάπνευσις πολέμου καὶ ἀεικεός οἶνον
ἡμῖν εὐχομένοις ἐλεύσεται ἠματί κείων.”

“Ὡς ἐφατ’ ἁθάνατοι δὲ κατ’ ὦρανὸν ἑστενά-
χοντο,
ὁσσοι ἔσαν Δαναοῖσιν εὐσθενέσσων ἄρωγοι,
ἀμφὶ δὲ κράτ’ ἐκάλυψαν ἀπειρεσίοις νεφέεσσι
θυμὸν ἀκηχέμενοι· ἐτέρωθι δὲ νῆθεον ἄλλοι
εὐχόμενοι Τρώεσσι πέρας ψυχηδὲς ὀρέξαι.
καὶ τότε δὴ Κρονίωνα κλυτὴ προσεφώνευν Ἡρη·
“Ζεῦ πίτερ ἀργικέραυνε, τὶ Ἡτρόεσσιν ἀρήγεις
κούρης ἥκόμου τελασμένος, ἢν ὅ πάροιθεν
ἀντιθέω Πηλῆι πόρες θυμήρε’ ἀκοιτιν

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Of Troy, I trow, shall win a breathing-space
From blood of death and from the murderous fray.
Ever his heart devised the Trojans' bane;
In his hands maddened aye the spear of doom
With gore besprent, and none of us that faced
Him in the fight beheld another dawn.
But now, I wot, Achaea's valorous sons
Shall flee unto their galleys shapely-prowed,
Since slain Achilles lies. Ah that the might
Of Hector still were here, that he might slay
The Argives one and all amidst their tents!"

So in unbridled joy a Trojan cried;
But one more wise and prudent answered him:
"Thou deemest that yon murderous Danaan host
Will straightway get them to the ships, to flee
Over the misty sea. Nay, still their lust
Is hot for fight: us will they nowise fear.
Still are there left strong battle-eager men,
As Aias, as Tydeides, Atreus' sons:
Though dead Achilles be, I still fear these.
Oh that Apollo Silverbow would end them!
Then in that day were given to our prayers
A breathing-space from war and ghastly death."

In heaven was dole among the Immortal Ones,
Even all that helped the stalwart Danaans' cause.
In clouds like mountains piled they veiled their heads
For grief of soul. But glad those others were
Who fain would speed Troy to a happy goal.
Then unto Cronos' Son great Hera spake:
"Zeus, Lightning-father, wherefore helpest thou
Troy, all forgetful of the fair-haired bride
Whom once to Peleus thou didst give to wife
Πηλίου ἐν βίοσθησι; γάμον δὲ οἱ αὐτὸς ἔτευξας ἀμβροτον, οἱ δὲ νῦ πάντες ἐδαινύμεθ' ἡματι κεῖνῳ ἄθάνατοι καὶ πολλὰ δόμεν περικαλλέα δῶρα· ἀλλὰ τὰ γ' ἐξελάθουν, μέγα δ' Ἐλλάδι μήσαο πένθος.

"Ως ἄρ' ἐφή· τὴν δ' οὕτι προσένυσεν ἀκάματος Ζεὺς·

ὕστο γὰρ ἄχνυμενοι κραδίην καὶ πολλὰ μενοινῶν, οὖνεκεν ἡμελλὼν Πρᾶμου πόλιν ἐξαλατάξεων Ἀργείωι, τοῖς αἰῶν ἐμῆδετο λογίς, ὅπασσαί ἐν πολέμῳ στονόντες καὶ ἐν βαρυχέι πόντω· καὶ τὰ μὲν δις ὁρμαίνε, τὰ δ' ἡ μετώπισθε τέλεσ-σευν.

'Ἡώς δ' ἀκεανόιο βαθὺν ρόου εἰσαφίκανε, κυαινέν δ' ἀρα γαῖαν ἐπίθεν ἀσπετος ὁρφυ, ἦμοι ἀναπνείουσι βροτοι βαϊὸν καμάτωο. Ἀργείωι δ' ἐπὶ νησίων ἐδόρπευν ἄχνυμενοι περ' οὐ. γὰρ νηῦς ἐστὶν ἀπωσέμεναι μεμανῆς λιμὸν ἀταρτηρῶν, ὅποταν στέρνουσιν ἰκεταί. ἀλλ' εἴθαρ θοὰ γυῖα βαρύνεται, οὐδὲ τι μῆχος γίνεται, ἴν μὴ τὶς κορέσῃ θυμαλγέα νηῦν· τοὺνκα δαίτ' ἐπάσαντο καὶ ἄχνυμενοι Ἀχιλῆος· αἰνὴ γὰρ μᾶλα πάντας ἐποτρυνεσκεν ἀνάγκη. τοῦσι δὲ πασσαμένουσιν ἐπῆλυνε νῆδωμοι ὑπνος, λῦσε δ' ἀπὸ μελέων ὀδύνας, ἐπὶ δὲ σθενὸς ὁδρευν. Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κεφαλὰς μὲν ἐπ' ἀντολὴν ἔχον ἄρκτοι,

δέγμεναι θεὔοιο θοῦν φάος, ἔγρετο δ' ἦὼς, δὴ τὸτ' ἀνέγρετο λαὸς ἐὔσθενέων Ἀργείων πορφύροιν Τρώεσσι φόνον καὶ κήρ' αἰδηλον. κίνυτο δ' ἣπε τῶντος ἀπείρετος Ἰκαρίου ἥ' καὶ ἀναλέουν βαθὺ λῆμον, ὀππόθ' ἰκηταί.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Midst Pelion's glens? Thyself didst bring to pass
Those spousals of a Goddess: on that day
All we Immortals feasted there, and gave
Gifts passing-fair. All this dost thou forget,
And hast devised for Hellas heaviest woe."

So spake she; but Zeus answered not a word;
For pondering there he sat with burdened breast,
Thinking how soon the Argives should destroy
The city of Priam, thinking how himself
Would visit on the victors ruin dread
In war and on the great sea thunder-voiced.
Such thoughts were his, ere long to be fulfilled.

Now sank the sun to Ocean's fathomless flood:
O'er the dim land the infinite darkness stole,
Wherein men gain a little rest from toil.
Then by the ships, despite their sorrow, supped
The Argives, for ye cannot thrust aside
Hunger's importunate craving, when it comes
Upon the breast, but straightway heavy and faint
Lithe limbs become; nor is there remedy
Until one satisfy this clamorous guest.
Therefore these ate the meat of eventide
In grief for Achilles: hard necessity
Constrained them all. And, when they had broken
bread,
Sweet sleep came on them, loosening from their
frames
Care's heavy chain, and quickening strength anew.

But when the starry Bears had eastward turned
Their heads, expectant of the uprushing light
Of Helios, and when woke the Queen of Dawn,
Then rose from sleep the stalwart Argive men
Purposing for the Trojans death and doom.
Stirred were they like the roughly-ridging sea
Icarian, or as sudden-rippling corn
In harvest field, what time the rushing wings

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἵπτῃ ἀπειρεσίᾳ νεφεληγερέος Ζεφύριοι·
δις. ἅρα κίνυτο λαδὸς ἐπὶ ηὔων Ἑλλησπόντου.
καὶ τότε Τυδέος νῦὸς ἐελδομένοις εἰπτεν·
“ὡς φίλοι, εἰ ἐτεόν γε μενεπτόλεμοι πελόμεσθα,
νῦν μᾶλλον στυγεροῦσι μαχόμεθα δυσμενέσσι,
μὴ πως θαρσησωσιν Ἀχιλλέας οὐκετ’ ἕοντος
ἀλλ’ ἄγε, σὺν τεύχεσι καὶ ἀρμασιν ἢ ἤδὲ καὶ
ἵπτοις
Ἰομεν ἀμφὶ πόλης· τὸνος δ’ ἅρα κῦδος ὄρεξι.”

“Ὡς ἐφάτ’ ἐν Δαναοῖσιν· ἀμεῖβετο δ’ ὀβρίμος
Αἰας·

“Τυδείδη, σὺ μὲν ἔσολά καὶ οὐκ ἀνεμώλια βάζεις
ἀτρύνων Τράουσιν ἐπιτολέμοισι μάχεσθαι
ἀγχεμάχους Δαναοὺς, οὐπερ μεμάσαι καὶ αὐτοὶ·
ἀλλὰ χρῆ ἐν νήσσι μένειν, ἄχρις ἐξ ἀλὸς ἑλθῃ
dιὰ Θέτις· μάλα γὰρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μηδεταί ἢτορ
νῦεος ἀμφὶ τάφῳ περικαλλέα θείναι ἄεθλα·
ὡς χθῆξη μοι ἐειπτεν, ὦτ’ εἰς ἄλος ἢμε βένθος,

νόσοφ’ ἀλλῶν Δαναῶν· καὶ ἐ σχεδὸν ἐπομαι εἰναι
ἐσσυμένην· Τρώες δέ, καὶ εἰ θάνει Πηλέος νῦος,
οὐ μάλα θαρσησοῦσιν ἔτι ζύοντος ἐμείῳ
καὶ σέθειν ἢ ἤδὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ ἀμύμονος Ἀτρείδαο.”

“Ὡς ἄρ’ ἐφη Τελαμώνος εὗς παῖς, οὐδὲ τι ἤδη,
ὅττι ρά οἱ μετ’ ἄεθλα κακὸν μῶρον ἐντυε δαιμῶν
ἀργαλέον· τὸν δ’ αὐθίς ἀμεῖβετο Τυδέος νῦος·
“ὡς φίλος, εἰ ἐτεον Θέτις· ἑρχεται ἡματι τῶδε
νῦεος ἀμφὶ τάφῳ περικαλλέα θείναι ἄεθλα,
πάρ νήσσι μένομεν ἐρυκανώντε καὶ ἄλλοις·
καὶ γὰρ δὴ μακάρεσσι θεῖις πείθεσθαι εὐκε’
καὶ δ’ ἀλλῶς Ἀχιλῆι καὶ ἄθανάτων ἀέκηπτι
αὐτοῖ φραζόμεσθα δόμεν τυμηδέα τιμήν.”

“Ὡς φύτο Τυδείδαο δαίφρονος ὀβρίμον ἕτορ.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Of the cloud-gathering West sweep over it;
So upon Hellespont's strand the folk were stirred.
And to those eager hearts cried Tydeus' son:
"If we be battle-biders, friends, indeed,
More fiercely fight we now the hated foe,
Lest they take heart because Achilles lives
No longer. Come, with armour, car, and steed
Let us beset them. Glory waits our toil?"

But battle-eager Aias answering spake
"Brave be thy words, and nowise idle talk,
Kindling the dauntless Argive men, whose hearts
Before were battle-eager, to the fight
Against the Trojan men, O Tydeus' son.
But we must needs abide amidst the ships
Till Goddess Thetis come forth of the sea;
For that her heart is purposed to set here
Fair athlete-prizes for the funeral-games.
This yesterday she told me, ere she plunged
Into sea-depths, yea, spake to me apart
From other Danaans; and, I trow, by this
Her haste hath brought her nigh. Yon Trojan men,
Though Peleus' son hath died, shall have small heart
For battle, while myself am yet alive,
And thou, and noble Atreus' son, the king."

So spake the mighty son of Telamon,
But knew not that a dark and bitter doom
For him should follow hard upon those games
By Fate's contrivance. Answered Tydeus' son
"O friend, if Thetis comes indeed this day
With goodly gifts for her son's funeral-games,
Then bide we by the ships, and keep we here
All others. Meet it is to do the will
Of the Immortals: yea, to Achilles too,
Though the Immortals willed it not, ourselves
Must render honour grateful to the dead."

So spake the battle-eager Tydeus' son.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

καὶ τὸν ἄρ’ ἐκ πόντων κίεν Πηλῖος ἄκοιτις
αὐγὴ υπηρώ ἐναλήγκιον. αἴσα δ’ ἵκανεν
Ἀργείων ἐς ὠμίλου, ὅτι μεμαδότες ἐμμινου,
οἱ μὲν ἀεθλεύσοντες ἄπειρεσίφ ἐν ἀγώνι,
οἱ δὲ φρένας καὶ θυμῶν ἀεθλητήρας ἱμαι.

τοῖς δ’ ἀρ’ ἀγρομένωσι Θέτις κυανοκρίδεμνος
θήκεν ἀεθλά φέρονσα καὶ ὀτρύνεσκεν Ἀχαιών
αὐτίκ’ ἀεθλεύειν’ τοῖ δ’ ἀθανάτη πεπίθοντο.

Πρῶτος δ’ ἐν μέσσοισιν ἀνίστατο Νηλέως νιός,
οὐ μὲν πνυμαχίησι λαλαιόμενος πονέσθαι
οὔτε παλαισμοῦσιν πολυτερεῖ. τοῦ γὰρ ὑπερθε
γιὰ καὶ ἄθεα πάντα λυγὴν κατέδαιματο γῆρας.
ἀλλά οἱ ἐν στέρνοισιν ἐτ’ ἐμπεδός ἐπλετό θυμὸς
καὶ νόσος, οὐδὲ τις ἀλλος ἐριδμαίνεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν
κεῖσι, ὅτ’ εἰν ἀγορῇ ἐπένων πέρι δήρις ὕτυχην.
τῷ καὶ Δαέρταο κλυτὸς πάϊς εἶνεκα μύθων
εἰν ἀγορῇ υπόεικε, καὶ δς βασιλεύτατος ἦν
πάντων Ἀργείων μέγ’ εὐμμελίης Ἀγαμέμνων.
τοῦνεκ’ εἰν μέσσοισιν ἐὑφρονα Νηληνίην
ὑμνευν, ὡς πάσηι μετέπρεπεν εὐαλίθησιν
εἰνεκ’ ἐὑφροσύνης τε καὶ εἰδεος. ἕ ο’ ἄτουσα
τέρπθ. δ’ ἰμερόεντα γάμον Πηλίος ἔνιστε,
tὸν ρὰ ὁ ἄθανατοι μάκαρες συνετεκτήναντο
Πηλίοι ἀμφὶ κάρημα, καὶ ἀμβροτοῦ ὡς ἐπᾶσαντο
dαίτα παρ’ ἐλαπίνησιν, ὅτ’ εἰδατα θεία φέρουσαι
χερσὶν ὑπ’ ἀμβροσίης θεία παρενήευεν Ὀμαῖ.

χρυσείοις κανέοισι, Θέμις δ’ ἄρα καγχαλώσα
ἀργυρέας ἐτίταινεν ἐπιστέρχουσα τραπέζας,
πῦρ δ’ Ἀφαίοτος ἔκαιεν ἀκήρατον, ἀμφὶ δὲ

Νῦμφαι

ἀμβροσίην ἐκέραιον εἰν χρυσείοις κυπέλλων,
αὶ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐς ὀρχηθμὸν Χάριτες τράπεν ἰμερόεντα,
Μοῦσαι δ’ ἐς μολῆν, ἐπετέρπετο δ’ οὐρεά πάιντα

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And lo, the Bride of Peleus gliding came
Forth of the sea, like the still breath of dawn,
And suddenly was with the Argive throng
Where eager-faced they waited, some, that looked
Soon to contend in that great athlete-strife,
And some, to joy in seeing the mighty strive.
Amidst that gathering Thetis sable-stoled
Set down her prizes, and she summoned forth
Achaeas's champions: at her best they came.

But first amid them all rose Neleus' son,
Not as desiring in the strife of fists
To toil, nor strain of wrestling; for his arms
And all his sinews were with grievous eld
Outworn, but still his heart and brain were strong.
Of all the Achaeans none could match himself
Against him in the folkmote's war of words;
Yea, even Laertes' glorious son to him
Ever gave place when men for speech were met;
Nor he alone, but even the kingliest
Of Argives, Agamemnon, lord of spears.
Now in their midst he sang the gracious Queen
Of Nereids, sang how she in winsomeness
Of beauty was of all the Sea-maids chief.
Well-pleased she hearkend. Yet again he sang,
Singing of Peleus' Bridal of Delight,
Which all the blest Immortals brought to pass
By Pelion's crests; sang of the ambrosial feast
When the swift Hours brought in immortal hands
Meats not of earth, and heaped in golden maunds;
Sang how the silver tables were set forth
In haste by Themis blithely laughing; sang
How breathed Hephaestus purest flame of fire;
Sang how the Nymphs in golden chalices
Mingled ambrosia; sang the ravishing dance
Twined by the Graces' feet; sang of the chant
The Muses raised, and how its spell enthralled
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ θήρες, ιαίνετο δ’ ἄφθιτος αἰθήρ ἀντρα τε Χείρωνος περικαλλέα καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ Νηλῆος εύς παῖς Ἀργείους πάντα μᾶλ’ ἰεμένους κατελέξατο· τοι δ’ ἀιτοπνέσ τερπνοῦθ’· ὁς δ’ Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμωνος ἄφθιτα ἔργα μέλπη μέσῳ ἐν ἀγώνι· πολὺς δ’ ἀμφίσχε λαὸς ἀπασίσως. ὁ δ’ ἀρ’ ένθεν ἐλῶν ἐρυκυδέα φῶτα ἐκπάγλως κύδαινεν ἁρηραμένοις ἐπέέσσαι, δῶδεχ’ ὅπως διέπερσε κατὰ πλόου ἀστεά φωτῶν, ἐνδέκα δ’ αὖ κατὰ γαῖαν ἀπείροτον, ὡς δ’ ἐδάιξε Τήλεφον, ἡδὲ βίην ἐρυκυδέοις ’Ηνεώνος Θήβης ἐν δαπέδοισι, καὶ ως Κύκνον ἐκτανε δουρὶ ὑμναί Ποσειδάωνος ἰδ’ ἀντίθεου Πολύδωρον καὶ Τρώιλον θητῶν ἀμύμωνα τ’ Ἀστεροπαίον, ἀίματι δ’ ὡς ἔρυθηνεν ἄδην ποταμοῖο ἰδιόθεα Ξάνθου καὶ νεκύσσων ἀπειρεσίοις κάλυψε πάντα ρόου κελάδοντα, Δυκάνωνος ὑπότε θύμων νοσφίσατ’ ἐκ μελέων ποταμοῦ σχεδὸν ήχηντος, Ἐκτορά θ’ ὡς ἐδάμασσε, καὶ ως ἔλεε Πενθε- σίλεαν,

ηδὲ καὶ νίεα δίον εὐθρόνον ’Ηριγενείας.

καὶ τὰ μὲν Ἀργείους ἐπισταμένουσι καὶ αὐτοῖς μέλπε, καὶ ως ἐτέτυκτο πελάριος, ὡς τε οἱ οὔτις ἐσθενε δημιάσσαθαν ἐναντίον, οὔτ’ ἐν αέθλοις αἰζην, ὅτε ποσοὶ νέοι περιδηρίσονται, οὔδὲ μὲν ἱππασία, οὔδὲ σταδία ἐνὶ χάρμῃ, κύλλει ς’ ὡς Δαναοὺς μέγ’ ὑπείρεχεν, ὡς τε οἱ ἀλκή ἐπλευ’ ἀπειρεσία, ὅποτ’ ’Ἀρεός ἐσυντό δῆρις. εὐχετο δ’ ἀθανάτοισι καὶ νίεα τοῖς ἔδεσθαι κείνου ὑπὸ Σκύρου χοικλύστοιο μολόντα.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

All mountains, rivers, all the forest brood;
How raptured was the infinite firmament,
Cheiron's fair caverns, yea, the very Gods.

Such noble strain did Neleus' son pour out
Into the Argives' eager ears; and they
Hearkened with ravished souls. Then in their midst
He sang once more the imperishable deeds
Of princely Achilles. All the mighty throng
Acclaimed him with delight. From that beginning
With fitly chosen words did he extol
The glorious hero; how he voyaged and smote
Twelve cities; how he marched o'er leagues on
leagues
Of land, and spoiled eleven; how he slew
Telephus and Eéton's might renowned
In Thebe; how his spear laid Cynus low,
Poseidon's son, and godlike Polydorus,
Troilus the goodly, princely Asteropaeus;
And how he dyed with blood the river-streams
Of Xanthus. And with countless corpses choked
His murmuring flow, when from the limbs he tore
Lycaon's life beside the sounding river;
And how he smote down Hector; how he slew
Penthesileia, and the godlike son
Of splendour-throned Dawn; — all this he sang
To Argives which already knew the tale;
Sang of his giant mould, how no man's strength
In fight could stand against him, nor in games
Where strong men strive for mastery, where the swift
Contend with flying feet or hurrying wheels
Of chariots, nor in combat panoplied;
And how in goodlihead he far outshone
All Danaans, and how his bodily might
Was measureless in the stormy clash of war.
Last, he prayed Heaven that he might see a son
Like that great sire from sea-washed Scyros come.
'Αργείοι δ' ἀρα πᾶσιν ἐπευφήμησαν ἐπεσσιν αὑτὴ τ' ἀργυρόπετα Θέτις, καὶ οἱ πόρεν ἵππους ὄκυπτον τοὺς πρόσθεν ἐφυμελὴ Ἀχιλῆ Τήλεφος ὄπασε δώρον ἐπὶ προχοῆς Καίκου, εὐτέ ἐ μοχθίζοντα κακῷ περὶ ἑλκεὶ θυμῶν ἦκέσατ' ἐγχείη, τῇ μιν βάλε δηριῶντα αὐτὸς ἐσώ μηροῖο, διήλασε δ' ὁβρίμων αἰχμήν·

καὶ τοὺς μὲν Νέστωρ Νηλήσιος οἷς ἔταρσοιν ὄπασεν· οἱ δ' ἐς νήας ἂγον μέγα κυδαίνουτε αὐτίθεων βασιλῆς. Θέτις δ' ἐς μέσον ἄγωνα θῆκεν ἀρ' ἀμφὶ δρόμου θώας δέκα· τῇ δ' δὲ πάσης καλαὶ πόρτιες ἠσάν ὕπ' ἄμεσιν ἱσώσι: τὰς ποτὲ Πηλείδαο θρασὺς σθένος ἀκαμάτωι ἠλάσεν εξ' Ἰδης μεγάλῳ ἔπὶ δουρὶ πεποιθώς.

Τοὺς πέρι δουλι ἀνέσταν ἐελθόμενοι μέγα νίκης·  

Τεύκρος μὲν πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος, ἄν δὲ καὶ Αἰας, Αἰας, ὅς τε Λοκροῖς μετέπρεπεν ἱσόβολοισιν. ἀμφὶ δ' ἀρα ζώσαντο θώας περὶ μήδεα χερσὶ φάρεα, πάντα δ' ἐνερθεν, ἀπέρ θέμισ, ἐκρύφαντο ἀιδώμενοι Πηλήσιος εὐσθενέος παράκοιτιν ἄλλας τ' εἰναλίας Νηρήδας, ὅσαι ἀρ' αὐτῇ ἦλπιθον Ἀργείων κρατέρους ἐσιδέσθαι ἀέθλους. τοῖς δὲ σμαίνεσχε δρόμου τέλος ἀκυτάτωοι Ἀτρείδης, ὅς πάσι μετ' Ἀργείουσιν ἀνασσε. 

touς δ' ἢ' Ἑρις ὀτρύνεσκεν ἐπήρατοι· οἱ δ' ἀπὸ νύσσης

καρπαλίμως οὐμῆκαν ἐοικότες ἴρήκεσσιν· τοὺς δὲ καὶ ἀμφήριστος ἦν δρόμος· οἱ δ' ἐκάτερθεν Ἀργείων λεύσσοντες ἐπίαχον ἀλλυδις ἄλλος, ἄλλ' ὅτε τέρματ' ἐμελλον ἰκανέμεναι μεμαώτες, ὅτ' ὅτε ποὺ Τεύκροου μένοι καὶ γυνα πέδησαν ἀθάνατοι τῶν γὰρ βας βάλεν ἦ τις ἄτη ὄζον ἐς ἀλγινόεντα βαθυρρίζοιο μυρίκης·

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'THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

That noble song acclaiming Argives praised;
Yea, silver-footed Thetis smiled, and gave
The singer fleetfoot horses, given of old
Beside Caicus' mouth by Telephus
To Achilles, when he healed the torturing wound
With that same spear wherewith himself had pierced
Telephus' thigh, and thrust the point clear through.
These Nestor Neleus' son to his comrades gave,
And, glorying in their godlike lord, they led
The steeds unto his ships. Then Thetis set
Amidst the athlete-ring ten kine, to be
Her prizes for the footrace, and by each
Ran a fair suckling calf. These the bold might
Of Peleus' tireless son had driven down
From slopes of Ida, prizes of his spear.
    To strive for these rose up two victory-fain,
Teucer the first, the son of Telamon,
And Aias, of the Locrian archers chief.
These twain with swift hands girded them about
With loin-cloths, reverencing the Goddess-bride
Of Peleus, and the Sea-maids, who with her
Came to behold the Argives' athlete-sport.
And Atreus' son, lord of all Argive men,
Showed them the turning-goal of that swift course.
Then these the Queen of Rivalry spurred on,
As from the starting-line like falcons swift
They sped away. Long doubtful was the race:
Now, as the Argives gazed, would Aias' friends
Shout, now rang out the answering cheer from friends
Of Teucer. But when in their eager speed
Close on the end they were, then Teucer's feet
Were trammelled by unearthly powers: some god
Or demon dashed his foot against the stock

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Τὸ δ’ ἀρ’ ἐνιχμιμφθεὶς χαμάδις πέσε· τοῦ δ’ ἀλεγεινῶς
ἀκρον ἄνεγνάμφθη λαιοῦ ποδός, αἰ δ’ ὑπανέσταν
οἴδαλεία ἐκάτερθε περὶ φλέβες. οἱ δ’ ἱάχησαν ἢκ
‘Ἀργείων κατ’ ἁγώνα· παρήξεν δὲ μιν Αῖας
γηθόσυνον· λαοὶ δὲ συνεδράμοι, οἱ οἱ ἐποντο,
Λοκροί· αἰγα δὲ χάρμα περὶ φρένας ἠλυθε
πάντων·
ἐκ δ’ ἔλασαν κατὰ νήας ἀγοῦ βῶας, ὁφρα νέμωνται.
Τεῦκρον δ’ ἐσσυμένως ἐταροὶ περιποιοῦντες
ηγον ἑπισκάζοντα· θοῶς δὲ οἱ ἱτῆρες
ἐκ ποδός αὐλ’ ἀφέλωντο, θέσαν δ’ ἐφύτευθε μοτάων
εἰρ’ ἄδην δεύσαντες ἀλείφασιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρην
δησαντ’ ἐνυκέως· οἴονας δ’ ἐκέδασαν αἰνίας.
‘Ἀλλὰ δ’ αὕτ’ ἐτέρῳθι παλάισμοσύνης ὑπερ
ὀπλοῦ
καρπυλίμως μνώντο δὼρ κρατερόφρονε φῶτε,
Τυδέος ἱπποδάμοιο πάις καὶ ὑπέρβιος Αῖας,
οἱ ρ’ ἔσαν ἐς μέσσον· θάμβος δ’ ἔχεν ἀθρήσαντας
‘Ἀργείων’ ἀμφὶ γὰρ ἔσαν μακάρεσαν όμοίοι.
σὺν δ’ ἐβαλον θῆρεσιν ἐοικότες, οἱ τ’ ἐν ὀρέσσιν
ἀμφ’ ἑλάφοιο μάχονται ἐδητύς ἵσχαινοντες,
Ἰσον δ’ ἀμφοτέρουσι πέλει σθένος, οὔδε τὶς αὐτῶν
λειτυται οὐδ’ ἱβαιὸν ἀταρτηρών μάλ’ ἐντυντι
ὡς οἱ γ’ Ἰσον ἔχον κρατερὸν μένων. ὅσε δ’ ἀρ’ Αῖας
Τυδείδην συνεμαρψεν ὑπὸ στιβαρῆι χέρεσιν
ἀξαι ἐπεηγόμενοι. ὁ δ’ ἀρ’ ἰδρίη τε καὶ ἀλκη
πλευρὸν ὑποκλίνας Τελαμώνιον ὁβρίμον νὰ
ἐσσυμένος ἀναίρετον ὑπὸ μυώνος ἔρεισας
ἀμον, καὶ ποτὶ μηρὸν ὑποπλέξας ἐτέρωσε.
κάββαλεν ὁβρίμον ἀνδρα κατὰ χθόνος· ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρ’ αὐτῶ
ἐξετο· τοῦ δ’ ὅμαδησαν. ὁ δ’ ἀσχαλῶν ἐνὶ θυμῷ
Λᾶς ὁβριμόθυμος ἀἰστατο δεύτερον αὕθες
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Of a deep-rooted tamarisk. Sorely wrenched
Was his left ankle: round the joint upswelled
The veins high-ridged. A great shout rang from all
That watched the contest. Aias darted past
Exultant: ran his Locrian folk to hail
Their lord, with sudden joy in all their souls.
Then to his ships they drave the kine, and cast
Fodder before them. Eager-helpful friends
Led Teucer halting thence. The leeches drew
Blood from his foot: then over it they laid
Soft-shredded linen ointment-smeared, and swathed
With smooth bands round, and charmed away the
	pain.

Then swiftly rose two mighty-hearted ones
Eager to match their strength in wrestling strain,
The son of Tydeus and the giant Aias.
Into the midst they strode, and marvelling gazed
The Argives on men shapen like to gods.
Then grappled they, like lions famine-stung
Fighting amidst the mountains o'er a stag,
Whose strength is even-balanced; no whit less
Is one than other in their deadly rage;
So these long time in might were even-matched,
Till Aias locked his strong hands round the son
Of Tydeus, straining hard to break his back;
But he, with wrestling-craft and strength combined,
Shifted his hip 'neath Telamon's son, and heaved
The giant up; with a side-twist wrenched free
From Aias' ankle-lock his thigh, and so
With one huge shoulder-heave to earth he threw
That mighty champion, and himself came down
Astride him: then a mighty shout went up,
But battle-stormer Aias, chafed in mind,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

όρμαινων ἡς δὴριν ἀμείλιχον· αἴψα δὲ χερσί
σαμερδάλεσι κόνιν κατεχεύνατο, καὶ μέγα δὰ υἱὸν
Τυδείδην ἐς μέσον ἀνύτεεν· ὅς δὲ μὴν ὅτι
ταρβήθησας οἴμησε καταντίον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πολλῇ
ποσίν ὑπ’ ἀμφοτέρων κόνις ὁρυντο· τοῖ δὲἐκάτερβη
tαύροι ὅπως συνόρουσαν ἀταρβέεσε, οἱ τʼ ἐν ὅρεσι
θαρσάλευν μένεος πειρώμενοι εἰς ἐν ἱκώνται
ποσίν κοινόμενοι, περὶ δὲ βρομέουσι κολώναι
βρυχῇ ὑπ’ ἀμφοτέρων, τοῖ δ’ ἀσχετα μαιμώωντες
κράσα συμφορέουσιν ἀτειρέα καὶ μέγα κάρτος
ὄρπον ἐπ’ ἀλλήλοισι πονεύμενοι, ἐκ δὲ μόγοιο
λάβρον ἀνασθημαίνοντες ἀμείλιχα δηρίσωνται,
pουλὺς δ’ ἐκ στομάτων χαμάδις καταχεύεται
ἀφρός:

διὸς οἱ γε στιβαρῆσιν ἀδὴν πονέοντο κρέμεσσιν.
ἀμφοτέρων δ’ ἀρα νῦντα καὶ αὐχένες ἀλκήεντες
χερσὶ περικτυπέοντο τετριγότες, ἐντʼ ἐν ὅρεσι
δὲνδρε’ ἐπ’ ἀλλήλοισι βαλοντ’ ἐρμῆθείς ὀξους.
pολλάκι δ’ Αἰαντός μέγαλον στιβαροῦς ὑπὸ
μυροῦς

κάββαλε Τυδείδης κρατερᾶς χέρας, ἀλλὰ μὴν οὕτι
ἀψ ὅσιν δύνατο στιβαροῖς ποσίν ἐμβεβαώτα·
tὸν δ’ Αἰας καθυπερθεὶν ἐπεσούμενος ποτὶ γαῖαν
ἐξ ὦμοιν ἐτίνασε κατὰ χθονὸς οὐδὰς ἐρείδων
ἀλλοτε δ’ ἀλκώος ὑπὸ χείρεσι δηρίσωντο.

λαοὶ δ’ ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα μὲγ’ ἱαχον εἰσορόωντες,
οἱ μὲν Τυδείδην ἐρικυδέα θαρσύνωντες,
οἱ δὲ βίὴν Αἰαντός· ὃ δ’ ἀλκίμων ἀνδρὰ τινάζας
ἐξ ὦμων ἐκάτερβη, βαλῶν δ’ ὑπὸ νηδία χείρας
ἐςσυμένως ἐφέθησα κατὰ χθονὸς ἥτυτε πέτρῃ
ἀλκῇ ὑπὸ σθεναρῆ· μέγα δ’ ἱαχε Τρῶιον οὐδὰς
Τυδείδαιον πεσόντος· ἐπηφήτησε δὲ λαός.

ἀλλὰ καὶ ὁς ἀνόρουσεν ἑκλόμενος πονέεσθαι.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Sprang up, hot-eager to essay again
That grim encounter. From his terrible hands
He dashed the dust, and challenged furiously
With a great voice Tydeides: not a whit
That other quailed, but rushed to close with him.
Rolled up the dust in clouds from 'neath their feet:
Hurtling they met like battling mountain-bulls
That clash to prove their dauntless strength, and
spurn
The dust, while with their roaring all the hills
Re-echo: in their desperate fury these
Dash their strong heads together, straining long
Against each other with their massive strength,
Hard-panting in the fierce rage of their strife,
While from their mouths drip foam-flakes to the
ground;
So strained they twain with grapple of brawny hands.
'Neath that hard grip their backs and sinewy necks
Cracked, even as when in mountain-glades the trees
Dash storm-tormented boughs together. Oft
Tydeides clutched at Aias' brawny thighs,
But could not stir his steadfast-rooted feet.
Oft Aias hurled his whole weight on him, bowed
His shoulders backward, strove to press him down;
And to new grips their hands were shifting aye.
All round the gazing people shouted, some
Cheering on glorious Tydeus' son, and some
The might of Aias. Then the giant swung
The shoulders of his foe to right, to left;
Then gripped him 'neath the waist; with one fierce
heave
And giant effort hurled him like a stone
To earth. The floor of Troyland rang again
As fell Tydeides: shouted all the folk.
Yet leapt he up all eager to contend
τὸ τρίτον ἀμφ’ Αἰαντα πελώριον· ἀλλ’ ἄρα
Νέστωρ
ἐστὶ ἐνὶ μέσσοις καὶ ἀμφιστέροις μετήδα·
"Ισχευθ’, ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, παλαισμούνης ὑπερ-όπλουν·
ίδμεν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὁσον προφερέστεροι ἔστε Ἄργειῶν μεγάλοιο καταφθιμένων Ἀχιλῆσος."
"Ως φάτο· τοί δ’ ἵσχυντο πονεύμενοι· ἐκ δὲ
μετώπων
χερσίν ἀδην χωρίσαντο κατεσθωμένον περ Ἰδρώτα·
κύσσαν δ’ ἀλλήλους, φιλότητι δὲ δὴριν ἔθεντο.
τοῖς δ’ ἀρα λημάδας πίσυρας πόρε πότνα θεάων
δία Θέτις· τὰς δ’ αὐτοῖς ἔθησαντο ἴδοντες
ἡρωες κρατεροί καὶ ἀταρβέες, οὐνεκα πασέων
λημάδων προφέρεσκον ἐὐφροσύνη τε καὶ ἔργος
νόσφιν εὐπλοκάμου Βρυσήδος, ἃς ποτ’ Ἀχιλλεὺς
λῆσατ’ ἐκ Λέσβου, νόον δ’ ἐπετέρπετο τῆς·
καὶ ὅ’ ἡ μὲν δόρποιο πέλεν ταμή καὶ ἐδώδης,
ἡ δ’ ἀρα δαίνυμένοισι παροικόχοιε μὲθν λαρῶν,
ἀλλη δ’ αὐ μετὰ δόρπον ὅδωρ ἐπέχευε χέρσεσιν
ἡ δ’ ἐτέρῃ ἀπὸ δαίτος ἀεὶ φορέεσκε τράπεζας.
τὰς δ’ ἀρα Τυδείδας μένος καὶ ὑπέρβιος Ἀλας
δασσάμενοι προεχακαν ἐὑπηρώρους ἔπι νῆας.

Ἀμφὶ δὲ πυγμαχίας πρῶτον σθένος Ἰδομενής
ὡρνύτ’, ἐπεὶ οἱ θυμὸς ἱδρε πέλε παντὸς ἀέθλουν.
τῷ δ’ οὕτω κατέναντα κίεν μᾶλα γάρ μεν ἀπαντες
αιόμενοι ὑποέβαζαν, ἐπείρα γεραίτερος ἦν.
τῷ δ’ ἀρ’ ἐνὶ μέσσοις Θέτις πόρεν ἄρμα καὶ
ἵππους
ἐκύποδας, τοὺς πρόσθε βίῃ μεγάλου Πατρόκλου
ἐλάσαν ἐκ Τρώων Σαρπηδόνα δῖον δέλεσσας·
καὶ τοὺς μὲν θεράπωντι πόρεν ποτὶ νῆας ἄγεσθαι
Ἰδομενεύς· αὐτὸς δὲ κλυτὸ ἐν ἀγώνι μένεσκε.
Φοίνιξ δ’ Ἀργείοισιν ἐνυθενέσσεσι μετήδα·
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

With giant Aias for the third last fall:
But Nestor rose and spake unto the twain:
"From grapple of wrestling, noble sons, forbear;
For all we know that ye be mightiest
Of Argives since the great Achilles died."

Then these from toil refrained, and from their brows
Wiped with their hands the plenteous-streaming sweat:
They kissed each other, and forgat their strife.
Then Thetis, queen of Goddesses, gave to them
Four handmaids; and those strong and aweless ones
Marvelled beholding them, for these surpassed
All captive-maids in beauty and household-skill,
Save only lovely-tressed Briseis. These
Achilles captive brought from Lesbos' Isle,
And in their service joyed. The first was made
Stewardess of the feast and lady of meats;
The second to the feasters poured the wine;
The third shed water on their hands thereafter;
The fourth bare all away, the banquet done.
These Tydeus' son and giant Aias shared,
And, parted two and two, unto their ships
Sent they those fair and serviceable ones.

Next, for the play of fists Idomeneus rose,
For cunning was he in all athlete-lore;
But none came forth to meet him, yielding all
To him, the elder-born, with reverent awe.
So in their midst gave Thetis unto him
A chariot and fleet steeds, which theretofore
Mighty Patroclus from the ranks of Troy
Drave, when he slew Sarpedon, seed of Zeus.
These to his henchmen gave Idomeneus
To drive unto the ships: himself remained
Still sitting in the glorious athlete-ring.
Then Phoenix to the stalwart Argives cried:
"νῦν μὲν ἄρ’ Ἰδομενήθη θεοὶ δόσαι ἐσθλὸν ἄεθλον
αὐτῶς, οὐτὶ καμῶντι βίη καὶ χερσὶ καὶ ὀμοῖς,
ἀλλ’ ἄρ’ ἀναιμοτὶ προγενέστερον ἄνδρα τίοντες·
ἀλλ’ ἄλλουν, νέοι ἄνδρες, ἑπετυνέσθαι ἄεθλον
χείρας ἑπ’ ἄλληλοι δαemsp; ιηνόντες
πυγμαχίας, καὶ θυμὸν ἴνατε Πηλεώνος.”

"Ὡς φατο· τοί δ’ ἁίοντες ἐπέδρακον ἄλληλοισιν·
ηκα δὲ πάντες ἐμμῶν ἀναίονμενοι τὸν ἄεθλον,
eἰ μὴ σφέας ἐνένυπεν ἀγαυοῦ Νηλέος νιός·
"ὡς φίλοι, οὐτὶ ἔοικε δαemsp; ἄνδρας αὐτὸς
πυγμαχίαν ἄλεασθαι ἐπηρατο, ἢ τε νέοισι
τερπωλὴ πέλεται, καμάτῳ δ’ ἐπὶ κύδος ἀγωνεί·
δὸς εἰδ’ ἐν γυνόσων ἐμοῖς ἐτὶ κάρτος ἐκεῖνο,
οἰον ὅτ’ ἀντίθεον Πελίην κατεδάπτομεν ἡμεῖς,
αὐτὸς ἔγω καὶ Ἄκαστος, ἄνεψιοι εἰς ἐν ἕοιτε,
ὁππότ’ ἄρ’ ἀμφήριστος ἐγὼ Πολυδεύκει ἰδὼ
πυγμαχία γενόμην, ἑλαβον δὲ οἱ ἵσον ἄεθλον
ἐν δὲ παλαισμοσύνῃ με καὶ ὁ κρατερώτατος ἄλλων
Ἀγκαίος θάμβησε καὶ ἔτρεσεν, οὐδὲ μοι ἐτῆ
ἀυτίν ἐλθέμεναι νίκης ὑπέρ, οὐκεκ’ ἄρ’ αὐτὸν
ἡδὴ ποὺ τὸ πάροιθε παρ’ ἀγχεμάχοισιν Ἐπειοὶς
νίκης. ἢνν ἕοντα, πεσὼν δ’ ἐκονίςατο νῶτα
σήμα πάρα φθιμένου Ἀμαρνγκέος, ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’
αὐτῷ
πολλοὶ θησάντω βίην καὶ κάρτος ἐμεῖοι·
tὸ νῦ μοι οὐκέτι κεῖνος ἐναντίον ἢρατο χείρας
καὶ κρατερός περ ἐὼν, ἑλαβον δ’ ἀκόνιτος ἄεθλον·
vὸν δὲ με γῆρας ἐπειὸς καὶ ἀλγεία· τούνεκ’ ἄνωγα 320
ὑμέας, οἰσιν ἔοικεν, ἀέθλια χερσίν ἀρέσθαι·
κύδος γὰρ νέο ἄνδρε φέρειν ἀπ’ ἀγώνος ἄεθλον.”

"Ὡς φαμέωνο γέροντος ἀνίστατο θαρσαλέος φῶς,
vὸς ὑπερθύμοιο καὶ ἀντιθέου Πανοπῆς,
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

"Now to Idomeneus the Gods have given
A fair prize uncontested, free of toil
Of mighty arms and shoulders, honouring
The elder-born with bloodless victory.
But lo, ye younger men, another prize
Awaiteth the swift play of cunning hands.
Step forth then: gladden great Peleides' soul."

He spake, they heard; but each on other looked,
And, loth to essay the contest, all sat still,
Till Neleus' son rebuked those laggard souls:
"Friends, it were shame that men should shun the play
Of clenched hands, who in that noble sport
Have skill, wherein young men delight, which links
Glory to toil. Ah that my thews were strong
As when we held King Pelias' funeral-feast,
I and Acastus, kinsmen joining hands,
When I with godlike Polydeuces stood
In gauntlet-strife, in even-balanced fray,
And when Ancaeus in the wrestlers' ring
Mightier than all beside, yet feared and shrank
From me, and dared not strive with me that day,
For that ere then amidst the Epeian men—
No battle-blenchers they!—I had vanquished him,
For all his might, and dashed him to the dust
By dead Amaryneus' tomb, and thousands round
Sat marvelling at my prowess and my strength.
Therefore against me not a second time
Raised he his hands, strong wrestler though he were;
And so I won an uncontented prize.
But now old age is on me, and many gries.
Therefore I bid you, whom it well beseems,
To win the prize; for glory crowns the youth
Who bears away the meed of athlete-strife."

Stirred by his gallant chiding, a brave man
Rose, son of haughty godlike Panopeus,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ός τε καὶ ἵππον ἔτευξε κακῶν Πριάμου πόλην ὑστερον· ἀλλ’ οὐ οἳ τις ἔτωλμα ἐγγὺς ἴκέσθαι εὑνεκα πυγμαχίης· πολέμου δ’ οὐ πάγχυ δαήμων ἐπλετο λευγαλέου, ὅποτ’ Ἄρεος ἔσαυτο δήρεις. καὶ κεν ἀνιδρωτὶ περικαλλέα δίος ’Εσείδος ἰμὲλλεν τὸτ’ ἀεθλα φέρειν ποτὶ νήας ’Αχαϊῶν, εἰ μὴ οἱ σχηδοῦν ἤλθεν ἄγανον Ὁσίεος νῦὸς αἰχμητῆς ’Ακάμας μέγ’ ἐνι φρεσὶ κάρτος ἀέξων, ἀξαλέους ἵμαντας ἔχων περὶ χερσὶ θοῦσι, τοὺς οἱ ἐπισταμένοις Εὐνυρίδης ’Αγέλαος ἀμφέβαλεν παλάμησιν ἐποτρύνων βασιλῆα.

ός δ’ αὐτῶς ἔταροι Πανοπημάδαν ἀνακτὸς θαρσύνεσκον ’Εσείδον· ὃ δ’ ἐν μέσσοις λέων ὃς εἰστῆκει περὶ χερσίν ἔχων βοῶς ἰφι δαμέντος ῥινοὺς ἀξαλέως. μέγα δ’ ιαχον ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα λαοὶ ἐποτρύνοντες εὐσθενέων μένος ἀνδρῶν μῆξαι ἐν αἴματι χειράς ἀτειρέας· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἐσταυ μαίμωντες ἐνι χυνοχῆσιν ἄγωνος, ἀμφω χειράς ἐὰς πειρώμενοι, εἴπερ ἐασιν ὃς πρὶν ἐυτροχαλοι, μηδ’ ἐκ πολέμου βαρύθοιεν.

αἴφα δ’ ἀρ’ ἀλλήλοισι καταντία χειράς ἀειραν ταρφέα παπταῖνοντες, ἐπ’ ἀκροτάτοις δὲ πόδεσι βαίνοντες κατὰ βαιῶν ἂεὶ γόνω γονιὸς ἀμείβον ἀλλήλων ἐπὶ δηρὸν ἀλενόμενοι μέγα κάρτος. σὺν δ’ ἔβαλον νεφέλησιν ἑοικότες αἰψηρῆσιν, α’’ τ’ ἄνεμων ρυτῆσιν ἐπ’ ἀλήλησι θοροῦσι ἀστεροπὴν προίασι, μέγας δ’ ὀροθύνεται αἰθήρ θηγομένων νεφέων, βαρῦ δὲ κτυπέονσιν ἀέλλαι. ὁδ’ τῶν ἀξαλέσι περικτυπέοντο γένεια ῥινοὶ· αἴμα δὲ ποulado κατέρρεεν· ἐκ δὲ μετώπων

1 Zimmermann, from P; for ὃς ποτ’ of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

The man who framed the Horse, the bane of Troy,  
Not long thereafter. None dared meet him now  
In play of fists, albeit in deadly craft  
Of war, when Ares rusheth through the field,  
He was not cunning. But for strife of hands  
The fair prize uncontested had been won  
By stout Epeius—yea, he was at point  
To bear it thence unto the Achaean ships;—  
But one strode forth to meet him, Theseus' son,  
The spearman Acamas, the mighty of heart,  
Bearing already on his swift hands girt  
The hard hide-gauntlets, which Evenor's son  
Agelaus on his prince's hands had drawn  
With courage-kindling words. The comrades then  
Of Panopeus' princely son for Epeius raised  
A heartening cheer. He like a lion stood  
Forth in the midst, his strong hands gauntleted  
With bull's hide hard as horn. Loud rang the cheers  
From side to side of that great throng, to fire  
The courage of the mighty ones to clash  
Hands in the gory play. Sooth, little spur  
Needed they for their eagerness for fight.  
But, ere they closed, they flashed out proving blows  
To wot if still, as theretofore, their arms  
Were limber and lithe, unclogged by toil of war;  
Then faced each other, and upraised their hands  
With ever-watching eyes, and short quick steps  
A-tiptoe, and with ever-shifting feet,  
Each still eluding other's crushing might.  
Then with a rush they closed like thunder-clouds  
Hurled on each other by the tempest-blast,  
Flashing forth lightnings, while the welkin thrills  
As clash the clouds and hollow roar the winds;  
So 'neath the hard hide-gauntlets clashed their jaws.  
Down streamed the blood, and from their brows the sweat  

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οἱ δ᾽ ἁμοτὸν πονέουτο μεμαότες· οὐδ’ ἄρ’ Ἐπειδὸς λήγειν, ἐπέσωτο δ’ αἰέν ἐῳ μέγα κάρτει θύων.
τὸν δ’ ἀρα Θησέως υίὸς ἕυφρονέων ἐν ἀέθλῳ πολλάκις ἐς κενεὸν κρατερᾶς χέρας ἴδονεσθαι
θήκη, καὶ ἰδρεῖσθαι διατμήξας ἐκάτερθε χείρας ἐς ὀφρύα τύψει ἐπάλμενοι, ἀχρις ἴκέσθαι
ὀστέων· ἐκ δὲ οἱ αἴμα κατέρρεεν ὀφθαλμοῖο.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὁς Ἀκάμαυτα βαρείᾳ χειρὶ τυχίσας τύψε κατὰ κροτάφοιο, χαμαὶ δὲ οἱ ἡλασε γυία·
αὐτὰρ ο’ γ’ αὐ’ ἀνόρουσε καὶ ἐνθορε φωτὶ κραταιῷ, πλῆξε δὲ οἱ κεφαλῆν· ὁ δ’ ἀρ’ ἐμπαλὼν ἀϊσοντος
βαιόν ὑποκλίνας σκαίῃ χερὶ τύψει μέτωπον,
ἀλλὴ δ’ ἡλάσε τίνας ἐπάλμενοι· δεὶ καὶ αὐτὸς
μῆτι παντοίῃ χέρας ὀφρεγε· τοὺς δ’ ἀρ’ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀλλήλων ἀπέρυξαν ἐελδομένους πονέοσθαι
νίκης ἀμφ’ ἔρατης. τῶν δ’ ἐσσυμένως θεράποντες
μινὸις αἰματόεινα ἄφαρ σθεναρῶν ἀπό χειρῶν
λύσαν· τοὶ δ’ ἀρα τυτθὸν ἀπέπνευσαν καμάτοιο
μορφάμενοι σπόγγοισι πολυτρήσομει μέτωπα.
τοὺς δ’ ἐταροὶ τε φίλοι τε παρηγορέουτος ἄγεσκον
ἀντικρος ἀλλήλων, ὃς κεν χόλου ἀλγινόγεντος
ἐσσυμένως λελάθονται ἀρεσσάμενοι φιλότητι.
ἀλλ’ οἱ μὲν πεπίθοντο παραφασίσησι ἑταῖρων
ἀνδράσι γὰρ πινυτοῦσι πέλει νόος ἦπιοι αἰεί·
kύσαν δ’ ἀλλήλωοι, ἔῳδος δ’ ἐπελήθεο νῦν ἰμός
λευγαλέης. τοῖς δ’ αἴγα Θέτις κυνοκρήδεμον
ἀργυρεός κρητῆς ἐελδομένους ὅπασσε
δοιὼ, τοὺς Εὐνῆ Θῆσονος ὄβριμος υἱὸς
ἄνων ὑπὲρ κρατεροῦ Δυκάνους ἐγγυάλιζεν
ἀντιθέω Αχρίλη περικλύστω ἐνὶ Δήμῳ·
tοὺς Ἡφαιστος ἐτευξεν ἀριστερεῖ Διονύσιω.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Blood-streaked made on the flushed cheeks crimson bars.
Fierce without pause they fought, and never flagged Epeius, but threw all his stormy strength
Into his onrush. Yet did Theseus' son
Never lose heart, but baffled the straight blows
Of those strong hands, and by his fighting-craft
Flinging them right and left, leapt in, brought home
A blow to his eyebrow, cutting to the bone.
Even then with counter-stroke Epeius reached Acamas' temple, and hurled him to the ground.
Swift he sprang up, and on his stalwart foe
Rushed, smote his head: as he rushed in again,
The other, slightly swerving, sent his left
Clean to his brow; his right, with all his might
Behind it, to his nose. Yet Acamas still
Warded and struck with all the manifold shifts
Of fighting-craft. But now the Achaeans all
Bade stop the fight, though eager still were both
To strive for coveted victory. Then came
Their henchmen, and the gory gauntlets loosed
In haste from those strong hands. Now drew they
breath
From that great labour, as they bathed their brows
With sponges myriad-pored. Comrades and friends
With pleading words then drew them face to face,
And prayed, "In friendship straight forget your wrath."
So to their comrades' suasion hearkened they;
For wise men ever bear a placable mind.
They kissed each other, and their hearts forgot
That bitter strife. Then Thetis sable-stoled
Gave to their glad hands two great silver bowls
The which Eunèus, Jason's warrior son
In sea-washed Lemnos to Achilles gave
To ransom strong Lycaon from his hands.
These had Hephaestus fashioned for his gift.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

dōron, ὦτ' εἰς Οὐλυμπον ἀνήγαγε διὰν ἄκοιτων
Μίνωος κοῦρην ἐρικυδέᾳ, τὴν ποτὲ Θησεύς
cάλλιπεν οὐκ ἐθέλων γε περικλύστῳ ἐνὶ Δή.
tοὺς δ' ἦς Δίονυσος ἑώρη πόρεν νείει δώρων
νέκταρος ἐμπλήσας, ὃ δ' ἀρ' ὅπασεν 'Πυπυλείη
πολλοῖς σὺν κετατεσσὶ Θοᾶς, ἣ δ' νείει διὰ
κάλλιπεν, ὃς δ' Ἀχιλῆ Λυκίωνος εὗνεκα δῶκε.
tῶν δ' ἐτερον μὲν ἔλεσκεν ἄγανον Θησεός νῦν,
ἀλλον δ' ἦς 'Επείδος εᾶς ἐπὶ νῆας ἰαλλε
γηθόσυνοι. τῶν δ' ἀμφίδεδρμέμενα τύμματα πάντα
ἡκέσατ' ἐνδυκέως Ποδαλείριος, οὐνεκ' ἀρ' αὐτὸς
πρώτα μὲν ἐκμυζήσεν, ἔπειτα δὲ χεραίν ἐσαι
ῥάφεν ἐπισταμένοις, καθύπερθε δὲ φάρμακ' ἔθηκε
κεῖνα, τά οί τὸ πάροιθε πατὴρ ἔδος ἐγγυάλξε:
tοῖς δ' ἀρ' ἐσσυνένως καὶ ἀναλθέα τύμματα
φωτῶν
αὐτήμαρ μορόεντος ὑπέκ κακοῦ ἰαινονταί:
tῶν δ' ἀφαρ ἀμφὶ πρόσωπα καὶ εὐκομόωντα
cάρηνα
tύμματ' ἀπαλθαίνοντο, κατηπιόωντο δ' ἀνύαλ.
'Αμφὶ δὲ τοξούνης Τεύκροις καὶ Ὀιλέος νῦς
ἐστάσαν, οἳ καὶ πρόσθε δρόμου πέρι πειρήσαντο.
tῶν δ' ἄρα τηλόσε θήκεν εὔμμελης Ἀγαμέμνον
ἵπποκομον τρυφάλειαν, ἐφη δὲ τε: "πολλῶν
ἀμείνων
ἐσσεται, ὃς κέρασεν ἀπο τρίχας ἄξει χαλκῷ."  
Λῆς δ' αὐτίκα πρῶτος ἑών προείχε βελεμνον,
πλῆξε δ' ἄρα τρυφάλειαν, ἐπηύτησε δὲ χαλκὸς
ὦνταν. Τεύκρος δὲ μέγ' ἐγκονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
δευτέρος ἦκεν ὀξιτῶν, ἀφαρ δ' ἀπέκερπεν ἐθείρας
ἐξ βέλος· λαοὶ δὲ μέγ' ἱαχον ἀθρήσαντες,
καὶ μιν κυδαίνεσκον ἀπείριτον, οὐνεκ' ἀρ' αὐτὸν
πληγῇ ἐτ' ἀλγυνέσκε θοοῦ ποδὸς, ἀλλὰ μιν οὐτὶ
βλάψεν ὑπαὶ παλάμησθι θοοῦ βέλος θύνοντα.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

To glorious Dionysus, when he brought
His bride divine to Olympus, Minos’ child
Far-famous, whom in sea-washed Dia’s isle
Theseus unwitting left. The Wine-god brimmed
With nectar these, and gave them to his son;
And Thoas at his death to Hypsipyle
With great possessions left them. She bequeathed
The bowls to her godlike son, who gave them up
Unto Achilles for Lycaon’s life.
The one the son of lordly Theseus took,
And goodly Epeius sent to his ship with joy
The other. Then their bruises and their scars
Did Podaleirius tend with loving care.
First pressed he out black humours, then his hands
Deftly knit up the gashes: salves he laid
Thereover, given him by his sire of old,
Such as had virtue in one day to heal
The deadliest hurts, yea, seeming-cureless wounds.
Straight was the smart assuaged, and healed the scars
Upon their brows and ‘neath their clustering hair.
Then for the archery-test Oileus’ son
Stood forth with Teucer, they which in the race
Erewhile contended. Far away from these
Agamemnon, lord of spears, set up a helm
Crested with plumes, and spake: “The master-shot
Is that which shears the hair-crest clean away.”
Then straightway Ajax shot his arrow first,
And smote the helm-ridge: sharply rang the brass.
Then Teucer second with most earnest heed
Shot: the swift shaft hath shorn the plume away.
Loud shouted all the people as they gazed,
And praised him without stint, for still his foot
Halted in pain, yet nowise marred his aim
When with his hands he sped the flying shaft.
καὶ οἱ τευχεὰ καλὰ πόρεν Πηλῆς ἀκούτης ἀντιϑέου Τροὶλοιο, τὸν ἡμέων μέγι άριστον Τροὶλὴν ἐν ἡγαθῇ 'Εκάβῃ τέκτη, οὐδ' ἀπόνυτο ἀγάλης. δὴ γάρ μιν ἀταρτηροῦ Ἀχιλῆς ἔγχος ὀμοῦ καὶ κάρτος ἀπήμερσαν βιότοιο. ὡς δ' ὀπόθ' ἔρσηντα καὶ εὐθαλέοντ' ἀνὰ κήπουν ὕδρηλης καπέτοιο μᾶλ' ἀγχόθι τηλεθάντα ἢ στάχνη ἢ μήκωνα, πάρος καρποῦ τυχήσαι, 425 κέρση τις δρεπάνῳ νεοθηρεί, μηδ' ἃρ' ἔαση ἐς τέλος ἦδυ μολεῖν μηδ' ἐς στόρον ἄλλον ἴκεσθαι, ἀμήσας κενεὸν τε καὶ ἀσπορον ἐσσομένουσι 1 μέλλονθ' ἔρσηντος ὑπ' εἴαρος ἀλδαίνεσθαι· ὡς νῦν Πριάμωι θεοὶ ἀναλύκιον ἀῖδος Πηλεῖδης κατέπεθεν, ἕτ' ἁχνοῦν, εἰσεῖτι νύμφης νηῖδα, νηπιάχουσιν ὀμῶς ἔτι κουρίζοντα· ἀλλὰ μιν ἐς πόλεμον φθισίμβροτον ἦγαγε Μοῖρα ἦβης ἄρχομενον πολυγηθέος, ὀππότε φῶτες θαρσάλεοι τελέθουσιν, ὃτ' οὐκέτι δεῦται ἠτορ. 430 Αὐτίκα δ' αὐτὲ σόλον περιμήκεα τε βριαρῶν τε πολλοὶ πειρῆσαντο θοῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἤλαιν· τῶν δ' οὕτως βαλέειν δύνατο στιβαρῶν μᾶλ' ἐόντα 'Ἀργείων· ὰῖος δ' ἐβαλεν μενεδήμος Αἰας χειρὸς ἀπὸ κρατερῆς, ὡς εἰ δροῦς ἀγροῦμοιο ὄξων ἀπανανθέντα βέρεος εὐθαλέεος ὀρή, ὀππότε λημα πάντα κατὰ χθονὸς αὐαίνηται. θάμβησαν δ' ἀρα πάντες, ὅσον χειρὸς ἐξεποτήθη χαλκός, δὲν ἀνέρε χερσὶ δύω μογένουτε ἄειραν· τῶν ῥα μὲν 'Ανταίου βίθι ῥιπτασκε πάροιθε ρημίδως ὑπὸ χειρὸς ἐής πειρώμενος ἅλκης, πρὶν κρατερῆς χέρεσοι δαμήμεναι Ἡρακλῆς· 435 1 Zimmermann, from P; for αἰθομένουσι, with lacuna, of Koechly. 198
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Then Peleus' bride gave unto him the arms
Of godlike Troilus, the goodliest
Of all fair sons whom Hecuba had borne
In hallowed Troy; yet of his goodlihead
No joy she had; the prowess and the spear
Of fell Achilles reft his life from him.
As when a gardener with new-whetted scythe
Mows down, ere it may seed, a blade of corn
Or poppy, in a garden dewy-fresh
And blossom-flushed, which by a water-course
Crowdeth its blooms—mows it ere it may reach
Its goal of bringing offspring to the birth,
And with his scythe-sweep makes its life-work vain
And barren of all issue, nevermore
Now to be fostered by the dews of spring;
So did Peleides cut down Priam's son
The god-like beautiful, the beardless yet
And virgin of a bride, almost a child!
Yet the Destroyer Fate had lured him on
To war, upon the threshold of glad youth,
When youth is bold, and the heart feels no void.

Forthwith a bar of iron massy and long
From the swift-speeding hand did many essay
To hurl; but not an Argive could prevail
To cast that ponderous mass. Aias alone
Sped it from his strong hand, as in the time
Of harvest might a reaper fling from him
A dry oak-bough, when all the fields are parched.
And all men marvelled to behold how far
Flew from his hand the bronze which scarce two men
Hard-straining had uplifted from the ground.
Even this Antaeus' might was wont to hurl
Erstwhile, ere the strong hands of Hercules
O'ermastered him. This, with much spoil beside,
'Ἡρακλῆς δὲ μη βίω ἐλών σὺν ληείδι πολλῇ ἀκαμάτῃ ἔχε χειρὸς ἀέθλουν, ἀλλὰ μὴν ἐσθλῷ ὑστερον Αἰακίδη δῶρον πόρεν, ὅπποτ' ἀρ' αὐτῷ Ἰλίου εὐπύργιον συνεπράθε κύδιμον ἀστυ, κείνος δ' νιεὶ δώκει, ὅ δ' ἀκυπόρους ἐνι νηυσὶν ἐς Τροίην μὴν ἕνεικεν, ἵνα σφετέροις τοκής μνωμένος Τρώεσιν εἰσδενέεσσι μάχηται προφρονέως, εἰ ἔδε πόνος πειρωμένῳ ἀλκής· τὸν β' Αίας μάλα πολλὸν ἀπὸ στιβαρῆς βάλε χειρός.

καὶ τοτέ οἱ Νηρηις ἀγακλυτὰ τεύχεα δῶκε Μέμονος ἀντιθέοι, τὰ καὶ μέγα ὅησαντο Ἀργεῖον. λήν γὰρ ἔσαν περιμήκεα πάντα, καὶ τὰ γε καγχαλῶν ὕπεδεξατο κύδιμοι αὐτρό· οὐκο γὰρ κείνω γὰρ περὶ βιαροὶς μέλεσιν ἡμοσαν ἀπλῆτου κατὰ χρόνος ἀμφιθεντα· αὐτὸς δ' αὐτ' ἀνάεωρ μέγαν σόλον, ὅφρα οἱ εἰ ἐπὶ τερπωλὴ μένων ἤ ἱλαιομένῳ πονέουσαι.

Οἱ δ' ἄρα δηριώντες ἐφ' ἀλματὶ πολλοὶ ἄνέσταν.

τῶν δ' ἄρ' ὑπέρθορε πολλὸν ἐὔμμελησ' Ἀγαπῆνορ σήματα· τολ δ' ὁμάδησαν ἐτ' ἀνέρι μακρὰ θερόντι· καὶ οἱ τεύχεα καλὰ πόρεν μεγάλοι Κύκνοι διὰ Θέτις· τὸν γὰρ βα φόνθι ἐπὶ Πρωτεσθάυνον πολλῶν νύμφῶν ἐλοῦτα κατεκτάνε Πηλέος νῦν πρώτων ἀριστῆν· Τρῶας δ' ἄχος ἀμφικάλυψεν.

Αἰγανέη δ' ἣρα πολλὸν ὑπέρβαλε δηριώντας Εὐρύάλος· λαοὶ δὲ μέγ' ἱαχον· οὐ γὰρ ἐφαντὸ κείνων ὑπερβαλέειν οὐδὲ πτερόντι βελέμφων.

tούτεικα οἱ φιάλην πολυχανδέα δῶκε φέρεσθαι μὴν Ἀιακίδαι δαίφρονος, ἵνα τοτ' Ἀχιλλεὺς ἀργυρέην κτεάτισε βαλῶν ὑπὸ δουρὶ Μύητα, ὅπποτε Δυρυσσού διέπραθεν ὅλβιον ἁστυ.

1 Zimmermann, from P., for Τρώων of v.
Hercules took, and kept it to make sport
For his invincible hand; but afterward
Gave it to valiant Peleus, who with him
Had smitten fair-towered Ilium's burg renowned;
And he to Achilles gave it, whose swift ships
Bare it to Troy, to put him aye in mind
Of his own father, as with eager will
He fought with stalwart Trojans, and to be
A worthy test wherewith to prove his strength.
Even this did Aias from his brawny hand
Fling far. So then the Nereid gave to him
The glorious arms from godlike Memnon stripped.
Marvelling the Argives gazed on them: they were
A giant's war-gear. Laughing a glad laugh
That man renowned received them: he alone
Could wear them on his brawny limbs; they seemed
As they had even been moulded to his frame.
The great bar thence he bore withal, to be
His joy when he was fain of athlete-toil.

Still sped the contests on; and many rose
Now for the leaping. Far beyond the marks
Of all the rest brave Agapenor sprang:
Loud shouted all for that victorious leap;
And Thetis gave him the fair battle-gear
Of mighty Cyñus, who had smitten first
Protesilaus, then had reft the life
From many more, till Peleus' son slew him
First of the chiefs of grief-enshrouded Troy.

Next, in the javelin-cast Euryalus
Hurled far beyond all rivals, while the folk
Shouted aloud: no archer, so they deemed,
Could speed a winged shaft farther than his cast;
Therefore the Aeacid hero's mother gave
To him a deep wide silver oil-flask, ta'en
By Achilles in possession, when his spear
Slew Mynes, and he spoiled Lyrnessus' wealth.
Αἰας δ’ ὀβριμόθυμος ἐελδόμενος πονέεσθαι χερσὶν ὀμῶς καὶ ποσσὶν ἀνιστάμενος καλέσκευν ἐς μέσον ἦρωων τὸν ὑπέρτατον. οἳ δ’ ὀρώντες θάμβεον ὀβριμὸν ἄνδρα καὶ ἄλκιμον· οὐδὲ τις ἔτη
ἀντα μολείν· πάντων γὰρ ὑπέκλασε δεῖμ’ ἀλε-γειῶν
ἡμορέθην, φοβέοντο δ’ ἀνὰ φρένα, μὴ τινα χερσὶν τύφασι ἀκαμάτησιν ὑπὸ πληγήσι πρόσωπον συγχέχη ἐσσυμένοις, μέγα δ’ ἀνέρι πῆμα γένηται.
ὅπε δὲ πάντες ἔνευσαν ἐπ’ Εὐρύνάλῳ μενεχάρμη ἱδμονα πυγμαχίης εὐ εἰδότες· δι’ δ’ ἐν μέσους τοῖον ἔπος προβηκές ὑποτρομέων θρασύν ἄνδρα·
“ὁ φίλοι, ἄλλον μὲν τιν’ Ἀκαῖω, ὅν κ’ ἐθέλητε, 490
τλήσομαι ἀντίοωντα, μέγαν δ’ Αἰαντα τήθηπα·
pολλὸν γὰρ προβέβηκε· διαρράσει δὲ μοι ἦτορ, ἥν μνὸν ἐπιβρύσαντα λάβη χόλος· οὐ γὰρ ὁτὶ ἄνδρὸς ἀπ’ ἀκαμάτοιο σῶν ποτὶ νῆσα ἴκεσθαι.”
“Ὡς φαμένοι γέλασαν· δ’ ὃ ἐν φρεσὶ πάμπαν
ιάνθη
Αἰας ὀβριμόθυμος· ἄειρε δὲ δοῖα τάλαντα ἄργυρον αἰγλήταιον, ἃ οἳ Θέτις εἴνεκ’ ἀέθλου δῶκεν ἄτερ καμάτοιο· φίλον δ’ ἐμνήσατο παιδὸς Αἰαντ’ εἰσορώσα· γόος δὲ οἱ ἐμπεσε θυμῷ.
Οἱ δ’ αὐθ’ ἱππασίῃ μεμελημένον ἦτορ ἔχοντες 500
ἐσσυμένοις ἀνόρουσαν ἐποτρύνοντος ἀέθλου· πρῶτος μὲν Μενέλαος ὅ δ’ Εὐρύπυλος θρασύ-χάρμης
Εὐμηλὸς δὲ Θώας τε καὶ ἴσόθεος Πολυποίής.
ἱπποὺς δ’ ἀμφὶ λέπαδνα βάλον καὶ ὕφ’ ἀρματ’
ἐρυσαν
πάντες ἐπενγόμενοι πολυγηθέος εἶνεκ’ νίκης
ἀλφα δ’ ἄρ’ ἐς ἐν ἀμα
χόρον ἃν ἤμαθέντ’· ἐπὶ νύσσης ὃ ἐσταν ἔκαστοι:
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Then fiery-hearted Aias eagerly
Rose, challenging to strife of hands and feet
The mightiest hero there; but marveling
They marked his mighty thews, and no man dared
Confront him. Chilling dread had palsied all
Their courage: from their hearts they feared him,
lest
His hands invincible should all to-break
His adversary's face, and naught but pain
Be that man's meed. But at the last all men
Made signs to battle-bider Euryalus,
For well they knew him skilled in fighting-craft;
But he too feared that giant, and he cried:
"Friends, any other Achaean, whom ye will,
Blithe will I face; but mighty Aias—no!
Far doth he overmatch me. He will rend
Mine heart, if in the onset anger rise
Within him: from his hands invincible,
I trow, I should not win to the ships alive."

Loud laughed they all: but glowed with triumph-
joy
The heart of Aias. Gleaming talents twain
Of silver he from Thetis' hands received,
His uncontested prize. His stately height
Called to her mind her dear son, and she sighed.

They which had skill in chariot-driving then
Rose at the contest's summons eagerly:
Menelaus first, Euryppylus bold in fight,
Eumelus, Thoas, godlike Polypoetes
Harness'd their steeds, and led them to the cars
All panting for the joy of victory.
Then rode they in a glittering chariot rank
Out to one place, to a stretch of sand, and stood
Ranged at the starting-line. The reins they grasped
καρπαλίμως δ' εὐληρα λάβον κρατερῆς παλάμησιν.

ιπποῖ δ' ἐγχρυμβθέντες ἐν ἁρμασὶ ποινύεσκον
ὀπποὶ τὶς προϊόπει, πόδας δ' ὑπεκίνυν αὐτῶς, 510
οὐτα δ' ὠρθωσάντα καὶ ἁμπυκας ἀφρὸ ἔδευσαν.
οἱ δ' ἀφαρ ἐγκονεώσετε ἐλαφροτόδων μένος ἵππων
μάστον· οἱ δὲ θοήσιν ἐοικότες 'Αρτύξιοι
καρπαλίμως ξεέγησι μέγ' ἐκθορον ἀσχαλώντες,
ἀρματα δ' ὁκα φέρεσκον ἀπὸ χθονός ἀἷσσοντα· 515
οὐδ' ἀρματροχίας ἱδεέιν ἣν οὐδὲ ποδών
ἐν χθονί σήματα, τόσον ὑπεξέφερον δρόμον
ἵπποι.

πουλὺς δ' αἰθέρ' ἰκανε κονίσαλος ἐκ πεδίου,
κατανθανω ὀμίχλη ἐναλύγκιος, ἦν τ' ἐν ὅρεσσιν
ἀμφιχέα πρώνεσσι Νότον μένος Ἡ Ζεφύρου
χείματος ἐγρομένου, ὅπωτ' οὐρα δευται ὄμβρῳ.
ἵπποι δ' Ἐυμήλοιο μέγ' ἐκθορον, οἱ δ' ἐφέποντο
ἀντιδέοι Θώαντος· ἐπ' ἂλλῳ δ' ἂλλος ἀὔτει
ἀρματι· τοῖ δ' ἐφέροντο δ' εὐρυχόρον πεδίον 1 524

"Ἡλίδος ἐκ δής, ἐπεὶ ἡ μέγα ἔργον ἔρεξε
παρθήμανος θονὸν ἁρμα κακόφρονος Οἶνομάιοι,
ὅς ὅτι ἐξέσθησιν ἀνηλεά τεύχες ὀλέθρων
κούρης ἀμφί γάμοι περίφρονος Ἰπποδαμείης· 526
ἀλλ' οὐ μᾶν κεῖνός γε καὶ ἱππασίραι μεμηλῶς
ἵππους ὀκύποδας τοίους ἔχεν, ἀλλ' ἀρα πολλὸν
ποσσίν ἀφαυρότερον· οἰ γὰρ ρ' εἴδοντ' ἀνέμοισιν."

"Η μέγα κυδαιόν ἵππων μένος ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν

1 There is a long hiatus here: the lost verses contained an account of accidents to Thoas and Euryalus, and the text resumes in the middle of a speech (by Nestor?) in praise of the horses of Menelaus.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

In strong hands quickly, while the chariot-steeds
Shoulder to shoulder fretted, all afire
To take the lead at starting, pawed the sand,
Pricked ears, and o'er their frontlets flung the foam.
With sudden-stiffened sinews those car-lords
Lashed with their whips the tempest-footed steeds;
Then swift as Harpies sprang they forth; they strained
Furiously at the harness, onward whirling
The chariots bounding ever from the earth.
Thou couldst not see a wheel-track, no, nor print
Of hoof upon the sand—they verily flew.
Up from the plain the dust-clouds to the sky
Soared, like the smoke of burning, or a mist
Rolled round the mountain-forelands by the might
Of the dark South-wind or the West, when wakes
A tempest, when the hill-sides stream with rain.
Burst to the front Eumelus' steeds: behind
Close pressed the team of godlike Thoas: shouts
Still answered shouts that cheered each chariot, while
Onward they swept across the wide-wayed plain.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"From hallowed Elis, when he had achieved
A mighty triumph, in that he outstripped
The swift car of Oenomaus evil-souled,
The ruthless slayer of youths who sought to wed
His daughter Hippodameia passing-wise.
Yet even he, for all his chariot-lore,
Had no such fleetfoot steeds as Atreus' son——
Far slower!—the wind is in the feet of these."

So spake he, giving glory to the might
Of those good steeds, and to Atreides' self;
"Ἀτρείδην ὁ γὰρ ἦσι περὶ φρεσίς γήθεε θυμῷ. 
τοὺς δὲ μέγ. ἀθυμαίνοντας ἀφαρ θεράποντες ἐλυσαν 535 
ζεύγλης: οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸι ἀελλόποδας λύου ἰπποὺς 
pάντες, ὅσοι ἐν ἀγώνι δρόμου πέρι δήρις ἑτύχθην. 
ἀντιθεον δὲ Θόαντα καὶ Εὐρύπυλον μενεχάρμην 
ηκέσατ᾽ ἐσσυμένως Ποδαλείριος ἔλκεα πάντα, 
ὅσσα περιδρύφθησαν ἀπεκ δήφροι πεσόντες. 540 
"Ἀτρείδης δὲ ἀλάστον ἐγήθεεν εἰνεκα νίκης: 
καὶ οἱ ὑπόλοκαμος Θέτις ὁπάσε καλὸν ἀλεισον 
χρύσεων, ἀντιθεοί μέγα κτέαρ Ὡνίωνος, 
πρὶν Ἡθήνης κλυτόν ἄστυ διαπραθέειν Ἀχιλῆα. 
"Αλλοι δὲ αὐθ᾽ ἐτέρωθι μονάμπτυκας ἐντυν 
ἀπὸ ἰπποὺς 545 
ἐς δρόμου ἱθύνοντες, ἐλοντο δὲ χερσὶ βοείας 
μάστιγας, καὶ πάντες ἀναίξαντες ἐφ' ἰππού 
ἐξονθ᾽: οἱ δὲ χαλινά γενειάσιν ἀφρίζοντες 
δάπτον, καὶ πολλὶ γαίαν ἐπέκτυπον ἐγκονέοντες 
ἐκθορεῖειν. τοῖς δ' αἰῆα τάθη δρόμος: οἱ δ' ἀπὸ 
νύσσησι 
καρπαλίμωσι οἴμησαν ἐρίδμαινειν μεμαδώτες, 
eἰκελοὶ Ἡ Βορέαο μέγα πνεύοντος ἀέλλαις 
ἡ Νότον κελάδοντος, ὅτ᾽ εὔρεα πόλον ὤρινε 
λαίλαπι καὶ ῥιπῆσι, Θυτήριον εὐτ᾽ ἀλεγεινὸν 
ἀντέλλη ναύνυσι φέρουν πολύδακρων ὀξίνιν. 550 
ὅς οἳ ἐς σευνόντο κόμιν ποσὶν καρπαλίμισι 
ἐν πεδίῳ κλονόντες ἀπείρωτον: οἱ δ' ἐλατήρες 
ἰπποσὶ οἴσιν ἐκαστὸς ἐκέκλετο, τῇ μὲν ἰμάσθλην 
ταρφεά πετηγώς, ἐτήρη δ' ἐνὶ χειρὶ τινάσων 
νωλεμές ἀμβη γένυσι μέγα κτυπεόντα χαλινῶν. 560 
ἰπποὶ δ' ἐρρώνοντο. βοὴ δ' ἀνὰ λαοῦ ὁρφεὶ 
ἀσπετος: οἱ δ' ἐπέτοντο διὰ πλατέος πεδίου. 
καὶ νῦ κεν ἐς συμένως ἔξ. Ἀργεος αἴόλος ῖππος 
νίκησεν μάλα πολλὸν ἐφεξομένου Σθενέλοιο, 
eἰ μὴ ἄρ ἐξηρπαξε ὀραμον, πεδίον δ' ἀφίκαινε 565 
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

And filled with joy was Menelaus' soul.
Straightway his henchmen from the yoke-band loosed
The panting team, and all those chariot-lords,
Who in the race had striven, now unyoked
Their tempest-footed steeds. Podaleirius then
Hasted to spread salves over all the wounds
Of Thoas and Eurypylus, gashes scored
Upon their frames when from the cars they fell.
But Menelaus with exceeding joy
Of victory glowed, when Thetis lovely-tressed
Gave him a golden cup, the chief possession
Once of Eetion the godlike; ere
Achilles spoiled the far-famed burg of Thebes.

Then horsemen riding upon horses came
Down to the course: they grasped in hand the whip
And bounding from the earth bestrode their steeds,
The while with foaming mouths the coursers champed
The bits, and pawed the ground, and fretted aye
To dash into the course. Forth from the line
Swiftly they darted, eager for the strife,
Wild as the blasts of roaring Boreas
Or shouting Notus, when with hurricane-swoop
He heaves the wide sea high, when in the east
Uprises the disastrous Altar-star
Bringing calamity to seafarers;
So swift they rushed, spurning with flying feet
The deep dust on the plain. The riders cried
Each to his steed, and ever plied the lash
And shook the reins about the clashing bits.
On strained the horses: from the people rose
A shouting like the roaring of a sea.
On, on across the level plain they flew;
And now the flashing-footed Argive steed
By Sthenelus bestridden, had won the race,
But from the course he swerved, and o'er the plain

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πολλάκις· οὔδε μὲν ἐσθλὸς ἐών Καπανήμος νῦς κάμψαι ἐπέσθεν χεραῖν, ἐπεὶ ἄτι νήσις ἀέθλων ἔπποσ ἔην· γενεῇ γε μὲν ὦ κακὸς, ἀλλὰ θοοί θεσπέσιον γένος ἔσκεν Ἀρίσονος, διὶ τέκεν ἦπποιν "Ἀρτύα Ζεφύρῳ πολυχεῖ σεφρτατον ἄλλων πολλῶν, ἐπεὶ ταχέεσοι εἰριδμαίνεσκε πόδεσσι πατρός ἐοίο θοήσι κατανύγισι, καὶ μιν Ἀδρηστός ἐκ μακάρων ἔχε δῶρον, ὃθεν γένος ἐπλετοὶ κείνου· καὶ μιν Τυδεός νῦς ἐὼ πόρε δῶρον ἐτάρφε· Τροιῇ ἐνι ξαθῆγε· ὁ δὲ ὁ μέγα ποσσὶ πεποιθῶς ὁκὼν ἐντ' ἐς ἄγωνα καὶ εἰς ἔριν ἤγαγην ἦπποιν αὐτὸς ἐν ἐπρωτοισιν ὀἰόμενος μέγα κύδος ἐπιπαθὴς ἀνελέσθαι· ὁ δ' ὀυτι οἱ ἱτορ ἤγεν ἀμφ' Ἀχιλής ἀεθλα πονεύμενος· ἡ γὰρ ἐμιμνεῖ δευτερος, Ἀτρείδης δὲ παρήλασεν ὁκὼν ἐντα ἱδρεῖη· λαοι δ' Ἀγαμέμνονα κυδαίνεσκον, ἦπποιν Τεθενελώδ θρασύφρονος ἦδε καὶ αὐτὸν, οὕνεκα δεύτερος ἠλθε, καὶ εἰ μάλα πολλάκι νύσσης εξέθορεν, μεγάλῳ περὶ κάρτει οἶς ποσὶ θύων. καὶ τὸτ' ἀρ' Ἀτρείδης Θέτις ὤπασε καγχαλώνυτι ἀργύρεοιν ἁόρηκα θεγγενέοις Πολυδώρου· δῶκε δ' ἀρα Θενελώβ βριαρῆν κόρων Ἀστεροπαϊον χαλκεῖνην καὶ δοῦρε δύσι καὶ ἀτείρεα μύτην. ἀλλαίς δ' ἐπτησει καὶ ὀπτόσοι ἤματι κεῖνφ ἠλθον ἀεθλεύσουντες Ἀχιλῆς ποτὶ τύμβοις, δῶρα πόρεν πάντεσσιν. ἐπὶ σφίσι δ' ἄχυντο θυμῶν νῦς Λαέρταο δαήφρονος, οὕνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτὸν ἀλκῆς ἐμενον κρατερῶν ἀπέρυφεν ἀέθλων ἐλκος ἀνηρῶν, τὸ μιν οὔτασεν δήβριος Ἀλκων ἀμφ' νέκνυ κρατεροῖο πονεύμενον Αἰακίδαο. 595

1 Zimmermann, for ἑμέλλειν ἰκάνειν of MSS.
Once and again rushed wide; nor Capaneus' son,
Good horseman though he were, could turn him back
By rein or whip, because that steed was strange
Still to the race-course; yet of lineage
Noble was he, for in his veins the blood
Of swift Arion ran, the foal begotten
By the loud-piping West-wind on a Harpy,
The fleetest of all earth-born steeds, whose feet
Could race against his father's swiftest blasts.
Him did the Blessèd to Adrastus give:
And from him sprang the steed of Sthenelus,
Which Tydeus' son had given unto his friend.
In hallowed Troyland. Filled with confidence
In those swift feet his rider led him forth
Unto the contest of the steeds that day,
Looking his horsemanship should surely win
Renown: yet victory gladdened not his heart
In that great struggle for Achilles' prizes;
Nay, swift albeit he was, the King of Men
By skill outraced him. Shouted all the folk,
"Glory to Agamemnnon!" Yet they acclaimed
The steed of valiant Sthenelus and his lord,
For that the fiery flying of his feet
Still won him second place, albeit oft
Wide of the course he swerved. Then Thetis gave
To Atreus' son, while laughed his lips for joy,
God-sprung Polydorus' breastplate silver-wrought.
To Sthenelus Asteropaeus' massy helm,
Two lances, and a taslet strong, she gave.
Yea, and to all the riders who that day
Came at Achilles' funeral-feast to strive
She gave gifts. But the son of the old war-lord,
Laertes, inly grieved to be withheld
From contests of the strong, how fain soe'er,
By that sore wound which Alcon dealt to him
In the grim fight around dead Aeacus' son.
ΔΟΓΟΣ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΣ

'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ ἕ ἄλλοι μὲν ἀπενυσθησαν ἄεθλοι,
δὴ τὸτ' Ἀχιλλῆος μεγαλήτορος ἄμβροτα τεύχῃ:
θῆκεν ἐνὶ μέσσοις θεᾶ Θέτις· ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
δαίδαλα μαρμαρέσκεν, ὡσα σθένος Ἡφαίστου
ἀμφὶ σάκος ποίησε τρασύφρωνος Λιακίδαο.

Πρῶτα μὲν εὖ ἦσκητο θεοκμήτω ἐπὶ ἔργῳ
οὐρανὸς ἢδ' αἰθήρ, γαίη δ' ἀμα κεῖτο θάλασσα:
ἐν δὲ ἀνεμοὶ νεφέλαι τε σελήνη τ' ἡλίους τε
κεκριμέν' ἄλλῳς ἄλλα, τέτυκτο δε τείρεα πάντα
ὄππόσα δινήγαλα κατ' οὐρανὸν ἀμφιφέρονται.

τῶ δ' ἄρ' ὁμίως ὑπένερθεν ἀπειρόσιος κένυτ' ἄρθρο
ἐν τῷ δ' ὅρμηθες τανυχειλέες ἀμφεποτῶντο
φαίης κε ᾳόντας ἀμα πνοήσει φέρεσθαι.

Τῆθες δ' ἀμφετέτυκτο καὶ Ὀκεανὸ βαθὺ χεῦμι
τῶν δ' ἄφαρ ἐξεχέοντο ῥοι ποταμῶν κελαδεινῶν
cυκλόθεν ἄλλῳς ἄλλη ἐλισσομένων διὰ γαίης.

'Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' εὖ ἦσκηντο κατ' οὐρεα μακρ.

λέοντες

σμερδαλέοι καὶ θώες ἀναδιδέεσ· ἐν δ' ἀλεγειναι
ἀρκτοὶ περδάλιες τε, σὺνες θ' ἀμα τῇς πελοῦτο
ὄβριμοι ἀλγισώσεται ὑπὸ βλοσυρήσῃ γένυσιν
θήγοντες καναχήδου εὖ κτυπέοντας ὃδὸντας·
ἐν δ' ἀγροται μετόπισθε κυνων μένος ἰδύνοντες,
BOOK V

arms of Achilles were cause of madness and death unto Aias.

All other contests had an end,
Goddess laid down in the midst
and Achilles' arms divinely wrought;
round flashed out the cunning work
of the Fire-god overchased the shield
for Aeacus' son, the dauntless-souled.

Light upon that labour of a God
high heaven and cloudland, and beneath
land and sea: the winds, the clouds were there,
and sun, each in its several place;
were all the stars that, fixed in heaven,
in its eternal circlings round.

through all was the infinite air
and fliet birds of slender beak:
said they lived, and floated on the breeze.
arms' all-embracing arms were wrought,
's fathomless flow. The outrushing flood
flying to the echoing hills
to right, to left, rolled o'er the land.
rose league-long mountain-ridges, haunts
lions and foul jackals: there
ers and panthers prowled; with these were

that whetted deadly-clashing tusks
frothing jaws. There hunters sped
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

άλλοι δ' αὖ λάεσθι καὶ αἰγανέσθι θοήσι
βάλλοντες πονέοντο καταντίον, ώς ἔτεον περ.
'Εν δ' ἀρα καὶ πόλεμοι φθισήνορες, ἐν δὲ
κυδομοὶ
ἀργαλείοι ἐνέκειντο· περικτείνοντο δὲ λαὸι
μύγδ' ἀμ' ἐοῖς ἱπποις· πέδου δ' ἄπαν αἵματι
. πολλῷ
δευμένῳ θίκτῳ κατ' ἀσπίδος ἀκαμάτωι.
ἐν δὲ Φόβος καὶ Δείμος ἦσαν στονόσσα τ' Ἐνυλ
αἵματι λευγάλεφ πεπαλαγμένη ἄφεα πάντα,
ἐν δ' Ἕρις οὐλομένη καὶ Ἕριννύς ὡβριμόθυμοι,
ἡ μὲν ἐποτρώνυσα ποτὶ κλόνων ἄρσητον ἄνδρας
ἐλθέμεν, αἱ δ' ὅλοος πυρὸς πνεύσονσαι ἄτυμην.
ἀμφὶ δὲ Κήρες ἔθυνον ἀμείλιχοι, ἐν δ' ἀρα τῇ
φοίτα λευγάλεον Θανάτου μένος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἀρ' αὐτῷ 3:
Ταχμίην ἐνέκειντο δυσηχέες, ἄν περὶ πάντη
ἐκ μελέων εἰς οὐδας ἀπέρρεεν ἁίμα καὶ ἰδρῶς.
ἐν δ' ἀρα Γοργόνες ἔσκον ἀναιδεῖς· ἀμφὶ δ' ἀρα σφι
σμερδαλεοὶ πεποννυντο περὶ πλοχμοίσι δράκουτες
ἀινὸν ληχώμωντες· ἀπειρέσιον δ' ἀρα θαῦμα
δαίδαλα κεῖνα πέλοντο μέγ' ἀνδράσι δείμα φέροντα
οὖνεκ' ἦσαν ζωοίσιν ἑοικότα κινμενοισι.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ πολέμοιοι τεράστα πάντα
τέτυκτο.
eἰρήνης δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἦσαν περικαλλέοις ἑργα·
ἀμφὶ δὲ μυρία φύλα πολυτλήτων ἀνθρώπων
ἀστεα καλὰ νέμοντο· Δίκη δ' ἐπέδερκετο1 πάντα·
ἀλλοι δ' ἀλλ᾽ ἐπὶ ἑργα χερᾶς φέρον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἀλωαι
καρποῖς ἐβρίθοντο· μέλαινα δὲ γαία τεθήλει.

Ἀιτήτατον δ' ἐτέτυκτο θεοκμήτῳ ἐπὶ ἑργῷ
καὶ τρηχὴ χαθὲν Ἀρετῆς ὀρος· ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ

1 Zimmermann, ex P; for ἐπίκετο of v.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

After the hounds: beaters with stone and dart,
To the life portrayed, toiled in the woodland sport.
And there were man-devouring wars, and all
Horrors of fight: slain men were falling down
Mid horse-hoofs; and the likeness of a plain
Blood-drenched was on that shield invincible.
Panic was there, and Dread, and ghastly Enyo
With limbs all gore-bespattered hideously,
And deadly Strife, and the Avenging Spirits
Fierce-hearted—she, still goading warriors on
To the onset—they, outbreathing breath of fire.
Around them hovered the relentless Fates;
Beside them Battle incarnate onward pressed
Yelling, and from their limbs streamed blood and sweat.

There were the ruthless Gorgons: through their hair
Horribly serpents coiled with flickering tongues.
A measureless marvel was that cunning work
Of things that made men shudder to behold
Seeming as though they verily lived and moved.

And while here all war's marvels were portrayed,
Yonder were all the works of lovely peace.
The myriad tribes of much-enduring men
Dwelt in fair cities Justice watched o'er all.
To diverse toils they set their hands; the fields
Were harvest-laden; earth her increase bore.

Most steeply rose on that god-laboured work
The rugged flanks of holy Honour's mount,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

eἰστήκει φοίνικος ἐπεμβεβαία κατ' ἀκρὶς ἱψηλῆ, ψάνουσα πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ ἀτραπτοὶ βαμέεσις διειργόμεναι σκοπέλουσιν ἀνθρώπων ἀπέρυκον ἐνύ πάτον, οὖνεκα πολλοὶ εἰσοπίποι χάζοντο τεθητότες αἰτᾶ κέλευθα, παύροι δ' ἵερον οἶμον ἀνήῃν ἱδρώντες.

Ἐν δ' ἔσαν ἀμμηθῆρες ἀνὰ πλατὺν ὅγμον ἱόντες σπεύδοντες δρεπάνησι νείκεσι, τῶν δ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ ἳνυτὸ λήμον αὐν' ἐφεστόμενοι δ' ἔσαν ἄλλοι 1 πολλοὶ ἀμαλλοδετῆρες. ἀξέθετο δ' ἐσ μέγα ἐργον. ἐν δ' βόες ξεγυλησίν ὑπ' αὐχένας αἰὲν ἐχοντες, οἱ μὲν ἀπήνας ἐλκου ἐνσταχύσεσιν ἀμὰλλας βρυθομένας, οἱ δ' αὐθίς ἀρατρεύεσσιν ἀγονας. τῶν δὲ πέδων μετόπισιθε μελαίνετο, τοι δ' ἐφέπουντο αἰζητοὶ μετὰ τοῖς βουσσάδαις κέντρα φέροντες χεραλν ἀμοβαρίδης. ἀνεφαίνετο δ' ἀσπετον ἐργον. 65

Ἐν δ' αὐλοὶ κιθάραι τε παρ' εἰλαπίνησι πέλοντο ἐν δὲ νέων παρὰ ποσσὶ χοροὶ ἰσταντο γυναίκων. 2 αἰ δ' ἄρ' ἔσαν ξοῆσιν ἀλγικια ποιητοῦσαι.

'Ἀγχι δ' ἄρ' ὀρχηθμοῦ τε καὶ εὐφροσύνης ἐρατεινής ἀφρὸν ἔτ' ἀμφὶ κόμησιν ἱχους' ἀνεσύνετο πόντων 70 Κύπρις εὐστέφανος, τὴν δ' Ἰμερος ἀμφεποτάτο μειδιόν ἐρατεινά συν ἥκομοις Χαράτεσσιν.

Ἐν δ' ἄρ' ἔσαν Νῃρῆσο υπερθύμοιο θύγατρες ἐξ ἀλὸς εὐρυπόροιο κασιγνήτην ἀνάγονσαι ἐς γάμον Αἰακίδαβο δαϊφρονος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντες ἀθάνατοί δαίνυντο μακρὴν ἀνὰ Πηλιόν ἄκρην ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὑδρηλοι τε καὶ εὐθαλέες λειμῶνες ἔσκον ἀπειρεσίοις κεκασμένοι ἄνθεσι ποίης, ἀλσεὰ τε κρήναι τε διειδέες ὑδατι καλφ.

Νῆς ὅδε στονοεσσάι ὑπὲρ πόντοιο φέροντο, 80

1 Verse inserted by Zimmermann, ex P.
2 Zimmermann’s order of words.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

And there upon a palm-tree throned she sat
Exalted, and her hands reached up to heaven.
All round her, paths broken by many rocks
Thwarted the climbers' feet; by those steep tracks
Daunted ye saw returning many folk:
Few won by sweat of toil the sacred height.
  And there were reapers moving down long swaths
Swinging the whetted sickles: 'neath their hands
The hot work sped to its close. Hard after these
Many sheaf-binders followed, and the work
Grew passing great. With yoke-bands on their
  necks
Oxen were there, whereof some drew the wains
Heaped high with full-eared sheaves, and further on
Were others ploughing, and the glebe showed black
Behind them. Youths with ever-busy goads
Followed: a world of toil was there portrayed.
  And there a banquet was, with pipe and harp,
Dances of maids, and flashing feet of boys,
All in swift movement, like to living souls.
  Hard by the dance and its sweet winsomeness
Out of the sea was rising lovely-crowned
Cypris, foam-blossoms still upon her hair;
And round her hovered smiling witchingly
Desire, and danced the Graces lovely-tressed.
  And there were lordly Nereus' Daughters shown
Leading their sister up from the wide sea
To her espousals with the warrior-king.
And round her all the Immortals banqueted
On Pelion's ridge far-stretching. All about
Lush dewy watermeads there were, bestarred
With flowers innumerable, grassy groves,
And springs with clear transparent water bright.
  There ships with sighing sheets swept o'er the sea,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ai mēn ăr' esōμεναι ἐπικάρσων, ai dē kat' ἰθυ νισσόμεναι· peri dē σφιν ἀέξετο κύμ' ἀλεγεινὸν ὄρνυμενον· ναῦτα dē τεθηπότες ἀλλοθεν ἄλλος ἐσσυμένας φοβέοντο καταχύδας, ὡς ἐτεὸν περ, λαῖφεα λεὺκ' ἔρυντες, ἦν' ἐκ θανάτου φύγωσιν· οἱ δ' ἐξοντ' ἐπ' ἐρετὰ πονεύμενοι· ἀμφὶ δὲ νυσὶν πυκνὸν ἐρεσομένης μέλας λευκαίνετο πόντος.

Toῖς δ' ἐπὶ κυδίων μετὰ κήτεσιν εἰναλίοις ἤσκητ' Ἐννοοῖς· ἀελλόποδες δὲ μιν ὑπποῖν ὡς ἐτεὸν σπεῦδοντες ὑπὲρ πόντου φέρεσκον χρυσεῖη μάστυιον πεπληγνότες· ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα στόρνυτ' ἐπεσσυμένων, ὀμαλὴ δ' ἀρὰ πρόσθε γαλήνη ἔπλετο· τοῖ δ' ἐκάτερθεν ἀολλέες ἀμφὶς ἄνακτα ἀγρόμενοι δελφίνες ἀπειρόσιον κεχάροντο σαῦντες βασιλῆα, κατ' ἡρόεν δ' ἀλὸς οἵδια νηχομένων εἴδοντο καὶ ἀργύρεοι περ ἔστες.

Ἀλλα δὲ μυρία κεῖτο κατ' ἀσπίδα τεχνήντα χερουν ὑπ' ἀθανάτης πυκνώφρονος Ἡϕαῖστοιο· πάντα δ' ἂρ' ἐστεφάνωτο βαθὺς ρόος Ὀκεανοῦ, οὔνεκ' ἔχω ἐκτοσθε κατ' ἀντυγγος, ἦ ἐν πᾶσα ἀσπὶς ἐνεστήρικτο, δέδωντο δὲ δαίδαλα πάντα.

Τῇ δ' ἀρὰ παρκατέκειτο κόρυς μέγα βεβριθυῖα· Ζεὺς δὲ οἱ ἀμφετέτυκτο μεγ' ἀσχαλοντι νεικῶς, οὐρανῷ ἐμβεβαίως· peri δ' ἀθάνατοι πονέοντο Τυτῆνων ἐρίδαινομένων Διὶ συμμεμαῖτε·

toūs δ' ἦδη κρατέρων πῦρ ἀμφθεχεν· έκ δὲ κεραυνῷ ἄλλητοι νυφάδεσσιν ἐοικότες ἐξέχεοντο οὐρανόθεν· Ζευς γὰρ ἀάσπετον ἄριστον κάρτος· οἱ δ' ἂρ' ἐτ' αἰθομένους ἐοικότες ἀμπυνείσκον.

Ἀμφὶ δὲ ϑώρυκκος γυαλὼν παρεκέκλετο καλὸν ἀρρηκτὸν βριαρὸν τε, τὸ χάλδανε Πηλεῖωνα. κημιδῖς δ' ἡςκητο πελώριαν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἐλαφρᾳ μοῦσφ ἔσαν Ἀχιλῆι μάλα στιβαρᾶι περ ἑοὺσαι.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

Some beating up to windward, some that sped
Before a following wind, and round them heaved
The melancholy surge. Scared shipmen rushed
This way and that, adread for tempest-gusts,
Hauling the white sails in, to 'scape the death—
It all seemed real—some tugging at the oars,
While the dark sea on either side the ship
Grew hoary 'neath the swiftly-plashing blades.

And there triumphant the Earth-shaker rode
Amid sea-monsters: stormy-footed steeds
Drew him, and seemed alive, as o'er the deep
They raced, oft smitten by the golden whip.
Around their path of flight the waves fell smooth,
And all before them was unrippled calm.
Dolphins on either hand about their king
Swarmed, in wild rapture of homage bowing backs,
And seemed like live things o'er the hazy sea
Swimming, albeit all of silver wrought.

Marvels of untold craft were imaged there
By cunning-souled Hephaestus' deathless hands
Upon the shield. And Ocean's fathomless flood
Clasped like a garland all the outer rim,
And compassed all the strong shield's curious work.

And therebeside the massy helmet lay.
Zeus in his wrath was set upon the crest
Throned on heaven's dome; the Immortals all around
Fierce-battling with the Titans fought for Zeus.
Already were their foes enwrapped with flame,
For thick and fast as snowflakes poured from heaven
The thunderbolts: the might of Zeus was roused,
And burning giants seemed to breathe out flames.

And therebeside the fair strong corslet lay,
Unpierceable, which clasped Peleides once:
There were the greaves close-lapping, light alone
To Achilles; massy of mould and huge they were.
QUINTUS SMYRНАEUS

'Αγχόθη δ' ἂσχετον ἀορ ἅθην περιμαμαιρεσκε χρυσειῷ τελαμώνι κεκασμένου ἀργυρέῳ τε κουλεῳ, ὃ ἐπὶ κόπη ἀρημαμένῃ ἐλέφαντος θεσπεσίοις τεύχεσσι μετέπρεπε παμφανώσα.

τοῖς δὲ παρεκτετάνυστο κατὰ χθονὸς ὅβριμον ἕγχως,

Πηλίας ψικόμησιν ἑιδομένη ἐλάτησι λύθρου ἔτι πνεύουσα καὶ αἵματος 'Εκτορέπιο.

Καὶ τὸτ' ἐν 'Αρχείοισι Θείτις κυνοκρήδημοις θεσπέσιοι φύτο μύθον ἀκηρεμένη 'Αχιλῆος,

"νῦν μὲν δὴ κατ' ἀγώνος ἀέθλῳ πάντα τελέσθη; ὅσο' ἐπὶ παιδί θανόντι μέγ' ἀχυμένη κατέθηκα:

ἀλλ' ἐτῶς ὃς τ' ἐσάσσετε νέκυν καὶ ἀριστος 'Αχιλῆων, καὶ νῦ κε ὡς θητὰ καὶ ἀμβροτα τεύχε' ἔσασθαι δώσω, ὡς καὶ μακάρεσσι μέγ' εὐδεῖν ἀθανάτοισιν."

"Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δὲ ἄνόρουσαν ἐριδμαίνοντ' ἐπέέσσοι

νύος Δαέρταο καὶ ἀντιθέου Τελαμώνοις

Αἴας, ὃς μέγα πάντας ὑπείρεχεν ἐν Δαναοίσιν,

ἀστὴρ ὅς ἀρίσθηλος ἀν' οὐρανὸν αἰγήλευτα Ἐσπερος, ὃς μέγα πάσι μετ' ἀστράσι παμφαίνησον,

τῷ εἰκὼς τεύχεσσι παρίστατο Πηλείδαο. ἤτεε δ' Ἰδομενῆ κριτὴν καὶ Νηλέος νῦν ἕδ' ἁρὰ μητόοντ' Ἀγαμέμνονα. τοῖς γὰρ ὕστερον ἰδμεναι ἀτρεκέως ἐρικυδέους ἔργα μόδοοι,

ὁς δ' αὐτῶς Ὀδυσσεὺς κείνοις ἐπὶ πάγχων πεποίθεν· οἱ γὰρ ἔσαν πινυτοι καὶ ἀμύμονες ἐν Δαναοῖσι.

Νέστωρ δ' Ἰδομενῆ καὶ Ἀτρέως νῦει διῷ

ἀμφω ἐελδομένοισιν ἔπος φύτο νόσφιν ἄπ' ἄλλων.

"ὁ φίλοι, ὃ μέγα πήμα καὶ ἂσχετον ήματι τῶδε ἡμῶν συμφορέουσιν ἀκηδεῖς Οὐρανίων

Ἀϊάντως μεγάλοιο περιφραδέος τ' Ὀδυσῆος

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

And hard by flashed the sword whose edge and point
No mail could turn, with golden belt, and sheath
Of silver, and with haft of ivory:
Brightest amid those wondrous arms it shone.
Stretched on the earth thereby was that dread spear,
Long as the tall-pressed pines of Pelion,
Still breathing out the reek of Hector’s blood.

Then mid the Argives Thetis sable-stood
In her deep sorrow for Achilles spake;
“Now all the athlete-prizes have been won
Which I set forth in sorrow for my child.
Now let that mightiest of the Argives come
Who rescued from the foe my dead: to him
These glorious and immortal arms I give
Which even the blessèd Deathless joyed to see.”

Then rose in rivalry, each claiming them,
Laertes’ seed and godlike Telamon’s son,
Aias, the mightiest far of Danaan men:
He seemed the star that in the glittering sky
Outshines the host of heaven, Hesperus,
So splendid by Peleides’ arms he stood;
“And let these judge,” he cried, “Idomeneus,
Nestor, and kingly-counsell’d Agamemnon,”
For these, he weened, would sureliest know the truth
Of deeds wrought in that glorious battle-toil.
“To these I also trust most utterly,”
Odysseus said, “for prudent of their wit
Be these, and princeliest of all Danaan men.”

But to Idomeneus and Atreus’ son
Spake Nestor apart, and willingly they heard:
“Friends, a great woe and unendurable
This day the careless Gods have laid on us,
In that into this lamentable strife
Aias the mighty hath been thrust by them
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἐσσυμένων ἐπὶ δὴριν ἀᾶσχετον ἀγαλήν τε·
tῶν γάρ ὁ ὀπποτέρῳ δόθη θεὸς εὐχὸς ἀρέσθαι
gηθήσει κατὰ θυμόν, ὁ δ' αὖ μέγα πένθος ἀέξει
πάντας ἀπεμβόμενος Δαναοὺς, περὶ δ' ἐξοχα
πάντων

ἡμέας· οὐδ' ἐτι κεῖνος ἐν ἡμῖν ὡς τὸ πάροιθε
στήσεται ἐν πολέμῳ· μέγα δ' ἐσσεται ἄλγος
'Αχαϊοῖς,

κεῖνων ὑντινα δεινὸς ἐλθ χόλος, οὐνεκα πάντων

ήρωων προφέρουσιν, ὁ μὲν πολέμῳ, ὁ δὲ βοουλῇ.

ἀλλ' ἀγ' ἐμοὶ πείθεθουν, ἐπεὶ ὅν γεραίτερος εἶμι

λίθν, οὐκ ἄλγον περ, ἔχω δ' ἐπὶ γηραι πολλῷ

καὶ νόον, οὐνεκεν ἐσθλὰ καὶ ἄλγεα πολλά μόνησα·

αιεὶ δ' ἐν βοουλῃ γέρων πολύιδρος ἀμείνων

ὄπλοτέρω πέλει ἀνδρός, ἐπεὶ μάλα μυρία οἶδε·

tούνεκα Τρωσίν ἐφώμεν ἐὕφροσι [τάυτα] δικάσσαι

ἀντιθέω τ' Λιαντι φιλοποτέλῳ τ' 'Οδυσσή,


Οὐνυα δήμοι ἀνδρές ὑποτρομέουσι μάλιστα,1


ἡδ' ὅτις ἐξεσάωσε νέκυν Πηληψαδα

ἐξ ὀλούν τολέμου· δορύκτητοι γὰρ ἐν ἡμῖν

πολλοὶ Τρώες ἔστι νεοδμήτῳ ὑπ' ἀνάγκῃ·


οἴ ´δικὴν ἰδείαν ἐπὶ σφίσι ποιήσονται

οὔτιν ἠρα φέροντες, ἐπεὶ μάλα πάντας 'Αχαίοὺς

ἰσον ἀπεκθαίρουν κακῆς μεμνημένοι ἄτης·

'Ως φαμενον προσέειτε ἐὕμμελιής 'Αγαμέμνων· 165

"ὁ γέρων, ὡς οὕτως πινυτώτερος ἄλλος ἐν ἡμῖν

σεὶδ πέλει Δαναῶν οὐτ' ἄρ νέος οὔτε παλαῖος,

ὁς φής 'Ἀργείοισιν ἀνηλεγέως χαλεπὴν


αιρα τόν, οὔτινα τῶνθεοὶ μετάπισθε βάλωνται

νίκης· οἱ γὰρ ἄριστοι ἐπὶ σφίσι δηρίωνται·

καὶ ρά μοι ἐνδοθεν ἰτορ ἐνι φρεῖ ταῦτα μενοινα,


ᠩ NRA  do rurktoīōosi δικασπολίῃ ὀπάσωμεν·


1 Transposed by Treu from lacuna after iv. 524.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

Against Odysseus passing-wise. For he,
To whichsoe’er God gives the victor’s glory—
O yea, he shall rejoice! But he that loseth—
Ah for the grief in all the Danaans’ hearts
For him! And ours shall be the deepest grief
Of all; for that man will not in the war
Stand by us as of old. A sorrowful day
It shall be for us, whichsoe’er of these
Shall break into fierce anger, seeing they
Are of our heroes chiefest, this in war,
And that in counsel. Hearken then to me,
Seeing that I am older far than ye,
Not by a few years only: with mine age
Is prudence joined, for I have suffered and wrought
Much; and in counsel ever the old man,
Who knoweth much, excelleth younger men.
Therefore let us ordain to judge this cause
"Twixt godlike Aias and war-fain Odysseus,
Our Trojan captives. They shall say whom most
Our foes dread, and who saved Peleides’ corse
From that most deadly fight. Lo, in our midst
Be many spear-won Trojans, thralls of Fate;
And these will pass true judgment on these twain,
To neither showing favour, since they hate
Alike all authors of their misery."

He spake: replied Agamemnon lord of spears:
"Ancient, there is none other in our midst
Wiser than thou, of Danaans young or old,
In that thou say’st that unforgiving wrath
Will burn in him to whom the Gods herein
Deny the victory; for these which strive
Are both our chiefest. Therefore mine heart too
Is set on this, that to the thralls of war
This judgment we commit: the loser then

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QUINTUS SMYRНАEUS

touς καὶ ἀτεμβόμενος τις ὀλέθρια μῆςται ἔργα
Τρωσίν ἐυπτολέμοισι, χόλον δ' οὐκ ἄμμυν ὀπάσο-
σει.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοί δ' ἕνα θυμόν ἐνι στέρνοισιν
ἐχοντες
ἀμφαδον ἠνήνατο δικασπολίην ἀλεγεινήν·
tον δ' ἄρ' ἀναινομένων Τρώων ἐρικυδεῖς ὑλες
ἐξοντ' ἐν μέσσοις δορύκτητοι περ ἐόντες,
ὁφρα θέμων καὶ νείκων ἀρήμων ιθύνωσιν.
Αἰας δ' ἐν μέσσοις μεγ' ἀσχαλόων φάτο μόθων
“ὁ Ὠδυσεῦ φρένας αἰνέ, τί τοι νόον ἦπαφε
daίμων
ἴσον ἐμοὶ φρονεῖν περὶ κάρτεσοι ἀκαμάτοιο;
ἡ φῆς αἰνῶν ὄμυλον ἐρυκάκεεις Ἀχιλής
βλημένον ἐν κούνησιν, ὅτ' ἀμφί ἐ Ἱτρώες ἐβησαν,
ὀπτότ' ἐγὼ κείνοισι φόδον στωνέντ' ἐφέκα
σείο καταπτώσσοντος; ἐπεί νῦ σε γείνατο μήτηρ
deίλαιον καὶ ἀναλκιν, ἀφαυρότερον περ ἐμεῖο,
δόσον τίς τε κύων μεγαλοβρύχοιο λέοντος
οὗ γάρ τοι στέρνοισι πέλει μενεδήμον ἦτορ,
ἀλλὰ σοι ἀμφιμέμηλε δόλος καὶ ἀτάσθαλα ἔργα.
ἡ τὸδ' ἐξελάθου, ὅτ' ἐς Ἰλίου ιερὸν ἀστυ
ἐλθεμεναι ἀλέενες ἀμ' ἀγρομένοισιν Ἀχαῖοι,
καὶ σε καταπτώσσοντα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλουτ' ἐφε-
pεσθαί

ῄγαγον Ἀτρείδαι; ὡς μὴ ὠφεῖλες ἰκέσθαι·
σής γὰρ ὑπ' ἐννεάσηι κλυτοῦ Ποιάντιον ὑπα
Δήμων ἐν ἦγαθέθη λύπομεν μεγάλα στενάχοντα·
οὐκ οἱ δ' ἄρα τῷ γε λυγρὴν ἐπεμήσαο λώβην,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀντιθέρ Παλαμήδει θήκας ὀλεθροῦν,
δς σεό φέρτερος ἐσκε βίη καὶ ἐφάρουν βουλη.

νῦν δ' ἡδη καὶ ἐμείῳ καταντίον ἐλθέμεν ἔτλης,

1 Zimmermann, ex P.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

Shall against Troy devise his deadly work
Of vengeance, and shall not be wroth with us."

He spake, and these three, being of one mind,
In hearing of all men refused to judge
Judgment so thankless: they would none of it.
Therefore they set the high-born sons of Troy
There in the midst, spear-thralls although they were,
To give just judgment in the warriors' strife.
Then in hot anger Aias rose, and spake:
"Odysseas, frantic soul, why hath a God
Deluded thee, to make thee hold thyself
My peer in might invincible? Dar'st thou say
That thou, when slain Achilles lay in dust,
When round him swarmed the Trojans, didst bear
back
That furious throng, when I amidst them hurled
Death, and thou coweredst away? Thy dam
Bare thee a craven and a weakling wretch
Frail in comparison of me, as is
A cur beside a lion thunder-voiced!
No battle-biding heart is in thy breast,
But wiles and treachery be all thy care.
Hast thou forgotten how thou didst shrink back
From faring with Achaea's gathered host
To Ilion's holy burg, till Atreus' sons
Forced thee, the cowering craven, how loth soe'er,
To follow them—would God thou hadst never come!
For by thy counsel left we in Lemnos' isle
Groaning in agony Pæas' son renowned.
And not for him alone was ruin devised
Of thee; for godlike Palamedes too
Didst thou contrive destruction—ha, he was
Alike in battle and council better than thou!
And now thou dar'st to rise up against me,
Neither remembering my kindness, nor
QUINTUS SYMRNAEUS

οὔτ’ εὐεργεσίας μεμημένος, οὔτε τι θυμῷ ἀξίωμενος σέο πολλὸν ὑπέρτερον, ὡς σ’ ἐνι χάρμῃ ἔξεσάσωσα πάροιδεν ὑποτρομεύοντα κυδοίμων δυσμενέων, ὥστε σ’ ἀλλοι ἀνὰ μόθον οἰωθέντα κάλλιπον ἐν δηλῶν ὦμάδῳ φεύγοντα καὶ αὐτῶν· ὡς ὀφελὸν καὶ ἐμείο θραυὲ σθένος ἐν δαί κεῖνη αὐτὸς Ζεὺς ἐφόβησεν ἀπ’ αἰθέρος, ὥφα σε Τρῶες ἀμφιτόμοι ξιφέεσσι διαμελείστι κέδασαν δαίτα κυσὶ σφετέροισι, καὶ οὐκ ἂν ἐμείο μενοίμας ἐλθέμεναι κατέναντα δολοφροσύνης πεποιθῶς. σχέτλει, τίππε βίη πολὺ φέρτατος ἐμμεναι ἀλλῶν εὐχόμενοι μέσοσιν ἕχεις νεάς, οὐδὲ τι θυμῷ ἔτλης ὀσπερ ἐγὼγε θοᾶς ἐκτοσθενὶ ἐρύσσαι νήσας; ἐπεὶ νῦ σε τάρβος ἐπῆμεν. οὐδὲ μὲν αἰνὸν πῦρ νηῶν ἀπάλαλκες· ἔγω δ’ ὑπ’ ἀταρβεῖ θυμῷ ἔστην καὶ πυρὸς ἄντα καὶ Ἐκτορός, ὅς μοι ὑπεικε πάντη ἐν υσμίνη· συ δὲ μν περιδείδιες αἰεῖ. ὥς ὀφελὸν τόδε νῦν ἐν πτολέμῳ τις ἀεθλων θήκεν, ὃτ’ ἀμφ’ Ἀχιλῆι δεδούτοτε δήρις ὀρφεῖ, ὥφρ’ ἐκ δυσμενέων με καὶ ἀργαλέου κυδοίμου ἔδρακες ἐντεά καλὰ πολὶ κλοιός φορέοντα αὐτῷ ὦμῶς Ἀχιλῆι δαίφρουν· νῦν δ’ ἀρα μῦθων ἱδρείῃ πίσυνοι μεγάλων ἑπιμαίει αἴργων· οὐ γάρ τοι σθένος ἐστὶν ἐν ἐντεσιν ἀκαμάτοισι δύμεναι Αἰακίδαι δαίφρουν, οὐδὲ μὲν’ ἔγχος νωμήσαι παλάμησιν· ἐμοὶ δ’ ἀρα πᾶντα τέτυκται ἄρμενα, καὶ μοι ἐοικε φορήμεναι ἀγλαὶ τεύχη οὐτὶ κατασχύνοντι θεοῦ περικαλλέα δῶρα. ἀλλά τι ἡ μύθουσιν ἑριδμαίνοντε κακοίσιν 224
Having respect unto the mightier man
Who rescued thee erewhile, when thou didst quail
In fight before the onset of thy foes,
When thou, forsaken of all Greeks beside,
'Midst tumult of the fray, wast fleeing too!
Oh that in that great fight Zeus' self had stayed
My dauntless might with thunder from his heaven!
Then with their two-edged swords the Trojan men
Had hewn thee limb from limb, and to their dogs
Had cast thy carrion! Then thou hadst not presumed
To meet me, trusting in thy trickeries!
Wretch, wherefore, if thou vauntest thee in might
Beyond all others, hast thou set thy ships
In the line's centre, screened from foes, nor dared
As I, on the far wing to draw them up?
Because thou wast afraid! Not thou it was
Who sayedst from devouring fire the ships;
But I with heart unquailing there stood fast
Facing the fire and Hector—ay, even he
Gave back before me everywhere in fight.
Thou—thou didst fear him aye with deadly fear!
Oh, had this our contention been but set
Amidst that very battle, when the roar
Of conflict rose around Achilles slain!
Then had thine own eyes seen me bearing forth
Out from the battle's heart and fury of foes
That goodly armour and its hero lord
Unto the tents. But here—thou canst but trust
In cunning speech, and covetest a place
'Amongst the mighty! Thou—thou hast not strength
To wear Achilles' arms invincible,
Nor sway his massy spear in thy weak hands!
But I—they are verily moulded to my frame:
Yea, seemly it is I wear those glorious arms,
Who shall not shame a God's gifts passing fair.
But wherefore for Achilles' glorious arms
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

ἐσταμεν ἀμφε Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμωνος ἄγλαδα τεύχη; 231
[ἀλλ' ἄγε χαλκεῖς πειρήσουμεν ἐγχείσων]
ὅστις φέρτερος ἔστιν ἐνι φθισήνορι χάρμη.
ἀλκῆς γὰρ τὸν ἄεθλον ἄρημον, οὐκ ἀλεγεινῶν
θηκεν ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐπέων Θέτις ἀργυρόπετα ἁμύθων
δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ χρειῶ πέλει ἀνθρώποις
οἶδα γὰρ ὡς σεό πολλὸν ἀγανότερος καὶ ἀρείων
εἰμὶ· γένος δὲ μοι ἐστίν, ὅθεν μεγάλω 'Αχιλῆι.
"Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἀλεγεινὰ παραβλήθην ἐνένιπτεν
νῦς Λαέρταο πολύτροπα μήδεα νυμὼν·
"Ἀλαν ἀμετροπές, τί νῦ μοι τόσα μᾶψ ἀγορεθεῖς;
οὐτὶ δανὸν τῇ μ' ἐφησθα καὶ ἀργαλέον καὶ ἀναλκεῖν
ἐμεναι, δς. σέο πολλὸν ὑπέρτερος εὐχομαι εἶναι
μήδεσι καὶ μύθοις, τά τ' ἀνδράσι καρτος ἀέξει
καὶ γὰρ τ' ἡλίατον πέτρην ἄρρηκτον έσουσιν
μήτι υποτμήγουσιν ἐν οὐρεί σατόοι άνδρες
ημίδως, μήτι δὲ μέγαν βαρυχξεά πόντον
ναῦται ὑπεκπερώσιν, ὅτ' ἀσπετα κυμαίνηται·
tέχνησιν δ' ἀγρόται κρατεροὺς δαμόσω λέοντας
πορδαλιάς τε σύας τε καὶ ἄλλων ἔθενα θηρῶν·
tαὐροί δ' ὀβρομόθυμοι ὑπὸ ζεύγλαις δαμώνται
ἀνθρώπων ἱότητι· νῦς δὲ τε πάντα τελείται.
245
αἰεὶ δ' ἀφράδεος πέλεις ἄνερος ἀμφι πόνοισι
πάσι καὶ ἐν βουλησίν ἄνὴρ πολύιδρος ἁμείνων·
tούνεκε εὐφρονεύοντα θρασὺς πάϊς Οινείδαο
λέγατο μ' ἐκ πάντων ἐπιτάρροθος, ὃφρ' ἀφίκωμαι
ἐς φύλακας· μέγα δ' ἔργον ὀμῶς ἐτελέσαμεν
ἀμφῶς·
καὶ δ' αὐτὸν Πηλῆος εὑσθενεός κλυτὸν ύλα
ἡγαγόν Ἀτρείδησιν ἐπίρροθον· ἦν δὲ καὶ ἄλλου
ἡρωος χρείω τις εν Ἀργείσι πέληται,
οὐδ' οὔγε χερσι πετησι ελεύσεται, οὔδε μὲν ἄλλων
Ἀργείων βουλῆσιν, ἑγώ δ' ἐ μοῦνος Ἀχαῖων
250
ἀξιο μειλεχίοις παραυδήσας ἐπέσσοσι

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

With words discourteous wrangling stand we here? 
Come, let us try in strife with brazen spears
Who of us twain is best in murderous fight!
For silver-footed Thetis set in the midst
This prize for prowess, not for pestilent words.
In folkmote may men have some use for words:
In pride of prowess I know me above thee far,
And great Achilles' lineage is mine own."

He spake: with scornful glance and bitter speech
Odysseus the resourceful chode with him:
"Aias, unbridled tongue, why these vain words
To me? Thou hast called me pestilent, nudderer,
And weakling: yet I boast me better far
Than thou in wit and speech, which things increase
The strength of men. Lo, how the craggy rock,
Adamantine though it seem, the hewers of stone
Amid the hills by wisdom undermine
Full lightly, and by wisdom shipmen cross
The thunderous-plunging sea, when mountain-high
It surgeth, and by craft do hunters quell
Strong lions, panthers, boars, yea, all the brood
Of wild things. Furious-hearted bulls are tamed
To bear the yoke-bands by device of men.
Yea, all things are by wit accomplished. Still
It is the man who knoweth that excels
The witless man alike in toils and counsels.
For my keen wit did Oeneus' valiant son
Choose me of all men with him to draw nigh
To Hector's watchmen: yea, and mighty deeds
We twain accomplished. I it was who brought
To Atreus' sons Peleides far-renowned,
Their battle-helper. Whensoe'er the host
Needeth some other champion, not for the sake
Of thine hands will he come, nor by the rede
Of other Argives: of Achaean sons
Alone will draw him with soft suasive words
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

dὴριν ἐσ αἰξὴν· μέγα γὰρ κράτος ἀνδράς μῦθος ἔχειν· έὐφρωσύνη μεμελημένος· ἡνορέῃ δὲ ἀπρόκτος τελέθει μέγεθος τ’ εἰς οὐδὲν ἄξει ἀνέρος, εἰ μὴ οἱ πινυτὴ ἐπὶ μῆτις ἐπηται. 265

αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ καὶ κάρτος ὁμῶς καὶ μὴν ὅπασαν ἀθάνατοι· τεῦξαν δὲ μέγ’ Ἀργεῖοισιν ὅνειρα· οὐδὲ μὲν ὡς σὺ μ’ ἔφησθα πάρος φεύγοντα σάωσας δὴνοῦ εὲ ἐνοῦσ’· οὐ γὰρ φύγων, ἀλλ’ ἀμα πάντας Ἰτῶς ἐπεσυμένους μένον ἔμπεδον· οἱ δ’ ἐπτε-χυντο

ἀλκή μαμάσωντες· ἐγὼ δ’ ὑπὸ κάρτει χειρῶν πολλῶν θυμὸν ἐλυτα· σὺ δ’ οὐκ ἄρ’ ἐτήτυμα βάξεις; 270

οὐ γὰρ ἐμοίγ’ ἐπάμυνας ἀνὰ μόθον ἀλλὰ σοὶ αὐτῷ ἔστι τὰ φέρων, μὴ τίς νῦ σὲ δουρὶ δαμάσσῃ φεύγοντ’ ἐκ πολέμου. νέας δ’ ἐς μέσουν ἔρυσα 275

οὔτε περιτρομέων δηνών μένος, ἀλλ’ ἵνα μῆχος αἰέν ἀμ’ Ἀτρείδησιν ὑπὲρ πολέμου φέρωμαι· καὶ σὺ μὲν ἐκτοσθε στῆςα νέας· αὐτὰρ ἐγώ γινοχ αὐτῶν ἀεικίσσας πληγῇς ὑπὸ λευγάλησιν ἐσ Ἰτῶς πτολίεθρον ἑσθήλωθν, ὅφρα πῦθωμαι, 280

ὁπόσα μητίσωνται ὑπὲρ πολέμου ἀλεγείνου. οὐδὲ μὲν Ἰκτορος ἐγχος ἐδείδιον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἐν πρώτοις ἀνόροσα μαχάσασας μενεαίνων κείσφ’ ὁτ’ ἡνορή πίσυνοι προκαλέσσατο πάντας. 285

νῦν δὲ σεν ἀμφ’ Ἀχιλῆι πολὺ πλέονας κτάνου ἄνδρας

dυσμενέων, ἐσάσσας δ’ ὁμὼς τεύχεσοι θανάτα. οὐδὲ μὲν ἐγχείην τρομέω σέθεν, ἀλλὰ με λυγων ἐλκος ἐτ’ ἀμφ’ ὀδύνης περινύσσεται εἰνεκα τευχέων τῶν ὑπερονθεύντα δαικταμένου τ’ Ἀχιλῆος· καὶ δ’ ἐμοί ὡς Ἀχιλῆι πέλει Δίως ἔξοχον αίμα.” 290

“Ὡς ἄρ’ ἐφη’· τὸν δ’ αὐδίς ἀμείβετο καρτερὸς Αἴας.”

228
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

To where strong men are warring. Mighty power
The tongue hath over men, when courtesy
Inspires it. Valour is a deedless thing;
And bulk and big assemblage of a man
Cometh to naught, by wisdom unattended.
But unto me the Immortals gave both strength
And wisdom, and unto the Argive host
Made me a blessing. Nor, as thou hast said,
Hast thou in time past saved me when in flight
From foes. I never fled, but steadfastly
Withstood the charge of all the Trojan host.
Furious the enemy came on like a flood
But I by might of hands cut short the thread
Of many lives. Herein thou sayest not true—
Me in the fray thou didst not shield nor save,
But for thine own life foughtest, lest a spear
Should pierce thy back if thou shouldst turn to flee.
From war. My ships?—I drew them up mid-line,
Not dreading the battle-fury of any foe,
But to bring healing unto Atreus' sons
Of war's calamities: and thou didst set
Far from their help thy ships. Nay more, I seamed
With cruel stripes my body, and entered so
The Trojans' burg, that I might learn of them
All their devisings for this troublous war.
Nor ever I dreaded Hector's spear; myself
Rose mid the foremost, eager for the fight,
When, prowess-confident, he defied us all.
Yea, in the fight around Achilles, I
Slew foes far more than thou; 'twas I who saved
The dead king with this armour. Not a whit
I dread thy spear now, but my grievous hurt
With pain still vexeth me, the wound I got
In fighting for these arms and their slain lord.
In me as in Achilles is Zeus' blood.”

He spake; strong Ajax answered him again.

229
"ὁ Ὄδυσσεὺς δολομίτα καὶ ἀργαλεώτατε πάντων, οὐ νῦ σ᾽ ἐκεῖν᾽ ἐνόησα πονεύμενοι, οὐδὲ τις ἄλλος Ἀργείων, ὅτε Τρώες Ἀχιλλέα δηριθέντα ἐλκέμεναι μενεάινον· ἐγὼ δ᾽ ὑπὸ δουρὶ καὶ ἀλκῆ τῶν μὲν γούνατ᾽ ἐλυσα κατὰ μόθον, οὐς δ᾽ ἐφόβησα

αἰὲν ἐπεσόμενοι· τοῖ δ᾽ ἀργαλέως φοβέοντο χήμεσιν ἢ γεράνοις ἐοικότες, οὐς ἐποροῦσθ᾽ αἰετὸς ἠμέν πεδίων κάτα βοσκομένοιν·

διὸς Τρώες πτώσουστε ἐμὸν δόρυ καὶ θόν ἄρο

 يجعلون ἐκ κατέδυσαν ἀλενάμενοι μέγα πῆμα.

σοί δὲ καὶ εἰ τὸτε κάρτος ἐπῆλθεν, οὗτι μεν ἄρχι μάρναυ δυσμενεσσιν, ἕκας δὲ που ἠσθα καὶ αὐτὸς ἀμφὶ ἄλλησι φάλαγξι πονεύμενος, οὔ περὶ νεκρὸ ἀντιθέου Ἀχιλῆος, ὅπου μᾶλα δῆρις ὀρῶμει.

"Ως φάτο· τὸν δ᾽ Ὅδυσσηος ἀμείβετο κερδαλέον κηρ᾽·

"Ἀλλὰ, ἐγὼν οὐ σεῖο κακότερος ἔλπομαι εἰναι οὐ νόν ὁ δὲ βὴν, εἰ καὶ μᾶλα φαίδμος ἐσσι· ἀλλὰ νόν μὲν ἐγὼ ἐμὶ πολὺ προφερέστερος εἰμι σεῖο μετ᾽ Ἀργείουσι, βὴ δε τοῖς ἄμφηριστος ἢ καὶ ἄγαυότερος· τὸ δὲ πον καὶ Τρώες ἰσασιν, οὐ μὲ μέγα τρομεύοις καὶ ἂν ἀπάτηθεν ἴδωνται,

καὶ δ᾽ αὐτὸς σάφα οἴδας ἐμὸν μένος ἢδὲ καὶ ἄλλοι ἀμφὶ παλαισμοῦν ἀνεμθεὶ πολλὰ μογῆσας, ὅπποτε δὴ περὶ σήμα δαικταμένου Πατρόκλου Πηλείδης ἑρίζωμος ἀγακλυτὰ θῆκεν ἀεθλα.

"Ως φάτο Δαέρταο κλυτὸς παῖς ἀντιθέου. καὶ τὸτε Τρώιοι ὄρει ἐρίν δικάςαντ' ἀλεγεινήν αἰξήνων· νίκην δὲ καὶ ἀμβροτα τεύχεα δῶκαν πάντες ὀμοφρόνεοντες ἐπτολέμω Οὐδομή· τοῦ δ᾽ ἀμοτον γῆθησε νόσι· στονάχησε δὲ λαός· παχυόθη δ᾽ Ἀιαντός εὖ σθένος· αἶψα δ᾽ ἀρ᾽ αὐτῷ
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

"Most cunning and most pestilent of men,
Nor I, nor any other Argive, saw
Thee toiling in that fray, when Trojans strove
Fiercely to hale away Achilles slain.
My might it was that with the spear unstrung
The knees of some in fight, and others thrilled
With panic as they pressed on ceaselessly.
Then fled they in dire straits, as geese or cranes
Flee from an eagle swooping as they feed
Along a grassy meadow; so, in dread
The Trojans shrinking backward from my spear
And lightening sword, fled into Ilium
To 'scape destruction. If thy might came there
Ever at all, not anywhere nigh me
With foes thou foughtest: somewhere far aloof
Mid other ranks thou toiledst, nowhere nigh
Achilles, where the one great battle raged."

He spake; replied Odysseus the shrewd heart:
"Aias, I hold myself no worse than thou
In wit or might, how goodly in outward show
Thou be soever. Nay, I am keener far
Of wit than thou in all the Argives' eyes.
In battle-prowess do I equal thee—
Haply surpass; and this the Trojans know,
Who tremble when they see me from afar.
Aye, thou too know'st, and others know my strength
By that hard struggle in the wrestling-match,
When Peleus' son set glorious prizes forth
Beside the barrow of Patroclus slain."

So spake Laertes' son the world-renowned.
Then on that strife disastrous of the strong
The sons of Troy gave judgment. Victory
And those immortal arms awarded they
With one consent to Odysseus mighty in war.
Greatly his soul rejoiced; but one deep groan
Brake from the Greeks. Then Aias' noble might
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άτη ἀνωρθη σερικώττεσε· πᾶν δὲ οἱ εἴσω
ἐξεσε φοίνην αἴμα· χολή δ᾽ ὑπερέβλυσεν αἰνή·
ήπατι δ᾽ ἐγκατ᾽ ἐμικτο· περὶ κραδίν οὔ ἀλεγεινών 325
ξεν ἄχος, καὶ δριμὸ δ᾽ ἐγκέφαλοι θεμέθλων
ἐσσύμενοι μὴν γεγονός ἄδην ἀμφηλύθεν ἄλγος,
σὺν δ᾽ ἔχειν νόον ἄνδρός· ἐπὶ χθονὶ δ᾽ ὅμματα
πῆξας
ἐστὶ ἀκινητὸς ἐναλύκγος· ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἐταῖροι
ἀχυμένοι μὲν ἄγεσκον ἑνωρᾶν ἐπὶ νής 330
πολλὰ παρηγορεύουτε· ὃ δ᾽ ὑστατὴν ποσίν οἱ μονὴν
ἡμεν οὐκ ἐθέλων· σχεδόθην δὲ οἱ ἐσσετο Μοῦρα.
'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ κατὰ νῆς ἔβαιν καὶ ἀπείρωνα
πότον;
'Αργείοι δόρποι μεμαότες ήδὲ καὶ ὑπνοῦ,
καὶ τὸν' ἐσω μεγάλου Θἐτις κατεύθυσαν πότον. 335
σὺν δὲ οἱ άλλαι ἵσαν Νηρηίδες· ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρα σφη
νήχητο κήτεα πολλά, τὰ τε τρέφει ἄλμυρον οἴδιμα.
Αἰ δὲ μέγα σκύξουτο Προμηθέει μητιόντε
μνώμεναι, ὡς κείνου θεοπροτήσιη Κροινών
δῶκε Θέτιν Πηλήμ καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλουσαν ἄγεσθαι. 340
Κυμοθήν δ᾽ ἐν ἡγια σέ γνησιοί ἀσχαλώσοι' ἀγρίενεν·
" numberWith " δ᾽ πότοι, ὡς δ᾽ ἔργο ροῦ ἐπάξια πήμαθ' ὑπέτηλη
dεσμὸ ἐν ἀρρήκτω, ὅτε οἱ μέγιστος αἶετος ἦπαρ
κεῖρον ἀδέξωμεν κατὰ νηδοὺς ἐνδοθὶ δύνων."
"Ως φάτο Κυμοθήν κυνοπλοκάμοις ἄλησιν. 345
ηέλιος δ᾽ ἀπόροπεν ἐπεσκίωντο δ᾽ ἄλωι
νυκτὸς ἐπεσυμένης, ἐπεκίνδυνο δ᾽ οὐρανὸν ἀστρα.
'Αργείοι δ᾽ ἐπὶ νησὶ ταυτωρφόρους ἱανον
ὑπνο ὑπ᾽ ἀμβροσίῳ δεδημένοι ἄδη καὶ οὖνω
ἡδεί, τὸν Κρήτηθε παρ' Ἰδομενής ἀγανοῦ
ναῦται ὑπὲρ πόντοι πολυκλύστοιο φέρεσκον.
Αἰας δ᾽ 'Αργείοις χολούμενοι οὐτ᾽ ἀρα δόρποι
μνῆστ' ἐνὶ κλίσιν μελιηδέος, οὔτε μιν ὑπνος
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

Stood frozen stiff; and suddenly fell on him
Dark wilderment; all blood within his frame
Boiled, and his gall swelled, bursting forth in flood.
Against his liver heaved his bowels; his heart
With anguish'd pangs was thrilled; fierce stabbing thrones
Shot through the filmy veil 'twixt bone and brain;
And darkness and confusion wrapped his mind.
With fixed eyes staring on the ground he stood
Still as a statue. Then his sorrowing friends
Closed round him, led him to the shapely ships,
Aye murmuring consolations. But his feet
Trod for the last time, with reluctant steps,
That path; and hard behind him followed Doom.
When to the ships beside the boundless sea
The Argives, faint for supper and for sleep,
Had passed, into the great deep Thetis plunged,
And all the Nereids with her. Round them swam
Sea-monsters many, children of the brine.
Against the wise Prometheus bitter-wroth
The Sea-maids were, remembering how that Zeus,
Moved by his prophecies, unto Peleus gave
Thetis to wife, a most unwilling bride.
Then cried in wrath to these Cymothoe:
"O that the pestilent prophet had endured
All pangs he merited, when, deep-burrowing,
The eagle tare his liver aye renewed!"

So to the dark-haired Sea-maids cried the Nymph.
Then sank the sun: the onrush of the night
Shadowed the fields, the heavens were star-bestrewn;
And by the long-prowed ships the Argives slept
By ambrosial sleep o'ermastered, and by wine
The which from proud Idomeneus' realm of Crete:
The shipmen bare o'er foaming leagues of sea.

But Aias, wroth against the Argive men,
Would none of meat or drink, nor clasped him round
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άμφεχεν, ἀλλ' ὁ γ' έοισιν ἐν ἐντεσὶ δύσατο θύων·
εἰλετο δὲ ξίφος οὐ, καὶ ἀστετα πορφύρεσκεν,
ἡ δ' γ' ἐνύπρησι νήσα καὶ πάντας θλέσασι
'Αργείως, ἡ μούνον ὑπὸ ξίφει στούντεντι
dηώσι μελειστὶ θως δολόεντ' 'Οδυσσηα.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὃς οἷραιντε, τὰ δὴ τάχα πάντ' ἐτέλεσεν,

εἰ μὴ οἱ Τριτονὶς ἀνάσχετον ἐμβαλε λύσαν·
κῆδετο γὰρ φρεσίν ἣσι πολυτλῆτου Ὀδυσσῆος
ιρῶν μνωμενῆ, τὰ οἱ ἐμπεδα κεῖνος ἔρεξε:
τούνεκα δὴ μεγάλου μένοι Τελαμωνιάδαο
τρέφεν ἀπ' 'Αργείων. ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἦν λαῖλαπι ἵσος
σμερδαλέστην στυγερῆσι καταυγίσα βεβριθυίη,
ἡ τε φέρει ναυτῆση τέρας κρυεροῦ φόβου,
Πλημάς ευτ' ἀκάμαντος ἐς ὀκεανοῖο ἑέθρα,
δύεθ' ὑποπτώσσουσα περικλυτῶν Ὀμίωνα,
ἡρα συγκλονέουσα, μέμνην ἐδὲ χείματι πόντον·
τὴ εἰκὼς οἶμησεν, ὅπῃ μιν ἡμᾶι φέρεσκον.

πάντη δ' ἀμφιθέσσεκεν ἀναιδεί θηρί εὐκώς,
ὅς τε βαθυζκοπεύσοι διέσσυνται ἄγκεα βήσης
ἀφριῶν γευνεύσει καὶ ἄλγεα πολλὰ μενοινῶν
ἡ κυσὶν ἡ ἀγρόταις, οἱ οἱ τέκνα δηώσωνται
ἀντρων ἐξερύσαντε, ὁ δ' ἀμφὶ γένυσσι βεβρυχὼς,
εἰ ποῦ ἐτ' ἐν ἤξυλχοισιν ἱδοι θυμήρεα τέκνα·
τὸ δ' εἰ τις κύρσειν μεμηνότα θυμὸν ἔχουτι,
αὐτὸι οἱ βιότοιο λυγρὸν περιτέλεται ἦμαρ·
ὡς ὁ γ' ἀμέλιξα θύνε, μέλαν δὲ οἱ ἐξεῖν ἦτορ,
eὔτε λέβης ἁλίαστον ἐπ' ἐσχάρῃ Ἦφαιστοιο
ροιβθούν μάληηα ὑπὲρ πυρὸς αἰθρέμενοι,
γάστρην ἄμφις ἀπασαν ὅτε ξύλα πολλὰ θέρηται,
ἐννεσις δηηστήρος ἐπευγομένου ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
eὔτραφοις σιάλοιο περὶ τρίχας ὃς κεν ἀμέρῃση.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

The arms of sleep. In fury he donned his mail,
He clutched his sword, thinking unspeakable
thoughts;
For now he thought to set the ships aflame,
And slaughter all the Argives, now, to hew
With sudden onslaught of his terrible sword
Guileful Odysseus limb from limb. Such things
He purposed—nay, had soon accomplished all,
Had Pallas not with madness smitten him;
For over Odysseus, strong to endure, her heart
Yearned, as she called to mind the sacrifices
Offered to her of him continually.
Therefore she turned aside from Argive men
The might of Aias. As a terrible storm,
Whose wings are laden with dread hurricane-blasts,
Cometh with portents of heart-numbing fear
To shipmen, when the Pleiads, fleeing adread
From glorious Orion, plunge beneath
The stream of tireless Ocean, when the air
Is turmoil, and the sea is mad with storm;
So rushed he, whithersoe’er his feet might bear.
This way and that he ran, like some fierce beast
Which darteth down a rock-walled glen’s ravines
With foaming jaws, and murderous intent
Against the hounds and huntsmen, who have torn
Out of the cave her cubs, and slain: she runs
This way and that, and roars, if mid the brakes
Haply she yet may see the dear ones lost;
Whom if a man meet in that maddened mood,
Straightway his darkest of all days hath dawned;
So ruthless-raving rushed he; blackly boiled
His heart, as caldron on the Fire-god’s hearth
Maddens with ceaseless hissing o’er the flames
From blazing billets coiling round its sides,
At bidding of the toiler eager-souled
To singe the bristles of a huge-fed boar;
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δε του ὑπὸ στέρνοντι πελώριος ἔξεε θυμός.
μαίνετο δ' ἡντε πόντος ἀπείριτος ἡθύελλα
ἡ πυρὸς ἀκαμάτων θοῦν μένος, εὑτ' ἀλίαστον
μαίνηται κατ' ὀρεσφὶ βίη μεγάλου ἀνέμου,
πίπτη δ' αἰθομένη πυρὶ πάντοθεν ἀσπετὸς υλῆ
ὡς Ἀιας ὀδύνησι πεπαρμένοις ὀβρυμον ἂτορ
μαίνετο λευγαλέως: ἀπλετος δὲ οἱ ἐρρεεν ἀφρὸς
ἐκ στόματος, βρυχὴ δὲ περὶ γναθμοῖσιν ὀρόφον
τεῦχεα δ' ἀμφ' ὁμοιον ἐπέβραχε, τοι δ' ὀρόωντες
πάντες ὁμὸς ἕνος ἀνδρὸς ὑποτρομέοσκον ὀμοκλήν.

Καὶ τότε ἀπ' Οκεανοῦ κλέος χρυσάμην Ἡῶς:
Ττινὸς δ' οὐρανὸν εὐρύν ἀνήσει εἰκελος αὐρη
"Ἡρη δὲ ξύμβλητο νέον πρὸς Ὁλυμπον ἱοῦση
Τηθύος εξ ἱερῆς, οἴθι πον προτέρη μόλεν ἥοι
ἠ δὲ κύσεεν ἐλούος: ὅτι οἱ πέλε χαμβρὸς ἀμύμων,
ἐξ οὐ οἱ Κρονίωνα κατεύωσεν ἐν λεχέεσσιν
Ἰδης ἀμβι φάρινα χολούμενον Ἀργείοιςιν
ἀψα δ' ἄρ' ἡ μὲν ἔβη Ζηνὸς δόμοιν, ὅς δ' ἐπὶ
λέκτρα

Πασιθέης οἰμήσεν: ἀνέγρετο δ' ἔθνεα φωτῶν.
Ἀιας δ' ἀκαμάτω ἐναλλήγυιος Ὁρίωνι
φοίτα ἐνι στερνοισιν ἔχων ὀλοφρονα λύσαν
ἐν δ' ἐθροεν μῆλοοι, λέων ὃς ὀβριμόθυμος
λμῷ ὑπ' ἀργαλείω δεδμημένος ἀγριον ἂτορ
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν κούησιν ἐπασωτερ' ἄλλθεθεν ἅλλα
κάραθελεν, ὡς ἀναθοὺλια μένος κρατεροῦ Βορέαο

χεύῃ, ὅτι ἀνομένου θέρεος μετὰ χειμὰ τράπηται.
ὡς Ἀιας μῆλοοι μέγ' ἁσχαλῶν ἐνόρουσεν
ἐπομενος Δαναοῖς κακὰς ἐπί ἐρας ἰάλλειν.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Μενέλαος ἀδελφεῦ ἄγχη παραστὰς
κρύβοι ἄλλων Δαναῶν τοῖν ποτὶ μύθον ἔειπεν:
So was his great heart boiling in his breast.
Like a wild sea he raved, like tempest-blast,
Like the winged might of tireless flame amidst
The mountains maddened by a mighty wind,
When the wide-blazing forest crumbles down
In fervent heat. So Aias, his fierce heart
With agony stabbed, in maddened misery raved.
Foam frothed about his lips; a beast-like roar
Howled from his throat. About his shoulders clashed
His armour. They which saw him trembled, all
Cowed by the fearful shout of that one man.

From Ocean then uprose Dawn golden-reined:
Like a soft wind upfloated Sleep to heaven,
And there met Hera, even then returned
To Olympus back from Tethys, unto whom
But yester-morn she went. She clasped him round,
And kissed him, who had been her marriage-kin
Since at her prayer on Ida’s crest he had lulled
To sleep Cronion, when his anger burned
Against the Argives. Straightway Hera passed
To Zeus’s mansion, and Sleep swiftly flew
To Pasithea’s couch. From slumber woke
All nations of the earth. But Aias, like
Orion the invincible, prowled on,
Still bearing murderous madness in his heart.
He rushed upon the sheep, like lion fierce
Whose savage heart is stung with hunger-pangs.
Here, there, he smote them, laid them dead in dust
Thick as the leaves which the strong North-wind’s might
Strews, when the waning year to winter turns;
So on the sheep in fury Aias fell,
Deeming he dealt to Danaans evil doom.
Then to his brother Menelaus came,
And spake, but not in hearing of the rest:
"σήμερον ἡ τάχα πᾶσιν ὀλέθριον ἔσσεται ἡμαρ 415
Αἰαντος μεγάλου τοῦ περὶ φρεσὶ μαυρόμενου,
δε τάχα νῆς ἐνιπτήσει, κτανεῖ δε καὶ ἡμέας
πάντας εἰνὶ κλισίσῃ κοτεσσάμενος περὶ τευχέων.
ὁς φέλων μὴ τώνδε Θέτις περὶ δήμων ἐθηκε,
μηδὲ ᾥρα Δαέρτας πάις μέγ., ἀμείνοι φωτὶ
ἐτλη δηριάσθαι ἐναντίον ἄφροι θυμῷ.

νῦν δὲ μέγ. ἀσάμεσθα, κακός δε τις ἦπαφε δαίμων
ἔρκος γὰρ πολέμοι διδοῦτος Διακίδαω
μοῦνον ἐτ. ἦν Αἰαντος εὖ σθένος. ἀλλ' ᾅρα καὶ τὸν
ἡμῶν ἐξολέσουσι θεοὶ κακὰ νῦν ἄγοντες,

"ὡς κεν πάντες αἰόστον ἀναπλησσομεν ὀλέθρων."

"Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν ἑὐμελίς Ἡγαμέμνων
"μὴ νῦν, ὦ Μενέλαε, μέγ. ἀχνύμενος περὶ θυμῷ
σκύλεο μητίοντε Κεφαλήνων βασιλῆι,
οὐ γὰρ ο' ἀϊτὸς ἐστίν, ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλάκις ἦμιν
γίνεται ἐσθόλων ὄνειαρ, ἄχος δ' ᾅρα δυσμενέοντι." 430

"Ὡς οἱ μὲν Δαναῶν ἀκαχήμενοι ἠγορώντο.
μηλονόμοι δ' ἀπάνευθε παρὰ Εάνθοιο ρεέθρους
πτῶσον ὑπὸ μυρίκησιν ἀλενάμενοι βαρὺ πημα'
ὡς δ' ὅταν αἰετῶν ὁκὼν ὑποττώσοσι λαγωσὶ.

θάμνως ἐν λασίοσιν, δ' ἐγγύθεν ὅξυ κεκληρώς
πωτᾶτ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα ταυυσσάμενος πτερύγεσσιν,
ὡς οἱ' ἀλλοθεν ἀλλος ὑπέτρεπαν ὀβριμὸν ἄνδρα.

ἦς δ' ο' ἄρνειον κατακταμένον σχεδὸν ἔστη,
καὶ β' ὥλον γελάσας τοίοι ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπε. 440

"κεῖσο νῦν ἐν κοινίσι, καὶνῶν βοσίς ἡ' οἰσων
οὐ γὰρ σ' οὔδ' Ἀχιλῆς ἐρύσσοτο κόβιμα τεύχη,
ὅν ἐνεκ' ἄφραδέων μέγ. ἀμείνοι δηριάςκες
κεῖσο, κῦον: σὲ γὰρ οὗτι γοήσεται ἄμφιτεσουσά.

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"This day shall surely be a ruinous day
For all, since Aias thus is sense-distraught.
It may be he will set the ships afame,
And slay us all amidst our tents, in wrath
For those lost arms. Would God that Thetis ne'er
Had set them for the prize of rivalry!
Would God Laertes' son had not presumed
In folly of soul to strive with a better man!
Fools were we all; and some malignant God
Beguiled us; for the one great war-defence
Left us, since Aeacus' son in battle fell,
Was Aias' mighty strength. And now the Gods
Will to our loss destroy him, bringing bane
On thee and me, that all we may fill up
The cup of doom, and pass to nothingness."

He spake; replied Agamemnon, lord of spears:
"Now nay, Menelaus, though thine heart he wrung,
Be thou not wroth with the resourceful king
Of Cephalenian folk, but with the Gods
Who plot our ruin. Blame not him, who oft
Hath been our blessing and our enemies' curse."

So heavy-hearted spake the Danaan kings.
But by the streams of Xanthus far away
'Neath tamarisks shepherds cowered to hide from
death,
As when from a swift eagle cower hares
'Neath tangled copses, when with sharp fierce scream
This way and that with wings wide-shadowing
He wheeleth very nigh; so they here, there,
Quailed from the presence of that furious man.
At last above a slaughtered ram he stood,
And with a deadly laugh he cried to it:
"Lie there in dust; be meat for dogs and kites!
Achilles' glorious arms have saved not thee,
For which thy folly strove with a better man!
Lie there, thou cur! No wife shall fall on thee,
Κουριδή μετὰ παιδὸς ἀάσχετον ἀσχαλόωσα, 445
οὐ τοκεῖς τοῖς οὕτι μετέσσεαι ἐλθομένουσιν
γῆρας ἐσθλὸν ὅνειρα, ἐπεὶ νῦ σε τὴν ἀπὸ πάτρης
όλων τε κύνες τε δεδομένα δαρδάφουσιν.”

“Ὡς ἄρ’ ἐφη δολόεντα μετὰ κταμένως Ὀδυσσῆα
κεῖσθαι οἰώνεον μεμορυγμένον αイラτι πολλῷ
cαὶ τότε οἱ Τριτωνὶς ἀπὸ φρενὸς ἢδὲ καὶ δόσων
ἐσκέβαςεν Μανίην βλοσυρῆν πνεύσοσαν ὀλέθρον
ἡ δὲ θώς ἴκανε ποτὶ Στυγὸς αἱτὰ ρέεθρᾳ,
ἵνα θῶσι ναίσοσιν Ἑρμινύσει, αἵ τε βροτοῖς
αἰεὶν ὑπερφιάλοισι κακὰς ἐφιάσων ἀνίας.

Αἰᾶς δ’, ὡς ἵδε μῆλα κατὰ χθονὸς ἀσταῖροντα,
θάμβεεν ἐν φρεσὶ τάμπταν ὃντο τῷ ἱκ ὀλόν εἶναι
ἐκ μακάρων πάντεσσι βῆκεν ἑκέλησι βλήμενος ἀλλήγειν ὑμιᾶν ὑμὴν ὁδόν ἀρὰ πρόσω
ἐσθεβεν ἀσχαλών ἐπιβήμεναι οὕτ' ἀρ' ὄπισος,

"Αἰᾶς δ’, ὡς ἵδε μῆλα κατὰ χθονὸς ἀσταῖροντα,
θάμβεεν ἐν φρεσὶ τάμπταν ὃντο τῷ ἱκ ὀλόν εἶναι
ἐκ μακάρων πάντεσσι βῆκεν ἑκέλησι βλήμενος ἀλλήγειν ὑμιᾶν ὑμὴν ὁδόν ἀρὰ πρόσω
ἐσθεβεν ἀσχαλών ἐπιβήμεναι οὕτ' ἀρ' ὄπισος, 460

Ἀλλ' ἐστὶ σκοτεινὰ ἐναλλγίας, ἔτ' ἐν δρεσί
cαὶ τόλμα πολλὰ προπάτα ἐρρίζοται.
Ἀλλ' οἴ τοι πάλιν θυμός ἐνι στήθεσιν ἀγέρθη,

οἱ με φρένας βλάψαντο, κακὴν δ’ ἐπὶ λύσσαν
ἐθεντο,
μῆλα κατακτεῖναι, τὰ μοὶ οὐκ ἔσαι αἰτία θυμοῦ.
ὡς ὅφελον τίσασθαι Ὀδυσσέος ἀργαλέων κηρ
χέραν ἐμῆς, ἐπεὶ ἡ με κακὴ περικάββαλεν ἄτη

奥运. 475

"Αἰᾶς δ’, ὡς ἵδε μῆλα κατὰ χθονὸς ἀσταῖροντα,
θάμβεεν ἐν φρεσὶ τάμπταν ὃντο τῷ ἱκ ὀλόν εἶναι
ἐκ μακάρων πάντεσσι βῆκεν ἑκέλησι βλήμενος ἀλλήγειν ὑμιᾶν ὑμὴν ὁδόν ἀρὰ πρόσω
ἐσθεβεν ἀσχαλών ἐπιβήμεναι οὕτ' ἀρ' ὄπισος,

Αἰᾶς δ’, ὡς ἵδε μῆλα κατὰ χθονὸς ἀσταῖροντα,
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ἐσθεβεν ἀσχαλών ἐπιβήμεναι οὕτ' ἀρ' ὄπισος,
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

And clasp, and wail thee and her fatherless child,
Nor shalt thou greet thy parents' longing eyes,
The staff of their old age! Far from thy land
Thy carrion dogs and vultures shall devour!"

So cried he, thinking that amidst the slain
Odysseus lay blood-boltered at his feet.
But in that moment from his mind and eyes
Athena tore away the nightmare-sfend
Of Madness havoc-breathing, and it passed
Thence swiftly to the rock-walled river Styx
Where dwell the winged Erinnyes, they which still
Visit with torments overweening men.

Then Aias saw those sheep upon the earth
Gasping in death; and sore amazed he stood,
For he divined that by the Blessed Ones
His senses had been cheated. All his limbs
Failed under him; his soul was anguished-thrilled:
He could not in his horror take one step
Forward nor backward. Like some towering rock
Fast-rooted mid the mountains, there he stood.
But when the wild rout of his thoughts had rallied,
He groaned in misery, and in anguish wailed:
"Ah me! why do the Gods abhor me so?
They have wrecked my mind, have with fell madness
filled,
Making me slaughter all these innocent sheep!
Would God that on Odysseus' pestilent heart
Mine hands had so avenged me! Miscreant, he
Brought on me a fell curse! O may his soul
Suffer all torments that the Avenging Fiends
Devise for villains! On all other Greeks
May they bring murderous battle, woeful griefs,
And chiefly on Agamemnon, Atreus' son!
Not scatheless to the home may he return
So long desired! But why should I consort,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀλλὰ τί μοι στυγηροῖσι μετέμμεναι ἐσθλὸν ἑόντα; ἔρρετω 'Ἀργείων ὅλος στρατός· ἔρρετω αἰῶν ἄσχετος· οὐ γὰρ ἐτ' ἐσθλὸς ἔχει γέρας, ἀλλὰ χερείων
tιμήσεις τε πέλει καὶ φίλτερος· ἡ γὰρ 'Ὀδυσσεὺς τίετ' ἐν 'Ἀργείοισιν, ἐμεῖ· δ' ἐπὶ πάγχιν λάθοντο ἔργαν τ', ὅππος' ἔρεξα καὶ ἔτην εἷνεκα λαῶν.

"Ὡς εἰπὼν παῖς ἐσθλῶς εὐσθενεός Τελαμώνος Ἐκτάρεον ξίφος ὦ με δ' αἰχένος· ἐκ δ' οἱ αἴμα ἐσσύμενον κελάρυζεν· ο δ' ἐν κοίησιν ταύνύσθη. Τυφών ὦς, τὸν Ζηνὸς ἐνεπρήσαντο κεραυνοί· ἀμφί δ' γαλα μέλαινα μέγα στουάρχησε πεσόντος.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Δαναοὶ κίον ἀθροῖ, ὡς ἐσίδοντο κείμενον ἐν κοίησι· πάρος δ' οἱ οὕτις ἰκανεν ἐγγύς, ἔπει μάλα πάντας ἔχεν δέος εἰσορόωντας. αἴγα δ' ἀρα κταμένῳ περικάππεον ἀμφί δ' κράτα

πρηνεῖς ἐκχύμενοι κόνιν ἀσπετον ἀμφεχέοντο, καὶ σφιν ὀνυρομένων γόος αἰθέρα διὸν ἰκανεν· ὡς δ' ὅταν εἰροπόκων ὅϊν ἀπο νήπια τέκνα ἀνέρες ἐξελάσσωσιν, ἵνα σφίσι δαῖτα κάμωνται, αὐτ' δὲ μέγα σκαίρουσι διηνεκέως μεμακυλη μητέρες ἐκ τεκέων σηκοῦς πέρι χεροθέντας· δος ο' γ' ἀμφ' Ἀλάντα μέγα στένων ηματε κεῖνον πανσυδή· μέγα δ' σφιν ἐπέβραχε δάκκιος "Ἰδή καὶ πεδίον καὶ νῆς ἀπειρεσί τε θαλάσσα.

Τεύκρος δ' ἀμφ' αὐτ' μάλα μῆδετο κήρας ἐπισπεῖν

ἀργαλέας· τὸν δ' ἅλλοι ὑπὸ ξίφεος μεγάλοιο εἰργον. ὁ δ' ἀσχαλῶν περικάππεος τεθνεῖτι δάκνου πολλὰ χέων ἀδινώτερα νηπίαχοι, δος τε παρ' ἐσχαρεθον τέφρην περειμένου οἴμοις καὶ κεφαλής μάλα πάμπαν ὀδύρεται ὀρφανὸν ἱμαρ

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

I, a brave man, with the abominable?
Perish the Argive host, perish my life,
Now unendurable! The brave no more
Hath his due guerdon, but the baser sort
Are honoured most and loved, as this Odysseus
Hath worship mid the Greeks: but utterly
Have they forgotten me and all my deeds,
All that I wrought and suffered in their cause."

So spake the brave son of strong Telamon,
Then thrust the sword of Hector through his throat.
Forth rushed the blood in torrent: in the dust
Outstretched he lay, like Typhon, when the bolts
Of Zeus had blasted him. Around him groaned
The dark earth as he fell upon her breast.

Then thronging came the Danaans, when they saw
Low laid in dust the hero; but ere then
None dared draw nigh him, but in deadly fear
They watched him from afar. Now hasted they
And flung themselves upon the dead, outstretched
Upon their faces: on their heads they cast
Dust, and their wailing went up to the sky.
As when men drive away the tender lambs
Out of the fleecy flock, to feast thereon,
And round the desolate pens the mothers leap
Ceaselessly bleating, so o’er Aias rang
That day a very great and bitter cry.
Wild echoes pealed from Ida forest-palled,
And from the plain, the ships, the boundless sea.

Then Teucer clasping him was minded too
To rush on bitter doom: howbeit the rest
Held from the sword his hand. Anguished he fell
Upon the dead, outpouring many a tear
More comfortlessly than the orphan babe
That wails beside the hearth, with ashes strewn
On head and shoulders, wails bereavement’s day
That brings death to the mother who hath nursed
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

μητρὸς ἀποφθειμένης, ἢ μν τρέφε νῦνα πατρός· ὡς ὃ γε κωκύσεκε καστυγήτου δαμέντος ἐρπύξων περὶ νεκρόν, ἔτος δ’ ὀλοφύρετο τοῖον· Ἀλαν καρτερόθυμε, τί ἢ νῦ τοι ἐβλάβετ’ ἢτορ οἱ αὐτῷ στονόσινα φόνον καὶ πῆμα βαλέσθαι; ἡ Ἰνα Τρώιοι ιδεῖς ἵξος αμπυνεύσωσιν, Ἀργείους δ’ ὀλέσασι σέθεν κταμένου κιόντες· οὐ γὰρ τοῖσ’ ἐτι θάρσος ὅσον πάρος ὀλλυμένουσιν ἔσσεται ἐν πολέμῳ· σὺ γὰρ ἔπλεος πήματος ἀλκαρ’ οὐδ’ ἐτ’ ἐμοὶ νόστοι τέλος σέο δεῦρο θανόντος ἀνδάνει, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἑέλδομαι ἐνθά’ ὀλέσθαι, ὅφρα με σὺν σοι γαῖα φερέσβιος ἀμφικαλύπτῃ· οὐ γὰρ μοι τοκέων τόσσον μέλει, εἰ που ἐτ’ εἰς’ν, εἰ που ἐτ’ ἀμφινέμοται ἐτ’ ξωι Σαλαμίνα, ὅσσον σεῦ θανόντος, ἐτεῖ σύ μοι ἔπλεος κύδως.”

Ἡ ρέ μέγα στενάχων· ἐπὶ δ’ ἐστενε δία Τέκ-μησσα.

Αἰαντὸς παράκοιτος ἀμύμωνος, ἢπερ ἑοῦσαι ληδίην σφετέρην ἀλοχον θέτο, καὶ μν ἀνασάν πάντων ἐμεν έτευξεν, δόσων ἀνά δώμα γυναῖκες ἐδυνατι μεδέουσι παρ’ ἀνδράσι κουρίδιοσιν· ἡ δὲ οἱ ἀκαμάτησιν ὑπ’ ἀγκοίνησι δαμείσα· Ἐυρυσάκην τέκεθ’ νυίν ἐσκότα πάντα τοκῆ· ἀλλ’ ὃ μὲν οὖν ἐτι τυτθὸς ἐνι λεχέεσσι λέλειπτο· ἡ δὲ μέγα στενάχουσα φίλῳ περικάππεσε νεκρῷ ἐντυπὰς ἐν κοινήσι καλὸν δέμας αἰσχύνουσα· καὶ ρ’ ὀλοφυδόν αὐσε μέγε’ ἀχυμένη κέαρ ενδον· ὅ μοι ἐγὼ δύστηνοι, ἐτεῖ βάνες, οὔτι δαίχθεις δυσμενέων παλάμησιν ἄνα μόθον, ἀλλὰ σοι αὐτῷ τῷ μοι πένθος ἀλαστον ἐποίχεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐωλπείν σειο καταφθημένου πολύστονον ἤμαρ ἴδεσθαι

1 Zimmermann, for ἐβλάβεν of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

The fatherless child; so wailed he, ever wailed
His great death-stricken brother, creeping slow
Around the corpse, and uttering his lament:
"O Aias, mighty-souled, why was thine heart
Distraught, that thou shouldst deal unto thyself
Murder and bale? Ah, was it that the sons
Of Troy might win a breathing-space from woes,
Might come and slay the Greeks, now thou art not?
From these shall all the olden courage fail
When fast they fall in fight. Their shield from harm
Is broken now! For me, I have no will
To see mine home again, now thou art dead.
Nay, but I long here also now to die,
That so the earth may shroud me—me and thee!
Not for my parents so much do I care,
If haply yet they live, if haply yet
Spared from the grave, in Salamis they dwell,
As for thee, O my glory and my crown!"

So cried he groaning sore; with answering moan
Queenly Tecmessa wailed, the princess-bride
Of noble Aias, captive of his spear,
Yet ta'en by him to wife, and household-queen
O'er all his substance, even all that wives
Won with a bride-price rule for wedded lords.
Clasped in his mighty arms, she bare to him
A son Eurysaces, in all things like
Unto his father, far as babe might be
Yet cradled in his tent. With bitter moan
Fell she on that dear corpse; all her fair form
Close-shrouded in her veil, and dust-defiled,
And from her anguished heart cried piteously:
"Alas for me, for me—now thou art dead,
Not by the hands of foes in fight struck down,
But by thine own! On me is come a grief
Ever-abiding! Never had I looked
Εν Τροίη· τά δὲ πάντα κακαὶ διὰ Κήρες ἔχεναι· ὡς μ’ ὄφελον τὸ πάροιθε περὶ τραφερὴ χάνῃ γαῖα, πρὶν σέο πότιμον ἱδέσθαι ἀμείλιχον· οὐ γὰρ ἔμοιγε ἄλλο χερειότερόν ποτ’ ἐσῆλθεν ἐς φρένα πῆμα, οὐδ’ ὅτε με πρώτιστον ἐμῆς ἀποτηλόθι πάτρης καὶ τοκέων εἰρυσσας ἀμ’ ἄλλης ληιάδεσσι πόλλ’ ὀλοφυρομένην, ἔπει η νῦ με τὸ πρὶν ἀνασαν αἰδοῖν περ ἐνοῦσαν ἐπὶ ἄλλουν ἴμαρ· ἀλλὰ μοι οὔτε πάτρης θυμιδέος οὔτε τοκήνων μέμβλεται ὀιχομένων, ὅπόσον σέο δηθέντος, οὐνεκά μοι δειλῆ θυμήρεα πάντα μενοίνας, καὶ ρά μ’ ἑθηκας ἀκοίτων ὀμόφρονα, καὶ ρά μ’ ἐφησθα·

τεύξειν αὐτίκ’ ἀνασαν ἐκτιμήνης Σαλαμίνος νοστήσας Τροίηθε· τὰ δ’ οὐ θεὸς ἄμμι τέλεσσεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μοι άιστος ἀποίχεας, οὐδὲ νῦ σοὶ περ μέμβλετ’ ἐμεῖ καὶ παιδός, ὅσ τε πατρὶ τέρψεται ἤτορ, οὐ σέο κοιρανίης ἐπιβήσεται, ἀλλὰ μιν ἄλλοι δμῶδι λυγρόν τεύξουσιν, ἐπεὶ πατρὸς οὐκέτ’ ἐόντος νηπίαχοι κομέονται ὑπ’ ἄνδρεσσιν μάλα πολλῶν χειροτέροις· ὀλὴ γὰρ ὑπ’ ὀρφανίη βαρὺς αἰών παισὶ πέλει, καὶ πῆματ’ ἐπ’ ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα χέονται. καὶ δὲ με δειλαίην τάχα δούλιον ἴξεται ἵμαρ οἰχομένου σεο πρόσθεν, ὃ μοι θεὸς ὃς ἐτέτυξσ.”

“Ὡς φαιμένη προσέειπε φίλα φρονέων Ἀγα-μέμνων·

“ὁ γὰρ, ὃν νῦ σε ἄν χειμηνίη ποτὲ θήσεται ἄλλος ὅπι ζώοντος ἄμμονος ἢ ἐμεῖ ἄνθομον· ἀλλὰ σε τίσομεν αἰὲν ἀπειρεσίας γεράεσσοι, τίσομεν ὡςτε θεὶν, καὶ σὺν τέκος, ὃς ἐτ’ ἐόντος ἀντιθέου Άιαντος, ὃς ἐπλετοῦ κάρτος Ἀχαιῶν. αἰθ’ ὄφελον μηδ’ ἄλγος Ἀχαίῳδα θήκατο πάση 246
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

To see thy woeful death-day here by Troy.
Ah, visions shattered by rude hands of Fate!
Oh that the earth had yawned wide for my grave
Ere I beheld thy bitter doom! On me
No sharper, more heart-piercing pang hath come—
No, not when first from fatherland afar
And parents thou didst bear me, wailing sore
Mid other captives, when the day of bondage
Had come on me, a princess theretofore.
Not for that dear lost home so much I grieve,
Nor for my parents dead, as now for thee:
For all thine heart was kindness unto me
The hapless, and thou madest me thy wife,
One soul with thee; yea, and thou promisedst
To throne me queen of fair-towered Salamis,
When home we won from Troy. The Gods denied
Accomplishment thereof. And thou hast passed
Unto the Unseen Land: thou hast forgot
Me and thy child, who never shall make glad
His father's heart, shall never mount thy throne.
But him shall strangers make a wretched thrall:
For when the father is no more, the babe
Is ward of meaner men. A weary life
The orphan knows, and suffering cometh in
From every side upon him like a flood.
To me too thralldom's day shall doubtless come,
Now thou hast died, who wast my god on earth."

Then in all kindness Agamemnon spake:
"Princess, no man on earth shall make thee thrall,
While Teucer liveth yet, while yet I live.
Thou shalt have worship of us evermore
And honour as a Goddess, with thy son,
As though yet living were that godlike man,
Aias, who was the Achaeans' chiepest strength.
Ah that he had not laid this load of grief
On all, in dying by his own right hand!

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

αὐτὸς ἐῇ ὑπὸ χειρὶ δαμεῖς: οὐ γὰρ μὲν ἀπείρων δυσμενέων σθένε λαὸς ὑπ’ Ἰορεί ἡρώσαται.”

"Ὡς ἐφατ᾽ ἀχυμένους κέαρ ἐνδόθεν: ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ οἰκτρῶν ἀνεστονάχησαν, ἐπίαχε δ’ Ἑλλήσποντος μυρομένων, ὅλη δὲ περὶ σφιᾷ πέπτατ’ ἀνίη.

καὶ δ’ αὐτὸν λάβει πένθος Ὀδυσσέα μητρίόντα κείνου ἀποκταμένου, καὶ ἀχυμένους κατὰ θυμόν τοῖον ἐπός μετέειπεν ἀκηχεμένουσιν Ἀχαιοῖς:

"ο νόοι, ὡς οὕπω τι κακότερον ἀλλο χόλοιο γίνεται, ὡς τε βροτοίς κακήν ἐπὶ δήμων ἄξει;

δ’ αἰ ὁν Αἰαντα πελώριον ἐξορόθυνεν ἀμφ’ ἐμοί ἐν φρεσίν ὑσι χολούμενον· ὡς ὀφελόν μοι

μὴ ποτὲ Τρώωι υἱὲς Ἀχιλλέας εἰνεκα τευχέων νίκην ἀμφεβάλοντ’ ἐρυκυδέα, τῆς πέρι θυμόν ἀχυμένου παῖς ἐσθόλος ἐὐσθενέος Τελαμώνος

ἀλετο χεσάν ἐξαί · χόλοι δὲ οἱ οὕτω ἐγωγε αὐτοὺς, ἀλλὰ τις Αἰαντα πολύστονος, ἢ μὴ ἔδαμνα·

εἰ γὰρ μοι κέαρ ἐνδον ἐνι στέρνοσιν ἐώπτει κείνου ἀλαστήσειν καθ’ ἐν νόον, οὐτ’ ἄν ἐγώγε ἢλθον ἐρῳμαίουν νίκης ὑπερ, οὕτε τιν’ ἀλλον

ἐν Δαναοῖσιν ἔσασα μεμαότα δηριάσαται, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὺς ἐγώγε θεούδα τευχὲ θείρας προφορονέως ἀν ὅπασσα, καὶ εἰ τί περ ἄλλο μενοῖνα.

νῦν δὲ μιν οὕτω ἐγώγε μέγ’ ἀχυμένου χαλεπῆιν ὀισάμην μετόπισθεν, ἐπεὶ ρά οἱ οὕτε γνωκὸς

οὐτε περὶ πτόλους μαχόμην οὐτ’ εὔρες δῆλου, ἀλλὰ μοι ἀμφ’ ἀρετῆς νεῖκος πέλεν, ἢς περὶ δήρις

τερπνη γίνεται αἰὲν ἐνόρφοσιν ἀνθρόποισιν·

κεῖνος δ’ ἐσθόλος ἐὼν στυγερῇ ὑπὸ δαίμονος Αἰσίη

ἡλτεν· οὐ γὰρ ἐοικε μέγ’ ἀσχαλαν ἐνι ϑυμὸν.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

For all the countless armies of his foes
Never availed to slay him in fair fight."
So spake he, grieved to the inmost heart. The folk
Woefully wailed all round. O'er Hellespont
Echoes of mourning rolled: the sighing air
Darkened around, a wide-spread sorrow-pall.
Yea, grief laid hold on wise Odysseus' self
For the great dead, and with remorseful soul
To anguish-stricken Argives thus he spake:
"O friends, there is no greater curse to men
Than wrath, which groweth till its bitter fruit
Is strife. Now wrath hath goaded Aias on
To this dire issue of the rage that filled
His soul against me. Would to God that ne'er
Yon Trojans in the strife for Achilles' arms
Had crowned me with that victory, for which
Strong Telamon's brave son, in agony
Of soul, thus perished by his own right hand!
Yet blame not me, I pray you, for his wrath:
Blame the dark dolorous Fate that struck him down.
For, had mine heart foreboded aught of this,
This desperation of a soul distraught,
Never for victory had I striven with him,
Nor had I suffered any Danaan else,
Though ne'er so eager, to contend with him.
Nay, I had taken up those arms divine
With mine own hands, and gladly given them
To him, ay, though himself desired it not.
But for such mighty grief and wrath in him
I had not looked, since not for a woman's sake
Nor for a city, nor possessions wide,
I then contended, but for Honour's meed,
Which alway is for all right-hearted men
The happy goal of all their rivalry.
But that great-hearted man was led astray
By Fate, the hateful fiend; for surely it is
Unworthy a man to be made passion's fool.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀνδρὸς γὰρ πινυτοῖο καὶ ἄλγεα πόλλῃ ἔπιοντα
tλήναι ὑπὸ κραδίης στερεῖ ἑφεῖ, μὴ ἀκάχησθαι.”

:"Ως φάτο Δαέρταο κλυτοὺς παῖς ἀντιθέοιο.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ κορέσαντο γόου καὶ πένθεος αἰνοῦ·
δὴ τὸν Νηλέον νῦς ἐτ᾽ ἀγνυμένους ἔστεπεν·
:"οὐ φίλου, ὡς ἄρα Κῆρεσ ἄνθελα θυμὸν ἐχοῦσαι
ἡμῖν αὖ ἐβάλοντο λυγρῷ ἐπὶ πένθει πένθος
Ἄιαντος φθιμένου πολυσθενέος τ᾽ Ἀχιλῆος
ἀλλων τ᾽ Ἀργείων ἦδ᾽ ὕιεος ἤμετέρου
Ἀντιλόχου. ἀλλ᾽ οὔτι θέμις κταμένους ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
κλαίειν ἤματα πάντα καὶ ἀσχαλάν ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
ἀλλὰ γόου λήσασθαι ἀείκεος, ὅνεκ ἀμενοῦν
ἐρδεῖν, ὅσα βροτοῖς ἐπὶ φθιμένοις ἐοικε,
pυρκαίην καὶ σῆμα, καὶ ὀστεὰ ταρχύσασθαι
νεκρὸς δ᾽ ὅτι γοῶν ἀνέγρεται, οὐδὲ τι οἶδε
φράσσασθ᾽, εὐτε ἢ Κῆρες ἅμελείχοι ἄμφιχάνωσιν.”

:"Η ρα παρηγορέων περὶ δ᾽ ἀντίθεοι βασίλην,
ἀθρόοι αὐχ᾽ ἀγέροντο μέγ᾽ ἀγνῦμενοι κέαρ ἐνδον,
καὶ ἐ μέγαν περ᾽ ἐόντα θοῦσ ποτὶ νῆσας ἐνεικαν
πολλοὶ ἀείραντες· κατὰ δὲ σπείρωσι κάλυψαν
ἀλµ᾽ ἀποφαϊδρύναντες, ὦ οἱ βριαροὶ μελέσσι
τερσόμενον περίκειτο καὶ ἔντεσι σὺν κούνησι·
kαὶ τὸν ἀπ᾽ Ἰδαίων ὅρεων φέρον ἄσπετον ὕλην
ἀξιοῖ, πάντη δὲ νέκυν πέρι νησάντω·
pολλὰ δ᾽ ἀρ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ ἀντὶς θῆκαν ξύλα, πολλὰ δὲ
μίλα
φάρεα τ᾽ ἐγποίητα βοῶν τ᾽ ἐρικυδέα φύλα
ηδὲ καὶ ἀκτύτατοισιν ἀγαλλομένους τοσὶν ὑποὺς
χρυσῶν τ᾽ αἰγλήσει καὶ ἀσπετά τεῦχεα φωτῶν,
ὅσσα πάρος κταμένων ἀποαινυτοί φαιδίμοις ἀνήρ,
ήλεκτρόν τ᾽ ἐπὶ τοὺσ διεδέει, τὸν ρά τε φας
ἐξεμεναι Ἕλλοιο πανομφαίοιο θυγατρῶν
dάκρου, τὸ δὴ Φαέθοντος ὑπὲρ κταμένου χέαντο
μυρόμεναι μεγάλοιο παρὰ ροὺς Ἡρίδανω, 250
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

The wise man's part is, steadfast-souled to endure
All ills, and not to rage against his lot."

So spake Laertes' son, the far-renowned.
But when they all were weary of grief and groan,
Then to those sorrowing ones spake Neleus' son:
"O friends, the pitiless-hearted Fates have laid
Stroke after stroke of sorrow upon us,
Sorrow for Aias dead, for mighty Achilles,
For many an Argive, and for mine own son
Antilochus. Yet all unmeet it is
Day after day with passion of grief to wail
Men slain in battle: nay, we must forget
Laments, and turn us to the better task
Of rendering dues beseeming to the dead,
The dues of pyre, of tomb, of bones inurned.
No lamentations will awake the dead;
No note thereof he taketh, when the Fates,
The ruthless ones, have swallowed him in night."

So spake he words of cheer: the godlike kings
Gathered with heavy hearts around the dead,
And many hands upheaved the giant corpse,
And swiftly bare him to the ships, and there
Washed they away the blood that clotted lay
Dust-flecked on mighty limbs and armour: then
In linen swathed him round. From Ida's heights
Wood without measure did the young men bring,
And piled it round the corpse. Billets and logs
Yet more in a wide circle heaped they round;
And sheep they laid thereon, fair-woven vests,
And goodly kine, and speed-triumphant steeds,
And gleaming gold, and armour without stint,
From slain foes by that glorious hero stripped.
And lucent amber-drops they laid thereon,
Tears, say they, which the Daughters of the Sun,
The Lord of Ómens, shed for Phaethon slain,
When by Eridanus' flood they mourned for him.
καὶ τὸ μὲν Ἅλειος γέρας ἀφθιτον υἱεὶ τεύχων ἠλεκτρον ποίησε μέγα κτέαρ ἀνθρώποισιν,
τὸν ρὰ τὸτ’ εὐρυπέδου πυρὸς καθύπερθε βάλοντο Ἀργείοι κλυτόν ἄνδρα δεδομένα κυδαίνοντες Ἀιαντ’ ἀμφί δὲ οἱ μέγαλα στενάχοντες ἔθεντο τιμήνεν ἐλέφαντα καὶ ἄργυρον ἠμερῶντα ἥδε καὶ ἀμφιφορῆς ἀλείφατος ἄλλα τε πάντα, ὀπτόσα κυδήνετα καὶ ἀγλανοὶ ὀξίβου ὀφέλειν. ἕν δ’ ἔβαλον κρατεροὶ πυρὸς μένος ἥλθε δὲ πυνιὰ ἐξ ἀλός, ἢν προέκυκε θεὰ Θετίς, ὤφρα θέρηται Ἀλαντός μεγάλου βίης ὦ δὲ νῦκτα καὶ ἥδο καίετο πάρ νήσσων ἐπειγομένου ἀνέμου ὦιός ποι τὸ πάροιθε Δίῳς στοικέντι κεραυνῷ Ἥρακλεάδος δέδημητο κατ’ ἀκαμάτοιο θαλάσσης Ὑρινάκης ὑπένερθεν, ὦλη δ’ ὑπετύφετο νῆσος ἢ οἶος ξώνατα μέλη πυρὶ δώκε θέρεσθαι Ἡρακλέης Νέρσσοι κολοφροσύνης χαλεφθείς, ὀππότ’ ἔτηκ μέγα ἔργον, ὦλη δ’ ἀμφέστενεν Οἴτης ξώνα καιομένου, μίγη δὲ οἱ ἥριοι θυμὸς ἄνδρα λιπὼν ἀρίδηλον, ἐνεκρίνθη δὲ θεοίς αὐτός, ἐπεὶ οἱ σῶμα πολύκυμητον χάδε γαίας τοῖος ἀρ’ ἐν πυρὶ κείτο λελασμένος ἰωχμοῦ Ἀλας σὺν τεύχεσσι πολύς δ’ ἐστείνετο λαὸς αὐγιαλοῖς Τρὼς δ’ ἐγάνυντ’ ἀκάχοντο δ’ Ἆχαιοι. Ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ δέμας ἢν κατήνυσε πῦρ ἄδηλον, δὴ τότε πυρκαῖνην οὐν ςβέσαν ὀστεά δ’ αὐτοῦ χηλῖν ἐνὶ χυσέηθη γῆ καὶ περὶ δὲ σφιχὴ γαῖαν χεῦαν ἄπειρεσίν Ροιτήδος οὐχ ἐκὰς ἄκτης.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

These, for undying honour to his son,
The God made amber, precious in men's eyes.
Even this the Argives on that broad-based pyre
Cast freely, honouring the mighty dead.
And round him, groaning heavily, they laid
Silver most fair and precious ivory,
And jars of oil, and whatsoever beside
They have who heap up goodly and glorious wealth.
Then thrust they in the strength of ravening flame,
And from the sea there breathed a wind, sent forth
By Thetis, to consume the giant frame
Of Aias. All the night and all the morn
Burned 'neath the urgent stress of that great wind
Beside the ships that giant form, as when
Enceladus by Zeus' levin was consumed
Beneath Thrinacia, when from all the isle
Smoke of his burning rose—or like as when
Hercules, trapped by Nessus' deadly guile,
Gave to devouring fire his living limbs,
What time he dared that awful deed, when groaned
All Oeta as he burned alive, and passed
His soul into the air, leaving the man
Far-famous, to be numbered with the Gods,
When earth closed o'er his toil-tried mortal part.
So huge amid the flames, all-armour clad,
Lay Aias, all the joy of fight forgot,
While a great multitude watching thronged the
sands.
Glad were the Trojans, but the Achaeans grieved.
But when that goodly frame by ravening fire
Was all consumed, they quenched the pyre with
wine;
They gathered up the bones, and reverently
Laid in a golden casket. Hard beside
Rhoeeteium's headland heaped they up a mound
Measureless-high. Then scattered they amidst
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

αἰτία καὶ ἐσκίδοντο πολυσκάρθμους ἐπὶ νῆσος
θυμὸν ἀκηχέμενοι· τὸν γὰρ τίον ἵσον Ἀχιλλεί.
νῦξ δὲ ἐπόρουσε μέλαινα μετὰ ἀνέρας ὑπὸν ἀγούσα·
οἱ δὲ ἀρα δαίτ ἐπάσαντο καὶ Ἡρωγένειαν ἔμμυνον, 660
βαιῶν ἀποβρίζαντες ἀραιοῖς βλεφάροισιν·
ἀινῶς γὰρ φοβέοντο κατὰ φρένα, μὴ σφισθεῖ· Τρῶες
νυκτὸς ἐπέλθωσιν Τελαμωνιάδαο θανόντος.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK V

The long ships, heavy-hearted for the man
Whom they had honoured even as Achilles.
Then black night, bearing unto all men sleep,
Upslept: so they brake bread, and lay down
Waiting the Child of the Mist. Short was their
sleep,
Broken by fitful staring through the dark,
Haunted by dread lest in the night the foe
Should fall on them, now Telamon's son was dead.
ΛΟΓΟΣ ΕΚΤΟΣ

'Ηώς δ' Ωκεανοῦ ρόον καὶ λέκτρα λυποῦσα
Τιθωνοῦ προσέβη μέγαν οὐρανόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
κίδνατο παμφανώσα: γέλασσε δὲ γαῖα καὶ
αἰθήρ;
tοι δ' εἰς ἔργα τράποντο βροτοὶ δεῖα φθινόθοντες·
ἀλλος δ' ἀλλοίωσιν ἐπάχθετο· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαῖοι
eἰς ἁγορὴν ἐξέστη καλεσσαμένου Μενελάου·
καὶ ὅτε δὴ μάλα πάντες ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἠγερέ-
θοντο,
δὴ τότ' ἐνὶ μέσσοισιν ἀγειρομένουι μετηύδα:
"κέκλυτε μύθον ἔμειο, θεηγενέες βασιλῆς,
ὡς ἐρέω· μέγα γὰρ μοι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ τείρεται ἥτορ
λαῶν ὀλλυμένων, οὐ δ' ἡλθον εἰνεκ' ἔμειο
δὴριν ἐς ἁγαλάζῃ, τοὺς οὐν ὑποδέχεται οἴκοι,
οὐ τοκέες· πολέας γὰρ ὑπέκλασε δαίμονος Αἴσα.
ὡς ὀφελον Θανάτοι βαρύ σθένος ἀτλήτου
αὐτῷ ἐμοὶ ἔποροσε πρὶν ἐνθάδε λαῶν ἁγεῖρας·
νῦν δὲ μοι ἀλλήκτους ὀδύνας ἐνεθήκατο δαίμων,
ὅφρ' ὅρῳ κακὰ πολλά· τίς ἄν φρεσὶ γηθήσειν
εἰσὸροιν ἐπὶ δηρόν ἁμῆχανα ἔργα μόθου;
ἀλλ' ἀγεθ' ὁσσοὶ ἐτ' εἰμεν ἐπ' ὦκυπρόρουσι νέεσσι
καρπαλίμως φεύγωμεν εἴην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἕκαστος,
Αἰαντος φθιμένου πολυσθενέος τ' Ἀχιλῆος,
tῶν ἐγὼ οὐκ ὅτω κταμένων ὕπαλλύξαι ὀλέθρουν
ἡμέας, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ Τρωσὶ δαμήμεναι ἀργαλέουσιν
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BOOK VI

How came for the helping of Troy Eurypylus, 
Hercules' grandson.

Rose Dawn from Ocean and Tithonus' bed, 
And climbed the steeps of heaven, scattering round 
Flushed flakes of splendour; laughed all earth and 
air.

Then turned unto their labours, each to each, 
Mortals, frail creatures daily dying. Then 
Streamed to a folkmote all the Achaean men 
At Menelaus' summons. When the host — 
Were gathered all, then in their midst he spake: 
"Hearken my words, ye god-descended kings: 
Mine heart within my breast is burdened sore 
For men which perish, men that for my sake 
Came to the bitter war, whose home-return 
Parents and home shall welcome nevermore; 
For Fate hath cut off thousands in their prime. 
Oh that the heavy hand of death had fallen 
On me, ere hitherward I gathered these! 
But now hath God laid on me careless pain 
In seeing all these ills. Who could rejoice 
Beholding strivings, struggles of despair? 
Come, let us, which be yet alive, in haste 
Flee in the ships, each to his several land, 
Since Aias and Achilles both are dead. 
I look not, now they are slain, that we the rest 
Shall 'scape destruction; nay, but we shall fall 
Before yon terrible Trojans—for my sake
eîneke' eînei 'Eleíns te kynópídos, Ís xú muoi ou'ti
mêmbletaí òis úmeóu, òpôte kttame'ous esídomega
en polémou keînà 'd' álpadnoutá'th súnu akóitá
èrretw, ek gár oi píntatás f'renás eîleto daì'mon
èk krádis, òt' e'meio lîpèn dòmon ëdè kai eûnhîn.
álλa tà mèn keînà Prrímîr kai Trrwôl mêlêsêi
hmeîs 'd' aîsfa neôme'dh, èpêi polû lówîn èstîn
ekfugêîen polêmîo dûsîchês h apôlêsâthai.'

"'Osi e'fpat' 'Aragîeîou peîfômënov. Ílîla dei òi kîr
èn krâdis pórfurî peri xìhlîmîn òhmîfh,
Trôas òpôs òlesa kai teîxhîa makrâ póloıs
rhêxh ek thêmêthlon, màla d' aîmîatos ìsâh 'Arha
dîov 'Alekánndrîou metâ thîmênoîs pèsôntos'
oû gâr tî ÷îlînîo pèleî stûgeîrîtêron állo.
kai ta mèn òs òrmaînîn, èh 'd' èpitîzâen ëdhrh.
kai tôste Tûdeîhdh èg'hêspalos ôrît' ènî mèssôi,
kai hà thôîs neîkesse'n âr'hîfîlîn Mènèlaòn
"a deîlh' 'Atrêos viè, tî ëh xú se deîma kîxâîne
ârgaîlêvon, kai tôîa met' 'Aragîeîous âgôreîwîs,
òs pâís ëh gynhî, tôûnter stènîs èstî álpadnîn;
álîlî sôî ou pêisôtîn'h Axaîîw fêrâstonîs ùîès
prin Trrôîh' kr'hêdmîa potî ÷îhôîa pánta ba-
lêsâthi.'

rârsos gâr meîîpesseî kîlîs ìgèâ, fhî'zâ 'd'
ôneidîs.
eîd' ìra tîs kai tôûn' èpitîesëtai, òsî èpitêllêis,
aútîka oî këfâlîhî têmêw ìdënti siðírhî,
ùîfîw òî oînôi'sîn âr'sîtêthsîw ëdôdhn.
âll' ìghê', oîsi mêîmîlêv órînêmënî mâne' ândrôîn,
laûsî aútîka pántas òtrûnántîw kàtà ùhâs
dûrâtâ thgêîmënî, pàrà t' ìspîdâs álîlî te
pânta
en thèsâthâi, kai deî'pîon àfâr pàssasâthâi 'd' àpàntás.

1 Zimmermann, for èfôskîssasâthâi (with lacuna) of Koechly.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

And shameless Helen's! Think not that I care
For her; for you I care, when I behold
Good men in battle slain. Away with her—
Her and her paltry paramour! The Gods
Stole all discretion out of her false heart
When she forsook mine home and marriage-bed
Let Priam and the Trojans cherish her!
But let us straight return: 'twere better far
To flee from dolorous war than perish all.'

So spake he but to try the Argive men.
Far other thoughts than these made his heart burn
With passionate desire to slay his foes,
To break the long walls of their city down
From their foundations, and to glut with blood
Ares, when Paris mid the slain should fall.
Fiercer is naught than passionate desire!
Thus as he pondered, sitting in his place,
Uprose Tydeides, shaker of the shield,
And chode in fiery speech with Menelaus:
"O coward Atreus' son, what craven fear
Hath gripped thee, that thou speakest so to us
As might a weakling child or woman speak?
Not unto thee Achaea's noblest sons
Will hearken, ere Troy's coronal of towers
Be wholly dashed to the dust: for unto men
Valour is high renown, and flight is shame!
If any man shall hearken to the words
Of this thy counsel, I will smite from him
His head with sharp blue steel, and hurl it down
For soaring kites to feast on. Up! all ye
Who care to enkindle men to battle: rouse
Our warriors all throughout the fleet to whet
The spear, to burnish corslet, helm and shield;
And cause both man and horse, all which be keen
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀνέρας ἦδ᾿ ἱππον, οἳ τ᾿ ἐς πόλεμον μεμάσσων ἐν πεδίῳ δ᾿ ἁκιστα διακρίνει μένος Ἐρης.

"Ὡς φάτο Τυδείδης· κατὰ δ᾿ ἔξετο, ὡς πάρος περ·

τοῖς δὲ Θέστορος νῦσ᾿ ἐπος ποτὶ τοῦν ἐξέπειν ἀντάς ἐν μέσσουσιν, ὡς θέμις ἐστ᾿ ἀγορεύειν,
“κἐκλυτε μευ, φίλα τέκνα μενεπτόλεμων Ἀργείων ἱστε γάρ, ὡς σάφα οἰδα θεοπροτίας ἀγορεύειν.

ἡδη μὲν καὶ πρόσθ᾿ εἴφαμην δεκάτω λυκάβαντι πέρσεων Ἰλιον αἰτὺ· τὸ δὴ νῦν ἐκτελέσουσιν ἀθάνατοι· νίκη δὲ πέλει παρὰ ποσσίν Ἀχαιῶν.

ἀλλ᾿ ἀγε, Τυδέσος νία μενεπτόλεμον τ᾿ Ὀδυσσὴ

πέμψωμεν Σκύρον δὲ θῶς ἐν νη ἀμαληῆ,

οἳρα παραπτεπίθοντες Ἀχιλλέως ὄβριμον νὶα ἄξουσιν· μέγα δ᾿ ἄμμο φάσο πάντεςιν πελάσσει.

"Ὡς φάτο Θέστορος νῦσ᾿ ἐξφρονος· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ

γηθόσυνοι κελάδησαν, ἐπει σφίσιν ἦτορ ἐῴλπει

Κάλχαντος φάτιν ἐμμευν ἐτήμυμον, ὡς ἀγορευν·

καὶ τότε Δαέρταυ πᾶς μετέειπεν Ἀχαίως·

“ὁ φίλοι, οὐκέτι έοικε μεθ᾿ ὕμων πόλλ᾿ ἀγορεύειν

σήμερον· ἐν γὰρ δὴ κάματος πέλει ἀχυμένοις·

οἴδα γὰρ ως λαοῦσι κεκμηκόσιν οἴτ᾿ ἀγορητῆς

ἀνδάνει οἴτ᾿ ἀρ᾿ ἀοίδος, δὴ ἀθάνατοι φιλέουσι

Πιερίδες· παύρων δ᾿ ἐπέων ἐρός ἐνθ᾿ ἀνθρώποις.

νῦν δ᾿, ὅπερ εὐαδε πάσι κατὰ στρατὸν Ἀργείοισι,

Τυδείδαιο μάλιστα συνεστρομένον τελέσαιμι

ἀμφω γάρ κεν ἵντε φιλοποτλέμον Ἀχιλλής ἀξόμεν ὀβριμον νὶα παρακλώναντ᾿ ἐπεσοῦν,

εἰ καὶ μιν μάλα πόλλα κινουμένη κατερύκει

μήτηρ ἐν μεγάροις, ἐπελ κρατεροῦ τοκῆς ἐλποῦν· ἐμὸν κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρήμον ἐμμεναι νὶα.

1 Zimmermann, for ὠρο ἀνθρώποις of MSS.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

In fight, to break their fast. Then in yon plain
Who is the stronger Ares shall decide."

So speaking, in his place he sat him down;
Then rose up Thestius' son, and in the midst,
Where meet it is to speak, stood forth and cried:
"Hear me, ye sons of battle-biding Greeks:
Ye know I have the spirit of prophecy.
Erewhile I said that ye in the tenth year
Should lay waste towered Ilium: this the Gods
Are even now fulfilling; victory lies
At the Argives' very feet. Come, let us send
Tydeides and Odysseus battle-staunch
With speed to Scyros overseas, by prayers.
Hither to bring Achilles' hero son:
A light of victory shall he be to us."

So spake wise Thestius' son, and all the folk
Shouted for joy; for all their hearts and hopes
Yearned to see Calchas' prophecy fulfilled.
Then to the Argives spake Laertes' son:
"Friends, it befits not to say many words
This day to you, in sorrow's weariness.
I know that wearied men can find no joy
In speech or song, though the Pierides,
The immortal Muses, love it. At such time
Few words do men desire. But now, this thing
That pleaseth all the Achaean host, will I
Accomplish, so Tydeides fare with me;
For, if we twain go, we shall surely bring,
Won by our words, war-fain Achilles' son,
Yea, though his mother, weeping sore, should strive
Within her halls to keep him; for mine heart
Trusts that he is a hero's valorous son."

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

"Ως φάμενον προσέειπε πύκα φρονέων Μενέλαος:

"ω 'Οδυσεύ, μέγ’ ὅνειρα ἐὑσθενέων Ἀργείων,

ήππερ Ἀχιλλῆος μεγαλόφρονος ὄβριμος υίός

σήσι παραφασίησι λιλαιομένοισιν ἀρωγὸς

ἔλθοι ἀπὸ Σκύρου, πόροι δὲ τις οὐρανιών

νίκην εὐχομένοις καὶ Ἑλλάδα γαῖαν ἰκώμαι,

δῶσω ὦ παράκοιτος ἐμὴν ἑρυκύδεα κούρην

'Ερμώνην, καὶ πολλὰ καὶ ὄλβια δῶρα σὺν αὐτῇ

προφρονέως· οὐ γὰρ μιν ὁτομαί οὕτε γυναῖκα

οὕτ’ ἀρα πενθερὸν ἐσθλῶν ὑπερφιάλως ὄνοσασθαί.

"Ως ἄρ’ ἐθή: Δαναοὶ δὲ συνευφήμησαν ἐπεσσι.

καὶ τότε λυτ’ ἄγορή· τοι δ’ ἐσκίδυναν’ ἐπὶ νῆας

ἰέμενοι δεῖπνοιο, τὸ δὴ πέλει ανδρᾶσιν ἀλκή:

καὶ ἢ σιδ’ ὁ δὲ παύσαντο κορεσσάμενοι μέγ’ ἐδωδῆς,

δὴ τὸθ’ ὄμως Ἄυστῆ περίφροώνΤυδέος υἱός

νήα θοῦν εἴρυσεν ὑπερεσίης ἀλὸς εἰσώ·

καρπαλίμως δ’ ἡμὰ καὶ ἄρμενα πάντα βάλοντο·

ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἔβαν· μετὰ δὲ σφιαν εἴκοσί φῶτες

ἰδμονες εἰρεσίης, ὅποτ’ ἀντίαι ὅσιν ἄελλαι,

ἡ δ’ ὅποτ’ εὐφέα πῶντον ὑποστορέσι γαλήνη.

καὶ ἢ σιδ’ δη κλήσιν ἐπ’ εὐτύκτοις κάθισαν,

τύπτον ἀλὸς μέγα κῦμα· πολὺς δ’ ἀμφέζειν

ἀφρός·

ὔγραυ δ’ ἄμμ’ ἐλάτησι διεπρήσσοντο κέλευθοι

νήὸς ἐπεσαμυμένης· τοι δ’ ἱδρώντες ἐρεσσον

ὡς δ’ ὅθ’ ὑπὸ γεύσηρι βοῖς μέγα κεκηρήτες

δουράτην ἐρύσσωσι πρὸςω μεμαῦτες ἀπήνην

ἄχθει τετραγώνων ὑπ’ ἄξοιν δινήντε

teirómenoi, πούλους δε κατ’ αὐχένων ήδε καὶ ὅμων

ἰδρώς ἀμφοτεροί οἰκᾶσθιν ἀχρίς ἐπ’ ὄνδας·

δος τῆμος μογέρεσκον ὑπὸ στιβαρῆς ἐλάτησιν

αιζηνί· μίλα δ’ ὅκα διήνυν εὐρέα πῶντον.

1 Verse inserted by Zimmermann ex P.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Then out spake Menelaus earnestly:

"Odysseus, the strong Argives' help at need,
If mighty-souled Achilles' valiant son
From Scyros by thy suasion come to aid
Us who yearn for him, and some Heavenly One
Grant victory to our prayers, and I win home
To Hellas, I will give to him to wife
My noble child Hermione, with gifts
Many and goodly for her marriage-dower
With a glad heart. I trow he shall not scorn
Either his bride or high-born sire-in-law."

With a great shout the Danaans hailed his words.
Then was the throng dispersed, and to the ships
They scattered hungering for the morning meat
Which strengtheneth man's heart. So when they ceased
From eating, and desire was satisfied,
Then with the wise Odysseus Tydeus' son
Drew down a swift ship to the boundless sea,
And victual and all tackling cast therein.
Then stepped they aboard, and with them twenty men,

Men skilled to row when winds were contrary,
Or when the unrippled sea slept 'neath a calm.
They smote the brine, and flashed the boiling foam:
On leapt the ship; a watery way was cleft
About the oars that sweating rowers tugged.
As when hard-toiling oxen, 'neath the yoke
Straining, drag on a massy-timbered wain,
While creaks the circling axle 'neath its load,
And from their weary necks and shoulders streams
Down to the ground the sweat abundantly;
So at the stiff oars toiled those stalwart men,
And fast they laid behind them leagues of sea.
Gazed after them the Achaeans as they went,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

toûs δ' ἁλλοι μὲν Ἀχαιοὶ ἀποσκοπίαζον ἱόντας·
θῆγον δ' αἰνᾶ βέλεμα καὶ ἔγχεα, τοῦτι μάχοντο. 115
Τρώες δ' ἀστεοὺς ἐντὸς ἀταρβέεις ἐντύνοντο
ἐς πόλεμον μεμαζότες ἢ δ' εὐχόμενοι μακάρεσσι
λωφήσαι τε φόνοι καὶ ἁμπνεύσαι καμάτου.
Τοῖσι δ' ἐελδομένουσι θεοὶ μέγα πήματος
ἀλκαρ
ἡγαγον Εὐφύτυλον κρατεροῦ γένος Ῥακλής· 120
καὶ οἱ λαοὶ ἐποντο δαμονεὶς ἰωχυτός
πολλοὶ, ὅσοι δολιχοῦ παρὰ προχοῆσι Καίκου
ναίσκον κρατερῆσι πεποιθότες ἐγχείσησιν.
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κεχάροντο μέγα φρεσὶ Τρώων νῖς·
ὡς δ' ὅποθ' ἔρκεος ἐντὸς ἐφερμένου ἀθρήσωσιν
ἡμεροὶ ἀνέρα χήνες, ὡς σφίσων εἴδατα βάλλη,
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στομάτεσσι περισσαὶ ἔος ὑζοτες· 125
σαίνοντειν, τοῦ δ' ἦτορ ιαίνεται εὐσφορώντος·
ὡς ἄρα Τρώων νῖς ἐγήθεν, εὔτ' εἰσιδοντο
ὁβριμον Εὐφύτυλον, τοῦ δ' ἐν φρεσὶ θαρσαλέων
κήρ
τέρπετ' ἀγείρομένουσιν ἀπὸ προθύρων δὲ γυναῖκες 130
θάμβεον ἀνέρα διὸν. ο δ' ἔξοχος ἐσσυντο λαῶν
ἡτε τις θώοςιν λέων ἐν ὄρεσι μετελθὼν.
τὸν δὲ Πάρις δείδεκτο, τίς δὲ μιν Ἐκτορὶ ἵσον·
τοῦ γὰρ ἀνέψιος ἑσκε, ἢς τ' ἐτέτυκτο γενέθλης·
τὸν γὰρ δὴ τέκε δία κασιγνήτη Πριάμῳ 135
Ἀστυνόχῃ κρατερῆσιν ὑπ' ἀγκοίνησι μυγείσα
Τηλέφου, ὅν ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀταρβεῖ Ῥακλής
λάθρη ἐοῖο τοκῆς ἐῳπλόκαμος τέκεν Ἀὐγη·
καὶ μιν τυθοῦ ἐόντα καὶ ἱσχανώντα γαλακτος
θρέψε θοῇ ποτε κερμάς, ἐφ' δ' ἱσα φίλατο νεβρῷ
140
μαζὸν ὑποσχομένη θουλῇ Διὸς· οὐ γὰρ ἐφ' ἐκγονον Ῥακλήςδιζυρῶς ἀπολέσθαι.
τοῦ δ' ἄρα κύδιμον ἕλα Πάρις μάλα πρόφορον θυμῷ.

1 Verse inserted by Zimmermann ex P.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Then turned to whet their deadly darts and spears,
The weapons of their warfare. In their town
The aweless Trojans armed themselves the while
War-eager, praying to the Gods to grant
Respite from slaughter, breathing-space from toil.
To these, while sorely thus they yearned, the Gods
Brought present help in trouble, even the seed
Of mighty Hercules, Eurypylus.
A great host followed him, in battle skilled,
All that by long Caicus' outflow dwelt,
Full of triumphant trust in their strong spears.
Round them rejoicing thronged the sons of Troy:
As when tame geese within a pen gaze up
On him who casts them corn, and round his feet
Throng hissing uncouth love, and his heart warms
As he looks down on them; so thronged the sons
Of Troy, as on fierce-heart Eurypylus
They gazed; and gladdened was his aweless soul
To see those throngs: from porchways women looked
Wide-eyed with wonder on the godlike man.
Above all men he towered as on he strode,
As looks a lion when amid the hills
He comes on jackals. Paris welcomed him,
As Hector honouring him, his cousin he,
Being of one blood with him, who was born
Of Astyoche, King Priam's sister fair
Whom Telephus embraced in his strong arms,
Telephus, whom to aweless Hercules
Auge the bright-haired bare in secret love.
That babe, a suckling craving for the breast,
A swift hind fostered, giving him the teat
As to her own fawn in all love; for Zeus
So willed it, in whose eyes it was not meet
That Hercules' child should perish wretchedly.
His glorious son with glad heart Paris led

265
Ηγεν ἐδών ποτὶ δῶμα δι’ εὐρυχόροιο πόλης σῆμα πάρ’ Ἀσσαράκοιο καὶ Ἕκτορος αἰττὰ μέλαδρα.

νήν τε ζήθεον Τριτωνίδος, ἐνθα οἱ ἄγχε
δῶματ’ ἔσαν καὶ βωμός ἀκήρατος Ἐρκείοιο.
καὶ μιν ἀδελφεῖὼν πηγὸν θ’ ὑπὲρ ἡδὲ τοκῆν ἐρετο προφρονέως: ὁ δὲ οἱ μᾶλα πάντ’ ἀγώρευεν
ἀμφω δ’ ὑς ὀάριζον ἀμ’ ἀλλήλους κύοντες.

ηλθον δ’ ἐς μέγα δῶμα καὶ ὀλβιον ἐνθα δ’ ἀρ’ ἦστο
ἀντιθέη Ἐλένη Χαρίτων ἑπιειμένη εἴδος:
καὶ ρά μιν ἀμφίπολοι πίσυρες περιποιητόνεσκον,
ἀλλαὶ δ’ αὐτ’ ἀπάνευθεν ἔσαν κλειτοῦ ἐναλίμου
ἐργα τιτυσκόμεναι, ὀπόσα δμωσίσιν ἔοικεν.

Εὐρύπυλον δ’ Ἐλένη μέγ’ ἔθάμβεθεν εἰσορώσα,
κείνοις δ’ αὖθ’ Ἐλένην: μετὰ δ’ ἀλλήλους ἐπέεσσιν
ἀμφώ δεικνοῦντο δόμῳ ἐνὶ κρήνην:
δμῶς δ’ αὐτὲ θρόνους δοιὼ θέσαι ἐγγὺς ἀνάσης
ἀψα δ’ Ἀλέξανδρος κατ’ ἀρ’ ἐξετο, πᾶρ δ’ ἀρα

τῷ γε
Εὐρύπυλος. λαοὶ δὲ πρὸ ἄστεος αὖλων ἔθεντο,

χι φυλακῆρες Τρώων ἔσαν ὅβρειμοθυμον·
ἀψα δὲ τεῦχεα θηκαν ἐπὶ χθόνα, πᾶρ δὲ καὶ

ἴππους

στῆσαν ἕτι πιείοντας διζυροῖο μόγοιο·
ἔν δὲ φάτνησι βάλοντο, τά τ’ ὡκεῖς ὑποι ἐδουσι.

Καὶ τότε νῦς ἐποροῦσε, μελαίνετο δ’ αἰα καὶ

αἰθήρ.
οἱ δ’ ἀρὰ δαίτ’ ἐπάσαντο πρὸ τεῦχεος αἰπεινοῖο
Κήτεωι Τρώων τε· τολύς δ’ ἐπὶ μύθος ὀρὸρε
δαίνυμασάμιν· πάντη δὲ πυρὸς μένοις αἰθᾶλοεντος
δαίτο πᾶρ κλισίσησιν· ἐπίαχε δ’ ἦπιτα σύριξ
αὐλοὶ τε λυγυροῖσιν ἀρηράμενοι καλάμοισιν,
ἀμφὶ δὲ φορμύγων ἰαχὶ πέλεν ἰμερόεσσα.

266
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Unto his palace through the wide-wayed burg
Beside Assaracus' tomb and stately halls
Of Hector, and Tritonis' holy fane.
Hard by his mansion stood, and there beside
The stainless altar of Home-warder Zeus
Rose. As they went, he lovingly questioned him
Of brethren, parents, and of marriage-kin;
And all he craved to know Eurypylus told.
So communed they, on-pacing side by side.
Then came they to a palace great and rich:
There goddess-like sat Helen, clothed upon
With beauty of the Graces. Maidens four
About her plied their tasks: others apart
Within that goodly bower wrought the works
Beseeming handmaids. Helen marvelling gazed
Upon Eurypylus, on Helen he.
Then these in converse each with other spake
In that all-odorous bower. The handmaids brought
And set beside their lady high-seats twain;
And Paris sat him down, and at his side
Eurypylus. That hero's host encamped
Without the city, where the Trojan guards
Kept watch. Their armour laid they on the earth;
Their steeds, yet breathing battle, stood thereby,
And cribs were heaped with horses' provender.

Upfloated night, and darkened earth and air;
Then feasted they before that cliff-like wall,
Ceteian men and Trojans: babel of talk
Rose from the feasters: all around the glow
Of blazing campfires lighted up the tents:
Pealed out the pipe's sweet voice, and hautboys rang
With their clear-shrilling reeds; the witching strain
Of lyres was rippling round. From far away
'Αργείοι δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἑθάμβεον εἰσπρόωντες [ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ πολλὰ καὶ ἄσπετον] εἰσαίωντες οὐλῶν φορμίγγων τ' ἰαχήν ἄνδρῶν τε καὶ ὄππων σύργυγος θ', ἂ δαιτί μεταπρέπει ήδ' νομεύσα· τούνεκ' ἄρ' οἶς ἔκαστος ἐπὶ κλισίσῃ κέλευσε νῆσα ἀμοιβαίης φυλασσέμεν ἄχρις ἄ' ὥ, μή σφεας Τρώες ἀγαυοὶ ἐνπρήσωσι κιόντες ο' ἐρ τότ' αἰτεινοί πρὸ τείχεος εἰλαπίναζον.

"Ὡς δ' αὐτῶς κατὰ δόγματ' Ἀλέξανδροι δαίφρων 180 δαίνυτο Τηλεφίδης μετ' ἀγακλειτῶν βασιλῆων· πολλὰ δ' ἄρα Πρίαμος τε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρώων νῖς ἐξείςη ἑνόντο μιγμέναι 'Ἀργείοισιν αἰσθ' ἐν ἀργαλέ' ὁ δ' ὑπέσχετο πάντα τελέσειν. αὐτάρ ἐτεὶ δόρπησαν, ἔβαν ποτὶ δόμαθ' ἐκαστος· 185 Εὐρυπύλου δ' αὐτοῦ κατελέξατο βαϊὼν ἄπωθεν ἐς τέγος εὐποιήτον, ὅπη πάρος αὐτὸς ἰαυεν ἡς Ἀλέξανδρος μετ' ἀγακλειτῆς ἀλόχωιο· κείνο γάρ ἐκπαγλύν τε καὶ ἔξοχον ἐπλεότο πάντων· ἔνθ' ὁ γε λέξατ' ἱών' τολ δ' ἄλλοσε κοῖτον ἑλόντο 190 μέχρις ἐπ' Ἡρυγέθειαν εὐθρον. αὐτάρ ἄμ' ἢοι Τηλεφίδης ἀνόρουσε καὶ ἐς στρατὸν εὐρῆν ἵκαιν σὺν τ' ἄλλοις βασιλεύσιν, ὅσοι κατὰ Ἰλιοῦ ἑσαν λαοὶ δ' αὐτίκ' ἔδυσαν ἐν ἕμελτοι μαμιώντες, πάντες ἐνι πρώτοιοι λιλαιόμενοι πονέσθαι· 195 ὅς δὲ καὶ Εὐρυπύλου μεγάλοις περικάτθετο γνῶις τεῦχεα μαρμαρᾶσιν ἑιδόμενα στεροῦσι καὶ οἱ δαίδαλα πολλὰ κατ' ἀσπίδα δίαν ἐκεῖντο, ὄππόσα πρόσθεν ἐρέξε θραυσ' σθένος Ἡρακλῆς.

Ἐν μὲν ἔσαν βλοσυρήσι γενειαῖοι λυχμώντες 200 δοῦν κυπαμένοισιν έοικότες οἷμα δράκοντες σμερδαλέον μεμαώτες· ὁ δ' σφεας ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον νηπίαχός περ' ἐὼν ῥυπεδάμινατο· καὶ οἱ ἀταρβῆς ἐςκε νόος καὶ θυμός, ἐπει Δι' κάρτος εὔκει 268
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

The Argives gazed and marvelled, seeing the plain
Aglare with many fires, and hearing notes
Of flutes and lyres, neighing of chariot-steeds
And pipes, the shepherd’s and the banquet’s joy.
Therefore they bade their fellows each in turn
Keep watch and ward about the tents till dawn,
Lest those proud Trojans feasting by their walls
Should fall on them, and set the ships aflame.

Within the halls of Paris all this while
With kings and princes Telephus’ hero son
Feasted; and Priam and the sons of Troy
Each after each prayed him to play the man
Against the Argives, and in bitter doom
To lay them low; and blithe he promised all.
So when they had supped, each hied him to his home;
But there Eurypylus laid him down to rest
Full nigh the feast-hall, in the stately bower
Where Paris theretofore himself had slept
With Helen world-renowned. A bower it was
Most wondrous fair, the goodliest of them all.
There lay he down; but otherwhere their rest
Took they, till rose the bright-throned Queen of Morn,
Up sprang with dawn the son of Telephus,
And passed to the host with all those other kings
In Troy abiding. Straightway did the folk
All battle-eager don their warrior-gear,
 Burning to strike in forefront of the fight.
And now Eurypylus clad his mighty limbs
In armour that like levin-flashes gleamed;
Upon his shield by cunning hands were wrought
All the great labours of strong Hercules.

Thereon were seen two serpents flickering
Black tongues from grimly jaws: they seemed in act
To dart; but Hercules’ hands to right and left—
Albeit a babe’s hands—now were throttling them;
For aweless was his spirit. As Zeus’ strength
'Εξ ἀρχῆς· οὐ γάρ τι θεῶν γένος οὐρανιών ὑπρηκτον τελέθει καὶ ἀμήχανον, ἀλλά οἱ ἀλκή ἔσπετ' ἀπειρεσία καὶ νηδύος ἐνδον ἑότη. 210
'Εν δὲ Νεμειάιῳ βίῃ ἐτέτυκτο λέοντος ὀβρίμου Ἡρακλῆος ὑπὸ στιβαρῆσθι χέρεσι τειρόμενος κρατερῶς· βλοσυρῆς δὲ οἱ ἀμφὶ γένυσιν
αἵματος ἀφρὸς ἐσκεν· ἀποπνεύοντι δὲ ἐφ' ἐκεῖ.
"Ἀγχὶ δὲ οἱ πεπόνητο μένος πολυδειράδος ύδρης αἰνὸν λιχμώωσα· καρήτακα δὲ ἀλευρίνεστα ἀλλα μὲν ἄρ δέδηκτο κατὰ χθονός, ἀλλα δ' ἀείξεν ἐξ ὀλίγων μάλα πολλά· πύνον δ' ἔχει Ἡρακλῆα θαρσαλέων τ᾽ Ἱόλαιν, ἐπεί κρατερὰ φρονέοντε ἀμφῶ, ὁ μὲν τέμνεσκε καρήτα καμίωσσιν ἀρτη ὑπ' ἀγκυλόδοντι θοῶς, ὁ δὲ καὶ σιδηρὶ αἰθομένῳ κρατερὴ δὲ κατηνυτο θηρὸς ὁμοκλη.
'Εξεῖς δ' ἐτέτυκτο βίῃ σὺς ἄκαμάτοι ἀφρίδων γενύσεσι· φέρεν δὲ μιν, ὡς ἔτεόν περ, ζωὸν ὡς Εὐρυσθῆα μέγα σθένος Ἀλκείδαο.
Κεμμᾶς δ' εὐ ήσκήτω θοῇ πόδας, ἥ τ' ἀλεγεινῶν ἀμφὶ περικτίων μεγέ ἐσίνετο πᾶσαι ἀλωήν· καὶ τὴν μὲν χρυσεῖον κεράτος ὀβρίμος ἥρως ἀμφεχεν οὐλομένου πυρὸς πνείουσαν αὐτήν.
'Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα στυγεραί Στυμβυθλίδες· αἱ μὲν ὀιστοῖς
βλήμεναι ἐν κοινῆσιν ἀπέπνεον, αἱ δ' ἐτὶ φύξις μυνώμεναι πολυῖο δ' ἡρος ἐσχεύωτο· τῇ δ' ἔφ' Ἡρακλῆς κεχολωμένος ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ ἰὸν ἀεὶ προᾶλλε μάλα στείροντε ἐοῖκώς.
'Εν δὲ καὶ Ἀυγείαο μέγας σταθμὸς ἀντιθέοιο τεχνής ἡσκήτῳ κατ' ἀκαμάτοιο θεῖῃ· τῷ δ' ἄρα θεσπεσίον βαθὺν ἐσεὶν Ἀλφεῖον ὀβρίμος Ἡρακλῆς ἐπαγίνεεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ Νύμφαι.
From the beginning was his strength. The seed
Of Heaven-abiders never deedless is
Nor helpless, but hath boundless prowess, yea,
Even when in the womb unborn it lies.

Nemea’s mighty lion there was seen
Strangled in the strong arms of Hercules,
His grim jaws dashed about with bloody foam:
He seemed in verity gasping out his life.

Thereby was wrought the Hydra many-necked
Flickering its dread tongues. Of its fearful heads
Some severed lay on earth, but many more
Were budding from its necks, while Hercules
And Iolaus, dauntless-hearted twain,
Toiled hard; the one with lightning sickle-sweeps
Lopped the fierce heads, his fellow seared each neck
With glowing iron; the monster so was slain.

Thereby was wrought the mighty tameless Boar
With foaming jaws; real seemed the pictured thing,
As by Alcides’ giant strength the brute
Was to Eurystheus living borne on high.

There fashioned was the fleetfoot stag which laid
The vineyards waste of hapless husbandmen.
The Hero’s hands held fast its golden horns,
The while it snorted breath of ravening fire.

Thereon were seen the fierce Stymphalian Birds,
Some arrow-smitten dying in the dust,
Some through the grey air darting in swift flight.
At this, at that one—hot in haste he seemed—
Hercules sped the arrows of his wrath.

Augeias’ monstrous stable there was wrought
With cunning craft on that invincible targe;
And Hercules was turning through the same
The deep flow of Alpheius’ stream divine,
While wondering Nymphs looked down on every hand
θάμβευον ἄσπετον ἔργον. ἀπόπροθι δ’ ἐπλετο
ταύρος
πῦρπνος, δόν ἢ καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμαμάκετον περ ἐόντα
γνάμπτε βίη κρατεροῖο κεράτως: οἱ δὲ οἱ ἄμφω
ἀκάματοι μυάνες ἐρείδομένου τέταντο:
καὶ ρ’ ὅ μὲν ὡς μυκηθύμον ιείς πέλεν. ἀγχι δ’ ἀρ’
αὐτοῦ
ἀμφὶ σάκος πεπόνητο θεᾶν ἐπιειμένη εἶδος
’Ἱππολύτη: καὶ τὴν μὲν ὑπὸ κρατερῆς χέρους
δαιδάλεου ξώστήρου ἀμερσέμεναι μενεάινον
εἰλκε κάμης ἵππῳ κατ’ ὁκέος: αἱ δ’ ἀπάτερθεν
ἄλλαι ὑποτρομέεσκον Ἀμαζόνες. ἀμφὶ δὲ λυγραὶ 243
Θηρικίην ἀνὰ γαίαν ἔσαν Διομήδεος ἵπποι
ἀνδροβόροι: καὶ τὰς μὲν ἐπὶ στυγερῆς φάτνησιν
αὐτῷ σὺν βασιλῆι κακὰ φρονέοιτι δάιξεν.

Εἰν δὲ καὶ ἀκαμάτων δέμας πέλε Γηρυνῆς
τεθνάτος παρὰ βουσί: καρήατα δ’ ἐν κοινήσιν
αἰματόειτα κέγυντο βίη ῥοπάλοιο δαμέντα:
πρόσθε δὲ οἱ δέδμητο κύων ὀλοώτατος ἄλλων
’ Ὄρθρο, άνυμηρ ἐναλίγκιος ὃβριον ἁλκὴν
Κερβερον, δς ρά οἱ ἔσκεν ἄδελφεος: ἀμφὶ δ’ ἐκεῖτο
βουκόλος Εὐρυτίων μεμορυγμένος αἰματὶ πολλῷ. 255
’Αμφὶ δὲ χρύσεα μὴλα τετείχαξα μαρμαϊροῦτα
’Εσπερίδων ἀνὰ πρέμνου ἀκήρατον: ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρ’
αὐτῷ
σμερδαλέος δέδμητο δράκων” ταὶ δ’ ἄλλοθεν
ἄλλαι
πτώσουσαι θρασὺν υἱὰ Διὸς μεγάλου φέβουντο.

’Εν δ’ ἀρ’ ἐνι μέγα δεῖμα καὶ ἀθανατοῦσιν
ἰδέσθαι 260
Κερβεροσ, δν ρ’ ἀκαμαντι Τυφώει γείνατ’ Ἐχίδνα
ἀντρο ὑπ’ ὀκρυῶντι μελαίνης ἀγχόθι νυκτὸς
ἀργάλης: δ’ ἀρ’ ἦν ἄεικίλιον τι πέλωρον 1

1 Verse inserted by Zimmermann ex P.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Upon that mighty work. Elsewhere portrayed
Was the Fire-breathing Bull: the Hero's grip
On his strong horns wrenched round the massive
neck:
The straining muscles on his arms stood out:
The huge beast seemed to bellow. Next thereto
Wrought on the shield was one in beauty arrayed
As of a Goddess, even Hippolyta.
The hero by the hair was dragging her
From her swift steed, with fierce resolve to wrest
With his strong hands the Girdle Marvellous
From the Amazon Queen, while quailing shrank
away
The Maids of War. There in the Thracian land
Were Diomedes' grim man-eating steeds:
These at their gruesome mangers had he slain,
And dead they lay with their fiend-hearted lord.

There lay the bulk of giant Geryon
Dead mid his kine. His gory heads were cast
In dust, dashed down by that resistless club.
Before him slain lay that most murderous hound
Orthros, in furious might like Cerberus
His brother-hound: a herdman lay thereby,
Eurytion, all bedabbled with his blood.

There were the Golden Apples wrought, that

gleamed
In the Hesperides' garden undefiled:
All round the fearful Serpent's dead coils lay,
And shrank the Maids aghast from Zeus' bold son.

And there, a dread sight even for Gods to see,
Was Cerberus, whom the Loathly Worm had borne
To Typho in a craggy cavern's gloom
Close on the borders of Eternal Night,
A hideous monster, warden of the Gate
Of Hades, Home of Wailing, jailer-hound
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

άμφι ὀλοίησε πύλης πολυκλαύτου 'Αίδαο
εἰργον νεκρόν άμιλον ὕπ' ἡρόεντι βερέθρῳ
ῥέια δὲ μιν Δίὸς νίος ὕπ' πληγήσῃ δαμάσσας
ήγε καρηβαρέοντα παρὰ Στυγὸς αἰτὰ ῥέεθρα,
ἐλκὼν οὐκ ἐθέλουντα βίη πρὸς ἀήθεα χῶρον
θαρσαλέως. ἐτέτυκτο δ' ἀπόπροθεν ἄγκεαι μακρὰ
Καυκάσου· ἀμφὶ δ' ἔσεμα Προμηθέεος ἄλλῳ
ἀλλὰ
αὐτῆς σὺν πέτρησιν ἀναρρήξας ἀραρυίαις
λὺε μέγαν Τιτήνα· λυχνὸς δὲ οἱ ἀγχόθι κεῖτο
αιέτος ἀληγέοντι δέμας βεβλημένος ἢ.

Κενταύρων δ' ἐτέτυκτο πολυσθενέων μέγα
κάρτος
ἀμφὶ Φόλοιο μέλαθρων· ἔρις δ' ὀρόθυνε καὶ οἶνος
ἀντίον Ἡρακλῆι τεράστα κείνα μάχεσθαι·
καὶ ἕ οἱ μὲν πεύκησιν περὶ δωμάντες ἐκειντο,
τὰς ἕχον ἐν χείρεσι πάχης ἄκος· οὶ δ' ἔτει μακρῆς
δηρίῳντ' ἐλάτησι μεμαότες, οὔδ' ἀπέληγον
ὑσμίνης· πάντων δὲ καρῆτα δεύτερο λύθρῳ
θειομένων ἀνὰ δήρων ἀμείλυχοι, ὡς ἐτευν περ
οίνω δ' άλμα μέμικτο, συνηλιότο δὲ πάντα
εἴδατα καὶ κρητῆρες έξεστοί τε τράπεζαι.

Νέσσον δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθι παρὰ βόσιν Εὖγνοιο
κείνης ἐκπροφύγοντα μάχης ὑπεδάμαντ' ὀίστῳ
ἀμφ' ἐρατῆς ἀλόχοιχο χολούμενοι. ἐν δ' ἐτέτυκτο
ὁβρίαμον Ἀνταίοιο μέγα σθένος, ὃν ρα καὶ αὐτὸν
ἀμφὶ παλαιοσμοῦνς ἄμοτον περιδηρίωντα
ὑψὸν ἀιράμενος κρατερῆς συνέεξε χέρεσι.

Κεῖτο δ' ἐπὶ προσχόσιν εὔρροον Εὐληστὶον
ἀργαλέον μέγα κήτος ἀμειλάκτοισιν ὀίστοις
βλήμενον· Ἡσίονης δὲ κακοὺς ἀπελύσετο δεσμοῦς.
"Αλλα δ' ἄρ' 'Αλκείδαο θρασύφρονος ἄσπετα
ἐργά
ἀμφεκεν Εὐρυτύλοιο διοτρέφεοι σάκος εὐρύ.
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Of dead folk in the shadowy Gulf of Doom.
But lightly Zeus' son with his crashing blows
Tamed him, and haled him from the cataract flood
Of Styx, with heavy-drooping head, and dragged
The Dog sore loth to the strange upper air
All dauntlessly. And there, at the world's end,
Were Caucasus' long glens, where Hercules,
Rending Prometheus' chains, and hurling them
This way and that with fragments of the rock
Whereinto they were riveted, set free
The mighty Titan. Arrow-smitten lay
The Eagle of the Torment therebeside.

There stormed the wild rout of the Centaurs
round
The hall of Pholus: goaded on by Strife
And wine, with Hercules the monsters fought.
Amidst the pine-trunks stricken to death they lay
Still grasping those strange weapons in dead hands,
While some with stems long-shafted still fought on
In fury, and refrained not from the strife;
And all their heads, gashed in the pitiless fight,
Were drenched with gore—the whole scene seemed
to live—
With blood the wine was mingled: meats and bowls
And tables in one ruin shattered lay.

There by Evenus' torrent, in fierce wrath
For his sweet bride, he laid with the arrow low
Nessus in mid-flight. There withal was wrought
Antaeus' brawny strength, who challenged him
To wrestling-strife; he in those sinewy arms
Raised high above the earth, was crushed to death.

There where swift Hellespont meets the outer sea,
Lay the sea-monster slain by his ruthless shafts,
While from Hesione he rent her chains.

Of bold Alcides many a deed beside
Shone on the broad shield of Eurypylus.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

φαίνετο δ’ ίσος Ἀρης μετὰ στίχας άσσοντι·
Τρώες δ’ ἀμφιέποντες ἐγήθον, εὗτ’ ἐσίδουντο
τεύχεα τ’ ἦδε καὶ ἄνδρα θεών ἑπιειμένον εἴδοσ·
τὸν δὲ Πάρις ποτὶ δήμων ἐποτρύνων προσέειπε·
"χαίρω σείο κιόντος, ἐπεὶ νύ μοι ήτορ ἐολπεν
Ἀργείους μάλα πάντας οἰκρῶς ἀπολέσθαι
αὐτῆς σὺν νήσσιν, ἐπεὶ βροτὸν οὔποτε τοῖον
ἐδρακὼν εὖ Τρώεσσιν ἐπτολέμοισι τ’ Ἀχαιοῖς.
ἀλλὰ σὺ, πρὸς μεγάλου καὶ ὀβρίμου Ἡρακλῆς,
τῷ μέγεθός τε βίην τε καὶ ἀγλαὸν εἴδος ἑοικας,
κεῖνον μνωμένοις φρονέων τ’ ἀντάξια ἔργα
θαρσαλέως Τρώεσαι δαίξομένους ἐτάμνουν,
ην πως ἀμπνεύσωμεν· ἐπεὶ σέγε μοῦνον ὅτω
ἀστεος ὄλλυμένου κακάς ἀπὸ κῆρας ἀλέξαι.
"Η μέγ’ ἐποτρύνων· ὁ δὲ μιν προσεφώνει μύθω
"Πριαμίδη μεγάθυμε, δέμας μακάρεσσιν ἑοικός,
ταῦτα μὲν ἄθανάτων ἐπὶ γούνασιν ἐστηρίκται,
δὲ τε θάνη κατὰ δημίων ὑπέρβιον ἥ σαωῆ
ἡμεῖς δ’, ὥσπερ ἐοικε καὶ ὅσ σθένος ἐστὶ
μάχεσθαι,
στησόμεθα πρὸ πόλης· ἐπείτα δὲ καὶ τόδ’
ὁμοῦμαι,
μὴ πρὶν ὑποστρέψωμεν, πρὶν ἡ κτάμεν ἡ ἀπολέσθαι.
"Ὡς φάτο θαρσαλέως· Τρώες δ’ ἐπὶ μακρὰ
χάροντο.
καὶ τὸν Ἀλέξανδρόν τε καὶ Λινεῖαν ἐρίθυμον
Πουλυδάμαντα τ’ ἐὑμμελίνην καὶ Πάμμονα δίον
Δηφοβών τ’ ἐπὶ τοῖσι καὶ Αἰθικον, δὲ περὶ
πάντων
Παφλαγώνων ἐκέκαστο μάχῃ ἔνι τλῆναι ὄμλον,
τοὺς ἀμα λέξατο πάντας ἑπισταμένους πονέσθαι,
ὅππος δυσμενές ἐπὶ πρώτοισι μάχονται
ἐν πολέμῳ· μάλα δ’ ὥκα κιόν προπάροιθεν ὄμλον·
προφρονέως δ’ οἰμησαν ἀπ’ ἀστεος· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοῖ
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

He seemed the War-god, as from rank to rank
He sped; rejoiced the Trojans following him,
Seeing his arms, and him clothed with the might
Of Gods; and Paris hailed him to the fray:
"Glad am I for thy coming, for mine heart
Trusts that the Argives all shall wretchedly
Be with their ships destroyed; for such a man
Mid Greeks or Trojans never have I seen.
Now, by the strength and fury of Hercules—
To whom in stature, might, and goodlihead
Most like thou art—I pray thee, have in mind
Him, and resolve to match his deeds with thine.
Be the strong shield of Trojans hard-bestead:
Win us a breathing-space. Thou only, I trow,
From perishing Troy canst thrust the dark doom
back."

With kindling words he spake. That hero cried:
"Great-hearted Paris, like the Blessed Ones
In goodlihead, this lieth foreordained
On the Gods' knees, who in the fight shall fall,
And who outlive it. I, as honour bids,
And as my strength sufficeth, will not flinch
From Troy's defence. I swear to turn from fight
Never, except in victory or death."

Gallantly spake he: with exceeding joy
Rejoiced the Trojans. Champions then he chose,
Alexander and Aeneas fiery-souled,
Polydamas, Pammon, and Deiphobus,
And Aethicus, of Paphlagonian men
The staunchest man to stem the tide of war;
These chose he, cunning all in battle-toil,
To meet the foe in forefront of the fight.
Swiftly they strode before that warrior-throng,
Then from the city cheering charged. The host
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

πολλοῖ ἐπονθ', ὡς εἰ τε μελισσαίων κλυτὰ φύλα ἤγεμόνεσσιν ἐοίσι κατηρεφέοις σύμβλοιο
ἐκχύμεναι καναχηδῶν, ὅτ’ εἰαρος ἡμαρ ἑκταί
ὡς ἄρα τοῦσι ἐποντο βροτοὶ ποτὶ δήριν ἰοὺσι·
τῶν δ’ ἄρα νισσομένων πολὺς αἰθέρα δοῦνος
ἠκανεν
αὐτῶν ἢδ’ ὑππων· περὶ δ’ ἐβρεμεν ἀσπετα τεῦχη.
ὡς δ’ ὅποταν μεγάλοιο βιή ἀνέμων θοροῦσα
κυνήσῃ προθελμυνον ἄλοσ βυθὸν ἄτρυγετοι,
κύματα δ’ ὁκα κελανα ἀρὸς ἱόνας βοῶστα
φύκος ἀποπτύσωσιν ἐρευχομένῳ κλύδωνος,
ῄχη δ’ ἄτρυγετοις παρ’ αἰγαλοῦσιν ὅρῳς
ὡς τῶν ἐσσυμένων μέγ’ ὑπέβραχε γαία πελώρη.

'Αργείοι δ’ ἀπάνευθε πρὸ τεῖχεος ἐξεχέοντο
ἀμφ’ Ἀγαμέμνονα δίοιν αὐτὴ δ’ ἐπλετο λαῶν
ἀλλήλοις ἑπικεκλομένων, ὄλους πολέμουσι
ἀντίαν καὶ μὴ τι καταπτώσοντας ἐνιπτὴν
μίμνειν παρ’ νήσεσιν ἐπειγομένων μαχέσασθαι.1

Τρωσὶ δ’ ἀρ’ ἐσσυμένοισι συνήντεον, εὐτε βόες οἱ
πόρτιες ἐκ ξυλόχοιο ποτὶ σταθὸν ἐρχομένησιν
ἐκ νομοῦ εἰαρινοῦ κατ’ οὐρέος, ὅπποτ’ ἄρουραι
πυκνὸν τηλεθάοουσι, βρύει δ’ ἀλίς ἂνθεσι γαία,
πλήθει δ’ αὔτε κύπελλα βοῶν γλάγος ἢδ’ καὶ

μυκηθμὸς δ’ ἄρα πολὺς ὄρινται ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα
μισγομένων, γάνυται δὲ μετὰ σφίσι βουκόλος
ἀνήρ.

ὡς τῶν ἄλληλουσι μετασσυμένων ὀρυμαγδὸς
ἀφώρει δείνου γὰρ ἄστεου ἀμφοτέρωθεν.
σὺν δὲ μάχην ἐτάνυσαν ἀπείρων ἐν δὲ

Κυδοίμος
στρωφάτ’ ἐν μέσσοισι μετ’ ἠργαλέου Φόνωο.

1 Zimmermann, for ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ μάχεσθαι, with lacuna, of Koechly.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Followed them in their thousands, as when bees
Follow by bands their leaders from the hives,
With loud hum on a spring day pouring forth.
So to the fight the warriors followed these;
And, as they charged, the thunder-tramp of men
And steeds, and clang of armour, rang to heaven.
As when a rushing mighty wind stirs up
The barren sea-plain from its nethermost floor,
And darkling to the strand roll roaring waves
Belching sea-tangle from the bursting surf,
And wild sounds rise from beaches harvestless;
So, as they charged, the wide earth rang again.

Now from their rampart forth the Argives poured
Round godlike Agamemnon. Rang their shouts—
Cheering each other on to face the fight,
And not to cower beside the ships in dread
Of onset-shouts of battle-eager foes.
They met those charging hosts with hearts as light
As calves bear, when they leap to meet the kine
Down faring from hill-pastures in the spring
Unto the steading, when the fields are green
With corn-blades, when the earth is glad with
flowers,
And bowls are brimmed with milk of kine and ewes,
And multitudinous lowing far and near
Uprises as the mothers meet their young,
And in their midst the herdman joys; so great
Was the uproar that rose when met the fronts
Of battle: dread it rang on either hand.
Hard-strained was then the fight: incarnate Strife
Stalked through the midst, with Slaughter ghastly-faced.
Crashed bull-hide shields, and spears, and helmet-crests
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

σὺν δ’ ἐπεσον ῥυνοὶ τε καὶ ἔγχεα καὶ τρυφάλεαι πλησίον· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαλκὸς ἴσον πυρὸς μαρμάρεσκε·
φρίξε δ’ ἂρ’ ἐγχεύσις μάχη· περὶ δ’ αἵματι πάντῃ
deὔετο γαῖα μέλανα δαίζομένων ἥρων
ἵπτων τ’ ὁκυπόδων, οἳ θ’ ἀρμασιν ἀμφεκέχυντο,
οἵ μὲν ἔτ’ ἀσπαίροντες ὑπ’ ἄξοσιν, οἳ δ’ ἐφύπερθεν
πίπτοντες· στυγερὴ δὲ δι’ ἥρους ἔσαυτ’ αὐτῇ·
ἐν γὰρ δὴ χάλκεοις ἔρις πέσειν ἀμφοτέρους·
καὶ δ’ οἳ μὲν λάσσον ἀταρπηροὶ μάχοντο,1
οἳ δ’ αὐτ’ αἰγανέσιν νεκκευν ἦδε βέλεσιν,
ἄλλοι δ’ ἀξίνησι καὶ ἀμφιτόμοις πελέκεσιν
καὶ κρατεροῖς ἐξέεσι καὶ ἀγχεμάχοις δορά-
τεσιν,
ἄλλοις δ’ ἄλλο χέρεσι μάχης ἀλκτήριοι εἰχέ.

Πρῶτοι δ’ Ἀργεῖοι Τρωῶν ὄσαντο φάλαγγας
βαῖνον ἀπὸ σφείων· τοῖ δ’ ἐμπαῖλιν ὀρμήσαντες
αἵματι δεῦον· Ἀρης μετ’ Ἀργεῖοισι θορόντες·
Εὐρύπυλος δ’ ἐν τοῖσι μελαίνῃ λαίλαπι ἴσος
λαῦν ἐπόχετο πάντα καὶ Ἀργεῖοισ ἐναρίζε
θαρσάλεως· μάλα γὰρ οἳ ἀσσπετον ὄπασε κάρτος
ζευσ ἐπίηρα φέρων ἐρυκυδεῖ Ηρακλῆς.

ἐκθ’ ὅ γε καὶ Νιρῆς θεοῖς ἐναλλίκιοι ἄνδρα
μαρνάμενον Τρωέσσι βάλεν περιμήκει δουρὶ
βαῖνο ὑπὲρ πρότημησιν· ὁ δ’ ἐς πέδον ἠπίπε γαῖῆς·
ἐκ δε οἳ αἴμ’ ἐχύθη, δεύνασι δε οἳ κλύτα τεύχη,
δεύετο δ’ ἄγηλον εἶδος ἄμ’ εὐθαλέσσοι κόμης·
κεῖτο δ’ ἂρ’ ἐν κοῦνησι καὶ αἵματι σὺν κταμένοις,
ἔρνος ὁποι οἰς ἐρὶθηλῆς ἐλαίης εὐκεάτῳ,
ἡν τε βῆν ποταμὼν κατὰ ρόν ἡχήνεν
σὺν τ’ ὀχθῆς ἐλάσση δόθορον διὰ πάντα κεδάσσας
μίσθεν, ἡ δ’ ἄρα κεῖται ὑπ’ ἀνθεὶς βεβριβία
δ’ ῥήμος Νιρῆος ἐπὶ χθόνοις ἀσσπετον οὐδ’
ἐξεχύθη δέμας ἦτ’ καὶ ἀγναίη ἐρατευνή.

1 Zimmermann, for ἀταρπηρος ἐμάχοντο of ν.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Meeting: the brass flashed out like leaping flames.
Bristled the battle with the lances; earth
Ran red with blood, as slaughtered heroes fell
And horses, mid a tangle of shattered cars,
Some yet with spear-wounds gasping, while on them
Others were falling. Through the air upshrieked
An awful indistinguishable roar;
For on both hosts fell iron-heard Strife.
Here were men hurling cruel jagged stones,
There speeding arrows and new-whetted darts,
There with the axe or twibill hewing hard,
Slashing with swords, and thrusting out with spears:
Their mad hands clutched all manner of tools of
death.

At first the Argives bore the ranks of Troy —
Backward a little; but they rallied, charged,
Leapt on the foe, and drenched the field with blood.
Like a black hurricane rushed Eurypylus
Cheering his men on, hewing Argives down
Awelessly: measureless might was lent to him
By Zeus, for a grace to glorious Hercules.
Nireus, a man in beauty like the Gods,
His spear long-shafted stabbed beneath the ribs:
Down on the plain he fell, forth streamed the blood
Drenching his splendid arms, drenching the form
Glorious of mould, and his thick-clustering hair.
There mid the slain in dust and blood he lay,
Like a young lusty olive-sapling, which
A river rushing down in roaring flood,
Tearing its banks away, and cleaving wide
A chasm-channel, hath disrooted; low
It lieth heavy-blossomed; so lay then
The goodly form, the grace of loveliness
Of Nireus on earth's breast. But o'er the slain
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

τῷ δὲ ἄρ’ ἐπ’ Εὐρύπυλος μεγάλ’ εὐχετο δησωθέντι·
“κεῖσο νυν ἐν κοινήσιν, ἐπεῖ νῦ τοι εἶδος ἀγητόν
οὕτι ἅλαιομένῳ περ ἑπτήκεσθεν, ἀλλὰ σ’ ἔγωγε
νοσφισάμην βιότοιο λιλαιόμενόν περ ἀλύξαι·
σχέτλιος, οὐδ’ ἐνόσας ἀμείνονος ἄντιον ἐλθὼν
οὐ γὰρ κάρτει κάλλος ἀνά κλόνων ἵσοφαρίζει.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν κταμένου περικλυτὰ τεύχε’ ἐλέσθαι
μήδετ’ επεσσύμενος: τοῦ δ’ ἄντιος ἥλθε Μαχάων
χούμενος Νιρῆς, ὅ οἱ σχεδὸν αἰσαν ἀνέτλη.
δουρὶ δὲ μιν στονόεντι κατ’ εὔρεσι ἠλασεν ὡμον
δεξιεροῦ, σύτο δ’ αἴμα πολυθενέος περ ἑόντος·
ἀλλ’ οὐδ’ ὡς ἀπόροουσεν ἀταρτηροῦ κυδομοῦ,
ἀλλ’, ὥς τὸς τε λέων ἡ ἀγρὺς οὐρείς κάτρος
μαίνετ’ ἐνι μέσοσιν, ὅπως κ’ ἑπίνοια δαμάσῃ,
ὅς ρα μιν ὄμασε πρῶτοι ὑποθάμενοι δ’ ὀμίλου
τὰ φρονεὼν ἑπόρουσε Μαχανοῦ, καὶ ρα μιν ὁκα
ὀμάσεν ἐγχεῖη περιμῆκε τὲ στυβαρῆ τὲ
dequeereu κατὰ γλουτῶν’ ὁ δ’ οὐκ ἀνεχάζετ’
ὁπίσω,
οὐδ’ ἑπινοῦ ἀλέωυς, καὶ αἷματος ἐσσυμένοιο.
ἀλλ’ ἄρα καρπαλίμως περιμήκεα λᾶν ἄειρας
κἄβαλε κ’ ἀκ ἱεφαλῆς μεγαθύμου Τυλεφίδαο
τοῦ δὲ κόρυς στονόεντα φόνον καὶ πῆμ’ ἀπά-
λαλκεν
ἐσσυμένως: ὁ δ’ ἑπειτα κραταῖο χώσατο φωτὶ
Εὐρύπυλος μᾶλλον, μέγα δ’ ἄσχαλῶν εἰν θυμῷ
ὡς διὰ στέρνου Μαχάων ἠλασεν ἐγχώς.
αἰχμῆ δ’ αἰματὸσσα μετάφρευνν ἀχρὶς ἰκανεν
ἥριετ’ ὅς ὅτε ταύροι υπὸ γναθμοῖς λέοντος.
ἀμβ’ δέ οἱ μελέσσοι μέγ’ ἑβραξαν αἰόλα τεύχη.
Εὐρύπυλος δε ὁ αἰγα πολύστονον εἰρύσατ’ αἰχμῆ
ἐκ χροὸς οὐταμένου, καὶ εὐχόμενος μέγ’ ἀυτει.

1 Zimmermann, for ἐως of v.
2 Zimmermann, ex P.; for κῆρ’ of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Loud rang the taunting of Eurypylus:
"Lie there in dust! Thy beauty marvellous
Naught hath availed thee! I have plucked thee away
From life, to which thou wast so fain to cling.
Rash fool, who didst defy a mightier man
Unknowing! Beauty is no match for strength!"

He spake, and leapt upon the slain to strip
His goodly arms: but now against him came
Machaon wroth for Nireus, by his side
Doom-overtaken. With his spear he drave
At his right shoulder: strong albeit he was,
He touched him, and blood spurted from the gash.
Yet, ere he might leap back from grapple of death,
Even as a lion or fierce mountain-boar
Maddens mid thronging huntsmen, furious-fain
To rend the man whose hand first wounded him;
So fierce Eurypylus on Machaon rushed.
The long lance shot out swiftly, and pierced him through
On the right haunch; yet would he not give back,
Nor flinch from the onset, fast though flowed the blood.
In haste he snatched a huge stone from the ground,
And dashed it on the head of Telephus' son;
But his helm warded him from death or harm.
Then waxed Eurypylus more hotly wroth
With that strong warrior, and in fury of soul
Clear through Machaon's breast he drave his spear,
And through the midriff passed the gory point.
He fell, as falls beneath a lion's jaws
A bull, and round him clashed his glancing arms.
Swiftly Eurypylus plucked the lance of death
Out of the wound, and vaunting cried aloud:
"ἀ δείλ', οὔ νῦ τοι ἔτορ ἀρημάμενον φρεσὶ
πάμπαιν
ἐπλετ', δὲ οὐτιδανός περ ἔων μέγ' ἀμείνοι φωτὶ
ἀντα κίες: τῷ καὶ σε κακὴ λάχε δαιμονὸς Αἰσα.
ἀλλὰ σοι ἔσσετ' οὖνειρ, ἵτ' οὐσὸνει δαῖτεωναι
σάρκα τείνν κτιμένου κατὰ μόθουν· ἢ ἐτ' ἐκεῖτη
νοστήσειν καὶ ἐμέιο μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀλοίειν;
ἐσσ' μὲν ἤητρ', μάλα δ' ἥπια φάρμακα οἶδας,
τοῖς πίσσυνως τάχ' ἔσολπας ὑπεκνυγήειν κακών ἦμαρ.
ἀλλ' οὐ μᾶν οὔδ' αὐτὸς ἀπ' ἱνεμόεντος Ὀλύμπου
σεῖο πατήρ τεὸν ἔτ' ἐκ θανάτου σαώσει,
οὔδ' εἰ τοι νέκταρ τε καὶ ἀμβροσίην καταχεύην."

"Ὡς φάτον τὸν δ' ο γε βαιών ἀναπνείων προσέ-
ειπεν"

"Εὑρύτυλ', οὔδ' ἄρα σοι γε πολὺν χρόνων αἰσιμῶν
ἐστὶ
ζώειν, ἀλλ' σοι ἄγχι παρίσταται οὐλομένη Κήρ
Τρόιον δι' πεδίον, τῷ καὶ νῦν αἰσυλα βάζεις." 1

"Ὡς φάμενον λίπε θυμός· ἔβη δ' ἄφαρ Ἀἰδος
εἰσω.

τὸν δὲ καὶ οὐκέτ' ἐόντα προσηύδα κύδιμος ἄνήρ·
"νῦν μὲν δὴ σύγγε κείσο κατὰ χθονός· αὐτὰρ ἔγγοι

ὑστερον οὐκ ἄλεγω, εἰ καὶ παρὰ ποσσίν ὀλεθρόσ
σήμερον ἡμετέρουσι πέλει λυγρός· οὔτι γὰρ ἄνδρας
ζωομεν ἡματα πάντα· πότομος δ' ἐπὶ πάσι τέ-
τυκται."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν οὔταζε νέκυν· μέγα δ' οἰαχε Τεῦκρος, 435
ὡς ἰδεν ἐν κονίσι Μαχάονα· τοῦ γὰρ ἀπωθέν

εἰστήκει μάλα πάγχυν πονεύμηνες· ἐν γὰρ ἐκείτο

dήρις ἐνή μέσοισιν· ἐπ' ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλας ὀρφεί.
ἀλλ' οὔδ' ὄς ἀμελήσῃ δεδούποτος ἄνδρος ἄγανο

Νιρήσι θ', ὃς κείτο παραυτοθί· τὸν δ' ἐνόησεν

ὑστερον ἀντιθείοι Μαχάονος ἐν κονίσιν· 440

1 Zimmerman, for ἡείσεις of v.

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"Wretch, wisdom was not bound up in thine heart, 
That thou, a weakling, didst come forth to fight
A mightier. Therefore art thou in the toils 
Of Doom. Much profit shall be thine, when kites
Devour the flesh of thee in battle slain!
Ha, dost thou hope still to return, to 'scape
Mine hands? A leech art thou, and soothing salves
Thou knowest, and by these didst haply hope
To flee the evil day! Not thine own sire,
On the wind's wings descending from Olympus,
Should save thy life, not though between thy lips
He should pour nectar and ambrosia!"

Faint-breathing answered him the dying man:
"Eurypylus, thine own weird is to live
Not long: Fate is at point to meet thee here
On Troy's plain, and to still thine impious tongue."

So passed his spirit into Hades' halls.
Then to the dead man spake his conqueror:
"Now on the earth lie thou. What shall betide
Hereafter, care I not—yea, though this day
Death's doom stand by my feet: no man may live
For ever: each man's fate is foreordained."

Stabbing the corpse he spake. Then shouted loud
Teucer, at seeing Machaon in the dust.
Far thence he stood hard-toiling in the fight,
For on the centre sore the battle lay:
Foe after foe pressed on; yet not for this
Was Teucer heedless of the fallen brave,
Neither of Nireus lying hard thereby
Behind Machaon in the dust.' He saw,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

αἷςα δ’ ο’ Ἁργείωνασ ἐκέκλετο μακρὰ βοήσας·
“ἔσσυσθ’, Ἁργείω, μηθ’ εἰκετε δυσμενέσσων
ἐσσυμένοις; νῶν γὰρ ἀἄσπετον ἐσσετ’ ὅνειδος,
αἰ κε Μαχάονα δῖον ἀμ’ ἀντίθεω Νιρῆ
Τρῶες ἐρυσάμενοι ποτ’ Ἰλιον ἀπονέωται.
ἀλλ’ ἄγε δυσμενέσσοι μαχάμεθα πρὸφροι θυμῷ,
οὕρα δαικταμένους εἰρύσσομεν ἢ καὶ αὐτὸ
κεῖνος ἀμφιθάνωμεν, ἐπεὶ θέμως ἀνδρᾶσιν αὐτῇ
οίσιν ἀμυνόμεναι, μηθ’ ἀλλός κύρμα ἀπέσθαι.
οὐ γὰρ ἀνδρώτι γε μετ’ ἀνδράσι κύδος ἄξεις.”

“Ὡς ἄρ’ ἐφὴν: Δαναοῖς δ’ ἀχος γενεῖτ’ ἀμφὶ δ’
ἄρ’ αὐτοῖς
πολλοὶ γαῖαν ἔρευνον ὑπ’ Ἀρεὶ δησθέντες
μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθεν ἴση δ’ ἔπι δῆρις ὄρῳρει.
ἀνέ δ’ ἀδελφείοι φῶνον στονόειτα νόσησε
βλημένον ἐν κοινῇ Ποδαλέριος, οὖνεκα νηύοιν
ἵστο παρ’ ὡκυπόροις τετυμένα δοῦρασι φωτῶν
ἐλκε’ ἀκείμενοι. περὶ δ’ ἔνεα δύσατο πάντα
θυμὸν ἀδελφείοι φυλούμενοι. ἐν δὲ οἱ ἄλη
σφεδαλέων στέρνοισιν ἄξετο μαμώωντι
ἐς πόλεμον στονόειτα. μέλαι δὲ οἱ ἔξεν αἰμα
λάβρον ὑπὸ κραδήν τάχα δ’ ἐνθρε δυσμενέσσι
χερι βοήσιν ἀκοντα τανυγλώεινα τινάσσων
ἐλε δ’ ἄρ’ ἐσσυμένως Ἀγαμήστορος νιέα δίον
Κλείτον, δυ ὑκομος Νῦμφῃ τέκεν ἀμφὶ ἱεθροῖς
Παρθενίων, ὃς τ’ ἔλει διὰ χθόνους ἠτ’ ἐλαιον
πόντον ἐπ’ Ἐβξενων προχεὼν καλλήροον ὑδαρ.
ἀλλον δ’ ἀμφὶ κασυνήτῳ κτάνε δήμιον ἄνδρα
Λάσσων, δυ ἀντίθεος Προνύῃ τέκεν ἀμφὶ ἱεθροῖς
Νυμφαΐον ποταμοὶ μάλα σχεδόν εὑρέσι ἄντρον,
ἀντρον θητοῖο, τὸ δ’ φάτις ἐμμεναι αὐτῶν
ἰρὸν Νυμφάων, ὅποια περὶ μακρὰ νέμονται

1 Zimmermann, for δήμος μὴ κύρμα γενέσθαι, with lacuna, of Koechly.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

And with a great voice raised the rescue-cry:
"Charge, Argives! Flinch not from the charging foe!
For shame unspeakable shall cover us
If Trojan men hale back to Ilium
Noble Machaon and Nireus godlike-fair.
Come, with a good heart let us face the foe
To rescue these slain friends, or fall ourselves
Beside them. Duty bids that men defend
Friends, and to aliens leave them not a prey.
Not without sweat of toil is glory won!"

Then were the Danaans anguish-stung: the earth
All round them dyed they red with blood of slain,
As foe fought foe in even-balanced fight.
By this to Podaleirius tidings came — — —
How that in dust his brother lay, struck down —
By woeful death. Beside the ships he sat
Ministering to the hurts of men with spears
Stricken. In wrath for his brother's sake he rose,
He clad him in his armour; in his breast
Dread battle-prowess swelled. For conflict grim
He panted: boiled the mad blood round his heart.
He leapt amidst the foemen; his swift hands
Swung the snake-headed javelin up, and hurled,
And slew with its winged speed Agamemnon's son
Cleitus: a bright-haired Nymph had given him birth
Beside Parthenius, whose quiet stream
Fleets smooth as oil through green lands, till it pours
Its shining ripples to the Euxine sea.
Then by his warrior-brother laid he low
Lassus, whom Pronoë, fair as a goddess, bare
Beside Nymphaeus' stream, hard by a cave,
A wide and wondrous cave: sacred it is
Men say, unto the Nymphs, even all that haunt
οὐρεα Παφλαγόνων καὶ ὅσαι περὶ θωτον φασι 473
ναίουν Ἡράκλειαν ἐσοικε δὲ κείνο θεοὺς
ἀντρον, ἐπεὶ ῥα τέτυκη τὰ περὶ ἐκεῖ ήδέοισι
λαίνειν, ψυχρὸν δὲ δἰα σπέσις ἔχεται υδῷρ
κρυστάλλῳ ἀτάλαντον, ἐνὶ μυχάτοις δὲ πάντη
λαίνει κρητήρες ἐπὶ στυφελῆσιν πέτρησιν
αιξην ὁς χερὶς τετυμένοι ἱδάλλονται.
ἀμφὴ αὐτοῖς δὲ Πάνες ὁμώς Νύμφαι τ’ ἐρατεῖναι, 480
ἵστοι τ’ ἥλακάτα τέ, καὶ ἀλλ’ ὅσα τεχνητά
ἐργα πέλει τηπτοῖσι, τὰ καὶ περὶ θαῦμα βροτοῖσιν
ἐίδεται ἐργομένοισιν ἐσὼ ἱερὸς μυχοῖο.
τῷ ἔνι δοιάλ ἐνείσι καταβάσσαι τ’ ἀνοδοὶ τε,
ἡ μὲν πρὸς βορέα τετραμμένη ἡχήνευτος
πνοιᾶς, ἡ δὲ νότοι καταντίον υγρὸν ἄντος,
τῇ θυητοί νίσσονται ὑπὸ σπέος εὐρηθείση.
ἡ δ’ ἔτερη μακάρων πέλεται ὁδὸς, οὐδὲ μιν ἄνδρες
ῥηδίως πατέουσιν, ἐπεὶ χάος εὐρῆ τέτυκται
μέχρις ἐπ’ Ἀἰδόνης ὑπερβύμμου βέβηθον.
490 ἀλλ’ ἡ μὲν μακάρεσσι πέλει θέμις εἰσορᾶσσαίναι,
tῶν’ αὐτ’ ἀμφὶ Μακάον’ ἵδ’ Ἀγλαίθης κλυτὸν ὅτα
μαρμαρέαν ἔκατερθεν ἀπέφθιτο πουλύς ὀμλος;
ὁψὲ δὲ δὴ Δαναοί σφες εἰρυσάν ἀθλήσαντες
πολλὰ περ’ αἰγὸ δὲ νήα ἐπὶ σφετέρας ἐκόμισσαν 495
παύροι, ἐπεὶ πλεόνεσσι κακῆ περιπέςτατ’ ὀίξἰς
ἀργαλέου πολέμου πόνῳ δ’ ἐνέμμυνον ἀνάγκη.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ μάλα πολλοὶ ἐνεπλήσαντο κελαίνας
κήρας ἂν αἰματόεντα καὶ ἀλλυγόεντα κυδοίμον,
δὴ τὸτ’ ἄρ’ Ἀργείων πολέες φύγον ἐνδοθ' νήὰν, 500
ὁσσοὺς Ἐυρύπυλος μέγυ ἐποχέτο τοῖμα κυλίνδων.
παύροι δ’ ἀμφὶ Αἰάντα καὶ τρέσοις νεροὶ
κραταὶ μίμουν ἐν υψίμη’ καὶ δὴ τάχα πάντες ὀλοντὸ
dυσμενέων παλάμησι περίστρωφοντες ὀμίλω,

1 Zimmermann, for ἀμφὶ Μακάον διὸν, with lacuna, of Koechly.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

The long-ridged Paphlagonian hills, and all
That by full-clustered Heracleia dwell.
That cave is like the work of gods, of stone
In manner marvellous moulded: through it flows
Cold water crystal-clear: in niches round
Stand bowls of stone upon the rugged rock,
Seeming as they were wrought by carvers' hands.
Statues of Wood-gods stand around, fair Nymphs,
Looms, distaffs, all such things as mortal craft
Fashioneth. Wondrous seem they unto men
Which pass into that hallowed cave. It hath,
Up-leading and down-leading, doorways twain,
Facing, the one, the wild North's shrilling blasts,
And one the dank rain-burdened South. By this
Do mortals pass beneath the Nymphs' wide cave;
But that is the Immortals' path: no man
May tread it, for a chasm deep and wide
Down-reaching unto Hades, yawns between.
This track the Blest Gods may alone behold.
So died a host on either side that warred
Over Machaon and Aglaia's son.
But at the last through desperate wrestle of fight
The Danaans rescued them: yet few were they
Which bare them to the ships: by bitter stress
Of conflict were the more part compassed round,
And needs must still abide the battle's brunt.
But when full many had filled the measure up
Of fate, mid tumult, blood and agony,
Then to their ships did many Argives flee
Pressed by Euryypylus hard, an avalanche
Of havoc. Yet a few abode the strife
Round Aias and the Atreidae rallying;
And haply these had perished all, beset
By throngs on throngs of foes on every hand,
καὶ μὴ Ὀιλέος νῦς εὐφρονα Πουλυδύμαντα
ἐγχεὶ τύψε παρ’ ὅμοιν ἀριστερὸν ἀγχόθι μαξοῦ·
ἐκ δέ οἱ αἱ ἐχύθην· ὃ δ’ ἐχάσσατο τυθὸν ὀπίσσω.
Δηύφοβοι δ’ οὕτῃς περικλειός Μενέλαιος
δεξιερὸν παρὰ μαζὸν· ὃ δ’ ἐκφυγε ποσιν θοῦσιν.
ἐνθ’ Ἀγαμέμνον διὸς εὐήρατο πουλῆν ὄμιλον
πληθὺος ἐξ ὀλοῆς· μετὰ δ’ Ἀθικον φυτεῖ διὸν
θύουν ἐγχεῖσιν· ὃ δ’ εἰς ἐτάρους ἀλείειν.

Τοὺς δ’ ὁπότ’ Ἐυρύτπυλος λαοσσόος εἰσενόησε
χαζομένους ἀμα πάντας ἀπὸ στυγεροῖ κυδομοῦ,
ἀυτικά κάλλιπε λαόν, ὅσον κατὰ νῆας ἐλασσε,
καὶ ῥὰ θοῶς οἴμησεν ἐπ’ Ἀτρέδος νει κραταῖον
παῖδα τε καρτερόθυμον Ὀιλέος, δ’ περὶ μὲν θείῳν
ἔσκε θοῶς, περὶ δ’ αὐτε μάχῃ ἐν φέρτατος ἦν.
τοῖς ἐπὶ κραίπνον ὄροουσεν ἔχων περιμῆκετον ἐγχος:
σὺν δὲ οἱ ήλθε Πάρις τε καὶ Αἰνείας ἐρίθυμοι,
δ’ ῥα θοῶς Αἰαντα βάλεν περιμῆκει πέτρῃ
κάκ κόρυθα κρατερήν· ὃ δ’ ἀρ’ ἐν κοινῷς τανύ-
σθεῖς
ψυχὴν οὐ τι κάπυσσεν, ἐπεὶ νῦ οἱ αἰλιμοῦ ἤμαρ
ἐν νόστῳ ἐτέτυκτο Καρφρίσιν ἄμφι πέτρησιν
καὶ ῥα μὲν ἀρπάξαντες ἀρσῆφιλοι θεράποντες
βαίον ἐτ’ ἀμπυείοντα φέρον ποτὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
καὶ τότ’ ἄρ’ οἰωθησαν ἀγακλειότ’ βασιλῆς
Ἀτρείδαι· περὶ δὲ σφιν ὀλέθριος ἱσταθ’ ὄμιλος
βαλλόντων ἐκατερθην, ὦ τι σθένε χερσιν ἐλέσθαι·
οὶ μὲν γὰρ στούνδεα βέλη χέων, οἱ δ’ νο λάας,
ἄλλου δ’ αἰγανέας· τοι δ’ ἐν μέσοισιν ἐόντες
στροφῶντι, εὐτε σὺς μέσῳ ἔρκει ἰδέ λέοντες
ἡματι τῷ, ὃτ’ ἀνακτε ἀϊλάσσον’ ἀνθρώπους
ἀργαλείως τ’ εἰλέωσι κακὸν τεύχοντες ὀλέθρον
θηροῖν ὑπὸ κρατεροῖς, οἱ δ’ ἐρκεος ἐντὸς ἐόντες

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Had not Oileus' son stabbed with his spear
'Twixt shoulder and breast war-wise Polydamas;
Forth gushed the blood, and he recoiled a space.
Then Menelaus pierced Deiphobus
By the right breast, that with swift feet he fled.
And many of that slaughter-breathing throng
Were slain by Agamemnon: furiously
He rushed on godlike Aethicus with the spear;
But he shrank from the forefront back mid friends.

Now when Eurypylus the battle-stay
Marked how the ranks of Troy gave back from fight,
He turned him from the host that he had chased
Even to the ships, and rushed with eagle-swoop
On Atreus' strong sons and Oileus' seed
Stout-hearted, who was passing fleet of foot
And in fight peerless. Swiftly he charged on these
Grasping his spear long-shafted: at his side
Charged Paris, charged Aeneas stout of heart,
Who hurled a stone exceeding huge, that crashed
On Aias' helmet: dashed to the dust he was,
Yet gave not up the ghost, whose day of doom
Was fate-ordained amidst Caphaerus' rocks
On the home-voyage. Now his valiant men
Out of the foes' hands snatched him, bare him
thence,
Scarce drawing breath, to the Achaean ships.
And now the Atreid kings, the war-renowned,
Were left alone, and murder-breathing foes
Encompassed them, and hurled from every side
Whate'er their hands might find—the deadly shaft
Some showered, some the stone, the javelin some.
They in the midst aye turned this way and that,
As boars or lions compassed round with pales
On that day when kings gather to the sport
The people, and have penned the mighty beasts
Within the toils of death; but these, although

u 2
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δώσος δαρδάπτουσιν, ο τις σφίσιν ἐγγίς ἵκηται·
δις ο' γ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐπεσαμένους ἐδὰίζουν.
ἀλλ' οὖν' οί μένος εἶχον ἐελδόμενοι περ ἀλύξαι,
εἰ μὴ Τεῦκρος ἰκανε καὶ Ἰδομενεὺς ἐρίθυμος
Μηριώνης τε Θόας τε καὶ ἱσόθεος Ὀρασυμήδης,
ο' ρα πάρος φοβέοντο θρασὺ σθένος Εὐρυπύλοιο,
καὶ κε φύγων κατὰ νῆα ἀλευάμενοι βαρὺ πῆμα,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' Ἀτρείδης περιδείσαστε ἱκανο
ἀντὶν Εὐρυπύλοιο· μάχη δ' ἀιδηλος ἑτύχθη.

'Ενθα τότ' Ἀινείαο κατ' ὠσπίδος ἔγχος ἐρείσε
Τεῦκρος ἐμμελίης· τοῦ δ' οὐ χρώα καλὸν ἰαψεν·
ἤρκεσε γάρ οἱ πῆμα σάκος μέγα τετραβάιειον
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὃς δείσας ἀνεχάσαστο τυτθὼν ὀπίσσω.
Μηριώνης δ' ἑπώρουσεν ἀμύμον Λαοφότων
Παιονίδη, τὸν ἐγείνατ' ἐὐπλόκαμος Κλεομήδη
'Αξιοῦ ἀμφί ῥέθρα· κίεν δ' ο' γε Ἰλιον ἱρὴν
Τρωσίν ἀρηξέμεινα μετ' ἀμύμονος Ἀστεροπαῖον·
tὸν δ' ἄρα Μηριώνης νῦς' ἐγχεί ὀκριώντι
ἀιδοίων ἐφύπερθε· θωάς δ' οἱ εἰρυσεν αἴχμη
ἐγκατ' τοῦ δ' ἀκιστα ποτὶ ζῷον ἔσσυτο θυμός.

Ἀιαντος δ' ἄρ' ἑταῖρος Ὀἰλιάδαο δαῖφρων
'Αλκιμέδης ἐς οἰμῖον ἐυσθενέων βάλε Τρώων·
ἡκε δ' ἐπενξάμενος δηνῶν εἰς φύλοιν ἄινην
σφενδόνῃ ἀλγίνουτα λίθον· διὰ δ' ἐτρεσαν ἄνδρες
ῥοίζον ὀμῶς καὶ λᾶα περιδείσαντες ἱόντα.

tὸν δ' ὀληφ φέρε Μοῖρα ποτὶ θρασύν ἤνιοχή
Πάμμονος Ἰππασίδην· τὸν δ' ἴνια χερσίν ἐχοντα
πλήξε κατὰ κροτάφοιο· θωὰς δὲ μιν ἐκβαλε δίφρον
πρόσθεν ἐοί τροχοί· θοῦν δὲ οἱ ἄρμα πεσάντος
λυγρὸν ἐπισσώτροισι δέμας διελίσσετ' ὀπίσσω.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

With walls ringed round, yet tear with tusk and fang
What luckless thrall soever draweth near.
So these death-compassed heroes slew their foes
Ever as they pressed on. Yet had their might
Availed not for defence, for all their will,
Had Teucer and Idomeneus strong of heart
Come not to help, with Thoas, Meriones,
And godlike Thrasyomedes, they which shrank
Erewhile before Eurypylus—yea, had fled
Unto the ships to 'scape the crushing doom,
But that, in fear for Atreus' sons, they rallied
Against Eurypylus: deadly waxed the fight.

Then Teucer with a mighty spear-thrust smote
Aeneas' shield, yet wounded not his flesh,
For the great fourfold buckler warded him;
Yet feared he, and recoiled a little space.

Leapt Meriones upon Laophoön
The son of Paeon, born by Axius' flood
Of bright-haired Cleomedes. Unto Troy
With noble Asteropaeus had he come
To aid her folk: him Meriones' keen spear
Stabbed 'neath the navel, and the lance-head tore
His bowels forth; swift sped his soul away
Into the Shadow-land. Alcimedes,
The warrior-friend of Aias, Oileus' son,
Shot mid the press of Trojans; for he sped
With taunting shout a sharp stone from a sling
Into their battle's heart. They quailed in fear
Before the hum and onrush of the bolt.
Fate winged its flight to the bold charioteer
Of Pammon, Hippasus' son: his brow it smote
While yet he grasped the reins, and flung him
stunned
Down from the chariot-seat before the wheels.
The rushing war-wain whirled his wretched form
'Twixt tyres and heels of onward-leaping steeds;
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἐππων ἰεμένων θάνατος δὲ μὴν ἀϊνὸς ἐδάμνα ἐσσυμένως μάστυγα καὶ ἡμία νόσφι λυπόντα. Πάμμων δ᾽ ἔμπεσε πένθος ἀφαρ δὲ ἐθῆκεν ἀνάγκη ἀμφω καὶ βασιλῆα καὶ ἦμιοχείν θοῦν ἀρμα· καὶ νῦ κεν αὐτοῦ κήρα καὶ ύστατον ἡμα ἀνέτλη, 570 εἰ μὴ οἱ Τρώων τις ἀνὰ κλόνου αἰματόεντα ἡμία δέξατο χερσί καὶ ἐξεσάωσεν ἀνακτὰ ἕδη τειρόμενον δήλων ὀλοήσι χέρεσιν.

Ἀντίθεου δ᾽ Ἀκάμαντα καταντίον ἀισσοντα Ἕστορος ὅμμος υιὸς ὑπὲρ ἑφον δούματε τύψεν 575 ἐλκεί δ᾽ οὐλομένῳ στυγερᾶς ὑπεδύσατ' ἀνίας· χάσατο δ᾽ ἐκ πολέμου· λίπεν δ᾽ ἔταροισι κυ- δομοῦν
dακρυόεντ᾽· οὐ γὰρ οἱ ἐτὶ πτολέμιοι μεμήλει. καὶ τότε δὴ θεράπων ἐρικυδέος Εὐρυπύλου τύψε Θόαντος ἐταίρον Ἐχέμμονα δηιοτῆτι 580 ἀμιοῦ τυθὸν ἐνερῆθε· περὶ κραδίην δὲ οἱ ἐγχος ἠξεν ἀνιεροῦ· σὺν δ᾽ αἱματὶ κήμεν ἰδρώς ψυχρὸς ἀπὸ μελέων· καὶ μὲν στρεφθέντα φέρεσθαι εἰσοπίσο κατεμάρψε μέγα σθάνος Εὐρυπύλου· κόψε δὲ οὶ θοὰ νεῦρα· πόδες δ᾽ ἀεκοντε ξεμεύον 585 αὐτοῦ, ὅπτα μὲν τύψε· λίπεν δὲ μὴν ἀμβρωτος αἰῶν. ἐσυμένως δὲ Θόας νύξεν Πάριν ὄξει δουρὶ
dεξετορὸν κατὰ μηρῶν· ὅ δ᾽ ὀχετο τυθὸν ὑπίσσων οἰσομένος θοὰ τόξα, τὰ οἱ μετοπίσθη λέειπτο.

Ἑδομενεύς δ᾽ ἄρα λᾶν, ὅσον σθένε, χερσὶν ἀείρας 590 κάββαλεν Εὐρυπύλου βραχίονα· τοῦ δὲ χαμάζε κάππεσε λογγιὸν ἐγχος· ἀφαρ δ᾽ ἀνεχάσσατ ὑπίσσω
οἰσέμεν ἐγχείην· τῆν γὰρ τ᾽ ἔχειν ἐκβαλε χειρός. Ἀτρείδαι δ᾽ ἄρα τυθὸν ἀνέπνευσαν πολέμιοι. τῷ δὲ θοῶς θεράποντες ἔβαν σχεδὸν, οἱ οί ἐνεγκαν 595
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

And awful death in that hour swallowed him
When whip and reins had flown from his nerveless hands.
Then grief thrilled Pammon: hard necessity
Made him both chariot-lord and charioteer.
Now to his doom and death-day had he bowed,
Had not a Trojan through that gory strife
Leapt, grasped the reins, and saved the prince, when now
His strength failed 'neath the murderous hands of foes.

As godlike Acamas charged, the stalwart son
Of Nestor thrust the spear above his knee,
And with that wound sore anguish came on him:
Back from the fight he drew; the deadly strife
He left unto his comrades: quenched was now
His battle-lust. Eurypylus' henchman smote
Echemmon, Thoas' friend, amidst the fray
Beneath the shoulder: nigh his heart the spear
Passed bitter-biting: o'er his limbs brake out
Mingled with blood cold sweat of agony.
He turned to flee; Eurypylus' giant might
Chased, caught him, shearing his heel-tendons through:

There, where the blow fell, his reluctant feet
Stayed, and the spirit left his mortal frame.
Thoas pricked Paris with quick-thrusting spear
On the right thigh: backward a space he ran
For his death-speeding bow, which had been left
To rearward of the fight. Idomeneus
Upheaved a stone, huge as his hands could swing,
And dashed it on Eurypylus' arm: to earth
Fell his death-dealing spear. Backward he stepped
To grasp another, since from out his hand
The first was smitten. So had Atreus' sons
A moment's breathing-space from stress of war.
But swiftly drew Eurypylus' henchmen near

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QUINTUS SYMRNAEUS

ἀγγές δόρυ μακρόν, ὅ πολλῶν γούνατ' ἐλυσε·
δεξάμενος δ' ὁ γε λαδν ἐπόχετο κάρτει θύων,
κτείνων ὅν κε κάχρησι, πολὺν δ' ὑπεδάμναθ' ὁμιλον.
'Ενθ' οὔτ' Ἀτρείδαι μένον ἐμπεδοῦν οὔτε τις ἄλλος
ἀγχεμάχων Δαναών μάλα γαρ δέος ἔλλαβε
πάντας
ἀργαλέων πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπέσυντο πήμα κορύσσων
Εὐρύπυλος· μετόπισθε δ' ἐπιστόμενος κεραίζε.
κέκλετο δ' αὖ Τρόώεσσιν ἵδ' ἱπποδάμοις ἐτάρουσιν·
"ὅ φίλοι, εἰ δ' ἄγε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στέρνοις λα-
βόντες
teύξωμεν Δαιαοίσι φόνον καὶ κήρ' αἴδηλον,
קיש γών μήλαισιν εοικότες ἀποινόται
ήσας ἐτὶ σφετέρας· ἀλλὰ μησόῳμεθα πάντες
ὑσμίνης ὠλοίς, ἃς παιδόθεν ἱδμονές εἰμεν."
"Ὡς φάτο· τοι δ' ἐπόροσαν ἀσκλέες Ἀργείοισιν·
oi δὲ μέγα τρομεόντες ἀπ' ἀργαλέοι κυδοιμοῦ
φεύγον· τοι δ' ἐφέποντο κύνες ὡς ἀργιόδοντες
κεμμάσιν ἀγροτέρῃσιν ἀν' ἀγκεα μακρα καὶ ὕλην.
πολλοὺς δ' ἐν κονίσι βάλον μάλα περ μεμαωτὰς
ἐκφυγόειν ὀλούοι φόνον στονόζσαν ῥοκλην.
Εὐρύπυλος μὲν ἐπεφυεν ἀμύμωνα Βουκολίσσων
Νῆσον τε Χρόμων τε καὶ Ἀντίφων· οἱ δὲ Μυ-
κήνην
φίλοι εὐκτέανον, τοι δ' ἐν Δακεδαίμονι ναιὸν·
tous ἄρ' ὃ γ' ἐξενάριξεν ἀργινώτως περ ἐόντας.
ἐκ δ' ἄρα πλῆθος εἶλεν ἀᾶσπετα φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων
ὅσα μοι ὅ θένος ἔστι λιλαιμένως περ ἄεισαι,
οὐδ' εἰ μοι στέρνοις σιδήρεον Ἰτορ ἐνείη.
Αἰνείας δὲ Φέρητα καὶ Ἀντίμαχου κατέπεφεν
ἀμφοτέρους Κρήτηθεν ἃμ' Ἰδομήνης κίοντας·
αὐτὰρ Ἀγήμωρ δίος ἀμύμωνα Μάδλου ἐπεφυεν,
ὅς περ ἀπ' Ἀργεύος ἦλθεν ὑπὸ Σμενέλαρ βασιλῆς·
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Bearing a stubborn-shafted lance, wherewith
He brake the strength of many. In stormy might
Then charged he on the foe: whomso he met
He slew, and spread wide havoc through their ranks.

Now neither Atreus' sons might steadfast stand,
Nor any valiant Danaan beside,
For ruinous panic suddenly gripped the hearts
Of all; for on them all Eurypylus rushed
Flashing death in their faces, chased them, slew,
Cried to the Trojans and to his chariot-lords:
"Friends, be of good heart! To these Danaans
Let us deal slaughter and doom's darkness now!
Lo, how like scared sheep back to the ships they flee!
Forget not your death-dealing battle-lore,
O ye that from your youth are men of war!"

Then charged they on the Argives as one man;
And these in utter panic turned and fled
The bitter battle, those hard after them
Followed, as white-fanged hounds hold deer in chase
Up the long forest-glens. Full many in dust
They dashed down, howsoever they longed to escape.
The slaughter grim and great of that wild fray.
Eurypylus hath slain Bucolion,
Nesus, and Chromion and Antiphus;
Twain in Mycenae dwelt, a goodly land;
In Lacedaemon twain. Men of renown
Albeit they were, he slew them. Then he smote
A host unnumbered of the common throng.
My strength should not suffice to sing their fate,
How fain soever, though within my breast
Were iron lungs. Aeneas slew withal
Antimachus and Pheres, twain which left
Crete with Idomeneus. Agenor smote
Molus the princely,—with king Sthenelus
He came from Argos,—hurled from far behind
τὸν βάλεν αἰγανέθ νεοθηγεῖ πολλὰν ὁπίσσω
φεύγοντ' ἐκ πολέμου πτυχῶν ὑπὸ νείατα κνήμης
δεξιτερῆς: αἰχμή δὲ διὰ πλατὺ νεῦρον ἐκεραυ
ἀντικρυς ιεμένη: παρὰ δ' ἔθρευεν οὐστέα φωτὸς
ἀργαλέως: ὄδυνὴ δὲ μίγη μόρος, ἐφθιτο δ' ἄνηρ.
ἔνθα Πάρις Μόσυνον τ' ἐβαλεν καὶ ἀγήνορα
Φόρκυν.
ἀμφω ἀδελφεῖοις, οί τ' ἐκ Σαλαμῖνος ἰκουτο
Ἀλαυτος νήσσι, καὶ οὐκέτι νόστον ἰδοντο.
τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ Κλέολανθ εὑν θεράποντα Μέγητος
eἰλε βαλὼν κατὰ μαξὸν ἀριστέρον: ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν νῦς
μάρψε κακῆ, καὶ θυμὸς ἀπεπτατο: τοῦ δὲ δαμέντος
ἐνδον ὑπὸ στέρνοισιν ἐτὶ κραδὴ ἀλεγεινὴ
tαρφέα παλλομένη πτερόεν πελέμιξε βέλεμνων.
ἄλλον δ' ἰὸν ἀφήκεν ἐπὶ θαυμών 'Ἡτίωνα
ἐσσυμένως: τοῦ δ' αἰγα διὰ γναθμοῦ πέρησε.
χαλκὸς: οδ' ἐστονάχησε: μόγη δὲ οἱ αἴματι δάκρυ.
ἄλλος δ' ἄλλον ἐπεφυε: πολὺς δ' ἐστείνετο χῶρος.
'Ἀργεῖων ἱληδὸν ἐπὶ ἀλλήλοις πεσόντων.
Καὶ νῦ κε δὴ τότε Τρώαις ἐνέπτρησαν πυρὶ νῆας,
εἰ μὴ νῦς ἐπόρουσε βαθύσκιον ἥρ' ἄγουσα.
χάσσατο δ' 'Εὐρύπυλος, σὺν δ' ἄλλοι Τρώοι νῖς
νηών βαϊῶν ἀπωθε ποτὶ προχώδας Σιμώνητος
χί' περ αὖλις ἐθέντο γεγηθῆτε. οἰ δ' ἐνὶ νηών
Ἀργεῖων γοῦδασκον ἐπὶ ψαμάθουσι πεσόντες
πολλὰ μὰ χρυσόν κταμένων ὑπέρ, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' 650
αὐτῶν
πολλοὺς ἐν κονίησι μέλας ἐκιχῆσατο πότμος.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

A dart new-whetted, as he fled from fight,
Piercing his right leg, and the eager shaft
Cut sheer through the broad sinew, shattering
The bones with anguished pain: and so his doom
Met him, to die a death of agony.
Then Paris’ arrows laid proud Phorcys low,
And Mosynus, brethren both, from Salamis
Who came in Aias’ ships, and nevermore
Saw the home-land.  Cleolaus smote he next,
Meges’ stout henchman; for the arrow struck
His left breast: deadly night enwrapped him round,
And his soul fleeted forth: his fainting heart
Still in his breast fluttering convulsively
Made the winged arrow shiver.  Yet again
Did Paris shoot at bold Ætione.
Through his jaw leapt the sudden-flashing brass:
He groaned, and with his blood were mingled tears.
So ever man slew man, till all the space
Was heaped with Argives each on other cast.
Now had the Trojans burnt with fire the ships,
Had not trailing heavy-folded mist,
Uprisen.  So Eurypylus drew back,
And Troy’s sons with him, from the ships aloof
A little space, by Simois’ outfall; there
Camped they exultant.  But amidst the ships
Flung down upon the sands the Argives wailed
Heart-anguished for the slain, so many of whom
Dark fate had overtaken and laid in dust.
ΔΟΓΟΣ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΣ

'Ἡμος δ' οὖρανυ ἄστρα κατέκρυφεν, ἐγρετο δ' Ἡώς λαμπρον παμφανώσα, κνέφας δ' ἀνεχάσσατο νυκτός,

δη τὸτ' ἄρημοι υλες ἐὕσθενεν 'Αργείων,

οι μὲν ἔβαν προπάροιδε νεῶν κρατερὴν ἐπὶ δήρεν

ἀντίον Ἐὔρυπύλιοι μεμαστές, οι δ' ἀπάτερθεν αὐτοῦ πάρ νήσσι Μαχάονα ταρχύσαντο

Νιρεάθ'. δς μακάρεσσιν ἀειγενέσσιν ἐφκει

κάλλετ τ' ἄγλαίῃ τε' βίη δ' οὐκ ἀλκιμὸς ἦν.

οὐ γὰρ ἵμ' ἀνθρώποις θεόν τελέουσιν ἀπαντα.

ἀλλ' ἔσθλῳ κακόν ἀγχύ παρίσταται ἐκ τινος αἰσθη.

δς Νιρῆ άνακτὶ παρ' ἄγλαίῃ ἔρατειν

κεῖτ' ἀλαπαδοσύνῃ. Δαναι δὲ οι οὐκ ἀμέλησαν,

ἀλλ' ἐ ταρχύσαντο καὶ ἀδύραντ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,

ὅσα Μαχάονα δίον, ἤν ἀθανάτους θεοίσιν

Ἰσαν ἄεὶ πίεσκον, ἔπει τυκνὰ μὴδεα ὅδη

αἶγα δ' ἄρ' ἀμφοτέρως αὐτοῦ περὶ σῆμα βάλοντο.

Καὶ τὸτ' ἄρ' ἐν πεδίῳ ἐτι μαίνετο λοίγος 'Αρης: ὡρτο δ' ἄρ' ἀμφοτέρωθε μέγας κόναβος καὶ ἀυτὴ

ῥηγνυμένων λάεσσι καὶ ἐγχείσι βοεῖων καὶ ῞οι ὀι μὲν πονέοντο πολυκμήτῳ ὑπ' 'Αρης

νωλεμέως δ' ἄρ' ἀπαστος ἐδητύς ἐν κοίνῃ

κεῖτο μέγα στενάχων Ποδαλείριος: οὐδ' ὃ γε σῆμα

λείπε κασιγνήτου: νόος δε οἱ ὀρμαίνεσκε.
BOOK VII

How the Son of Achilles was brought to the War from the Isle of Scyros.

When heaven hid his stars, and Dawn awoke
Outspraying splendour, and night's darkness fled,
Then undismayed the Argives' warrior-sons
Marched forth without the ships to meet in fight
Eurypylus, save those that tarried still
To render to Machaon midst the ships
Death-dues, with Nireus—Nireus, who in grace
And goodlihead was like the Deathless Ones,
Yet was not strong in bodily might: the Gods
Grant not perfection in all things to men;
But evil still is blended with the good
By some strange fate: to Nireus' winsome grace
Was linked a weakling's prowess. Yet the Greeks
Slighted him not, but gave him all death-dues,
And mourned above his grave with no less grief
Than for Machaon, whom they honoured aye,
For his deep wisdom, as the immortal Gods.
One mound they swiftly heaped above these twain.

Then in the plain once more did murderous war
Madden: the multitudinous clash and cry
Rose, as the shields were shattered with huge stones,
Were pierced with lances. So they toiled in fight;
But all this while lay Podaleirius
Fasting in dust and groaning, leaving not
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

χερσίν ὑπὸ σφετέρησιν ἀνήλεγέως ἀπολέσθαι. καὶ ὅτε μὲν βάλε χεῖρας ἐπὶ ξίφος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτὲ
dίζετο φάρμακον αἰνόν· ἐοὶ δὲ μὲν εἰργον ἑταῖροι πολλὰ παρηγορέουσι· ὦ δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγεν ἀνίης.
καὶ νῦ κε θυμὸν ἔχειν ὑπαί παλάμησιν ὀλεσσεν ἔσθλοῦ ἀδελφείου νεοκμήτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ.
ei μὴ Νηλέως νίος ἐπεκλυν, οὔδ' ἀμέλησεν
αινὸς τειρομένοιο κλίχεν δὲ μὲν ἄλλοτε μὲν που
ἐκχύμενον περὶ σήμα πολύστονον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτὲ
ἀμφι κάρης χεύντα κόνιν καὶ στήθεα χερσὶ
θεινόμενον κρατερήσι καὶ οὐνόμα κικλήσκοντα
οὐ κασιγνήτου· περιστενάχοντο δ' ἀνακτα
dμῶς ὄμως ἕταροις· κακὴ δ' ἔχε πάντας ὄδγυς.
καὶ ὅγε μειλιχίους μεγ' ἀχνύμενον προσέειπεν·
"Ἰάσχεο λευγαλέου γόου καὶ πένθεος αἰνοῦ,
ὡ τέκοι· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε περὶφρονα φῶτα γεγώτα
μύρεσθ' οἷα γυναῖκα παρ' οὐκέτ', ἑόντι πεσόντα·
οὐ γὰρ ἀναστήσεις μαν ἐτ' ἐς φώς, οὐνεκ' ἀιστός
ψυχ' οἱ πεπόνηται ἐς ἥρα, σῶμα δ' ἄνευθεν
πῦρ ὅλον κατέδαψε καὶ ὠστεα δέξατο γαία:
αὐτῶς δ', ὡς ἀνέθηλε, καὶ ἐφίντο. τέτλαθι δ' ἄλγος
ἀσπετον, ὥσ περ ἐγὼνγε Μαχάονος οὔτι χερεῖω
πάτῳ ὀλέσας ἰδείσου ὑπ' ἀνδράσιν εὖ μὲν ἄκουτι
εὖ δ' σαμφρασύνης κεκασμένου. οὐδὲ τις ἄλλος
αἰζήνων φιλέσεκεν ἐὼν πατέρ' ὡς ἐμὲ κείνος,
κάτανε δ' εἰνεκ' ἐμείο σαμφρεμεναι μενεαίνων
δν πατέρ'. ἀλλὰ οἱ εἴθαρ ἀποκταμένῳ πᾶσασθαι
σῖτον ἔτλην καὶ ξώσως ἔτ' Ἡριγένειαι ἰδέσθαι,
εὐ εἰδὼς, ὅτι πάντες ὀμὴν Ἀἴδαο κέλευθον
νυσσόμεθ' ἀνθρωποί, πάσιν τ' ἐπὶ τέρµατα κεῖται
λυγρὰ μόρον στονόντος. ἐοικε δὲ θνητὸν ἐόντα
πάντα φέρειν, ὀπὸ' ἐσθλὰ διδοὶ θεῶς ἦδ' ἀλεγεινά·"
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

His brother's tomb; and oft his heart was moved
With his own hands to slay himself. And now
He clutched his sword, and now amidst his herbs
Sought for a deadly drug; and still his friends
Essayed to stay his hand and comfort him
With many pleadings. But he would not cease
From grieving: yea, his hands had spilt his life
There on his noble brother's new-made tomb,
But Nestor heard thereof, and sorrowed sore
In his affliction, and he came on him
As now he flung him on that woeful grave,
And now was casting dust upon his head,
Beating his breast, and on his brother's name
Crying, while thralls and comrades round their lord
Groaned, and affliction held them one and all.
Then gently spake he to that stricken one:
"Refrain from bitter moan and deadly grief,
My son. It is not for a wise man's honour
To wail, as doth a woman, o'er the fallen.
Thou shalt not bring him up to light again
Whose soul hath fleeted vanishing into air,
Whose body fire hath ravined up, whose bones
Earth has received. His end was worthy his life.
Endure thy sore grief, even as I endured,
Who lost a son, slain by the hands of foes,
A son not worse than thy Machaon, good
With spears in battle, good in counsel. None
Of all the youths so loved his sire as he
Loved me. He died for me—yea, died to save
His father. Yet, when he was slain, did I
Endure to taste food, and to see the light,
Well knowing that all men must tread one path
Hades-ward, and before all lies one goal,
Death's mournful goal. A mortal man must bear
All joys, all griefs, that God vouchsafes to send."

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

"Ως φάθ" ὁ δ' ἀχνύμενός μιν ἀμείβετο· τοῦ δ' ἀλυγεινὸν ἔφεβον εἰσέτει δάκρυ καὶ ἄγιαλα δεῦε γένεια.

"ἃ πάτερ, ἀσχετον ἄλγος ἐμὸν καταδάμναται ἤτορ ἀμφί κασιγνήτου περίφρονος, ὃς μ' ἀτίταλλεν οἴχομένου τοκῆς ἐς οὐρανὸν ὡς ἔδω ὡς σφήσιν ἐν ἀγκοίνησὶ καὶ ἤτηρια νοῦσων ἐκ θυμοῦ δίδαξε· μὴ δ' ἔνι δαίτι καὶ εὔνη τερπόμεθα ἐξυνόσιν ιανύμενοι κτεάτεσσι· τὸ μοι πένθος ἀλαστὸν ἐποίχεται· οὐδ' ἦτι κείνου τεθνατὸς φάος ἐσθλὸν ἐξεδόμαι εἰσοράσθαι." 65

"Ως φάτο· τὸν δ' ὃ γεραιὸς ἀκηχέμενον προσέειπε· "πάσι μὲν ἀνθρώποισι σοιν κακὸν ὡπάσε δαίμων ὀρφανίην, πάντας δὲ καὶ ἡμέας αἰα καλύψει, οὐ μὲν ἄρ' ἐκτελέσαντας ὁμὴν βιότοιο κέλευθον, οὐδ' οἶνη τις ἔκαστος ἐελδεται, οὐνεχ' ύπερθεν ἐσθλά τε καὶ τὰ χέρεια θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται μυρία, εἰς ἐν πάντα μεμυγμένα· καὶ τὰ μὲν οὕτως δέρκεται ἀθανάτων, ἄλλη ἀπροτίπτα τετυκται ἀχλυί θεσπεσθ' κεκαλυμμένα· τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ χείρασ οἰη Μοῖρα τίθησι καὶ οὐχ ὀρόσω' ἀπ' Οὐλύμπον ἐς γαίαν προῆσι· τὰ δ' ἄλλοις ἄλλα φέρουνται πνοίης ὡς ἄνέμου· καὶ ἄνερ πολλάκις ἐσθλῶ ἀμφεχύθη μέγα πήμα, λυγρό δ' ἐπικάππεσεν ἀλβος οὐκ εἰκός. 1 ἁλαῖσ δὲ πέλει βίος ἀνθρώποιο· 2 τοὺνεκ' ἄρ' ἀσφαλέως οὐ νύσσεται, ἄλλα πόδεσσιν συκνα ποτίππαει· τρέπεται δὲ οἱ αἴόλος οἴμος 3 ἄλλοτε μὲν ποτὶ πήμα πολύστονον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτὲ εἰς ἅγαθόν· μερόπων δὲ πανόλβιος οὕτως ἐτύχιθ' ἐσ τέλος εξ ἁρχῆς· ἐτέρω δ' ἐτερ' ἀντιώσι.

1, 2 Zimmermann, for οὕτωs ἀνθρώπωσι of ν. 3 Zimmermann, for αἴόλως εἴδος of ν.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Made answer that heart-stricken one, while still
Wet were his cheeks with ever-flowing tears:
"Father, mine heart is bowed 'neath crushing grief
For a brother passing wise, who fostered me
Even as a son. When to the heavens had passed
Our father, in his arms he cradled me:
Gladly he taught me all his healing lore;
We shared one table; in one bed we lay:
We had all things in common—these, and love.
My grief cannot forget, nor I desire,
Now he is dead, to see the light of life."

Then spake the old man to that stricken one:
"To all men Fate assigns one same sad lot,
Bereavement: earth shall cover all alike,
Albeit we tread not the same path of life,
And none the path he chooseth; for on high
Good things and bad lie on the knees of Gods
Unnumbered, indistinguishably blent.
These no Immortal seëth; they are veiled
In mystic cloud-folds. Only Fate puts forth
Her hands thereto, nor looks at what she takes,
But casts them from Olympus down to earth.
This way and that they are wafted, as it were
By gusts of wind. "The good man oft is whelmed
In suffering: wealth undeserved is heaped
On the vile person. Blind is each man's life;
Therefore he never walketh surely; oft
He stumbleth: ever devious is his path,
Now sloping down to sorrow, mounting now
To bliss. All-happy is no living man
From the beginning to the end, but still
The good and evil clash. Our life is short;
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

παύρον δὲ ξώοντάς ἐν ἀλγεσίν οὖτι ἐοικε 85
ξώεμεν. ἐλπεο δ' αἰεὶν ἀρείονα, μηδ' ἐπὶ λυγρῷ
θυμὸν ἔχειν· καὶ γάρ ρα πέλει φάτις ἀνθρώποισιν
ἐσθλῶν μὲν νῖσσεσθαί ἐσ ὦρανον ἄφθιτον αἰεὶ
ψυχάς, ἀργαλέων δὲ ποτὶ ξόφον· ἐπίλετο δ' ἁμφὸς
σείο κασυγνήτῳ· καὶ μείλιχος ἐσκε βροτώσις,
καὶ πάισ ἀθανάτου· θεῶν δ' ἐς φύλων ὦτω
κείνον ἀνελθήμεναι σφετέρου πατρός ἐννεσήσιςν." 90

"Ὡς εἰπών μιν ἐγειρεῖν ἀπὸ χθονοῦς οὐκ ἐθέλοντα
παρφάμενος μύθοισιν, ἄγεν δ' ἀπὸ σήματος αἰνοῦ
ἐντροπαλιζόμενον καὶ ἐτ' ἀργαλέα στενάχοντα·
ἐς δ' ἀρὰ νῆσας ἱκοντο· πόνον δ' ἔχον ἄλλοι Ἀχαϊοι
ἀργαλέον καὶ Τρώες ὀρνυμένου πολέμου.

Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἀτάλαντος ἀτειρέα θυμὸν Ἄρη
χερσῶν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτησι καὶ ἐγχεῖ μαμώωντι
δάμνατο δὴ ἔδρα· νεκρῶν δ' ἐστείλετο γαϊά
κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθεν. ὃ δ' ἐν νεκὼσι βεβηκὼς
μάρνατο θαρσαλέως πεπαλαγμένος ἀλματι χειρὰς
καὶ πόδας· οὐδ' ἀπέληγεν ἀταρτηρώ ἱδυμοῖς·
ἄλλ' ὃ γε Πηνέλεων κρατερόφρονα δούρι δύμασσεν
ἀντίωντ' ἂν δὴριν ἀμείλιχον· ἁμφὶ δὲ πολλοὺς
ἐκτανεν' οὐδ' ὃ γε χειρὰς ἀπέτρεπε δηιτήτος,
ἄλλ' ἔπετ' Ἀργείοις χολούμενος, εὔτε πάροιθεν
ὐβριμος Ἡρακλέος Φολόης ἀνὰ μακρὰ κάρθα
Κενταύρωις ἐπόρουσεν ἐφ' μέγα κάρτει θύουν,
τοὺς ἄμα πάντας ἐπεφένε καὶ ὄκυτατος περ ἐόντας
καὶ κρατεροὺς ὀλοιοῦ τε δαήμονας ἰωχμοῖο·
ὡς δ' ὂ ἐπασσύτερον Δαναῶν στρατὸν αἰχμητάων
δάμνατ' ἐπεσύμενος· τοι δ' Ἰλαδὸν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος
ἀθρόοι ἐν κοινῇς δεδουπότες ἐξεχέοντο.

1 Restored by Zimmermann from P.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Beseems not then in grief to live. Hope on,
Still hope for better days: chain not to woe
Thine heart. There is a saying among men
That to the heavens unperishing mount the souls
Of good men, and to nether darkness sink
Souls of the wicked. Both to God and man
Dear was thy brother, good to brother-men,
And son of an Immortal. Sure am I
That to the company of Gods shall he
Ascend, by intercession of thy sire.”

Then raised he that reluctant mourner up
With comfortable words. From that dark grave
He drew him, backward gazing oft with groans.
To the ships they came, where Greeks and Trojan
men
Had bitter travail of rekindled war.
Eurypylus there, in dauntless spirit like
The War-god, with mad-raging spear and hands
Resistless, smote down hosts of foes: the earth
Was clogged with dead men slain on either side.
On strode he midst the corpses, awelessly
He fought, with blood-bespattered hands and feet;
Never a moment from grim strife he ceased.

Peneleos the mighty-hearted came
Against him in the pitiless fray: he fell
Before Eurypylus' spear: yea, many more
Fell round him. Ceased not those destroying hands,
But wrathful on the Argives still he pressed,
As when of old on Pholoe's long-ridged heights
Upon the Centaurs terrible Hercules rushed
Storming in might, and slew them, passing-swift
And strong and battle-cunning though they were;
So rushed he on, so smote he down the array,
One after other, of the Danaan spears.
Heaps upon heaps, here, there, in throngs they fell
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δος δ’ ὅτ’ ἐπιβρᾶσατος ἀπειρεσίου ποταμοῦ ὁχθαὶ ἀποτμῆγγονται ἐπὶ φασαθώδει χώρῳ μυριὰι ἀμφροτέρωθεν, ὃ δ’ εἰς ἄλος ἔσσωται οἶδα παφλάξεων ἀλεγεῖν ἀνὰ ῥόον, ἄμφι δὲ πάντῃ κρημνῷ ἐπικτυπέουσι, βρέμει δ’ ἀρα μακρὰ ῥεδρά αἰεὶ ἐρειπομένων, εἰκεὶ δὲ ὦ ἑρκεα πάντα· ὅς ἀρα κύδεμοι υἱὲς ἐὐπτολέμων Ἀργείων πολλοὶ ὑπ’ Ἑὐρυπύλου κατήριτον ἐν κονίσιι, τοὺς κίχεν αἰματόεντα κατὰ μόθον· ὦ δ’ ὑπάλυξαν, ὄσσους ἐξεσάσσει ποδῶν μένος· ἀλλ’ ἀρα καὶ ὃς Πηνέλεων ἐρύσαντο δυσηχέος ἐξ ὁμάδου νὴς ἐπὶ σφετέρας, καίπερ ποσὶ καρπαλίμοιοι κήρας ἀλευμένοι στυγερᾶς καὶ ἀνηλέα πότμων. παυσυνδή δ’ ἐντοσθε νεών φύγου· οὐδὲ τι θυμῷ ἐσθενον Ἑὐρυπύλου καταντία δηριάσθαι, οὐνεκ’ ἀρα σφίσι φύξαν οἰζυρὴν ἐφέκεν Ἦρακλέης υἱὸν ἀτειρεά πάμπαν ἄεξων. οἴ δ’ ἀρα τείχεος ἐντός ὑποπτώσσοντες ἐμμυνον, αἶγες ὅπως ἐπὶ πρόνα φοβεύμεναι αἰνὸν ἀήτην, ὅς τε φέρει νιφετῶν τε πόλεως κρυψην τε χάλαξαν ψυχρὸς ἐπαίσσων, ταὶ δ’ ἐς νομὸν ἐστίμεναι περὶ ἐπὶ δοὺς καταθυς ὑπερκύπτουσι κολώνης, ἀλλ’ ἀρα χείμα μέγουσιν ὑπὸ σκέπας ἢδε φάραγγας ἀγρόμεναι, θάμνοισι δ’ ὑπὸ σκιροῦσι νέμονται ἑλάδων, ὃφ’ ἀνέμων κακαὶ λῆξωσιν ἄελλαὶ ὅς Δαναοὶ πύργοισιν ὑπὸ σφετέροισιν ἐμμυνων Τηλέφου ᾃβριμὸν νὶα μετεασύμμενον τρομεύουσε. Αὐτὰρ ὁ νῆς ἔμελλε θοὰς καὶ λαὸν ὀλέσσειν, εἰ μὴ Τριτογένεια θράσος βάλεν Ἀργείουσιν ὁψε περ· οἱ δ’ ἀλληκτον ἄφ’ ἑρκεος αἰπεινοίο 308.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Strewn in the dust. As when a river in flood
Comes thundering down; banks crumble on either side
To drifting sand: on seaward rolls the surge
Tossing wild crests, while cliffs on every hand
Ring crashing echoes, as their brows break down
Beneath long-leaping roaring waterfalls,
And dikes are swept away; so fell in dust
The war-famed Argives by Eurypylus slain,
Such as he overtook in that red rout.
Some few escaped, whom strength of fleeing feet
Delivered. Yet in that sore strait they drew
Peneleos from the shrieking tumult forth,
And bare to the ships, though with swift feet them-
selves
Were fleeing from ghastly death, from pitiless doom.
Behind the rampart of the ships they fled
In huddled rout: they had no heart to stand
Before Eurypylus, for Hercules,
To crown with glory his son’s stalwart son,
Thrilled them with panic. There behind their wall
They cowered, as goats to leeward of a hill
Shrink from the wild cold rushing of the wind
That bringeth snow and heavy sleet and hail.
No longing for the pasture tempteth them
Over the brow to step, and face the blast,
But huddling screened by rock-wall and ravine
They abide the storm, and crop the scanty grass
Under dim copses thronging, till the gusts
Of that ill wind shall lull: so, by their towers
Screened, did the trembling Danaans abide
Telephus’ mighty son. Yea, he had burnt
The ships, and all that host had he destroyed
Had not Athena at the last inspired
The Argive men with courage. Ceaselessly
From the high rampart hurled they at the foe
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

dυσμενέας βάλλοντες ἀνιηροῖς βελέσσοι 145
κτείνον ἐπασσυτέρους· δεύοντο δὲ τείχεα λύθρο
λευγαλέῳ· στουαχή δὲ δαίκταμένων πέλε φωτῶν.

Αὐτῶς δὲ αὐ νῦκτας τε καὶ ἡμᾶτα δηριώνοντο
Κῆτειοι Τρώης τε καὶ Ἀργείοι μενεχάμαι,
ἀλλοτε μὲν προπάροιθε νεῶν, ὅτε δ’ ἀμφὶ μακεδόνων 150
τείχος, ἐπεὶ πέλε μῶλος ἀσσχετος· ἀλλ’ ἀρα καὶ ὅσ
ἡμᾶτα δοιλ ἕνωκε καὶ ἀργαλέως ὑσμίνης
παύσανθ’ ὡνεχ’ ἤκακεν ἐς Εὐρυπῦλον βασιλῆα
ἀγγελῆν Δαναῶν, ὡς κεν πολέμου μεθεντες
πυρκαϊῆ δόωσα δαίκταμένους ἐν χάρμῃ·

αὐτὰρ δ’ γ’ αἰσ’ ἐπίθεσε, καὶ ἀργαλείου κυδούμοι
παυσάμενοι ἐκάτερθε νεκροὺς περιταρχύσαντο
ἐν κοινῆς ἐριπότας· Ἀχαιοὶ δ’ ἐξοχα πάντων
Πενήλεων μύροντο· βάλον δ’ ἐπὶ σῆμα θανόντι
ἐυρ’ μάλ’ ἱψηλὸν τε καὶ ἐσσομένους ἀρίθηλον
πληθὺν δ’ αὐτ’ ἀπάνευθε δαίκταμένον ἡρώων
θάσαν ἀκηκέμενοι μεγάλῳ περὶ πένθει θυμὸν
πυρκαϊῆν ἅμα πάσι μίαν περινήσαντες
καὶ τάφον. ὡς δὲ καὶ αὐτὸι ἀπόπροθι Τρώουι νῖς
τάρχυσαν κταμένους. ὄλον δ’ Ἐρις ὄυκ ἀπέληγεν,
ἀλλ’ ἓτ’ ἐποτρύνεσκε θρασὺ σθένω τούτων
ἀντίλαν δῆλοις· δ’ ὅπως χάζετο νηών,
ἀλλ’ ἐμενεν Δαναοῖς κακήν ἐπὶ δήριν αἴξων.

Τοι δ’ ἐσ’ Σκύρων ἱκονομεῖν νηί θέοντες:
ἐυρόν δ’ υ’ Ἀχιλῆος εὖ προπάροιθε δόμοιο,
ἀλλοτε μὲν βελέσσοι καὶ ἐγχείησιν ἱέντα,
ἀλλοτε δ’ αὐθ’ ἵπποις ποιεύμενον ὁκυπόδεσσι
γήθησαν δ’ ἐκεῖοντες ἀταρτηροῦ πολέμου
ἐργα μετοχόμενον, καίτερ μέγα τειρομενὸν κήρ
ἀμφὶ πατρὸς κταμένοις· τὸ γὰρ τὸ πάροιτο

πέπυστο.

αἴσα δὲ οἱ κίον ἅντα τεθητότες, ὡνεχ’ ὑσεν το
θαρσαλέω Ἀχιλῆι δέμας περικατους ὁμοίον. 310
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

With bitter-biting darts, and slew them fast;
And all the walls were splashed with reeking gore,
And aye went up a moan of smitten men.

So fought they: nightlong, daylong fought they on,
Ceteians, Trojans, battle-biding Greeks,
Fought, now before the ships, and now again
Round the steep wall, with fury unutterable.
Yet even so for two days did they cease
From murderous fight; for to Eurypylus came
A Danaan embassage, saying, "From the war
Forbear we, while we give unto the flames
The battle-slain." So hearkened he to them:
From ruin-wreaking strife forebore the hosts;
And so their dead they buried, who in dust
Had fallen. Chiefly the Achaean mourned
Peneleos; o'er the mighty dead they heaped
A barrow broad and high, a sign for men
Of days to be. But in a several place
The multitude of heroes slain they laid,
Mourning with stricken hearts. On one great pyre
They burnt them all, and buried in one grave.
So likewise far from thence the sons of Troy
Buried their slain. Yet murderous Strife slept not,
But roused again Eurypylus' dauntless might
To meet the foe. He turned not from the ships,
But there abode, and fanned the fury of war.

Meanwhile the black ship on to Scyros ran;
And those twain found before his palace-gate
Achilles' son, now hurling dart and lance,
Now in his chariot driving fleetfoot steeds.
Glad were they to behold him practising
The deeds of war, albeit his heart was sad
For his slain sire, of whom had tidings come.
Ere this. With reverent eyes of awe they went
To meet him, for that goodly form and face
Seemed even as very Achilles unto them.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τοὺς δ’ ἀρ’ ὑποθάμενος τοῖον ποτὶ μὴθον ἔειπεν·
"ὦ ξεῖνοι, μέγα χαίρετ’ ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα κιόντες·
εἶπα τε δ’ ὅπποθεν ἐστέ καὶ οὗτες, ἢδ’ ὦ τι
χρείω

ἥλθεν ἔχοντες ἐμείῳ δ’ οὖτιματος ἀτρυγέτοιο."

"Ὡς ἔφατ’ εἰρόμενος· ὦ δ’ ἀμείβετο δίος Ὄδυσ-

σεύς·

"ἡμεῖς τοι φίλοι εἰμὲν ἐὑπτολέμου Ἀχιλῆος,
τῷ νῦ σε φασὶ τεκέσθαι εὐφρονα Δημάμειν·
καὶ δ’ αὐτὸι τεὸν ἐίδος ἐτοκουμεν ἀνέρι κείνῳ
πάμπαν· ὦ δ’ ἀθανάτουι πολυθενεσεσιν ἐφκειν.
eἰμὶ δ’ ἐγών Ἰθάκηθεν, ὦ δ’ Ἀργεος ἰπποβότοιο,
eἰ ποτε Τυνδεῖαο δαῖφρονος οὐνομ’ ἀκουσας,
ἡ καὶ Ὅδυσσῆος πυκνηδεσ, ὦ νῦ τοι ἄγχι
αὐτῶς ἐγὼν ἐστήκην θεοπροτής ἤνεκ’ ἐλθῶν·
ἀλλ’ ἔλεαιρε τάχιστα καὶ Ἀργεεων ἐπάμμυνον
ἐλθὼν ἐς Τροΐην” δις γὰρ τέλος ἔσσετ Ἀρηι.
καὶ τοι δῶρ’ ὀπάσουσιν ἀάσπετα δίοι Ἀχαιοὶ
teύχεα δ’ αὐτῶς ἐγώγητε τεῦ πατρὸς ἀντιθεοῦ
δώσω, ἀνερ φορέων μέγα τέρψειαν· οὐ γὰρ ἑοικε
θυτῶν τεύχεσι κείνα, θεοῦ δὲ ποιο Ἀρεοὶ ὅπλοι
ἰσα πέλει· ποιλὺς δὲ περὶ σφίοι πάμπαν ἄρηρ
χρυσὸς δαίδαλεοις κεκασμένος, οὐσι καὶ αὐτῶς

Ηφαιστος μέγα θυμὸν ἐν ἀθανάτουισιν ἴανθή
τευχῶν ἁμβροτα κείνα, τά σοι μέγα θαύμα ἵδοντι
ἔσσεται, οὐνεκα ἡμαὶ καὶ οὐρανὸς ἱδε θάλασσα
ἀμφι σάκος πεπονθηται ἀτειρεισε τ’ ἐνι 1 κύκλῳ
ζώα πέριξ ἰσχυρη χρυσότα κινυμένοισιν,
θαύμα καὶ ἀθανάτουισ’ βρωτῶν δ’ οὐτώπτοτε τοῖα
οὐτε τις ἐδρακε πρόσθεν ἐν ἀνδράσιν οὐτ’ ἐφό-


1 Zimmermann, for περὶ κύκλῳ of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

But he, or ever they had spoken, cried:
"All hail, ye strangers, unto this mine home!
Say whence ye are, and who, and what the need
That hither brings you over barren seas."

So spake he, and Odysseus answered him:
"Friends are we of Achilles lord of war,
To whom of Deidameia thou wast born—
Yea, when we look on thee we seem to see
That Hero's self; and like the Immortal Ones
Was he. Of Ithaca am I: this man
Of Argos, nurse of horses—if perchance
Thou hast heard the name of Tydeus' warrior son
Or of the wise Odysseus. Lo, I stand
Before thee, sent by voice of prophecy.
I pray thee, pity us: come thou to Troy
And help us. Only so unto the war
An end shall be. Gifts beyond words to thee
The Achaean kings shall give: yea, I myself
Will give to thee thy godlike father's arms,
And great shall be thy joy in bearing them;
For these be like no mortal's battle-gear,
But splendid as the very War-god's arms.
Over their marvellous blazonry hath gold
Been lavished; yea, in heaven Hephaestus' self
Rejoiced in fashioning that work divine,
The which thine eyes shall marvel to behold;
For earth and heaven and sea upon the shield
Are wrought, and in its wondrous compass are
Creatures that seem to live and move—a wonder
Even to the Immortals. Never man
Hath seen their like, nor any man hath worn,
Save thy sire only, whom the Achaians all
Honoured as Zeus himself. I chiefliest
From mine heart loved him, and when he was slain,
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

καὶ οἱ ἀποκταμένοι νέκυν ποτὲ νῆας ἐνεικα
πολλοὶς δυσμενεσσιν ἀνηλέα πότμον ὀπάσσας·
tούνεκά μοι κείνου περικλυτα τεύχεα δῶκε
dιὰ Θέτις· τὰ δ’ ἀρ’ αὐθίς ἐελδόμενός περ ἐγωγε
dῶσῳ προφρονέως, ὅπωτ’ Ἰλιο εἰσαφίκηκαι.
καὶ νῦ se καὶ Μενέλαος, ἠπην Πριάμοιο πόλη
πέρσαντες νήσον ἡ Ἑλλάδα ναστῆσωμεν,
αὐτικα γαμβρὸν ἐὼνapotηστα, ἤν ἐθέλησθα,
ἀμφ’ ἐνεργεσίης· δῶσει βε τοι ἀσπετ’ ἀγεσθαι
κτήματα τε χρυσον τε μετ’ ἡυκόμῳ θυγατρός,
ὅτα’ ἐπέοικεν ἐπεσθαί ἐὐκτεάνῳ βασιλῆι.”

“ὢς φάμενον προσείτεπ’ Ἀχιλλεός ὀβριμος υἶος·
“εἰ μὲν δὴ καλέουσι θεοπροτήσιν Ἀχαιοι,
αὐριον αἴγα νεόμεθ’ ἐπ’ εὐρέα βέθεα πόντου,
ἡν τι φάος Δαναοῖς λυλαιομένουι γένωμαι·
ῦν δ’ ἵομεν ποτὶ δόματ’ εὔξεινων τε τράπεζαν,
οὔν περ ξείνοις θέμας παρατεκτήνασθαι·
ἀμφ’ δ’ ἐμοίο γάμου θεοίς μετοπισθε μελήσει.”

“ὢς εἰπὼν ἤγειθ· οἱ δ’ ἐστόμενοι μέγα χαῖρον
cαιρ’ ὅτε δὴ μέγα δῶμα κιόν καὶ κάλλιμον αὐλήν,
εὐρον Δημάδειαν ἀκηχεμένην ἐνὶ θυμῷ
tηκομένην θ’, ὥσει τε χών κατατήκετ’ ὀρεσσιν
Εὐρόν ὑπὸ λαγέος καὶ ἀτειρέος ἥλιοιο·
ὥς ἐγε φθινύθεσκε δεδουτότος ἀνδρός ἄγανος·
καὶ μὲν ἐτ’ ἀχυμενὴν περ ἁγακλεῖτοι βασιλῆι
ἡσπάξαντ’ ἐπέεσσι· παῖς δὲ οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
μυθεῖτ’ ἀτρεκέως γενεῆ καὶ οὖνομ’ ἐκάστοι
χρείω δ’, ἤντω’ ἱκανον, ἐπέκρυβε μέχρι εἰς ἦν·
ὅφρᾳ μὴ ἀχυμενήν μὲν ἔλη πολύδακροις ἀνίθι,

1 Zimmermann, ex P for οἱ γαμβρον of Koechly.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

'To many a foe I dealt a ruthless doom,
And through them all bare back to the ships his corse.
Therefore his glorious arms did Thetis give
To me. These, though I prize them well, to thee
Will I give gladly when thou com'st to Troy.
Yea also, when we have smitten Priam's town,
And unto Hellas in our ships return,
Shall Menelaus give thee, an thou wilt,
His princess-child to wife, of love for thee,
And with his bright-haired daughter shall bestow
Rich dower of gold and treasure, even all
That meet is to attend a wealthy king.'

So spake he, and replied Achilles' son:
"If bidden of oracles the Achaean men
 Summon me, let us with to-morrow's dawn
 Fare forth upon the broad depths of the sea,
 If so to longing Danaans I may prove
 A light of help. Now pass we to mine halls,
 And to such guest-fare as befits to set
 Before the stranger. For my marriage-day—
 To this the Gods in time to come shall see."

Then hall-ward led he them, and with glad hearts
They followed. To the forecourt when they came
Of that great mansion, found they there the Queen
Deidameia in her sorrow of soul
Grief-wasted, as when snow from mountain-sides
Before the sun and east-wind wastes away;
So pined she for that princely hero slain.
Then came to her amidst her grief the kings,
And greeted her in courteous wise. Her son
Drew near and told their lineage and their names;
But that for which they came he left untold
Until the morrow, lest unto her woe
There should be added grief and floods of tears,
And lest her prayers should hold him from the path
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

καὶ μὲν ἀπεσοῦμενον μάλα λιποσυμένη κατερύκη. αἶσα δὲ δαίτ' ἐπάσαντο καὶ ύπνῳ θυμῶν ἵναν πάντες, ὅσοι Σκύρου πέδου περικεκτάσκον εἰκαλίς, τὴν μακρὰ περιβρομέουσι θαλάσσης κύματα ῥηγυμένοι πρὸς ἱόνας Αἰγαίων· ἀλλ' οὖν Δηδάμειαν ἐπήρατος ὕπνος ἔμαρπτεν οὖν ὁραίοι κερδαλέου μιμησκομένη Ὀδυσσῆος ἢδὲ καὶ ἀντιθέου Διομήδεος, οἳ ὅμως ἄμφω εὖνν ποιήσαντο φιλοποτελέμου Ἀχιλῆος παρφάμενοι κείνοι θρασύν νόον, ὅφη' ἀφίκηται δήσιν εἴς ἐνοπὴν τῷ δ' ἄτροπος ἤμετα Μούρα, ἤ οἱ ὑπέκλασε νόστον, ἀπειρέσιον δ' ἄρα πένθος πατρὶ πόρεν Πηλῆι καὶ αὐτῇ Δηδάμειᾳ. τούτεκά μιν κατὰ θυμῶν ἀάσπετον ἄμφete δεῖμα παιδὸς ἐπεσυμμένοι ποτὶ πτολέμοιο κυδοίμον, μη' οἱ λευκαλεῖ ἐπὶ πένθει πένθος ἢηται.

'Hws δ' εἰσανέβη μέγαν οὖραν' οἳ δ' ἀπὸ λέκτρων καρπαλίμως οἴνησε δὲ Δηδάμεια· αἶσα δὲ οἱ στερνοισὶ περὶ πλατέσσοι χυθεῖσα ἀργαλέως γολάσκεν ἐς αἴθερα μακρὰ βοῶσα· ἠτε βοῦς ἐν ὅρεσιν ἀπειρέσιοι μιμησκά τὸρτιν ἐν δίζηται ἐν ἁγκεσίν, ἄμφω δὲ μακρὰ υἱρέσοι αἰτπεινοῖ περιβρομέουσι κολώναι· ὅς ἄρα μυρομένης ἀμφίαχει αἵτὶ μέλαθρον πάντοθεν ἐκ μυγάτων, μέγα δ' ἀσχαλωσ' ἀγόρευε· "τέκνοι, ποῦ δὴ νῦν σοι ἐς νόος ἐκπεπότηται Ἰλιον ἐς πολύδακρυ μετὰ ξένωσιν ἐπεθαί, ἤχι πολείς ὀλέκουσι ύπ' ἀργαλέας υψινης, καίπερ ἐπιστάμενοι πόλεμον καὶ ἀεικέα χάρμην; νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν νέος ἐσοί καὶ οὔπω δῆια ἔργα ὀίδας, α' τ' ἀνθρώπωσιν ἀλάλκουσιν κακὸν ἡμαρ· ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μὲν ἀκουσον, εὖ, δ' ἐν' μίμε δόμοισι,
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Whereon his heart was set. Straight feasted these,
And comforted their hearts with sleep, even all
Which dwelt in sea-ringed Scyros, nightlong lullèd
By long low thunder of the girdling deep,
Of waves Ægean breaking on her shores.
But not on Deidameia fell the hands
Of kindly sleep. She bore in mind the names
Of crafty Odysseus and of Diomede
The godlike, how these twain had widowed her
Of battle-fain Achilles, how their words
Had won his aweless heart to fare with them
To meet the war-cry—where stern Fate met him,
Shattered his hope of home-return, and laid
Measureless grief on Peleus and on her.
Therefore an awful dread oppressed her soul
Lest her son too to tumult of the war
Should speed, and grief be added to her grief.

Dawn climbed the wide-arched heaven, and
straightway they
Rose from their beds. Then Deidameia knew;
And on her son's broad breast she cast herself,
And bitterly wailed: her cry thrilled through the
air,
As when a cow loud-lowing mid the hills
Seeks through the glens her calf, and all around
Echo long ridges of the mountain-steep;
So on all sides from dim recesses rang
The hall; and in her misery she cried:
"Child, wherefore is thy soul now on the wing
To follow strangers unto Ilium
The fount of tears, where perish many in fight,
Yea, cunning men in war and battle grim?
And thou art but a youth, and hast not learnt
The ways of war, which saye men in the day
Of peril. Hearken thou to me, abide
Here in thine home, lest evil tidings come
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

μὴ δὴ μοι Ὕρείθε θείᾳ φάτις οὐδ’ ἵκηται σείο καταφθιμένου κατὰ μόθον· οὔ γὰρ οίων ἐλθέμεναι σ’ ἐτι δεύρο μετάτροπον ἐξ ὀμάδου· οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ πατὴρ τεὸς ἐκφυγε κήρ’ ἀέηδηλον, ἀλλ’ ἐδάμη κατὰ δὴμιν, δ’ περ καὶ σείο καὶ ἀλλων ἥρων προφέρεσκε, θεά δέ οἱ ἐπλετο μῦτηρ, τόνδε δολοφοσύνη καὶ μῆδεσιν, ο’ σε καὶ αὐτὸν δήμιν ἐπὶ στοιχεσσαν ἐποτρύνουσι νέεσθαι· τούνεκ’ ἐγὼ δείδοικα περὶ κραδίης τρομέονσα, μὴ μοι καὶ σείο, τέκνων, ἀποφθεγμένοι πέληται εδυν καλλειφθείςαν ἀεικέα πήματα πάσχειν· οὐ γὰρ πώ τι γυναικει ήκωτερον ἁλγος ἐπεισών, ἢ ὅτε παίδες δλωνται ἀποφθεγμένου καὶ ἄνδρος, χρωθῇ δὲ μέλαθυριν ὑπ’ ἀργαλεῖον θανάτου· αὐτικα γὰρ περὶ φωτε ἀποτμήγουσιν ἀροφας, κεῖονσιν δέ τε πάντα καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγουσι θέμοτας· τούνεκ’ ἀρ’ ο’ τι τέτυκται διϊμωτερον ἄλλο χήρης ἐν μεγαροσιν ἀκιδωτερον τε γυναικός·

"Ἡ μεγα κωκύσοσα· παῖς δ` μοι ἀντίοι νηδα· "θάρσει, μήτερ ἐμείσ, κακῇ δ᾽ ἀποπέμπτε φήμην· οὐ γὰρ ὅπερ κήρας τις ἦν αρεί δάμναται ἀνήρ· εἰ δ` μοι αἰσιμον ἐστε δαμήμεναι εἰνεκ’ Ἀχαίων, τε βαίην ῥέξας τι καὶ ἄξιον Λιακίδησιν."

"Ὡς φάτο· τῷ δ’ ἀγχιστα κίεν γεραρὸς Δυκο- μήδης,
καὶ ρά μοι ἰσχυμοι λελαιόμενον προσέειπεν· "ὁ τέκος ὁβριμόθυμον ἐφ’ πατρί κάρτος ἐοικός, οἶδ’ ὅτι καρτερός ἐσσι καὶ ὁβριμος· ἀλλ’ ἀρα καὶ δὸς
καὶ πόλεμον δείδοικα πικρὸν καὶ κύμα θαλάσσης λευγαλέων· ναύται γὰρ ἀεὶ σχεδὸν εἰσιν ἀλέθρου· ἀλλὰ σ’ δείδιε, τέκνων, ἄφιν πλόον εἰσαφίκη π ύσετον ἢ Ὕρείθεν ἢ ἀλλοθεν, σι ο’ τε πολλὰ [πλαξύμεθ’ ἀνθρωποι ἐπ’ ἀπείριτα νότα θαλάσσης] 318
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

From Troy unto my ears, that thou in fight
Hast perished; for mine heart saith, never thou
Hitherward shalt from battle-toil return.
Not even thy sire escaped the doom of death—
He, mightier than thou, mightier than all
Heroes on earth, yea, and a Goddess’ son—
But was in battle slain, all through the wiles
And crafty counsels of these very men
Who now to woeful war be kindling thee.
Therefore mine heart is full of shuddering fear
Lest, son, my lot should be to live bereaved
Of thee, and to endure dishonour and pain,
For never heavier blow on woman falls
Than when her lord hath perished, and her sons
Die also, and her house is left to her
Desolate. Straightway evil men remove
Her landmarks, yea, and rob her of her all,
Setting the right at naught. There is no lot
More woeful and more helpless than is hers
Who is left a widow in a desolate home.’’

Loud-wailing spake she; but her son replied:
“Be of good cheer, my mother; put from thee
Evil foreboding. No man is in war
Beyond his destiny slain. If my weird be
To die in my country’s cause, then let me die
When I have done deeds worthy of my sire.”

Then to his side old Lycomedes came,
And to his battle-eager grandson spake:
“O valiant-hearted son, so like thy sire,
I know thee strong and valorous; yet, O yet
For thee I fear the bitter war; I fear
The terrible sea-surge. Shipmen evermore
Hang on destruction’s brink. Beware, my child,
Perils of waters when thou sailest back
From Troy or other shores, such as beset
Full oftentimes the voyagers that ride
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

tīmos, ὅτι αὐγοκερῆ συνέρχεται ἥεροειτὶ
ἡέλιος μετόπισθε βαλῶν ῥυτήρα βελέμνων
τοξευτῆν, ὅτε χείμα λυγρὸν κλονέουσιν ἄελλαι,
ἡ ὑπὸτ Ὀκεανοῦ κατὰ πλατὺ χεῦμα φέρονται
ἀστρα κατερχομένου ποτὶ κνέφας Ὀρίωνος.
δείδιε δὲ ἐν φρεσὶ σήσιν ἴσημερήν ἄλεγεινήν,
ἡ ἐνι συμφορέαται ἃν εὐρέα βένεα πόντον
ἐκτοθεν ἀνάσσουσι ὑπὲρ μέγα λαίτμα θύελλαι,
ἡ ὅτε Πλημαδὼν πέλεται δύσις, ἤν ὅ ἀντὶ
δειδιθι μαμύωσαν ἔσω ἀλὸς ἢδὲ καὶ ἄλλα
ἀστρα, τὰ πον ἀνοροῦσι πέλει δός ἀνθρώπουσι
δυόμενudingι ἀνάντα κατὰ πλατὺ χεῦμα θαλάσσης.”

“Ὡς εἴπων κύσε παῖδα καὶ οὐκ ἀνέργη πελεύθον
ἴμειροντα μόθιδο δυσηχέος· ὁς δ' ἐρατεῖν ὑδιών
μειδιών ἔπὶ νῆα θῶς ὁρμαίνε νέσσαι.
ἀλλά μιν εἰσέτι μητρὸς ἐνὶ μεγάροις ἔρυκε
δακρυόεις ὁρισμός ἐπιστεύοντα πόδεςσιν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις θῶν ἱππον ἐπὶ δρόμον ἱσχανόντα
εἰργεὶ ἐφεξομενος, ὁ δ' ἐρυκανόντα χαλινὸν
δυπτεὶ ἐπιχρεμέθων, στέρον δὲ οἱ αὐριώνωτος
dενεται, οὐδ' ἱστανται ἐτελόμενοι πόδες οἴμης,
pουλὺς δ' ἄμφ' ἕνα χόρων ἐλαφρότατοι ὑπὸ
ποσσὶ
tαρφέα κινυμένοι πέλει κτύποι, ἅμφι δὲ χαῖται
ῥῶντ' ἐσυμμένοιο, κάρη δ' εἰς ὕψος ἠείρει
φυσιῶν μάλα πολλὰ, νόος δ' ἐπιτερπετ' ἀνακτῶς.
ὡς ἀρα κύδιμον ὑπὸ μενεττολέμου Ἀχιλῆος
μήτηρ μὲν κατέρυκε, πόδες δε οἱ ἐγκονέεσκον.
η δὲ καὶ ἁχυμενῆ περ ἐφ' ἐπαγάλλετο παιδὶ.

“Ὡς δ' μιν ἀμφίκυσας μάλα μυρία κάλλιστε
μούννὴν
μυρομένην ἄλεγεινα ἕλιον κατὰ δόματα πατρός.
οὕτ δ' ἄμφι μέλαθρα μέγ' ἀσκαλόωσα χελιδῶν
μύρεται αἰόλα τέκνα, τὰ πον μάλα τετριγώτα
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

The long sea-ridges, when the sun hath left
The Archer-star, and meets the misty Goat,
When the wild blasts drive on the lowering storm,
Or when Orion to the darkling west
Slopes, into Ocean's river sinking slow.
Beware the time of equal days and nights,
When blasts that o'er the sea's abysses rush,—
None knoweth whence—in fury of battle clash.
Beware the Pleiads' setting, when the sea
Maddens beneath their power—nor these alone,
But other stars, terrors of hapless men,
As o'er the wide sea-gulf they set or rise."

Then kissed he him, nor sought to stay the feet
Of him who panted for the clamour of war,
Who smiled for pleasure and for eagerness
To haste to the ship. Yet were his hurrying feet
Stayed by his mother's pleading and her tears
Still in those halls awhile. As some swift horse
Is reined in by his rider, when he strains
Unto the race-course, and he neighs, and champs
The curving bit, dashing his chest with foam,
And his feet eager for the course are still
Never, his restless hooves are clattering aye;
His mane is a stormy cloud, he tosses high
His head with snortings, and his lord is glad;
So reined his mother back the glorious son
Of battle-stay Achilles, so his feet
Were restless, so the mother's loving pride
Joyed in her son, despite her heart-sick pain.
A thousand times he kissed her, then at last
Left her alone with her own grief and moan
There in her father's halls. As o'er her nest
A swallow in her anguish cries aloud
For her lost nestlings which, mid piteous shrieks,
Quintus Smyrnaeus

αίνος ὑφίς κατέδαψε καὶ ἦκαχε μιτέρα κεδνήν, ἡ δ’ ὅτε μὲν χήρην περιπέτευται ἄμφὶ καλὶν, ἀλλοτε δ’ εὔτυκτοιαι περὶ προθύρους ποτᾶται αἰνὰ κινυρομένη τεκέων ὑπὲρ. ὅσ ἀρα κείνου μύρετο Δηδάμεια, καὶ νίκεος ἀλλοτε μὲν που ἐυνὴν ἀμφιχυθεῖσα μὲγ’ ιαχεί, ἀλλοτε δ’ αὔτε κλαίειν ἑπὶ φλιῇς: φίλω δ’ ἐγκάθετο κόλπῳ, εἴ τ’ οἶ ἐν μεγαροῖς τετυγμένον ἤμεν άθυρμα, ὥ ἑπὶ τυνθὸς ἑὼν ἀταλάς φρένας ιαίνεσκεν: ἄμφὶ δὲ οἱ καὶ ἄκοντα λελειμμένον εἰ που ἴδοιτο, ταρφέα μιν φιλέουσε, καὶ εἰ τ’ περ ἄλλο γοῦσα ἔδρακε παιδὸς ἑώδ δαίφρονος. οὐδ’ ὅ γε μητρὸς ἄσπετ’ ὀδυρομένης ἐτ’ ἐπέκλευνε, ἀλλ’ ἀπάτερθε βαίνε θοῦν ἑπὶ νῆα: φέρον δὲ μιν ὀκέα γνία ἀστέρι παμφανώντι πανείκελον. ἄμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ αὐτῷ ἔσπετ’ ὅμος Ὅδυσῆι δαίφρον Τυδέος νιός, ἄλλοι τ’ εἰκοσὶ φῶτες ἀρηράμενοι φρεσὶ θυμόν, τοὺς ἔχε κεδνοτάτους ἐν δόμασι Δηδάμεια, καὶ σφάς ἐϊ πόρε παιδὶ θοοὺς ἔμεναι θεράποντας. ὁτ’ ἄρι αὐθέντος θαρσοῦν ἄμφὶ παῖδον, ὅσ ἐνὶ μέσοις ἥμε καγχαλών: κεχάρουτο δὲ Νηρήναι ἄμφὶ Θετίν. καὶ δ’ αὐτὸς ἔγινθε Κυανοχάιτης εἰσορόων Ἀχιλῆς ἀμύνων ὀβριμον νία, ὡς ἦδη πολέμῳ λιλαιέτο δακρούντες καὶ περ ἐὼν ἑτὶ παιδός, ἑτ’ αχνος ἀλλὰ μιν ἄλκη καὶ μένος ὀτρύνεσκεν εἴης δ’ ἐξέσωτο πάτρης, ὁλος "Ἀρῆς, ὅτε μῶλον ἐπέρχεται αἰματόντα χώρους δηλοίη, μεμνη δὲ ὅ μέγα θυμός, καὶ ὁ ἐπισκῦνον βλοσυρὸν πέλει, ἄμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ αὐτῷ ὀμματα μαρμαίρουσιν ἵσον πυρί, ταὶ δὲ παρειαλ
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

A fearful serpent hath devoured, and wrung
The loving mother's heart; and now above
That empty cradle spreads her wings, and now
Flies round its porchway fashioned cunningly,
Lamenting piteously her little ones;
So for her child Deidameia mourned.
Now on her son's bed did she cast herself
Crying aloud, against his door-post now
She leaned, and wept: now laid she in her lap
Those childhood's toys yet treasured in her bower,
Wherein his babe-heart joyed long years agone.
She saw a dart there left behind of him,
And kissed it o'er and o'er—yea, whatso else
Her weeping eyes beheld that was her son's.

Naught heard he of her moans unutterable,
But was afar, fast striding to the ship.
He seemed, as his feet swiftly bare him on,
Like some all-radiant star; and at his side
With Tydeus' son war-wise Odysseus went,
And with them twenty gallant-hearted men,
Whom Deidameia chose as trustiest
Of all her household, and unto her son
Gave them for henchmen swift to do his will.
And these attended Achilles' valiant son,
As through the city to the ship he sped.
On, with glad laughter, in their midst he strode;
And Thetis and the Nereids joyed thereat.
Yea, glad was even the Raven-haired, the Lord
Of all the sea, beholding that brave son
Of princely Achilles, marking how he longed
For battle. Beardless boy albeit he was,
His prowess and his might were inward spurs
To him. He hasted forth his fatherland
Like to the War-god, when to gory strife
He speedeth, wroth with foes, when maddeneth
His heart, and grim his frown is, and his eyes
κάλλος ὁμοῦ κρυόεντι φόβῳ καταειμέναι αἰεὶ 
φαίνοντ’ ἐσυμένου, τρομέουσι δὲ καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοὶ 
τοῖος ἔνν. Ἀχιλῆος ἔδε πάις· οἱ δ’ ἀνὰ ἄστυ 
εὐχοντ’ ἄθανάτους σασσέμεν ἐσθλὸν ἀνακτα 
ἀργαλέου παλίνισσαν ἀπ’ Ἀρεος· οἱ δ’ ἐσάκουσαν 
εὐχομένου· ὁ δὲ πάντας ὑπείρεχεν, οἱ οἱ ἐποντο. 
'Ελθόντες δ’ ἐπὶ θίνα βαρνύγοντο παλασίας 
εὐρον ἐπετ’ ἐλατήρας εὐξίου ἐνδοθυ νῆς 
ἰστία τ’ ἐντύνοντας ἐπειγόμενονς τ’ ἀνὰ νῆα· 
ἀἰσθ’ ἐν αὐτοὶ ἔβαν· ὁ τοι δ’ ἐκτόθε πείσματ’ 
ἐνευάθ’ θ’, αἱ νήσοι μέγα σθένος αἰεὶ ἐπονταί. 
τούσι δ’ ᾗρ’ εὐπλοιθήν πόσις ὡπάσεν Ἀμφίτρίτης 
προφρονέως· μάλα γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μέμβλετ’ 
'Αχαιῶν 
τειρομένων ὑπὸ Τρωκι καὶ Εὐρυτύλω 
μεγαθύμω. 
οἱ δ’ Ἀχιλῆον ἢν παρεξώμενοι ἐκάτερθε 
τέρπεσκον μύθοισιν ἐοῦ πατρὸς ἐργ’ ἐνέποντες, 
ὅσσα τ’ ἀνὰ πλόουν εὐρῶν ἐμίσατο καὶ ποτὶ γαῖῃ 
Σηλέφου ἀγχεϊσχε, καὶ ὑπό σαλάς ἔρεζεν 
ἀμφί πόλιν Πριάμιοι φέρων κλέος Ἀτρεύδησι· 
τοῦ δ’ ᾗρ’ ἰαίνετο θυμῶς ἐελδομένου καὶ αὐτοῦ 
πατρὸς ἀταρβήτητο κλέος καὶ κύδος ἀρέσθαι. 
'Η δὲ ποὺ ἐν θαλάμοισιν ἀκηχε ρενι περί παιδι 
ἐσθλῆ Δημιάμεια πολύς τουν δάκρνα χεῦ, 
καὶ οἱ ὡἱ φρεσὶ θυμῶς ὑπ’ ἀργαλέσχειν ἀνίης 
τῆκεῦ, ὅτους ἀλαπανδόν ἐπ’ ἀνθρακίσει μόλιβδος 
ὁ τρύφων κρηοῦ· γόος δὲ μιὰ ὑπτοτ’ ἔλευπτε 
δερκομενὴ ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπείρουν’ οὐκεκα μήτη 
ἀχνυθ’ ἐῷ περὶ παιδι, καὶ ἦν ἐπὶ δαῖτ’ ἀφίκηται 
[τηλθοὶ κεκλόμενος φίλου ἀνδρὸς ἐς ἀλλότριον 
δῶ.] 

1 Zimmermann, for ἐπ’ αὐτὸς ἔβαν, of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Flash levin-flame around him, and his face
Is clothed with glory of beauty terror-blent,
As on he rusheth: quail the very Gods.
So seemed Achilles' goodly son; and prayers
Went up through all the city unto Heaven
To bring their noble prince safe back from war;
And the Gods hearkened to them. High he
towered
Above all stateliest men which followed him.
So came they to the heavy-plunging sea,
And found the rowers in the smooth-wrought ship
Handling the tackle, fixing mast and sail.
Straightway they went aboard: the shipmen cast
The hawsers loose, and heaved the anchor-stones,
The strength and stay of ships in time of need.
Then did the Sea-queen's lord grant voyage fair —
To these with gracious mind; for his heart yearned
O'er the Achaeans, by the Trojan men
And mighty-souled Eurypylus hard-bestead.
On either side of Neoptolemus sat
Those heroes, gladdening his soul with tales —
Of his sire's mighty deeds—of all he wrought
In sea-raids, and in valiant Telephus' land,
And how he smote round Priam's burg the men
Of Troy, for glory unto Atreus' sons.
His heart glowed, fain to grasp his heritage,
His aweless father's honour and renown.
In her bower, sorrowing for her son the while,
Deidameia poured forth sighs and tears.
With agony of soul her very heart
Melted in her, as over coals doth lead
Or wax, and never did her moaning cease,
As o'er the wide sea her gaze followed him.
Ay, for her son a mother fretteth still,
Though it be to a feast that he hath gone,
By a friend bidden forth. But soon the sail
καὶ ρὰ ὦ ἰστία νῆσος ἀπόπροθε πολλὸν ἱούσης ἡδη ἀπεκρύπτοντο καὶ ἥρει φαίνεθ' ὅμοια· ἀλλ' ἦ μὲν στονάχιζε πανημερή γοώσα.

Νήσος δ' ἔθεεν κατὰ πόντον ἐπιστομένου ἀνέμου τυτθὸν ἐπιψάρισα πολυρρόθιον θαλάσσης· πορφύρεον δ' ἐκάτερθε περὶ τρόπιν ἔβραχε κύμα· αἶσα δὲ νῆσος μέγα λαίτμα δὴμυνε ποντοπορούσα· ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ πέσε νυκτὸς ἐπὶ κεφας· ἥ δ' ὑπ' ἀγαθή πλῶε κυβερνήτῃ τε διαπρήσσουσα θαλάσσης βένθεα· θεσπεσία δὲ πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἠλυθεν Ἦώς. 400
tοῖς δ' ἄρ' Ἰδαῖων ὄρεων φαίνοντο κολώναι Χρυσά τε καὶ Σμύνθεον ἐδος καὶ Σιμιᾶς ἀκρη τύμβος τ' Ἀιακίδαο δαίφρονος· ἀλλὰ μὲν οὐτὶ νῖδος Δαέρταο πῦκα φρονέον ἐνὶ θυμῷ
deίξε Νεοπτολέμῳ, ὑνα οἱ μὴ πένθος ἀέξη 405
θυμός ἐνὶ στῆθεσσι. παρημείβοντο δὲ νῆσοςσ
αἰσα Καλυδναῖας· Τένεδος δ' ἀπελείπετ' ὀπίσσως· φαίνητο δ' αὖν Ἔλεούντος ἐδος, τόθι Πρωτεσιλάου
σῆμα πέλει πτελέσι κατάσκοιν αἰπενήσων,
αἰ' ρ' ὑποτ' ἀθρήσωσιν ἀνερχόμεναι δαπέδου 410
'Ἰλιον, αὐτίκα τῆσι θοῶς ἀναίνεται ἀκρα.
νῆα δ' ἐρεσομένην ἀνέμος φέρεν ἀγχόθι Τροίης· ἰκετὸ δ' ἤχι καὶ ἀλλαί ἔσαν παρὰ θίνεσι νῆας
'Αργείων, οἱ τῆμος ὅμωρός ποιεόντο
μαρνάμενοι περὶ τεῖχος, ὠπερ πάρος αὐτὸι ἐδείμαν 415
νῆων ἔμμεναι ἐρκος ἐυσθενεον θ' ἄμα λαδὸν
ev πολέμῳ· τὸ δ' ἄρ' ἡδη ὑπ' Εὐρυπύλουοι χέρεσσι
μέλλειν ὑμαλδύνεσθαι ἐρειπόμενον ποτὶ γαίῃ,
eἰ μὴ ἄρ' ἀιή' ἐνόησε κραταιοῦ Τυδέος νῦν
βαλλόμεν' ἐρκεα μακρά· θοῆς δ' ἀφαρ ἐκθορε νῆος, 420
θαρσαλέως δ' ἐβόθησεν, ὅσον χῦδε οἱ κέαρ ἐνδον.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Of that good ship far-fleeting o'er the blue
Grew faint and fainter—melted in sea-haze.
But still she sighed, still daylong made her moan.

On ran the ship before a following wind,
Seeming to skim the myriad-surring sea,
And crashed the dark wave either side the prow:
Swiftly across the abyss unplumbed she sped.
Night's darkness fell about her, but the breeze
Held, and the steersman's hand was sure. O'er guls
Of brine she flew, till Dawn divine rose up
To climb the sky. Then sighted they the peaks
Of Ida, Chrysa next, and Smintheus' fane,
Then the Sigean strand, and then the tomb—
Of Aeacus' son. Yet would Laertes' seed,
The man discreet of soul, not point it out
To Neoptolemus, lest the tide of grief
Too high should swell within his breast. They
passed
Calydnae's isles, left Tenedos behind;
And now was seen the fane of Eleus,
Where stands Protesilaus' tomb, beneath
The shade of towery elms; when, soaring high
Above the plain, their topmost boughs discern
Troy, straightway wither all their highest sprays.
Nigh Ilium now the ship by wind and oar
Was brought: they saw the long strand fringed with
keels
Of Argives, who endured sore travail of war
Even then about the wall, the which themselves
Had reared to screen the ships and men in stress
Of battle. Even now Eurypylus' hands
To earth were like to dash it and destroy;
But the quick eyes of Tydeus' strong son marked
How rained the darts and stones on that long wall.
Forth of the ship he sprang, and shouted loud
With all the strength of his undaunted breast:
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

"οδ φίλοι, η μέγα πήμα κυλίνδεται Ἄργειοισι σήμερον· ἀλλ' ἀγέ θάσσον ἐσ αἰώλα τεύχεα δύντες ἵομεν ἐς πολέμου πολυκρῆτοι κυνοιμῶν· ἢδη γὰρ πύργοισιν ἔφ' ἤμετέροισι μάχονται. 425 Τρόιαι ἐνυπόλεμοι, τοῖς δὴ τάχα τεύχεα μακρὰ ῥηξάμενοι πυρὶ νήας ἐνυπηρήσουσι μάλ' αἰνῶς· νῶιν δ' ὀυκέτι νόστος ἐελδομένους ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἔσσεται· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ ὑπὲρ μόρον αἴγας δαμέντες
κεισόμεθ' ἐν Τροίᾳ, τεκέων ἐκάς ἥδη γυναικῶν·" 430 "Ὡς φάτο· τοῖς δ' ὄκιστα θοῆς ἐκ νῆσος ὄρουσαν πανσυνία· πάντας γὰρ ἔλε τρόμος εἰσαίωντας νόσφι Νεοτολέμοιο δαίφρονος, οὐνεκ' ἔφκει πατρὶ φίλα χέγα κάρτος· ἔρως δὲ οἱ ἐμπεσε χάρμης.

καρπαλιόμοις δ' ἵκουντ' ποτὶ κλισιὴν Ὀδυσσῆος· 435 ἢ γὰρ ἐπὶ μεγάλα νεός κυναπρόφοροι· πολλὰ δ' ἄρ' ἐξημοιβὰ παραυτόθι τεύχεα κεῖτο, ἦμεν Ὀδυσσῆος πυκνιμήθεος ηδὲ καὶ ἄλλως ἀντιθέων ἔταρχων, ὅποσα κταμένων ἀφέλοντο. ἔνθ' ἐσθὸς μὲν ἐν καλὰ τεύχεα, τοῖς δὲ χέρεια δύσας, ὅσοις ἀλαπαδιόν ὑπὸ κραδίη πέλεν ἦτορ· αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσείς δύσαθ' οἱ Ἰδάκηθεν ἐποντο· δῶκε δὲ Τυδείδη Διομήδει κάλλιμα τεύχη keína, τὰ δ' Ἰοκοῖο βίην εἰρύσσοσε πάροιδεν· νίσο δ' αὐτ' Ἀχιλῆος ἐδύσατο τεῦχεα πατρός, 440 καὶ οἱ φαίνετο πάμπινα ἀλήγκιος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἐλαφρὰ Ἡφαίστου παλάμησι περὶ μελέσσον ἄρητε, καίπερ ἑνὶ' ἐτέροισι πελώρια· τῷ δ' ἄμα πάντα φαίνετο τεῦχεα κούφα· κάρη γε μὲν οὐτὶ βάρυνε πῆληξ [οὐ παλάμησιν ἐπέβρισεν δόρυ μακρὸν] Πηλίας, ἀλλὰ ἐ χερσὶ καὶ ἠλίβατὸν περ ἐσὶν ἄρητος ῥημίως ἀνάειρεν ἐθ' αἰματὸς ἱσχανόσαν.

Ἄργεῖων δὲ μιν ὀσσοὶ ἐπέδρακον, οὗτι δύναντο

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

"Friends, on the Argive men is heaped this day—
Sore travail! Let us don our flashing arms
With speed, and to yon battle-turmoil haste.
For now upon our towers the warrior sons
Of Troy press hard—yea, haply will they tear
The long walls down, and burn the ships with fire,
And so the souls that long for home-return
Shall win it never; nay, ourselves shall fall
Before our due time, and shall lie in graves
In Troyland, far from children and from wives."

All as one man down from the ship they leapt;
For trembling seized on all for that grim sight—
On all save aweless Neoptolemus
Whose might was like his father's: lust of war
Swept o'er him. To Odysseus' tent in haste
They sped, for close it lay to where the ship
Touched land. About its walls was hung great store
Of change of armour, of wise Odysseus some,
And rescued some from gallant comrades slain.
Then did the brave man put on goodly arms;
But they in whose breasts faintlier beat their hearts
Must don the worser. Odysseus stood arrayed
In those which came with him from Ithaca:
To Diomede he gave fair battle-gear
Stripped in time past from mighty Socus slain.
But in his father's arms Achilles' son
Clad him—and lo, he seemed Achilles' self!
Light on his limbs and lapping close they lay—
So cunning was Hephaestus' workmanship—
Which for another had been a giant's arms.
The massive helmet cumbered not his brows;
Yea, the great Pelian spear-shaft burdened not
His hand, but lightly swung he up on high
The heavy and tall lance thirsting still for blood.
Of many Argives which beheld him then

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

καίτερ ἐελδόμενοι σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοὺς
πάν περὶ τείχος ἔτειρε βαρὺς πολέμων κυδοίμος·
ός δ' ὃτ' ἀν' εὑρέα πόντον ἔρημαθ̄ περὶ νῆσῳ
ἀνθρώπων ἀπατηθεὶς ἐργυμένωι ἁσχαλώσωι
ἀνέρες, οὐς τ' ἀνέμων κατανύσεις ἀντιώσαι
ἐφ’ υγοὺς μάλα τολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον, οἰ δ' ἀλεγεινοὶ
νη περιτρωχῆσθι, καταφινύθει δ' ἀρα πάντα
ἡμα, τειρομένοις δ' ἐπιτυνεύσῃ λυγὺς ὦρος·
ὅς ἀρ' Ἀχαῖων ἑθνὸς ἀκηκήμενον τὸ πάροιθον
ἀμφὶ Νεοπτόλεμοι βίη κεχάροτο μολῶντι
ἐξόμινοι στονόεντος ἀναπνεύσεις καμάτωι.
ὁσσε δὲ οἱ μάρμαρεν ἀναίδεος εὐτε λέοντος,
ὁς τε κατ' οὐρεα μακρὰ μέγ' ἁσχαλῶν ἐνὶ θυμῷ
ἐσσοται ἀγρευτῆσιν ἐναυτῶι, οἳ τε οἱ Ἱδὴ
ἀντρῷ ἐπεμβαίνοσιν ἐρύσσασθαι μεμαδότες
σκύμνους οἰωθέντας ἐὼν ἀπὸ τῆλε τοκῆν
βήσῃ ἐνι σκιρῇ, ὁ δ' ἀρ' ὑφόθεν ἐκ τινος ἄκρης
ἀθρῆσαι ὀλοίσιν ἐπέσσοται ἀγρευτῆσι
σμερδαλέοις βλοσυρῆσιν ὑπαί γενύσσει βεβρυχώσι.
ὁς ἄρα φαίδιμος νίός ἀταρθέους Αἰακίδαο
θυμὸν ἐπὶ Τρόώςσιν ἐὐπτολέμουσιν ὄμινε
οἴαιςεν δ' ἀρα πρῶτον, ὡτ' καλὰ δήρις ὀρῷρει
ἀμ πεδίον· τῇ γάρ φρεσίν ἐλπετο 1 τείχος Ἀχαῖων
ῥήτερον δημίουσι κατὰ κλόνον ἐσσυμένοις,
οὐνεκ' ἀκινοτέρησιν ἐπάλξεσιν ἥρρειστο.
σὺν δὲ οἱ ἅλλοι ἕβαν μέγα μαιμῶντες "Ἀρην
ἐὐρὸν δ' Εὐρύπτολον κρατερόφρονα, τῷ δ' ἀμ'
ἐταίρους
πύργῳ ἐπεμβεβαώτας, οἰομένους περὶ θυμῷ
ῥήξειν τείχεα μακρὰ καὶ Ἀργείους ἀπολέσσειν
πανσυδήθ' τοῖς δ' οὐτὶ θεοὶ τελέεσκον ἐέλδωρ.
ἀλλά σφεας "Οὐσεῦς τ' ἢδὲ σθεναρὸς Διομήδης

1 Zimmermann, for σφεας ἐπιπέτο of Koechly.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Might none draw nigh to him, how fain soe'er,  
So fast were they in that grim grapple locked  
Of the wild war that raged all down the wall.  
But as when shipmen, under a desolate isle  
Mid the wide sea by stress of weather bound,  
Chafe, while afar from men the adverse blasts  
Prison them many a day; they pace the deck  
With sinking hearts, while scantier grows their store  
Of food; they weary till a fair wind sings;  
So joyed the Achaean host, which theretofore  
Were heavy of heart, when Neoptolemus came,  
Joyed in the hope of breathing-space from toil.  
Then like the aweless lion's flashed his eyes,  
Which mid the mountains leaps in furious mood  
To meet the hunters that draw nigh his cave,  
Thinking to steal his cubs, there left alone  
In a dark-shadowed glen—but from a height  
The beast hath spied, and on the spoilers leaps  
With grim jaws terribly roaring; even so  
That glorious child of Aeacus' aweless son  
Against the Trojan warriors burned in wrath.  
Thither his eagle-swoop descended first  
Where loudest from the plain uproared the fight;  
There weakest, he divined, must be the wall,  
The battlements lowest, since the surge of foes  
Brake heaviest there. Charged at his side the rest  
Breathing the battle-spirit. There they found.  
Eurypylus mighty of heart and all his men  
Scaling a tower, exultant in the hope  
Of tearing down the walls, of slaughtering  
The Argives in one holocaust. No mind  
The Gods had to accomplish their desire!  
But now Odysseus, Diomed the strong,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ισόθεος τε Νεοπτόλεμος διός τε Λεωντεύς
ἄψ ἀπὸ τείχεος δῶσαν ἀπειρεσίοις βελέσσων.
ὡς δ’ ὅτ’ ἀπὸ σταθμὸν κύνες μογεροί τε νομήσες
κάρτει καὶ φωνῇ κρατεροῖς σεύσουσι λέοντας
πάντοθεν ἐσσύμενοι, τοί δ’ ὄμμασί γλαυκίωντες
στρωφώντ’ ἐνθά καὶ ἐνθα λιλαίαμενοι μέγα θυμῷ
πόρτιας ἥδε βόας μετὰ γαμφηλῆσι λαφύξαι,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὦς εἰκοσὶ κυνῶν ὑπὸ καρτεροθύμων
σευμένων, μάλα γὰρ σφιν ἐπαίσσουσι νομήσες,
βαιῶν, ὅσον τις ἴησι χερὸς περιμήκεα λάαν.

οὐ γὰρ Τρώας ἔνα νηῶν ἀπονόσφι φέβεσθαι
Εὐρύτυλος, δηύων δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ὀτρύνεσκε
μίμων, εἰσόκε νῆσα ἔλη καὶ πάντας ὅλέσσῃ
Ἀργείους. Ζεῦς γὰρ οἱ ἀπειρέσιοι βάλε κάρτος,
αὐτίκα δ’ ὁκρίοεσσαν ἐλῶν καὶ ἀτειρέα πέτρην
ἥκεν ἐπεσυμέως κατὰ τείχεος ἠλιβάτοιο.
σμερδαλέον δ’ ἄρα πάντα περιπλατάγησε θέμεθα
ἐρκεος αἰπεινοῖο. δέος δ’ ἐλε πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
τείχεος ὃς ἢθη συνοχωκότος ἐν κονίσσων.
ἀλλ’ οὐδ’ ὡς ἀποροουσάν ἀταρτηροῦ κυδοιμοῦ,
ἀλλ’ ἔμενον θόεσσιν ἐοικότες ἥ ἕλκοισι,
μῆλων ληστῆρισιν ἀναιδέσσι, οὗς τ’ ἐν δρεσσιν
ἀντρών ἐξελάσσως ὄμως κυλῶν ἀγροιδαί
ἰέμοι ντοκύμνοισι φόνον στονόετα βαλέσθαι
ἐσσύμενως, τοῖς δ’ οὕτι βιαζόμενοι βελέσσι
χάζοντ’, ἀλλὰ μένοντες ἀμύνουσιν τεκέσσιν,
ὡς οἱ ἀμυνόμενοι νηῶν ὑπερ ἥδε καὶ αὐτῶν
μίμων ἐν ὑμίνῃ. τοῖς δ’ Εὐρύτυλος θρασυ-
χάρμης

/jpeg image
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Leonteus, and Neoptolemus, as a God
In strength and beauty, hailed their javelins down,
And thrust them from the wall. As dogs and
shepherds
By shouting and hard fighting drive away
Strong lions from a steadying, rushing forth
From all sides, and the brutes with glaring eyes
Pace to and fro; with savage lust for blood
Of calves and kine their jaws are slavering;
Yet must their onrush give back from the hounds
And fearless onset of the shepherd folk;
[So from these new defenders shrank the foe]
A little, far as one may hurl a stone
Exceeding great; for still Eurypylus
Suffered them not to flee far from the ships,
But cheered them on to bide the brunt, until
The ships be won, and all the Argives slain;
For Zeus with measureless might thrilled all his
frame.
Then seized he a rugged stone and huge, and leapt
And hurled it full against the high-built wall.
It crashed, and terribly boomed that rampart steep
To its foundations. Terror gripped the Greeks,
As though that wall had crumbled down in dust;
Yet from the deadly conflict flinched they not,
But stood fast, like to jackals or to wolves—
Bold robbers of the sheep—when mid the hills
Hunter and hound would drive them forth their
caves,
Being grimly purposed there to slay their whelps.
Yet these, albeit tormented by the darts,
Flee not, but for their cubs' sake bide and fight;
So for the ships' sake they abode and fought,
And for their own lives. But Eurypylus
Afront of all the ships stood, taunting them:
"Coward and dastard souls! no darts of yours
Οὐκ ἂν δὴ, βελέεσσι νεὼν ἀπὸ ταρβῆσαντα ἦλάσατ', εἰ μὴ τείχοις ἐμὴν ἀπέρυκεν ὅμοκλῆς·

υνὶ δὲ μοι εὑρείη κῆνες πτώσουντες ἐν ὑλῇ

μάρνασθ' ἐδοὺς ἐόντες ἀλευόμενοι φοῦν αἰτύν·

ἢ δὲ ποτ' ἐκ νηὰν ἢς Τρώων οὐδὰς ἴκησθε,

ὡς τὸ πάρος μεμαύτες ἕπι μόθον, οὐ νῦ τις ὑμέας

ῥύσεται ἐκ θανάτοιο δυσηχέος, ἀλλ' ἀμα πάντες

κείσεσθ' ἐν κοινήσιν ἐμεῦ υπὸ δηθέντες." 520

"Ὡς ἐφ' ἀκράαντον ἵελς ἐπος· οὐδὲ τι ηὔδη

ἔτι τὰ οἱ μέγα πῆμα κυλίνδετο βαϊνόν ἀπώθεν

χερσὶ Νεοπτολέμου θρασύφρονος, ὃς μιν ἔμεμλε

dαμνασθ' οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν ὕπ' ἐγχεῖ μαμώωντί.

οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ τότ' ἐσκεν ἄτερ κρατεροῦ πόνοιο,

ἄλλ' ἀρα Τρώας ἐναρευν ἄφ' ἔρκεος· οἱ δ' ἐφέβουτο

βαλλόμενοι καθύπερθε· περικλονέουτο δ' ἀνάγκη

Εὐρυπύλῳ· πάντας γὰρ ἀνιηρὸν δεὸς ἤρει·

ὡς δ' ὅτε νηπίαχοι περὶ γούνασι πατρὸς ἐλὸν

πτώσουσι βροντήν μεγάλου Δίος ἀμφὶ νέφεσιν

ῥηγνυμένην, ὅτε δεινὸν ἐπιστοναχίζεται αἰθήρ·

ὅς ἀρα Τρώων υῖες ἐν ἀνδράσι Κητείσιων

ἀμφὶ μέγαν Βασιλῆα Νεοπτόλεμον φοβέοντο

πᾶν θ' δ' τι χερσὶν ἔηκεν· ἐς θυν γὰρ ἐπτατο πῆμα,

δυσμενῶν κεφαλῆςι φέρουν πολύδακρους Ἀρηα.

οἱ δ' ἀρ' ἀμεμαχή βεβολῆμένοι ἐνδόθεν ἦτορ

Τρώες ἐφ' αὐτοῦ· Ἀχιλῆα πελώριον εἰσοράσσαται

αυτὸν ὁμός τεύχεσαν· καὶ ἀμφασίην ἀλεγεινήν

κεύθον ὑπὸ κραδή, ἵνα μὴ δεός αἰνὸν ἰκηται

ἐς φένα Κητείων μηδ' Εὐρυπύλῳ ἄνακτος·

αυτοῦ δ' ἀλλοθεν ἀλλὸς ἀπερέσιον τρομέοντες

μεσσηγὺς κακότητος ἔσαυν κρυεροῦ τε φόβου·

αἰῶν χὰρ κατέρυκεν ὁμός καὶ δεὶμ' ἀλεγεινόν.

ὡς δ' ὅτε παυταλόεσσαι ὴδόν κἀτὰ ποσσίν ἱόντες

ανέρες ἀθρήσσωσιν ἀπ' οὐρεος ἂλοσοντα

1 Zimmermann, for πᾶν δ' τι of Koechly.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Had given me pause, nor thrust back from your ships,
Had not your rampart stayed mine onset-rush.
Ye are like to dogs, that in a forest flinch
Before a lion! Skulking therewithin
Ye are fighting—nay, are shrinking back from death!
But if ye dare come forth on Trojan ground,
As once when ye were eager for the fray,
None shall from ghastly death deliver you:
Slain by mine hand ye all shall lie in dust!"

So did he shout a prophecy unfulfilled,
Nor heard Doom's chariot-wheels fast rolling near
Bearing swift death at Neoptolemus' hands,
Nor saw death gleaming from his glittering spear.
Ay, and that hero paused not now from fight,
But from the ramparts smote the Trojans aye.
From that death leaping from above they quailed
In tumult round Eurypylus: deadly fear
Gripped all their hearts. As little children cower
About a father's knees when thunder of Zeus
Crashes from cloud to cloud, when all the air
Shudders and groans, so did the sons of Troy,
With those Ceteians round their great king, cower
Ever as prince Neoptolemus hurled; for death
Rode upon all he cast, and bare his wrath
Straight rushing down upon the heads of foes.
Now in their hearts those wilderied Trojans said
That once more they beheld Achilles' self
Gigantic in his armour. Yet they hid
That horror in their breasts, lest panic fear
Should pass from them to the Ceteian host
And king Eurypylus; so on every side
They wavered 'twixt the stress of their hard strait
And that blood-curdling dread, 'twixt shame and fear.
As when men treading a precipitous path
Look up, and see adown the mountain-slope
QUINTUS SYMRNAEUS

χείμαρρον, καναχή δὲ περιβρομεῖει περὶ πέτρην,
οὐδ’ ἦτι οἱ μεμάσσαν ἀνὰ βόουν ἥχηντα
δύμεναι ἐγκονέντες, ἐπεὶ παρὰ ποσσῖν ὀλέθρον
δερκόμενοι τρομέουσι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγουσι κελεύθουν: 550
ὡς ἄρα Τρώες ἐμίμνων ἐελδόμενοι περ ἀλύξαι

* * * * *
teίχος ὑπ’ Ἀργείων τοὺς δ’ Εὐρύπυλος θεοειδὴς
αἰὲν ἐποτρύνεσκε ποτὶ κλόνου· ἡ γὰρ ἐόλπει
πολλοῦσ ὁμίσωτα πελώριον ἐν δαί φώτα
χεῖρα καμεῖν καὶ κάρτος· ὃ δ’ οὐκ ἀπέληγη μόθου. 555
Τὸν δ’ ἄρ’ Ἀθηναίη κρατερὸν πόλον εἰσορόσωσα
κάλλιτεν ὜λυμποιο θυώδεος αἰτὰ μέλαθρα·
βῆ δ’ ἄρ’ ὑπὲρ κορυφᾶς ὁρέων· οὐδ’ ἵχνευς γαῖς
ψάνε μέγ’ ἐγκονέουσα· φέρειν δ’ ἕως ἰερὸς ἀηρ
εἰδομένην νεφέσσιν, ἑλαφροτέρην δ’ ἀνέμου. 560
Τροίην δ’ αἰγ’ ἀφίκανε, πόδας δ’ ἐπέθηκε κολώνη
Συγέου ἤνεμοντος· ἐδέρκητο δ’ ἐνθεὶ αὐτὴν
ἀγχεμάχων ἀνδρῶν, κύδαιν δὲ πολλὸν Ἀχαιόν.
νῦς δ’ αὐτ’ Ἀχιλῆς ἔχειν πολὺ φέρτατον ἄλλων
θάρσος ὕμοι καὶ κάρτος, ᾧ ἀνδράσιν εἰς ἐν ἱόντα
565
τεύχουσιν μέγα κύδος· δ’ ἀμφότεροισι κέκαστο,
οὖνεκ’ ἑνὶ Δίως αἶμα, φίλῳ δ’ ἥκετο τοκῆ
τῷ καὶ ἀτρεστὸς ἔων πολέας κτάνεν ἀγχόθι πύργον.
ὡς δ’ ἀλευς κατὰ πόντον ἀνὴρ λειμμένης ἀγρὴς
teύχων ἰχθύσι πῆμα φέρει μένους Ἡφαίστου

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υῆς ἐξ ἐντοσθε, διηγομένη δ’ ὑπ’ αὐτὴν
μαρμαίρει περὶ νῦ ὑποσ σέλας, οἱ δ’ κελαίνης
ἐξ ἄλος αἴσσοντι μεμαύτει στατον αὐγῆν
εἰσιδέειν, τοὺς γὰρ ἐκ ταυγιλώχυν τριάνη
κτείνει ἐπεσσώονος, γάνυται δ’ οἱ ἢτορ ἐπ’
ἀγρὴν.

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δὸς ἄρα κύδιμος νῦς εὐπτολέμον Ἀχιλῆος
λαῖνεν περὶ τείχος ἐδάμνατο δῆμα φῦλα

1 Zimmermann, for κεφάλης of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

A torrent rushing on them, thundering down
The rocks, and dare not meet its clamorous flood,
But hurry shuddering on, with death in sight
Holding as naught the perils of the path;
So stayed the Trojans, spite of their desire
[To flee the imminent death that waited them]
Beneath the wall. Godlike Eurypylus
Aye cheered them on to fight. He trusted still
That this new mighty foe would weary at last
With toil of slaughter; but he wearied not.
That desperate battle-travail Pallas saw,
And left the halls of Heaven incense-sweet,
And flew o'er mountain-crests: her hurrying feet
Touched not the earth, borne by the air divine
In form of cloud-wreaths, swifter than the wind.
She came to Troy, she stayed her feet upon
Sigeum's windy ness, she looked forth thence
Over the ringing battle of dauntless men,
And gave the Achaeans glory. Achilles' son
Beyond the rest was filled with valour and strength
Which win renown for men in whom they meet.
Peerless was he in both: the blood of Zeus
Gave strength; to his father's valour was he heir;
So by those towers he smote down many a foe.
And as a fisher on the darkling sea,
To lure the fish to their destruction, takes
Within his boat the strength of fire; his breath
Kindles it to a flame, till round the boat
Glareth its splendour, and from the black sea
Dart up the fish all eager to behold
The radiance—for the last time; for the barbs
Of his three-pointed spear, as up they leap,
Slay them; his heart rejoices o'er the prey.
So that war-king Achilles' glorious son
Slew hosts of onward-rushing foes around

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QUINTUS Smyrnaeus

άντι ἐπεσπυμένων πονέοντο δε πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ ἄλλοι ὄμως ἂλλησιν ἐπάλξειν ἐβραχεὶ ὑερὺς αἰγιαλὸς καὶ νῆς, ἐπεστενάξαντο δε μακρὰ τεῖξεα βαλλομένων. κάματος δι ὑπεδάμνατο λαοὺς ἀσπετας ἀμφιτέρωθε, λύνοντο δὲ γυῖα καὶ ἄλκη ἀιξηῶν ἀλλ' οὕτι μενεπτολέμου Ἀχιλῆος ἀμφεχεν νιέα διον, ἐπεὶ δε 1 οἱ ὀβριμον ήτορ πάμπαν ἐν ἄτροου, ἀνιηρὸν δὲ 2 οὕτι ἤψατο μαρναμένου. μένος δ' ἀκάμαντε ἐφ' αἰενάρ ποταμῷ, τὸν ἀπειρεσίν πυρὸς ὀρμὴν ὦποτ' ιοῦς ἐφόβησε, καὶ εἰ μέγα μαίνετ' ἀήτης Ἡφαίστου κλονέων ιερὸν μένος, ἢ γὰρ ἱκέται ἐγγὺς ἐπί προχοῆσι μαραίνεται, οὐδέ οἱ ἄλκη ἄφασθ' ἀργαλέη σθενεὶ υδατος ἀκαμάτων· ὅς ἄρα Πηλείδαο δαίφρονος νιεός ἐσθλοῦ οὕτε μόγοι στονοεῖσ οὐτ' ἄρ δέος ἤψατο γούνων αἰὲν ἐρειδομένου καὶ ὅτρυνοντος ἐταίρους.

οὐ μὴν οὐδὲ βέλος κείνο χρόα καλὸν ἱκανὸ πολλῶν βαλλομένων· ἀλλ' ὅσι υφάδες πελτηθήσει πετρεχθήσης πολλάκις ἡχθησαν ἐτώσια· πάντα γὰρ εὐρὺ εἰργαί σάκοι βριαρή τε κύρος, κλυτὰ δώρα θεοίοι τοῖς ἐπικαγχαλων κρατέρος παῖς Αἰακίδαο φοίτα μακρὰ βοῶν πελτηθέν τεῖξει πολλαὶ κελεύων ἐς μόθον Ἀργεοισιν ἀταρβέσιν, οὐκεν παύτων πολλῶν ἐπὶ ὧχι ἄριστος, ἔχεν δ' ἐτι θυμὸν ὀμοκλῆς λευγαλῆς ἀκόρητον, εὖ δ' ἄρα μὴ δετο πατρός τίσεσθ' ἀλλινούντα φῶνον· κεχύρωντο δ' ἀνακτὶ Μυρμιδόνες· στυγνηρ' δὲ πέλευν περὶ τεῖχος αὐτή. 605

"Ευθα δὲ κτάνε παιδε πολυχρύσου Μέγιτος, ὅς γούνα ἔσκε Δύμαντος, ἔχεν δ' ἐρυκυδέας νίλας, εἰδότας εὐ μὲν ἀκοῦντα βαλεῖν, εὔ δ' ἵππουν ἐλάσσαι ἐν πολέμῳ καὶ μακρὸν ἐπισταμένως δόρι τῆλαι,

1 Zimmermann, for ἰα of v. 2 Zimmermann, for δὲ ὁι of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

That wall of stone. Well fought the Achaean all
Here, there, adown the ramparts: rang again
The wide strand and the ships: the battered walls
Groaned ever. Men with weary ache of toil
Fainted on either side; sinews and might
Of strong men were unstrung. But o'er the son
Of battle-stay Achilles weariness
Crept not: his battle-eager spirit aye
Was tireless; never touched by palsyng fear
He fought on, as with the triumphant strength
Of an ever-flowing river: though it roll
'Twixt blazing forests, though the madding blast
Roll stormy seas of flame; it feareth not,
For at its brink faint grows the fervent heat,
The strong flood turns its might to impotence;
So weariness nor fear could bow the knees
Of Hero Achilles' gallant-hearted son,
Still as he fought, still cheered his comrades on.
Of myriads shafts sped at him none might touch
His flesh, but even as snowflakes on a rock
Fell vainly ever: wholly screened was he
By broad shield and strong helmet, gifts of a God.
In these exulting did the Aeacid's son
Stride all along the wall, with ringing shouts
Cheering the dauntless Argives to the fray,
Being their mightiest far, bearing a soul
Insatiate of the awful onset-cry,
Burning with one strong purpose, to avenge
His father's death: the Myrmidons in their king
Exulted. Roared the battle round the wall.

Two sons he slew of Meges rich in gold,
Scion of Dymas—sons of high renown,
Cunning to hurl the dart, to drive the steed
In war, and deftly cast the lance afar,
Born at one birth beside Sangarius' banks
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

tōuς τέκε οἱ Περίβοια μη ὄδυν παρ’ ὀχθὴς
Σαγγαρίου, Κέλτων τε καὶ Εὐβιον· οὐδ’ ἀπώναντο
ὁλβον ἀπειρεσίοιο πολὺν χρόνον, οὖνεκα Μοίραι
παῦρον ἐπὶ σφίσι πάγχυ τέλος βιότοι βάλοντο·
ἀμφώ δ’ ὡς ἰδον ἥμαρ ὀμῶς, ὥς κάθανον ἀμφώ
χερσὶ Νεοπτολέμῳ θρασύφρονος, ὃς μὲν ἄκοντι
βλήμενος ἡς κραδίνην, ὃ δὲ χερμαδίῳ ἀλεγεινῷ
κὰκ κεφαλῆς’ βριαρῇ δὲ περιθραυσθεῖσα καρήνῃ,
ἐδλάσθη τρυφάλεια καὶ ἐγκέφαλον συνέχεινεν.
ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρα σφίσι φῦλα περικείνοντο καὶ ἄλλων
μυρία δυσμενέων’ μέγα δ’ Ἀρεος ἐργον ὀρὸρεί,
μέσφ’ ὅτε δὴ βουλήσως ἐπῆλθεν, ἦνυτο δ’ ἡς
ἀμβροσίη, καὶ λαὸς ἀταρβέος Εὐρυτύλω
χάσσατο τυθόν ἄπωθε νεῶν’ οἱ δ’ ἀγχόδι πῦργων
βαίνων ἀνέπνευσαν’ καὶ δ’ αὐτὸι Τρῳοὶ ὑλέ
ἀμπαύοντο μόθου δυσηχέους, οὖνεκ’ ἐτύχθη
φύλοπις ἄργαλέη περὶ τεῖχεί. καὶ νῦ χ’ ἀπαντεῖς
Ἀργείου τὸτε νηυσίν ἐπὶ σφετέρσησιν ὀλοντο,
εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλήος κρατερὸς παῖς ἦματι κεῖνὸς
dυσμενέων ὑπάλαλκε πολὺν στρατὸν ἦδε καὶ
ἀυτὸν
Εὐρυτύλων, τῷ δ’ αἴψα γέρων σχεδὸν ἤλυθε
Φοῖνιξ,
καὶ μιν ἰδον θάμβησεν ἐοικότα Πηλεῖων·
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ μέγα χάρμα καὶ ἀσπετον ἄλγος ἰκανεν,
ἄλγος μὲν μνησθείτο ποδόκεος ἀμφὶ Ἀχιλήος,
χάρμα δ’ ἀρ’, οὖνεκά οἱ κρατερὸν παῖδ’ εἰσενοῆσε;
κλαίε δ’ ὑ’ ἀσπασίως, ἐπεὶ οὕποτε φῦλ’ ἀν-
θρώπων
νόσθε γόνον ζωον, καὶ εἰ ποτε χάρμα φέρονται.
ἀμφεχύθη δὲ οἱ, εὑτε πατήρ περὶ παϊδὶ χυθείη,
ὡς τε θεῶν ἱστητι πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγε’ ἀνατλάς
ἐλθῃ ἐόν ποτὶ δῶμα φίλῳ μέγα χάρμα τοκη.
δὲ οἱ Νεοπτολέμοιο κάρη καὶ στήθεα κύσσεν
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Of Periboea to him, Celtus one,
And Eubius the other. But not long
His boundless wealth enjoyed they, for the Fates
Span them a thread of life exceeding brief.
As on one day they saw the light, they died
On one day by the same hand. To the heart
Of one Neoptolemus sped a javelin; one
He smote down with a massy stone that crashed
Through his strong helmet, shattered all its ridge,
And dashed his brains to earth. Around them fell
Foes many, a host untold. The War-god's work
Waxed ever mightier till the eventide,
Till failed the light celestial; then the host
Of brave Eurypylus from the ships drew back
A little: they that held those leaguered towers
Had a short breathing-space; the sons of Troy
Had respite from the deadly-echoing strife,
From that hard rampart-battle. Verily all
The Argives had beside their ships been slain,
Had not Achilles' strong son on that day
Withstood the host of foes and their great chief
Eurypylus. Came to that young hero's side
Phoenix the old, and marvelling gazed on one
The image of Peleides. Tides of joy
And grief swept o'er him—grief, for memories
Of that swift-footed father—joy, for sight
Of such a son. He for sheer gladness wept;
For never without tears the tribes of men
Live—nay, not mid the transports of delight.
He clasped him round as father claspeth son
Whom, after long and troublous wanderings,
The Gods bring home to gladden a father's heart.
So kissed he Neoptolemus' head and breast,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

άμφιχνθείς, καὶ τοῖον ἁγασσάμενος φάτο μύθον·

"χαῖρε μοι, ὃ τέκος ἐσθλῶν Ἀχιλλέως, ὃν ποτὲ

ἐγὼ γένη
tυτθοῦν ἐὸντ' ἀτίταλλον ἐν ἁγκοίνῃσιν ἔμῆσι

προφρονέως· ὃ δ' ἀρ' ὅκα θεῶν ἐρμυκάει βουλὴ

ἔρως ὅπως ἔρμθηλες ἀέξετο· καὶ οἱ ἐγὼγε

γήθεον εἰσορόων ἡμὲν δέμας ἡδὲ καὶ ἀλκην

ἐσκε δὲ μοι μέγ' ὅνειαρ· ἵσον δὲ ἐ παιδε τίσκοιν
tηλυγέτω· ὃ δ' ἀρ' ἵσον ἐφ' ρατρὶ τίς ἐμὸν κήρ

κείνῳ μὲν γὰρ ἐγὼγε πατὴρ, ὃ δ' ἀρ' ύιὼς ἐμοίγε

ἐσκε νῦ· φαίης κεν ἴδων ἐνδός αὑματος εἶναι

ἐινεχ' ὁμοφροσύνης· ἀρετὴ δ' ὃ γε φέρτερος ήν

πολλὸν, ἔπει μακάρεσσι δέμας καὶ κάρτος ἐφκεε.

τῷ σύγχ πάμπαν έοικας· ἐγὼ δ' ἀρα κείνου οἶω

ζωών ἐτ' Ἀργείοις μετέμμεναι· οὐ μ' ἄχος ὀξὺ

ἀμφέχει ἡματα πάντα, λυγρὸ δ' ἐπί γηραὶ θυμὸν

τεύρομαι· ὦς ὀφελὸν με χυτή κατὰ γαίᾳ κεκεύθει

κείνου ἔτι ζωοῖτος· ὃ καὶ πέλει ἀνέρι κύδος

κηδημονῆς έοὺ ὑπὸ χείρεσι ταρχυθήναι.

ἀλλά, τέκος, κείνου μὲν ἐγὼν ὦ λήσομαι ἦτορ

ἀχνύμενος· σὺ δ' ἡμήτι χαλέπτεο πενθεὶ θυμὸν

ἀλλ' ἄγε Μυρμόνεσσι καὶ ἱπποδάμοισιν Ἀχαϊοῖς

tειρμένοις ἐπάμυνε μὲγ' ἀμφ' ἀγαθόοι τοκίος

χωμένοις δήσιοις· κλέος δὲ τοι ἐσσεται ἐσθλῶν

Εὐρύτυλον δαμάσαντι μάχης ἀκόρητον ἔντα·
tου γαρ ὑπέρτερος ἐσσι καὶ ἐσσεαί, ὅσσον ἄρειῶν

σείον πατήρ κείνου πέλεν μογεροί τοκίος.

"Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπε πάις ξανθοῦ Ἀχιλῆος·

" ὦ γέρων, ἧμετέρην ἁρετὴν ἀνὰ δηιοτῆτα

Αἴσα διακρίνει κρατῆρ καὶ ὑπέρβιος Ἀρρης."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν αὐτήμαρ ἑλθετο τείχεος ἐκτὸς

σεύσθ' ἐν τεύχεσσιν ἐοὺ πατρός· ἀλλά μν ἔσχε

νύξ, ἢ τ' ἀνθρωποίσι λύσιν καμάτιοι φέρουσα

ἐσσντ' ἀπ' ὀκεανοίο καλυψαμένη δέμας ὀρφνη."
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Clasping him round, and cried in rapture of joy:
"Hail, goodly son of that Achilles whom
I nursed a little one in mine own arms
With a glad heart. By Heaven's high providence
Like a strong sapling waxed he in stature fast,
And daily I rejoiced to see his form
And prowess, my life's blessing, honouring him
As though he were the son of mine old age;
For like a father did he honour me.
I was indeed his father, he my son
In spirit: thou hadst deemed us of one blood
Who were in heart one: but of nobler mould
Was he by far, in form and strength a God.
Thou art wholly like him—yea, I seem to see
Alive amid the Argives him for whom
Sharp anguish shrouds me ever. I waste away
In sorrowful age—oh that the grave had closed
On me while yet he lived! How blest to be
By loving hands of kinsmen laid to rest!
Ah child, my sorrowing heart will nevermore
Forget him! Chide me not for this my grief.
But now, help thou the Myrmidons and Greeks
In their sore strait: wreak on the foe thy wrath
For thy brave sire. It shall be thy renown
To slay this war-insatiate Telephus' son;
For mightier art thou, and shalt prove, than he,
As was thy father than his wretched sire."

Made answer golden-haired Achilles' son:
"Ancient, our battle-prowess mighty Fate
And the o'er mastering War-god shall decide."

But, as he spake, he had fain on that same day
Forth of the gates have rushed in his sire's arms;
But night, which bringeth men release from toil,
Rose from the ocean veiled in sable pall.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

'Αργείων δὲ μν ὑλὲς ἵσον κρατέρα 'Αχιλῆι κύδαινον παρὰ νησὶ γεγηθότες, οὐνεκ' ἀρ' αὐτούς 675 θαρσαλέουσ κατέτευξεν ἵδων ἐπὶ δὴριν ἐτοίμῳς·
τούνεκά μιν τίσκον ἀγακλείτοις γεράσσων ἀσπετα δῷρα διδόντες, ἀ τ' ἀνέρι πλούτον ὀφέλλευ
οἱ μὲν γὰρ χρυσῶν τε καὶ ἀργυρῶν, οἱ δὲ γυναικῶς
δμωίδας, οἱ δ' ἀρα χαλκῶν ἀσπετον, οἱ δὲ
σιδήνουν,
ἀλλοι δ' οἴνον ἔρυθρον ἐν ἀμφιφορείσιν ὅπασσαν ὅπποις τ' ὁκύπτοδας καὶ ἀρήια τεύχεα φωτῶν
φάρεα τ' εὐποίητα γυναικῶν κάλλιμα ἔργα·
τοῖς ἔτι θυμὸν ἱαίνε Νεοπτόλεμοι φίλοι κῆρ.
καὶ ὅ' οἱ μὲν δόρποιο ποτὶ κλησίησει μέλοντο
νυὸν 'Αχιλῆις θεοείδεα κυδάινοντες
ἰσον ἐπουρανίουσιν ἀτεκέσι· τῷ δ' Ἄγαμέμνων
πόλλῃ ἐπικαγχαλῶν τοῖον ποτὶ μύθουν ἔσπευν·
"ἀτρεκέως πάϊς ἐσοί θρασύφρονος Αἰακίδας,
ὠ τέκος, οὐνεκά οἱ κρατερὸν μένος ἤδε καὶ οἶδο
καὶ μέγεθος καὶ θάρσος ὅ'}} 685
τῷ σοι ἐγὼ μέγα θυμὸν ἰαίνομαι· ἡ γὰρ ἐσοπὰ
σήσιν ὑπαί παλάμησι καὶ ἐγχειδή δῆμα φύλα
καὶ Πριάμοιο πόλη περικλειτῆ ἐναρξίαι,
οὐνεκα πατρὶ ἐοικαζη· ἐγὼ δ' ἀρα κεῖνον ὅῃ
εἰσορᾶν παρὰ νησιν, ὅτε Τρώεσσιν ὀμόκλα
χωόμενοι Πατρόκλου δεδοοτοτοι· ἀλλ' ὁ μέν ἦδη
ἐστὶ σύν ἀθανάτους· σὲ δ' ἐκ μακάρων προέκε
ςήμερον Ἀργείουσιν ἀπολλυμένους ἐπαμηνία λείπον·
"Ως φάμενον προσέπειν 'Αχίλλως οδημίο
νυὸς·
"ἐφε δε μιν, ὁ Ἄγαμέμνων, ἀτι ζώοντα κίχανον,
ὄφρα καὶ αὐτοὺς ἄθρησεν ἐὼν θυμήρεα παίδα
οὐτὶ κατασχύνοντα βίνην πατρόσ, ὠσπερ ὦν
ἔσσεσθ῏, ἤν με σάωσιν ἀκηδεῖς Οὐρανίων.
"Ως ἀρ' ἐφη πινυτῆσιν ἀρηγάμενος φρεσὶν θυμὸν...
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

With honour as of mighty Achilles' self
Him mid the ships the glad Greeks hailed, who
had won
Courage from that his eager rush to war.
With princely presents did they honour him,
With priceless gifts, whereby is wealth increased;
For some gave gold and silver, handmaids some,
Brass without weight gave these, and iron those;
Others in deep jars brought the ruddy wine:
Yea, fleetfoot steeds they gave, and battle-gear,
And raiment woven fair by women's hands.
Glowed Neoptolemus' heart for joy of these.
A feast they made for him amidst the tents,
And there extolled Achilles' godlike son
With praise as of the immortal Heavenly Ones;
And joyful-voiced Agamemnon spake to him:
"Thou verily art the brave-souled Aeacid's son,
His very image thou in stalwart might,
In beauty, stature, courage, and in soul.
Mine heart burns in me seeing thee. I trust
Thine hands and spear shall smite yon hosts of foes,
Shall smite the city of Priam world-renowned—
So like thy sire thou art! Methinks I see
Himself beside the ships, as when his shout
Of wrath for dead Patroclus shook the ranks
Of Troy. But he is with the Immortal Ones,
Yet, bending from that heaven, sends thee to-day
To save the Argives on destruction's brink."

Answered Achilles' battle-eager son:
"Would I might meet him living yet, O King,
That so himself might see the son of his love
Not shaming his great father's name. I trust
So shall it be, if the Gods grant me life."

So spake he in wisdom and in modesty;
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

λαοὶ δ’ ἀμφιέπωντες ἐθάμβεον ἀνέρα δίων.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ δόρπων καὶ ἐλατίνης κορέσαιτο,
ὅτε τότ’ ἀρ’ Αἰακίδαο θρασύφρονος ὄβριμος νῦς
ἀνστάς ἐκ δόρπων τοτ’ κλισίην ἀφίκανε
πατρός ἐοῦ. τα δὲ πολλὰ δαίκταμένων ἡρώων
ἐντεα οἱ παρέκεινθ’. αἰ δ’ ἀμφὶ μιν ἀλλοθεν ἀλλαὶ
χήρην λημάδες κλισίην ἐπιπορσύνεσκον
ὡς ἱσόντος ἀνακτος: ο’ δ’ ὡς ἰδεῖν ἐντεα Τρώων
καὶ δμώας, στονάχθενε- ἔρως δὲ μιν εἰλε τοκῆς
ὡς ο’ ὅτ’ ἀνὰ δρυμα πυκνα καὶ ἄγκεα ῥωπήνενα
σμερδαλέων λέοντος ὑπ’ ἀγρευτήσι δαμέντος
σκύμνος ἐς ἀντρων ἴκηται ἐὖσκιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
ταρφεά παπταίνει κενεόν σπέος, ἀθρόα δ’ αὐτῶ
ὡς ἀντε αἱρόμενος κταμένων πάρος σοκ ὀλίγων 
περ ἅππων ἤδε βοῶν μεγάλ’ ἄχυνται ἀμφὶ τοκῆς
ὡς ἄρα θαρσαλέων παῖς τότε Πηλείδαο
θυμὸν ἐπαχώθη· δμωαὶ δὲ μιν ἀμφαγάσαντο.
καὶ δ’ αὐτὴ Βρισῆς, ὅτ’ ἐδρακεν ὑ’ Ἀχιλῆος,
ἀλλοτε μὲν θυμῷ μέγ’ ἔγηθεν, ἀλλοτε δ’ αὐτῆ
ἀχυντ’ Ἀχιλῆος μεμημένη’ ἐν δὲ οἱ ἱττορ
ἀμφασίη βεβάλητο κατὰ φρένας, ὡς ἐτεόν περ
αὐτοῦ ἐτ’ ἱσόντος ἀταρβέος Αἰακίδαο.

Τρώες δ’ αὐτ’ ἀπάνευθε γεγηθότες ὀβριμον ἀνδρὰ
Ἐὐρύπυλον κύλαινον ἐνὶ κλαῖσηι καὶ αὐτοὶ,
ὄπτοσον Ἑκτόρα ὄλω, ὅτ’ Ἀργείως ἑδαίζε
ῥύμενος πτολεθρον ἐοῦ καὶ κτῆνων ἀπασαν.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ μερόπεσων ἐπὶ γλυκὺς ἤλθεν ὑπνοι,
ὅτ’ τότε Τρώοι οὐς ἢδ’ Ἀργείοι μεικάρμαι
νόσφι φυλακτήρων εὐδοκ βεβαρητέος ὑπνοι.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

And all there marvelled at the godlike man. But when with meat and wine their hearts were filled, Then rose Achilles' battle-eager son, And from the feast passed forth unto the tent - That was his sire's. Much armour of heroes slain Lay there; and here and there were captive maids Arraying that tent widowed of its lord, As though its king lived. When that son beheld Those Trojan arms and handmaid-thralls, he groaned, By passionate longing for his father seized. As when through dense oak-groves and tangled glens Comes to the shadowed cave a lion's whelp Whose grim sire by the hunters hath been slain, And looketh all around that empty den, And seeth heaps of bones of steeds and kine Slain theretofore, and grieveth for his sire; Even so the heart of brave Peleides' son With grief was numbed. The handmaids marvelling gazed; And fair Briseis' self, when she beheld Achilles' son, was now right glad at heart, And sorrowed now with memories of the dead. Her soul was wildered all, as though indeed There stood the aweless Aeacid living yet. Meanwhile exultant Trojans camped aloof Extolled Eurypylus the fierce and strong, As erst they had praised Hector, when he smote Their foes, defending Troy and all her wealth. But when sweet sleep stole over mortal men, Then sons of Troy and battle-biding Greeks All slumber-heavy slept unsentinelled.
ΔΟΓΩΣ ΟΓΔΟΟΣ

'Ημος δ' ἥελιοιο φάος περικίδνατο γαίαν ἐκ περάτων ἀνώτος, θι σπέος Ἰργενείης, δὴ τότε που Τρώας καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ὀβριμοὶ νῖες θωρῆσθου' ἐκάτερθεν ἐπειγόμενοι ποτὶ δῆμῳ καὶ τοὺς μὲν πάις ἐσθλὸς Ἀχιλλεός ὀτρύνεσκεν ἀντιώαις Τρώας ὄντα ὀμένον ἔχοντας, τοὺς δ' ἄρα Τηλεφίδαο μέγα σθένος· ἦ γὰρ ἐκλπει τείχος μὲν χαμάδις βαλέει νηώς τ' ἀμαθίναι ἐν πυρὶ λευγαλέῳ, λαοὺς δ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαίξαι. ἄλλα οἶ ἐλπωρῇ μὲν ἔκν ἐναλήγκιοι αὐρή μαψιδὴ. Κῆρες δὲ μάλα σχέδου ἐστηνίᾳ πολλῶν καγχαλάδασκον ἐτώσια μητρίῳ.

Καὶ τότε Μυρμιδόνεος Ἂργεός ἀπρὸνος νῖος βαρσαλέον φάτο μῦθον ἐποτρύνων πονέοτας· "κέκλυτε μὲν, θεράποντες, ἀρινὸν ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἃντες, ἐν Ἂργεόισιν ἀκος πολέμου ἀλεγεινοῦ δυσμενέσσι δὲ πῆμα γενόμεθα· μηδὲ τις ἧμεων ταρβείτω· κρατερή γὰρ ἄδην ἐκ θάρσεως ἀλκή γίνεται ἀνθρώποις· δέος δὲ βίην ωμαθύνει καὶ νόον· ἄλλ' ἄγε πάντες ἐσ' Ἀρεα καρτύνασθε, ὁφρᾳ μὴ ἀμπνεύσῃ Τρώων στρατός, ἄλλ' Ἀχιλῆς φαίη ἔτι ξόοντα μετέμεμει Ἀργεόισιν." Ὄς εἰπὼν ὡμοιζε πατρώια δύσατο τεύχη πάντοθε μαρμαροῖτη· Θέτις δ' ἡγάλλειτο θυμῷ ἕξ ἀλὸς εἰσορῶσα μέγα σθένος νιώνοι."
BOOK VIII

How Hercules' Grandson perished in fight with the Son of Achilles.

When from the far sea-line, where is the cave
Of Dawn, rose up the sun, and scattered light
Over the earth, then did the eager sons
Of Troy and of Achaea arm themselves,
Athirst for battle: these Achilles' son,
Cheered on to face the Trojans awelessly;
And those the giant strength of Telephus' seed
Kindled. He trusted to dash down the wall
To earth, and utterly destroy the ships
With ravening fire, and slay the Argive host.
Ah, but his hope was as the morning breeze
Delusive: hard beside him stood the Fates
Laughing to scorn his vain imaginings.

Then to the Myrmidons spake Achilles' son,
The aweless, to the fight enkindling them:
"Hear me, mine henchmen: take ye to your hearts
The spirit of war, that we may heal the wounds
Of Argos, and be ruin to her foes.
Let no man fear, for mighty prowess is
The child of courage; but fear slayeth strength
And spirit. Gird yourselves with strength for war;
Give foes no breathing-space, that they may say
That mid our ranks Achilles liveth yet."

Then clad he with his father's flashing arms
His shoulders. Then exulted Thetis' heart
When from the sea she saw the mighty strength

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

καὶ ῥὰ θῷς οἴμησε πρὸ τείχεος αἰπεινοῦ
ἐμβεβαίως ἵπποισιν εἶον πατρὸς ἀθανάτουσιν,
οἶος ὁ ἐκ περάτων ἀναφαίνεται ὧκεανοῦ
ἥλιος θητῶν ἐπὶ χθῶνα πῦρ ἀμαρύσσων,
πῦρ, ὅτε οἱ πόλοισι καὶ ἄρματι συμφέρετ' ἀστὴρ
Σεϊριός, ὃς τε βροτοῖσι φέρει πολυκηδέα νοῦσον
τοῖος ἐπὶ Τρόώων στρατὸν ἴδεν ὀβριμος ἤρως
νῦς Ἀχιλλῆος· φόρεον ὁ δὲ μιν ἀμβροτοῖ ϊπποι,
τοὺς οἰ εἴλοδεμεν νηῶν ἀπο λαίν ἐλάσσαι
ἀπασεν Ἀὐτομέδων· ὁ γὰρ σφεας ἰνιόχευνεν
ἵπποι δ' αὖτ' ἐχάρησαν ἐοὶ φορέοντες ἀνακτα
ἐκελον Αἰακίδη τῶν δ' ἀφθιτον ἦτορ ἐώλπει
ἐμμεναι ἀνέρα κεῖνον Ἀχιλλέος οὕτι χερεῖω.
ὡς δὲ καὶ Ἀργείωι μέγα καγχαλώντες ἀγέρθην
ἀμφὶ Νεοπτολέμου βήν ἀμοτον μεμαώτες
λευγαλέοις σφῆκεσσίν ἐοικότες, οὕς τε κλονήσῃ

χραμοῦ ἐκποτέονται, ἐελδόμενοι χρόα θείαι
ἀνδρόμενοι, πάντες δὲ περὶ στέγος ορμαίνοντες
τεύχουσιν μέγα πῆμα παρεσυμένοισι βροτοῖσιν
ὡς οἱ γ' εκ νῆσον καὶ τείχεος ἐξεχέοντο

μαιμώντες Ἀρην· πολὺς δ' ἐστείνετο χῶρος.
πᾶν πεδίον δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἕλμπετο τεύχεσι φωτῶν
ἡλίου καθύπερθεν ἀπείριτα μαρμαίροντος,
οἶον δὲ νέφοις εἶσι δ' ἥρος ἀπλήτοι
πνοήσιν μεγαλήσιν ἐλαυνόμενον Βορέας,
ὁμοὶ δὴ νυφεῖς τε πέλει καὶ χείματος ὀρη
ἀργαλές, πάντω δὲ περιστέφει οὐρανὸν ὀρφυνς
ὡς τῶν πνήματος γαία συνερχομένοι ἐκάτερθε
νῆσων βαιῶν ἀπωθε' κοίνως δ' ἔε ώρων εὐρίν
πέπται ἀειμομένῃ κανάχιζε δ' τεύχεα φωτῶν,
σὺν δὲ καὶ ἄρματα πολλὰ· διεςύμενοι δ' ἐπὶ

μῶλον

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Of her son's son. Then forth with eagle-speed
Afront of that high wall he rushed, his car
Drawn by the immortal horses of his sire.
As from the ocean-verge upsprings the sun
In glory, flashing fire far over earth—
Fire, when beside his radiant chariot-team
Races the red star Sirius, scatterer
Of woefullest diseases over men;
So flashed upon the eyes of Ilium's host
That battle-eager hero, Achilles' son.
Onward they whirled him, those immortal steeds,
The which, when now he longed to chase the foe
Back from the ships, Automedon, who wont
To rein them for his father, brought to him.
With joy that pair bore battleward their lord,
So like to Aeacus' son, their deathless hearts
Held him no worser than Achilles' self.
Laughing for glee the Argives gathered round
The might resistless of Neoptolemus,
Eager for fight as wasps [whose woodland bower
The axe] hath shaken, who dart swarming forth
Furious to sting the woodman: round their nest
Long eddying, they torment all passers by;
So streamed they forth from galley and from wall
Burning for fight, and that wide space was thronged,
And all the plain far blazed with armour-sheen,
As shone from heaven's vault the sun thereon.
As flees the cloud-rack through the welkin wide
Scourged onward by the North-wind's Titan blasts,
When winter-tide and snow are hard at hand,
And darkness overpalls the firmament;
So with their thronging squadrons was the earth
Covered before the ships. To heaven uprolled,
Dust hung on hovering wings: men's armour
clashed;
Rattled a thousand chariots; horses neighed
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἔποι ἐπεχρεμέτιζον ἐν δὲ ἐκέλευεν ἐκαστὸν ἀλκή ἀνιηρὴν ἐς φύλοπιν ὅτρύνουσα.

'Ως δ' ὅτε κύματα μακρὰ δύο κλονέουσιν ἀὔται σμερδαλέων βρομέοντες ἀνὰ πλατὺ χεῦμα θαλάσσης

ἐκποθὲν ἀλλήλοις περιρρηγυώντες ἀέλλας,

ὀππότε χεῖμ' ἀλεγεινόν ἀν' εὐρέα βένθεα πόντου μαίνετ', ἀμαιμακέτη δὲ περιστένει Ἀμφιτρίτη

κύμασι λευγαλέοις, τὰ δ' ἀλλοθεν ἄλλα φέρονται ὁνεσιν ἠλιβάτουσιν ἑοικότα, τῶν δ' ἀλεγεινή

ὄρυμένων ἐκάτερθε πέλει κατὰ πόντου ἰωή

δος οἳ γ' ἀμφιτερωθέντε ἐπ' 'Ἀρεα συμφορόπουθο σμερδαλέων μεμαώτες. 'Ερις δ' ὅρθυνε καλ ἀλκή.

συν δ' ἐβαλον βροτίζων ἑοικότες ἢ στροτής

αἳ τε μέγα κτυπήσου δι' ἥρος, ὄπποτ' ἀὔται

λάβροι ἐριδμαίνοντι, καὶ ὀππότε λάβρον ἀέντες

σὺν νέφεα ῥήξωσι Δίος μέγα χωμόμενον ἀνδρᾶσιν, οἳ τ' ἐρίτιμον ὑπὲρ Θέμων ἔργα κάμωνται.

δος οἳ γ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἐπέχραον ἐγχει δ' ἐγχος

συμφέρετ', ἀστίδι δ' ἀστίς, ἐπ' ἀνέρα δ' ἱεν ἀνήρ.

Πρῶτος δ' ὀβριμος νίδος εὔππτολέμου 'Αχιλήος
dύμνατι' εὖν Μελανή καὶ ἀγαλαυν 'Αλκιδάμαντα

νίας 'Αλεξινόμου δαφρένοι, το τ' ἐν κοίλῃ

Καῦνω ναιετάσσει διειδέος ἀγχόθη λάμνῃ

'Ἰμβρῷ ὑπὸ νυφὸντι παραὶ ποιεὶ Ταρπῆλου.

κτεῖνε δ' Κασσανδροῦ θοῦν ποιεὶ παῖδα Μένητα,

ὅν τεκέ διὰ Κρέουσα παρὰ προχος ροταμοί

Λίνδου εὐρείταο, μενεπτολέμων οὔθι Καρὸν

πείραται καὶ Λυκίης ἐρικύδεος ἀκρα πέλουναι.

εἶδε δ' ἀρ' αἰχμητήρα Μόρων Φρυγίθε μολόντα

tοι δ' ἀρ' ὀμός Πόλυβον τε καὶ Ἰππομέδουντα

κατέκτα, 352
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

On-rushing to the fray. Each warrior's prowess
Kindled him with its trumpet-call to war.
As leap the long sea-rollers, onward hurled
By two winds terribly o'er th' broad sea-flood
Roaring from viewless bournes, with whirlwind
blasts
Crashing together, when a ruining storm
Maddens along the wide gulfs of the deep,
And moans the Sea-queen with heranguished waves
Which sweep from every hand, uptowering
Like precipiced mountains, while the bitter squall,
Ceaselessly veering, shrieks across the sea;
So clashed in strife those hosts from either hand
With mad rage. Strife incarnate spurred them on,
And their own prowess. Crashed together these
Like thunderclouds outlightening, thrilling the air
With shattering trumpet-challenge, when the blasts
Are locked in frenzied wrestle, with mad breath
Rending the clouds, when Zeus is wroth with men
Who travail with iniquity, and flout
His law. So grappled they, as spear with spear
Clashed, shield with shield, and man on man was
hurled.

And first Achilles' war-impetuous son
Struck down stout Melaneus and Alcidamas,
Sons of the war-lord Alexinomus,
Who dwelt in Caunus mountain-cradled, nigh
The clear lake shining at Tarbelus' feet
'Neath snow-capt Imbrus. Menes, fleetfoot son
Of King Cassandrus, slew he, born to him
By fair Creusa, where the lovely streams
Of Lindus meet the sea, beside the marches
Of battle-biding Carians, and the heights
Of Lycia the renowned. He slew withal
Morys the spearman, who from Phrygia came;
Polybus and Hippomedon by his side
τὸν μὲν ὑπὸ κραδῆν, τὸν δ' ἐς κληίδα τυχήσας
dάμματο δ' ἀλλοθεν ἄλλον ἐπέστειλε δ' αἰα νέκυσι
Τρώων' οί δ' ὑπόεικον έοικότες αἰαλέωσι
θάμνοι, σὺς ὀλοιοῦ πυρὸς κατεδάμνατ' ἀυτή
ῥηδίως ἐπίοντος ὁπωρινοῦ Βορέαο.
δως τοῦ ἐπεσυμενοῦ κατηρείποντο φάλαγγες.

Ἀνείλας δ' ἐδάμασσεν 'Αριστόλοχον μενεχάρμην
πλήξας χερμαδίφ κατὰ κράστος. ἐν δ' ἀρ' ἐθάλασσαν
ὀστεά σὺν πτήληκι. λίπεν δ' ἀφαρ ὀστεά θυμός.
Τυδείδης δ' Εὔμαιον ἔλευ θοῦν, ὅς ὅτα ἐναι
Δάρδανον αἰτήσεσαν, ἕν τ' Ἀγκίσαο πέλονται
εὐναί, ὅπου Κυθέρειαν ἐν ἀγκοίνησι δάμασσεν.

ἔνθ' Ἀγαμήμονι κτείνεν ἕνῳ Στράτον. οὐδ' ὃ 
γε 

Θρήκην

"κετ' ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο, φίλης δ' ἐκάσ ἐφθιτο πάτρης.
Μηριώνης δ' ἐδάμασσε Χλέμον Πεισήνορος ὡς
ἀντιθέου Γλαύκοιο φίλον καὶ πιστὸν ἑταῖρον,
ὅς ὅτα ναιετάςκε παρὰ προχός Λυμνοῦ,
καὶ ὅτα μίν ὡς βασιλῆα περικτίσες τίνοι ἄνδρες
 Γλαύκου ἀποκταμένοι καὶ οὐκέτι κοιρανέοις,
πάντες, ὅσοι Φοῖνκος ἔδος περὶ πάγχυ νέμοντο
αἰτή 
τε 
Μασσικύτου 

'Ἀλλὸς δ' ἄλλον ἔπεφυν 
κατὰ μόθου ἐν δ' ἄρα 

τοῖσιν

Εὐρυπυλος πολέσσα δικάς ἐπὶ κῆρας ἀλλε
dυσμενέσιν̄ πρῶτον ὃ μενεπτόλεμον κατεπεφνεν̄ 
Εὐρυτοὺν, αὐτ' ἐπείτα Μενοῖτιον αἰολομύτηρν,
ἀντιθέους ἑταίρους 'Ἐλεφήνορος' ἀμφὶ δ' ἀρα σφίν̄
"Ἀρπαλον, ὅς ὅτ' 'Οδυσῆος ἐάφρους ἐσκέν ἑταίρος̄
ἀλλ' ὃ μὲν ὁ ἄπατερθεν ἔχεαν πόνου, οὐδ' ἐπαμύνεν̄
ἐσθενεν ὃ θεράποτε δεδουστότε' τοῦ δ' ἀρ' ἑταίρος ̄
"Ἀντιφὸς ὁ βριμόθυμος ἀποκταμένοιο χολάθη,
καὶ βάλεν Εὐρυπύλοο καταντίον ἀλλὰ μιν οὕτι
οὐτασεν, οὐνεκὰ οἱ κρατερὸν δόρυ τυγόν ἀπωθε̄ν̄
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

He laid, this stabbed to the heart, that pierced between
Shoulder and neck: man after man he slew.
Earth groaned 'neath Trojan corpses; rank on rank
Crumbled before him, even as parchèd brakes
Sink down before the blast of ravening fire
When the north wind of latter summer blows;
So ruining squadrons fell before his charge.

Meanwhile Aeneas slew Aristolochus,
Crashing a great stone down on his head: it brake
Helmet and skull together, and fled his life.
Fleetfoot Eumaeus Diomedæ slew; he dwelt
In craggy Dardanus, where the bride-bed is
Whereon Anchises clasped the Queen of Love.
Agamemnon smote down Stratus: unto Thrace
Returned he not from war, but died far off
From his dear fatherland. And Meriones
Struck Chlemus down, Peisenor's son, the friend
Of god-like Glaucus, and his comrade leal,
Who by Limurus' outfall dwelt: the folk
Honoured him as their king, when reigned no more
Glaucus, in battle slain,—all who abode
Around Phoenice's towers, and by the crest
Of Massicytus, and Chimaera's glen.

So man slew man in fight; but more than all
Eurypylus hurled doom on many a foe.
First slew he battle-bider Eurytus,
Menoetius of the glancing taslet next,
Elephenor's godlike comrades. Fell with these
Harpalus, wise Odysseus' warrior-friend;
But in the fight afar that hero toiled,
And might not aid his fallen henchman: yet
Fierce Antiphus for that slain man was wroth,
And hurled his spear against Eurypylus,
Yet touched him not; the strong shaft glanced aside,
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

ἐμπεσε Μειλανίων δαίφρων, τόν ποτε μήτηρ
gεώατο πάρ προχοήσιν εὐρρείασιν Καῖκου
Κλείηθα καλλιπάρῃς ὑποδημθείος Ἐρυλάφ.
Εὐρύπυλος κ έτάροιο χολωσάμενοι κταμένοι
'Αντίφω άι', ἐπόρουσεν ά έκφυγε ποσοί θοοίς
ες πληθυν ετάρων κρατερῶν δε μιν ούτι δάμασσεν
έγχως Τηλεφίδαο δαίφρωνος, ούνεκ' ἐμελλεν
ἀργαλέως ολέσσαθι ὑπ' ἀνδροφόνῳ Κύκλωτος
ϊστερων' ὡς γάρ που στυγγερ' ἐπιήγδανε Μοίρη.
Εὐρύπυλος δ' έτέρωθεν ἐπίφαστο τού δ' ὑπ' δούρι
αμεν ἐπεσυμένωι κατηρίτε πουλίῳ ἀμμοις
ηςε δενδρα μακρά βιη δημηθέντα σιδῆρου
ούρισων εν λαπίσωιν ἀναπλήσωι φάραγγας
κεκλιμέν' ἀλλοθεν ἀλλα κατα χθονός' ὡς ἀρ
'Αχαιοι
dάμναντ' Εὐρυπυλοί δαίφρωνος ἐγχεήσης,
μεσφ' οτε οι κιεν άντα μέγα φρονέων ένιθ θυμφ
υίος 'Αχιλλήος. τω δ' άμφω δούρατα μακρά
ἐν παλάμησι τίνασσον ἐπι σφισι μαμώωντες
Εὐρύπυλος δε' ἐ πρώτος ἀνειρόμενος προσέειπε'
"τις πόθεν εἰλήπουθας ἐναντίον ἀμμι μάχεσθαι;
η σε προς 'Αἰδα Κήρες ἀμειλκτοι φορέουσιν
ομ' γάρ τις μ' ὑπάλυξεν ἐν ἀργαλήγ' ύσμην
ἀλλα μοι όσοι ἐναντα λιλαίομενοι μαχέσσασθαι
dευρο κίον, πάντεσσι φονον στοινευ' ἐφελκα
ἀργαλέως, πάντων δε' παρὰ Ξάνθοιο ῥέθρα
οστα σε σάρκας τε κυννε δει πάντ' ἐδάσαντο.
ἀλλα μοι ειπε', τις έσσι, τίνος δ' ἐπαγάλλεαι
ὑποιποδ'

"Ως φάμενον προσέειπεν 'Αχιλλήος ὃθριμος υίος;
"τίπτε μ' ἐπιπεύδουτα ποτι κλόνον αἱματόεντα
έχθρος ἐων ως ει τε φίλα φρονεών ἐρεείνεις
εἰπέω ινεν ήμπερ μάλα πολλοὶ ίσασιν;
υίος 'Αχιλλήος κρατερόφρωνος, δε τε τοκήα
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And pierced Meilanion battle-staunch, the son
Of Cleite lovely-faced, Erylaus' bride,
Who bare him where Caicus meets the sea.
Wroth for his comrade slain, Eurypylus
Rushed upon Antiphus, but terror-winged
He plunged amid his comrades; so the spear
Of the avenger slew him not, whose doom
Was one day wretchedly to be devoured
By themanslaying Cyclops: so it pleased
Stern Fate, I know not why. Elsewhither sped
Eurypylus; and aye as he rushed on
Fell 'neath his spear a multitude untold.
As tall trees, smitten by the strength of steel
In mountain-forest, fill the dark ravines,
Heaped on the earth confusedly, so fell
The Achaeans 'neath Eurypylus' flying spears—
Till heart-uplifted met him face to face
Achilles' son. The long spears in their hands—
They twain swung up, each hot to smite his foe.
But first Eurypylus cried the challenge-cry:
"Who art thou? Whence hast come to brave me here?"
To Hades merciless Fate is bearing thee;
For in grim fight hath none escaped mine hands;
But whoso, eager for the fray, have come
Hither, on all have I hurled anguished death.
By Xanthus' streams have dogs devoured their flesh
And gnawed their bones. Answer me, who art thou?
Whose be the steeds that bear thee exultant on?"
Answered Achilles' battle-eager son:
"Wherefore, when I am hurrying to the fray,
Dost thou, a foe, put question thus to me,
As might a friend, touching my lineage,
Which many know? Achilles' son am I,
Son of the man whose long spear smote thy sire,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

σείο πάρομ' ἐφόβησε βαλῶν περιμήκει δουρί·
καὶ νῦ κε μην βανάτοιο κακαὶ περὶ Κῆρες ἐμαρψαν,
εἰ μή οἶ οἱ στονέντα θοῶς ἱέσατ' ὀλέθρουν.

ὑπποὶ δ', οἱ φορέουσιν, ἐμοὶ πατρὸς ἀντιθέοιο,
οὐς τέκεθ' "Ἀρτύνα Ζεφύρῳ πάρος εὐνηθεῖσα,
οἳ τε καὶ ἀτρύγετον πέλαγος διὰ ποσσὶ θέουσιν
ἀκρουχὶ φαύντες, ἰσον δ' ἀνέμωσι φέρονται.

νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν γενεήν ἐδάς ἵππων τε καὶ αὐτοῦ,
καὶ δόρατος πεῖρησαι ἀτείρεος ἡμετέροιο
γνώμεναι ἄνα βήν· γενεή δὲ οἱ ἐν κορυφῇσι
Πηλίον αἰπενώοι, τομὴν θ'ι λείπε καὶ ἔλθην."

Ἡ ρα καὶ ξ' ἵππων χαμάδις θ'όρε κύδιμος ἀνήρ
πάλλων ἐγχείθην περιμήκετον· ὃς δ' ἐτέρωθην
χερσῖν ὑπὸ κρατερῆς ἀπερείας λάβε πέτρην,
καὶ ρα Νεοπτολέμοιο κατ' ἀσπίδος ἱκε φέρεσαι
χρυσείης. τόν δ' οὔτι προσεσιμείη στυφέλεξεν,
ἀλλ' ἀτε πρών εἰστήκει ἀπείριτος οὐρεῖ μακρῷ,
τόν ρα δυσπετέων ποταμών μένοις οὐδ' ἀμα πάντων
ἄψωσαι δύναται, ὁ γὰρ ἐμπεδον ἐρρίζωται·

ὥς μένειν ἀτρομος αἰέν Ἄχιλλεος ὀβρυμος νόσ.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὃς τάρβησα θρασιν σθενοι Εὐρυπύλουιο
ἀσχετον νι' Ἅχιλλος, ἐπεὶ ρα μιν ὀτρύνεσκε
θάριος ἐον καὶ Κήρες· ὑπὸ κραδίσην δὲ θυμὸς
ξεῖεν ἀμφοτέρους· περὶ σφίσι δ' ιόλα τεύχη
ἐβραέχεν· οἱ δ' ἀτε θήρες ἐπήσαν ἀλλήλουιοι
μερδάλεοι, τοῦσιν τε κατ' οὐρεα δήρις ἀξεῖν,
ὀπποτε λευγαλὼς λιμῷ βεβολημένοι ἔτορ
ἡ βοὸς ἡ ἐλαφοῦ περὶ κταμένοι πονέανται
ἀμφω παυφάςσοντες, ἐπικτυπέουσι δὲ βήσασαι
μαρναμέονω· ὅς οiéndo συνήςαν ἀλλήλουιοι
ἐδέριν συμφορέουτες ἀμέληχον. ἀμφὶ δὲ μακραὶ
λαὸν ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἄδην πονέντο φάλαγγες
ἐς μόθον· ἀργαλείη δὲ περὶ σφίσι δὴρις ὀρφεῖ,
οἱ δ' ἀνέμων ρυπήσαιν ἐοικότες αἰγηρῆσι.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

And made him flee—yea, and the ruthless fates
Of death had seized him, but my father’s self
Healed him upon the brink of woeful death.
The steeds which bear me were my godlike sire’s;
These the West-wind begat, the Harpy bare:
Over the barren sea their feet can race
Skimming its crests: in speed they match the winds.
Since then thou know’st the lineage of my steeds
And mine, now put thou to the test the might
Of my strong spear, born on steep Pelion’s crest,
Who hath left his father-stock and forest there.”

He spake; and from the chariot sprang to earth
That glorious man: he swung the long spear up.
But in his brawny hand his foe hath seized
• A monstrous stone: full at the golden shield
Of Neoptolemus he sped its flight;
But, no whit staggered by its whirlwind rush,
He like a giant mountain-foreland stood
Which all the banded fury of river-floods
Can stir not, rooted in the eternal hills;
So stood unshaken still Achilles’ son.
Yet not for this Eurypylus’ dauntless might
Shrank from Achilles’ son invincible,
On-spurred by his own hardihood and by Fate.
Their hearts like caldrons seethed o’er fires of wrath,
Their glancing armour flashed about their limbs.
Like terrible lions each on other rushed,
Which fight amid the mountains famine-stung,
Writhing and leaping in the strain of strife
For a slain ox or stag, while all the glens
Ring with their conflict; so they grappled, so
Clashed they in pitiless strife. On either hand
Long lines of warriors Greek and Trojan toiled
In combat: round them roared up flames of war.
Like mighty rushing winds they hurled together
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

σύν ἡ ἐβαλον μελήσαι μεμάτης αἴμα κεδάσσαι ἀλλήλων· τοὺς δὲ αἰεὶν ἐποτρύνεσκεν Ἑυνώ ἐγνύθεν ἰσταμένη· τοι δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγον ὁμοκλῆς, ἀλλὰ σφεας ἐδάιζον· ἐς ἀσπίδας, ἀλλοτε δ' αὐτὲ οὖταξον κυνήγιας ἰδ' ψυλόφους τρυφαλείας· καὶ τις καὶ χροὸς ἤγατ', ἐπεὶ πόνος αἰνὸς ἔπεπηγε θαρσαλέως ἡρωας· "Ερις δ' ἐπετέρπετο θυμῷ• κεῖνους εἰσορώσας· πολὺς δ' ἐξέρεεν ἤδρως ἀμφοτέρων· οἱ δ' αἰεὶν ἐκαρτύνοντο μένοντες· ἀμφω γὰρ μακάρων ἐσαν αἴματος· οἱ δ' ἀπ' Ολύμπου—

οἱ μὲν γὰρ κύδακον Ἀχιλλέος ὁ βριμον νις,· οἱ δ' αὖτ' Εὔρυπτυλοι θειειδέα· τοι δ' ἐκατερθεν μάρμαντ' ἀκμῆται οὐκ ἐειδόμενοι σκοπελοίων ἥλιβατων ὄρεων· μέγα δ' ἔβραχον ἀμφοτέρωθεν θεινόμενα μελησεν θαμ' ἄστιδες· οὐκε δὲ μακρῇ Πηλιάς Εὐρυπτυλοι διῆλθεν ἀνθερεφίως πολλὰ πονησμένη· τοῦ δ' ἐκχυτο φοίνιον αἴμα ἐσυμένως· ψυχὴ δὲ δι' ἐλκεσος ἐξεποτήθη ἐκ μελέων, ὅλοι δὲ κατ' ὀφαλμῶν πέσεν ὅρφην. ἢρπε δ' ἐν τεύχεσσι κατὰ χθονός, ηὗτε βλωθρῇ ἡ πίτυς ἡ ἐπάτη κρυεροῦ Βορέαο βῆφιν ἐκ ρείζεων ἐρυττοῦσα· τόσην ἐπικάπτεσε γαῖαν Εὐρυπτυλοι δέμασ· μέγα δ' ἐβραχέ Τρώον συδάς καὶ πεδίον· χλοερή δὲ θωσ κατεχεύατο νεκρῷ ἀχροί καὶ καλὼν ἄπημάλδυνεν ἔρενθος· τῷ δ' ἐπικαγγαλῶν μεγάλ' εὐχέτο καρτέρος ἠρως· "Εὐρυπτυλ', ἡ ποὺ ἐφης Δαναῶν νέας ἤδε καὶ αὐτοὺς ἤρθεςει καὶ πάντας οἰζυρῶς ἀπολέσειςεν ἡμέας· ἀλλ' σοι οὐτί θεοὶ τελέσκοιν ἑλώρω, ἰλλ' ὑπ' ἐμοί σ' ἐδάμασσε καὶ ἀκάματον περ' ἐόντα

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

With eager spears for blood of life athirst.
Hard by them stood Enyo, spurred them on
Ceaselessly: never paused they from the strife.
Now hewed they each the other's shield, and now
Thrust at the greaves, now at the crested helms.
Reckless of wounds, in that grim toil pressed on
Those aweless heroes: Strife incarnate watched
And gloated o'er them. Ran the sweat in streams
From either: straining hard they stood their ground,
For both were of the seed of Blessed Ones.
From Heaven, with hearts at variance, Gods looked
don;
For some gave glory to Achilles' son,
Some to Eurypylus the godlike. Still
They fought on, giving ground no more than rocks
Of granite mountains. Rang from side to side
Spear-smitten shields. At last the Pelian lance,
Sped onward by a mighty thrust, hath passed
Clear through Eurypylus' throat. Forth poured the
blood
Torrent-like; through the portal of the wound
The soul from the body flew: darkness of death
Dropped o'er his eyes. To earth in clanging arms
He fell, like stately pine or silver fir
Uprooted by the fury of Boreas;
Such space of earth Eurypylus' giant frame
Covered in falling: rang again the floor
And plain of Troyland. Grey death-pallor swept
Over the corpse, and all the flush of life
Faded away. With a triumphant laugh
Shouted the mighty hero over him:
"Eurypylus, thou saidst thou wouldst destroy
The Danaan ships and men, wouldst slay us all
Wretchedly—but the Gods would not fulfil
Thy wish. For all thy might invincible,
My father's massy spear hath now subdued
ΠΑΤΡΟΣ ΕΜΟΙΟ ΜΕΓ' ΞΥΧΟΣ, ΟΠΕΡ ΒΡΟΤΟΣ ΟΥΤΙΣ ΑΛΥΞΕΙ 215 ΗΜΙΝ ΑΝΤΑ ΜΟΛΩΝ ΟΥΔ' ΕΙ ΠΑΓΧΑΛΚΕΟΣ ΗΕΝ. "

'Η ρα καὶ ἐκ νέκνους περιμήκητον εἰρυσεν αἰχμῆν ἐσομένως. Ὁ Ὕμην Τρῶες δὲ μέγ' ἔτρεσαν εἰρυσώντες ἀνέρα καρτερόθυμον. ο' δ' αὐτίκα τεύχε ἀπούρας δῶκε θεοῖς ἑταροίς φέρειν ποτὶ νήας Ἀχαιῶν. αὐτὸς δ' ἐς θόδων ἁρμὰ θωρῶν καὶ ἀτειρέας ἔπποις ἦτεν, οἶδω τ' ἑσι δι' αἰθέρος ἀπλήτου ἐκ Διὸς ἀκαμάτου σὺν ἀστεροπήησι κεραυνὸς, ὅπειροι μὲν ὑπομένουσι καὶ ἀθάνατοι κατιόντα νόσφι Διὸς μεγάλου, ὁ δ' ἐσομένως ποτὶ γαϊαν 225 δένυρα τε ῥήγυνι καὶ οὐρεα παιπαλόεται· δῷς ὁ θόδως Τρώεσσι πέποστον πῆμα κορύσσων· δάμπατο δ' ἀλλοθεν ἄλλος, ὅσους κίχων ἀμβροτοῖ ἔπποι.

πλῆθετο δὲ χθονὸς οὐδας, ἄδην δ' ἑρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ. ὡς δ' ὁτε μυρία φύλλα κατ' οὐρεοῖς ἐν βῆσσησι 230 ταρφεά πεπτηώτα χυτήν κατὰ γαϊαν ἐρέψη. δώς Τρώων τὸτε λαὸς ἄσπετος ἐν χθονί κεῖτο χεροὶ Νεοπτολέμου καὶ Ἀργείων ἐριθύμων, ὁν ἀπλητον μετὰ χερσίν ῥήγους ἀλμα κελαίνων ἀνδρῶν ἢ' ἔπποιν· μάλα δ' ἀντυγες ἀμφ' ὀχέσον 235 κινύμεναι δεύοντο περὶ στροφάλυξιν ἐξι. Καὶ νῦ κε Τρώωι νίες ἔσω πυλέων ἀφίκοντο, πορτίες εὑτε λέοντα φοβεύμεναι ἣ στίς ὑμβρον, εἰ μὴ Ἀρῆς ἀλεγεινὸς ἀργηθεύμεναι μενεαίνων Τρώωι φιλοπτολέμουσι κατήλθεν Οὐλύμπου κρύβθ' ἄλλων μακάρων φόρεον δὲ μιν ἐς μόθων ἔπποι.

Ἀθων καὶ Φλόγιος, Κόναβος δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσε Φόβος τε, τοὺς Βορέης κελάδοντι τέκε βλασφωπίς Ἐρυνυνὸς 362
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Thee under me, that spear no man shall 'scape,
Though he be brass all through, who faceth me.'"

He spake, and tore the long lance from the corse,
While shrank the Trojans back in dread, at sight
Of that strong-hearted man. Straightway he stripped
The armour from the dead, for friends to bear
Fast to the ships Achaean. But himself
To the swift chariot and the tireless steeds
Sprang, and sped onward like a thunderbolt
That lightning-girdled leaps through the wide air
From Zeus's hands unconquerable—the bolt
Before whose downrush all the Immortals quail
Save only Zeus. It rusheth down to earth,
It rendeth trees and rugged mountain-craggs;
So rushed he on the Trojans, flashing doom
Before their eyes; dashed to the earth they fell
Before the charge of those immortal steeds:
The earth was heaped with slain, was dyed with
gore.

As when in mountain-glens the unnumbered leaves
Down-streaming thick and fast hide all the ground,
So hosts of Troy untold on earth were strewn
By Neoptolemus and fierce-hearted Greeks,
Shed by whose hands the blood in torrents ran
'Neath feet of men and horses. Chariot-rails
Were dashed with blood-spray whirled up from the
tyres.

Now had the Trojans fled within their gates
As calves that flee a lion, or as swine
Flee from a storm—but murderous Ares came,
Unmarked of other Gods, down from the heavens,
Eager to help the warrior sons of Troy.
Red-fire and Flame, Tumult and Panic-fear,
His car-steeds, bare him down into the fight,
The coursers which to roaring Boreas
Grim-eyed Erinny's bare, coursers that breathed

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Πύρ ὀλοῦν πυείοντας ὑπέστενε δ' αἰόλος αἰθήρ ἐσσυμένων ποτὶ δὴριν· δ' ὀτραλέως ἀφίκανεν ἐς Τροίην· ὑπὸ δ' αἰα μέγ' ἐκτυπεθεὶς θεσπεσίωσιν ἦππων ἀμφὶ πόδεσιν· μολὼν δ' ἀγχιστα κυδομοῦ πὴλε δὸρυ βριαρῶν· μέγα δ' ἱαχε Τρωσὶ κελεύων ἀντιάσαν δηίοις κατὰ κλόνων· οἶ δ' ἄλωτες θεσπεσίην ὅπα πάντες ἑθάμβεον· οὐ γὰρ ἐγνοτο ἄμβροτον ἀθανάτοιο θεοῦ δέμας οὐδὲ μὲν ἦππους· ξέρι γὰρ κεκάλυπτο· νόησε δὲ θέσκελον αὐὴν ἐκποθεὶν ἀίσσουσαν ἄδην εἰς οὐνα Τρώων ἀντιθέου Ἑλένου κλυτὸς νόσω· ἐν δ' ἄρα θυμὸ γίθησεν καὶ λαῦν ἀπεστῦμενον μέγ' ἀὔτει· "δ' δειλοὶ, τί φέβεσθε φιλοπτολέμου Ἀχιλῆος νίεα χαρσαλέων; θητός νῦ τίς ἐστι καὶ αὐτός, οὐδὲ οἶ ἱςον 'Ἀρη πέλει σθένος, δς μέγ' ἀρήγει ἦμων εἰλδομένοις· χοά δ' δ' γε μακρὰ κελευνοὺν μάρνασθ' 'Ἀργείοισι κατὰ κλόνων· ἀλλ' ἄγε θυμὸ τλῆτε φίλοι καὶ θάρσος ἑνι στήθεσι βάλεσθε· οὐ γὰρ ἀμείνουν Τρωσὶν ὄψιναι ἄλλον ἰκέσθαι ἀλκῆρα πτολέμου· τὶ γὰρ ποτὶ δὴριν 'Ἀρχός λόγων, εὔτε βροτόθεοι κορυσσομένοις ἐπαμύνει; δς νῦν ἦμων ἰκανεν ἐπίρροθος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ μήγεσθε πτολέμου, δεος δ' ἀπὸ νόσφι βάλεσθε· "'Ως φάτο· τοι δ' ἱσταντο καταντιον 'Ἀργείοισιν· ἡμιτ' ἐνι ξυλόχοις κύνες κατέναντα λύκοι φεύγοντε τὸ πάροιθε βίνη τρέψωσι μάχεσθαι ταρφέα μηλύνομοι παροτρύνουσος ἐπεσιν' δς ἄρα Τρώου νῖς ἀνὰ μόθον αἰνὸν 'Ἀρχὸς δείματος ἐκτός ἑσαν· κατὰ δ' ἀντίον ἄνερος ἀνήρ μάρνατο χαρσαλέως· περὶ δ' ἐκτυπεθεὶς ἐντεα φωτῶν θεινόμενα ξιφέσθε μὴ ἥχεσι καὶ βελέσθειν· αἰχμαὶ δ' ἐς χροὰ δύνουν· ἐδεύτε δ' ἄιματι πολλῷ δεινὸς 'Ἀρης· ολέκοντο δ' ἀνὰ μόθον ἀλλος ἐπ' ἀλλῷ μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθε· μάχη δ' ἔχεν ἱσα τάλαντα·...
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Life-blasting flame: groaned all the shivering air,
As battleward they sped. Swiftly he came
To Troy: loud rang the earth beneath the feet
Of that wild team. Into the battle's heart
Tossing his massy spear, he came; with a shout
He cheered the Trojans on to face the foe.
They heard, and marvelled at that wondrous cry,
Not seeing the God's immortal form, nor steeds,
Veiled in dense mist. But the wise prophet-soul
Of Helenus knew the voice divine that leapt —
Unto the Trojans' ears, they knew not whence,
And with glad heart to the fleeing host he cried:
"O cravens, wherefore fear Achilles' son,
Though ne'er so brave? He is mortal even as we;
His strength is not as Ares' strength, who is come
A very present help in our sore need.
That was his shout far-pealing, bidding us
Fight on against the Argives. Let your hearts
Be strong, O friends: let courage fill your breasts.
No mightier battle-helper can draw nigh
To Troy than he. Who is of more avail
For war than Ares, when he aideth men
Hard-fighting? Lo, to our help he cometh now!
On to the fight! Cast to the winds your fears!"

They fled no more, they faced the Argive men,
As hounds, that mid the copses fled at first,
Turn them about to face and fight the wolf,
Spurred by the chiding of their shepherd-lord;
So turned the sons of Troy again to war,
Casting away their fear. Man leapt on man
Valiantly fighting; loud their armour clashed
Smitten with swords, with lances, and with darts.
Spears plunged into men's flesh: dread Ares drank
His fill of blood: struck down fell man on man,
As Greek and Trojan fought. In level poise
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ός δ’ ὁπότ’ ἄιξηι μεγάλης ἀνὰ γονιόν ἄλωης ὁρχατον ἀμπελοῦντα διατμήξωσι συδήρῳ σπερχόμενοι, τῶν δ’ ἵσον ἀέχεται εἰς ἐρν ἐργον, οὔνεκ’ ἵσοι τελέσουσιν ὀμηλική τῇ βίῃ τε· διὰ τῶν ἀμφοτέρωθε μάχης ἀλεγευνά τάλαντα ἵσα πέλεν. Τρώεις γὰρ ὑπέρβουν ἐνθέμενοι κήρ μύμνον ἀταρβήτοιο πεποιθότες Αρεος ἀλκη, Ἀργείοι δ’ ἀρα παιδὶ μενεπτόλεμον Ἀχιλῆς.

κτείνον δ’ ἀλλήλους· ὀλοκλῆ δ’ ἀνὰ μέσον Ἐνυνδρωφᾶτ’ ἀλγυνόετι λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένη ὀμον αἱ κέρας· ἐκ δὲ οἱ αἴνοι ἀπὸ μέλεων ρέεν ἰδρώς· οὐδ’ ἐτέρους ἀμυνεν, ἰση δ’ ἐπτετέρπετο χάρμη ἀξομένη φρεσίν ἤσι Θέτιω καὶ διον Ἀρη.

"Ἐνθα Νεοπτόλεμος τηλέκειτον Περιμήδεα δάμναθ", ὃς οἰκὶ ἑναὶ παρά Σμυνῆινον ἀλοος· τῷ δ’ ἔπι Κέστρον ἔπεφευ μενεπτόλεμον τε Φάληρον καὶ κρατηρὸν Περίλαιον ἐὐμμελήν τε Μενάλην, δι’ τέκτετ’ Ἰφιάνασσα παρὰ ξάθεον πόδα Κίλλης τεχνήνετι Μεδοντε δαήμονε τεκτοσυνάων· ἀλλ’ ὃ μεν οἶκοι ἐμμενε φίλη ἐνι πατρίδι γαῖῃ· παιδὸς δ’ οὐκ ἀπόνητο· δόμον δὲ οἱ ἐργα τε πάντα χηρωσται μετόπισθεν ἀποθημένου δόραντο. Δηύροβος δὲ Δικὼνα μενεπτόλεμον κατέπεφευ τυθῶν ὑπὲρ βουβῶνα τυχῶν· περὶ δ’ ἐγχεῖ μακρῷ ἐγκατα πάντ’ ἔχυθηαν· ὅλη δ’ ἐξέσυστο νηδύς.

Αἰνειας δὲ Δύμαντα κατέκτανεν, ὑπὸ τὸ πάροιηθεν Αὐλίδα ναιετάσακε, συνέσπετο δ’ ᾿Αρκεσίλαψ εἰς Τροϊν’ ἄλλ’ οὕτω φίλην πάλιν ἐδρακε γαῖαν. 300 Ἐὐρύαλος δ’ ἐδάμασσε βαλὼν ἀλεγεύνον ἀκοντα ᾿Αστραῖον’ τοῦ δ’ αἴψα διὰ στέρνου ποτήθη αἰχμή ἀνωρη’, στομάχου δ’ ἀπέκερσε κελεύθους ἀνέρι κήρα φέρουσα· μίγη δὲ οἱ εἰδατα λύθρῳ, τοῦ δ’ ἄρα βαινὸν ἀποθεῖεν ἔλεν μεγάθυμος ᾿Αγήνωρ.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

The battle-balance hung. As when young men
In hot haste prune a vineyard with the steel,
And each keeps pace with each in rivalry,
Since all in strength and age be equal-matched;
So did the awful scales of battle hang
Level: all Trojan hearts beat high, and firm
Stood they in trust on aweless Ares' might,
While the Greeks trusted in Achilles' son.
Ever they slew and slew: stalked through the midst
Deadly Enyo, her shoulders and her hands
Blood-splashed, while fearful sweat streamed from her limbs.
Revelling in equal fight, she aided none,
Lest Thetis' or the War-god's wrath be stirred.
Then Neoptolemus slew one far-renowned,
Perimedes, who had dwelt by Smintheus' grove;
Next Cestrus died, Phalerus battle-staunch,
Perilaus the strong, Menalcas lord of spears,
Whom Iphianassa bare by the haunted foot
Of Cilla to the cunning craftsman Medon.
In the home-land afar the sire abode,
And never kissed his son's returning head:
For that fair home and all his cunning works
Did far-off kinsmen wrangle o'er his grave.
Deiphobus slew Lycon battle-staunch:
The lance-head pierced him close above the groin,
And round the long spear all his bowels gushed out.
Aeneas smote down Dymas, who erewhile
In Aulis dwelt, and followed unto Troy
Arcesilaus, and saw never more
The dear home-land. Euryalus hurled a dart,
And through Astraeus' breast the death-winged point
Flew, shearing through the breathways of man's life;
And all that lay within was drenched with blood.
And hard thereby great-souled Agenor slew

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'Ιππομένην, Τεύκρου δαήφρονος ἐσθλὸν ἑτάρων, τύψας ἐς κληδὰ θοῶς· σὺν δ' αἵματι θυμὸς ἐκθορεν ἐκ μελέων ὀλοθ ἓ μην ἀμφεχύθη νῦς. Τεύκρου δ' ἐμπεσε πένθος ἀποκταμένου ἑτάρου, καὶ βάλει ὁκόν διϊτον Ἀγήνορος ἀντα τανύσσας. 315 ἄλλα οὐ τύχησεν ἀλευμένου μάλα τυτθόν· ἐμπεσε δ' ἐγγὺς ἐόντι δαήφρου Δησιοφώτη λαιόν ἐς ὀφθαλμόν, διὰ δ' οὐατος ἐξεπέρῃς σε δεξιτεροῦ, γῆλην δὲ διέτμαγεν, οὔνεκα Μοίραι ἀργαλέων βέλος ὄσαι ὄπῃ φίλον· δς δ' ἔτι ποσσιν 320 ὀρθὸς ἀνασκαίρεσκε· βαλὼν δ' ὅ γε δεύτερον ἵον·

λαιμῷ ἐπερροϊζῆς· διέθρισε δ' αὐχένοις ἴνας ἀντικριμειν ἀίας· τὸν δ' ἀργαλήν κίχε Μοῖρα. Ἀλλος δ' ἀλλῳ τεῦχε φόνου· κεχάροντο δὲ Κήρες καὶ Μόρος, ἀλγινόσσα δ' Ἔρις μέγα μαιμώσασα 325 ἦπε ελα μάλα μακρόν, Ἀρης δὲ οἱ ἀντεβόησε σμερδαλέουν, Τρώεσσι δ' ἐνέπνευσεν μέγα θάρσος, Ἀργείοις δὲ φύζαν, ἀφαρ δ' ἐξέπερξε φάλαγγας. ἀλλ' οὐχ ὑπα φόβησεν Ἀχιλλέος· ἀλλ' ὅ γε μέμνων μάρνατο θαρσαλέως, ἐπὶ δ' ἐκτανεν ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλω.

ὡς δ' ὅτε τις μνήσει περὶ γλάγος ἐρχομένης κείρα περιρίψη κούρος νέος, οὶ δ' ὑπὸ πληγῆς τυφθῇ δαμάμεαν σχεδὸν ἅγγεος 1 ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαυ θυμὸν ἀποπνεύσεις, παῖς δ' ἐπιτερπεῖ έργωθ'. δς ἀρα φαίδιμος νίος ἀμελίλητον Ἀχιλῆς 335 γῆθεν αὐμφί νέκυσε καὶ ύπα ἀλέγιζεν Ἀρης Τρώαν ἐποτρύνοντος· ἐτύνωτο δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον λαοῦ ἐπαισοντος· ὅπως δ' ἀνέμοιο θύέλλας μίμην ἐπεσυμένας δρεός μεγάλου κολώνη, δς ἀρα μέμνειν ἀτρεστος· Ἀρης δὲ οἱ ἐμμεμαώτι 340

1 Zimmermann, ex P.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Hippomenes, hero Teucer's comrade staunch,
With one swift thrust 'twixt shoulder and neck: his soul
Rushed forth in blood; death's night swept over him.
Grief for his comrade slain on Teucer fell;
He strained his bow, a swift-winged shaft he sped,
But smote him not, for slightly Agenor swerved.
Yet nigh him Deiphontes stood; the shaft
Into his left eye plunged, passed through the ball,
And out through his right ear, because the Fates
Whither they willed thrust on the bitter barbs.
Even as in agony he leapt full height,
Yet once again the archer's arrow hissed:
It pierced his throat, through the neck-sinews cleft
Unswerving, and his hard doom came on him.

So man to man dealt death; and joyed the Fates
And Doom, and fell Strife in her maddened glee
Shouted aloud, and Ares terribly
Shouted in answer, and with courage thrilled
The Trojans, and with panic fear the Greeks,
And shook their reeling squadrons. But one man
He scared not, even Achilles' son; he abode,
And fought undaunted, slaying foes on foes.

As when a young lad sweeps his hand around
Flies swarming over milk, and nigh the bowl
Here, there they lie, struck dead by that light touch,
And gleefully the child still plies the work;
So stern Achilles' glorious scion joyed
Over the slain, and recked not of the God
Who spurred the Trojans on: man after man
Tasted his vengeance of their charging host.
Even as a giant mountain-peak withstands
On-rushing hurricane-blasts, so he abode
Unquailing. Ares at his eager mood
χόετο, καὶ οἱ ἐμελλέν ἐναντία δηριάσθαι 
αὐτὸς ἀπορρήφας ἵερον νέφος, εἰ μὴ Ἀθηνὴ 
ἐκποθεὶς Οὐλύμπιον θόρεν ποτὲ δάσκιον Ἰδη 
ἐτρέμε δὲ χθὸν δὰ καὶ ἓχειντα ῥέεθρα 
Ξάνθου· τόσον ἐσείσε· δέος δὲ ἀμφέκλασε θυμὸν 345 
Νυμφάων, φοβέοντο δ' ὑπὲρ Πριάμων πόλης· 
teύχεσι δ' ἀμβροσίοις περὶ στεροται ποτέντος· 
σμερδαλείοι δὲ δράκοντες ἀπ' ἀσπίδος ἀκαμάτοιο 
πῦρ ἀμοῦν πνεύσκον· ἀνω δ' ἐβαυε νέφεσι 
θεσπεσίη τρυφάλεια. θοῦ δ' ἡμελλεν Ἀρη 
μάρνασθ' ἐσσυμένως, εἰ μὴ Δίὸς ἢ ἦ νόμα 
ἀμφιτέρους ἐφόβησεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος αἰπεινεῖο 
βροντήσας ἀλεγεινόν. "Ἀρης δ' ἀπεχάζετο χάρμης· 
δὴ γὰρ οἱ μεγάλοιοι Δίος διεφαίνετο θυμὸς· 
ικετο δ' ἐσ Ὀρήκην δυσχέμερον, οὐδ' ἔτι Τρώων 
μέμβλετό οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν υπέρβιον· οὐδὲ μὲν ἔσθλη 
Παλλάς ἢτ' ἐν πεδίῳ Τρώων μένει, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ ἢ 
ξεν Ἀθηναίων ἱερὸν πέδουν. οἱ δ' ἔτι χάρμης 
μινώντ' οὐλομένης· δεύοντο δὲ Τρώωι ὑπὸ 
ἀλκῆς· 'Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγ' ἐμενοι πολέμωι 
χαζομένουσιν ἐποντὸ κατ' ιχυν, ἡν' ἄρται 
nῆσει ἐςσυμένης ὅπο λαίφεων εἰς ἅλος οἴδα 
οβριμαν, ἢ θάμνοις πυρὸς μένος, ἢ κεμάδεσσων 
ὀτρηροι κατ' ὀρεσφί κύνως λευκημέιν 
ἀγρης· ὅς Δαναοὶ δηλοῖσιν ἐπήνιον, οὔτεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοὺς 
νίὸς 'Ἀχιλλῆς οἱ μεγάλα δορὶ παρασύνεσκε 
kτεῖνων ὅν κε κίχησι κατὰ κλόνου· οἱ δ' ἐπὶ φῦξαν 
χαζάμενοι κατεύθυναν ἐς ψήπτυλον πτολέμθρον. 
'Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἄρα τυθόν ἀνέπτευσαν πολέμωι 
ἐλπάντες Πριάμωι κατὰ πτόλμιν ἔθνεα Τρώων, 
ἄρμας ὅπως σταθμῶιν ἐπ' οἰοπόλοισι νομῆς· 
ὡς δ' ὅποτ' ἀμπυκεώσι βόες μέγα κεκμηώτες
Grew wroth, and would have cast his veil of cloud
Away, and met him face to face in fight,
But now Athena from Olympus swooped
To forest-mantled Ida. Quaked the earth
And Xanthus' murmuring streams; so mightily
She shook them: terror-striken were the souls
Of all the Nymphs, adread for Priam's town.
From her immortal armour flashed around
The hovering lightnings; fearful serpents breathed
Fire from her shield invincible; the crest
Of her great helmet swept the clouds. And now
She was at point to close in sudden fight
With Ares; but the mighty will of Zeus
Daunted them both, from high heaven thundering
His terrors. Ares drew back from the war,
For manifest to him was Zeus's wrath.
To wintry Thrace he passed; his haughty heart
Recked no more of the Trojans. In the plain
Of Troy no more stayed Pallas; she was gone
To hallowed Athens. But the armies still
Strove in the deadly fray; and fainted now
The Trojans' prowess; but all battle-fain
The Argives pressed on these as they gave ground.
As winds chase ships that fly with straining sails
On to the outsea—as on forest-brakes
Leapeth the fury of flame—as swift hounds drive
Deer through the mountains, eager for the prey,
So did the Argives chase them: Achilles' son
Still cheered them on, still slew with that great spear
Whomso he overtook. On, on they fled
Till into stately-gated Troy they poured.
Then had the Argives a short breathing-space
From war, when they had penned the hosts of Troy
In Priam's burg, as shepherds pen up lambs
Upon a lonely steadying. And, as when
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άχθος ἀνειρύσσαντες ἀνω ποτὶ δύσβατον ἄκρην πυκνὸν ἀνασθαμάνοντες ὑπὸ ξυγὸν ὡς ἀρ᾽ Ἀχαιοὶ ἀμπνεοῦ ἐν τείχεσι κεκμηκότες. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργους τὸς μάρνασθαι μεμαῦτες ἐκυκλώσαντο πόληα· οἱ δὲ ἀρ᾽ ἐξέτοι πύλησιν ἐπειρύσσαντες ὑχῆς ἐν τείχεσιν ἐμμυνὸν ἐπεσυμένων μένος ἀνδρῶν. ὡς δ᾽ οὔτε μηλοβοτήρες ἐνι σταθμοῖς μένωσι λαίλαπα κυνάνεν, ὅτε χεῖματος ἦμαρ ἰκηταῖ λάβρον ὅμοῦ στεροῦσι καὶ ὑδατὶ καὶ νυφάδεσσι ταρφέσιν, οἱ δὲ μάλ᾽ οὔτι λιλαιόμενοι περ ἰκέσθαι ἐς νομὸν ἀτσουσιν, ἀχρὶς μέγα λωφήσει χεῖμα καὶ εὐρύποροι ποταμοὶ μεγάλα βρομέουντες· ὡς οἳ γ᾽ ἐν τείχεσι μένον τρομεόντες ὁμοκλήν δυσμενῶν· λαοὶ δὲ θοῦς ἐπέχυντο πόληι. ὡς δ᾽ ὅπωτε ψήρες τανυσίττηροι ἣ κολοι κάρπῳ ἐλαίνει φαμέες περὶ πάγχυ πέσωσι βρώμης ἰέμενοι θυμηδέοι, οὗδ᾽ ἄρα τοὺς γε αἰξηνοὶ βοώντες ἀποτρωπώσι φέβεσθαι, πρὶν φαγέειν, λιμὸς γὰρ ἀναιδέα θυμὸν ἀέσει· ὡς Δαναοὶ Πριάμωο τὸτ᾽ ἀμφεχέοντο πόληι ὄβριμοι· ἐν δὲ πύλησι πέσου μεμαῦτες ἐρύσαν ἔργον ἀπειρέσιον κρατερόφρουνος Ἐννοσυναλοῦ.

Τρώεις δ᾽ οὐ λήσοντο μάχησι μᾶλα περ δεδωτές, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς πύργοις ἐβεστάτες πολύντου νωλεμές· οἷοί δ᾽ αἰὲν ἑυδημῆτων ἀπὸ τείχεων βρόθηκον ὅμως λάσσεσαι καὶ αἰγανέσθαι θηρῆς δυσμενῶν ἐς ὀμίλου, ἐπεὶ σφισι τὴμονα Φοῖβος ἥκε βίνυ ἔτι γὰρ οἱ ἀμύνειν ἤθελε θυμὸς. Τρωσίν ἐὐπτολέμοισι καὶ Ἐκτορος οἰχομένου.

"Ενθ' ἄρα Μηρώνης στυγερὸν προέηκε βέλεμνον καὶ βάλε Φυλοδάμαντα φίλον κρατεροῦ Πολίτεω

1 Zimmermann, for θεομῆτων.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

After hard strain, a breathing-space is given
To oxen that, quick-panting 'neath the yoke,
Up a steep hill have dragged a load, so breathed
Awhile the Achaeans after toil in arms.
Then once more hot for the fray did they beset
The city-towers. But now with gates fast barred
The Trojans from the walls withstood the assault.
As when within their steading shepherd-folk
Abide the lowering tempest, when a day
Of storm hath dawned, with fury of lightnings, rain
And heavy-drifting snow, and dare not haste
Forth to the pasture, howsoever fain,
Till the great storm abate, and rivers, wide
With rushing floods, again be passable;
So trembling on their walls they abode the rage
Of foes against their ramparts surging fast.
And as when daws or starlings drop in clouds
Down on an orchard-close, full fain to feast
Upon its pleasant fruits, and take no heed
Of men that shout to scare them thence away,
Until the reckless hunger be appeased
That makes them bold; so poured round Priam's burg
The furious Danaans. Against the gates
They hurled themselves, they strove to batter down
The mighty-souled Earth-shaker's work divine.

Yet did the Troyfolk not, despite their fear,
Flinch from the fight: they manned their towers,
they toiled
Unremitting: ever from the fair-built walls
Leapt arrows, stones, and fleet-winged javelins down
Amidst the thronging foes; for Phoebus thrilled
Their souls with steadfast hardihood. Fain was he
To save them still, though Hector was no more.

Then Meriones shot forth a deadly shaft,
And smote Phylodamas, Polites' friend,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

tυτθοὺν ὑπὸ γυαθμοῖο:, πάγη δ' ὑπὸ λαμάον ὁιστός.
κάππεσε δ' αἰγυπτικὰ ἐναλύγκιος, δι' τ' ἀπὸ πέτρης
ιὰ ἐγγινάξην βαλὼν αἰζηὸς ὁλέσῃ·
δι' ὦ ὅθος πύργοι κατηρίπεν αἰπτεινοῖο·
γυία δὲ οἱ λίπε τυμός· ἐπέβραξε δ' ἐνετα νεκρφ.
τῷ δ' ἐπικαγχαλών υῖος κρατερῶν Μόλοιο
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν αἰζ' ἀλείνευ παρακλίνας ἐτέρωσεν
δι' δέμας, οὔδέ οἱ ἵδς ἐπὶ χρόα καλὸν ἱαγεν'
ὡς δ' ὅθ' ἀλὸς κατὰ βένθοις ἐπειγωμένης νεὸς οὐρφ
ναύτης παιπαλόεσσαν ἱδὼν ἐν χεῦματι πέτρην
νήα παρατρέψῃ λελημένος εξυπαλύξαι
χειρὶ παρακλίνας οἴημον, ἤχι ε ὅθμος
ὄτρύνει, τυτθὴ δὲ βία μέγα πῆμα ἀπερύκειν·
ὡς ἀρ' δ' ὦ πρὸδὸν ὅλον ἔλος ἔκφυνε πότμων.
Οἱ δ' αἰεὶ μάρηντο· λύθρφ δ' ἐρυθαίνετο τεῖχη
πύργοι θ' υψηλοὶ καὶ ἐπάλξεις, ἤχι τε Τρῶες
ἰὸδαί κτείνοντο πολυπεθενέαν ὑπ' Ἀχαίων·
οὔδε μὲν οὐ γ' ἀπάνευθε πόνων ἔσαν, ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ
τὸν
πολλοῖς γαίαν ἐρευθὸν· ὄρἴβει δ' αἰτύς ὀλεθρος
βαλλομένων ἐκάτερθε· λυγρή δ' ἐπετέρπετ· Ἕνω
δὴριν ἐπικλονεύσα κασιγνήτη Πολέμωι.
Καὶ νῦ κε δὴ Ῥήξαντο πῦλας καὶ τείχεα Τροῖς
Ἀργείοι, μᾶλα γὰρ σφιν ἀἀσπετον ἐπλετο κάρτος,
εἰ μὴ ἀρ' ἄλη' ἐβόθησαν ἀγακλειτὸς Γαυμηθῆς
οὐρανοῦ ἐκκατιδῶν· μᾶλα γὰρ περιδείδει πάτρης·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἰ ἐτεῦν γε τεῆς ἔξ ἕιμι γενέθλης,
σῆσι δ' ὑπ' ἐννεσίης λυπῶν ἐρμυδέα Τροῖς
εἰμὶ μετ' ἀθανάτοις, πέλει δὲ μοι ἀμβροτος αἰῶν,
τῷ μεν νῦν ἐσάκουσον ἀκηρεμένου μέγα θυμὸν
οὐ γὰρ τλήσομαι ἀστὶ καταβομενον προσιδεσθαι"

1 Zimmermann, ex V. P.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Beneath the jaw; the arrow pierced his throat.
Down fell he like a vulture, from a rock
By fowler's barbed arrow shot and slain;
So from the high tower swiftly down he fell:
His life fled; clanged his armour o'er the corpse.
With laughter of triumph stalwart Molus' son
A second arrow sped, with strong desire
To smite Polites, ill-starred Priam's son:
But with a swift side-swerve did he escape
The death, nor did the arrow touch his flesh.
As when a shipman, as his bark flies on
O'er sea-gulfs, spies amid the rushing tide
A rock, and to escape it swiftly puts
The helm about, and turns aside the ship
Even as he listeth, that a little strength
Averts a great disaster; so did he
Foresee and shun the deadly shaft of doom.

Ever they fought on; walls, towers, battlements
Were blood-besprent, wherever Trojans fell
Slain by the arrows of the stalwart Greeks.
Yet these escaped not scatheless; many of them
Dyed the earth red: aye waxed the havoc of death
As friends and foes were stricken. O'er the strife
Shouted for glee Enyo, sister of War.

Now had the Argives burst the gates, had breached
The walls of Troy, for boundless was their might;
But Ganymedes saw from heaven, and cried,
Anguished with fear for his own fatherland:
"O Father Zeus, if of thy seed I am,
If at thine hest I left far-famous Troy
For immortality with deathless Gods,
O hear me now, whose soul is anguish-thrilled!
I cannot bear to see my fathers' town

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὐδ’ ἄρ’ ἀπολλυμένην γενεῦν ἐν δησιτῆτι
λευγάλερ, τῆς οὐ τι χερειότερον πέλει ἄλγος·
σοι δὲ καὶ εἶ μέμονε κραδὶ τάδε μηχανάσσαθαι,
ἐξέσον ἐμεῖν ἀπὸ νόσφιν ἐξαφρότερον δὲ μοι ἄλγος
ἔσσεται, ἢ μὴ ἔγογγε μετ’ ὀμμασίν οὐσίν ἰδώμαι. 440
κεῖνό γὰρ οὐκίστεσθαι καὶ κύντατον, ὅπποτε πάτρην
δυσμενέων παλάμησον ἐρευπομένην τις ἰδῇται."

’Η ρὰ μέγα στενάχων Γαυμυμῆδες ἄγλαδὼν ἤτορ.
καὶ τὸν’ ἄρα Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἀπειρεσίους νεφέσσει
νομενέως ἐκάλυψε κλυτὴν Πριάμῳ πόλην·
ἡχλυνθὴ δὲ μάχη φθισίμβροτος: οὖδὲ τις ἄνδρῶν
ἐξεδέειν ἐπὶ τείχος ἐτ’ ἐσθενέοι, ἄχρι τέτυκτο
ταρφέσι γὰρ νεφέσσει διηνεκέως κεκάλυπτό
άμφιδ’ ἄρα βρονταὶ τε καὶ ἀστεροπαῖ κτυπέοντο
οὐρανόθεν. Δαναοὶ δὲ Δίὸς κτύπωσεν εἰσαίνετε
θάμβεον· ἐν δ’ ἄρα τοῖσι μέγ’ ἵαχε Νηλέος νύος·
"ο νύμφων Ἀργείων σημάντορες, οὐκέτι νόμι
ἔσσεται ἐμπέδα γυνὴ Δίως μέγα θαρσάλεοι
Τροάς ἀμύτους· μάλα γὰρ μέγα πῦρα κυλινδεῖ
ἡμῖν· ἀλλ’ ἄγε θάρσον ἐάς ἐπὶ νῆς ἱόντες
παντζώμεσθα πόνοιο καὶ ἀργαλείοι κυδομοῦ,
μὴ δὴ πάντας ἐνυπρήγη μάλα περ μενεαῖνων.
τοῦ νῦν μὲν τεράσσει πιθώμεθα· τῷ γὰρ ἔοικε
πάντας ἀεὶ πεπιθέοιαν, ἐπεὶ μάλα φέρτας ἐστιν
ἱφθίμων τοῖσι πεθάνοντεσ τ’ ἀνθρώπων·
καὶ γὰρ Τιτῆνεσσι υπερφιάλοις χολαθεῖς
οὐρανόθεν κατέχεψε πυρὸς μένοις· η’ δ’ ὑπένερθε
καῖτο πάντωθε γαῖα, καὶ ὠκεανοῦ πλατὺ χεῦμα
ἐξεν ἐκ βυσσοῦ καὶ ἐς πέρατ’ ἀξιοὶ ἱκέσθαι:
καὶ ποταμῶν τέρσουντο ῥοαὶ μάλα μακρὰ ἱρεύτων·
ἐνδικῖα δ’ ὄπποσα φύλα φερόσβιος ἔτρεφε γαῖα
ἡ’ δ’ ἄσα πόντως ἐφερβεν ἀπείριτος ἢ’ ὅποιος’ ὑδωρ
ἀενάων ποταμῶν· ἐπὶ δὲ σφισιν ἄσπετος αἰθὴρ
τέφρη ὑπεκρύφθη καὶ λυγνύι· τείρετο δὲ χθῶν·
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

In flames, my kindred in disastrous strife
Perishing: bitterer sorrow is there none!
Oh, if thine heart is fixed to do this thing,
Let me be far hence! Less shall be my grief
If I behold it not with these mine eyes.
That is the depth of horror and of shame
To see one's country wrecked by hands of foes."

With groans and tears so pleaded Ganymede.
Then Zeus himself with one vast pall of cloud
Veiled all the city of Priam world-renowned;
And all the murderous fight was drowned in mist,
And like a vanished phantom was the wall
In vapours heavy-hung no eye could pierce;
And all around crashed thunders, lightnings flamed
From heaven. The Danaans heard Zeus' clarion peal
Awe-struck; and Neleus' son cried unto them:
"Far-famous lords of Argives, all our strength
Palsied shall be, while Zeus protecteth thus
Our foes. A great tide of calamity
On us is rolling; haste we then to the ships;
Cease we awhile from bitter toil of strife,
Lest the fire of his wrath consume us all.
Submit we to his portents; needs must all
Obey him ever, who is mightier far
Than all strong Gods, all weakling sons of men.
On the presumptuous Titans once in wrath
He poured down fire from heaven: then burned all
earth
Beneath, and Ocean's world-engirdling flood
Boiled from its depths, yea, to its utmost bounds:
Far-flowing mighty rivers were dried up:
Perished all broods of life-sustaining earth,
All fosterlings of the boundless sea, and all
Dwellers in rivers: smoke and ashes veiled
The air: earth fainted in the fervent heat.
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

τούνεκ’ ἐγὼ δείδοικα Δίως μένος ἦματι τῷ δὲ.
ἀλλ’ ἱομεν ποτί νής, ἐπεὶ Τρώεσσων ἀρχγει
σήμερον’ αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα καὶ ἦμιν κύδος ὁρέξει’
ἀλλοτε γάρ τε φίλη πέλει ἡώς, ἀλλοτε δὲ ἥξθρή
cαι δ’ οὔπω δὴ μοῖρα διαπραθέειν κλυτοῦν ἄστυ,
ei ἐτεὸς Κάλχαντος ἑτήτυμος ἐπλετο μύθος
tὸν ρα πάρος κατέλεξεν ὀμηγερέεσσων Ἀχαιός
dηῶσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν δεκάτῳ ἐνιαυτῷ.”

“Ὡς φάτο’ τοι δ’ ἀπάνευθε περικλυτῶν ἄστυ
λιπόντες
χάσαντι’ ἐκ πολέμουι Δίως τρομέοντες ομοικλῆν
ἀνέρι γάρ πεπίθωντο παλαιῶν ἱστορὶ μύθων.
ἀλλ’ οὐδ’ ὦς ἀμέλησαν ἀποκταμένων ἐνὶ χάρμη
ἀλλὰ σφεάς τάρχυσαν ἀπὸ πτολέμου ἐρύσαντες
οὺ γὰρ δὴ κεῖνοι νέφος ἀμφεχεν, ἀλλὰ πόλη
ὑψηλὰ καὶ τεῖχος ἀνέμβατον, ὃ πέρι πολλοῖ
Τρώων νεῖς Ἀρηὶ καὶ Ἀργείων ἐδάμησαν.
ἐλθόντες δ’ ἐπὶ νήας ἀρήμα τεύχεα θέντο,
cαι ρα κόνων καὶ ἱδρῶτα λύθρον τ’ ἀποφαι-
δρύναντο
cύμασιν ἐμβεβαύτες ἐὔρρονο Ἐλληστόντον.

’Ηέλιος δ’ ἀκάμαντας ὑπὸ ξόφου ἠλασεν ἱππους
νῦς δ’ ἡχύθη περὶ γαῖαν, ἀπέτραπε δ’ ἀνέρας
ἐργων.
’Ἀργείωι δ’ Ἀχιλῆς ἐὐπτολέμου θρασὺν ὑπὰ
ἰσα τοκῆ τίσκον’ ὃ δ’ ἐν κλισίησιν ἀνάκτων
daίνυτο καγχαλόν’ κάματος δὲ μιν οὔτι βάρυνεν,
c UNIX καὶ στονόεντα Θέτις μελεδήματα γυών
ἐξέλει’ ἀκμῆτω δ’ ἐναλύγκιου εἰσοράσθαι
τεῦξεν’ ὃ δ’ ἐκ δόρποιο κορεσάμενος κρατερῶν κήρ
ἐς κλισίην ἄφικαν ἐοὶ πατρός, ἐνθα οἱ ὑπνος
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Therefore this day I dread the might of Zeus.
Now, pass we to the ships, since for to-day
He helpeth Troy. To us too shall he grant
Glory hereafter; for the dawn on men,
Though whiles it frown, anon shall smile. Not yet,
But soon, shall Fate lead us to smite yon town,
If true indeed was Calchas' prophecy
Spoken aforetime to the assembled Greeks,
'That in the tenth year Priam's burg should fall.'

Then left they that far-famous town, and turned
From war, in awe of Zeus's threatenings,
Hearkening to one with ancient wisdom wise.
Yet they forgot not friends in battle slain,
But bare them from the field and buried them.
These the mist hid not, but the town alone
And its unscaleable wall, around which fell
Trojans and Argives many in battle slain.
So came they to the ships, and put from them
Their battle-gear, and strode into the waves
Of Hellespont fair-flowing, and washed away
All stain of dust and sweat and clotted gore.

The sun drove down his never-wearying steeds
Into the dark west: night streamed o'er the earth,
Bidding men cease from toil. The Argives then
Acclaimed Achilles' valiant son with praise
High as his father's. Mid triumphant mirth
He feasted in kings' tents: no battle-toil
Had wearied him; for Thetis from his limbs
Had charmed all ache of travail, making him
As one whom labour had no power to tire.
When his strong heart was satisfied with meat,
He passed to his father's tent, and over him
Sleep's dews were poured. The Greeks slept in the
plain —
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀμφεχύθη: Δαναοὶ δὲ νεῶν προπάροιθεν ἵαυν
αἰὲν ἀμειβόμενοι φυλακάς: φοβέοντο γὰρ αἰῶνας,
Τρώων μὴ ποτε λαδὸς ἢ ἀγχεμάχων ἐπικούρων

υής ἐνιπρήση, νόστου δὲ ἀπὸ πάντας ἀμέρηση.

ὡς δὲ αὐτῶς Πριάμοιο κατὰ πτόλιν ἔθνεα Τρώων

ἀμφὶ πύλαις καὶ τεῖχος ἀμοιβαδὸν ὑπνώσκον

'Αργείων στονδέσσαν ὑποτρομεῶντες ὀμοκλήν.
Before the ships, by ever-changing guards
Watched; for they dreaded lest the host of Troy,
Or of her staunch allies, should kindle flame
Upon the ships, and from them all cut off
Their home-return. In Priam's burg the while
By gate and wall men watched and slept in turn,
Adread to hear the Argives' onset-shout.
ΔΟΓΟΣ ΕΝΝΑΤΟΣ.

'Ημος δ' ἦνυτο νυκτὸς ἀπὸ κνέφας, ἐγρετο δ' Ἡώς ἐκ περάτων, μάρμαρε δ' ἀπείρωτον ἄσπετος αἰθήρ, δὴ τὸ τ' ἀρήμοι νὶς εὐσθενέων 'Ἀργείῳν ἀμ πεδίον πάπταινον, ἵδοντο δὲ Ἰλίου ἄκρην ἀννέφελον, χθείζον δὲ τέρας μέγα θαυμάζεσκον. Τρώες, δ' οὐκέτ' ἐφαντο πρὸ τείχεος αἰπεινοίο στήμεναι ἐν πολέμῳ. μᾶλα γὰρ δέος ἐλλαβεῖ πάντας

ζώειν ἐλπομένους ἑρμυκιά Πηλέωνα. 1

'Αντήνωρ δ' ἐν τοῖσι θεών ἦρσατ' ἀνακτὴν.

"Ζεῦ, Ἰδῆς μεδέων ἡδ' οὐρανοῦ αἰγλήνους, κλυθὶ μεν εὐχομένου, καὶ ὀβρυμον ἄνδρα πόληνς τρέψου ἄφ' ἠμετέρης ὁλοὰ φρεσῆ μητίῶντα, εἰγ' ὅ ἦ Ἀχιλλεύς ἔστι καὶ οὐ κε δῶμ' Ἀϊδαο, εἰτε τις ἄλλος Ἀχαῖος ἄλγκιος ἄνερι κείνῳ λαοὶ γὰρ κατὰ ἀστυ θεγγενέος Πρίᾳμου πολλοὶ ἀποφθινύθουσι, κακοῦ δ' οὖ γίνετ' ἐρωθ', ἀλλὰ φόνος τε καὶ οἶτος ἐπὶ πλέον αἰὲν ἀέξει. Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐδὲ νυ σοὶ τὶ δαίζομένων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶς μέμβλεται, ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ σὺ λελασμένος νῦς ἐοῖο Δαρδάνου ἀντιθέου μέγ' Ἀργείωνοιν ἄρηγεις. ἀλλὰ σοι εἰ τόδε θυμὸς ἐνὶ κραδὶ μενεάινει.

1 Verse inserted by Zimmermann, ex P.
BOOK IX

How from his long lone exile returned to the war
    Philoctetes

When ended was night's darkness, and the Dawn
Rose from the world's verge, and the wide air
glowed
With splendour, then did Argos' warrior-sons
Gaze o'er the plain; and lo, all cloudless-clear
Stood Ilium's towers. The marvel of yesterday
Seemed a strange dream. No thought the Trojans
had
Of standing forth to fight without the wall.
A great fear held them thralls, the awful thought
That yet alive was Peleus' glorious son.
But to the King of Heaven Antenor cried:
"Zeus, Lord of Ida and the starry sky,
Hearken my prayer! Oh turn back from our town
That battle-eager murderous-hearted man,
Be he Achilles who hath not passed down
To Hades, or some other like to him.
For now in heaven-descended Priam's burg
By thousands are her people perishing:
No respite cometh from calamity:
Murder and havoc evermore increase.
O Father Zeus, thou carest not though we
Be slaughtered of our foes: thou helpest them,
Forgetting thy son, godlike Dardanus!
But, if this be the purpose of thine heart

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Τρώως ὑπὲρ 'Αργείωσιν ὕζυρὼς ἀπολέσσαι,
ἐρξὸν ἀφαρ, μηδὲ ἀμμὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα τεῦχε.'
'Η ρά μέγη εὐχόμενος τοῦ δ' ἐκλευν ὀὐρανότι
Ζεὺς,
kai τὸ μὲν αὐτ' ἔτελεσσε, τὸ δ' ὠκὺ ἥμελλε

τελέσσειν
dὴ γὰρ οἱ κατένευσεν, ὅπως ἀπὸ πολλοὶ ὅλωνται
Τρώως ὅμως τεκέσσι, δαίφρονα δ' ὑπὶ 'Ἀχιλῆος
τρεγέμεν οὐ κατένευσεν ἀπ' ἐυρυχόροιο πόλησον,
ἄλλα εἰ μάλλον ἐγείρεν, ἐπεὶ νῦ ἐθυμὸς ἀνώγει
ἡρά φέρειν καὶ κύδος ἐὐφρονι Νηρηίνη.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὅς ὀρμαίνε θεόν μέγα φέρτατος ἄλλον,

μεσσηγγύς δὲ πόλησ ὑπὶ εὐρεός 'Ελληστόντοι
'Αργείοι καὶ Τρώως ἀποκταμένους ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
καὶν ὅμως ἔπποινα μάχη δ' ἐπέπαυτο φόνοι, οὐνεκα δὴ Πριάμοι βίη κήρυκα Μενοίτην

eis 'Ἀγαμέμνονα πέμψε καὶ ἄλλους πάντας

'Αχαιοὺς

λισσόμενος νέκναι πυρὶ καλέμεν' οἱ δ' ἐπίθυντο

αἰδόμενοι κταμένοις: οὐ γὰρ σφίοι μηνὶς ὅπεθεὶ.

ἡμος δὲ φημένουσι πυρᾶς ἐκάμοντο θαμείας,

δὴ τὸτ' ἄρ' 'Αργείοι μὲν ἔπὶ κλεισίας ἀφίκοντο,

Τρώως δ' ἐς Πριάμοι πολυχρύσου μέλαθρα,

ἀχυμένοι μᾶλα πολλὰ δεδούτοτος Ἐυρυπόλοιοι·

τὸν γὰρ δὴ τίσκουν ἵσον Πριάμοι τέκεσσι

tούνεκα μὲν τὰρχυσαν ἀποκταμένων ἐκὰς ἄλλων

Δαρδανής προπάρουθε πῦλης, θεί μακρὰ ῥέεθρα

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

dινής προήσσεν ἀεξόμενος Διὸς ὤμβρο.

Τίδος δ' αὐτ' 'Ἀχιλῆος ἀταρβέος ἱκετο πατρῶς
tύμβουν ἐς εὐρώεντα· κύσεν δ' ὁ γε δάκρυν χεῦνων

στήλην εὐπολήτον ἀποφθιμένῳ τοκῆς·

cαὶ ρά περιστενάχων τοῖν ποτὶ μῆθον ἐεῖπε·

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

That Argives shall destroy us wretchedly,
Now do it: draw not out our agony!"

In passionate prayer he cried; and Zeus from heaven
Hearkened, and hasted on the end of all,
Which else he had delayed. He granted him
This awful boon, that myriads of Troy's sons
Should with their children perish: but that prayer
He granted not, to turn Achilles' son
Back from the wide-wayed town; nay, all the more
He enkindled him to war, for he would now
Give grace and glory to the Nereid Queen.

So purposed he, of all Gods mightiest.
But now between the city and Hellespont
Were Greeks and Trojans burning men and steeds
In battle slain, while paused the murderous strife.
For Priam sent his herald Menoetes forth
To Agamemnon and the Achaean chiefs,
Asking a truce wherein to burn the dead;
And they, of reverence for the slain, gave ear;
For wrath pursued not the dead. And when
They had lain their slain on those close-thronging pyres,
Then did the Argives to their tents return,
And unto Priam's gold-abounding halls
The Trojans, for Eurypylus sorrowing sore:
For even as Priam's sons they honoured him.
Therefore apart from all the other slain,
Before the Gate Dardanian—where the streams
Of eddying Xanthus down from Ida flow
Fed by the rains of heaven—they buried him.

Aweless Achilles' son the while went forth
To his sire's huge tomb. Outpouring tears, he kissed
The tall memorial pillar of the dead,
And groaning clasped it round, and thus he cried:

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\[c c\]
"χαίρε πάτερ καὶ ἐνερθῇ κατὰ χθονὸς· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
λήσομαι οἰχομένοιο σέθεν ποτὶ δῶμ’ Ἀιδαῖον· ὥς εἰθὲ ζῶνον σε μετ’ Ἀργείουσι κίχανον·
τῷ κε τάχ’ ἀλλήλοις φρένας τερφθέντ’ ἐνὶ θυμῷ Ἡλίου ἐξ ἑρήσῃ λησσόμεθ’ ἄσπετον ὄλβουν·
νῦν δ’ οὖτ’ ἄρ σὺ γ’ ἐσείδης ἐὼν τέκος οὔτε σ’ ἔγωγε 55
εἶδον ζῶνον ἕντα Λιλαιόμενός περ ἰδέσθαι.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὅσ’ σέο νόσφι καὶ ἐν φθιμένουσιν ἑόντος
σὸν δόρυ καὶ τεὸν νῦν μέγ’ ἐν δαῖ τεφρίκασι
δυσμενέες, Δαναόι δὲ γεγηθότες εἰσορόῳσι
σοὶ δέμας ἤδε φυὴν ἐναλήγκιον ἤδε καὶ ἔργα.” 60
“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπὸ θερμὸν ὀμόξατο δάκρυ παρεῖον.
βῆ δ’ θοῶς ἐπὶ νῆας ὑπερθύμμω τοκῆς
οὐκ οἷος· ἀμα γὰρ οἱ ἱσαν δυοκαδεκα φῶτες
Μυρμιδόνων, Φοίνιξ δ’ ὁ γέρων μετὰ τοῖσιν
ὅπερει
λυγρῶν ἀναστενάξων περικυδέως ἅμφ’ Ἀχιλῆος. 65
Νῦξ δ’ ἐπὶ γαίαν ἵκανεν, ἐπέσοντο δ’ οὐρανὸν
ἀστρα·
oi δ’ ἀρα δορπῆσαντες ἔλουθ’ ὑπνον’ ἐγρετο δ’
’Ηώς.
’Ἀργείου δ’ ἄρ’ ἐδυσαν ἐν ἐντεσί· τήλε δ’ ἀπ’ αὐτῶν
ἀγάλη μαρμαρεσκεν ἐς αἰθέρα μέχρις ἰούσα·
καὶ ρα θωὸς ἐκτοςε οὐλαὶς ἐσσεύντο
παυσυδίη νυφάδεσσων ἐκκότες, α’ τε φέρονται
ταρφέες ἐκ νεφέων κρενή ὑπὸ χείματος ἄργη·
ὅς ο’ γ’ ἐξεχένουτο πρὸ τείχεος, ὡρτο δ’ ἅυτὴ
σμερδαλέη· μέγα δ’ αλα περιστεναχίζετ’ ἴοντων.
Τρώες δ’ εὖτ’ ἐπύθνουτο βοήν καὶ λαὸν ἴδουντο,
θύμβησαν· πᾶσιν δὲ κατεκλάθη κέαρ ἐνδου
πότμον οἰωμένων· περὶ γάρ νέφος ὃς ἐφαύλη
λαὸς δυσμενέων· κανάχιζε δ’ τεύχεα φωτὸν
κυμαμένων· ἁμοτον δὲ κονίσαλος ὡρτο ποδοῖν. 75
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

"Hail, father! Though beneath the earth thou lie
In Hades' halls, I shall forget thee not.
Oh to have met thee living mid the host! –
Then of each other had our souls had joy,
Then of her wealth had we spoiled Ilium.
But now, thou hast not seen thy child, nor I
Seen thee, who yearned to look on thee in life!
Yet, though thou be afar amidst the dead,
Thy spear, thy son, have made thy foes to quail;
And Danaans with exceeding joy behold
One like to thee in stature, fame and deeds."

He spake, and wiped the hot tears from his face;
And to his father's ships passed swiftly thence:
With him went Myrmidon warriors two and ten,
And white-haired Phoënix followed on with these
Woefully sighing for the glorious dead.

Night rose o'er earth, the stars flashed out in heaven;
So these brake bread, and slept till woke the Dawn.
Then the Greeks donned their armour: flashed afar
Its splendour up to the very firmament.
Forth of their gates in one great throng they poured,
Like snowflakes thick and fast, which drift adown
Heavily from the clouds in winter's cold;
So streamed they forth before the wall, and rose
Their dread shout: groaned the deep earth 'neath their tramp.

The Trojans heard that shout, and saw that host,
And marvelled. Crushed with fear were all their hearts
Foreboding doom; for like a huge cloud seemed
That throng of foes: with clashing arms they came;
Volumed and vast the dust rose 'neath their feet.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

καὶ τὸν ἅρ’ ἥ’ θεῶν τις ὕπο φρένας ἐμβαλε
θάρσος

Δημόφιβος καὶ θήκε μάλ’ ἄτρομον, ἥ’ καὶ αὐτὸν
θυμὸς ἐποτρύνεσκε ποτὶ κλόνου, ὥρ’ ἀπὸ πάτρης
δυσμενέων ἀλεγεινὸν ὑπ’ ἐγχεῖ λαὸν ἐλάσσῃ;
θαρσαλέον δ’ ἀρα μῦθον ἐνὶ Τρώσεσιν ἔειπεν.

"ο’ φίλοι, εἰ δ’ ἀγεθυμὸν ἄρην ἐν φρεσὶ θέσθε

λησάμενοι, στονέωτος ὁ σα πτολέμοι τελεύτη
ἀλγε’ ἐπ’ ἀνθρώποις δορυκτῆτοις τίθησιν’

οὐ γὰρ Ἀλεξάνδροι πέλει πέρι μοῦνον ἄθλος
οὐδ’ Ἴλενης, ἄλλ’ ἐστὶ περὶ πτόλιος τε καὶ αὐτῶν

ἔδρα ἀλόχων τεκέων τε φίλων γεραρῶν τε τοκῆων
πάσης τ’ ἀγλαίας καὶ κτῆσιος ἴδρ’ ἑρατεινῆς
γαίς, ἢ με δαμέντα κατὰ κλόνον ἀμφικαλύψουν

μάλλον, ἢ ἀθρήσαιμοι φίλην ὑπὸ δουρασι πάτρην
dυσμενέων’ οὐ γὰρ τι κακῶτερον ἔλπομαι ἄλλο

πῆμα μετ’ ἀνθρώποις οἰξυροῖσι τετύχθαι.

τούνεκ’ ἀπωσάμενοι στυγερὸν δέος ἀμφ’ ἐμεὶ πάντες

καρτύνασθ’ ἐπὶ δὴριν ἀμελήχουν’ οὐ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς

ζωὸς ἐδ’ ἴμιν ἄντα μαχήσεται, οὐκε’ ἀρ’ αὐτὸν

πῦρ ὀλον κατεδαφε’ τέλει δὲ τίς ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν,
δς νῦν λαὸν ἐγείρειν, ἐοικε δὲ μῆτ’ Ἀχιλῆα

μήτε τιν’ ἄλλον Ἀχαιῶν ὑποτρομεῖν περὶ πάτρης

μαρναμένους: τὸ μή τι φεβωμέθα μῶλον Ἀρηος,

εἰ καὶ πολλὰ πάροιχεν ἄνετλημεν μορφέστες:

ἡ οὐπῶ τὸδε οἶδα’ ἄνα φρένας, ὡς ἀλεγεινοῖς

ἀνδράσιν ἐκ καμάτοιο πέλει θαλῆ τε καὶ ὀλβος,

ἐκ δ’ ἀρα λευγαλέων ἀνέμων καὶ χειματος αἴνου

Ζεῦς ἐπάγει μερόπεσι δι’ ἱέροις εὐδιον ἧμαρ,

ἐκ τ’ ὀλοις νοῦσοι πέλει σθένος, ἐκ τε μόθῳ

εἰρήνη; τὰ δὲ πάντα χρόνῳ μεταμείβεται ἔργα.

"Ὡς φάτω τοι δ’ ἐσ’ Ἀρηα μεμάοτες ἑντύναντο

ἐστυμένως’ καναχὴ δὲ κατὰ πτόλαμ ἐπλετο πάντη

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Then—either did some God with hardihood thrill
Deiphobus’ heart, and made it void of fear,
Or his own spirit spurred him on to fight,
To drive by thrust of spear that terrible host
Of foemen from the city of his birth.
So there in Troy he cried with heartening speech:
“O friends, be stout of heart to play the men!
Remember all the agonies that war
Brings in the end to them that yield to foes.
Ye wrestle not for Alexander alone,
Nor Helen, but for home, for your own lives,
For wives, for little ones, for parents grey,
For all the grace of life, for all ye have,
For this dear land—oh may she shroud me o’er
Slain in the battle, ere I see her lie
’Neath foemen’s spears—my country! I know not
A bitterer pang than this for hapless men!
O be ye strong for battle! Forth to the fight
With me, and thrust this horror far away!
Think not Achilles liveth still to war
Against us: him the ravening fire consumed.
Some other Achaean was it who so late
Enkindled them to war. Oh, shame it were
If men who fight for fatherland should fear
Achilles’ self, or any Greek beside!
Let us not flinch from war-toil! have we not
Endured much battle-travail heretofore?
What, know ye not that to men sorely tried
Prosperity and joyance follow toil?
So after scourging winds and ruining storms
Zeus brings to men a morn of balmy air;
After disease new strength comes, after war
Peace: all things know Time’s changeless law of
change.”

Then eager all for war they armed themselves
In haste. All through the town rang clangour of arms
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

μῶλον ἐς ἀλγυνόεντα κορυσσομένων αἰζηῶν. ἐνθ’ ἄρα τῷ μὲν ἀκοιτὸς ὑποτρομεύοντα κυδοιμὸν ἐντε’ ἀποσχομένῳ παρενήθη εὶ δ’ ἀρα νήπιοι υἷς ἐπενεγόμενοι περὶ πατρὶ τεῦχεα πάντα φέρεσκον’ ὁ δὲ σφισιν ἀλλοτε μὲν ποιν

herent’ ὄδυρομενοι, ὅτε δ’ ἐμπολι μειδιάσκε παισὼν ἀγαλλόμενος’ κραδίη δὲ οἱ ἐν δαὶ μᾶλλον ἀρμαίνεν πονέοσθαι ὑπὲρ τεκέων τε καὶ αὐτοῦ’ ἀλλὴ δ’ αὐτὲ γεραῖος ἐπισταμένης παλάμησιν ἀμφετίθει μελέεσσι κακής ἀλκτήριια χάριν πολλὰ παρηγορέων φίλον υἱέα, μηδενὶ εἴκειν ἐν πολέμῳ, καὶ στέρνα τετυμμένα δείκνυε παιδὶ ταρφέα σήματ’ ἔχοντα παλαιὴς δημοτίτος.

Ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ μάλα πάντες ἐν ἐντεσὶ θωρῆχθησαν, ἀστεοὺς ἑξεχέοντο μέγ’ ἱέμενοι πολέμῳ λευγαλέου’ ταχέεσσι δ’ ἐφ’ ἰππήσσιν ὅρουσαι ἱππῆσι’ πεζοῖς δ’ ἐπέχροαν ἔθετε πεζόν’ ἀρμαζεὶ δ’ ἀρμαθ’ ἱκουτο καταντίον’ ἐβραχεὶ δὲ χθῶν ἐς μόθον ἐσσυμένων’ ἐπαύτεε δ’ οὐσιν ἐκαστὸς κεκλόμενος’ τοι δ’ αὖγα συνήμεν’ ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρα σφ’ τεύχε’ ἐπεσμαράγγε’ μίγη δ’ ἐκάτερθεν αὐτῇ λευγαλέῃ’ τὰ δὲ πολλὰ θῶς ποτέοντο βέλεμνα βαλλόμεν’ ἀμφοτέρωθεν’ ὑπ’ ἔγχεσι δ’ ἀσπίδες ἀνδρῶν

θεινόμεναι κτυπέσκον ἀάσχετον αἰ δ’ ὑπ’ ἀκόντων καὶ ξιφέων’ πολεῖς δὲ καὶ ἀξίνη καθὶς ἀνέρες οὐτάζοντο’ φορύνειο δ’ ἐντεα φωτῶν αἰματὶ. Τρωάδες δ’ ἀπὸ τεῖχεος ἐσκοπίαζον αἰζηῶν στονόεντα μόθον’ πάσης δὲ γυνα ἐτρεμεῖν εὐχομένησιν ὑπὲρ τεκέων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἁδὲ κασιγνητῶν’ πολιοὶ δ’ ἀμα τῆς γέροντες

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

As for grim fight strong men arrayed their limbs.  
Here stood a wife, shuddering with dread of war,  
Yet piling, as she wept, her husband's arms  
Before his feet. There little children brought  
To a father his war-gear with eager haste;  
And now his heart was wrung to hear their sobs,  
And now he smiled on those small ministers,  
And stronger waxed his heart's resolve to fight  
To the last gasp for these, the near and dear.  
Yonder again, with hands that had not lost  
Old cunning, a grey father for the fray  
Girded a son, and murmured once and again:  
"Dear boy, yield thou to no man in the war!"  
And showed his son the old scars on his breast,  
Proud memories of fights fought long ago.  
So when they all stood mailed in battle-gear,  
Forth of the gates they poured all eager-souled  
For war. Against the chariots of the Greeks  
Their chariots charged; their ranks of footmen pressed  
To meet the footmen of the foe. The earth  
Rang to the tramp of onset; pealed the cheer  
From man to man; swift closed the fronts of war.  
Loud clashed their arms all round; from either side  
War-cries were mingled in one awful roar.  
Swift-winged full many a dart and arrow flew  
From host to host; loud clanged the smitten shields  
'Neath thrusting spears, 'neath javelin-point and sword:  
Men hewed with battle-axes lightening down;  
Crimson the armour ran with blood of men.  
And all this while Troy's wives and daughters watched  
From high walls that grim battle of the strong.  
All trembled as they prayed for husbands, sons,  
And brothers; white-haired sires amidst them sat,
QUINTUS SYMPTAEUS

'Εξουν εἰσορώντες. ἔδων δ' ὑπὸ κήδεσι σθομόν παιδών ἀμφὶ φίλων. 'Ελένη δ' ἐν δώμασι μιμεν σθή αμίς ἀμφιπόλοισιν εἲρυκε γὰρ ἄσπετος αἰδώς. Οἶ δ' ἀμοτονοπονέστον πρὸ τείχεως ἀμφὶ δὲ Κῆρες. 145 γῆδεων οὐλομένη δ' ἐπαύτεεν ἀμφότεροι μακρῶν Ἐρεις Βοῶσα. κόνις δ' ἔρυθαινετο λύθρως κτεινομένων ὀλέκυντο δ' ἀνὰ κλόνου ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον.

Ἐνθ' ἄρα Δήφοβος κρατερὸν κτάνεν ἰμικήθια [Νέστορος,] Ἰππασίδην, ὄ δ' ἀφ' ἀρματος αἰγυρποῖο 150 ἤρπεν ἀμφὶ νέκυσσιν ἀχος δὲ οἱ ἐσχέν ἀνακτὰ. δείδει γὰρ, μὴ δὴ μὲν ἐφ' ἡνία χεῖρας ἐχοῦντα νίδος ἐνς Πριάμου κατακτέινης καὶ αὐτὸν ἀλλὰ οἱ οὐκ ἀμέλησε Μελάνθιος. ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δίφρον ἀλτὸ θοῶς, Ἰπποισι δ' ἐκέκλετο μακρὰ τινάσσων 155 εὐλήρ', οὐδ' ἔχε μάστιν, ἔλαυνε δὲ δούρατι θείων. καὶ τοὺς μὲν Πριάμου παῖς λύπεν, ἴκετο δ' ἄλλων ἐς πληθὺν πολέσσα δ' ὀλέθριον ὅπασεν ἡμαρ ἐσσυμένως. ὁλη ἑρ ἀλιγκίον αἰέν ἀέλλης ἥαραλέως δηίοισιν ἐπάρχετο τοῦ δ' ὑπὸ χερὶ 160 μυριῶ ἐκτεινοῦτο. πέδον δ' ἐστεινετο νεκρῶν.

Ὡς δ' οὔτ' ἀν' οὔρεα μακρὰ θυρῶν εἰς ἀγκε τη ἴνασις

Δρυτόμος ἐγκονέοις νεοθηλίᾳ δάμναι θῆναι, ἀνθράκας ὁφρα κάμησι κατακρύφας ὑπὸ γαίαν σὺν πυρὶ δούρατα πολλάτ' τὰ δ' ἄλλοθεν ἀλλα 165 πεσόντα

πρῶνας ὅπερθε κάλυψαν, ἀνὴρ δ' ἐπιτέρπηται ἔργῳ δ' οἵς ἄρα Δήφοβοιο θοῖς ὑπὸ χερὶν 'Αχαιοὶ ἱλαδῶν ὀλλύμενοι περικάτπεσον ἀλλήλοις καὶ δ' οἱ μὲν Τρώεσσιν ὀμίλεσον, οἱ δ' ἐφέβουτο εὐρίν ἐπὶ Ξάνθοιο ρόον τοὺς δ' ύδατος εἰσόδο Δήφοβος συνέλαξε καὶ οὐκ ἀπέληγι φόνοις ὡς δ' ὄπότ' ἰχθύνετο ἐπ' ἤσσιν 'Ελλησπόντου 392
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

And gazed, while anguished fear for sons devoured Their hearts. But Helen in her bower abode Amidst her maids, there held by utter shame.

So without pause before the wall they fought, While Death exulted o'er them; deadly Strife Shrieked out a long wild cry from host to host. With blood of slain men dust became red mire:

Here, there, fast fell the warriors mid the fray.

Then slew Deiphobus the charioteer
Of Nestor, Hippasus' son: from that high car Down fell he 'midst the dead; fear seized his lord Lest, while his hands were cumbered with the reins, He too by Priam's strong son might be slain.

Melanthius marked his plight: swiftly he sprang Upon the car; he urged the horses on,

Shaking the reins, goading them with his spear, Seeing the scourge was lost. But Priam's son Left these, and plunged amid a throng of foes. There upon many he brought the day of doom;

For like a ruining tempest on he stormed Through reeling ranks. His mighty hand struck down

Foes numberless: the plain was heaped with dead.

As when a woodman on the long-ridged hills Plunges amid the forest-depths, and hews With might and main, and fells sap-laden trees To make him store of charcoal from the heaps Of billets overturfed and set afire:

The trunks on all sides fallen strew the slopes, While o'er his work the man exulteth; so Before Deiphobus' swift death-dealing hands In heaps the Achaeans each on other fell.

The charging lines of Troy swept over some;
Some fled to Xanthus' stream: Deiphobus chased Into the flood yet more, and slew and slew.
As when on fish-abounding Hellespont's strand
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δίκτυον ἐξερύσσει πολύκμητοι ἀλάζεις
cολπωθέν τοῖς γαϊῶν, ἔσω δὲ ἀλὸς εἰςετ' ἕντος
ἐνθὸρρη αἰζήσας γναμπτών δόρου χερσὶ μεμαρπᾶς
ἀιώνον ἐπὶ ξιφίσσῃ φέρειν φόνον, ἀλλοθε δὲ ἀλλον
δάμναται, ὃν κε κίχησι, φόνος δ' ἐρυθαίνεται ὅδορ.
δις τοῦ ὑπαῖ παλάμησι περὶ Ξάνθου ῥεῆθρα
ἀματι φοινίκθησαν, ἐνεστείνοντο δὲ νεκροί.

Οὔδε μὲν οὐδ' ἄρα Τρῶς ἀναιμωτὶ πονέοντο,
ἀλλὰ σφεας ἐδαίξεν 'Αχιλλεός ὅβριμος υῖδος
ἀμφ' ἀλληεὶς φάλαγξι. Ὑτεὶς δὲ ποὺ εἰσορώσα
τέρπετ' ἐφ' νιώνυ, ὅσον ἄχυντο Πηλείωνι,
τοῦ γὰρ ὑπὸ μελῆ πουλὺς στρατὸς ἐν κοινῆ
pίπτεν ὅμως ὑποσισαι ο δ' ἐστόμενος κεραίξεν.
ἐνθ' Ἀμίδην ἐδαίξε τερικλυτόν, ὃς ρᾷ οἱ ῶππο
ἐξόμενος συνέκυρσε καὶ οὐκ ἀπόνητ' ἐρατευὴ
ὑπασίς, δὴ γὰρ μῖν ἵππ' ἐγχεὶ τύψε φαειφ
ἐς νηδὺν αἰχμὴ δὲ ποτὶ ράχιν ἐξέπερρες.
ἐγκατα δ' ἐξεχύθησαν ἐλευ δὲ μῖν οὐλομένῃ Κήρ
ἐσσυμένως ὑπ' θόσο θεοῦ παρὰ ποσσὶ πεςντα.
ἐλε δ' ἀρ' Ασκάλων τε καὶ Όινοπα, τὸν μὲν
ἐλάσσας
dουρὶ μέγα στομάχοιο ποτὶ στόμα, τὸν δ' ὑπὸ
λαιμῶν,
καίριος ἐνθ' μάλιστα πέλει μόρος ἀνθρώπωσιν,
ἀλλος δ' ἐκτανεν αἰέν, ὅσος κίχε. τὶς κεν ἐκείνους
ἀνδρῶν μυθήσατο, κατὰ κλόνον ὅσοι ὅλοντο
χερσὶ Νεπτυπόλεμοι; κάμεν δὲ οἱ ὅπτο θανία
ὡς δ' ὅποτ' αἰξών τις ἀγραḥ ἐνὶ τηλεθάοντι
πᾶν ἦμαρ κρατερῆς πονησάμενος παλάμησιν
ἐς γαίαν κατέχεθεν ἀπέφονα καρτὸν ἐλαίας

ῥάβδῳ ἐπιστέρχων, ἐκάλυψε δ' χόρον ὑπερθεν
ὡς τοῦ ὑπαὶ παλάμησι κατήρπτε πουλὺς ὅμιλος,

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

The fishermen hard-straining drag a net
Forth of the depths to land; but, while it trails
Yet through the sea, one leaps amid the waves
Grasping in hand a sinuous-headed spear
To deal the sword-fish death, and here and there,
Fast as he meets them, slays them, and with blood
The waves are reddened; so were Xanthus' streams
Impurpled by his hands, and choked with dead.
Yet not without sore loss the Trojans fought;
For all this while Peleides' fierce-heart son
Of other ranks made havoc. Thetis gazed
Rejoicing in her son's son, with a joy
As great as was her grief for Achilles slain.
For a great host beneath his spear were hurled
Down to the dust, steeds, warriors slaughter-blent.
And still he chased, and still he slew: he smote
Amides war-renowned, who on his steed
Bore down on him, but of his horsemanship
Small profit won. The bright spear pierced him through
From navel unto spine, and all his bowels
Gushed out, and deadly Doom laid hold on him
Even as he fell beside his horse's feet.
Ascanius and Oenops next he slew;
Under the fifth rib of the one he drove
His spear, the other stabbed he 'neath the throat
Where a wound bringeth surest doom to man.
Whomso he met besides he slew—the names
What man could tell of all that by the hands
Of Neoptolemus died? Never his limbs
Waxed weary. As some brawny labourer,
With strong hands toiling in a fruitful field
The livelong day, rains down to earth the fruit
Of olives, swiftly beating with his pole,
And with the downfall covers all the ground,
So fast fell 'neath his hands the thronging foe.

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Τυδείδης δ’ ἐτέρωθεν ἐὑμμελίης τ’ Ἀγαμέμνων ἄλλοι τ’ ἐν Δαναότιν ἀριστῆς πονέοντο προφρονέως ἀνὰ δὴρν ἀμελίχων γοῦδε μὲν ἐσθλοῖς 205 Τρώων ἰγεμόνεσσε δέος πέλεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἐκ θυμοῦ μάχουτο καὶ ἀνέρας αἰὲν ἔρυκον χαζομένους πολέες γε μὲν οὐκ ἀλέγοντες ἄνακτων ἐκ πολέμωι φέβοντο μένοις τρομέοντες Ἀχαίων.

'Οψε δ’ ἀρ’ εἰσενόησε περὶ προχοῆσι Σκαμάνδρου

ὁλυμένων Δαναώς κρατερὸς πάϊς Αιακίδαο
αἰὲν ἐπασσυνέρως: λύπε δ’ οὖς πάρος αὐτόθ’ ἐναίρε,

φεύγοντας ποτὶ ἄστυ, καὶ Ἀυτομέδοντι κέλευ
κείσ’ ἐλάαν, θυ διονυ λύδῳ Ἀχαίων. 215
αὐτάρ ἢ γ’ αἰψ’ ἐπίθησε καὶ ἀδανάτων μένος ἵππων σεύσακεν μάστηγι ποτὶ κλόνον’ οἱ δ’ ἐπέτοντο ρίμφα διὰ κταμένων κρατερὸν φορέοντες ἀνάκτα.

οἶς δ’ ἐς πόλεμον φθισίμβροτον ἔρχεται Ἀρης ἐμβεβαίος ἱπποίου, περιτρομεί δ’ ἄρα γαῖα ἐσυμένου, καὶ θεία περὶ στέρνονσι θεοῖ’ 220
teύχε’ ἐπιβρομέουσιν ἵσον πυρὶ μαρμαροῦτα·

τοῖς Ἀχιλλῆς κρατεροῦ πάϊς ἤειν ἄντων ἐσθλοῦ Δημόφοβοι κῴοις δ’ ἐπαέρετο πολλὴ ἱππων ἀμφὶ πόδεσσιν ἰδῶν δὲ μιν ἀλκιμος ἀνήρ

Αυτομέδων ἐνόησεν, ὅτι πέλεν’ αἰγὰ δ’ ἀνακτί 225
toῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε περικλυτὸν ἄνδρα πυφαύσκων

“ὁ ἀνα, Δημόφοβιο πέλει στρατὸς, ὅ τε’ καὶ

αὐτὸς

σεῖο πάροιδε τοκῆος ὑπέτρεμε’ νῦν δὲ οἱ ἐσθλὸν

ἡ θεὸς ἢ δαίμον τις ὑπὸ κραδίην βάλε θάρσος.”

’Ὡς ἄρ’ ἐφ’ ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ οὕτι προσείνεσεν, ἀλλ’ ἔτι μᾶλλον

ἱπποὺς ὑστύσεσκεν ἐλαυνέμεν, ὧφρα τάχιστα

1 Zimmermann, for ἴδι of MS.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Elsewhere did Agamemnon, Tydeus' son, 
And other chieftains of the Danaans toil 
With fury in the fight. Yet never quailed 
The mighty men of Troy: with heart and soul 
They also fought, and ever stayed from flight 
Such as gave back. Yet many heeded not 
Their chiefs, but fled, cowed by the Achaeans' 
might.

Now at the last Achilles' strong son marked 
How fast beside Scamander's outfall Greeks 
Were perishing. Those Troyward-fleeing foes 
Whom he had followed slaying, left he now, 
And bade Automedon thither drive, where hosts 
Were falling of the Achaeans. Straightway he 
Hearkened, and scourged the steeds immortal on 
To that wild fray: bearing their lord they flew 
Swiftly o'er battle-highways paved with death.

As Ares chariot-borne to murderous war 
Fares forth, and round his onrush quakes the 
ground,

While on the God's breast clash celestial arms 
Outflashing fire, so charged Achilles' son 
Against Deiphobus. Clouds of dust upsoared 
About his horses' feet. Automedon marked 
The Trojan chief, and knew him. To his lord 
Straightway he named that hero war-renowned: 
"My king, this is Deiphobus' array— 
The man who from thy father fled in fear. 
Some God or fiend with courage fills him now."

Naught answered Neoptolemus, save to bid 
Drive on the steeds yet faster, that with speed
 Quintus Smyrnaeus

όλλυμένοις Δαναόις ἑκέα πότῳν ἀλάλκοι.
 ἀλλ' ὦτε δὴ ὁ ἀφίκοντο μάλα σχεδὸν ἀλλήλοις,
 δὴ τότε Δηήφοβος μάλα περ χατέων πολέμου
 ἔστη, ὅπως πῦρ αἰών, δὴ ὤδατος ἔγγυς ἵκηται;
 τότε δὲ εἰσορόων κρατερόφρονος Αἰακίδαο
 ἱπποὺς ἤδε καὶ ὑπα πελώριον, ὁὕτε τοκῆς
 μείωνα. τοῦ δ' ἀρα θυμὸς ὑπὸ φρεσίν ὀρμαίνεσκεν
 ἄλλοτε μὲν φεύγειν, ὅτε δ' ἀνέρος αὐτὰ μάχεσθαι,
 ὡς δ' ὦτε σὺν ἐν δρεσσα νεγρεγενών ἀπὸ τέκνων
 θώας ἀποσειόθηκα, λέων δ' ἐτέρωθι φανεῖν
 ἔκποθεν ἐσούμενος, τοῦ δ' ἰσταται ἄσπετος ὀρμή
 οὕτε πρόσω μεμαώτως ἐτ' ἐλθέμεν σωτ' ἀρ' ὀπίσσω,
 θήγει δ' ἀφριώντας ὑπὸ γναθμοίσιν ὀδόντας
 ὅς νῦν Πριάμοιο σὺν ἀρμασι μίμνε καὶ ἱπποὺς
 πορφύρων φρεσίν πολλὰ καὶ ἀμφαφών δόρο χερσί.
 τοῦ δ' νῦν προσέειπεν ἀμελίκτων 'Αχιλῆος·
 "Πριμάδηθ, τι νυ τόσον ἐπ' Ἀργεύοις μέμηνα
 χειρότεροι, οἵ σεῖο περιτρομέοντες ὀμοκλή
 φεύγον ἐπεσωμένων, σὺ δ' ἐλπεσο τολλὸν ἀριστος
 ἐμμεναί; ἀλλὰ σοι εἰπερ ὑπὸ κραδίη μένος ἐστίν,
 ἡμετέρης πείρησαι ἀνὰ κλόνον ἀσχέτον αἰχμής."
 "Ὡς εἰτῶν οὐμησε λέων ὡς ἀντ' ἐλάφοιο
 ἐμβεβαίοις ἱπποίσκα καὶ ἀρμασι πατρός ἐοῖο,
 καὶ νῦ κέ μιν τάχα δουρι σὺν ἡμίχωρ κατέπεφεν,
 εὶ μὴ οἱ μέλαν αἰχα νέφος κατέχευεν Ἀπόλλων
 ἐκποθεν Οὐλύμπωοι καὶ εξ ὀλοοίῳ μόθοι
 ἱρτασε, καὶ μιν ἔθηκε ποτὶ πτόλιω, ἥγε καὶ ἄλλοι
 Τρώες ἰσαν φεύγουντες· ὁ δ' ἐς κενεὶν δορ βτῦς
 νέρα Πηλεῖδαν παῖς ποτὶ μύθον ἔειπεν·
 "ὁ κύου, ἐξήλυξας ἐμὸν μένος· οὐδὲ σοὶ ἀλκη
 ἱεμένος περ ἀλακκε, θεῶν δὲ τις, ὃς σ' ἐκάλυψε
 νύκτα βαλῶν καθυπερθε, καὶ ἐκ κακότητος
 ἔρυσεν."
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

He might avert grim death from perishing friends.
But when to each other now full nigh they drew,
Deiphobus, despite his battle-lust,
Stayed, as a ravening fire stays when it meets
Water. He marvelled, seeing Achilles’ steeds
And that gigantic son, huge as his sire;
And his heart wavered, choosing now to flee,
And now to face that hero, man to man.
As when a mountain boar from his young brood
Chases the jackals—then a lion leaps
From hidden ambush into view: the boar
Halts in his furious onset, loth to advance,
Loth to retreat, while foam his jaws about
His whetted tusks; so halted Priam’s son
Car-steeds and car, perplexed, while quivered his
hands

About the lance. Shouted Achilles’ son:
“Ho, Priam’s son, why thus so mad to smite
Those weaker Argives, who have feared thy wrath
And fled thine onset? So thou deem’st thyself
Far mightiest! If thine heart be brave indeed,
Of my spear now make trial in the strife.”

On rushed he, as a lion against a stag,
Borne by the steeds and chariot of his sire.
And now full soon his lance had slain his foe,
Him and his charioteer—but Phoebus poured
A dense cloud round him from the viewless heights
Of heaven, and snatched him from the deadly fray,
And set him down in Troy, amid the rout
Of fleeing Trojans: so did Peleus’ son
Stab but the empty air; and loud he cried:
“Dog, thou hast ’scaped my wrath! No might of thine
Saved thee, though ne’er so fain! Some God hath cast
Night’s veil o’er thee, and snatched thee from thy
death.”

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"Ως ἂρ' ἐφη· δυοφερῶν δὲ νέφως καθύπερθε·
Κρονίων
εὔτ᾽ ὀμίχλην διέχευε· λύθη δ' εἰς ἡρα μακρήν·
ἀυτίκα δ' ἐξεφάνη πεδίον καὶ πάσα περὶ χθών.
Τρώας δ' εἰσενόησεν ἀπόπροθι πολλὸν ἐόντας·
Σκαῖης ἄμφι πύλησιν· ἔβη δ' ἀρα πατρὶ ἑοικως·
ἀυτία δυσμενέων· οἳ μεν φοβήσων κιόντα·
hound kum' ἀλεγείων ἐπεσσύμπου τρομέουσι
ναῦται· δ' τ' ἐξ ἀνέμου διεγρόμενον φορεῖται·
evri μᾶλ' ὕψηλον τε· μέμηνε δὲ λαίλαπτι πόντος·
ὅς τοῦ ἐπερχομένου κακὸν δέος ἄμφεχε Τρώας·
τοῖον δ' ἐξκατο μῦθον ἐποτρύνων ἐτάρωσι·
"κλῦτε φίλοι καὶ θάρσος ἐνι στήθεσι βάλεσθε
ἀτρομον· οἷον ἔοικε φορημεναι ἀνέρας ἐςθλοὺς
νίκην ἰεμένους ἐμκυδα ἁρσον ἀρέσθαι·
καὶ κλέος ἐκ πολέμου δυσχείος· ἀλλ' ἄγε θυμὸν
παρθένοι τοικεωμεθ' ὑπὲρ μένος· εἰςόκε Τροίης
πέρσωμεν κλυτον ἄστυ· καὶ εκτελέσωμεν ἔξδωρ.
αὐδῶς γὰρ· μάλα πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἐνθα μέ-
νουτας·
ἐμμεναι ἀπρήκτους καὶ ἀνάλκιδας· οἱα γυναικας·
τεθναιν γὰρ μᾶλλον ἥ ἀπτόλεμος καλεόιμην·
"Ως φάτο· τοι δ' ἐτι μᾶλλον ἐς 'Ἀρεός ἔργον
ὄρουσιν·
θαρσαλέως· Τρώεσσι δ' ἐπέδραμον· οἳ δ' καὶ αὐτοὶ
προφρονεῶς μάρναντο περὶ πτόλων· ἀλλοτε δ' αὔτε
ἐντοσθεν πυλέων ἀπ' τείχεσι· οὔδ' ἀπέληπη
dεινὸς 'Ἀρης· Τρώων μὲν ἐελδομένων ἀπερύξαι
dυσμενέων στρατόν αἰνῶν· ἐςθενέων δ' ἑργεῖων
ἄστυ διαπραθεείν· ὅλῃ δ' ἔχε πάντας οἰξὺς·

Καὶ τότε δὴ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηγέμεναι μενεαίων
ἐκθορεν Οὐλύμπου καλυψάμενος νεφέεσσι
Ἄττιδης· τοι δ' αἴγα θοαὶ φορέσκων ἄελλα
τεύχεσι χρυσείου σεκασμένον· ἄμφι δὲ μακραί
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Then Cronos' Son dispersed that dense dark cloud:
Mist-like it thinned and vanished into air:
Straightway the plain and all the land were seen.
Then far away about the Scaean Gate
He saw the Trojans: seeming like his sire,
He sped against them; they at his coming quailed.
As shipmen tremble when a wild wave bears
Down on their bark, wind-heaved until it swings
Broad, mountain-high above them, when the sea
Is mad with tempest; so, as on he came,
Terror clad all those Trojans as a cloak,
The while he shouted, cheering on his men:
"Hear, friends!—fill full your hearts with dauntless
strength,
The strength that well beseemeth mighty men
Who thirst to win them glorious victory,
To win renown from battle's tumult! Come,
Brave hearts, now strive we even beyond our
strength
Till we smite Troy's proud city, till we win
Our hearts' desire! Foul shame it were to abide
Long deedless here and strengthless, womanlike!
Ere I be called war-blanker, let me die!"

Then unto Ares' work their spirits flamed.
Down on the Trojans charged they: yea, and these
Fought with high courage, round their city now,
And now from wall and gate-towers. Never lulled
The rage of war, while Trojan hearts were hot
To hurl the foemen back, and the strong Greeks
To smite the town: grim havoc compassed all.

Then, eager for the Trojans' help, swooped down
Out of Olympus, cloaked about with clouds,
The son of Leto. Mighty rushing winds
Bare him in golden armour clad; and gleamed
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

μάρμαρον κατίόντος ἵσον στεροπήσι κέλευθοι: ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ γωρυτὸς ἐπέκτυπτεν. ἐβραχὲ δ' αἰθήρ θεσπέσιον καὶ γαῖα μέγ' ἱαχεύν, εὖτ' ἀκάμαντας θήκε παρὰ Ξάνθουρο ρόου πόδας: ἐκ δ' ἐβόησε σμερδαλέων, Τρωσίω δὲ θράσος βάλε, δείμα δ' Ἄχαιος

μίμνειν αἴματόντα κατὰ κλόνων. οὐδ' Ἐνοσίχθων ἠδριμος ἔγνοῆς· μένος δ' ἐνέτυνεσσ' Ἄχαιος ἦδη τειρομένουσι· μάχη δ' ἀιθήλος ἐτύχθη ἀθανάτων βολῆσιν· ὅλοντο δὲ μυοὶα φίλα αἰζηῶν ἐκάτερθε. κοτεσσάμενος δ' ἀρ' Ἀπόλλων Ἀργείους ὀρμαίνει βαλεῖν θρασύν υἱ' Ἀχιλῆς αὐτοῦ, ὅπου καὶ πρόσθεν Ἀχιλλία· τοῦ δ' ἀρα θυμόν

οὐσκενι κατέρνυκν ἀριστερὰ κεκλήγοντες, ἀλλὰ τε σήματα πολλά· χόλος δὲ οἱ ὀφείλ' ἐμελλε πείθεσαι τεράσσω: τὸ δ' οὐ λάθε Κυνοχαίτην· * * * * * * * * 

ηρὶ θεσπεσίγ' κεκαλυμμένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσοὶ νισσομένῳ ανακτὸς ἐρμην κίντῳ γαία· τοῦν δ' ἐκφατο μόθον ἐελδόμενος μν' ἐρύξαι· "Ἰσχε κότον; 1 καὶ μήτι πελώριον υἱ' Ἀχιλῆς κτείνης· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς Ὀλύμπιος ὀλλιμένοι γηθήσει· μέγα δ' ἄλγος ἐμοὶ καὶ πάσι θεοῖν ἔσσαται εἰναλίουσιν, ὅπως πάρος ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆς· ἀλλ' ἀναχάζει διὸν ἐς αἴθερα, μὴ με χολοσῆς, αἰνᾳ δ' ἀναφήξας μεγάλης χθονὸς αἰτὶ βέρεθρον αὐτῆν Ιλιὼν εἴθαρ ἐφὶς ἀμα τείχες πᾶσαν θήσω ὑπὸ ζόφον εὕρην· ἄχος δὲ τοι ἔσσεται αὐτῷ·

"Ὡς φάθε· ἦ δ' ἀγκόμενος μέγ' ἀδελφεὶν ὦ τοικής
dείσας τ' ἀμφὶ πόλεις εὐσεβεῶν θ' ἀμα λαῶν

1 Zimmermann, for τέιος, of MSS.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

With lightning-splendour of his descent the long
Highways of air. His quiver clashed; loud rang
The welkin; earth re-echoed, as he set
His tireless feet by Xanthus. Pealed his shout
Dreadly, with courage filling them of Troy,
Scaring their foes from biding the red fray.
But of all this the mighty Shaker of Earth
Was ware: he breathed into the fainting Greeks
Fierce valour, and the fight waxed murderous
Through those Immortals' clashing wills. Then died
Hosts numberless on either side. In wrath
Apollo thought to smite Achilles' son
In the same place where erst he smote his sire;
But birds of boding screamed to left, to stay
His mood, and other signs from heaven were sent;
Yet was his wrath not minded to obey
Those portents. Swiftly drew Earth-shaker nigh
In mist celestial cloaked: about his feet
Quaked the dark earth as came the Sea-king on.
Then, to stay Phoebus' hand, he cried to him:
"Refrain thy wrath: Achilles' giant son
Slay not! Olympus' Lord himself shall be
Wroth for his death, and bitter grief shall light
On me and all the Sea-gods, as erstwhile
For Achilles' sake. Nay, get thee back to heights
Celestial, lest thou kindle me to wrath,
And so I cleave a sudden chasm in earth,
And Ilium and all her walls go down
To darkness. Thine own soul were vexed thereat."

Then, overawed by the brother of his sire,
And fearing for Troy's fate and for her folk,
To heaven went back Apollo, to the sea
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

χάσσατ' ἐσ οὐρανὸν εὐρύν, ὁ δ' εἰς ἄλα. τοῖ δ' ἐμάχοντο
ἀλλήλους ὀλέκοντες, Ἠρις δ' ἐπετέρπετο χάρμη,
μέσφ' ὅτε δὴ Κάλχαντος ὑπ' ἐννεσίησιν Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐς νῆας χάσσωντα καὶ ἐξελάθοντο μόδοιον.
οὐ γὰρ δὴ πέπρωτο δαμήμεναι Ἰλίον ἁστυ,
πρὶν γε Φιλοκτῆτα βίην ἐς ὅμιλον Ἀχαιῶν
ἐλθέμεναι πολέμοιο δαήμονα δακρυόντος.
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἡ ἀγαθοίσιν ἐπεθράσατ' οἰνοίσιν,
ἥ' καὶ ἐν σπλάγχνοισιν ἐπεδρακεν ὦ γὰρ αἰδρίς
μαντοσύνης ἐτέτυκτο. θεὸς δ' ὃς ἦδε πάντα.
Τῷ πίσυνοι στονόντος ἀποιχόμενοι πολέμοιο
Ἀτρείδαι προέκαν εὐκτιμήνην ποτὶ Δήμων
Τυδέως ὀβριμον ὡς μενεπτόλεμον τ' Ὀδυσσα
νηθ' θοῇ. τοῖ δὲ αἴγα ποτὶ πτόλιον Ἡμαίστοιο
ἐλθόνειν Αἰγαίου διὰ πλατὺ χεῖμα θαλάσσης,
Δήμων ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν, ὅτι πάροι αἰνὸν ὁλέθρον
ἀνδράσιν κουρίδοισιν ἐμμίσαντο δυνάκες
ἐκπαγηλον κοτέοσαι, ἐπεὶ σφέας οὕτι τίεσκον,
ἀλλ' ἄρα δμωιάδεσσι παρευνάζοντο γυναῖξι
Θρηκίης, τὰς δουρὶ καὶ ἄμορφη κτεάτισσαν
πέροντέσ ποτε γαίαν ἄρμαιλοι Θρηκίων·
αἱ δὲ μέγα ἡξίοιο περὶ κραδίσαι πεσόντος
kinson ἀνωδήσαντο, ϕίλους δ' ἀνὰ δώματ' ἀκοίηας
κτείνων ἀνήλεγές ὑπὸ χείρεσιν, οὐδ' ἐλέησαν
κουρίδοισιν περ ἐόντας. ἐπεὶ μέγα μαίνεται ἦτορ
ἀνέρος ἢδ' γυναικὸς, ὅτὲ ζηλήμου νούσῃ
ἀμφιτέσῃ. κρατερὰ γὰρ ἐπιτρύνουσιν ἄναιυ.
ἀλλ' αἰ γε σφετέροιον ἐπ' ἀνδρασί πῆμ' ἑβάλοντο
νυκτὶ μη', καὶ πᾶσαν ἐχθρώσαντο πόλη
παρθένωμεν φρεσὶν ϑυμὸν ὑταρβέα καὶ μέγα κάρτος.
Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ Δήμων ζαθεῖν κίον ἦδε καὶ ἀντρον
λαῖνεον, τόθι κεῖτο πάϊς Ποιάντος ἀγανοῦ,
Poseidon. But the sons of men fought on,
And slew; and Strife incarnate gloating watched.
At last by Calchas' counsel Achaea's sons
Drew back to the ships, and put from them the thought
Of battle, seeing it was not foreordained
That Ilium should fall until the might
Of war-wise Phiboctetes came to aid
The Achaean host. This had the prophet learnt
From birds of prosperous omen, or had read
In hearts of victims. Wise in prophecy-lore
Was he, and like a God knew things to be.

Trust in him, the sons of Atreus stayed
Awhile the war, and unto Lemnos, land
Of stately mansions, sent they Tydeus' son
And battle-staun ich Odysseus oversea.
Fast by the Fire-god's city sped they on
Over the broad flood of the Aegean Sea
To vine-clad Lemnos, where in far-off days
The wives wreaked murderous vengeance on their lords,
In fierce wrath that they gave them not their due,
But couched beside the handmaid-thralls of Thrace,
The captives of their spears when they laid waste
The land of warrior Thracians. Then these wives,
Their hearts with fiery jealousy's fever filled,
Murdered in every home with merciless hands
Their husbands: no compassion would they show
To their own wedded lords—such madness shakes
The heart of man or woman, when it burns
With jealousy's fever, stung by torturing pangs.
So with souls filled with desperate hardihood
In one night did they slaughter all their lords;
And on a widowed nation rose the sun.

To hallowed Lemnos came those heroes twain;
They marked the rocky cave where lay the son

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δὴ τὸτ' ἀρα σφίσι θάμβος ἐπήλυθεν, εἰτ' ἐσίδοντο 355
ἀνέρα λευγαλέσιν ἐπιστενάχοντ' ὀδύνησι
κεκλεμένον στυφελοῖο κατ' οὔδεος: ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀντὶ
οἰωνῶν πτερὰ πολλὰ περὶ λεχέεσσι κέχυντο·
ἀλλὰ δὲ οἱ συνέραττο περὶ χρόνι, χεῖματος ἄλκαρ
λευγαλέος. δὴ γάρ μιν ἐπὶν ἔλε γιμὸς ἀτερπῆς, 360
βάλλειν ἀᾶσχετον ἑόν, ὡπτ' νόσοι ἰδύνεσκε·
cal τὰ μὲν ἄρ κατέδαπτε; [τὰ δὲ πτερὰ οἱ περὶ-

βάλλε.

φύλλα δέ οἱ παρέκειτο, τὰ θ' 1 ἔλκεος οὐλομένου
ἀμφηθεὶς καθύπερθε μελαίνης ἄλκαρ ἀνίης.
αιαλέαι δὲ οἱ ἀμφὶς κόμαι περὶ κρατὶ κέχυντο
θηρὸς ὀπιώς ὀλοιῶ, τὸν ἀργαλῆς δόλος ἄγρης
μάργῃ νυκτὸς ἵοντα θοοῦ ποδός, δς δ' ὑπ' ἀνάγκης
τειρομενος ποδός ἄκρον ἀταρτηροῖσιν ὀδοὺς
κόψας εἰς ἐνυ ἄντρον ἀφικέται, ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κήρ
τείρει ὁμοῦ λίμος τὲ καὶ ἀργαλέαι μελεδώναι:
δς τὸν ὑπὸ σπέρως εὑρ' κακὴ περιδάματ' ἀνίης 370
καὶ οἱ πάν μεμάραντο δέμας, περὶ δ' ὡστέα μοῦνον
ρώος ἔχειν, ὀλοὶ δὲ παρῆδας ἀμφεχτὺν ἀὐχή
λευγαλέον ὑποώντος. ἀνιηρὸν δὲ μῖν ἄλγος
dάμματο. κούλαι δ' ἐσκον ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν ἄνδρος
ὁπωπᾶ

αῖνῶς τειρομένου. γοῦς δὲ μῖν οὐποτ' ἐλειπεν,

οὐνεκά οἱ μέλαιν ἔλκος, ἐς ὡστέον ἄχρις ἱκέβαι,
πυθόμενον καθύπερθε 2 λυγραί ὑπερεττον ἀνίαι.
δς δ' ὅτ' ἐπὶ προβολῆσι πολυκλύστοιο θαλάσσης
πέτρην παυπαλόεσσαν ἀνειρεσίς ἄλος ἄλμη
dάμμαθ' ὑποτμήγουσα μᾶλα στερεὴν περ ἐόυσαν, 380
θεινομένης δ' ἄρα τῆς ἀνέμοι καὶ χείματι λάβρο
χήραμα κούλαινονται ὑποβρωθέντα θαλάσσης·

1 Zimmermann's suggested supplementum of lacuna.
2 Zimmermann's punctuation and om. of δ' after λυγραί.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Of princely Poeas. Horror came on them
When they beheld the hero of their quest
Groaning with bitter pangs, on the hard earth
Lying, with many feathers round him strewn,
And others round his body, rudely sewn
Into a cloak, a screen from winter's cold.
For, oft as famine stung him, would he shoot
The shaft that missed no fowl his aim had doomed:
Their flesh he ate, their feathers vested him.
And there lay herbs and healing leaves, the which,
Spread on his deadly wound, assuaged its pangs.
Wild tangled elf-locks hung about his head.
He seemed a wild beast, that hath set its foot,
Prowling by night, upon a hidden trap,
And so hath been constrained in agony
To bite with fierce teeth through the prisoned limb
Ere it could win back to its cave, and there
In hunger and torturing pains it languisheth.
So in that wide cave suffering crushed the man;
And all his frame was wasted: naught but skin
Covered his bones. Unwashed there he crouched
With famine-haggard cheeks, with sunken eyes
Glaring his misery 'neath cavernous brows.
Never his groaning ceased, for evermore
The ulcerous black wound, eating to the bone,
Festered with thrills of agonizing pain.
As when a beetling cliff, by seething seas
Aye buffeted, is carved and underscooped,
For all its stubborn strength, by tireless waves,
Till, scourged by winds and lashed by tempest-flails,
The sea into deep caves hath gnawed its base;
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δι κεν υπὲρ τού τεν έλκοσ ἀέξετο πυθομένου
ηύν ἀπο, στυφελοίς τον οι ἐνομόρξατ' ὀδουσι
λυγρος ύδρος, τὸν φασιν ἀναλθεα τε στυγερόν τε 385
ἐμμεναι, ὅπποτε μιν τέρη περὶ χέρσον ἤοτα
ηέλιοιο μένοις τῶ καὶ μέγα φέρταν ἄνδρα
τεἱρ δυσαλθήτουσιν ὑποδημένετ' οὐδύσσων
ἐκ δὲ οἱ ἔλκεος αἰέν ἐπὶ χθόνα λειβομένου
ιήδρος πεπάλακτο πέδον πολυχαϊδέος ἀντρον
θαύμα μέγ' ἀνθρώποις καὶ ὕστερον ἐςομένοις.
καὶ οἱ παρ κλισίν χαρέτη παρεκέκλιτο μακρή
iiiν πεπληθεύα: πέλοντο δ' ἀρ' ο οι μὲν ἐπ' ἀγρην,
οὶ δ' εσ δυσμενέας, τοὺσ ἀμφεχε λοίγον ύδρον
φάρμακον αἴνομόροιο: πάροιθε δε οἱ μέγα τόξον
κεῖτο πέλας, γναμπτοις ἀρηράμενον κεράεσιν
χερσιν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτης τετυγμένον 'Ἡρακλῆς.
Τοὺς δ' ὁπότ' εἰσενόησε ποτὶ σπέος εὐρή κιόντας,
ἐςαμευνώς οἴμησεν ἔπ' ἀμφότεροις τανύσσαι
ἀλγυνόεντα βέλεμα χόλον μεμνημένοις αἰνοῦ,
οὖνεκά μιν τὸ πάροιθε μέγα στενάχοντα λίποντο
μοῦνον ἐρημαίοισιν ἔπ' αἰγιαλοῖσι θαλάσσης.
καὶ νῦ κεν αἰψ' ἐτέλεσσεν, α οὶ θρασὺς ἦθελε
θυμός,
ει μη οἱ στονόεντα χόλον διέχευεν Ἀθήνη
ἀνέρας εἰσορόωντος ὀμήθεας: οὶ δὲ οἱ ἄγχι
ὕλωθον ἀλυμένοισιν ἑοικότε: καὶ ρά μιν ἂμφω
ἀντρον ἐσω κοιλοῦ παρεξόμενοι ἐκάτερθεν
ἔλκεος ἂμφ' ὀλοοί καὶ ἄργαλέων ὀδυνάων
ἐιροντ'. αὐτάρ ὁ τοῖσιν ἐας διεπέφραδ' ἀνίας.
οὶ δὲ ε ὀλαρσύνωςκον ἐφαντὸ δὲ οἱ λυγρὸν ἔλκος
ἔξ ὀλοοίῳ μόγοιο καὶ ἄλγεος ἴτασσαθαί,
ἡν στρατὸν εἰσαφίκηται Αχαικῶν, οὐ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

So greater 'neath his foot grew evermore
The festering wound, dealt when the envenomed fangs
Tare him of that fell water-snake, which men
Say dealeth ghastly wounds incurable,
When the hot sun hath parched it as it crawls
Over the sands; and so that mightiest man
Lay faint and wasted with his cureless pain;
And from the ulcerous wound aye streamed to earth
Fetid corruption fouling all the floor
Of that wide cave, a marvel to be heard
Of men unborn. Beside his stony bed
Lay a long quiver full of arrows, some
For hunting, some to smite his foes withal;
With deadly venom of that fell water-snake
Were these besmeared. Before it, nigh to his hand,
Lay the great bow, with curving tips of horn,
Wrought by the mighty hands of Hercules.
Now when that solitary spied these twain
Draw nigh his cave, he sprang to his bow, he laid
The deadly arrow on the string; for now
Fierce memory of his wrongs awoke against
These, who had left him years agone, in pain—
Groaning upon the desolate sea-shore.
Yea, and his heart's stern will he had swiftly wrought,
But, even as upon that godlike twain
He gazed, Athena caused his bitter wrath—
To melt away. Then drew they nigh to him
With looks of sad compassion, and sat down
On either hand beside him in the cave,
And of his deadly wound and grievous pangs
Asked; and he told them all his sufferings.
And they spake hope and comfort; and they said:
"Thy woeful wound, thine anguish, shall be healed,
If thou but come with us to Achaea's host—"
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

φάντο μέγ’ ἀσχαλάν παρὰ νήσων ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτοὺς Ἀτρείδας ἄμα τούσι· κακῶν δὲ οἱ οὗτω Αχαίων αἰτιῶν ἔμμεν ἐφαντο κατὰ στρατόν, ἀλλ' ἀλεξεινας Μοίρας, ἄν ἐκας οὕτως ἄν ἐπινιπτεῖαι ἀλαν, ἀλλ' αἰεὶ μογεροίσιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν ἀπροτίπητοι στρωφώντ' ἦματα πάντα, βροτῶν γένος ἁλλοτέ μέν ποιν

βλάπτονθαί κατὰ θυμὸν ἀμείλιχον, ἀλλοτε δ' αὐτὲ ἐκποιθε κυδαίνουσαί· ἔπει μάλα πάντα βροτοῖς κεῖναι καὶ στούνδετα καὶ ἡπία μηχανώνται αὐταὶ ὅπως ἔθελονσιν. ὅ δ' εἰσαίων Ὀδυσσής ἡδὲ καὶ ἀντιθέου Διομήδεος αὐτίκα θυμὸν ἡμίδιως κατέπαυσεν ἀνηριοχό χόλοι,

ἐκπαιγὸν τὸ πάροιθε χολοῦμενος, δὸσ' ἐπεπόνθει. 425

Οἱ δὲ μιν αἰσχρ' ἐπὶ νῆα καὶ νῆόνας βαρυδούπους καγχαλόντες ἐνεκαιν ὁμῶς σφετέρους βελέμνους· καὶ ρά οἰ ἀμφεμασάντο δέμας καὶ ἀμείλιχον ἐλκος σπόγγην ἐντρήτω, κατὰ δ' ἐκλυσαν ὕδατι πολλῷ. ἀμπνύνθη δ' ἄρα τυτθόν ἀφαρ δὲ οἱ ἐγκονέοντες δόρπον εὗν τεύξαντο μεματί. σὺν δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ δαίνουσιν ἔνδοθι νῆος. ἐπήλυθε δ' ἀμβροσίη νῦξ, τοῖς δ' ἐφ' ὑπνὸς ὅρουσε· μένον δ' ἄχρις

Ἡρωγείης

ἀμφιάλου Δήμυνοι παρ' ὑσίν· αὐτὰρ ἂμ' ἰοὶ πείσμαδ' ὁμῶς εὐνήσιν εὔγναμπτοσιν ἀειραν ἐκτοθεν ἐγκονέοντες· ἐπιπρέπῃ δ' Ἀθήνη ἐξόπιθεν πνεύσαι τανυπτρώρον νεός οὐρον. ἵστι δ' αἰσχρ' ἐτανυσιν ὑπ' ἀμφοτέρους πόδεσσι, νῆα κατιθύνοντες εὔξυγγον. ἡ δ' ὑπ' ἱῳ ἐσσυτ' ἐπὶ πλατῦ χέιμα· μέλαν δ' ἀμφεστενε κύμα. 440 ῶγγυμύμενον· πολίς δὲ περίξεε πάντοθεν ἀφρός· ἀμφι δέ οἱ δελφίνες ἀσκέεσες ἔσσευσιν δίμα διαπρήσοντες ἀλὸς πολυῖον κέλευθα.

1 Zimmermann, for μένος of ν.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

The host that now is sorrowing after thee
With all its kings. And no man of them all
Was cause of thine affliction, but the Fates,
The cruel ones, whom none that walk the earth
Escape, but aye they visit hapless men
Unseen; and day by day with pitiless hearts
Now they afflict men, now again exalt
To honour—none knows why; for all the woes
And all the joys of men do these devise
After their pleasure." Hearkening he sat
To Odysseus and to godlike Diomede;
And all the hoarded wrath for olden wrongs
And all the torturing rage, melted away.

Straight to the strand dull-thundering and the ship,
Laughing for joy, they bare him with his bow.
There washed they all his body and that soul wound
With sponges, and with plenteous water bathed:
So was his soul refreshed. Then hasted they
And made meat ready for the famished man,
And in the galley supped with him. Then came
The balmy night, and sleep slid down on them.
Till rose the dawn they tarried by the strand
Of sea-girt Lemnos, but with dayspring cast
The hawser loose, and heaved the anchor-stones
Out of the deep. Athena sent a breeze
Blowing behind the galley taper-prowed.
They strained the sail with either stern-sheet taut;
Seaward they pointed the stout-girdered ship;
O'er the broad flood she leapt before the wind;
Broken to right and left the dark wave sighed,
And seething all around was hoary foam,
While thronging dolphins raced on either hand
Flashing along the paths of silver sea.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Οἱ δ’ ἀφαρ Ἐλλήσποντον ἐπ’ ἰχθυόντα ἀφικνοῦν,
ἡχι καὶ ἄλλαὶ νῆς ἔσαν κεκάροντα δ’ Ἀχαιοί,
ὡς ἰδον ous ποθέσκον ἀνὰ στρατόν. οἱ δ’ ἄρα νής
ἀσπασίως ἀπέβησαν· ἔχεν δ’ ἄρα χείρας ἀραιὰς
Ποιάντος θρασύς νίος ἐπ’ ἄνερας, οἱ ρὰ μὲν ἄμφω
λυγρὸν ἐπισκάζοντα ποτὶ χθόνα δῖαν ἄγεσκον
ἀμφοτέρων κρατηρίσιν ἐπικλωθέντα χέρεσιν
ήματ’ ἐνὶ ξυλόχωιαν ἐς ἣμιον μέχρι κοπείσαν
φηγὸν ύφθ ἱλοτόμου βίου ἡ πίνα νεύκην
τυπθὸν ἤθ’ ἐστηναι, ὅσον λάπε δρυτόμος ἀνήρ
πρέμον ὑποτήνων λυπαρόν, δάος ὄφρα πέληται
πίσσα πυρὶ διμπθέεσα κατ’ ὦρεα, τὴν δ’ ἀλεγευνώς
ἀχθομένης ἁνεμός τε καὶ ἄδρανὴ ποτικλῖνη
ἐρνεσὶν εὐθαλεσσὶ, φέρουσι δὲ μὲν βαρέουσαν·
ἀχθομένης ἁνεμός τε καὶ ἄδρανὴ ποτικλῖνη
ἐρνεσὶν εὐθαλεσσὶ, φέρουσι δὲ μὲν βαρέουσαν·
ἐναποκαὶ ἴδως αὐτὴ ἐπικλωθέντα φέρεσκον
Ἀργείων ἐς ὀμλοῦ ἄρημον· οἱ δ’ ἐσιδόντες
ὀρταὶ πλατές ἐκηβόλων ἄνερα λυγρὸς
ἔλκει τειρόμενον· τὸν δὲ στερεὺν καὶ ἄνουσον
ὡκύτερον ποίησε νοῦματος αἱ ἀγαθὰ
ἴσος ἐπουρανίος Ποδαλείριος, εὖ μὲν ὑπερθε
πάσσων φάρμακα πολλὰ καθ’ ἐλκεος, εὖ δὲ κικ-
λῆσκων

οὕνωμα πατρὸς ἐδὸ· θυως δ’ ἴαχησαν Ἀχαιοὶ
πάντες κυδαίνουτες ὁμὸς Ἀσκληπιοῦ νιὰ.
καὶ μὲν φαιδρινάντο καὶ ἄμφι ἐ χρίσαν ἐλαίῳ
προφυεῖς· ὄλοι δὲ κατηφεία καὶ ὅδε
ἀθανάτων ἱότητι κατέβητο· τοῦ δ’ ἄνα θυμὸν
τέρποντε εἰσορώντες· ὃ δ’ ἀμπυνεῖν ἐκ κακότητοι·
ἀγροὶ δ’ ἀρ’ ἐρευνός ἐπίθλεθε, ἀργαλεῖν δὲ·
ἀδρανὴ μέγα κάρτος· ἀέζετο δ’ ἀφεα πάντα.
ὡς δ’ ὁπὸ τ’ ἀλδαίνηται ἐπὶ σταχύσσων ἄρουρα,

1 Verse inserted by Zimmermann, ex P.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Full soon to fish-fraught Hellespont they came
And the far-stretching ships. Glad were the Greeks
To see the longed-for faces. Forth the ship
With joy they stepped; and Poes' valiant son
On those two heroes leaned thin wasted hands,
Who bare him painfully halting to the shore
Staying his weight upon their brawny arms.
As seems mid mountain-brakes an oak or pine
By strength of the woodcutter half hewn through,
Which for a little stands on what was left
Of the smooth trunk by him who hewed thereat
Hard by the roots, that its slow-smouldering wood
Might yield him pitch—now like to one in pain
It groans, in weakness borne down by the wind,
Yet is upstayed upon its leafy boughs
Which from the earth bear up its helpless weight;
So by pain unendurable bowed down
Leaned he on those brave heroes, and was borne
Unto the war-host. Men beheld, and all
Compassionated that great archer, crushed
By anguish of his hurt. But one drew near,
Podaleirius, godlike in his power to heal.
Swifter than thought he made him whole and sound;
For deftly on the wound he spread his salves,
Calling on his physician-father's name;
And soon the Achaeans shouted all for joy,
All praising with one voice Asclepius' son.
Lovingly then they bathed him, and with oil
Anointed. All his heaviness of cheer
And misery vanished by the Immortals' will;
And glad at heart were all that looked on him;
And from affliction he awoke to joy.
Over the bloodless face the flush of health
Glowed, and for wretched weakness mighty strength
Thrilled through him: goodly and great waxed all
his limbs.
Τὸ πάρος φθινόθουσαν ἑπέκλυσε χείματος αἰνοῦ
δμβρος ἐπιβρίσας, ἦ δ' ἀλδομένη ἀνέμοισι
μειδιάς τεθαλυκα πολυκμήτω ἐν ἄλωῃ
ὡς ἄρα τειρομένου Φιλοκτήταο πάροιθε
πάν δέμας αὐχ' ἀνέθηλεν· ἑυτροχάλω δ' ἐνι κοίλῃ
κάλλιτε κήδεα πάντα, τά οί περιδάμαντο θυμόν.

'Ἀπειδαι δ' ὀρόωντες ἂτ' ἐκ θανάτου ἀνίοντα
ἀνέρα θαυμάζεσκον· ἔφαντο γὰρ ἐμμεναι ἐργον ἀθανάτων· τὸ δ' ἄρ' ἦν ἐτήτυμον, ὡς ἐυόησαν
καὶ γὰρ οἱ μέγεθος τε καὶ ἀγλαίην κατέχευεν ἐσθλῇ Τριτογένεια· φάνη δ' ἀφαρ, οἷος ἦν περ
τὸ πρὶν ἐν 'Ἀργείοις πάρος κακότητι δαμίναι.
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' ἐς κλοίην Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀφενιοῦ
πάντες ὁμώς οἱ ἁριστοὶ ἄγον Ποιάντιον ὑλα·
καὶ μιν κυδαίνοντες ἐπ' εἰλαπώνυμι γέραιρον.

Ἅλλ' οτε δὴ κορέσαντο ποτοῦ καὶ ἐδητύος ἐσθλῆς,
δ' τότε μιν προσέειπεν ἐὐμμέλης Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ο φίλ', ἐπειδῆ περ σὲ θεών ἱοτηθ' πάροιθε
Λήμνῳ ἐν ἀμφιάλῳ λύπομεν, βλαφθέντε νόημα,
μὴ δὴ νῦν ἡλον αἰνοῦ ἐνι φρεσὶ σήσι βαλέσθαι
οὐ γὰρ ἀνευ μακάρων τάδ' ἐρέξαμεν, ἅλλα ποι
αὐτοί

ἡθελον ἀθάνατοι νων κακὰ πολλὰ βαλέσθαι
σεῦ ἀπὸ νόσφιν ἑωντος, ἐπεὶ περιόδας ὅστοις
δυσμενεάς διμνασθαί, ὅτ' ἀντία σεῖο μάχονται.
[ἀνδράσι γὰρ βιότοιο πολυπλάγκτοι κέλευθοι]
πᾶσαν ἀν' ἦτερον πέλαγος τ' ἀνα μακρὸν αἰστοι
Μοιράων ἱοτηθ' πολυσχιδεῖς τε πέλονται,
πυκναὶ τε σκολιαὶ τε, τετραμέναι ἀλλιδίς ἀλλη
των δι' αἰχητοὶ φορεύθη ὑπὸ δαιμόνως Αίση
εἰδόμενοι φύλλοισιν ὑπὸ πνοῆς ἀνέμοιο

1 Zimmermann, for μηδ' ἦμιν of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

As when a field of corn revives again
Which erst had drooped, by rains of ruining storm,
Down beaten flat, but by warm summer winds
Requicken'd, o'er the laboured land it smiles;
So Philoctetes' erstwhile wasted frame
Was all requicken'd:—in the galley's hold
He seemed to have left all cares that crushed his soul.

And Atreus' sons beheld him marvelling
As one re-risen from the dead: it seemed
The work of hands immortal. And indeed
So was it verily, as their hearts divined;
For 'twas the glorious Trito-born that shed
Stature and grace upon him. Suddenly
He seemed as when of old mid Argive men
He stood, before calamity struck him down.
Then unto wealthy Agamemnon's tent
Did all their mightiest men bring Poeas' son,
And set him chief in honour at the feast,
Extolling him. When all with meat and drink
Were filled, spake Agamemnon lord of spears:
"Dear friend, since by the will of Heaven our souls
Were once perverted, that in sea-girt Lemnos
We left thee, harbour not thine heart within
Fierce wrath for this: by the blest Gods constrained
We did it; and, I trow, the Immortals willed
To bring much evil on us, bereft of thee,
Who art of all men skillfullest to quell
With shafts of death all foes that face thee in fight.
For all the tangled paths of human life,
By land and sea, are by the will of Fate
Hid from our eyes, in many and devious tracks
Are cleft apart, in wandering mazes lost.
Along them men by Fortune's dooming drift
Like unto leaves that drive before the wind.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

σενομένοις· ἀγαθὸς δὲ κακῇ ἐνέκυρε κελεύθῳ πολλάκις, οὐκ ἐσθλὸς δ’ ἀγαθὴ· τὰς δ’ οὗτ’ ἀλέασθαι
οὗτ’ ἄρι ἐκὼν τις ἐλέσθαι ἐπιχθόνιος δύνατ’ ἄνηρ· χρῆ δὲ σαῦρονα φῶτα, καὶ ἢν φορέθη’ ὑπ’ ἀέλλαις οἰμὴν ἀργαλένη, στερεθ' φρενὶ τλήναι οἰξύν. ἀλλ’ ἐπεὶ ἀασάμεσθα καὶ ἠλτομεν τόδε ἔργον, ἔβαντις δόροις ἀρεσσόμεθ’ ἀπλήτοιςι. 505
Τρώον ἢν ποθ’ ἐλωμεν ἐυκτίμενον πτολεήθρου νῦν δὲ λάβ’ ἐπτα γυναίκας ἐείκοσι’ τ’ ὠκεὰς ἐπενοὺς ἀθλοφόρους τρίποδας τε δυόδεκα, τοῖς ἐτε θυμὸν τέρψεις ἠματα πάντας· καὶ ἐν κλισίσιν ἐμήσων ἀιεὶ τοι παρὰ δαίτι γέρας βασιλῆιν ἐσται.”

“Ὡς εἴπων ἦρωι πόρεν περικαλλέα δώρα. 510
τὸν δ’ ἄρα Πναντός προσέφη κρατερόφρους υἱὸς· “ὁ φίλος, οὐ τοι ἐγὼν ἐτι χώραμαι, οὐδὲ μὲν ἀλλῳ
’Ἀργείων, τῶν εἰ τις ἐτ’ ἠλτεν εἶνεκ’ ἐμεῖοι· οἶδα γάρ, ὡς στρεπτὸς νόσος ἀνδράσι γίνεται ἐσθλοῖς, 520
οὐδ’ αἰεὶ χαλέπτων θέμως ἐμεναία οὐδ’ ἀσύφηλον, ἀλλ’ ὄτε μὲν σμερδόνων τελέθειν, ὅτε δ’ ἦπιον εἰναί. νῦν δ’ ιομεν ποτὶ κοίτων, ἐπεὶ χατέουτι μάχεσθαι βέλτερον ὑπώειν ἢ ἐπὶ πλέον εἰλατωνέζειν.”

“Ὡς εἴπων ἀπόρουσε καὶ ἐς κλισίν ἀφίκανε σφῶν ἐτάρων· οἱ δ’ αἴρα ϕιλοπτολέμῳ βασιλῆι εὖν ἐντύνοντο μέγα φρεσί καγχαλώντες· αὐτὰρ δ’ ἡ ἀσπασίως κατελέξατο μέχρις ἐπ’ ἦώ. 525
’Νῦξ δ’ ἀνεχάσσατο δία· φάσι δ’ ἐρύθηνε κολώνας ἤλιον, καὶ πάντα βρωτὸν περιποίπνου εχά. ’Ἀργείοι δ’ ὀλοοῖο μέγ’ ἱέμενοι πολέμῳ οἱ μὲν δούρατα θήγον εὖξαν, τοὶ δὲ βέλεμα, ἀλλοι δ’ αἰγανέας· ἀμα δ’ ἥοὶ δαίτα πένοντο

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Oft on an evil path the good man’s feet
Stumble, the brave finds not a prosperous path;
And none of earth-born men can shun the Fates,
And of his own will none can choose his way.
So then doth it behave the wise of heart—
Though on a troublous track the winds of fate
Sweep him away—to suffer and be strong.
Since we were blinded then, and erred herein,
With rich gifts will we make amends to thee
Hereafter, when we take the stately towers
Of Troy: but now receive thou handmaids seven,
Fleet steeds two-score, victors in chariot-race,
And tripods twelve, wherein thine heart may joy
Through all thy days; and always in my tent
Shall royal honour at the feast be thine.”

He spake, and gave the hero those fair gifts.
Then answered Peas’ mighty-hearted son;
“Friend, I forgive thee freely, and all beside—
Whoso against me haply hath trangressed.
I know how good men’s minds sometimes be warped:
Nor meet it is that one be obdurate
Ever, and nurse mean rancours: sternest wrath
Must yield anon unto the melting mood.
Now pass we to our rest; for better is sleep
Than feasting late, for him who longs to fight.”

He spake, and rose, and came to his comrades’ tent;
Then swiftly for their war-fain king they dight
The couch, while laughed their hearts for very joy.
Gladly he laid him down to sleep till dawn.

So passed the night divine, till flushed the hills
In the sun’s light, and men awoke to toil.
Then all athirst for war the Argive men
’Gan whet the spear smooth-shafted, or the dart,
Or javelin, and they brake the bread of dawn,
And foddered all their horses. Then to these
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

άύτοις ἢδ' ἵπποισιν πάσαντο δὲ πάντες ἐδωδὴν. τοῖσιν δὲ Ποίαντος ἀμύμονος ἀβριμος νίδος τοῖν ἐποσ μετέειπεν ἐποτρύνων πονέσθαι." εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν πολέμοιο μεδόμεθα. μηδὲ τις ἡμέων μμεντό ἐν νήσσι, πάρος κλυτὰ τεῖχεα λύσαι Τροίχος εὐπάργυροι, καταπρῆσαι τε πόληλα." "Ὡς φάτο· τοῖσι δὲ θυμὸς ὑπὸ κραδίη μέγ' ἱάνθη τ' ἅγην δ' ἐν τεύχεσσι καὶ ἀσπίσιν· εκ δ' ἀρα νηῆν πανσυδίη μελήσι κεκασμένοι ἐσεύνυντο καὶ βοέοις σακέεσσι καὶ ἀμφιφάλοις κορύθεσσιν· ἄλλος δ' ἄλλον ἔρειδε κατὰ στίχας· οὐδὲ κε φαίης κείνων ἐσαμμένων ἐκάς ἐμεναι ἄλλον ἀπ' ἄλλον· 545 ὡς ἂρ' ἵσαν θαμνοῖ καὶ ἀρηρότες ἀλλήλοιοι.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Spake Poeas' son with battle-kindling speech:
"Up! let us make us ready for the war!
Let no man linger mid the galleys, ere
The glorious walls of Ilium stately-towered
Be shattered, and her palaces be burned!"

Then at his words each heart and spirit glowed:
They donned their armour, and they grasped their shields.
Forth of the ships in one huge mass they poured
Arrayed with bull-hide bucklers, ashen spears,
And gallant-crested helms. Through all their ranks
Shoulder to shoulder marched they: thou hadst seen
No gap 'twixt man and man as on they charged;
So close they thronged, so dense was their array.
ΛΟΓΟΣ ΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ.

Τρώες δ’ αυτ’ ἐκτοσθεν ἤσαν Πριάμοιο πόλησις πάντες σὺν τεύχεσσι καὶ ἄρμασιν ἥδε καὶ Ἡπποις ὥκυτάτοις: καὶ ὦν γὰρ ἀποκταμένους ἐνὶ χάρμῃ δειδίτες, μὴ λαδὸς ἐπιβρίσειεν Ἀχαιῶν. τοὺς δ’ ὦν ἐσίδοντο ποτὶ πτόλιν ἀίσσοντας, ἐσσυμένως κταμένοις χυτῶν περὶ σήμα βάλοντο σπερχόμενοι: δεινὸν γὰρ ὑποτρομεῖσκον ἰδὸντες. τοῖσι δ’ ἄρ’ ἄχυμενοις ὕπ’ φρεσὶ μύθον ἔειπεν Πολυδάμας, ὁ γὰρ ἐσκε λίθν πίνυτος καὶ ἔχε-φρων·

“ὦ φίλοι, οὐκέτ’ ἀνεκτὸς ἡμῖν μαίνεται Ἄρης· ἄλλ’ ἂγε δὴ φραζόμεθ’, ὅπως πολέμοι τι μῆχος εὑρωμεν’ Δαναοὶ γὰρ ἐπικρατέουσι μένοντες. νῦν δ’ ἂγε δὴ πύργοισιν ἐυδήμοιοις ἐπιβάντες μίμωμεν νῦκτας τε καὶ ἰματα δηριοῦντες, εἰσόκε δὴ Δαναῷ Σπάρτῃν ἔρίβωλον ἱκώνται, ἢ αὐτοῦ παρὰ τεῖχος ἀκηδήσωσι μένοντες ἀκλεῖς ἐξόμενοι· ἐπεὶ οὐ σθένος ἔσσεται αὐτοῖς ῥῆξαι τείχεα μακρά, καὶ εἰ μᾶλα πολλὰ κάμωσιν οὐ γὰρ ἀβληθὰ ρεοὶ τετεῦχαται ἄφθιτα ἑργα. οὐδὲ τὸν βρώμης ἐπιδεύομεθ’ οὐδὲ ποτήτος· πολλὰ γὰρ ἐν Πριάμοιο πολυχρόσου μελάθροις ἔμπεδον εἴδατα κεῖται, ἀπερ πολέεσσι καὶ ἀλλοις

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BOOK X

How Paris was stricken to death, and in vain sought help of Oenone.

Now were the Trojans all without the town
Of Priam, armour-clad, with battle-cars
And chariot-steeds; for still they burnt their dead,
And still they feared lest the Achaean men
Should fall on them. They looked, and saw them come

With furious speed against the walls. In haste
They cast a hurried earth-mound o'er the slain,
For greatly trembled they to see their foes.
Then in their sore disquiet spake to them

Polydamas, a wise and prudent chief:
"Friends, unendurably against us now
Maddens the war. Go to, let us devise
How we may find deliverance from our strait.
Still bide the Danaans here, still gather strength:

Now therefore let us man our stately towers,
And thence withstand them, fighting night and day,
Until yon Danaans weary, and return
To Sparta, or, renownless lingering here
Beside the wall, lose heart. No strength of theirs
Shall breach the long walls, howsoe'er they strive,
For in the imperishable work of Gods

Weakness is none. Food, drink, we shall not lack,
For in King Priam's gold-abounding halls
Is stored abundant food, that shall suffice
ΠΟΛΛΟΝ ἔπι χρόνον ἔσσετ' ἀγειρομένοισιν ἐδώδη·
ἐς κόρην, εἰ καὶ ἐτ' ἄλλοις ἐελδομένουσιν ἵπται
τρίς τόσος ἐνθάδε λαὸς ἀρηγείμεναι μενεϊμόνων.
"Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἐνενιπεθ' θρασὺς παῖς Ἀγ-
χίσαο.
"Πουλυδάμα, πῶς γὰρ σε σαφορνα φασι τε-
τύχθαι,
ὅς κέλεαὶ ποτὶ δηρὸν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ἁλγεὰ πάσχειν;
οὐ γὰρ ἀκηδήσουσι πολὺν χρόνον ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιοί,
ἀλλ' ἄρ' ἐπιβρίσσουσι ἀλευμένους ἐσιδόντες·
νῦν δ' ἐσσεῖται ἄλγος ἀποφθιμένων ἐνὶ πάτρῃ,
ἡν πῶς ἐνθάδε πολὺν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἀμφιμάγχονται·
οὐ γὰρ τὶς Ἢθηθεν μελίφρονα σίτον ὀπάσσει
ἡμῖν, ἐπήνεκαθόμεν ἀνὰ πτόλιν, οὐδέ τις οἰσει
οίνον Μαιονίθθεν· ἀνηρδ' ὑπὸ λιμῷ
φθισόμεθ' ἀργαλέως, εἰ καὶ μάλα τείχος ἀμύνει.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν θάνατον τε κακὸν καὶ Κῆρας ἀλύξαι,
μηδ' ἄρ' ὠξιρῶς θανέειν πολυκάθει λιμῷ
μέλλομεν, εἰν ἐντεσοὶ σὺν ἡμετέροις σεκέσσοι
καὶ γεραροῖς πατέρεσσι μαχωμέθα· καὶ ρὰ πόδι
Ζεῦς
χραισμῆσι· κεῖνον γὰρ ἀφ' αἴματός εἴμεν ἀγαυοῦ·
εἰ δὲ κεν ἄρ καὶ κεῖνο ἀπεχθόμενοι τελέσθωμεν,
εὔκλεως τὰχ' ὀλέσθαι ἀμυνομένους περὶ πάτρῃς
βέλτερου, ἥ μένουτας οἴξωρῶς ἀπολέσθαι.
"Ὡς φάτο· τῷ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπίλαχον εἰσαϊόντες.
αἰγὰ δὲ δὴ κορύθεσι καὶ ἀστιόν καὶ δοράτεσσι
φράχθεν ἐπ' ἀλλήλους· ἐπὶ δ' ἀκαμάτου Διὸς
δοσέ
δ' ἐρεθέρκετ' ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου κορυσσομένους ἐς Ἀρη
Τρῶγας ἐπ' Ἀργείοισιν· ἐγείρε δὲ θυμὸν ἐκάστον,
ὄφρα μάχην ἀλάστον ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροις ταὐσοῦση
λαοῖς· ἡ γὰρ ἔμελλεν Ἀλέξανδρος θανάεσθαι
χερσὶ Φιλοκτήτα τοιο πονεύμενος ἀμφ' ἀλόχοιο,
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§ 18

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

For many more than we, through many years,
Though thrice so great a host at our desire
Should gather, eager to maintain our cause."

Then chode with him Anchises’ valiant son:

"Polydamas, wherefore do they call thee wise,
Who biddest suffer endless tribulations
Cooped within walls? Never, how long soe’er
The Achaens tarry here, will they lose heart;
But when they see us skulking from the field,
More fiercely will press on. So ours shall be
The sufferance, perishing in our native home,
If for long season they beleaguer us.
No food, if we be pent within our walls,

Shall Thebe send us, nor Maeonia wine,
But wretchedly by famine shall we die,
Though the great wall stand firm. Nay, though our
lot
Should be to escape that evil death and doom,
And not by famine miserably to die;
Yet rather let us fight in armour clad
For children and grey fathers! Haply Zeus

Will help us yet; of his high blood are we.
Nay, even though we be abhorred of him,
Better straightway to perish gloriously
Fighting unto the last for fatherland,
Than die a death of lingering agony!"

Shouted they all who heard that gallant rede.

Swiftly with helms and shields and spears they stood
In close array. The eyes of mighty Zeus
From heaven beheld the Trojans armed for fight
Against the Danaans: then did he awake
Courage in these and those, that there might be
Strain of unflinching fight ’twixt host and host.

That day was Paris doomed, for Helen’s sake
Fighting, by Philoctetes’ hands to die.
Τούς δ' ἄγεν εἰς ἐνα χῶρον Ἑρις μεδέουσα κυδοιμὸν
οὕτων φαινομένη. περὶ γὰρ νέφος ἁμφεχεν ὁμοὺς
αἰματόεν. φοῖτα δὲ μέγαν κλονέουσα κυδοιμὸν
ἀλλοτε μὲν Τρώων ἐς ὁμήγυριν; ἀλλοτ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν
τὴν δὲ Φόβος καὶ Δείμος ἀταρβεῖες ἁμφεπέντοντο
πατροκασιγυήτην κρατερόφρονα κυδαίνουτες.
ἡ δὲ μέγ᾽ εξ ὁλύγοιος κορύσσετο μαμώωσα:
τεύχεα δὲ ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ἔχεν πεταλαγμένα λύθραν
πάλλε δὲ λούγιον ἕγχος ἐς ἥρα. τῆς δ᾽ ὑπὸ ποσοὶ
κίνυτο γαϊὰ μέλαινα. πυρὸς δ᾽ ἀμπνεειν ἀυτὴν
σμερδαλέων. μέγα δὲ αἰὲν ἀυτὲν ὀτρύνουσα
αἰξοῦς. οἱ δ᾽ ἀψά συνήμοιν ἀρτύνουτες
ὑσμίνην. δεινῇ γὰρ ἄγεν θεὸς ὑπὸ μέγα ἔργον.
τῶν δ᾽ ὡς ἡ ἀνέμου ἵαχη τέλε λάβρου ἄντων
εἰαρος ἁρχομένου, ὅτε δένδρεα μακρὰ καὶ ἡλιθί
φύλλα φυεῖ, ἡ ὡς ὡτ᾽ ἀν᾽ ἀξαλένην ἕυλοχον πῦρ
αιθόμενον βρομεῖε, ἡ ὡς μέγα πόντος ἀπείρων
μαίνεται ἐξ ἀνέμου δυσηχέος, ἀμφὶ δὲ ροῖβδος
γίνετ᾽ ἀπερέσιος, τρόμεει δ᾽ ὑπὸ γούνατα ναυτέων
ὥς τῶν ἐσσυμένων μέγ᾽ ὑπέβαρχε γαία πελάρη
ἐν δὲ σφιν πέσε δήρις. ἔπ᾽ ἄλλῳ δ᾽ ἄλλος ὁροῦσε.
Πρῶτος δ᾽ Ἀινέας Δαναὸν ἐλευ Ἀρταλάωνα
νῦν Ἀριζήλοιο, τὸν Ἀμφινόμη τέκε μήτηρ
γῇ ἐνι Βοιωτῶν, ὁ δ᾽ ἀμα Προδοήνορι δίφ
ἐς Τροίην ἵκανεν ἀμμείμεν Ἀργείωισι,
τὸν ῥα τὸτ᾽ Ἀινέας ἀπαλὴν ὑπὸ νηδύα τύφας
νοσφίσατ᾽ ἐκ θυμοῦ καὶ ἢδεος ἐκ βιότου,
τῷ δ᾽ ἐπὶ Θερσάνδρου δαφρονος νῦ ᾱδάμασσεν
"Τὰλον εὐγλόχινι βαλῶν κατὰ λαμῦν ἀκοντι,
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

To one place Strife incarnate drew them all,
The fearful Battle-queen, beheld of none,
But cloaked in clouds blood-raining: on she stalked
Swelling the mighty roar of battle, now
Rushed through Troy's squadrons, through Achaea's
now:
Panic and Fear still waited on her steps
To make their father's sister glorious.
From small to huge that Fury's stature grew;
Her arms of adamant were blood-besprent;
The deadly lance she brandished reached the sky.
Earth quaked beneath her feet: dread blasts of fire
Flamed from her mouth: her voice pealed thunder-
like
Kindling strong men. Swift closed the fronts of
fight
Drawn by a dread Power to the mighty work.
Loud as the shriek of winds that madly blow
In early spring, when the tall woodland trees
Put forth their leaves—loud as the roar of fire
Blazing through sun-scorched brakes—loud as the
voice
Of many waters, when the wide sea raves
Beneath the howling blast, with thunderous crash
Of waves, when shake the fearful shipman's knees;
So thundered earth beneath their charging feet.
Strife swooped on them: foe hurled himself on foe.

First did Aeneas of the Danaans slay
Harpalion, Arizelus' scion, born
In far Bocotia of Amphinome,
Who came to Troy to help the Argive men
With godlike Prothoënor. 'Neath his waist
Aeneas stabbed, and reft sweet life from him.
Dead upon him he cast Thersander's son,
For the barbed javelin pierced through Hyllus'
throat

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δὲν τέκε δὲ 'Αρέθουσα παρ' ὕδασι Δηθαίοιο
Κρήτης ἐν ἀμφιάλῳ μέγα δ' ἦκασεν Ἰδωμενή.
Ἄνταρ Πηλείδαο παῖς δυσκαίδεκα φῶτας
Τρώων αὐτίκ' ὄλεσσεν ὕπ' ἐγχεί πατρὸς ἐδόο·
Κέβρον μὲν πρώτιστα καὶ Ἁρμονὰ Πασίθεον τε
Τσιμινὸν τε καὶ Ἰμβράσιον Σχέδιον τε Φλέγην τε
Μνήσαιόν τ' ἐπὶ τοίσι καὶ Ἐνίσομον Ἀμφίνοον τε
καὶ Φάσιν ἡδ' Γαληνόν, δς οἰκία νυετάσασκε
Γαργάρῳ αἰπένυ, μετὰ δ' ἐπέρεπε μαρναμένοις
Τρωσίν ὑσθενέσσοι, κιεν δ' ἀμ' ἀπέιροι λαφ
ἐς Τροϊν μάλα γάρ οἱ ὑπέσχετο πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθὰλ
Δαρδανίδης Πράμιος δώσεν περικαλλέα δῶρα,
νῆτιος· οὐδ' ἂρ' ἐφράσσαθ' ἐδών μόρον· ἡ γὰρ
ἐμελλὲν ἐσυμένος ὀλέσθαι υπ' ἀργαλέου πολέμωι,
πρὶν δόμον ἐκ Πρίαμου περικλυτὰ δῶρα φέρε-
σθαι.

Καὶ τότε Μοῖρ' ἀϊδήνος ἐπέτραπεν Ἀργείοισιν
Ἑυρυμένην, ἔταρων κρατερόφρονος Αἰνείαο.
ἀρσε δὲ οἱ μέγα θάρσος ὑπὸ φρένας, ὅφρα
dαμάσσας
πολλοὺς αἴσιμοι ἦμαρ ἀναπλήσε τ' ὀλέθρῳ.
δάματο δ' ἀλλοθεν ἀλλον ἀνηλεῖ θηρί ἐοικως·
oi δὲ μν' οὐχ ὑπέμειναν ἐφ' ὑστατή βίοτου
αἰῶνοι μαμώουντι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγοντι μόροιν·
καὶ νῦ κεν ἔργον ἔρεξεν ἀπείρωτον ἐν δα' κείνη,
ei μὴ οἱ χειρές τε κάμον καὶ δοὐρατος αἰχμὴ
πάμπαν ἀνεγάμφθη· ἡφεος δὲ οἱ οὐκέτι κώπη
ἔσπευν· ἀλλὰ μν' Ἄισα διέκλασε· τὸν δ' ὑπ'
ἀκοντι
τύφε κατὰ στομάχοιο Μέγης· ἂν δ' ἔβλυσεν
αίμα
ἐκ στόματος· τῷ δ' αἴψα σοῦ ἀλγεῖ Μοῖρα
παρέστη.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Whom Arethusa by Lethaeus bare
In Crete: sore grieved Idomeneus for his fall.
By this Peleides’ son had swiftly slain
Twelve Trojan warriors with his father’s spear.
First Cebrus fell, Harmôn, Pasitheus then,
Hysminus, Schedius, and Imbrasius,
Phleges, Mneseus, Ennomus, Amphinomus,
Phasis, Galenus last, who had his home
By Gargarus’ steep—a mighty warrior he
Among Troy’s mighties: with a countless host
To Troy he came: for Priam Dardanus’ son
Promised him many gifts and passing fair.
Ah fool! his own doom never he foresaw,
Whose weird was suddenly to fall in fight
Ere he bore home King Priam’s glorious gifts.

Doom the Destroyer against the Argives sped
Valiant Aeneas’ friend, Eurymenes.
Wild courage spurred him on, that he might slay
Many—and then fill death’s cup for himself.
Man after man he slew like some fierce beast,
And foes shrank from the terrible rage that burned
On his life’s verge, nor recked of imminent doom.
Yea, peerless deeds in that fight had he done,
Had not his hands grown weary, his spear-head
Bent utterly: his sword availed him not,
Snapped at the hilt by Fate. Then Meges’ dart
Smote ’neath his ribs; blood spurted from his mouth,
And in death’s agony Doom stood at his side.
Τοῦ δ’ ἄρ’ ἀποκταμένου δύω θεράποντες
'Επειοῦ
Δηλέων τε καὶ Ἀμφίον ἀπὸ τεύχει ἐλέσθαι
ὦρμαινον’ τοὺς δ’ αὐτὲ θρασὺ σθένος Αἰνείαο
δάμιατο μαμίωντας ὀξυρῶς περὶ νεκρῷ.
ὡς δ’ ὅτε ἐν οἰνοπέδῳ τις ἐπαίσκοντας ὑπὸρῃ
σφῆκας τερσομένης περὶ σταφυλῆσθι δαμάσσῃ,
οἳ δ’ ἄρ’ ἀποπνείουσι πάρος γεῦσασθαι ὑπὸρης·
ὡς τοὺς αὐχ’ ἐδάμασσε πρὶν ἐντα ληίςασθαι.
Τυδιάδης δὲ Μένοντα καὶ Ἀμφίιον κατέτεφνεν
ἀμφὶ ἀμύμονε φῶτε· Πάρις δ’ ἔλεε Δημολέουντα
'Iππασίδην, δς πρόσθε Δακωνίδα γαῖαν ἔναιε
πάρ προχόρῃς ποταιμόο βαθυρρόον Εὐρώταιο,
ἥλυθε δ’ ἐς Τροίην ὑπ’ ἀρμιθῷ Μενελάῳ
καὶ ε Πάρις κατέτεφνε τυχοῦ ὑπὸ μαξ’ ὀὐστῷ
δεξίον, ἐκ δε οἱ ἄτορ ἀπὸ μελέων ἐκέδασσε.
Τεύκρος δὲ Ζέχων εἶλε περικλυτὸν ὑπά Μέδουτος, 125
ὃς ρά τε ναιετάσκεν ένι Φρυγίᾳ πολυμήλῃ
ἀντρον ὑπ’ ξάθεον καλλιπλοκάμων Νυμφάων,
ὦχὶ ποτ’ 'Ευδυμώνα παραπτυώντα βοέσσιν
ὑψόθεν ἀθρήσασα κατήλυθε δὶα Σελήνη
ουρανόθεν· δριμὺς γὰρ άγει πόθος ήθεύοι
ἀθανάτην περ έοῦσαν ἀκήρατον,1 ἢς ἄτι νῦν περ
ἐυνῆς σῆμα τέτυκται ὑπὸ δρυσίν· ἀμφὶ γὰρ αὐτῇ
ἐκκέχυτ’ ἐν ξυλόχοιοι βοῶν γλάγος· οἰ δ’ νῦν φῶτες
θηεῦντ’ εἰσὶ κεῖνο· τὸ γὰρ μάλιστ’ φαῖης
ἔμεμω εἰσορόον πολιῶν γάλα, κεῖνο δ’ ἤσι
λευκὸν ὦδωρ, καὶ βαῖν’ ἀπόπροθεν ὑπὲρθ’ ἱκηται,
πήγνυται ἀμφὶ ρέεθρα, πέλει δ’ ἀρα λάινον οὔδας.
'Αλκαιοῦ δ’ ἔποροις Μέγης Φυλήιος νίος·
καὶ ρά μιν ἀσπαίρουσαν ὑπὸ κραδήν ἐπέρησεν
ἐγχείη· τοῦ δ’ ὧκα λύθη πολυηρατοις αἰῶν·
οὐδὲ μιν ἐκ πολέμου πολυκλαύτῳ μολόντα
1 Zimmerman, ex P, for πολέωνσαν with lacuna.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Even as he fell, Epeius' henchmen twain,
Deileon and Amphion, rushed to strip
His armour; but Aeneas brave and strong
Chilled their hot hearts in death beside the dead.

As one in latter summer 'mid his vines
Kills wasps that dart about, his ripening grapes,
And so, ere they may taste the fruit, they die;
So smote he them, ere they could seize the arms.

Menon and Amphinous Tydeides slew,
Both goodly men. Paris slew Hippasus' son
Demoleon, who in Laconia's land
Beside the outfall of Eurotas dwelt,
The stream deep-flowing, and to Troy he came
With Menelaus. Under his right breast
The shaft of Paris smote him unto death,
Driving his soul forth like a scattering breath.

Teucer slew Zechis, Medon's war-famed son,
Who dwelt in Phrygia, land of myriad flocks,
Below that haunted cave of fair-haired Nymphs
Where, as Endymion slept beside his kine,
Divine Selene watched him from on high,
And slid from heaven to earth; for passionate love
Drew down the immortal stainless Queen of Night.
And a memorial of her couch abides
Still 'neath the oaks; for mid the copses round
Was poured out milk of kine; and still do men
Marvelling behold its whiteness. Thou wouldst say
Far off that this was milk indeed, which is
A well-spring of white water: if thou draw
A little nigher, lo, the stream is fringed
As though with ice, for white stone rims it round.

Rushed on Alcaeus Meges, Phyleus' son,
And drove his spear beneath his fluttering heart.
Loosed were the cords of sweet life suddenly,
And his sad parents longed in vain to greet
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

καίτερ ἐελδόμενοι μογεροὶ δέξιαντο τοκῆς,
Φύλις ἐξωνος και Μάργασος, οἷς ῥ’ ἐνεμοντο
Ἀρπάσου ἀμβλ ρεθρα διειδέος, ὡς τ’ ἀλεγεῖνως 1
Μαίανδρῳ κελάδοντα βόω και ἀπείριτον οἴδμα
συμφέρετ’ ἡματα πάντα λάβρῳ περὶ χεύματι
θῶν.

Γλαύκου δ’ ἐσθελὼν ἔταιρον ἐνμελιήν Σκυλακῆ
νιὸς Ὠιλῆς σχεδὸν ὕσταιεν ἀντιώυντα
βαῖν’ ὑπὲρ σάκεος. διὰ δ’ ἐπὶ πλατὺν ἤλασεν ωμον
ἀίχή ἀνηρ’ περὶ δ’ ἐβλυσεν αἶμα βοεῖν.

ἀλλὰ μὲν οὐτὶ δάμασσεν ἐπεί ῥὰ ἐ μορσίμων ἦμαρ
δέχυντο νοστήσαντα φίλης παρά τείχεσι πάρθης
εὔτε γὰρ Ἰλιὸν αἴτι θοοι διέπερσαν Ἀχαϊοι,
ὅτι τὸτ’ ἀρ’ ἐκ πολέμου φυγῶν Δυκήν ἀφίκανεν
οἷος ἀνευθ’ ἕταρων’ τὸν δ’ ἄστεος ἀγχὶ γυναίκες
ἀγρόμεναι τεκέων σφετέρων ὑπὲρ ἤδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν
eἰρονθ’. δο’ ἄρα τῇσι μόρων κατέλεξεν ἀπάντων
αἰ δ’ ἄρα χερμαδίοις περισταδὸν ἀνέρα κεῖνον
dάμαντ’, οὐδ’ ἀπόνητο μολὼν ἐς πατρίδα νόστοιν,
ἀλλὰ ε’ λαῖες ὑπερθε μέγα στενάχουτα κάλυψαν
καὶ ῥά οἱ ἐκ βελέων ὅλος περὶ τύμβος ἐτύχθη
πάρ τέμνοις καὶ σῆμα κρατού θελεροφόντοι
τῷ ἔνι κυδαλίμης Τιτηνίδος ἀγχόθι πέτρῃς
ἀλλ’ ὁ μὲν αἰσιμὸν ἦμαρ ἀναπλήσας ὑπ’ ὀλέθρῳ
ὑπερὸν ἐννεύσισιν ἄγανου Λητοῦσαι
τίτετα ὡς τε θεός, φθινύθει δε ὦι οὕποτε τιμῇ.

Ποιάντος δ’ ἐπὶ τοῖσι παῖς κτάνε Δημονή
ηδ’ Ἀντήνωρος υἱὸν ἐνμελίην Ἀκάμαντα
ἄλλων δ’ αἰξηῶν ὑπεδάμνατο πουλῶν ὦμολν
θύνε γὰρ ἐν δηίουσιν ἀτειρεὶ ἴσος Ἀρη
ἣ ποταμῷ κελάδοντι, δο’ ὥρκεα μακρὰ δαἰζεί
πλημμύρων, ὅτε λάβρον ὄριομενος περὶ πέτραις

1 Zimmermann, for ὀδ ἀλεγεῖνος of Koechly.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

That son returning from the woeful war
To Margasus and Phyllis lovely-girt,
Dwellers by lucent streams of Harpasus,
Who pours the full blood of his clamorous flow
Into Maeander madly rushing aye.

With Glaucus’ warrior-comrade Scylaceus
Oileus’ son closed in the fight, and stabbed
Over the shield-rim, and the cruel spear
Passed through his shoulder, and drenched his shield
with blood.

Howbeit he slew him not, whose day of doom
Awaited him afar beside the wall
Of his own city; for when Ilium’s towers
Were brought low by that swift avenging host
Fleeing the war to Lycia then he came
Alone; and when he drew nigh to the town,
The thronging women met and questioned him
Touching their sons and husbands; and he told
How all were dead. They compassed him about,
And stoned the man with great stones, that he died.
So had he no joy of his winning home,
But the stones muffled up his dying groans,
And of the same his ghastly tomb was reared
Beside Bellerophon’s grave and holy place
In Tlos, nigh that far-famed Chimaera’s Crag.
Yet, though he thus fulfilled his day of doom,
As a God afterward men worshipped him
By Phoebus’ hest, and never his honour fades.

Now Poeas’ son the while slew Deioneus
And Acamas, Antenor’s warrior son:
Yea, a great host of strong men laid he low.
On, like the War-god, through his foes he rushed,
Or as a river roaring in full flood
Breaks down long dykes, when, maddening round its rocks,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἐξ ὀρέων ἀλεγεινὰ μεμυγμένος ἔρχεται ὅμβρφ,
ἀέναὸς περ ἑῶν καὶ ἅγάρροος, οὐδὲ νυ τὸν γε
εἰργουσιν προβλήτες ἀποστεῖτα παφλάζωντα·
ὡς οὖτις Πολυντος ἀγακλειτοῦ θρασῦν ἔλα
ἐσθενεν ὀφθαλμοῖς ἴδων καὶ ἀπωθε πελάσσαι·
ἐν γάρ οἱ στέρνοισι μένος περιώσιον ἦν.

τεῦχεσι δὴ ἀμφεκέκαστο δαΐφρους Ἡρακλῆος
δαιδάλεοι· περὶ γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ ζωστῆρι φαεινῷ
ἀρκτοι ἔσαν βαλουραὶ καὶ ἀναιδεῖς· ἄμφι δὲ θῶς
σμερδαλέοι, καὶ λυγρὸν ὑπὶ ὀφρύαι μειδίῶσαι
πορδάλιες· τῶν δὲ ἄγχη λύκοι ἔσαν ὀβριμόθυμοι
καὶ σὺς ἀργιόδοντες ἐυσθενεῖς τε λεόντες
ἐκτάγλως ξωοίνων ἕοικότες· ἄμφι δὲ πάντη
ὔσμιναι ἐνεκείντο μετ’ ἀργαλέοι φόνοιο
δαιδαλὰ μὲν οἱ τόσα περὶ ζωστῆρα τέτυκτο.

ἄλλα δὲ οἱ γωρυτὸς ἀπειρίτος ἀμφεκέκαστο·
ἐν μὲν ἐνὶ Δίδος νῖδος ἀελλοπόδης Ἔρμείς
' Ἰνάχου ἄμφι βέθρα κατακτεῖναν μέγαν Ἀργον,

Ἀργον, ὃς ὀφθαλμοίσιν ἀμοβιβαδὸν υπνώσεσκεν·
ἐν δὲ βίῃ Φαέθοντον ἀνὰ ρόου Ἡριδανοὶ
βλήμενος ἔκ δίφρου· καταθυμένης δὴ ἄρα γαῖς
ὡς ἐτεὸν περὶ ἄρτο μέλας ἐνὶ ἱέρι καπνὸς.

Περσεὺς δ’ ἀντίθεος βλοσυρὴν ἐδαῖζε Μέδουσαν,

ἀστρά τοίς ἵπποι λοετρά πέλει καὶ τέρματα γαῖς
πηγαί τ’ ὁκεανοῖ βαθυρρόου, ἐνθ’ ἀκάματι

καὶ ἐν δὲ καὶ ἀκαμάτῳ μέγας πάις Ἰαπετίοι

καυκάσου ἡλιβάτου παρηγήτῳ κολώνη

δεσμὸ ἐν ἀρρήκτω· κεῖρεν δὲ οἱ αἰετὸς ἤπαρ
αἰεν ἀεξόμενον· ὅ δ’ ἀρα στενάχωτι ἑφθεί.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ τεῦχαι κλυταὶ χέρες Ἡραίοστοι

οβριμῷ Ἡρακλῆ· ὅ δ’ ὅπασε παιδὶ φορὴναι

Πολυντὸς, μᾶλα γάρ οἱ ὀμορφότης φίλος ἦν.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ κυδιόων ἐν τεῦχεσι δάμνατο λαοῦς.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Down from the mountains swelled by rain it pours
An ever-flowing mightily-rushing stream
Whose foaming crests over its forelands sweep;
So none who saw him even from afar
Dared meet renownèd Poeas' valiant son,
Whose breast with battle-fury was fulfilled,
Whose limbs were clad in mighty Hercules' arms
Of cunning workmanship; for on the belt
Gleamed bears most grim and savage, jackals fell,
And panthers, in whose eyes there seems to lurk
A deadly smile. There were fierce-hearted wolves,
And boars with flashing tusks, and mighty lions
All seeming strangely alive; and, there portrayed
Through all its breadth, were battles murder-rife.
With all these marvels covered was the belt;
And with yet more the quiver was adorned.
There Hermes was, storm-footed Son of Zeus,
Slaying huge Argus nigh to Inachus' streams,
Argus, whose sentinel eyes in turn took sleep.
And there was Phaethon from the Sun-car hurled
Into Eridanus. Earth verily seemed
Ablaze, and black smoke hovered on the air.
There Perseus slew Medusa gorgon-eyed
By the stars' baths and utmost bounds of earth
And fountains of deep-flowing Ocean, where
Night in the far west meets the setting sun.
There was the Titan Iapetus' great son
Hung from the beetling crag of Caucasus
In bonds of adamant, and the eagle tare
His liver unconsumed—he seemed to groan!
All these Hephaestus' cunning hands had wrought
For Hercules; and these to Poeas' son,
Most near of friends and dear, he gave to bear.
So glorying in those arms he smote the foe.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δῆ δὲ οἱ ἐπόρουσε Πάρις, στονόντας ὑστοὺς νωμῶν ἐν χείρεσσι μετὰ γναμπτοῖο βιοῦ θαρσαλέως. τῷ γάρ ρα συνήιεν ὕστατον ἦμαρ. ἤκε δ’ ἀπὸ νευρῆιθα θὸν βέλος. ἦ δ’ ἱάχησεν ἱοῦ ἀπεσαμένοιο. τὸ δ’ οὐχ ἄλιον φύγε χειρῶν· καὶ ὁ αὐτοῦ μὲν ἀμαρτεν ἀλευαμένου μᾶλα τυθόν, ἀλλ’ ἔβαλεν Κλεόδωρον ἀγακλειτὸν περ ἐόντα βαιών ὑπὲρ μαζίοι. δήλασε δ’ ἄχρις ἐς ὁμοῖον γὰρ ἔχειν σάκος εἰρύ, τὸ οἴ νυγρῶν ἔσεσεν ὀλέθρουν.

ἀλλ’ ὁ γε γυμνὸς ἐὼν ἀνεχάζετο· τοῦ γὰρ ἀπ’ ὁμοῖον Πολυδάμας ἀπάραξε σάκος τελαιῶνα δάιξας βουτλῆγε στιβαρῷ· ὁ δ’ ἐγάσσατο μαρνάμενοι περ ἀἵμην ἀνηρήν. στονότας δὲ οἱ ἔμπεσαν ὅδ’ ἀλοθεν ἀξίας· ὡς γὰρ νῦ που ἦθελε δαίμον θήσαν αὐτῶν ὀλέθρου εὐφρονος νιεί Λέρνου, ὑν τέκετ Αμφιάλη Ῥοδίων ἐν πλοῖον γαίη.

Τὸν δ’ ὡς οὖν ἐδάμασσε Πάρις στονόντι βελέμυρῳ, δὴ τότε που Πολαντος ἀμύμονος ὑβριμός νῦς ἐμμεμαῦς θὸν τόξα τιτάινου οἱ μέγ’ ἄστει: "ὡς κύον, ὡς σοι ἔγνωκε φόνον καὶ κηρ’ ἀίθηλον δώσω, ἐπεί νῦ μοι ἀντα λιαίεις ἰσοφαρίξεις· καὶ κεν ἀναπνεύσουσιν, ὅσοι σέθεν εἰνεκα λυγρού τείροντ’ ἐν πολέμων· τάχα γὰρ λύσις ἔσεστ’ ὀλέθρουν ἐνθάδε σείο θανόντος, ἐπεί σφίσε πημα τέτυκαί." 230 Ἄς εἰπτῶν νευρῆν μὲν εὐστρόφον ἀγχόθη βαζών εἴρυσε, κυκλώθη δὲ κέρας, καὶ ἀμείλιχος ἱὸς ἰδύνθη, τόξον δ’ αἰνὴ ὑπερήσχεν ἀκωκῆ τυθόν ὑπ’ αἴσχου βης· μέγα δ’ ἐβραχε νευρῆ· ἵοῦ ἀπεσσυμένου δυσηχέος· οὐδ’ ἀφάμαρτε δίος ἀνήρ· τοῦ δ’ οὕτι λύθη κέαρ, ἀλλ’ ἔτι θυμῷ

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

- But Paris at the last to meet him sprang
  Fearlessly, bearing in his hands his bow
  And deadly arrows—but his latest day
- Now met himself. A flying shaft he sped
  Forth from the string, which sang as leapt the dart,
  Which flew not vainly: yet the very mark
  It missed, for Philoctetes swerved aside
- A hair-breadth, and it smote above the breast
  Cleodorus war-renowned, and cleft a path
  Clear through his shoulder; for he had not now
  The buckler broad which wont to fence from death
  Its bearer, but was falling back from fight,
  Being shieldless; for Polydamas' massy lance
  Had cleft the shoulder-belt whereby his targe
  Hung, and he gave back therefore, fighting still
  With stubborn spear. But now the arrow of death
  Fell on him, as from ambush leaping forth.
  For so Fate willed; I trow, to bring dread doom
  On noble-hearted Lernus' scion, born
  Of Amphiale, in Rhodes the fertile land.
  - But soon as Poesas' battle-eager son
    Marked him by Paris' deadly arrow slain,
    Swiftly he strained his bow, shouting aloud:
      "Dog! I will give thee death, will speed thee down
      To the Unseen Land, who darest to brave me!
      And so shall they have rest, who travail now
      For thy vile sake. Destruction shall have end
      When thou art dead, the author of our bane."
      Then to his breast he drew the plaited cord.
- The great bow arched, the merciless shaft was aimed
  Straight, and the terrible point a little peered
  Above the bow, in that constraining grip.
  Loud sang the string, as the death-hissing shaft
  Leapt, and missed not: yet was not Paris' heart
  Stilled, but his spirit yet was strong in him;
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἐσθενέν· οὔ γάρ οἱ τότε καϊρίοις ἐμπεσεν ἴος,
ἀλλα παρέθρεσε χειρὸς ἐπιγράβδην χρώα καλόν.
ἐξαύτις δ' ὦ γε τόξα τιτύσκετο· τὸν δὲ παραφθὰς
ἰρ ἐὐγιλῶχιν βάλεν βουβᾶνος ὑπερθὲ 240
Ποιαντὸς φίλος νιῶς· ὃ δ' οὐκέτι μίμε νάχεσθαι,
ἀλλὰ θῶς ἀπάρουσε, κύων ὅς, ὃς τε λέοντα
ταρβήσας χάσσηται ἑπεσοῦμενος τὸ πάροιδεν
ὅς ὦ γε λευγαλήσει πεπαρμένος ἔτορ ἀνίς
χάζετ' ὑπὸ ττολέμοιο. συγκλονόντο δὲ λαοὶ
ἀλλήλους ὀλέκουντες· ἐν αἱματὶ δ' ἐπλετο δήρις
κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε· νεκροὶ δ' ἐπέκειντο νέκυσι
πανούδηψε κάδεσσιν ἑωκότες ἦ χαλάζη
ἡ χιώνος νυφάδεσσιν, ὡτ' οὔρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὑλῆν
Ζηνὸς ὡτ' ἐννεῆς ἥρωφος καὶ χείμα παλύνει · 250
ὅς οἳ γ' ἀμφότερωθεν ἀνήλει Κηρὶ δαμέντες
ἀθρόοι ἀλλήλους δεδομένους ἀμφεχέοντο.

Αἰνὰ δ' ἀνεστενάχιζε Πάρις· περὶ δ' ἐλκεὶ
θυμὸν

teírēto· τὸν δ' ἀλύοντα τάχ' ἀμφεπον ἥτηρες.
Τρώεις δ' εἰς ἑνδ ἀστυ κλίον· Δαναοὶ δ' ἐπὶ νῆς
κυνέας ἀφίκουν θοῦ· τοὺς γὰρ ρὰ κυδοσμοῦ
νὺξ ἀπέπαυσε μέλαινα, μόγουν δ' ἐξείλετο γυών
ὕπνον ἐπὶ βλεφάροις πόνον ἀλκτῆρα χέασα.

ἀλλ' οὐχ ὑπὸς ἐμαρπτῇ θὸν Πάριν ἄχροι ἐς ἥως
οὐ γὰρ οἳ τις ἄλαλκε λαλισθένων περ ἀμύνεν
παυτοίοις ἄκεσσιν, ἐπεὶ ρά οἳ αἰσμοὶ ἔχεν
Οἰνώνης ὑπὸ χερσὶ μορὸν καὶ κῆρας ἀλύξαι,
ἥν ἐθέλῃ· ὃ δ' ἀρ' ἀλγά θεοπροσπήσα πιθῆςας
ἡμεν οὐκ ἔθελον· ὅλοι δὲ μὲν ἤγεν ἀνάγηκ
κουρίδης εῖς ὅπα· λυγροὶ γε μὲν ἀντιώντες
κακός κορυφῆς δρυθὲς ἀὕτεον, οἳ δ' ἀνὰ χεῖρα

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

For that first arrow was not winged with death:
It did but graze the fair flesh by his wrist.
Then once again the avenger drew the bow,
And the barbed shaft of Poeas' son had plunged,
Ere he could swerve, 'twixt flank and groin. No more
He abode the fight, but swiftly hasted back
As hastes a dog which on a lion rushed
At first, then fleeth terror-stricken back.
So he, his very heart with agony thrilled,
Fled from the war. Still clashed the grappling hosts,
Man slaying man: aye bloodier waxed the fray
As rained the blows: corpse upon corpse was flung
Confusely, like thunder-drops, or flakes
Of snow, or hailstones, by the wintry blast
At Zeus' behest strewn over the long hills
And forest-boughs; so by a pitiless doom
Slain, friends with foes in heaps on heaps were strown.

Sorely groaned Paris; with the torturing wound
Fainted his spirit. Leeches sought to allay
His frenzy of pain. But now drew back to Troy
The Trojans, and the Danaans to their ships
Swiftly returned, for dark night put an end
To strife, and stole from men's limbs weariness,
Pouring upon their eyes pain-healing sleep.

But through the livelong night no sleep laid hold
On Paris: for his help no leech availed,
Though ne'er so willing, with his salves. His weird
Was only by Oenone's hands to escape
Death's doom, if so she willed. Now he obeyed
The prophecy, and he went—exceeding loth,
But grim necessity forced him thence, to face
The wife forsaken. Evil-boding fowl
Shrieked o'er his head, or darted past to left,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

σκαίνην ἀνεὐστείη· ὁ δὲ σφέας ἂλλοτε μέν ποιν ἐκδίδειν ἐισοροῦν, ὡτὲ δ’ ἀκράαμτα πέτεσθαι ἐπετεύ· τοὶ δὲ οἱ αἰῶνὶ ὑπ’ ἀλγεσίν φαῖνον ὀλθέρων. ἵνα δὲ ἐστίν ὁ Οἰνώνης ἐρικυδεάς· τὸν δ’ ἐσιδοῦσαί ἀμφίπολοι θάμβησαν ἀολλές ἦδε καὶ αὐτὴ ὁ Οἰνώνης· ὁ δ’ ἀρ’ αἰγὰ πέσεν παρὰ ποσίν γυναικὸς, ἄμφι μέλαιν ἐφύπερθε καὶ ἐνδοθι μέχρις ἰκέσθαι μνελόν ἐς λυτώσα τί’ ὀστέου, οὐνεκα νηδὼν φάρμακον αἰῶνὶ ἐπηυθε κατ’ οὔταμενον χρόα φωτός.

tείρετο δὲ στυγερῇ βεβολημένος ἦτορ ἀνίη· ὡς δ’ ὅτε τις νοῦσῳ τε καὶ ἀργαλέῃ μέγα δίψῃ αἰδόμενος κραδίην ἀδινὸν κέαρ αὐαίνηται, ὃν τε περιζείουσα χολὴ φλέγει, ἄμφι δὲ νωθῆς ψυχῆς οἱ πεποτήτ’ ἐπὶ χεῖλεσιν αὐαλεοισὶν ἀμφότερον βιότου τε καὶ ὑδατὸς ἰμείρουσα· ὃς τοῦ ὑπὸ στέρνοισι καταίθετο θυμὸς ἀνίη καὶ β’ ὀλγοδρανέων τοῖν ποτὶ μῦθον ἐσπευσά· ὧν γάρ αἰδοῖθα, μὴ δὴ νῦ με τειρόμενον περ ἐχθήρης, ἐπεὶ ἀρ σε πάρος λίπον ἐν μεγάροισι 285 χῆρην, οὐκ ἐθέλων περ’ ἀγον δὲ με Κήρεις ἀφυκτοι εἰς Ἐλένῃ, ἢς εἶθε πάρος λεχέοσσι μηγῆναι σῆσιν ἐν ἀγκοίησον θανὸν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσα. ἀλλ’ ἄγε, πρὸς τε θεῶν, οῖ τ’ οὐρανὸν ἀμφινέμονται.

πρὸς τε τεῶν λεχέων καὶ κοιωρίδης φιλότητος, ἦπεν ἐνθεο θυμῶν, ἄχος δ’ ἀλεγεινὸν ἀλάλκε φάρμακ’ ἀλεξήσωστα καθ’ ἐλκεος οὐλομένου θεία, τά μοι μεμόρται ἀπωσέμεν ἀλγεα θυμῶν, ἴν ἐθέλης· σήσιν γὰρ ἐπὶ φρεσίν, εἰτε σαῦδαμ μῆδεα ἐκ θανάτου δυσχειος, εἰτε καὶ οὐκὶ 295 ἀλλ’ ἑλέαρε τάχιστα καὶ ὁκυμόρων σθένος ἰὸν ἐξάκεισ’, ἔως μοι ἐτ’ ἀμφὶ μένος καὶ γυνὰ τέθηλε·

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Still as he went. Now, as he looked at them,
His heart sank; now hope whispered, "Haply vain
Their bodings are!"—but on their wings were
borne
Visions of doom that blended with his pain.
Into Oenone's presence thus he came.
Amazed her thronging handmaids looked on him
As at the Nymph's feet that pale suppliant fell
Faint with the anguish of his wound, whose pangs
Stabbed him through brain and heart, yea, quivered
through
His very bones, for that fierce venom crawled
Through all his inwards with corrupting fangs;
And his life fainted in him agony-thrilled.
As one with sickness and tormenting thirst
Consumed, lies parched, with heart quick-shud-
dering,
With liver seething as in flame, the soul,
Scarce conscious, fluttering at his burning lips,
Longing for life, for water longing sore;
So was his breast one fire of torturing pain.
Then in exceeding feebleness he spake:
"O reverenced wife, turn not from me in hate
For that I left thee widowed long ago!
Not of my will I did it: the strong Fates
Dragged me to Helen—oh that I had died
Ere I embraced her—in thine arms had died!
Ah, by the Gods I pray, the Lords of Heaven,
By all the memories of our wedded love,
Be merciful! Banish my bitter pain:
Lay on my deadly wound those healing salves
Which only can, by Fate's decree, remove
This torment, if thou wilt. Thine heart must speak
My sentence, to be saved from death or no.
Pity me—oh, make haste to pity me!
This venom's might is swiftly bringing death!

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μηδὲ τι με ξύλοιο λυγροῦ μεμημένη ἐμπηθα
καλλεῖψης θανέεσθαι ἄμειλκτῳ ὑπὸ πόσμω
πάρ ποσὶ σοῦσι πεσόντα. Διταῖς δὲ ἀποθύμα
δέξεις,
αὐτὰρ καὶ αὐτὰλ Ζηνὸς ἐργοδούποιο θύγατρεσ
εἰσὶ, καὶ ἀνθρώπους ὑπερφιάλοις κοτέουσαι
ἐξόπιθε στοιχεοῦσαν ἐπιθύνουσιν Ἐριννοῦ
καὶ χάλων, ἀλλὰ σὺ, πότνα, κακᾶς ἀπὸ Κήρας
ἐρνύκε
ἐσσυμένως, εἰ καὶ τι παρῆλπτον ἀφραδήσιν."

"Ὡς ἄρ’ ἔφη τῆς δ’ οὕτι φρενάς παρέπειες
κελαινάς,
ἀλλὰ ἐ κερτομέουσα μέγ’ ἀχρύμενον προσέειπε
"τίπτε μοι εἰλήλουθας ἐναντίον, ἢ νὰ πάροιθεν
κάλλιπτες ἐν μεγάροισιν ἀσπετα κωκύοσαν
εἶνεκα Τυνδαρίδος πολυκηδέος, ή παραύων
τέρπσιο καγχαλόνων, ἐπεὶ ἢ πολὺ φερτέρῃ ἑστὶν
τῆς σέο κουρίδης: τὴν γὰρ φάτις ἐμμεν ἀγήρω
κείνην ἐσσυμένωσι γουνάξεο, μηδὲ νῦ μοι περ
δακρυόεις ἔλεεινα καὶ ἀλγιώνοεινα παραύδα:
αἰ γὰρ μοι μέγα θηρὸς ὑπὸ κραδίη μένος εἰη
δαρδάψαι σέο σάρκας, ἐπεὶτα δὲ ἡ αἰμα λαφύξαι,
ολὰ με πήματ’ ἐφοργᾶς ἀτασθαλίης πιθήσας.
σχέτλε, ποῦ νῦ τοι ἐστὶν ἐώστεφανος Κυθέρεια;
πὴ δὲ πέλει γαμβρῶι κελασμένος ἀκάματος Ζεῦς;
tους ἐχ’ ἀοσσητήρας: ἐμῶν δ’ ἀπὸ τῆλε μελά-
θρων
χάξεο, καὶ μακάρεσσι καὶ ἀνδράσι πὴμ’ ἀλεγεινῶν
σειό γὰρ εἶνεκ’, ἀλληρε, καὶ ἀθανάτους ἔλεε πένθος,
tους μὲν ἐφ’ νίντον, τοὺς δ’ νύσσιν ὀλυμμένοισιν.
ἀλλὰ μοι ἔρρε βόμιον καὶ εἰς Ἐλένην ἄφικανε,
ἡς σε χρεῶν νυκτὸς τε καὶ ἡματος ἀσχαλῶντα
τρύζειν πάρ λεχέεσσι πεπαρμένον ἀλγεῖ λυγρῷ,
eἰσοκε σ’ ἴνειεν ἀνιπρόν ὀδυνάων."
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Heal me, while life yet lingers in my limbs!
Remember not those pangs of jealousy,
Nor leave me by a cruel doom to die
Low fallen at thy feet! This should offend
The Prayers, the Daughters of the Thunderer Zeus,
Whose anger followeth unrelenting pride
With vengeance, and the Erinmys executes
Their wrath. My queen, I sinned, in folly sinned;
Yet from death save me—oh, make haste to save!”

So prayed he; but her darkly-brooding heart
Was steeled, and her words mocked his agony:
“Thou comest unto me!—thou, who didst leave
Erewhile a wailing wife in a desolate home!—
Didst leave her for thy Tyndarid darling! Go,
Lie laughing in her arms for bliss! She is better
Than thy true wife—is, rumour saith, immortal!
Make haste to kneel to her—but not to me!
Weep not to me, nor whimper pitiful prayers!
Oh that mine heart beat with a tigress’ strength,
That I might tear thy flesh and lap thy blood
For all the pain thy folly brought on me!
Vile wretch! where now is Love’s Queen glory-
crowned?

Hath Zeus forgotten his daughter’s paramour?
Have them for thy deliverers! Get thee hence
Far from my dwelling, curse of Gods and men!
Yea, for through thee, thou miscreant, sorrow came
On deathless Gods, for sons and sons’ sons slain.
Hence from my threshold!—to thine Helen go!
Agonize day and night beside her bed:
There whimper, pierced to the heart with cruel
pangs,
Until she heal thee of thy grievous pain.”

441
QUINTUS Smyrnaeus

Ως φαμένη γοώντα φίλων ἀπέπεμπε μελάθρων,
νηπίῃς οὐδ’ αρ’ ἐφράσσαθ’ ἐδού μόρον’ ἥ γὰρ ἔμελλον
κεῖνον ἀποφθιμένοιο καὶ αὐτῇ Κήρες ἔπεσθαι ἐσσυμένοις. ὡς γὰρ οἱ ἐπέκλωσεν Διὸς Ἄισα.
τὸν δ’ αρ’ ἀπεσσύμενον λασίης ὑπὲρ ἄκριας Ἰδης οἶμον ἐς ἐσχατίνην, ὅθι μιν μόρος αὐνὸς ἄγεσκε 1
λυγρὸν ἐπισκάξοντα καὶ ἀχυμένου μέγα θυμῷ Ἡρη τ’ εἰςενόησε καὶ ἀμβροτον ἢτορ ἴανθη,
ἐξομένῃ κατ’ Ὀλυμπον, ὅπῃ Διὸς ἐπλετ’ ἀλωὴ.
καὶ ρὰ οἱ ἀμφίπολοι πίσυρες σχεδὸν ἐδριώνωτο,
tὰς ποτ’ ἀρ’ Ἡλίῳ χαροτῇ δυμηθείσα Σελήνη
γείνατ’ ἀν’ οὐρανὸν εὐρών ἀτερέασ, οὐδὲν ὁμοίας
ἀλλήλαις: μορφῇ δὲ διεκριθεῖν ἀλλὰ ἀπ’ ἀλλής:
[πρώτη μὲν θέρεως καματώδες ἔλαχε μοῖραν,]
ἡ δ’ ἐτέρῃ χειμῶνι καὶ αἰγοκεράμενε μέμηλε
[εἰαρι δ’ αὖ τριτάτῃ, τετράτῃ δ’ ἐπιτέφρετ’ ὀπωρῇ]
tετρασι γὰρ μοίρρας βροτῶν διαμεῖβεται αἰών,
ὡς κεῖναι ἐφέπουσιν ἀμοιβαδόν· ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν που
αὐτὸ Ζηνὶ μέλοιτο κατ’ οὐρανὸν· αἰ δ’ ὁαίριζον
ὀπτόσα λοίμος Ἀισα περὶ φρέσνων οὐλομένης
μύδετο, Τυναρίδος στυγερὸν γάμον ἔντυνονσα
Δημιοῦργω, καὶ μὴν ἄνηρὴν Ἐλένου
καὶ χόλον ἀμβι γυναικὸς, ὅπως τὲ μὴν ὑξε
Ἀχαϊων

ἡμελλὸν μάρψαντες ἐν υψηλοῖσιν δρεσσὶ
χορόμενον Τρώεσσε θυὸς ἐπὶ νῆς ἄγεσθαι,
ὡς τε οἱ ἐννεσήλσι κραταίοι Τυδεός ύς
ἐσπομένου Ὄδυσσης ὑπὲρ μέγα τεῖχος ὀρούσας
Ἀλκαθὼ στουόεντα φέρειν ἠμελλεν διεθρον
ἀρπάξας ἐθέλουσαν ἐνφρονα Τριτογένειαν,
ἡ τ’ ἐρυμα πτόλιος τε καὶ αὐτῶν ἐπλετο Τρώων·

1 Verse supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

So from her doors she drive that groaning man—
Ah fool! not knowing her own doom, whose weird
Was straightway after him to tread the path
Of death! So Fate had spun her destiny-thread.

Then, as he stumbled down through Ida's brakes,
Where Doom on his death-path was leading him
Painfully halting, racked with heart-sick pain,
Hera beheld him, with rejoicing soul
Throned in the Olympian palace-court of Zeus.
And seated at her side were handmaids four
Whom radiant-faced Selene bare to the Sun
To be unwearying ministers in heaven,
In form and office diverse each from each;
For of these Seasons one was summer's queen,
And one of winter and his stormy star,
Of spring the third, of autumn-tide the fourth.
So in four portions parted is man's year
Ruled by these Queens in turn—but of all this
Be Zeus himself the Overseer in heaven.
And of those issues now these spake with her
Which baleful Fate in her all-ruining heart
Was shaping to the birth—the new espousals
Of Helen, fatal to Deiphobus—
The wrath of Helenus, who hoped in vain
For that fair bride, and how, when he had fled,
Wroth with the Trojans, to the mountain-height,
Achaea's sons would seize him and would hale
Unto their ships—how, by his counselling
Strong Tydeus' son should with Odysseus scale
The great wall, and should slay Alcathous
The temple-warder, and should bear away
Pallas the Gracious, with her free consent,
Whose image was the sure defence of Troy;—
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ θεῶν τις ἀπειρέσιον χαλεπῆνας
ἐσθενεν ὀλβιον ἅστιν διαπραθεὲν Πριάμοιον
ἀθανάτης ἐμπροσθὲν ἀκηδός ἐμβεβαίης:
οὐδὲ οἱ ἄμβροτον εἰδος ἐτεκτήναντο σιδήρῳ
ἀνέρες, ἀλλὰ μὲν αὐτὸς ἀπ’ Οὐλύμπου Κρονίων
κάββαλεν ἐς Πριάμοιο πολυχρόσου τόλη.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὑγ δάριζε Διὸς δάμαρ ἀμφιτόλοισιν,
ἀλλὰ τε πόλλ’ ἐπὶ τοῖς. Πάριν δ’ ἄρα θυμὸς
ἐν Ἰδη
κάλλιπεν, οὐδ’ Ἐλενὴ μιν εσέδρακε νοστήσαντα;
ἀμφὶ δὲ μὲν Νῦμφαι μέγ’ ἐκώκνουν, οὔνεκ’ ἄρ’
αὐτοῖ.

εἰσέτι ποι μέμμηντο κατὰ φρένας, ὡσσα πάροιθεν
ἐξέτι νηπίαξιοι συναγρομένης ὀάριζεν
σὺν δὲ σφιν μύροντο βοῶν θοι θοροῖ δισχυται
ἀγνύμενοι κατὰ θυμὸν ἐπεστενάχουντο δε βήσασαι.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Πριάμοιο πολυτλήτου γυναικὶ
δεινὸν Ἀλεξάνδρου μόρον φάτο βουκόλος ἀνὴρ
τὴς δ’ ἀφαρ, ὡς ἑσάκουσε, τρόμοι περιπάλλετο
θυμὸς,

γνῶν δ’ ὑπεκλάσθησαν’ ἐπος δ’ ὀλοφύρατο τοῖον.
‘‘ἄλεο μοι, φίλε τέκνων, ἐμοὶ δ’ ἐπὶ πένθει
πένθος
κάλλιπες αἰὲν ἄφυκτον, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτατος
ἄλλων
παῖδων ἐσκες ἐμεῖο μεθ’ “Εκτορᾳ τῷ νῦ σε λυγρὴ 375
κλαύσομαι, εἰσόκε μοι κραδίῃ ἐν πάλλεται ἡτορ’
οὗ γὰρ ἄνευ μακάρων τάδε πάσχομεν, ἀλλὰ τὸις
Αἴγα
μήδετο λοίγων ἔργα, τὰ μὴ ὀφειλον ὀτλήσαι,
ἄλλ’ ἔθανον τὸ πάροιθεν ἐν εἰρήνῃ τε καὶ ὄλβῃ.
[νῦν δ’ ἐπὶ πῆματι πῆμα μετ’ ἐρμασί δέρκομαι
αἰεὶ]

ἐλπομένη καὶ ἔτ’ ἄλλα κακώτερα θηψάσθαι,

444
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Yea, for not even a God, how wroth soe'er,
Had power to lay the City of Priam waste
While that immortal shape stood warden there.
No man had carven that celestial form,
But Cronos' Son himself had cast it down
From heaven to Priam's gold-abounding burg.

Of these things with her handmaids did the Queen
Of Heaven hold converse, and of many such,
But Paris, while they talked, gave up the ghost
On Ida: never Helen saw him more.
Loud wailed the Nymphs around him; for they still
Remembered how their nursling wont to lisp
His childish prattle, compassed with their smiles.
And with them mourned the neatherds light of foot,
Sorrowful-hearted; moaned the mountain-glens.

Then unto travail-burdened Priam's queen
A herdman told the dread doom of her son.
Wildly her trembling heart leapt when she heard;
With failing limbs she sank to earth and wailed:
"Dead!—thou dead, O dear child! Grief heaped on grief
Hast thou bequeathed me, grief eternal! Best
Of all my sons, save Hector alone, wast thou!
While beats my heart, my grief shall weep for thee.
The hand of Heaven is in our sufferings:
Some Fate devised our ruin—oh that I
Had lived not to endure it, but had died
In days of wealthy peace! But now I see
Woes upon woes, and ever look to see

445
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

παίδας μὲν κταμένους, κεραίζομένην δὲ πόληα καὶ πυρὶ δαιομένην Δαναῶν ύπὸ καρτεροθύμων, σὺν τε νυνὸς θύγατρᾶς τε μετὰ Τρώησι καὶ ἀλλαίς ἐλκομένας ἅμα παίσι δορυκτήτω ὑπ’ ἀνάγκη.

"Ὡς φάτο κοκύνουσα: πόσις δὲ οὐ τι πέπυστο; 385 ἀλλ’ ὦ παρ’ 'Εκτορος ᾧ ὁ τάφῳ ἐπὶ δάκρυα χεῦων,

οὔνεκ ἄριστος ἔνν καὶ ἐρύετο δούρατα πάτρην· τοῦ πέρι πευκαλίμας ἀχέων φρένας οὐ τι πέπυστο. 390 ἀλλ’ Ἐλένη μάλα πολλὰ διηνεκέως γοώσα ἀλλα μὲν ἐν Τρώεσιν ἀντεευ, ἀλλα δὲ οἱ κήρ ἐν κραδήν μενεαίνε: φίλου δ’ ἄνα θυμὸν ἤσσαν· "ἀνερ, ἐμοι καὶ Τρωὶ καὶ αὐτῷ σοι μέγα πῆμα, ώλεο λευγαλέως· ἐμὲ δ’ ἐν στυγῷ ποταμήτη κάλλιτες ἐλπομένην ὀλοῶτερα πῆματ’ ἱεσθαί. ὥσ διδελόν μ’ Ἀρηπείας ἀνηρείαντο πάροδεν, ὀππὸτε σοῦ γ’ ἐπόμεν ὀλοθ’ ὑπὸ δαίμονος Αἰσχ. νῦν δ’ ἄρα καὶ σοὶ πῆμα θεοὶ δόσαν ἃ’ ἐμοι αὐτῇ αἰνομόρφῳ πάντες δὲ μ’ ἀλάσπετον ἔφηγασι, πάντες δ’ ἐκθαίρουσιν ἐμὸν κέαρ’ ουδὲ πη οἴδα ἐκφυγέειν: εἰ γάρ κε φυγὼ Δαναῶν ἐς ὁμίλον, 400 αὐτίκ’ ἀεικόσουσιν ἐμὸν δέμας· εἰ δὲ κε μίλων, Τρώες καὶ Τρωὶς μὲ περιστάδον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλοι αἴψα διαρράκουσι· νέκυν δ’ οὐ γαῖα καλύψει, ἀλλὰ κύνεσ δάψουσι καὶ οἰωνῶν θοὰ φύλα· ὅς διδελόν μ’ ἔλεεν Αίσα,1 πάρος τάδε πῆματ’ ἱεσθαί.

"Ὡς ἐφατ’, οὔτι γοώσα πόσιν τόσον, ὀππόσιν αὐτῆς μῦρετ’ ἀλιτροσύνης μεμνημένη· ἀμβί δὲ Τρωαὶ ὥς κεῖνον στενάχοντο, μετὰ φρέσι δ’ ἀλλα με- νοιῶν,

1 Zimmermann, for μ’ ἓδαμασσε of Koeohly.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Worse things—my children slain, my city sacked
And burned with fire by stony-hearted foes,
Daughters, sons’ wives, all Trojan women, haled
Into captivity with our little ones!”

So wailed she; but the King heard naught thereof,
But weeping ever sat by Hector’s grave,
For most of all his sons he honoured him,
His mightiest, the defender of his land.
Nothing of Paris knew that pierced heart;
But long and loud lamented Helen; yet
Those wails were but for Trojan ears; her soul
With other thoughts was busy, as she cried:
“Husband, to me, to Troy, and to thyself
A bitter blow is this thy woeful death!
In misery hast thou left me, and I look
To see calamities more deadly yet.
Oh that the Spirits of the Storm had snatched
Me from the earth when first I fared with thee
Drawn by a baleful Fate! It might not be;
The Gods have meted ruin to thee and me.
With shuddering horror all men look on me,
All hate me! Place of refuge is there none
For me; for if to the Danaan host I fly,
With torments will they greet me. If I stay,
Troy’s sons and daughters here will compass me
And rend me. Earth shall cover not my corpse,
But dogs and fowl of ravin shall devour.
Oh had Fate slain me ere I saw these woes!”

So cried she: but for him far less she mourned
Than for herself, remembering her own sin.
Yea, and Troy’s daughters but in semblance wailed
For him: of other woes their hearts were full.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ai mēn utēr tokēon memnēmēnai, ai de kai ἄνδρων,
ai δὲ ἄρ' utēr paîdōn, ai de γυνῶτων ἐριτίμων. 410

Oih δ' ἐκ θυμοῦ δαίζετο κυδαλλὸμοι
Oivōni. ἀλλ' οὐτι μετὰ Τρωήσιν ἑοῦσα
κώκεν, ἀλλ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐνι σφετέροις μελάθροις
κεῖτο βαρυστενάχουσα παλαιοῦ λέκτρον οἶκοτέω.
oih δ' ἐν ξυλόχοιsi περιτρέφεται κρυσταλλὸς
αιπυτάτων ὀρέων, ἦ τ' ἁγία πολλὰ παλύνει
χειαμένη ξεφύριοι καταηγίσιν. [η δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' Εὐρφ
'Ηελίῳ τε χιών κατατηκεται] ἀμφὶ δὲ μακραί
ἀκρίες υδρηλῆσι κατειβόμεναι μιβάδεσσι
deυσοῦ, ἦ δὲ νάπτησιν ἀπερσίη περ ἑοῦσα
πίδακος ἐσσυμένης κρυμές περιτῆκηται ὁδώρ.
ἀς ή γ' ἀσχαλόωσα μέγα στυγερὴ ὑπ' ἄνη
τήκετ ἀκηχεμένη πόσιοι περὶ κουριδίου.
aǐνα δ' ἀναστενάχουσα φίλον προσελέκατο θυμὸν:
'' εἰ μοι ἄτασθαλῆς, εἰ μοι στυγερόν βιότοιο,
η πόσιν ἄμφαγάπησα δυσάμμορον, δ' σύν έώλπειν 425
gῆραι τειρομένη βιότον κλυτόν οὐδὸν ἰκέοται
αιὲν ὀμφροφενόουσα: θεοι δ' ἐτέρωσε βάλουσον.
δ' υ' ὀφελόν ποτε Κῆρες ἀνηρέωσατο μέλαιναι,
ὅπποτε νόσφιν ἔμελλον Ἀλεξανδροῦ πέλεσθαι:
ἀλλὰ καὶ εἰ ξῶς ϋ' έλιπεν, μέγα τλῆσομαι ἔργον 430
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ θαναίειν, επεὶ οὕτι μοι εὐδαχεν ἡώς.

"Ως φαμένης ἐλέεων κατὰ βλεφαρῶν ἐχυντο
δάκρυνα, κοιντδίον δ' ἀναπλήσαντος ὀκληροῦ
μνωμένη, ἄτε κηρὸς ὑπαὶ πυρὶ, τήκετο λάθρη,
ἀξετο γάρ πατέρα σφὸν ἓ' ἀμφιπόλους εὔπτελους, 435
μέχρις ἐπὶ χθόνα δίαν ἅπτε εὔρεος ὦκεανοῦ
νῦ ἑχύθη, μερόπεσιν λῦσιν καμάτοιο φέρουσα.
καὶ ῥα τόθ ὑπνώοσσος ἐνι μεγάροισι τοκηὸς
καὶ δμώῃ, πυλεώνοις ἀναρρήξασα μελάθρων
ἐκθορευ, ἥπτ' ἄελλα: φέρουν δὲ μιν ὄκεα γυνία. 440

1 Zimmermann, for λέκτρον of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

Some thought on parents, some on husbands slain,  
These on their sons, on honoured kinsmen those.  

One only heart was pierced with grief unfeigned,  
Oenone. Not with them of Troy she wailed,  
But far away within that desolate home  
Moaning she lay on her lost husband's bed.  
As when the copses on high mountains stand  
White-veiled with frozen snow, which o'er the glens  
The west-wind blasts have strown, but now the sun  
And east-wind melt it fast, and the long heights  
With water-courses stream, and down the glades  
Slide, as they thaw, the heavy sheets, to swell  
The rushing waters of an ice-cold spring,  
So melted she in tears of anguished pain,  
And for her own, her husband, agonised,  
And cried to her heart with miserable moans:  
"Woe for my wickedness! O hateful life!  
I loved mine hapless husband—dreamed with him  
To pace to eld's bright threshold hand in hand,  
And heart in heart! The gods ordained not so.  
Oh had the black Fates snatched me from the earth  
Ere I from Paris turned away in hate!  
My living love hath left me!—yet will I  
Dare to die with him, for I loathe the light."

So cried she, weeping, weeping piteously,  
Remembering him whom death had swallowed up,  
Wasting, as melteth wax before the flame—  
Yet secretly, being fearful lest her sire  
Should mark it, or her handmaids—till the night  
Rose from broad Ocean, flooding all the earth  
With darkness bringing men release from toil.  
Then, while her father and her maidens slept,  
She slid the bolts back of the outer doors,  
And rushed forth like a storm-blast. Fast she ran,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

wód δ' ὦτ' ἄν' οὐρεα πόρτιν ἐρασαμένην μέγα
ταύρον

θυμός ἐποτρύνει ποσὶ καρπαλιμοῦσι φέρεσθαι
ἐσσυμένως, ἡ δ' οὐτὶ λαλαιμένη φιλότητος
tαρβεῖ βουκόλον ἀνδρα, φέρει δὲ μιν ἄσχετος ὀρμή,
eὰ πον ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισιν ὀμῆθεα ταῦρον ἱδοτο`
δς ἡ ῥίμφα θέουσα διήνυε μακρὰ κέλευθα
dιξομένη τάχα ποσὶ πυρής ἑπιβήμεναι αἰνής.

οὐδὲ τὶ οἱ κάμε γούνατ' ἐλαφρότεροι δ' ἐφέροντο
ἐσσυμένης πόδες αἰεν' ἐπειγε γὰρ οὐλομένη Κήρ
καὶ Κύπρις: οὐδὲ τὶ θήρας ἐδεύδε λαχνήσατα

ἀντομένους ὑπὸ νῦκτα, πάρος μέγα πεφρικυία:

πάσα δὲ οἱ λασίων ὄρεων ἔστειβετο πέτρη
καὶ κρημνοί, πᾶσαι δὲ διστρήσευσι χαράδραι.

τὴν δὲ πον εἰσορώσα τὸν' ἱψόθι διὰ Σελήνη

μησαμένη κατὰ θυμὸν ἀμύμωνος 'Ενδυμίωνος

πολλὰ μάλι ἐσσυμένην ὀλοφύρατο καὶ οἱ ὑπέρθε

λαμπρὸν παμφανώσα μακρὰς ἀνέφαινε κέλευθος.

"Ικετο δ' ἐμβεβανία δ' οὕρεος, ἥχι καὶ ἄλλαι

νύμφαι 'Ἀλεξάνδρωι πυρήν περικοκύσσεικον.

tὸν δ' ἐτὶ πον κρατερὸν πῦρ ἀμφεχεν, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' ἄντω

μηλονόμοι ξυγιότες ὀπ' οὕρεος ἀλλοθεν ἄλλοι

UNCTO θεσπεσίν παρενήσεον, ἦρα φέροντες

ύστατην καὶ πένθος ὄμως ἐτάρφε καὶ ἀνακτι,

κλαίοντες μάλι πολλὰ περισταδὸν' ἡ δὲ μιν οὕτι,

ἀμφαδὸν ὡς ἄρθρεση, γοήσατο τειρμένη περ,

άλλα καλυφαμένη περὶ φάρει καλὰ πρόσωπα

ἀμφα πυρῆ ἐνεπταλτό' γοον δ' ἄρα πουλῦν ὄρινε·

καίετο δ' ἀμφὶ πὸσεί. Νύμφαι δὲ μιν ἀλλοθεν

ἄλλαι

θάμβεον, εὖτ' ἐσίδοντο μετ' ἄνερι πεπτυίαν

καὶ τις ἐὰν κατὰ θυμὸν ἔπος ποτὲ τοῖον ἐειπεν'
THE FALL OF TROY, 'BOOK X

As when a heifer 'mid the mountains speeds,
Her heart with passion stung, to meet her mate,
And madly races on with flying feet,
And fears not, in her frenzy of desire,
The herdmans, as her wild rush bears her on,
So she but find her mate amid the woods;
So down the long tracks flew Oenone's feet
Seeking the awful pyre, to leap thereon.
No weariness she knew: as upon wings
Her feet flew faster ever, onward spurred
By fell Fate, and the Cyprian Queen. She feared
No shaggy beast that met her in the dark—
Who erst had feared them sorely—rugged rock
And precipice of tangled mountain-slope,
She trod them all unstumbling; torrent-beds
She leapt. The white Moon-goddess from on high
Looked on her, and remembered her own love,
Princely Endymion, and she pitied her
In that wild race, and, shining overhead
In her full brightness, made the long tracks plain.
Through mountain-gorges so she won to where
Wailed other Nymphs round Alexander's corpse.
Roared up about him a great wall of fire:
For from the mountains far and near had come
Shepherds, and heaped the death-bale broad and high
For love's and sorrow's latest service done
To one of old their comrade and their king.
Sore weeping stood they round. She raised no wail,
The broken-hearted, when she saw him there,
But, in her mantle muffling up her face,
Leapt on the pyre: loud wailed that multitude.
There burned she, clasping Paris. All the Nymphs
Marvelled, beholding her beside her lord
Flung down, and heart to heart spake whispering:
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

"ἀτρεκέως Πάρις ὤν ἀτάσθαλος, ὃς μάλα κεδνὴν κάλλιτε κουριόθην καὶ ἀνήγαγε μάργιν ἀκοίτων οἱ αὐτῷ καὶ Τρωσὶ καὶ ἀστεὶ λοίγιον ἄλγος, νήπιος· οὐδ’ ἀλόχοιο περίφρονος ἄξετο θυμὸν τειρομένης, ἦπερ μιν ὑπὲρ φάος ἡλίου καίπερ ἀπεκθαίροντα καὶ οὐ φιλέοντα τίσκεν." 475

"Ὡς ἄρ’ ἐφη Νύμφη τις ἀνα φρένας· οἱ δ’ ἐνὶ μέσσῃ πυρκαΐῃ καλοῦτο λελασμένου Ἰρυγενείης· ἀμφὶ δὲ βουκόλωι ἄνδρες ἐθάμβεοι, εὐτε πάροιθεν Ἀργείου θάμβησαν ἀολλέες ἀθρήσαντες 480
Εὐάδην Καπανῆς ἐπεκχυμένην μελέσσιν ἀμφὶ πόσῳ διηθέντα Διὸς στονόετι κεραυνῷ. ἀλλ’ ὅποτ’ ἀμφοτέρους ὅλῃ πυρὸς ἰνυσε ριπή Ὠινώνη τε Πάριν τε, μῆν δ’ ὑποκάβησε τέφρη, δὴ τότε πυρκαϊὴν οἶνῳ σβέσαν· ὡστέα δ’ αὐτῶν 485 χρυσῶν ἐν κρητῆρι θέσαν· ἐπὶ δὲ σφιςι σήμα ἐσσυμένως τεῦξαντο· θέσαν δ’ ἀρα δοιώ ὑπερθε στήλας, αἰτηρ ἑαυτι ὑπαμμέναι ἀλλωδις ἄλλη. ξῆλον ἔπ’ ἀλλήλησιν ἐτι στονόεντα φέρουσαι.¹

¹ Verse supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK X

"Verily evil-hearted Paris was,
Who left a leal true wife, and took for bride
A wanton, to himself and Troy a curse.
Ah fool, who recked not of the broken heart
Of a most virtuous wife, who more than life
Loved him who turned from her and loved her not!"

So in their hearts the Nymphs spake: but they twain
Burned on the pyre, never to hail again
The dayspring. Wondering herdmen stood around,
As once the thronging Argives marvelling saw
Evadne clasping mid the fire her lord
Capaneus, slain by Zeus' dread thunderbolt.
But when the blast of the devouring fire
Had made twain one, Oenone and Paris, now
One little heap of ashes, then with wine
Quenched they the embers, and they laid their bones
In a wide golden vase, and round them piled
The earth-mound; and they set two pillars there
That each from other ever turn away;
For the old jealousy in the marble lives.
ΔΟΓΟΣ ΕΝΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ

Τρωαὶ δὲ στενάξαντο κατὰ πτόλων, οὐδ’ ἐδύναντο ἐλθὲμεναι ποτὶ τύμβον, ἔπει μᾶλα τηλὸθ’ ἐκεῖτο ἄστεος αὐπεινοῖο. νέοι δ’ ἐκτοσθε πύλης νωλεμέως πονέοντο: μάχη δ’ οὐ λήγε φόνοιο, καίπερ Ἀλεξάνδρου δεδομότος, οὐνεκ’ Ἀχαιοὶ. Τρωσίν ἐπεσσεῦντο ποτὶ πτόλων, οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ τείχεοι ημῶν ἐκτόσ ἐπεὶ σφεας ἤγεν ἀνάγκη. ἐν γὰρ δὴ μέσσοισιν Ἐρίς στούντος τ’ Ἐννῶ στρωφῶν, ἀργαλέσιν Ἐριννόσων εἰκελαὶ ἀντην, ἄμφω ἀπὸ στομάτων ὅλων πνείουσαι ὀλθρόν ἄμφι αὐτοῖς δὲ Κῆρες ἀναιδέα θυμὸν ἔχουσαι ἀργαλέως μαίνοντο. Φόβος δ’ ἐτέρωθι καὶ Ἀρης λαοὺς ὀτρύνεσκον: ἐφέσπετο δὲ σφιξὶ Δείμος φοινήστη λύθρο πεπαλαγμένος, ὁφρα ἐ φώτες οἱ μὲν καρτύνωνται ὀρόμενοι, οἱ δὲ φέβωνται πάντη δ’ αὐγανέα τε καὶ ἐγχεα καὶ βέλε’ ἀνδρῶν, ἀλλυδις ἄλλα κέερο τα κακού μεμάωτα φόνοιο. ἀμφί δ’ ἀρα σφίζο δοῦντο ερείδομένοιον ὄρωει, μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθε κατὰ φθισήνορα χάρμην. Ἔνθ’ ἀρα Δασόδαμαντα Νεοπτόλεμος κατέ-πεφνεν, δος τράφῃ ἐν Λυκῇ Ἐλάνθου παρὰ καλὰ ἰδέθρα, δον ποτ’ ἐρυγδοῦποιο Δίδς δάμαρ ἀνθρόποιοι Δητὸ δι’ ἀνέφηνεν ἀναρρήξασα χέρεσσι

454
BOOK XI

How the sons of Troy for the last time fought from her walls and her towers.

Troy's daughters mourned within her walls; might none
Go forth to Paris' tomb, for far away
From high-built Troy it lay. But the young men
Without the city toiled unceasingly
In fight wherein from slaughter rest was none,
Though dead was Paris; for the Achaeans pressed
Hard on the Trojans even unto Troy.
Yet these charged forth—they could not choose but so,
For Strife and deadly Enyo in their midst
Stalked, like the fell Erinyes to behold,
Breathing destruction from their lips like flame.
Beside them raged the ruthless-hearted Fates
Fiercely: here Panic-fear and Ares there
Stirred up the hosts: hard after followed Dread
With slaughter's gore besprent, that in one host
Might men see, and be strong, in the other fear;
And all around were javelins, spears, and darts
Murder-athirst from this side, that side, showered.
Aye, as they hurled together, armour clashed,
As foe with foe grappled in murderous fight.

There Neoptolemus slew Laodamas,
Whom Lycia nurtured by fair Xanthus' stream,
The stream revealed to men by Leto, bride
Of Thunderer Zeus, when Lycia's stony plain
τρηχύ πέδων Δυκάς ἐρικυδέως, ὁππόθε' έοίο 25
θεσπεσίου τοκετοῦ πολυτλήτσιων ἀνή
δάμωθ' ὑπ' ὀδίνεσσιν, ὡςν ὠδίνες ἔγειρον.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Νέρων ὀλεσσε βαλὼν ἀνα δημοτήτα
δουρὶ διὰ γναθμὸν· πέρησε δὲ οἱ στόμα χαλκὸς
γλώσσαν τ' αὐδήςσαν· ὃ δ' ἐγχει ἀσχετον αἴχμην
ἀμφεχὲ βεβρυχός· περὶ δ' ἔρρεεν αἷμα γένυσιν
φθεγγομένου· καὶ τὸν μὲν ὑπὸ κρατηρῆς χερὸς ἀλεθῇ
ἐγχείῃ στοῦνεσσα ποτὶ χθονὸς οὐδας ἐφείσε
δενόμενον υπημοίο. βάλεν δ' Εὐήνυρα διὸν
τυθὸν ὑπὲρ λαπάρην, διὰ δ' ἠλασεν ἐς μέσον ἱππαρ
αἴχμην· τῷ δ' ἀλεγεινὸς αἵματον συνέκυψεν ὀλεθρος. 35
εἰλε δ' ἀρ' Ἰφιτίωνα καὶ Ἰππομένουτα δάμασσε
Μαινάλου ὀβρυμον ὑλα, τὸν Ἡκυρότι τέκε Νύμφη
Σαγγαρίου ποταμοῦ παρὰ ρόουν· οὐδὲ νῦ τὸν γε
δέξατο νοστήσαντα· κακὴ δὲ ἐ Κηρ ἀπάμερσε
παιδὸς ἀνηρῶς, μέγα δ' νιέος ἐμβαλε πένθος.

Ἀνέιας δὲ Βρέμοντα καὶ Ἄνδρόμαχον κατέ-
πεφύειν,
δε τράφη ἐν Κυωσῷ, ὃ δ' ἁρὰ ξάθη ἐνὶ Λύκτῳ
ἀμφο δ' εἰς ἕνα χώρον ἀπ' ὠκυμοὸν πέσου ἦπτων·
καὶ β' ὃ μὲν ἀσπαίρεσκε πεπαρμένοις ἐγχεὶ μακρῳ
λαμοῦ, ὃ δ' ἀλγινοντος ἀνα κροτάφου θέμεθλα
χερμαδίῳ στοῦνετι μάλα κρατηρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς
βλήμενος ἐκπνείεσκε, μέλαις δὲ μιν ἀμφεχὲ πότος.
ῄπτου δ' ἐπτολήντο καὶ ἤνιοχων ἀπἀνεθε
φεύγοντες πολλοῖς ἐνεπλάξοντο νέκυςσι
καὶ τοὺς μὲν θεράποντες ἀμύμονοι Αἰνείαο
μάρφαντες κεχάροντο φίλη περὶ ηπίδι θυμών.

'Ἐνθα Φιλοκτήτης ὅλῳ βάλε Περασον ἰὼ
φεύγοντ' ἐκ πολέμωι· διέθρισε δ' ἄγκυλα νεῦρα
γούνατος ἐξόπιθεν, κατὰ δ' ἐκλασεν ἄνερος ὀρμῆ
καὶ τὸν μὲν Δαμαὐν τις οτ' ἐδρακε γυωθέντα
ἐσσυμένως ἀπάμερσε καρήτας ἀορὶ τύψας

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Was by her hands uptorn mid agonies
Of travail-throes wherein she brought to light
Mid bitter pangs those babes of birth divine.
Nirus upon him laid he dead; the spear
Crashed through his jaw, and clear through mouth
and tongue
Passed: on the lance's irresistible point
Shrieking was he impaled: flooded with gore
His mouth was as he cried. The cruel shaft,
Sped on by that strong hand, dashed him to earth
In throes of death. Evenor next he smote
Above the flank, and onward drave the spear
Into his liver: swiftly anguished death
Came upon him. Iphition next he slew:
He quelled Hippomedon, Hippasus' bold son,
Whom Ocyone the Nymph had borne beside
Sangarius' river-flow. Ne'er welcomed she
Her son's returning face, but ruthless Fate
With anguish thrilled her of her child bereaved.

Bremon Aeneas slew, and Andromachus,
Of Cnossus this, of hallowed Lyctus that:
On one spot both from their swift chariots fell;
This gasped for breath, his throat by the long spear
Transfixed; that other, by a massy stone,
Sped from a strong hand, on the temple struck,
Breathed out his life, and black doom shrouded
him.
The startled steeds, bereft of charioteers,
Fleeing, mid all those corpses were confused,
And princely Aeneas' henchmen seized on them
With hearts exulting in the goodly spoil.

There Philoctetes with his deadly shaft
Smote Peirasus in act to flee the war:
The tendons twain behind the knee it snapped,
And palsied all his speed. A Danaan marked,
And leapt on that maimed man with sweep of sword

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀλγίνόεντα τένοντα· κόλον δ' ὑπεδέξατο γαῖα
σῶμα· κάρη δ' ἀπάτερθε κυλυδομένη πεφόρητο
φωνῆς ἱεμένων· ταχὺς δ' ἀμ' ἀπέτατα τὸνός.

Πολυδάμασ ὑπὲρ Κλέωνα καὶ Εὐρύμαχων βάλε

douřι,
oi Σύμηθεν ἰκανόν ὑπὸ Νερῆ ἁνακτι
ἀμφω ἐπιστάμενοι δόλον ἱχθύοι μητίσασθαι
ἀίνου ὑπ' ἀγκίστροιο, βαλέσθαι τ' εἰς ἄλα διὰν
δίκτυα καὶ παλάμηθι περίφραδέως ἀπὸ τῆς
ἴδοι καὶ αἴνα τράιναι ἐπ' ἱχθύοι νωμήσασθαι·
ἀλλ' οὐ σφιν τότε πῆμα θαλάσσια ἱρκεσὲν ἐργα.

Εὐρύτυλος δὲ μενεπτόλεμος κτάνε 1 φαίδιμον
"Ελλον,
τὸν ρὰ παρὰ λίμνῃ Γυγαίῇ γεώνατο μήτηρ
Κλειτῶ καλλιτάρρος· ὃ δ' ἐν κοινῇς τανύσθη
πρηνῆς· τοῦ δ' ἀπάτερθεν ὁμοῖος δόρυ κάππεσε

μακρὸν

ὁμοῖον ἀπὸ βριαροῖς κακομμένῃ ἀρι ψαρᾶ
χείρ έτι μαμώσωσα ποτὶ κλόνον ἐγχος ἀείραι
μαφιδῶς· οὐ γάρ μιν ἀνήρ εἰς ἐργόν ἐνόμα,
ἀλλ' αὐτῶς ἁμπαίρεν ἄτε βλοσυροῖ δράκοκτοις
ὑφή ἀποτμηθέει' ἀναπάλληται, οὐδὲ οἱ ἀλκή
ἐσπεῖται ἐς πόνον αἰτῶν, ἵνα χραίσαγα διώξης.

διὸ ἄρα δεξιερὰ κρατερόφρονος ἀνδρὸς ἐς αἰχμὴν
ὁμοιαντι πονεέσθαι· ἀτάρ μένοις οὐκέτ' ὀπήδει.

Αὐτὰρ Ὄδυσσεως Αἴνων ἐνήρατο καὶ Πολυίδου
ἀμφω Κυτείους, τὸν δούρατι, τὸν δ' ἀλεγεινό
ἀρι ψάσας. Ἁθένελος δ' ἔλε διὸν Ἀβαντα
ἀγανήν προϊεῖς· ἡ δ' ἀσφαράγου διαπρὸ
ἐσομενή ἀλεγεινόν ἐς ἦλθε τένοντα·

λύσε δ' ἀρ' ἀνένος ἡτορ, ὑπέκλασε δ' ἀψια πάντα.

Τυδείδης δ' ἔλε Λαόδοκον, Μέλαιν δ' Ἀγα-

μέμονων,

1 Zimmermann, for βάλε of ν,
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Shearing his neck through. On the breast of earth
The headless body fell: the head far flung
Went rolling with lips parted as to shriek;
And swiftlyfleeted thence the homeless soul.

Polydamas struck down Eurymachus
And Cleon with his spear. From Syme came
With Nireus' following these: cunning were both
In craft of fisher-folk—to cast the hook
Baited with guile, to drop into the sea
The net, from the boat's prow with deftest hands
Swiftly and straight to plunge the three-forked spear.

But not from bane their sea-craft saved them now.

Eurypylus battle-staunch laid Hellus low,
Whom Cleito bare beside Gygaea's mere,
Cleito the fair-cheeked. Face-down in the dust
Outstretched he lay: shorn by the cruel sword
From his strong shoulder fell the arm that held
His long spear. Still its muscles twitched, as though
Fain to uplift the lance for fight—in vain;
For the man's will no longer stirred therein,
But aimlessly it quivered, even as leaps
The severed tail of a snake malignant-eyed,
Which cannot chase the man who dealt the wound;
So the right hand of that strong-hearted man
With impotent grip still clutched the spear for fight.

Aenus and Polydorus Odysseus slew,
Ceteians both; this perished by his spear,
That by his sword death-dealing. Sthenelus
Smote godlike Abas with a javelin-cast:
On through his throat and shuddering nape it rushed:
Stopped were his heart-beats, all his limbs collapsed.

Tydeides slew Laodocus; Melius fell
Δηύφοβος δὲ Δρύαντα καὶ Ἀλκίμον. αὐτὰρ Ἀγήνωρ
Ἰππασον ἔξεναριζεν ἀγακλειτόν περ ἔόντα,
δὲ ὅτι ἀπὸ Πηνειοῦ ποταμοῦ κίεν· οὐδὲ ἔρατεινα
θρέπτρα τοκεύσων ἐδώκεν, ἐπεὶ ὅμως ἐκλάσε
daímōn.
Ἐνθα Θόας ἐδάμαςσε Δάλον καὶ ἀγήνωρα
Δύνκον,
Μηριώνης δὲ Δυκάνω, καὶ Ἀρχίλοχον Μενέλαος,
δὲ ὅτε τι Καυμκήν ὑπὸ δειράδα ναιετάσσε
πέτρην θ’ Ἡφαίστοιο περίφρονοι, ἢ τε βροτοῖσι
θαύμα πέλει· ἤγαρ οἱ ἐναιδεῖαι ἀκάματον πῦρ
ἀσβεστον νυκτὸς τε καὶ ἡματος· ἂμψι δ’ ἀρ’ αὐτῷ
φοίνικες θαλάσσουσι, φέρουσι δ’ ἀπειρον θαρπόν,
ῥίζης καινομένης ἀμα λάεσιν· ἀλλὰ τὸ μέν πον
ἀθάνατοι τεῦξαντο καὶ ἐοσαμένοισιν ἴδειται.
Τεῦκρος δ’ Ἰππομέδους ἀμύμονος υἱὰ Μενόιτην
ἐσσομένως ὅρμαινε βαλεῖν ἐπὶ αὐτὰ βελέμψι
καὶ ὅτα νῦν καὶ χερσι καὶ ὄμμας ὦνισκεν
ἰδον ἀπὸ γναμπτοῖο κεράτος· δὲ δ’ ἀλεγειν
ἀλτὸ θοής ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐς ἀνέρα· τῷ δ’ ὑπὸ νευρῆ
εἰσέτι πον κανάξιχεν· ὁ δ’ ἀντίον ἀσπαρέσσε
βλήμενος, οὐνεκα Κῆρες ὄμωσ φορέοντο βελέμψι
καίριον ἐς κραδῆν, ὅθεν περ νῦς ἔξεται ἄνδρον
καὶ μένος, ὀπταλεῖ δὲ ποτὶ μόρον εἰσὶ κέλευθοι.
Εὐρύάλος δ’ ἀρὰ πολλὸν ἀπὸ στιβαρῆς βάλε
χειρὸς
λαᾶ μέγαν, Τρώων δὲ θοᾶς ἐλέξει φάλαγγας·
ὡς δ’ ὅτε τις γεράνοιτα ταυνυφόγγοις χολωθεῖς
οὖρος ἀνήρ πεδίοιο μέγ’ ἄσχαλων ἐποροῦσθη,
δινήσας περὶ κρατὶ θοῇ χερὶ νεῦρα βόεια
λαᾶ βάλῃ κατέναυτα, διασκεδάζῃς δ’ ὑπὸ ῥοξίω
ἡρί πεπταμένας δολιχας στῖχας, αἰ δὲ φέβονται,
ἀλλη δ’ εἰς ἐτέρην εἰλεύμεναι ἀτίσουσι
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By Agamemnon's hand; Deiphobus
Smote Alcimus and Dryas: Hippasus,
How war-renowned soe'er, Agenor slew
Far from Peneius' river. Crushed by fate,
Love's nursing-debt to parents ne'er he paid.
Lamus and stalwart Lyncus Thoas smote,
And Meriones slew Lycon; Menelaus
Laid low Archelochus. Upon his home
Looked down Corycia's ridge, and that great rock
Of the wise Fire-god, marvellous in men's eyes;
For thereon, nightlong, daylong, unto him
Fire blazes, tireless and unquenchable.
Laden with fruit around it palm-trees grow,
While mid the stones fire plays about their roots.
Gods' work is this, a wonder to all time.

By Teucer princeely Hippomedon's son was slain,
Menoetes: as the archer drew on him,
Rushed he to smite him; but already hand
And eye, and bow-craft keen were aiming straight
On the arching horn the shaft. Swiftly released
It leapt on the hapless man, while sang the string.
Stricken full front he heaved one choking gasp,
Because the fates on the arrow riding flew
Right to his heart, the throne of thought and strength
For men, whence short the path is unto death.

Far from his brawny hand Euryalus hurled
A massy stone, and shook the ranks of Troy.
As when in anger against long-screaming cranes
A watcher of the field leaps from the ground,
In swift hand whirling round his head the sling,
And speeds the stone against them, scattering
Before its hum their ranks far down the wind
Outspread, and they in huddled panic dart
Κλαγγηθὸν μὰλα πάγχυν, πάροσ κατὰ κόσμον ἱοῦσαί
ὡς ἀρα δυσμενέες φοβερῶν βέλος ἀμφεφόβηθεν
ὁβρίμων Εὐρυμάχοι. τὸ δὲ ὀνὸς ἄλοιον φέρε δαίμων,
ἀλλὰ ἄρα σὺν πῆληκη κάρη κρατεροί Μέλητος
θλάσσε περὶ γλήνης ἃ μόροι δὲ ἐκλίχανεν ἄρητός. 120

"Ἀλλος δὲ ἀλλον ἐπεφυε, περιστεναχίζετο δὲ αἰα-
ῶς δὲ δτ' ἐπιβρίσαντος ἀπειρείσαι ανέμου
λάβρον ὑπὸ ρίπης βαρυκεχέος ἀλλοδίς ἀλλα
δένδραυ μακρὰ πέσησιν ὑπὲκ τριζέων ἐρυτόντα
ἀλσεος ἐυρυτέποδο, βρέμει δε τε πᾶσα περὶ χθόων
δως οἷ' ἐν κοινῇ πέσου, κανάξχεσι δε τεύχη
ἀσπετον, ἀμφὶ δε γαία μεγ' ἐβραχεν οὶ δε κυ-
δούμοι

ἀργαλέων μνώντο, μετὰ σφίσι πῆμα τιθέντες.

Καὶ τότ' ἀρ' Αἰνείαο μὸλε σχεδὸν ἡς 'Ἀπόλλων
ηδ' Ἀντηνορίδαιο δαὶφρονος Εὐρυμάχοι.
οἱ γὰρ δὴ μάρωντο πολυπαινοῦσιν Ἀχαιϊς
ἀγῆι μᾶλ' ἐσταότες κατὰ φύλοπιν, εὖθ' ὑπ' ἀπήγη
δοιοὶ ὀμηλική κρατεροὶ βόες, οὐδ' ἀπέληγουν
ὑμέλης, τοὺς δ' αἴγα τεοὶ ποτὶ μῦθον ἔσπεν
μάντει εἰδόμενοι Πολυμήστορι, τὸν ποτε μῆτηρ
γείνατ' ἐπὶ Εάνθου ροάς θεράπονθ' Ἐκάτοιο.

"Εὐρύμαχ' Αἰνεία τε θεῶν γένος, οὔτε ἐοίκεν
ὑμέας 'Ἀργείοισιν ὑπεικέμεν' οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτῶν
ὑμῶν ὑπαντάσας κεχαρῆσεται ὁβρίμος Ἀρῆς,
ἡν ἑθέλητε μάχεσθαι ἀνὰ κλόνων, οὐνεκα Μοίραι
μακρὸν ἐπὶ 'ἀμφοτέροισι βίου τέλος εκλώσαντο."

"Ὡς εἴπων ἀνέμωσι μήγη καὶ άιστος ἐτύχηθη
οἱ δὲ νῦν φράσας ποιού μένος: αἴγα γὰρ αὐτῶι
θάρσος ἀπειρεύσας κατεχεύσοτο. μαίνετο δὲ σφι
θυμὸς ἐνι στήθεσι, καὶ εὐθοροῦ Ἀργείοισιν,
ἀργαλέως σφήκεσσοι ἐοικότες, οὶ τ' ἀληγεινὸν
ἐκ θυμοῦ κοτεύντες ἐπιβρίσωσι μελίσσαις,

1 Zimmermann, for πληγήσι of ν.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

With wild cries this way and that, who theretofore
Swept on in ordered lines; so shrank the foe
To right and left from that dread bolt of doom
Hurled of Euryalus. Not in vain it flew
Fate-winged; it shattered Meles' helm and head
Down to the eyes: so met him ghastly death.

Still man slew man, while earth groaned all around,
As when a mighty wind scourges the land,
And this way, that way, under its shrieking blasts
Through the wide woodland bow from the roots and fall
Great trees, while all the earth is thundering round;
So fell they in the dust, so clanged their arms,
So crashed the earth around. Still hot were they
For fell fight, still dealt bane unto their foes.

Nigh to Aeneas then Apollo came,
And to Eurymachus, brave Antenor's son;
For these against the mighty Achaeans fought
Shoulder to shoulder, as two strong oxen, matched
In age, yoked to a wain; nor ever ceased
From battling. Suddenly spake the God to these
In Polymestor's shape, the seer his mother
By Xanthus bare to the Far-darter's priest:
"Eurymachus, Aeneas, seed of Gods,
'Twere shame if ye should flinch from Argives! Nay,
Not Ares' self should joy to encounter you,
An ye would face him in the fray; for Fate
Hath spun long destiny-threads for thee and thee."

He spake, and vanished, mingling with the winds.
But their hearts felt the God's power: suddenly
Flooded with boundless courage were their frames,
Maddened their spirits: on the foe they leapt
Like furious wasps that in a storm of rage
Swoop upon bees, beholding them draw nigh

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ας τε περὶ σταφυλῆς αὐαγομένης ἐν ὀπώρῃ
ἐρχομένας ἐσίδωσιν ἢ ἐκ σύμβλου φορούσας.
δις ἄρα Τρώιοι ὄλε ἐπετολέμοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς
ἐνθορον ἐσφυμένως· κεχάροντο δὲ Κῆρες ἔρεμαι
μαραμένων· ἐγέλασε δ' Ἀρης· ιάχησε δ' Ἐινὼ
σμερδαλέου· μέγα δὲ σφιν ἐπέβραχεν αἰώλα τεύχη.
οἱ δ' ἄρα δυσμενέων ἀπερείσια φῦλα δαίζουν
χερσὶν ἀμαμάκητηι· καθρείπτοντο δὲ λαοῖ
αὐτῶν, ὡς ἀμαλλα θέρευς εὐθαλπέος ὁρη,
ην ρά τ' ἐπιστέρχωσι θοῖν χερᾶς ἀμητῆρας
dασσάμενοι κατ' ἀρουραν ἀπείρονα μακρὰ πέλεθρα·
dις ἄρα τῶν ὑπὸ χεραὶ καθρείπτοντο φαλαγγεῖς
μυρίαι. ἀμφι δὲ γαῖα νεκρῶν περιπτελθηνία
ἀματε πλημμύρουςκεν· Ἐρις δ' ἄρ' ιαίνετο θυμῷ
ἀλλακτών· οἱ δ' οὗτι κακοῦ παῦντο μόθοιο,
ἀλλ' ἀτε μῆλα λέοντες ἐπήμων· οἱ δ' ἄρα φύσης
λευγαλέης μυώντο καὶ ἐξ ὀλοῦ πολέμων
φεύγον, ὅσοις ἀδαίκτου ἐτι σθένος ἐν ποσὶ κεῖτο.

νῦν οὖς δ' Ἀγχίσαιο δαίφρονοι αἰεῖν ὑπελεί
dυσμενέων μετόπισθεν ὑπ' ἐγχεῖ νωτα δαίξων,
Εὐρύμαχος δ' ἐπέρωθεν· ιαίνετο δ' ἀμβροτόν ἔπτο
ὑψόθεν εἰσορόωντο ἐκηβόδου Ἀπόλλωνος.

'Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις σιάλουσιν ἀνὴρ ἐς λήμνον αὐδον
ἐρχομένοις, πρὶν ἀμαλλαν ὑπ' ἀμητῆρας δαμήναι,
ἀντὶ ἐπισευχή κρατεροῦ κύνας, οἱ δ' ὁρῶντες
ἐσφυμένους τρομέουσι, καὶ οὐκέτι μέμβλεται αὐτοῖς
eἰδατος, ἀλλὰ τρέπονται ἀνιηρὴν ἐπὶ φῦζαν
πανυδίῃ, τοὺς δ' αἴγα κύων κατὰ ποσὶ κυχόντεσ
ἐξόπιθεν δάπτουσιν ἀμείλιχα, τοι δὲ φέβονται
μακρὸν ἀνυζούντες, ἀναξ δ' ἐπιτέρτετ ἀρούρης
δις ἄρ' ιαίνετο Φοῖβος, οτ' ἐδρακεν ἐκ πολέμου
φεύγοντ' Ἀργείων πουλὼν στρατόν· οὐ γὰρ ὡς ἤτο
αὐτοῖς.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

In latter-summer to the mellowing grapes,
Or from their hives forth-streaming thitherward;
So fiercely leapt these sons of Troy to meet
War-hardened Greeks: The black Fates joyed to see
Their conflict, Ares laughed, Enyo yelled Horribly. Loud their glancing armour clanged:
They stabbed, they hewed down hosts of foes untold
With irresistible hands. The reeling ranks
Fell, as the swath falls in the harvest heat,
When the swift-handed reapers, ranged adown
The field’s long furrows, ply the sickle fast;
So fell before their hands ranks numberless:
With corpses earth was heaped, with torrent blood
Was streaming: Strife incarnate o’er the slain
Gloated. They paused not from the awful toil,
But aye pressed on, like lions chasing sheep.
Then turned the Greeks to craven flight; all feet
Unmaimed as yet fled from the murderous war.
Aye followed on Anchises’ warrior son,
Smiting foes’ backs with his avenging spear:
On pressed Eurymachus, while glowed the heart
Of Healer Apollo watching from on high.
As when a man descries a herd of swine
Draw nigh his ripening corn, before the sheaves
Fall neath the reapers’ hands, and harketh on
Against them his strong dogs; as down they rush,
The spoilers see and quake; no more think they
Of feasting, but they turn in panic flight
Huddling: fast follow at their heels the hounds
Biting remorselessly, while long and loud
Squealing they flee, and joys the harvest’s lord;
So rejoiced Phoebus, seeing from the war
Fleeing the mighty Argive host. No more

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἐργῇ ἀνδρῶνι μεμέλητο· πόδας δὲ εὐχοντο θεοίσιν

ὡς φέρειν· μούνοις γὰρ ἐτ’ ἐν ποιεὶν ἐπλετο νόστον ἐπιφρῆ· πάντας γὰρ ἐπίθειν ἐγχεῖ θύων

Εὐρύμαχος τε καὶ Αἰνέας, σὺν δὲ σφίν ἑταῖροι.

Ευνὰ τις Ἀργείων, ἥ κάρτει πάγχυ πεποιθῶς,

ἡ Μοῖρας ἴσοτη, λαλαμένης μιν ὄλεσσαι,

φεύγουτ’ ἐκ πολέμου δυσχέξεος ἵππων ἔρυκε

γναμφαὶ ἐπενγόμενος ποτὶ φύλοιν, ὅφρα μάχηται

ἀντία δυσμενέων· τὸν δὲ ἀβραμόνυμον Ἀγήνωρ

παρθαμένοις μυώνα κατ’ ἄλλοντα δάξειν

ἀμφίτόμω βούτληγη· βῆς δ’ ὑπόειξε συδήρου

ἀστέων οὐταμένοιο βραχίνοις· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεώρα

ῥυδίως ἦμησε· φλέβες δ’ ὑπερβλυσαν αἶμα.

ἀμφεχύθη δ’ ἵπποι κατ’ αὐχένοις· αἴγα δ’ ἀρ’

αὐτὸς

κάππεσεν ἀμφὶ νέκυσσι· λίπεν δ’ ἁρα χεῖρα κρα-

ταῖνη

στερρὸν δ’ ἐμπεφυγαῖν ἐυθράμπτοιο χαλινοῦ,

οἷς ἔτι ἱώντος ἐν’ μέγα δ’ ἐπλετο θαῦμα,

οὐνεκα δ’ ῥυτῆρος ἀπεκρεμαθ’ αἰματόεσσα

Ἀρεσὶς ἐνυσίης φόβου δὴμοις φέρουσα

φαίης κεν χατέουσαν ἔθ’ ἵππας ὑποσίας πονέσθαι.

σῆμα δέ μιν φέρεν ἵππος ἀποκταμένου ἀνακτὸς.

Αἰνέας δ’ ἐδάμασσε βαλῶν υπὲρ ἱξύα δουρὶ

Ἀθαλίδην· αἰχηλῇ δὲ παρ’ ὀμφαλὸν ἐξεπέρησεν

ἄγκατ’ ἐφελκμένη· ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐν κοινήσι ταὐτόθη

συμμάρφας χεῖρεσσιν ὀμῶς χολάδεσσιν ἀκωκὴν

δεινὰ μάλα στενάχου, γαίη δ’ ἐνέρεισεν ὄδοντας

βεβρυχὼς· ψυχή δ’ καὶ ἄλγεα κάλλιπον ἄνδρα.

Ἀργείοι δὲ βοέσσιν ἐνυκότες ἐπτοίητο,

οὐς τ’ ἀμοτον μεμαδότας ὑπὸ ξεύγυλη καὶ ἀρότρῳ

τύψῃ ὑπὸ λαπάρην ταναῖος ὑπὸ χείλεσιν ὐἱστρὸς

αἰματος ἰέμενος, τοι δ’ ἀσπετον ἀσχαλώντες

1 Zimmermann, for µόθων, of Koechly.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Cared they for deeds of men, but cried to the Gods
For swift feet, in whose feet alone was hope
To escape Eurymachus’ and Aeneas’ spears
Which lightened ever all along their rear.

But one Greek, over-trusting in his strength,
Or by Fate’s malice to destruction drawn,
Curbed in mid flight from war’s turmoil his steed,
And strove to wheel him round into the fight
To face the foe. But fierce Agenor thrust
Ere he was ware; his two-edged partizan
Shore though his shoulder; yea, the very bone
Of that gashed arm was cloven by the steel;
The tendons parted, the veins spirited blood:
Down by his horse’s neck he slid, and straight
Fell mid the dead. But still the strong arm hung
With rigid fingers locked about the reins
Like a live man’s. Weird marvel was that sight,
The bloody hand down hanging from the rein,
Scaring the foes yet more, by Ares’ will.
Thou hadst said, “It craveth still for horsemanship!”
So bare the steed that sign of his slain lord.

Aeneas hurled his spear; it found the waist
Of Anthalus’ son, it pierced the navel through,
Dragging the inwards with it. Stretched in dust,
Clutching with agonized hands at steel and bowels,
Horribly shrieked he, tore with his teeth the earth
Groaning, till life and pain forsook the man.

Scared were the Argives, like a startled team
Of oxen ’neath the yoke-band straining hard,
What time the sharp-fanged gadfly stings their flanks
Athirst for blood, and they in frenzy of pain
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἐργου ἐκάς φεύγουσιν, ἐπὶ σφίσι δ’ ἀχνυται ἀνὴρ ἀμφότερον ἐπονεώ τε πόνον, τρομέων τ’ ἐπὶ βοουσί.

μὴ δὴ που κατόπισθεν ἐπαίσσουτος ἀρότρου κέρσῃ νεῦρα σίδηρος ἀμείλυχος ἐν ποσὶ κύρσας. ὡς Δαναὸ φοβέοντο, περί σφίσι δ’ ἀχνυτο θυμὸν 215 νόος Ἀχιλῆος, μέγα δ’ ἵαχε λαὸν ἐέργων. "ἀ δειλοὶ, τί φέβεσθε, έουκτες οὐτidanοις ψήρεσιν, οὗς τ’ ἐφόβησεν ἵων κατεναντία κίρκος; ἀλλ’ ἄγε θέσθ’ ἔνι θυμόν, ἐπει πολὺ λωών ἐστί τεθνάμεν ἐν πολέμῳ ἡ ἀνάλκεια φῦξαν ἐλέσθαι." 220 "Ὡς φάτο· τοι δ’ ἐπίθοντο θρασὺν νόον ἐν φρεσὶ θέντες

ἐσυμένως· ὁ δὲ Τρωᾶς μέγα φρονέων ἐνόρουσε πάλλων ἐν χείρεσιν θοῶν ὑορυ· τῷ δ’ ἀρα λαοὶ Μυρμιδόνων ἐφέποντο βίην ἀτάλαντον ἀέλλη ἐν στέρνοισιν ἔχοντες· ἀνέπνευσαν δὲ κυδοιμοῦ 225 Ἀργεῖοι· ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ἄλφα φῖλω πατρί θυμὸν ἔθικὼς ἄλλον ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ ἐπεφυε κατὰ μόθον· οἱ δ’ ἀπίόντες χάζοντ’, ἴτε κύμαθ’. ἂ τ’ ἐκ βορείου θυέλλης πόλλ’ ἐπιπαφλάζοντα κυλίνδεται ἀγγαλοἴσιν ὀρνύμεν’ ἐκ πόντοιο, τὰ δ’ ἐκποθεν ἄλλος ἄήτης 230 ἀντίον ἄξιας μεγάλη περὶ λαίλαπτι θύων ἠση ἄτ’ ἵωνων Βορέω ἐτι βαινὸν ἀέντος· ὡς Τρῶας Δαναοῖς ἐποιχομένοις τὸ πάροιθεν νόος Ἀχιλῆος θεοείδεος ὤσεν ὀπίσσω τυτϑόν, ἐπεὶ μένος ὑ’ ἥρασύφρονος Αἴνειαο 235 φευγόμενον οὐκ εἰάσκε, μένειν δ’ ἀνὰ φύλοτιν αἰνὴν θαρσαλέως· ἐκάτερθε δ’ ἱσην ἐτάνυσεν Ἐνύφω ὑσμάνην· ἀλλ’ οὔτε καταντίον Αἴνειαο νόος Ἀχιλῆος πῆλεν δόρυ πατρὸς ἐοί, ἀλλ’ ἄλλῃ τρέπε θυμόν, ἐπεὶ Θέτις ἀγαλαόπεπλος 240 ἠζομένη Κυθέρειαν ἀπέτραπεν νῦνοιο

1 Zimmermann, ex P, for ἀμφ’ ἄρωτον of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Start from the furrow, and sore disquieted
The hind is for marred work, and for their sake,
Lest haply the recoiling ploughshare light
On their leg-sinews, and hamstring his team;
So were the Danaans scared, so feared for them
Achilles' son, and shouted thunder-voiced:
"Cravens, why flee, like starlings nothing-worth
Scared by a hawk that swoopeth down on them?
Come, play the men! Better it is by far
To die in war than choose unmanly flight!"
Then to his cry they hearkened, and straightway
Were of good heart. Mighty of mood he leapt
Upon the Trojans, swinging in his hand
The lightening spear: swept after him his host
Of Myrmidons with hearts swelled with the strength
Resistless of a tempest; so the Greeks
Won breathing-space. With fury like his sire's
One after other slew he of the foe.
Recoiling back they fell, as waves on-rolled
By Boreas foaming from the deep to the strand,
Are caught by another blast that whirlwind-like
Leaps, in a short lull of the north-wind, forth,
Smites them full-face, and hurls them back from the
shore;
So them that erewhile on the Danaans pressed
Godlike Achilles' son now backward hurled
A short space only—brave Aeneas' spirit
Let him not flee, but made him bide the fight
Fearlessly; and Enyo level held
The battle's scales. Yet not against Aeneas
Achilles' son upraised his father's spear,
But elsewhither turned his fury: in reverence
For Aphrodite, Thetis splendour-veiled
Turned from that man her mighty son's son's rage
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

θυμῶν καὶ μέγα κάρτος ἐπ’ ἄλλων ἔθνεα λαῶν.
ἐνθ’ ὁ μὲν ἀρ’ Τρώων πολέας κτάνειν, ὡς ὁ ἀρ’
‘Αχαίων

dámnato μυρία φύλα· δαίκταιμένων δ’ ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
οἰωνοὶ κεχάροντο μεμάοτες ἐγκατα φωτῶν
δαρδάγαι καὶ σάρκας· ἐπεστενάχοντο δὲ Νύμφαι 245
καλλιρόου Σιμώοντος ἰδ’ Ξάνθοιο θύγατρες.

Καὶ ρ’ οἱ μὲν πονεόντο· κόμνι δ’ ἀκάμαντες ἀήταί
ἀρσαν ἀπευρεσίην· ἥχυσε δὲ πᾶσαν ὑπερθέν
ἡρ’ θεσπεσίην, ὡς τ’ ἀπροτίστοπτος ὀμίχλῃ,
οὐδ’ ἄρα φαίνετο γαῖα, βροτὼν δ’ ἀμάθυνεν ὅπωπάς· 250
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς μάρναντο· καὶ ἐς χέρας ὄντι
ἐλοντο κτεῖνον ἀνθλεγέως, καὶ εἰ μάλα φίλτατος ἦν
οὗ γὰρ ἥν φροσσασθαί ανὰ κλόνου οὔτ’ ἐπιδόντα
δήμον οὔτ’ ἄρ’ ἕταρν’ ἀμφιχάνη δ’ ἔχε λαοῦς.

καὶ νῦ κε μίγδ’ ἐγένοντο καὶ ἀργαλέως ἀπόλντο 255
πάντες ὁμῶς ὅλοιοι περὶ ἐσφέσσι πεσόντες
ιλλῆλων, εἰ μὴ σφίν ἀπ’ Οὐλύμπωι Κρονίων
ἔρκεσε τειρομένοις, κόμὼ δ’ ἀπάτερθεν ἔλασσεν
ὑσμῆς, ὅλοις δ’ κατεπρήνευν ἁέλλας.

οἱ δ’ ἔτι δηριώντο· τόνως δ’ ἄρα τοῖς ἐτύχθη
πολλάν ἔλαφρότερος· δέρκοντο γὰρ εἰτε δαίξαι
χριῶν δήμον ἄνδρα κατὰ κλόνου, εἰτ’ ἀλέσθαι.
καὶ ρ’ ὅτε μὲν Δαναοὶ Τρώων ἀνέληφον ὄμιλον
ἄλλοτε δ’ αὐτὶ Τρώες Δαναῶν στίχας· ἐπλετο δ’
αἰνὴ

ὑσμῆς· νυφάδεσσί δ’ έοικότα πίπτε βέλεμνα
ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἱόντα· δέος δ’ ἔχε μηλοβοτήρας
ἐκποθὲν Ἰδαίων ὥρεων ὅρωντας αὐτῆς.
καὶ τὸς ἐς αἰθέρα χεῖρας ἐπουρανίουσιν ἀείρουν
εὔχετο, δυσμενέας μὲν ύπ’ Αρεὶ πάντας ὀλέσθαι,
Τρώας δὲ στοινεντος ἀναπνεῦσαι πολέμου,
ἡμαρ δ’ εἰσὶδειν ποτ’ ἐλεύθερον· ἀλλὰ οἱ οὖτι

1 Supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

And giant strength on other hosts of foes.
There slew he many a Trojan, while the ranks
Of Greeks were ravaged by Æneas' hand.
Over the battle-slain the vultures joyed,
Hungry to rend the hearts and flesh of men.
But all the Nymphs were wailing, daughters born
Of Xanthus and fair-flowing Simoïs.

So toiled they in the fight: the wind's breath
rolled
Huge dust-clouds up; the illimitable air
Was one thick haze, as with a sudden mist:
Earth disappeared, faces were blotted out;
Yet still they fought on; each man, whomso he met,
Ruthlessly slew him, though his very friend
It might be—in that turmoil none could tell
Who met him, friend or foe: blind wilderment
Enmeshed the hosts. And now had all been blent
Confusedly, had perished miserably,
All falling by their fellows' murderous swords,
Had not Cronion from Olympus helped
Their sore strait, and he swept aside the dust
Of conflict, and he calmed those deadly winds.
Yet still the hosts fought on; but lighter far
Their battle-travail was, who now discerned
Whom in the fray to smite, and whom to spare.
The Danaans now forced back the Trojan host,
The Trojans now the Danaan ranks, as swayed
The dread fight to and fro. From either side
Darts leapt and fell like snowflakes. Far away
Shepherds from Ida trembling watched the strife,
And to the Heaven-abiders lifted hands
Of supplication, praying that all their foes
Might perish, and that from the woeful war
Troy might win breathing-space, and see at last
The day of freedom: the Gods hearkened not.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἐκλυον. Ἀλσα γὰρ ἄλλα πολύστονος ὁμαίνεσκεν ἀξετό δ' οὔτε Ζήνα πελώριον, οὔτε τίν' ἄλλων ἄθανάτων· οὐ γὰρ τι μετατρέπεται νόος αἰνός κείνης, οὔτινα πότιμον ἐπ' ἀνδράσι γενομένοις, 275 ἀνδράσιν ἢ πολίεσσιν ἑπικλώσσηται ἀφύκτω νῆματι· τῇ δ' ὑπὸ πάντα τὰ μὲν φθινύθει, τὰ δ' ἀέξει·

τῆς καὶ ὑπ' ἐννεσίσι πόνος καὶ δήρις ὅρῳρει ἱπτομάχοις Τρώεσσι καὶ ἀγχεμάχοισιν 'Αχαίοις. τεύχων δ' ἀλλήλοις φόνον καὶ ἀνήλεα πότιμον 280 νωλεμέως· οὐ γὰρ τίν' ἐχειν δέος, ἀλλ' ἐμάχηντο προφρονέως· θάρσος γὰρ ἐφελκεται ἀνδρας ἐς αἰχμήν.

'Αλλ' οτε δ' ἴη πολλοὶ μὲν ἀπέφθιεν ἐν κοινής, δὴ τὸτ' ἄρ' 'Αργειοίσιν ὑπέρτερον ὄρνυτο κάρτος Παλλάδος ἐννεσίσι δαήρονος, ἢ ὅ μολοῦσα 285 ύσμίνης ἀγχιστα μέγ' 'Αργειοίσιν ἄμμιεν ἐκπέρσει μεμανία κλυτὴν Πριάμου πόληα. καὶ τὸτ' ἄρ' Αἰνειαν ἐρυκυδέα δι' Ἀφροδίτη, ἢ ὅ μέγα στενάχιζεν 'Αλεξάνδρου δαμέντος, αὐτὴ ἀπὸ πτολέμου καὶ οὐλομένης ύσμίνης 290 ἠρπασεν ἐσσυμένως· περὶ δ' ἢέρα χευατο πουλίν' οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἀισμον ἤεν ἀνὰ μόθον ἀνέρι κεῖνῳ μάρμασθ' 'Αργειοίσι πρὸ τείχεος αἴπεινοῖ. τῷ καὶ ἄδην ἀλέεινε περίφρονα Τριτογένειαν ἐκ θυμοῦ Δαναοίσιν ἀργηγέμεναι μεμανίαν, 295 μὴ καὶ ὑπὲρ κηρᾶς μιν ἔληθεός· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτοῦ φείσατο πρόσθεν Ἀργης, ὃ περ πολλ' φέρτερος ἤεν.

Τρώες δ' οὐκετ' ἐμμυνον ἀνὰ στόμα διηνότητος, ἀλλ' ὀπίσω χάζοντο τεθητότα θυμον ἔχοντες· ἐν γὰρ σφιν θῆρεστιν ἐνεκάτοις ἀμοβόροιςιν ἐνθορον 'Αργείοι μέγα μαμάωντες Ἀρη. τῶν δ' ἄρα δαμναμένων ποταμοὶ πλήθουστο νέκυσοι καὶ πεδίου· πολλοὶ γὰρ ἄδην πέσον ἐν κοινήςιν

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Far other issues Fate devised, nor recked
Of Zeus the Almighty, nor of none beside
Of the Immortals. Her unpitying soul
Cares naught what doom she spinneth with her thread
Inevitable, be it for men new-born
Or cities: all things wax and wane through her.
So by her hest the battle-travail swelled
'Twixt Trojan chariot-lords and Greeks that closed
In grapple of fight—they dealt each other death
Ruthlessly: no man quailed, but stout of heart
Fought on; for courage thrusts men into war.

But now when many had perished in the dust,
Then did the Argive might prevail at last
By stern decree of Pallas; for she came
Into the heart of battle, hot to help
The Greeks to lay waste Priam's glorious town.

Then Aphrodite, who lamented sore
For Paris slain, snatched suddenly away
Renowned Aeneas from the deadly strife,
And poured thick mist about him. Fate forbade
That hero any longer to contend
With Argive foes without the high-built wall.
Yea, and his mother sorely feared the wrath
Of Pallas passing-wise, whose heart was keen
To help the Danaans now—yea, feared lest she
Might slay him even beyond his doom, who spared
Not Ares' self, a mightier far than he.

No more the Trojans now abide the edge
Of fight, but all disheartened backward drew.
For like fierce ravening beasts the Argive men
Leapt on them, mad with murderous rage of war.
Choked with their slain the river-channels were,
Heaped was the field; in red dust thousands fell,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀνέρες ἢδ’ Ἰπποί. μάλα δ’ ἄρματα πολλὰ κέχυντο
βαλλομένων. πάντη δ’ ἀπερέσσιον ἔρρεεν αἰμα
ὔετος ὡς: ἀλώη γὰρ ἐπῆεν Ἀίσα κυδομῖν.

Καὶ ρ’ οἱ μὲν ἐξεφέσσοι πεπαρμένοι ἦ μελίσσι
κεῖντο παρ’ ἀλλήλοισιν ἀλγκιοῦ ἐκχυμένοισιν
dούρασιν, εὑρ’ ἐπὶ θινὶ βαρυγόυποιονθαλάσσης
ἀνέρες ἀσπετα δεσμὰ πολυκμήτων ἀπὸ γόμφων

λυσάμενοι σκεδάσωσι διὰ ἔύλα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλην

ηλιβάτου σχεδία, πάντη δ’ ἀναπλήθεται εὐρὺς
ἀγμαλός, πολίοι δὲ μέλαν ποτικλύζεται οίδμα-

δές οἱ γ’ ἐν κοινίσι καὶ αἰματες δημηθέντες
κεῖντο πολυκλαύτοιο λελασμένοι ἵωχμοί.

Παῦροι δὲ προφυγόντες ἀημέα δησιτήτα
dύσαν ἀνὰ πτολεθρον ἀλευμένου βαρὺ πήμα-

τὸν δ’ ἄλοχοι καὶ παίδες ἀπὸ χρόος αἰματόεντως

τεύχεα πάντα δέχοντο κακὺ πεφορυγμένα λύθρω.

πᾶσι δὲ θερμὰ λοετρὰ τετεύχατο: πᾶν δ’ ἀνὰ

ἀστυ

ἐσσυντ’ ἱητήρες ἐς οὐταμένων αἰζηῶν

οἰκία ποινύνοντες, ἵν’ οὐταμένους ἀκέσσωνται.

τοὺς δ’ ἄλοχοι καὶ τέκνα περιστενάχοντο μολόν-

τας
ek πολέμου πολλοὺς δὲ καὶ οὐ παρεύτας ἀὔ-

τενώ

καὶ ρ’ οἱ μὲν στυγερῆ βεβολημένοι ἦτορ ἀνὴ.

κεῖντο βαρυστενάχοντες ἐπ’ ἀλγεσίων οἱ δ’ ἐπὶ

δόρπον

ἐκ καμάτῳ τρόποντο: θοι’ δ’ ἐπαύτεον ῤπποι

φορβή ἐπιχρεμένοντες ἄδην’ ἐτέρωθι δ’ Ἁγάθι

πάρ κλείσις νήσος θ’ ὀμολα Τρωσὶ πένοντο.

’Ημος δ’ ἀκεανὸ ροῦς ὑπερήλασεν’ Ἡῶς

ἴππους μαρμαίροντας, ἀνέγρετο δ’ ἔθυε φωτῶν,

δὴ τοτ’ ἀρήοι ὑλες εὔσθενεον Ἀργεῖων,

οἱ μὲν ἔβαν Πριάμωι ποτὶ πτόλευν αἰπῆσαν,
Horses and men; and chariots overturned
Were strewn there: blood was streaming all around
Like rain, for deadly Doom raged through the fray.
Men stabbed with swords, and men impaled on spears
Lay all confusedly, like scattered beams,
When on the strand of the low-thundering sea
Men from great girders of a tall ship’s hull
Strike out the bolts and clamps, and scatter wide
Long planks and timbers, till the whole broad beach
Is paved with beams o’erploshed by darkling surge;
So lay in dust and blood those slaughtered men,
Rapture and pain of fight forgotten now.
A remnant from the pitiless strife escaped—Entered their stronghold, scarce eluding doom.
Children and wives from their limbs blood-besprent
Received their arms bedabbled with foul gore;
And baths for all were heated. Leeches ran
Through all the town in hot haste to the homes
Of wounded men to minister to their hurts.
Here wives and daughters moaned round men come
back
From war, there cried on many who came not.
Here, men stung to the soul by bitter pangs
Groaned upon beds of pain; there, toil-spent men
Turned them to supper. Whinnied the swift steeds
And neighed o’er mangers heaped. By tent and ship
Far off the Greeks did even as they of Troy.
When o’er the streams of Ocean Dawn drove up
Her splendour-flashing steeds, and earth’s tribes waked,
Then the strong Argives’ battle-eager sons
Marched against Priam’s city lofty-towered,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οἱ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐνὶ κλαίσιησιν ἀμ’ ἀναράσιν οὕταμένοις μέμνον, μή ποτε λαὸς ἐπιβρίσας ἀλεγεινός νῆας ἔλη Τρώεσσι φέρων χάριν. οἱ δ’ ἀπὸ πύργων μάρνας Ἀργείοισι’ μόθος δ’ ἀλεγεινός ὄρφεε.

Σκαίης μὲν προπάροισθε πύλης Καπανῆς οὐδ’ ἀμβραθ’ ἀμ’ ἀντιθέω Διομήδεῖ: τοὺς δ’ ἄρ’ ὑπερθε Δήθφοβος τοῖς μενεπτόλημοι κρατερὸς τε Πολίτης σὺν τ’ ἄλλοις ἑτάροισιν ἐρημεύσκοις ὀὐστοῖς ἥδ’ ἀρα χερμαδίοισι’ περικυτπέντο τὸ φωτὸν βαλλόμεναι κόρυθες τε καὶ ἁστίδες, α’ τ’ ἀλεγεινὸν αἰξηνὸν ὄνυντο μόρον καὶ ἀμελίχου ἀίταν.

Ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ Ἑδαίησιν ἐριδμαίνεσκε πῦλησιν μίδ’ Ἀχιλλῆς: πονέοντο δὲ οἱ πέρι πάντες Μυρμιδόνες κρατερὸι δαύμονες ἰσχυμοί. τοὺς δ’ ἀπὸ τεῖχους ἐργάντες ἀπειρεοῦσι βελέσσαι θαρασαλέως Ἀθηνάς τε καὶ ὄβριμόθυμος Ἀγήνωρ, Τρῶας ἐποτρύνοντες ἀνὰ μόθον οἱ δὲ καὶ ἄυτον προφρονέως μάρναντο φίλης περὶ τεῖχος πάτησι.

Εἰς πεδίων δὲ πῦλησι καὶ ὠκυτόρους ἐπὶ νῆας νυσσομένης Ὀδυσσεῖς τε καὶ Εὐρυπύλος πονέοντο νωλεμέως: τοὺς δ’ ήδ’ ἂφ’ ἔρκεος ὕψηλοι Αἰνείας λάεσσι μέγα φρονεῖαι ἀπέρυκε.

Πρὸς δὲ ρόου Σωμόεντος ἔχειν πόνον ἀληοῦντα Τεῦκρος εὐμμελῆς: ἁλλή δ’ ἔχειν ἀλλος οἴζουν.

Καὶ τότ’ ἄρ’ ἄμφὶ Ὀδυσσῆα δαίφρων κύδιμοι ἀνδρεῖ

κείνου τεχνήντι νῷο ποτὶ μῶλον Ἀρηὸς ἀστίδας ἐντύνατο, βάλον δ’ ἐφύπερθε καρήνων θέντες ἐπ’ ἀλλήλησι: μὴ δ’ ἀπαν ἠμοσεν ἀρμήν, φαίης κεν μεγάρῳ κατηρεθεὶς ἐμμεναι ἔρκος πυκνόν, δ’ τ’ οὐτ’ ἀνέμουι διερχεται ὕγρων ἀνέντος ῥιπῆ ἀπειρεσίη ὀυτ’ ἐκ Δίὸς ἀσπετος ὄμβρος τοῖς ἄρ’, Ἀργείων πεπυκασμέναι ἄμφὶ βοείαις καρτύναντο φάλαγγες: ἔχουν δ’ ἔναι θυμὸν ἐς ἄλκης.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Save some that mid the tents by wounded men
Tarried, lest haply raiders on the ships
Might fall, to help the Trojans, while these fought
The foe from towers, while rose the flame of war.

Before the Scaean gate fought Capaneus' son
And godlike Diomede. High above
Deiphobus battle-staunch and strong Polites
With many comrades, stoutly held them back
With arrows and huge stones. Clanged evermore
The smitten helms and shields that fenced strong men

From bitter doom and unrelenting fate,

Before the Gate Idaean Achilles' son
Set in array the fight: around him toiled
His host of battle-cunning Myrmidons.
Helenus and Agenor gallant-souled,
Down-hailing darts, against them held the wall,
Aye cheering on their men. No spurring these
Needed to fight hard for their country's walls.

Odysseus and Eurypylus made assault
Unresting on the gates that faced the plain
And looked to the swift ships. From wall and tower

With huge stones brave Aeneas made defence.

In battle-stress by Simöis Teucer toiled.
Each endured hardness at his several post.
Then round war-wise Odysseus men renowned,
By that great captain's battle cunning ruled,
Locked shields together, raised them o'er their heads

Ranged side by side, that many were made one.
Thou hadst said it was a great hall's solid roof,
Which no tempestuous wind-blast misty wet
Can pierce, nor rain from heaven in torrents poured.
So fenced about with shields firm stood the ranks
Of Argives, one in heart for fight, and one
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ei's en árthenen: kathúperthe de Térhoi ùles bállon xeramadísas: tā de' òs stufenálh ùpò pêtrh

γαίαν ἐπὶ τραφερὴν ἐκυλίνδετο: πολλὰ δὲ δοῦρα καὶ βέλεα στοινέκατα καὶ ἀλυμώνεται ἀκοντες πήγουντ' ἐν σακέσσαι, τὰ δὲ ἐν χβονί, πολλὰ δ' ἀπωθεν

μαζοδίως δορέουτο παραγυμφθέντα βελέμνως1 πάντοθε βαλλομένων: οἱ δὲ κτύπων οὕτω φέβοντα ἀσπετων, οὐδ' ὑπόεικον, ἀτε ξεκάδων ἀοιντες δούπον: ἀνω δ' ὑπὸ τεῖχος ὠμῶς ἵσαν' οὐδὲ τὶς αὐτῶν

νόσφων ἀφειστήκειν: συναρπάμενοι δ' ἐφέντον, ὦς νέφος ἱροῦν, τὸ ρά που περὶ χείματι μέσαφ αἰθέρως ἐξ ὑπάτοιο μακρὸν διέτεινε Κρονίων.

πολύνς δ' ἀμφί φάλαγγι βρόμος, καναχῆ θ' ὑπὸ ποσι

νισσομένων ἔτετυκτο: κοιν' δ' ἀπάτερθεν ἁῆται ὀρυμείην μάλα τυτθον ὑπὲρ δαπέδου φέρεσκον αἰξηῶν μετόπισθεν: περίαχε δ' ἀκρίτων αὐδή' ὁδὸν ὑπὸ σμήνεσι περιβρομέουσιν μέλισσαι: ἀσθμα δ' ἀνήρ πολυλ' χυδήν, περίχεεν δ' ἀυτὴν λαοῦ ἀποπνεὼντος: ἀπειρέσιον δ' ἀρα θυμῷ Ἀτρείδαι κεχάροντο περὶ σφίσι κυδιώντες δερκόμενοι πολέμω θυσιάκες ἀτρομον ἄρκος: ὁρμηναι δὲ πύλησι θευγένεος Πράμουοι ἄθροοι ἐγχριμφθέντες ὑπ' ἀμφιτόμοις πελέκεσσαι ῥήξαι τείχεα μακρά, πύλας δ' εἰς οὖδας ἐρείσαι θαυρῶν εξερύσσαντες: ἔχεν δ' ἀρα μῆτις ὑγανή ἐλπώρην: ἀλλ' οὗ σφιν ἐπήρκεσαν οὔτε βοείαι οὔτε θοι θουλβήγες, ἐπεὶ μένος Λινείαο ὄβρυμον ἀμφοτέρου ἐπαρηγότα κείρεσι λᾶν ἐμμεμαίως ἐφένεκε, δάμασσε δὲ τλήμονι πότμῳ

1 Zimmermann, for περιγραμφθέντα βῆλεμνα of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

In that array close-welded. From above
The Trojans hailed great stones; as from a rock
Rolled these to earth. Full many a spear and dart
And galling javelin in the pierced shields stood;
Some in the earth stood; many glanced away
With bent points falling baffled from the shields
Battered on all sides. But that clangorous din
None feared; none flinched; as pattering drops of rain
They heard it. Up to the rampart’s foot they marched:
None hung back; shoulder to shoulder on they came
Like a long lurid cloud that o’er the sky
Cronion trails in wild midwinter-tide.
On that battalion moved, with thunderous tread
Of trampling feet: a little above the earth
Rose up the dust; the breeze swept it aside
Drifting away behind the men. There went
A sound confused of voices with them, like
The hum of bees that murmur round the hives,
And multitudinous panting, and the gasp
Of men hard-breathing. Exceeding glad the sons
Of Atreus, glorying in them, saw that wall
Unwavering of doom-denouncing war.
In one dense mass against the city-gate
They hurled themselves, with twibills strove to breach
The long walls, from their hinges to upheave
The gates, and dash to earth. The pulse of hope
Beat strong in those proud hearts. But naught availed
Targes nor levers, when Aeneas’ might
Swung in his hands a stone like a thunderbolt,
Hurled it with uttermost strength, and dashed to death.
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

ἀνέρας, οὖς κατέμαρψεν ἐν ἁσπίσιν, εὐτέρεσσι φερβομένας ὑπὸ πρώνα βίη κρημνοῦ ραγέντος ἀγας, ὑποτρομέουσι δ' ὅσαι σχεδὸν ἁμφινέμονται· ὡς Δαναοὶ θάμβησαν· ὁ δ' εἰσέτε λᾶς ὑπέρθεν βάλλει ἐπασσυτέρους, κλονέουτο δὲ πάγχυ φάλαγγες· ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρεσὶ πρώνας 'Ολύμπιος οὐρανόθι Ἴθης· ἀμφὶ μὴ κορυφῇ συναρποῖτας ἄλλως ἄλλον ῥήξῃ ὑπὸ βροτήσει καὶ αἰθαλόειτι κεραυνῷ, ἀμφὶ δὲ μῆλα τρέμοντε καὶ ἄλλως ἄλλα φέβονται·

δ' ὃς ἀρ' Ἀχαῖων πλὲς ὑπέτρεσαν, οὖνεκ' ἀρ' αὐτῶν 405 Αἴνειας συνέχεισε ὅρας ἔρμα πτολέμοιο ἁσπίσιν ἀκαμάτησε τευγμένον, οὖνεκ' ἀρ' αὐτῷ κάρτος ἀπειρέσιον θεὸς ὤσαντο οὐδὲ τις αὐτῶν ἔσθενε οἱ κατὰ δήμῳ ἐναντίον ὅσοι βαλέσθαι, οὖνεκά οἱ μάρμαρε περὶ βραροὶς μελέεσοι τεύχεα θεσπεσίσθησιν ἐειδόμενα στροπήσιν· εἰστήκει δὲ οἱ ἄγχι δέμας κεκαλυμμένος ὁρφυς δεινὸς Ἀργης, καὶ πάντα καταθύνεσθε βέλεσθα ἢ μόρον ἢ δεος αἰνὸν ἐπ' Ἀργείοις φέροντα· μάρματο δ' ὧς ὅποτ' αὐτὸς Ὁλύμπιος οὐρανόθι

Σεβέης

ἀσχαλῶν ἐδάεσθεν ὑπέρβια φύλα Γιγάντων σμερδαλέων, καὶ γαῖαν ἀπειρεσίην ἐνάξε τῇ ὑπ' Ὀκεανόν τε καὶ οὐρανόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντη γυν' ἔλειξε· Ἀτλαντῶς ὑπ' ἀκαμάτου Διὸς ὀρμῆς· διὸ ἀρ' ὑπ' Αἴνειαο κατηρείπουτο φάλαγγες· Ἀργείων ἀνὰ δήμῳ· ὃ γὰρ περὶ τεῖχος ἀπάντη ἐσώπτο δυσμενεύσει χολούμενος, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρὸν πᾶν, ὁ τί οἱ παρέκυψεν ἐπευγομένῳ ποτὶ μῶλον,

1 Zimmermann, for μηλούμωι τε καὶ ἄλλο δῆλα πάντα φ. of v. 480
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

All whom it caught beneath the shields, as when
A mountain’s precipice-edge breaks off and falls
On pasturing goats, and all that graze thereby
Tremble; so were those Danaans dazed with dread.
Stone after stone he hurled on the reeling ranks,
As when amid the hills Olympian Zeus
With thunderbolts and blazing lightnings rends
From their foundations crags that rim a peak,
And this way, that way, sends them hurtling down;
Then the flocks tremble, scattering in wild flight;
So quailed the Achaeans, when Aeneas dashed
To sudden fragments all that battle-wall
Moulded of adamant shields, because a God
Gave more than human strength. No man of them
Could lift his eyes unto him in that fight,
Because the arms that lapped his sinewy limbs
Flashed like the heaven-born lightnings. At his side
Stood, all his form divine in darkness cloaked,
Ares the terrible, and winged the flight
Of what bare down to the Argives doom or dread.
He fought as when Olympian Zeus himself
From heaven in wrath smote down the insolent bands
Of giants grim, and shook the boundless earth,
And sea, and ocean, and the heavens, when reeled
The knees of Atlas neath the rush of Zeus.
So crumbled down beneath Aeneas’ bolts
The Argive squadrons. All along the wall
Wroth with the foeman rushed he: from his hands
Whatso he lighted on in onslaught-haste

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Τρόμες καρτύναντο· κακή δ’ ἔχε πάντας οἰκύς ἄμφι τόλιν· πολλοὶ δὲ κατέκταθεν ἦμεν Ἀχαίοις ἢδ’ ἄρα καὶ Τρώων μέγα δ’ ἴαχον ἀμφοτέρωθεν. Ἀλευδής μὲν Ἰτανθείς μιλοπολέμουσι κελεύων μάρναθ’ ἄμφι τόλης ἐς ἄλοχων τε καὶ αὐτῶν προφρονέως· νίδς δὲ μενεπτολέμου Ἀχιλῆς Ἀργείων ἐκέλευε παρὰ κλυτὰ τείχεα Τροίης μίμειν, ἄχρι τόλης πυρὶ πρόσαντες ἔλωσι. τοὺς δ’ ἄμφω στονόσσα καὶ ἄσπετος ἀμπεχ’ αὐτῇ μαρμάμενοι πρόπαιν ἦμαρ ἀνὰ κλόνων· οὐδε τις ἦν ἀμπνευσις πολέμοιο λιλαιομένων ἀνὰ θυμὸν τῶν μὲν ἑλείν πτολείθρον ὑπ’ Ἀρεί, τῶν δὲ σαίδοσαι.

Ἀλκιμέδων ἐρίθυμος, ἢφι πίσυνος βασιλῆς κάρτει τε σφετέρῳ καὶ θαρσαλῇ νεότητι ἐμμεμαῖς πολέμωι θοοῖς ἐπεβήσατο ποσσὶ ἀλμακος, ὀφρα κελευθὸν ἐπὶ πτόλιν ἀνδράσι θείῃ λευγαλῆν· σφετέρου δὲ καρήτας ἐμμεναι ἀλκαρ

1 Zimmermann, for τῶν τεκτῶν of v.
Hurled he; for many a battle-staying bolt
Lay on the walls of those staunch Dardan men.
With such Aeneas stormed in giant might,
With such drave back the thronging foes. All round
The Trojans played the men. Sore travail and pain
Had all folk round the city: many fell,
Argives and Trojans. Rang the battle-cries:
Aeneas cheered the war-fain Trojans on
To fight for home, for wives, and their own souls
With a good heart: war-staunch Achilles' son
Shouted: "Flinch not, ye Argives, from the walls,
Till Troy be taken, and sink down in flames!"
And round these twain an awful measureless roar
Rang, daylong as they fought: no breathing-space
Came from the war to them whose spirits burned,
These, to smite Ilium, those, to guard her safe.

But from Aeneas valiant-souled afar
Fought Aiias, speeding midst the men of Troy
Winged death; for now his arrow straight through
air
Flew, now his deadly dart, and smote them down
One after one: yet others cowered away
Before his peerless prowess, and abode
The fight no more, but fenceless left the wall.

Then one, of all the Locrians mightiest,
Fierce-souled Alcimedon, trusting in his prince
And his own might and valour of his youth,
All battle-eager on a ladder set
Swift feet, to pave for friends a death-strewn path
Into the town. Above his head he raised
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀσπίδα θείς καθίπερθεν ἀνήμε λυγρὰ κέλευθα
ἀτρωμον ἐνθέμενος κραδίη νόσου· ἐν δ’ ἄρα χειρὶ
ἐλλοτε μὲν δόρυ πάλλεν ἀμείλιχον, ἐλλοτε δ’ αὐτὲ 455
ἐρπεν ἃνω· τὸν δ’ ἀίγα δηιερήι φέρεν οἴμοι.
καὶ νῦ κε δὴ Τρώεσσιν ἄχος γένετ’, εἰ μὴ ἄρ’ αὐτῷ
ἡδη ὑπερκύπτοντι καὶ εἰσορόωντι πόληα
ὑστάτιον καὶ πρῶτον ἀφ’ ἔρκεος ἠψηλῶο
Αἰνείας ἐπόρουσεν, ἐπει τά μιν οὐ λάθεν ὀρμή
οὐδ’ ἀπάφερθεν ἐόντα· βάλεν δὲ μιν εὐρεῖ πέτρῳ
καὶ κεφαλής· μεγάλη δὲ βίη κρατερόφρονος ἄνδρος
κίμακα οἱ συνέσεις· ὁ δ’ ὑψόθεν ἡτ’ ὤϊτος
ἐσσυτ’ ἀπὸ νεῦρής· ὀλόδες δὲ οἱ ἐσπετο πότμος
ἀμφελεξεμένω· στονεις δὲ οἱ ἥερι θυμὸς
ἀγά μίγη, πρὶν γαίαν ἐπὶ στυφελὴν ἀφικέσθαι.
ἡρπε δ’ ἐν θώρηκι κατὰ χθονός, οὐνεκ’ ἅρ’ αὐτοῦ
νόσφιν ὑπεπλάγχθη βριαρὸν δόρυν καὶ σάκος εὐρύ
καὶ κρατερῆ τριφάλεια· περιστονάχθησε δὲ Δοκράνων
λαός, ὅτ’ ἐδρακον ἄνδρα κακὴ δεδιμέμενον ἄτη·
δὴ γάρ οἱ λασίου καρῆτος ἀλλυδὶς ἀλλή
ἐγκέφαλος πεπάλακτο· συνηλοίηςτο δὲ πάντα
ὕστατε καὶ θοὰ γυία λυγρῷ πεπαλαγμένα λύθρω.
Καὶ τότε δὴ Πολιαντὸς ἐὔς πάϊς ἀντιθεοῖς,
ὡς ἰδὲν Αἰνείαν περὶ τείχεα μαμώωντα
θηρὶ βιήν ἀτάλαντον, ἀφαρ προῆκεν διότοι
ἰθύνων ἐς φῶτα περικλυτόν· οὐδ’ ἀφάμαρτεν
ἀνέρος, ἀλλὰ οἱ οὐτὶ δι’ ἀσπίδος ἀκαμάτου
ἐς χρόα καλὸν ἱκανεν, ἀπέτραπε γὰρ Κυθέρεια
καὶ σάκος, ἀλλ’ ἄρα τυτοῦν ἐπέγραφε δέρμα θειῆς.
οὐδ’ ἄρα μαγιδίως χαμάδις πέσεν, ἀλλὰ Μέδοντα
μεσθηγις σάκεός τε καὶ ἰπποκόμου τριφάλεις
τύφεν· δ’ ἐκ πύργου κατήρπεν, εὕτ’ ἀπὸ πέτρῃς
ἄγριον αἰγὰ βάλησιν ἄνηρ στονεοντι βελέμνῳ.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

The screening shield; up that dread path he went
Hardening his heart from trembling, in his hand
Now shook the threatening spear, now upward
climbed:
Fast high in air he trod the perilous way.
Now on the Trojans had disaster come,
But, even as above the parapet
His head rose, and for the first time and the last
From her high rampart he looked down on Troy,
Aeneas, who had marked, albeit afar,
That bold assault, rushed on him, dashed on his head
So huge a stone that the hero's mighty strength
Shattered the ladder. Down from on high he rushed
As arrow from the string: death followed him
As whirling round he fell; with air was blent
His lost life, ere he crashed to the stony ground.
Strong spear, broad shield, in mid fall flew from his
hands,
And from his head the helm: his corslet came
Alone with him to earth. The Locrian men
Groaned, seeing their champion quelled by evil doom;
For all his hair and all the stones around
Were brain-bespattered: all his bones were crushed,
And his once active limbs besprent with gore.

Then godlike Poæas' war-triumphant son
Marked where Aeneas stormed along the wall
In lion-like strength, and straightway shot a shaft
Aimed at that glorious hero, neither missed
The man: yet not through his unyielding targe
To the fair flesh it won, being turned aside
By Cytherea and the shield, but grazed
The buckler lightly: yet not all in vain
Fell earthward, but between the targe and helm
Smote Medon: from the tower he fell, as falls
A wild goat from a crag, the hunter's shaft
Deep in its heart: so nerveless-flung he fell,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δος ο πεσών τετάνυστο· λίπεν δε μν ἱερὸς αἰών. 485
Αἶνείας δ' ἐτάρτοιο χολωσάμενοι βάλε πέτρην,
καὶ ἔνα Φιλοκτήταο κατέκτανεν ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον
Τοξαίχμην· θλάσσεν δὲ κάρη, συνέαξε δὲ πάντα
ὁστέα σὺν πήληκτι· λύθη δὲ οἱ ἄγλαδν ἦτορ.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὰν ἀὑσε πάις Ποίαντος ἄγανον· 490
"Αἶνεία, νῦν ἑσθλᾶς ἐν φρεσὶ σήσων ἄριστος
ἐμμεναῖ ἐκ πύργῳ πονεύμενος, ἐνθα γυναίκες
δυσμενεύσι μάχονται ἀνάλκιδες· εἰ δὲ τις ἐσσί,
ἐρχεστείχος ἑκτὸς ἐν ἐντεσιν, ὃφρα δαείς.
Ποίαντος θρασύν νῦν καὶ ἐγχεστι καὶ βελέεσσων." 495
"Ὡς ἄρ' ἐφη· τὸν δ' οὕτι θρασὺς πάις Ἀγχίσαο
καίπερ ἐελδόμενοι προσεφώνενεν, οὐνεκ' ὀρῷει
δήρις ὄιζυρη περὶ τείχεα μακρὰ καὶ ἀστυ
νωλεμέως· οὐ γὰρ τι κακοῦ παῦντο μόθῳ·
οὐδὲ σφίν μᾶλα δηρὸν ὑπ' Ἀρεῖ τειρομένοισιν
ἔσκε λύσις καμάτοιο· πόνος δ' ἀπρηκτος ὀρῷει. 500
And fled away from him the precious life.
Wroth for his friend, a stone Aeneas hurled,
And Philoctetes' stalwart comrade slew,
Toxaechmes; for he shattered his head and crushed
Helmet and skull-bones; and his noble heart
Was stilled. Loud shouted princely Poeas' son:
"Aeneas, thou, forsooth, dost deem thyself
A mighty champion, fighting from a tower
Whence craven women war with foes! Now if
Thou be a man, come forth without the wall
In battle-harness, and so learn to know
In spear-craft and in bow-craft Poeas' son!"

So cried he; but Anchises' valiant seed,
How fain soe'er, naught answered, for the stress
Of desperate conflict round that wall and burg
Ceaselessly raging: pause from fight was none:
Yea, for long time no respite had there been
For the war-weary from that endless toil.
ΔΟΓΟΣ ΔΩΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ.

'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ μᾶλα πολλὰ κάμον περὶ τείχεα Τροίης
αἰχμηταὶ Δαναοὶ, πολέμου δ’ οὐ γίνετο τέκμωρ,
δὴ τὸτ’ ἀριστῆων ἄγνωριν ποιήσατο Κάλχας
εὐ εἰδὼς ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὑπ’ ἐννεοῖς. Ἐκάκοιο
πτήσιας οἰωνῶν ἦδ’ ἀστέρας ἄλλα τε πάντα
σήμαθ’, δό αὐθρώπουσι Θεῶν ἱότητι πέλονται,
καὶ σφιν ἄγειρομένοισιν ἔπως ποτὶ τοῖον ἔειπε·
"μηκέτι πάρ τείχεσσιν ἐφεξῆμενοι πονέσθε,
ἀλλ’ ἀλλην τινὰ μῆτιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μητιάσθε
καὶ δόλον, δς λαοῦσι καὶ ἡμῖν ἔσσετ’ ὅνειρα·
ἡ γὰρ ἐγὼν χθιζὸν ἐσέδρακον ἐνθάδε σήμα·
ἦρης σεῖε πέλειαν· ἔπευγομένη δ’ ἀρα κεῖνη
χηραμὸν ἐς πέτρης κατεδύσατο· τῇ δ’ ὁ χολοθεὶς
ἀργαλέως μᾶλα πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἀγχόθι μίμης
χηραμοῦ· ἢ δ’ ἄλεεινεν· ὃ δ’ ἐνθέμενος χόλον
ἀινῦν
θάμνῳ ὑπεκρύφθη· ἢ δ’ ἐκθόρεν ἀφραδίσσιν
ἐμεναι ἐλπιμένη μιν ἀπόπροθεν· δς δ’ ἐπαερθεὶς
δειλαὶς τρήρων φόνον στοιχεῖ’ ἐφέηκε·
τῷ νῦν μῆτι βῆ πειρώμεθα Τρώων ἄστυ
περσέμεν, ἄλλ’ εἰ ποῦ τι δόλος καὶ μῆτις ἄνυσην."

"Ὡς ἂρ’ ἐφη· τῶν δ’ οὔτις ἐφη φρεσὶ τεκμήρα-
σθαι
ἀλκαρ ὀἴζυροί τὰ μόθαν· ἰζοντο δὲ μῆχος

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BOOK XII

How the Wooden Horse was fashioned, and brought into Troy by her people.

When round the walls of Troy the Danaan host
Had borne much travail, and yet the end was not,
By Calchas then assembled were the chiefs;
For his heart was instructed by the hests
Of Phoebus, by the flights of birds, the stars,
And all the signs that speak to men the will
Of Heaven; so he to that assembly cried:
"No longer toil in leaguer of yon walls;
Some other counsel let your hearts devise,
Some stratagem to help the host and us.
For here but yesterday I saw a sign:
A falcon chased a dove, and she, hard pressed,
Entered a cleft of the rock; and chaising he
Tarried long time hard by that rift, but she
Abode in covert. Nursing still his wrath,
He hid him in a bush. Forth darted she,
In folly deeming him afar: he swooped,
And to the hapless dove dealt wretched death.
Therefore by force essay we not to smite
Troy, but let cunning stratagem avail."

He spake; but no man's wit might find a way
To escape their grievous travail, as they sought
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

eυρέμεναι· μοῦνος δὲ σαφροσύνης νόησεν νιός Δαέρταο καὶ άντίον ἐκφατο μῶθον·
“δ’ φίλ’, ἐπουρανίοις τετιμένε πάγχυ θεόισιν,
εἰ ἐτεὸν πέπρωται εὐπτολέμοισιν Ἀχαίοις·
ἐκπέρσαι Πριάμῳ δολοφροσύνης πόληα,
ἥππον τεκτήναντες ἁριστεῖς ἐς λόχον ἄνδρες
βησόμεθα ἀσπασίως· λαοὶ δ’ ἀπὸ νόσφι νέεσθαι
ἐς Τένεδον σὺν νησίν, ἐνυπηκῆ σα δ’ ἄρα πάντες
ἀς κλισίας, ἵνα Τρώες ἀπ’ ἀστεος ἀθρήσαντες
ἐς πεδίον προχέωνται ἀταρβέες· ἀλλὰ τις ἄνήρ
θαρσαλέος, τὸν γ’ οὕτις ἐπισταταῖ εἰς Τρώεσιν,
μμνέτω ἐκτοθεὶν ἕππον ἄρηόν ἐνθέμενος κήρ,
ὅστις ὑποκρίναιτο βίην ὑπέροπλον Ἀχαῖοιν
ῥέει ὑπ’ ἐπ’ νόστοιο λλαομένων μέγ’ ἀλύσι,
ἐπρὶ ὑποτηξίας εὐεργεί’· τὸν δ’ ἐκάµμορτο
Παλλάδι χωομένη Τρώων ὑπερ αἰχμητάων’
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὑπ’ ἐπ’ ἄρην ἀνειροµένοις πιθαύσκειν,
eἰσόκε οἱ πεπίδωνται ἀταρτηροὶ περ ἐόντες,
ἐς δὲ πόλιν μὴν ἀγωσι θὸδος ἑλεεῖνον ἐόντα,
όφρ’ ἡµῖν ἀλεγεινον ἐς "Ἀρεα σῆμα πέληται,
τοὺς μὲν ἄρ’ ἀιδάλοετα θὸδος ἀνὰ πυρσὸν ἄειρας,
τοὺς δ’ ἄρ’ ἐποτρύνας ἐκβήμεναι εὑρέος ἕππον,
ὀππότε Τρώοι νὺς ἀκηδεῖς ὑπνοῶσιν.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ’ ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνευον· ἔξοχα δ’
ἀλλον
Κάλχας μὴν θαῦμαζεν, ὅπως ὑπεθήκατ’ Ἀχαίοις
μὴτιν καὶ δόλον ἐσθλόν, ὅς Ἀργεῖοισιν ἔμελλε
τῆς ἐμμεναι ἄλκαρ, ἀτὸ μέγα Τρόώες πῆμα·
τούνεκ’ ἀριστήσεσιν εὐπτολέμοισι μετηύδα·
“μηκέτι νῦν δόλον ἄλλον ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μητιάσθε,
ὠ φίλοι, ἀλλὰ πιθέσθαι εὐπτολέμῳ Ὀδυσῆι·

1 Zimmermann, for μὲν of Koechly.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

To find a remedy, till Laertes' son
Discerned it of his wisdom, and he spake:
"Friend, in high honour held of the Heavenly
Ones,
If doomed it be indeed that Priam's burg
By guile must fall before the war-worn Greeks,
A great Horse let us fashion, in the which
Our mightiest shall take ambush. Let the host
Burn all their tents, and sail from hence away
To Tenedos; so the Trojans, from their towers
Gazing, shall stream forth fearless to the plain.
Let some brave man, unknown of any in Troy,
With a stout heart abide without the Horse,
Crouching beneath its shadow, who shall say:
'Achaea's lords of might, exceeding fain
Safe to win home, made this their offering
For safe return, an image to appease
The wrath of Pallas for her image stolen
From Troy.' And to this story shall he stand,
How long soe'er they question him, until,
Though never so relentless, they believe,
And drag it, their own doom, within the town.
Then shall war's signal unto us be given—
To them at sea, by sudden flash of torch,—
To the ambush, by the cry, 'Come forth the
Horse!'

When unsuspecting sleep the sons of Troy.'"

He spake, and all men praised him: most of all
Extolled him Calchas, that such marvellous guile
He put into the Achaean's hearts, to be
For them assurance of triumph, but for Troy
Ruin; and to those battle-lords he cried:
"Let your hearts seek none other stratagem,
Friends; to war-strong Odysseus' rede give ear.

1 Some freedom, based on Vergil, has here been taken with
the text, to make the plan read intelligibly.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὐδὲ οἱ ἔσσετ' ἀπρηκτον ἐὕφρονεοντι νόημα·
ήδη γὰρ Δαμαϊσίοι θεοι τελεοῦσιν ἐέλλωρ,
σήματα δ' οὐκ ἀτέλεστ' ἀναφάινεται ἀλλοθεν ἀλλα. 55
Ζητοὺς μὲν γὰρ ὅπερθε μέγα κτυπεῦσι δὴ ἀθρής
βρονταὶ ὁμός στεροπῆς· παρατίθεσον δὲ λαοὺς
dεξιοὶ ὄρνιθες ταναί ὄπλε κεκλήγωντε.
ἀλλ' ἀγα μηκὲν πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἀμφὶ πόλη
cαὶ μυσωμεν. Τρωαὶν γὰρ ἐνέπνευσεν μέγ' ἀνάγκη
θάρσος, ὁ περ πρὸς 'Ἀρηα καὶ οὐτιδανὸν περ
ἐγείρειν.
κάρτιστοι δὲ τὸ τ' ἄνδρες ἐπὶ μόθον, ὅπποτε θύμον
παρθέμενοι στονόντες ἀφεὶδήσωσον ὀλέθρουν·
ὡς νῦν Τρώοι νίες ἀπαθθεῖς ἀμφιμάχονται
ἀστυ περί σφέτερον μέγα δὲ σφίσι μαινεται
ήτορ.

"Ὡς φάμενον προσσεύπτεν Ἀχιλλεός ὀβριμος νίος·
"ὁ Κάλχαν, δήοισι καταυτίον ἄλκιμοι ἄνδρες
μάρτυναι· τοῖς δ' έντος ἀλευμένοις ἀπὸ πύργων
οὐτιδανὸ πονέονται, δοσιν φρένα δείμα χαλέπτεν,
tο νῦν μήτε δόλου φραζόμεθα, μήτε τι μῆχος
ἄλλο· πόνῳ γὰρ ἐοικεν ἀριστεάς ἐμεναι ἀνδρας
καὶ δορί· θαρσάλεως ήαρ ἀμείνουμεν ἐν δαὶ φώτες."

"Ὡς φάμενον προσσεύπτε μένος Δαερτίαδοι·
"ὁ τέκος ὀβριμόθυμον ἀπαθθεός Αιακίδαο,
tαῦτα μέν, ὡς ἐπέοικεν ἀμόμου φωτι καὶ ἐσθλῳ,
θαρσάλεως μάλα πάντα δίκεο χερσὶ πεποιθώς·
ἀλλ' οὐτ' ἀκάματοι τεού πάτρος ἀτρομος ἄλκη
ἐσθενεν ὀδβον ἀστυ διαπάθειν Πράμοιο
οὐθ' ἥμεις μάλα πολλὰ πονεύμενοι· ἀλλ' ἀγε
θᾶσον
Κάλχατος θεουλήσι θοδες ἐπὶ νήας ὄντες
ἐπον τεκταίνωμεν ὑπαί παλάμῃσιν Ἔπειοῦ,
ὁς ῥα τε πολλὸν ἀριστος εν Ἀργελοισι τέτυκατε
ἐινεκα τεκτοσύνης· δέδαεν δὲ μν ἔργον Ἀθήνη."
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

His wise thought shall not miss accomplishment.
Yea, our desire even now the Gods fulfil.
Hark! for new tokens come from the Unseen!
Lo, there on high crash through the firmament
Zeus' thunder and lightning! See, where birds to
right
Dart past, and scream with long-resounding cry!
Go to, no more in endless leaguer of Troy
Linger we. Hard necessity fills the foe
With desperate courage that makes cowards brave;
For then are men most dangerous, when they stake
Their lives in utter recklessness of death,
As battle now the aweless sons of Troy
All round their burg, mad with the lust of fight."

But cried Achilles' battle-eager son:
"Calchas, brave men meet face to face their foes!
Who skulk behind their walls, and fight from towers,
Are niddering, hearts palsied with base fear.
Hence with all thought of wile and stratagem!
The great war-travail of the spear beseems
True heroes. Best in battle are the brave."

But answer made to him Laertes' seed:
"Bold-hearted child of aweless Aeacus' son,
This as beseems a hero princely and brave,
Dauntlessly trusting in thy strength, thou say'st.
Yet thine invincible sire's unquailing might
Availed not to smite Priam's wealthy burg,
Nor we, for all our travail. Nay, with speed,
As counselleth Calchas, go we to the ships,
And fashion we the Horse by Epeius' hands,
Who in the woodwright's craft is chiefest far
Of Argives, for Athena taught his lore."
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

"Ως φάτο· τῷ δ' ἀρα πάντες ἀριστήσες πεπίθοντο νόσφι Νεοπτολέμου δαίφρονος· οὐδὲ μὲν ἔσθλον πεὶθε Φιλοκτήτα ταύ νόν κρατερὰ φρονέοντος· ὑψάμης γὰρ ἐτ' ἐσκον ὀίζωρης ἀκόρητοι. ἀφραίνον δὲ μάχεσθαι ἀνά κλόνου· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὺς σφαιρέως ἐκέλευον ἀπειρέσιον περὶ τεῖχος πάντα φέρεω, ὡσα δὴριν ἐνί πτολέμοισιν ὀθέλλει, ἐλπὸμενοι πτολειθρὸν ἐὐκτίτον ἐξαλατάξαι· ἀμφὸ γὰρ βουλῆσι θεῶν ὡς δὴριν ἱκοντο· καὶ νῦ κεν αἰ'ψα τέλεσαν, ὡσα σφίσσων ἠθελε θυμὸς,

εἰ μὴ Ζεὺς νεμέσησεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαῖαν Ἀργείων ἐλελίξειν ὑπάι ποσὶ, σὺν δ' ἐτίναξιν ἡρα πᾶσιν ὑπερθε, βάλειν δ' ἀκάμαντα κεραυνοῦ ἣρων προπάροιδεν· ὑπεσμαράγησε δὲ πᾶσα Δαρδανῆ· τῶν δ' αἰ'ψα μετετράπητ' ἥν νόημα ἐς φόβον· ζε δ' ἐλάθοντο βίης καὶ κάρτεος ἐσθολοῦ, καὶ ὑπὸ κλέφῳ Κάλχαντι καὶ ὄνκ ἐθέλοντα πίθοντο·

ἐς δ' ἀρα νῆς ἱκοντο σὺν Ἀργείωσι καὶ ἄλλοις μάντιν ἀγασσάμενοι, τὸν ἅρ' ἐκ Διός ἐμέμεν ἐφαντό, ἐκ Διὸς ἡ Φοίβου· πίθοντο δέ οἱ μᾶλα πάντα;

'Ήμως δ' αἰγλῆντα περιστρέφετ' οὐρανὸν ἀστρα πάντοθε μαρμαροντα, πόνου δ' ἐπιλήθεται ἄνηρ, δὴ τὸν Ἀθηναίη μακάρων ἔδος αὑτὴ λιποῦσα ἠλθεῖ παρθενικῇ ἀπάλοχοι πάντ' εἰκνία ἐς νῆς καὶ λαὸς· ἀρησφίλου δ' ἅρ' Ἐπειοῦ ἐστὴ ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς ἐν ὑνείραι, καὶ μιν ἀνωγει τεῦξαι δούριον ἵππων· ἔφη δέ οἱ ἐγκομέντι αὐτὴ συγκαμέειν, αὐτὴ δ' ἀφαρ ἀγχώθῃ βηναι ἔργων ἐς ὀτρωνοῦσα. θεὺς δ' οἰ γε μῦθον ἀκούσας καγχαλῶν ἀνά θυμὸν ἀκηδος ἐκθορεῖν ἐπινο· ἐγνω δ' ἀθάνατον θεῶν ἀμβροτον· οὐδε οἱ ἣτορ.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Then all their mightiest men gave ear to him
Save twain, fierce-hearted Neoptolemus
And Philoctetes mighty-souled; for these
Still were insatiate for the bitter fray,
Still longed for turmoil of the fight. They bade
Their own folk bear against that giant wall
What things see'er for war's assaults avail,
In hope to lay that stately fortress low,
Seeing Heaven's decrees had brought them both
to war.
Yea, they had haply accomplished all their will,
But from the sky Zeus showed his wrath; he shook
The earth beneath their feet, and all the air
Shuddered, as down before those heroes twain
He hurled his thunderbolt: wide echoes crashed
Through all Dardania. Unto fear straightway
Turned were their bold hearts: they forgot their
might,
And Calchas' counsels grudgingly obeyed.
So with the Argives came they to the ships
In reverence for the seer who spake from Zeus
Or Phoebus, and they obeyed him utterly.

What time round splendour-kindled heavens the
stars
From east to west far-flashing wheel, and when
Man doth forget his toil, in that still hour
Athena left the high mansions of the Blest,
Clothed her in shape of a maiden tender-fleshed,
And came to ships and host. Over the head
Of brave Epeius stood she in his dream,
And bade him build a Horse of tree: herself
Would labour in his labour, and herself
Stand by his side, to the work enkindling him.
Hearing the Goddess' word, with a glad laugh
Leapt he from careless sleep: right well he knew
The Immortal One celestial. Now his heart
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀλλο παρὲξ ὀρμαίνε, νόον δ’ ἔχειν αἰὲν ἐπ’ ἔργο
θεσπεσίων πινυτὴ δὲ περὶ φρένας ἤπει τέχνη.

'Ηδὲς δ’ ὄπποθ’ ἵκανεν ἀπωσαμένη κνέφας ἦν
εἰς ἔρημος, χαροπὴ δὲ δι’ ἥρος ἤμεν αἰγὴν,
δὴ τότε θείον ὅνειρον ἐν Ἀργείουσι Ἐπειόσ,
ὡς ἱδεν, ὡς ἦκουσεν, ἔτελομένουσιν ἔτεπεν·
οὶ δὲ οἱ εἰσαίοντες ἀπειρέσιον κεχάρουτο.
καὶ τὸτ’ ἄρ’ Ἀτρέος ὑς ἐς ἀγκεα τηλεθάοντα
'Ἰδης ὕψικόμοιο θοῦν σπρέκκαιν ικέσθαι
ἀνέρας· οἱ δ’ ἐλάτησιν ἐπιβρίσαστες ἀν’ ὠλὴν,
τάμονον δὲνδρεα μακρὰ περικτυπέοντο δὲ βῆσαι
θειομένων· δολιχαὶ δὲ κατ’ οὐρα μακρὰ κολώναι
dεύοντ’ ἐκ χυλόχοιο· νάπη δ’ ἀνεφαινετο πᾶσα
θήρεσιν οὐκέτι τόσον ἐπήρατος, ὡς τὸ πάροιθε
πρέμια δ’ ἀπαναίοντο βίην ποθέοντ’ ἀνέμου.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ’ πελέκεσσι διατίμηγοντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐσυμμένων φορέσσκοι ἐπ’ ὄνας Ἐλλησπόντου
ἐξ οἴρους λασίου. μόγησε δὲ θυμὸς ἐπ’ ἔργο
αἰξηῶν τε καὶ ἡμίων· πονέοντο δὲ λαοὶ
ἀσπετον. ἀλλοθεν ἀλλος ὑποδρήσσοντες Ἐπειφ.
οἱ μὲν γὰρ τέμνουσιν ὑπ’ ὀκρίοντι σίδηρῳ
dούρατα καὶ σανίδας διεμέτρεον· οἱ δ’ ἄρ’ ἀπ’
ἄξους

λείαιναν πελέκεσσιν ἢ’ ἀπρίστων ἀπὸ φιτρῶν,
ἀλλος δ’ ἀλλο τι ἰέξε πονεύμενον· αὐτάρ Ἐπειφ.
ἵππου δουρατέοι πόδας κάμεν, αὐτάρ ἐπειτα
νηδύα, τῇ δ’ ἐφύπερε δυνήρμοσω νύτα καὶ ἰζὺν
ἐξόπιθεν, δειρὴν δὲ πάρος, καθύπερθε δὲ χαίτην
ἀυχένος ὕψηλοῖο καθήρμοσεν, ὡς ἔτεον περ
κινυμένην, λάσιοι δὲ κάρη καὶ ἐντριχον οὐρὴν,
οὐατα τ’ ὀφθαλμοὺς τε διεδέας ἀλλα τε πώτα,
οῖς ἐπικύκναται ἱππος. ἀέξετο δ’ ἵερον ἔργον
ὡς ἔτεον ξόντος, ἐπει θεὸς ἀνέρι τέχνην

1 Supplied by Zimmermann.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Could hold no thought beside; his mind was fixed
Upon the wondrous work, and through his soul
Marched marshalled each device of craftsmanship.
When rose the dawn, and thrust back kindly
night
To Erebus, and through the firmament streamed
Glad glory, then Epeius told his dream
To eager Argives—all he saw and heard;
And hearkening joyed they with exceeding joy.
Straightway to tall-tressed Ida's leafy glades
The sons of Atreus sent swift messengers.
These laid the axe unto the forest-pines,
And hewed the great trees: to their smiting rang
The echoing glens. On those far-stretching hills
All bare of undergrowth the high peaks rose:
Open their glades were, not, as in time past,
Haunted of beasts: there dry the tree-trunks rose
Wooing the winds. Even these the Achaeans hewed
With axes, and in haste they bare them down
From those shagged mountain heights to Hellespont's
shores.

Strained with a strenuous spirit at the work
Young men and mules; and all the people toiled
Each at his task obeying Epeius's hest.
For with the keen steel some were hewing beams,
Some measuring planks, and some with axes lopped
Branches away from trunks as yet unsawn:
Each wrought his several work. Epeius first
Fashioned the feet of that great Horse of Wood:
The belly next he shaped, and over this
Moulded the back and the great loins behind,
The throat in front, and ridged the towering neck
With waving mane: the crested head he wrought,
The streaming tail, the ears, the lucent eyes—
All that of lifelike horses have. So grew
Like a live thing that more than human work,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

dωκ' ἑρατήν· τετέλεστο δ' ἐνὶ τρῖς ἵμασι πάντα
Παλλάδος ἐννεσίην· πολὺς δ' ἐπεγήθηκε λαὸς
Ἀργείων· θαῦμαζε δ' ὅπως ἐπὶ δοῦρατι θυμός
καὶ τάχος ἐκπεπόνητο ποδῶν, χρεμέθουν τ' ἐφίκει.
καὶ τότε διὸς Ἑσείῳ ὑπὲρ μεγακύτεος ἰπποῦν
εὐχετ' ἐπ' ἀκαμάτῳ Τριτωνίδι χεῖρας ὀρέξας·
"κλῦθι, θεὰ μεγάθυμε, σάον δ' ἐμὲ καὶ τεὸν
ἵππον."

"Ὡς φάτο· τοῦ δ' ἐσάκουσε θεὰ πολύμητις
Ἀθηνή,
καὶ ρὰ οἱ ἠργὸν ἐτευξεῖν ἐπιχθονίουσιν ἀγητὸν
πᾶσιν, ὅσοι μιν ἰδοντο καὶ οἱ μετόπισθε πύθοντο.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Δαναὸλ μὲν ἐγήθεον ἠργὸν Ἑσείου
δερκόμενοι, Τρώες δ' ἐπεφυζότες ἐνδόθη πῦργων
μμονὸν ἀλενάμενοι θάνατον καὶ ἀνηλέα κήρα,
δὴ τότ' ἐπ' Ὑκεανοῖο ῥοὰς καὶ Τηθύος ἀντρα
Ζηνὸς ὑπερθύμμῳ θεῶν ἀπάτερθε μολόντος
ἐμπεσεν ἀθανάτουσιν ἔρις· δίχα δὲ σφισα θυμός
ἐπλετ' ὄρινομένων· ἀνέμων δ' ἔπιβάντες ἀέλλαις
ὑπεραπέθεν φορέωντο ποτὶ χθόνα· τοῖσι δ' ὑπ' ἀϊθήρ
ἐβραχεῖ· οἱ δὲ μολόντες ἐπὶ Ξάνθου ἰδέθρα
ἀλλήλων ἱσταντο καταντίον, οἱ μὲν Ἀχαιῶν
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ Τρώων· πολέμου δ' ἔρος ἐμπεσε
θυμῷ·
τοῖσι δ' ὄμως ἀγέροντο καὶ οἱ λάχον εὐρέα πόντον.
καὶ ρ' οἱ μὲν δολόντα κοτεσσάμενοι μενέαιν
ἵππον ἀμαλδύναι σὺν νήσοι, οἱ δ' ἐρατεῖην
"Ἰλιον. Ἀλὰ σ' ἕρμικε πολύτροτος, ἐς δὲ κυδοιμὸν
τρέψε νόν μακάρεσσιν' Ἀρὴς δ' ἐξήρχη μόθῳ,
ἄλτο δ' Ἀθηναῖς κατεναντίον δε δε καὶ ἄλλοι
σύμπεσον ἀλλήλοισι· περί σφισι δ' ἀμβροτα
τεύχη

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

For a God gave to a man that wondrous craft.
And in three days, by Pallas's decree,
Finished was all. Rejoiced thereat the host
Of Argos, marveling how the wood expressed
Mettle, and speed of foot—yea, seemed to neigh.
Godlike Epeius then uplifted hands
To Pallas, and for that huge Horse he prayed:
"Hear, great-souled Goddess: bless thine Horse and me!"

He spake: Athena rich in counsel heard,
And made his work a marvel to all men
Which saw, or heard its fame in days to be.

But while the Danaans o'er Epeius' work
Joyed, and their routed foes within the walls
Tarried, and shrank from death and pitiless doom,
Then, when imperious Zeus far from the Gods
Had gone to Ocean's streams and Tethys' caves,
Strife rose between the Immortals: heart with heart
Was set at variance. Riding on the blasts
Of winds, from heaven to earth they swooped: the air
Crashed round them. Lighting down by Xanthus' stream
Arrayed they stood against each other, these
For the Achaeans, for the Trojans those;
And all their souls were thrilled with lust of war:
There gathered too the Lords of the wide Sea.
These in their wrath were eager to destroy
The Horse of Guile and all the ships, and those
Fair Ilium. But all-contriving Fate
Held them therefrom, and turned their hearts to strife
Against each other. Ares to the fray
Rose first, and on Athena rushed. Thereat
Fell each on other: clashed around their limbs

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χρύσεα κινυμένοις μέγ’ ἰαχέων· ἀμφὶ δὲ πόντος
εὐρὺς ἐπεσμαράγγησε· κελαυτή δ’ ἐτρεμε γαῖα
ἀθανάτων ὕπ’ ὑσσί· μακρὸν δ’ ἀμα πάντες
άὐσαν.

σμερδαλή̂σ δ’ ἐνοτὴ μέχρις οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἰκανε,
μέχρις ἐπ’ Ἀιδονήος ὑπερθύμῳ βέθρον.
Τιτήνες δ’ ὑπένερθε μέγ’ ἐτρεσαν· ἀμφὶ δὲ μακρ’
Ἰδὴ ἐπέστεινε πάσα καὶ ἡχῆντα ρέεθρα
ἀενάων ποταμῶν, δολιχαὶ δ’ ἀμα τοῖς χαράδραι
νῆς τ’ Ἀργεῖων Πριάμοιο τε κύδιμων ἄστυ.

ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἀνθρόποις πέλεν δέος· οὐδ’ ἐνόησαν
αὐτῶν ἐνεσίσωσι θεῶν ἔριν· οἱ δὲ κολώνας
χερσίν ἀπορρῆξαντες ἀπ’ οὐρεος Ἰδαῖοι
βάλλον ἐπ’ ἀλλήλους· οἱ δὲ ψαμάθισιν ὀμοίαι
ῥέων διεσκίδαντο θεῶν ἀμφ’ ἀσχετα γνία
ῥηγνύμεναι διὰ τυτθὰ. Διὸς δ’ ἐπὶ πείρασι γαῖς
οὐ λάθουν ἢ νόημα· λυπών δ’ ἀφαρ Ὁκεανόο
χεύματ’ ἐς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἁνίμε· τὸν δὲ φέρεσκον
Εὐρός καὶ Βορέης, Ζέφυρος δ’ ἐπὶ τοῖς Νότοις τε,
τοὺς ὑπὸ θεσπέσιων ξυνὸν αἰώνος ἡγαγεν Ἰρις
ἀρματος αἰὲν ἐόντος, ὃ οἱ κάμεν ἀμβροτος Αἰῶν
χερσὶν ὑπ’ ἀκαμάτης αἰτερέως ἐς ἀδάμαντος.

ικετὸ δ’ Ὅυλομποι ρίον μέγα· σὺν δ’ ἐτίναξε
ἡρα πᾶσαν ὑπερθε χολομένος· ἄλλοθε δ’ ἄλλαι
βρονταὶ ὁμὼς στεροπῆσι μέγ’ ἐκτυπων· ἐκ δὲ
κεραυνοὶ
tαρφεῖς ἐξεχέωντο ποτὶ χθόνα· καίετο δ’ ἀπ’ ἀπ’ ἀσπετον· ἀθανάτουις δ’ ὑπὸ φρένας ἐμπεσε δεῖμα. 200
πάντων δ’ ἐτρεμε γνία καὶ ἱθανάτων περ ἐόντων.
τῶν δὲ περιδείσσασα κλυτὴ Θέμως εὕτε νόημα
ἀλτὸ διὰ νεφέων· τάχα δὲ σφεας εἰσαφίκανεν. 500
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

The golden arms celestial as they charged.
Round them the wide sea thundered, the dark earth
Quaked 'neath immortal feet. Rang from them all
Far-pealing battle-shouts; that awful cry
Rolled up to the broad-arching heaven, and down
Even to Hades' fathomless abyss:
Trembled the Titans there in depths of gloom.
Ida's long ridges sighed, sobbed clamorous streams
Of ever-flowing rivers, groaned ravines
Far-furrowed, Argive ships, and Priam's towers.
Yet men feared not, for naught they knew of all
That strife, by Heaven's decree. Then her high
peaks
The Gods' hands wrenched from Ida's crest, and
hurled
Against each other: but like crumbling sands
Shivered they fell round those invincible limbs,
Shattered to small dust. But the mind of Zeus,
At the utmost verge of earth, was ware of all;
Straight left he Ocean's stream, and to wide heaven
Ascended, charioted upon the winds,
The East, the North, the West-wind, and the South:
For Iris rainbow-plumed led 'neath the yoke
Of his eternal car that stormy team,
The car which Time the immortal framed for him
Of adamant with never-wearying hands.
So came he to Olympus' giant ridge.
His wrath shook all the firmament, as crashed
From east to west his thunders; lightnings gleamed,
As thick and fast his thunderbolts poured to earth,
And flamed the limitless welkin. Terror fell
Upon the hearts of those Immortals: quaked
The limbs of all—ay, deathless though they were!
Then Themis, trembling for them, swift as thought
Leapt down through clouds, and came with speed to
them—
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οيته γάρ στονόντος ἀπόπροθει μέμνε μύθοιον·
toῖον δ᾽ ἐκφατο μύθον ἐρυκανώσα μάχεσθαι·
"ἲσχεσθ' ἱωχμοίο δυσθένος· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε
Ζηνὸς χωμένου μοινυθαδίων ἔνεκ' ἀνδρῶν
μάρνασθ' αἰὲν ἐόντας, ἐπεὶ τάχα πάντες άϊστοι
ἔσσεσθ'. ἡ γὰρ ὑπερθεν ἐφ' ὑμέας οὔρεα πάντα
εἰς ἐν ἀναρρήξας οὐθ' νιῶν οὔτε θυγατρῶν
φείσεται, ἀλλ' ἀρα πάντας ὀμοίς ἐφύπερθε
καλύψει

γαῖη ἀπειραῖτη· οὐδ' ἔσσεται ὕμμιν ἄλυξις
ἐς φῶς· ἀργαλέος δὲ περὶ ξόφος αἰέν ἔρυξει.
"Ὡς φάτο· τοί δ' ἐπίθοντο Δίὸς τρομεόντες
ομοκλήν,
ὑσμίνης δ' ἱσχοντο, χόλον δ' ἀπὸ νόσφι βάλοντο
ἀργαλέου, φιλότητα δ' ὀμήθεα ποιήσαντο·
καὶρ' οἱ μὲν νίσσοντο πρὸς οὐρανόν, οἱ δ' ἄλος
ἐίσω,
οἱ δ' ἀνὰ γαῖαν ἐξαμνον. ἐὕπτολεμοισι δ' Ἀχαιοῖς
νιὸς Δαέρταο πῦκα φρονεῶν φάτο μύθον·
"δ' κλυτοὶ Ἀργείων σημάντορες ὀβριμόθυμοι,
νῦν μοι ἐελιδομένῳ τεκμήρατε, ὦτινεσ ἐστε
ἐκπάγλως κρατεροὶ καὶ ἀμύμονες· ἡ γὰρ ἱκάνει
ἔργον ἀναγκαῖος· ἀλλὰ μνησόμεθ' Ἄρμος,
ἐς δ' ἱπποῖν βαϊνωμεν ἐνξον, ὅφρα κε τέκμωρ
εὔρωμεν πολέμῳ δυσθένεος· ὅς γὰρ ἀμείων
ἔσσεται, ἢν κε δόλῳ καὶ μῆδεσι ἀργαλέουσιν
ἀστυ μέγ' ἐκπέρσωμεν, οὐ εἴνεκα δεύρο μολόντες
πάσχομεν ἄλγεα πολλὰ φίλες ἀπὸ τηλόθι γαῖας.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δῆ, μένος ἢ καὶ ἀλκιμον ἐν φρεῖς θέντες

καὶ γάρ τις κατὰ δὴριν ἀνιηρῇ ὑπ' ἀνάγκη
θαρσήσας ἀνὰ θυμόν ἀμείωνα φῶτα κατέκτα
χειρότερος σεγαϊώς· μάλα γὰρ μέγα θυμόν ἀέξει
θάρσος, δ' πέρ τε μάλιστα πέλει κλέος ἀνθρώποισιν.

502
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

For in the strife she only had no part—
And stood between the fighters, and she cried:
"Forbear the conflict! O, when Zeus is wroth,
It ill beseems that everlasting Gods
Should fight for men's sake, creatures of a day:
Else shall ye be all suddenly destroyed;
For Zeus will tear up all the hills, and hurl
Upon you: sons nor daughters will he spare,
But bury 'neath one ruin of shattered earth
All. No escape shall ye find thence to light,
In horror of darkness prisoned evermore."

Dreading Zeus' menace gave they heed to her,
From strife refrained, and cast away their wrath,
And were made one in peace and amity.
Some heavenward soared, some plunged into the
sea,
On earth stayed some. Amid the Achaean host
Spake in his subtlety Laertes' son:
"O valorous-hearted lords of the Argive host,
Now prove in time of need what men ye be,
How passing-strong, how flawless-brave! The hour
Is this for desperate emprise: now, with hearts
Heroic, enter ye yon carven horse,
So to attain the goal of this stern war.
For better it is by stratagem and craft
Now to destroy this city, for whose sake
Hither we came, and still are suffering
Many afflictions far from our own land.
Come then, and let your hearts be stout and strong
For he who in stress of fight hath turned to bay
And snatched a desperate courage from despair,
Oft, though the weaker, slays a mightier foe.
For courage, which is all men's glory, makes
The heart great. Come then, set the ambush, ye
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀλλ' ἄγ', ἀριστῆς μὲν ἐνὶ λόχον ἐντύνεσθε·
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι Τενέδου πρὸς ἱερὸν ἀστὺ μολῶτες
μυμνέμεν, εἰσόκεν ἄμμε ποτὶ πτῶλιν εἰρύσσωσι
δὴν ἐλπίμενοι Τριτωνίδι δῶρον ἄγεσθαι.
αἶγαν δὲ τὶς ἔθθος, ὡς, ὅπου ἵπποι Σιδήρευς ἐνθέμενος κῆρ·
καὶ οἱ πάντα μέλοιτο μᾶλ' ἔμπεδον, ὁππὸς'
ἐγωγε
πρὸςθ' ἐφάμην· καὶ μή τι περὶ φρεσὶν ἄλλο
νοήσῃ,
ὅφρα μὴ ἁμφαδὰ Τρῳσίν Ἀχαιῶν ἔργα πέληται."
"Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δὲ Σίνων ἀπαμείβετο κύδιμος
ἀνήρ
ἀλλων δειδωτῶν, μᾶλα γὰρ μέγα ἔργον ἐμελλεν
ἐκτελείν· τῷ καὶ μν ἐυφρονεύντ'] ἀνὰ θυμόν
εὐρὺς ἀγάσσατο λαός· ὁ δ' ἐν μέσσουσιν ἔειπεν·
"ὁ Ὀδυσσεύ καὶ πάντες Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατοι υλὲς,
ἔργον μὲν τὸδ' ἐγωγε λιλαιομένοις τελέσσω,
εἰ καὶ ἀεικόωσι καὶ εἰ πυρὶ μητίωνται
βάλλειν ᾱ挠ὸν ἔοντα· τὸ γὰρ νῦ μοι εὔταδε θυμῷ,
ἡ θανέειν δητούσιν ὑπ' ἀνδρᾶσιν, ἢ ὑπαλίξαι
Ἀργείοις μέγα κύδος ἔελδομένοις φέροντα."
"Ὡς φάτο θαρσαλέως· μέγα δ' Ἄργειοι κεχά-
ροντο·
καὶ τὶς ἔφη· "ὡς τῶδε θεός μέγα θάρσος ἔδωκε
σήμερον· οὐ γὰρ πρόσθεν ἔην θρασύς· ἀλλὰ ἐ
δαίμον
ὀτρύνει πάντεσι κακὸν Τρόσσι σενέσθαι
ἡ νώιν· νῦν γὰρ που ὅτομαι ἐσσυμένως περ
ἀργαλέων πολέμοι τέκμωρ ἀδηχλον ἔσεσθαι."
"Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη κατὰ λαὸν ἄρηφίλων τις Ἀχαιῶν·
Νέστωρ δ' αὖθ' ἐπέρωθεν ἐποτρύνων μετέειντε·
"νῦν χρεών, φίλα τέκνα, βίης καὶ θάρσεος ἐσθλοῦ·
νῦν γὰρ τέρμα πόνοιο θεί καὶ ἀμύμωνα νίκην

504
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Which be our mightiest, and the rest shall go
To Tenedos' hallowed burg, and there abide
Until our foes have haled within their walls
Us with the Horse, as deeming that they bring
A gift unto Tritonis. Some brave man,
One whom the Trojans know not, yet we lack,
To harden his heart as steel, and to abide
Near by the Horse. Let that man bear in mind
Heedfully whatsoever I said erewhile.
And let none other thought be in his heart,
Lest to the foe our counsel be revealed."

Then, when all others feared, a man far-famed
Made answer, Sinon, marked of destiny
To bring the great work to accomplishment.
Therefore with worship all men looked on him,
The loyal of heart, as in the midst he spake:
"Odysseus, and all ye Achaean chiefs,
This work for which ye crave will I perform—
Yea, though they torture me, though into fire
Living they thrust me; for mine heart is fixed
Not to escape, but die by hands of foes,
Except I crown with glory your desire."

Stoutly he spake: right glad the Argives were;
And one said: "How the Gods have given to-day
High courage to this man! He hath not been
Heretofore valiant. Heaven is kindling him
To be the Trojans' ruin, but to us
Salvation. Now full soon, I trow, we reach
The goal of grievous war, so long unseen."

So a voice murmured mid the Achaean host.
Then, to stir up the heroes, Nestor cried:
"Now is the time, dear sons, for courage and
strength:
Now do the Gods bring nigh the end of toil;
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

悍军 έελδομένουσι φίλας ες χείρας ἁγουσιν· ἀλλ’ ἀγεθαρσαλέως πολυχανδέος ἐνδοθεν Ἰππον βαινετ’, ἐπεὶ μερόπεσσι κλέος μέγα θάρσος ὁπάζει. 265 ὡς ὅφελον μέγα κάρτος ἐμοίς ἔτι γούσανε κείτο, οἰον ὅτ’ Ἀισονος υδὸς ἔσω νεός ἁκυπτόροιο Ἀργόνης καλέσκευν ἄριστεάς, ὁππὸν ἕγγει πρῶτος ἀριστήνων καταβήμεναι ὅρμαινεςκον, εἰ μὴ ἄρ’ ἀντίθεον Πελῆς ἀέκοντα μ’ ἔρυκε· νῦν δὲ με γῆρας ἐπείσει πολύστονον ἀλλ’ ἀρα καὶ ὃς, ὡς νέοι ἦβοιον, καταβήσομαι ἐνδοθεν Ἰππον ἀρσαλέως· ἰαρίσος δὲ κλέος καὶ κύδος ὁπάσσει.” “Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπε πάις ξανθοὶ Ἀχιλῆος· ὁ Νέστορ, σὺ μὲν ἐσσὶ νῦφ προφερέστατος ἄνδρων 275 πάντων· ἀλλὰ σε γῆρας ἀμείλιχον ἀμφιμέμαρπεν, οὐδὲ τοι ἐμπεδός ἔστι βῆ χατέουτι πόνοις. τῷ σε χρῆ Τενέδοιο πρὸς ἑνας ἀπονέοσαβαι· ἐς δὲ λόγον νέοι ἄνδρες ἐθ’ υσμίνης ἀκόρητοι βησόμεθ’, ὡς σὺ, γεραιέ, λιλαιομένους ἐπιτελλεῖς.” 280 “Ὡς φάτο· τοῖ δ’ ἄγχιστα κιὼν Νηλήνος υῖς ἀμφιτέρας οἱ ἐκνυσε χέρας κεφαλῆν τ’ ἐφύπερθεν, οὔτεχ’ ὑπέσχετο πρῶτος ἐς εὐρέα δύμεναι Ἰππον, αὐτὸν δ’ αὐτε κέλευγ γεραιτερον ἐκτοθε μίμενεν ἄλλοις σὺν Δαναοίσιν· ἐέλδετο γὰρ πονέοσθαι· 285 καὶ ρά μιν ἴωχμοί λιλαιόμενον προσέειπεν· “ἔσσι πατρὸς κέινοι βη καὶ εὔφρον μῦθῳ ἀντιθέου Ἀχιλῆος· ἐσότα δ’ σήσι χέρεσιν Ἀργέλους Πριάμοιο διαπραθεῖν κλυτον ἀστυν’ ὅψε δ’ ἄρ’ ἐκ καμάτου μέγα κλέος ἐσσεται ἡμῖν 290 πολλὰ πονησαμένουσι κατὰ κλόνον ἀλγεα λυγρά· ἀλγεα μὲν παρὰ ποσσὶ θεοὶ θέσαν ἀνθρώπουςιν, ἐσθαλ’ δὲ πολλὸν ἀπωθε· πόνον δ’ ἐς μέσσον ἔλασσαν.”

506
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Now give they victory to our longing hands.
Come, bravely enter ye this cavernous Horse.
For high renown attendeth courage high.
Oh that my limbs were mighty as of old,
When Aeson's son for heroes called, to man
Swift Argo, when of the heroes foremost I
Would gladly have entered her, but Pelias
The king withheld me in my own despite.
Ah me, but now the burden of years—O nay,
As I were young, into the Horse will I
Fearlessly! Glory and strength shall courage give.”

Answered him golden-haired Achilles' son:
"Nestor, in wisdom art thou chief of men;
But cruel age hath caught thee in his grip:
No more thy strength may match thy gallant will;
Therefore thou needs must unto Tenedos' strand.
We will take ambush, we the youths, of strife
Insatiate still, as thou, old sire, dost bid."

Then strode the son of Neleus to his side,
And kissed his hands, and kissed the head of him
Who offered thus himself the first of all
To enter that huge horse, being peril-fain,
And bade the elder of days abide without.
Then to the battle-eager spake the old:
"Thy father's son art thou! Achilles' might
And chivalrous speech be here! O, sure am I
That by thine hands the Argives shall destroy
The stately city of Priam. At the last,
After long travail, glory shall be ours,
Ours, after toil and tribulation of war;
The Gods have laid tribulation at men's feet
But happiness far off, and toil between:

507
QUINTUS. SMYRNAEUS

toúneka ἰηδίε μὲν ἐς ἀργαλένη κακότητα
αἰχηθεὶς κέλευθος, ἀνηρὴ δ’ ἐπὶ κύδος,
μέσφ’ ὅτε τις στοιχέα τα πόνον διὰ ποσσὶ περήσῃ.”

"Ὡς φάτο τὸν δ’ Ἀχίλλης ἀμείβετο κύδιμος
νιὸς.

"ὁ γέρων, ὡς σὺ γ’ ἐολπας ἐν φρεσί, τοῦτο πέλοιο
ἡμῖν εὐχομένουσι, ἔπει πολὺ λώιν οὕτως:
εἰ δ’ έτέρως ἔθελουσι θεοῖ, καὶ τούτο τετύχω.
βουλοίμην γὰρ ὑπ’ “Ἀρεί ἐὐκλειῶς ἀπολέσθαι,
ἤ φυγὼν Τροίηθεν ὄνειδεα πολλὰ φέρεσθαι.”

"Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀμοισι κατ’ ἀμβροτα θήκατο τεύχη
πατρὸς ἔν. τοι δ’ αἴψα καὶ αὐτοὶ θωρήχθησαν
ἡρῶν οἱ ἁριστοί, ὡσοὶ θρασύς ἔπλετο θυμός.

τοὺς μοι νῦν καθ’ ἐκαστὸν ἀνειρομένοι σάφα
Μοῦσαι

ἐσπεθ’, ὦσοι κατέβησαν ἐσῳ πολυχανδέος ἓππου
ὑμεῖς γὰρ πᾶσάν μοι ἐν φρεσί θήκατ’ ἀοιδὴν,
πρίν μοι ἔτ’ ἄμφε παρεῖα κατασκίδνασθαι ίουλον,
Σμύρνης ἐν δαπέδουσι περικλυτά μῆλα νέμουτι
τρίς τόσον Ἐρμοῦ ἀπωθεν, ὅσον βοώντως
ἀκούσαι,

Ἀρτέμιδος περὶ νηὸν ‘Ελευθερίῳ ἐν κήπῳ,
οὔπερ τ’ οὔτε λίθη χθαμαλῷ οὐθ’ ὕψοθι πολλῷ.

Πρῶτος μὲν κατέβαινεν ἐς ἓππον κητώνα
νιὸς Ἀχιλλῆς, σὺν δὲ κρατερὸς Μενέλαος

ἡ’ Ὄδυσσεος Σθένελός τε καὶ ἄντιθεος Διομήδης.

βη δε Φιλοκτήτης τε καὶ Ἀντικλος ἦδ’ Μενε-

σθεῦς,

σὺν δὲ Θόας ἐρίθυμος ἵδε ξανθὸς Πολυποίτης,

Αἰας τ’ Εὐρύπυλός τε καὶ ἴσθεος Θρασυμήδης,

Μηρινῆς τε καὶ Ἰδομενεύς ἀριδεικέτω ἀμφό,

σὺν δ’ ἀρ’ ἐμμελῆς Ποδαλείριος Εὐρύμαχος τε

Τεῦκρος τ’ ἄντιθεος καὶ Ἰάλμενος ὀβριμόθυμος,

Θάλπιος Ἀντίμαχος τε μενεπτόλεμος τε Λεοντεύς.”

508
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Therefore for men full easy is the path
To ruin, and the path to fame is hard,
Where feet must press right on through painful toil.'

He spake: replied Achilles' glorious son:
"Old sire, as thine heart trusteth, be it vouchsafed
In answer to our prayers; for best were this:
But if the Gods will otherwise, be it so.
Ay, gladlier would I fall with glory in fight
Than flee from Troy, bowed 'neath a load of shame."

Then in his sire's celestial arms he arrayed
His shoulders; and with speed in harness sheathed
Stood the most mighty heroes, in whose hearts
Was dauntless spirit. Tell, ye Queens of Song,
Now man by man the names of all that passed
Into the cavernous Horse; for ye inspired
My soul with all my song, long ere my cheek
Grew dark with manhood's beard, what time I fed
My goodly sheep on Smyrna's pasture-lea,
From Hermus thrice so far as one may hear
A man's shout, by the fane of Artemis,
In the Deliverer's Grove, upon a hill
Neither exceeding low nor passing high.

Into that cavernous Horse Achilles' son
First entered, strong Menelaus followed then,
Odysseus, Sthenelus, godlike Diomede,
Philoctetes and Menestheus, Antilus,
Thoas and Polypoetes golden-haired,
Aias, Eurypylus, godlike Thrasymede,
Idomeneus, Meriones, far-famous twain,
Podaleirius of spears, Eurymachus,
Teucer the godlike, fierce Ialmenus;
Thalpius, Antimachus, Leonteus staunch,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

σὺν δὲ Εὐμηλος ἔβη θεοεἰκέλος Εὐρύαλος τε Δημοφών τε καὶ Ἀρμίμαχος κρατερός τ' Ἀγα-
πύμωρο,

σὺν δ' Ἀκάμας τε Μέγης τε κραταιοῦ Φυλέως

υίος.

ἄλλοι δ' αὐτ κατέβαινον, ὅσιοι ἔσαν ἔξοχ' ἀριστοί,

ὁσσοὺς χάνδανεν ἵππος εὐξίως ἐντὸς ἐέργειν.

ἐν δὲ σφιν πῦματος κατεβήσατο δῖος Ἐπείος,

ὁς ὅλα καὶ ἤππον ὑπεύξεξεν ἐπίστατο δ' ὃ ἐνὶ θυμῷ

ἡμὲν ἀναπτύξαι κείνον πτύχας ἦδ' ἐπερείςα:

τόγνεκα δὴ πάντων βὴ δεύτατος· ἐφύσε δ' εὖς

κλίμακας, ἢς ἀνέβησαν ὃ δ' αὐ μᾶλα πάντ' ἐπερείςα

αὐτοὶ πάρ κληδίδι καθέξετο· τοὶ δὲ σώφη

πάντες ἔσαν μεσσηγός ὦμῶς νίκης καὶ ὀλέθρου.

Οί δ' ἄλλοι νήσσεσιν ἐπέπλεον εὐφέρα πόντων

ὁς κλωσίας πρῆσαντες, ὅπῃ πάρος αὐτὸλ ἱανον.

τωί δὲ κοιρανέοντε δὺς κρατερόφρονε φῶτε

σήμαινυν, Νέστωρ τε καὶ αἰχμητῆς Ἀγαμέμνον.

τοὺς δὲ καὶ ἐλδομένους καταβήμεναι ἐνδοθεν ἵππον

Ἀργείων κατέρυξαν, ἐν' ἐν νήσσεσι μένουτε

λαοὶς σημαίνωσιν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ λώιν αἱδρε

ἔργον ἐποίχονται, ὅποτ' εἰσορόωσιν ἀνακτες·

τούνεκ' ἀρ' ἐκτοθι μίμων αἰσθηθές περ' ἐόντες.

οί δὲ θοὺς ἀφίκοντο πρὸς ἥμον Τενέδων·

εὐνάς δ' ἔνθ' ἔβαλον κατὰ θένθεος· ἐκ δ' ἔβαν

αὐτοὶ

νηῶν ἐσσυμένως· ἀπὸ δ' ἐκτοθι πείσματ' ἔδησαν

ὕόνων· αὐτοὶ δὲ παραυτόθι μίμων ἐκηλοι

dέγγενοι, ὅπποτε πυρῶς ἐελδομένουι φανεῖν.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἐν ἵππῳ ἔσαν δῆτων σχεδόν, ἄλλοτε

μὲν ποι

φθεῖσθαι όἰόμενοι, ὅτε δ' ἰερὸν ἀστυ δαιξαν·

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐελπομένουισιν ἐπήλυθεν Ἡραγενεία.

510
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Eumelus, and Euryalus fair as a God,
Amphimachus, Demophoon, Agapenor,
Akamas, Meges stalwart Phyleus' son—
Yea, more, even all their chiepest, entered in,
So many as that carven Horse could hold.
Godlike Epeius last of all passed in,
The fashioner of the Horse; in his breast lay
The secret of the opening of its doors
And of their closing: therefore last of all
He entered, and he drew the ladders up
Whereby they clomb: then made he all secure,
And set himself beside the bolt. So all
In silence sat 'twixt victory and death.

But the rest fired the tents, wherein erewhile
They slept, and sailed the wide sea in their ships.
Two mighty-hearted captains ordered these,
Nestor and Agamemnon lord of spears.
Fain had they also entered that great Horse,
But all the host withheld them, bidding stay
With them a-shipboard, ordering their array:
For men far better work the works of war
When their kings oversee them; therefore these
Abode without, albeit mighty men.
So came they swiftly unto Tenedos' shore,
And dropped the anchor-stones, then leapt in haste
Forth of the ships, and silent waited there
Keen-watching till the signal-torch should flash.

But nigh the foe were they in the Horse, and now
Looked they for death, and now to smite the town;
And on their hopes and fears uprose the dawn.
Τρωὲς δ’ εἰσενόησαν ἐπ’ ἡσίου Ἐλλησπόντου κατινὸν ἔτ’ ἅσσοντα δι’ ἥρος· οὖδ’ ἀρα νῆας δέρκονθ’, αἰ’ σφιν ἐνεικαν ἀφ’ Ἐλλάδος αἰῶν’ ὄλεθρον.

γηθόσυνοι δ’ ἀρα πάντες ἐπέδραμον αἰγαλοῖς τεῦχε’ ἐφεσσάμενοι· ἔτι γὰρ δέος ἄμφεφε θυμόν· ὅππον δ’ εἰσενόησαν εὔξοον. ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρ’ αὐτῷ θάμβεον ἑσταότες· μάλα γὰρ μέγα ἔργον ἐτύχθη· ἀγχόθι δ’ αὐτὲ Σίνωνα δυσάμμορον εἰσενόησαν· καὶ μιν ἀνειρόμενοι Δαναῶν ὑπὲρ ἁλλοθεν ἅλλος μέσον εὐκλώσαντο περισταδὸν· ἀμφὶ δὲ μύθοις μειλιχίους εἶροντο πάρος· μετέπειτα δ’ ὀμοκλῆς σιμερδαλέη· καὶ πολλὰ δολόφρονα φώτα δαίζουν πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον αἰέν· ὁ δ’ ἐμπεδὸν ἣτε πέτρῃ μίμενε ἀτειρέα γυν’ ἐπιειμένος· ὦψε δ’ ἀρ’ αὐτοῦ οὐαθ’ ὀμῶς καὶ ρίνας ἀπὸ μελέων ἐτάμοντο πάμπαν ἀεικίζοντες, ὅπως νημερτέα εἶπῃ, ὅπτη ἔβαιν Δαναοί σὺν νῆσιν, ἥ τι καὶ ὅππος ἐνδοὺ ἐρητύσεκεν. ὁ δ’ ἐνθέμενος φρεσὶ κάρτος λώβησ οὐκ ἀλέγιζεν ἄεικέος, ἀλλ’ ἐνι θυμὸν ἐτίπε καὶ πληγήσει καὶ ἐν πυρὶ τειρόμενός περ ἀργαλέως· "Ἡρη γὰρ ἐνέπνευσεν μέγα κάρτος· τοῖα δ’ ἀρ’ ἐν μέσσους δολοφρονεῖν ἀγόρευεν· Ἀργείοι μὲν νησίων ὑπὲρ πόντου φέβονται μακρῷ ἀκηδήσαντες ἐπὶ πτολέμῳ καὶ ἀνίη· Κάλχαντος δ’ ἵττητι δαθροῦ Τριτογενεία δικοννυ ὅππον ἑτεκτήμαντο, θεῖς χόλον ὅφρ’ ἀλέων ταῖς κοτεσσαμένης Τρώων ὑπὲρ· ἀμφὶ δὲ νόστου ἐννεαῖς Ὀδυσσός ἐμοὶ μενέαιν ὄλεθρον, ὕφρα με δηύσωσι δυσήχεος ἀγχὶ θαλάσσης.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Then marked the Trojans upon Hellespont’s strand
The smoke upleaping yet through air: no more—
Saw they the ships which brought to them from Greece
Destruction dire. With joy to the shore they ran,
But armed them first, for fear still haunted them.
Then marked they that fair-carven Horse, and stood—
Marvelling round, for a mighty work was there.
A hapless-seeming man thereby they spied,
Simon; and this one, that one questioned him—
Touching the Danaans, as in a great ring
They compassed him, and with unangry words
First questioned, then with terrible threatenings.
Then tortured they that man of guileful soul
Long time unceasing. Firm as a rock abode
The unquivering limbs, the unconquerable will.
His ears, his nose, at last they shore away—
In every wise tormenting him, until
He should declare the truth, whither were gone
The Danaans in their ships, what thing the Horse
Concealed within it. He had armed his mind
With resolution, and of outrage foul
Recked not; his soul endured their cruel stripes,
Yea, and the bitter torment of the fire;
For strong endurance into him Hera breathed;
And still he told them the same guileful tale
"The Argives in their ships flee oversea
Weary of tribulation of endless war.
This horse by Calchas’ counsel fashioned they
For wise Athena, to propitiate
Her stern wrath for that guardian image stol’n
From Troy. And by Odysseus’ prompting I
Was marked for slaughter, to be sacrificed
To the sea-powers, beside the moaning waves,

1 See note to l. 37 of this book.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

dai'mosin eivaliouin. eme o' ou lathou, alla alegeinàs
spoudas t' oulochoita te mal' esoumènos upalú-

žas

àthanaítòs bouleibai paraì posì kappseon ìppon
oi dé kaì òuk èthélontes anagkaì mé liptono
àZòmenoi megálloï Ïòos krateíròpou kounyn.'

'Ons fàto kerdesthísi kai ou kàmev álgei thé

vdúmò

àndros gar krateíroi kakìn upotlènai anakynh.
tò' oì mev peptíthontos kata stratón, oì dé är'
èfando

èmmenai òperotìa polútopon, oìs arà bouli

hìdane Ïaoòwnton: o gar peptumèna básoun
fì dòlon èmmenai aión và ìpp' ènnesíhìn 'Akhain,
pántas dé òtróonseke thòos èmpirhesive ìppon,
ìppon dòwapàson kai gnòmenai eí te kekebèi.

Kai nù ke oi peptíthontos kai èxhìlxián dlebroun,
ei mh Tritogeteia, kouteimènì peri thumò
aútò kai Trówsws kai ìsttei, gaiàv ènnerbon
theppesìn èlèdojìèn upài posì Ïaoòwnton.
tò' oì afar èmmpe se deìma trómmos dé amfèklase

vùia

àndros uperthúmioi mélaia de oì peri krati

vùx èxùthi' stugeron de kata błeñarow pèsev

álgos,

sùn oì èxhìen lassìhísan và oírùсин òmimatá phòtòs,

hìnhai oí árgaléshi peptarmènai ámp' ódúnhì

rixòthen èkloñèontos periástroforóto oì ouwai

teîmmenai ùpènerbon 'áchos dé álegewon ikanev

áchri kai ès mènigýgas id' ènegýfaloí thèmèthla-

tò' oìte mèn fàiynontos mènigymvoi à'mati pollò

òrthamói, oíte oíte dúsalhèa ìlanàkìwntes

pollàkí oì èrreoun oíon oíte stufelhìs atopò pétrh

èbètai èx òrèwv vifethf pepalaugmènov ùðwpr.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

To win them safe return. But their intent
I marked; and ere they spilt the drops of wine,
And sprinkled hallowed meal upon mine head,
Swiftly I fled, and, by the help of Heaven,
I flung me down, clasping the Horse's feet;
And they, sore loth, perforce must leave me there
Dreading great Zeus's daughter mighty-souled."

In subtlety so he spake, his soul untamed
By pain; for a brave man's part is to endure
To the uttermost. And of the Trojans some
Believed him, others for a wily knave
Held him, of whose mind was Laocoon.
Wisely he spake: "A deadly fraud is this;"
He said, "devised by the Achaean chiefs!"
And cried to all straightway to burn the Horse,
And know if aught within its timbers lurked.

Yea, and they had obeyed him, and had 'scaped
Destruction; but Athena, fiercely wroth
With him, the Trojans, and their city, shook
Earth's deep foundations 'neath Laocoon's feet.
Straight terror fell on him, and trembling bowed
The knees of the presumptuous: round his head
Horror of darkness poured; a sharp pang thrilled
His eyelids; swam his eyes beneath his brows;
His eyeballs, stabbed with bitter anguish, throbbed
Even from the roots, and rolled in frenzy of pain.
Clear through his brain the bitter torment pierced
Even to the filmy inner veil thereof;
Now bloodshot were his eyes, now ghastly green;
Anon with rheum they ran, as pours a stream
Down from a rugged crag, with thawing snow
Made turbid. As a man distraught he seemed:

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μανομένω δ’ ἦκτο, καὶ ἐδρακε διπλά πάντα
αἰνᾶ μάλα στενάχων. καὶ ἔτι Τρώσσι κέλευεν,
οὐδ’ ἀλέγιζε μόγοιον. φάος δὲ οἱ ἐσθλὸν ἁμερε
dία θεά. λευκᾶ δ’ ἄρ’ ὑπὸ βλέφαρ’ ἔσταν ὅπωσ
ἀιματος ἐξ ὀλοοίον. περιστενάχιζε δὲ λαὸς
οἰκτείρων φίλον άνδρα, καὶ ἀθανάτην Ἀγελεμήν
ἐρριγώς, μὴ τι παρῆλπεν ἀφραδίσην,
καὶ σφιν ἐς αἰνῶν διεθρόν ἀνεγνάμφθη νόος ἐνδου,
[δειδίστοιν, μὴ δ’ σφι καὶ αὐτοὶς ἄλγος ἔπηται]
οὐνεκα λωβήσαντο δέμας μογεροί εἴνωνος
ἐλπόμενοι κατὰ θυμὸν ἐτήτμα πάντ’ ἄγορεύσειν1
τούνεκα προφρονέως μιν ἄγον ποτὶ Τρώιον ἄστυ
ὄψε περ οἰκτείραντες. ἀγειρόμενοι δ’ ἀμα πάντες
σεριην ἀμβεβάλοντο θῶς περιμήκει ἵππῳ
δησάμενοι καθύπερθεν, ἐπεὶ ρά οἱ ἐσθλὸς Ἐπειοῦς
ποσσὶν ὑπὸ βριορίῳ ἐντροχα δούρατ’ ἐθηκεν,
δόφρα κεν αἰζησίν ἐπὶ πτολεθρον ἔπηται
ἐλκόμενοι Τρόων ὑπὸ χείρεσιν. οἱ δ’ ἀμα επάντες
ἐλκὼν ἐπιβρίσαντες ἀολλέες, ἡπτε νῆα
ἐλκώσιν μογίαντες ἐσω ἀλὸς ἡχησέσθη
αἰζησί, στιβαραῖ δὲ περιστενάχουσι φάλαγγες
τριβομεναι, δευνόν ἐπὶ τρόπις περιτεργίῳ
ἀμφίς ὁλοθαίνουσα κατέρχεται εἰς ἀλὸς οἴδμα.
δοι ο’ γε σφισι πῇμα ποτὶ πτόλον ἔργον Ἐπειοῦς
παυσίδη μογένοτες ἀνείρονοι. ἀμφὶ δ’ ἴρ’ αὐτῷ
πολλὸν ἄδην στεφέων ἐριθηλεὰ κόσμον ἔθευτο.
αὐτοὶ δ’ ἐστέψαντο κάρῃ. μέγα δ’ ἦπτον αὐλοῦ
ἀλλήλοις ἐπικεκλομένοι. ἐγέλασσε δ’ Ἂνω
δερκομενήν πολέμοιοι κακῶν τέλος. ῶνθοθε δ’ Ἡρη
tέρπετ. Ἀθηναίη δ’ ἐπεγήθεεν. οἱ δὲ μολόντες
ἀστυ ποτὶ σφετέρον μεγάλης κρήδεμα πόλης
λυσάμενοι λυγρὸν ἱπτον ἐσῆγαγον οἱ δ’ ὀλούλυξαν

1 Zimmermann, for ἄγορεύσειν of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

All things he saw showed double, and he groaned
Fearfully; yet he ceased not to exhort
The men of Troy, and recked not of his pain.
Then did the Goddess strike him utterly blind.
Stared his fixed eyeballs white from pits of blood;
And all folk groaned for pity of their friend,
And dread of the Prey-giver, lest he had sinned
In folly against her, and his mind was thus
Warped to destruction—yea, lest on themselves
Like judgment should be visited, to avenge
The outrage done to hapless Sinon’s flesh,
Whereby they hoped to wring the truth from him.
So led they him in friendly wise to Troy,
Pitying him at the last. Then gathered all,
And o’er that huge Horse hastily cast a rope,
And made it fast above; for under its feet
Smooth wooden rollers had Epeius laid,
That, dragged by Trojan hands, it might glide on
Into their fortress. One and all they haled
With multitudinous tug and strain, as when
Down to the sea young men sore-labouring drag
A ship; hard-crushed the stubborn rollers groan,
As, sliding with weird shrieks, the keel descends
Into the sea-surge; so that host with toil
Dragged up unto their city their own doom,
Epeius’ work. With great festoons of flowers
They hung it, and their own heads did they wreathe,
While answering each other pealed the flutes.
Grimly Enyo laughed, seeing the end
Of that dire war; Hera rejoiced on high;
Glad was Athena. When the Trojans came
Unto their city, brake they down the walls,
Their city’s coronal, that the Horse of Death
Might be led in. Troy’s daughters greeted it
Τρωίδες, πᾶσαι δὲ περισταθὸν εἰσορῶσαι
θάμβεον ἀβρίμον ἔργον· ὃ δὲ σφίσω ἔκρυφε πῆμα.

Δαοκόων δ’ ἐτ’ ἐμιμνεῖ ἐποτρώνων ἐτάρουσιν
ἐπὶ ποὺ ἀμαλδύναι μαλεφὸ πυρί· τοὶ δὲ οἱ οὐτὶ
πείθοντ’, ἀθανάτων γὰρ ὑποτρομεύσκον ὁμοκλήν.
τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ κύντερον ἀλλο θεᾶ μεγάθυμος Ἀθηνή
dυστήνοις τεκέσσιν ἐμὴδετο Δαοκόωντος.

δὴ γὰρ που πέλεν ἄντρον ὑπὸ στυφελῶδεὶ πέτρη
ηρόεν, θυντοίσιν ἀνέμβατον, ὃ ἐν θήρε
σμερδαλέοι ναίσκον ἔτ’ οὐλομένου γενέθλης
Τυφώνος νήσου κατὰ πτύχας, ἦν τε Καλύδνην
λαοὶ ἐπικλείουσιν ἔσω ἀλὸς ἀντία Τροίης.

ἐνθεὶ ἀναστήσασα βίην καλέσκε δρακόντων
ἐς Τροίην· οἱ δ’ αἰφα θεῖς ὑπὸ κυνθεντες
νῆσου ὤλην ἔτιναξαν· ἐπεσμαράγγησε δὲ πάντος
νισσομένων, καὶ κύμα διστάτο· τοῖ δ’ ἐφέροντο
αἰνὸν λιχμώντες· ἐφρίζε δὲ κήτεα πάντου·
ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρα στενάχοντο μέγα Ξάνθου θύγατρας
Νύμφαι καὶ Σιμόεντος· ἀπ’ Οὐλύμπου δὲ Κύπρις
ἄχνυτο· τοῦ δ’ ἀφαρ ξον ὅηθε θέος ὅτρώνεςκε,
θῆγουτε βλασφημεῖ γενεαίσι λοιγὸν ὀδύντων
dυστήνους ἐπί παισι· κακὴ δ’ ἐπενίσσετο φύξα
Τρῶας, ὅτ’ εἰσενῆσαν ἀνὰ πτόλων αἰνὰ πέλαρα·
οὐδὲ τὸς αἰξηθὸν οὐδ’ εἰ μένος ἄτρομος ἦν
μεῖναι ἐτλη· πάντας γὰρ ἀμείλικον ἀμφοτερὸς δεῖμα
θῆρας ἀλευμένους, ὀδύνη δ’ ἔχει· ἀν δὲ γυναίκες
οἰμώκοι· καὶ ποὺ τὶς ἑών ἐπελήσασα τέκνων
αὐτῆ ἀλευμείη στυγερὸν μόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τροίη
ἐστεν ἐπεσμυμένων· πολλοὶ δ’ ἀφαρ εἰς ἐν ἒνοτες
γυνὶα περιδρύθησαν· ἐνεστίνυντο δ’ ἀγνιάις
ἀμφιπεριπτώςσουτες. ἔλεξπτο δὲ μοῦνος ἄπωθεν
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

With shouts of salutation; marveling all
Gazed at the mighty work—where lurked their
doom.

But still Laocoon ceased not to exhort
His countrymen to burn the Horse with fire:
They would not hear, for dread of the Gods’ wrath.
But then a yet more hideous punishment
Athena visited on his hapless sons.
A cave there was, beneath a rugged cliff
Exceeding high, unscalable, wherein
Dwelt fearful monsters of the deadly brood
Of Typhon, in the rock-clefts of the isle
Calydna that looks Troyward from the sea.
Thence stirred she up the strength of serpents
twain,
And summoned them to Troy. By her uproused
They shook the island as with earthquake: roared
The sea; the waves dispersed as they came.
Onward they swept with fearful-flickering tongues:
Shuddered the very monsters of the deep:
Xanthus’ and Simois’ daughters moaned aloud,
The River-nymphs: the Cyprian Queen looked
down
In anguish from Olympus. Swiftly they came
Whither the Goddess sped them: with grim jaws
Whetting their deadly fangs, on his hapless sons
Sprang they. All Trojans panic-stricken fled,
Seeing those fearsome dragons in their town.
No man, though ne’er so dauntless theretofore,
Dared tarry; ghastly dread laid hold on all
Shrinking in horror from the monsters. Screamed
The women; yea, the mother forgot her child,
Fear-frenzied as she fled: all Troy became
One shriek of fleers, one huddle of jostling limbs:
The streets were choked with cowering fugitives.
Alone was left Laocoon with his sons,
Λαοκόων ἀμὰ παισί: πέδησε γὰρ οὐλομένη Κηρ καὶ θεός. οἱ δὲ οἱ νῖας ύποτρομέοντας ὀλέθρου ἀμφότεροι ὀλοκλήρως ἀντεύπαιστο γένυσιν πατρὶ φίλῳ ὄργοντας ἐὰς χέρας· οὐδ' ὃ ἄμυνεν ἔσθενεν ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρώς ἀπόπροθεν εἰσορώντες κλαῖον ὑπὸ κραδήσει τεθητότες. οἱ δ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναὶς προφρονέως τελέσαντες ἀπεχθέα Τρώσιν ἐφετήρην ἀμφό ἀιστῶθησαν ὑπὸ χθόνα· τῶν δ' ἐτι σήμα φαίνεθ', ὅπου κατέδυσαν ἐς ἱερὸν Ἀπόλλωνος Περγάμῳ ἐν ξαθέῃ. προπάροιθε δὲ Τρώιοι νῖες παίδων Λαοκόωντος ἀμείλικα δημοθέων τεύξαν ἄμν· ἀγρόμενοι κενεῦν τάφον, ὃ ἐπὶ δάκρυ χεῖδε πατὴρ ἀλαοίνυν ὑπὸ ὀμμασιν ἀμφὶ δὲ μῆτηρ 485 πολλά κινυρμομένη κενεφ' ἐπαύτεε τύμβῳ ἐπομενή τι καὶ ἄλλο κακότερον, ἔστενε δ' ἄτην ἀνέρος ἀφραδίς, μακάρων δ' ὑπεδείδει μὴν ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐρημαίην περιμύρεται ἀμφὶ καλὴν πολλά μάλ' ἀγνυμένη κατὰ δάσκηιον ἄγκος ἀθηδῶιν, 490 ἂς ἐτι νήπια τέκνα, πάρος κελαδείων ἁέδειον, δάμαθ' ὑπὸ γναθμοίσι μένος βλοσυρῷ δράκοντος, μητέρι δ' ἄλγεα θήκε, καὶ ἀσπετον ἀσχαλόωσα μύρεται ἀμφὶ δόμον κενεῦν μάλα κεκληγιαίαν ὡς ἦ γε στενάχιζε λυγρῷ τεκεών ἐπ' ὀλύθρῳ μυρομένη κενεφ' περὶ σήματι· σὺν δὲ οἱ ἄλλο πήμα μάλ' ἀργαλέον πόσιος πέλεν ἀμφ' ἀλαοίο. 495

Καὶ ὃ' ἡ μὲν φίλα τέκνα καὶ ἄνέρα κωκύσεικε τοὺς μὲν ἀποθαμένους τὸν δ' ἀμμορον ἡλίωοι. Τρώες δ' ἀδαμάτουσι ἐπετύνουντο θυγλᾶς λείσουντες μέθυν λαρόν, ἐπεὶ σφισίν ἦτορ ἐώλπει λευγαλέου πολέμου βαρῦ σθένος ἐξυπαλύξειν. ἱερὰ δ' οὐ καίοντο, πυρὸς δ' ἐσβέννυτ' αὕτη, ὃμβρου δπώς καθύπερθε δυσηχεός ἐσσυμένοιο· 500
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

For death's doom and the Goddess chained their feet.
Then, even as from destruction shrank the lads,
Those deadly fangs had seized and ravined up
The twain, outstretching to their sightless sire
Agonized hands: no power to help had he.
Trojans far off looked on from every side
Weeping, all dazed. And, having now fulfilled
Upon the Trojans Pallas' awful hest,
Those monsters vanished 'neath the earth; and still
Stands their memorial, where into the fane
They entered of Apollo in Pergamus
The hallowed. Therebefore the sons of Troy
Gathered, and reared a cenotaph for those
Who miserably had perished. Over it
Their father from his blind eyes rained the tears:
Over the empty tomb their mother shrieked,
Boding the while yet worse things, wailing o'er
The ruin wrought by folly of her lord,
Dreading the anger of the Blessed Ones.
As when around her void nest in a brake
In sorest anguish moans the nightingale
Whose fledglings, ere they learned her plaintive—

song,
A hideous serpent's fangs have done to death,
And left the mother anguish, endless woe,
And bootless crying round her desolate home;
So groaned she for her children's wretched death,
So moaned she o'er the void tomb; and her pangs
Were sharpened by her lord's plight stricken blind.

While she for children and for husband moaned—
These slain, he of the sun's light portionless—
The Trojans to the Immortals sacrificed,
Pouring the wine. Their hearts beat high with hope
To escape the weary stress of woeful war.
Howbeit the victims burned not, and the flames—
Died out, as though 'neath heavy-hissing rain;

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καπνὸς ἀίματοεῖς ἀνεκήκει: μηρὰ δὲ πάντα
πίπτε χαμαί τρομέοντα: καθρείποντο δὲ βωμοῖ·
σπονδαὶ δ' αἴμα γένοντο: θεῶν δ' ἑξέρρεε δάκρυν,
καὶ νηὸς δεύοντο λόθρῳ· στοιχαλ ὀφρέοντο
ἔκστοθεν ἀπορφάτοι: περισσεύοντο δὲ μακρὰ
teixeα καὶ πύργοι μεγάλ' ἐκτυπον, ὡς ἀχέοντες: 1

αὐτόματοι δ' ἄρ' ὀχης ἀνοίγειντο πυλᾶν
αἰνὸν κεκλήγοντες: ἐπεστενάχοντο δὲ λυγρὸν
ἐννύχιοι ὀρνθαὶς ἐρημαίοι βοῶσαντες·
ἀστρα δὲ πάντ' ἐφύπερθε θεοδήμῃ πόλις
ἀξίλυς ἀμφεκάλυψε καὶ ἀνεφέλου περ ἐόντος
οὐρανοῦ αἰγλήχντω· ἀπαναίνοντο δὲ δάφναι
τἀρ νηῷ Φοῖβῳ πάρος θάλεραι περ ἐοῦσαι·
ἐν δὲ λύκων καὶ θώες ἀναιδεῖς ὀρύσαντο
ἐντοσθεν πυλῶν: μάλα μυρία δ' ἀλλα φαύνθη
σήματα Δαρδανίδης καὶ ἀστεῖ πῆμα φέροντα.

ἀλλ' οὐ δεῖμ' ἀλεγεινόν ὑπὸ Τρόων φρένας Ιξε
δερκομένων ἀλεγεινὰ τεράστα πάντα κατ' ἀστῆ.
Κήρες ἔχρ πάντων νόον ἐκβαλον, ὀφρ' ἐπὶ δαίτι
πότμον ἀναπλῆσωσιν ὑπ' Ἀργείοις δαμέντες.

Οἰς δ' ἐμπεδον ὂτορ ἔχεν πινυτόν τε νόημα
Κασσάνδρη, τῆς οὐποτ' ἐποι γένετ' ἀκράντων,
ἀλλ' ἄρ' ἐτήτυμον ἐσκεν' ἀκούετο δ' ἐκ τινος αἰς
ἀσίς ὡς ἀνεμώλιον αἰὲν. ἦν ἄλγεα Τρωσὶ γένηται.

η' ὅτε σήματα λυγρὰ κατὰ πτόλεμεν εἰσενάθησεν
eis ἐν αἱ' ἀτόσοντα, μέγ' ἵαιχν, εὔτε λείαια,

ην ρά τ' ἐνι εὐλόχουσιν ἀνὴρ λειλημένοις ἁγγης
οὔτασῃ ἦ' βάλῃ, τῆς δ' ἐν φρεσὶ μαίνεται ὄτορ

πᾶντῃ ἀν' ούρεα μακρά, πέλει δε οἱ ἀσχετος ἀλκη·
δὸς ἄρα μαιμώσα ἄθετωσον ἐνδόθεν ὄτορ
ἡλυθεν ἐκ μεγάροιο· κόμαι δε οἱ ἀμφεκέχυντο
ὡμοὶς ἀργυφέοισι μετάφρενον ἄχρις ἱοῦσαι.

1 Zimmermann, for iteōn ϑερ of v.
And writhed the smoke-wreaths blood-red, and the thighs
Quivering from crumbling altars fell to earth.
Drink-offerings turned to blood, Gods' statues wept,
And temple-walls dripped gore: along them rolled
Echoes of groaning out of depths unseen;
And all the long walls shuddered: from the towers
Came quick sharp sounds like cries of men in pain;
And, weirdly shrieking, of themselves slid back
The gate-bolts. Screaming "Desolation!" wailed
The birds of night. Above that God-built burg
A mist palled every star; and yet no cloud
Was in the flashing heavens. By Phoebus' fane
Withered the bays that erst were lush and green.
Wolves and foul-feeding jackals came and howled
Within the gates. Ay, other signs untold
Appeared, portending woe to Dardanus' sons
And Troy: yet no fear touched the Trojans' hearts
Who saw all through the town those portents dire:
Fate crazed them all, that midst their revelling
Slain by their foes they might fill up their doom.

One heart was steadfast, and one soul clear-eyed,
Cassandra. Never her words were unfulfilled;
Yet was their utter truth, by Fate's decree,
Ever as idle wind in the hearers' ears,
That no bar to Troy's ruin might be set.
She saw those evil portents all through Troy
Conspiring to one end; loud rang her cry,
As roars a lioness that mid the brakes
A hunter has stabbed or shot, whereat her heart
Maddens, and down the long hills rolls her roar,
And her might waxes tenfold; so with heart
Aflame with prophecy came she forth her bower.
Over her snowy shoulders tossed her hair
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δοσε δέ οἱ μάρμαρεν ἀναιδέα· τῆς δ' ὕπο δειρή, 
ἐξ ἀνέμων ἂτε πρέμυνον, ἄδην ἐλελίζετο πάντη. 
καὶ ρὰ μέγα στονάχησε καὶ ἅχε παρθένος ἐσθλή· 
"ἀ δειλοὶ, νῦν βῆμεν ὕπο ξύφον· ἀμφὶ γὰρ ἡμῖν 
ἐμπλεον πυρὸς ἀστυ καὶ αἴματος ἤδε καὶ οἴτου 
λευγαλέου· πάντη δὲ τεράτα δακρύωντα 
ἀθάνατοι φαίνονσι, καὶ ἐν ποσὶ τέρματ' ὀλέθρου. 
σχέτλιοι, οὐδὲ τι ἵστε κακὸν μόρον, ἀλλ' ἀμα 
pάντες καὶ χαίρετ' ἀρ' ἀφραδέοντες, οὐ [ἡγάγετ' ἐς πόλιν αὐτοὶ 
Ἀργείων λυγρὸν ἔππον 1] δ' γὰρ μέγα πῆμα 
κέκευθεν.

ἀλλὰ μοι οὐ πείθεσθ', οὐδ' εἰ μάλα πόλλ' ἀγορεύω, 
οὔνεκ', Ἐρινύνες ἄκρα γάμου κεχωλωμέναι αἰνοῦ 
ἀμφ' ᾨλένης, καὶ Κήρες ἀμελλοῦσιν ἀίσσουσι 
pάντη ἀνὰ πτολίθρου· ἐπ' εἰλαπτίνη δ' ἀλεγεινή 
δαίνυσθ' ύστατα δόρπα κακῷ πεφορυγμένα λύθρον 
ἡδη ἐπιψαίοντες ὀμὴν ὅδον εἰδώλουσι.

Καὶ τις κερτομέων ὀλοφώιον ἔκφατο μῦθον· 
"ο κούρη Πριάμου, τί ἡ νῦ σε μάργαν ἀνώγει 
γλῶσσα κακοφραδίη τ' ἀνεμόλια πάντ' ἀγορεύειν; 
οὐδὲ σε παρθενική καὶ ἀκήρατος ἀμφέχει αἰδώς, 
ἀλλὰ σε λύσσ' ὡλη περιδέρομε· τῷ νῦ σε πάντεσ 
αἰεν ἀτιμάζονσι βροτοὶ πολύμυθον ἑούσαν. 
ἐρρε καὶ Ἀργείοις κακὴν προτισσεο φήμην 
ἡ' αὐτή θάξα γὰρ σε καὶ ἀργαλεώτερον ἄλγος 
μίμει Δασκόωντος ἀναιδέος· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν 
ἀθανάτων φίλα δῶρα δαἰξέμεν αφραδέοντα." 

"Ὡς ἂρ' ἐφή Τρώων τις ἀνὰ πτόλειν ὅς δὲ καὶ 
ἀλλοι 
κούρην μωμήσαντο καὶ οὐ φάσαν ἀρτὶα βάζειν, 
οὔνεκ' ἄρα σφίζει πῆμα καὶ ἀργαλεῶν μένος Ἀίς 
ἀγχι παρειστήκει· τοι δ' οὐ νοεόντες ὀλέθρον 

1 Stadtmueller's suggested supplementum of lacuna.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

Streaming far down, and wildly blazed her eyes.
Her neck writhed, like a sapling in the wind
Shaken, as moaned and shrieked that noble maid:
"O wretches! into the Land of Darkness now
We are passing; for all round us full of fire
And blood and dismal moan the city is.
Everywhere portents of calamity
Gods show: destruction yawns before your feet.
Fools! ye know not your doom: still ye rejoice
With one consent in madness, who to Troy
Have brought the Argive Horse where ruin lurks! ~
Oh, ye believe not me, though ne'er so loud
I cry! The Erinyes and the ruthless Fates,
For Helen's spousals madly wroth, through Troy
Dart on wild wings. And ye, ye are banqueting there
In your last feast, on meats befouled with gore,
When now your feet are on the Path of Ghosts!"

Then cried a scoffing voice an ominous word: ~
"Why doth a raving tongue of evil speech,
Daughter of Priam, make thy lips to cry
Words empty as wind? No maiden modesty
With purity veils thee: thou art compassed round
With ruinous madness; therefore all men scorn
Thee, babbler! Hence, thine evil bodings speak
To the Argives and thyself! For thee doth wait
Anguish and shame yet bitterer than befell
Presumptuous Laocoon. Shame it were
In folly to destroy the Immortals' gift."

So scoffed a Trojan: others in like sort
Cried shame on her, and said she spake but lies,
Saying that ruin and Fate's heavy stroke
Were hard at hand. They knew not their own doom,
Κείνην κερτομέοντες ἀπέτρεπον εὐρέος ἱπποῦ. ἢ γάρ οἱ μενεάινε διὰ ξύλα πάντα κεδάσσαι, ἢ ἐκαταπρῆσαι μαλερῷ πυρί. τούτες πεύκης αἰθομένης ἔτι δαλὸν ἀπ’ ἐσχαρεῶν ἔλούσα ἔσσυτο μαμώωσ’. ἐτέρῃ δ’ ἐν χειρὶ φέρεσκεν ἀμφίτυπον βουνλήγα. λυγρὸ δ’ ἐπεμαίετο ἱπποῦ, ὅφρα λόχων στονόεντα καὶ ἀμφαδὸν ἄθρησσε. Ἐρώτες τοι δὲ οἱ αἰήσα χερῶν ἀπὸ νόσφι βαλόντες πῦρ ὀλοῦν τε σίδηρον, ἀκηδέες ἐντύνουτο δαῖτα λυγρὴν μᾶλα γάρ σφας ἐπήμεν ὑστατίη νῦς. 575 Άργειόν δ’ ἐντοσθεν ἐγήθεον εἰσαίαντες δαινυμένων ὄμαδον κατὰ Ἡλεον οὖδ’ ἄλεγόντων Κασσαύνδρης, τὴν ρ’ αὐτοὶ ἔθαμβεον, ὡς ἐτέτυκτο ἀτρεκέως εἰδύμα νοον καὶ μῆτιν Ἀχαιῶν. 580 Ἡ δ’ ἀπὸ πόρδαλης ἔσσυτ’ ἐν οὐρεσιν ἀσχαλώσα,

585 ἢν τ’ ἀπὸ μεσσαύλου κίνες μογεροὶ τε νοθῆς σεῖοντ’ ἐςσυμένως, ἢ δ’ ἀγριόν ἥτορ ἔχουσα ἐντροπαλιζομένη ἀναχάζεται τειρομένη περ’ ὅς ἢ γ’ εὐρέος ἱπποῦ ἀπέσυντο τειρομένη κῆρ. Ἐρώτων ἀμφὶ φόνῳ μᾶλα γάρ μέγα δέχυντο πῆμα.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XII

And mocked, and thrust her back from that huge Horse:
For fain she was to smite its beams apart,
Or burn with ravening fire. She snatched a brand
Of blazing pine-wood from the hearth and ran
In fury: in the other hand she bare
A two-edged halberd: on that Horse of Doom
She rushed, to cause the Trojans to behold
With their own eyes the ambush hidden there.
But straightway from her hands they plucked and flung
Afar the fire and steel, and careless turned
To the feast; for darkened o'er them their last night.

Within the horse the Argives joyed to hear
The uproar of Troy's feasters setting at naught
Cassandra, but they marvelled that she knew
So well the Achaeans' purpose and device.

As mid the hills a furious pantheress,
Which from the steadings hounds and shepherd-folk
Drive with fierce rush, with savage heart turns back
Even in departing, galled albeit by darts:
So from the great Horse fled she, anguish-racked
For Troy, for all the ruin she foreknew.
ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΡΙΣΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ

Οἱ δ’ ἂρ’ ἀνὰ πτολέμεθρον ἐδόρπεον· ἐν δ’ ἄρα τοῖσιν ἀυλοῖς ὁμοῦς σύργυξὶ μὲν ἣπυον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ μολῆτ’ ἐπ’ ὀρχηθμοῦσι καὶ ἀκρίτος ἔσκεν ἅυτῇ δαινυμένῳ, οἷς τε πέλει παρὰ δαιτὶ καὶ οὐνίῳ· ὥδε δὲ τις χείρεσσι λαβὼν ἐμπλειον ἀλεισόν πῖνεν ἀκηδέστως· βαρύθυντο δὲ οἱ φρένες ἐνδοῦ ἀμφὶ δὲ ἂρ’ ὀφθαλμοὶ στρεφεὶσεν· ἄλλο δ’ ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ ἐκ στόματος προῖσκεν ἐποὺς κεκολομμένα βάξων· καὶ ὅ τι ἐν μεγάρῳ κειμήλια καὶ δόμος αὐτὸς φαινετο κινυμένους ἐοικότα· πάντα δ’ ἐώλβει ἀμφιπεριστρωφᾶσθαι ἀνὰ πτόλιν· ὅσσε δ’ ἂρ’ ἀχλὺς ἀμφεχεν· ἀκριτῶ γὰρ ἀμαλδύνονται ὁπωταλ καὶ νῦς αἰζηῶν, ὅπτ’ ἐς φρένα χανδὸν ἰκηται· καὶ ὅκαρηβαρέων τῶν ποτὶ μῦθον ἐειπεν· "ἡ δ’ ἄλιον Δαναιοί πουλύν στρατὸν ἐνθάδ’ ἀγείραν· σχέτλιοι· οὐδ’ ἐτέλεσαν ὅσα φρεσὶ μηχανώντο· ἀλλ’ αὐτῶς ἀπόρουσαν ἀπ’ ἀστεὸς ἰμετέρων νηπιάχος παιδεσσιν ἐοικώτες ἵδ νυναιξίν." "Ὅς ἂρ’ ἐφ’ Τρώων τις ἐεργόμενος φρένας οἶνῳ· νήπιος· οὐδ’ ἂρ’ ἐφράσατ’ ἐπὶ προθύρους ὀλεθρον." 20

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BOOK XIII

How Troy in the night was taken and sacked with fire and slaughter.

So feasted they through Troy, and in their midst
Loud pealed the flutes and pipes: on every hand
Were song and dance, laughter and cries confused
Of banqueters beside the meats and wine.
They, lifting in their hands the beakers brimmed,
Recklessly drank, till heavy of brain they grew,
Till rolled their fluctuant eyes. Now and again
Some mouth would babble the drunkard's broken words.
The household gear, the very roof and walls
Seemed as they rocked: all things they looked on seemed
Whirled in wild dance. About their eyes a veil
Of mist dropped, for the drunkard's sight is dimmed,
And the wit dulled, when rise the fumes to the brain:
And thus a heavy-headed feaster cried:
"For naught the Danaans mustered that great host Hither! Fools, they have wrought not their intent,
But with hopes unaccomplished from our town
Like silly boys or women have they fled."

So cried a Trojan wit-befogged with wine,
Fool, nor discerned destruction at the doors.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Εὗτε γὰρ ὑπνὸς ἔρυκεν ἀνὰ πτόλην ἀλλοθεν ἄλλον ὀίνῳ ἀναπλήθοντας ἀπειρεσίῳ καὶ ἐδώδῃ, δὴ τὸν ἀρ’ αἰθαλόεντα Σίνων ἀνὰ πυρὸν ἀειρε δεικνύς Ἀργεῖοις πυρὸς σελάς. ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κῦρ ἀσπετα πορφύρεσκε κατὰ φρένα, μὴ μιν ἰδονται 25 Ἰρώες εὔθενεῖς, τάχα δ’ ἀμφαδᾶ πάντα γένηται· ἀλλ’ οἱ μὲν λεχέσι πανύστατον ὑπνόν ἰαυνον πολλῷ ὑπ’ ἀκρήτῳ βεβαρητές· οἱ δ’ ἐσιδώντες ἐκ Τενέδου νυέσσιν ἐπὶ πλάων ἐντύνουν.

Αὐτός δ’ ἄγχ’ ὑπποίο Σίνων κίεν ἤκα δ’ ἀυσσεν, 30 ἤκα μάλ’, ὡς μητὸν τις ἔνι Τρώεσσι πύθηται, ἄλλ’ οἶοι Δαναῶν ἕγκτορες, δῦν ἀπ’ νόσφιν ὑπνόν ἀδὴν πεπότιτο λαμινομένων πονέσθαι. οἶ δ’ οἱ ἐωδον ἑόντες ἐπέκλουν, ἐς δ’ Ὅδυσση πάντας ἐπ’ ὀὐατ’ ἐνενευν’ ὁ δ’ σφεας ὀτρύνεσκεν ἤκα καὶ ἀτρέμους ἐκβήσεται. οἱ δ’ ἐπίθουτο ἔς μόθον ὀστύνοντι, καὶ εξ ὑπποίου χαμάξε ὀρμαίνον προνέσθαι· δ’ ἰδρεύοις ἔρυκε πάντας ἂμ’ ἔσσαμένους· αὐτός δ’ ἔρα χεριν θοῦσιν ὕππον δουταέοι μάλ’ ἀτρέμας ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα πλευρ’ διεξῶθεν ἐῦμμελήν, ὑπ’ Ἑπείῳ. 35 βαιὸν δ’ ἐξανεῖσαν σανίδων ὑπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ Τρώας παππαίνεσκεν, ἐγγηγορὴτ’ ἑπτοιν ᾱδοτο· ὡς δ’ ὅταν ἀργαλέω λιμῷ βεβολημένος ἦτορ ἐξ ὀρέων ἑλθει σι λύκος χατείν μάλ’ ἐδώδης ποίμνης πρὸς σταθμὸν εὐρύν, ἀλευνόμενος δ’ ἀρα φῶτας καὶ κύνας, οἶ δ’ ὑποῖα ἡφασσεμέναι μεμάασι, βαιὴν ποσοῖν ἔκηλος ὑπὲρ ποιμνίων ἐρκος· ὡς Ὅδυσσει ὑπποίο κατήκεν· ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρ’ αὐτῷ ὀβριμοί ἄλλοι ᾗπποῖο Πανελλήνων βασιλῆς νιοσόμενοι κλῆμαξι κατὰ στίχας, ἄς περ Ἑπείδ’ ἔτεξεν ἀριστήθεσιν εὐσθενέσσει κέλευθι ὑππον ἐσερχομένοισι καὶ εξ ὑπποίο κιόσσιν. 40

βαιὸν δ’ ἐξανεῖσαν σανίδων ὑπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ Τρώας παππαίνεσκεν, ἐγγηγορὴτ’ ἑπτοιν ᾱδοτο· ὡς δ’ ὅταν ἀργαλέω λιμῷ βεβολημένος ἦτορ ἐξ ὀρέων ἑλθει σι λύκος χατείν μάλ’ ἐδώδης ποίμνης πρὸς σταθμὸν εὐρύν, ἀλευνόμενος δ’ ἀρα φῶτας καὶ κύνας, οἶ δ’ ὑποῖα ἡφασσεμέναι μεμάασι, βαιὴν ποσοῖν ἔκηλος ὑπὲρ ποιμνίων ἐρκος· ὡς Ὅδυσσει ὑπποίο κατήκεν· ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρ’ αὐτῷ ὀβριμοί ἄλλοι ᾗπποῖο Πανελλήνων βασιλῆς νιοσόμενοι κλῆμαξι κατὰ στίχας, ἄς περ Ἑπείδ’ ἔτεξεν ἀριστήθεσιν εὐσθενέσσει κέλευθι ὑππον ἐσερχομένοισι καὶ εξ ὑπποίο κιόσσιν. 45

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

When sleep had locked his fetters everywhere
Through Troy on folk fulfilled of wine and meat,
Then Sinon lifted high a blazing torch
To show the Argive men the splendour of fire.
But fearfully the while his heart beat, lest
The men of Troy might see it, and the plot
Be suddenly revealed. But on their beds
Sleeping their last sleep lay they, heavy with wine.
The host saw, and from Tenedos set sail.

Then nigh the Horse drew Sinon: softly he called,
Full softly, that no man of Troy might hear,
But only Achaea's chiefs, far from whose eyes
Sleep hovered, so athirst were they for fight.
They heard, and to Odysseus all inclined
Their ears: he bade them urgently go forth
Softly and fearlessly; and they obeyed
That battle-summons, pressing in hot haste
To leap to earth: but in his subtlety
He stayed them from all thrusting eagerly forth.
But first himself with swift unfaltering hands,
Helped of Epeius, here and there unbared
The ribs of the Horse of beams: above the planks
A little he raised his head, and gazed around
On all sides, if he haply might descry
One Trojan waking yet. As when a wolf,
With hunger stung to the heart, comes from the hills,
And ravenous for flesh draws nigh the flock
Penned in the wide fold, slinking past the men
And dogs that watch, all keen to ward the sheep,
Then o'er the fold-wall leaps with soundless feet;
So stole Odysseus down from the Horse: with him
Followed the war-fain lords of Hellas' League,
Orderly stepping down the ladders, which
Epeius framed for paths of mighty men,
For entering and for passing forth the Horse,
QUINTUS SYMRNAEUS

οἱ ῥὰ τὸτ' ἀμφ' αὐτῆσι καθήμων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλοι, ὀμοφαλέως σφήκεσσιν ἑοικότες, όσο τε κλονήσιγκ ὅρωτεμοι, οἱ δ' ἀμα πάντες ὀρινόμενοι περὶ θυμῷ ὅζου υπεκπροχέονται, ὅτε κτύπων εἰσαόνοιν ὡς οἱ γ' ἐξ ἦππων μεμαότεσ εξέχεοντο ἐς Τρώων πτολέθρον ἑύκτιτον. ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖς πάλλετ' ἐνὶ στέρνοις κέαρ τάχα δ' οἱ μὲν ἐναυρὸν δυσμενεᾶς τοι δ' ἐτ' ἔρεσσον ἑσὼ ἀλός· αἱ δ' ἐφέροντο νῆς ὑπὲρ μέγα χεῦμα. Θέτις δ' ἰδυνεί κέλευθα οὐρον ἐπιπροείσα: νόος δ' ἀρ' ἱάινετ' ἀξιαΐων καρπαλίμως δ' ἐλθόντες ἐπ' ἕόνας 'Ελησσόντου, ἤνθ' αὖθις στήσαντο νέας, σὺν δ' ἀρμενα πάντα εἶλον ἐπισταμένος, ὃς νήσειν αἰεὶν ἐπονται. αὐτοὶ δ' αἰγ' ἐκβάντες ἐς Ιλίων ἐσεύσεαν ἀβρομοι, ἦστε μῆλα ποτὶ σταθμόν ἄτοσοντα ἐκ νομοῦ ἔληντον ὀπωρωμὴν ὑπὸ νῦκτα· δος οἱ γ' αὐίσχοι Τρώων ποτὶ ἁστυ νέοντο πάντες ἀριστήσεσιν ἀρηγέμεναι μεμαότει. οἱ δ', ως σμερδνά λύκοι 1 λυμφ' περιπαιφάσσοντες σταθμῷ ἐπιβρίσσοι κατ' ὀὕρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὅλην εὐδοντος μογεροῦ σμήντωρος, ἄλλα δ' ἐπ' ἄλλους δάμνανθ' ἐρκεος ἐντὸς ὑπὸ κνέφας, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντη 2

1. Zimmermann, for ἀργαλέω of ν.
2. All editors agree that there is a long lacuna here. In the
summary a summary of what the missing lines may
be are have remained.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Who down them now on this side, that side, streamed.
As fearless wasps startled by stroke of axe
In angry mood pour all together forth
From the tree-bole, at sound of woodman's blow;
So battle-kindled forth the Horse they poured
Into the midst of that strong city of Troy
With hearts that leapt expectant. [With swift hands
Snatched they the brands from dying hearths, and fired
Temple and palace. Onward then to the gates
Sped they,] and swiftly slew the slumbering guards,
[Then held the gate-towers till their friends should come.]

Fast rowed the host the while; on swept the ships
Over the great flood: Thetis made their paths
Straight, and behind them sent a driving wind
Speeding them, and the hearts Achaean glowed.
Swiftly to Hellespont's shore they came, and there
Beached they the keels again, and deftly dealt
With whatso tackling appertains to ships.
Then leapt they aland, and hasted on to Troy
Silent as sheep that hurry to the fold
From woodland pasture on an autumn eve;
So without sound of voices marched they on
Unto the Trojans' fortress, eager all
To help those mighty chiefs with foes begirt.
Now these—as famished wolves fierce-glaring round
Fall on a fold mid the long forest-hills,
While sleeps the toil-worn watchman, and they rend
The sheep on every hand within the wall
In darkness, and all round [are heaped the slain;
So these within the city smote and slew,
As swarmed the awakened foe around them; yet,
Fast as they slew, aye faster closed on them
Those thousands, mad to thrust them from the gates.]
QUINTUS SYMRNAEUS

αἴματι καὶ νεκύεσσιν, ὀρώρει δ’ αἰνῶς ὀλέθρος,
καίπερ ἐτὶ πλεόνων Δαναῶν ἐκτοσθεν ἔόντων.
'Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μάλα πάντες ἐβαν ποτὶ τείχεα
Τροίης,
δὴ τότε μαυμάωντες ἀνηλεγέως ἐσέχυντο
ἐς Πριάμου πόλην μένος πυνεόντες Ἀρης. 80
πὰν δ’ εὐρὸν πτολίθρον ἐνίπτειον πολέμου
καὶ νεκύων’ πάντη δὲ πυρὶ στονόετα μέλαθρα
καὶ μέγε’ ἀργαλέως’ μέγα δὲ φρεσὶν ἰαίνοντο.
ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτῷ Τρωσὶ κακὰ φρονέοντες ὀρουσαν’
μαίνετο δ’ ἐν μέσσουσιν Ἀρης στονόεσσα τ’ Ἐννώ. 85
πάντη δ’ αἷμα κελαίνον ὑπέρρεε, δεῦτο δὲ χθὼν
Τρώων τ’ ὀλλυμένον ἥδ’ ἀλλοδαπῶν ἐπικούρων’
τῶν οἱ μὲν θανάτῳ διδημημένοι ὀκρυώνετι
κείντο κατὰ πτολίθρον ἐν αἴματι· τοῖ δ’ ἐφύπερθε
πίπτον ἀποπνεόντες ἐδὼ μένος· οἱ δ’ ἄρα χερσὶ
δράγδην ἐγκατ’ ἐχοῦσε διζυμῶς ἀλάλητο
ἀμφὶ δόμους· ἄλλοι δὲ ποδὶν ἐκάτερθε κοπέντων
ἀμφὶ νεκροὺς ἔρπνυξον ἀάσπετα κοκύντες·
πολλῶν δ’ ἐν κονίσιοι μαχέσασθαι μεμαώτων
χεῖρες ὑπηράχθησαν ὀμός κεφαλῇ καὶ αὐτῇς
φενγόντων δ’ ἐτέρων μελὶ διὰ νῶτα πέρησαν
ἀντικρὺς ἐς μαζοὺς, τῶν δ’ ιξὺς ἀχρὶς ἰκέσθαι
αιδοῖον ἐφύπερθε διαμπέρες, ᾧ μάλιστα
Ἀρεος ἀκαμάτοιο πέλει πολυόδυνος αἰχήμη.
πάντη δ’ ἀμφὶ πόλης κυνὸν ἀλεγεινὸς ὀρώρει
ὄρυθμός· στοναγχὴ δὲ δαίκταμένων αἰξηῶν
ἐπλετο λεγαλέη· περὶ δ’ ἵαχε πάντα μέλαθρα
ἀσπετον’ οἰμωγὴ δὲ πέλε στονόεσσα γυναικῶν
εἰδομένων γεράνοισιν, ὅ’ αἰετὸν ἀθρῆσωσιν
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Slipping in blood and stumbling o'er the dead
[Their line reeled,] and destruction loomed o'er them,
Though Danaan thousands near and nearer drew.
But when the whole host reached the walls of Troy,
Into the city of Priam, breathing rage
Of fight, with reckless battle-lust they poured;
And all that fortress found they full of war
And slaughter, palaces, temples, horribly
Blazing on all sides; glowed their hearts with joy.
In deadly mood then charged they on the foe.
Ares and fell Enyo maddened there:
Blood ran in torrents, drenched was all the earth,
As Trojans and their alien helpers died.
Here were men lying quelled by bitter death
All up and down the city in their blood;
Others on them were falling, gasping forth
Their life's strength; others, clutching in their hands
Their bowels that looked through hideous gashes forth,
Wandered in wretched plight around their homes:
Others, whose feet, while yet asleep they lay,
Had been hewn off, with groans unutterable
Crawled mid the corpses. Some, who had rushed to fight,
Lay now in dust, with hands and heads hewn off.
Some were there, through whose backs, even as they fled,
The spear had passed, clear through to the breast,
and some
Whose waists the lance had pierced, impaling them
Where sharpest stings the anguish-laden steel.
And all about the city dolorous howls
Of dogs uprose, and miserable moans
Of strong men stricken to death; and every home
With awful cries was echoing. Rang the shrieks
Of women, like to screams of cranes, which see

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

υφόθεν ἀτσοῦτα δι’ αἰθέρος, οὐδ’ ἀρα τῇσι 105
θαρσαλέον στέρνοισι πέλει μένος, ἀλλὰ ἐ μοῦνον
μακρὸν ἀνατρύξουσι φοβεύμεναι ἰερὸν ὄρυν.
διὸς ἀρα Τρωιάδες μέγα κόκυνον ἀλλοθεν ἀλλαὶ,
αἰ μὲν ἀνεγρόμεναι λέχεων ἀπό ταλ δ’ ἐπὶ γαιᾶν
θρόσκουσαι τῆς δ’ οὕτω μίτρης ἐτι μέμβλετο

λυγρῆς,

ἀλλ’ αὐτῶς ἀλάληντο περὶ μελέσσῳ χυτῶνα
μοῦνον ἐφεσάμεναι ταλ δ’ οὐ φθάσαν οὕτε
καλύπτρην

οὕτε βαθὺν μελέσσων ἔλειν πέπλουν, ἀλλ’ ἐπιώντας
dυσμενέας τρομεύουσαι ἄμηχανή πεπέδηντο
παλλόμεναι κραδίνην, μοῦνον δ’ ἀρα χερσὶ θοῇσων

115
αἰδὸς ἀπεκρύψαντο δυσάμμοροι: αἰ δ’ ἀλεγείνως
ἐκ κεφαλῆς τίλλοντο κόμην καὶ στήθεα χερσὶ
θεινόμεναι γοάσακον ἀδην’ ἐτεραι δὲ κυδοῦμον
δυσμενῶν ἐτῆσαν ἐκαντλον, ἐκ δ’ ἐλάθοντο

120
deίματος, ὀλυμβέοισιν ἀρηγέμεναι μεμανίαι
ἀνδράσιν ἡ τεκέσσων, ἐπεὶ μέγα χάρσος ἀνάγινη

ὁπασεν. οἰμωγὴ δ’ ἀταλάφροιας ἐκβαλεν ὑπνον

νηπιάχους, τῶν οὕτω ἐπίστατο κήδεα θυμός:

άλλοι δ’ ἀμφ’ ἀλλοίσιν ἀπέπνεον. οἱ δ’ ἐπέχυντο

125
πότμον ὀμῶς ὀρώντες ὀνείρασιν: ἀμφὶ δὲ λυγραλ

Κῆρες οἰζυρῶς ἐπεγήθεων ὀλλυμένοισιν.

οἱ δ’ ὡς ἀφνειοὶ σὺς κατὰ δῶματ’ ἀνακτὸς
eἰλαπίνην λαιῶσιν ἀπείροισιν ἐντύνοντο

μυρίοι ἐκτείνοντο: λυγρῷ δ’ ἀνεμίσγετο λύθρῷ

130
οἶνος ἔτ’ ἐν κρητήρισι λειεμένος: οὔδ’ τες ἔνεν,

ὁς κεν ἀνευθείς φόνοι φέρει στούνδειν σίδηρον,

οὐδ’ εἰ τις μαλ’ ἄναλκης ἔναν ὀλέκοντο δὲ Τρώες.

ὡς δ’ ὑπὸ θώεσι μῆλα δαῖζεται ἤ ὀλύκοιοι

καύματος ἐσσυμένοι δυσαέος ἣματι μέσσοφ

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

An eagle stooping on them from the sky,
Which have no courage to resist, but scream
Long terror-shrieks in dread of Zeus's bird;
So here, so there the Trojan women wailed,
Some starting from their sleep, some to the ground
Leaping: they thought not in that agony
Of robe and zone; in naught but tunics clad
Distraught they wandered: others found nor veil
Nor cloak to cast about them, but, as came
Onward their foes, they stood with beating hearts
Trembling, as fettered by despair, essaying,
All-hapless, with their hands alone to hide
Their nakedness. And some in frenzy of woe:
Their tresses tore, and beat their breasts, and
screamed.
Others against that stormy torrent of foes
Recklessly rushed, insensible of fear,
Through mad desire to aid the perishing,
Husbands or children; for despair had given
High courage. Shrieks had startled from their
sleep
Soft little babes whose hearts had never known
Trouble—and there one with another lay
Gasping their lives out! Some there were whose
dreams
Changed to a sudden vision of doom. All round
The fell Fates gloated horribly o'er the slain.
And even as swine be slaughtered in the court
Of a rich king who makes his folk a feast,
So without number were they slain. The wine
Left in the mixing-bowls was blent with blood
Gruesomely. No man bare a sword unstained
With murder of defenceless folk of Troy,
Though he were but a weakling in fair fight.
And as by wolves or jackals sheep are torn,
What time the furnace-breath of midday-heat

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ποιμένος οὗ παρεόντος, ὅτε σκιερῷ ἔνι χόρῳ ἱλαδὸν ἀλλήλοις ὁμός συναρπότα πάντα μέμνοσιν, κείνοις γλάγος ποτὶ δῶμα φέροντος,

υδύα πλησάμενοι πολυχαίδεα πάντες ἐπίτοιντες αἷμα μέλαν πίνουσιν, ἀπαν δ' ὀλέκουσι μένουσι πώς, κακήν δ' ἄρα δαίτα λυγρῷ τεύχουσι νομῆς. 140 ὃς Δαναῖς Πριάμου κατὰ ππόλιν ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλοι κτείνον ἐπεσύμμενοι πυμάτην ἀνὰ δηντήτας. οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔν τοι Τρῶων τις ἀνούτατος, ἀλλ' ἀμα πάντων γναμπτα μέλη πεπάλακτο μελαιώμεν' αἰματι πολλῷ.

Οὔτε μὲν 'Αργείοισιν ἀνούτατος ἐπλετο δήρης, 145 ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν δεπάσσεις τετμυμένοι, οἱ δὲ τραπέζαις, οἱ δ' ἔτι καιμήνουσιν ἐπ' ἐσχαρέωις τυπέντες δαλοῖς, οἱ δ' ὀβελοῖς πεπαρμένοι ἐκπνεύσκον, οἷς ἔτι που καὶ σπλάγχνα συών περὶ θερμὰ λέλειπτο
'Ἡραίος μεταροή περιζεύοντος θύμης. 150 ἄλλοι δ' αὐ πελέκεσσι καὶ ἄξιοις θησίν ήσπαιρον διηθέντες ἐν αἰματι τῶν δ' ἀπὸ χειρῶν δάκτυλοι ἐτύμηθησαν, ἐπὶ ξίφος εὑτε βάλοντο χεῖρας ἐελδόμενοι στυγερᾶς ἀπὸ Κήρας ἀμύνειν καὶ ποὺ τις βρεγμόν τε καὶ ἑγκεφαλὸν συνέχειν 155 λάα βαλὼν ἐτάρνοι κατὰ μόθον' οἱ δ' ἄτε θῆρες οὐτάμενοι σταθμοῦς ἐνι ποιμένος ἀγραύλου ἀργαλέως μαλνύντο διεγρομένου χόλου νύχθ' ὑπὸ λευγαλέην μέγα δ' ἑσχανόωντες 'Αρησ άμφι δόμους Πριάμου κυδοίμοιο ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον 160 σεύνοντες. πολλοὶ δὲ καὶ ἐγχείησι δάμμαν 'Αργείων δρόψ τοῦ δοσι φθάσαν ἐν μεγάρουσιν ἡ ξίφος ἡ δορυ μακρῶν ἐής ἀνὰ χερσίν ωείραι, δυσμενέας δάμναντο καὶ ὦς βεβαρητείς οίνῳ.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Darts down, and all the flock beneath the shade
Are crowded, and the shepherd is not there,
But to the homestead bears afar their milk;
And the fierce brutes leap on them, tear their throats,
Gorge to the full their ravenous maws, and then
Lap the dark blood, and linger still to slay
All in mere lust of slaughter, and provide
An evil banquet for that shepherd-lord;
So through the city of Priam Danaans slew
One after other in that last fight of all.
No Trojan there was woundless, all men’s limbs
With blood in torrents spilt were darkly dashed.
Nor scatheless were the Danaans in the fray:
With beakers some were smitten, with tables some,
Thrust in the eyes of some were burning brands
Snatched from the hearth; some died transfixed
with spits
Yet left within the hot flesh of the swine
Whereon the red breath of the Fire-god beat;
Others struck down by bills and axes keen
Gasped in their blood: from some men’s hands
were shorn
The fingers, who, in wild hope to escape
The imminent death, had clutched the blades of
swords.
And here in that dark tumult one had hurled
A stone, and crushed the crown of a friend’s head.
Like wild beasts trapped and stabbed within a fold
On a lone steading, frenziedly they fought,
Mad with despair-enkindled rage, beneath
That night of horror. Hot with battle-lust
Here, there, the fighters rushed and hurtled through
The palace of Priam. Many an Argive fell
Spear-slain; for whatso Trojan in his halls
Might seize a sword, might lift a spear in hand,
Slew foes—ay, heavy though he were with wine.
Αίγγη δ' ἀσπετος ὅρτο δι' ἀστεος, οὖνεικ' Ἀχαιών

πολλοι ἔχον χεῖρεσσι πυρὸς σέλας, ὅφτε ἀνά δὴρων δυσμενέας τε φίλους τε μάλ' ἀτρεκέος ὀρόωσι.

Καὶ τότε Τυδέος νῦὸς ἀνὰ μόθον ἄντιώωντα αἴχμητρα Κόρουβον ἄγανον Μύγδονος ὑπὰ ἐγχειὴ κοίλου διὰ στομάχου πέρησεν,

ἠχὶ θοὰὶ πόσιὸς τε καὶ εἰδατὸς εἰσὶ κέλευθοι.

καὶ τὸν μὲν περὶ δουρὲ μέλας ἐκιχήσατο πότμος· κάππεσε δ' ἐς μέλαν αἶμα καὶ ἄιιον ἔθνεα νερὼν,

νήπιος, οὐδ' ἀπόνυτο γάμων, ὅν οὐνεχ' ἢκανε χθῖζες ὑπὸ Πριάμοιο πόλεων

* * * * * καὶ ὑπέσχετ Ἀχαιῶν

Ἰλίων ἄψ ὄσαν τῷ δ' οὖ θεὸς ἐξετέλεσσεν ἐπιτροπήν· Κήρες γὰρ ἐπιτροπήκαν ὀλθρῶν.

σὺν δὲ οἱ Εὐρυδάμαντα κατέκτανεν ἄντιώωντα γαμμηρὸν ἑὔμελην Ἀντήνορος, ὅς ρα μάλιστα θυμὸν ἐνὶ Τρόασσι σαφρασύνης κέκαστο.

ἐνθὰ καὶ Ἰλιονῆι συνήντετο δημογέρουτι,

καὶ οἱ ἐπὶ ξίφος αἰῶν ἐρύσσατο· τοῦ δ' ἀρα πάγχυ γηραλέου κλάθησαν ἄδην ἐπὶ σώματι γνῶτα

καὶ ρα περιτρομέων ἄμα χεῖρεσιν ἀμφοτέρησι τῇ μὲν ἄρα συνεδραξε θοὺ, τῇ δ' ἣπατο γούνων

ἀνδροφόνου ἤρωος· δ' ἐς μόθον ἐσσύμενος περ ἢ χόλου ἀμβολή, ἢ καὶ θεοῦ ὀτρύνοντος,

βαιῶν ἀπεσχὲ γέροντος ἐδών ξίφος, ὁφρα τε ἐπὶ ἔσσυμενος θοῦν ἄνδρα καὶ ἄβριμον δ' ἀλε-γεινον.

Ἰαχεν ἐσσυμένως· στυγερὸν δὲ μν ἄμφεχε δεῖμα· 190 "γουνοῦμαι σ', ὅτις ἐστὶ πολυθενέων Ἀργείων,

ἀίδεσαι ἀμφιπεσόντος ἐμάς χέρας, ἀργαλέου τε λήγε χόλου· καὶ γὰρ ῥα πέλει μακρὸν ἀνέρι κύδος

ἄνδρα νέον κτείναντι καὶ ἄβριμον· ὡν δὲ γέροντα

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Uphushed a glare unearthly through the town,
For many an Argive bare in hand a torch
To know in that dim battle friends from foes.

Then Tydeus' son amid the war-storm met
Spearman Coroebus, lordly Mygdon's son,
And 'neath the left ribs pierced him with the lance
Where run the life-ways of man's meat and drink;
So met him black death borne upon the spear:
Down in dark blood he fell mid hosts of slain.
Ah fool! the bride he won not, Priam's child
Cassandra, yea, his loveliest, for whose sake
To Priam's burg but yesterday he came,
And vaunted he would thrust the Argives back
From Ilium. Never did the Gods fulfil
His hope: the Fates hurled doom upon his head.
With him the slayer laid Eurydamas low,
Antenor's gallant son-in-law, who most
For prudence was pre-eminent in Troy.
Then met he Ilioneus the elder of days,
And flashed his terrible sword forth. All the limbs
Of that grey sire were palsied with his fear:
He put forth trembling hands, with one he caught
The swift avenging sword, with one he clasped
The hero's knees. Despite his fury of war,
A moment paused his wrath, or haply a God
Held back the sword a space, that that old man
Might speak to his fierce foe one word of prayer.
Piteously cried he, terror-overwhelmed:
"I kneel before thee, whoso'er thou be
Of mighty Argives. Oh compassionate
My suppliant hands! Abate thy wrath! To slay
The young and valiant is a glorious thing;
But if thou smite an old man, small renown
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

κτείνης, οὐ νῦ τοι αἰνός ἐφέστασε εἶνεκεν ἀλκης·
τούνεκ' ἐμεῦ ἄπο νόσφιν ἐσ αἰζηνός τρέπε χειρας
ἔλπομενος ποτε γῆρας ὁμοίων εἰςαμικέθας.

"Ως φάμενον προσέειπε κραταιοῦ Τυδέως νιός·
"ο γέρον, ἐλπομ' ἐγαγ' ἐσθλόν ποτὶ γῆρας ἴκε-
σθαί·

ἀλλά μοι ἔως ἔτι κάρτος ἀξέβας, οὕτως ἔασω
ἐχθρόν ἐμῆς κεφαλῆς, ἀλλ' "Αἰδή πάντας ἴάγω
οὖνεκ' ἀρ' ἐσθλός ἀνήρ δὲ δήιον ἀνδρ' ἀπαμύνει." 200

"Ως εἵπων λαμοῦο διήλασε λούγιον ἁὸρ
dεινὸς ἀνήρ. ἤθυνε δ' ὅπη θυντοῖς ἐπὶ πότμον
ψυχῆς εἰςι τάξιστα καὶ ἀματος αἰνὰ κέλευθα·
καὶ τὸν μὲν μορὸς αἰνὸς ὑπέκλασε δηωθέντα
Τυδείδαο χέρεσσιν. ὦ δ' εἰσετι Τρώας ἐναῖρων.
ἐσούτ' ἀνὰ πτολίθρουν ἐφ' μέγα κάρτει θύων
δάμνατο δ' ἢν 'Αβαντα· βάλεν δ' ὑπὸ δούρατα
μακροφ'

νία Περιμνήστοιο περικλυτὸν Εὐρυκόωντα. 210
Ἀιας δ' 'Αἱμφιμέδοντα, Δαμαστορίδην δ' 'Αγα-
μέμουν,
'Ιδομενεὺς δὲ Μίμαντα, Μέγης δ' ἔλε Δηιοπτήν.
Τίδος δ' αὐτ' 'Αχιλῆος ἀμαμακέτῃ υπὸ δουρὶ
Πάμμων διὸν ὑλεσσε, βάλεν δ' ἐπίοντα Πολῖτην,
'Αντίφονον τ' ἐπὶ τοίς κατέκτανε, τοὺς ἀμα
πάντας

νήθας Πρίαμοιο καὶ ἀντιόωντ' ἀνὰ δῆρων
dάμνατ' 'Αγήνορα διὸν ἐπ' ἄλλω δ' άλλον ἐπεφιν
ηρῶν. πάντη δὲ μέλας ἀνεφαινει ὀλθρος
ολλυμένων. ὦ δὲ πατρὸς ἐνυ καταειμένος ἀλκην
μαμώνων ἐδαίξεν ὄσον κίχεν. ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτῷ
δυσμενέων βασιλῆι κακὰ φρονέων ἐνέκυρεν
Ερκεῖου ποτὶ βομών· ὦ δ' ὅς ἰδεν νῦ 'Αχιλῆος,
ἐγαν ἄφαρ τὸν ἐόντα καὶ οὐ τρέσεν, οὖνεκ' ἀρ'
αὐτός

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Waits on thy prowess. Therefore turn from me
Thine hands against young men, if thou dost hope
Ever to come to grey hairs such as mine.”

So spake he; but replied strong Tydeus’ son:
“Old man, I look to attain to honoured age;
But while my strength yet waxeth, will not I
Spare any foe, but hurl to Hades all.
The brave man makes an end of every foe.”

Then through his throat that terrible warrior
drave
The deadly blade, and thrust it straight to where
The paths of man’s life lead by swiftest way
Blood-paved to doom: death palsied his poor
strength
By Diomedes’ hands. Thence rushed he on
Slaying the Trojans, storming in his might
All through their fortress: pierced by his long spear
Eurycooon fell, Perimnestor’s son renowned.
Amphimedon Aias slew: Agamemnon smote
Damastor’s son: Idomeneus struck down
Mimas: by Meges Deiopites died.
Achilles’ son with his resistless lance
Smote godlike Panimon; then his javelin pierced
Polites in mid-rush: Antiphonus
Dead upon these he laid, all Priam’s sons.
Agenor faced him in the fight, and fell:
Hero on hero slew he; everywhere
Stalked at his side Death’s black doom manifest:
Clad in his sire’s might, whomso he met he slew.
Last, on Troy’s king in murderous mood he came.
By Zeus the Hearth-lord’s altar. Seeing him,
Old Priam knew him and quaked not; for he
longed

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θυμὸν ἐξεῦθε ταῖσθαι ἐπὶ σφετέροισιν ὀλέσσαν
tούνεκά μιν προσέητε λυπαίόμενος διάστεθαι. 225
"οὶ τέκοις ὀβριμόθυμον ἐεὐπτολέμου 'Αχιλήσ,
κτείνον, μηδ' ἐλέαιρε δυσάμμορον· ὦ γὰρ ἤγογ
τοῖα παθῶν καὶ τόσσα λυπαίομαι εἰσοράσθαι
ἡλίου φάος πανδερκέος, ἀλλὰ ποι ἡδὴ
φεῦσθαι ὦμος τεκέεσσι καὶ ἐκλεκθήσθαι ἄνδης
230
λευγαλῆς, ὀμάδου τε δυσηχέος. ὄς ὀφελον με
σεῖο πατήρ κατέπεφε, πρὶν αἰθομένην ἐσιδέσθαι
'Ἰλιον, ὁππότ' ἀποινα περὶ κταμένου φέροκου
"Εκτορός, ὦ μοι ἐπεφενε πατήρ τεος: ἀλλὰ τὸ μέν
ποι

Κῆρες ἐπεκλάσαντο· σὺ δ' ἡμετέρου φόνοι
ἀσσον ὀβριμον ἦτορ, ὅπιως λελάθωμ' ὀνυχάων." 235
"Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν 'Αχιλλέασ ὀβριμος νῦός:
"ὁ γέρουν, ἐμμεμαώτα καὶ ἐσομένου περ ἀνώγεις
οὐ γάρ ο' ἐχθρόν ἐόντα μετὰ ξωοῖσιν ἑάσω.
οὐ γάρ τι ψυχής πέλει ἀνδράσι φίλερον ἀλλο." 240
"Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπέκοψε κάρην πολιοῖο γέρουντος
ρηδίως, ὡς εἶ τις ἀπὸ στάχυν ἁμήσεται
ληῖον ἀξιλείοι θέρει εὐθαλέσεις ὁρη.
ἡ δὲ μέγα μύουσα κυλίνδετο πολλὸν ἐπ' αἰαν
νόσφο ἄλλον μελέων, ὁπόσοις ἐγκίνυται ἄνηρ.
κεῖτο δ' ἄρ' ἐς μέλαν αἷμα καὶ εἰς ἑτέρων φόνον
ἀνδρῶν

* * * * * * * * *

ὁλβίοι καὶ γενεῦ καὶ ἀπειρείσιοις τεκέεσσιν
οὐ γάρ δὴν ἐπὶ κύδος ἄξεται ἀνθρώποισιν,
ἀλλ' ἄρα που καὶ ἄνειδος ἐπέσυνοι ἀντροτόποιτο
καὶ τὸν μὲν πότμος εἶλε· κακῶν δ' δ' γε λήσατο
πάντων.

Οἱ δὲ καὶ 'Ἀστυνάκτα βάλον Δαναόι ταχύ-
πολοι
πύργου ἀφ' ὑψηλοῖο, φίλον δὲ οἱ ἠτόρ ὀλέσσαν
544
Himself to lay his life down midst his sons;  
And craving death to Achilles' seed he spake:  
"Fierce-hearted son of Achilles strong in war,  
Slay me, and pity not my misery.  
I have no will to see the sun's light more,  
Who have suffered woes so many and so dread.  
With my sons would I die, and so forget  
Anguish and horror of war. Oh that thy sire  
Had slain me, ere mine eyes beheld a flame  
Ilium; had slain me when I brought to him  
Ransom for Hector, whom thy father slew.  
He spared me—so the Fates had spun my thread  
Of destiny. But thou, glut with my blood  
Thy fierce heart, and let me forget my pain."
Answered Achilles' battle-eager son:  
"Fain am I, yea, in haste to grant thy prayer.  
A foe like thee will I not leave alive;  
For naught is dearer unto men than life."

With one stroke swept he off that hoary head  
Lightly as when a reaper lops an ear  
In a parched cornfield at the harvest-tide.  
With lips yet murmuring low it rolled afar  
From where with quivering limbs the body lay  
Amidst dark-purple blood and slaughtered men.  
So lay he, chiefest once of all the world  
In lineage, wealth, in many and goodly sons.  
Ah me, not long abides the honour of man,  
But shame from unseen ambush leaps on him  
So clutched him Doom, so he forgot his woes.  
Yea, also did those Danaan ear-lords hurl  
From a high tower the babe Astyanax,
μητρὸς ἀφαρπάζαντες ἐν ἀγκόινησιν ἐώτα "Εκτορι χωόμενοι, ἐπεὶ ἡ σφισὶ τῆμα κόρυσσε ᾧδος ἐῶν τῷ καὶ οἱ ἀπηχθήραντο γενέθλην, καὶ οἱ παιδὶ ἐβάλοντο καθ' ἔρκεσι αἰπεινω, νήπιοιν, οὐποὺ δὴν ἐπιστάμενον πολέμοιο. ἦντε πόρτιν ὅρεσφι λύκοι χατέοντες ἐδώδης κρημνῶν ἐς ἑχήντα λακοφραδήσι βάλονται μητρὸς ἀποτιμήζαντες εὐγλαγέων ἀπὸ μαζῶν, ἡ δὲ θέα γόοσα φίλον τέκος ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα μακρὰ κυνυρομένη, τῇ δ' ἐξώπιθεν κακῶν ἀλλο ἔλθῃ, ἐπεὶ ἐ λεύντες ἀναρπάξωσι καὶ αὐτὴν ἔμειν θὴν ἁγχαλώσαν ἄδην περὶ παιδός ἔοτο ἤγον δὴιν ἀνδρες ἀμ' ἀλλής λημάδεσι κυρῆν Ἡτείνωφος ἀμύμωνος αἰνὰ βοῶσαν. ἡ δ' ἀρα παιδός ἐοί καὶ ἀνέρος ἢδε τοκῆς μνησαμένη φόνον αἰνὸν ἐνυσφυρὸς Ἡτείνῃ ὀρμηγεν θανέεσθαι, ἐπεὶ βασιλεύσαν ἀμεινον τεθνάμεν ἐν πολέμῳ ἡ χείρωσιν ἀμφιπολεύειν καὶ δ' ὦλοφυνὸν αὐτε μέγ' ἀκυμμένῃ κέαρ ἐνδον ἐς ἐυγνω τῶν καὶ ἔμειν δέμας κατὰ τείχεος αἰνοῦ ἢ κατὰ πετράων ἢ ἐσω πυρὸς ἀλγα βάλεσθε, Ἄργειον μάλα γάρ μοι ἄσπετα πήματ' ἔασι καὶ γάρ μεν πατέρ' ἐσθλοῦ ἐνήρατο Πηλέος υὸς Ὁῆσθ' ἐν ζαθεία, Τροίθ' δ' ἐνιαῖδιμον ἀνδρα, ὅς μοι ἐγν μάλα πάντα, τὰ τ' ἐλθετο θυμὸς ἐμειον καὶ μοι κάλλιπες τυτθον ἐνι μεγάροις ἔτι παιδα, ὁ ἐπι κυνιάσκουν ἀπείρον, ὁ ἐπι πολλα ἐλπομένην ἀπάφησεν κακ' καὶ ἀτάσθαλος Δίσα. τῷ νῦ μ' ἄκηχεμένην πολυτείρον ἐκ βιότου νοσφίσατ' ἐσομενος, μηδ' εἰς ἐὰν δόματ' ἀγεσθε μέγα δορκτήτοισιν, ἐπεὶ νῦ μοι ομότε θυμοῦ ευάδεν ἰνθρώποι μετέμμεναι, οὖνεκα δαίμων 546
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Dashing him out of life. They tore the child
Out of his mother’s arms, in wrathful hate
Of Hector, who in life had dealt to them
Such havoc; therefore hated they his seed,
And down from that high rampart flung his child—
A wordless babe that nothing knew of war!
As when amid the mountains hungry wolves
Chase from the mother’s side a suckling calf,
And with malignant cunning drive it o’er
An echoing cliff’s edge, while runs to and fro
Its dam with long moans mourning her dear child,
And a new evil followeth hard on her,
For suddenly lions seize her for a prey;
So, as she agonized for her son, the foe
To bondage haled with other captive thralls
That shrieking daughter of King Eetion.
Then, as on those three fearful deaths she thought
Of husband, child, and father, Andromache
Longed sore to die. Yea, for the royally-born
Better it is to die in war, than do
The service of the thrall to baser folk.
All piteously the broken-hearted cried:
“Oh hurl my body also from the wall,
Or down the cliff, or cast me midst the fire,
Ye Argives! Woes are mine unutterable!
For Peleus’ son smote down my noble father
In Thebe, and in Troy mine husband slew,
Who unto me was all mine heart’s desire,
Who left me in mine halls one little child,
My darling and my pride—of all mine hopes
In him fell merciless Fate hath cheated me!
Oh therefore thrust this broken-hearted one
Now out of life! Hale me not overseas
Mingled with spear-thralls; for my soul henceforth
Hath no more pleasure in life, since God hath
slain

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Κηδεμονής ἔλεσεν· ἄχος δὲ με δέχυται αἰών ἐκ Τρώων στυγεροῖσιν ἐπ᾽ ἀλγεσίν οἰωθείσαν."  
"Ἡ ρὰ λαλαιομένῃ χθόνα δύμενα· οὐ γὰρ ἐοικε ζωέμεναι κείνουσιν, ὅσων μέγα κύδος οὐκείδος ἀμφικάνη· δεινὸν γὰρ ὑπὸφιλον ἐκμεναι ἄλλων. 
οἱ δὲ βλη ἀέκουσαν ἄγον ποτὶ δούλιον ἰμαρ. 
"Αλλοι δὲ αὐτῷ ἀλλοις ἐν δώμασι θυμὸν ἐλειπον ἁνέρες· ἐν δὲ ἀρὰ τοῖσι βοὴ τολύδακρις ὠρόρει· ἀλλ᾽ οὐκ ἐν μεγαρόις 'Ἀντήνορος, οὐνεκ' ἀρ' αὐτοῦ 'Ἀργείοι μνήσαντο φιλοξενίας ἐρατείνης, ὃς ξείνισσε πάροιθε κατὰ πτόλιν ἡδ' ἐσάωσεν ἵσθθεν Μενέλαιον ὅμως 'Οδυσῆη μολοντα· τῶ δ' ἐπίθρα φέροντες 'Ἀχαϊῶν φερτατοι υἷς αὐτῶν μὲν Ὑώνοη λίπων καὶ κτῆσιν ἔσασαν καὶ Θέμῳ ἀξόμενοι πανδερχέα καὶ φίλων ἀνδρα. 
Καὶ τότε δὴ πάϊς ἐσθόλος ἀμύμονος 'Αρχίσαο 
τολλά καμῶν περὶ ἄστυ θεηγενέος Πριάμοιο 
δουρὶ καὶ ἴμορετ, πολλῶν δ' ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσας, ὡς ἵδε δυσμενέων ὑπὸ χεῖρετι λευγαλέσων 
ἀθόμενοι πτολεθρον, ἀπολλυμένους θ' ἀμα λαοὺς 
πανσυβή, καὶ κτῆσιν ἀπείροτον, ἐκ τε μελάθρων 
ἐλκομένας ἄλογους ἀμα παίδεσιν, οὐκἐτ' ἀρ' αὐτοῦ 
ἐλπωρῆν ἐχε θυμὸς ἱδεῖν εὐτεχεὰ πάτρην, 
ἀλλὰ οἱ ὀρμαίνεσκε νόσοι μέγα πῆμ' ὑπαλύξαε. 
ὡς δ' θ' ἀλὸς κατὰ βένθος ἀνήρ οἰῆα νομῶν 
νηὸς ἐπισταμένως ἄνεμον καὶ κύμα ἀλεείνων 
πάντοθεν ἐσσύμενον στυγερὴ ὑπὸ χείματος ὁρὴ 
χείρα κάμῃ καὶ θυμὸν, ὑποβρυχίς δ' ἀρὰ νηὸς 
ἐλλυμένης ἀπάνευθε λιτῶν οἰῆα μοῦνα 
τυπθὸν ἐπὶ σκάφος εἴσι, μέλει δὲ οἱ ὀυκέτι νηὸς 
φορτίδος· ὅς πάϊς ἐσθόλος ἐθφρονος 'Αρχίσαο, 

1 Zimmermann, for ἀτασαν of v. 
2 Zimmermann, for ἀλεγεῖν of MS.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

My nearest and my dearest! For me waits
Trouble and anguish and lone homelessness!"
So cried she, longing for the grave; for vile
Is life to them whose glory is swallowed up
Of shame: a horror is the scorn of men.
But, spite her prayers, to thralldom dragged they her.
In all the homes of Troy lay dying men,
And rose from all a lamentable cry,
Save only Antenor's halls; for unto him
The Argives rendered hospitality's debt,
For that in time past had his roof received
And sheltered godlike Menelaus, when
He with Odysseus came to claim his own.
Therefore the mighty sons of Achaea showed
Grace to him, as to a friend, and spared his life
And substance, fearing Themis who seeth all.

Then also princely Anchises' noble son—
Hard had he fought through Priam's burg that night
With spear and valour, and many had he slain—
When now he saw the city set aflame
By hands of foes, saw her folk perishing
In multitudes, her treasures spoiled, her wives
And children dragged to thralldom from their homes,
No more he hoped to see the stately walls
Of his birth-city, but bethought him now
How from that mighty ruin to escape.
And as the helmsman of a ship, who toils
On the deep sea, and matches all his craft
Against the winds and waves from every side
Rushing against him in the stormy time,
Forspent at last, both hand and heart, when now
The ship is foundering in the surge, forsakes
The helm, to launch forth in a little boat,
And heeds no longer ship and lading; so
QUINTUS Smyrnaeus

ἀστυ λυπῶν δῆτοισι καταιθόμενον πυρὶ πολλῷ,
νιέα καὶ πατέρα σφόν ἀναρπάξας φορέςσεκε,
tὸν μὲν ἐπὶ πλατὺν ὠμὸν ἑφεσσάμενος κρατερὴσε
χερσὶ πολυτλῆτῳ ὑπὸ γῆραὶ μοχθίζοντα,
tὸν δ' ἀπαλῆς ἀμα χειρὸς ἐπιφανὰστα πόδεσσε
γαῖς. οὐλομένου τε φοβεύμενον ἔργα μόθωιο
ἐξῆγεν πολέμῳ δυσχέεσι. ὃς δ' ὑπ' ἀνάγκης
ἐκρέματ' ἐμπεφώς ἀταλὸς παίσι. ἀμφὶ δὲ δάκρυ
χεύατο οἱ ἐπαλῆσι παρῆσιν. αὐτὰρ ὁ νεκρῶν
σώμαθ' ὑπέρθορε πολλά θοοίς ποσὶ, πολλὰ δ' ἐν

οὐκ ἔθελων στείβεσκε. Κύπρις δ' ὠδὸν ἡγεμόνευεν
νιόων καὶ παίδα καὶ ἀνέρα πῆματος αἰνῶ
πρόφρων ῥυμωμένη. τοῦ δ' ἐσσυμένου ὑπὸ ποσοῖ
πάντῃ πυρ ὑπόεικε. περισχίζοντα δ' ἀυτών
Ἡφαίστου μαλαροῦ καὶ ἐγχεα καὶ βέλε' ἀνδρῶν
πίπτον ἐτῶσια πάντα κατὰ χθόνος, ὃπδ' Ἀχαϊοῖ
κείνῳ ἐπέφρωσαν πολέμῳ ἐνι δακρύοντι.
καὶ τότε δὴ Κάλχας μεγάλ' ἱαχε λαὸν ἐέργων
"Ισχεσθ' Λινείαο κατ' ἱθίμοιο καρίνου
βάλλοντες στονόεντα βέλη καὶ λοίγια δούρα'
τὸν γὰρ θέσφατον ἐστὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδεὶ βουλὴ
Θύμβριν ἐν' εὐνυρέεθρον απὸ Ξάνθειο μολόντα
τευξέμεν ιέρον ἀστυ καὶ ἐσσομένωσιν ἁγητὸν
ἀνθρώπωι, αὐτῶν δὲ πολυσπερέεσσι βροτοίσι
κοιρανεῖν. ἐκ τοῦ δὲ γένους μετόπισθαν ἀνάξειν
ἀχρις ἐπ' ἀντολήν τε καὶ ἀκαμάτον δύσιον ἥνος.
καὶ δ' αὐτῷ θέμις ἐστὶ μετέμεμαν ἀθανάτωσιν,
οὐνεκα δὴ πάις ἐστὶν ἐφτλοκάμου Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ δ' ἄλλος τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς ἐὰς ἀπεχώμεθα χειρὰς,
οὐνεκα καὶ χρυσόιο καὶ ἄλλ' ὅσα οἱ κτέατ' ἔστιν, 345
ἀνδρ' ἰ σαοί ἐφέγοντα καὶ ἄλλοδαπῆ ἐπὶ γαῖαν.

1 Zimmermann, for ἄλλων [lacuna] ἄλλοις ἐν κτέατεσσιν ἀνδρα σαοί of Koechly.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Anchises' gallant son forsook the town
And left her to her foes, a sea of fire.
His son and father alone he snatched from death;
The old man broken down with years he set
On his broad shoulders with his own strong hands,
And led the young child by his small soft hand,
Whose little footsteps lightly touched the ground;
And, as he quaked to see that work of death,
His father led him through the roar of fight,
And clinging hung on him the tender child,
Tears down his soft cheeks streaming. But the

O'er many a body sprang with hurrying feet,
And in the darkness in his own despite
Trampled on many. Cypris guided them,
Earnest to save from that wild ruin her son,
His father, and his child. As on he pressed,
The flames gave back before him everywhere:
The blast of the Fire-god's breath to right and left
Was cloven asunder. Spears and javelins hurled
Against him by the Achaeans harmless fell.
Also, to stay them, Calchas cried aloud:
"Forbear against Aeneas' noble head
To hurl the bitter dart, the deadly spear!
Fated he is by the high Gods' decree
To pass from Xanthus, and by Tiber's flood
To found a city holy and glorious
Through all time, and to rule o'er tribes of men
Far-sundered. Of his seed shall lords of earth
Rule from the rising to the setting sun.
Yea, with the Immortals ever shall he dwell,
Who is son of Aphrodite lovely-tressed.
From him too is it meet we hold our hands
Because he hath preferred his father and son
To gold, to all things that might profit a man
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τῶν πάντων προβέβουλεν ἐδῶ πατέρ’ ἦδὲ καὶ υἱα- 
νυξ δὲ μί' ἤμων ἔφηνε καὶ νιέα πατρὶ γέροντι 
ἥπιον ἐκπάγιλος καὶ ἄμεμφεα παίδι τοκῆ."

"Ὡς φάτο· τοί δ’ ἐπίθυτο χαὶ ώς θεόν εἰσο- 
ράσακον

πάντες· ο’ δ’ ἐσυμένως εξ ἀστεος οἶο βεβήκει,

ἡχί ε ποιητόντα πόδες φέρων· οί δ’ ἐτὶ Τρώης

Ἀργείοι πτολεμέθρον εὐκτίμενου διέπερθον.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Μενέλαος ὑπὸ ξύφει στονέντι

Δηήφοβου κατέπεφεν καρηθαρέοντα κινήσας

ἀμφ’ Ἐλένης λεχέεσσι δυσάμμορον· η’ δ’ ὑπὸ φούζη

κευθέτ’ εὐλ μεγάροσιν· ο’ δ’ αίματος ἐκχυμένοιο

γήθενεν ἄμφι φόνῳ· τοίον δ’ ἐτὶ μυῶν ἐείπεν·

"ὠ κῦν, ὡς τοι ἔγωγε φόνον στονέντι· εφέρκα

σήμερον· οὐδέ σε διὰ κινήσαται Ἡριγένεια

ζωόν ἐτ’ ἐν Τρώεσσι, καὶ εἰ Δίος εὐχεία εἶναι

γαμβρὸς ἐρισμαράγιοι· μέλας δὲ σε δέξατ’ ὀλθρος

ἡμετέρης ἀλόχοιο παρὰ μεγάροις δαμέντα

ἀργαλέως· ὡς εἰθε καὶ οὐλομένου πάροιθε

θυμὸν Ἀλεξάνδροι κατὰ μόθον ἀντιώντος

νοσφισάμην· καὶ κέν μοι ἐλαφρότερον πέλεν

ἀλγός·

ἀλλ’ ὁ μὲν ἴδη ἰκανεν ὑπὸ ξύφον ὄκρυσετα

τίσας αἰσίμα πάντα· σὲ δ’ οὐκ ἀρα μέλλειν ὄνησεν

ἡμετέρῃ παράκοιτος, ἔπει Θέαν οὐποτ’ ἀλτροί

ἄνερες ἔξαλεονται ἀκήρατον, οὐνεκ’ ἄρ’ αὐτῶν

εἰσοράμα νυκτὸς τε καὶ ἡματος, ἄμφι δ’ πάντη

ἀνθρώπων ἐπὶ φύλα διηρή πεπότηται

tυνμένη σὺν Ζην’ κακῶν ἐπίστορας ἑργῶν·

"Ὡς εἰπὼν δηῆσοιν ἀνηλέα τεύχεν ὀλθρον·

μαῖνετο γάρ οἱ θυμός ὑπὸ κραδή μέγ’ ἀέξων

ζηλήμου· καὶ πολλὰ περὶ φρεσί’ θαραλέσει

Τρώοι κακὰ φρονείσκε, τὰ δὴ θεός ἐξετέλεσσε

πρέσβα Δίκη’ κεῖνοι γάρ ἀτάσθαλα πρῶτοι ἐρέξαν

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Who fleeth exiled to an alien land.
This one night hath revealed to us a man
Faithful to death to his father and his child."

Then hearkened they, and as a God did all
Look on him. Forth the city hasted he
Whither his feet should bear him, while the foe
Made havoc still of goodly-built Troy.

Then also Menelaus in Helen's bower
Found, heavy with wine, ill-starred Deiphobus,
And slew him with the sword: but she had fled
And hidden her in the palace. O'er the blood
Of that slain man exulted he, and cried:
"Dog! I, even I have dealt thee unwelcome death
This day! No dawn divine shall meet thee again
Alive in Troy—ay, though thou vaunt thyself
Spouse of the child of Zeus the thunder-voiced!
Black death hath trapped thee slain in my wife's
bower!

Would I had met Alexander too in fight
Ere this, and plucked his heart out! So my grief
Had been a lighter load. But he hath paid
Already justice' debt, hath passed beneath
Death's cold dark shadow. Ha, small joy to thee
My wife was doomed to bring! Ay, wicked men
Never elude pure Themis: night and day
Her eyes are on them, and the wide world through
Above the tribes of men she floats in air,
Holpen of Zeus, for punishment of sin."

On passed he, dealing merciless death to foes,
For maddened was his soul with jealousy.
Against the Trojans was his bold heart full
Of thoughts of vengeance, which were now fulfilled
By the dread Goddess Justice, for that theirs
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀμφ’ Ἑλένης, πρῶτοι δὲ καὶ ὀρκια πηρῆναντο, σχέτλιοι, ὅπποτε κεῖνο διέκ μέλαν αἴμα καὶ ἱρὰ ἀθανάτων πατέοντο παραβασίσης νόοιο· τῷ καὶ σφόν μετόπισθεν Ἐρυννίες ἀλγεὰ τεῦχον τοῦνεκ ἀρ’ οἱ μὲν δλοῦτο πρὸ τεῦχεος, οἱ δ’ ἀνὰ ἀστυ
terpόμενοι παρὰ δαίτι καὶ ἦκόμοις ἀλόχοισιν.

Οὔε δὲ δὴ Μενδλαος ἐνὶ μυχάτοισι δόμοιο εὔρεν ἐνὶ παράκοιτων ὑποτρομέουσαν ὀμοκλήν ἀνδρός κουριδίοιο θρασύφρονος, ὃς μιν ἄθρησας ὀρμησὶ κτανέεις ζηλημοσύνης νόιο, ἐι μὴ οἱ κατέρυξε βίην ἐροεσ’ Ἀφροδίτη, ἥ ρά οἱ ἐκ χειρῶν ἔβαλε ξίφος, ἔσχε δ’ ἐρωκαν τοῦ γὰρ ζήλον ἐρεμοῦν ἀπόσατο, καὶ οἱ ἐνερθεκ ήδον ὕφ’ ἰμερον ὄρσε κατὰ φρενὸς ἦδε καὶ ὄσσων, τῶ δ’ ἀρα θάμβος ἀελποῦν ἐπήλυθενν ὀυδ’ ἀρ’ ἐτ’ ἐτίλη
cállos ἰδὼν ἀρίδηλον ἐπὶ ξίφος αἰχένι κῦρσαι, ἀλλ’ ὥστε ξύλον αὐνὸν ἐν οὐρεὶ ὑληντι εἰστήκην, τὸ μὲν οὔτε θοαί βορέαθο θύελλαι ἐσομεναι κλονέουσι δ’ ἡρος οὔτε νότου ὅς ὁ ταφῶν μένε δηρῶν ὑπεκλάθη δε οἱ ἀλκῆ
derkomένου παράκοιτων ἀφαρ δ’ ο’ γε λήσατο πάντων,

ὅσσα οἱ ἐν λεχέσσι παρήλιτε κουριδίοισιν·

πάντα γὰρ ἡμάλνων θεία Κύπρις, ἡ περ ἀπάντων ἀθανάτων δάμνησι νόον θυντῶν τ’ ἀνθρώπων. ἀλλὰ καὶ ὃς θην ἀορ ἀπὸ χθονὸς αὐθις ἄειρας κουριδή ἐπόροσε: νόος δὲ οἱ ἀλλ’ ἐνι θυμοῦ ὀρμάτ’ ἐσομένου. δόλῳ δ’ ἀρα θήλγεν’ Ἀχαίοις. 405 καὶ τῶτε μιν κατέρυξεν ὢδελφέος ἑμενὸν περ μειλίχοις μάλα πολλὰ παραυδήσας ἐπέεσοι·
deίδε ἑαρ μὴ δὴ σφίν ἐτώσια πάντα γένηται.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Was that first outrage touching Helen, theirs
That profanation of the oaths, and theirs
That trampling on the blood of sacrifice
When their presumptuous souls forgot the Gods.
Therefore the Vengeance-friends brought woes on them
Thereafter, and some died in fighting field,
Some now in Troy by board and bridal bower.
   Menelaus mid the inner chambers found
At last his wife, there cowering from the wrath
Of her bold-hearted lord. He glared on her,
Hungering to slay her in his jealous rage.
But winsome Aphrodite curbed him, struck
Out of his hand the sword, his onrush reined,
Jealousy's dark cloud swept she away, and stirred
Love's deep sweet well-springs in his heart and eyes.
Swept o'er him strange amazement: powerless all
Was he to lift the sword against her neck,
Seeing her splendour of beauty. Like a stock
Of dead wood in a mountain forest, which
No swiftly-rushing blasts of north-winds shake,
Nor fury of south-winds ever, so he stood,
So dazed abode long time. All his great strength
Was broken, as he looked upon his wife.
And suddenly had he forgotten all—
Yea, all her sins against her spousal-truth;
For Aphrodite made all fade away,
She who subdueth all immortal hearts
And mortal. Yet even so he lifted up
From earth his sword, and made as he would rush
Upon his wife—but other was his intent,
Even as he sprang: he did but feign, to cheat
Achaean eyes. Then did his brother stay
His fury, and spake with pacifying words,
Fearing lest all they had toiled for should be lost:

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QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

"ίσχεο νῦν, Μενέλαε, χολούμενος. οὐ γὰρ ἔσκε 
kouridĭṇ pa rákoinẹ ν ἐναιρ ῶμ. ἢς πέρι πολλὰ 410 ἄλγε' ἀνέτλημεν Πριάμῳ κακὰ μητιόντες. 
οὐ γὰρ τοι 'Ελενη πέλει αἰτι, ὅσ σὺ γ' ἔσκπας, 
ἀλλὰ Πάρις ξενίου Διός καὶ σεῖο τραπέζης 
λησάμενος. τῷ καὶ μὲν ἐν ἄλγεσι τίσατο δαίμον.

"Ως φάθ'. ο' δ' αἰψ' ἐπίθησε. θεόλ δ' ἐρικυνέα

Τροίην

κυανείων νεφέεσσι καλυψάμενοι γοάσκον, 
νόσφιν εὔπλοκάμον Τριτωνίδος ἢδε καὶ Ἡρῆς. 
αἴ μέγα κυδιάσκον ἀνὰ φρένας, εὔτ' ἐσίδοντα 
περθόμενονκλύτων ἀστυ θεγγενός Πριάμῳ. 
ἀλλ' οὗ μᾶν οὐδ' αὐτὴ ἐὔφρων Τριτογένεια 
πάμπαν ἀδακρος ἑν, ἐπεὶ ἦ ῶ πάντε ἐνδόθη νηοῦ 
Κασσάνδρην ἢσχυεν 'Οἰλεος ὀβρίμοις νῖος 
θυμοῦ τ' ἢδε νόοι βεβλαμένος. ἢ δὲ οἱ αἰών 
eισοπίσω βάλε πῆμα καὶ ἀνέρα τίσατο λῶθης. 
οὐδὲ μὲν ἐργόν ἀικεὶς ἐσέδρακεν, ἀλλὰ οἱ αἰῶν 
καὶ χόλος ἀμφεχῦθη. βλοσυρᾶς δ' ἐτρεφεν ὀπωτὰς 
νηῦ ἐς ὑφόροφον. περὶ δ' ἐβραχει θείον ἁγαλμα, 
καὶ δάπεδου νηοῦ μὲν ἐτρεμεν. οὐδ' δ' ἄγαρ 
λήγειν ἀτασθάλης, ἐπεὶ ἦ φρένας ἀασε Κύπρις.

Πάντη δ' ἀλλοθεὶν ἄλλα κατηρεῖτοντο μέλαθρα 430 ὑψόθεν. ἄζαλεὶ δὲ κώνις συνεμίσγετο καπνῷ. 
ἀρτὸ δ' ἄρα κτύπος αἰὼν, ὑπετρομέοντο δ' ἀγυια. 
καίετο δ' Αἰνελαο δόμος, 1 καίοντο δὲ πάντα 
Ἀντιμάχου μέλαθρα: καταϊθετο δ' ἄστετος ἄκρη 
Pέργαμον ἀμφ' ἔρατην περὶ θ' ἔσρον 'Απόλλωνος 

νηον τε ζάνθειν Τριτωνίδος ἀμφι τε βωμὸν 
'Ἐργεῖον. τάλαμοι δὲ κατηπρηθοντ' ἐρατειον 
νῖονῶν Πριάμῳ. πὸλες δ' ἀμαθύνετο πᾶσα.

1 Two hemistichs supplied by Zimmermann, ex R.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

"Forbear wrath, Menelaus, now: 'twere shame
To slay thy wedded wife, for whose sake we
Have suffered much affliction, while we sought
Vengeance on Priam. Not, as thou dost deem,
Was Helen's the sin, but his who set at naught
The Guest-lord, and thine hospitable board;
So with death-pangs hath God requited him."

Then hearkened Menelaus to his rede.
But the Gods, palled in dark clouds, mourned for
Troy,
A ruined glory—save fair-tressed Tritonis
And Hera: their hearts triumphed, when they saw
The burg of god-descended Priam destroyed.
Yet not the wise heart Trito-born herself
Was wholly tearless; for within her fane
Outraged Cassandra was of Oileus son
Lust-maddened. But grim vengeance upon him
Ere long the Goddess wreaked, repaying insult
With mortal sufferance. Yea, she would not look
Upon the infamy, but clad herself
With shame and wrath as with a cloak: she turned
Her stern eyes to the temple-roof, and groaned
The holy image, and the hallowed floor
Quaked mightily. Yet did he not forbear
His mad sin, for his soul was lust-distraught.

Here, there, on all sides crumbled flaming homes
In ruin down: scorched dust with smoke was blent:
Trembled the streets to the awful thunderous crash.
Here burned Aeneas' palace, yonder flamed
Antimachus' halls: one furnace was the height
Of fair-built Pergamus; flames were roaring round
Apollo's temple, round Athena's fane,
And round the Hearth-lord's altar: flames licked up
Fair chambers of the sons' sons of a king;
And all the city sank down into hell.
Τρώες δ’ οἱ μὲν παισίν ὑπ’ Ἀργείων ὅλέκοντο, οἱ δ’ ὑπὸ λευγαλέου τε πυρὸς σφετέρων τε μελάθρων, ἐνθα σφιν καὶ μοῖρα κακή καὶ τύμβος ἔτυχθη, ἄλλοι δὲ ξεφέσσιν ἐν πιά λαμιὸν ἔλασσαν πῦρ ἀμα δυσμενέσσιν ἐπὶ προθόροισιν ἱδῶτες, οἱ δ’ ἄρ’ ὀμῶς τεκέσσι κατακτείναντες ἀκοιτίν κάπτεσσιν ἀσχετον ἔργον ἀναπλήσαντες ἀνάγκη. καὶ ρά τις οἴς μενοσ δηλῶν ἐκὰς ἔμμεν’ ἀυτῆν ἐκποθεν Ἡφαίστου θὸς ἀνὰ κάλπων ἀέρας ἀρμηνευ πονέσσαι ἐφ’ ὤδας. τὸν δὲ παραφθάς Ἀργείων τις ἐτυφεν ὑπ’ ἐγχει καὶ οἱ ὅλεσσε θυμὸν ὑπ’ ἀκρίτῳ βεβαρμένου. ἦτο ποίησι ὠς εἰσω δῶματος. ἀμφι δὲ οἱ κενὴν περικάπτεσσε κάλπης. ἄλλοι δ’ αὖ φεύγοντι διὰ μεγάρου μεσόμμη ἐμπεσε καιομένη, ἐπὶ δ’ ἦρπεν αἰτίας ὄλθρος. πολλαὶ δ’ αὖτε γυναῖκες ἀνυρὴν ἐπὶ φύζαυ ἐσυμεναί μνήσαντο φίλων ὑπὸ δῶματι παύδων, οὐς λίπου ἐν λεχέσσιν ἄφαρ δ’ ἀνὰ ποσσίν ἴοὐσαι παισίν ὀμῶς ἀπόλοντο δόμων ἐφύπερθε πεσόντων. ἤποιοι δ’ αὖτε κῶνες τε δ’ ἀστεος ἐπτοίηντο φεύγοντες στυγεροί πυρὸς μένοις. ἀμφι δὲ ποσαὶ στείβον ἀποκτάμενοι, ἕσωσι δὲ τῆμα φέροντες αἰὲν ἐνερρήγματο. Βοὴ δ’ ἀμβίαξεν ἀστυ. καὶ τινος αἰξηοῦ διὰ φλογὸς ἐσυμένωι φθεγγομένου· τοὺς δ’ ἐνδον ἀμείλιχος Αίςα δάμασσεν. ἄλλοι δ’ ἄλλα κέλευθα φέρον στοινέντος ὅλεθρον. φλόξ δ’ ἄρ’ εἰς ἡρα δῖαν ἀνέγρετο. πέπτατο δ’ αἰγῆ ἀσπετος· ἀμφὶ δὲ φῦλα περικτίων ὀρὸντο.  

1 Zimmermann, ex P, for ἐπερράωντο of Koechly.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Of Trojans some by Argos' sons were slain,
Some by their own roofs crashing down in fire,
Giving at once ill death and tomb to them:
Some in their own throats plunged the steel, when foes
And fire were in the porch together seen:
Some slew their wives and children, and flung themselves
Dead on them, when despair had done its work
Of horror. One, who deemed the foe afar,
Caught up a vase, and, fain to quench the flame,
Hasted for water. Leapt unmarked on him
An Argive, and his spirit, heavy with wine,
Was thrust forth from the body by the spear.
Clashed the void vase above him, as he fell
Backward within the house. As through his hall
Another fled, the burning roof-beam crashed
Down on his head, and swift death came with it.
And many women, as in frenzied flight
They rushed forth, suddenly remembered babes
Left in their beds beneath those burning roofs:
With wild feet sped they back—the house fell in
Upon them, and they perished, mother and child.
Horses and dogs in panic through the town
Fled from the flames, trampling beneath their feet
The dead, and dashing into living men
To their sore hurt. Shrieks rang through all the town.
In through his blazing porchway rushed a man
To rescue wife and child. Through smoke and flame
Blindly he groped, and perished while he cried
Their names, and pitiless doom slew those within.

The fire-glow upward mounted to the sky,
The red glare o'er the firmament spread its wings,
And all the tribes of folk that dwelt around
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

μέχρις ἐπʾ Ἰδαλῶν ὅρεων ἴψηλα κάρηνα
Θρῆκες τε Σάμου καὶ ἀγχιάλου Τενέδουι
καὶ τις ἄλος κατὰ βένθος ἔσω νεὸς ἑκφατο μῦθον
“ἡμυσαν Ἀργείωι κρατερόφρονες ἄσπετον ἔργον
πολλὰ μάλ’ ἀμφ’ Ἐλένης ἐλκοβλεφάρου κα-
μόντες,
pᾶσα δ’ ἂρ’ ἡ το πάροιθε πανόλβιος ἐν πυρὶ Τροίη
καὶ ταῖς ὑπὸ καθημένης ἀμφαῖ
πάντα γὰρ ἄσχετος Ἄλσα βροτῶν ἐπιδέρκεται
ἔργα:
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀκλέα πολλὰ καὶ οὐκ ἄριστα ἐγείτῃα
cυθήντα τίθησι, τά δ’ ἰψοθε μεῖν ἐθήκηκε.
πολλάκις δ’ εξ ἄγαθοιο πέλει κακών, ἐκ δὲ κακοίον
ἐσθλον ἀμείβομενοι πολυτλήτοι βιότοιο.”

“Ὡς ὅρ’ ἐφῃ μερῶν τις ἀπόπροθεν ἀσπετον
ἀγγίζη
εἰσορότων. στονός τε δ’ ἐτ’ ἀμφεχε Τρῶαι δβιζύς.
’Αργείωι δ’ ἁνά αἰστυ κυδοίμενον, ἕντ’ ἄταται
λάβροι ἀπετρονα πόντον ὄρυνομενοι κλονέουσιν,
ὅπποτ’ ἂρ’ ἀντιπέρτηθε δυσαέος Ἀρκτοῦροι
βηλόν ἐς ἀστερόειτα Ὀυτήριον ἀντέλλησιν
ἐς νότον ἦροντα τετραμένου, ἀμφὶ δ’ ἂρ’ αὐτῷ
πολλαὶ ὕποβρυχα νῆσε ἀμαλδύνοντ’ ἐνὶ πόντῳ
ὁρυμένων ἀνέμων τοῖς ἐκελοῖ νῆς Ἀχαιῶν
πόρθεν Ἡλιον αἱνύ’ το δ’ ἐν πυρὶ καίετο πολλᾷ.
ἣν’ ὅρος λασίησιν ἅδην καταέμενον ὢλης
ἐσσυμένος κατηται ὑπ’ αὐτοὺς ὄρυμένοι
ἐξ ἁνέμων, δολιαχ’ ὑπ’ ἄρα λεγαλέος ἐντείρεται ἄγρια πάντα
’Ηφαιστοῦ βιβρίῳ περιστρεφόντα καθ’ ἴλῃ
δ’ Ἡθῶ μετ’ ἐτουργίων’ περὶ γὰρ λίνα πάντοθε Μοῖραι
μακρὰ περιστήσαντο, τά περ βροτῶν ὁποίον’ ἀλυξε. 495
560
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Beheld it, far as Ida's mountain-crests,
And sea-girt Tenedos, and Thracian Samos.
And men that voyaged on the deep sea cried:
"The Argives have achieved their mighty task
After long toil for star-eyed Helen's sake.
All Troy, the once queen-city, burns in fire:
For all their prayers, no God defends them now;
For strong Fate oversees all works of men,
And the renownless and obscure to fame
She raises, and brings low the exalted ones.
Oft out of good is evil brought, and good
From evil, mid the travail and change of life."

So spake they, who from far beheld the glare
Of Troy's great burning. Compassed were her folk
With wailing misery: through her streets the foe
Exulted, as when madding blasts turmoil
The boundless sea, what time the Altar ascends
To heaven's star-pavement, turned to the misty south
Overagainst Arcturus tempest-breathed,
And with its rising leap the wild winds forth,
And ships full many are whelmed 'neath ravening seas;
Wild as those stormy winds Achaea's sons
Ravaged steep Ilium while she burned in flame.
As when a mountain clothed with shaggy woods
BURNS swiftly in a fire-blast winged with winds,
And from her tall peaks goeth up a roar,
And all the forest-children this way and that
Rush through the wood, tormented by the flame;
So were the Trojans perishing: there was none
To save, of all the Gods. Round these were staked
The nets of Fate, which no man can escape.
Καὶ τὸτε Δημοφῶντι μενεπτολέμῳ τ’ Ἀκά-
μαντί
Θησῆος μεγάλου δι’ ἁστειος ἅντετο μῆτηρ
Αἰθρῆς ἐελδομένη, μακάρων δὲ τις ἤγεμονεν,
ὅς μὲν ἄγεν κεῖνοις καταντὼν· ἢ δ’ ἀλάλυκτο
φεύγουσι· ἐκ πολέμῳ καὶ ἐκ πυρός· οἱ δ’ ἔσ-
ιδόντες

αἰγλῆ ἐν Ἡφαίστου δέμας μέγεθος τε γυναικὸς
αὐτὴν ἐμμεν ἐφαντο θεγενέος Πριμόμοιο
ἀντιθέν παράκοιτων· ἀφαρ δὲ οἱ ἐμμεμαώτες
χείρας ἐπερρίφαντο λαλαίμενοι μὲν ἄγεσθαι
ἐς Δαναοῦς· ἢ δ’ αἰνόν ἀναστενάχουσα μετηύδα.

505
"μή νῦ με, κύβια τέκνα φιλοτοπόλεμον Ἀργεῖων,
δήμοι δέ εὑροῦντες ἐδώ ἐπὶ νῆας ἄγεσθε·
οὐ γὰρ Τροιώδων γένος εὐγομαί, ἀλλὰ μοι ἐσθλὸν
ἀιμα τέλει Δαναῶν μάλ’ ἐυκλεῖσθε, οὐνεκα Πτεύεις
γείνωτο μ’ ἐν Τροιζήνι· γάμῳ δ’ ἐδώσατο δῖος
510
Ἀγείως· ἐκ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐμείο κλυτὸς πάϊς ἐπλετοῦ
Θησεύς.

ἀλλὰ με, πρὸς μεγάλοις Διός, τερπνών τε τοκῆων,
εἰ ἔτειν Θησῆος ἁμύμωνος ἐνθάδ’ ἰκουτο
νῖς ἄμπ’ Ἀτρείδησι, φίλοις παῖδεσιν ἐκεῖνον
δείξατ’ ἐελδομένουσι κατὰ στρατόν, οὔς περ ὅνω

515
ὑμμὸν ὀμῆλικας ἐμμεν· ἀναπνεῦσει δὲ μεν ἅτορ,
ἡν κείνους ζώοπτας ἱδω καὶ ἀριστέας ἄμφω.

"Ως φάτο· τοι δ’ ἄιντες οὐ μήσαντο τοκῆος,
ἀμφ’ Ἐλένης ὡς’ ἔρεξε, καὶ όσ διέπερσαν Ἀφίδνας,
κοὐροι ἐργούπτοι Διός πάρος, ὀπτότ’ ἄρ’ αὐτοῦς

520
ὑσμίνης ἀπάνευθεν ἀπεκρύφαντο τιθηναι
νηπιάχους ἔτ’ ἐοντες· ἀνεμνήσαντο δ’ ἄγανῆς
Ἄθρης, ὅσ’ ἐμόγησε δορκτήτω ὑν’ ἄναγκη,
ἀμφὼ ὀμῶς ἐκυρὶ τε καὶ ἀμφιτόλος γεγανία
ἀντιθέν· Ἐλένης· σὺν δ’ ἀμφασίθη κεχάροντο.

525
Δημοφῶν δὲ μυν ἦνε ἐελδομένην προσέειπεν·
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Then were Demophoon and Acamas
By mighty Theseus' mother Aethra met.
Yearning to see them was she guided on
To meet them by some Blessed One, the while
Wilder'd from war and fire she fled. They saw
In that red glare a woman royal-tall,
Imperial-moulded, and they weened that this
Was Priam's queen, and with swift eagerness
Laid hands on her, to lead her captive thence
To the Danaans; but piteously she moaned:
"Ah, do not, noble sons of warrior Greeks,
To your ships hale me, as I were a foe!
I am not of Trojan birth: of Danaans came
My princely blood renowned. In Troezen's halls
Pittheus begat me, Aegeus wedded me,
And of my womb sprang Theseus glory-crowned.
For great Zeus' sake, for your dear parents' sake,
I pray you, if the seed of Theseus came
Hither with Atreus' sons, O bring ye me
Unto their yearning eyes. I trow they be
Young men like you. My soul shall be refreshed
If living I behold those chieftains twain."

Hearkening to her they called their sire to mind,
His deeds for Helen's sake, and how the sons
Of Zeus the Thunderer in the old time smote
Aphidnae, when, because these were but babes,
Their nurses hid them far from peril of fight;
And Aethra they remembered—all she endured
Through wars, as mother-in-law at first, and thrall
Thereafter of Helen. Dumb for joy were they,
Till spake Demophoon to that wistful one:

563
QUINTUS SMYRNÆAEUS

"σοι μὲν δὴ τελέουσι θεοὶ θυμηδὲς ἐέλθωρ αὐτίκ’, ἐπεὶ ρᾷ δέδορκας ἀμύμονος νιέος ὕλας ἥμεας, οἳ σε φίλης συναιεράμενοι παλάμησιν ὁσομεν ἐς νήσας, καὶ ἐς Ἑλλάδος ἱερὸν οὔδας ἄξομεν ἀσπασίως, θὰ περ πάρος ἐμβασίλευες.”

"Ως φάμενον μεγάλοιο πατρός προσπτύξατο μήτηρ ἥμεας ἄμφιβαλοῦσα, κύσεν δὲ οἱ εὐρέας οἷμοι καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα γένειά τε λαχυσμένα· ὡς δ’ αὐτώς Ἀκάμαντα κύσεν, περὶ δὲ σφικτὰ δάκρυ ἢδι κατὰ βλεφάροιῶν ἔχειστο μυρομένοισιν, ὡς δ’ ὁπότ’ αἰξηοί μετ’ ἀλλόθυμασιν ἔντος λαοὶ φημίξωσι μόρον, τὸν δ’ ἐκποθεν ύλις ύστερον ἀδρήσαντες ἐς οἴκια νοστήσαντα κλαύσωσιν μάλα τερπνόν· ὁ δ’ ἔμπαιλ παισὶ καὶ αὐτὸς

μύρεται ἐν μεγάροισιν ἔπωμαδόν, ἅμφι δὲ δῶμα ἢδι κινυρμένων γοερή περιτέπται’ ἰωή· ὡς τῶν πυρομένων λαρὸς γόος ἀμφὶδεξηί. Καὶ τότε που Πριάμῳ πολυκτήτῳ θύγατρα Δαυδίκην ἐνέτοιευς ἐς αἰθέρα χειρὰς ὄρεξαι εὐχομένην μακάρεσσιν ἀτείρεσιν, ὅφρα ἐ γαία ἀμφιχάνη, πρὶν χείρα βαλεὶν ἐπὶ δούλια ἐργα. τής δὲ θεῶν τις ἀκουσε καὶ αὐτίκα γαίαν ἐνερθὲν ῥήξεν ἀπειρείσιν· ἢ δ’ ἐνεσίθησι θεοῖς κούρην δέξατο διαν ἔσω κοίλου βερέθρου, Ἄλου ὀλυμμένης, ἦς εἰνεκὰ φασὶ καὶ αὐτὴν Ἡλέκτρην βαθύτεπιλου ἐνὸς δέμας ἀμφικαλύπται ἀγχεῖ καὶ νεφέσσων ἀποχομένην χοροὺ ἄλλων Πλημάδων, αἰ δ’ οἱ ἀδέλφειαι γεγαίσων· ἀλλ’ αἱ μὲν μογεροῦσιν ἐπόναις αὐθρώποισιν ἰδαδῶν ἀντέλλουσιν ἐς οὐρανοῦ· ἢ δ’ ἀρα μοῦνη κεύθεται αἰὲν ἀῖστος, ἐπεὶ ρὰ οἱ νιέος ἐσθλοῦ 564
"Even now the Gods fulfil thine heart's desire:
We whom thou seest are the sons of him,
Thy noble son: thee shall our loving hands
Bear to the ships: with joy to Hellas' soil
Thee will we bring, where once thou wast a queen."

Then his great father's mother clasped him round
With clinging arms: she kissed his shoulders broad,
His head, his breast, his bearded lips she kissed,
And Acamas kissed withal, the while she shed
Glad tears on these who could not choose but weep.
As when one tarries long mid alien men,
And folk report him dead, but suddenly
He cometh home: his children see his face,
And break into glad weeping; yea, and he,
His arms around them, and their little heads
Upon his shoulders, sob: echoes the home
With happy mourning's music-beating wings;
So wept they with sweet sighs and sorrowless moans.

Then, too, affliction-burdened Priam's child,
Laodice, say they, stretched her hands to heaven,
Praying the mighty Gods that earth might gape
To swallow her, ere she defiled her hand
With thralls' work; and a God gave ear, and rent
Deep earth beneath her: so by Heaven's decree
Did earth's abysmal chasm receive the maid
In Troy's last hour. Electra's self withal,
The Star-queen lovely-robed, shrouded her form
In mist and cloud, and left the Pleiad-band,
Her sisters, as the olden legend tells.
Still riseth up in sight of toil-worn men
Their bright troop in the skies; but she alone
Hides viewless ever, since the hallowed town
Quintus Smyrnaeus

Δαρδάνοι ἱερὸν ἄστυ κατήριτεν· οὐδὲ οἱ αὐτὸς
Ζεὺς ὑπατος χραίσμησεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος, οὐνεκα
Μοῖραις
εἰκει καὶ μεγάλοιο Διὸς μένος· ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν ποὺ
ἀθανάτων τάχ' ἔφεξεν ἐνος νόσος, ἥκε καὶ αὐταί. 1
'Αργείοι δ' ἔτι θυμὸν ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ὀριον
πάντη ἀνὰ πτολίθρον. Ἐρις δ' ἔχε πεῖρατα
χάρμης. 2

1 Zimmermann, for οὐκί of v.
2 Verse supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Of her son Dardanus in ruin fell,
When Zeus most high from heaven could help her not,
Because to Fate the might of Zeus must bow;
And by the Immortals' purpose all these things
Had come to pass, or by Fate's ordinance.

Still on Troy's folk the Argives wreaked their wrath,
And battle's issues Strife Incarnate held.
ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ.

Καὶ τὸτ’ ἀπ’ Ὄκεανοῖο θεὰ χρυσόθρωνος Ὅμηρος ὀὐρανὸν εἰσανόρουσε· χάος δ’ ὑπεδέξατο νύκτα. οὐ δὲ βη Τροίην εὐερκέα δηώσαντο Ἀργείων καὶ κτήσιν ἀπείρονα ληώσαντο, χειμάρρως ποταμοῖς ἐοικότες, οὐ τε φέρονταί ἐξ ὅρεων καναγόθδον ὅρισμένου υπετοίο, πολλὰ δὲ δευτέρα μακρὰ καὶ ὀππόσα φύνετ’ ὅρεσφιν ἀυτοῖς σὺν πρώνεσιν ἔσω φορέονσι βαλάσης· ὅσι Δαναὸι πέρσαντες ὑπὲρ Τρόιων ἀστυ κτήματα πάντα φέρεσκον ἐυσκάρθμους ἐπὶ νῆας. σὺν δ’ ἁρὰ Τρωιάδας καταγίνεον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλας, τὰς μὲν ἐτ’ ἀδημήτας καὶ ἰηδάς οἰο γάμοιο, τὰς δ’ ἁρ’ ὑπ’ αἰξηοὶς νέον φιλότητι δαμείσας, ἄλλας δ’ αὐθ’ πολιοπλοκάμους, ἔτερας δ’ ἄρ’ ἐκεί-


νων ὀπλοτέρας, δὴν παῖδας ἀπειρύσαντ’ ἀπὸ μαξῶν ὕστατον χείλεσσι γλάγος περιμαμίμωντας.

Τοῦτων δὴ Μενέλαος ἑνὶ μέσουοι καὶ αὐτὸς ἤγεν ἐν παράκοιτων ἀπ’ ἀστεοῦς αἰθομένου εξανύσας μέγα ἐργον ἔχειν δὲ ἐχάρμα καὶ αἴδος. Κασσάνδρην δ’ ἄγε διὰν ἐὕμμελης Ἀγαμέμνων Ἀνδρομάχην δ’ Ἀχιλῆς ἔνες παῖς· αὐτάρ’ Ὀδυσ- σεῦς εἰλκε βιὴ Ἐκάβην· τῆς δ’ ἀθρόα δάκρυ ἀπ’ ὄσσων 568.
BOOK XIV.

How the conquerors sailed from Troy unto judgment of tempest and shipwreck.

Then rose from Ocean Dawn the golden-throned
Up to the heavens; night into Chaos sank.
And now the Argives spoiled fair-fenced Troy,
And took her boundless treasures for a prey.
Like river-torrents seemed they, that sweep down,
By rain-floods swelled, in thunder from the hills,
And seaward hurl tall trees and whatsoe'er
Grows on the mountains, mingled with the wreck
Of shattered cliff and crag; so the long lines
Of Danaans who had wasted Troy with fire
Seemed, streaming with her plunder to the ships.
Troy's daughters therewithal in scattered bands
They haled down seaward—virgins yet unwed,
And new-made brides, and matrons silver-haired,
And mothers from whose bosoms foes had torn
Babes for the last time closing lips on breasts.

Amidst of these Menelaus led his wife
Forth of the burning city, having wrought
A mighty triumph—joy and shame were his.
Cassandra heavenly-fair was haled the prize
Of Agamemnon: to Achilles' son
Andromache had fallen: Hecuba
Odysseus dragged unto his ship. The tears
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

πίδακος δις ἐχέοντο· περιτρομέεσκε δὲ γυιὰ, καὶ κραδίῃ ἀλάλυκτο φόβῳ, δεδάικτο δὲ χαίτας κράατος ἐκ πολιοίῳ· τέφρη δ' ἐπεπέπτατο πολλή, τὴν ποὺ ἀπ' ἑσχαρεῶνος ἄδην κατεχεύατο χερσὶν ὀλυμένον Πριάμωι καὶ ἀστεὸς αἴθομένωι· καὶ ῥὰ μέγα στονάχιζεν, ὅτ' ἀμφεχὲ δούλων Ἦμαρ μᾶς ἀεκαζομένην· ἔτερος δ' ἐτέρῃ γοώσαν ἤγεν Τρωιάδων σφετέρας ἐπὶ νηὰς ἄνάγκη· αἰ δ' ἄδινὸν γοώσαι ἄνίαχον ἀλλοθεν ἄλλαι νηπιάχοις ἃμα παισὶ κινυρήμεναι μάλα λυγρώς· ὡς δ' ὅπ' ἄργεδουσιν ὦμὼς συσὶ νῆπια τέκνα σταθμοῦ ἀπὸ προτέρου ποτὶ σταθμὸν ἄλλου ἄγωσιν

ἀνέρες ἐγρομένῳ ὑπὸ χεῖματι, τοὶ δ' ἠλεγεινὸν μὴγὰ περιτρύζουσι διηνεκῆς ἀλλήλοισιν· δῆς Τρωαὶ Δαναοίς ὑπ' ἐστενάχοντο δαμείσαι· ἰὸν δ' αὖ καὶ ἀνασσὰ φέρεν καὶ δυνώς ἄνάγκην. Ἅλλ' οὐ μᾶν Ἐλεύνην γόος ἀμφεχὲν ἄλλα οἱ αἰδῶς

δημασὶ κυανείησιν ἔφιζαν, καὶ οἱ ὕπερθεν καλᾶς ἀμφερύθηνε παρηίδας· εὖ δὲ οἱ ἧτορ ἀσπετα πορφύρεσκε κατὰ φρένα, μὴ ἐκιόςκαι κυανεῖς ἐπὶ νῆς ἁεκιόσσωνται Ἀχαιοι· τοῦνεχ' ὑπορομέουσα φίλῳ περιπάλλετο θυμῷ. καὶ ρὰ καλυφαμένη κεφαλῆς ἐφύπερθε καλύπτηθ' ἐκπητο νισσομένῳ κατ' ἱχνῖον ἀνδρός ἐοῖροι αἴδοι πορφύρεσα παρῆμον, ἦτε Κύπρις, εὐτὲ μιν Οὐραῖωνες ἐν ὁγκούσῃ Ὀσροίς ἀμφαδὸν ἀσεγάμηςαν ἐνὶ λέχος αἰσχύνουσαν δεσμοῖς ἐν βαμβαςὶ δαήμονος Ἡφαιστοιο, τοῖς ἐν κεῖτ' ἁχέουσα περὶ φρεσὶν αἰδομένη τε ἰλαδόν ἄγρομενων μακάρων γένος ἢδ' καὶ αὐτὸν Ὡφαιστον' δείπων γὰρ ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἄκοιτεω ἀμφαδὸν εἰσοράσθαι ἕπ' αἰσχεί θηλυτέρησοι. 57α
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Poured from her eyes as water from a spring;
Trembled her limbs, fear-frenzied was her heart;
Rent were her hoary tresses and besprent
With ashes of the hearth, cast by her hands
When she saw Priam slain and Troy aflame.
And aye she deeply groaned for thraldom’s day
That trapped her vainly loth. Each hero led
A wailing Trojan woman to his ship.
Here, there, uprose from these the wild lament,
The woeful-mingling cries of mother and babe.
As when with white-tusked swine the herdmen drive
Their younglings from the hill-pens to the plain
As winter closeth in, and evermore
Each answereth each with mingled plaintive cries;
So moaned Troy’s daughters by their foes enslaved,
Handmaid and queen made one in thraldom’s lot.

But Helen raised no lamentation: shame
Sat on her dark-blue eyes, and cast its flush
Over her lovely cheeks. Her heart beat hard
With sore misgiving, lest, as to the ships
She passed, the Achaeans might mishandle her.
Therefore with fluttering soul she trembled sore;
And, her head darkly mantled in her veil,
Close-following trod she in her husband’s steps,
With cheek shame-crimsoned, like the Queen of Love,

What time the Heaven-abiders saw her clasped
In Ares’ arms, shaming in sight of all
The marriage-bed, trapped in the myriad-meshed
Toils of Hephaestus: tangled there she lay
In agony of shame, while thronged around
The Blessed, and there stood Hephaestus’ self:
For fearful it is for wives to be beheld
By husbands’ eyes doing the deed of shame.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τῇ Ἐλένη ἐκείνα δέμας καὶ ἀκήρατον αἰδώ

ης σὺν Τρῳδοὶ δορυκτῆτοισι καὶ αὐτῇ

νῆας ἔπε Αργείαν εὐήρεας· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ

θάμβοι τινὲς ἀντιστὰς ἀνωπήτως γυναικὸς

ἀγλαίνη καὶ κάλλος ἐπηρατόν· οὔδὲ τις ἔτη

κείνην οὔτε κρυφὴν ὡς ὑπὲρβολήτι χαλέψαι,

οὔτ’ οὖν ἀμφαδίνη, ἀλλ’ ὡς θεὸν εἰσορόωντο

ἀστασίως· πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐελδομένουσι φανθῆ.

ὠς δ’ ὅτ’ ἀλωμένουσι δι’ ἀκαμάτοιον ὑπασίσθης

πατρίς ἔνας ἔνεπε ἔνεπεμνεοῖς φανεῖα,

οἱ δὲ καὶ ἐκ πόντου καὶ ἐκ θανάτου φυγόντες

πάτῃ χείρ’ ὁρέγοντο γεγορότες ἀσπεταλθὲν ὑμῖν.

ὡς Δαναὸς περὶ πάντες ἐγῆθεν οὖ γὰρ ἐτ’ αὐτοῖς

μνήστις ἔναν καμάτους δυσαλιγέας οὔδ’ κυδομοῦν

tοῖον γὰρ Κυθέρεα νῦν ποιήσατο πάσας

ηρὰ φέρουσ’ Ἐλένῃ ἐλεικότιδι καὶ Δὺ πατρὶ.

Καὶ τότ’ ἄρ’, ὡς ἔνόσῃς φίλον δεδαιμόμενον ἁστὺ

Σάνθους ἔθ’ αἰμαστόντος ἀναπνείων ὀρυμαγδοῦ

μυρετο σὺν Νῦμφησιν, ἐπεὶ κακὸν ἐμπεσε Τρῳ

ἐκτοθε καὶ Πριάμου κατημάλνυν πόληνα,

ὡς δ’ ὅτε ληλον αὖν ἐπιβρίσασα χάλαξα

tυτὰ διαμαθῆς, στάχυνας δ’ ἀπὸ πάντας ἀμέρος

ῥιτῆ ὑπ’ ἀργαλέα, καλάμῳ δ’ ἁρὰ χεῦτ’ ἐραζε

μαψίδια καρποῦ καὶ ὀύδες ὀλυμπεῦοι

λευγαλέως, λυγρὸ δὲ πέλει μέγα πένθος ἀνακτῆ

ὡς ἁρὰ καὶ Σάνθου περὶ φρένας ἤλθεν ἄλγος

Ἰλίου οὐδέκατος· ἔχειν δὲ μην αἰεὶν οἶδιν

ἀθάνατον περ ἔνατα· μακρὴ δ’ ἀμφότεραν Ἴδη

καὶ Σιμόεις· μύροντο δ’ ἀπόπροθι πάντας ἐναυλοὶ

Ἰδαῖοι Πριάμου πόλιν περικοκυνθῆσθαι.

Ἀργείοι δ’ ἐπὶ νῆας ἔβαν μέγα καρχαλώντες

μελπομένες γίγνης ερυμυδεός ὁβριμοῦ ἄλκην,

ἀλλ’ ἄρ’ ἔνατε Μακάρος γένος ἣδ’ καὶ αὐτῶν

θυμὸν τολμήνετα καὶ ἀφθετοῦ ἔργον Ἐπεισὶν.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Lovely as she in form and roseate blush
Passed Helen mid the Trojan captives on
To the Argive ships. But the folk all around
Marvelled to see the glory of loveliness
Of that all-flawless woman. No man dared
Or secretly or openly to cast
Reproach on her. As on a Goddess all
Gazed on her with adoring wistful eyes.
As when to wanderers on a stormy sea,
After long time and passion of prayer, the sight
Of fatherland is given; from deadly deeps
Escaped, they stretch hands to her joyful-souled;
So joyed the Danaans all, no man of them
Remembered any more war's travail and pain.
Such thoughts Cytherea stirred in them, for grace
To Helen starry-eyed, and Zeus her sire.

Then, when he saw that burg beloved destroyed,
Xanthus, scarce drawing breath from bloody war,
Mourned with his Nymphs for ruin fallen on Troy,
Mourned for the city of Priam blotted out.
As when hail lashes a field of ripened wheat,
And beats it small, and smites off all the ears
With merciless scourge, and levelled with the ground
Are stalks, and on the earth is all the grain
Woefully wasted, and the harvest's lord
Is stricken with deadly grief; so Xanthus' soul
Was utterly whelmed in grief for Ilium made
A desolation; grief undying was his,
Immortal though he was. Mourned Simois
And long-ridged Ida: all who on Ida dwelt
Wailed from afar the ruin of Priam's town.

But with loud laughter of glee the Argives sought
Their galleys, chanting the triumphant might
Of victory, chanting now the Blessed Gods,
Now their own valour, and Epeius' work
Ever renowned. Their song soared up to heaven,
μολπὴ δ' ὦρανὸν ἤκε δ' αἰθέρος, εὔτε κολοῖν
κλαγήν ἀπειρεσία, ὅπ' ἐυδιον ἱμαρ ἱκηται
χείματος ἐξ ὀλοοίο, πέλει δ' ἁρα νήμενοι αἰθῆρ'
ὡς τῶν πάρ νήσσι μὲγ' ἐνδοθι γηθομένων κήρ

* * * * *

ἄθανατοι τέρποντο κατ' ὦρανὸν, ὃσοι ἁρωγοὶ
ἐκ θυμοῖ ἔντονο φιλοπτολέμων Ἀργείων
ἀλλοι δ' αὐ χαλεπαίνων, ὃσοι Ἰρώςεσσιν ἀμμυνον,
δέρκομενοι Πριάμοι καταθόμενον πτολέμεων
ἀλλ' οὐ μᾶν υπὲρ Αἰσαν ἐκεδόμενοι περ ἀμύνειν
ἐσθενουν' οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς υπὲρ μόρον οὐδὲ Κρονίων
ῥημίως δύνατ' Αἰσαν ἀπωπείμεν, ὃς περὶ πάντων
ἀθανάτων σθένος ἔστι, Διὸς δ' ἐκ πάντα πέ-

λονται.

'Αργείων δ' ἁρα πολλὰ βοῶν ἐπὶ μηρία θέντες
καίον ὁμῶς σχιζοῦν, καὶ ἐσσύμενοι περὶ βοῶν
λείβεσκοι μέθι λαρὸν ἐπ' αἰθομένης θυγήθης
ἡρα θεοίςι φέροντες, ἐπεὶ μέγα ἠνυσάν ἔργον.
πολλὰ δ' ἐν εἰλατήν θυμὴνει κυδαίνεσκο

πάντας, ὃσοι ὑπέδεκτο σὺν ἐντεσι δούρους ὑποσ'
θαύμαζον δὲ Σίνωνα περικλυτόν, οὐνεχ' ὑπέτλη
λάβην δυσμενέων πολυχηδέα· καὶ ὅ ἐ πάντες
μολπὴ καὶ γεράσεσιν ἀπειρεσίου τίσκον

ὅς δ' ἁρ' ἐνι φρεσίν ἤσιν ἐγήθεε τλήμοιν θυμῷ
νίκη ἐπ' Ἀργείων, σφετέρῃ δ' οὐκ ἀχυνυτο λῶβη
ἀνέρι γὰρ πινυτῷ καὶ ἐπίφορων πολλὸν ἀμένων
κύδος καὶ χρυσοῦ καὶ εἶδεος ἥδε καὶ ἄλλων
ἐσθλῶν, ὅπποσα τ' ἐστὶ καὶ ἐσσεται ἄνθρωποις.

οἱ δ' ἁρα πάρ νήσσιν ἀταρβεῖα θυμὸν ἔχοντες

δόρτεοι ἀλλήλοισιν διηνεκέως ἐνέποντες·

"ἡμῶναμεν πολέμοιο μακροῦ τέλος ἡράμεθ' εὔρυ
κύδος ὀμῶς δήτιοι μέγα πτολέμεων ἔλοντες·

ἀλλά, Ζεῦ, καὶ νόστου ἐκελομένοις κατάνευσον."
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Like multitudinous cries of daws, when breaks
A day of sunny calm and windless air
After a ruining storm: from their glad hearts
So rose the joyful clamour, till the Gods
Heard and rejoiced in heaven, all who had helped
With willing hands the war-fain Argive men.
But chafed those others which had aided Troy,
Beholding Priam’s city wrapped in flame,
Yet powerless for her help to override
Fate; for not Cronos’ Son can stay the hand
Of Destiny, whose might transcendeth all
The Immortals, and Zeus sanctioneth all her deeds.

The Argives on the flaming altar-wood
Laid many thighs of oxen, and made haste
To spill sweet wine on their burnt offerings,
Thanking the Gods for that great work achieved.
And loudly at the feast they sang the praise
Of all the mailed men whom the Horse of Tree
Had ambushed. Far-famed Sinon they extolled
For that dire torment he endured of foes:
Yea, song and honour-guerdons without end
All rendered him: and that resolved soul
Glad-hearted joyed for the Argives’ victory,
And for his own misfeaturing sorrowed not.
For to the wise and prudent man renown
Is better far than gold, than goodlihead,
Than all good things men have or hope to win.

So, feasting by the ships all void of fear,
Cried one to another ever and anon:
“We have touched the goal of this long war, have
won
Glory, have smitten our foes and their great town!
Now grant, O Zeus, to our prayers safe home-return!”
"Ως ἐφαν' ἀλλ' οὐ πᾶσι πατὴρ ἐπὶ νόςτον ἔνευσε. 120

τοῖς δὲ τις ἐν μέσοισιν ἐπιστάμενος

οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτοῖς
dείμα πέλεν πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ ἔργα
eὐνομίας ἐτράποντο καὶ εὐφρεσύνης ἔρατεινης.
ὸς δ' ἦτοι πρῶτον μὲν ἐελδομένοισιν άείδεν,

λαοὶ ὅπως συνάγαγαν ἐς Αὐλίδος ἱερὸν οὐδας,

ὁδ' ὡς Πηλείδαο μέγα σθένος ἄκαμάτοιο
dώδεκα μὲν κατὰ πόλιον ἵδιν διέτερσε πόλης,

ἐνδεκα δ' αὖ κατὰ γαϊαν ἀπέριτον, ὅσσα τ' ἐρέξε

Τηλεφόν άμφὶς ἀνακτα καὶ οβριμον Ἡετίωνα,

ὡς δὲ Κύκνου κατέπεφεν ὑπέρβιον, ἤδ' ἂσ'

Ἀχαιοὶ

μαρτυμένου κατὰ μήνιν Ἀχιλλέος ἔργα κάμοντο,

'Εκτόρα δ' ὡς εἰρύσεσεν ἔδι περὶ τεῖχα πάτης,

ὡς τ' ἔλε Πενθεσίλειαν ἀνὰ μόθον, ὡς τ' ἐδά-

μασσει

νιέα Τιθωνοῖο, καὶ ὡς κτάνε καρτερὸς Αίας

Πλαύκουν εὐμελεῖν, ἤδ' ὡς ἐρικυδέα φῶτα

Εὐρότυπου κατέπεφεν θοοῦ πάϊς Αἰακίδαιο,

ὡς δὲ Πάριν δαμάσαντο Φιλοκτήταο βέλεμνα,

ἡδ' ὅποσοι δολάντος ἐσῆλθουν ἐνδοθεν ἢπτον

ἀνέρες, ὡς το πόλης θεγγενέος Πριάμιοι

πέραντες δαίμωντο κακών ἀπὸ νόσφι κυδομῶν.

ἂλλα δ' ἀρ' ἂλλος άείδεν, ὃ τι φρεσιν ἣστι μενοίνα.

'Ἀλλ' ὅτε δαυνυμένοισι μέσον περιτέλλετο

νυκτός,

δὴ τότε που δόρποιο καὶ ἀκρίτου ὑπὸ τοῦτο

παυσάμενοι πάντες λαθικηδέα κοίτον ἐλοντο.

χθεῖον γὰρ καμάτου μένος κατεδάμαντο πάντας;

τὸ καὶ παννυχιοι λελημένοι εἰλαπνάζεν

παύσανθ', οὐνεκεν ὑπὸς ἀδήν ἀεκοντας ἔρικεν.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

But not to all the Sire vouchsafed return.
Then rose a cunning harper in their midst,
And sang the song of triumph and of peace
Re-won, and with glad hearts untouched by care
They heard; for no more fear of war had they,
But of sweet toil of law-abiding days
And blissful-fleeting hours henceforth they dreamed.
All the War's Story in their eager ears
He sang—how leagued peoples gathering met
At hallowed Aulis—how the invincible strength
Of Peleus' son smote fenced cities twelve
In sea-raids, how he marched o'er leagues on leagues
Of land, and spoilt eleven—all he wrought
In fight with Telephus and Eetion—
How he slew giant Cycnus—all the toil
Of war that through Achilles' wrath befell
The Achaeans—how he dragged dead Hector round
His own Troy's wall, and how he slew in fight
Pentesileia and Tithonus' son:
How Aias laid low Glaucus, lord of spears,
Then sang he how the child of Aeacus' son
Struck down Eurypylus, and how the shafts
Of Philoctetes dealt to Paris death.
Then the song named all heroes who passed in
To ambush in the Horse of Guile, and hymned
The fall of god-descended Priam's burg;
The feast he sang last, and peace after war;
Then many another, as they listed, sang.

But when above those feasters midnight's stars
Hung, ceased the Danaans from the feast and wine,
And turned to sleep's forgetfulness of care,
For that with yesterday's war-travail all
Were wearied; wherefore they, who fain all night
Had revelled, needs must cease: how loth soe'er,
Sleep drew them thence; here, there, soft slumbered they.
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

ἀλλῃ δ’ ἄλλος ζαυεν’. ὦ δ’ ἐν κλισίσησιν ἐγςιν Ἄτρείδης ὁ ἀριζε μετ’ ἥμικομοι γυναικός: οὐ γὰρ πω κείνοισιν ἐπ’ ὁμμασω ὑπυος ἐσπυττεν, ἄλλα Κύπρις πεπόνυτο περὶ φρένως, ἄφρα παλαιοῦ λέκτρου ἐπιμνήσωνται, ἀχὸς δ’ ἅπω νόσφι βάλωνται.

πρότη δ’ αὖθ’ Ἑλένη τούο ποτὶ μῦθον ἔείπε’ "μή νῦ μοι, ὦ Μενέλαε, χόλον ποτιβάλλει θυμῷ. οὐ γὰρ ἔγων ἐθέλουσα λίτον σεό δῶμα καὶ εὐνὴν, ἄλλα μ’ Ἀλεξάνδροι βῆ καὶ Τρώιν υἱὴς σεῦ ἀπὸ νόσφιν ἐοῦτος ἀνηρείψαντο κῦντες, καὶ μ’ ἀμοτον μεμαίναν οἰζιρῶς ἀπολέσθαι ἥ βρόχῳ ἄργαλεῖ ἣ καὶ ξιφεὶ στουνέντι ἐργον ἐνὶ μεγάροισι παρηγορέουσε ἔπεσσι σεῦ ἑνὲκ’ ἀχύμενην καὶ τηλυγέτοι θυγατρός: τῆς νῦ σε πρός τε γάμου πολυγνῆθεος ἦδε σεῦ αὐτοὺ λίσσομαι, ἀμφ’ ἔμέθεν στυγερῆς λελαθάσθαι ἀνής."

"Ὡς φαμένην προσέειπε πύκα φρονέων Μενέλαος: "μηκέτι νῦν μέμνησ’, ἄλλ’ ισχέμεν ἄλγεα θυμῷ: ἄλλα τὰ μέν που πάντα μέλας δόμος ἐντὸς ἐсрγοι λῆθης’ οὐ γὰρ έοικε κακῶν μεμνήσθαι ἐτ’ ἐέργον.” "Ὡς φάτο’ την δ’ ἔλε χάρμα, δέος δ’ ἐξεσσυτο θυμου. ἐλπετο γὰρ παῦσασθαι ἀνιπροῖο χόλου ὅν πόσων’ ἀμφὶ δὲ μν βάλε πήχεε’ καὶ σφὶν ἂμ’ ἄμφω.

δάκρυ κατὰ βλεφάρουν ἐλεβέτο ἤδω γοώντων. ἀστασίως δ’ ἀρα τῶ γε παρ’ ἄλληλοι κληθέντε τρωιτέρου κατὰ θυμὸν ἀνεμνήσαντο γάμου: ὡς δ’ ὅτε που κισσὸς τε καὶ ἕκερις ἄμφιβάλωνται 175 ἄλληλους περὶ πρέμμα, τὰ δ’ οὐποτε ἵς ἄνεμοιο 578
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

But in his tent Menelaus lovingly
With bright-haired Helen spake; for on their eyes
Sleep had not fallen yet. The Cyprian Queen
Brooded above their souls, that olden love
Might be renewed, and heart-ache chased away.

Helen first brake the silence, and she said:
"O Menelaus, be not wroth with me!
Not of my will I left thy roof, thy bed,
But Alexander and the sons of Troy
Came upon me, and snatched away, when thou
Wast far thence. Oftentimes did I essay
By the death-noose to perish wretchedly,
Or by the bitter sword; but still they stayed
Mine hand, and still spake comfortable words
To salve my grief for thee and my sweet child.
For her sake, for the sake of olden love,
And for thine own sake, I beseech thee now,
Forget thy stern displeasure against thy wife."

Answered her Menelaus wise of wit:
"No more remember past griefs: seal them up
Hid in thine heart. Let all be locked within
The dim dark mansion of forgetfulness.
What profits it to call ill deeds to mind?"

Glad was she then: fear flitted from her heart,
And came sweet hope that her lord's wrath was
dead.

She cast her arms around him, and their eyes
With tears were brimming as they made sweet
moan;
And side by side they laid them, and their hearts
Thrilled with remembrance of old spousal joy.
And as a vine and ivy entwine their stems
Each around other, that no might of wind
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

αφὼν ἀπὸ νόσφι βαλέσθαι ἐπισθένει· ὡς ἀρα τό γε ἀλλήλοις συνέχοντο λαλαίομενοι φιλότητος.

'Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ τοίσιν ἐπήλυθεν ὕπνος ἀπῆμων,

δὴ τότε Ἀχιλλῆς κρατερὸν κηρ ἱσοθέου

ἐστὶ ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς οὐ νίεος, οἷος ἐν περ ἱωδὸς ἐὼν, ὅτε Τρασιν ἄχος πέλε, χάρμα δ' Ἀχαιῶς.

κύσσε δὲ οἱ δειρὴν καὶ φάεα μαρμαίροντα ἀσπασίως· καὶ τοία παρηγορέων προσέειπτε:

"χαίρε, τέκος, καὶ μήτι δαίξεο πένθει θυμὸν εἴνεκ" ἐμεῖο θανόντος, ἑπεὶ μακάρεσι σοὶ θεοῖς ἢ ὅμοιοι εἰμί· σὺ δ' ἰσχεο τειρόμενος κήρ ἀμφ' ἐμέθεν, καὶ κάρτος ἄδην ἐμὸν ἐνθεοθ θυμῷ.

αἰεὶ δ' Ἀργείων πρόμος ἵστασο μηδεὶ εἰκὼν ἁμόρρη· ἁγορῇ δὲ παλαιτέρους μεροῦς πείθεσθαι καὶ νῦ σε πάντες ἐὐφρονα μυθήσομαι.

τίς δ' ἀμύμονας ἀνδρας, ὅσοις νόος ἔμπεδος ἐστιν· ἐσθλῷ γὰρ φίλος ἐσθλὸς ἀνήρ, χαλεπῷ δ' ἀλεγεῖνοι.

ἡν δ' ἄγαθον φρονέσθη· ἄγαθῶν καὶ τεύξεαι ἐργαν' ἕνεός δ' οὐποτ' ἄνηρ Ἀρετῆς ἐπὶ τέρμαθ' Ικανεὶν, 195

φινυ μη νόος ἐστίν ἐναίσιμος· οὐνεκα' ἀρ' αὐτῆς πρέμιν δύσβατόν ἐστι, μακρὸν δὲ οἱ ἄχρις ἐπ' αἴθρην

dзоι ἀνηέχηθ'· ὑπόσοιοι δὲ κάρτος ὑπῆδει καὶ πόνος, ἐκ καμάτου πολυγηθέα καρπὸν ἀμώνται εἰς Ἀρετῆς ἀναβάντες εὔστεφάνου κλυτῶν ἔρνος. 200

ἀλλ' ἄγε, κύδιμος ἐσσο, καὶ ἐν φρεσὶ πευκαλίμησι μήτι εἰπ' πήματι πάγχυ δαίξεο θυμὸν ἀνήρ,

μήτ' ἐσθλῷ μέγα χαίρε· νόος δὲ τοῦ ἤπιον ἔστω ἐς τε φίλους ἔταρους ἐς θ' νίεας ἐς τε γυναῖκα 1

μικωμένῳ κατὰ θυμὸν, ὅτι σχεδον ἀνθρώπωσιν 205

1 Zimmermann, ex P, for γυναίκας of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Avails to sever them, so clung these twain
Twined in the passionate embrace of love.

When came on these too sorrow-drowning sleep,
Even then above his son's head rose and stood
Godlike Achilles' mighty shade, in form
As when he lived, the Trojans' bane, the joy
Of Greeks, and kissed his neck and flashing eyes
Lovingly, and spake comfortable words:
"All hail, my son! Vex not thine heart with grief
For thy dead sire; for with the Blessed Gods
Now at the feast I sit. Refrain thy soul
From sorrow, and plant my strength within thy
mind.

Be foremost of the Argives ever; yield
To none in valour, but in council bow
Before thine elders: so shall all acclaim
Thy courtesy. Honour princely men and wise;
For the true man is still the true man's friend,
Even as the vile man cleaveth to the knave.
If good thy thought be, good shall be thy deeds:
But no man shall attain to Honour's height,
Except his heart be right within: her stem
Is hard to climb, and high in heaven spread
Her branches: only they whom strength and toil
Attend, strain up to pluck her blissful fruit,
Climbing the Tree of Honour glory-crowned.
Thou therefore follow fame, and let thy soul
Be not in sorrow afflicted overmuch,
Nor in prosperity over-glad. To friends,
To comrades, child and wife, be kindly of heart,
Remembering still that near to all men stand
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὐλομένου μόροι πῦλαί καὶ δόματα νεκρῶν·
ἀνδρῶν γὰρ γένους ἐστὶν ὁμοίων ἀνθείς πόλης,
ἀνθείσιν εἰαρινοῦσι· τὰ μὲν φθινόθε, τὰ δὲ ἀέβει-
tοῦνεκα μεῖλιχος ἔσσο. καὶ Ἀργείουσιν ἐνιστε
Ἀτρείδη δὲ μάλιστ᾿ Ἀγαμέμνονι, εἰ γέ τι θυμός
μέμνης, ὅσο’ ἐμόγησα περὶ Πριάμου πόλης,
ἥδ’ ὅσα λησάμην πρὶν Τρώων οὐδας ικέσθαι,
τῷ μοι νῦν ποτὶ τύμβων ἔελδομένῳ περὶ ἀγῶντων
λήδος ἐκ Πριάμου Πολυξείνην εὐπεπλων

"óφρα θοῦδ᾿ ἐξωσιν, ἐπεὶ σφιοὶ χώμαι ἐμπηanggan
μᾶλλον ἐτ’ ἢ τὸ πάρος Βρισηδός· ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρ’
oïδμα
κυνῆσω πόντοιο, Βαλὼ δ’ ἐπὶ χείματι χείμα,
ὁφρα καταφθινόντες αὔταςθαλῆσιν ἐχὶ
μίμωσ’ ἐνθάδε πολλὼν ἐπὶ χρόνον, εἰσὸ’ς’ ἐμοῦν
gοιβᾶς ἀμφιχέονται ἐελδομένου μέγα νόστου·

"Ὤς εἰπὼν ἀπόρουσε θοῇ ἐναλάγκιοις ἀυρη·
αἴσα δ’ ἐς Ἡλύσιον πεδίον κίεν, ἤχι τέτυκται
οὐρανοῦ ἐξ ὑπάτου καταβασίτι τ’ ἀνοδὸς τε
ἀθανάτους μακάρεσσιν· ὃ δ’, ὅπποτε μιν λάπεν

μήσατο πατρὸς ἑοῖο· νόσος δὲ οἱ ἡς ἱάνθη.

"Ἀλλ᾿ ὡς ἐς οὐρανοῦ εὐρυν ἀνήιεν Ἡρυγένεια
νύκτα διασκεδάσσα, φάνη δ’ ἀρα γαῖα καὶ
ἄθηρ,

δὴ τὸτ’ Ἀχαιῶν νῖες ἀπὲκ λεχέων ἀνόρουσαν
ἱέμενοι νόστοιο, νέας δ’ ἐς βένθεα πόντου
εἴλκον καγχαλόντες ἀνὰ φρένας, εἰ μὴ ἄρ’ αὐτοὺς
ἐσσυμένους κατέρυκεν Ἀχιλλεός ὀβρίμος νῖος,

1 Zimmermann, for κατὰ θυμὸν εἰλῆ, περὶ πάντων of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

The gates of doom, the mansions of the dead:
For humankind are like the flower of grass,
The blossom of spring; these fade the while those bloom:
Therefore be ever kindly with thy kind.
Now to the Argives say—to Atreus' son
Agamemnon chiefly—if my battle-toil
Round Priam's walls, and those sea-raids I led
Or ever I set foot on Trojan land,
Be in their hearts remembered, to my tomb
Be Priam's daughter Polyxena led—
Whom as my portion of the spoil I claim—
And sacrificed thereon: else shall my wrath
Against them more than for Briseis burn.
The waves of the great deep will I turmoil
To bar their way, upstirring storm on storm,
That through their own mad folly pining away
Here they may linger long, until to me
They pour drink-offerings, yearning sore for home.
But, when they have slain the maiden, I grudge not
That whoso will may bury her far from me."

Then as a wind-breath swift he fled thence,
And came to the Elysian Plain, whereto.
A path to heaven reacheth, for the feet
Ascending and descending of the Blest.
Then the son started up from sleep, and called
His sire to mind, and glowed the heart in him.

When to wide heaven the Child of Mist uprose,
Scattering night, unveiling earth and air,
Then from their rest upsprang Achaea's sons
Yearning for home. With laughter 'gan they hale
Down to the sea the keels: but lo, their haste
Was reined in by Achilles' mighty son:
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

εἰς ἀγορὴν τ' ἐκάλεσε καὶ ἐκφατο πατρὸς ἐφετὴμήν:
"κέκλυτε μεν, φίλα τέκνα μενεπτολέμων Ἀρ-
γείων,
pατρὸς ἐφημοσύνην ἐρικυδεσσον, ἥν μοι ἐνισπε
χθίζος ἐν λεχέσσι διὰ κνέφας ὑπνώοντι
φή γὰρ ἀειγενέσσι μετέμμεναι ἄθανάτοισιν
ηὐώγει δ' ὕμεας τε καὶ Ἀτρείδην βασιλῆα,
ὀφρα οἱ ἐκ πολέμων γέρας περικαλλῆς ἄγοιτε
τύμβον ἔπ' εὐρώπειτα Πολυξείνην εὐπεπλουν
καὶ μνὸν ἐφ' ῥέξαντας ἀπόπροθεν ταρχύσασθαι
εἰ δὲ οἱ οὐκ ἀλέγοντες ἐπιπλῶον πάλαισαν,
ἡπείλει κατὰ πόντον ἐναυτία κύματ' ἀείρασ
λαῦν ὀμῶς νησίσσι πολὺν χρόνον ἐνθάδ' ἐρύξειν."

"Ὡς φαμένου πείθοντο, καὶ ὥς θεῷ εὐχετόντο
καὶ γὰρ δὴ κατὰ βένθος ἀέξετο κύμα θυέλλη
εὐρύτερον καὶ μᾶλλον εὐπήρμιον, ἥ πάρος ἦν,
μανιγμένου ἀνέμοιο. μέγας δ' ὀρθόνετο πόντος
κερσί Ποσειδάνων: ὁ γὰρ κρατερῷ Ἀχιλῇ
ηρα φέρεν' πᾶσαι δὲ θοῶς ἐνόρουσαν ἀελλαι
ἐς πέλαγος. Δαναὸι δὲ μέγ' εὐχώμενοι Ἀχιλῇ
πάντες ὀμῶς μάλα τοῖα πρὸς ἄλληλους ἀρίζουν
" ἀπρεκέως γενέω μεγάλου Διὸς ἦν Ἀχιλλεὺς;
tοῦ καὶ νῦν θεός ἐστι, καὶ εἰ πάρος ἐσχε μεθ' ἡμῖν."

οὐ γὰρ ἰμαλδύνει μακάρων γένος ἀμβροτός αἰῶν."

"Ὡς φάμενοι ποτὲ τύμβον Ἀχιλλεὸς ἀπονέυοντο·
tὴν δ' ἄγον, ἱτε πόρτιν ἐς ἄθανάτου ἡθήλαι
μητρὸς ἀπειρύσαντες ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι βοτηρεῖ,
ἡ δ' ἀρὰ μακρὰ βοῶσα κινύρεται ἀχυμμένη κήρ·
ὡς τήμος Πριάμοι παῖς περικυκύςκε
δυσμενέων ἐν χερσίν. ἅδην δὲ οἱ ἐκχυτο δάκρυν
ὡς δ' ὀπότε βριαρῷ ὑπὸ χέρματι καρπὸς ἑλαῖνς
1 Zimmermann, for ἀροίτε of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

He assembled them, and told his sire's behest:
"Hearken, dear sons of Argives battle-staunch,
To this my glorious father's hest, to me
Spoken in darkness slumbering on my bed:
He saith, he dwells with the Immortal Gods:
He biddeth you and Atreus' son the king
To bring, as his war-guerdon passing-fair,
To his dim dark tomb Polyxeina queenly-robbed,
To slay her there, but far thence bury her.
But if ye slight him, and essay to sail
The sea, he threateneth to stir up the waves
To bar your path upon the deep, and here
Storm-bound long time to hold you, ships and men."

Then hearkened they, and as to a God they prayed;
For even now a storm-blast on the sea
Upheaved the waves, broad-backed and thronging fast
More than before beneath the maddening wind.
Tossed the great deep, smit by Poseidon's hands
For a grace to strong Achilles. All the winds
Swooped on the waters. Prayed the Dardans all
To Achilles, and a man to his fellow cried:
"Great Zeus's seed Achilles verily was;
Therefore is he a God, who in days past
Dwelt among us; for lapse of dateless time
Makes not the sons of Heaven to fade away."

Then to Achilles' tomb the host returned,
And led the maid, as calf by herdmen dragged
For sacrifice, from woodland pastures torn
From its mother's side, and howing long and loud
It moans with anguished heart; so Priam's child
Wailed in the hands of foes. Down streamed her tears
As when beneath the heavy sacks of sand
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὕτω χειμερίσησι μελαινόμενος ψεκάδεσσι 265
χεύη πολλόν ἀλευφα, περιτρίζωσι δὲ μακρὰ
ἀρμεν ὑπὸ σπάρτοις βιαζομένων αἰξῆνων·
δὲ ἀρα καὶ Πριάμοιο πολυτλήτου θυγατρὸς
ἐλκομένης ποτὶ τύμβοιν ἀμειλεκτοῦ Ἀχιλῆς
αἴνων ὀμῶς στοναχῆσι κατὰ βλεφάρων ῥεὶ δάκρυ
καὶ οἱ κύλτοις ἐνερθὲν ἐπλήθετο· δεύτερο δὲ χρῶς
ἀτρεκέως ἀτάλαντος ἐνκτεάνῳ ἐλέφαντι.

Καὶ τότε λευγαλείως ἐπὶ πένθεσι κύντερον
ἀλγός
tλήμονος ἐς κραδίην Ἐκάβης πέσεν· ἐν δὲ οἱ ἦτορ
μνήσατ’ ὀἰξυροῦ καὶ ἀλγυνόντος ὅνειρον,
tὸν ῥ’ ἰδεῖν ὑπνόουσα παροιχομένη ἐνὶ νυκτί·
ἡ γὰρ ὄρετο τύμβοιν ἐπ’ ἀντίδεου Ἀχιλῆς
ἐστάμεναι γούσσα, κόμαι δὲ οἱ ἄρχες ἐπ’ οὔδας
ἐκ κεφαλῆς ἐκέχυντο, καὶ ἀμφότεροι ἀπὸ μαζῶν
ἐρρεῖ φοῖνων αἰμα ποτὶ χόνα, δεύτε δὲ σήμα:
tοῦ πέρι δειμαίνουσα καὶ ὀσσομένη μέγα πῆμα
οἰκτρὸν ἀνοιμόξεσκε, γόφ δ’ ἐπὶ μακρῶν ἀυτεῖν·
εὔτε κύνων προπάροιθε κυνυρομένη μεγάροι
μακρῶν ὑλαγμὸν ἤψοι, νέον σπαραγεῦσα γάλακτι,
tῆς ἀπὸ νήπια τέκνα πάρος φῶς εἰσοράσσαθαι
νόσφι βάλωσιν ἀνακτῆς ἔλωρ ἐμεν οἰνοῦσιν,
ἡ δ’ οὔτε μὲν θὰ ὑλακήσῃ κυνὺρεται, ἀλλὸτε δ’ αὐτεῖν
ἀρυθμῷ, στυγερῆ δὲ δ’ ἥρος ἔσσυτ’ αὐτὴν
ὡς Ἐκαβῆ γούσσα μέγι Ιαχεῖν ἀμφὶ θυγατρώ·
“ὡ μοι ἐγὼ, τι νυ πρώτα, τι δ’ ὑστατον ἀχυμηνὲν
κῆρ
κοκύσσω πολέεσσι περπλῆθουσα. κακοίσιν,
νῦεας ἢ πόσιν αἰνὰ καὶ οὐκ ἐπιέλπτα παθόντας,
ἡ πόλιν ἢ θυγατρας ἀεικέας, ἢ ἐμὸν αὐτὴς
ἡμαρ ἀναγκαῖον καὶ δούλων; οὐνεκά Κῆρες
σμερδαλέας πολέεσσι μ’ ἐνειλήσαντο κακοίσιν.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Olives clear-skinned, ne'er blotched by drops of storm,
Pour out their oil, when the long levers creak.
As strong men strain the cords; so poured the tears
Of travail-burdened Priam's daughter, haled
To stern Achilles' tomb, tears blent with moans.
Drenched were her bosom-folds, glistened the drops
On flesh clear-white as costly ivory.

Then, to crown all her griefs, yet sharper pain
Fell on the heart of hapless Hecuba.
Then did her soul recall that awful dream,
The vision of sleep of that night overpast:
Herseemed that on Achilles' tomb she stood
Moaning, her hair down-streaming to the ground,
And from her breasts blood dripped to earth the while,
And drenched the tomb. Fear-haunted touching this;
Foreboding all calamity, she wailed
Piteously; far rang her wild lament.
As a dog moaning at her master's door,
Utters long howls, her teats with milk distent,
Whose whelps, ere their eyes opened to the light,
Her lords afar have flung, a prey to kites;
And now with short sharp cries she plains, and now
Long howling: the weird outcry thrills the air;
So wailed and shrieked for her child Hecuba:
"Ah me! what sorrows first or last shall I
Lament heart-anguished, who am full of woes?
Those unimagined ills my sons, my king
Have suffered?—or my city, or daughters shamed?—
Or my despair, my day of slavery?
Oh, the grim fates have caught me in a net
Of manifold ills! O child, they have spun for thee
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

tέκνων ἐμόν, σοὶ δείκαι καὶ οὐκ ἑπίελπτα καὶ

αὐτῇ

ἀλγεί ἐπεκλώσαντο· γάμου δὲ ἀπὸ νόσφι βάλοντο

ἔγγυς ἐνθ' Τμεναίον, ἢπεκρήμαντο δ' ὀλεθρον

ἀσχετον ἀργαλέον τε καὶ οὐ φατόν· ἡ γὰρ Ἀχιλ-

λέους

καὶ νέκυς ἡμετέρῳ ἕτε ιαίνεται αἰματε θυμὸν·

ὡς μ' ὀφελον μετὰ σεῖο, φίλον τέκος, ἡματε τῷ ὂδε

γαία χανοῦσα κάλυψη, πάρος σεό πότμον

ἰδέσοιαν.

"Ως φαμένης ἄλληκτα κατὰ βλεφάρων ἔχεντο

dάκρυα· λευγαλέον γὰρ ἔχεν μετὰ πένθες πένθος.

οἱ δ' ὅτ' ἔβαν ποτὶ τύμβον Ἀχιλλῆος ζαθέων,

ὅτ' ὅτε οἱ φίλος νιός ἐρυσσάμενος θοῦον ἀορ

σκαίη μὲν κούρην κατερήτησε, δεξιτερῆ δὲ τύμβῳ ἐπηγαύον τοῖον ποτὶ μύθον ἐειπε·

"κλύθει, πάτερ, σεό παιδὸς ἐπενυχομένοιο καὶ

ἀλλων

Ἀργείων, μηδ' ἡμον ἑτ' ἀργαλέως χαλέπαινε·

ἡδη γὰρ τοι πάντα τελέσομεν, ὡσα μενοῦνας

ςήσιν εἰν πραπίδεσεν· σὺ δ' ἤλων ἀμμῆ γένου

τεύξας εὐχομένοισι θοῶς θυμηδέα νόστον.

"Ως εἰσόν κούρης διά λοιγίον ἤλασεν ἀορ

λευκανής· τὴν δ' αἶψα λίπεν πολυήρατοι αἰὼν

οἰκτρόν ἀνοιμώξασαν ἐφ' ὑστατὴ βιότοιο·

καὶ ὅ μὲν πρηνῆς χαμάδις πέσε· τῆς δ' ὑπὸ

δερῆ

φοινικῆ γιρ περὶ πάντα, χιών διέ, ἡ τ' ἐν ὅρεσιν

ἡ συνὶς ἡ ἄρκτοιο κατουμαένης ὑπ' ἀκοιντά

αἰματε πορφυρόεντι θοῶς ἐρυθαίνεθε ὑπερθεν.

Ἀργείοι δὲ μὲν αἶψα δόσαν ποτὶ ἄστυ φέρεσθαι

ἐς δόμον ἀντιθέοι Ἀντήνορα, οἵνεκ' ἀρ' ἀντὶ

κεῖνος ἐνὶ Τρώωσιν ἐφ' πάρος νυὲι δίφ

Εὐρυμάχω ἄτιταλλεν ἐνὶ μεγάρουσιν ἀκοίτην.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Dread weird of unimagined misery!
They have thrust thee away, when near was Hymen's hymn,
From thine espousals, marked thee for destruction
Dark, unendurable, unspeakable!
For lo, a dead man's heart, Achilles' heart,
Is by our blood made warm with life to-day!
O child, dear child, that I might die with thee,
That earth might swallow me, ere I see thy doom!"

So cried she, weeping never-ceasing tears,
For grief on bitter grief encompassed her.
But when these reached divine Achilles' tomb,
Then did his son unsheathe the whetted sword,
His left hand grasped the maid, and his right hand
Was laid upon the tomb, and thus he cried:
"Hear, father, thy son's prayer, hear all the prayers
Of Argives, and be no more wroth with us!
Lo, unto thee now all thine heart's desire
Will we fulfil. Be gracious to us thou,
And to our praying grant sweet home-return."

Into the maid's throat then he plunged the blade
Of death: the dear life straightway sobbed she forth,
With the last piteous moan of parting breath.
Face-downward to the earth she fell: all round
Her flesh was crimsoned from her neck, as snow
Stained on a mountain-side with scarlet blood
Rushing from javelin-smitten boar or bear.
The maiden's corpse then gave they, to be borne
Unto the city, to Antenor's home,
For that, when Troy yet stood, he nurtured her
In his fair halls, a bride for his own son
Eurymachus. The old man buried her,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δὲ ἐπεὶ οὖν τάρχυσε κλυτὴ Πριάμου θύγατρα ἐγγύς ἐνοὶ δόμοι, παραὶ Γανυμήδεος ἱρῷ 325
σήματι· καὶ νηὸδ κατακίνου Ἀτρυπώνης,
δὴ τὸτε παῦσατο κῦμα, κατευνήθη δὲ θύελλα
σμερᾶλε, καὶ χεῦα κατεπρήνυε γαλήνη.

Οἱ δὲ θωῖς ἔπι ϊῆς ἔβαν μέγα καγχαλώντες
μέλποντες μακάρων ἱερὸν γένος ἦδ' Ἀχίλλη.
330 αἴγα δὲ δαῖτ' ἐπάσαντο βοῶν ἀπὸ μῆρα ταμόντες
ἀθανάτους· ἐρατὴ δὲ θυηπόλη πέλε πάντη.
οἱ δὲ ποὺ ἀργυρέωσε καὶ ἐν χρυσόσεωι κυπέλλωι
πῖνον ἀφυσάμενοι λαρὸν μέθυ· γῆθε δὲ σφὶ
θυμὸς ἔελθομένων σφετέρην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἑκέσθαι. 335
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δόρποι καὶ εἰλαπτίνης κορέσαντο,
δὴ τότε Νηλεός νίος ἔελθομένουσιν ἑεπεν·
"κλύτε, φίλοι, πολέμωι μακρὴν προφυγόντες
ὀμοκλήν·

οφρα γλαυκομένωισιν ἐποὺς θυμῆρες ἑνίστω·
ηῇ γὰρ νόστου πέλει θυμηδέος ὁρή.
340 ἀλλ' ἴομεν· δὴ γὰρ που Ἀχιλλέου ὄβριμον ἢτόρ
παῦσατ' ὄιεροι χόλου· κατέφυξε δὲ κῦμα
ὀβριμὸν Ἐννοσίγαιος· ἐπιπνεοῦσι δ' ἀπὴ
μελίχοι· οὔδ' ἐτι κῦμα κορύσσεται· ἀλλ' ἀγε
νῆς
εἰς ἄλως οἴδ' ἐρύσαντες ἀναμησόμεθα νόστου." 345

"Ὡς φάτ' ἐελθομένοι· οὶ δ' ἐς πλόουν ἐντύνοντο.
ἐνθα τέρας θητην ἐπιχεονισίοι φανθή,
οὐνεκα δὴ Πριάμου δάμαρ πολυδακρύτου
ἐκ βροτοῦ ἀλγυνόεσσα κῦνω γένετ· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
θάμβεον ἀγρόμενοι τῆς δ' ἄψεα λάιαν πάντα 350
θήκε θεός, μέγα ταῦμα καὶ ἐσσομένοισι βροτοῖσι
καὶ τὴν μὲν Κάλχαντος ὑπ' ἐννεσίησιν Ἀχαίοι
νηὸς ἐπ' οἰκυτόροιος.πέραν θέσαν Ἐλληστόντου.
καρπαλίμως δ' ἄρα νῆς ἕσω ἄλως εἰρύσαντες

1 Zimmermann, for ἵππο δάματα of MS.

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

King Priam's princess-child, nigh his own house,
By Ganymedes' shrine, and overagainst
The temple of Pallas the Unwearied One.
Then were the waves stilled, and the blast was hushed
To sleep, and all the sea-flood lulled to calm.
Swift with glad laughter hied they to the ships,
Hymning Achilles and the Blessed Ones.
A feast they made, first severing thighs of kine
For the Immortals. Gladsome sacrifice
Steamed on all sides: in cups of silver and gold
They drank sweet wine: their hearts leaped up with hope
Of winning to their fatherland again.
But when with meats and wine all these were filled,
Then in their eager ears spake Neleus' son:
"Hear, friends, who have 'scaped the long turmoil of war,
That I may say to you one welcome word:
Now is the hour of heart's delight, the hour
Of home-return. Away! Achilles soul
Hath ceased from ruinous wrath; Earth-shaker stills
The stormy wave, and gentle breezes blow;
No more the waves toss high. Haste, hale the ships
Down to the sea. Now, ho for home-return!"
Eager they heard, and ready made the ships.
Then was a marvellous portent seen of men;
For all-unhappy Priam's queen was changed
From woman's form into a pitiful hound;
And all men gathered round in wondering awe.
Then all her body a God transformed to stone—
A mighty marvel for men yet unborn!
At Calchas' bidding this the Achaeans bore
In a swift ship to Hellespont's far side.
Then down to the sea in haste they ran the keels:
κτήματα πάντες εβάλουν, ὅποσ Ἰλιον εἰσάνων
tes
λήσασαντες πάροιθε περικτίονας δαμάσαντες,
ηδ' ὅπος ἐξ αὐτῆς ἄγον Ἰλιον, οἷοι μάλιστα
gήθεν, οὔνεκ' ἔσαν μᾶλα μυρία τοῖς δ' ἀμα
πολλαί
λημάδες συνέποντο μᾶλ' ἀχνύμεναι κατὰ θυμόν
αὐτοὶ δ' ἐντος ἱκοντο νέων. ἀλλ' οὗ σφισι
Κάλχας
ἐσπετ' ἑπεγομένοις ἐσῳ ἀλός, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἄλλοις
Ἀργείους κατέρυκε. Καφηρίσι γὰρ περὶ πέτρης
deidien aivn' δλεθρον ἑπεσύμενον Δαναοῦσιν.
oi de i oui pithontoi. παρήπαφε γὰρ νόον ἀνδρῶν
Αἰσα κακὴ μοῦνος de theopropiais eu eiddos
Ἀμφιλοχος, θοδος νῖδος ἀμύμωνος Ἀμφιράον,
μίμων ὁμώς Κάλχατi περὶφροιν τοίς γὰρ ἦν
καὶ συμον ἀμφοτέροισιν ἑκατὸ τηληθεία γαῖς
Παμφύλων Κιλίκων τε ποτὶ πτολέθρα νέεσθαι.
Ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μετόπισθε theoi thesan αὐτὰρ
Ἀχαιοῖ
νῆσιν πεισματ' ἐλπιζαν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἦδε καὶ εὖνας
ἐσυμένως ἀνάειραν ἐπίαχε δ' Ἐλλήσποντος
σπερχομένων νῆσι δὲ περικλύζοντο θαλάσσης
ἀμφη δ' ἄρα σφίσι πολλα περὶ πρώρησιν ἐκεντο
ἐντε ἀποκταμένων καθυπερθε δὲ σήματα νίκης
μυρὶ' ἀπορρήματο κατεστέφαντο δὲ νῆς
καὶ κεφάλας καὶ δοῦρα καὶ ἀσπίδας, οἷοι μάχοντο
ἀντία δυσμενέων ἀπὸ δὲ πρώρθην ἀνακτε
eis ἀλα κυνῆν λεῖβον μὲν πολλα θεοῖς
eυχόμενοι μακάρεσσιν ἀκηδέα νόστον ὁπάσσαι
eὐχωλαὶ δ' ἀνέμοισι μίγεν καὶ ἀπὸπρὸν ἦνὲ
μαψίδως νεφέσσαι καὶ ἄρισ συμφορέουν.
Αὶ δ' ἄρα παπταίνεσκον ἐς Ἰλιον ἀχνύμεναι κήρ
λημάδες καὶ πολλὰ κυνρόμεναι γοάσκον

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Their wealth they laid aboard, even all the spoil
Taken, or ever unto Troy they came,
From conquered neighbour peoples; therewithal
Whatso they took from Ilium, wherein most
They joyed, for untold was the sum thereof.
And followed with them many a captive maid
With anguished heart: so went they aboard the ships.
But Calchas would not with that eager host
Launch forth; yea, he had fain withheld therefrom
All the Achaians, for his prophet-soul
Foreboded dread destruction looming o'er
The Argives by the Rocks Capherean.
But naught they heeded him; malignant Fate
Deluded men's souls: only Amphilochus
The wise in prophet-lore, the gallant son
Of princely Amphiarautus, stayed with him.
Fated were these twain, far from their own land,
To reach Pamphylia and Cilician burgs;
And this the Gods thereafter brought to pass.

But now the Achaians cast the hawser's loose
From shore: in haste they heaved the anchor-stones.
Roared Hellespont beneath swift-flashing oars;
Crashed the prows through the sea. About the bows
Much armour of slain foes was lying heaped:
Along the bulwarks victory-trophies hung
Countless. With garlands wreathed they all the ships,
Their heads, the spears, the shields wherewith they
had fought
Against their foes. The chiefs stood on the prows,
And poured into the dark sea once and again
Wine to the Gods, to grant them safe return.
But with the winds their prayers mixed; far away
Vainly they floated blent with cloud and air.
With anguished hearts the captive maids looked
back
On Ilium, and with sobs and moans they wailed,

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QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

κρύβων Ἱργείων μέγ. ένι φρεσί πένθος ἔχουσαι. 385
καὶ ρ’ αἰ μὲν περὶ γούνατ’ ἔχων χέρας, αἰ δὲ
μέτωπα
χερσίν ἐπηρείδοντο δυσάμμορι· αἰ δ’ ἀρα τέκνα
ἀμφεχων ἀγκούσσα: τἀ δ’ οὐπω δούλιον ἦμαρ
έστενον οὐδὲ πάτρης ἐπὶ πήμασιν, ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ μαξὶ
θυμὸν ἔχον: κηδέων γὰρ ἀπόπροθι νήπιον ἦτορ.
πάσησιν δ’ ἐλέλυντο κόμαι καὶ στήθεα λυγρά
ἀμφ’ ὀνύχεσιν δέδρυπτο· παρείησιν δ’ ἐπὶ δάκρυ
αὐαλέων περίκειτο, κατείβετο δ’ ἀλλ’ ἐφύπερθε
πυκνὸν ἀπὸ βλεφάρων· δέρκοντο δὲ τλήμονα
πάτρην
αἰθομένην ἐτί πάγχων, πολὺν δ’ ἀνὰ κατον ῃ ὅντα
ἀμφὶ δε Κασσάνδρην περικυδέα παπταῖνουσαι
πᾶσαι μιν θεοῦντο θεοπροπίης ἀλεγεινῆς
μυώμεναι· ἥ δ’ οὖν ἐπεγεγελάσασε γούσαις,
καίτηρ ἀκηχεμένη στυγεροῖς ἐπὶ πήμασι πάτρης.
Τρώων δ’ ὤσσοι ἀλυζαν ἀγκλῆος ἐκ πολέμου,
ἀγρόμενοι κατὰ ἀστι περὶ νέκυας πονέοντο
θαπτέμεναι μεμαώτες· ἄγεν δ’ ἀλεγεινὸν ἐς ἔργον
Ἀντήνωρ· αὐτῶν δ’ πυρὴν πολέεσσι τίθεντο.
’Ἀργείδοι δ’ ἀλληκτον ἐνὶ φρεσί καγχαλώντες
ἀλλοτε μὲν κόπησι διέπρησσον μέλαν ὤδωρ,
ἀλλότε δ’ ἰστία νησαὶ, μεμαώτες ἐντύουσι
ἐσομενῶς; ὁπίσω δ’ θῶς ἀπελείπετο πᾶσα
Δαρδανίῃ καὶ τύμβος Ἀχιλλέως· οὶ δ’ ἀνὰ θυμὸν
καίτηρ ἰαυνόμενοι κταμένοι μυηδέντες ἐταῖρων
ἀργαλέως ἀκάχοντο καὶ ἀλλοδαπῶν ἐπὶ γαίαν
ὅσσε βάλον. ἡ δ’ σφιν ἐφαίνετο τηλόθι νηῶν
χαζομένη· τοι δ’ αἴγα παρ’ ἀγχιλάοιο φέροντο
ῥημίνας Τενέδου· παρμεῖβοντο δὲ Ἱχυόλα
καὶ Φοίβου Σμινθῆς ἐδος ξαθεώο τε Κήλλης. 395

1 Verse supplied by Zimmerman, ex P.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Striving to hide their grief from Argive eyes.
Clasping their knees some sat, in misery some
Veiled with their hands their faces; others nursed
Young children in their arms: those innocents
Not yet bewailed their day of bondage, nor
Their country's ruin; all their thoughts were set
On comfort of the breast, for the babe's heart
Hath none affinity with sorrow. All
Sat with unbraided hair and pitiful breasts
Scored with their fingers. On their cheeks there lay
Stains of dried tears, and streamed thereover now
Fresh tears full fast, as still they gazed aback
On the lost hapless home, wherefrom yet rose
The flames, and o'er it writhed the rolling smoke.
Now on Cassandra marvelling they gazed,
Calling to mind her prophecy of doom;
But at their tears she laughed in bitter scorn,
In anguish for the ruin of her land.

Such Trojans as had 'scaped from pitiless war
Gathered to render now the burial-dues
Unto their city's slain. Antenor led
To that sad work: one pyre for all they raised.

But laughed with triumphing hearts the Argive men,
As now with oars they swept o'er dark sea-ways,
Now hastily hoisted the sails high o'er the ships,
And fleeted fast astern Dardania-land,
And Hero Achilles' tomb. But now their hearts,
How blithe soe'er, remembered comrades slain,
And sorely grieved, and wistfully they looked
Back to the alien's land; it seemed to them
Aye sliding farther from their ships. Full soon
By Tenedos' beaches slipt they: now they ran
By Chrysa, Sminthian Phoebus' holy place,
And hallowed Cilla. Far away were glimpsed
Λέσβος δ’ ἤνεμόςσο’ ἀνεφαίνετο· κάμπτετο δ’ ἀκρην·
ἐσσυμένας Δεκτοῖο, τόθι ρίον ύστατον Ἰδης. 415
λαίφεα δὲ πρησθέντα περίαχεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πρώφαις
ἐβραχὲν οἶδμα κελαίνων· ἐπεσκιώντω δὲ μακρὰ
κύματα· λευκαίνοντο δ’ ύπερ πόντου κέλευθοι.
Καὶ νῦ κεν Ἄργειοι κίον Ἑλλάδος ἱερὸν οὐδὰς
πάντες ἀλὸς κατὰ βένθος ἀκηδεῖες, εἰ μὴ ἄρα σφί
cούρη ἐργοδοῦτοι Δίὸς νεμέσησιν Ἀθήνης·
καὶ ὅποτ’ Εὔβοιας σχεδὸν ἦλθον ἤνεμοεσσής,
δὴ τότε μητίωσα βαρὺν καὶ ἀνηλέα πότμον
ἀμφὶ Δοκρῶν βασιλῆι καὶ ἀσχετον ἀσχαλώσα
Ζηνὶ θεῶν· μεδέοντι παρισταμένη φάτο μύθου
ἀθανάτων ἀπάνευθες· χόλον δὲ οἱ χάδε θυμός·
"Ζεὺ πάτερ, οὐκέτ’ ἀνέκτα θεοὺς ἐπιμηχανόνται
ἀνέφες, οὐκ ἀλέγουντες ἀνά φρένας οὐτε σεῦ αὐτοῦ
οὐτ’ ἀλλων μακάρων, ἐπεὶ ἡ τίσις οὐκέτ’ ὅπηδεὶ
ἀνδράσι λευγαλέουσι, κακοὶ δ’ ἄρα πολλάκις
ἐσθίοις
συμφέρετ’ ἀλῆσι μάλλον, ἔχει δ’ ἀλληκτον οἱζών
τούνεκ’ ἀρ’ οὗτε δίκην τις ἐθ’ ἄξεται, οὐδὲ τις
αἴδως
ἐστι παρ’ ἀνθρόποισιν· ἐγωγε μὲν οὔτ’ ἐν
Ὀλύμπῳ
ἐσσομαί, οὔτ’ ἐτι σεῖο κεκλήσομαι, εἰ μὴ Ἀχαιῶν
τίσομ’ ἄτασθαλίν, ἐπεὶ ἡ νῦ μοι ἐνδοθι νηλοῦ
νίος Ὀιλήσος μέγ’ ἐνήλιτεν, οὐδ’ ἐλέαιρε
Κασσάνδρην ὄρεγονοιν ἀκηδέας εἰς ἔµε χεῖρας
πολλάκις, οὐδ’ ο’ γ’ ἐδείσεν ἐμὸν µένος, οὐδὲ τι
θυμῶ
γῆςετ’ ἀθανάτην, ἀλλ’ ἀσχετον ἐργον ἔρεξε.
τῷ νῦ μοι ἀμβροσίησι περὶ φρεσὶ μὴ τι μεγῆρης
ῥέξαι, ὅπως μοι θυμῶς ἔξελεται, ὅφρα καὶ ἀλλοι
αἰζην τρομέοι θεῶν ἀρίδηλον ὁμοκλήν.” 596
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

The windy heights of Lesbos. Rounded now
Was Lecton's foreland, where is the last peak
Of Ida. In the sails loud hummed the wind,
Crashed round the prows the dark surge: the long
waves
Showed shadowy hollows, far the white wake gleamed.
Now had the Argives all to the hallowed soil
Of Hellas won, by perils of the deep
Unscathed, but for Athena Daughter of Zeus
The Thunderer, and her indignation's wrath.
When nigh Euboea's windy heights they drew,
She rose, in anger unappeasable
Against the Locrian king, devising doom
Crushing and pitiless, and drew nigh to Zeus
Lord of the Gods, and spake to him apart
In wrath that in her breast would not be pent:
"Zeus, Father, unendurable of Gods
Is men's presumption! They reck not of thee,
Of none of the Blessèd reck they, forasmuch
As vengeance followeth after sin no more;
And oftentimes more afflicted are good men
Than evil, and their misery hath no end.
Therefore no man regardeth justice: shame
Lives not with men! And I, I will not dwell
Hereafter in Olympus, not be named
Thy daughter, if I may not be avenged
On the Achaeans' reckless sin! Behold,
Within my very temple Oileus' son
Hath wrought iniquity, hath pitied not
Cassandra stretching unregarded hands
Once and again to me; nor did he dread
My might, nor reverenced in his wicked heart
The Immortal, but a deed intolerable
He did. Therefore let not thy spirit divine
Begrudge mine heart's desire, that so all men
May quake before the manifest wrath of Gods."

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'Ως φαμένην προσέειπε πατήρ ἀγανοῖς ἐπέ-
εσσιν
"ω τέκοις, οὐτὶ ἐγώ' ἀνθίσταμαι εἶνε' Ἀχαιῶν,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐντεα πάντα, τά μοι πάρος ἤρα φέ-
ροντες
χεραὶ ὑπ' ἀκαμάτησιν ἐτεκτήναντο Κύκλωπες
δῶσω ἐκλογένη· σὺ δὲ σῇ κρατερόφρον θυμῷ
αὐτὴ χεῖμ' ἀλεγεινὸν ἐπ' Ἀργείοισιν ὅρινον·
"Ως εἰπὼν στεροτήθη τε θὸν ὅλον τε κεραυνὸν
καὶ βροντὴν στονόσσαν ἀταρβέος ἄγχοθι κούρης
θήκατο· τῆς δ' ἄρα θυμὸς ὑπὸ κραδίη μέγ' ἰώνη.
αὐτίκα δ' αἰγίδα θόρυβι εἴσαστο παμφανώσαν,
ἀρρηκτὸν βριαρὴν τε καὶ ἀθανάτουσιν ἀγητήν·
ἐν γὰρ οἱ πεπόνητο κάρη θλοσυροῖο Μεδοῦσης
σμερδάλεον· κρατερὸ δὲ καὶ ἀκαμάτον πυρὸς
ὄρμην

λάβρον ἀποπνεούντες ἔσαν καθύπερθε δράκοντες·
ἐβραχε δ' αἰγίς ἀπάσα περὶ στήθεσιν ἀνάσσης,
οἶον ὅτε στεροτῆσιν ἐπιβρέμει ἄσπετος αἰθῆρ.
λάξετο δ' ἐντεα πατρός, ἀπέρ θεός οὕτος ἀείρει
νόσφι Διὸς μεγάλου· τίναξε δὲ μακρὸν Ὀλυμποῦ·
σὺν δ' ἔχεσσι νεφέλας τε καὶ ἥρα πᾶσαν ὑπέρθε·
νυξ δ' ἐχύθη περὶ γαῖαν, ἐπήχυσεν δὲ θάλασσα·
Ζεὺς δὲ μέγ' εἰσορώθ' ἐπετέρπετο· κίνυτο δ' εὗρος
οὐρανὸς ἀμφὶ πόδεσσι θεῖς· περὶ δ' ἐβραχεν αἰθήρ,
ὡς Διὸς ἀκαμάτου ποτὶ κλόνον ἐμμεμαύτως.

ἡ δ' ἄφαρ ἠρέοντος ὑπὲρ πόντου φέρεσθαι
οὐρανόθεν προεῖκεν ἐς Αἰολοῦν ἀμβροτον 'Ἰριν,
ὁφ' ἀνέμους ἀμα πάντας ἐπιβρέσσαντας ἱάλλη,
ἐλθέμεναι κραναίοι Καφηρέας ἐγγύθεν ἄκρον

νωλεμέως χριμφέντας, ἀνοιδέναι τε θάλασσαν,
λευγαλής ῥυτίσσι μεμνότας. ἡ δ' ᾠτουσα
ἐσσυμένως οἴμησε περιγαμφθείσα νέφεσι·

1 Zimmermann, for ἐνθεν Ἀχαιῶν of MSS.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Answered the Sire with heart-assuaging words:
"Child, not for the Argives' sake withstand I thee;
But all mine armoury which the Cyclops' might
To win my favour wrought with tireless hands,
To thy desire I give. O strong heart, hurl
A ruining storm thyself on the Argive fleet."

Then down before the aweless Maid he cast
Swift lightning, thunder, and deadly thunderbolt;
And her heart leapt, and gladdened was her soul.
She donned the stormy Aegis flashing far,
Adamantine, massy, a marvel to the Gods,
Whereon was wrought Medusa's ghastly head,
Fearful: strong serpents breathing forth the blast
Of ravening fire were on the face thereof.
Crashed on the Queen's breast all the Aegis-links,
As after lightning crashes the firmament.
Then grasped she her father's weapons, which
no God
Save Zeus can lift, and wide Olympus shook.
Then swept she clouds and mist together on high;
Night over earth was poured, haze o'er the sea.
Zeus watched, and was right glad as broad heaven's
floor
Rocked 'neath the Goddess's feet, and crashed the sky,
As though invincible Zeus rushed forth to war.
Then sped she Iris unto Aeolus,
From heaven far-flying over misty seas,
To bid him send forth all his buffeting winds
O'er iron-bound Caphereus' cliffs to sweep
Ceaselessly, and with ruin of madding blasts
To upheave the sea. And Iris heard, and swift
She darted, through cloud-billows plunging down—
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

φαίης κεν πῦρ ἐμμεν ἄρ' ἦρε καὶ μέλαν ὕδωρ. ίκετο δ' Ἀιώλην, ἀνέμων ὅθι λάβρον ἀέντων ἀντρα πέλει στυφελησεν ἄρημάνεν' ἄμφι πέτρησε σημεροντι 475 κοιλα καὶ ηχῆντα· δόμοι δ' ἀγχιστα πέλουται Ἀιώλου Ἰπποτάδαο. κίχεν δὲ μιν ἐνδον ἑώτα σὺν τ' ἄλοχῳ καὶ παισὶ δυνάδεκα· καὶ οἱ ἐστὶν, ὁππόσ' Ἀθηναίη Δαναῶν ἐπεμήδετο νόστῳ. αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' οὐκ ἀπιθήσε, μολὼν δ' ἐκτοσθε μελά-

θρων 480

χερσίν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτησιν ὄρος μέγα τύφε τριαίνη, ἐνθ' ἀνεμοι κελαδείνα δυσηχέες ηὐλίζοντο ἐν κενεῖ κενθμων· περίαχε δ' αἰεν ἰωὴ βρυχομένη ἀλεγειων. βῇ δ' ἐρρηξε κολώνῃ. οἰ δ' ἀφαρ ἐξεχέντον· κέλευσε δὲ πάντας ἐρεμήν 485 λαίλατα συμφορέωτας ἀήμεναι, ὄφρ' ἀλεγειων ὁρυμένης ἀλὸς οἴδμα Καφηρέος ἀκρα καλύψη. οἵ δὲ θόων ὄρνυντο πάρος βασιλῆς ἀκοῦσαι πὰν ἔπος· ἐσσυμένοις δ' ἐπεστενάξει θάλασσα ἄσχετον· ἥμβατοι δ' ἐοικότα κύματ' ὀρεσίων ἀλλοθεν ἀλλα φέροντο· κατεκλάσθη δ' ἀρ' Ἀχαιῶν 490

θυμὸς εἰς στέρνοισιν, ἐπεὶ νέας ἄλλοτε μὲν ποιν ὑψηλὸν φέρε κύμα δ' ἡροσ, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτὲ οία κατὰ κρημνοί κυλισισίμενας φορέσσει βυσσόν ἐς ἑρόεντα· βἰη δ' τις ἄσχετος αἰε ἰψόμοι ἀναβλύζεσκε διουγομένου κλύδωνοι. οἱ δ' ἀρ' ἀμηχανήθη βεβολημένοι οὔτ' ἐπ' ἐρετμῇ 495 χεῖρα βαλείν εἰδώναυτο τεθητότες οὔτ' ἀρα λαϊφή ἐσθενον ἀμφὶ κέρα λελιμένου εἱρύσσασθαι ῥηγνύμεν' ἐξ ἀνέμων, οὔδ' ἐμπαλών ἰδύνασθαι ἐς πλόον· ἀργαλέαι γὰρ ἐπεκλονέντο θύελλαι· οὐδὲ κυβερνήτῃ πέλειν μένος εἰσέτε νηὔν χερσίν ἐπισταμένησι θοῶς οἰῆα νωμᾶν· 500

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Thou hadst said: "Lo, in the sky dark water and fire!"
And to Aeolia came she, isle of caves,
Of echoing dungeons of mad-raging winds
With rugged ribs of mountain overarched,
Whereby the mansion stands of Aeolus
Hippotas' son. Him found she therewithin
With wife and twelve sons; and she told to him
Athena's purpose toward the homeward-bound
Achaeans. He denied her not, but passed
Forth of his halls, and in resistless hands
Upswung his trident, smiting the mountain-side
Within whose chasm-cell the wild winds dwelt
Tempestuously shrieking. Ever pealed
Weird roarings of their voices round its vaults.
Cleft by his might was the hill-side; forth they
poured.
He bade them on their wings bear blackest storm
To upheave the sea, and shroud Caphereus' heights.
Swiftly upsprang they, ere their king's command
Was fully spoken. Mightily moaned the sea
As they rushed o'er it; waves like mountain-cliffs
From all sides were uprolled. The Achaeans' hearts
Were terror-palsied, as the uptowering surge
Now swung the ships up high through palling mist,
Now hurled them rolled as down a precipice
To dark abysses. Up through yawning deeps
Some power resistless belched the boiling sand
From the sea's floor. Tossed in despair, fear-dazed,
Men could not grasp the oar, nor reef the sail
About the yard-arm, howsoever fain,
Ere the winds rent it, could not with the sheets
Trim the torn canvas,buffeted so were they
By ruining blasts. The helmsman had no power
To guide the rudder with his practised hands,
For those ill winds hurled all confusedly.
QUINTUS SMYRNÆUS

πάντα γὰρ ἄλλοις ἄλλα κακαὶ διέχευον ἄελλαι.
oύδε τις ἐππωρὴ βιότου πέλεν, οὐνεκὲ έρεμὴν 505
νῦξ ἂμα καὶ μέγα χείμα καὶ ἀθανάτων χόλος αἴνδος
ἀρτο. Ποσειδᾶνω γὰρ ἀνηλία πόντων ὅρινεν
ἡρα κασιγνύτου φέρων ἐρικυδεῖ κούρη,
ἡ ρα καὶ αὐτῇ ὑπερθεὶ ἅμειλόχα μαμάδωςα
θώς μετ’ ἀστεροπησίνω ἐπέκτυπε δ’ οὐρανόθεν

Ζεὺς

κυδαινών ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἐν τέκος, ἀμφί δὲ πᾶσαι
νήσοι τ’ ἤπειροι τε κατεκλύζοντο βαλάσσῃ
Εὐβοῖας οὐ πολλῶν ἀπόπροθεν, ἥξι μάλιστα
τεύχεν ἄμειλείκτοισιν ἐπ’ ἄλγεσιν ἄλγεα δαίμων
Ἀργειῶς. στοναχὴ δὲ καὶ οἰμωγῇ κατὰ νῆσας
ἐπλετ’ ἀπολυμένων κανάχιζε δὲ δούρατα νηῶν
ἀγρυμένων αἱ γὰρ ῥα συνωχαδὸν ἄλληλησιν
αἰὲν ἐπερρήγυνντο: πόνος δ’ ἀπρηκτος ὀρώρει
καὶ ἢ οἱ μὲν κώπησιν ἀπωσέμεναι μεμαθές
νῆσας ἐπεσεβμένας αὐτοῖς ἄμα δούρασι λυγροὶ
κάπτεσον ἐς μέγα βένθος, ἄμειλέκτῳ δ’ ὑπὸ
πότμῳ
κάθανον, οὐνεκ’ ἁρα σφιν ἐπέχραον ἄλλοθεν

ἀλλά

νηῶν δούρατα μακρά: συνηλοιντο δὲ πάντων
σώματα λευγαλέως: οὶ δ’ ἐν νῆσσι πεσόντες
κεῖντο καταφθιμένοισιν ἐοικότες: οἱ δ’ ὑπ’ ἀνάγκης
νῆχοντ’ ἀμφίπεσόντες έυξέστοισιν ἔρεμοῖς:
ἀλλοὶ δ’ αὐ σανίδεσσιν ἐπέπλεον ἔβραχε δ’ ἅλμη
βυσσόθεν, ὥστε θάλασσαν ἵδ’ οὐρανόν ἥδε καὶ αἰαν
φαίνεσθ’ ἀλλήλοισιν ὁμῶς συναρηρότα πάντα.

’Η δ’ ἄρ’ ἀπ’ Οὐλύμπου βαρύκτυπος Ἀτρυ- 530

τώνη

οὔτι καταισχύνεσκε βίην πατρός: ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’
αἴθηρ

602
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

No hope of life was left them: blackest night,
Fury of tempest, wrath of deathless Gods,
Raged round them. Still Poseidon heaved and swung
The merciless sea, to work the heart's desire
Of his brother's glorious child; and she on high
Stormed with her lightnings, ruthless in her rage.
Thundered from heaven Zeus, in purpose fixed
To glorify his daughter. All the isles
And mainlands round were lashed by leaping seas
Nigh to Euboea, where the Power divine
Scourged most with unrelenting stroke on stroke
The Argives. Groan and shriek of perishing men
Rang through the ships; started great beams and snapped
With ominous sound, for ever ship on ship
With shivering timbers crashed. With hopeless toil
Men strained with oars to thrust back hulls that reeled
Down on their own, but with the shattered planks
Were hurled into the abyss, to perish there
By pitiless doom; for beams of foundering ships
From this, from that side battered out their lives,
And crushed were all their bodies wretchedly.
Some in the ships fell down, and like dead men
Lay there; some, in the grip of destiny,
Clinging to oars smooth-shaven, tried to swim;
Some upon planks were tossing. Roared the surge
From fathomless depths: it seemed as though sea, sky,
And land were blended all confusedly.
Still from Olympus thundering Atrytone
Wielded her Father's power unshamed, and still 603
QUINCTUS SYRMAEUS

ιαχεν. ἡ δ’ Ἀιαντὶ χόλου καὶ πῆμα φέρουσα ἐμβαλε γῆι κεραυνών· ἀφαρ δὲ μιν ἀλλυδις ἀλλῆ ἐσκέδασεν διὰ τυθά· περίαχε δ’ αἰα καὶ αἰθήρ· ἐκλύσθη δ’ ἄρα πάσα περίδρομος Ἀμφιτρίτη· 535
οί δ’ ἐκτοσθε νεὸς πέσον ἄθροοι· ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ αὐτοῦς
κύματα μακρὰ φέροντο· περὶ στεροῦσί δ’ ἀνάσσης
ἀγγλη μαρμαίρεσκε διὰ κνέφας αἰσσουσα·
oi di’ apatoton λάπτοντες ἀλὸς πολυνχέος ἀλμην
θυμὸν ἀποπνείοντες ὑπὲρ πόντου φέροντο. 540

Δημάσω δ’ ἄρα χάρμα καὶ ὀλλυμένησι τέστυκτο·
cαί ρ’ αἱ μὲν κατέδυσαν ἔσω ἀλὸς ἀμφιβαλοῦσαι
χεῖρας ἐόις τεκέσσι δυσάμμοροι· αἱ δ’ ἀλεγεινά
dυσμενέοιν περὶ κράτα βάλον χέρας, οἷς ἀμα
λυγράι
σπεῦδον ἀποφθίσασθαι ἐῆς ἀντάξια λώβης
τινύμεναι Δαναοὺς· ἡ δ’ ψόθεν εἰςορόωσα
τέρπεθ’ ἐδον κατὰ θυμὸν ἠγαν Ῥιτογένεια.

Αλας δ’ ἄλλοτε μὲν περινῆξετο δοῦρατι νηὸς,
ἄλλοτε δ’ αὖ χεὺρεσσὶ διῆνυεν ἄλμυρα βένθη
ἀκαμάτῳ Τιτῷ βήν ὑπέροπλον ἐοικώς· 550

σχιζητὸ δ’ ἄλμυρον οἶδα μερὶ κρατερῆσι χέρεσιν
ἀνδρὸς ὑπερθύμοιο· θεοὶ δὲ μὲν εἰςορόντες
ἡνορίην καὶ κάρτος ἐθάμβεον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα
ἄλλοτε μὲν φορέεσκε πελώριον ἄπτῃ ἐπ’ ἀκρῆν
οὐρεος ψυχοῦ ὑπ᾽ ἱέρος, ἄλλοτε δ’ αὖτε

ψόθεν οῖα φάραγξιν ἑνεκρυφεν· οὐδ’ δ’ ἡς χεῖρας
κάμε πολυτλήτους· πολλοὶ γε μὲν ἔνοβα καὶ ἔνθα
σβενύμενοι σμαράγξιον ἐσο πόντοι κεραυνοί·
οῦτο γὰρ οἱ θυμὸν ἐμήδετο κηρὶ δαμάσσαι
604
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

The welkin shrieked around. Her ruin of wrath
Now upon Aias hurled she: on his ship
Dashed she a thunderbolt, and shivered it
Wide in a moment into fragments small,
While earth and air yelled o'er the wreck, and
whirled
And plunged and fell the whole sea down thereon.
They in the ship were all together flung
Forth: all about them swept the giant waves,
Round them leapt lightnings flaming through the
dark.
Choked with the strangling surf of hissing brine,
GASPING out life, they drifted o'er the sea.

But even in death those captive maids rejoiced,
As some ill-starred ones, clasping to their breasts
Their babes, sank in the sea; some flung their arms.
Round Danaans' horror-stricken heads, and dragged
These down with them, so rendering to their foes
Requital for foul outrage down to them.
And from on high the haughty Trito-born
Looked down on all this, and her heart was glad.

But Aias floated now on a galley's plank,
Now through the brine with strong hands oared his
path,
Like some old Titan in his tireless might.
Cleft was the salt sea-surge by the sinewy hands
Of that undaunted man: the Gods beheld
And marvelled at his courage and his strength.
But now the billows swung him up on high
Through misty air, as though to a mountain's peak,
Now whelmed him down, as they would bury him
In ravening whirlpits: yet his stubborn hands
Toiled on unwearied. Aye to right and left
Flashed lightnings down, and quenched them in the
sea;
For not yet was the Child of Thunderer Zeus

605
ΚΟΙΡΗ ἔριγυδοὔποιο Δίως μάλα περ κοτέουσα,
πρὶν τλήναι κακά πολλά καὶ ἄλγεσι πάγχυ
μογήσαι:
τούνεκά μιν κατά βένθος ἐδάμνατο δηρόν ὀίξυς
πάντοθε τειρόμενον· περὶ γὰρ κακὰ μυρία Κῆρες
ἀνδρὶ περιστήσαντο· μένος δὲ ἐνέπνευσεν ἀνάγκης
φῆ δὲ, καὶ εἰ μάλα πάντες Ὀλύμπιοι εἰς ἐν
ἵκωνται
χωμένοι καὶ πάσαιν ἀναστήσωσι θάλασσαν
ἐκφυγέων· ἀλλ’ οὔτε θεῶν ὑπάλυξεν ὀμολήν·
δὴ γὰρ οἱ νεμέσθησαν ὑπέρβιος Ἑυνοσίγανος,
εὔτε μιν εἰσένοησαν ἐφαπτόμενον χερὶ πέτρης
Γυραῖς, καὶ οἱ μέγ’ ἐχώσατο· σὺν δὲ ἐτίναξε
πόντον ὁμῶς καὶ γαῖαν ἀπείριτον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
κρημνῶν ὑπεκλονέουτο Καφηρέως· αἱ δὲ ἀλεγεινῶν
θειόμεναι ῥηγμίνες ἐπέβραξον οἴδματι λάβρῳ
χωμένοιο ἀνακτος· ἀπέσχυσε δ’ εἰς ἀλὰ πέτρων
εὐρέα, τοῦ περ ἐκείνοις ἔτη ἐπεμαίετο χερσὶ.
καὶ ρά οἱ ἀμφὶ πάγουσιν ἐλισσομένου μάλα δηρὸν
χεῖρες ἀπεδρύφθησαν, ὑπεδραμεὶς αἱ ὀνύχεσι
μορμύρου δὲ οἱ αἰέν ὀρισομένου περὶ κύμα
ἀφρὸς ἄδην λεύκαινε κάρη λάσιον τε γένειον.
καὶ νῦ κεν ἐξῆλυξε κακὸν μόρον, εἰ μὴ ἄρ’ αὐτῷ

* * * * *

ῥήξας γαῖαν ἐνερθεὶς ἐπιπροέχει κολώνην·
εὔτε πάρος μεγάλοιο καὶ Ἐγκελάδοιο δαῖφρων
Παλλὰς ἀειραμένη Σικελίην ἐπικάββαλε νῆσον,
ἤ’ ἐτὶ καὶ τεῖναι αἰεὶ ὑπ’ ἀκαμάτου Γίγαντος
ἀθαλῶν πνείους ἔσω χθονός· ὅς ἄρα Δοκρών
ἀμφεκαλύψει ἀνακτα δυσάμμορον οὐρεος ἄκρη
ὑψόθεν ἐξερποῦσα, βάρυνε δὲ καρπερὸν ἄνδρα.
565
570
575
580
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Purposed to smite him dead, despite her wrath,
Ere he had drained the cup of travail and pain
Down to the dregs; so in the deep long time
Affliction wore him down, tormented sore
On every side. Grim Fates stood round the man
Unnumbered; yet despair still kindled strength.
He cried: "Though all the Olympians banded
come
In wrath, and rouse against me all the sea,
I will escape them!" But no whit did he
Elude the Gods' wrath; for the Shaker of Earth
In fierceness of his indignation marked
Where his hands clung to the Gyraean Rock,
And in stern anger with an earthquake shook
Both sea and land. Around on all sides crashed
Capereus' cliffs: beneath the Sea-king's wrath
The surf-tormented beaches shrieked and roared.
The broad crag rifted reeled into the sea,
The rock whereto his desperate hands had clung;
Yet did he writhe up round its jutting spurs,
While flayed his hands were, and from 'neath his
ails
The blood ran. Wrestling with him roared the
waves,
And the foam whitened all his hair and beard.
Yet had he 'scaped perchance his evil doom,
Had not Poseidon, wroth with his hardihood,
Cleaving the earth, hurled down the chasm the rock,
As in the old time Pallas heaved on high
Sicily, and on huge Enceladus
Dashed down the isle, which burns with the burning
yet
Of that immortal giant, as he breathes
Fire underground; so did the mountain-crag,
Hurled from on high, bury the Locrian king,
Pinning the strong man down, a wretch crushed flat.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀμφὶ δὲ μν θανάτοιο μέλας ἐκιχῆσατ' ὀλέθρος
γαῖὴ όμῶς δημηθέντα καὶ ἀτρυπότητο εἰνὶ πόντῳ.

"Ὡς δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι Ἀχαιοὶ ὑπὲρ μέγα λαίτμα
féronto,
oi μὲν ἄρ' ἐν νήσοι τεθητότες, οἱ δὲ πεσόντες
ἐκτοσθεν υἱῶν' ὅλῃ δ' ἔχε πάντας οἰξὺς:
ἀι μὲν γὰρ φορέοντ' ἐπικάρσαι εἰν ἄλλη νῆς,
ἀλλαὶ δ' ἀνστρέψασαι ἂνω τρόπιν ὅν δὲ ποι

ἰστοὶ
ἐκ δοράτων ἔγγησαν ἑπισπέρχοντος ἀήτεως.

τῶν δὲ διὰ ξύλα πάντα θοικεδάσαντο θυελλαί,
ἀι δὲ καὶ ἐς μέγα βένθος ὑποβρύχιαι κατέδυσαν
ὀμίβρου ἐπιβράσαντο ἀπείρονοι, οὐδ' ὑπέμειναν
λάβρου ὦμὼς ἀνέμοιοι θαλάσσης καὶ Δίως ὕδωρ

μυγώμενοι. ποταμῷ γὰρ ἄλγκιος ἔρρεεν αἰθή

συνεχές' ἡ δ' ὑπένεβθεν ἐμαίνετο διὰ θάλασσα:
καὶ τις ἐφ' "τάχα τούτων ἐπέχραιεν ἀνδράσι

χείμα,

ὄπποτε Δεσπαλίωνος ἀθέσφατος ὑετὸς ἤλθε,

ποντώθη δ' ἀρα γαῖα, βυθὸς δ' ἐπεχεύατο πάντῃ."

"Ὡς ἀρ' ἐφ' Δαναῶν τις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ χείμα τε-

θητῶς

λευγαλέουν πολλοί δὲ κατέθυτεν ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶν

πλήθεθ' ἀλὸς μέγα χείμα, περιστείνοντο δὲ πᾶσαι

ἡώνες: πολέας γὰρ ἀπέπτυσε κύμι' ἐπὶ χέρσον

ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆα δοῦρα βαρύθρομον Ἀμφίτριτην

πᾶσαν ἄδην ἐκάλυψε: μέσον δ' ἀνεφαίνετο κύμα. 610

ἀλλοὶ δ' ἄλλην κήρα κακὴν λάχον' οἱ μὲν ἂν

εὔρυν

πόντων ὀρμομένης ἄλος ἀσχετον, οἱ δ' ἐνὶ πέτρης

ἀξαντες περὶ νῆας οἰξὺρως ἀπόλολτο

Ναυπλίου ἐννεσίησον' ὁ γὰρ κοτέων μάλα παιδὸς

1 Zimmermann, for κεράτων of v.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

And so on him death's black destruction came
Whom land and sea alike were leagued to slay.
Still over the great deep were swept the rest
Of those Achaeans, crouching terror-dazed
Down in the ships, save those that mid the waves
Had fallen. Misery encompassed all;
For some with heavily-plunging prows drave on,
With keels upturned some drifted. Here were
masts
Snapped from the hull by rushing gusts, and there
Were tempest-ripped wrecks of scattered beams;
And some had sunk, whelmed in the mighty deep,
Swamped by the torrent downpour from the clouds:
For these endured not madness of wind-tossed sea
Leagued with heaven's waterspout; for streamed
the sky
Ceaselessly like a river, while the deep
Raved round them. And one cried: "Such floods
on men
Fell only when Deucalion's deluge came,
When earth was drowned, and all was fathomless
sea!"

So cried a Danaan, seeing soul-appalled
That wild storm. Thousands perished; corpses
thronged
The great sea-highways: all the beaches were
Too strait for them: the surf belched multitudes
Forth on the land. The heavy-booming sea
With weltering beams of ships was wholly paved,
And here and there the grey waves gleamed
between.
So found they each his several evil fate,
Some whelmed beneath broad-rushing billows, some
Wretchedly perishing with their shattered ships
By Nauplius' devising on the rocks.
Wroth for that son whom they had done to death,
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

χείματος ὀρνυμένου καὶ ὀλλυμένων 'Ἀργείων καὶ περ ἀκηχέμενος μέγ' ἐγήθεεν, οὖνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ δόκει τίσιν θεὸς αἴσχα καὶ ἐδρακεν ἐχθρὸν ὦμιλον τειρόμενον κατὰ βένθος, ἐφ' ἂ' ἀρα πολλὰ τοκῆ ἐνεθ' ὄμως νήσσων ὑπὸβρυχα πάντας ὀλέσθαι. τοῦ δὲ Ποσειδάων μάλ' ἐπέκλυεν, ἄγχι δὲ πάντας." 620

ἀμ 2 μέλαιν οἶδμα φέρεσκεν. ὅ δ' οὐρεὺς ὡς 3 χερὶ πεὐκῆν

αιθομένην ἀνάειρε. δόλῳ δ' ἐπέλασσεν 'Ἀχαίως ἐπανομένους εὐομὸν ἑδος λυμένων ἀφικέσθαι: αἰνῶς γὰρ πέτρησε περὶ στυφελῆσει δάμησαν αὐτῆς σὺν νήσσει: κακῷ δ' ἐπὶ κύπερτον ἄλγος τλῆσαν ἀνιηρῆς προσαγνύμενοι περὶ πέτρης νυκτὶ θοῇ παῦροι δὲ φύγων μόρον, οὔς τ' εσάωσεν ἡ θεὸς ἡ δαίμον τις ἐπίρροθος: αὐτὰρ Ἀθήνη ἄλλοτε μὲν θυμῷ μέγ' ἐγήθεεν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτὲ ἀχυντ Ὄδυσσης πενντόφρονος, οὔνεκ' ἐμελλε πάσχειν ἄλγεα πολλὰ Ποσειδάωνος ὀμοίως, ὡς ἰα τὸτ' ἀκαμάτησι περὶ φρέσα πάγχυ μεγαῖρων τείχεισαι καὶ πύργοις εὐσθενέως Ἀργείων, οὔς ἐκαμοῦς Τρόων στυγερῆς ἐμεν ἀλκαρ αὐτῆς, ἐσσυμένος μάλα πᾶσαν ἀνεπλήμμυρε θάλασσαν, 635 ὅσσ' ἀπ' Ἐὐβείνου κατέρχεται Ἐλλήσποντον, καὶ μιν ἐπ' ἡώνας Τροίης βάλεν ὑπὸ δ' ὑπέρθε Ζεὺς ἐπὶ θηρα φέρων ἐρυκυδεὶ Ἐννοσυγαῖφος οὐ μὴν οὐδ' Ἐκάργεγος ἀτερ καμάτῳ τέτυκτο, ἄλλ' ἄρ' ἀπ' 'Ἰδαίων ὀρέων μάλα πάντα ῥεέθρα 640 εἰς ἐνα χόρδον ἄγεσκε, κατέκλυσε δ' ἐργον Ἀχαίων ἐκλύσθη δὲ θάλασσα καὶ εἰσήτ' ἵσαν 4 κελάοντες

1 Zimmermann’s reading. 2 Zimmermann, for ἀμ of v. 3 Zimmermann, for ἀφμένος of Koehly. 4 Zimmermann, kal τόσση δ. θ. κ. εἰσήτ of MSS.

610
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

He, when the storm rose and the Argives died,
Rejoiced amid his sorrow, seeing a God
Gave to his hands revenge, which now he wreaked
Upon the host he hated, as o'er the deep
They tossed sore-harassed. To his sea-god sire
He prayed that all might perish, ships and men
Whelmed in the deep. Poseidon heard his prayer,
And on the dark surge swept them nigh his land,
He, like a harbour-warder, lifted high
A blazing torch, and so by guile he trapped
The Achaean men, who deemed that they had won
A sheltering haven: but sharp reefs and crags
Gave awful welcome unto ships and men,
Who, dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks
In the black night, crowned ills with direr ills.
Some few escaped, by a God or Power unseen
Plucked from death's hand. Athena now rejoiced
Her heart within, and now was racked with fears
For prudent-souled Odysseus; for his weird
Was through Poseidon's wrath to suffer woes
Full many.

But Earth-shaker's jealousy now
Burned against those long walls and towers uppiled
By the strong Argives for a fence against
The Trojans' battle-onset. Swiftly then
He swelled to overbrimming all the sea
That rolls from Euxine down to Hellespont,
And hurled it on the shore of Troy: and Zeus,
For a grace unto the glorious Shaker of Earth,
Poured rain from heaven: withal Far-darter bare
In that great work his part; from Ida's heights
Into one channel led he all her streams,
And flooded the Achaeans' work. The sea
Dashed o'er it, and the roaring torrents still

611

RR2
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

χείμαρροι ἀλεγεινοῦ ἄξομενοι Δίως ὁμβρω, τοὺς μέλαν οἰδὼ ἀνέρηξε πολυστόνον Ἀμφιτρίτης πόντον ἐπελθέμεναι, πρὶν τείχεα πάντ' ἁμαθύναι 645 ἀργαλέως Δαναῶν, αὐτὸς δ' ἀρα γαῖαν ἐνερθε ῥήξε Ποσειδάων, ἀνά δ' ἐβλυσεν ἀσπετον ὕδωρ ἔλιν τε ψάμαθον τε βίη δ' ἐξῆλεξε κραταιὴ Σίγεον· ἦτοινε δὲ μέγ' ἐβραχον ἦδε θέμεθλα Δαρδανίης, καὶ αἰστον υποβρύχιον τ' ἐκαλύφθη 650 ἔρκος ἀπεφόσιον, κατεύσατο δ' ἐνδοθι γαίης μακρὰ δισταμένης· ψάμαθος δ' ἐτι φαίνετο μοῦνη χασσαμένου πόντου, καὶ ἀπ' ἀκτῶν ἐριδοῦτον νόσφιν ἀπ' αἰγιαλοῖο κατεκτάθη. ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν ποιον ἄθανάτων ἐτέλεσε κακὸς νόσς· οἱ δ' ἐνὶ νησὶν Ἀργεῖοι πλώσκουν, ὡσοι διὰ χείμα κέδασεν ἀλλὴ δ' ἄλλος ἰκανεν, ὡσπὶ θεὸς ἦγεν ἐκαστον, ὡσοι ὑπὲρ πόντοιο λυγρᾶς ύπόλυξαν ἀέλλας.

1 Zimmermann, for ἐκ δὲ θέμεθλα Δαρδανίη of v.
2 Zimmermann, for πόντου καὶ ἐκ δαναῶν of MSS.
THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Rushed on it, swollen by the rains of Zeus;
And the dark surge of the wide-moaning sea
Still hurled them back from mingling with the deep,
Till all the Danaan walls were blotted out
Beneath their desolating flood. Then earth
Was by Poseidon chasm-cleft: up rushed
Deluge of water, slime and sand, while quaked
Sigeum with the mighty shock, and roared
The beach and the foundations of the land
Dardanian. So vanished, whelmed from sight,
That mighty rampart. Earth asunder yawned,
And all sank down, and only sand was seen,
When back the sea rolled, o'er the beach outspread
Far down the heavy-booming shore. All this
The Immortals' anger wrought. But in their ships
The Argives storm-dispersed went sailing on.
So came they home, as heaven guided each,
Even all that 'scaped the fell sea-tempest blasts.
χείμαρροι ἀλεγείν ἄργαλεν ἔρηξε Ιλύν Σι
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