HOMER
THE ILIAD

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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II

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD
MCMLXXVI
American
ISBN 0-674-99189-3

British
ISBN 0 434 99171 6

First printed 1925

TO MY CHILDREN

Printed in Great Britain
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THE ILIAD OF HOMER
THE ILIAD

BOOK XIII

Now Zeus, when he had brought the Trojans and Hector to the ships, left the combatants there to have toil and woe unceasingly, but himself turned away his bright eyes, and looked afar, upon the land of the Thracian horsemen, and of the Mysians that fight in close combat, and of the lordly Hippemolgi that drink the milk of mares, and of the Abii, the most righteous of men. To Troy he no longer in any wise turned his bright eyes, for he deemed not in his heart that any of the immortals would draw nigh to aid either Trojans or Danaans.

But the lord, the Shaker of Earth, kept no blind watch, for he sat marvelling at the war and the battle, high on the topmost peak of wooded Samothrace, for from thence all Ida was plain to see; and plain to see were the city of Priam, and the ships of the Achaians. There he sat, being come forth from the sea, and he had pity on the Achaians that they were overcome by the Trojans, and against Zeus was he mightily wroth.

Forthwith then he went down from the rugged mount, striding forth with swift footsteps, and the high mountains trembled and the woodland beneath the immortal feet of Poseidon as he went. Thrice he strode in his course, and with the fourth stride he
reached his goal, even Aegae, where was his famous palace builded in the depths of the mere, golden and gleaming, imperishable for ever. Thither came he, and let harness beneath his car his two bronze-hooved horses, swift of flight, with flowing manes of gold; and with gold he clad himself about his body, and grasped the well-wrought whip of gold, and stepped upon his car, and set out to drive over the waves. Then gambolled the sea-beasts beneath him on every side from out the deeps, for well they knew their lord, and in gladness the sea parted before him; right swiftly sped they on, and the axle of bronze was not wetted beneath; and unto the ships of the Achaean did the prancing steeds bear their lord.

There is a wide cavern in the depths of the deep mere, midway between Tenedos and rugged Imbros. There Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, stayed his horses, and loosed them from the car, and cast before them food ambrosial to graze upon, and about their feet he put hobbles of gold, neither to be broken nor loosed, that they might abide fast where they were against the return of their lord; and himself he went to the host of the Achaean.

But the Trojans, all in one body, like flame or tempest-blaze were following furiously after Hector, son of Priam, with loud shouts and cries, and they deemed that they would take the ships of the Achaean, and slay thereby all the bravest. Howbeit Poseidon, the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth, set him to urge on the Argives, when he had come forth from the deep sea, in the likeness of Calchas, both in form and untiring voice. To the two Aiantes spake he first, that were of themselves full eager:
"Ye Aiantes twain, ye two shall save the host of the Achaeans, if ye are mindful of your might, and think not of chill rout. Not otherwhere do I dread the invincible hands of the Trojans that have elbimed over the great wall in their multitude, for the well-greaved Achaeans will hold back all; nay it is here that I have wondrous dread lest some evil befall us, here where ye madman is leading on like a flame of fire, even Hector, that boasts him to be a son of mighty Zeus. But in the hearts of you twain may some god put it, here to stand firm yourselves, and to bid others do the like; so might ye drive him back from the swift-faring ships, despite his eagerness, aye, even though the Olympian himself be urging him on."

Therewith the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth smote the twain with his staff, and filled them with valorous strength and made their limbs light, their feet and their hands above. And himself, even as a hawk, swift of flight, speedeth forth to fly, and poising himself aloft above a high sheer rock, darteth over the plain to chase some other bird; even so from them sped Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth. And of the twain swift Aias, son of Oileus, was first to mark the god, and forthwith spake to Aias, son of Telamon: "Aias, seeing it is one of the gods who hold Olympus that in the likeness of the seer biddeth the two of us fight beside the ships—not Calchas is he, the prophet, and reader of omens, for easily did I know the tokens behind him of feet and of legs as he went from us; and plain to be known are the gods—lo, mine own heart also within my breast is the more eager to war and do battle, and my feet beneath and my hands above are full pain."
Then in answer spake to him Telamonian Aias:

“Even so too mine own hands invincible are fain now to grasp the spear, and my might is roused, and both my feet are swift beneath me; and I am eager to meet even in single fight Hector, Priam’s son, that rageth incessantly.”

On this wise spake they one to the other, rejoicing in the fury of fight which the god put in their hearts; and meanwhile the Enfolder of Earth roused the Achaeans that were in the rear beside the swift ships, and were refreshing their hearts. Their limbs were loosed by their grievous toil and therewithal sorrow waxed in their hearts, as they beheld the Trojans that had climbed over the great wall in their multitude. Aye, as they looked upon these they let tears fall from beneath their brows, for they deemed not that they should escape from ruin. But the Shaker of Earth, lightly passing among them, aroused their strong battalions. To Teucer first he came and to Leitus, to bid them on, and to the warrior Peneleos, and Thoas and Deipyrus, and Meriones and Antilochus, masters of the war-cry; to these he spake, spurring them on with winged words: “Shame, ye Argives, mere striplings! It was in your fighting that I trusted for the saving of our ships; but if ye are to flinch from grievous war, then of a surety hath the day now dawned for us to be vanquished beneath the Trojans. Out upon it! Verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold, a dread thing that I deemed should never be brought to pass: the Trojans are making way against our ships, they that heretofore were like panic-stricken hinds that in the woodland become the prey of jackals and pards and wolves, as they wander vainly in their
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The reference is plainly to Achilles; but it will be noted that Poseidon speaks as one of the Greek host, and the implication is that Achilles might perhaps accept from the collective Greeks what he had refused to accept from Agamemnon. Cf. xvi. 85, where πρὸς πάντων Δαναών is to be similarly interpreted.

10 cowardice, nor is there any fight in them. Even so the Trojans aforetime had never the heart to abide and face the might and the hands of the Achaeans, no not for a moment. But lo, now far from the city they are fighting at the hollow ships because of the baseness of our leader and the slackness of the folk, that, being at strife with him, have no heart to defend the swift-faring ships, but are slain in the midst of them. But if in very truth the warrior son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, is the cause of all, for that he wrought dishonour on the swift-footed son of Peleus, yet may we in no wise prove slack in war. Nay, let us atone for the fault with speed: the hearts of good men admit of atonement.\footnote{1} But it is no longer well that ye are slack in furious valour, all ye that are the best men in the host. Myself I would not quarrel with one that was slack in war, so he were but a sorry wight, but with you I am exceeding wroth at heart. Ye weaklings, soon ye shall cause yet greater evil by this slackness. Nay, take in your hearts, each man of you, shame and indignation; for in good sooth mighty is the conflict that has arisen. Hector, good at the war-cry, is fighting at the ships, strong in his might, and hath broken the gates and the long bar.”

Thus did the Earth-enfolder arouse the Achaeans with his word of command, and round about the twain Aiantes their battalions took their stand, so strong in might, that not Ares might have entered in and made light of them, nor yet Athene, the rouser of hosts; for they that were the chosen bravest abode the onset of the Trojans and goodly Hector,
fencing spear with spear, and shield with serried ¹ shield; buckler pressed on buckler, helm on helm, and man on man; and the horse-hair crests on the bright helmet-ridges touched each other, as the men moved their heads, in such close array stood they one by another, and spears in stout hands overlapped ² each other, as they were brandished; and their minds swerved not, but they were fain to fight.

Then the Trojans drove forward in close throng and Hector led them, pressing ever forward, like a boulder from a cliff that a river swollen by winter rains thrusteth from the brow of a hill, when it has burst with its wondrous flood the foundations of the ruthless stone; high aloft it leapeth, as it flies, and the woods resound beneath it, and it speedeth on its course and is not stayed until it reacheth the level plain, but then it rolleth no more for all its eagerness; even so Hector for a time threatened lightly to make his way even to the sea through the huts and ships of the Achaeans, slaying as he went, but when he encountered the close-set battalions, then was he stayed, as he drew close against them. And the sons of the Achaeans faced him, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, and drove him back from them, so that he gave ground and was made to reel. Then he uttered a piercing shout, calling aloud to the Trojans: "Ye Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians that fight in close combat, stand ye fast. No long space shall the Achaeans hold me back, for all they have arrayed themselves in fashion like a wall; nay, methinks, they will give

¹ The precise meaning of προβεδλήμαν as an epithet of the shield is uncertain. The kindred τετραβεδλήμαν (xv. 479) plainly means "with fourfold foundation, or backing," i.e. with four layers of hide beneath the bronze surface. Similarly προβεδλήμαν has been assumed to mean "with layer over layer." Leaf takes it to mean, "with base set forward," since the huge Mycenaean shield rested on the ground.

² The word πτύσσοντο, as used of spears (lit. "were folded "), is extremely obscure.
ground before my spear, if verily the highest of gods hath urged me on, the loud-thundering lord of Hera."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. Then among them with high heart strode Deiphobus, son of Priam, and before him he held his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, stepping forward lightly on his feet and advancing under cover of his shield. And Meriones aimed at him with his bright spear, and cast, and missed not, but smote the shield of bull’s hide, that was well balanced upon every side, yet drave not in any wise therethrough; nay, well ere that might be, the long spear-shaft was broken in the socket; and Deiphobus held from him the shield of bull’s hide, and his heart was seized with fear of the spear of wise-hearted Meriones; but that warrior shrank back into the throng of his comrades, and waxed wondrous wroth both for the loss of victory and for the spear which he had shattered. And he set out to go along the huts and ships of the Achaeans to fetch him a long spear that he had left in his hut.

But the rest fought on, and a cry unquenchable arose. And Teucer, son of Telamon, was first to slay his man, even the spearman Imbrius, the son of Mentor, rich in horses. He dwelt in Pedaeum before the sons of the Achaeans came, and had to wife a daughter of Priam that was born out of wedlock, even Medesicaste; but when the curved ships of the Danaans came, he returned back to Ilios and was pre-eminent among the Trojans, and he dwelt in the house of Priam, who held him in like honour with his own children. Him did the son of Telamon smite beneath the ear with a thrust of his long spear, and again drew forth the spear; and he fell like an
ash-tree that, on the summit of a mountain that is seen from afar on every side, is cut down by the bronze, and bringeth its tender leafage to the ground; even so fell he, and about him rang his armour dight with bronze. And Teucer rushed forth eager to strip from him his armour, but Hector, even as he rushed, cast at him with his bright spear. Howbeit Teucer, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze by a little, but Hector smote Amphilochus, son of Ceautus, the son of Actor, in the breast with his spear as he was coming into the battle; and he fell with a thud, and upon him his armour clanged. Then Hector rushed forth to tear from the head of great-hearted Amphilochus the helm that was fitted to his temples, but Aias lunged with his bright spear at Hector as he rushed, yet in no wise reached he his flesh, for he was all clad in dread bronze; but he smote the boss of his shield, and thrust him back with mighty strength, so that he gave ground backward from the two corpses, and the Achaeans drew them off. Amphilochus then did Stichius and goodly Menestheus, leaders of the Athenians, carry to the host of the Achaeans, and Imbrius the twain Aiantes bare away, their hearts fierce with furious valour. And as when two lions that have snatched away a goat from sharp-toothed hounds, bear it through the thick brush, holding it in their jaws high above the ground, even so the twain warrior Aiantes held Imbrius on high, and stripped him of his armour. And the head did the son of Oileus cut from the tender neck, being wroth for the slaying of Amphilochus, and with a swing he sent it rolling through the throng like a ball; and it fell in the dust before the feet of Hector.
Then verily Poseidon waxed mighty wroth at heart when his son's son fell in the dread conflict, and he went his way along the huts and ships of the Achaeans to arouse the Danaans; but for the Trojans was he fashioning woes. There and met him Idomeneus, famed for his spear, on his way from a comrade that he had but now found coming from the battle smitten in the knee with the sharp bronze. Him his comrades bare forth, but Idomeneus had given charge to the leeches, and was going to his hut, for he was still faint to confront the battle; and the lord, the Shaker of Earth, spake to him, likening his voice to that of Andraemon's son Thoas, that in all Pleuron and steep Calydon was lord over the Aetolians, and was honoured of the folk even as a god: “Idomeneus, thou counsellor of the Cretans, where now, I pray thee, are the threats gone, wherewith the sons of the Achaeans threatened the Trojans?”

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: “O Thoas, there is no man now at fault, so far as I wot thereof; for we are all skilled in war. Neither is any man holden of craven terror, nor doth any through dread withdraw him from evil war, but even thus, I ween, must it be the good pleasure of the son of Cronos, supreme in might, that the Achaeans should perish here far from Argos, and have no name. But, Thoas, seeing that aforetime thou wast ever staunch in fight, and dost also urge on another, wheresoever thou seest one shrinking from fight, therefore now cease thou not, but call to every man.”

And Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, answered him: “Idomeneus, never may that man any more return

1 \( \varepsilon \) \( \\kappa \)\( \lambda \)\( \sigma \)\( \iota \)\( \iota \)\( \iota \)\( \nu \)\( \tau \)\( \iota \)\( \epsilon \)\( \sigma \)\( \tau \)\( \nu \)\( \nu \)

2 \( \delta \) \( \\mu \)\( \beta \)\( \iota \)\( \iota \)\( \acute{\iota} \)\( \iota \)\( \iota \)\( \nu \)\( \tau \)\( \iota \)\( \epsilon \)\( \sigma \)\( \tau \)\( \nu \)\( \nu \)
home from Troy-land, but here may he become the
sport of dogs, whose in this day's course of his
own will shrinketh from fight. Up then, take thine
harness and get thee forth: herein beseems it that
we play the man together, in hope there may be help
in us, though we be but two. Prowess comes from
fellowship even of right sorry folk, but we twain know
well how to do battle even with men of valour.

So spake he, and went back again, a god into the
toil of men; and Idomeneus, as soon as he was
come to his well-built hut, did on his fair armour
about his body, and grasped two spears, and went
his way like the lightning that the son of Cronos
seizeth in his hand and brandisheth from gleaming
Olympus, showing forth a sign to mortals, and
brightly flash the rays thereof; even so shone the
bronze about his breast as he ran. And Meriones,
his valiant squire, met him, while yet he was near
the hut; for he was on his way to fetch him a spear
of bronze; and mighty Idomeneus spake to him:
"Meriones, Molus, son, swift of foot, thou dearest
of my comrades, wherefore art thou come, leaving
the war and battle? Art thou haply wounded, and
doth the point of a dart distress thee? Or art thou
come after me on some message? Nay, of mine
own self am I fain, not to abide in the huts, but to
fight."

To him again the wise Meriones made answer:
"Idomeneus, counsellor of the brazen-coated Cretans,
I am on my way to fetch a spear, if perchance thou hast
one left in the huts; for the one that I bare of
old have I shattered, as I cast at the shield of
the overweening Deiphobus."

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans,
made answer: “Spears, if thou wilt, thou shalt find, be it one or twenty, standing in the hut against the bright entrance wall, spears of the Trojans whereof it is my wont to despoil their slain. For I am not minded to fight with the foemen while standing afar off; wherefore I have spears and bossed shields, and helms, and corselets gleaming bright.”

Then to him the wise Meriones made answer: “Aye, in mine own hut also and my black ship are many spoils of the Trojans, but I have them not at hand to take thereof. For I deem that I too am not forgetful of valour, but I take my stand amid the foremost in battle, where men win glory, whenso the strife of war ariseth. Some other of the brazen-coated Achaeans might sooner be unaware of my fighting, but thou methinks of thine own self knowest it well.”

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: “I know what manner of man thou art in valour; what need hast thou to tell the tale thereof? For if now all the best of us were being told off besides the ships for an ambush, wherein the valour of men is best discerned—there the coward cometh to light and the man of valour; for the colour of the coward changeth ever to another hue, nor is the spirit in his breast stayed that he should abide steadfast, but he shifteth from knee to knee and resteth on either foot, and his heart beats loudly in his breast as he bodeth death, and the teeth chatter in his mouth; but the colour of the brave man changeth not, neither feareth he overmuch when once he taketh his place in the ambush of warriors, but he prayeth to mingle forthwith in woeful war—
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not even in such case, I say, would any man make
light of thy courage or the strength of thy hands.
For if so be thou wert stricken by a dart in the toil
of battle, or smitten with a thrust, not from behind
in neck or back would the missile fall; nay, but on
thy breast would it light or on thy belly, as thou
wert pressing on into the dalliance of the foremost
fighters. But come, no longer let us loiter here and
talk thus like children, lest haply some man wax
wrought beyond measure; nay, but go thou to the
hut, and get thee a mighty spear."

So spake he, and Meriones, the peer of swift
Ares, speedily took from the hut a spear of bronze,
and followed Idomeneus with high thought of battle.
And even as Ares, the bane of mortals, goeth
forth to war, and with him followeth Rout, his son,
valiant alike and fearless, that turneth to flight a
warrior, were he never so staunch of heart—these
twain arm themselves and go forth from Thrace to
join the Ephryi or the great-hearted Phlegyes, yet
they hearken not to both sides, but give glory to one
or the other; even in such wise did Meriones and
Idomeneus, leaders of men, go forth into the fight,
harnessed in flaming bronze. And Meriones spake
first to Idomeneus, saying: "Son of Deucalion, at
what point art thou eager to enter the throng?
On the right of all the host, or in the centre, or shall
it be on the left? For verily, methinks, in no other
place do the long-haired Achaeans so fail in the
fight."

And to him again Idomeneus, leader of the
Cretans, made answer: "Among the midmost ships
there be others for defence, the two Aiante, and
Teucer, best of all the Achaeans in bowmanship,

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τοξοσίνη, ἄγαθος δὲ καὶ ἐν στάδῃ ὑμίνη·
oi μιν ἄδην ἔλωσι καὶ ἐσθύμενον πολέμου, 315
"Εκτορα Πριαμίδην, καὶ εἰ μᾶλα καρτέρος ἔστιν. 1
αὐτῷ οἳ ἐστείται μάλα περ μεμαώτι μάχεσθαι
κελών νικήσαντι μένος καὶ χείρως ἀπότομος
νῆς ἑνεπρήσα, ὅτε μὴ αὐτὸς γε Κρονίων
ἐμβάλει αἰθόμενον δαλὸν νῆσσοι θόρυσιν.
320 ἄνδρὶ δὲ κ’ ὕου εἶδε εἰς μέγας Τελαμώνιος Ἀιας,
δὲ θυντὸς τ’ ἐν καὶ ἔδω Δημήτερος ἀκτήν,
χαλκῷ τε ρηχτὸς μεγάλους τε χερσαίοις.
οὐδ’ ἂν Ἀχιλλῆς ὑπερήφανος χωρίσειεν
ἐν γ’ αὐτοσταδίῃ ποσὶ δ’ οὗ πως ἐστίν ἐρίζεσιν. 325
νοῦν δ’ ὄπ’ ἀριστέρ’ ἔχε στρατῷ, ὁφρ’ τάχιστα
εἴδομεν ἦν τῷ εὐχός ὀρέξομεν, ἦ τις ἠμῖν.
"Θα λόγο Μηδώνης δὲ θοῦ ἄταλντος Ἀρηί
ἡρ’ ἔμεν, ὁφ’ ἀφίκοντο κατὰ στρατόν, ἡ μιν ἀνώγει.
Οἷς δ’ ὡς Ἰδομένη οἶον φλογὶ ἐκελοῦ ἀλκῆν,
330 αὐτὸν καὶ θεράπουντα, σὺν ἐνεσθι δαίδαλεοι,
κεκλόμενου καθ’ ὁμίλων ἔπ’ αὐτῷ πάντες ἐρίζον.
τῶν δ’ ὁμὸν ἱστάτῳ νεῖκος ἐπ’ πρυμνήσι νέεσσιν.
ὡς δ’ ὄμησ ὢσι λυγέων ἀνέμων στέρχων ἀξιαὶ
ἡμίτοι τῷ ὅτε τε πλεῖστα κόνις ἀμφὶ κελεύθους, 335
οἷς τ’ ἀμωδες κονίης μεγάλην ἵστοσ ωμίχλῃ,
ὡς ἁρὰ τῶν ὁμὸς ἦλθε μάχη, μέρασαν δ’ ἐν θυμῷ
ἀλλῆλοι καθ’ ὁμίλων ἐναιρέμεν οἴει χαλκῷ.
ἐφρίζεσι δὲ μάχη φθασμὸν ἔσχησεν
μακρῆς, ὃς ἐν οἷοι διεσίχροα· ὁσε δ’ ἀμερδέν 340
αὐγὴ χαλκεία κορώθων ἀπ’ καλπομενάνων

1 Line 316 is omitted in the best MSS.

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and a good man too in close fight; these shall drive
Hector, Priam's son, to surfeit of war, despite his
eagerness, be he never so stalwart. Hard shall it
be for him, how furious soever for war, to overcome
their might and their invincible hands, and to fire
the ships, unless the son of Cronos should himself
cast a blazing brand upon the swift ships. But to no
man would great Telamonian Aias yield, to any man
that is mortal, and eateth the grain of Demeter, and
may be cloven with the bronze or crushed with great
stones. Nay, not even to Achilles, breaker of the
ranks of men, would he give way, in close fight at
least; but in fleetness of foot may no man vie with
Achilles. But for us twain, do thou, even as thou
sayest, make for the left of the host, that we may
forthwith whether we shall give glory to another or
another to us."

So spake he, and Meriones, the peer of swift Ares,
led the way until they came to the host, at the point
whither Idomeneus bade him go.

Now when the Trojans had sight of Idomeneus, in
might as it were a flame, himself and his squire clad
in armour richly dight, they called one to another
through the throng, and all made at him; and by
the sterns of the ships arose a strife of men clashing
together. And as gusts come thick and fast when
shril winds are blowing, on a day when dust lies
thickest on the roads, and the winds raise up
confusely a great cloud of dust; even so their battle
clashed together, and they were eager in the throng
to slay one another with the sharp bronze. And the
battle, that brings death to mortals, bristled with long
spears which they held for the rending of flesh, and
eyes were blinded by the blaze of bronze from gleaming
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helmets, and corselets newly burnished, and shining shields, as men came on confusedly. Sturdy in sooth would he have been of heart that took joy at sight of such toil of war, and grieved not.

Thus were the two mighty sons of Cronos, divided in purpose, fashioning grievous woes for mortal warriors. Zeus would have victory for the Trojans and Hector, so giving glory to Achilles, swift of foot; yet was he in no wise minded that the Achaean host should perish utterly before the face of Ilion, but was fain only to give glory to Thetis and to her son, strong of heart. But Poseidon went among the Argives and urged them on, stealing forth secretly from the grey sea; for it vexed him that they were being overcame by the Trojans, and against Zeus was he exceeding wroth. Both the twain verily were of one stock and of one parentage, but Zeus was the elder born and the wiser. Therefore it was that Poseidon avoided to give open aid, but secretly sought ever to rouse the Argives throughout the host, in the likeness of a man. So these twain knotted the ends of the cords of mighty strife and evil war, and drew them taut over both armies, a knot none might break nor undo, that loosed the knees of many men.

Then Idomeneus, albeit his hair was flecked with grey, called to the Danaans, and leaping amid the Trojans turned them to flight. For he slew Othryoneus of Cabeus, a sojourner in Troy, that was but newly come following the rumour of war; and he asked in marriage the comeliest of the daughters of Priam, even Cassandra; he brought no gifts of wooing, but promised a mighty deed, that he would and that; see xi. 336; xiv. 389; xv. 413, and cf. the note on vi. 143.
drive forth perforce out of Troy-land the sons of Achaeans. To him the old man Priam promised that he would give her, and bowed his head thereto, and Othryoneus fought, trusting in his promise. But Idomeneus aimed at him with his bright spear, and cast and smote him as he strode proudly on, nor did the corselet of bronze that he wore avail him, but the spear was fixed full in his belly, and he fell with a thud, and Idomeneus exulted over him, and spake, saying: "Othryoneus, verily above all mortal men do I count thee happy, if in good sooth thou shalt accomplish all that thou didst promise to Dardanian Priam; and he promised thee his own daughter. Aye, and we too would promise the like and would bring all to pass, and would give thee the comeliest of the daughters of the son of Atreus, bringing her forth from Argos that thou mightest wed her; if only thou wilt make cause with us and sack the well-peopled city of Ilios. Nay, follow with us, that at the seafaring ships we may make agreement about the marriage, for thou mayest be sure we deal not hardly in exacting gifts of wooing."

So saying, the warrior Idomeneus dragged him by the foot through the mighty conflict. But Asius came to bear aid to Othryoneus, on foot in front of his horses; and these twain the squire that was his charioteer ever drove so that their breath smote upon the shoulders of Asius. And he was ever fain of heart to cast at Idomeneus; but the other was too quick for him, and smote him with a cast of his spear on the throat beneath the chin, and drove the bronze clean through. And he fell as an oak falls, or a poplar, or a tall pine, that among the mountains shipwrights fell with whetted axes to be a ship's timber; even so
before his horses and chariot Asius lay out-stretched, moaning aloud and clutching at the bloody dust. And the charioteer, stricken with terror, kept not the wits that afore he had, neither dared turn the horses back and so escape from out the hands of the foemen; but Antilochus, staunch in fight, aimed at him, and pierced him through the middle with his spear, nor did the corselet of bronze that he wore avail him, but he fixed the spear full in his belly. And gasping he fell from out his well-built car, and the horses Antilochus, son of great-souled Nestor, drive forth from the Trojans into the host of the well-greaved Achaeans.

Then Deiphobus in sore grief for Asius drew very nigh to Idomeneus, and cast at him with his bright spear. Howbeit Idomeneus, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, for he hid beneath the cover of his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, the which he was wont to bear, cunningly wrought with bull's hide and gleaming bronze, and fitted with two rods; beneath this he gathered himself together, and the spear of bronze flew over; and harshly rang his shield, as the spear grazed thereon. Yet nowise in vain did Deiphobus let the spear fly from his heavy hand, but he smote Hysenor, son of Hippasus, shepherd of the people, in the liver beneath the midriff, and straightway loosed his knees. And Deiphobus exulted over him in terrible wise, and cried aloud: "Hah, in good sooth not avenged lies Asius; nay, methinks, even as he fareth to the house of Hades, the strong warder, will he be glad at heart, for lo, I have given him one to escort him on his way!"

So spake he, and upon the Argives came sorrow

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1 The κανάνες seem clearly to have been two rods, or staves, which served to give the "figure-eight" Mycenaean shield its shape. See Leaf, Iliad i. p. 569, and Reichel, Homeriche Waffen*, pp. 6 f., 18 f.
by reason of his exulting, and beyond all did he stir the soul of wise-hearted Antilochus; howbeit, despite his sorrow, he was not unmindful of his dear comrade, but ran and bestrode him, and covered him with his shield. Then two trusty comrades stooped down, even Mecisteus, son of Echius, and goodly Alastor, and bare Hypsenor, groaning heavily, to the hollow ships.

And Idomeneus slackened not in his furious might, but was ever fain to enwrap some one of the Trojans in the darkness of night, or himself to fall in warding off ruin from the Achaeans. Then the dear son of Aesyetes, fostered of Zeus, the warrior Alcaeus—son by marriage was he to Anchises, and had married the eldest of his daughters, Hippodameia, whom her father and queenly mother heartily loved in their hall, for that she excelled all maidens of her years in comeliness, and in handiwork, and in wisdom; wherefore the best man in wide Troy had taken her to wife—this Alcaeus did Poseidon subdue beneath Idomeneus, for he cast a spell upon his bright eyes and ensnared his glorious limbs that he might nowise flee backwards nor avoid the spear; but as he stood fixed, even as a pillar or a tree, high and leafy, the warrior Idomeneus smote him with a thrust of his spear full upon the breast, and clave his coat of bronze round about him, that aforesight ever warded death from his body, but now it rang harshly as it was cloven about the spear. And he fell with a thud, and the spear was fixed in his heart, that still beating made the butt thereof to quiver; howbeit, there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. But Idomeneus exulted over him in terrible wise, and cried aloud: “Delphobus, shall we now deem per-
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chance that due requital hath been made—three men slain for one—seeing thou boastest thus? Nay, good sir, but stand forth thyself and face me, that thou mayest know what manner of son of Zeus am I that am come hither. For Zeus at the first begat Minos to be a watchet over Crete, and Minos again got him a son, even the peerless Deucalion, and Deucalion begat me, a lord over many men in wide Crete; and now have the ships brought me hither a bane to thee and thy father and the other Trojans.”

So spake he, and Delfphobus was divided in counsel, whether he should give ground and take to him as comrade some one of the great-souled Trojans, or should make trial by himself alone. And as he pondered this thing seemed to him the better—to go after Aeneas; and he found him standing last amid the throng, for ever was Aeneas wroth against goodly Priam, for that brave though he was amid warriors Priam honoured him not a whit. Then Delfphobus drew near and spake to him winged words: “Aeneas, counsellor of the Trojans, now in sooth it behoveth thee to bear aid to thy sister’s husband, if in any wise grief for thy kin cometh upon thee. Nay, come thou with me, that we may bear aid to Alcaitous, who, for all he was but thy sister’s husband, reared thee in the halls when thou wast yet a little child; he, I tell thee, hath been slain of Idomeneus, famed for his spear.”

So spake he, and roused the heart in the breast of Aeneas, and he went to seek Idomeneus, with high thoughts of war. Howbeit terror gat not hold of Idomeneus, as he had been some petted boy, but he abode like a boar in the mountains, that trusteth in his strength, and abideth the great, tumultuous
throng of men that cometh against him, in a lonely place; he bristleth up his back and his two eyes blaze with fire, and he whetteth his tusks, eager to ward off dogs and men; even so Idomeneus, famed for his spear, abode the oncoming of Aeneas to bear aid, and gave not ground, but called to his comrades, looking unto Ascalaphus, Aphareus, and Deiphylus, and Meriones, and Antilochus, masters of the war-cry; to these he spake winged words, and spurred them on: “Hither, friends, and bear aid to me that am alone, and sorely do I dread the oncoming of Aeneas, swift of foot, that cometh against me; right strong is he to slay men in battle, and he hath the flower of youth, wherein is the fulness of strength. Were we but of like age and our mood such as now it is, then forthwith should he win great victory, or haply I.”

So spake he, and they all, having one spirit in their breasts, took their stand, each hard by the other, leaning their shields against their shoulders. And Aeneas over against them called to his comrades, looking unto Deiphylus, and Paris, and goodly Agenor, that with himself were leaders of the Trojans; and after them followed the host, as sheep follow after the ram to water from the place of feeding, and the shepherd joyeth in his heart; even so the heart of Aeneas was glad in his breast, when he saw the throng of the host that followed after him.

Then over Alcahotus they clashed in close fight with their long spears, and about their breasts the bronze rang terribly as they aimed each at the other in the throng; and above all the rest two men of valour, Aeneas and Idomeneus, peers of Ares, were eager each to cleave the other’s flesh with the pitiless

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Footnote:
1. Line 480 was omitted in many ancient editions.
And Aeneas first cast at Idomeneus, but he, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, and the lance of Aeneas sank quivering down into the earth, for that it sped in vain from his mighty hand. But Idomeneus cast and smote Oenomaus, full upon the belly, and brake the plate of his corselet, and the bronze let forth the bowels therethrough; and he fell in the dust and clutched the earth in his palm. And Idomeneus drew forth from out the corpse the far-shadowing spear, yet could he not prevail likewise to strip the rest of the fair armour from his shoulders, since he was sore pressed with missiles. For the joints of his feet were not firm as of old in a charge, that he might rush forth after his own cast, or avoid another's. Wherefore in close fight he warded off the pitiless day of doom, but in flight his feet no longer bare him swiftly from the war. And as he drew back step by step Deiphobus cast at him with his shining spear, for verily he ever cherished a ceaseless hate against him. Howbeit this time again he missed him, and smote with his spear Ascalaphus, son of Enyalus, and through the shoulder the mighty spear held its way; and he fell in the dust and clutched the ground with his palm. But as yet loud-voiced dread Ares wist not at all that his son had fallen in the mighty conflict; but he sat on the topmost peak of Olympus beneath the golden clouds, constrained by the will of Zeus, where also were the other immortal gods, being held aloof from the war.

Then over Ascalaphus they clashed in close fight, and Deiphobus tore from Ascalaphus his shining helm, but Meriones, the peer of swift Ares, leapt upon Deiphobus and smote his arm with his spear,
and from his hand the crested helm fell to the ground with a clang. And Meriones sprang forth again like a vulture, and drew forth the mighty spear from the upper arm of Deiphobus, and shrank back into the throng of his comrades. But Polites, the own brother of Deiphobus, stretched his arms around his waist, and led him forth from out the dolorous war, until he came to the swift horses that stood waiting for him at the rear of the battle and the conflict with their charioteer and chariot richly dight. These bare him to the city groaning heavily and sore distressed; and down ran the blood from his newly wounded arm.

But the rest fought on, and a cry unquenchable arose. Then Aeneas leapt upon Aphaeus, son of Calector, that was turned toward him, and struck him on the throat with his sharp spear, and his head sank to one side, and his shield was hurled upon him and his helm withal, and death that slayeth the spirit encompassed him. Then Antilochus, biding his time, leapt upon Thoön, as he turned his back, and smote him with a thrust, and wholly severed the vein that runneth along the back continually until it reacheth the neck; this he severed wholly, and Thoön fell on his back in the dust, stretching out both his hands to his dear comrades. But Antilochus leapt upon him and set him to strip the armour from off his shoulders, looking warily around the while; for the Trojans encircled him and thrust from this side and from that upon his broad, shining shield; howbeit they prevailed not to pierce through and graze the tender flesh of Antilochus with the pitiless bronze; for mightily did Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, guard Nestor's son, even in the midst of many
οὐ μὲν γὰρ ποτ’ ἀνευ δῆμων ἤν, ἀλλὰ κατ’ αὐτοὺς
στρωφάτ’ οὐδὲ οἱ ἐγχος ἔχ’ ἀτρέμασ, ἀλλὰ μάλ’
ἀιεὶ
σειμένον ἐλέκτο: τιτύκετο δὲ φρεσιν ἦσσην
ἡ τεν ἀκοπίσσαν, ἢ σχεδὸν ὀρμηθήναι.
’ΑΛΛ’ οὐ λήθ’ ’Αδάμαντα τιτυκομένον καθ’ ὀμιλον, 560
’Ασιάδην, δ’ οἱ οὐδ’ μεσόν σάκος ὀξεί χαλκὸν
ἐγένεθεν ὀρμηθεὶς: ἀμενήνωσεν δὲ οἰ αἰχμὴν
κωνοχαίτα Ποσειδάων, βιότοιο μεγήρας.
καὶ τὸ μὲν αὐτὸν μεω’ ὡς τε σκῶλος πυρίκαστος,
ἐν σάκει ’Αντιλόχοιο, το δ’ ἢμισον κεῖτ’ ἐπὶ γαίης: 565
ἀφ’ δ’ ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐξάγετο κῆρ’ ἀλείων·
Μηρίνων δ’ ἀπίστοι μετασπόμενοι βάλε δουρὶ
αἰδίων τε μεσιγν καὶ ὀμφαλοῦ, ἐνδὰ μάλουσα
γήγερ’ Ἀρης ἀλειμένος δίσφυοξ βροτοῖς.
ἐνθα οἱ ἐγχος ἐπηξέν: ο δ’ ἐσπόμενος περί δουρὶ
570 ἡσπαιρ’ ὡς ὅτε βοῦς, τῶν τ’ οὕρεσι βουκόλου ἄνδρες
ἐλλάοιν οὐκ ἐβέλοντα βίῃ δήσαντες ἄγονοι·
ὡς δ’ τυπεῖς ἡσπαίρε μίνυνθα περ’, οὐ τι μάλα δὴν,
ὁρα οἱ ἐκ χροὸς ἐγχος ἀνεπασάς’ ἐγνύθεν ἐλθὼν
№ρος Μηρίνων: τὸν δ’ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε.

Δητύρων δ’ Ἐλευς ξύφει σχεδὸν ἦλασε κόρον
Θρηκίκων μεγάλως, ἀπὸ δ’ τρυφάλειαν ἀραξεν.
ἡ μὲν ἀποπλαγχεῖα χαμαί πέετ’ καὶ τοις ’Ἀχαϊών
μαρθαμένων μετὰ ποσο氤 κυλυδομένην ἐκόμισεν·
tὸν δ’ κατ’ ὀφθαλμίων ἑρεβενὴ νυξ ἐκάλυψεν. 580
’Ατρέιδην δ’ ἂχος εἶλε, βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαου. 1

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1 Lit., following. The meaning seems to be that the wounded man leans forward over the spear in hope to lessen the anguish of the wound.

The Iliad, XIII. 556-581

darts. For never aloof from the foe was Antilochus, but he ranged among them, nor ever was his spear at rest, but was ceaselessly brandished and shaken; and he ever aimed in heart to cast at some foeman, or rush upon him in close fight.

But as he was aiming amid the throng he was not unmarked of Adamas, son of Asius, who smote him full upon the shield with a thrust of the sharp bronze, setting upon him from nigh at hand. But the spear-point was made of none avail by Poseidon, the dark-haired god, who begrudged it the life of Antilochus. And the one part of the spear abide there, like a charred stake, in the shield of Antilochus, and half lay upon the ground; and Adamas shrank back into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate. But Meriones followed after him as he went and cast with his spear, and smote him midway between the privy parts and the navel, where most of all Ares is cruel to wretched mortals. Even there he fixed his spear, and the other, leaning over1 the shaft which pierced him, withthed as a bull that herdsmen amid the mountains have bound with twisted withes and drag with them perforce; even so he, when he was smitten, withthed a little while, but not long, till the warrior Meriones came near and drew the spear forth from out his flesh; and darkness enfolded his eyes.

Then in close fight Helenus smote Deipyrus on the temple with a great Thracian sword, and tore away his helm, and the helm, dashed from his head, fell to the ground, and one of the Achacans gathered it up as it rolled amid the feet of the fighters; and down upon the eyes of Deipyrus came the darkness of night, and enfolded him.

But the son of Atreus was seized with grief thereat,
even Menelaus, good at the war-cry, and he strode forth with a threat against the prince, the warrior Helenus, brandishing his sharp spear, while the other drew the centre-piece of his bow. So the twain at the one moment let fly, the one with his sharp spear, and the other with an arrow from the string. Then the son of Priam smote Menelaus on the breast with his arrow, on the plate of his corselet, and off there-from glanced the bitter arrow. And as from a broad shovel in a great threshing-floor the dark-skinned beans or pulse leap before the shrill wind and the might of the winnower; even so from the corselet of glorious Menelaus glanced aside the bitter arrow and sped afar. But the son of Atreus, Menelaus, good at the war-cry, cast, and smote Helenus on the hand wherewith he was holding the polished bow, and into the bow clean through the hand was driven the spear of bronze. Then back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate, letting his hand hang down by his side; and the ashen spear trailed after him. This then great-souled Agenor drew forth from his hand, and bound the hand with a strip of twisted sheep’s wool, even a sling 1 that his squire carried for him, the shepherd of the host.

But Peisander made straight at glorious Menelaus; howbeit an evil fate was leading him to the end of death, to be slain by thee, Menelaus, in the dread conflict. And when they were come near, as they advanced one against the other, the son of Atreus missed, and his spear was turned aside; but Peisander thrust and smote the shield of glorious Menelaus, yet availed not to drive the bronze clean through,
for the wide shield stayed it and the spear brake in the socket; yet had he joy at heart, and hope for victory. But the son of Atreus drew his silver-studded sword, and leapt upon Peisander; and he from beneath his shield grasped a goodly axe of fine bronze, set on a haft of olive-wood, long and well-polished; and at the one moment they set each upon the other. Peisander verily smote Menelaus upon the horn of his helmet with crest of horse-hair —on the topmost part beneath the very plume; but Menelaus smote him as he came against him, on the forehead above the base of the nose; and the bones crashed loudly, and the two eyeballs, all bloody, fell before his feet in the dust, and he bow'd and fell; and Menelaus set his foot upon his breast, and despoiled him of his arms, and exulted, saying: “In such wise of a surety shall ye leave the ships of the Danaans, drivers of swift horses, ye overweening Trojans, insatiate of the dread din of battle. Aye, and of other despite and shame lack ye naught, wherewith ye have done despite unto me, ye evil dogs, and had no fear at heart of the grievous wrath of Zeus, that thundereth aloud, the god of hospitality, who shall some day destroy your high city. For ye bare forth wantonly over my wedded wife and therewithal much treasure, when it was with her that ye had found entertainment; and now again ye are full fain to fling consuming fire on the sea-faring ships, and to slay the Achaean warriors. Nay, but ye shall be stayed from your fighting, how eager soever ye be! Father Zeus, in sooth men say that in wisdom thou art above all others, both men and gods, yet it is from thee that all these things come; in such wise now dost thou

1 That the word κόνες is here feminine adds to the sting of the taunt (schol.).
HOMER

Τρωών, τῶν μένος αἰεὶν ἀτάσθαλον, οὗδὲ δύνανται
φιλόσιδος κορέσσαθα ὁμοῦ τῇ πτερέμου.

πάντων μὲν κόρος ἔστι, καὶ ὑπνοι καὶ φιλότητος
μολῆς τε γλυκερῆς καὶ ἀμῦμονος ὀρχημοῦ, τῶν
πέρ τε καὶ μάλλον ἐκεῖται ὡς ἔρων εἶναι
ἡ πτερέμου. Τρῶες δὲ μάχης ἀκόρητοι ἔσον.

"Ὡς εἰπὼν τὰ μὲν ἔντε ἀπὸ χρῶσις αἰματόεστας
συλῆσας ἑτάρους δίδου Μενελάος ἀμύμων,

αὐτὸς δ' αὐτ' ἐξαύτες ἰὼν προμάχους ἐμύχη.

"Ενθα οἱ νεῖμεν ἐπάλτο Πυλαμένεος βασιλῆς,
Ἀρταλών, δ' ἐκ πατρί̓ φιλί̓ ἐπετο πτερεμίζειν

ἐς Τροίν̓ , οὐδὲ αὐτοὶ ἀφίκετο πατρίδα γαῖαν

ὡς τὸν Ἀτρέδαν μέζον σάκος οὐσαυς δοῦρ
ἐγνύθεν, οὐδὲ διαπρό δυνήσατο χαλκὸν ἔλασσαι,

αὐτ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνους ἔχάξετο κηκ' ἀλεινών,

πάντως παπαίνων, μὴ τις χρῶσι χαλκῷ ἐπαύρη.

Μηριών̓s δ' ἀπάντας ἰεὶ χαλκήρε φιλότον,

καὶ ρ' ἔβαλε γλυτοῦν κάτα δεξιον αὐτῶν διοιστὸς
ἀντικρὺ κατὰ κύστιν ὑπ' ὁσεόν ἐξεπέρρησεν.

ἐξόμενοι δ' κατ' αὐθ' φίλων ἐν χερῶν ἐταῖρων

θυμὸν ἀποπνέουσι, ὡς τε σκώλυς ἐπὶ γαῖ̓ σ

κεῖτο ταθεῖς: ἐκ δ' αἰμα μέλαν ρέε, δεύε δε γαῖαν.

τῶν μὲν Παφλαγόνες μεγαλύτορες ἀμφιπένυτον,

ἐς διήφον δ' ἀνεσάντες ἀγον προτήν Ἡλιὸν ἤρη

ἀψινυμενοί μετά δὲ σφι πατήρ κίε δάκρυα λείβων,

ποιή δ' οὐ τις παιδός ἐγίνετο τεθυνώτος.

1 Line 637 was rejected by some ancient critics.

2 Πυλαμένεος: Κηλαμένεος.

3 Ll. 638 f. were rejected by Aristarchus and Aristophanes.

1 The slaying of Harpalion's father, Pylaemenes, is narrated in v. 576, so we have here a curious, if unimportant, slip on the part of the poet. Zenodotus avoided this by reading Κηλαμένεος in line 643. In 659 the statement that

no vengeance, or blood-money, was exacted for the slain man enhances the pathos, or the disgrace, of his fate.
And for his slaying waxed Paris mightily wroth at heart, for among the many Paphlagonians Harpallon had been his host; and in wrath for his sake he let fly a bronze-tipped arrow. A certain Euchenor there was, son of Polyidus the seer, a rich man and a valiant, and his abode was in Corinth. He embarked upon his ship knowing full well the deadly fate to be, for often had his old sire, good Polyidus, told it him, to wit, that he must either perish of dire disease in his own halls, or amid the ships of the Achaeans be slain by the Trojans; wherefore he avoided at the same time the heavy fine 1 of the Achaeans and the hateful disease, that he might not suffer woes at heart. Him Paris smote beneath the jaw, under the ear, and forthwith his spirit departed from his limbs, and hateful darkness got hold of him.

So fought they like unto blazing fire; but Hector, dear to Zeus, had not heard, nor wist at all that on the left of the ships his hosts were being slain by the Argives; and soon would the Achacians have gotten them glory, of such might was the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth that urged on the Argives and withal aided them by his own strength. Nay, Hector pressed on where at the first he had leapt within the gate and the wall, and had burst the close ranks of the Danaan shield-men, even in the place where were the ships of Aias and Protesilaus, drawn up along the beach of the grey sea, and beyond them the wall was builded lowest; 2 there, as in no place beside, the men and their horses waxed furious in fight.
There the Boeotians and the Ionians, of trailing tunics, and theLocrians, and Phthians, and glorious Epeians, had much ado to stay his onset upon the ships, and availed not to thrust back from themselves goodly Hector, that was like a flame of fire,—even they that were picked men of the Athenians; and among them Menestheus, son of Peteos, was leader, and there followed with him Pheidias and Stichius and valiant Bias, while the Epeians were led by Meges, son of Phyleus, and Amphion and Dracus, and in the forefront of the Phthians were Medon and Podarces, staunch in fight. The one, verily, even Medon, was a bastard son of godlike Oileus and brother of Aias, but he dwelt in Phylace, far from his native land, for that he had slain a man of the kin of his stepmother Eriopis, that Oileus had to wife; and the other, Podarces, was the son of Iphiclus, son of Phylacus. These, harnessed in their armour, in the forefront of the great-souled Phthians, were fighting in defence of the ships together with the Boeotians. And Aias, the swift son of Oileus, would no more in any wise depart from the side of Aias, son of Telamon, no not for an instant; but even as in fallow land two wine-dark oxen with one accord strain at the jointed plough, and about the roots of their horns oozeth up the sweat in streams—the twin the polished yoke alone holdeth apart as they labour through the furrow, till the plough cutteth to the limit of the field; even in such wise did the two Alantes take their stand and abide each hard by the other's side. After the son of Telamon verily there followed many valiant hosts of his comrades, who would ever take from him his shield, whens0 weariness and sweat came upon his limbs. But the Locrians

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1 This is the only mention of the Ionian name in Homer, and the epithet ἐλκείτων is found only here. It does not, of course, apply to warriors on the field of battle, but is plainly a "national epitheton ornans" (Leaf), as the wearing of the long, flowing tunic was regarded as an Ionian characteristic.
followed not with the great-hearted son of Oileus, for their hearts abode not steadfast in close fight, seeing they had no brazen helms with thick plumes of horse-hair, neither round shields, nor spears of ash, but trusting in bows and well-twisted slings of sheep's wool had they followed with him to Ilios; with these thereafter they shot thick and fast, and sought to break the battalions of the Trojans. So the one part in front with their war-gear, richly dight, fought with the Trojans and with Hector in his harness of bronze, and the others behind kept shooting from their cover; and the Trojans bethought them no more of fight, for the arrows confounded them.

Then in sorry wise would the Trojans have given ground from the ships and huts unto windy Ilios, had not Polydamos drawn nigh to bold Hector, and said:

"Hector, hard to deal with art thou, that thou shouldest hearken to words of persuasion. Forasmuch as god has given to thee as to none other works of war, therefore in counsel too art thou minded to have wisdom beyond all; but in no wise shalt thou be able of thine own self to compass all things. To one man hath God given works of war, to another the dance, to another the lyre and song, and in the breast of another Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, putteth a mind of understanding, wherefrom many men get profit, and many he saveth; but he knoweth it best himself. So will I speak what seemeth to me to be best. Behold all about thee blazeth a circle of war, and the great-sooled Trojans, now that they have passed over the wall, are some of them standing aloof with their arms, and others are fighting, fewer men against more, scattered among the ships. Nay, fall thou back, and call
HOMER

ἀλλ’ ἀναχαισάμενος κάλει ἐνθάδε πάντας ἀρίστους. 740
ἐνθεν δ’ ἄν μάλα πάσαι ἐπιφρασαίμεθα βουλήν,
ἡ κεν ἐνὶ νήσσι πολυκληίσι πέσωμεν,
αἱ κ’ ἐθέλησι θεὸς δόμεναι κράτος, ἡ κεν ἔπειτα
πάρ νημάν ἐλθώμεν ἀπήμονες. ἡ γὰρ ἕως ἕνε
δείδω μὴ τὸ χείδιον ἀποστήσωμαι Ἀχαιοὶ 745
χρείος, ἐπεὶ παρὰ νημάν ἀνήρ ἄτος πολέμου
μέμνει, οὐ όμως τάγμα μάχης σχῆσονθα οἶων.

"Ὡς φάτο Πολυδάμας, ἀδεὶ δ’ Ἐκτορι μῦθος
ἀπῆμον, αὐτικά δ’ ἐξ ὁχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἀλτὸ χαμάζε2
καὶ μην φανήσας ἐπεα πτεροῦτα προσήδω.
" Πολυδάμα, σοῦ μὲν αὐτοῦ ἐρυκακε πάντας
ἀρίστους, αὐτάρ ἐγώ κείσ’ εἰμι καὶ ἀντίων πολέμου.
αἴσα δ’ ἑλεύσομαι αὐτίς, ἐπὴν εὐ τοῖς ἐπίτεῖλώ." 750

'Η μα, καὶ ὀρμήθη ὅρει νυφόντας οὐκῶς,
κεκλήθην, διὰ δὲ Τρώων πέτετ’ ἂν ἐπικοῦρων. 755
οἱ δ’ ἐς Παινοῦθαιν ἀγαπήρα Πολυδάμαμα
πάντες ἐπεσεσθοῦν’, ἐπεὶ Ἐκτορι ἐκλυὸν αὔδην.
αὐτάρ ὁ Δηηζώβιον τε βίην’ ἄ’ Ἐλενοι ἀνάκτος
Ἀσίάδον τ’ Ἀδάμαντα καὶ Ἀσίον, Ἰρτάκου νυόν,
φοίτα ἀνὰ προμάχους διζήμενος, εἰ ποὺ ἐφιέμιν. 760
τοὺς δ’ εὑρ’ ὀοὴκε πάμπαν ἀπῆμονας οὐ’ ἀν-
ολέθρους,
ἀλλ’ οἱ μὲν δὴ νηυσίν ἐπὶ προμήχησ’ Ἀχαιῶν
χερσίν ὑπ’ Ἀργείων κέατο ψυχὰς ἀλέσταντε,
οἱ δ’ ἐν τείχει ἔσαν βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοι τε.

1 ἀποστήσωται: ἀπαστήσωται.
2 Line 749 is omitted in many mss.

THE ILIAD, XIII. 740–764

hither all the bravest. Then shall we consider all
manner of counsel, whether we shall fall upon
the many-benced ships, if so be the god wilthest to
give us victory, or thereafter shall return unscathed
back from the ships. Verily, for myself, I fear lest the
Achaeanas shall pay back the debt of yesterday,
seeing there abideth by the ships a man insatiate of
war, who no longer, methinks, will hold him utterly
aloof from battle."

So spake Polydamas, and his prudent counsel was
well pleasing unto Hector, and forthwith he leapt
in his armour from his chariot to the ground; and
he spake and addressed him with winged words:
"Polydamas, do thou hold back here all the bravest,
but I will go thither and confront the war, and
quickly will I come again, when to the full I have
laid on them my charge."

So spake he, and set forth, in semblance like a
snowy mountain,1 and with loud shouting sped he
through the Trojans and allies. And they hasted
one and all toward the kindly Polydamas, son of
Panthous, when they heard the voice of Hector.
But he ranged through the foremost fighters, in quest
of Deiphobus, and the valiant prince Helenus, and
Adamas, son of Asius, and Asius, son of Hyrtacus,
if haply he might find them. But he found them no
more in any wise unscathed or free from bane, but
some were lying at the sterns of the ships of the
Achaeanas, slain by the hands of the Argives, and
some were within the wall, smitten by darts or
the foe to a snowy mountain. Virgil, however, imitated
it (Aen. xii. 699 ff.). One may, with Nitzsch, think of an
avalanche, but there is nothing in the Greek to justify such
a rendering, and furthermore avalanches seem to be unknown
in Greece.
wounded with spear-thrusts. But one he presently found on the left of the tearful battle, even goodly Alexander, the lord of fair-tressed Helen, heartening his comrades and urging them on to fight; and he drew near and spake to him with words of shame:

"Evil Paris, most fair to look upon, thou that art mad after women, thou beguiler, where, I pray thee, is Deiphobus, and the valiant prince Helenus, and Adams, son of Asius, and Asius, son of Hyrtacus? Aye, and where, tell me, is Othryoneus? Now is steep Ilios wholly plunged into ruin; now; thou mayest see, is utter destruction sure."

Then spake unto him again godlike Alexander:

"Hector, seeing it is thy mind to blame one in whom is no blame, at some other time have I haps withdrawn me from war rather than now, for my mother bare not even me wholly a weakening. For from the time thou didst rouse the battle of thy comrades beside the ships, even from that time we abide here and have dalliance with the Danaans ceaselessly; but our comrades are dead of whom thou makest question. Only Deiphobus and the valiant prince Helenus have departed, both of them smitten in the arm with long spears; yet the son of Cronos warded off death. But now lead thou on whithersoever thy heart and spirit bid thee, and as for us, we will follow with thee eagerly, nor, methinks, shall we be anywise wanting in valour, so far as we have strength; but beyond his strength may no man fight, how eager soever he be."

So spake the warrior, and turned his brother's mind; and they set out to go where the battle and the din were fiercest, round about Cebryones and peerless Polydamas, and Phalces, and Orthaeus, and
HOMER

Πάλμων τ’ Ἀσκάνιόν τε Μόρυν θ’, υ’ Ἱπποτίνων, 792
οί ἤν Ἰππαίας ἐριβώλακος ἤλθον ἀμοιβαὶ ἥ Γροῖς τῇ προτέρῃ τότε δὲ Ζεὺς ἄρας μάχεσθαι.
οί δ’ ἴσαις ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἀκάλαντοι ἄλλη, ἤ ρά θ’ ὑπὸ βροντῆς πατρός Δίως εἰς πέδουδε,
θεσπεσίω δ’ ὄμαδο ἄλλ μισγεται, ἐν δὲ τε πολλά κύματα παξίζουσα πολυφλοιβοῦ βαλάσσεσ, 795
κυρτὰ φαληρίωντα, πρὸ μὲν τ’ ἄλλ’, αὐτὰρ ἐπ’ ἄλλα.

ὁς Τρώες πρὸ μὲν ἄλλοι ἀρρητοὶ, αὐτὰρ ἐπ’ ἄλλοι, 800
χαλκῷ μαρμαρόντες ἀμ’ ἤγεμόνεσσον ἔποντο.

Ἔκτωρ δ’ ἤγεσθ’, βρατολογῷ ἦσος Ἄρηι.
Πριαμίδης: πρόσθεν δ’ ἔχεν ἁσπίδα πάντοσα’ ἔπη, 805
μυσταὶ πυκνών, πολλὸς δ’ ἐπελήματο χαλκός:
ἀμφί δὲ οἱ κροτάφοις φαενὴ σέιτο πήλης.

πάντῃ δ’ ἀμφί φαλαγγας ἐπιείρατο προποδίζουν,
εἰ πὼς οἱ εἴψειαν ὑπασπίδα προβιβῶνται.

ἄλλ’ οὐ σύγχει θυμὸν ἐνι στήθεσιν Ἀχαιῶν.
Λίας δὲ πρῶτος προκαλέσατο, μακρὰ βιβπάθων.

’Ἀργείους; οὐ τοί πτι ἀδιάμονες εἰμε, 810
ἄλλα Δίως μάστιγι κακὴ ἐδάμισαμ Ἀχαιοῖ.
ἡ θήν ποὺ τοὺ δυνόσ ἐξελπτεῖ ἐξαλαμάξειν
νῆς: ἄφαρ δὲ τε χεῖρες ἀμύνειν εἰς καὶ ἦμιν.

κε πολὺ φθαίη εὐ ναιομένη πόλις ὑπὶ 815
χερσῶν υφ’ ἤμετρήσας ἀλούσα τε περσόμενη
tοί δ’ αὐτῷ φημὶ σχεδὸν ἐμμεναι, ὅπποτε φεύγων

1 αὐτῶσ: αὐτῶς.
Zeus and the other immortals, that thy fair-maned horses may be swifter than falcons—they that shall bear thee citywards, coursing in dust over the plain.”

Even as he thus spake, there flew forth a bird upon the right hand, an eagle of lofty flight; and thereat the host of the Achaeans shouted aloud, heartened by the omen; but glorious Hector made answer: “Aias, witless in speech, thou braggart, what a thing hast thou said! I would that I mine own self were all my days as surely the son of Zeus, that beareth the aegis, and my mother were the queenly Hera, and that I were honoured even as are Athene and Apollo, as verily this day beareth evil for the Argives, one and all; and among them shalt thou too be slain, if thou have the heart to abide my long spear, that shall rend thy lily-like skin; and thou shalt glut with thy fat and thy flesh the dogs and birds of the Trojans, when thou art fallen amid the ships of the Achaeans.”

So spake he, and led the way; and they followed after with a wondrous din, and the host shouted behind. And the Argives over against them shouted in answer, and forgot not their valour, but abode the oncoming of the best of the Trojans; and the clamour of the two hosts went up to the aether and the splendour of Zeus.
ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ξ

Νέστορα δ' οὐκ ἐλαθεν ἰαχτὶ πίνοντὰ περ ἔμπης, ἀλλ’ Ἀσκληπιάδην ἔπεα περιέεντα προσηθῆνα: "Ἕφαίστε, δέ Μαχαών, ὅπως ἐσται τάδε ἐργα μειξῶν δὴ παρὰ νησί βοη θαλερῶν αἰζήνων. ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν πῶς καθήμενος αἴθωσα οἶνον, εἰς δ’ ἑκεῖ θερμαλα λοετὰ ἐκπλάκαμος Ἔκαμῆδη θερμήνη καὶ λυθή ἀπὸ βρότων αἰματόεντα: αὐτάρ ἐγὼν ἐθεὶν τάχα εἰσομαι ἐς περιστήν."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν σάκος εἰς τετυγμένον ύδος ἔσοι, ἱείμενον ἐν κλισίῃ, Ὄρασμηδες ιπποδάμου, χαλκῷ παμφαίνων: δ’ δ’ ἐχ’ ἀσπίδα πατρὸς ἔσοι. εἴπετο δ’ ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαμήθων ὧδ’ εἰς χαλκῷ, στῇ δ’ ἐκτὸς κλισίῃ, τάχα δ’ εἰςδεν ἔργον ἄεικές, τοὺς μὲν ὄρμομένους, τοὺς δὲ κλονέωντας ὑπισβες, Τρώας ὑπερθύμων· ἐφέρμπτο δ’ τεῖχος Ἀχαῖων. 10 ὦς δ’ ὅτε πορφύριο χλαῖον μεγά κύματι κωφῷ, ὁσσόμενοι λυγέων ἀνέμων λαυφηρά κελεύθα, αὐτῶς, οὐδ’ ἄρα τε προκυλλέται οὐδ’ ἔτερωσε πρὸ τινα κεκριμένον καταβῆμεν ἐκ Δίως ὁδοῦ, ὅσ ὦ γέρων ὀρμώναι δαιζόμενος κατὰ θυμὸν διήκειτ’ ἡ μεθ’ ὀμίλων ἰοί Δαναῶν ταχυπύλων, ἦ μετ’ 'Ατρέδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν.

1 ἔσοι: ἔτσι.
2 κωφῷ: πηγᾷ.
HOMER

οδη δὲ οἱ φρονεόντι δοώσατο κέρδιον εἶναι, 
βηνὰ ἢ Ἀτρείδην. οἱ δ’ ἀλλήλους ἐνάρξεν 
μαρνάμενοι: λάκε δὲ σφι περὶ χροτ χαλκὸς ἀτειρῆς 
νυσσομένων ἔφεσιν τε καὶ ἐγχεσιν ἀμφιγνοίσι.

Νέστορ δὲ ἐξέβλητο διοτρεφέες βασιλεῖς
πάν νῆν ἀνώνυτες, ὅσιον βεβιλήθη χαλκῷ, 
Τυμήθης Ὀδυσσεὶς τε καὶ Ἀτρείδης Ἀγαμέμνων.

πολλὸν γὰρ ’ ἐπ ’ ἀπανευθεῖ Μάχης εἰρύματο νῆς 
θύμ’ ἐξ ἀλόση ποληῦς τὰς γὰρ πρώτας πεδίουδε 
ἐอดีυναν, αὐτὰρ τείχος ἐπὶ προμνῆσαν ἔδεαν.

οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ’ εὐρὸς περ ἐὼν ἐδυνήσατο πάσας
ἀγυμάλος νῆς χαδέαμ, στεινῶντο δὲ λαίοι:

τῷ βα προκρόσσας ἔρυσαν, καὶ πλῆσαν ἀπάνης

τῶν καὶ φωνῆσας προσέβη κρεῖφων Ἀγαμέμνων.

οὸ Νέστορ Νηλιάδη, μέγα κύδος Ἀχιλῶν,

ἐκεῖ πληθοὶ πόλεμον θυσίαμοι δεῦρ’ ἀφικάνεις;

δεῦρ’ μὴ δὴ μοι τέλεσθ’ ἐποὶ ὄβιμος Ἐκτωρ,

1 μακρὸν: πολλὸν Ζενόδωτος, Αριστοφανῆς, καὶ Αρισταρχὸς.

2 ὄφειντο: δὔ’ ἤδειν τον Ζενόδωτον.

3 Line 40 was rejected by Aristarchus. In the same line for Ἀχιλῶν Ζενόδωτος read ἐταῖρην.

1 The meaning appears to be that the ships of the chiefs had been drawn up on the shore first, and that they stood in the row nearest to the sea (cf. line 75), the other ships standing in rows further to landward, while the wall had been built beyond the hindmost on the landward side. Which of the

son of Atreus, shepherd of the host. And as he pondered, this thing seemed to him the better—to go after the son of Atreus. But the others meanwhile were fighting on and slaying one another, and about their bodies rang the stubborn bronze, as they thrust one at the other with swords and two-edged spears.

And Nestor was met by the kings, fostered of Zeus, as they went up from the ships, even all they that had been smitten with the bronze, the son of Tydeus, and Odysseus, and Atreus’ son, Agamemnon. Far apart from the battle were their ships drawn up on the shore of the grey sea; for these had they drawn up to land in the foremost row, but had builted the wall close to the hindmost.1 For albeit the beach was wide, yet might it in no wise hold all the ships, and the host was straitened; wherefore they had drawn up the ships row behind row, and had filled up the wide mouth of all the shore that the headlands shut in between them. The kings therefore were faring all in one body, leaning each on his spear, to look upon the war and the combat, and grieved were the hearts in their breasts. And old Nestor met them, and made the spirit to quail in the breasts of the Achaians. Then lord Agamemnon lifted up his voice and spake to him: “Ο Νέστορ, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaians, wherefore hast thou left the war, the bane of men, and come hither? I fear me lest in sooth mighty Hector

outer rows of ships would be called πρῶτος would depend on whether the approach was from the seaward side (as here), or from the landward side (as in xv. 654). A slight difficulty is caused by the fact that πρῶτος commonly denotes the extremity of some one object, not the last object in a series; but no other rendering seems possible.
make good his word and the threats wherewith on a
time he threatened us, as he spake amid the Trojans,
even that he would not return to Ilios from
the ships till he had burned the ships with fire and
furthermore slain the men. On this wise spake he,
and now all this is verily being brought to pass.
Out upon it! surely the other well-greaved Achaians
are laying up wrath against me in their hearts, even
as doth Achilles, and have no mind to fight by the
sterns of the ships.”

Then made answer to him the horseman Nestor of
Gerenia: “Yea, verily, these things have now been
brought to pass and are here at hand, neither
could Zeus himself, that thundereth on high, fashion
them otherwise. For, lo, the wall has been thrown
down, wherein we put our trust that it should be
an unbreakable bulwark for our ships and ourselves.
And the foemen at the swift ships maintain a cease-
less fight, and make no end; nor couldst thou any
more tell, wert thou to look never so closely, from
what side the Achaians are driven in rout, so confu-
sedly are they slain, and the cry of battle goeth
up to heaven. But for us, let us take thought how
these things are to be, if so be wit may aught avail.
But into the war I bid not that we should enter; in
no wise may a wounded man do battle.”

Then again made answer the king of men,
Agamemnon: “Nestor, seeing they are fighting at
the sterns of the ships, and the well-built wall hath
availed not, nor in any wise the trench, whereat
the Danaans laboured sore, and hoped in their hearts
that it would be an unbreakable bulwark for their
ships and for themselves—even so, I ween, must it be
the good pleasure of Zeus, supreme in might, that
HOMER

νωνύμνους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ’ "Ἀργεος ἐνθάδ’ Ἀχαιῶν. 1 70 ἠδεά μὲν γὰρ ὅτε πρὸφρων Δαναόις ἀμώνει, οἶνα δὲ νῦν ὅτι τοὺς μὲν ὁμᾶς μακάρεσθι θεοῦ κυδαίε, ἤμετρον δὲ μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἔδησεν. ἀλλ’ ἄγεθ', ὡς ἄν ἐγὼν ἐπι, πεθάμεθα πάντες. νῆς ὅσαι πρῶτοι εἰρνᾶται ἄγχι θαλάσσης, 75 ἐλκυσμεν, πάνας δὲ ἐρῦσομεν εἰς ἀλὰ διὰν, ὅποι δ’ ἐπ’ ἐννάον ὀρμόσουμεν, εἰς ὅ κεν ἐλθῇ νῦς ἄβροτη, ἢ καὶ τῇ ἀπόσχυμα τολέμου Τρώης’ ἐπείτα δὲ κεν ἐρυσάμεθα νῆσα ἀπάσας. οὐ γὰρ τις νέμεσις φυγόεις κακῶν, οὐδ’ ἀνὰ νῦκτα. 80 βελτερον δ’ ὅ φευγων προφυγή κακῶν ἥ ἀλώ,”.

Τὸν δ’ ἂρ’ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πολυμητίς Ὀδυσσεύς.

"Ἄτρεδη, ποιῶν σε ἐπος φύγειν ἐρκος ὦδϊνον’ ὄνλομεν’, αὖθ’ ὄφδελλες ἀείκελοι στρατοῦ ἀλλον’ σημαίνει, μὴ άμων ἀνασσέμεν, οἷαν ἄρα Ζεὺς 85 ἐκ νεότητος ἔσκει καὶ ἐς γῆς τολυτεῦεν ἄργαλους πολέμους, ὁφραθρόμισθα ἔκαστος. οὖν δὴ μέμοινας Τρώων’ πόλιν εὐρᾶγμιαν καλλεῖψε, ὃς εἰνεκ’ ὀξύνεει κακὰ πολλά; σίγα, μη τ’ ἄλλος Ἀχαῖοι τοῦτον ἀκοῦσῃ 90 μοῦδον, ὅτι σεν κέν ἀνήρ γε δια στόμα πάμπαν ἄγωτο, δ’ τὸ ἐπίστατο ᾧς φρεσὶν ἄρτια βάζεων σηκυτηὺχος’ τ’ εὑτ’, καὶ οἱ πεθοῦτα λαοὶ τοσοῦτον’ δοςσοίνα συ μετ’ "Ἀργείοις ἀνάσσεις. νῦν δὲ σεν ὄνοσάμην πάγχυ φρένασ, οὐδ’ ἔπεσε.

1 Line 70 is omitted in the best ms.
2 δὲ Aristarchus: δη.
3 καλλεῖψε: ἐκπέρσων Zenodotus.
4 Line 95 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

THE ILIAD, XIV. 70–95

the Achaeans should perish here far from Argos, and have no name. I knew it when with a ready heart he was aiding the Danaans, and I know it now when he is giving glory to our foes, even as to the blessed gods, and hath bound our might and our hands. Nay, come, even as I shall bid, let us all obey. Let us drag down the ships that are drawn up in the first line hard by the sea, and let us draw them all forth into the bright sea, and moor them afloat with anchor-stones, till immortal night shall come, if so be that even at her bidding the Trojans will refrain from war; and thereafter might we drag down all the ships. For in sooth I count it not shame to flee from ruin, nay, not though it be by night. Better it is if one fleeth from ruin and escapeth, than if he be taken.”

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles addressed him: “Son of Atreus, what a word hath escaped the barrier of thy teeth! Doomed man that thou art, would that thou wert in command of some other, inglorious army, and not king over us, to whom Zeus hath given, from youth right up to age, to wind the skein of grievous wars till we perish, every man of us. Art thou in truth thus eager to leave behind thee the broadwayed city of the Trojans, for the sake of which we endure many grievous woes? Be silent, lest some other of the Achaeans hear this word, that no man should in any wise suffer to pass through his mouth at all, no man who hath understanding in his heart to utter things that are right, and who is a sceptred king to whom hosts so many yield obedience as are the Argives among whom thou art lord. But now have I altogether scorn of thy wits, that thou speakest
thus, seeing thou biddest us, when war and battle are afoot, draw down our well-bench'd ships to the sea, that so even more than before the Trojans may have their desire, they that be victors even now, and that on us utter destruction may fall. For the Achaeans will not maintain their fight once the ships are drawn down to the sea, but will ever be looking away, and will withdraw them from battle. Then will thy counsel prove our bane, thou leader of hosts."

To him then made answer, Agamemnon, king of men: "Odysseus, in good sooth thou hast stung my heart with harsh reproof; yet I urge not that against their will the sons of the Achaeans should drag the well-bench'd ships down to the sea. But now I would there were one who might utter counsel better than this of mine, be he young man or old; right welcome were it unto me."

Then among them spake also Diomedes, good at the war-cry: "Near by is that man; not long shall we seek him, if so be ye are minded to give ear, and be no wise vexed and wroth, each one of you, for that in years I am the youngest among you. Nay, but of a goodly father do I too declare that I am come by lineage, even of Tydeus, whom in Thebe the heaped-up earth covereth. For to Portheus were born three peerless sons, and they dwelt in Pleuron and steep Calydon, even Agrius and Melas, and the third was the horseman Oeneus, that was father to my father, and in valour was pre-eminent among them. He verily abode there, but my father went wandering to Argos, and there was settled, for so I ween was the will of Zeus and the other gods. And he wedded one of the daughters of Adrastus, and dwelt in a house rich in substance, and abundance
wrote his of wheat-bearing fields, and many orchards of trees round about, and withal many sheep; and with his spear he excelled all the Argives. Of these things it must be that ye have heard, whether I speak sooth. Wherefore ye shall not say that by lineage I am a coward and a weakling, and so despise my spoken counsel, whatsoever I may speak aright. Come, let us go down to the battle, wounded though we be, since needs we must. Thereafter will we hold ourselves aloof from the fight, beyond the range of missiles, lest haply any take wound on wound; but the others will we spur on and send into battle, even them that hitherto have done pleasure to their resentment, and that stand aloof and fight not.”

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him and obeyed. So they set out to go, and the king of men, Agamemnon, led them.

And no blind watch did the famed Shaker of Earth keep, but went with them in likeness of an old man, and he laid hold of the right hand of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and spake, and addressed him with winged words: “Son of Atreus, now in sooth, methinks, doth the baneful heart of Achilles rejoice within his breast, as he beholdeth the slaughter and rout of the Achaeans, seeing he hath no understanding, no, not a whit. Nay, even so may he perish, and a god bring him low. But with thee are the blessed gods in no wise utterly wroth; nay, even yet, I ween, shall the leaders and rulers of the Trojans raise the dust of the wide plain, and thyself behold them fleeing to the city from the ships and huts.”

So saying, he shouted mightily, as he sped over the plain. Loud as nine thousand warriors, or ten
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Homer, in battle when they join in the strife of the War-god, even so mighty a shout did the lord, the Shaker of Earth, send forth from his breast; and in the heart of each man of the Achaeans he put great strength, to war and fight unceasingly.

Now Hera of the golden throne, standing on a peak of Olympus, therefrom had sight of him, and forthwith knew him as he went busily about in the battle where men win glory, her own brother and her lord’s withal; and she was glad at heart. And Zeus she marked seated on the topmost peak of many-fountained Ida, and hateful was he to her heart. Then she took thought, the ox-eyed, queenly Hera, how she might beguile the mind of Zeus that beareth the aegis. And this plan seemed to her mind the best—to go to Ida, when she had beauteously adorned her person, if so be he might desire to lie by her side and embrace her body in love, and she might shed a warm and gentle sleep upon his eyelids and his cunning mind. So she went her way to her chamber, that her dear son Hephaestus had fashioned for her, and had fitted strong doors to the door-posts with a secret bolt, that no other god might open. Therein she entered, and closed the bright doors. With ambrosia first did she cleanse from her lovely body every stain, and anointed her richly with oil, ambrosial, soft, and of rich fragrance; were this but shaken in the palace of Zeus with threshold of bronze, even so would the savour thereof reach unto earth and heaven. Therewith she anointed her lovely body, and she combed her hair, and with her hands plaited the bright tresses, fair and ambrosial, that streamed from her immortal head. Then she clothed her about in a robe ambrosial,
which Athene had wrought for her with cunning skill, and had set thereon broderies full many; and she pinned it upon her breast with brooches of gold, and she girt about her a girdle set with an hundred tassels, and in her pierced ears she put ear-rings with three clustering \(^1\) drops; and abundant grace shone therefrom. And with a veil over all did the bright goddess veil herself, a fair veil, all glistering, and white was it as the sun; and beneath her shining feet she bound her fair sandals. But when she had decked her body with all adornment, she went forth from her chamber, and calling to her Aphrodite, apart from the other gods, she spake to her, saying: "Wilt thou now hearken to me, dear child, in what I shall say? or wilt thou refuse me, being angered at heart for that I give aid to the Danaans and thou to the Trojans?"

Then made answer to her Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus: "Hera, queenly goddess, daughter of great Cronos, speak what is in thy mind; my heart bids me fulfil it, if fulfil it I can, and it is a thing that hath fulfilment."

Then with crafty thought spake to her queenly Hera: "Give me now love and desire, wherewith thou art wont to subdue all immortals and mortal men. For I am faring to visit the limits of the all-nurturing earth, and Oceanus, from whom the gods are sprung, and mother Tethys, even them that lovingly nursed and cherished me in their halls, when they had taken me from Rhea, what time Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, thrust Cronos down to dwell beneath earth and the unresting sea. Then am I faring to visit, and will loose for them their

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\(^1\) The word μορφεντα is of wholly unknown significance. Various etymologies are given by Leaf *in loc.*; see also Agar, *Homerica*, pp. 320 f. The rendering given above assumes a connexion with μορφος, mulberry, "berry-like." The word recurs in *Od*. xviii. 298 in the same connexion.
endless strife, since now for a long time's space they hold aloof one from the other from the marriage-bed and from love, for that wrath hath come upon their hearts. If by words I might but persuade the hearts of these twain, and bring them back to be joined together in love, ever should I be called dear by them and worthy of reverence."

To her again spake in answer laughter-loving Aphrodite: "It may not be that I should say thee nay, nor were it seemly; for thou sleepest in the arms of mightiest Zeus."

She spake, and loosed from her bosom the broidered zone, curiously-wrought, wherein are fashioned all manner of allurements; therein is love, therein desire, therein dalliance—beguilement that steals the wits even of the wise. This she laid in her hands, and spake, and addressed her: "Take now and lay in thy bosom this zone, curiously-wrought, wherein all things are fashioned; I tell thee thou shalt not return with that unaccomplished, whatsoever in thy heart thou desirest."

So spake she, and ox-eyed, queenly Hera smiled, and smiling laid the zone in her bosom.

She then went to her house, the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, but Hera darted down and left the peak of Olympus; on Pieria she stepped and lovely Emathia, and sped over the snowy mountains of the Thracian horsemen, even over their topmost peaks, nor grazed she the ground with her feet; and from Athos she stepped upon the billowy sea, and so came to Lemnos, the city of godlike Thoas. There she met Sleep, the brother of Death; and she clasped him by the hand, and spake and addressed him: "Sleep, lord of all gods and of all men, if ever thou
HOMER

...didst hearken to word of mine, so do thou even now obey, and I will owe thee thanks all my days. Lull me to sleep the bright eyes of Zeus beneath his brows, so soon as I shall have lain me by his side in love. And gifts will I give thee, a fair throne, ever imperishable, wrought of gold, that Hephaestus, mine own son, the god of the two strong arms, shall fashion thee with skill, and beneath it shall he set a foot-stool for the feet, whereon thou mayest rest thy shining feet when thou quaffest thy wine."

Then sweet Sleep made answer to her, saying: "Hera, queenly goddess, daughter of great Cronos, another of the gods, that are for ever, might I lightly lull to sleep, aye, were it even the streams of the river Oceanus, from whom they all are sprung; but to Zeus, son of Cronos, will I not draw nigh, neither lull him to slumber, unless of himself he bid me. For ere now in another matter did a behest of thine teach me a lesson, on the day when the glorious son of Zeus, high of heart, sailed forth from Ilios, when he had laid waste the city of the Trojans. I, verily, beguiled the mind of Zeus, that beareth the aegis, being shed in sweetness round about him, and thou didst devise evil in thy heart against his son, when thou hadst roused the blasts of cruel winds over the face of the deep, and thereafter didst bear him away unto well-peopled Cos, far from all his kinsfolk. But Zeus, when he awakened, was wroth, and flung the gods hither and thither about his palace, and me above all he sought, and would have hurled me from heaven into the deep to be no more seen, had out to Hera by Zeus, when he awakened from slumber, and in I. 590 ff. of the fate of Hephaestus, who sought to bear aid to his mother.

1 The story of the sacking of Troy by Heracles is told in brief in v. 638-651. The events recorded in the present passage occurred as the hero was returning from Troy to Argos. In xv. 18 ff. we are told of the punishment meted...
Night not saved me—Night that bends to her sway both gods and men. To her I came in my flight, and besought her, and Zeus refrained him, albeit he was wroth, for he had awe lest he do aught displeasing to swift Night. And now again thou biddest me fulfil this other task, that may nowise be done."

To him then spake again ox-eyed, queenly Hera: "Sleep, wherefore ponderest thou of these things in thine heart? Deemest thou that Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, will aid the Trojans, even as he waxed wroth for the sake of Heracles, his own son? Nay, come, I will give thee one of the youthful Graces to wed, to be called thy wife, even Pasithea, for whom thou ever longest all thy days."

So spake she, and Sleep waxed glad, and made answer saying: "Come now, swear to me by the inviolable water of Styx, and with one hand lay thou hold of the bounteous earth, and with the other of the shimmering sea, that one and all they may be witnesses betwixt us twain, even the gods that are below with Cronos, that verily thou wilt give me one of the youthful Graces, even Pasithea, that myself I long for all my days."

So spake he, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, failed not to hearken, but swarre as he bade, and invoked by name all the gods below Tartarus, that are called Titans. But when she had sworn and made an end of the oath, the twain left the cities of Lemnos and Imbros, and clothed about in mist went forth, speeding swiftly on their way. To many-fountained Ida they came, the mother of wild creatures, even to Lectum, where first they left the sea; and the twain fared on over the dry land, and the topmost forest quivered beneath their feet. There Sleep did halt, or
ever the eyes of Zeus beheld him, and mounted up on
a fir-tree exceeding tall, the highest that then grew
in Ida; and it reached up through the mists into heaven.
Thereon he perched, thick-hidden by the branches
of the fir, in the likeness of a clear-voiced mountain
bird, that the gods call Chalcis, and men Cynindis.

But Hera swiftly drew nigh to topmost Gargarus,
the peak of lofty Ida, and Zeus, the cloud-gatherer,
beheld her. And when he beheld her, then love
encompassed his wise heart about, even as when at
the first they had gone to the couch and had dalliance
together in love, their dear parents knowing naught
thereof. And he stood before her, and spake, and
addressed her: “Hera, with what desire art thou
thus come hither down from Olympus? Lo, thy
horses are not at hand, neither thy chariot, whereon
thou mightest mount.”

Then with crafty mind the queenly Hera spake
unto him: “I am faring to visit the limits of the
all-nurturing earth, and Oceanus, from whom the
gods are sprung, and mother Tethys, even them that
lovingly nursed me and cherished me in their halls.
Them am I faring to visit, and will loose for them
their endless strife, since now for long time’s space
they hold aloof one from the other, from the marriage-
bed and from love, for that wrath hath fallen upon
their hearts. And my horses stand at the foot of
many-fountained Ida, my horses that shall bear me
both over the solid land and the waters of the sea.
But now it is because of thee that I am come hither
down from Olympus, lest haply thou mightest wax
wroth with me hereafter, if without a word I depart
to the house of deep-flowing Oceanus.”

Then in answer spake to her Zeus, the cloud-

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1 Lines 304-306 were rejected by Zenodotus and Aristophanes.
gatherer: “Hera, thither mayest thou go even hereafter. But for us twain, come, let us take our joy, couched together in love; for never yet did desire for goddess or mortal woman so shed itself about me and overmaster the heart within my breast—nay, not when I was seized with love of the wife of Ixion, who bare Peirithous, the peer of the gods in counsel; nor of Danaë of the fair ankles, daughter of Acrisius, who bare Perseus, pre-eminent above all warriors; nor of the daughter of far-famed Phoenix, that bare me Minos and godlike Rhadamanthys; nor of Semele, nor of Alcmene in Thebes, and she brought forth Heracles, her son stout of heart, and Semele bare Dionysus, the joy of mortals; nor of Demeter, the fair-tressed queen; nor of glorious Leto; nay, nor yet of thine own self, as now I love thee, and sweet desire layeth hold of me.”

Then with crafty mind the queenly Hera spake unto him: “Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! If now thou art fain to be couched in love on the peaks of Ida, where all is plain to view, what and if some one of the gods that are for ever should behold us twain as we sleep, and should go and tell it to all the gods? Then verily could not I arise from the couch and go again to thy house; that were a shameful thing. But if thou wilt, and it is thy heart’s good pleasure, thou hast a chamber, that thy dear son Hephaestus fashioned for thee, and fitted strong doors upon the door-posts. Thither let us go and lay us down, since the couch is thy desire.”

Then in answer to her spake Zeus, the cloud-
HOMER

"Hrē, μῆτε θείῳ τό γε δειδθί μῆτε τιν' ἀνδρῶν ὀφειάθαι: τοῖν τοι ἓγῳ νέφος ἀμφικαλύψω χρύσεων. οὐδ' ἂν νοὶ διαδράκοι Ἡλίος περ., 
οδ ὡς καὶ ὥξυτατον πέλεται φάος εἰσορᾶσθαι."  345

"Η ρα, καὶ ἀγκαζέματε Κρόνον παῖς ἤμων παράκοιτην.

τοῖν δ' ὑπὸ χθὼν διὰ φύεν νεοθῆλέα πούρην, λωτον θ' ἐροτήσατα ἱδε κρόκον ἦδ' ὑάκινθον πυκνῶν καὶ μαλακῶν, ὃς ἀπὸ χθονος ψίθος ἐργῇ.  350

τῷ ἐνε λεξάσθην, ἐπὶ δὲ νεφέλην ἔσσαντο καλήν χρυσείν, στιλπναλ δ' ἀπέπτυσθον ἔρεσα.

"Ωμ' ὁ μὲν ἀτρέμοις εὐδε πατηρ ἢνα Γαργάρω άκρων, ὑπνων καὶ φιλότητι δαμείς, ἔχε δ' ἁγκαζέματεν 

β' δ' ὑπὲ καὶ νήσος ἄχωλος ὠνομαίος Ποσείδων, ἐπάμυνε, καὶ σφιν κύδων ὡρες καὶ κύδων ὡρες μινυνά ἐρη, ὃρ' ἐπὶ 

Σεῦς, ἐπεὶ αὐτὸν ἔγω μαλακόν περὶ κώμα κάλυπα.  355

"Ηρῆ δ' ἐν φιλότητι παρηπάκεν εὔνηθήναι.

"Ωμ' ἔπειὶς ὁ μέν ὕξτετ' ἐπὶ καῦτα φιλ' ἀνδρῶπων, 

τὸν δ' ἐπὶ μᾶλλον ἀνήκεν ἀμυνεμέναι Δαναοῖσι.  360

αὐτικα δ' ἐν πρώτοις μέγα προθορών ἔκλεισαν. 

"Ἀργείου, καὶ δ' αὐτὲ μεθὲς μὲν ἑκτορὲς νίκην 

Πριαμίδη, ὃς νήσος ἐλη καὶ κύδων ἀργητή;  365

ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ὁσί' φαινεται καὶ εὐχεταὶ, οἶνεκ' Ἀχιλλεύς 

νησιών ἐπὶ γλαφυρῆς μὲν τε κεχολωμένος ἢτορ' 

κείνου δ' οὐ τῶν ποθή ἐσσεται, εἰ κεν οἱ ἄλλοι 

ἡμεῖς ὄρυγνύμεθ' ἀμυνεμέν ἄλληλοισαν.

1 ὕπο ὁσί' ψιθος ' ἐργή: ὓ' ὁσί' ψιθος ἁγκαζέματη 

Zenodotus.

2 εὐητας: εὐητας Zenodotus.
Homer

even as I shall bid, let us all obey. In the shields that are best in the host and largest let us harness ourselves, and our heads let us cover with helms gleaming, and in our hands take the longest spears, and so go forth. And I will lead the way, nor, methinks, will Hector, son of Priam, longer abide, how eager soever he be. And whose is a man, staunch in fight, but hath a small shield on his shoulder, let him give it to a worser man, and himself harness him in a large shield."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him, and obeyed. And the kings themselves, albeit they were wounded, set them in array, even the son of Tydeus, and Odysseus, and Atreus' son Agamemnon. And going throughout all the host, they made exchange of battle-gear. In good armour did the good warrior harness him, and to the worse they gave the worse. Then when they had clothed their bodies in gleaming bronze, they set forth, and Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, led them, bearing in his strong hand a dread sword, long of edge, like unto the lightning, wherewith it is not permitted that any should mingle in dreadful war, but terror holds men aloof therefrom. But the Trojans over against them was glorious Hector setting in array. Then verily were strained the cords of war's most dreadful stribe by dark-haired Poseidon and glorious Hector, bearing aid the one to the Trojans, the other to the Argives. And the sea surged up to the huts and ships of the Argives, and the two sides clashed with a mighty din. Not so loudly bellows the wave of the sea upon the shore, driven up from the deep by the dread blast of the North Wind, nor so loud is the roar of blazing fire in the glades of a mountain.

1 Lines 376 f. were rejected by Zenodotus, Aristophanes, and Aristarchus.
2 Lines 391 f. were placed by Zenodotus after 399.
when it leapeth to burn the forest, nor doth the wind shriek so loud amid the high crests of the oaks—the wind that roareth the loudest in its rage—as then was the cry of Trojans and Achaeans, shouting in terrible wise as they leapt upon each other.

At Aias did glorious Hector first cast his spear, as he was turned full toward him, and missed him not, but smote him where the two baldries—one of his shield and one of his silver-studded sword—were stretched across his breast; and they guarded his tender flesh. And Hector waxed wroth for that the swift shaft had flown vainly from his hand, and back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate. But thereupon as he drew back, great Telamonian Aias smote him with a stone; for many there were, props of the swift ships, that rolled amid their feet as they fought; of these he lifted one on high, and smote Hector on the chest over the shield-rim, hard by the neck, and set him whirling like a top with the blow; and he spun round and round. And even as when beneath the blast of father Zeus an oak falleth uprooted, and a dread reek of brimstone ariseth therefrom—then verily courage no longer possesseth him that looketh thereon and standeth near by, for dread is the bolt of great Zeus—even so fell mighty Hector forthwith to the ground in the dust. And the spear fell from his hand, but the shield was hurled upon him, and the helm withal, and round about him rang his armour dight with bronze. Then with loud shouts they ran up, the sons of the Achaeans, hoping to drag him off, and they hurled their spears thick and fast; but no one availed to wound the, shepherd of the host with thrust or with cast, for ere that might be, the bravest

1 Line 420 is omitted in some mss.
stood forth to guard him, even Polydamas, and Aeneas, and goodly Agenor, and Sarpedon, leader of the Lycians, and peerless Glaucus withal, and of the rest was no man unheedful of him, but before him they held their round shields; and his comrades lifted him up in their arms and bare him forth from the toil of war until he came to the swift horses that stood waiting for him at the rear of the battle and the conflict, with their charioteer and chariot richly dight. These bare him groaning heavily toward the city.

But when they were now come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, even eddying Xanthus, that immortal Zeus begat, there they lifted him from the chariot to the ground and poured water upon him. And he revived, and looked up with his eyes, and kneeling on his knees he vomited forth black blood. Then again he sank back upon the ground, and both his eyes were enfolded in black night; and the blow still overwhelmed his spirit.

But when the Argives saw Hector withdrawing, they leapt yet the more upon the Trojans, and bethought them of battle. Then far the first did swift Aias, son of Oileus, leap upon Satnius and wound him with a thrust of his sharp spear, even the son of Enops, whom a peerless Naiad nymph conceived to Enops, as he tended his herds by the banks of Sathioeis. To him did the son of Oileus, famed for his spear, draw nigh, and smite him upon the flank; and he fell backward, and about him Trojans and Danaans joined in fierce conflict. To him then came Polydamas, wielder of the spear, to bear him aid, even the son of Panthous, and he cast and smote upon the right shoulder Prothoënor, son of Arelycus, and through the shoulder the mighty spear held its
way; and he fell in the dust and clutched the ground with his palm. And Polydamas exulted over him in terrible wise, and cried aloud: "Hah, methinks, yet again from the strong hand of the great-souled son of Panthous hath the spear leapt not in vain. Nay, one of the Argives hath got it in his flesh, and leaning thercen for a staff. methinks, will he go down into the house of Hades."

So spake he, but upon the Argives came sorrow by reason of his exulting, and beyond all did he stir the soul of Aias, wise of heart, the son of Telamon, for closest to him did the man fall. Swiftly then he cast with his bright spear at the other, even as he was drawing back. And Polydamas himself escaped black fate, springing to one side; but Archelochus, son of Antenor, received the spear; for to him the gods purposed death. Him the spear smote at the joining of head and neck on the topmost joint of the spine, and it shore off both the sinews. And far sooner did his head and mouth and nose reach the earth as he fell, than his legs and knees. Then Aias in his turn called aloud to peerless Polydamas: "Bethink thee, Polydamas, and tell me in good sooth, was not this man worthy to be slain in requital for Prothoënor? No mean man seemeth he to me, nor of mean descent, but a brother of Antenor, tamer of horses, or haply a son; for he is most like to him in build."

So spake he, knowing the truth full well, and sorrow seized the hearts of the Trojans. Then Acamas, as he bestrode his brother, smote with a thrust of his spear the Boeotian Promachus, who was seeking to drag the body from beneath him by the
THE ILIAD. XIV. 478–505

feet. And over him Acamas exulted in terrible wise, and cried aloud: "Ye Argives, that rage with the bow, insatiate of threatenings, not for us alone, look you, shall there be toil and woe, but even in like manner shall ye too be slain. Mark how your Promachus sleepeth, vanquished by my spear, to the end that the blood-price of my brother be not long unpaid. Aye, and for this reason doth a man pray that a kinsman be left him in his halls, to be a warder off of ruin."

So spake he, and upon the Argives came sorrow by reason of his exulting, and beyond all did he stir the soul of wise-hearted Peneleos. He rushed upon Acamas, but Acamas abode not the onset of the prince Peneleos. Howbeit Peneleos thrust and smote Ilioneus, son of Phorbas, rich in herds, whom Hermes loved above all the Trojans and gave him wealth; and to him the mother bare Ilioneus, an only child. Him then did Peneleos smite beneath the brow at the roots of the eyes, and drave out the eyeball, and the shaft went clean through the eye and through the nape of the neck, and he sank down stretching out both his hands. But Peneleos drawing his sharp sword let drive full upon his neck, and smote off to the the ground the head with the helmet, and still the mighty spear stood in the eye; and holding it on high like a poppy-head he shewed it to the Trojans, and spake a word exultingly: "Tell, I pray you, ye Trojans, to the dear father and the mother of lordly Ilioneus to make wailing in their halls, for neither will the wife of Promachus, son of Alegenor, rejoice in the coming of her dear husband, when we youths of the Achaeans return with our ships from out of Troy-land."

1 Line 500 was rejected by Aristarchus.
HOMER

"Ως φάτο, τούς δ’ ἁρα πάντας ύπο τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυία,
pάπτηνεν δὲ ἐκαστὸς ὅπη φύγοι αἰτᾶν ὀλέθρον.
Εὐσπετὲ νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι 'Ολύμπια δώματ’ ἔχουσαι,
ὅς τις δ’ ἡ πρῶτος βροτόειν ἀνδράγρυ ’Αχαϊῶν ἔριτ’, ἔπει ἡ ἐκλίνε μάχην κλοτὸς ἐνοσίγαιος. 510
Ajax ἡ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος ὶρτιον ὡτὰ Γυνταίδην, Μυσῶν ἡγίτορα καρπεροθύμων.
Φάλκην δ’ ’Αντίλοχος καὶ Μέρμερον ἐξενάρισε:
Μηρόνης δὲ Μόρυν τε καὶ ’Ἰπποτίώνα κατέκτα,
Τεῦκρος δὲ Προδώνα τ’ ἐνήρατο καὶ Περιφήτην’ 515
’Ατρείδης δ’ ἄρ’ ἐπειθ’ ’Ὑπερήνορα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
οὕτα κατὰ λαπάρην, διὰ δ’ ἐντερα χαλκὸς ἄφυσε δηώσας: ψυχὴ δ’ κατ’ οὔταμένην ὡτελὴν ἔσσωτ’ ἐπειγομένῃ, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὡσε κάλυψε.
πλέστους δ’ Ajax ἐλευ, ’Οὐλῆς ταχὺς νῦς’. 520
οὐ γὰρ ο’ τις ὁμοίος ἐπισπέσαθι ποιῆν ὄν ἀνδρῶν πρεσσάντων, ὅτε τ’ Ζεὺς ἐν φόβον ὀροτ.

Line 509 was rejected by some ancient critics.

THE ILIAD, XIV. 506–522

So spake he, and thereat trembling seized the limbs of them all, and each man gazed about to see how he might escape utter destruction.

Tell me now, ye Muses, that have dwellings on Olympus, who was first of the Achaeans to bear away the bloody spoils of warriors, when once the famed Shaker of Earth had turned the battle. Ajax verily was first, the son of Telamon. He smote Hyrtius, the son of Gyrtius, leader of the Mysians stalwart of heart; and Antilochus stripped the spoils from Phalces and Mermerus, and Meriones slew Moris and Hippotion, and Teucer laid low Prothoön and Periphetes; thereafter Atreus’ son smote with a thrust in the flank Hyperenor, shepherd of the host, and the bronze let forth the bowels, as it clove through, and his soul sped hastening through the stricken wound, and darkness enfolded his eyes. But most men did Ajax slay, the swift son of Oileus; for there was none other like him to pursue with speed of foot amid the rout of men, when Zeus turned them to flight.
BOOK XV

But when the Trojans in their flight had passed over the palisade and the trench, and many had been vanquished beneath the hands of the Danaans, then beside their chariots they stayed, and were halted, pale with fear, terror-stricken; and Zeus awoke on the peaks of Ida beside Hera of the golden throne. Then he sprang up, and stood, and saw Trojans alike and Achaeans, these in rout, and the Argives driving them on from the rear, and amid them the lord Poseidon. And Hector he saw lying on the plain, while about him sat his comrades, and he was gasping with painful breath, distraught in mind, and vomiting blood; for not the weakest of the Achaeans was it that had smitten him. At sight of him the father of men and gods had pity, and with a dread glance from beneath his brows he spake to Hera, saying: "Hera, that art hard to deal with, it is the craft of thine evil wiles that hath stayed goodly Hector from the fight, and hath driven the host in rout. Verily I know not but thou shalt yet be the first to reap the fruits of thy wretched ill-contriving, and I shall scourge thee with stripes. Dost thou not remember when thou wast hung from on high, and from thy feet I suspended two anvils, and about thy wrists cast a band of gold that might not be broken? And in the air amid the clouds thou didst hang, and the

1 Lines 18-31 were rejected by Zenodotus.
HOMER

έκρεμων ἡλάτεον δὲ θεοὶ κατὰ μακρὸν "Ολυμποῦν,
λύσαι δ’ οὐκ ἐδώκαντο παρασταθὸν· διὶ δὲ λάβομι
μήτακακοι τεταγμ. ἀπό βηλοῦ ὡφρ’ ἂν ἱκται
γῆν ὀλυμπηλεὼν. ἔμε δ’ οὐδ’ ὡς θυμόν ἀνεί
ξηῆς ὤν ἦν Ἅρακλῆς θείοιο,
τὸν σὺ ἔκιν Βορέη ἀνέμωρ πεπεδωσά δεύλας
πέμψας ἐπ’ ἀτρύγετον πῶντον, κακὰ μητίωσα,
καὶ μν ἐπεταὶ Κόκων” εὐ ναιομεν πένανκας.
τὸν μὲν ἔγων ἔθεν ρυσάμην καὶ ἀνήγαγον αὐτός
"Ἀργος ἐσ’ ἑπόβοτον, καὶ πολλὰ περ ἀθλίασαντα. 30
τῶν σ’ αὐτίς μησσα, ὃ’ ἀπολλάξῃς ἀπατάων,
δόρα ἵν’ ἡν τοι χραίσμη πχλότης τε καὶ εὐνή,
ἡν ἐμίγης ἔλθοικα βεον ἀπο καὶ μ’ ἀπάτησα.””

"Ως φάτο, βρέγοις δέ βοῶπις πότινα “Ἡρη,
καὶ μν φωνήσας” ἐπεα πτερόεντα προστίθα;
" ιτιτό νῦν τόδε Γαῖα καὶ Οὐρανός εὐρίς ὑπέρθε
καὶ τὸ κατεβόμενον Στυγός ὕδωρ, ὃς τ’ ἐγκύος,
δύο δεινότατος τ’ ἐπεὶ μακάροις βοήτιοι,
σή θ’ ἑρή κεφαλῆ καὶ νωτέρον λεχος αὐτῶν
κοινίσθησαι, τὸ μὲν οὖν ἔν γὼ ποτε μᾶλ ὀμόσαμι.
μὴ δι’ ἐμὴν ἱότητα Ποσείδαοι ἐνοσίχθων
πηρμαίνεις Τρῶας τ’ καὶ "Εκτορα, τότοι δ’ ἀρίγεις,
ἀλλὰ πον αὐτῶν θυμὸς ἐπτρύνει καὶ ἀνάγει,
τερμείνους δ’ ἐπὶ νησίν ἕδων ἔλεγαν Ἀχαιοὺς.
αὐτῶν τοι καὶ κείμῳ ἔγω παραμυθησαίμην
τῇ ἦμεν ἡ κεν δὴ σύ, κελαινές, ἠγεμονεύης.”

1 Line 33 was rejected by Zenodotus and Aristophanes.
So spake she, and the father of men and gods smiled, and made answer, and spake to her with winged words: "If in good sooth, O ox-eyed, queenly Hera, thy thought hereafter were to be one with my thought as thou sittest among the immortals, then would Poseidon, how contrary soever his wish might be, forthwith bend his mind to follow thy heart and mine. But if verily thou speakest in frankness and in truth, go thou now among the tribes of gods' and call Iris to come hither, and Apollo, famed for his bow, that she may go amid the host of the brazen-coated Achaeans, and bid the lord Poseidon that he cease from war, and get him to his own house; but let Phoebus Apollo rouse Hector to the fight, and breathe strength into him again, and make him forget the pains that now distress his heart; and let him drive the Achaeans back once more, when he has roused in them craven panic; so shall they flee and fall among the many-bent ships of Achilles, son of Peleus, and he shall forth with his comrade Patroclus; howbeit him shall glorious Hector slay with the spear before the face of Ilios, after himself hath slain many other youths, and among them withal my son, goodly Sarpedon. And in wrath for Patroclus shall goodly Achilles slay Hector. Then from that time forth shall I cause a driving back of the Trojans from the ships evermore continually, until the Achaeans shall take steep Ilios through the counsels of Athene. But until that hour neither do I refrain my wrath, nor will I suffer any other of the immortals to bear aid to the Danaans here, until the desire of the son of Peleus be fulfilled, even as I promised at the first and bowed n y head
ματι τῷ ὅτ’ ἐμεῖο θεᾶ Θέτις ἦματο γοῦν, λυσομένη τυμῆσαι Ἀχιλῆα πτολίπορθον.’

‘Ὡς ἤφατ’, οὖν ἀπίπτησαι θεᾶ λευκώλενος Ἡρη, βῆ δ’ ἔξ’ Ἰδαίων ὅρεων ἐς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον. ὡς δ’ ὅτ’ ἄν ἄδηλη νόος ἄνέρος, ὃς τ’ ἐπὶ πολλήν 80 γαίαν ἐλπισάμενος φρεσί πενεκαλίμησε νοῦσθ. ‘ἐνθ’ ἐντή, ἦ ἐνθά,’ μενούνησε τε πολλά, ὡς κραπτῦνθ’ μεμαυθ’ διέππησθο τότ’ ἦματο Ἡρη. ἣκετο δ’ ἀλὲν Ὀλυμπον, ὁμηγερέεσθε δ’ ἐπήθλθεν ἄθανατοι θεοί Δίως δόμων. οἱ δ’ ἰδόντε 85 πάντες ἀνήζαν καὶ δεικνύσων τόπασσον.1

ἡ δ’ ἄλλος μὲν ἐσε, Θεόματι δὲ καλλιπαρὴν δέκτο δέπας, πρῶτῃ γὰρ ἐναντίθ’ ἠλθεν θέουσα, καὶ μν’ φωνῆσαι ἐπεα πτερόντα προσήθα: ‘᾿Ἡρη, τίπτε βέθηκας, ἀνυζομένη δ’ ἔσκας. 90 ἡ μάλα δ’ σε φόβησε Κρόνου πάισ, ὃς τοῦ ἄκοιτης.’

Τὴν δ’ ἠμείβετ’ ἐπεστα θεᾶ λευκώλενος Ἡρη: ἵπτε με, θεᾶ Θέμι, ταῦτα διερεῖ παίδα καὶ αὐτή, οἶος κεῖνον θυμὸς υπερφίλας καὶ ἀπηνῆς. ἄλλα σὺ γ’ ἄρχε θεοῖς δόμων ἐν δαιμός ἐτής: 95 ταύτα δὲ καὶ μετὰ πᾶσιν ἀκουσθεὶ ἄθανάτοιαν, οἶα Ζεὺς κακὰ ἐργα πιθανόκεται, οὐδέ τι φημι πᾶσιν ὁμώς θυμὸν κεχαρηρέμεν, οὔτε βροτοῖς οὔτε θεοῖς, εἶ πέρ τις ἐπὶ νῦν δᾶνυτα εὐφρων.’

‘Ἡ μὲν ἀρ’ ὃς εἰποῦσα καθέζετο πότνα Ἡρη, ὡς ἐκθησαν δ’ ἀνὰ δῶμα Δίως θεοί· ἥ δ’ γέλασσε 100 ἔστησαν ἐπεῖθει Zenodotus.

1 δέπασσον: ἔστησα Zenodotus.

THE ILIAD, XV. 76-101

thereto, on the day when the goddess Thetis clasped
my knees, beseeching me to do honour to Achilles,
sacker of cities.’

So spake he, and the goddess, white-armed Hera,
failed not to hearken, but went her way from the
mountains of Ida unto high Olympus. And even
as swiftly darteth the mind of a man who hath
travelled over far lands and thinketh in the wisdom
of his heart, ‘Would I were here, or there,’ and
many are the wishes he conceiveth: even so swiftly
sped on in her eagerness the queenly Hera; and she
came to steep Olympus, and found the immortal
gods gathered together in the house of Zeus, and at
sight of her they all sprang up, and greeted her with
cups of welcome. She on her part best the others,
but took the cup from Themis, of the fair cheeks, for
she ran first to meet her, and spake, and addressed
her with winged words: ‘Hera, wherefore art thou
come? Thou art as one distraught. In good sooth
the son of Cronos hath affrighted thee, he thine own
husband.’

Then made answer to her, the goddess, white-
armed Hera: ‘Ask me not at large concerning this,
O goddess Themis; of thyself thou knowest what
manner of mood is his, how over-haughty and un-
bending. Nay, do thou begin for the gods the equal
feast in the halls, and this shalt thou hear amid all
the immortals, even what manner of evil deeds Zeus
declareth. In no wise, methinks, will it delight in like
manner the hearts of all, whether mortals or gods, if so
be any even now still feasteth with a joyful mind.’

When she had thus spoken, queenly Hera sate
her down, and wroth waxed the gods throughout
the hall of Zeus. And she laughed with her lips, but her
forehead above her dark brows relaxed not, and, moved with indignation, she spake among them all:

"Fools, that in our witlessness are wroth against Zeus! In sooth we are even yet fain to draw nigh unto him and thwart him of his will by word or by constraint, but he sitteth apart and recketh not, neither giveth heed thereto; for he deemeth that among the immortal gods he is manifestly supreme in might and strength. Wherefore content ye yourselves with whatsoever evil thing he sendeth upon each. Even now I deem that sorrow hath been wrought for Ares, seeing that his son, dearest of men to him, hath perished in battle, even Ascalaphus, whom mighty Ares declareth to be his own."

So spake she, but Ares smote his sturdy thighs with the flat of his hands, and with wailing spake, and said: "Count it not blame for me now, O ye that have dwellings on Olympus, if I go to the ships of the Achaeans and avenge the slaying of my son, even though it be my fate to be smitten with the bolt of Zeus, and to lie low in blood and dust amid the dead."

So spake he and bade Terror and Rout yoke his horses, and himself did on his gleaming armour. Then would yet greater and more grievous wrath and anger have been stirred between Zeus and the immortals, had not Athene, seized with fear for all the gods, sped forth through the doorway, and left the throne whereon she sat, and taken the helm from the head of Ares and the shield from his shoulders; and she took from his strong hand the spear of bronze, and set it down, and with words rebuked furious Ares: "Thou madman, distraught of wit, thou art beside thyself! Verily it is for
naught that thou hast ears for hearing, and thine understanding and sense of right are gone from thee. Hearest thou not what the goddess, white-armed Hera, saith, she that is but now come from Olympian Zeus? Wouldest thou thyself fulfil the measure of manifold woes, and so return to Olympus despite thy grief, perforce, and for all the rest sow the seeds of grievous woe? For he will forthwith leave the Trojans, high of heart, and the Achaians, and will hie him to Olympus to set us all in tumult, and will lay hands upon each in turn, the guilty alike and him in whom is no guilt. Wherefore now I bid thee put away thy wrath for thine own son. For ere now many a one more excellent than he in might and strength of hand hath been slain, or will yet be slain; and a hard thing it is to preserve the lineage and offspring of men."

She spake she, and made furious Ares to sit down upon his throne. But Hera called Apollo forth out the hall, and Iris, that is the messenger of the immortal gods; and she spake and addressed them with winged words: "Zeus biddeth you twain go to Ida with all the speed ye may; and when ye have come, and looked upon the face of Zeus, then do ye whatsoever he may order and command."

When she had thus spoken queenly Hera returned again and sate her down upon her throne; and the twain sprang up and sped forth upon their way. To many-fountained Ida they came, mother of wild beasts, and found Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, seated on topmost Gargarus; and about him a fragrant cloud was wreathed. The twain then came before the face of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, and at sight of them his heart waxed nowise wroth,
HOMER

for that they had speedily obeyed the words of his dear wife. And to Iris first he spake winged words:

"Up, go, swift Iris; unto the lord Poseidon bear thou all these tidings, and see thou tell him true. Bid him cease from war and battle, and go to join the tribes of gods, or into the bright sea. And if so be he will not obey my words, but shall set them at naught, let him bethink him then in mind and heart, lest, how strong soever he be, he have no hardihood to abide my on-coming; for I avow me to be better far than he in might, and the elder born. Yet his heart counteth it but a little thing to declare himself the peer of me of whom even the other gods are adread."

So spake he, and wind-footed, swift Iris failed not to hearken, but went down from the hills of Ida to sacred Ilios. And as when from the clouds there fieth snow or chill hail, driven by the blast of the North Wind that is born in the bright heaven, even so fleetly sped in her eagerness swift Iris; and she drew nigh, and spake to the glorious Shaker of Earth, saying: "A message for thee, O Earth-Enfolder, thou dark-haired god, have I come hither to bring from Zeus, that beareth the aegis. He biddeth thee cease from war and battle, and go to join the tribes of gods, or into the bright sea. And if so be thou wilt not obey his words, but shalt set them at naught, he threateneth that he will himself come hither to set his might against thine in battle; and he biddeth thee avoid thee out of his hands; for he avoweth him to be better far than thou in might, and the elder born. Yet thy heart counteth it but a little thing to declare thyself the peer of him, of whom even the other gods are adread."

1 Lines 166 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.
Then, stirred to hot anger, the glorious Shaker of Earth spake unto her: "Out upon it, verily strong though he be he hath spoken overweeningly, if in sooth by force and in mine own despite he will restrain me that am of like honour with himself. For three brethren are we, begotten of Cronos, and born of Rhea,—Zeus, and myself, and the third is Hades, that is lord of the dead below. And in three-fold wise are all things divided, and unto each hath been apportioned his own domain. I verily, when the lots were shaken, won for my portion the grey sea to be my habitation for ever, and Hades won the murky darkness, while Zeus won the broad heaven amid the air and the clouds; but the earth and high Olympus remain yet common to us all. Wherefore will I not in any wise walk after the will of Zeus; nay in quiet let him abide in his third portion, how strong soever he be. And with might of hand let him not seek to affright me, as though I were some coward. His daughters and his sons were it better for him to threaten with blistering words, even them that himself begat, who perform will hearken to whatsoever he may bid."

Then wind-footed swift Iris answered him: "Is it thus in good sooth, O Earth-Enfolder, thou dark-haired god, that I am to bear to Zeus this message, unyielding and harsh, or wilt thou anywise turn thee; for the hearts of the good may be turned? Thou knowest how the Erinyes ever follow to aid the elder-born." 1

Then answered her again Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth: "Goddess Iris, this word of thine is right

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1 The Erinyes in Homer are the upholders of the moral order with especial reference to the sanctity of the family; see ix. 254; Od. ii. 135; xi. 280.
fitly spoken; and a good thing verily is this, when a messenger hath an understanding heart. But herein dread grief cometh upon my heart and soul, whenso any is minded to upbraid with angry words one of like portion with himself, to whom fate hath decreed an equal share. Howbeit for this present will I yield, despite mine indignation; yet another thing will I tell thee, and make this threat in my wrath: if in despite of me, and of Athene, driver of the spoil, and of Hera, and Hermes, and lord Hephaestus, he shall spare steep Ilios, and shall be minded not to lay it waste, neither to give great might to the Argives, let him know this, that between us twain shall be wrath that naught can appease."

So saying, the Shaker of Earth left the host of the Achaeans, and fared to the sea and plunged therein; and the Achaean warriors missed him sore.

Then unto Apollo spake Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: "Go now, dear Phoebus, unto Hector, harnessed in bronze, for now is the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth gone into the bright sea, avoiding our utter wrath; else verily had others too heard of our strife, even the gods that are in the world below with Cronos. But this was better for both, for me and for his own self, that ere then he yielded to my hands despite his wrath, for not without sweat would the issue have been wrought. But do thou take in thine hands the tasselled aegis, and shake it fiercely over the Achaean warriors to affright them withal. And for thine own self, thou god that smitest afar, let glorious Hector be thy care, and for this time's space rouse in him great might, even until the Achaeans shall come in flight unto their ships and the Hellespont.

1 edē: eĩtē Zenodotus.
2 Lines 212-217 were rejected by Aristarchus.
3 Lines 231-235 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.
HOMER

κείθεν δ’ αὐτὸς ἐγὼ φράοσμαι ἔργον τε ἔτος τε, ὡς κε καὶ αὐτὸς Ἀχαῖοι ἀναπνεύσωσι πόνοιοι.’’

‘’Ως ἐρατ’, οὐδ’ ἄρα πατρός ἀνὴκοῦστήσεν Ἀπόλλων, βὴ δὲ κατ’ Ἰδαίων ὄρεων, ἦρηκα ἑοίκως ἀκεῖ φασοφόρων, ὅς τ’ ὠκιστος πετενών.

εὐρ’ ἴνον Πριμᾶοι δαῖφρονος, Ἐκτόρα διὸν, ἦμενον, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ κεῖνο, νέον δ’ ἐσαγείρετο θυμόν, 240 ἀμφὶ ἡ γεγονόσκων ἐτάραν· ἀτάρ ἄσθμα καὶ ἰδρῶς πανετ’, ἐπεὶ μὴ ἔγειρε Διὸς νόσος αἰγινχυν.

ἀγχοῦ δ’ ἱστάμενος προσέφη ἐκέφρασε Αἴγινχυν·

‘’Ἐκτόρ, οὐ Πριμᾶοι, τί ἔστι δ’ σο νόσφιν ἀπ’ ἄλλων ἡ’ ὀλογιπτελέων; ἥ πού τί σε κήδος ἱκάνει;’’

Τὸν δ’ ὀλυγοδρανεῖν προσέφη κορυφαίολος Ἐκτόρ.

‘’τίς δ’ σοι ἁπειρότε θεοῖ, οὐ μ’ εἰρέατε ἄντιτ; οὐκ ἄεις ὅ μεν νησιῶν ἐπὶ προμνηθὼν Ἀχαίων οὖς ἐτάραν ὀλέκνοντα βοὴν ἄγαθός βάλεν Ἀἰας χερμαδίῳ πρὸς ὀτήθος, ἐπαυσε δ’ θοῦριδο ἀλκῆ; 250 καὶ δὴ ἐγὼ γ’ ἐφαμον νέκμας καὶ δὰμ’ ‘’Αἴδαο ἡματι τῶν ὀψαλθαῖ, ἐπεὶ φίλον αἰῶν ἁτυρ.’

Τὸν δ’ αὐτὲ προσείπειν ἀναξ ἐκέρβησον Ἀπόλλων.

‘’θάρσει νῦν τοῖς τοῦ ἄσσοστῆρα Κρονίων ἔξ Ἰδῆς προῆκε παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν, 255 Φῶθον Ἀπόλλωνα χρυσάρον, ὅ σε πάρος περ ῥόμι, ὁμός αὐτὸν τε καὶ αἰπενων πτολεθρον, ἀλλ’ ἄγε νῦν ῤπείρου ἐπότρυνον πολέσσει νησιῶν ἐπι γλαφυρῆσιν ἐλαυνέμεν ὑκεῖας ἵππους.’

1 ὀψαλθαί: ἰεσαλθαί.
go before and make smooth all the way for the chariots, and will turn in flight the Achaean warriors."

So saying, he breathed great might into the shepherd of the host. And even as when a stalled horse that has fed his fill at the manger, breaketh his halter, and runneth stamping over the plain—being wont to bathe him in the fair-flowing river—and exulteth; on high doth he hold his head and about his shoulders his mane floateth streaming, and as he glorieth in his splendour his knees nimbly bear him to the haunts and pastures of marces; even so swiftly plied Hector his feet and knees, urging on his charioteers, when he had heard the voice of the god. But as when dogs and country-folk pursue a horned stag or a wild goat, but a sheer rock or a shadowy thicket saveth him from them, nor is it their lot to find him; and then at their clouram a bearded lion showeth himself in the way, and forth-with turneth them all back despite their eagerness: even so the Danaans for a time ever followed on in throngs, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, but when they saw Hector going up and down the ranks of men, then were they seized with fear, and the spirits of all men sank down to their feet.

Then among them spake Thoas, son of Andraemon, far the best of the Aetolians, well-skilled in throwing the javelin, but a good man too in close fight, and in the place of assembly could but few of the Achaeans surpass him, when the young men were striving in debate. He with good intent addressed their gathering, and spake among them: "Now look you, verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold, how that now he is risen again and hath avoided the fates, even Hector. In sooth the heart of each man

\[\text{1 Lines 263-268 (= vi. 508-511) were rejected by Aristarchus. Line 265 was omitted by Zeno\text{dot}us.}\]
of us hoped that he had died beneath the hands of Aias, son of Telamon. But lo, some one of the gods hath again delivered and saved Hector, who verily hath loosed the knees of many Danaans, as, I deem, will befal even now, since not without the will of loud-thundering Zeus doth he stand forth thus eagerly as a champion. Nay come, even as I shall bid, let us all obey. The multitude let us bid return to the ships, but ourselves, all we that declare us to be the best in the host, let us take our stand, if so be we first may face him, and thrust him back with our outstretched spears; methinks, for all his eagerness, he will fear at heart to enter into the throng of the Danaans."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened and obeyed. They that were in the company of Aias and prince Idomeneus, and Teucer, and Meriones, and Meges, the peer of Ares, called to the chieftains, and marshalled the fight, fronting Hector and the Trojans, but behind them the multitude fared back to the ships of the Achaeans.

Then the Trojans drive forward in close throng, and Hector led them, advancing with long strides, while before him went Phoebus Apollo, his shoulders wrapped in cloud, bearing the fell aegis, girt with shaggy fringe, awful, gleaming bright, that the smith Hephaestus gave to Zeus to bear for the putting to rout of warriors; this Apollo bare in his hands as he led on the host.

And the Argives in close throng abode their coming, and the war-cry rose shrill from either side, and the arrows leapt from the bow-string, and many spears, hurled by bold hands, were some of them lodged in the flesh of youths swift in battle, and
many of them, or ever they reached the white flesh, stood fixed midway in the earth, fail to glut themselves with flesh. Now so long as Phoebus Apollo held the aegis moveless in his hands, even so long the missiles of either side reached their mark and the folk kept falling; but when he looked full in the faces of the Danaans of swift horses, and shook the aegis, and himself shouted mightily withal, then made he their hearts to faint within their breasts, and they forgot their furious might. And as when two wild beasts drive in confusion a herd of kine or a great flock of sheep in the darkness of black night, when they have come upon them suddenly, and a herdsman is not by, even so were the Achaeans driven in rout with no might in them; for upon them Apollo had sent panic, and unto the Trojans and Hector was he giving glory.

Then man slew man as the fight was scattered. Hector laid low Stichius and Aresilaus, the one a leader of the brazen-coated Boeotians, and the other a trusty comrade of great-souled Menestheus; and Aeneas slew Medon and Iasus. The one verily, Medon, was a bastard son of godlike Oileus, and brother of Arias, but he dwelt in Phylace far from his native land, for that he had slain a man of the kin of his stepmother, Eriopis that Oileus had to wife; and Iasus was a captain of the Athenians, and was called the son of Sphelus, son of Bucolus. And Mecisteus did Polydamos slay, and Polites slew Echius in the forefront of the fight, and Clonius was slain of goodly Agenor. And Deiochus did Paris smite from behind, as he fled amid the foremost fighters, upon the base of the shoulder, and drave the bronze clean through.
While they were stripping the armour from these, meanwhile the Achaeanes were flinging themselves into the digged trench and against the palisade, fleeing this way and that, and were getting them within their wall perforce. And Hector shouted aloud, and called to the Trojans: "Speed ye against the ships, and let be the blood-stained spoils. Whomsoever I shall mark holding aloof from the ships on the further side, on the very spot shall I devise his death, nor shall his kinsmen and kinswomen give him his due meed of fire in death, but the dogs shall rend him in front of our city."

So saying, with a downward sweep of his arm he smote his horses with the lash, and called aloud to the Trojans along the ranks; and they all raised a shout, and even with him drave the steeds that drew their chariots, with a wondrous din; and before them Phoebus Apollo lightly dashed down with his feet the banks of the deep trench, and cast them into the midst thereof, bridging for the men a pathway long and broad, even as far as a spear-cast, when a man hurleth, making trial of his strength. Therethrough they poured forward rank on rank, and before them went Apollo, bearing the priceless aegis. And full easily did he cast down the wall of the Achaeanes, even as when a boy scattereth the sand by the sea, one that makes of it a plaything in his childishness, and then again confounds it with hands and feet as he maketh sport; so lightly didst thou, O archer 1 Phoebus, confound the long toil and labour of the Achaeanes, and on themselves send rout.

So then beside their ships the Danaans halted, and were stayed, calling one upon the other, and lifting up their hands to all the gods they made

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1 The word ἔις is of wholly unknown meaning, recurring again in xx. 152. Aristarchus took it to mean "Archer," and wrote ἔει (ἰμι).
HOMER

Νέστωρ αὖτε μάλιστα Γερήνιος, οὖρος Ἀχαιῶν, 370 εὐχέτο, χεῖρ' ὁρέγων εἰς οὐρανόν ἀστερῶντα.

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἰ ποτὲ τίς τοι ἐν "Ἀργείη περ πολυπόρῳ ἡ βοὸς ἡ οὐσ ἑνάμα ἕρωτα καίων εὐχέτο νοστήσαι, σὺ δ' ὑπέσχεσαι καὶ κατένευες,

τῶν μνήσας καὶ ἅμμων, 'Ολυμπίας, νηλεῖς ἡμέραν, 375 μηδ' οὔτω Τρώων ἡμᾶς ἀδίκνοσθι.' Ἀχαιῶνς.'

"Ὡς ἐφατ' οὐχόμενος, μέγα δ' ἔκτυπος, ἡμῖνετα Ζεῦς,

ἀράων ἂτων Νηληνίδαις γέρουντος.

Τρώως δ' ὦς ἐπύθοντο Διὸς κτύπων αἰγόχοιο,

μάλλον ἤπ' Ἀργείους θόρων, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης. 380 οἱ δ' ὦς τε μέγα κῦμα θαλάσσης εὐρυτόρου

νησος ὑπὲρ τοῖχον καταβήσεται, ὡπότ' ἐπείγῃ ἵπτο

Ἰαῖ' ἀνέμου. ἡ γὰρ τε μάλιστα γε κύματ' ὀφέλει,

ὡς Τρώως μεγάλη ίαχη κατὰ τεῖχος ἐβαίνων,

ἵππους δ' εἰσελάσαντες ἐπὶ πρύμνησι μάχιτο

385 έχεσσιν ἀμφιγιός αὐτοσχεδὸν, οἱ μὲν ἄφ' ἰππῶν,

οἱ δ' ἀπὸ νησῶν ὑψι μελανών ἐπίβαντες

μακροῦσι ξυστοῦσι, τὰ ρά καὶ τὸ γνώσιν ἐκείτο

ναῦμαχα κολλήσετα, κατὰ στόμα εἰμένα χαλκῷ.

Πάτροκλος δ' ἔσος μὲν Ἀχαιοὶ τε Τρώες τε

390 τεῖχος ἀμφιμάχοντο θοῶν ἐκτοθι νησῶν,

τόφρ' δ' ὕει κλαίει ἀγαπήρως Ἐὔρυπυλοιο ἱστὸ τε καὶ τὸν ἔστερπε λόγους, ἐπὶ δ' ἐκεῖι λυγρῷ

φάρμακ' ἀκέσματ' ἔπασσε μελανών ὄδυνάνων.

1 ἔκτυπος: ἐκλει Zenodotus.

THE IliAD, XV. 370–394

fervent prayer, each man of them; and most of all prayed Nestor of Gerenia, the wader of the Achaeans, stretching forth his two hands to the starry heaven: "O father Zeus, if ever any man of us in wheat-bearing Argos burned to thee fat thig-

pieces of bull or of ram with the prayer that he might return, and thou didst promise and nod thy head thereto, be thou now mindful of these things, and ward from us, O Olympian god, the pitiless day of doom, nor suffer the Achaeans thus to be van-

quished by the Trojans."

So he spake in prayer, and Zeus the counsellor thundered aloud, hearing the prayer of the aged son of Neleus.

But the Trojans, when they heard the thunder of Zeus that beareth the aegis, leapt yet the more upon the Argives and bethought them of battle. And as when a great billow of the broad-wayed sea sweepeth down over the bulwarks of a ship, whenso it is driven on by the might of the wind, which above all maketh the waves to swell; even so did the Trojans with a great cry rush down over the wall, and driving their chariots within, fight at the sterns of the ships with two-edged spears in close combat— they in their ears, but the Achaeans high up on the decks of their black ships to which they had climbed, fought therefrom with long pikes that lay at hand for them upon the ships for sea-fighting,— jointed pikes, shod at the tip with bronze.

And Patroclus, so long as the Achaeans and Trojans were fighting about the wall aloof from the swift ships, even so long sat in the hut of kindly Euryptius, and was making him glad with talk, and on his grievous wound was spreading simples to
assuage his dark pangs. But when he saw the Trojans rushing upon the wall, while the Danaans with loud cries turned in flight, then he uttered a groan, and smote his two thighs with the flat of his hands, and with wailing spake, saying: "Eurypylus, in no wise may I abide longer with thee here, albeit thy need is sore; for lo, a mighty struggle hath arisen. Nay, as for thee, let thy squire bring thee comfort, but I will hasten to Achilles, that I may urge him on to do battle. Who knows but that, heaven helping, I may rouse his spirit with my persuading? A good thing is the persuasion of a comrade."

When he had thus spoken his feet bare him on; but the Achaeans firmly abode the oncoming of the Trojans, yet averted not to thrust them back from the ships, albeit they were fewer, nor ever could the Trojans break the battalions of the Danaans and make way into the midst of the huts and the ships. But as the carpenter's line maketh straight a ship's timber in the hands of a cunning workman, that is well skilled in all manner of craft by the promptings of Athene, so evenly was strained their war and battle. So fought they on, divers of them about divers ships, but Hector made straight for glorious Aias. They twain were labouring in the toil of war about the same ship, nor might the one drive back the other and burn the ship with fire, nor the other thrust him back, now that a god had brought him nigh. Then did glorious Aias cast his spear and smite upon the breast Caletor, son of Clytius, as he was bearing fire against the ship; and he fell with a thud, and the torch dropped from out his hand. But Hector, when his eyes beheld his cousin
THE ILIAD, XV. 423-449

fallen in the dust in front of the black ship, called to the Trojans and Lycians with a loud shout: “Ye Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians that fight in close combat, in no wise give ye ground from battle in this strait: nay, save ye the son of Clytius, lest so be the Achaeans strip him of his armour, now that he is fallen amid the gathering of the ships.”

So saying, he hurled at Aias with his bright spear; him he missed, but Lycephon, Master’s son, a squire of Aias from Cythera, who dwelt with him, for that he had slain a man in sacred Cythera—him Hector smote upon the head above the ear with the sharp bronze, even as he stood near Aias, and backward in the dust he fell to the ground from off the stern of the ship, and his limbs were loosed. And Aias shuddered, and spake unto his brother: “Good Teucer, verily a true comrade of us twain hath been laid low, even the son of Mastor, whom while he abode with us, being come from Cythera, we honoured in our halls even as our own parents. Him hath great-souled Hector slain. Where now are thy arrows that bring swift death, and the bow that Phoebus Apollo gave thee?”

So spake he, and the other hearkened, and ran, and took his stand close beside him, bearing in his hand his bent-back bow and the quiver that held his arrows; and full swiftly did he let fly his shafts upon the Trojans. And he smote Cleitus, the glorious son of Peisenor, comrade of Polydamas, the lordly son of Panthous, even as he was holding the reins in his hand, and was busied with his horses; for thither was he driving them, where the most battalions were being driven in rout, thus doing pleasure unto Hector and the Trojans. But full swiftly
HOMER

ὅλας κακον, τὸ οἷς ηὔκακεν ἴμενῶν περ. 450
χυγέων γάρ οἱ οἰπασθὲι πολύστονος ἐμπασεν ἴος.
ηρύτε δ' ἐξ ὁχέων, ὑπερώθησαν δὲ οἱ ἵπποι
κεῖν ὁχεα κροτέωτες. ἀναξ δ' ἐνόησε τάξιστα
Ποῦλδαμάς, καὶ πρῶτος ἐναντίος ἤλθεν ἰππων.
toius μὲν ὁ γ' Ἀστυνόω Προτάνονος νιξὶ δῶκε, 455
πολλὰ δ' ἐπότρυνε σχεδὸν ἵππεα ἐσύροντα
ἵππων: αὐτὸς δ' αὐτὸς ἰὼν προμάχουσιν ἐμύχη.
Τεῦκρος δ' ἀλλον διοίτων ἐφ' Ἕκτορι χαλκο-
κορυστή
αὐντο, καὶ κεν ἐπάνευε μάχης ἐπὶ νησών 'Αχαιῶν,
eἰ μιν ἀριστεύοντα βαλών ἐξεῖλετο θυμών. 460
ἀλλ' οὐ λιθε Δίως πυκνῶν νόον, ὡς ρ' ἐφύλασσεν
"Εκτορ', ἀτὰρ Τεῦκρον Τελαμώνιον ἐυχὸς ἀπηύρα,
ὡς οἱ ἐνστρέφεαι νευρήν ἐν ἁμμύου τῶν
μῆς ἐπὶ τῷ ἐρυνντε: παρεπλάγχθη δὲ οἱ ἢλλη
ἰὼς χαλκομπαρῆς, τόξων δὲ οἱ ἐκκεπεῖ χειρός.
465 Τεῦκρος δ' ἐρρίγησε, κασάγητον δὲ προσηῦδα.
"ὁ πόποι, ἦ δ' πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μήδεα κείρει
dαίμων ἡμέτερης, ὡ τε μοι βιῶν ἐκβαλε χειρός,
νευρήν δ' ἐξερρήξει νεόστροφον, ἡν ἐνέθησα
πρωτόν, ὄφε' ἀνέχοιον θαμὰ θρύσκοντα διαστοὺς." 470
Τὸν δ' ἦμειβετ' ἐπείτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Ἀιάς.
"ὁ πέποι, ἀλλὰ βιῶν μὲν ἐκα καὶ παρθενόις
κεῖσθαι, ἐπεὶ συνέχεαι θεὸς Δαναοίας μεγήρας.
αὐτὰρ ἱππῶν ἔλων δολιχῶν δόρου καὶ σάκος ὁμίω
1 ὀπασθε: πρῶθε Aristophanes.

THE ILIAD, XV. 450–474

upon himself came evil that not one of them could
ward off, how fain soever they were. For upon
the back of his neck lighted the arrow fraught with
groanings, and he fell from the chariot, and thereat
the horses swerved aside, rattling the empty car.
And the prince Polydamas swiftly marked it, and
was first to stride toward the horses. These he gave
to Astynous, son of Protiaon, and straitly enjoined
him to hold them near at hand, watching him the
while; and he himself went back and mingled with
the foremost fighters.

Then Teucer drew forth another arrow for Hector,
harnessed in bronze, and would have made him cease
from battle by the ships of the Achaens, had he
but smitten him while he was showing his prowess
and taken away his life. But he was not unmarked
of the wise mind of Zeus, who guarded Hector, and
took the glory from Teucer, son of Telamon. For
Zeus brake the well-twisted string upon the goodly
bow, even as he was drawing it against Hector, and
his arrow heavy with bronze was turned aside, and
the bow fell from his hand. Then Teucer shuddered,
and spake to his brother: “Now look you, in good
sooth a god is utterly bringing to naught the counsels
of our battle, in that he hath cast the bow from
my hand, and hath broken the newly-twisted string
that I bound fast this morning that it might avail
to bear the arrows that should leap thick and fast
therefrom.”

Then great Telamonian Aias answered him: “Aye,
friend, but leave thou thy bow and thy many arrows
to lie where they are, seeing that a god has con-
founded them, in malice toward the Danaans; but
take thou in thy hand a long spear and a shield upon
HOMER

μάρνα τε Τρώεσσι καὶ ἄλλους ὄρνυθι λαοὺς. 475
μὴ μὰν ἄσπουδι γε δαμασσάμενοι περ ἔλοειν νῆσος εὐσέλμους, ἀλλὰ μνησάμεθα χάρμης." 480

"Ὡς φάθ', ὃ δ' αὖ τόξον μὲν ἐνὶ κλώσιγαν ἐθήκεν, αὐτάρ ὃ γ' ἀμφ' ὀμοιοὶ σάκος θέτο τετραδέλμυον, κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἱθήμων κυνήν εὐτυκτον ἐθήκεν ἰππουριν, δεινὸν δ' ὕλος καθύπερθεν ἔωεν.1 485
eἰελτο δ' ἀλκυμὸν ἔγχος, ἀκαυμένον ἀδεία χαλκῷ, βῆ δ' ἕναι, μάλα δ' ὅικα θέων Λισάντη παρέστη.

"Εκτωρ δ' ὡς εἶδεν Τεύκρου βλαβθέντα βέλμα, Ἀχιλῆς τε καὶ Λυκίοις ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἄγας. 490 "Τρώες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἄγχυσαμηταί, ἀνέρες ἐστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θυώριδος ἀλκής νῆσος ἀνὰ γλαφυράς. δὴ γὰρ ἤδη ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἄνδρος ἄριστὸς Δίοθεν βλαβθέντα βέλμα. 495 ῥεία δ' ἄργυρωτος Δίος ἀνδρίσι γίγνεται ἀλεξίη, ἕμεν ὅτε οὐ κύδος ὑπέρτερον ἐγχυμαλαίη, ἕδ' ὅτι νὰς μανύθε τε καὶ σωκ ἐθέλησιν ἀμώειν, ὃς νὰς Ἀργείων μινυθεί μένου, ἄμμι δ' ἀρήγει. 500 ἀλλὰ μάχεσθ' ἐπὶ νυσίν ἀστῆλες. δ' δὲ καὶ ἄρεων βλήμενος ἢ τυπείς ἄνάκτων καὶ πότμον ἐπάσημη, 505 τεθνᾶτο. οὐδ' ἄεικες ἁμυωμένοι περὶ πάτρης τεθνᾶμεν. ἀλλ' ἄλοχος τε σῇ καὶ πάττες ὀπίσω, καὶ ὅικος καὶ κλῆρος ἀκῆρατος, ε' κεν Ἀχιλεῖ οἰχωμαί σὺν νυσί φίλην ἐν πατρίδα γάζαν." 510

"Ὡς εἶπών ὤτρυνε μένοι καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστοι. Αἰας δ' αὖθ' εὕρωθεν ἐκέκλετο οἰς ἐτάρωσιν.

THE ILIAD, XV. 475-501

thy shoulder, and do battle with the Trojans, and urge on the rest of the folk. Verily not without a struggle, for all they have overpowered us, shall they take our well-benced ships; nay, let us bethink us of battle.”

So spake he, and Teucer laid the bow again within the hut, but about his shoulders put a fourfold shield, and upon his mighty head set a well-wrought helmet with horse-hair crest; and terribly did the plume nod from above; and he took a valorous spear, tipped with sharp bronze, and went his way, and swiftly ran and took his stand by the side of Aias.

But when Hector saw that Teucer’s shafts had been brought to naught, to Trojans and Lycians he called with a loud shout, “Ye Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians that fight in close combat, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour amid the hollow ships; for verily mine eyes have seen how Zeus hath brought to naught the shafts of a man that is a chieftain. Full easy to discern is the aid Zeus giveth to men, both to whomso he vouchsafeth the glory of victory, and whomso again he minisheth, and hath no mind to aid, even as now he minisheth the might of the Argives, and beareth aid to us. Nay, fight ye at the ships in close throns, and if so be any of you, smitten by dart or thrust, shall meet death and fate, let him lie in death. No unseemly thing is it for him to die while fighting for his country. Nay, but his wife is safe and his children after him, and his house and his portion of land are unharmed, if but the Achaeans be gone with their ships to their dear native land.”

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. And Aias again, over against him, called
to his comrades: "Shame on you, Argives, now is it sure that we must either perish utterly or find deliverance by thrusting back the peril from the ships? Think ye haphazardly if Hector of the flashing helm take the ships, ye shall come afoot each man of you to his own native land? Hear ye not Hector urging on all his host in his fury to burn the ships? Verily it is not to the dance that he biddeth them come, but to battle. And for us there is no counsel or device better than this, that in close combat we bring our hands and our might against theirs. Better is it once for all either to die or live, than long to be straitened in dread conflict thus bootlessly beside the ships at the hands of men that be meaner."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. Then Hector slew Schedius, son of Perimedes, a leader of the Phocians, and Aias slew Laodamas, the leader of the footmen, the glorious son of Antenor; and Polydamas laid low Otus of Cyllene, comrade of Phyleus' son, captain of the great-souled Epeians. And Meges saw, and leapt upon him, but Polydamas swerved from beneath him, and him Meges missed; for Apollo would not suffer the son of Panthous to be vanquished amid the foremost fighters; but with a spear-thrust he smote Croesmus full upon the breast. And he fell with a thud, and the other set him to strip the armour from his shoulders. Meanwhile upon him leapt Dolops, well skilled with the spear, the son of Lampus, whom Lampus, son of Laomedon, begat, even his bravest son, well skilled in furious might; he it was that then thrust with his spear full upon the shield of Phyleus' son, setting upon him from night at hand. But his cunningly-wrought corselet saved him, the
HOMER

τὸν ῥ’ ἐφόρει γυαλίσιον ἀρηρότα· τὸν τότε Φυλεὺς 530
ἤγαγεν ἐξ Ἐφύρης, ποταμοῦ ἀπὸ Σελλήνηντος.

εἰσὶν γὰρ οἱ ηὐκενεῖς ἀνάξ ἀνδρῶν Εὐφήτης
ἐς πόλεμον φορέειν, δητῶν ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρὴν·
ὁς οἱ καὶ τὸτε παύδος ἀπὸ χρόνος ἦρκει ὀλέθρον.

τοῦ δὲ Μέγης κόρυθος χαλκήρεος ἰπποδασίαις
κύμβαχον ἀκρότατον νὺξ ἐγχεὶ δεξιάνει,
ῥήξε δ’ ἀφ’ ἵππεων λόφον αὐτοῦ. πᾶς δὲ χαμαζζέ
κάππεσεν εὖ κοίνης, νέον φοῖνικι φαενώς.

ὁς δ’ τῷ πολέμῳ μένων, ἐτι δ’ ἐλπίζει νίκην,
τόφρα δὲ οἱ Μενέλαος ἀρήνος ἦλθεν ἀμύντωρ,

στὴ δ’ εὐράξ σὺν δούρι λαθῶν, βάλε δ’ ὅμων ὀπίσθεν.

αἰχμὴ δ’ ἀκρήνοι διέσυστο μαμώσασα,
πρόσωπα ἕμεντ’ ὁ δ’ ἄρα πρήσῃ ἐλαίοθη,

τω μὲν ἐνισάθην χαλκήρα τεῦχε’ ἀπ’ ὅμων

συλήρεσεν. “Εκτωρ δὲ κασιγνήτωσι κέλευσε

πάσι μάλα, πρῶτον δ’ Ἰκετανίδην ἐνένιπεν,

οἶθι Μελανίππον. ὁ δ’ ὥφρα μὲν εἰλίποδας

βοῦς

βόσκε’ ἐν Περκώτῃ, δητῶν ἀπονόσφιν ἑντῶν·

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Δαναών νέες ἠλυθον ἁμφιέλεσαι,

ἀφ’ εἰς Ἰλιον ἥλθε, μετέπρεπε δὲ Τρόμησις,

ναὶ δὲ πάρ Πριάμου, ὃς δὲ καὶ τίνι ἦταν τέκεσαν.

τὸν θ’ “Εκτωρ ἐνέκωπεν ἐπος τ’ ἑφατ’ ἐκ τ’ ὄνομαξεν·

“όμω δὴ, Μελανίππε, μεθῆσομε; οὐδὲ νυ σοι περ

ἐντρέπεται φίλον ἦτορ ἀνεμιδό κταμένοιο;

οὐχ ὅρας οἶνον Δόλωπος περὶ τεῦχης ἐπουσων; 555

ἀλλ’ ἐπεν· οὐ γὰρ ἐτ’ ἔστων ἀποστασῶν Ἀργείοισι
HOMER

μάρνασθαι, πρὶν γ’ ἢ ἄρα τακτάμεν ἢ κατ’ ἄκρης
"Ἰλιὸν αἴσθησιν ἐλέειν κτάσθαι τε πολῖτας."

"Ὡς εἶπὼν ὁ μὲν ἠρχι, ὁ δ’ ἀμ’ ἔσπερο ἴσοθεος
φῶς.

Ἀργείων δ’ ὁρυνε μέγας Τελμάνιως Ἀίας.

"ὡς φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε, καὶ αἰδὼθέοι εἰν' θυμῷ,
ἀλλήλους τ’ αἰδεύετε κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας."

αἰδομένων δ’ ἀνδρῶν πλέονες σοι ἰν’ πέφανται.

"Ὡς ἐφ’ οἱ δ’ ὁ ἀμ’ ἐποάειος, φράζαντointments δ’ ἐν νήσα
ἐρκεῖσα χαλκεῖσα; ἐπ’ ὁ Ἱεὺς Τρώας ἔγειρεν.

"Αντίλοχον δ’ ὁρυνε βοίν’ ἀγάθος Μενέλαος.

"Αντίλοχος, οὗ τ’ σειδ’ νεώτερος ἄλλος Ἀχαῖων,

"Ὡς εἶπὼν ὁ μὲν ἄτις ἀπέστατο, τὸν δ’ ὁ ὅρεθυνεν.

ἐκ δ’ ἐδροῦ πορμάχων, καὶ ἀκόντυσε δοῦρ’ δαεινῷ
ἀμφί ἐπατήσαντες; ὑπὸ ὁ Ἱεὺς Κακάδων ἄνδρος ἀκοστάντας.

"Ὡς ὁ ἄτις ἀλὼν βέλες ἠξεν, ἀλλ’ Ἰκέαθον νῦν, ὑπέρθυμφον Μελάνιππον,

"Ὡς εἶπὼν δ’ ἐπορῦσε κύων ὅσ’, ὅς τ’ ἐπ’ ἱερὸ

"ὡς εἶπ’ οἱ, Μελάνιππε, ἄτις Αντίλοχος μενεχάρμην

1 Line 562 is omitted in some mss.
2 ἐρκεῖ: ἐχαῖε.
3 Line 578 is omitted in some mss.

THE ILIAD, XV. 557–582

cill either we slay them, or they utterly take steep
Ilios, and slay her people."

So saying, he led the way, and the other followed
with him, a godlike man. And the Argives did
Telamonic Aias urge on, saying: “My friends, be
men, and take ye shame in your hearts, and have
shame each of the other in the fierce conflict.
Of men that have shame more are saved than are
slain; but from them that flee springeth neither
glory nor any avail.”

So spake he, and they even of themselves were
eager to ward off the foe, but they laid up his word
in their hearts, and fenced in the ships with a hedge
of bronze; and against them Zeus urged on the
Trojans. Then Menelaus, good at the war-cry,
exhorted Antilochus: “Antilochus, none other of the
Achaean is younger than thou, nor swifter of foot,
nor valiant as thou art in fight; I would thou
mightiest leap forth, and smite some man of the
Trojans.”

He spake, and hasted back again himself, but
aroused the other, and Antilochus leapt forth from
amid the foremost fighters and, glancing warily
about him, hurled with his bright spear, and back
did the Trojans shrink from the warrior as he cast.
Not in vain did he let fly his spear, but smote
Hicetaon’s son, Melanippus, high of heart, as he was
coming to the battle, upon the breast beside the
nipple; and he fell with a thud, and darkness
enfolded his eyes. And Antilochus sprang upon him,
as a hound that darteth upon a wounded fawn,
that a hunter with

strip from thee thine armour. Howbeit he was not unseen of goodly Hector, who came running to meet him amid the battle; and Antilochus abode not, swift warrior though he was, but fled like a wild beast that hath wrought some mischief—one that hath slain a hound or a herdsman beside his kine, and fleeth before the throng of men be gathered together; even so fled the son of Nestor; and the Trojans and Hector with wondrous shouting poured forth upon him their darts fraught with groanings; but he turned and stood, when he had reached the host of his comrades.

But the Trojans, like ravening lions, rushed upon the ships, and were fulfilling the behests of Zeus, who ever roused great might in them, but made the hearts of the Argives to melt, and took away their glory, while he spurred on the others. For his heart was set on giving glory to Hector, son of Priam, to the end that he might cast upon the beaked ships unwearied, wondrous-brazing fire, and so fulfil to the uttermost the presumptuous prayer of Thetis. Even for this was Zeus the counsellor waiting, that his eyes might behold the glare of a burning ship; for from that time forth was he to ordain a driving-back of the Trojans from the ships, and to grant glory to the Danaans. With this intent he was rousing against the hollow ships Hector son of Priam, that was himself full eager. And he was raging like Ares, wielder of the spear, or as when consuming fire rageth among the mountains in the thickets of a deep wood; and foam came forth about his mouth, and his two eyes blazed beneath his dreadfull brows, and round about his temples terribly shook the helm of Hector as he fought; for Zeus out of heaven was
Ζεύς, ὃς μῦν πλεόνεσα μετ' ἀνδράσι μοῦνον ἐόντα τίμα καὶ κύδαινεν. μυνθᾶδος γὰρ ἐμελεῖν ἔσεσθ' ἥδη γὰρ οἱ ἐπόρυνε μόρσιμον ἦμαρ Παλλάς 'Ἀθηναίη ὑπὸ Πηλείδων βῆφιν.

καὶ ὑ' ἔθελεν ῥήξας στίχας ἀνδρὸν περητίζων, 614 ἢ δὴ πλείστων ὄμοιον ὅρα καὶ τεύχε ἄριστα· ἀλλ' ὅπῃ ὅς δύνατο ρήξας μάλα περ μενεαίνων ἱἀθον γὰρ πυργιδῶν ἄρητσες, ἢτε πέτρη ἠλίβατος μεγάλη, πολιῆς ἀλὸς ἐγνὺς ἐοῦσα, ἢ τε μείνε λυγέων ἄνεμων λαιφηρᾶ κέλευθα 620

κυμάτα τε προφούντα, τά τε προσετεύγεται αὐτήν· ὡς Δαναοὶ Τρώας μένον ἐμπεδον οὐδὲ φέβοντο.

αὐτὰρ ὁ λαμπύρενος πυρὶ πάντοθεν ἐνθὸρ δόμιλῳ, ἐν δὲ ἐπεθ' ὡς ἐτε κύμα θοῇ ἐν νη ἐπέτηκεν λάβρῳ ὑπα νεφέων ἀνεμοτρέφες· ἢ δὲ τε πάσα 625 ἁχύν ὑπεκρύφθη, ἄνεμων δὲ δεινος ἀήτος ἰστιώ ἐμβρέμεται, τρομέουσι δὲ τε φρένα ναύται δειδώτες· τυρνόν γὰρ ἑπέκ θανάτοιο φέρονται.

ὡς ἐδαιζέτο θυμόν καὶ στῆθεσαν 'Αχαιῶν.

αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ὡς τε λέων ὀλοφρόνων βουνὶ ἐπελθῶν, 630 οἱ μὲν τε ἐν εἰάμενεν ἐλεος μεγάλου νέμονται μυρίαι, ἐν δὲ τὴν νομέων ὡς ποι σάφα εἰδὼς θυρὶ μαχέονται ἐλυκος ἄμφι φονῆσιν. ἢ τοι ὁ μὲν πρῶτος καὶ ὑστατής βοέσσων αἰεν ὁμοσιχαῖ, ὡς τ δ' ἐν μέσησαν ὀρούσα σα βοῦν ἐδει, αἱ δὲ τα πᾶσα υπέτρεπαν· ὡς τότ' 635

'Αχαιοὶ

θεσπεσίως ἐφόβηθεν ύψι 'Εκτορὶ καὶ Δί πατρὶ
Zeus, albeit Hector slew one only man, Periphetes of Mycenae, the dear son of Copleus, that had been wont to go on messages from king Eurytheus to the mighty Heracles. Of him, a father baser by far, was begotten a son goodlier in all manner of excellence, both in fleetness of foot and in fight, and in mind he was among the first of the men of Mycenae; he it was who then yielded to Hector the glory of victory. For, as he turned back, he tripped upon the rim of the shield that himself bare, a shield that reached to the feet, a defence against javelins: thereon he stumbled and fell backward, and about his temples his helm rang wondrously as he fell. And Hector was quick to mark it, and ran, and stood close beside him, and fixed his spear in his breast, and slew him hard by his dear comrades; and they availed not to aid him, albeit they sorrowed for their comrade; for themselves were sore adread of goodly Hector.

Now were they got among the ships, and the outermost ships encircled them, even they that had been drawn up in the first line; but their foes rushed on. And the Argives gave way perforce from the outermost ships, but abode there beside their huts, all in one body, and scattered not throughout the camp; for shame withheld them and fear; and unceasingly they called aloud one to the other. And above all others Nestor of Gerenia, the warden of the Acheans, besought each man, adjuring him by them that begat him, saying: "My friends, play the man, and take in your hearts shame of other men, and be ye mindful, each man of you, of children and wife, of possessions the Trojans, but at this point turn, and so have their faces toward the ships (Améis). The context demands the meaning given above, whether or not we assume connexion with ὑπήρχον.
and of his parents, whether in the case of any they be living or be dead. For the sake of them that are not here with us do I now beseech you to stand firm, and turn not back in flight."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man, and from their eyes Athene thrust away the wondrous cloud of mist, and mightily did light come to them from either hand, both from the side of the ships and from that of evil war. And all beheld Hector, good at the war-cry, and his comrades, alike they that stood in the rear and fought not, and all they that did battle by the swift ships.

Now was it no more pleasing to the soul of great-hearted Aias to stand in the place where the rest of the sons of the Achaians stood aloof, but he kept faring with long strides up and down the decks of the ships, and he wielded in his hands a long pike for sea-fighting, a pike jointed with rings, of a length of two and twenty cubits. And as a man well-skilled in horsemanship harnesseth together four horses chosen out of many, and driveth them in swift course from the plain toward a great city along a highway, while many marvel at him, both men-folk and women, and ever with sure step he leapeth, and passeth from horse to horse, while they speed on; even so Aias kept ranging with long strides over the many decks of the swift ships, and his voice went up to heaven, as ever with terrible cries he called to the Danaans to defend their ships and huts. Nor did Hector abide amid the throng of the mail-clad Trojans, but as a tawny eagle darteth upon a flock of winged fowl that are feeding by a river’s bank—a flock of wild geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans, even so
Hector made for a dark-proved ship, rushing straight thereon; and from behind Zeus thrust him on with exceeding mighty hand, and aroused the host together with him.

Then again keen battle was set afoot beside the ships. Thou wouldst have deemed that all unwearied and unworn they faced one another in war, so furiously did they fight. And in their fighting they were minded thus: the Achaeans verily deemed that they should never escape from out the peril, but should perish, while for the Trojans, the heart in each man’s breast hoped that they should fire the ships and slay the Achaean warriors. Such were their thoughts as they stood, each host against the other. But Hector laid hold of the stern of a seafaring ship, a fair ship, swift upon the brine, that had borne Protesilauς to Troy, but brought him not back again to his native land. About his ship Achaeans and Trojans were slaying one another in close combat, nor did they longer hold aloof and thus endure the flight of arrows and of darts, but standing man against man in oneness of heart, they fought with sharp battle-axes and hatchets, and with great swords and two-edged spears. And many goodly blades, bound with dark thongs at the hilt, fell to the ground, some from the hands and some from the shoulders of the warriors as they fought; and the black earth flowed with blood. But Hector, when he had grasped the ship by the stern, would not lose his hold, but kept the ensign¹ in his hands, and called to the Trojans: “Bring fire, and therewithal raise ix. 241,—a “tall ornamental projection in which the stern of the ship ran up” (Leaf).
ye the war-cry all with one voice; now hath Zeus vouchsafed us a day that is recompense for all—to take the ships that came hither in despite of the gods, and brought us many woes, by reason of the cowardice of the elders, who, when I was eager to fight at the sterns of the ships, kept me back, and withheld the host. But if Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, then dulled our wits, now of himself he urgeth us on and giveth command.”

So spake he, and they leapt the more upon the Argives. But Aias no longer abode, for he was sore beset with darts, but, ever foreboding death, gave ground a little along the bridge of seven feet in height, and left the deck of the shapely ship. There stood he on the watch, and with his spear he ever warded from the ship whosoever of the Trojans sought to bring unwearied fire; and ever with terrible cries he called to the Danaans: “Friends, Danaan warriors, squires of Ares, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious might. Do we haply deem that there are other helpers at our backs, or some stronger wall to ward off ruin from men? In no wise is there hard at hand a city fenced with walls, whereby we might defend ourselves, having a host to turn the tide of battle; nay, it is in the plain of the mail-clad Trojans that we are set, with naught to support us but the sea, and far from our native land. Therefore in the might of our hands is the light of deliverance, and not in slackness in fight.”

as a platform upon which the helmsman stood. I follow Leaf in assuming that it means a bridge connecting the after deck, from which Aias is driven, with the forward deck. That this should have been seven feet in height above the hold is entirely natural; it would thus allow the rowers to move about freely beneath it.
HOMER

Ἡ, καὶ μαμώων ἐφε' ἐγχεῖ οξύνετι.
ὅς τις δὲ Τρώων καίλης ἐπὶ νηυθοί φέροιτο
σὺν πυρὶ κηλεῖς, χάριν Ἐκτόρος ὀτρύναντος,
τὸν δ' Αἰας ὀὔτασκε δεδεγμένος ἐγχεῖ μακρῷ.
δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιβε νεών αὐτοσχεδὸν οὔτα.

THE ILIAD, XV. 742-746

He spake, and kept driving furiously at the foe with his sharp spear. And whoso of the Trojans would rush upon the hollow ships with blazing fire, doing pleasure to Hector at his bidding, for him would Aias wait, and wound him with a thrust of his long spear; and twelve men did he wound in close fight in front of the ships.
Thus then they were warring around the well-benched ship, but Patroclus drew nigh to Achilles, shepherd of the host, shedding hot tears, even as a fountain of dark water that down over the face of a beetling cliff poureth its dusky stream; and swift-footed goodly Achilles had pity when he saw him, and spake and addressed him with winged words:

"Why, Patroclus, art thou bathed in tears, like a girl, a mere babe, that runneth by her mother's side and biddeth her take her up, and cluteth her gown, and hindereth her in her going, and tearfully looketh up at her, till the mother take her up? Even like her, Patroclus, dost thou let fall round tears. Hast thou haply somewhat to declare to the Myrmidons or to mine own self, or is it some tidings out of Phthia that thyself alone hast heard? Still lives Menoetius, men tell us, Actor's son, and still lives Peleus, son of Aeacus, amid the Myrmidons, for which twain would we grieve right sore, were they dead. Or art thou sorrowing for the Argives, how they are being slain beside the hollow ships by reason of their own presumptuous act? Speak out; hide it not in thy mind; that we both may know."

Then with a heavy groan, didst thou make answer O knight Patroclus: "O Achilles, son of Peleus, for the mightiest of the Achaeans, be not wroth: so great
a sorrow hath overmastered the Achaeans. For verily all they that aforetime were bravest, lie among the ships smitten by darts or wounded with spear-thrusts. Smitten is the son of Tydeus, mighty Diomedes, wounded with spear-thrust is Odysseus, famed for his spear, and Agamemnon, and smitten, too, is Eurypylus with an arrow in the thigh. About these the leeches, skilled in many simples, are busied, seeking to heal their wounds; but with thee may no man deal, Achilles. Never upon me let such wrath lay hold, as that thou dost cherish, O thou whose valour is but a bane! Wherein shall any other even yet to be born have profit of thee, if thou ward not off shameful ruin from the Argives? Pitiless one, thy father, meseems, was not the knight Peleus, nor was Thetis thy mother, but the grey sea bare thee, and the beetling cliffs, for that thy heart is unbending. But if in thy mind thou art shunning some oracle, and thy queenly mother hath declared to thee aught from Zeus, yet me at least send thou forth speedily, and with me let the rest of the host of the Myrmidons follow, if so be I may prove a light of deliverance to the Danaans. And grant me to buckle upon my shoulders that armour of thine, in hope that the Trojans may take me for thee, and so desist from war, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans may take breath, wearied as they are; for scant is the breathing-space in battle. And lightly might we that are unwearied drive men that are wearied with the battle back to the city from the ships and the huts."

So spake he in prayer, fool that he was, for in sooth it was to be his own evil death and fate for which he prayed. Then, his heart deeply stirred, spake
to him swift-footed Achilles: "Ah me, Zeus-born Patroclus, what a thing hast thou said! Neither
reck I of any oracle, that I wot of, nor has my
queenly mother declared to me aught from Zeus;
but herein dread grief cometh upon heart and
soul, whenso a man is minded to rob one that is his
equal, and take from him his prize, for that he
surpasseth him in power. Dread grief is this to me,
seeing I have suffered woes at heart. The girl that
the sons of the Achaeans chose out for me as a prize,
and that I won with my spear, when I had laid waste
a well-walled city, her hath lord Agamemnon taken
back from my arms, this son of Atreus, as though
I were some alien that had no rights. Howbeit
these things will we let be, as past and done. In no
wise, meseems, was I to be filled with ceaseless wrath
at heart; yet verily I deemed that I should not
make an end of mine anger, until the hour when
unto mine own ships should come the war-cry and
the battle. But come, do thou put upon thy shoulders
my glorious armour, and lead forth the war-loving
Myrmidons to the fight, if in good sooth the dark
cloud of the Trojans hath encompassed the ships
mightily, and those others abide with naught to
support them but the shore of the sea, having but
scant space of land still left them, even the Argives;
while the whole city of the Trojans hath come forth
against them fearlessly, for they see not the front of
my helm shining hard at hand; full soon in their flight
would they fill the water-courses with their dead,
were but lord Agamemnon of kindly mind toward me,
whereas now they are warring around the camp. For
not in the hands of Diomedes, son of Tydeus, doth
the spear rage, to ward off ruin from the Danaans,
neither as yet have I heard the voice of the son of Atreus, shouting from his hated head; nay, it is the voice of man-slaying Hector that breaketh about me, as he calleth to the Trojans, and they with their din possess all the plain, and vanquish the Achaeans in battle. Yet even so, Patroclus, in warding destruction from the ships fall thou upon them mightily, lest verily they burn the ships with blazing fire and rob the Greeks of their desired return. Howbeit do thou hearken, that I may put in thy mind the sum of my counsel, to the end that thou mayest win me great recompense and glory at the hands of all the Danaans, and that they send back that beauteous girl, and therewithal give glorious gifts. When thou hast driven them from the ships, come back, and if the loud-thundering lord of Hera grant thee to win glory, be not thou fain apart from me to war against the war-loving Trojans: thou wilt lessen mine honour. Nor yet do thou, as thou exultest in war and conflict, and slayest the Trojans, lead on unto Ilios, lest one of the gods that are for ever shall come down from Olympus and enter the fray; right dearly doth Apollo, that worketh afar, love them. Nay, return thou back, when once thou hast set a light of deliverance amid the ships, and suffer the rest to battle over the plain. For I would, O father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, that no man of the Trojans might escape death, of all that there are, neither any of the Argives, but that we twain might escape destruction, that alone we might loose the sacred diadem of Troy."

On this wise spake they one to the other, but
Aias no longer abode, for he was sore beset with darts; the will of Zeus was overwhelming him, and the lordly Trojans with their missiles; and terribly did the bright helm about his temples ring continually, as it was smitten, for smitten it ever was upon the well-wrought cheek-pieces, and his left shoulder grew weary as he ever firmly held his flashing shield; nor might they beat it back about him, for all they pressed him hard with darts. And evermore was he distressed by laboured breathing, and down from his limbs on every side abundant sweat kept streaming, nor had he any wise respite to get his breath withal, but every way evil was heaped upon evil.

Tell me now, ye Muses, that have dwellings on Olympus, how fire was first flung upon the ships of the Achaeans.

It was Hector that drew nigh to Aias and smote his ashen spear with his great sword hard by the socket, at the base of the point, and shore it clean away, so that Telemanian Aias brandished all vainly a pointless spear, and far from him the head of bronze fell ringing to the ground. And Aias knew in his noble heart, and shuddered at the deeds of the gods, how that Zeus, who thundereth on high, brought utterly to naught the counsels of his battle, and would have victory for the Trojans. Then he gave ground from out the darts; and the Trojans cast upon the swift ship unweared fire, and over her forthwith streamed a flame that might not be quenched.

So then was the ship's stern wreathed about with fire, but Achilles smote both his thighs and spoke to Patroclus: “Up now, Zeus-born Patroclus, master of horsemen. Lo, I see by the ships the rush of
consuming fire. Let it not be that they take the ships and there be no more escaping! Do on my armour with all haste, and I will gather the host."

So spake he, and Patroclus arrayed him in gleaming bronze. The greaves first he set about his legs; beautiful they were, and fitted with silver ankle-pieces; next he did on about his chest the corselet of the swift-footed son of Aeacus, richly-wrought, and spangled with stars. And about his shoulders he cast the silver-studded sword of bronze, and thereafter the shield, great and sturdy; and upon his mighty head he set the well-wrought helmet with horse-hair crest, and terribly did the plume nod from above; and he took two valorous spears, that fitted his grasp. Only the spear of the peerless son of Aeacus he took not, the spear heavy and huge and strong; this none other of the Achaeans could wield, but Achilles alone was skilled to wield it, even the Pelian spear of ash, that Cheiron had given to his dear father from the peak of Pelion, to be for the slaying of warriors. And the horses he bade Automedon yoke speedily, even him that he honoured most after Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, and that in his eyes was faithful above all to abide his call in battle. At his bidding then Automedon led beneath the yoke the fleet horses, Xanthus and Balios, that flew swift as the winds, horses that the Harpy Podarge conceived to the West Wind, as she grazed on the meadow beside the stream of Oceanus. And in the side-traces he set the goodly Pedasus that on a time Achilles had brought away, when he took the city of Eiętion; and he, being but mortal, kept pace with immortal steeds.

But Achilles went to and fro throughout the huts
and let harness in their armour all the Myrmidons, and they rushed forth like ravening wolves in whose hearts is fury unspeakable—wolves that have slain in the hills a great horned stag, and rend him, and the jaws of all are red with gore; and in a pack they go to lap with their slender tongues the surface of the black water from a dusky spring, belching forth the while blood and gore, the heart in their breasts unflinching, and their bellies gorged full; even in such wise the leaders and rulers of the Myrmidons sped forth round about the valiant squire of the swift-footed son of Aeacus. And among them all stood warlike Achilles, urging on both horses and men that bear the shield.

Fifty were the swift ships which Achilles, dear to Zeus, led to Troy, and in each ship at the thole-pins were fifty men, his comrades; and five leaders had he appointed in whom he trusted to give command, and himself in his great might was king over all. The one rank was led by Menestheus of the flashing corselet, son of Spercheius, the heaven-fed river. Him did fair Polydora, daughter of Peleus, bear to tireless Spercheius, a woman crouched with a god, but in name she bare him to Borus, son of Perieres, who openly wedded her, when he had given gifts of wooing past counting. And of the next company warlike Eudorus was captain, the son of a girl unwed, and him did Poimele, fair in the dance, daughter of Phylas, bear. Of her the strong Argeiphontes became enamoured, when his eyes had sight of her amid the singing maidens, in the dancing-floor of Artemis, huntress of the golden arrows and the echoing chase. Fortwith then he went up into her upper chamber, and lay with her secretly, even

1 Line 183 was rejected by Aristarchus.
Hermes the helper,¹ and she gave him a goodly son, Eudorus, pre-eminent in speed of foot and as a warrior. But when at length Eileithyia, goddess of child-birth, had brought him to the light, and he saw the rays of the sun, then her did the stalwart and mighty Echecles, son of Actor, lead to his home, when he had given countless gifts of wooing; and Eudorus did old Phylas nurse and cherish tenderly, loving him dearly, as he had been his own son. And of the third company warlike Peisander was captain, son of Maemalus, a man pre-eminent among all the Myrmidons in fighting with the spear, after the comrade of the son of Peleus. And the fourth company did the old knight Phoenix lead, and the fifth Alcimedon, the peerless son of Laërres. But when at length Achilles had set them all in array with their leaders, duly parting company from company, he laid upon them a stern command:

"Myrmidons, let no man, I bid you, be forgetful of the threats, wherewith beside the swift ships ye threatened the Trojans throughout all the time of my wrath, and upbraided me, each man of you, saying: 'Cruel son of Peleus, surely it was on gall that thy mother reared thee, thou pitiless one, seeing that in their own despite thou holdest back thy comrades besides the ships. Nay, homeward let us return again with our seafaring ships, since in this wise evil wrath hath fallen upon thy heart.' With such words would ye oftentimes gather together and prate at me, but now is set before you a great work of war, whereof in time past ye were enamoured. Therefore let it be with valiant heart that each man fights with the Trojans."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of

¹ In ἀκάκητα we have again, as so often in epithets applied to the gods, a word of wholly unknown meaning. The later Greeks regarded it as connected either with ἀκακος or with ἄκειςαι.
every man, and yet closer were their ranks serried when they heard their king. And as when a man buildeth the wall of a high house with close-set stones, to avoid the might of the winds, even so close were arrayed their helms and bossed shields; buckler pressed on buckler, helm upon helm, and man on man. The horse-hair crests on the bright helmet-ridges touched each other, as the men moved their heads, in such close array stood they one by another. And in the front of all two warriors arrayed themselves for war, even Patroclus and Automedon, both of one mind, to war in the forefront of the Myrmidons. But Achilles went into his hut, and opened the lid of a chest, fair and richly-dight, that silver-footed Thetis had set on his ship for him to carry with him, when she had filled it well with tunics, and cloaks to keep off the wind, and woolen rugs. Therein had he a fair-fashioned cup, wherefrom neither was any other man wont to drink the flaming wine, nor was he wont to pour drink offerings to any other of the gods save only to father Zeus. This cup he then took from the chest and cleansed it first with sulphur, and thereafter washed it in fair streams of water; and himself he washed his hands, and drew flaming wine. Then he made prayer, standing in the midst of the court, and poured forth the wine, looking up to heaven; and not unmarked was he of Zeus, that hurleth the thunderbolt: "Zeus, thou king, Dodonaean, Pelasgian, thou that dwellest afar, ruling over wintry Dodona,—and about thee dwell the Selli, thine interpreters, men with unwashed feet that couch on the ground.¹ Aforetime verily thou didst perpetuating in their case the habits of a far-off barbarous past.

¹ These phrases are to be understood as indicating that a special sanctity attached to the Selli, religious conservatism
HOMER

Homer, 240
ἀντάρ ἐπεί κ' ἀπό ναῦφο μάχην ἑνοτήτι τε δήται, ἀσκηθῆς μοι ἔπειτα θόας ἐπὶ νῆας ὑποστεῦχει τε ἐξιν πᾶσι καὶ ἄγχεμαχοις ἐτάρουσιν.”

“Ὡς ἑφατ’ εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ’ ἐκλέψει μητίστα Ζεὺς. τῷ δ’ ἔτερον μὲν δῶκε πατηρ, ἔτερον δ’ ἀνένευς. 250 νῦν μὲν οἱ ἀπώσασθαι πολεμῶν τε μάχην τε δῶκε, σοῦ δ’ ἀνένευς μάχης εἰς ἀπονέασας.

Ἡ τοῦ δ’ μὲν στείρας τε καὶ εὐξόμενος Διὸ πατρὶ ἄν κλαίνην εἰσάηλθε, δέπας δ’ ἀπέθεκ’ ἐν χρηλῷ, στῇ δὲ πάρουτ’ ἐλθὼν κλαίνης, ἔτι δ’ ἤθελε θυμῷ 255 εἰσίδεων Τρώων καὶ ᾿Αχαϊῶν φιλοσκινοῦντα.

Οἱ δ’ ἀμας Πατρόκλου μεγαλήτοροι θωραχθέντες ἔστιχον, ὅφρ’ ἐν Τρωσὶ μέγα φρονέωνς ὀροσαν. αὐτίκα δὲ σφίγκεσαν ἐνούκτες ἐξεχέοντο εὐνοῦσιν, οὓς παῖδες ἐριδμαίνουσιν ἔποντες, 260 αἰεὶ κερτομέντες, ὅδ’ ἐτι οἴκε ἔχοντας, νησίαν ζεύνων δὲ κακῶν πολέσσαι τιθεῖσι.

1 Line 237 was rejected by Zenodotus, Aristophanes, and Aristarchus.
2 Line 261 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

hear my word, when I prayed: me thou didst honour, and didst mightily smite the host of the Achaeans; even so now also fulfil thou for me this my desire. Myself verily will I abide in the gathering of the ships, but my comrade am I sending forth amid the host of the Myrmidons to war: with him do thou send forth glory, O Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, and make bold the heart in his breast, to the end that Hector, too, may know whether even alone my squire hath skill to fight, or whether his hands then only rage invincible, whenso I enter the turmoil of Ares. But when away from the ships he hath driven war and the din of war, then all-unseathed let him come back to the swift ships with all his arms, and his comrades that fight in close combat.”

So spake he in prayer, and Zeus, the counsellor, heard him, and a part the Father granted him, and a part denied. That Patroclus should thrust back the war and battle from the ships he granted; but that he should return safe from out the battle he denied.

Achilles then, when he had poured libation and made prayer to father Zeus, went again into his tent, and laid the cup away in the chest, and came forth and stood in front of the hut; for still his heart was fain to look upon the dread conflict of Trojans and Achaeans.

But they that were arrayed together with great-hearted Patroclus marched forth, until with high spirits they leapt upon the Trojans. Straightway they poured forth like wasps of the wayside, that boys are wont to stir to wrath, ever tormenting them in their nests beside the way, foolish that they are; and a common evil they make for many. And the

1 Or ἔκλεισε may be taken as ἔκλων in ix. 570, “beset and stir to wrath.”

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wasps, if so be some wayfaring man as he passeth by rouse them unwittingly, fly forth one and all in the valour of their hearts, and fight each in defence of his young; having a heart and spirit like theirs the Myrmidons then poured forth from the ships, and a cry unquenchable arose. But Patroclus called to his comrades with a loud shout: “Myrmidons, ye comrades of Achilles, son of Peleus, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour, to the end that we may win honour for the son of Peleus, that is far the best of the Argives by the ships, himself and his squires that fight in close combat; and that the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, may know his blindness in that he honoured not at all the best of the Achaeans.”

So saying, he roused the strength and spirit of every man, and on the Trojans they fell all in a throng, and round about them the ships echoed wondrously beneath the shouting of the Achaeans. But when the Trojans saw the valiant son of Menoetius, himself and his squire, shining in their armour, the heart of each man was stirred, and their battalions were shaken, for they deemed that by the ships the swift-footed son of Peleus had cast aside his wrath and had chosen friendliness; and each man gazed about to see how he might escape utter destruction.

Then Patroclus was first to cast with his bright spear straight into the midst where men thronged the thickest, even by the stern of the ship of great-souled Protesilaus, and smote Pyraechmes, that had led the Paeonians, lords of chariots, out of Amydon, from the wide-flowing Axius. Him he smote on the right shoulder, and backward in the dust he fell with a groan, and about him his comrades were driven in

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rout, even the Paonians, for upon them all had Patroclus sent panic, when he slew their leader that was pre-eminent in fight. From out the ships then he drove them, and quenched the blazing fire. And half-burnt the ship was left there, but the Trojans were driven in rout with a wondrous din, and the Danaans poured in among the hollow ships, and a ceaseless din arose. And as when from the high crest of a great mountain Zeus, that gathereth the lightnings, moveth a dense cloud away, and forth to view appear all mountain peaks, and high headlands, and glades, and from heaven breaketh open the infinite air; even so the Danaans, when they had thrust back from the ships consuming fire, had respite for a little time; howbeit there was no ceasing from war. For not yet were the Trojans driven in headlong rout by the Achaeans, dear to Ares, from the black ships, but still they sought to withstand them, and gave ground from the ships perforce.

Then man slew man of the chieftains as the fight was scattered. First the valiant son of Menoetius smote the thigh of Areflycus with a cast of his sharp spear at the moment when he turned to flee, and drove the bronze clean through; and the spear brake the bone, and he fell on his face on the ground. And warlike Menelaus thrust and smote Thoas on the breast, where it was left bare beside the shield, and loosed his limbs. And the son of Phyleus as he watched Amphichlos that was rushing upon him, proved quicker than his foe, and smote him upon the base of the leg, where a man’s muscle is thickest; and round about the spear-point the sinews were rent apart; and darkness enfolded his eyes. Then of the sons of Nestor, the one, Antilochus, thrust at
Atymnios with his sharp spear, and drive the spear of bronze through his flank; and he fell forward. But Maris, hard at hand, rushed upon Antilochus with his spear, wroth for his brother's sake, and took his stand before the dead; howbeit godlike Thrasymerdes was too quick for him, and forthwith ere his foe could thrust, smote upon his shoulder, and missed not; but the point of the spear shore the base of the arm away from the muscles, and utterly brake asunder the bone; and he fell with a thud, and darkness enfolded his eyes. So these twain, overcome by twain brethren, went their way to Erebus, goodly comrades of Sarpedon, spearmen sons of Amisodaros, him that reared the raging Chimaera, a bane to many men. And Aias, son of Oileus, leapt upon Cleobulus, and caught him alive, entangled in the throng; but even there he loosed his might, smiting him upon the neck with his hilted sword. Thereat all the blade grew warm with his blood, and down over his eyes came dark death and mighty fate. Then Peneleos and Lyco rushed together, for with their spears either had missed the other, and both had cast in vain; but again they rushed together with their swords. Then Lyco let drive upon the horn of the helm with horse-hair crest, and the sword was shattered at the hilt; but Peneleos smote him upon the neck beneath the ear, and all the blade sank in, so that naught but the skin held fast, and the head hung to one side, and his limbs were loosed. And Meriones with swift strides overtook Acamas, and thrust and smote him, even as he was mounting his car, upon the right shoulder; and he fell from his car and down over his eyes a mist was shed. Then Idomeneus smote
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'Idoumeni's δ' Ἐρύμαντα κατὰ στόμα νηλεῖ χαλκῷ 345
νῦες· τὸ δ' ἀντικριὸ τὸν χάλκου ἐξεπέρασε
νέρθεν ὑπ' ἐγκεφάλοιο, κέασσε δ' ἀρ' ὀστεά λευκά·
ἐκ δὲ τίναχθεν οἴόντες, ἐνέπλησαν δὲ οἵ ἄμφω
αἵματος ὀφθαλμοί· τὸ δ' ἀνὰ στόμα καὶ κατὰ ρώνας
πρῆσε χαινών: θανάτου δὲ μέλαν νέφος ἀμφέκαλυψεν. 350
Οὗτοι ἄρ' ἠγεμόνες Δαναών ἐλον ἀνήρ ἐκαστος.
ὡς δὲ λύκοι ἄρρησαν ἐπέξαρον ἥ ἐρίφοισι
σάται, ὡπεὶ μῆλων αἵρετεμοι, αἱ τ' ἐν ὀρέσσι
ποιμένοις ἀφράδες διέμαγε· οἵ δὲ ἴδόντες
αἵμα διατιέτοισιν ἀνάλκειν θυμον ἔχονσια: 355
ὡς Δαναοῖ Τρόώσεσσι ἐπέξαροι· οἱ δὲ φόβου
δισκελάδου μνήσαντο, λάβοντο δὲ θούριδος ἀλκής.
Αἰας δ' ὃ μέγας αἴεν ἐφ' Ἑκτόρα χαλκοκορνιστή
ιστ' ἀκοντίσσατο· ὃ δὲ ἱδρεύ̣ ὀλέμωνο,
ἀσπίδια ταυρεί̣ κεκαλυμμένοι εὔρεας ύμων,
σκέπτετ' δισάρον τε ῥοζών καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων. 360
ἡ μὲν δὴ γίγνοςα μάχης ἐτεραλκέα νίκην.
ἀλλ' καὶ δως ἀνέμυνε, σάω δ' ἐρίφος ἔταιροις.
"Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂπτ' Οὐλυμπὸν νέφος ἔρχεται οὐρανὸν
εἰσώ
ἀιδέρως ἐκ δίνῃς, ὅτε τε Ζεὺς λαίλαπα τείνῃ,
ὡς τῶν ἐκ νηλῶν γένετο ιαχή τε φόβος τε,
οὐδὲ κατὰ μοῦραν πέραν πάλιν. "Ἐκτόρα δ' ἵπποι
ἐκφεροῦν ὁκύποδες σὺν τεύχεα, λείπε δὲ λαῶν
Τρωίκων, οὗ ἀκοντιας ὀρφυκὴ τάφρος ἔρυκε.
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν τάφρω ἐρυτάρματε ωκεές ἵπποι
ἀξαυτ' ἐν πρώτῳ ῥμῷ λίπον ἄρματ' ἀνάκτων. 370
Πάτροκλος δ’ ἐπετο σφεδανὸν Δαναοῖς κελεύων,  
Τροις κακὰ φρονεῖν· οἱ δὲ λαχὴ τε φόβῳ τε  
pάσας πλῆσαι ὅδοις, ἐπεὶ ἂρ μιᾶγεν· ὑψι δ’ ἀέλλή  
σκέδασθ' ὑπὸ νεφέων, ταῦτον δὲ μῶνχες ἵπποι 375  
ἄμφορον προτὶ ἁστὶ νεὼν ἀπὸ καὶ κλισάων.  
Πάτροκλος δ’ ἧ πλείοστον ὁρνόμενον ὑδα λαόν,  
tῇ β’ ἔχ’ ὁμοκλήσας· ὑπὸ δ’ ἕξοι φῶτες ἐπιπτὸν  
πρηνεῖς εἶ ὄχεων, διφορὶ δ’ ἀνακυμαλίαζον.  
ἀντικρῆ ἄρα τάφρον ὑπέρθορον ὡκεῖς ἵπποι 380  
ἀμβροτοί, ὡς Πηλῆι θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγάλα δύρα,  
πρόσω τε ἑμένοι, ἐπὶ δ’ ἐκτορὶ κέκλετο θυμός·  
ἰετο γὰρ βαλέειν· τὸν δ’ ἐκφερον ὡκεῖς ἵπποι.  
ὡς δ’ ὑπὸ λαϊλατι πᾶσα κελαινή βέβηθε χθῶν 385  
ἲματ’ ὁπωρωμῷ, ὁτε λαβότατον χεῖε υδωρ  
Ζεὺς, ὃτε δ’ ἰδ’ ἄνδρεις κοτεσσάμενοι χαλεπῆνης,  
οὶ βὴν εἰν ἀγορὴ σκολιὰς κρίνωσι θέμιστας,  
ἐκ δὲ δίκην ἐλάσσωσι, θεῶν ὁπον ὦκ ἀλεγνοτῆς  
tῶν δὲ τε πάντες μὲν ποταμοὶ πλῆθουσι βέοντες, 390  
πολλὰς δὲ κλώτος τὸτ’ ἀποτιμήγουσι χαράδραι,  
ἐς δ’ ἁλα πορφυρὴν μεγάλα στενάγουσι βέοντες  
eξ ὀρέων ἐπὶ κάρ, μινῦθε δὲ τε ἐργ’ ἄνθρώπουν·  
ὡς ἵπποι Τροαῖ μεγάλα στενάχοντο θέουσι.  
Πάτροκλος δ’ ἐπεὶ οὖν πρῶτος ἐπέκερασφάλαγγας, 395  
ἀψ’ ἐπὶ νήσας ἔργησε παλμπετές, οὐδὲ πόλησ  
eῖα ἱεμένους ἐπικατείμεν, ἀλλὰ μεσινὴν  
νηὼν καὶ ποταμοῦ καὶ τέχεος υψηλὸ  

1 Line 381 is omitted in most ms.

calling fiercely to the Danaans, with purpose of evil  
toward the Trojans, while they with shouting and  
in flight filled all the ways, now that their ranks  
were broken; and on high a cloud of dust was  
spread up beneath the clouds, and the single-hoofed  
horses strained back toward the city from the  
ships and the huts. And Patroclus, wheresoever he saw  
the greatest throng huddled in rout, thither would  
he drive with shouting; and beneath his axle-trees  
men kept falling headlong from their cars, and the  
chariots were overturned. And straight over the  
trench leapt the swift horses—the immortal horses  
that the gods gave as glorious gifts to Peleus—in  
their onward flight, and against Hector did the  
heart of Patroclus urge him on, for he was fain to  
smite him; but his swift horses ever bare Hector  
forth. And even as beneath a tempest the whole  
black earth is oppressed, on a day in harvest-time, when  
Zeus poureth forth rain most violently, whenso  
in anger he waxeth wroth against men that by violence  
give crooked judgments in the place of gathering, and  
drive justice out, recking not of the vengeance of  
the gods; and all their rivers flow in flood, and many  
a hillside do the torrents furrow deeply, and down  
to the dark sea they rush headlong from the  
mountains with a mighty roar, and the tilled fields of  
men are wasted; even so mighty was the roar of the  
mares of Troy as they sped on.  

But when Patroclus had cut off the foremost  
battalions, he hemmed them back again towards the  
ships and would not suffer them for all their eager-  
ness to set foot in the city, but in the mid space  
between the ships and the river and the high wall  
he rushed among them and slew them, and got him
vengeance for many a slain comrade. There verily he first smote Pronous with a cast of his bright spear, upon the breast where it was left bare beside the shield, and loosed his limbs; and he fell with a thud. Next upon Thestor, son of Enops, he rushed. Crouching he sat in his polished car, for his wits were distraught with terror, and the reins had slipped from his hands, but Patroclus drew nigh to him, and smote him upon the right jaw with his spear, and drave it through his teeth; and he laid hold of the spear and dragged him over the chariot-rim, as when a man sitting upon a jutting rock draggeth to land a sacred fish from out the sea, with line and gleaming hook of bronze; even so on the bright spear dragged he him agape from out the car, and cast him down upon his face; and life left him as he fell. Then as Erylaus rushed upon him, he smote him full upon the head with a stone, and his head was wholly cloven asunder within the heavy helmet; and he fell headlong upon the earth, and death, that slayeth the spirit, was shed about him. Thereafter Erymas and Amphoterus, and Epaltes, and Tlepolemus, son of Damaster, and Echius and Pyris, and Iphues and Evippus, and Polymelus, son of Argeas, all these one after another he brought down to the bounteous earth.

But when Sarpedon saw his comrades, that wear the tunic ungirt, being laid low beneath the hands of Patroclus, son of Menoetius, he called aloud, upbraiding the godlike Lycians: "Shame, ye Lycians, whither do ye flee? Now be ye swift to fight; for I myself will meet this man, that I may the sentence as an indignant question, "Now are ye swift?" i.e., in flight. Yet cf. 494.
know who he is that prevaileth here, and verily hath wrought the Trojans much mischief, seeing he hath loosed the knees of many men and goodly.

He spake, and leapt in his armour from his chariot to the ground. And Patroclus, over against him, when he beheld him, sprang from his chariot. And as vultures crooked of talon and curved of beak fight with loud cries upon a high rock, even so with cries rushed they one against the other. And the son of crooked-counselling Cronos took pity when he saw them, and spake to Hera, his sister and his wife: "Ah, woe is me, for that it is fated that Sarpedon, dearest of men to me, be slain by Patroclus, son of Menoetius! And in twofold wise is my heart divided in counsel as I ponder in my thought whether I shall snatch him up while yet he liveth and set him afar from the tearful war in the rich land of Lycia, or whether I shall slay him now beneath the hands of the son of Menoetius."

Then ox-eyed queenly Hera answered him: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! A man that is mortal, doomed long since by fate, art thou minded to deliver again from dolorous death? Do as thou wilt; but be sure that we other gods assent not all thereto. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart: if thou send Sarpedon living to his house, bethink thee lest hereafter some other god also be minded to send his own dear son away from the fierce conflict; for many there be fighting around the great city of Priam that are sons of the immortals, and among the gods wilt thou send dread wrath. But and if he be dear to thee, and thine heart be grieved, suffer thou him verily to be slain in the fierce conflict beneath the hands
of Patroclus, son of Menoetius; but when his soul and life have left him, then send thou Death and sweet Sleep to bear him away until they come to the land of wide Lycia; and there shall his brethren and his kinsfolk give him burial with mound and pillar; for this is the due of the dead.”

So spake she, and the father of men and gods failed not to hearken. Howbeit he shed bloody rain-drops on the earth, shewing honour to his dear son—his own son whom Patroclus was about to slay in the deep-soiled land of Troy, far from his native land.

Now when they were come near, as they advanced one against the other, then verily did Patroclus smite glorious Thrasymelus, that was the valiant squire of the prince Sarpedon; him he smote on the lower belly, and loosed his limbs. But Sarpedon missed him with his bright spear, as in turn he set upon him, but smote with his spear the horse Pedasus on the right shoulder; and the horse shrieked aloud as he gasped forth his life, and down he fell in the dust with a moan, and his spirit flew from him. But the other twain reared this way and that, and the yoke creaked, and above them the reins were entangled, when the trace-horse lay low in the dust. Howbeit for this did Automedon, famed for his spear, find him a remedy; drawing his long sword from beside his stout thigh, he sprang forth and cut loose the trace-horse, and faltered not, and the other two were righted, and strained at the reins; and the two warriors came together again in soul-devouring strife.

Then again Sarpedon missed with his bright spear, and over the left shoulder of Patroclus went the point of the spear and smote him not. But Patroclus in turn rushed on with the bronze, and not in vain
did the shaft speed from his hand, but smote his foe where the midriff is set close about the throbbing heart. And he fell as an oak falls, or a poplar, or a tall pine, that among the mountains shipwrights fell with whetted axes to be a ship's timber; even so before his horses and chariot he lay outstretched, moaning aloud and clutching at the bloody dust. And as a lion cometh in the midst of a herd and slayeth a bull, tawny and high of heart amid the kine of trailing gait, and with a groan he perisheth beneath the jaws of the lion; even so beneath Patroclus did the leader of the Lycian shieldmen struggle in death; and he called by name his dear comrade: “Dear Glauco, warrior amid men of war, now in good sooth it behoveth thee to quit thee as a spearman and a dauntless warrior; now be evil war thy heart's desire, if indeed thou art swift to fight. First fare thou up and down everywhere, and urge on the leaders of the Lycians to fight for Sarpedon, and thereafter thyself do battle with the bronze in my defence. For to thee even in time to come shall I be a reproach and a hanging of the head, all thy days continually, if so be the Achaeans shall spoil me of my armour, now that I am fallen amid the gathering of the ships. Nay, hold thy groundivaliantly, and urge on all the host.”

Even as he thus spake the end of death enfolded him, his eyes alight and his nostrils; and Patroclus, setting his foot upon his breast, drew the spear from out the flesh, and the midriff followed therewith; and at the one moment he drew forth the spear-point and the soul of Sarpedon. And the Myrmidons stayed there the snorting horses, that were fain to flee now that they had left the chariot of their lords.
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But upon Glaucus came dread grief as he heard the voice of Sarpedon, and his heart was stirred, for that he availed not to succour him. And with his hand he caught and pressed his arm, for his wound tormented him, the wound that Teucer, while warding off destruction from his comrades, had dealt him with his arrow as he rushed upon the high wall. Then in prayer he spake to Apollo, that smiteth afar: “Hear me, O king that art haply in the rich land of Lycia or haply in Troy, but everywhere hast power to hearken unto a man that is in sorrow, even as now sorrow is come upon me. For I have this grievous wound and mine arm on this side and on that is shot through with sharp pangs, nor can the blood be staunched; and my shoulder is made heavy with the wound, and I avail not to grasp my spear firmly, neither to go and fight with the foes. And a man far the noblest hath perished, even Sarpedon, the son of Zeus; and he succoureth not his own child. Howbeit, do thou, O king, heal me of this grievous wound, and lull my pains, and give me might, that I may call to my comrades, the Lycians, and urge them on to fight, and myself do battle about the body of him that is fallen in death.”

So spake he in prayer, and Phoebus Apollo heard him. Forthwith he made his pains to cease, and staunched the black blood that flowed from his grievous wound, and put might into his heart. And Glaucus knew in his mind, and was glad that the great god had quickly heard his prayer. First fare he up and down everywhere and urged on the leaders of the Lycians to fight for Sarpedon, and thereafter went with long strides into the midst of the Trojans, unto Polydamas, son of Panthous, and goodly Agenor,
and he went after Aeneas, and after Hector, harnessed in bronze. And he came up to him and spake winged words, saying: "Hector, now in good sooth art thou utterly forgetful of the allies, that for thy sake far from their friends and their native land are wasting their lives away, yet thou carest not to aid them. Low lies Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian shieldmen, he that guarded Lycia by his judgments and his might. Him hath brazen Ares laid low beneath the spear of Patroclus. Nay, friends, take your stand beside him, and have indignation in heart, lest the Myrmidons strip him of his armour and work shame upon his corpse, being wroth for the sake of all the Danaans that have perished, whom we slew with our spears at the swift ships."

So spake he, and the Trojans were utterly seized with grief, unbearable, overpowering; for Sarpedon was ever the stay of their city, albeit he was a stranger from afar; for much people followed with him, and among them he was himself pre-eminent in fight. And they made straight for the Danaans full eagerly, and Hector led them, in wrath for Sarpedon's sake. But the Achaeans were urged on by Patroclus, of the shaggy heart, son of Menoetius. To the twain Aiantes spake he first, that were of themselves full eager: "Ye twain Aiantes, now be it your will to ward off the foe, being of such valour as of old ye were amid warriors, or even braver. Low lies the man that was first to leap within the wall of the Achaeans, even Sarpedon. Nay, let us seek to take him, and work shame upon his body, and strip the armour from his shoulders, and many a one of his comrades that seek to defend his body let us slay with the pitiless bronze."
So spake he, and they even of themselves were eager to ward off the foe. Then when on both sides they had made strong their battalions, the Trojans and Lycians, and the Myrmidons and Achaean, they joined battle to fight for the body of him that was fallen in death, with terrible shouting; and loud rang the harness of men. And Zeus drew baneful night over the mighty conflict, that around his dear son might be waged the baneful toil of war.

And first the Trojans drove back the bright-eyed Achaean, for smitten was a man in no wise the worst among the Myrmidons, even the son of great-souled Agacles, goodly Epeigetus, that was king in well-peopled Budeum of old, but when he had slain a goodly man of his kin, to Peleus he came as a suppliant, and to silver-footed Thetis; and they sent him to follow with Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, to Ilios, famed for its horses, that he might fight with the Trojans. Him, as he was laying hold of the corpse, glorious Hector smote upon the head with a stone; and his head was wholly cloven asunder within the heavy helmet, and he fell headlong upon the corpse, and death, that slayeth the spirit, was shed about. Then over Patroclus came grief for his slain comrade, and he charged through the foremost fighters like a fleet falcon that driveth in flight daws and starlings; even so straight against the Lycians, O Patroclus, master of horsemen, and against the Trojans didst thou charge, and thy heart was full of wrath for thy comrade. And he smote Sthenelaus, the dear son of Ithaemenes, on the neck with a stone, and brake away therefrom the sinews; and the foremost fighters and glorious Hector gave ground. Far as is the flight of a long javelin, that
a man casteth, making trial of his strength, in a contest, haply, or in war beneath the press of murderous foemen, even so far did the Trojans draw back, and the Achaeans drive them. And Glauceus first, the leader of the Lycian shieldmen, turned him about, and slew great-souled Bathycles, the dear son of Chalcion, him that had his abode in Hellas, and for wealth and substance was pre-eminent among the Myrmidons. Him did Glauceus smite full upon the breast with a thrust of his spear, turning suddenly upon him, when the other was about to overtake him in pursuit. And he fell with a thud, and sore grief gat hold of the Achaeans, for that a good man was fallen; but mightily did the Trojans rejoice. And they came in throngs and took their stand about him, nor did the Achaeans forget their valour, but bare their might straight toward the foe. Then Meriones slew a warrior of the Trojans, in full armour, Laogonus, the bold son of Onetor, one that was priest of Idaean Zeus, and was honoured of the folk even as a god: him he smote beneath the jaw under the ear, and forthwith his spirit departed from his limbs, and hateful darkness gat hold of him. And Aeneas cast at Meriones his spear of bronze, for he hoped to smite him as he advanced under cover of his shield. But Meriones, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze; for he stooped forward, and the long spear fixed itself in the ground behind him, and the butt of the spear quivered; howbeit there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. [And the lance of Aeneas sank quivering down into the earth, for that it sped in vain from his mighty hand.] Then Aeneas waxed wroth at heart, and spake, saying: "Meriones, full soon, for
all thou art a nimble dancer, would my spear have made thee to cease dancing for ever, had I but struck thee.”

And Meriones, famed for his spear, made answer: “Aeneas, hard were it for thee, valiant though thou art, to quench the might of every man, whosoever cometh against thee to make defence. Of mortal stuff, I ween, art thou as well. If so be I should cast, and smite thee fairly with my sharp spear, quickly then, for all thou art strong and trustest in thy hands, shouldst thou yield glory to me, and thy soul to Hades of the goodly steeds.”

So spake he, but the valiant son of Menoetius rebuked him, saying: “Meriones, wherefore dost thou, that art a man of valour, speak on this wise? Good friend, it is not for words of reviling that the Trojans will give ground from the corpse; ere that shall the earth hold many a one. For in our hands is the issue of war; that of words is in the council. Wherefore it besemeth not in any wise to multiply words, but to fight.”

So saying, he led the way, and the other followed, a godlike man. And from them—even as the din ariseth of woodcutters in the glades of a mountain, and afar is the sound thereof heard—so from them went up a clanging from the broad-wayed earth, a clanging of bronze and of hide and of well-wrought shields, as they thrust one at the other with swords and two-edged spears. Nor could a man, though he knew him well, any more have discerned goodly Sarpedon, for that he was utterly enwrapped with darts and blood and dust, from his head to the very soles of his feet. And they ever thronged about the corpse as when in a farmstead flies buzz about the full milk-
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THE ILIAD, XVI. 643–670

pails, in the season of spring, when the milk drenches the vessels; even so thronged they about the corpse. Nor did Zeus anywise turn his bright eyes from the fierce conflict, but ever looked down upon them, and debated in heart, pondering much about the slaying of Patroclus, whether in the fierce conflict even there over godlike Sarpedon, glorious Hector should slay him likewise with the sword, and should strip the armour from his shoulders, or whether for yet more men he should make the utter toil of war to wax. And as he pondered, this thing seemed to him the better, that the valiant squire of Achilles, Peleus’ son, should again drive toward the city the Trojans and Hector, harnessed in bronze, and take the lives of many. In Hector first of all he roused cowardly rout, and he leapt upon his car and turned to flight, and called on the rest of the Trojans to flee; for he knew the turning of the sacred scales of Zeus. Then the valiant Lycians likewise abode not, but were driven in rout one and all, when they saw their king smitten to the heart, lying in the gathering of the dead; for many had fallen above him, when the son of Cronos strained taut the cords of the fierce conflict. But from the shoulders of Sarpedon they stripped his shining harness of bronze, and this the valiant son of Menoetius gave to his comrades to bear to the hollow ships. And then unto Apollo spake Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: “Up now, dear Phoebus, go cleanse from Sarpedon the dark blood, when thou hast taken him forth from out the range of darts, and thereafter bear thou him far away, and bathe him in the streams of the river, and anoint him with ambrosia, and clothe him about with im-

1 See the note on xiii. 358.
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pēmpe dé μνε πομποίαν ἄμα κραππνίσα φέρεσθαι, ἦν πνω καὶ Θανάτω διδυμάσσιν, οί ρά μνε ὦκα θήσουσ’ εὐρείς πίον δήμω, ἐνδα έ ταρχύουσι κασίγγηνο τε ἐπται τε τύμβω τε στήλην τε γνα γέρας ἔστι Θανάτων.” 675 Ὡς εἴπατ, οὐδ’ άρα πατρός άνηκούστησεν ’Απόλ- λον.

βή δὲ κατ’ Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς χύσον αἰνήν, αὐτίκα δ’ ἐκ βελέων Σαρπιδέα ἄιν ἀείρας πολλόν ἀποπρό φέρων λούσεν ποταμοί βοήσαν χρύσεν τ’ ἀμβροσία, περὶ δ’ ἀμβροσίαν ἐμμετα ἐσσε. 680 πέμπε δὲ μνε πομπόιαν ἄμα κραππνίσα φέρεσθαι, ἦν πνω καὶ Θανάτω διδυμάσσιν, οί ρά μνε ὦκα κάθεσαν εὐν λυκίς εὐρείς πίον δήμω.

Πάτροκλος δ’ ἱπποι καὶ Αὐτομέδων κελεύσας Τρώας καὶ Λυκίων μετεκάθε, καὶ μέγε’ ἄλθη 685 νῆπιος· εἶ δὲ ἐπόσι Ὡδηγίδαι φιλάξειν, ἓ τ’ ἀν ὑπέκεψε κήρα κακήν μέλανος θανάτου. ἀλλ’ αἰεὶ τε Δίος κρείσσων νόσο ἡ πέρ ἄνδρῳ, ὁ δ’ καὶ ἅλκιμον ἄνδρα φοβεῖ καὶ ἀφείλετο νίκην ῥηίδως, ὅτε δ’ αὐτὸς ἐπιτρίφησε μάχεσθαι. 690 ὁ δ’ οἰ καὶ τότε θυμὸν ἐνι στήθεσαν ἀνήκειν.

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ’ ὕστατον ἔεειάριζα, Πάτροκλεις, ὅτε ὅπ’ σε θεοὶ θανατώδε κάλεσαν; “Αδριστὸν μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Αὐτόνοον καὶ Ἐεκλοῦ καὶ Πέριμον Μεγάδνη καὶ Ἐπίστορα καὶ Μελανπῖπον, 695 αὐτὰρ ἔστει’ Ἐλασον καὶ Μοῦλιον ἦδε Πυλάρτην τούς ἔλεν· οί δ’ ἄλλοι φύγαδε μὰνωτο ἐκαστος.

Lines 689 f. (= xvii. 177 f.) are omitted in many mss.

THE ILIAD, XVI. 671–697

mortal raiment, and give him to swift conveyers to bear with them, even to the twin brethren, Sleep and Death, who shall set him speedily in the rich land of wide Lycia. There shall his brethren and his kinsfolk give him burial with mound and pillar; for this is the due of the dead.”

So spake he, nor was Apollo disobedient to his father’s bidding, but went down from the hills of Ida into the dread din of battle. Forthwith then he lifted up goodly Sarpedon forth from out the range of darts, and when he had borne him far away, bathed him in the streams of the river, and anointed him with ambrosia, and clothed him about with immortal raiment, and gave him to swift conveyers to bear with them, even to the twin brethren, Sleep and Death, who set him speedily in the rich land of wide Lycia.

But Patroclus with a call to his horses and to Automedon, pressed after the Trojans and Lycians, and was greatly blinded in heart, fool that he was! for had he observed the word of the son of Peleus, he would verily have escaped the evil fate of black death. But ever is the intent of Zeus stronger than that of men, for he driveth even a valiant man in rout, and robbeth him of victory full easily, and again of himself he rostheth men to fight; and he it was that now put fury in the breast of Patroclus.

Then whom first, whom last didst thou slay, Patroclus, when the gods called thee deathward? Adrastus first, and Autonous, and Echeclus, and Perimus, son of Megas, and Epistor, and Melanippus, and thereafter Elasus, and Mulius, and Pylartes: these he slew, and the others be thought them each man of flight.
Then would the sons of the Achaians have taken high-gated Troy by the hands of Patroclus, for no word of Phoebus Apollo taken his stand upon the well-built wall thinking thoughts of bane for him, but bearing aid to the Trojans. Thrice did Patroclus set foot upon a corner of the high wall, and thrice did Apollo fling him back, thrusting against the bright shield with his immortal hands. But when for the fourth time he rushed on like a god, then with a terrible cry Apollo spake to him winged words: "Give back, Zeus-born Patroclus. It is not fated, I tell thee, that by thy spear the city of the lordly Trojans shall be laid waste, nay, nor by that of Achilles, who is better far than thou."

So spake he, and Patroclus gave ground a great space backward, avoiding the wrath of Apollo that smiteth afar.

But Hector at the Scaean gate was staying his single-hoofed horses, for he was divided in mind, whether he should drive again into the turmoil and do battle, or should call to the host to gather them within the wall. And while he pondered thus there drew nigh to him Phoebus Apollo in the likeness of a young man and a strong, even of Asius, that was uncle to horse-taming Hector, and own brother to Hecabe, but son of Dymas, that dwelt in Phrygia by the streams of Sangarius. In his likeness spake Apollo, the son of Zeus, unto Hector: "Hector, wherefore dost thou cease from battle? It besemeth thee not. I would that I were as much stronger than thou as I am weaker; then straightway would it be to thine own hurt that thou drawest back from
HOMER

THE ILIAD, XVI. 724–751

the war. Nay, come, drive against Patroclus thy strong-hoofed horses, if so be thou mayest slay him, and Apollo give thee glory."

So spake he, and went back again, a god into the toil of men. Then unto wise-hearted Cebriones glorious Hector gave command to lash his horses into the battle. But Apollo went his way, and entered into the throng, and sent an evil panic upon the Argives, and vouchsafed glory to the Trojans and to Hector. But Hector let be the other Danaans, neither sought to slay them, but drave his strong-hoofed horses against Patroclus; and Patroclus over against him leapt from his chariot to the ground with a spear in his left hand, while with the other he grasped a stone, shining and jagged, that his hand compassed about. Firmly he planted himself, and hurled it, neither had he long awe of his foe, nor sped he his missile in vain, but smote the charioteer of Hector, even Cebriones, a bastard son of glorious Priam, upon the forehead with the sharp stone, as he was holding the reins of the horses. And both his brows did the stone dash together, and the bone held not, but the eyes fell to the ground in the dust even there, before his feet. And like a diver he fell from the well-wrought car, and his spirit left his bones. Then with mocking words didst thou speak to him, knight Patroclus: "Hah, look you; verily nimble is the man; how lightly he diveth! In sooth if he were on the teeming deep, this man would satisfy many by seeking for oysters, leaping from his ship were the sea never so stormy, seeing that now on the plain he diveth lightly from his car. Verily among the Trojans too there be men that dive."

So saying he made for the warrior Cebriones with
the rush of a lion that, while he wasteth the farm-
stead, hath been smitten on the breast, and his own
valour bringeth him to ruin; even so upon Cebriones,
O Patroclus, didst thou leap furiously. And Hector
over against him leapt from his chariot to the ground.
So the twain joined in strife for Cebriones like two
lions, that on the peaks of a mountain fight for a
slain hind, both of them hungering, both high of
heart; even so for Cebriones the two masters of the
war-cry, even Patroclus, son of Menoetius, and
glorious Hector, were fain each to cleave the other's
flesh with the pitiless bronze. Hector, when once
he had seized the corpse by the head, would not
loose his hold, and Patroclus over against him held
fast hold of the foot; and about them the others,
Trojans and Danaans, joined in fierce conflict. And
as the East Wind and the South strive with one
another in shaking a deep wood in the glades of a
mountain,—a wood of beech and ash and smooth-
arked cornel, and these dash one against the other
their long boughs with a wondrous din, and there is
a crashing of broken branches; even so the Trojans
and Achaeans leapt one upon another and made havoc,
nor would either side take thought of ruinous flight.
And round about Cebriones many sharp spears were
fixed, and many winged arrows that leapt from the
bow-string, and many great stones smote against
shields, as men fought around him. But he in the
whirl of dust lay mighty in his mightiness, forgetful
of his horsemanship.

Now as long as the sun bestrode mid-heaven, so
long the missiles of either side reached their mark,
and the folk kept falling; but when he turned to the
time for the unyoking of oxen, then verily beyond
καὶ τότε δὴ ἡτὶ ὑπὲρ ἄρσαν Ἀχαίοι φέρτεροι ἔσαν. 780 ἐκ μὲν Κεβρίδον βελέων ὦρα ἐφυαν 
Τρώων ἔπες, καὶ ἄπ' ὄμων τεύχε, ἐλοντο, 
Πάτροκλος δὲ Τρώις κακὰ φρονέων ἐνόρουσε 
τρις μὲν ἔπειτ ἐπόρουσε θοῖ ἀτάλαντος Ἀρη, 
σμερδαλέα ἱάχων, τρις δ' ἐνέα φώτας ἔσεφεν. 785 
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσωτο δαίμονι ὅσο, 
ἐνθ' ἁρα τοι, Πάτροκλε, φάντα βωτοῦ τελευτή 
ηυτετο γὰρ τοι Φοίβος ἐνί κρατερῇ ὑσιν 
δευδός. ὃ μὲν τὸν ἱόντα κατὰ κλόνον οὐκ ἐνόησεν 
ἡρ' γὰρ πολλῆς κεκαλυμμένος ἀνεβόλησε. 790 
στῇ δ' ὅπιθεν, πληζεν δὲ μετὰφρενον εὐρέε τ' ὄμων 
χεῖρι καταπηρετε, στρεφεδύνθην δὲ ὃ ὅσο. 
τοδ' ἀπὸ μὲν κρατός κυνήγη βάλε Φοίβος Ἀπόλλων. 
ἡ δὲ κυλαμομένη καναχὴν ἐγε τοσοῦ ὑφ' ὑππων 
αὐλώνες τραφέλαια, μαθθήσαν δὲ ἐθεκα 
ἀματι καὶ κονίςῃ. πάρος γε μὲν ὡν θέμις ἦν 
ἰππόκομον πήληκα μαίνεθαι κονίςῃ, 
ἀλλ' ἄρδος θείου καρία χαρίν τε μέτωπον 
ρυτε" Ἀχιλλῆς. τότε δὲ Ζεὺς Ἑκτορὶ δῷκεν 
ἡ κεφάλη φορέες, σχεδόθην δὲ ὡν ἦν ὀλέθρος. 800 
πάν δὲ οἱ ἐν χεῖρεσιν ἄγη δολιχόσκουν ἐγχος, 
βρῦθο μέγα στιβαρὸν φακομιμένον. αὐτὰρ ἀπ' ὄμων 
ἀστίς σὺν τελαιμῶν χαμαί πέσε τερμόεσσα. 
λῦτε δὲ οἱ θωρήχτα ἀνὰς Διὸς ύδος Ἀπόλλων. 
τὸν δ' ἀτὴ φρένας εἶλε, λύθην δ' ὑπὸ φαίδημα γνία, 805 
στῇ δὲ ταφών. ὅπιθεν δὲ μετὰφρενον δέχει δουρ 
ὄμων μεσησῆς σχεδόθην βάλε¹ Δάρδανος ἀνήρ,
of his sharp spear, even Panthous' son, Euphorbus, that excelled all men of his years in casting the spear, and in horsemanship, and in speed of foot; and lo, twenty warriors had he already cast from their cars at his first coming with his chariot to learn his lesson of war. He it was that first hurled his spear at thee, knight Patroclus, yet subdued thee not; but he ran back again and mingled with the throng, when he had drawn forth the ashen spear from the flesh, and he abode not Patroclus, unarmed though he was, in the fray. But Patroclus, overcame by the stroke of the god and by the spear, drew back into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate.

But Hector, when he beheld great-souled Patroclus drawing back, smitten with the sharp bronze, camed nigh him through the ranks, and smote him with a thrust of his spear in the nethermost belly, and drave the bronze clean through; and he fell with a thud, and sorely grieved the host of the Achaeans. And as a lion overmastereth in fight an untiring boar, when the twain fight with high hearts on the peaks of a mountain for a scant spring, wherefore both are minded to drink: hard panteth the boar, yet the lion overcometh him by his might; even so from the valiant son of Menoetius, after he had slain many, did Hector, Priam's son, take life away, smiting him from close at hand with his spear. And vaunting over him he spake winged words:

"Patroclus, thou thoughtest, I ween, that thou wouldest sack our city, and from the women of Troy wouldest take the day of freedom, and bear them in thy ships to thy dear native land, thou fool! Nay, in front of them the swift horses of Hector stride
forth to the fight, and with the spear I myself am pre-eminent among the war-loving Trojans, even I that ward from them the day of doom; but for thee, vultures shall devour thee here. Ah, poor wretch, even Achilles, for all his valour, availed thee not, who, I ween, though himself abiding behind, laid strait command upon thee, as thou wentest forth: ‘Come not back, I charge thee, Patroclus, master of horsemen, to the hollow ships, till thou hast cloven about the breast of man-slaying Hector the tunic red with his blood.’ So, I ween, spake he to thee, and persuaded thy wits in thy witlessness.”

Then, thy strength all spent, didst thou answer him, knight Patroclus: “For this time, Hector, boast thou mightily; for to thee have Zeus, the son of Cronos, and Apollo, vouchsafed victory, they that subdued me full easily, for of themselves they took the harness from my shoulders. But if twenty such as thou had faced me, here would all have perished, slain by my spear. Nay, it was baneful Fate and the son of Leto that slew me, and of men Euphorbus, while thou art the third in my slaying. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart: verily thou shalt not thyself be long in life, but even now doth death stand hard by thee, and mighty fate, that thou be slain beneath the hands of Achilles, the peerless son of Aeacus.”

Even as he thus spake the end of death enfolded him; and his soul fleeing from his limbs was gone to Hades, bewailing her fate, leaving manliness and youth. And to him even in his death spake glorious Hector:

“Patroclus, wherefore dost thou prophesy for me
τις δ’ οἶδ’ εἰ κ’ Ἀχιλεῦς, Θέτιδος πάις ἡμίκόμου, 860
φθήν ἐμῶ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσαι;’’

“Ως ἀρα φωνήσας δόρῳ χάλκεων ἐξ ἔτειλῆς
εἴρυσε λάξ προσβάς, τὸν δ’ ὑπταιον ἀγ’ ἀπὸ δουρός.
αὐτίκα δὲ ἐν δουρὶ μετ’ Άυτομέδωντα βεβίκει,
ἀντίθεον θεράπουτα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο.

865
ἰτερ γὰρ βαλέειν τὸν δ’ ἐκφερον ὧκεῖς ἱπποι
ἀμβροτοι, οὐς Πηλῆι θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.

THE ILIAD, XVI. 860–867
Sheer destruction? Who knows but that Achilles, the
tongue of fair-tressed Thetis, may first be smitten by
my spear, and lose his life?’’

So saying, he drew forth the spear of bronze from
the wound, setting his foot upon the dead, and thrust
him backward from the spear. And forthwith he
was gone with his spear after Automedon, the god-
like squire of the swift-footed son of Aeacus, for he
was fain to smite him; but his swift horses bare him
away, the immortal horses that the gods gave as
glorious gifts to Peleus.
ιλιάδος ρ

Οὕτ' ἐλαθ' Ἀτρέως νῦόν, ἀρηφίλου Μενέλαον,
Pάτροκλος Τρώεσσα δαμείς ἐν δῆιστῆι.
βῇ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένοι αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ βαίν' ὡς τις περὶ πόρταια μήτηρ
πρωτοτόκος κυρῆ, οὐ πρὶν εἰδύθ αὐτοῖ.
ὡς περὶ Πατρόκλου βαίνε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
πρόσθε δὲ οἱ δόρυ π' ἐσχε καὶ ἄσπίδα πάντων' ἐίσην.
τὸν κτάμεναι μεμαύς ὡς τις τοῦ γ' ἀντίος ἐλθοῖ.
Οὐδ' ἄρα Πάνθου νῦόν εὐμμελής ἀμέλησε
Πατρόκλου πεσόντος ἁμύρονον· ἄγχι δ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ 10
ἔσοπτη, καὶ προσεέπειν ἀρηφίλον Μενέλαον.

"Ἀτρέιδη Μενέλαιες διοτρεφέ, ὀρχαμε λαῶν,
χάζεσο, λειπὲ δὲ νεκρόν, ἐὰ δ' ἐναρα βρωτεόντα.
οὐ γάρ τις πρότερος Τρῶων κλειτών τ' ἐπικούρων
Πάτροκλου βάλε δουρί κατὰ κρατηρήν υpreterην.
τὸ μὲ ἐὰ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἐνΙ Τρώεσσαι ἀρέσθαῖ,
μή σε βάλω, ἀπ' δὲ μελυδέα θυμοῦ ἔλωμαι."

Τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσεέθη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ μὲν καλὸν ὑπέρβιον εὐχετάσσαθι.
οὕτ' οὐν παρδάλιος τόσον μένος οὕτε λέοντος 20

BOOK XVII

And the son of Atreus, Menelaus, dear to Ares,
failed not to mark that Patroclus had been slain in
battle by the Trojans, but fared amid the foremost
fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze, and bestrode
the dead, as over a calf standeth lowing plaintively
its mother, that hath brought forth her first-born,
ere then knowing naught of motherhood; even so
over Patroclus strode fair-haired Menelaus, and before
him he held his spear and his shield that was well-
balanced upon every side, eager to slay the man who
should come to seize the corpse.

Then was Panthous’ son, of the good spear of ash,
not unheedful of the falling of peerless Patroclus,
but he took his stand hard by him, and spake to
Menelaus, dear to Ares: “Menelaus, son of Atreus,
fostered of Zeus, thou leader of hosts, give back,
and leave the corpse, and let be the bloody spoils;
for before me no man of the Trojans and their famed
allies smote Patroclus with the spear in the fierce con-
flict; wherefore suffer thou me to win goody renown
among the Trojans, lest I cast and smite thee, and
rob thee of honey-sweet life.”

Then, his heart mightily stirred, fair-haired Mene-
laus spake unto him: “O father Zeus, no good thing
is it to boast overweeningly. Verily neither is the
spirit of pard so high, nor of lion, nor of wild boar,
HOMER

οὐ τε σὺν κάπρου ὀλοφρόνοις, ὃν τε μέγιστος
θυμὸς εἰς στῆθεσι περὶ οἷνει βλεψειν,
ὁσσον Πάνθυον ἱππὶ εὐμμελαὶ φρονέωιν. 1
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ βίς Ἐπερίμνοιρος ὑποδάματοι
ὡς ἡβης ἀπόωθη, ὅτε μὲν ἁνατο καὶ μὲν ὑπέμειε 25
καὶ μὲ ἐμαχ. ἐν Δαναοῖν ἐλεγχισιν πολεμοὶν ἐμεῖναι: οὐδὲ ὡς ἡμί ποδεσσάι γε ἐσὶ κιννατα
εὐφρῃναι ἀλοίν τε φιλήν κεδούς τε τόχαις.
ὡς θὴν καὶ σῶν ἐγὼ λύσω μένοι, εἰ κέ μεν ἄντα
στῆς: ἀλλά σ᾽ ἐγὼ γ᾽ ἀναχωρῆσαντα καλεύω 31
ἐς πληθὺν ἑναι, μηδ᾽ ἄντιος ἰσταομ᾽ ἐμείο,
πρῶ τι κακὸν παθεῖν ῥεχθὲν δὲ τε νῆπιος ἐγνω." 32
"Ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ᾽ οὐ πείθεν ἀμειβόμενοι δὲ
προσφελα:
"νῦν μὲν δή, Μενέλαιε διοτρέφεις, ἥ μάλα τίσεις
γνωτῶν ἐμόν, τὸν ἑπεφένε, ἑπεντίτιννος δ᾽ ἀγορεύεις, 35
χήρωσς δὲ γυναίκα μυκώ ταλάμων νέον,
ἀρρητον, δε τοκεῖσα γοῦν καὶ τένυς ἐδηκς.
ἡ κεφὴ δειλοῖς γύνω κατάπαιμα γενοῦμην,
εἰ κεν ἐγὼ κεφαλὴν τε τεϊν καὶ τεύχετε ἐνεῖκας
Πάνθυν ἐν κείρεσαι βάλω καὶ Φρόντιδο δὴ. 40
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ μᾶν ἔτι δηδὸν ἀπείρητας πόνος ἐσται
οὐδ᾽ ἐτ᾽ ἀδύρμος ἢ ἡ ἀλκής ἢ το φόβοιο.
"Ὡς εἴτον ὀφθάσει κατ᾽ ἄσπιδα πάντος ἐφεῦρ
οὐδ᾽ ἑρῴζεν χαλκὸς, ἀνεγάμφθη δὲ οἱ αἰχμή
ἄσπιδα ἐν κρατερῆ ος δὲ δεύτερος ὅριντο χαλκῷ 15
Ἀτρείδης Μενέλαος, ἑπεντίτιννος Διὸ πατρί.
ἀπὶ δ᾽ ἀναγαζομένου κατὰ στομάχου δέμεθλα
νῆσ᾽, ἐπὶ δ᾽ αὐτὸς ἐρείσας βαρείς χειρὶ πυθοῦς.

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1 φρονέωιν: φορέωιν.
2 ἀρρητον: ἀρητῶν.
3 χαλκὸς Aristarchus: χαλκῶν.

THE ILIAD, XVII. 21-48

of baneful mind, in whose breast the greatest fury
exulteth exceedingly in might, as is the spirit
of Panthous' sons, of the good spear of ash. Nay, but
in sooth even the mighty Hyperenor, tamer of
horses, had no profit of his youth, when he made
light of me and abode my coming; and deemed that
among the Danaans I was the meanest warrior; not
on his own feet, I ween, did he fare home to make
glad his dear wife and his worthy parents. Even
so, meseems, shall I loose thy might as well, if thou stand
to face me; nay, of myself I bid thee get thee
back into the throng, and stand not forth to face me,
ere yet some evil befall thee; when it is wrought
even a fool getteth understanding."

So spake he, yet persuaded not the other, but he
answered, saying: "Now in good sooth, Menelaus,
nurtured of Zeus, shalt thou verily pay the price for
my brother whom thou slewest, and over whom thou
speakest vauntingly; and thou madest his wife a
widow in her new-built bridal chamber, and
broughtest grief unspeakable and sorrow upon his
parents. Verily for them in their misery should I
prove an assuaging of grief, if I but bring thy head
and thy armour and lay them in the hands of
Panthous and Queenly Phrontis. Howbeit not for
long shall the struggle be untried or unfought, be it
for victory or for flight."

So saying, he smote upon his shield that was well-
balanced upon every side; howbeit the bronze brake
not through, but its point was bent back in the stout
shield. Then in turn did Atreus' son, Menelaus,
rush upon him with his spear, and made prayer to
father Zeus; and as he gave back, stabbed him at
the base of the throat, and put his weight into the
HOMER

ἀντικρύ δ’ ἀπαλοῖο δ’ αὐχένος ἥλυθ’ ἀκωκή,
δουπήσαν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε’ ἐπ’ αὐτῷ. 50
αἱματι οἷς δεύντο κόμα τα χαρίτεσσαι όμοιαί
πλούκοι θ’, οἱ χρυσοὶ τε καὶ ἀργύρως ἑσφήκοντο.
οἷς δὲ τρέφει ἐρνος ἀνὴρ ἐξομήνεσ τοῖς
παντοῖοι ἀνέμων, καὶ τε βρύει ἀνδεί λευκὸν
ἐλθὼν δ’ ἐξπάτην ἀνέμου σῶν λαίλαπι πολλὴ
βοῦθρον τ’ ἐξεστρέψε καὶ ἐξετάνυσ’ ἐπὶ γαίῃ
τοῖν Πάνθου ὑὼν ἐμμελήν Εὐφορβὸν
’Ατρείδης Μενέλαος ἐπεὶ κτάνε, τεῦχε’ ἐσύλα. 60
ως δ’ ὤτε τίς τε λέων ὀρείστροφος, ἀλκὶ πεποίθοις,
βοσκομένης ἄγελος βοῦν ἀρπάσῃ ἡ τις ἀρίστη.
τῆς δ’ ἐξ αὐχέν’ ἐξαξε λαβὼν κρατεροῖς ὀδόον
πρῶτον, ἐπείτα δὲ θ’ αἴμα καὶ ἐγκατα πάντα
λαμφόσει
dημον’ ἀμφί δὲ τὸν γε κύνες τ’ ἄνδρες τε νομίζες 65
πολλὰ μαλ’ ὑψόουσιν ἀπόπροθεν οὐδ’ ἐθέλουσιν
ἄντιον ἐλθέμεναι μάλα χαρ’ χλωρὸν δέος αἴρει,
ὅς τὸν οὐ τινί θυμὸς ἐνι στήθεσον ἐτόλμα
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι Μενελάοι κυδαλίμοιο.
ἐνθὰ κεβα βέροι κλωτα τεῦχα Πανθοίδαο
’Ατρείδης, εἴ μὴ οἱ ἀγάσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ὅς ρά οἱ Ἐκτόρ’ ἐπώρεσθε θωῖ ἀτάλαντον ὁ Αρη’,
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενοι, Κικώνων ἂ γῆτοι Μέντη,
καὶ μιν φανήσας ἔπεα πτερόεινα προσηῦδα.
“Εκτόρ, νῦν οὐ μεν ὑδε γέες ἀκίχητα διώκων 75
ἔππους Αἰακίδαο δαφρονοικ’ οἱ δ’ ἀλεγευοι
1 ὀμοῖα: μέλαινα Ζενοδότος.
mortal men to master or to drive, save only for Achilles, whom an immortal mother bare. Meanwhile hath warlike Menelaus, son of Atreus, besetted Patroclus, and slain the best man of the Trojans, even Panthous’ son, Euphorbus, and hath made him cease from his furious valour.”

So spake he, and went back again, a god into the toil of men. But the soul of Hector was darkly clouded with dread sorrow, and he glanced then along the lines, and forthwith was ware of the one stripping off the glorious arms, and of the other lying on the ground; and the blood was flowing down from the stricken wound. Then strode he forth amid the foremost fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze, crying a shrill cry, in fashion like unto the flame of Hephaestus that none may quench. Nor was his shrill cry unheard of the son of Atreus, but sore troubled he spake to his own great-hearted spirit: “Ah, woe is me! If I leave behind the goodly arms, and Patroclus, that here lieth low for that he would get me recompense, I fear lest many a Danaan wax wroth against me, whomsoever beholdeth it. But if for very shame I, that am alone, do battle with Hector and the Trojans, I fear lest haply they beset me round about, many against one; for all the Trojans is Hector of the flashing helm leading hitherward. But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? Whenso a warrior is minded against the will of heaven to fight with another whom a god honoureth, forthwith then upon him rolleth mighty woe. Therefore shall no man of the Danaans wax wroth against me, whoso shall mark me giving ground before Hector, seeing he fighteth with the help of heaven. But if I might anywhere find Aias, good...
at the war-cry, then might we twain turn back and bethink us of fight, even were it against the will of heaven, in hope to save the dead for Achilles, Peleus’ son: of ills that were the best."

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, meanwhile the ranks of the Trojans came on, and Hector led them. Then Menelaus gave ground backward, and left the corpse, ever turning him about like a bearded lion that dogs and men drive from a fold with spears and shouting; and the valiant heart in his breast growth chill, and sore loth he fareth from the farmstead; even so from Patroclus went fair-haired Menelaus. But he turned him about and stood, when he reached the throng of his comrades, glancing this way and that for great Aias, son of Telamon. Him he marked full quickly on the left of the whole battle, heartening his comrades, and urging them on to fight, for wondrous fear had Phoebus Apollo cast upon them. And he set him to run, and straightway came up to him, and spake, saying: "Aias, come hither, good friend, let us hasten in defence of the dead Patroclus, if so be we may bear forth his corpse at least to Achilles—his naked corpse; but his armour is held by Hector of the flashing helm."

So spake he, and stirred the soul of wise-hearted Aias, and he strode amid the foremost fighters, and with him fair-haired Menelaus. Now Hector, when he had stripped from Patroclus his glorious armour, sought to hale him away that he might cut the head from off his shoulders with the sharp bronze, and drag off the corpse, and give it to the dogs of Troy; but Aias drew near, bearing his shield, that was like a city wall. Then Hector gave ground backward
into the throng of his comrades, and leapt upon his chariot, and gave the goodly armour to the Trojans to bear to the city, to be a great glory unto him. But Aias covered the son of Menoecei round about with his broad shield, and stood as a lion over his whelps, one that huntsmen have encountered in the forest as he leadeth his young; then he exulteth in his strength, and draweth down all his brows to cover his eyes; even so did Aias bestride the warrior Patroclus, and hard by him stood the son of Atreus, Menelaus, dear to Ares, nursing great sorrow in his breast.

And Glauclus, son of Hippolochus, leader of the Lycians, with an angry glance from beneath his brows, chid . Hector with hard words, saying: "Hector, most fair to look upon, in battle art thou sorely lacking. In good sooth 'tis but in vain that fair renown possesseth thee that art but a runagate. Bethink thee now how by thyself thou mayest save thy city and home aided only by the folk that were born in Ilissos; for of the Lycians at least will no man go forth to do battle with the Danaans for the city's sake, seeing there were to be no thanks, it seemeth, for warring against the foe men ever without respite. How art thou like to save a meaner man amid the press of battle, thou heartless one, when Sarpedon, that was at once thy guest and thy comrade, thou didst leave to the Argives to be their prey and spoil!—one that full often proved a boon to thee, to thy city and thine own self, while yet he lived; whereas now thou hadst not the courage to ward from him the dogs. Wherefore now, if any one of the men of Lycia will hearken to me, homeward will we go, and for Troy shall utter destruction be made
plain. Ah, that there were now in the Trojans dauntless courage, that knoweth naught of fear, such as cometh upon men that for their country's sake toil and strive with foemen; then forthwith should we hale Patroclus into Ilios. And if this man were to come, a corpse, to the great city of king Priam, and we should hale him forth from out the battle, straightway then would the Argives give back the goodly armour of Sarpedon, and we should bring his body into Ilios; for such a man is he whose squire hath been slain, one that is far the best of the Argives by the ships, himself and his squires that fight in close combat. But thou hast not the courage to stand before great-hearted Aias, facing him eye to eye amid the battle-cry of the foemen, nor to do battle against him, seeing he is a better man than thou.

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows, spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: "Glaucus, wherefore hast thou, being such a one as thou art, spoken an overweening word? Good friend, in sooth I deemed that in wisdom thou wast above all others that dwell in deep-soiled Lycia; but now have I altogether scorn of thy wits, that thou speakest thus, seeing thou sayest I stood not to face mighty Aias. I shudder not at battle, I tell thee, nor at the din of chariots, but ever is the intent of Zeus that beareth the aegis strongest, for he driveth even a valiant man in rout, and robbeth him of victory full easily, and again of himself he roseth men to fight. Nay, come thou hither, good friend, take thy stand by my side, and behold my handiwork, whether this whole day through I shall prove me a coward, as thou pratest, or shall stay many a one of the

1 ἔθεντο: ἔχοσιν. 2 πέτων Ζενοδότου: πότοι. 3 αἰγίδχοιο: ἦ περ ἀνδρός (cf. xvi. 688).
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Danaans, how fierce soever for valorous deeds be, from fighting in defence of the dead Patroclus.

So saying, he shouted aloud, and called to the Trojans: "Ye Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardanians that fight in close combat, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour, until I put upon me the armour of peerless Achilles, the goodly armour that I stripped from the mighty Patroclus, when I slew him."

When he had thus spoken, Hector of the flashing helm went forth from the fury of war, and ran, and speedily reached his comrades not yet far off, hastening after them with swift steps, even them that were bearing toward the city the glorious armour of the son of Peleus. Then he halted apart from the tear-fraught battle, and changed his armour; his own he gave to the war-loving Trojans to bear to sacred Ilios, but clad himself in the immortal armour of Peleus' son, Achilles, that the heavenly gods had given to his father and that he had given to his son, when he himself waxed old; howbeit in the armour of the father the son came not to old age.

But when Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, beheld him from afar as he harnessed him in the battle-gear of the godlike son of Peleus, he shook his head, and thus he spake unto his own heart: "Ah, poor wretch, death verily is not in thy thoughts, that yet draweth nigh thee; but thou art putting upon thee the immortal armour of a princely man before whom others besides thee are wont to quail. His comrade, kindly and valiant, hast thou slain, and in unseemly wise hast stripped the armour from his head and shoulders. Howbeit for this present will I vouchsafe thee great might, in recompense for this—that
in no wise shalt thou return from out the battle for Andromache to receive from thee the glorious armour of the son of Peleus."

The son of Cronos spake and bowed thereto with his dark brows, and upon Hector’s body he made the armour to fit, and there entered into him Ares, the dread Enyalius, and his limbs were filled within with valour and with might. Then went he his way into the company of the famed allies, crying a great cry, and shewed himself before the eyes of all, flashing in the armour of the great-souled son of Peleus. And going to and fro he spake and heartened each man, Mesthles and Glauceus and Medon and Thersilochus and Asteropaeus and Deisenor and Hippothous and Phorcys and Chromius and Ennomus, the augur—these he heartened, and spake to them winged words: "Hear me, ye tribes uncoun ted of allies that dwell round about. Not because I sought for numbers or had need thereof, did I gather each man of you from your cities, but that with ready hearts ye might save the Trojans’ wives and their little children from the war-loving Achaean. With this intent am I wasting the substance of mine own folk that ye may have gifts and food, and thereby I cause the strength of each one of you to wax. Wherefore let every man turn straight against the foe and die haply, or live; for this is the dalliance of war. And whosoever shall hale Patroclus, dead though he be, into the midst of the horse-taming Trojans, and make Aias to yield, the half of the spoils shall I render unto him, and the half shall I keep mine own self; and his glory shall be even as mine own."

1. Such is regularly the meaning of ἰνδάλλοσθα in Homer. In later Greek the verb also means "seem like," "resemble,"

2. Line 219 is omitted in some mss.
So spake he, and they charged straight against the Danaans with all their weight, holding their spears on high, and their hearts within them were full of hope to drag the corpse from beneath Aias, son of Telamon—fools that they were! Verily full many did he rob of life over that corpse. Then spake Aias unto Menelaus, good at the war-cry, “Good Menelaus, fostered of Zeus, no more have I hope that we twain by ourselves alone shall win back from out the war. In no wise have I such dread for the corpse of Patroclus that shall presently glut the dogs and birds of the Trojans, as I have for mine own life, lest some evil befall, and for thine as well, for a cloud of war compasseth everything about, even Hector, and for us is utter destruction plain to see. Howbeit, come thou, call upon the chieftains of the Danaans, if so be any may hear.”

So spake he, and Menelaus, good at the war-cry, failed not to hearken, but uttered a piercing shout, and called to the Danaans: “Friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, ye that at the board of the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, drink at the common cost, and give commands each one to his folk—ye upon whom attend honour and glory from Zeus—hard is it for me to discern each man of the chieftains, in such wise is the strife of war ablaze. Nay, let every man go forth unbidden, and have shame at heart that Patroclus should become the sport of the dogs of Troy.”

So spake he, and swift Aias, son of Oileus, heard him clearly, and was first to come running to meet him amid the battle, and after him Idomeneus and Idomeneus’ comrade, Meriones, the peer of Enyalus,
slayer of men. But of the rest, what man of his own wit could name the names—of all that came after these and aroused the battle of the Achaeans?

Then the Trojans drave forward in close throng, and Hector led them. And as when at the mouth of some heaven-fed river the mighty wave roareth against the stream, and the headlands of the shore echo on either hand, as the salt sea belloweth without; even with such din of shouting came on the Trojans. But the Achaeans stood firm about the son of Menoetius with oneness of heart, fenced about with shields of bronze. And the son of Cronos shed thick darkness over their bright helms, for even aforetime was the son of Menoetius nowise hated of him, while he was yet alive and the squire of the son of Aeacus; and now was Zeus full loath that he should become the sport of the dogs of his foemen, even them of Troy; wherfore Zeus roused his comrades to defend him.

And first the Trojans drave back the bright-eyed Achaeans, who left the corpse and shrank back before them; howbeit not a man did the Trojans high of heart slay with their spears, albeit they were fain, but they set them to hale the corpse. Yet for but scant space were the Achaeans to hold back therefrom, for full speedily did Aias rally them—Aias that in comeliness and in deeds of war was above all the other Danaans next to the peerless son of Peleus. Straight through the foremost fighters he strode, in might like a wild boar that, amid the mountains lightly scattereth hounds and lusty youths when he wheeleth upon them in the glades; even so the son of lordly Telamon, glorious Aias, when he had got among them lightly scattered the battalions of the
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Trojans, that had taken their stand above Patroclus, and were fain above all to hale him to their city, and get them glory.

Now Hippothous, the glorious son of Pelasgian Lethus, was dragging the corpse by the foot through the fierce conflict, and had bound his baldric about the tendons of either ankle, doing pleasure unto Hector and the Trojans. But full swiftly upon him came evil that not one of them could ward off, how fain soever they were. For the son of Telemon, darting upon him through the throng, smote him from close at hand through the helmet with cheek-pieces of bronze; and the helm with horse-hair crest was cloven about the spear-point, smitten by the great spear and the strong hand; and the brain spurted forth from the wound along the socket of the spear all mingled with blood. There then his strength was loosed, and from his hands he let fall to lie upon the ground the foot of great-hearted Patroclus, and hard thereby himself fell headlong upon the corpse, far from deep-soiled Larissa; nor paid he back to his dear parents the recompense of his up-bringing, and but brief was the span of his life, for that he was laid low by the spear of great-souled Aias. And Hector in turn cast at Aias with his bright spear, but Aias, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze albeit by a little, and Hector smote Schedius, son of great-souled Iphitus, far the best of the Phocians, that dwelt in a house in famous Panopeus, and was king over many men. Him Hector smote beneath the midst of the collarbone, and clean through passed the point of bronze, and came out beneath the base of the shoulder. And he fell with a thud, and upon him his armour
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Aias δ' αὖ Φόρκυνα, δαίφρονα Φαίνοτος νῦν, ’Ιπποθόων περιβάντα μέσην κατά γαστέρα τύβη: ῥίξε δὲ θώρηκος γύαλον, διὰ δ' ἔτερα χαλκὸς ἦψος’ ὁ δ' ἐν κοινήν πεσὼν ἐλε γαίαι ἀγοστοῦ. 315 χώρῃσαν δ' ὑπὸ τε πρόμοχοι καὶ φαιδῶμοι “Εκτωρ. Ἀργείοι δὲ μέγα ίαχον, ἐρύσαντο δὲ νεκρούς, Φόρκυν θ’ ’Ιπποθόων τε, λύνου δὲ τείχε’ ἀπ’ ὅμοιον.

’Ενθα κεν αὐτὸ Τρώες ἄρηφίλων ὑπ’ Ἀχαιῶν Ἰλιον εἰςανέβησαν ἀναλκέησι δαμέντες, 320 Ἀργείοι δὲ κε κύδος ἐλον καὶ ὑπὲρ Διὸς αἰσαν κάρτει καὶ σθενεὶ σφετέρως: ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων Αἰνείαν ὀτρίνε, δέμας Περίφαντι εὐκώς, κήρυκ’ Ἡπυτίδη, δός ὧν παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι κηρύσσων γήρασκε, φίλα φρεάτι μήδει εἰδώς:

τῷ μιν εἰςαμέμβηνας προσέβη Διὸς νῦν Ἀπόλλων. 325 Ἀἰνεία, πῶς αὖ καὶ ὑπὲρ θεον εἰρύσσωμε

’Ιλιον αἰπενήν; ὃς δὴ ἵδον ἀνέρας ἄλλους κάρτει τε σθενεῖ τε πεποιθότας ἰνορέῃ τε πλΗθεὶ τε σφετέρως, καὶ ὑπὲρ Διὰ1 δήμον ἐχοντας. 330 ἦμιν δὲ Ζεὺς μὲν πολύ βουλεταὶ Ἡ Δαναοῖς νικήν: ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς τρεῖτ’ ἀπετευν οὐδὲ μάχεσθε,”

“Ὡς ἐφατ’, Ἀινείας δ δ’ ἐκατηθοῦλον Ἀπόλλωνα ἐγνω ἐσάντα ἱδαν, μέγια δ δ’ Ἐκτορα ἐπε βοήσας: 335 “Ἐκτορ τ’ ἢ αἴι Τρώων ἀγολ ἢ ἐπικύρων, αἰῶν ἐμὲ ὁυ ὑδε γ’ ἀρηφίλων ὑπ’ Ἀχαιῶν Ἰλιον εἰςαναβῆμαι ἀναλκέησι δαμέντας.

ἀλλ’ ἐτι γὰρ τὸς θεὸν ἐμοὶ ἄγχι παραστάσ

1 ὑπὲρ Δια: ὑπερθέα Miss.

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clanged. And Aias in his turn smote wise-hearted Phorcyss, son of Phaenops, full upon the belly as he bestrode Hippothous, and he brake the plate of his corselet, and the bronze let forth the bowels there-through; and he fell in the dust and clutched the earth in his palm. Thereat the foremost fighters and glorious Hector gave ground, and the Argives shouted aloud, and drew off the dead, even Phorcyss and Hippothous, and set them to strip the armour from their shoulders.

Then would the Trojans have been driven again by the Achaean, dear to Ares, up to Ilios, vanquished in their cowardice, and the Argives would have won glory even beyond the allotment of Zeus, by reason of their might and their strength, had not Apollo himself aroused Aeneas, taking upon him the form of the herald, Periphas, son of Epytos, that in the house of his old father had grown old in his heraldship, and withal was of kindly mind toward him. In his likeness spake unto Aeneas the son of Zeus, Apollo: “Aeneas, how could ye ever guard steep Ilios, in defiance of a god? In sooth I have seen other men that had trust in their strength and might, in their valour and in their host, and that held their realm even in defiance of Zeus. But for us Zeus willeth the victory far more than for the Danaans; yet yourselves ye have measureless fear, and fight not.”

So spake he, and Aeneas knew Apollo that smiteth afar, when he looked upon his face, and he called aloud, and spake to Hector: “Hector, and ye other leaders of the Trojans and allies, shame verily were this, if before the Achaean, dear to Ares, we be driven back to Ilios, vanquished in our cowardice. Howbeit even yet, declareth one of the gods that
stood by my side, is Zeus, the counsellor most
high, our helper in the fight. Wherefore let us
make straight for the Danaans, and let it not be
at their ease that they bring to the ships the dead
Patroclus.”
So spake he, and leapt forth far to the front of the
foremost fighters, and there stood. And they rallied,
and took their stand with their faces toward the
Achaicans. Then Aeneas wounded with a thrust of
his spear Leocritus, son of Arisbas and valiant comrade
of Lycomedes. And as he fell Lycomedes, dear to Ares, had pity for him, and came and stood
hard by and with a cast of his bright spear smote
Apisaon, son of Hippasus, shepherd of the host, in
the liver, below the midriff, and straightway loosed
his knees—Apisaon that was come from out of deep-
soiled Paonia, and next to Asteropaeus was pre-
eminent above them all in fight. But as he fell
warlike Asteropaeus had pity for him, and he too
rushed onward, fain to fight with the Danaans;
howbeit thereto could he no more avail, for with
shields were they fenced in on every side, as they
stood around Patroclus, and before them they held
their spears. For Aias ranged to and fro among
them and straitly charged every man; not one, he
bade them, should give ground backward from the
corpse, nor yet fight in front of the rest of the
Achaeans as one pre-eminent above them all; but
stand firm close beside the corpse and do battle hand
to hand. Thus mighty Aias charged them, and the
ground grew wet with dark blood, and the dead fell
thick and fast alike of the Trojans and their mighty
allies, and of the Danaans; for these too fought not
without shedding of blood, howbeit fewer of them
by far were falling; for they ever bethought them to ward utter destruction from one another in the throng.

So fought they like unto blazing fire, nor wouldst thou have deemed that sun or moon yet abode, for with darkness were they shrouded in the fight, all the chieftains that stood around the slain son of Menoetius. But the rest of the Trojans and the well-greaved Achaians fought at their ease under clear air, and over them was spread the piercing brightness of the sun, and on all the earth and the mountains was no cloud seen; and they fought resting themselves at times, avoiding one another’s shafts, fraught with groaning, and standing far apart. But those in the midst suffered woes by reason of the darkness and the war, and were sore distressed with the pitiless bronze, even all they that were chieftains. Howbeit two men that were famous warriors, even Thrasymedes and Antilochus, had not yet learned that peerless Patroclus was dead, but deemed that, yet alive, he was fighting with the Trojans in the forefront of the throng. And they twain, watching against the death and rout of their comrades, were warring in a place apart, for thus had Nestor bidden them, when he roused them forth to the battle from the black ships.

So then the whole day through raged the great strife of their cruel fray, and with the sweat of toil were the knees and legs and feet of each man beneath him ever ceaselessly bedewed, and his arms and eyes, as the two hosts fought about the goodly squire of swift-footed Achilles. And as when a man giveth to his people the hide of a great bull for stretching, all drenched in fat, and when they have

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1 Lines 364 f. were rejected by Zenodotus.
2 φόνον Aristarchus: τὸν, ἡμείς εἰς ἔρισιν ἐπὶ θ' δοσον.
3 μάχες ἐν δοσοῖ: μάχες ἐπὶ θ' δοσον.
taken it, they stand in a circle and stretch it, and forthwith its moisture goeth forth and the fat entereth in under the tugging of many hands, and all the hide is stretched to the uttermost;\(^1\) even so they on this side and on that were haling the corpse hither and thither in scant space; and their hearts within them were full of hope, the Trojans that they might drag him to Ilion, but the Achaeans to the hollow ships; and around him the battle waxed wild, nor could even Ares, rouser of hosts, nor Athene, at sight of that strife have made light thereof, albeit their anger were exceeding great.

Such evil toil of men and horses did Zeus on that day strain taut over Patroclus. Nor as yet did goodly Achilles know aught of Patroclus’ death, for afar from the swift ships were they fighting beneath the wall of the Trojans. Wherefore Achilles never deemed in his heart that he was dead, but that he would return alive, after he had reached even to the gates; nor yet thought he this in any wise, that Patroclus would sack the city without him, nay, nor with him, for full often had he heard this from his mother, listening to her privily, whensoever she brought him tidings of the purpose of great Zeus. Howbeit then his mother told him not how great an evil had been brought to pass, that his comrade, far the dearest, had been slain.

But the others round about the corpse, with sharp spears in their hands, ever pressed on continually, and slew each other. And thus would one of the brazen-coated Achaeans say: “Friends, no fair fame verily were it for us to return back to the hollow natural moisture (iēuās) out of the pores, and make it easy for the fat to enter in.

\(^1\) The simile pourtrays a primitive method of preparing hides. The hide was soaked in fat, and then stretched, with the idea, apparently, that the stretching would force the
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νήσος ἐπὶ γλαφυρᾶς, ἀλλ' αὐτὸ γαῖα μέλαινα
πάσι χάνοι· τὸ κεν ἦμιν ἄφωρ πολὺ κέρδιον εἰ, ἐν τούτον Τρώσσας μεθήσομεν ἵπποδάμοισιν
ἀστιν πότι σφαῖρον ἔρυσαι καὶ κύδως ἁρέσχαι.

"Ως δὲ τις αὖ Τρώων μεγαθήμων αὐδήσασκεν:"
"ὡς φίλοι, εἰ καὶ μοῖρα παρ' ἄνερ τῶδε δαιμήν
πάντας ὀμᾶς, μὴ πιὸ τις ἔρωτεῖ πολέμων."

"Ὡς ἀρὰ τις εἴπεσκε, μένος δ' ὧρασκεν ἐκάστοι."

δ' οὐ οἰ μὲν μάρτυρα, σῶθρείοις δ' ὄρυμαγός
χάλκεον οὐράνιον ἱκε δ' αἰθέρος ἀτρυγέταιοι.

ἐπτοὶ δ' Αἰακίδαο μάχης ἀπάνευθεν ἐόντες
κλαίον, ἔπει δ' ἔρωτα πυθέαθην Ἰνόχοιο
ἐν κοίνησι πεσόντος ὑφ' Ἐκτορος ἀνδροφόνῳ.

ἡ μὲν Ἀτυμεδών, Διώμενος ἄλκιμος νόος,
pολλά μὲν ἄρ μάστηγι δοθ' ἐπεμαίετο θείων,
πολλά δὲ μελικύσεις προσηθά, πολλά δ' ὧρειψ
τῶ δ' οὐτ' ἄμφ' ἐπὶ νήσας ἐπι πλατών 'Ελλήσποντον
ἠθέλεντ' ἵναι οὕτ' ἐς πόλεμον μετ' Ἀχαίοιο,

ἄλλ' ὃς τε στήλη μένει ἐμπέδου, ἥ τ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
ἀνέρος ἐστὶκή τεθυμότος ἣ γυναῖκος,

ὡς μένον ἄμφαλεοι περικαλλέα δίφρον ἔχοντες,
ουδεὶς ἐνσικίμαντες καρήτα: δάκρυα δὲ σφι

θερμὰ κατὰ βλεφάρων χαμάδις βέε μυρομένως

ηνοχόιο πόθῳ. θαληρῇ δ' ἐμαίνετο χαίτη

ζεῦγος ἐξερυθύνεσα παρὰ ξυνοῦ ἀμφότεροι.

μυρομένῳ δ' ἀρα τὼ γε ἱδών ἐλέε Κρονίων,

κινήσας δ' κάρη προτὶ ἰν μυθήσατο θυμῶν

"ἄ δειλό, τὶ σφετ' δόμεν Πηλη' ἄνακτι

θύτοι, ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστόν ἄχρως τ' ἀθανάτω τε;


1 Line 420 was rejected by Aristarchus.
to have sorrows? For in sooth, I ween, more miserable than man among all things that breathe and move upon earth. Yet verily not upon you and your car, richly-dight, shall Hector, Priam’s son, mount; that will I not suffer. Sufficeth it not that he hath the armour and therewithal vaunteth him vainly? Nay, in your knees and in your heart will I put strength, to the end that ye may also bear Automedon safe out of the war to the hollow ships; for still shall I vouchsafe glory to the Trojans, to slay and slay, until they come to the well-benchèd ships, and the sun sets and sacred darkness cometh on.”

So saying he breathed great might into the horses. And the twain shook the dust from their manes to the ground, and fleetly bare the swift car amid the Trojans and Achaeans. And behind them fought Automedon, albeit he sorrowed for his comrade, swooping with his car as a vulture on a flock of geese, for lightly would he flee from out the battle-din of the Trojans, and lightly charge, setting upon them through the great throng. Howbeit no man might he slay as he hasted to pursue them, for in no wise was it possible for him, being alone in the sacred car, to assail them with the spear, and withal hold the swift horses. But at last a comrade espied him with his eyes, even Alcimèdon, son of Laères, son of Haemon, and he halted behind the chariot and spake unto Automedon: “Automedon, what god hath put in thy breast unprofitable counsel and taken from thee thy heart of understanding, that thus in the foremost throng thou fightest with the Trojans,

1 The car is “sacred,” possibly as being drawn by immortal horses.
alone as thou art? For thy comrade hath been slain, and his armour weareth on his own shoulders, even the armour of the son of Asacus, and glorieth therein."

To him then made answer Automedon, son of Diros: "Alcimedon, what man beside of the Achaeans is of like worth to curb and guide the spirit of immortal steeds, save only Patroclus, the peer of the gods in counsel, while yet he lived? But now death and fate have come upon him. Howbeit take thou the lash and the shining reins, and I will dismount to fight."

So spake he, and Alcimedon leapt upon the car that was swift in battle, and quickly grasped in his hands the lash and reins; and Automedon leapt down. And glorious Hector espied them, and forthwith spake to Aeneas, that was near: "Aeneas, counsellor of the brazen-coated Trojans, yonder I espy the two horses of the swift-footed son of Asacus coming forth to view into the battle with weakling charioteers. These twain might I hope to take, if thou in thy heart art willing, seeing the men would not abide the oncoming of us two, and stand to contend with us in battle."

So spake he, and the valiant son of Anchises failed not to hearken. And the twain went straight forward, their shoulders clad with shields of bull’s-hide, dry and tough, and abundant bronze had been welded thereupon. And with them went Chromius, and godlike Aretus both, and their hearts within them were full of hope to slay the men and drive off the horses with high-arched necks—fools that they were! for not without shedding of blood were they to get them back from Automedon. He made prayer to
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άλκης καὶ σθένος πλήτω φρένας ἀμφὶ μελαῖναι·
αὐτίκα δὲ Ἀλκιμέδοντα προσηῦδα, πιστὸν ἔταιρον. 501
"Ἀλκιμέδον, μὴ δὴ μοι ἀπόπροθεν ἱσχέμεν ὑπὼς,
ἀλλὰ μᾶλλ' ἐμπνεοῦντες μεταφέρνω· οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ γε
"Εκτωρα. Προμίδην μένεος σχῆσεσθαι δὲν, πρὶν γ' ἔπεν Ἀχιλλήσος καλλίτριχε βήμενα ὑπὼν νοῦν κατακείναι, φοβήσαι τε στίχας ἀνδρῶν ὑπὸ Ἀργείων, ἢ κ' αὐτὸς εἰν πρῶτοιοι ἀλώθ.
"Ως εἰσὶν Ἀιάντας καλέσατο καὶ Μενέλαοι·

"Αἰάντ, Ἀργείων ἡγῆτορε, καὶ Μενέλαε,
ἡ τοι μὲν τὸν νεκρὸν ἐπιτράπεθ' οἱ περ ἄριστοι,
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ βεβάμεν καὶ ἀμίνεσθαι στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
νοῦν δὲ ζωοίς ἀμύνετε νηλεῖς ἡμαῖρ·
τῇ δὲ γὰρ ἐβρίσαν πόλεμον κάτα δακρυόνει.
"Εκτωρ Ἀυέιςας θ', οἱ Τρώων εἰσὶν ἄριστοι,
ἀλλ' ἡ τοι μὲν ταύτα θεών ἐν γοῦνασι κείται.
ἡσιο γὰρ καὶ ἐγώ, τὰ δὲ κεν Δίῳ πάντα μελίσσει.

"Ἡ ρα, καὶ ἀμπελων ἑρεῖτε δολιαχῦσιν ἐγχώς,
καὶ βάλειν Ἀρήτοιο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἰσίν·
ἡ δ' οὐκ ἐγχώ ἐρυτο, διαστρ' δὲ εἰσάτο χαλκός,
νειαρητ' δ' ἐν γαστρὶ διὰ ζωατήρος ἐλάσσεν.
ὡς δ' ὠτ' ὃν ὅξιν ἐχων πέλεκους αἰζήκος ἀνήρ,
κόψας ἐξόπιθεν κεραυνὸν βοῦς ἀγραύλῳ,
να τάμην διὰ πάσαν, δ' ἐδροθορῶν ἐρυθησιν,
ὡς ἀρ' ἐγε προθορῶν πέσειν ὑπτόσ· ἐν' δὲ οἱ ἐγχώ

νηνοῦσι μᾶλ' ὃξι κραδαίον μεν λύε γυνα.
"Εκτωρ δ' Ἀυτομέδωντος ἀκότισε δουρὶ φαενῶ. 525

father Zeus, and his dark heart within him was
filled with valour and strength; and forthwith
he spake to Alcimeon, his trusty comrade:
"Alcimeon, not afar from me do thou hold the
horses, but let their breath smite upon my very
back; for I verily deem not that Hector, son of
Priam, will be stayed from his fury until he mount
behind the fair-maned horses of Achilles, and have
slain the two of us, and driven in rout the ranks of
the Argive warriors, or haply himself be slain amid
the foremost."

So spake he, and called to the two Aintes and to
Menelaus: "Ye Aintes twain, leaders of the
Argives, and thou Menelaus, lo now, leave ye the
corpse in charge of them that are bravest to stand
firm about it and to ward off the ranks of men;
but from us twain that yet live ward ye off the pitiless
day of doom, for here are pressing hard in fearful
war Hector and Aeneas, the best men of the Trojans.
Yet these things verily lie on the knees of the gods:
I too will cast, and the issue shall rest with Zeus."

He spake, and poised his far-shadowing spear
and hurled it, and smote upon the shield of Aretus,
that was well-balanced upon every side, and this
stayed not the spear, but the bronze passed clean
through, and into the lower belly he drove it through
the belt. And as when a strong man with sharp
axe in hand smiteth behind the horns of an ox of
the steadying and cutteth clean through the sinew,
and the ox leapeth forward and falleth; even so
Aretus leapt forward and fell upon his back, and
the spear, exceeding sharp, fixed quivering in his
entrails loosed his limbs. But Hector cast at
Automedon with his bright spear, howbeit he,
looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, for he stooped forward, and the long spear fixed itself in the ground behind him, and the butt of the spear quivered; howbeit there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. And now had they clashed with their swords in close fight but that the twain Aiantes parted them in their fury, for they came through the throng at the call of their comrade, and seized with fear of them Hector and Aeneas and godlike Chromius gave ground again and left Aretus lying there stricken to the death. And Automedon, the peer of swift Ares, despoiled him of his armour, and exulted, saying: "Verily a little have I eased mine heart of grief for the death of Menoeceus’ son, though it be but a worse man that I have slain."

So saying, he took up the bloody spoils, and set them in the car, and himself mounted thereon, his feet and his hands above all bloody, even as a lion that hath devoured a bull.

Then again over Patroclus was strained taut the mighty conflict, dread and fraught with tears, and Athene roused the strife, being come down from heaven; for Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, had sent her to urge on the Danaans, for lo, his mind was turned. As Zeus stretcheth forth for mortals a lurid rainbow from out of heaven to be a portent whether of war or of chill storm that maketh men to cease from their work upon the face of the earth, and vexeth the flocks; even so Athene, enwrapping herself in a lurid cloud, entered the throng of the Danaans, and urged on each man. First to hearten him she spake to Atreus’ son, valiant Menelaus, for he was to the Greek no thought of cheer; it was rather a portent boding ill; cf. xi. 28.
nigh to her, likening herself to Phoenix, in form and untiring voice: "To thee, verily, Menelaus, shall there be shame and a hanging of the head, if the trusty comrade of lordly Achilles be torn by swift dogs beneath the wall of the Trojans. Nay, hold thy ground valiantly, and urge on all the host."

Then Menelaus, good at the war-cry, answered her: "Phoenix, old sire, my father of ancient days, would that Athene may give me strength and keep from me the onrush of darts. So should I be full fain to stand by Patroclus' side and succour him; for in sooth his death hath touched me to the heart. Howbeit, Hector hath the dread fury of fire, and ceaseth not to make havoc with the bronze; for it is to him that Zeus vouchsafeth glory."

So spake he, and the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, waxed glad, for that to her first of all the gods he made his prayer. And she put strength into his shoulders and his knees, and in his breast set the daring of the fly, that though it be driven away never so often from the skin of a man, ever persisteth in biting, and sweet to it is the blood of man; even with such daring filled she his dark heart within him, and he stood over Patroclus and hurled with his bright spear. Now among the Trojans was one Podes, son of Eëtion, a rich man and a valiant, and Hector honoured him above all the people, for that he was his comrade, a welcome companion at the feast. Him, fair-haired Menelaus smote upon the belt with a spear cast as he started to flee, and drove the bronze clean through; and he fell with a thud. But Menelaus, son of Atreus, dragged the dead body from amid the Trojans into the throng of his comrades.
Then unto Hector did Apollo draw nigh, and urged him on, in the likeness of Asius’ son Phaeops, that of all his guest-friends was dearest to him, and had his house at Abydus. In his likeness Apollo that worketh afar spake unto Hector: “Hector, what man beside of the Achaeans will fear thee any more, seeing thou hast thus quailed before Menelaus, who aforetime was a weakling warrior? Now with none to aid him hath he taken the dead from out the ranks of the Trojans and is gone—aye, he hath slain thy trusty comrade, a good man among the foremost fighters, even Podes, son of Eetion.”

So spake he, and a black cloud of grief enwrapped Hector, and he strode amid the foremost fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze. And then the son of Cronos took his tasselled aegis, all gleaming bright, and enfolded Ida with clouds, and lightened and thundered mightily, and shook the aegis, giving victory to the Trojans, but the Achaeans he drove in rout.

First to begin the rout was Peneleos the Boeotian. For as he abode ever facing the foe he was smitten on the surface of the shoulder with a spear, a grazing blow, but the spear-point of Polydamas cut even to the bone, for he it was that cast at him from nigh at hand. And Leitus again, the son of great-souled Alectryon, did Hector wound in close fight, on the hand at the wrist, and made him cease from fighting: and casting an anxious glance about him he shrank back, seeing he no more had hope that bearing spear in hand he might do battle with the Trojans. And as Hector pursued after Leitus, Idomeneus smote him upon the corselet, on the breast beside the nipple; but the long spear-shaft was broken in the socket, and the Trojans shouted aloud. And Hector

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1 Line 582 was given by Zenodotus in the form, “Εκτορα δ’ ἐγγύθεν ἱστάμενος ὄτρυνεν Ὀπόλλων,” Φαίων. 2 Line 585 is omitted in the best mss.

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1 There is so little flesh above the shoulder-blade that even a grazing blow would cut “even to the bone.”
cast at Idomeneus, Deucalion’s son, as he stood upon his car, and missed him by but little; howbeit he smote Coeranus the comrade and charioteer of Meriones that followed him from out of well-built Lycus—for on foot had Idomeneus come at the first from the curved ships, and would have yielded great victory to the Trojans, had not Coeranus speedily driven up the swift-footed horses. Thus to Idomeneus he came as a light of deliverance, and warded from him the pitiless day of doom, but himself lost his life at the hands of man-slaying Hector—this Coeranus did Hector smite beneath the jaw under the ear, and the spear dashed out his teeth by the roots,¹ and clave his tongue asunder in the midst; and he fell from out the car, and let fall the reins down upon the ground. And Meriones stooped, and gathered them in his own hands from the earth, and spake to Idomeneus: “Ply now the lash, until thou be come to the swift ships. Lo, even of thyself thou knowest that victory is no more with the Achaeans.”

So spake he, and Idomeneus lashed the fain-minded horses back to the hollow ships; for verily fear had fallen upon his soul.

Nor were great-hearted Aias and Menelaus unaware how that Zeus was giving to the Trojans victory to turn the tide of battle; and of them great Telamonian Aias was first to speak, saying: “Out upon it, now may any man, how foolish so ever he be, know that father Zeus himself is succouring the Trojans. For the missiles of all of them strike home, whosoever hurleth them, be he brave man or coward: Zeus in any case guideth them all aright; but for us the shafts of every man fall vainly to the ground. Nay, come, let us of ourselves devise the counsel

¹ This rendering takes προμηθαν as an adverb. To take it as an adjective in agreement with ἄρσιν and to render “the spear-end,” seems impossible, as the phrase would naturally mean “the butt-end.”
that is best, whereby we may both hale away the corpse, and ourselves return home for the joy of our dear comrades, who methinks are sore distressed as they look hither-ward, and deem that the fury and the irresistible hands of man-slaying Hector will not be stayed, but will fall upon the black ships. But I would there were some comrade to bear word with all speed to the son of Peleus, for methinks he hath not even heard the woeful tale, that his dear comrade is slain. Howbeit, nowhere can I see such a one among the Achaians, for in darkness are they all enwrapped, themselves and their horses withal. Father Zeus, deliver thou from the darkness the sons of the Achaians, and make clear sky, and grant us to see with our eyes. In the light do thou e’en slay us, seeing such is thy good pleasure.”

So spake he, and the Father had pity on him as he wept, and forthwith scattered the darkness and drave away the mist, and the sun shone forth upon them and all the battle was made plain to view. Then Aias spake unto Menelaus, good at the war-cry: “Look forth now, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, if so be thou mayest have sight of Antilochus yet alive, son of great-souled Nestor, and bestir thou him to go with speed unto Achilles, wise of heart, to tell him that his comrade, far the dearest, is slain.”

So spake he, and Menelaus, good at the war-cry, failed not to hearken, but went his way as a lion from a steading when he waxeth weary with vexing dogs and men that suffer him not to seize the fattest of the herd, watching the whole night through; but he in his lust for flesh goeth straight on, yet accompliseth naught thereby, for thick the darts fly to meet him, hurled by bold hands, and blazing brands
καίμεναι τε δεταί, τάς τε τρεῖ έσσιμνοις περι
ηώθεν ς' ἅπονόσσιν ἐβη τετηστί θυμῷ.
ὡς ἀπὸ Πατρόκλου βοήν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος
ήτε πόλλ' ἀέκων: περὶ γὰρ δὲ μή μιν 'Αχαιοί
ἀργαλέου πρὸ φόβου έλωρ δήσους λάπειν.
pολλὰ δὲ Μηρίνην τε καὶ Αιάντεσσας επέτελεν.
"Αιάντ', 'Αργείων ἡγητόρε, Μηρίνη τε,
νῦν τις ενηέσης Πατροκλῆς δειλοῖο
μνησάσθων πᾶσι ἄρα ἐπίστατο μείλιχος εἶναι
'Ξώδος εώς νῦν αὐθάνατος καὶ μοῦρα κηχάνει.'

"Ὡς ἄρα φωνής απέβη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος,
pάντοσε παπαίων ὡς τ' αιετός, ὡς τ' ἑκεῖνος, ὡς τ' ἔκειν ἐνεπόταν δηρκεσάθαι ὑπομανῶν πετεινῶν,

"ὢ τέ τοί, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, ὡς φαινών
πάντοσε δινείσθην πολέων κατὰ ἔθνος ἑταίρων,

"εἰ που Νέστορος νῦν ἄτι ζώοντα ἱδοτο.
τόν δ' μᾶλ' ἄψιν ἐνόσεις μάχης ἐπ' αριστερά πάσης
θαρσωνύμη έτάρου καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσχαι,

"ἐ' Ἀντιλοχ', εἰ δ' ἂγε δεύρω, διοτρεφές, ὡφρα πῦθηι

λυγρῆς ἄγγελις, ὡ μῆ ὤφελελ γενέσθαι.

"τι μέν σε καὶ αὐτόν ὁμοίαι εἰσορωντα

γιγνύσκεσθαν ὅτι πήμα θεοί Δαναοί κυλίνδει,

"νηθέ τε Τρώων. πέφαται δ' ὁμιστος 'Αχαιῶν,

Πάτροκλος, μεγάλη δ' ποθὴ Δαναοίς τέτυκται.

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withal, before which he quail eth, how eager soever he be, and at dawn he departeth with sullen heart; even so from Patroclus departed Menelaus, good at the war-cry, sorely against his will; for exceedingly did he fear lest the Achaeans in sorry rout should leave him to be a prey to the foemen. And many a charge laid he on Meriones and the Aiantes, saying: "Ye Aiantes twain, leaders of the Argives, and thou, Meriones, now let each man remember the kindliness of hapless Patroclus; for to all was he ever gentle while yet he lived, but now death and fate have come upon him."

So saying fair-haired Menelaus departed, glancing warily on every side as an eagle, which, men say, hath the keenest sight of all winged things under heaven, of whom, though he be on high, the swift-footed hare is not unseen as he croucheth beneath a leafy bush, but the eagle swoopeth upon him and forthiseth seizeth him, and robbeth him of life. Even so then, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, did thy bright eyes range everywhither over the throng of thy many comrades, if so be they might have sight of Nestor's son yet alive. Him he marked full quickly on the left of the whole battle, heartening his comrades and urging them on to fight. And drawing nigh fair-haired Menelaus spake to him, saying: "Antilochus, up, come hither, thou nurtured of Zeus, that thou mayest learn woeful tidings, such as I would had never been. Even now, I ween, thou knowest, for thine eyes behold it, how that a god rolleth ruin upon the Danaans, and that victory is with the men of Troy. And slay is the best man of the Achaeans, even Patroclus, and great longing for him is wrought for the Danaans. But do thou with speed run to the

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ships of the Achaians and bear word unto Achilles, in hope that he may forthwith bring safe to his ship the corpse—the naked corpse; but his armour is held by Hector of the flashing helm."

So spake he, and Antilochus had horror, as he heard that word. Long time was he speechless, and both his eyes were filled with tears, and the flow of his voice was checked. Yet not even so was he neglectful of the bidding of Menelaus, but set him to run, and gave his armour to his peerless comrade Laodocus, that hard beside him was wheeling his single-hoofed horses.

Him then as he wept his feet bare forth from out the battle, to bear an evil tale to Peleus’ son Achilles. Nor was thy heart, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, minded to bear aid to the sore-pressed comrades from whom Antilochus was departed, and great longing was wrought for the men of Pylos. Howbeit, for their aid he sent goodly Thrasymedes, and himself went again to bestride the warrior Patroclus; and he ran, and took his stand beside the Aiantes, and forthwith spake to them: "You man have I verily sent forth to the swift ships, to go to Achilles, fleet of foot. Howbeit I deem not that Achilles will come forth, how wroth soever he be against goodly Hector; for in no wise may he fight against the Trojans unarmèd as he is. But let us of ourselves devise the counsel that is best, whereby we may both hale away the corpse, and ourselves escape death and fate amid the battle-din of the Trojans."

Then great Telamonian Aias answered him: "All this hast thou spoken aright, most glorious Menelaus. But do thou and Meriones stoop with all speed beneath the corpse, and raise him up, and bear him forth from
out the toil of war; but behind you we twain will do battle with the Trojans and goodly Hector, one in heart as we are one in name, even we that aforesight have been wont to stand firm in fierce battle, abiding each by the other's side."

So spake he, and the others took in their arms the dead from the ground, and lifted him on high in their great might; and thereat the host of the Trojans behind them shouted aloud, when they beheld the Achaeans lifting the corpse. And they charged straight upon them like hounds that in front of hunting youths dart upon a wounded wild boar: awhile they rush upon him fain to rend him asunder, but whensoe he wheeleth among them trusting in his might, then they give ground and shrink in fear, one here, one there; even so the Trojans for a time ever followed on in throngs, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, but whensoe the twain Aiakos would wheel about and stand against them, then would their colour change, and no man dared dart forth and do battle for the dead.

Thus the twain were hastening to bear the corpse forth from out the battle to the hollow ships, and against them was strained a conflict fierce as fire that, rushing upon a city of men with sudden onset, setteth it aflame, and houses fall amid the mighty glare, and the might of the wind driveth it roaring on. Even so against them as they went came ever the ceaseless din of chariots and of spearmen. But as mules that, putting forth on either side their great strength, drag forth from the mountain down a rugged path a beam haply, or a great ship-timber, and within them their hearts as they strive are distressed with toil alike and sweat; even so these hasted
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ὁς οὴ γ᾿ ἐμμεμαώτε νέκυν φέρον. αὐτὰρ ὁπίσθεν Ἀἰαντ᾿ ἵσχανέτην, ὡς τε πρῶν ἵσχάνει ὕδωρ ὅλης, πεδίου διαπρύσων τετυχκώς, ὡς τε καὶ ἰδὴμων ποταμῶν ἀλεγενὰ ῥέθρα ἵσχει, ἀφαρ δὲ τε πᾶσι βρόν πεδίονδε τίθησι πλάζον. οὐδὲ τί μιν αθένει ῥηγνύσαι ῥέοντες.

ὡς αἰεὶ Ἀἰαντε μάχην ἀνέτρυγον ὁπίσω Τρώων· οἱ δ᾿ ἄμυ ἐποντο, δύω δ᾿ ἐν τοῖσι μάλιστα, Ἀινείας τ᾿ Ἀχιλλίδης καὶ φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ.

τῶν δ᾿ ὡς τε ψαρῶν νέφος ἔρχεται ἣ κολοῦν, 755 οὐδον κεκλήγοντες, ὅτε προδώσων ἴντα κίρκον, ὃ σεικρήσαν φόνον φέρει ὀρνίθεσσιν, ὡς ἄρ᾿ ὑπ᾿ Αἰνεία τε καὶ Ἐκτορι κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν οὐδον κεκλήγοντες ἵππον, λήθνοτο δὲ χάρμης.

πολλὰ δὲ τεῦχεν καλὰ πέσουν περί τ᾿ ἀμφὶ τε τάφρον 760 φευγόντων Δαναών· πολέμου δὲ οὐ γίγνετ’ ἐρωθή.

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to bear forth the corpse. And behind them the twain Aiantes held back the fowl, as a ridge holdeth back a flood—some wooded ridge that chanceth to lie all athwart a plain and that holdeth back even the dread streams of mighty rivers, and forthwith turneth the current of them all to wander over the plain, neither doth the might of their flood avail to break through it; even so the twain Aiantes ever kept back the battle of the Trojans, but these ever followed after, and two among them above all others, even Aeneas, Anchises' son, and glorious Hector. And as flieth a cloud of starlings or of daws, shrieking cries of doom, when they see coming upon them a falcon that beareth death unto small birds; so before Aeneas and Hector fled the youths of the Achaean, shrieking cries of doom, and forgot all fighting. And fair arms full many fell around and about the trench as the Danaans fled; but there was no ceasing from war.
BOOK XVIII

So fought they like unto blazing fire, but Antilochus, swift of foot, came to bear tidings to Achilles. Him he found in front of his ships with upright horns, boding in his heart the thing that even now was brought to pass; and sore troubled he spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Ah, woe is me, how is it that again the long-haired Achacans are being driven toward the ships in rout over the plain? Let it not be that the gods have brought to pass grievous woes for my soul, even as on a time my mother declared unto me, and said that while yet I lived the best man of the Myrmidons should leave the light of the sun beneath the hands of the Trojans! In good sooth the valiant son of Menoeus must now be dead, foolhardy one! Surely I bade him come back again to the ships when he had thrust off the consuming fire, and not to fight amain with Hector."

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, there drew nigh unto him the son of lordly Nestor, shedding hot tears, and spake the grievous tidings: "Woe is me, thou son of wise-hearted Peleus, full grievous is the tidings thou must hear, such as I would had never been. Low lies Patroclus, and around his 344 the epithet elsewhere applied to cattle (below 573, and viii. 231)."
THE ILIAD, XVIII. 21–49

corpse are they fighting—his naked corpse; but his armour is held by Hector of the flashing helm.”

So spake he, and a black cloud of grief enwrapped Achilles, and with both his hands he took the dark dust and strewed it over his head and defiled his fair face, and on his fragrant tunic the black ashes fell. And himself in the dust lay outstretched, mighty in his mightiness, and with his own hands he tore and marred his hair. And the handmaidens, that Achilles and Patroclus had got them as booty, shrieked aloud in anguish of heart, and ran forth around wise-hearted Achilles, and all beat their breasts with their hands, and the knees of each one were loosed beneath her. And over against them Antilochus wailed and shed tears, holding the hands of Achilles, that in his noble heart was moaning mightily; for he feared lest he should cut his throat asunder with the knife. Then terribly did Achilles groan aloud, and his queenly mother heard him as she sat in the depths of the sea beside the old man her father. Thereat she uttered a shrill cry, and the goddesses thronged about her, even all the daughters of Nereus that were in the deep of the sea. There were Glauce and Thaleia and Cymodoce, Nesaeia and Speio and Thoë and ox-eyed Halië, and Cymothoë and Actaea and Limnoreia, and Melite and Íaera and Amphithoë and Agave, Doto and Proto and Pherousa and Dynamene, and Dexamene and Amphinone and Callianeira, Doris and Panope and glorious Galatea, Nemertes and Apsueids and Callianassa, and there were Clymene and Ianeira and Ianassa, Maera and Orithya and fair-tressed Amatheia, and other Nereids that were in the deep of the sea. With
these the bright cave was filled, and they all alike beat their breasts, and Thetis was leader in their lamenting: "Listen, sister Nereids, that one and all ye may hear and know all the sorrows that are in my heart. Ah, woe is me unhappy, woe is me that bare to my sorrow the best of men, for after I had borne a son peerless and stalwart, pre-eminent among warriors, and he shot up like a sapling; then when I had reared him as a tree in a rich orchard plot, I sent him forth in the beaked ships to Ilion to war with the Trojans; but never again shall I welcome him back to his home, to the house of Peleus. And while yet he liveth, and beholdest the light of the sun, he hath sorrow, neither can I anywise help him, though I go to him. Howbeit go I will, that I may behold my dear child, and hear what grief has come upon him while yet he abideth aloof from the war."

So saying she left the cave, and the nymphs went with her weeping, and around them the waves of the sea were cloven asunder. And when they were come to the deep-soiled land of Troy they stepped forth upon the beach, one after the other, where the ships of the Myrmidons were drawn up in close lines round about swift Achilles. Then to his side, as he groaned heavily, came his queenly mother, and with a shrill cry she clasped the head of her son, and with wailing spake unto him winged words:

"My child, why weep'st thou? What sorrow hath come upon thy heart. Speak out; hide it not. Thy wish has verily been brought to pass for thee by Zeus, as aforetime thou didst pray, stretching forth thy hands, even that one and all the sons of the Achaeans should be huddled at the sterns of the ships in sore need of thee, and should suffer cruel things."
Τὴν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφη πόδας ὦκυς Ἀχιλλείς.

"μὴ περὶ ἐμῆ, τὰ μὲν ἄρ μοι Ὀλύμπιος ἔξετέλεσεν· ἀλλὰ τί μοι τῶν ἱδον, ἐπεὶ φίλος ὦλεθ ἑταῖρος, 80 Πάτροκλος, τὸν ἐγὼ περὶ πάντων τίνων ἑταῖρων, ἢν ἐμὴ κεφαλὴ τὸν ἀπώλεσα, τεύχεα δὲ Ἕκτωρ δημώδες ἀπέδυσε πελώρια, βαῦμα ἰδέσθαι, καλὰ· τὰ μὲν Πηλῆς θεοὶ δόσαν ἄγλαδ ὅῳ ἡμαῖς τῷ ὅτε σε βροτοῦ ἄνερος ἐμβαλον εὐνή. 85 αἴθω ὀφέλεσο ὑμέν αὐθὶ μετ', ἀθανάτης ἀλήτης ναιεῖν, Πηλῆς δὲ βουτὴν ἀγαλεῖθαι ἄκοιτον.

νῦν δ' ἵνα καὶ σοὶ πένθος ἐνί βρεσὶ μυρίων εἰη παιδὸς ἀποφθεγμένοι, τὸν οὐχ ὑποδέξατε αὐτὸς οἰκάδε νοστήσαντ', ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ θυμὸς ἀνώγε 90 ζώειν οὐδ' ἀνδρεῖς μετέμεμνεν, αἰ̑ς κε μὴ Ἕκτωρ πρῶτος ἐμῦ ὑπὸ δοῦρ τυπείς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσοι, Πατρόκλου δ' ἐλωρά Μενοιτάδεω ἀποτίση." 

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέεις Θέτης κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·

"ἀκυμορος δὴ μοι, τέκος, ἔσσεαι, οὐ' ἀγορεύεις. 95 αὐτίκα γὰρ τοῦ ἐπετειμῆθ' Ἕκτόρα πότμος ἐτοίμοις."

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθῆσας προσέφη πόδας ὦκυς 99 Ἀχιλλείς.

"αὐτίκα τεθναίην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρ ἐμελλὸν ἐτάρω κτεινομένῳ ἐπαμώμη· ὁ μὲν μάλα πηλόθι πάτρης ἐφθιν', ἐμείδ δὲ δήσαν ἄρης ἀλκῆρα γενόσθαι. 100 νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὐ νέομαι γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν, οὐδὲ τι Πατρόκλω γενόμην φάος οὐδ' ἑτάροισι

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Then groaning heavily swift-footed Achilles answered her: “My mother, these prayers verily hath the Olympian brought to pass for me; but what pleasure have I therein, seeing my dear comrade is dead, even Patroclus, whom I honoured above all my comrades, even as mine own self? Him have I lost, and his armour Hector that slew him hath stripped from him, that fair armour, huge of size, a wonder to behold, that the gods gave as a glorious gift to Peleus on the day when they laid thee in the bed of a mortal man. Would thou hast remained where thou wast amid the immortal maidens of the sea, and that Peleus had taken to his home a mortal bride. But now—it was thus that thou too mightest have measureless grief at heart for thy dead son, whom thou shalt never again welcome to his home; for neither doth my own heart bid me live on and abide among men, unless Hector first, smitten by my spear, shall lose his life, and pay back the price for that he made spoil of Patroclus, son of Menoetius.”

Then Thetis again spake unto him, shedding tears the while: “Doomed then to a speedy death, my child, shalt thou be, that thou speakest thus; for straightway after Hector is thine own death ready at hand.”

Then, mightily moved, swift-footed Achilles spake to her: “Straightway may I die, seeing I was not to bear aid to my comrade at his slaying! Far, far from his own land hath he fallen, and had need of me to be a warden off of ruin. Now therefore, seeing I return not to my dear native land, neither proved anywise a light of deliverance to Patroclus nor to my other comrades, those many that have
been slain by goodly Hector, but abide here by the ships a profitless burden upon the earth—I that in war am such as is none other of the brazen-coated Achaeaners, albeit in council there be others better—so may strife perish from among gods and men, and anger that setteth a man on to grow wroth, how wise soever he be, and that sweeter far than trickling honey waxeth like smoke in the breasts of men; even as but now the king of men, Agamemnon, moved me to wrath. Howbeit these things will we let be as past and done, for all our pain, curbing the heart in our breasts, because we must. But now will I go forth that I may light on the slayer of the man I loved, even on Hector; for my fate, I will accept it whenso Zeus willeth to bring it to pass, and the other immortal gods. For not even the mighty Heracles escaped death, albeit he was most dear to Zeus, son of Cronos, the king, but fate overcame him, and the dread wrath of Hera. So also shall I, if a like fate hath been fashioned for me, lie low when I am dead. But now let me win glorious renown, and set many a one among the deep-bosomed Trojan or Dardanian dames to wipe with both hands the tears from her tender cheeks, amid ceaseless moaning; and let them know that long in good sooth have I kept apart from the war. Seek not then to hold me back from battle, for all thou lovest me; thou shalt not persuade me.”

Then answered him the goddess, silver-footed Thetis: “Aye, verily, as thou sayest, my child, it is in truth no ill thing to ward utter destruction from thy comrades, that are hard beset. But thy goodly armour is held among the Trojans, thine armour of bronze, all gleaming-bright. This doth Hector of the
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flashing helm wear on his own shoulders, and exulteth therein. Yet I deem that not for long shall he glory therein, seeing his own death is nigh at hand. But do thou not enter into the turmoil of Ares until thine eyes shall behold me again coming hither. For in the morning will I return at the rising of the sun, bearing fair armour from the lord Hephaestus.”

So saying she turned her to go back from her son, and being turned she spake among her sisters of the sea: “Do ye now plunge beneath the broad bosom of the deep, to visit the old man of the sea, and the halls of our father, and tell him all. But I will get me to high Olympus to the house of Hephaestus, the famed craftsman, if so be he will give to my son glorious shining armour.”

So spake she, and they forthwith plunged beneath the surge of the sea, while she, the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, went her way to Olympus, that she might bring glorious armour for her dear son.

Her then were her feet bearing to Olympus, but the Achaeans fled with wondrous shouting from before man-slaying Hector, and came to the ships and the Hellespont. Howbeit Patroclus, the squire of Achilles, might the well-greaved Achaeans not draw forth from amid the darts; for now again there overtook him the host and the chariots of Troy, and Hector, son of Priam, in might as it were a flame. Thrice from behind did glorious Hector seize him by the feet, vain to drag him away, and called mightily upon the Trojans, and thrice did the two Aiastes, clothed in furious valour, hurl him back from the corpse.

“who thrice seized him from behind by the feet, and shouted mightily, being vain to hail him away, and his heart bade him cut the head from the tender neck and fix it upon the stakes of the wall.” (Cf. 176 f.)
necropo ἀπεστυφέλεξαν. ό δ' ἐμπεδον ἀλλι πεποιθῶς ἄλλοτ' ἐπαξίσακε κατὰ μόδον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτὲ στάσκε μέγα ἱάχων; ὡς δ' ὡς ὥς ἀπὸ σώματος οὐ τι λέοντ' αἰθωνα δύναναι ποιμένας ἀγαυρολ μέγα πεινάντα δίεσθαι, ὡς ἐκεῖ τὸν οὐκ ἐδώνυντο δῶς Αἰαντε κορυστά. "Ἐκτορα Πραιμίδην ἀπό νεκροῦ δειδεσθαι. καὶ νῦ κεκεφυσεῖν τε καὶ ἀσπετον Σματο κύδος, εἶ μή Πηλείων ποδήμεροι ὄκεα Ἰρις ἀγγελοῦ ἡθεία θέου ἀπ' Ὀλυμποῦ θαρσήσεσθαι, κρύβα Διὸς ἀλλον τα θεών τρόπο γαρ ήκε μὲν Ἡρη. ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη ἔπει πτεροέντα προσημένα. "ἀρσεο, Πηλείθη, πάντων ἐκπαγλόταν' αὐνά. Πατρόκλω ἐπάμυνον, οὐ εἶνεκα φύλοσιν αὐὴ ἐστηκε πρὸ νεών. οἱ δ' ἀλλήλους ὅλεκουσιν οἱ μὲν ἁμνομενοι νέκυοι πέρι τεθνηστος, οἱ δὲ ἐρύσσασθαι ποτὲ Ἰλιον ἠμεσέον Ἰρώνες ἐπιθυνούσι. μάλιστα δὲ φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ ἐλκεμέναι μέμονεν κεφαλὴν δὲ δυμὸς ἄνωγεν πτῆναι ἀνα σκολόπετοις ταμόνθ' ἀπαθῆς ἀπὸ δειρῆς. ἀλλ' ἄνα, μηρ' ἔτι κείσο σεβασί δὲ σε δυμον ικέσθω." Πατρόκλων Ἰρωμίς κυνι μελημάρθα γενέσθαι οὐ ορμῆθη καὶ κεν τι νέκυς ἱσχυμένος ἔθη." Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ, ἔπειτα ποδάρης διος 'Αχιλλεύς. "Ἰρη θέα τ' ἀρ' σε θεῶν ἐμοί ἀγγελον ἤκε;" Τὸν δ' αὕτη προσseeing ποδήμεροι ὄκεα Ἰρις. "Ἡρη με προέχε, Διὸς κυρή παράκοται οὐδ' οδε Κρονίδης ὑψίζευσο ὑφδ' το ἄλλο αἰθανάστων, οἱ Ὀλυμπον ἀγάνυμον ἀμφιλέμοναν." 1

1 ἱάχων: ἀχέων. 2 Lines 176 f. were omitted by Zenodotus.

1 The word ἵσχυμεν ὄνειρα implies mutilation.

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But he, ever trusting in his might, would now charge upon them in the fray, and would now stand and shout aloud; but backward would he give never a whit. And as shepherds of the steadying avail not in any wise to drive from a carcass a tawny lion when he hungereth sore, even so the twain warrior Aiantes availed not to affright Hector, Priam's son, away from the corpse. And now would he have dragged away the body, and have won glory unspakable, had not wind-footed, swift Iris speeding from Olympus with a message that he array him for battle, come to the son of Peleus, all unknown of Zeus and the other gods, for Hera sent her forth. And she drew nigh, and spake to him winged words: "Rouse thee, son of Peleus, of all men most dread! Bear thou aid to Patroclus, for whose sake is a dread strife afoot before the ships. And men are slaying one another, these seeking to defend the corpse of the dead, while the Trojans charge on to drag him to windy Ilios; and above all glorious Hector is fain to drag him away; and his heart biddeth him shear the head from the tender neck, and fix it on the stakes of the wall. Nay, up then, lie here no more! Let awe come upon thy soul that Patroclus should become the sport of the dogs of Troy. Thine were the shame, if anyhow he come, a corpse despitefully entreated." Then swift-footed goodly Achilles answered her: "Goddess Iris, who of the gods sent thee a messenger to me?"

And to him again spake wind-footed, swift Iris: "Hera sent me forth, the glorious wife of Zeus; and the son of Cronos, throne on high, knoweth naught hereof, neither any other of the immortals that dwell upon snowy Olympus."
Then in answer to her spake Achilles, swift of foot:
"But how shall I enter the fray? They yonder hold
my battle-gear; and my dear mother forbade that
I array me for the fight until such time as mine eyes
should behold her again coming hither; for she
pledged her to bring goodly armour from Hephaestus.
No other man know I whose glorious armour I might
don, except it were the shield of Aias, son of
Telamon. Howbeit himself, I ween, hath dianence
among the foremost fighters, as he maketh havoc with
his spear in defence of dead Patroclus."

And to him again spake wind-footed, swift Iris:
"Well know we of ourselves that thy glorious armour
is held of them; but even as thou art go thou to
the trench, and show thyself to the men of Troy, if
so be that, seized with fear of thee, the Trojans may
desist from battle, and the warlike sons of the
Achaean may take breath, wearied as they are; for
scant is the breathing-space in war."

When she had thus spoken swift-footed Iris de-
parted; but Achilles, dear to Zeus, roused him, and
round about his mighty shoulders Athene flung her
tasselled aegis, and around his head the fair goddess
set thick a golden cloud, and forth from the man
made blaze a gleaming fire. And as when a smoke
goeth up from a city and reacheth to heaven from
afar, from an island that foes beleaguer, and the men
thereof contend the whole day through in hateful
war from their city's walls, and then at set of sun
flame forth the beacon-fires one after another and
high afoft darteth the glare thereof for dwellers
round about to behold, if so be they may come in their ships to be warders off of bane; even so from the head of Achilles went up the gleam toward heaven. Then strode he from the wall to the trench, and there took his stand, yet joined him not to the company of the Achaean, for he had regard to his mother’s wise behest. There stood he and shouted, and from afar Pallas Athene uttered her voice; but amid the Trojans he roused confusion unspeakable. Clear as the trumpet’s voice when it soundeth aloud beneath the press of murderous foemen that beleaguer a city, so clear was then the voice of the son of Aeacus. And when they heard the brazen voice of the son of Aeacus the hearts of all were dismayed; and the fair-maned horses turned their cars backward, for their spirits bored bane. And the charioteers were stricken with terror when they beheld the unwearied fire blaze in fearsome wise above the head of the great-souled son of Peleus; for the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, made it blaze. Thrice over the trench shouted mightily the goodly Achilles, and thrice the Trojans and their famed allies were confounded. And there in that hour perished twelve men of their best amid their own chariots and their own spears. But the Achaean with gladness drew Patroclus forth from out the darts and laid him on a bier, and his dear comrades thronged about him weeping; and amid them followed swift-footed Achilles, shedding hot tears, for that he beheld his trusty comrade lying on the bier, mangled by the sharp bronze. Him verily had he sent forth with horses and chariot into the war, but never again did he welcome his returning.

Then was the unwearying sun sent by ox-eyed,
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queenly Hera to go his way, full loath, to the stream of Ocean. So the sun set and the goodly Achaeans stayed them from the fierce strife and the evil war.

And on their side, the Trojans, when they were come back from the fierce conflict, loosed from beneath their cars their swift horses, and gathered themselves in assembly or ever they bethought them to sup. Upon their feet they stood while the gathering was held, neither had any man heart to sit; for they all were helden of fear, seeing Achilles was come forth, albeit he had long kept him aloof from grievous battle. Then among them wise Polydamas was first to speak, the son of Panthous; for he alone looked at once before and after. Comrade was he of Hector, and in the one night were they born: howbeit in speech was one far the best, the other with the spear. He with good intent addressed their gathering, and spake among them: "On both sides, my friends, bethink you well. For my own part I bid you return even now to the city, neither on the plain beside the ships await bright Dawn, for afar from the wall are we. As long as this man continued in wrath against goodly Agamemnon, even so long were the Achaeans easier to fight against; aye, and I too was glad, when hard by the swift ships I spent the night, in hope that we should take the curved ships. But now do I wondrously fear the swift-footed son of Peleus; so masterful is his spirit, he will not be minded to abide in the plain, where in the midst both Trojans and Achaeans share in the fury of Ares; but it is for our city that he will fight, and for our wives. Nay, let us go to the city; hearken ye unto me, for on this wise shall it be. For this present hath immortal night stayed the
HOMER

άμβροσίη· εἰ δ' ἀμμε κυκῆσται ἐνθάδ' ἐόντας
αὐρίνον ὅρμηθεις σῶν τεύχευσιν, εἰ νῦ τις αὐτῶν
γνώσεται· ἀσπασίως γὰρ ἀφίζεται Ἡλιος ἱρήν
ὁς κε φύγῃ, πολλοὺς δὲ κύνες καὶ γύπτες ἐδουτι
Τρόιων· αἰ γὰρ δὴ μοί ἀπ' οὐς ὄδε ἄνειοτο.
εἰ δ' ἂν ἔμοι ἐπέεσσι πιθώμεθα κηδόμενοι περ,
νῦκτα μὲν εἰν ἄγορῃ σθένος ἔξομεν, ἀστυ δὲ πῦργοι
ὑψιλαὶ τε πῦλαι σανίδες τ' ἐπὶ τῆς ἀφρύιας
μακρὰι εὔξεστοι ἐξενγμέναι εἰρύσσονται·
πρῶτ' δ' ὑπηοίοι σὺν τεύχευσι θωρηχθέντες
στησάμεθ' ἂμ πύργοις· τῷ δ' ἄλγοι, αἰ κ' ἔθελσιν
ἐλθὼν εἴκ νηῶν περὶ τεύχεως ἀμμί μᾶχεσθαι.
ἄψ πάλω εἰδ' ἕπι νῆσα, ἐπεί κ' ἐρεαίχενα ἢππος
παυτόιον δρόμον ἁσθ' ὑπὸ πτόλῳ ἱλακάζων·
ἐις δ' οὐ μὲν θυμὸς ἑφορμήθηναι εάσει,
οὐδὲ ποτ' ἐκπέρρει· πρὶς μὲν κύνει ἄργοι ἐδοῦται·
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπώδρα ἱδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος
"Εκτώρ:
"Πολυδάμα, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ'
ἀγορευεῖς,
δ' ἃκελαί κατὰ ἄστο ἄλημεναι αὐτις ἱόντας.
ἡ δ' οὐ πωκεκόρησθε ἐκλέμενοι ἑνδοθ' πῦργοιν;
πρὶς μὲν γὰρ Πριάμῳ πόλιν μέροπες ἄνθρωποι
πάντες μυθέσκοντο πολύχρυσον πολύχαλκον·
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἔξαπλολε δόμων κειμηλία καλά,
πολλὰ δὲ δὴ Φρυγίνι καὶ Μησονία ἔρατειν
κτήματα περνάμενεμ' ἢκε, ἐπεί μέγας ἀδύναστο Ζεὺς.
νῦν δ' ὅτε πὲρ μοι ἐδώκε Κρόνοι πάλις ἄγκυλομιτε
κόδος ἀρέσθ' ἐπὶ νηῦι, θαλάσσῃ τ' ἔλασε Ἀχαιός,
swift-footed son of Peleus, but if on the morrow he
shall come forth in harness and light on us yet
abiding here, full well shall many a one come to know
him; for with joy shall he that escapeth win to sacred
Ilios, and many of the Trojans shall the dogs and
vultures devour—far from my ear be the tale thereof.
But and if we hearken to my words for all we be
loath, this night shall we keep our forces in the
place of gathering, and the city shall be guarded by
the walls and high gates and by the tall well-
polished doors that are set therein, bolted fast. But
in the morning at the coming of Dawn arrayed in
our armour will we take our stand upon the walls;
and the worse will it be for him, if he be minded to
come forth from the ships and fight with us to win
the wall. Back again to his ships shall he hie him,
when he hath given his horses, with high-arched
necks, surfeit of coursing to and fro, as he driveth
vainly beneath the city. But to force his way within
will his heart not suffer him nor shall he lay it waste;
ere that shall the swift dogs devour him."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his
brows spake to him Hector of the flashing helm:
"Polydamas, this that thou sayest is no longer to
my pleasure, seeing thou biddest us go back and be
pent within the city. In good sooth have ye not yet
had your fill of being pent within the walls? Of old
all mortal men were wont to tell of Priam's city, for
its wealth of gold, its wealth of bronze; but now are
its goodly treasures perished from its homes, and lo,
possessions full many have been sold away to Phrygia
and lovely Maeonia, since great Zeus waxed wroth.
But now, when the son of crooked-counselling Cronos
hath vouchsafed me to win glory at the ships, and to
nýpse, µηκέτι ταῦτα νοµµάτα φαίν' εὐί δῆµω. 295
οὐ γὰρ τις Τρώων επιπείσεται: οὐ γὰρ εάνω.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ' ὥς ἂν ἐγὼ ἐπὶ, πειθώµεθα πάντες.
νῦν µὲν δόρπον ἐλέεσθε κατὰ στρατόν ἐν τελεσσαί,
καὶ φυλακῆς µυῆσασθε, καὶ ἐγρήγορθε ἐκαστος.
Τρώων δ' ὦς κτείτεσσον ὑπερψάλως ἀνάξει, 300
συλλέξας λαῶι δῶτο καταδηµοβορήσαι:
τῶν τινὰ βέλτερον ἔστιν ἐπαιρέµεν ἥ περ Ἀχιαιοὺς.
πρῶτ' ὑπηρέτοι σὺν τεύχεις βαρηχθέντες
νυσσίν ἔπει γαλαφυρῆς ἐγείρομεν ἄξιον Ἀργα.
εἰ δ' ἔτεον παρὰ ναῦφιν ἀνέστη δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς, 305
ἀλγον, αἰ κ' ἐθέλησα, τῷ ἔσσεσαι: οὐ µὴν ἐγὼ γε
φεῦξομαι ἐκ πολέµου δυσηχός, ἀλλὰ µᾶλ' ἀνὴρ
στήσοµαι, ἥ κε φέρησαι µέγα κράτος, ἥ κε φεροµένη.
ἔνωσ Ἕναυλος, καὶ τε κτανόντα κατέκα.
"Ὡς "Εκτωρ ἁγόρευς, ἔπι δ' Τρώως κελάδησαν, 310
νυπίων ζ' γὰρ σφεὺν φρένας εἴλετο Παλλᾶς Ἀθηνή.
"Εκτωρ µὲν γὰρ ἐπίνησαν κακὰ µηττάντων
Πουλυδάµαντε δ' ἄρ' οὐ τίς, οὐ ἐσθλήν φράζετο
βουλήν.
δόρπον ἔπεῳ' εἴλοντο κατὰ στρατόν οὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
παννύχοι Πάτροκλος ἀνεστενάξουσι γοῦντες. 315
tούτοι δὲ Πηλείδης ἄδωνον ἐξήρχε γόοιο.
χεῖρας ἐπὶ ἄνδροφον βέθενος στήθεσιν ἐταῖρον,
πυκνὰ µάλα στενάχων ὡς τε λεῖς ἰχνήνειοι,
ὁ βαθ' ὑπὸ σκύµνους ἐλαφθῆλὸς ἀράτῃ ἀνήρ
ὑλῆς ἐκ πυκνῆς: ὃς τ' ἀχνύται ψυτέρος ἐλθὼν, 320

1 The thought is, if any one, being possessed of wealth,
fears to spend the night in bivouac far from the city, let him
give his goods outright to the folk, rather than allow them
to be seized by the Achaeans—which, Hector implies, would
be the inevitable result, if the counsel of Polydamas were
followed.

310 pen the Achaeans beside the sea, no longer, thou fool,
do thou show forth counsels such as these among the
folk. For not a man of the Trojans will hearken to thee;
I will not suffer it. Nay, come; even as I shall
bid, let us all obey: for this present take ye your supper
throughout the host by companies, and take heed to
keep watch, and be wakeful every man. And of
the Trojans whoso is distressed beyond measure for
his goods, let him gather them together and give
them to the folk for them to feast thereon in common;1
better were it that they have profit thereof than the
Achaeans! But in the morning, at the coming of
Dawn, arrayed in our armour, let us arouse sharp
battle at the hollow ships. But if in deed and in
truth goodly Achilles is arisen by the ships, the worse
shall it be for him, if he so will it. I verily will not
flee from him out of dolorous war, but face to face
will I stand against him, whether he shall win great
victory, or haply I. Alike to all is the god of war,
and lo, he slayeth him that would slay."

So Hector addressed their gathering, and thereat
the Trojans shouted aloud, fools that they were!
for from them Pallas Athene took away their
wits. To Hector they all gave praise in his ill
advising, but Polydamas no man praised, albeit he
devised counsel that was good. So then they took
supper throughout the host; but the Achaeans the
whole night through made moan in lamentation for
Patroclus. And among them the son of Peleus
began the vehement lamentation, laying his man-
slaying hands upon the breast of his comrade and
uttering many a groan, even as a bearded lion whose
whelps some hunter of stags hath snatched away from
out the thick wood; and the lion coming back there-
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πολλὰ δὲ τ’ ἀγκε’ ἐπῆλθε μετ’ ἀνέρος ἵναι ἐρευνῶν, εἰ ποθεν ἔξειροι· μᾶλλα γὰρ δριμὺς χόλος αἰρετῶς ὡς ὁ βαρύς στενάχων μετεφώνει Μυρμιδόνεσσαι.

"Ο δὲ Πόσποι, ἣ' ἅλων ἐπος ἐκβαλον ὡματὶ κεῖσθι βαρσίσων άρῶα Μενοεῖον ἐν μεγάροι.

φήν δὲ οἱ εἰς 'Ὅποντα περικυλών ὑων ἀπάξειν Ἰλιον ἐκπέρσαντα, λαχώντα τε ληίδος αἰταν. ἄλλον Ζεὺς ἀνδροδίων νοήματα πάντα τελευτῳ' ἀρμφω γὰρ πετρωτα ὤμοιν γαϊὰν ἐρεύσανται αὐτῶν ἐν Τροῖῃ, ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ νοστήσαυτα δεξεῖται ἐν μεγάροι γέρων ἱππήλατα Πηλεὺς οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, ἀλλ’ αὐτοῦ γαϊα καθέξειν. νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν, Πάτροκλε, σεῦ ὑστερος εἰμ' ὑπὸ γαίαν,

οὐσ τε πρὸν κτερίω, πρὸν γ' "Ἐκτορὸς ἐνθάδ' ἐνείκαι τεύχεα καὶ κεφαλήν, μεγαθύμιον σεῖο φοινὸς. δαδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε πυρῆς ἀποδειροτημίωσ. Τρώων ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, σεῖεν κταμένων χωλθείς, τόφρα δὲ μοι παρὰ νυμος κορωνίς κείαει αὐτῶς, ἀμφί δὲ σε Τρώωι καὶ Δαρδανίδες βαθύκολοι κλαίσεσθαι νύκτας τε καὶ ἦματα δακρυν χέονας, τὰς αὐτοὶ καμάμωθα βιοῖς τε δοιρί τε μακρί, πιέρας πέρποντε πόλεις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων."

"Ως εἰπὼν ἐτάροισαν ἐκέκλετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς ἀμφί πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὡφρα τάχιστα Πάτροκλον λούσειαν ἀπὸ βρότου αἰματόντα. οὐ δὲ λοετροχόν τρίποδ' ἤσεσαν ὑπὸ πυρὶ κηλέω, ἐν δ' ἀρ’ ὑδωρ ἔχεαν, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα δαίων ἐλόντεσ."

THE ILIAD. XVIII. 321–347

after grieveth sore, and through many a glen he rangeth on the track of the footsteps of the man, if so be he may anywhere find him; for anger exceeding grim layeth hold of him. Even so with heavy groaning spake Achilles among the Myrmidons:

"Out upon it! Vain in sooth was the word I uttered on that day, when I sought to hearten the warrior Menoetius in our halls; and said that when I had sacked Ilion I would bring back to him unto Opoes his glorious son with the share of the spoil that should fall to his lot. But lo, Zeus fulfilleth not for men all their purposes; for both of us twain are fated to redden the selfsame earth with our blood here in the land of Troy; since neither shall I come back to be welcomed of the old knight Peleus in his halls, nor of my mother Thetis, but even here shall the earth hold me fast. But now, Patroclus, seeing I shall after thee pass beneath the earth, I will not give thee burial till I have brought hither the armour and the head of Hector, the slayer of thee, the great-souled; and of twelve glorious sons of the Trojans will I cut the throats before thy pyre in my wrath at thy slaying. Until then beside the beaked ships shalt thou lie, even as thou art, and round about thee shall deep-bosomed Trojan and Dardanian women make lament night and day with shedding of tears, even they that we twain got us through toil by our might and our long spears, when we wasted rich cities of mortal men."

So saying, goodly Achilles bade his comrades set upon the fire a great cauldron, that with speed they might wash from Patroclus the bloody gore. And they set upon the blazing fire the cauldron for filling the bath, and poured in water, and took billets of
wood and kindled them beneath it. Then the fire played about the belly of the cauldron, and the water grew warm. But when the water boiled in the bright bronze, then they washed him and anointed him richly with oil, filling his wounds with ointment of nine\(^1\) years old; and they laid him upon his bed, and covered him with a soft linen cloth from head to foot, and thereover with a white robe. So the whole night through around Achilles, swift of foot, the Myrmidons made moan in lamentation for Patroclus; but Zeus spake unto Hera, his sister and his wife: "Thou hast then had thy way, O ox-eyed, queenly Hera; thou hast aroused Achilles, swift of foot. In good sooth must the long-haired Achaeans be children of thine own womb."

Then made answer to him the ox-eyed, queenly Hera: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! Lo, even a man, I ween, is like to accomplish what he can for another man, one that is but mortal, and knoweth not all the wisdom that is mine. How then was I, that avow me to be highest of goddesses in twofold wise, for that I am eldest and am called thy wife, and thou art king among all the immortals—how was I not in my wrath against the Trojans to devise against them evil?"

On this wise spake they one to the other; but silver-footed Thetis came unto the house of Hephaestus, imperishable, decked with stars, pre-eminent among the houses of immortals, wrought all of bronze, that the crook-foot god himself had built him. Him she found sweating with toil as he moved to and fro about his bellows in eager haste; for he was fashioning tripods, twenty in all, to stand around

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\(^1\) The number nine seems not infrequently to be used as a round number (Odyssey x. 19; xi. 311), and we must assume that the ointment was thought to improve with age.
χρύσεα δὲ σφ’ ὑπὸ κύκλα ἐκάστω πυθμένι θήκεν, 375
όφρα οἱ αὐτόραμοι θεῶν δυσαίτ’ ἀγώνα
η’ αὐτῷ πρὸς δώμα νεώτατο, θαῦμα ἰδέονται.
οἱ δ’ ἦ τοῖς σοινὸν μὲν ἔχον τέλος, οὐσα δ’ οὐ ποι
δαιδάλεα προσέκειτο· τά ἢ’ ἤρμνε, κόπτε δὲ δε-
σιμοῖν.

οφρ’ ο’ γε ταῦτα πονεῖτο ἰδίας πραπόδεσιν, 380
τόφρα οἱ ἐγνύθεν ἦλθε θεά Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα.1

θύραί περομολούσα Ἀχιλλες ἀναρκηθένωσιν
καλή, τὴν ὠπνεὺ περικυκλώσεις ἀμφιγυρίσεις·
ἐν τ’ ἄρα οἱ φοντ κειρί ἐποσ τ’ ἔφατ’ ἐκ τ’ ἀνήμαζε.

“τίπτε, Θέτι τινύπεπλε, ἰκάνεις ἑμέτερον δό
385
αἰδότη τε φίλη τε; πάρος γε μὲν οὖ τι θαμύζεις.

“Ως ἂρα φωνήσασα πρόσω ἀγε διά θεάων.

τὴν μὲν ἐπείτα καθέδεν ἐπὶ θρόνου ἀργυρόμοι
καλοὶ δαιδάλεα· ὑπὸ δ’ θηρήνος ποσὸν ἦν.

κέκλειτο δ’ Ἡφαιστον κλυτότεχνην εἰπέ τε μύθον.

“Ηφαιστε, πρόμολ’ ἐδεί. Θέτις νῦ τι σεῖο χατέ-
ζε.”

τὴν δ’ ημείσετ’ ἐπείτα περικυκλώσεις ἀμφιγυρίσεις·

“ἡ δ’ ὑπὲ σοι δεινή τε καὶ αἰδότη θεός ἔδωκ
η’ μι’ ἐσάμω, ὅτε μ’ ἀλγος ἀφίκετο τῇς πεσώτα

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μητρὸς ἓμις ἱστη κυνώδονς, ἡ μ’ ἐθέλησε
κρύων χωλὸν ἔωντα· τὸ τ’ ἀν πάθον ἄλγεα θυμών,
εἰ μή μ’ Εὐρυνόμη τε Θέτις θ’ ὑπεδέξατο κόλπῳ,
Εὐρυνόμη, θυγάτηρ ἀφορρόου Ὠκεανοῦ.

τη’ παρ’ εἰνάτες χάλκευν δαιδαλὸ πολλά; 2

1 Line 381 is omitted in many mss.
2 πολλά: πάντα Zenodotus and Aristophanes.
HOMER

forged much cunning handiwork, brooches, and spiral arm-bands, and rosettes and necklaces, within their hollow cave; and round about me flowed, murmuring with foam, the stream of Oceanus, a flood unspeakable. Neither did any other know thereof, either of gods or of mortal men, but Thetis knew and Eurynome, even they that saved me. And now is Thetis come to my house; wherefore it verily behoveth me to pay unto fair-tressed Thetis the full price for the saving of my life. But do thou set before her fair entertainment, while I put aside my bellows and all my tools."

He spake, and from the anvil rose, a huge, panting bulk, halting the while, but beneath him his slender legs moved nimbly. The bellows he set away from the fire, and gathered all the tools wherewith he wrought into a silver chest; and with a sponge wiped he his face and his two hands withal, and his mighty neck and shaggy breast, and put upon him a tunic, and grasped a stout staff, and went forth halting; but there moved swiftly to support their lord handmaidens wrought of gold in the semblance of living maids. In them is understanding in their hearts, and in them speech and strength, and they know cunning handiwork by gift of the immortal gods. These busily moved to support their lord, and he, limping nigh to where Thetis was, sat him down upon a shining chair; and he clasped her by the hand, and spake, and addressed her: "Wherefore, long-robed Thetis, art thou come to our house, an honoured guest and a welcome? Heretofore thou hast not been wont to come. Speak what is in thy mind; my heart bids me fulfil it, if fulfil it I can, and it is a thing that hath fulfilment."

1 The precise meaning of the words denoting the various articles of Hephaestus' fashioning it is impossible to determine with certainty, except in the case of ὄμποι.

2 The epithet ἀγνωμώ, which occurs only here, is wholly obscure.
And Thetis made answer to him, shedding tears the while: "Hephaestus, is there now any goddess, of all those that are in Olympus, that hath endured so many grievous woes in her heart as are the sorrows that Zeus, son of Cronos, hath given me beyond all others? Of all the daughters of the sea he subdued me alone to a mortal, even to Peleus, son of Aeacus, and I endured the bed of a mortal albeit sore against my will. And lo, he lieth in his halls fordone with grievous old age, but now other griefs are mine. A son he gave me to bear and to rear, pre-eminent among warriors, and he shot up like a sapling; then when I had reared him as a tree in a rich orchard plot, I sent him forth in the beaked ships to Ilios to war with the Trojans; but never again shall I welcome him back to his home, to the house of Peleus. And while yet heliveth, and beheldeth the light of the sun, he hath sorrow, nor can I any wise help him, though I go to him. The girl that the sons of the Achaean chose out for him as a prize, her hath the lord Agamemnon taken back from out his arms. Verily in grief for her was he wasting his heart; but the Achaeans were the Trojans penning at the sterns of the ships, and would not suffer them to go forth. And to him the elders of the Argives made prayer, and named many glorious gifts. Then albeit he refused himself to ward from them ruin, yet clad he Patroclus in his own armour and sent him into the war, and added therewithal much people. All day long they fought around the Scaean gates, and on that selfsame day had laid the city waste, but that, after the valiant son of Menoeceus had wrought sore harm, Apollo slew him amid the foremost fighters and gave glory to Hector.
THE ILIAD, XVIII. 457–483

Therefore am I now come to thy knees, if so be thou wilt be minded to give my son, that is doomed to a speedy death, shield and helmet, and goodly greaves fitted with ankle-pieces, and corselet. For the harness that was his aforetime his trusty comrade lost, when he was slain by the Trojans; and my son lieth on the ground in anguish of heart.”

Then the famous god of the two strong arms answered her: “Be of good cheer, neither let these things distress thy heart. Would that I might so surely avail to hide him afar from dolorous death, when dread fate cometh upon him, as verily goodly armour shall be his, such that in aftertime many a one among the multitude of men shall marvel, whosoever shall behold it.”

So saying he left her there and went unto his bellows, and he turned these toward the fire and bade them work. And the bellows, twenty in all, blew upon the melting-vats, sending forth a ready blast of every force, now to further him as he laboured hard, and again in whatsoever way Hephaestus might wish and his work go on. And on the fire he put stubborn bronze and tin and precious gold and silver; and thereafter he set on the anvil-block a great anvil, and took in one hand a massive hammer, and in the other took he the tongs.

First fashioned he a shield, great and sturdy, adorning it cunningly in every part, and round about it set a bright rim, threefold and glittering, and therefrom made fast a silver baldric. Five were the layers of the shield itself; and on it he wrought many curious devices with cunning skill.

Therein he wrought the earth, therein the heavens...
HOMER

THE ILIAD, XVIII. 484–501

therein the sea, and the unwearied sun, and the moon at the full, and therein all the constellations wherewith heaven is crowned—the Pleiades, and the Hyades and the mighty Orion, and the Bear, that men call also the Wain, that circleth ever in her place, and watcheth Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean.

Therein fashioned he also two cities of mortal men exceeding fair. In the one there were marriages and feastings, and by the light of the blazing torches they were leading the brides from their bowers through the city, and loud rose the bridal song. And young men were whirling in the dance, and in their midst flutes and lyres sounded continually; and there the women stood each before her door and marvelled. But the folk were gathered in the place of assembly; for there a strife had arisen, and two men were striving about the blood-price of a man slain; the one avowed that he had paid all, declaring his cause to the people, but the other refused to accept aught; 1 and each was fain to win the issue on the word of a daysman. Moreover, the folk were

1 This difficult but interesting passage is fully discussed by Leaf in the Journal of Hellenic Studies, viii. pp. 122 ff., and in his Iliad, ii. 610 ff. The question at issue is one of paramount importance in early society: whether or not, namely, the shedding of blood should be allowed to settle with the kinsfolk of the man slain by payment of a blood-price. Others prefer to render the clause ὅ ἀναίνετο μηδὲν ἐλέσθαι, “but the other denied that he had received aught,” thus making the debate turn upon a question of fact merely, whether or not the price had been paid—an interpretation which lessens the significance of the scene, and somewhat strains the use of ἀναίνει. In either case it is plain that the disputants lay the matter in the hands of an umpire,

or “daysman,” who in turn, upon learning that it is a question of homicide, refers the matter to “the elders.” The two talents of gold (too small a sum to be taken to represent the blood-price itself) are to be understood as a fee, one talent presumably having been deposited by each litigant, for that one among the “judges” whose decision should meet with the most general approbation. The alternative view, that the two talents were to be paid to him “who should best plead his cause,” does violence to the meaning both of δικαίον and ὀνόματα. (The relatively small value of the Homeric talent is proved e.g. by xxiii. 262–270, where two talents form only the fourth prize. See Ridgeway, Journal of Philology, x. 30, and Journal of Hellenic Studies, viii. 133 ff.)
cheering both, shewing favour to this side and to that. And heralds heald back the folk, and the elders were sitting upon polished stones in the sacred circle, holding in their hands the staves of the loud-voiced heralds. Therewith then would they spring up and give judgment, each in turn. And in the midst lay two talents of gold, to be given to him who among them should utter the most righteous judgment.

But around the other city lay in leaguer two hosts of warriors gleaming in armour. And twofold plans found favour with them, either to lay waste the town or to divide in portions twain all the substance that the lovely city contained within. Howbeit the besieged would nowise hearken thereto, but were arming to meet the foe in an ambush. The wall were their dear wives and little children guarding, as they stood thereon, and therewithal the men that were of age; but the rest were faring forth, led of Ares and Pallas Athene, both fashioned in gold, and of gold was the raiment wherewith they were clad. Goodly were they and tall in their harness, as beseemeth gods, clear to view amid the rest, and the folk at their feet were smaller. But when they were come to the place where it seemed good unto them to set their ambush, in a river-bed where was a watering-place for all herds alike, there they sate them down, clothed about with flaming bronze. Thereafter were two scouts set by them apart from the host, waiting till they should have sight of the sheep and sleek cattle. And these came presently, and two herdsmen followed with them playing upon pipes; and of the guile wist they not at all. But the liers-in-wait, when they saw

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1 The thought is that the besiegers might be "bought off," and led to spare the city, if half the possessions of the townsfolk were handed over to them as ransom. In xxii. 117-121 Hector debates whether he should not make this very proposal to Achilles.
these coming on, rushed forth against them and speedily cut off the herds of cattle and fair flocks of white-fleeced sheep, and slew the herdsmen withal. But the besiegers, as they sat before the places of gathering and heard much tumult among the kine, mounted forthwith behind their high-stepping horses, and set out thitherward, and speedily came upon them. Then set they their battle in array and fought beside the river banks, and were ever smiting one another with bronze-tipped spears. And amid them Strife and Tumult joined in the fray, and deadly Fate, grasping one man alive, fresh-wounded, another without a wound, and another she dragged dead through the mellay by the feet; and the raiment that she had about her shoulders was red with the blood of men. Even as living mortals joined they in the fray and fought; and they were haling away each the bodies of the others’ slain.

Therein he set also soft fallow-land, rich tilth and wide, that was three times ploughed; and ploughers full many therein were wheeling their yokes and driving them this way and that. And whatsoever after turning they came to the headland of the field, then would a man come forth to each and give into his hands a cup of honey-sweet wine; and the ploughmen would turn them in the furrows, eager to reach the headland of the deep tilth. And the field grew black behind and seemed verily as it had been ploughed, for all that it was of gold; herein was the great marvel of the work.

Therein he set also a king’s demesne-land, wherein labourers were reaping, bearing sharp sickles in their hands. Some handfuls were falling in rows to the ground along the swathe, while others the binders

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1 The word εἰράων, occurring here only, was thus interpreted in antiquity.

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of sheaves were binding with twisted ropes of straw. Three binders stood hard by them, while behind them boys would gather the handfuls, and bearing them in their arms would busily give them to the binders; and among them the king, staff in hand, was standing in silence at the swathe, joying in his heart. And heralds apart beneath an oak were making ready a feast, and were dressing a great ox they had slain for sacrifice; and the women sprinkled the flesh with white barley in abundance, for the workers' mid-day meal.

Therein he set also a vineyard heavily laden with clusters, a vineyard fair and wrought of gold; black were the grapes, and the vines were set up throughout on silver poles. And around it he drave a trench of cyparissus, and about that a fence of tin; and one single path led thereto, whereby the vintagers went and came, whencesoever they gathered the vintage. And maidens and youths in childish glee were bearing the honey-sweet fruit in wicker baskets. And in their midst a boy made pleasant music with a clear-toned lyre, and thereto sang sweetly the Linos-song with his delicate voice; and his fellows beating the earth in unison therewith followed on with bounding feet mid dance and shoutings.

And therein he wrought a herd of straight-horned kine: the kine were fashioned of gold and tin, and with lowing hasted they forth from byre to pasture beside the sounding river, beside the waving reed. And golden were the herdsmen that walked beside the kine, four in number, and nine dogs swift of foot followed after them. But two dread lions amid the foremost kine were holding a loud-lowing bull, and
he, bellowing mightily, was haled of them, while after him pursued the dogs and young men. The lions twain had rent the hide of the great bull, and were devouring the inward parts and the black blood, while the herdsmen vainly sought to fright them, tarring on the swift hounds. Howbeit these shrank from fastening on the lions, but stood hard by and barked and sprang aside.

Therein also the famed god of the two strong arms wrought a pasture in a fair dell, a great pasture of white-fleebed sheep, and folds, and roofed huts, and pens.

Therein furthermore the famed god of the two strong arms cunningly wrought a dancing-floor like unto that which in wide Cnosus Daedalus fashioned of old for fair-tressed Ariadne. There were youths dancing and maidens of the price of many cattle, holding their hands upon the wrists one of the other. Of these the maidens were clad in fine linen, while the youths wore well-woven tunics faintly glistening with oil; and the maidens had fair chaplets, and the youths had daggers of gold hanging from silver baldric. Now would they run round with cunning feet exceeding lightly, as when a potter sitteth by his wheel that is fitted between his hands and maketh trial of it whether it will run; and now again would they run in rows toward each other. And a great company stood around the lovely dance, taking joy therein; and two tumblers whirled up and down through the midst of them as leaders in the dance.

Therein he set also the great might of the river Oceanus, around the uttermost rim of the strongly-wrought shield.

But when he had wrought the shield, great and
HOMER

τεῦξεν ἄρα οἱ θώρηκα φαεινότερον πυρὸς αὐγῆς, 610
τεῦξε δὲ οἱ κόρυθα βριαρήν κροτάφοις ἀραριαν,
καλὴν δαίδαλεν, ἐπὶ δὲ χρυσοῦ λόφον ἦκε,
τεῦξε δὲ οἱ κνημίδας ἐανοῦ κασσατέρου.

Ἄυτὰρ ἐπεὶ πάνθ᾽ ὁπλα κάμε κλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις,
μητρὸς Ἀχιλῆος θῆκε προπάρουθεν ἀείρας. 615
ἡ δ' ἰρηὲς ὡς ἀλτὸ κατ᾽ Οὐλύμποιο νυφέεντος,
τεῦξε μαρμαίροντα παρ' Ἡφαίστου φέρουσα.

THE ILIAD, XVIII. 610–617

sturdy, then wrought he for him a corselet brighter
than the blaze of fire, and he wrought for him a heavy
helmet, fitted to his temples, a fair helm, richly-dight,
and set thereon a crest of gold; and he wrought him
greaves of pliant tin.

But when the glorious god of the two strong arms
had fashioned all the armour, he took and laid it
before the mother of Achilles. And like a falcon
she sprang down from snowy Olympus, bearing the
flashing armour from Hephaestus.
ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Τ

'Ηώς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἀνὴρ Ὀκεανοῦ ροάν κρόνον, ἐν ἀθανάτουι φώς φέροι ᾦδε βροτοῖσιν. ἡ δ' ἐστὶν ἱκανεὶ θεοῦ πάρα δύρα φέρονσα. εἷς δὲ Πατρόκλω περικείμενον ὅπ πόλει φιλῶν ἔλθη, κλαίοντα λυγέως πολέες δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἔταρη μύρων. ἡ δ' ἐν τοῖσι παρᾶστατο δία τεκνῶν, ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῶν χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔβατ' ἐκ τ' ὁνόμαξι. 'Τέκνοι εἵμον, τούτον μὲν ἐάσομεν ἀχνύμενοι περὶ κείσαι, ἐπεί δὴ πρῶτα θεῶν ἱστοῖς δαμάσθη. τόντι δ' Ὑψαίστου πάρα κλυτὰ πεύχεα δέξο, καλὰ μᾶλ', οὐ' ἐπὶ πώ τις ἀνήρ ὀμοίων φόρησεν."

'Ὡς ἀρα φωνῆσα τεθα κατὰ πεύχε' ἐβθηκε πρόσθεν Ἀχιλλῆς τα δ' ἀνέβαρχε δαῖδαλα πάντα. Μυρμιδόνας δ' ἄρα πάντας ἐλε ὀρόμοις, οὐδὲ τις ἔτη

ἀντ' εἰςδέει, ἀλλ' ἔτρεσαν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλῆς ὡς εἴδ', ὃς μιν μᾶλλον εὕρ χόλος, ἐν δὲ ὦ ὀσσε δεινὸν ὑπὸ βλεφάρων ὡς εἰ σέλας εξεβάλεν· τέρπετο δ' ἐν χείρεσιν ἔχων θεοῦ ἀγλα δώρα. αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ προειλε σε ἐπὶ πετρεόντα προσηθεὶ. "μήτερ ἐμή, τά μὲν ὀπλα θεοῦ πόρεν οἴ' ἐπιεικὲς

1 τρόμος: φόβος Ζενοδοτος.
given are such as the works of immortals should fitly be, such as no mortal man could fashion. Now therefore will I array me for battle; yet am I sore afraid lest meantime flies enter the wounds that the bronze hath dealt on the corpse of the valiant son of Menoetius, and breed worms therein, and work shame upon his corpse—for the life is slain out of him—and so all his flesh shall rot.”

Then the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, answered him: “My child, let not these things distress thy heart. From him will I essay to ward off the savage tribes, the flies that feed upon men slain in battle. For even though he lie for the full course of a year, yet shall his flesh be sound continually, or better even than now it is. But do thou call to the place of gathering the Achaean warriors, and renounce thy wrath against Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, and then array thee with all speed for battle and clothe thee in thy might.”

So saying, she filled him with dauntless courage, and on Patroklos she shed ambrosia and ruddy nectar through his nostrils, that his flesh might be sound continually.

But goodly Achilles strode along the shore of the sea, crying a terrible cry, and aroused the Achaean warriors. And even they that aforetime were wont to abide in the gathering of the ships—they that were pilots and wielded the steering-oars of the ships, or were stewards that dealt out food—even these came then to the place of gathering, because Achilles was come forth, albeit he had long kept him aloof from grievous war. Twain there were, squires of Ares, that came limping, even Tydeus’ son, staunch in fight, and goodly Odysseus, leaning each on his spear,
for their wounds were grievous still; and they went and sat them down in the front of the gathering. And last of all came the king of men, Agamemnon, burdened with his wound; for him too in the fierce conflict had Coön, Antenor's son, wounded with a thrust of his bronze-shod spear. But when all the Achaean were gathered together, Achilles, swift of foot, arose among them and said: "Son of Atreus, was this then the better for us twain, for thee and for me, what time with grief at heart we raged in soul-devouring strife for the sake of a girl? Would that amid the ships Artemis had slain her with an arrow on the day when I took her from out the spoil after I had laid waste Lynnessus! Then had not so many Achaean bitten the vast earth with their teeth beneath the hands of the foemen, by reason of the fierceness of my wrath. For Hector and the Trojans was this the better, but long shall the Achaean, methinks, remember the strife betwixt me and thee. Howbeit, these things will we let be as past and done, for all our pain, curbing the heart in our breasts because we must. Now verily make I my wrath to cease: it besemeth me not to be wroth for ever unrelentingly; but come, rouse thou speedily to battle the long-haired Achaean, to the end that I may go forth against the Trojans and make trial of them yet again, whether they be fain to spend the night hard by the ships. Nay, many a one of them, methinks, will be glad to bend his knees in rest, whosoever shall escape from the fury of war, and from my spear."

So spake he, and the well-greaved Achaean waxed glad, for that the great-souled son of Peleus renounced his wrath. And among them spake the
THE ILIAD, XIX. 76–96

king of men, Agamemnon, even from the place where he sat, not standing forth in their midst: 1

My friends, Danaan warriors, squires of Ares, meet is it to give ear to him that standeth to speak, nor is it seemly to break in upon his words; grievous were that even for one well-skilled. And amid the uproar of many how should a man either hear or speak?—hampered is he then, clear-voiced talker though he be. To the son of Peleus will I declare my mind, but do ye other Argives give heed, and mark well my words each man of you. Full often have the Achaeans spoken unto me this word, and were ever vain to chide me; howbeit it is not I that am at fault, but Zeus and Fate and Erinys, that walketh in darkness, seeing that in the midst of the place of gathering they cast upon my soul fierce blindness on that day, when of mine own arrogance I took from Achilles his prize. But what could I do? it is God that bringeth all things to their issue. Eldest daughter of Zeus is Ate that blindeth all—a power fraught with bane; delicate are her feet, for it is not upon the ground that she fareth, but she walketh over the heads of men, bringing men to harm, and this one or that she ensnareth. Aye, and on a time she blinded Zeus, albeit men say that he is the greatest among men and gods; yet even him Hera, and such nervousness on the part of the king is in entire harmony with the tone of his opening words. This view does not necessarily imply the existence of a rostrum from which the speakers habitually spoke, although, if the obscure eirówv in xviii. 531 really means "speech-places," it would indicate something of the sort. Zenodotus rejected line 77, and modern editors have been inclined to follow him, holding that it flatly contradicts the ἐστιάζωσ of line 79. If the interpretation given above (largely after Lendrum, Classical Review, iv. 47) be correct, there is no contradiction.

1 Line 76 was given by Zenodotus in the form, τοῖς δὲ καὶ μετεειπεν ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν 'Αγαμέμνων.  
2 Line 77 was omitted by Zenodotus.  
3 Ζήν: Zeus Aristarchus.

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3 Ζήν: Zeus Aristarchus.
HOMER

"Ἡρη θῆλυς ἐόσα δολοφροσύνης ἀπάτησεν,
ηματι τῷ ὄτε ἔμελλε βίην Ἡρακλητὴν
Ἀλκμήνη τέξεθαι εὐστεφάνῳ ἐν Θήβῃ.
ἡ τοῖς γ' εὐχόμενος μετέφη πάντεσσι θεοῖς.
κέκλυτε μεν, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θέαναι,
ὁρ' εἰπὼ τά με θυμός ἐν στήθεσσιν ἀνώγει.
σήμερον ἄνδρα φώσοδε μογοστόκος Ἔλειθυαν ἐκφανεῖ,
ὅς πάντεσσι περικτόνευσαν ἀνάξει,
τῶν ἄνδρῶν γενέως οἱ θ' αἵματος εἴς ἐμὲ εἰσὶ.

ἐπισομάζοντας κορίτσας σὺν τῶν ἐν Θῆβαι,
θεοῖς οὐδ' αὐτὲ τέλος μίθῳ ἐπιθήσεις.
εἰ δ' ἀγε νῦν μοι ὀμοσσῶν 'Ολύμπης, καρπερόν ὄρκον,
ἡ μὲν τῶν πάντεσσι περικτόνευσαν ἀνάξει,
ὁς κεν ἔπ' ἣματι τῶ ἁσθενείς μετὰ ποσί γυναικὸς

τῶν ἄνδρῶν οἱ σῆς εἴς ἐμῆς εἰσὶ γενέθλιος.
ὡς ἔφατο· Ζεὺς δ' οὗ τῷ δολοφροσύνῃ ἐνόησεν,
ἀλλ' ὀμοσσέν μὲν ὄρκον, ἔπεμας δὲ πολὺν ἄσθηθ.
"Ἡρη δ' ἀξίσασα λύτεε βίων Ὀλυμποῦ,
καρπαλίμον ἰκετ' Ἀργος Ἀχαϊκόν, ἐνθ' ἕρα ἥδη

ιδθήνη ἄλοχον Θενέλου Περσατήδαο.
ἡ δ' ἐκείσε λίθον νῦν, ὁ δ' ἔβδομος ἐστήκης μετίς·
ἐκ δ' οὔ γαγε πρὸ φώσοδε καὶ ἡπτόμηνον ἑόντα,
Ἀλκμήνης δ' ἀπέσαυε τόκουν, σχῆθε δ' Ἐλειθυαίας.

αὐτὴ δ' ἀγκλέουσα Δία Κρόνιων προσήκαμ.
' Ζεὺ πάτερ ἄργυκραυτε, ἓποσ τοι ἐν φρεστὶ θήσου ἥδη ἀνήρ γέγον ἐςθλὸς,
ὁς Ἀργείωναν ἀνάξει,
Εὐρυσθέου, Θενέλου πάις Περσατήδαο,
σών γένος οὐ οἱ ἀκίκες ἀνασσάτεμεν Ἀργείων ἦν.

THE ILIAD, XIX. 97–124

that was but a woman, beguiled in her craftiness on
the day when Alcmene in fair-crowned Thebe was
to bring forth the mighty Heracles. Zeus verily
spake vauntingly among all the gods: 'Hearken
unto me, all ye gods and goddesses, that I may speak
what the heart in my breast biddeth me. This day
shall Eileithyia, the goddess of childbirth, bring to
the light a man that shall be the lord of all them
that dwell round about, even one of the race of those
men who are of me by blood.' But with crafty
mind the queenly Hera spake unto him: 'Thou
wilt play the cheat, and not bring thy word to ful-
fillment. Nay, come, Olympian, swear me now a
mighty oath that in very truth that man shall be
lord of all them that dwell round about, whoso this
day shall fall between a woman's feet, even one of
those men who are of the blood of thy stock.' So
spake she; howbeit Zeus in no wise marked her
craftiness, but swore a great oath, and therewithal
was blinded sore. But Hera darted down and left
the peak of Olympus, and swiftly came to Achaean
Argos, where she knew was the stately wife of
Sthenelus, son of Perseus, that bare a son in her
womb, and lo, the seventh month was come. This
child Hera brought forth to the light even before
the full tale of the months, but stayed Alcmene's
bearing, and held back the Eileithyiae. And herself
spake to Zeus, son of Cronos, to bear him word:
'Father Zeus, lord of the bright lightning, a word
will I speak for thy heeding. Lo, even now is born
a valiant man that shall be lord over the Argives,
even Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son of
Perseus, of thine own lineage; not unmeet is it that
he be lord over the Argives.' So spake she, and

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sharp pain smote him in the deep of his heart, and forthwith he seized Ate by her bright-tressed head, wroth in his soul, and sware a mighty oath that never again unto Olympus and the starry heaven should Ate come, she that blindeth all. So said he, and whirling her in his hand flung her from the starry heaven, and quickly she came to the tilled fields of men. At thought of her would he ever groan, whenso he beheld his dear son in unseemly travails beneath Eurystheus' tasks. Even so I also, what time great Hector of the flashing helm was making havoc of the Argives at the sterns of the ships, could not forget Ate, of whom at the first I was made blind. Howbeit seeing I was blinded, and Zeus robbed me of my wits, fain am I to make amends and to give requital past counting. Nay, rouse thee for battle, and rouse within the rest of thy people. Gifts am I here ready to offer thee, even all that goodly Odysseus promised thee yesternight, when he had come to thy hut. Or, if thou wilt, abide a while, eager though thou be for war, and the gifts shall s quiries take and bring thee from my ship, to the end that thou mayest see that I will give what will satisfy thy heart.'

Then swift-footed Achilles answered him, and said: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, for the gifts, to give them if thou wilt, as is but seemly, or to withhold them, rests with thee. But now let us bethink us of battle with all speed; it beseemeth not to dally here in talk, neither to make delay, for yet is a great work undone—to the end that many a one may again behold Achilles amid
Homer

ἐγχεὶ χαλκεῖω Τρώων ὀλέκοντα φάλαγγας.
ἀδὲ τις ὑμεῖοι μεμημένοι ἄνδρι μαχέσθω.

Τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενον προσέφη πολύμετρης Ὀδυσσεύς:

"μὴ δὴ οὕτως ἀγαθὸς περ ἔως, θεοεικέλ’ Ἀχιλλεύ, 155
νήσιον ὀτρυνε προτὶ Ἰλιὸν νῆα Ἀχαιῶν
Τρώας μαχησμένους, ἔπει οὐκ ὀλίγον χρόνον ἔσται
φύλωσις, εἰ δ’ ἀπὸ τὸν ὀμλῆσων φάλαγγες ἄνδρῶν,
ἀν ἐν τοιούτῳ πνεύμα μένος ἀμφιτέροισιν.
ἀλλὰ πάσας αἰνώθι δοξῆς ἐπὶ νησίων 'Ἀχαιῶν

"σῖτον καὶ οἴνοιο τὸ γὰρ μένος ἔστι καὶ ἀλῆς.
οὐ γὰρ ἀνὴρ πρόταν ἑμαρ ἦλιον καταδύνα ἀκμήνος
σῖτον δυνήσεται ἀντα μᾶχεσθαι:

εἶ περ γὰρ θυμὸν γιε μενονάσα πολεμίζειν,
ἀλλὰ τὰ ἄθροι γυναί βαρύνεται, ἢδὲ κιγάνει
δύσα τε καὶ λιμὼς, βλάβεται ὑπε το γοννατ’ ἤοντε
ὅς δ’ ε’ ἀνήρ οὔνοιο κορεσάμενοι καὶ ἔσωδης
ἀνδράσι δυσμενέσσο ταγμέριος πολεμίζῃ,

"βαρασεῖον νῦ οἱ ἐνθ’ ἐνί φρεσίν, οὐδὲ τὸ γυναί
πρὸν κάμμενε, πρὸν πάντας ἐρωθήσει πολέμου.

ἀλλ’ ἀγὰ λαῶν μὲν σκέδασαν καὶ δείπνοιν ἀνωθ’

όπλεσθαι. τὰ δ’ δύρα ἀναζ ἄνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων

οἰστῶ σὲ μέσουν ἀγορῆν, ἵνα πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ

δικαιομοῦν ἐδώσα, ὑπὲ δὲ φρεσὶν σήμεν ιανθῆς

ὁμνυτόν δὲ τοι ὀρκὸν ἐν Ἀργείουσι ἀναστάς,

μὴ ποτὲ τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἂδε μιγήναι·

ἡ θεῖμις ἐστίν, ἀναζ, ἢ τ’ ἄνδρων ἢ τε γυναικῶν,

καὶ δὲ σοι αὐτῷ θυμὸν ἐνί φρεσὶν ἱλαιο ἐστω.

1 Line 177 is omitted in many mss.

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The Iliad, XIX. 152-178

the foremost laying waste with his spear of bronze
the battalions of the men of Troy. ’Thereon let each
one of you take thought as he fighteth with his
man.’

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and
said: “Nay, valiant though thou art, godlike Achilles,
urge not on this wise the sons of the Achaeans
to go fasting against Ilos to do battle with the men
of Troy, since not for a short space shall the battle
last when once the ranks of men are met and the god
breathes might into either host. But bid thou the
Achaeans by their swift ships to taste of food and
wine; since therein is courage and strength. For
there is no man that shall be able the whole day
long until set of sun to fight against the foe, fasting
the while from food; for though in his heart he be
cager for battle, yet his limbs wax heavy unawares
and thirst cometh upon him and hunger withal, and
his knees grow weary as he goeth. But whoso, having
had his fill of wine and food, fighteth the whole day
long against the foemen, lo, his heart within him is
of good cheer, and his limbs wax not weary until all
withdraw them from battle. Come then, dismiss
thou the host, and bid them make ready their meal.
And as touching the gifts, let Agamemnon, king of
men, bring them forth into the midst of the place
of gathering, that all the Achaeans may behold them
with their eyes, and thou be made glad at heart.
And let him rise up in the midst of the Argives
and swear to thee an oath, that never hath he gone up
into the woman’s bed neither had dalliance with her,
as is the appointed way, O king, of men and of
women; and let the heart in thine own breast be
open to appeasement. Thereafter let him make
amends to thee in his hut with a feast full rich, that
thou mayest have nothing lacking of thy due. Son
of Atreus, towards others also shalt thou be more
righteous hereafter; for in no wise is it blame for
a king to make amends to another, if so be he wax
wroth without a cause." 1

To him then spake again the king of men,
Agamemnon: "Glad am I, son of Laërtes, to hear
thy words, for duly hast thou set forth the whole
matter, and told the tale thereof. This oath am I
ready to swear, and my heart biddeth me thereto,
nor shall I forswear myself before the god. But let
Achilles abide here the while, eager though he be
for war, and abide all ye others together, until the
gifts be brought from my hut, and we make oaths
of faith with sacrifice. And to thine own self do I
thus give charge and commandment: Choose thee
young men, princes of the host of the Achaeans,
and bear from my ship the gifts, even all that we promised
yesternight to give Achilles, and bring the women
withal. And let Talthybius forthwith make me ready
a boar in the midst of the wide camp of the Achaeans,
to sacrifice to Zeus and to the Sun."

But swift-footed Achilles answered him, and said:
"Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of
men, at some other time were it e’en better that ye
be busied thus, when haply there shall come between
some pause in war, and the fury in my breast be
not so great. Now are they lying mangled, they
that Hector, son of Priam, slew, when Zeus vouch-
safed him glory, and ye twain are bidding us to meat!
Verily for mine own part would I even now bid the

duct of the preceding infinitive, while here it refers
to the subject.
HOMER


sons of the Achaians do battle fasting and unfed, and at set of sun make them ready a mighty meal, when we shall have avenged the shame. Till that shall be, down my throat, at least, neither drink nor food shall pass, seeing my comrade is dead, who in my hut lieth mangled by the sharp bronze, his feet turned toward the door,\(^1\) while round about him our comrades mourn; wherefore it is nowise on these things that my heart is set, but on slaying, and blood, and the grievous groanings of men."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "O Achilles, son of Peleus, far the mightiest of the Achaians, better art thou than I and mightier not a little with the spear, howbeit in counsel might I surpass thee by far, seeing I am the elder-born and know the more; wherefore let thine heart endure to hearken to my words. Quickly have men surfeit of battle, wherein the bronze streweth most straw upon the ground, albeit the harvest is scantiest, whensoever Zeus inclineth his balance, he that is for men the dispenser of battle. But with the belly may it nowise be that the Achaians should mourn a corpse, for full many are ever falling one after another day by day; when then could one find respite from toil?\(^2\) Nay, it behoveth to bury him that is slain, steeling our hearts and weeping but the one day's space; but all they that are left alive from hateful war must needs bethink them of drink and of food, to the end that yet the more we may fight with the foemen ever incessantly, clothed about with stubborn bronze.

\(^1\) Possibly merely as a symbol of departure, although Rohde (Psyche, p. 22 n.) and others find the origin of the

\(^2\) *i.e.* toilsome fasting for the dead, not, as usually, the toil of war.
And let no man of all the host hold back awaiting other summons beside, for the summons is this: I shall it be for him whose is left at the ships of the Argives. Nay, setting out in one throng let us rouse keen battle against the horse-taming Trojans."

He spake, and took to him the sons of glorious Nestor, and Meges, son of Phyleus, and Thoas and Meriones and Lycomedes, son of Creon, and Melanippus; and they went their way to the hut of Agamemnon, son of Atreus. Then straightway in the one moment was the word said, and the deed fulfilled. Seven tripods bare they from the hut, even as he promised him, and twenty gleaming cauldrons and twelve horses; and forth they speedily led women skilled in goodly handiwork; seven they were, and the eighth was fair-cheeked Briseis. Then Odysseus weighed out ten talents of gold in all, and led the way, and with him the other youths of the Achaeans bare the gifts. These then they set in the midst of the place of gathering, and Agamemnon rose up, and Talthybius, whose voice was like a god's, took his stand by the side of the shepherd of the people, holding a boar in his hands. And the son of Atreus drew forth with his hand the knife that ever hung beside the great sheath of his sword, and cut the firstling hairs from the boar, and lifting up his hands made prayer to Zeus; and all the Argives sat thereby in silence, hearkening as was meet unto the king. And he spake in prayer, with a look up to the wide heaven: "Be Zeus my witness first, highest and best of gods, and Earth and Sun, and the Erinyes, that under earth take vengeance on men, whosoever hath sworn a false oath, that never laid I hand upon the girl Briseïs
HOMER

either by way of a lover's embrace or anywise else, but she ever abode untouched in my huts. And if
ught of this oath be false, may the gods give me
wes full many, even all that they are wont to give to
him whose sinnett against them in his swearing."

He spoke, and cut the boar's throat with the
pitiless weapon, and the body Talthybios whirled and
flung into the great gulf of the grey sea, to be food
for the fishes; but Achilles uprose, and spoke among
the war-loving Argives:

"Father Zeus, great in good sooth is the blindness
thou sendest upon men. Never would the son of
Atreus have utterly roused the wrath within my
breast, nor led off the girl ruthlessly in my dispute,
but mayhap it was the good pleasure of Zeus that
on many of the Achaean's death should come. But now
go ye to your meal, that we may join in battle."

So spake he, and hastily brake up the gathering.
Then the others scattered, each to his own ship, but
the great-hearted Myrmidons busied themselves
about the gifts, and bare them forth to the ship of
godlike Achilles. And they bestowed them in the
huts, and set the horses there, and the women proud
squires drive off to the herd.

But Briseis, that was like unto golden Aphrodite,
when she had sight of Patroclus mangled with the
sharp bronze, flung herself about him and shrieked
aloud, and with her hands she tore her breast and
tender neck and beautiful face. And amid her
wailing spake the woman like unto the goddesses:
"Patroclus, dearest to my hapless heart, alive I left
thee when I went from the hut, and now I find thee
dead, thou leader of hosts, as I return thereto:
thus for me doth evil ever follow hard on evil. My
husband, unto whom my father and queenly mother
gave me, I beheld mangled with the sharp bronze
before our city, and my three brethren whom mine
own mother bare, brethren beloved, all these met
their day of doom. But thou, when swift Achilles
slew my husband, and laid waste the city of godlike
Mynes, wouldst not even suffer me to weep, but
saidest that thou wouldst make me the wedded wife
of Achilles,¹ and that he would bear me in his ships
to Phthia, and make me a marriage-feast among the
Myrmidons. Wherefore I wait for thee in thy death
and know no ceasing; for thou wast ever kind."

So spake she wailing, and thereto the women added
their laments; Patroclus indeed they mourned,² but
therewithal each one her own sorrows. But around
Achilles gathered the elders of the Achaeans, be-
seeking him that he would eat; but he refused
them, moaning the while: "I beseech you, if
any of my dear comrades will hearken unto me,
bid me not before the time sate my heart with food
or drink, seeing dread grief is come upon me. Till
set of sun will I abide, and endure even as I am."

So spake he, and sent from him the other chieftains,
but the two sons of Atreus abode, and goodly
Odysseus, and Nestor and Idomeneus and the old
man Phoenix, driver of chariots, seeking to comfort
him in his exceeding sorrow; but no whit would
his heart be comforted until he entered the mouth
of bloody war. And as he thought thereon he

1 That Patroclus promised more than it would have
been possible for him to perform is in keeping with the kindliness
of his character which is so often emphasized. As to the
question of marriage, however, between a Greek prince
and a captive, it must be remembered that Achilles calls Briseis
his wife, explicitly in the text of ix. 336 as commonly read,
and implicitly in any case. Cf. the note on ix. 336.

2 It seems more in keeping with the simplicity of Homeric
thought to take πρόφασις of a real cause, rather than to
render, as is commonly done, "in semblance for Patroclus,"

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μησάμενος δ’ ἄδινως ἀνενείκατο φωνησέν τε·
"ἡ ρά νῦ μοι ποτε καὶ σύ, δυσάμμορε, φιλτάθ
ἔταίρων,
αὐτὸς εὖ κλισίσι λαρὸν πάρα δείπνον ἑθήκας
ἀφα καὶ ὀτραλέως, ὅποτε στερχοῦσιν Ἀχαιοὶ
Τρωίν ἐφ’ ἵπποδαμίου φέρειν πολύδακρον Ἀρηα.

νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν κεῖσαι δεδαίγμένος, αὐτὰρ ἐμὸν κήρ
ἀκμην τῶν πόσιον καὶ ἐθητύνο, εἴδον έόντων,
οὐ δ’ ισθήσει τοιαύτ’ υἱὸς· ο’ δ’ ἀλλοδαπῷ εὖν δήμῳ
eὐκα μεγαδηνίας Ελένης Τρωίν πολεμίζω·

ή τὸν δὲ Σκύρῳ μοι ἐνι τρέφεται φίλος υἱὸς,
εἰ ποτ’ ἐτεῖ ζωεὶ χνοτόλεμος θεοεἰδής.1

πρὶν μὲν γὰρ μοι θυμὸς ἐνι στῆθεσιν ἐσπέται
οὖν ἐμὲ φθίοσεβομεν ἀπ’ Ἀργεος ἵπποδβοῦτο

αὐτὸν ἐνι Τροῖν, σὲ δὲ τὸ Φθηρὶδε νέεσθαι,

ἐὰν ᾠ γὰρ τὸν παῖδα θοῇ ἐνι νηλ’ μελανή
Σκυρῶθειν ἐξαγάγοις καὶ οἱ δείξεις ἐκαστα,
κτῆσιν ἐμὴν ὅμως τε καὶ ύψεφθές μέγα δόμα.

ἡ γὰρ Πηλία γ’ ὁφάμαι ἡ κατὰ πάμπον
tεθνάμεν, ἢ πῶς τυτθὸν ἐτεῖ ζωντ’ ἀκάχχοθαι

γῆρας τε στυγερῷ καὶ ἐμὴν ποτίδεγμαι αἰεὶ

λυγρῆν ἀγγελῆν, ἤτ’ ἀφωθιμένου πῦθηται."

"Ὡς θεῖο τινὰς, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχωτο γέροντες,

μησάμενοι τὰ ἐκαστα εὖν μεγάροισιν ἔλειπεν.

1 Line 327 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.
Cronos had sight of them, and was touched with pity; and forthwith he spake winged words unto Athene:

"My child, lo thou forsakes utterly thine own warrior. Is there then no place in thy thought any more for Achilles? Yonder he sitteth in front of his ships with upright horns, mourning for his dear comrade; the others verily are gone to their meal, but he fasteth and will have naught of food. Nay go, shed thou into his breast nectar and pleasant ambrosia, that hunger-pangs come not upon him."

So saying he urged on Athene, that was already eager: and she like a falcon, wide of wing and shrill of voice, leapt down upon him from out of heaven through the air. Then while the Achaeans were arraying them speedily for battle throughout the camp, into the breast of Achilles she shed nectar and pleasant ambrosia that grievous hunger-pangs should not come upon his limbs; and then herself was gone to the stout-built house of her mighty sire, and the Achaeans poured forth from the swift ships. As when thick and fast the snowflakes flutter down from Zeus, chill beneath the blast of the North Wind, born in the bright heaven; even so then thick and fast from the ships were borne the helms, bright-gleaming, and the bossed shields, the corselets with massive plates, and the ashen spears. And the gleam thereof went up to heaven, and all the earth round about laughed by reason of the flashing of bronze; and there went up a din from beneath the feet of men; and in their midst goodly Achilles arrayed him for battle. There was a gnashing of his teeth, and his two eyes blazed as it had been a flame.
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of fire, and into his heart there entered grief that might not be borne. Thus in fierce wrath against the Trojans he clad him in the gifts of the god, that Hephaestus had wroth him with toil. The greaves first he set about his legs: beautiful they were, and fitted with silver ankle-pieces, and next he did on the corselet about his chest. And about his shoulders he cast the silver-studded sword of bronze, and thereafter grasped the shield great and sturdy, wherefrom went forth afar a gleam as of the moon. And as when forth over the sea there appeareth to seamen the gleam of blazing fire, and it burneth high up in the mountains in a lonely steadiness—but sore against their will the storm-winds bear them over the teeming deep afar from their friends; even so from the shield of Achilles went up a gleam to heaven, from that shield fair and richly-dight. And he lifted the mighty helm and set it upon his head; and it shone as it were a star—the helm with crest of horse-hair, and around it waved the plumes of gold, that Hephaestus had set thick about the crest. And goodly Achilles made proof of himself in his armour, whether it fitted him, and his glorious limbs moved free; and it became as it were wings to him, and lifted up the shepherd of the people. And forth from its stand he drew his father’s spear, heavy and huge and strong, that none other of the Achaians could wield, but Achilles alone was skilled to wield it, even the Pelian spear of ash that Cheiron had given to his dear father from the peak of Pelion, to be for the slaying of warriors. And Automedon and Alcimus set them busily to yoke the horses, and cast
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γαμφηλής ἔβαλον, κατὰ δ’ ἦνα τείναν ὀπίσω κολλητὸν ποτὶ διῆφον. δ’ ἰδὲ μάστιγα φαεινὴν χειρὶ ἀθανῶν ἄραυνὰν ἐπ’ ἵππου ἀνόρουσεν. Ἀὐτομεδῶν· ὁποῖον δὲ κορυσάμενος βῆ Ἀχιλλεύς, τεῦχεις παραφαινὼν ὡς τ’ ἦλεκτωρ ᾿Ὑπερίων, σμερδαλέον δ’ ἵππουν ἐκέκλετο πατρὸς ἐόδῳ.

“Σάνδε τε καὶ Βαλίη, τῆλεκλῶτα τέκνα Ποδάργης, 400 ἀλλὰς δὴ φράζεσθε σαωσέμεν ἰμνοχὴν ἀφ’ Δαναῶν ἐς ὀμιλίν, ἐπεὶ χ’ ἐκέμεν πολέμῳ, μηδ’ ὡς Πάτροκλον λίπετ’ αὐτὸθε τεῦχητα.”

Τὸν δ’ ἄρ’ ὅπ’ ἥγοιρ προσέφη πόδας αὐτὸλ ἵππος

Σάνδος, ἀφ’ ἦμυσε κορήτι, πᾶσα δὲ χαίτῃ 405 ζεῦγλης ἀξιοποὺσα παρὰ ἤγοιρ οὖνδας ἵκατεν· αὐθεντὰ δ’ ἐθήκε θεὰ λευκάλενος Ἰρη·

καὶ λίθ’ ἐπὶ νῦν γε σαῶσομεν, ὁμίλη Ἀχιλλεύς· ἀλλὰ τοῦ ἐγγύθεν ἦμαρ ἀλέθριον οὐδὲ τοῦ ἴματος, ἀλλὰ θέσι τοῖς μέγας καὶ Μοῦρα κραταιών ὀυδὲ γὰρ ἤμετερη βραδυτῆτι τε νυχελῆ τε Ἀρτεμιδῆς ἀπ’ ἄμα Πάτροκλον τεῖχε ἐλοντο· ἀλλὰ θέσαν ὑφόδια, ὅν ἦκομος τέκε Λητῆ, ἑκται’ ἐνὶ προμάχοις καὶ Ἐκτορὶ κόδος ἐδώκε. νοὶ δὲ καὶ κεν ἀμα πνύοι Ζεφύροι θέοιμεν, 410 ἤν περ ἔλαφρωτάντας τιοῦ ἐμέναι· ἀλλ’ σοι αὐτῶ μυροῦμον ἐστὶ θεῷ τε καὶ ἀνέρι ἐμί δαμήναι.”

“Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσατος Ἐρυνίες ἔσχεθον αὐθήν.

1 Line 407 was rejected by Aristarchus.
2 Lines 416 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

bits within their jaws, and drew the reins behind to the jointed car. And Automedon grasped in his hand the bright lash, that fitted it well, and leapt upon the car; and behind him stepped Achilles harnessed for fight, gleaming in his armour like the bright Hyperion. Then terribly he called aloud to the horses of his father:

“Xanthus and Balius, ye far-famed children of Podarge, in some other wise bethink you to bring your charioteer back safe to the host of the Danaans, when we have had our fill of war, and leave ye not him there dead, as ye did Patroclus.”

Then from beneath the yoke spake to him the horse Xanthus, of the swift-glancing feet; on a sudden he bowed his head, and all his mane streamed from beneath the yoke-pad beside the yoke, and touched the ground; and the goddess, white-armed Hera, gave him speech: 1 “Aye verily, yet for this time will we save thee, mighty Achilles, albeit the day of doom is nigh thee, nor shall we be the cause thereof, but a mighty god and overpowering Fate. For it was not through sloth or slackness of ours that the Trojans availed to strip the harness from the shoulders of Patroclus, but one, far the best of gods, even he that fair-haired Leto bare, slew him amid the foremost fighters and gave glory to Hector. But for us twain, we could run swift as the blast of the West Wind, which, men say, is of all winds the fleetest; nay, it is thine own self that art fated to be slain in fight by a god and a mortal.”

When he had thus spoken, the Erinyes checked

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1 There is no parallel in Homer to this episode of the speaking horse, but it is not un-Greek (Hesiod, Works and Days, 203 ff.). In any case this splendid passage is its own best justification.
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τὸν δὲ μέγ’ ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὤκυς Ἀχιλλεύς.

"Σάνθε, τί μοι θάνατον μαντεύει; οὐδὲ τί σε χρῆ. 420
εὖ νυ τὸ οἴδα καὶ αὐτὸς ὁ μοι μόρος ἐνθάδ’ ὀλέσθαι,
νόσφι φίλον πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος· ἄλλα καὶ ἐμπηθ
οὔ λήξω πρὶν Τρώας ἄδην ἐλάσαι πολέμων."  

*Ἡ ρά, καὶ ἐν πρῶτοι λάχων ἔχε μόνυχας ἵππους.

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his voice. Then, his heart mightily stirred, spake to him swift-footed Achilles:

"Xanthus, why dost thou prophesy my death? Thou needest not at all. Well know I even of myself that it is my fate to perish here, far from my father dear, and my mother; howbeit even so will I not cease, until I have driven the Trojans to surfeit of war."

He spake, and with a cry drave amid the foremost his single-hooved horses.
BOOK XX

So by the beaked ships around thee, O son of Peleus, insatiate of fight, the Achaeans arrayed them for battle; and likewise the Trojans over against them on the rising ground of the plain. But Zeus bade Themis summon the gods to the place of gathering from the brow of many-ridged Olympus; and she sped everywhither, and bade them come to the house of Zeus. There was no river that came not, save only Oceanus, nor any nymph, of all that haunt the fair copses, the springs that feed the rivers, and the grassy meadows. And being come to the house of Zeus they sate them down within the polished colonnades which for father Zeus Hephaestus had builded with cunning skill.

Thus were they gathered within the house of Zeus; nor did the Shaker of Earth fail to heed the call of the goddess, but came forth from the sea to join their company; and he sate him in the midst, and made question concerning the purpose of Zeus:

"Wherefore, thou lord of the bright lightning, hast thou called the gods to the place of gathering? Is it that thou art pondering on somewhat concerning the Trojans and Achaeans? for now is their battle and fighting kindled hard at hand."

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered him, and said: "Thou knowest, O Shaker of Earth, the pur-
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δὲν ἔνεκα ἠνάγειρα· μέλουσι μοι ὀλλήμενοι περ. ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ τοῦ μὲν ἐγὼ μενεώ πτυχὶ Οὐλιέμπου ὄμενως, ἐνθ’ ὄροις φρένα τέρφομαι· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἀλλοι ἔρχοντα ὁφφ’ ἂν ἱκηθεὶς μετὰ Τρώας καὶ Ἀχαίοις, ἀμφιτέρωσε δ’ ἄριστο, ὡστὶ νόσοι ἐστίν ἐκάστου. 25 εἰ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς οὗτος ἐπὶ Τρώασσι μαχεῖται, οὐδὲ μίνουθ’ ἐξουσι ποδάκεα Πηλέωνα.

καὶ δὲ τὶ μιν καὶ πρόσθεν ὑποσφρέοικον ὀρῶντες· νῦν δ’ ὅτε δὴ καὶ θυμὸν ἐταίρου χῶται αἰνώς, δείδω μὴ καὶ τείχος ὑπὲρ μόρον ἐξαλαπάξῃ.” 30

“Ὡς ἔφη Κρονίδης, πόλεμον δ’ ἀλάστον ἐξέγερε βαν δ’ ἤμαν πόλεμονθεὶς, δίγα θυμὸν ἔχοντες. Ἡρὶ μὲν μετ’ ἀγώνα νεών καὶ Παλλᾶς Ἀθήνη ἦδε Ποσείδῶν γαῖας ἐριώνθη ἤδ’ ἐριώνθην Ἀρμείας, ὡς ἐπὶ προσε πευκάλμης κέκασαν. 35 Ἡμαστος δ’ ἀμα τούτω καὶ θένε νεῦλεαν, χωλεύων, ὑπὸ δὲ κυρίαι ρώμοντο ἀραίαι.

ἐς δὲ Τρώας Ἀρῆς κορυβαῖον, αὐτὰρ ἃμ’ αὐτῷ Φοῖβος ἀκρεσκοῦμ’ ἦδ’ Ἀρτέμις ἱνέαερα Λητῶ νε Σάιδον τε φιλομενής τ’ Ἀφροδίτῃ. 40

“Ὅσο μὲν ὅ’ ἀπάνευθε θεὰι θητῶν ἔσαν ἀνθρῶν, τῆς Ἀχιλλεὺς μὲν μέγι’ ἐκόδωσαν, οὐκ’ Ἀχιλλεύς ἔσεφαίη, ὕπερ’ δὲ μάχης ἐπέπουσ’ ἄλεγενείς.”

Τρώας δὲ τρόμος αἰών ὑπηλυθε γυῖα ἔκαστον, δεινότατα, ὧθ’ ὀρῶντο ποδάκεα Πηλέωνα

1 i.e. without any interference on the part of the gods.

THE ILIAD, XX. 21-45

pose in my breast, for the which I gathered you hither; I have regard unto them, even though they die. Yet verily, for myself will I abide here sitting in a fold of Olympus, wherefrom I will gaze and make glad my heart; but do ye others all go forth till ye be come among the Trojans and Achaeans, and bear aid to this side or that, even as the mind of each may be. For if Achilles shall fight alone 1 against the Trojans, not even for a little space will they hold back the swift-footed son of Peleus. Nay, even aforetime were they wont to tremble as they looked upon him, and now when verily his heart is grievously in wrath for his friend, I fear me lest even beyond what is ordained he lay waste the wall.”

So spake the son of Cronos, and roused war unabating. And the gods went their way into the battle, being divided in counsel: Hera gat her to the gathering of the ships, and with her Pallas Athene, and Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, and the helper Hermes, that was beyond all in the cunning of his mind; and together with these went Hephaestus, exulting in his might, halting, but beneath him his slender legs moved nimbly; but unto the Trojans went Ares, of the flashing helm, and with him Phoebus, of the unshorn locks, and Artemis, the archer, and Leto and Xanthus and laughter-loving Aphrodite.

Now as long as the gods were afar from the mortal men, even for so long triumphed the Achaeans mightily, seeing Achilles was come forth, albeit he had long kept him aloof from grievous battle; but upon the Trojans came dread trembling on the limbs of every man in their terror, when they beheld the swift-footed son of Peleus, flaming in his harness,
the peer of Ares, the bane of men. But when the Olympians were come into the midst of the throng of men, then up leapt mighty Strife, the rouser of hosts, and Athene cried aloud,—now would she stand beside the digged trench without the wall, and now upon the loud-sounding shores would she utter her loud cry. And over against her shouted Ares, dread as a dark whirlwind, calling with shrill tones to the Trojans from the topmost citadel, and now again as he sped by the shore of Simois over Callicolone. 1

Thus did the blessed gods urge on the two hosts to clash in battle, and amid them made grievous strife to burst forth. Then terribly thundered the father of gods and men from on high; and from beneath did Poseidon cause the vast earth to quake, and the steep crests of the mountains. All the roots of many-fountained Ida were shaken, and all her peaks, and the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achaeans. And seized with fear in the world below was Aidonius, lord of the shades, and in fear leapt he from his throne and cried aloud, lest above him the earth be cloven by Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, and his abode be made plain to view for mortals and immortals—the dread and dank abode, wherefore the very gods have loathing: so great was the din that arose when the gods crashed in strife. For against king Poseidon stood Phoebus Apollo with his winged arrows, and against Enyalius the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene; against Hera stood forth the huntress of the golden arrows, and the echoing chase, even the archer Artemis, sister of the god that smiteth afar; against Leto stood forth the

1 Callicolone ("Beauty Hill") is mentioned again in 374
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αὖτα δ’ ἄρ’ Ἡφαίστου μέγας ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης, δὴ Ἑλίμων καλέων θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον.

"Ὡς οἱ μὲν θεοὶ αὖτα θεών ἰσαν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχilléus 75
"Εκτόρου ἀντα μάλιστα λυλαίετο δύναι ἔμιλον
Πριαμίδεω· τοῦ γὰρ ρὰ μάλιστα ἔ θυμος ἀνύγει
αἰματὸς ἄσαι "Αρης ταλαίφων πολεμιστὴν.

Αἰνεία δ’ ἱθὶ λαοσσός ὄρσεν Ἀπόλλων ἀντα Πηλείωνος, ἐνήκε δὲ οἱ μένος ἤ’ 80

νεὶε δὲ Πριμάριο Λυκάονι εἶσατο φωνῇ.

τῷ μὲν εἰσαμένος προσῆφη Διὸς ὦς Ἀπόλλων.

"Αἰνεία, Ἀγαθών βουληφόρε, ποὺ τοι ἀπειλαί,
ἀς Ἀγαθών βασιλεύσῃ ὑπίσχεοι οἴνοποτάζων,
Πηλείδεω Ἀχιλῆος ἐναντίον πολεμίζων;” 85

Τὸν δ’ αὐτ’ Αἰνείας ἀπαμειβόμενος προσειπεῖ.

"Πριαμίδη, τὶ με ταῦτα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα κελεύεις,
ἀντα Πηλείωνος ὑπερθύμιοι μάχεσθαι;

οὐ μὲν γὰρ νῦν πρῶτα ποδοκεῖος ἄντ’ Ἀχιλῆος
στήσομαι, ἀλλ’ ἥδη με καὶ ἀλλοτε δοῦρο φόβησεν 90
ἐξ Ἰδῆς, ὅτε βουνὸν ἐπῆλθεν ἡμετέρησιν,
πέρσε δὲ Λυκηναῖον καὶ Πήδασον· αὐτὰρ ἔμε Ζεὺς
εἰρύσατο, ὅς μοι ἐτῶρος μένους λαυφρά τε γούνα.

ἡ κ’ ἐδάμων ὑπὸ χερσίν Ἀχιλῆος καὶ Ἀθηνᾶς,
ἡ οἱ πρόσθεν ἰόνος οἴδῃ φαὸς ἤ’ ἐκέλευεν
ἀγχεὶ χαλκείον Λέγεας καὶ Τρῶας ἐναίρειν.

τῷ οὐκ ἐστ’ Ἀχιλῆος ἐναντίον ἀνδρὰ μάχεσθαι.

αἰτε γὰρ πάρα εἰς γε θεῶν, ὃς λογίων ἀμύνει.

καὶ δ’ ἄλλως τοῦ γ’ ἱθ’ βέλος πέτετ’, οὐδ’ απολύγει

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strong helper, Hermes, and against Hephaestus the
great, deep-eddying river, that gods call Xanthus,
and men Scamander.

Thus gods went forth to meet with gods. But
Achilles was fain to meet with Hector, Priam’s son,
above all others in the throng, for with his blood as
with that of none other did his spirit bid him glut
Ares, the warrior with tough shield of hide. Howbeit
Aeneas did Apollo, rouser of hosts, make to go forth
to face the son of Peleus, and he put into him
great might: and he likened his own voice to that
of Lycaon, son of Priam. In his likeness spoke unto
Aeneas the son of Zeus, Apollo: " Aeneas, counsellor
of the Trojans, where be now thy threats, wherewith
thou wast wont to declare unto the princes of the
Trojans over thy wine, that thou wouldst do battle
man to man against Achilles, son of Peleus?"

Then Aeneas answered him, and said: "Son of
Priam, why on this wise dost thou bid me face in
fight the son of Peleus, high of heart, though I be
not minded thereto? Not now for the first time
shall I stand forth against swift-footed Achilles;
nay, once ere now he drave me with his spear from
Ida, when he had come forth against our kine, and
laid Lynnessus waste and Pedasus withal; howbeit
Zeus saved me, who roused my strength and made
swift my knees. Else had I been slain beneath the
hands of Achilles and of Athene, who ever went before
him and set there a light of deliverance, and bade
him slay Leleges and Trojans with spear of bronze.
Wherefore may it not be that any man face Achilles
in fight, for that ever by his side is some god, that
wardeth from him ruin. Aye, and of itself his spear
fieth straight, and ceaseth not till it have pierced
THE ILIAD, XX. 100–126

through the flesh of man. Howbeit were a god to stretch with even hand the issue of war, then not lightly should he vanquish me, nay, not though he vaunt him to be wholly wrought of bronze.”

Then in answer to him spake the prince Apollo, son of Zeus: “Nay, warrior, come, pray thou also to the gods that are for ever; for of thee too men say that thou wast born of Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus, while he is sprung from a lesser goddess. For thy mother is daughter of Zeus, and his of the old man of the sea. Nay, bear thou straight against him thy stubborn bronze, nor let him anywise turn thee back with words of contempt and with threatenings.”

So saying he breathed great might into the shepherd of the host, and he strode amid the foremost fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze. Nor was the son of Anchises unseen of white-armed Hera, as he went forth to face the son of Peleus amid the throng of men, but she gathered the gods together, and spake among them, saying: “Consider within your hearts, ye twain, O Poseidon and Athene, how these things are to be. Lo, here is Aeneas, gone forth, harnessed in flaming bronze, to face the son of Peleus, and it is Phoebus Apollo that hath set him on. Come ye then, let us turn him back forthwith; or else thereafter let one of us stand likewise by Achilles’ side, and give him great might, and suffer not the heart in his breast anywise to fail; to the end that he may know that they that love him are the best of the immortals, and those are worthless as wind, that hitherto have warded from the Trojans war and battle. All we are come down from Olympus to mingle in this battle, that Achilles take no hurt among the Trojans for this day’s space; but thereafter shall
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σήμερον· ὑστερον αὐτὸ τὰ πείσται ἀσά οἱ Ἀια
γγυμομένω ἐπένεσε λίμω, ὅτε μν τέκε μῆτρο.
ei δ’ Ἀγαλῆς οὐ ταῦτα θεῶν ἐκ πείσται ὁμφῆς,
δεισετ’ ἐπεῖθ’ ὅτε κέν τις ἐναντίβους θεὸς ἔλθῃ
ἐν πολέμῳ· χαλεποὶ δὲ θεοὶ φαῖνεσθαι ἀναργεῖς.’

᾿Τὴν δ’ ἴμησετ ἐπείτα Ποσειδάων ἔσοιχυνων·
‘Ἡρί, μη χαλέτανε παρὰ νόου· οὐδὲ τί σε κρή.
όυκ ἀν ἐγὼ γ’ ἑθέλομι θεοὺς ἔριδα ξυνελάσοι
ήμεα τοὺς ἄλλους, ἐπεὶ ἤ πολὺ φερτοὶ εἰμὲν.
ἀλλ’ ἴμησε μὲν ἐπείτα καθεξῆς ἔδωκεν κιόντες
ἐκ πάνω ἐς σκοπήν, πόλεμος δ’ ἀνδρασα μελῆσει.
ei δ’ κ’ Ἀρής ἀρχος μάχης ἢ Φοίβος Ἀπόλλων,
ἡ Ἀληθί ἱεροκοι καὶ οὐκ εἰσὶ μάχεσθαι,
αὐτίκ’ ἐπεῖτα καὶ ἀμμι παρ’ αὐτὸν νεῖκος δρέιται
φιλόποιδοι· μάλα δ’ ὄκα διακρυθέντας ὀὐν
ἀφ’ ἴμεν Οὐρυμπόνδε θεοὺς μεθ’ ὀμηχυρίων ἄλλων,
ἀνετῆς ὑπ’ χεραιν ἀναγκαίη δαμέτας.’

‘Ὡς ἂρα φωνήσεις ἤγησατο κυνοχαίτης
τεῖχος εἰς ἀμφίχων Ὠρακλῆι θεοῦ,
ὑψιλον, τὸ βὰ οἱ Τρῶες καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθῆνη
ποιεῖν, ὁφοῦ τὸ κῆπος ὑπεκροφυγῶν ἄλειτο,
ὅποτε μν σεβαὶν ἀπ’ ἴονοις πεδίονδε.
ἔνθα Ποσειδάων κατ’ ἄρ’ ἑξετα καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι,
ἀμφί δ’ ἄρ’ ἀρρηκτον νεφέλην ὁμοίως ἑσαντο.

1 Line 135 is omitted in many mss.

1 Line 135, apparently adapted from viii. 221, has been omitted in translating.
2 Poseidon had built for Laomedon the walls of Troy, but had been defrauded of his pay. He therefore sent a sea-monster to lay waste the land. Laomedon was advised

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he suffer whatever Fate spun for him with her thread at his birth, when his mother bare him. But if Achilles learn not this from some voice of the gods, he shall have dread hereafter when some god shall come against him in battle; for hard are the gods to look upon when they appear in manifest presence.’

Then Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, answered her: ‘Hera, be not thou wroth beyond what is wise; thou needest not at all. I verily were not fain to make gods clash with gods in strife. Nay, for our part let us rather go apart from the track unto some place of outlook, and sit us there, and war shall be for men. But if so be Ares or Phoebus Apollo shall make beginning of fight, or shall keep Achilles in check and suffer him not to do battle, then forthwith from us likewise shall the strife of war arise; and right soon, methinks, shall they separate them from the battle and hie them back to Olympus, to the gathering of the other gods, vanquished beneath our hands perforce.’

So saying, the dark-haired god led the way to the heaped-up wall of godlike Heracles, the high wall that the Trojans and Pallas Athene had built for him, to the end that he might flee thither and escape from the monster of the deep, whensoo the monster drave him from the seashore to the plain. There Poseidon and the other gods sate them down, and clothed their shoulders round about with a cloud that might not be rent; and they of the other part sat by an oracle to expose his daughter to be a prey of the monster, but offered his immortal horses as a reward to him whose should slay the beast. Heracles did this, aided by the wall mentioned in the text, but was deceived by Laomedon, who gave him mortal horses.
HOMER

οἱ δ’ ἐτέρωσε καθίζον ἐπ’ ὀφρύσι. Καλλικολώνης ἀμφι σέ, ἥτις Φοῖβε, καὶ Ἁρης πτολίπορθον.

"Ὡς οἱ μέν γ’ ἐκάτερθε καθήστο μητρίωντες βουλᾶς· ἀρχέμεναι δὲ δυσπλήγενος πολέμου ὀκνεν ἀμφότεροι, Ζεὺς δ’ ἤμενος ὑμι κέλευ.

Τῶν δ’ ἀπαν ἐπήλησθ’ πεδίον καὶ λάμπετο ἀλκίφω, ἀνδρῶν ἦδ’ ἵππων· κάρκαιρε δὲ γαίᾳ πόδεσσιν ὀρνυμένων ἀμυδής. δὸ δ’ ἄνερες ἐξοχ’ ἀριστοὶ ἐς μέσον ἀμφότερων συνίτην μεμαύτε μάχεσθαι, Αἰνείας τ’ ‘Ἀγχισίαδῆ καὶ δῖος 'Ἀχιλλεύς.

Αἰνείας δ’ πρῶτος ἀπειλήσας ἐβεβήκει, νευσταξῶν κόρυθι βραίρη· ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδα θυρῶν πρόθεν εἴχε στέρνον, τίνασε δὲ ἠλκέων ἐγχος.

Πηλείδης δ’ ἐτέρωθεν ἕναντιν ὄρτο λέον ψι, σίνης, ὅν τε καὶ ἄνδρες ἀποκτάμεναι μεμάσσον 160 ἀγρόμενοι, πᾶς δήμος· δ’ ὅπως πρῶτον μὲν ἀτίς ἔρχεται, ἀλλ’ ὅτε κέν τις ἄρτιθον αἰξημάτων δουρὶ βάλῃ, ἐάλῃ τε χαίνῳ, περί τ’ ἀφρός ὄδοντας γίνεται, ἐν δὲ τε οἱ κραδίη στένει ἀλκίμον ἡτορ, οὐδὲ δὲ πλευρὰς τε καὶ ἰσχία ἀμφότερωσι 170 μαστίεται, ἐκ δ’autων ἐποτρύνει μαχάσσας, γλαυκίων  δ’ θ’ ἱδος φέρεται μένει, ἢ των πέφην ἄνδρῶν, ἢ αὐτὸς φίλεται πρῶτῳ ἐν ὁμίλῳ· ὅς 'Ajax' ὀποίων μένος καὶ θυμός ἀγήνωρ ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι μεγάλητος Αἰνείαο. 175 οἱ δ’ ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἤσαν ἐπ’ ἀλλήλους ἱόντες, τὸν πρῶτος προσέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος 'Ajaxid'.
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"Aeneas, wherefore hast thou sallied thus far forth from the throng to stand and face me? Is it that thy heart biddeth thee fight with me in hope that thou shalt be master of Priam's sovereignty amid the horse-taming Trojans? Nay, but though thou slay me, not for that shall Priam place his kingship in thy hands, for he hath sons, and withal is sound and nowise flighty of mind. Or have the Trojans meted out for thee a demesne pre-eminent above all, a fair tract of orchard and of plough-land, that thou mayest possess it, if so be thou slayest me? Hard, methinks, wilt thou find that deed. Aye, for on another day ere now methinks I drave thee before my spear. Dost thou not remember when thou wast alone, and I made thee run from the kine down with swift steps from Ida's hills in headlong haste? On that day didst thou not once look behind thee in thy flight. Thence thou fleddest forth to Lyrnessus, but I laid it waste, assailing it with the aid of Athene and father Zeus, and the women I led captive and took from them the day of freedom; but thyself thou wast saved by Zeus and the other gods. Howbeit not this day, methinks, shall he save thee, as thou deemest in thy heart; nay, of myself I bid thee get thee back into the throng and stand not forth to face me, ere yet some evil befall thee; when it is wrought even a fool getteth understanding."

Then Aeneas answered him and said: "Son of Peleus, think not with words to affright me, as I were a child, seeing I know well of myself to utter taunts and withal speech that is seemly.¹ We know each other’s lineage, and each other’s parents, for

1 Lines 180-186 were rejected by Aristarchus.
2 Lines 195-198 were rejected by Aristarchus.

¹ I have adopted the conjecture of Döntzer in translating, as the ἀντίλα of the mss. yields no satisfactory sense (cf. 433); see the critical note.
we have heard the tales told in olden days by mortal men; but with sight of eyes hast thou never seen my parents nor I thine. Men say that thou art son of peerless Peleus, and that thy mother was fair-tressed Thetis, a daughter of the sea; but for me, I declare that I am son of great-hearted Anchises, and my mother is Aphrodite. Of these shall one pair or the other mourn a dear son this day; for verily not with childish words, I deem, shall we twain thus part one from the other and return from out the battle. Howbeit, if thou wilt, hear this also, that thou mayest know well my lineage, and many there be that know it: at the first Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, begat Dardanus, and he founded Dardania, for not yet was sacred Ilios builded in the plain to be a city of mortal men, but they still dwelt upon the slopes of many-fountained Ida. And Dardanus in turn begat a son, king Erichthonius, who became richest of mortal men. Three thousand steeds had he that pastured in the marsh-land; mares were they, rejoicing in their tender foals. Of these as they grazed the North Wind became enamoured, and he likened himself to a dark-maned stallion and covered them; and they conceived, and bare twelve fillies. These, when they bounded over the earth, the giver of grain, would course over the topmost ears of ripened corn and break them not, and whenso they bounded over the broad back of the sea, would course over the topmost breakers of the hoary brine. And Erichthonius begat Tros to be king among the Trojans, and from Tros again three peerless sons were born, Ilus, and Assaracus, and godlike Ganymedes that was born the fairest of mortal men;

\[\text{Lines 205-209 were rejected by Aristarchus.}\]
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wherefore the gods caught him up on high to be cupbearer to Zeus by reason of his beauty, that he might dwell with the immortals. And Ilus again begat a son, peerless Laomedon, and Laomedon begat Tithonus and Priam and Clytius, and Hicetaon, scion of Ares. And Assaracus begat Capys, and he Anchises; but Anchises begat me and Priam goodly Hector. This then is the lineage and the blood wherefrom I avow me sprung. But as for valour, it is Zeus that increaseth it for men or minisheth it, even as himself willeth, seeing he is mightiest of all. But come, no longer let us talk thus like children, as we twain stand in the midst of the strive of battle. Revilings are there for both of us to utter, revilings full many; a ship of an hundred benches would not bear the load thereof. Glib is the tongue of mortals, and words there be therein many and manifold, and of speech the range is wide on this side and on that. Whatsoever word thou speakest, such shalt thou also hear. But what need have we two to bandy strifes and wranglings one with the other like women, that when they have waxed wroth in soul-devouring strife go forth into the midst of the street and wrangle one against the other with words true and false; for even these wrath biddeth them speak. But from battle, seeing I am eager therefor, shalt thou not by words turn me till we have fought with the bronze man to man; nay, come, let us forthwith make trial each of the other with bronze-tipped spears."

He spake, and let drive his mighty spear against the other's dread and wondrous shield, and loud rang the shield about the spear-point. And the son of Peleus held the shield from him with his stout

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1 Lines 251-255 were rejected by Aristarchus.
hand, being seized with dread; for he deemed that the far-shadowing spear of great-hearted Aeneas would lightly pierce it through—fool that he was, nor knew in his mind and heart that not easy are the glorious gifts of the gods for mortal men to master or that they give place withal. Nor did the mighty spear of wise-hearted Aeneas then break through the shield, for the gold stayed it, the gift of the god. Howbeit through two folds he drove it, yet were there still three, for five layers had the crook-foot god welded, two of bronze, and two within of tin, and one of gold, in the which the spear of ash was stayed.  

Then Achilles in his turn hurled his far-shadowing spear and smote upon Aeneas' shield that was well-balanced upon every side, beneath the outermost rim where the bronze ran thinnest, and thinnest was the backing of bull’s-hide; and straight through sped the spear of Pelian ash, and the shield rang beneath the blow. And Aeneas cringed and held from him the shield, being seized with fear; and the spear passed over his back and was stayed in the ground for all its fury, albeit it tore asunder two circles of the sheltering shield. And having escaped the long spear he stood up, and over his eyes measureless grief was shed, and fear came over him for that the spear was planted so nigh. But Achilles drew his sharp sword and leapt upon him furiously, crying a terrible cry; and Aeneas grasped in his hand a stone—a mighty deed—one that not two mortals could bear,

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1 Lines 269-372 were rejected by Aristarchus.
2 In place of 973f. Zenodotus read the following: 
   δευτέρον αὐτ' Ἀχιλλεὺς μελὴν ἰδοντισσάτος   ἀστίδα νυ' ἐβάλλεικαν ἀμφικόντων Ἀινεῖα, 

1 This passage seems based upon a complete misunderstanding of the structure of the shield. The five layers were certainly of hide, the metals being used to give colour and
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such as men are now; yet lightly did he wield it even alone. Then would Aeneas have smitten him with the stone, as he rushed upon him, either on helm or on the shield that had warded from him woeful destruction, and the son of Peleus in close combat would with his sword have robbed Aeneas of life, had not Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, been quick to see. And forthwith he spake among the immortal gods, saying: "Now look you, verily have I grief for great-hearted Aeneas, who anon shall go down to the house of Hades, slain by the son of Peleus, for that he listened to the bidding of Apollo that smiteth afar—fool that he was! nor will the god in any wise ward from him woeful destruction. But wherefore should he, a guiltless man, suffer woes vainly by reason of sorrows that are not his own?—whereas he ever giveth acceptable gifts to the gods that hold broad heaven. Nay, come, let us lead him forth from out of death, lest the son of Cronos be anywise wroth, if so be Achilles slay him; for it is ordained unto him to escape, that the race of Dardanus perish not without seed and be seen no more—of Dardanus whom the son of Cronos loved above all the children born to him from mortal women. For at length hath the son of Cronos come to hate the race of Priam; and now verily shall the mighty Aeneas be king among the Trojans, and his sons' sons that shall be born in days to come."

Then made answer to him the ox-eyed, queenly Hera: "Shaker of Earth, of thine own self take counsel in thine heart as touching Aeneas, whether thou wilt save him or suffer him to be slain for all his valour by Achilles, Peleus' son. We twain verily,
even Pallas Athene and I, have sworn oaths full many among all the immortals never to ward off from the Trojans the day of evil, nay, not when all Troy shall burn in the burning of consuming fire, and the warlike sons of the Achaean shall be the burners thereof."

Now when Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, heard this, he went his way amid the battle and the hurling of spears, and came to the place where Aeneas was and glorious Achilles. Forthwith then he shed a mist over the eyes of Achilles, Peleus' son, and the ashen spear, well-shod with bronze, he drew forth from the shield of the great-hearted Aeneas and set it before the feet of Achilles, but Aeneas he lifted up and swung him on high from off the ground. Over many ranks of warriors and many of chariots sprang Aeneas, soaring from the hand of the god, and came to the uttermost verge of the furious battle, where the Caucones were arraying them for the fight. Then close to his side came Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, and he spake, and addressed him with winged words:

"Aeneas, what god is it that thus biddeth thee in blindness of heart do battle man to man with the high-hearted son of Peleus, seeing he is a better man than thou, and therewithal dearer to the immortals? Nay, draw thou back, whencesoever thou fallst in with him, lest even beyond thy doom thou enter the house of Hades. But when it shall be that Achilles hath met his death and fate, then take thou courage to fight among the foremost, for there is none other of the Achaean that shall slay thee."

So saying he left him there, when he had told
him all. Then quickly from Achilles' eyes he scattered the wondrous mist; and he stared hard with his eyes, and mightily moved spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Now look you, verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold. My spear lieth here upon the ground, yet the man may I nowise see at whom I hurled it, eager to slay him. Verily, it seemeth, Aeneas likewise is dear to the immortal gods, albeit I deemed that his boasting was idle and vain. Let him go his way! no heart shall he find to make trial of me again, seeing that now he is glad to have escaped from death. But come, I will call to the war-loving Danaans and go forth against the other Trojans to make trial of them."

He spake, and leapt along the ranks, and called to each man: "No longer now stand ye afar from the Trojans, ye goodly Achaeans, but come, let man go forth against man and be eager for the fray. Hard is it for me, how mighty soever I be, to deal with men so many, and to fight them all; not even Ares, for all he is an immortal god, nor Athene could control by dint of toil the jaws of such a fray. Howbeit so far as I avail with hands and feet and might, in no wise, methinks, shall I be slack, nay, not a whit; but straight through their line will I go, nor deem I that any of the Trojans will be glad, whosoever shall draw nigh my spear."

So spake he, urging them on; and to the Trojans glorious Hector called with a shout, and declared that he would go forth to face Achilles: "Ye Trojans, high of heart, fear not the son of Peleus. I too with words could fight even the immortals, but with the spear it were hard, for they are mightier
far. Neither shall Achilles bring to fulfilment all his words, but a part thereof will he fulfil, and a part leave incomplete. Against him will I go forth, though his hands be even as fire, though his hands be as fire and his fury as the flashing steel."

So spake he, urging them on; and the Trojans with their faces toward the foe lifted their spears on high, and the fury of both sides clashed confusedly, and the battle cry arose. Then Phoebus Apollo drew nigh to Hector, and spake, saying: "Hector, no longer do thou anywise stand forth as a champion against Achilles, but in the throng await thou him and from amid the din of conflict, lest so be he smite thee with a cast of his spear or with his sword in close combat."

So spake he, and Hector fell back again into the throng of men, seized with fear, when he heard the voice of the god as he spoke.

But Achilles leapt among the Trojans, his heart clothed about in might, crying a terrible cry, and first he slew Iphition, the valiant son of Otrynteus, the leader of a great host, whom a Nafad nymph bare to Otrynteus, sacker of cities, beneath snowy Timolus in the rich land of Hyde. Him, as he rushed straight upon him, Goodly Achilles smote with a cast of his spear full upon the head, and his head was wholly cloven asunder. And he fell with a thud, and Goodly Achilles exulted over him: "Low thou liest, Otrynteus, of all men most dread; here is thy death, albeit thy birth was by the Gygaean lake, where is the demesne of thy fathers, even by Hyllus, that teems with fish, and eddying Hermus."

So spake he vauntingly, but darkness enfolded the other's eyes. Him the chariots of the Achaens tore asunder with their tires in the forefront of the fray,
and over him Demoleon, Antenor’s son, a valiant warder of battle, did Achilles pierce in the temple through the helmet with check-pieces of bronze. Nor did the bronze helm stay the spear, but through it sped the spear-point and brake asunder the bone; and all the brain was scattered about within; so stayed he in his fury. Hippodamas thereafter, as he leapt down from his chariot and flung before him, he smote upon the back with a thrust of his spear. And as he breathed forth his spirit he gave a bellowing cry, even as a bull that is dragged belloweth, when young men drag him about the altar of the lord of Helice; for in such doth the Shaker of Earth delight; even so bellowed Hippodamas, as his lordly spirit left his bones. But Achilles with his spear went on after godlike Polydorus, son of Priam. Him would his father nowise suffer to fight, for that among his children he was the youngest born and was dearest in his eyes; and in swiftness of foot he surpassed all. And lo, now in his folly, making show of his fleetness of foot, he was rushing through the foremost fighters, until he lost his life. Him swift-footed goodness Achilles smote full upon the back with a cast of his spear, as he darted past, even where the golden clasps of the belt were fastened, and the corselet overlapped; through this straight on its way beside the nave passed the spear-point, and he fell to his knees with a groan and a cloud of darkness enfolded him, and as he sank he clasped his bowels to him with his hands.

But when Hector beheld his brother Polydorus, clasping his bowels in his hand and sinking to earth, down over his eyes a mist was shed, nor might he longer endure to range apart, but strode against
Achilles, brandishing his sharp spear, in fashion like a flame. But when Achilles beheld him, even then sprang he up and spake vauntingly: "Lo, nigh is the man, that above all hath stricken me to the heart, for that he slew the comrade I honoured. Not for long shall we any more shrink one from the other along the dykes of war."

He said, and with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake unto goodly Hector: "Draw nigh, that thou mayest the sooner enter the toils of destruction."

But with no touch of fear, spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: "Son of Peleus, think not with words to affright me, as I were a child, seeing I know well of myself to utter taunts and wuthal speech that is seemly. I know that thou art valiant, and I am weaker far than thou. Yet these things verily lie on the knees of the gods, whether I, albeit the weaker, shall rob thee of life with a cast of my spear; for my missile too hath been found keen ere now."

He spake, and poised his spear and hurled it, but Athene with a breath turned it back from glorious Achilles, breathing full lightly; and it came back to goodly Hector, and fell there before his feet. But Achilles leapt upon him furiously, fain to slay him, crying a terrible cry. But Apollo snatched up Hector full easily, as a god may, and shrouded him in thick mist. Thrice then did swift-footed, goodly Achilles leap upon him with spear of bronze, and thrice he smote the thick mist. But when for the fourth time he rushed upon him like a god, then with a terrible cry he spake to him winged words: "Now again, thou dog, art thou escaped from death, though verily thy bane came nigh thee; but once more hath Phoebus Apollo saved thee, to whom of a surety thou must
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Ως εἰπὼν Δρύοπ', οὖθα κατ' αὐχένα μέσον ἄκοντι· ἢρπε δὲ προτάραυθε ποδών. ὃ δὲ τὸν μὲν ἔσας, Δημούχων δὲ Φιλητορίδην, ἢν τε μεγάν τε, κἀγ γόνον δουρὶ βαλὼν ἥρικακε· τὸν μὲν ἐπειτα οὐτάξων εἰσεὶ μεγάλω ἐξαινύτα λυμόν.

αὐτάρ ὁ Λαόγονον καὶ Δάρδανον, ὥπε Βιάντος, ἀμφώ ἐφορμηθεὶς εἰς ἰππὸν ὧδε χαμάζε, τὸν μὲν δουρὶ βαλὼν, τὸν δὲ σχεδὸν ἄροι τύψας.

Τρῶα δ' Ἀλαστορίδην,—ὁ μὲν ἄντιος ἠλυθε γούνων, εἰ πῶς εὖ πεφίδοτο λαβὼν καὶ χωνὶ ἀφεία, μηδὲ κατακτᾶειν ὀμηλικὴν ἔλεισας, νῆπιος, οὔδε τὸ ἡδη, ὃ οὐ πεισεῖσα τεμέλλειν· οὐ γὰρ τι γλυκόθυμος ἀνήρ ἢν οὐδὲ ἀγανόφρων, ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐμμεμαίω—ὁ μὲν ἠπτετοι χεῖρες γούνων ἰέμενοι λίσσεσθ', ὃ δὲ μασγάνῳ οὖθα καθ' ἤπαρ' ἐκ δὲ οἱ ἤπαρ ὀλισθεν, ἀτὼ μέλαιν αἷμα κατ' αὐτοῦ κόλπον ἐνέπλησεν· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσσε κάλυψε θυμωθ' δευμένου· ὃ δὲ Μουλίων οὖθα παραστᾶς δουρὶ κατ' οὐδ' εἶθαρ δὲ οὖθας ἥλθ' ἐτέρωι αἰχμῇ χαλκείη· ὃ δ' Ἀγήνωρος νῦν ἐμέσχεμον μέσῃν κἄκ καὶ κεφαλῇν εἰσὶ μικρότερπ, πάν δὲ ὑπεθερμάνθη καὶ ἀβαίμητο· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὅσσε ἐλλαβε πορφύρεος ἀνάτος καὶ μοῦρα κραταίη.
Deucalion, at the point where the sinews of the elbow join, even there pierced he him through the arm with spear-point of bronze; and he abode his coming with arm weighed down, beholding death before him; but Achilles, smiting him with the sword upon his neck, hurled afar his head and therewithal his helmet; and the marrow spurted forth from the spine, and the corpse lay stretched upon the ground. Then went he on after the peerless son of Peires, even Rhigmus, that had come from deep-soiled Thrace. Him he smote in the middle with a cast of his spear, and the bronze was fixed in his belly; and he fell forth from out his car. And Areithous, his squire, as he was turning round the horses, did Achilles pierce in the back with his sharp spear, and thrust him from the car; and the horses ran wild.

As through the deep glens of a parched mountainside rageth wondrous blazing fire, and the deep forest burneth, and the wind as it driveth it on whirleth the flame everywhither, even so raged he everywhither with his spear, like some god, ever pressing hard upon them that he slew; and the black earth ran with blood. And as a man yoketh bulls broad of brow to tread white barley in a well-ordered threshing-floor, and quickly is the grain trodden out beneath the feet of the loud-bellowing bulls; even so beneath great-souled Achilles his single-hooved horses trampled alike on the dead and on the shields; and with blood was all the axle sprinkled beneath, and the rims round about the car, for drops smote upon them from the horses' hooves and from the tires. But the son of Peleus pressed on to win him glory, and with gore were his invincible hands bespattered.
BOOK XXI

But when they were now come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, even eddying Xanthus that immortal Zeus begat, there Achilles cleft them asunder, and the one part he drave to the plain toward the city, even where the Achaeans were fleeting in rout the day before, what time glorious Hector was raging—thitherward poured forth some in rout, and Hera spread before them a thick mist to hinder them; but the half of them were pent into the deep-flowing river with its silver eddies. Therein they flung themselves with a great din, and the sheer-falling streams resounded, and the banks round about rang loudly; and with noise of shouting swam they this way and that, whirled about in the eddies. And as when beneath the onrush of fire locusts take wing to flee unto a river, and the unwearied fire burneth them with its sudden oncoming, and they shrink down into the water; even so before Achilles was the sounding stream of deep-eddying Xanthus filled confusedly with chariots and with men.

But the Zeus-begotten left there his spear upon the bank, leaning against the tamarisk bushes, and himself leapt in like a god with naught but his sword; and grim was the work he purposed in his heart, and turning him this way and that he smote and smote; and from them uprose hideous groaning as they were
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smitten with the sword, and the water grew red with blood. And as before a dolphin, huge of maw, other fishes flee and fill the nooks of some harbour of fair anchorage in their terror, for greedily doth he devour whatsoever one he catcheth; even so cowered the Trojans in the streams of the dread river beneath the steep banks. And he, when his hands grew weary of slaying, chose twelve youths alive from out the river as blood-price for dead Patroclus, son of Menoetius. These led he forth dazed like fawns, and bound their hands behind them with shapely thongs, which they themselves wore about their pliant tunics, and gave them to his comrades to lead to the hollow ships. Then himself he sprang back again, full eager to slay.

There met he a son of Dardanian Priam fleeing forth from the river, even Lycaon, whom on a time he had himself taken and brought sore against his will, from his father’s orchard being come forth in the night; he was cutting with the sharp bronze the young shoots of a wild fig-tree, to be the rims of a chariot; but upon him, an unlooked-for bane, came goodly Achilles. For that time had he sold him into well-built Lemnos, bearing him thither on his ships, and the son of Jason had given a price for him; but from thence a guest-friend had ransomed him—and a great price he gave—even Eëtion of Imbros, and had sent him unto goodly Arisbe; whence he had fled forth secretly and come to the house of his fathers. For eleven days’ space had he joy amid his friends, being come forth from Lemnos; but on the twelfth a god cast him once more into the hands of Achilles, who was to send him to the house of Hades, loath though he was to go. When the
swift-footed, goodly Achilles was ware of him, all unarmed, without helm or shield, nor had he a spear, but had thrown all these from him to the ground; for the sweat vaxed him as he sought to flee from out the river, and weariness overmastered his knees beneath him; then, mightily moved, Achilles spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Now look you, verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold! In good sooth the great-hearted Trojans that I have slain will rise up again from beneath the murky darkness, seeing this man is thus come back and hath escaped the pitiless day of doom, albeit he was sold into sacred Lemnos; neither hath the deep of the grey sea stayed him, that holdeth back full many against their will. Nay, but come, of the point of our spear also shall he taste, that I may see and know in heart whether in like manner he will come back even from beneath, or whether the life-giving earth will hold him fast, she that holdeth even him that is strong."

So pondered he, and abode; but the other drew nigh him, dazed, eager to touch his knees, and exceeding fain of heart was he to escape from evil death and black fate. Then goodly Achilles lifted on high his long spear, eager to smite him, but Lycaon stooped and ran thereunder, and clasped his knees; and the spear passed over his back and was stayed in the ground, albeit fain to glut itself with the flesh of man. Then Lycaon besought him, with the one hand clasping his knees while with the other he held the sharp spear, and would not let it go; and he spake and addressed him with winged words: "I beseech thee by thy knees, Achilles, and do thou respect me and have pity; in thine eyes, O thou
nurtured of Zeus, am I even as a sacred suppliant
for at thy table first did I eat of the grain of Demeter
on the day when thou didst take me captive in the
well-ordered orchard, and didst lead me afar from
father and from friends, and sell me into sacred
Lemnos; and I fetched thee the price of an hundred
oxen. Lo, now have I bought my freedom by
paying thrice as much, and this is my twelfth morn
since I came to Ilios, after many sufferings; and now
again has deadly fate put me in thy hands; surely
it must be that I am hated of father Zeus, seeing
he hath given me unto thee again; and to a brief
span of life did my mother bear me, even Laothoë,
dughter of the old man Altes,—Altes that is lord over
the war-loving Leleges, holding steep Pedasus on
the Satnioeis. His daughter Priam had to wife, and
therewithal many another, and of her we twain were
born, and thou wilt butcher us both. Him thou
didst lay low amid the foremost foot-men, even
godlike Polydorus, when thou hast smitten him with
a cast of thy sharp spear, and now even here shall evil
come upon me; for I deem not that I shall escape thy
hands, seeing a god hath brought me nigh thee.
Yet another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay
it to heart: slay me not; since I am not sprung from
the same womb as Hector, who slew thy comrade
the kindly and valiant."

So spake to him the glorious son of Priam with
words of entreaty, but all ungentele was the voice he
heard: "Fool, tender not ransom to me, neither
make harangue. Until Patroclus met his day of fate,
even till then was it more pleasing to me to spare the
Trojans, and full many I took alive and sold oversea;
but now is there not one that shall escape death,
whomsoever before the walls of Ilios God shall deliver into my hands—aye, not one among all the Trojans, and least of all among the sons of Priam. Nay, friend, do thou too die; why lamentest thou thus? Patroclus also died, who was better far than thou. And seest thou not what manner of man am I, how comely and how tall? A good man was my father, and a goddess the mother that bare me; yet over me too hang death and mighty fate. There shall come a dawn or eve or mid-day, when my life too shall some man take in battle, whether he smite me with cast of the spear, or with an arrow from the string."

So spake he, and the other’s knees were loosened where he was and his heart was melted. The spear he let go, but crouched with both hands outstretched. But Achilles drew his sharp sword and smote him upon the collar-bone beside the neck, and all the two-edged sword sank in; and prone upon the earth he lay outstretched, and the dark blood flowed forth and wetted the ground. Him then Achilles seized by the foot and flung into the river to go his way, and vaunting over him he spake winged words:

"Lie there now among the fishes that shall lick the blood from thy wound, nor reck aught of thee, neither shall thy mother lay thee on a bier and make lament; nay, eddyng Scamander shall bear thee into the broad gulf of the sea. Many a fish as he leapeth amid the waves, shall dart up beneath the black ripple to eat the white fat of Lycaon. So perish ye, till we be come to the city of sacred Ilios, ye in flight, and I making havoc in your rear. Not even the fair-flowing river with his silver eddies shall aught avail you, albeit to him, I ween, ye have long time been wont to sacrifice bulls full many, and to

1 Lines 130-135 were rejected by Aristophanes and perhaps by Aristarchus.
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ζωούσ δ΄ ἐν δίνησι καθίσε μυνχαὶς ἵππους.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὃς ὀλέεςθε κακὸν μόρον, εἰς δ’ κε πάντες
tίσετε Πατρόκλου φόνον καὶ λογίχον 'Αχαίων,
οὐς ἐπὶ νηφῶν θοήσει εὐφνετε νόσφην ἔμεε’. 135

"Ὡς ἂρ’ ἐφί, ποταμὸς δὲ χολόσατο κηρόθι μᾶλλον,
ὀρμην δ’ ἀν’ θυμόν ὅτως παύετε πόνοι
δὼν 'Αχιλλῆς, Τρώοις δὲ λογίων ἀλάκυν.
tόφρα δὲ Πηλέος νῦν ἐξών δολιχόσκοιν ἔγχος
'Αστεροπαιὰ ἐπάλτο κατακτάμενα μενεαίνων,
νυὲι Πηλέγονος: τὸν δ’ 'Αξίοος εὐφρεθέρος
γείνατο καὶ Περίδοια, 'Ακεσσαμενοῦ θυγατρῶν
πρεσβυτάτη: τῇ γάρ βα μῆν ποταμὸς βαθὺκῆς.
τῷ β’ 'Αχιλλεος ἐπόροουσ, δ’ δ’ ἀντίος ἐκ ποταμοῦ
ἐστὶ ἐξών δύο δούρε: μένοι δὲ οἱ ἐν φρεάτ’ βῆκε
Σάνθος, ἐπεὶ κελότου δαίκταμένων αἰζήνων,
τοὺς 'Αχιλλεος εἶαίει κατὰ βόνῳ οὖν ἐλευνές.
οἱ δ’ οὗ τὸ ἐκ ξεδόν ἡσαν ἐπ’ ἀλάκυνιν ἱοντες,
τὸν πρότερο προσεύπει ποδάρκης διὸς 'Αχιλλεος.
"τὸς πόθεν εἰς ἄνδρῶν, δ’ μεν ἐτήθης ἀντίος ἐδεών;
150 δυστήνων δ’ τε παίδες ἐμῷ μένει ἀντίωσι.’

Τὸν δ’ αὐ Πηλέγονος προσεφώνει φαιδίμοι νῦς:

"Πηλέει οι διαεύθυμε, τὶ γενεῖν ἐρεείνεις;
εἰμ’ ἐκ Παιονίας ἐρμιβόλου, τηλόθ’ εὖστι,
Παῖνον ἄνδρας ἀγῶν δολιχεγχέας: ἡς δὲ μοι νῦν
155 ἡς εὐδεκάτη, οὔτε 'Ἰλον εἰληλουθα.
αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γενει' ἐς 'Αξίοο εὐρύ ρέοντος,
'Αξίοο, δ’ κάλλιστον ὃσσον ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἠσιν,”

1 τῶνοι: φόνοι.

THE ILIAD, XXI. 132-158

cast single-hooved horses while yet they lived, 1 into
his eddies. Howbeit even so shall ye perish by an
evil fate, till ye have all paid the price for the slaying
of Patroclus and for the woe of the Achaeans, whom
by the swift ships ye slew while I tarried afar.”

So spake he, and the river waxed the more wroth
at heart, and pondered in mind how he should stay
goodly Achilles from his labour and ward off ruin
from the Trojans. Meanwhile the son of Peleus
bearing his far-shading spear leapt, eager to slay
him, upon Asteropaeus, son of Peleus, that was
begotten of wide-flowing Axios and Periboea, eldest
of the daughters of Acesamenus; for with her lay
the deep-eddying River. Upon him rushed Achilles,
and Asteropaeus stood forth from the river to face
him, holding two spears; and courage was set in
his heart by Xanthus, being wroth because of the
youths slain in battle, of whom Achilles was making
havoc along the stream and had no pity. But when
they were come near, as they advanced one against
the other, then first unto Asteropaeus spake swift-
fooled, goodly Achilles: “Who among men art
thou, and from whence, that thou darest come forth
against me? Unhappy are they whose children
face my might.”

Then spake unto him the glorious son of Pelecon:

"Great-souled son of Peleus, wherefore enquirest
thou of my lineage? I come from deep-soiled
Paeonia, a land afar, leading the Paeonians with their
long spears, and this is now my eleventh morn, since
I came to Ilios. But my lineage is from wide-flowing
Axius—Axius, the water wherof flows the fairest

1 This is meant perhaps to stamp the custom as barbaric,
but see Paus. viii. 7. 2, with Frazer’s note.
over the face of the earth—who begat Pelegon famed for his spear, and he, men say, was my father. Now let us do battle, glorious Achilles.”

So spake he threatening, but goodly Achilles raised on high the spear of Pelian ash; howbeit the warrior Asteropaeus hurled with both spears at once, for he was one that could use both hands alike. With the one spear he smote the shield, but it brake not through, for the gold stayed it, the gift of the god; and with the other he smote the right fore-arm of Achilles a grazing blow, and the black blood gushed forth; but the spear-point passed above him and fixed itself in the earth, fain to glut itself with flesh. Then Achilles in his turn hurled at Asteropaeus his straight-flying spear of ash, eager to slay him, but missed the man and struck the high bank, and up to half its length he fixed in the bank the spear of ash. But the son of Peleus, drawing his sharp sword from beside his thigh, leapt upon him furiously, and the other availed not to draw in his stout hand the ashen spear of Achilles forth from out the bank. Thrice he made it quiver in his eagerness to draw it, and thrice he gave up his effort; but the fourth time his heart was fain to bend and break the ashen spear of the son of Aeacus; howbeit ere that might be Achilles drew nigh and robbed him of life with his sword. In the belly he smote him beside the navel, and forth upon the ground gushed all his bowels, and darkness enfolded his eyes as he lay gasping. And Achilles leapt upon his breast and despoiled him of his arms, and exulted saying: “Lie as thou art! Hard is it to strive with the children of the mighty son of Cronos, albeit for one begotten of a River. Thou verily declarest that thy
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φήσασα σὺ μὲν ποταμοῦ γένος ἐμμεναι εὐρί βέοντος, αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γετείη μεγάλου Διὸς εὐχομαι εἶναι. τίκε μ’ ἀνήρ πολλοῖς ἀνάσσον Μυρμιδόνεσσι, Πηλεώς Αιακῆς· ὁ δ’ ἀρ’ Αιακός ἐκ Διὸς ἦν. τῶν κρέασσων μὲν Ζεὺς ποταμών ἀλμυρὴντων, κρέασσων αὐτῆς Διὸς γενεὴς ποταμοῦ τέτυκται. καὶ γὰρ σοὶ ποταμός γε πάρα μέγας, εἰ δύνασθ' τι χραμέειν· ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἔστι Διὸς Κρόνων μάχεσθαι, τῶν οὐδὲ κρέαν Ἀχελώος ἱσοφαρίζει, οὐδὲ βαθυρρεῖται μέγα σθένος Ὀμηνώοι, εὖς οὗ περὶ πόντων ποταμοῦ καὶ πάσα θάλασσα καὶ πᾶσα κρήνα καὶ φρέατα μακρὰ νάουσιν· ἀλλ’ οὐ δεδοκε Διὸς μεγάλου κεραυνὸν δεινὴν τε βροντήν, ὅτ’ ἀπ’ οὐρανὸν σμαραγγήσῃ.’’

‘‘Ηρα, καὶ ἐκ κρημνοῦ εὐρύσατο χάλκεον ἑγγος, 200 τὸν δέ κατ’ αὐτόθι λέιτεν, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἦτορ ἀπήρα, κεῖμενον ἐν ψαμάθοις, διάνει ἐν μιν μέλαν ὕδωρ. τὸν μὲν ἅρ’ ἑγχέλεις τε καὶ ἱχθυὲς ἀμφεπόντω, ὑμῖν ἐρεπτόμενοι ἐπινεφριδίων κεῖμεντες· αὐτὰρ τὸ βῆ β’ ἔνει μετὰ Παιόνας ἱπποκροστάς, 205 οἱ τ’ ἔτι παρα ποταμὸν πεφοβητό διήνεντα, ὡς εἰδον τὸν ἄριστον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ χόρῳ Ἱππολίτου τυχόντα καὶ ἄρι ἦν δαμέντα.

ἐνθ’ ἔλεε Θερσίλοχον τε Μιδώνα τε Αστύπαλον τε Μυσίον τοῦ Ὀμηνοῦ τε καὶ Λικνοῦ Ἄχιλλος. 210 καὶ νῦν κ’ ἔτι πλέωνας κτάμε Παιόνας ὅκυς Ἀχιλλεὺς, ἐι μὴ χοισάμενος προσέβη ποταμός βαθύνης, ἀνερί εἰσάλοις, βαθεὺς δ’ ἐκφθειρότα δίνης. ‘‘ὁ Ἀχιλλεύς, περὶ μὲν κρατεῖς, περὶ δ’ αἰσθαλα ρέεις ἀνδρῶν. αἰεὶ γὰρ τοι ἀμύνουσιν θεόι αὐτοὶ.’’

1 Line 195 was omitted by Zenodotus.

THE ILIAD, XXI. 186–215

birth is from the wide-flowing River, whereas I avow me to be of the lineage of great Zeus. The father that begat me is one that is lord among the many Myrmidons, even Peleus, son of Aeacus; and Aeacus was begotten of Zeus. Wherefore as Zeus is mightier than rivers that murmur seaward, so mightier too is the seed of Zeus than the seed of a river. For lo, hard beside thee is a great River, if so be he can avail thee aught; but it may not be that one should fight with Zeus the son of Cronos. With him doth not even king Achelous vie, nor the great might of deep-flowing Ocean, from whom all rivers flow and every sea, and all the springs and deep wells; howbeit even he hath fear of the lightning of great Zeus, and his dread thunder, whensoe it crasheth from heaven.’’

He spake, and drew forth from the bank his spear of bronze, and left Asteropaeus where he was, when he had robbed him of his life, lying in the sands; and the dark water wetted him. With him then the eels and fishes dealt, plucking and tearing the fat about his kidneys; but Achilles went his way after the Paeonians, lords of chariots, who were still huddled in rout along the eddying river, when they saw their best man mightily vanquished in the fierce conflict beneath the hands and sword of the son of Peleus. There slew he Thersilochus and Mydon and Astypyllus and Mnesus and Thrasius and Aenius and Ophelestes; and yet more of the Paeonians would swift Achilles have slain, had not the deep-eddying River waxed wroth and called to him in the semblance of a man, sending forth a voice from out the deep eddy: ‘‘O Achilles, beyond men art thou in might, and beyond men doest deeds of evil; for ever do the very
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ei toι Τρώας ἐδωκε Κρόνου παῖς πάντας οἶλοσαι,
εξ ἐμέθεν γ' ἐλάσασι πεδίον κάτα μέρεμα ῥέζει.
πληθεί γὰρ δὴ μοι νεκών ἐρατευώ αἰέθα,
οὐδὲ τι πη δύναμαι προχέεν μὸνον εἰς ἀλὰ διὰν
στειώμενος νεκύεσαι, σὺ δὲ κτείνες αἰώτηλως. 220
ἀλλ' ἀγε δὴ καὶ ἔσονος. ἄγη μ' ἔχει, ὀρχαίας λαύον.'
Τὸν δ' ἀπομειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ἄκους
'Αχιλλεὺς.

"ἐσται ταῦτα, Σκάμανδρε διοτρεφές, ὡς σὺ κελεύεις.
Τρώας δ' οὐ πρὶν λήξῃ ὑπερφιδίλους ἐναρίζων,
πρὶν ἔλασι κατὰ ἀστῳ καὶ "Εκτορι πειρηθήναι 225
ἀντίβην, ἣ κεῖ με δαμάσεται, ἥ κεῖν ἐγὼ τόν."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν Τρώασιν ἐπέσυντο δαμίοι λοις:
καὶ τὸν' Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη ποταμὸς βαθυνίης:"

ω' πόποι, ἄργυροτες, Δίως τέκοι, οὐ σὸ γε βουλᾶς
εἰρύσαοι Κρόνιοιο, δ' τοι μάλα πόλλ' ἐπέτελλε
Τρώαν παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνεναι, εἰς δ' κεῖν ἢλθη
δείλος ὀψὲ δύνων, σκιάση δ' ἐρίβωλοι ἄρουραν.'

'Ἡ, καὶ 'Αχιλλεὺς μὲν δουρικλυτὸς ἔθηρε μέσω
κρυμνοῦ ἀπαίξας: δ' ἐπέσυντο οἴδαμαι θύων,
πάντα δ' ὀρινε ρέθρα κυκόμενος, ὡς δὲ νεκροὺς
πολλοὺς, αἱ μα κατ' αὐτὸν ἄλις ἔσαν, ὅσι κτάν'.

'Αχιλλεὺς:

tοὺς ἐκβάλλε θύραξε, μεμικὼς ἥτο ταύρος,
χέρονδε. ζωοὺς δὲ σῶ αἰτα καλὰ ρέθρα,
κρυπτων ἐν δύνῃ βαθείηνι μεγάλης.
δεινῶν δ' ἄμφι 'Αχυλῆ κυκόμενον ἱστατο κ βίμα, 240
ἀθεί δ' ἐν σάκει πίπτων ρόος: οὐδὲ πόδεσιν

1 γ' ἐλάσασι: πελάσασ.

424

THE ILIAD, XXI. 216–241

gods give thee aid. If so be the son of Cronos hath
granted thee to slay all the men of Troy, forth out of
my stream at least do thou drive them, and work thy
direful work on the plain. Lo, full are my lovely
streams with dead men, nor can I anywise avail to
pour my waters forth into the bright sea, being
choked with dead, while thou ever slayest ruthlessly.
Nay, come, let be; amazement holds me, thou leader
of hosts."

Then swift-footed Achilles answered him, saying:
"Thus shall it be, Seamander, nurtured of Zeus,
even as thou biddest. Howbeit the proud Trojans
will I not cease to slay until I have pent them in
their city, and have made trial of Hector, man to
man, whether he shall slay me or I him."

So saying he leapt upon the Trojans like a god.
Then unto Apollo spake the deep-eddying River:
"Out upon it, thou lord of the silver bow, child of
Zeus, thou verily hast not kept the commandment
of the son of Cronos, who straitly charged thee to
stand by the side of the Trojans and to succour them,
until the late-setting star of even shall have come
forth and darkened the deep-soiled earth."

He spake, and Achilles, famed for his spear, sprang
from the bank and leapt into his midst; but the
River rushed upon him with surging flood, and roused
all his streams tumultuously, and swept along the many
death that lay thick within his bed, slain by Achilles;
these he cast forth to the land, bellowing the while
like a bull, and the living he saved under his fair
streams, hiding them in eddies deep and wide. In
terrible wise about Achilles towered the tumultuous
wave, and the stream as it beat upon his shield
thrust him backward, nor might he avail to stand
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eĩxe στηρίζασθαι. ὦ δὲ πτελέν ἐλε χερσίν
εὐφύεα μεγάλην: ἢ δʼ ἐκ ρίζων ἐριποῦσα
κρήμνον ἀπαντα διώσεν, ἐπέσχε δὲ καλὰ βέθρα
ὀξοσε υπνοιώσε, γεφύρωσεν δὲ μιν αὐτὸν
εἰσώ πάο ἐριποῦσα. δʼ ἂρ ἐκ δίνης ἀνορούσα
τίξην πεδίον ποιή κρατοῦσα πέτεθαν,
δεῖσα. οὐδὲ τʼ ἐληγε όθε δέγας, ἀρτο δʼ ἐπʼ αὐτῷ
ἀκροκελαινών, ὡμ µιν παύσειε πόνοιν ἀ
διόν Ἀχιλλῆα, Τρώωσι δὲ λογίον ἀλάκταν.
Πηλείδης δʼ ἀπόροισεν ὅσον τʼ ἐπὶ δούροι ἐρώθη,
αἰτεῖον οἴματι ἐχὼν μέλανος, τοῦ θηρητῆρος,
ὦς θʼ ὁμα κάρπιοτός τε καὶ ὁμας τότε παντον
τῷ εἰκώς ἢξεν, ἐπὶ στήθεσα δὲ χαλκὸς
σμερδαλέων κοναβίζεν· ὑπαθα δὲ τοῦ λιαοῦσης
φεβῦ, ὦ δʼ ὁποσε βέων ἐπέτοι μεγάλων ὑμναγων,
ὡς δʼ ὀτὰ ἀνηρ ἀκέτηνος ἀπὸ κρήμνος μελανόδρον
ἀμ φυτὰ καὶ κήπους ὦδι τοῦ ἄλογου ἡγεμονεύει
χερσί μακελλὰν ἔχων, ἀμάρης ἕξ ἕμποτα βάλλων,
τοῦ μὲν τε προέροντος ὑπὸ ψηφίδες ἀποσαὶ
οχλεύται· τὸ δὲ τʼ ὥκα κατεβομενὸν κελαρύζει
χώρῳ ἐνι προαλει, φθάνει δὲ τε καὶ τὸν ἄγονα·
ὡς αἰεὶ Ἀχιλῆα κιχήσατο κύμα ρόοι
καὶ λαυρητὸν ἐόντα· θεοὶ δὲ τὰ φέρτερον ἁμρῶν.
ὁσάκα δʼ ὄρισε ποδάρχης διὸς Ἀχιλλεὺς
στήνῃ ἐναντίβου καὶ γνώμεναι εἰ µιν ἀπαντεῖ
ἀδάνατοι φοβεύονται, τοῖς οὐρανοῖς εὐρόν ἔχουσι,
tοσάκα µὲν µέγα κύμα διπετέος ποταμοῖο
πλῶς ὢµοις καθύπερθεν· ὦ δʼ ὑφοῦσε ποσίν ἐπίθη
θυμὸν ἀνάξων· ποταμὸς δʼ ὑπὸ γοῦνατ  ἐδάμαν 270

1 δίνης Aristarchus: λίμνης.
2 τόνοιο: φόντον Aristophanes.

The Iliad, XXI. 242-270

firm upon his feet. Then grasped he an elm, shapely
and tall, but it fell uprooted and tore away all the
bank, and stretched over the fair streams with its
thick branches, and dammed the River himself, falling
all within him; but Achilles, springing forth from
the eddy, hasted to fly with swift feet over the plain,
for he was seized with fear. Howbeit the great god
closed not, but rushed upon him with dark-crested
wave, that he might stay goodly Achilles from his
labour, and ward off ruin from the Trojans. But the
son of Peleus rushed back as far as a spear-cast with
the swoop of a black eagle, the mighty hunter,
that is alike the strongest and swiftest of winged
things; like him he darted, and upon his breast the
bronze rang terribly, while he swerved from beneath
the flood and fled ever onward, and the River
followed after, flowing with a mighty roar. As when
a man that guideth its flow leadeth from a dusky
spring a stream of water amid his plants and garden-
plots, a mattock in his hands, and cleareth away the
dams from the channel—and as it floweth all the
pebbles beneath are swept along therewith, and it
glideth swiftly onward with murmuring sound down
a sloping place and outstrippeth even him that
guideth it;—even thus did the flood of the River
ever overtake Achilles for all he was fleet of foot; for
the gods are mightier than men. And oft as swift-
footed, goodly Achilles strove to make stand against
him and to learn if all the immortals that hold broad
heaven were driving him in rout, so often would the
great flood of the heaven-fed River beat upon his
shoulders from above; and he would spring on high
with his feet in vexation of spirit, and the River was
ever tiring his knees with its violent flow beneath,
and was snatching away the ground from under his feet. Then the son of Peleus uttered a bitter cry, with a look at the broad heaven: "Father Zeus, how is it that no one of the gods taketh it upon him in my pitiful plight to save me from out the River! thereafter let come upon me what may. None other of the heavenly gods do I blame so much, but only my dear mother, that beguiled me with false words, saying that beneath the wall of the mail-clad Trojans I should perish by the swift missiles of Apollo. Would that Hector had slain me, the best of the men bred here; then had a brave man been the slayer, and a brave man had he slain. But now by a miserable death was it appointed to me to be cut off, pent in the great river, like a swine-herd boy whom a torrent sweepeth away as he maketh essay to cross it in winter."

So spake he, and forthwith Poseidon and Pallas Athene drew nigh and stood by his side, being likened in form to mortal men, and they clasped his hand in theirs and pledged him in words. And among them Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, was first to speak: "Son of Peleus, tremble not thou overmuch, neither be anywise afraid, such helpers twain are we from the gods—and Zeus approveth thereof—even I and Pallas Athene. Therefore is it not thy doom to be vanquished by a river; nay, he shall soon give respite, and thou of thyself shalt know it. But we will give thee wise counsel, if so be thou wilt hearken. Make not thine hands to cease from evil battle until within the famed walls of Ilios thou hast pent the Trojan host, whosoever escapeth. But for thyself, when thou hast bereft Hector of life, come thou back to the ships; lo, we grant thee to win glory."

1 Line 290 was rejected by Aristarchus.
When the twain had thus spoken, they departed to the immortals, but he went on toward the plain, for mightily did the bidding of the gods arouse him; and the whole plain was filled with a flood of water, and many goodly arms and corpses of youths slain in battle were floating there. But on high leapt his knees, as he rushed straight on against the flood, nor might the wide-flowing River stay him; for Athene put in him great strength. Nor yet would Scamander abate his fury, but was even more wroth against the son of Peleus, and raising himself on high he made the surge of his flood into a crest, and he called with a shout to Simoës:

"Dear brother, the might of this man let us stay, though it need the two of us, seeing presently he will lay waste the great city of king Priam, neither will the Trojans abide him in battle. Nay, bear thou aid with speed, and fill thy streams with water from thy springs, and arouse all thy torrents; raise thou a great wave, and stir thou a mighty din of tree-trunks and stones, that we may check this fierce man that now prevaleth, and is minded to vie even with the gods. For I deem that his strength shall naught avail him, neither anywise his comeliness, nor yet that goodly armour, which, I ween, deep beneath the mere shall lie covered over with slime; and himself will I enwrap in sands and shed over him great store of shingle past all measuring; nor shall the Achaeans know where to gather his bones, with such a depth of silt shall I ensnould him. Even here shall be his sepulchre, nor shall he have need of a heaped-up mound, when the Achaeans make his funeral."

He spake, and rushed tumultuously upon Achilles,
raging on high and seething with foam and blood and dead men. And the dark flood of the heaven-fed River rose towering above him, and was at point to overwhelm the son of Peleus. But Hera called aloud, seized with fear for Achilles, lest the great deep-eddying River should sweep him away. And forthwith she spoke unto Hephaestus, her dear son:

"Rouse thee, Crook-foot, my child! for it was against thee that we deemed eddying Xanthus to be matched in fight. Nay, bear thou aid with speed, and put forth thy flames unstintedly. But I will hasten and rouse from the sea a fierce blast of the West Wind and the white South, that shall utterly consume the dead Trojans and their battle gear, ever driving on the evil flame; and do thou along the banks of Xanthus burn up his trees, and beset him about with fire, nor let him anywise turn thee back with soft words or with threatenings; neither stay thou thy fury, save only when I call to thee with a shout; then do thou stay thy unwearied fire."

So spake she, and Hephaestus made ready wondrous-blasting fire. First on the plain was the fire kindled, and burned the dead, the many dead that lay thick therein, slain by Achilles; and all the plain was parched, and the bright water was stayed. And as when in harvest-time the North Wind quickly parcheth again a freshly-watered orchard, and glad is he that tilleth it; so was the whole plain parched, and the dead he utterly consumed; and then against the River he turned his gleaming flame. Burned were the elms and the willows and the tamarisks, burned the lotus and the rushes and the galinagal, that round the fair streams of the river grew abundantly; tormented were the eels and the fishes in the eddies.
and in the fair streams they plunged this way and that, sore distressed by the blast of Hephaestus of many wiles. Burned too was the mighty River, and he spake and addressed the god: "Hephaestus, there is none of the gods that can vie with thee, nor will I fight thee, ablaze with fire as thou art. Cease thou from strife, and as touching the Trojans, let goodly Achilles forthwith drive them forth from out their city; what part have I in strife or in bearing aid?"

So spake he, burning the while with fire, and his fair streams were seething. And as a cauldron boileth within, when the fierce flame setteth upon it, while it melteth the lard of a fatted hog, and it bubbleth in every part, and dry faggots are set thereunder; so burned in fire his fair streams, and the water boiled; nor had he any mind to flow further onward, but was stayed; for the blast of the might of wise-hearted Hephaestus distressed him. Then with instant prayer he spake winged words unto Hera: "Hera, wherefore hath thy son beset my stream to afflict it beyond all others? I verily am not so much at fault in thine eyes, as are all those others that are helpers of the Trojans. Howbeit I will refrain me, if so thou biddest, and let him also refrain. And I will furthermore swear this oath, never to ward off from the Trojans the day of evil, nay, not when all Troy shall burn with the burning of consuming fire, and the warlike sons of the Achaens shall be the burners thereof."

But when the goddess, white-armed Hera, heard this plea, forthwith she spake unto Hephaestus, her dear son: "Hephaestus, withhold thee, my glorious son; it is nowise seemly thus to smite an immortal god for mortals' sake."
So spake she, and Hephaestus quenched his wondrous blazing fire, and once more in the fair river-bed the flood rushed down.

But when the fury of Xanthus was quelled, the twain thereafter ceased, for Hera stayed them, albeit she was wroth; but upon the other gods fell strife heavy and grievous, and in diverse ways the spirit in their breasts was blown. Together then they clashed with a migthy din, and the wide earth rang, and round about great heaven pealed as with a trumpet. And Zeus heard it where he sat upon Olympus, and the heart within him laughed aloud in joy, as he beheld the gods joining in strife. Then no more held they long aloof, for Ares, piercer of shields, began the fray, and first leapt upon Athene, brazen spear in hand, and spake a word of reviling: "Wherefore now again, thou dog-fly, art thou making gods to clash with gods in strife, in the fierceness 1 of thy daring, as thy proud spirit sets thee on? Rememberest thou not what time thou movedst Diomedes, Tydeus’ son, to wound me, and thyself in the sight of all didst grasp the spear and let drive straight at me, and didst rend my fair flesh? Therefore shalt thou now, methinks, pay the full price of all that thou hast wrought."

So saying he smote upon her tasselled aegis—the awful aegis against which not even the lightning of Zeus can prevail—thereon blood-stained Ares smote with his long spear. But she gave ground, and seized with her stout hand a stone that lay upon the plain, black and jagged and great, that men of former days had set to be the boundary mark of a field. Therewith she smote furious Ares on the neck, and loosed his limbs. Over seven roods he stretched in

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1 άπτον is an obscure word. The rendering given above assumes connexion with ἄπι. Whether there is any relationship between this word and the equally obscure άπτον (xviii. 410) is uncertain.

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ΗΜΕΡΟ

ἐπὶ δ’ ἐπέσχε πέλεθρα πεσὼν, εἴκοσι δὲ χάιτας, τεύχεα τ’ ἀμφαράβησε γέλασε δὲ Παλλάς Ἀθηνα, καὶ οἱ ἐπευχομένη ἐπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.
“Νηπίτη”, οὐδὲ νῦ πώ περ ἐπεφράσω ὅσσον ἄρειων ἕχομι ἑγών ἐμεναι, ὅτι μου μένος ἰσοφαρίζεσις. οὕτω κεν τῆς μητρὸς ἐρευνᾶς ἐξαποτίνοις, ἦ τοι χωροτάτα κακὰ μὴδεῖα, οὐνεκ’ Ἀχαιοὺς κάλλιπε, αὐτὰρ Τρωῶν ὑπερφιλῶν ομέλεις.

“Ὡς ἀρὰ φωνήσασα πάλιν τρέπειν ὅσα φαινώ. 415 τὸν δ’ ἄγε χειρὸς ἔλούσα Δίων θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτῃ πυκνὰ μάλα στενάχοντα· μόνιμς δ’ ἐσαγείρετο θυμόν, τῆν δ’ ὡς οὖν ἐνόψεθε θεὰ λευκόλευνος “Ἡρη, αὐτίκ’ Ἀθηναῖη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.
“ὁ πόποι, αἰγύπτιοι Δίων τέκος, Ἀττυνῶν, καὶ δὴ ἄθ’ ἤ κυνάμων ἂνει βροτολογίων "Ἀργη δῆμον ἐκ πολέμων κατὰ κλόνων. ἄλλα μέτελθε.

“Ὡς φάτ’, Ἀθηναίη δ’ μετέστυτο, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῶ, καὶ ρ’ ἐπεισομένη πρὸς στήθεα χειρὶ παχεῖν ἡλάσεί τῆς δ’ αὐτών λύτο γούνατα καὶ φίλον ἦτορ. 425 τοῦ μεν ἄρ’ ἄμφω κείτο επὶ χολὴ πουλυβοτείρη, ἦ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐπευχομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντ’ ἄγορέμεν, τοιοῦτοι νῦ πάντες, ὅσιοι Τρώωσιν ἀρωγοι, εἰεν, ὡς Ἀργεῖοι μαχοῖστο θυρηκτήσιν, ὦδε τε ταρσαλέου καὶ πλήμονος, ὡς Ἀφροδίτῃ 430 ἠλθεν "Ἀργη ἐπίκουρος ἐμῷ μένει ἀντίσωσα. τῷ κεν δὴ πάλαι ἀμμεῖς ἑπαυσάμεθα πτελέμοιο, Ἰλίου ἐκπέρσαντες ἐκκύμενου πτολίθηρον.”

ΤΗ ΙΛΙΑΔΑ, ΞΑΛΙΑ. 407–433

his fall, and befouled his hair with dust, and about him his armour clanged. But Pallas Athene broke into a laugh, and vaunting over him she spake winged words: “Fool, not even yet hast thou learned how much mightier than thou I avow me to be, that thou matchest thy strength with mine. On this wise shalt thou satisfy to the full the Avengers invoked of thy mother, who in her wrath deviseth evil against thee, for that thou hast deserted the Achaean and bearest aid to the overweening Trojans.”

When she had thus spoken, she turned from Ares her bright eyes. Him then the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, took by the hand, and sought to lead away, as he uttered many a moan, and hardly could he gather back to him his spirit. But when the goddess, white-armed Hera, was ware of her, forth-with she spake winged words to Athene: “Out upon it, thou child of Zeus that beareth the aegis, unwearied one, lo, there again the dog-fly is leading Ares, the bane of mortals, forth from the fury of war amid the throng; nay, have after her.”

So spake she, and Athene sped in pursuit, glad at heart, and rushing upon her she smote Aphrodite on the breast with her stout hand; and her knees were loosened where she stood, and her heart melted. So the twain lay upon the bounteous earth, and vaunting over them Athene spake winged words:

“In such plight let all now be that are aiders of the Trojans when they fight against the mail-clad Argives, and on this wise bold and stalwart, even as Aphrodite came to bear aid to Ares, and braved my might. Then long ere this should we have ceased from war, having sacked Ilios, that well-peopled city.”
So spake she, and the goddess, white-armed Hera smiled thereat. But unto Apollo spake the lord Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth: “Phoebus, wherefore do we twain stand aloof? It beseemeth not, seeing others have begun. Nay, it were the more shameful, if without fighting we should fare back to Olympus, to the house of Zeus with threshold of bronze. Begin, since thou art the younger; it were not meet for me, seeing I am the elder-born and know the more. Fool, how witless is the heart thou hast! Neither rememberest thou all the woes that we twain alone of all the gods endured at Ilios, what time we came at the bidding of Zeus and served the lordly Laomedon for a year’s space at a fixed wage, and he was our taskmaster and laid on us his commands. I verily built for the Trojans round about their city a wall, wide and exceeding fair, that the city might never be broken; and thou, Phoebus, didst herd the sleek kine of shambling gait amid the spurs of wooded Ida, the many-ridged. But when at length the glad seasons were bringing to its end the term of our hire, then did dread Laomedon defraud us twain of all hire, and send us away with a threatening word. He threatened that he would bind together our feet and our hands above, and would sell us into isles that lie afar. Aye, and he made as if he would lop off with the bronze the ears of us both. So we twain fared aback with angry hearts, wroth for the hire he promised but gave us not. It is to his folk now that thou showest favour, neither seekest thou with us that the overweening Trojans may perish miserably in utter ruin with their children and their honoured wives.”

Then spake unto him lord Apollo, that worketh

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1 Line 434 is omitted in the best ass.
afar: "Shaker of Earth, as nowise sound of mind wouldest thou count me, if I should war with thee for the sake of mortals, pitiful creatures, that like unto leaves are now full of flaming life, eating the fruit of the field, and now again pine away and perish. Nay, with speed let us cease from strife, and let them do battle by themselves."

So saying he turned him back, for he had shame to deal in blows with his father's brother. But his sister railed at him hotly, even the queen of the wild beasts, Artemis of the wild wood. and spake a word of reviling: "Lo, thou fleest, thou god that workest afar, and to Poseidon hast thou utterly yielded the victory, and given him glory for naught! Fool, why bearest thou a bow thus worthless as wind? Let me no more hear thee in the halls of our father boasting as of old among the immortal gods that thou wouldest do battle in open combat with Poseidon."

So spake she, but Apollo, that worketh afar, answered her not. Howbeit the revered wife of Zeus waxed wroth, and chid the archer queen with words of reviling: "How now art thou fain, thou bold and shameless thing, to stand forth against me? No easy foe, I tell thee, am I, that thou shouldst vie with me in might, albeit thou bearest the bow, since it was against women that Zeus made thee a lion, and granted thee to slay whomsoever of them thou wilt. In good sooth it is better on the mountains to be slaying beasts and wild deer than to fight amain with those mightier than thou. Howbeit if thou wilt, learn thou of war, that thou mayest know full well how much mightier am I, seeing thou matchest thy strength with mine."
Therewith she caught both the other’s hands by the wrist with her left hand, and with her right took the bow and its gear from her shoulders, and with these self-same weapons, smiling the while, she beat her about the ears, as she turned this way and that; and the swift arrows fell from out the quiver. Then weeping the goddess fled from before her even as a dove that from before a falcon flieth into a hollow rock, a cleft—nor is it her lot to be taken; even so fled Artemis weeping, and left her bow and arrows where they lay. But unto Leto spake the messenger Argeiphontes: “Leto, it is not I that will anywise fight with thee; a hard thing were it to bandy blows with the wives of Zeus, the cloudgatherer; nay, with a right ready heart boast thou among the immortal gods that thou didst vanquish me with thy great might.”

So spake he, and Leto gathered up the curved bow and the arrows that had fallen hither and thither amid the whirl of dust. She then, when she had taken her daughter’s bow and arrows, went back; but the maiden came to Olympus, to the house of Zeus with threshold of bronze, and sat down weeping upon her father’s knees, while about her the fragrant robe quivered; and her father, the son of Cronos, clasped her to him, and asked of her, laughing gently: “Who now of the sons of heaven, dear child, hath entreated thee thus wantonly as though thou wert working some evil before the face of all?”

Then answered him the fair-crowned huntress of the echoing chase: “Thy wife it was that buffeted me, father, even white-armed Hera, from whom strife and contention have been made fast upon the immortals.”
On this wise spake they one to the other; but Phoebus Apollo entered into sacred Ilios, for he was troubled for the wall of the well-built city, lest the Danaans beyond what was ordained should lay it waste on that day. But the other gods that are for ever went unto Olympus, some of them in wrath and some exulting greatly, and they sate them down beside the Father, the lord of the dark clouds. But Achilles was still slaying alike the Trojans themselves and their single-hoofed horses. And as when smoke riseth and reacheth the wide heaven from a city that burneth, and the wrath of the gods driveth it on— it causeth toil to all and upon many doth it let loose woes—even so caused Achilles toil and woes for the Trojans.

And the old man Priam stood upon the heaven-built wall, and was ware of monstrous Achilles, and how before him the Trojans were being driven in headlong rout, and help there was none. Then with a groan he gat him down to the ground from the wall, calling the while to the glorious keepers of the gate along the wall: “Wide open hold ye the gates with your hands until the folk shall come to the city in their rout, for lo, here at hand is Achilles, as he driveth them on; now methinks shall there be sorry work. But whenso they have found repose, being gathered within the wall, then close ye again the double doors, close fitted; for I am adread lest you baseful man leap within the wall.”

So spake he, and they undid the gates and thrust back the bars; and the gates being flung wide wrought deliverance. But Apollo leapt forth to face Achilles, that so he might ward off ruin from the Trojans. And they, the while, were fleeing straight
for the city and the high wall, parched with thirst, and begrimed with dust from the plain, while Achilles pressed upon them furiously with his spear; for fierce madness ever possessed his heart, and he was eager to win him glory.

Then would the sons of the Achaean, in high-gated Troy, had not Phoebus Apollo aroused goodly Agenor, Antenor’s son, a peerless warrior and a stalwart. In his heart he put courage, and himself stood by his side, that he might ward from him the heavy hands of death; against the oak he leaned, and he was enfolded in deep mist. So when Agenor was ware of Achilles, sacker of cities, he halted, and many things did his heart darkly ponder as he abode; and mightily moved he spake unto his own great-hearted spirit:

“Ah, woe is me; if I flee before mighty Achilles, there where the rest are being driven in rout, even shall he overtake and butcher me in my cowardice. But what if I leave these to be driven before Achilles, son of Peleus, and with my feet flee from the wall elsewhither, toward the Ilean plain, until I be come to the glens and the spurs of Ida, and hide me in the thickets? Then at even, when I have bathed me in the river and cooled me of my sweat, I might get me back to Ilios. But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? Let it not be that he mark me as I turn away from the city toward the plain, and darting after me overtake me by his fleetness of foot. Then will it no more be possible to escape death and the fates, for exceeding mighty is he

1 An oak in the neighbourhood of the Scaean gate is frequently mentioned as a well-known landmark; see vi. 287; ix. 354; xi. 170.
above all mortal men. What then if in front of the city I go forth to meet him? Even his flesh too, I ween, may be pierced with the sharp bronze, and in him is but one life, and mortal do men deem him to be; howbeit Zeus, son of Cronos, giveth him glory."

So saying he gathered himself together to abide Achilles' oncoming, and within him his valiant heart was fain to war and to do battle. Even as a pard goeth forth from a deep thicket before the face of a huntsman, neither is anywise afraid at heart, nor fleeth when she heareth the baying of the hounds; for though the man be beforehand with her and smite her with thrust or with dart, yet even pierceth through with the spear she ceaseth not from her fury until she grapple with him or be slain; even so lordly Antenor's son, goodly Agenor, refused to flee till he should make trial of Achilles, but held before him his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, and aimed at Achilles with his spear, and shouted aloud: "Verily, I ween, thou hopest in thy heart, glorious Achilles, on this day to sack the city of the lordly Trojans. Thou fool! in sooth many be the woes that shall yet be wrought because of her. Within her are we, many men and valiant, that in front of our dear parents and wives and sons guard Ilios; nay, it is thou that shalt here meet thy doom, for all thou art so dread and so bold a man of war."

He spake, and hurled the sharp spear from his heavy hand, and smote him on the shin below the knee, and missed him not; and the greave of new-wrought tin rang terribly upon him; but back from him it smote leapt the bronze, and pierced not through, for the gift of the god stayed it. And the
HOMER

Πηλείδης δ’ ὦρμησαν Ἀγήνορος ἀντιθέου 595
δεύτερος· οὐδ’ ἐκ ἕασεν Ἀπόλλων κύδος ἀρέσθαι,
ἀλλὰ μιν ἐξήρπαζε, κάλυψε δ’ ἄρ’ ἥρει πολλῇ,
ἡσύχιον δ’ ἀρά μιν πολέμου ἐκπεμπτε νέσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Πηλείωνα δόλῳ ἀποέργαζε λαοῦ·
aυτῷ γὰρ ἐκάρχηγος Ἀγήνορος πάντα ἔοικὼς
ἐστή πρόσθε ποδῶν, δ’ ἐπέσευσε ποσά δεώκειν.
ὅσο δ’ τὸν πεδίον διώκετο πυροφόρου,
τρέβας πάρ ποταμῶν βαθυδυτῆντα Σκάμανδρον,
τυτθόν ὑπεκρυδεόντα· δόλῳ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐθελεν
Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς αἰεὶ ἔλπιον κιησεσθαι ποιοὶ οἶς·
τόφρ’ ἄλλοι Τρώες ἐποθεμένοι ἤλθον ὁμίλω
ἀστάσιον προτὶ ἄστυ, πόλεις δ’ ἐμπληθοὶ ἄλεντων.
οὐδ’ ἁρά τοῖς γ’ ἔτλαν πολὺσ καὶ τείχεος ἐκτὸσ
μεῖναι ἐτ’ ἀλλήλους καὶ γνώμενα ὃς τε πεφεύγοι
ὅσ τε ἔθαν ἐν πολέμῳ ἀλλ’ ἐπισυμένως ἐσέχυντο 610
ἐς πόλιν, δὴν τινὰ τῶν γε πόδες καὶ γούνα σαῦσαι.

1 Τρώες: πάντες.

THE ILIAD, XXI. 595–611

son of Peleus in his turn set upon godlike Agenor; howbeit Apollo suffered him not to win glory, but snatched away Agenor, and shrouded him in thick mist, and sent him forth from the war to go his way in peace. But Apollo by craft kept the son of Peleus away from the folk, for likened in all things to Agenor's self the god that worketh afar took his stand before his feet; and Achilles rushed upon him swiftly to pursue him. And while he pursued him over the wheat-bearing plain, turning him toward the river, deep-eddying Scamander, as he by but little outran him—for by craft did Apollo beguile him, that he ever hoped to overtake him in his running—meanwhile the rest of the Trojans that were fleeing in rout came crowding gladly toward the city, and the town was filled with the throng of them. Neither dared they longer to await one another outside the city and wall, and to know who perchance was escaped and who had been slain in the fight; but with eager haste they poured into the city, whomssoever of them his feet and knees might save.
BOOK XXII

So they throughout the city, huddled in rout like fawns, were cooling their sweat and drinking and quenching their thirst, as they rested on the fair battlements; while the Achaeans drew near the wall leaning their shields against their shoulders. But Hector did deadly fate ensnare to abide there where he was in front of Ilios and the Scaean gates. Then unto the son of Peleus spake Phoebus Apollo:

“Wherefore, son of Peleus, dost thou pursue me with swift feet, thyself a mortal, while I am an immortal god? Not even yet hast thou known me that I am a god, but thou ragest incessantly! Hast thou in good sooth no care for thy toil regarding the Trojans whom thou dravest in rout, who now are gathered into the city, while thou hast turned thee aside hitherward? Thou shalt never slay me, for lo, I am not one that is appointed to die.”

Then with a mighty burst of anger spake to him swift-footed Achilles: “Thou hast foiled me, thou god that workest afar, most cruel of all gods, in that thou hast now turned me hither from the wall; else had many a man yet bitten the ground or ever they came into Ilios. Now hast thou robbed me of great glory, and them hast thou saved full easily, seeing
thou hadst no fear of vengeance in the afterward. Verily I would avenge me on thee, had I but the power."

So spake he, and was gone toward the city in pride of heart, speeding as speedeth with a chariot a horse that is winner of prizes, one that lightly courseth at full speed over the plain; even so swiftly plied Achilles his feet and knees.

Him the old man Priam was first to behold with his eyes, as he sped all-gleaming over the plain, like to the star that cometh forth at harvest-time, and brighteneth joy in the rays shine amid the host of stars in the darkness of night, the star that men call by name the Dog of Orion. Brightest of all is he, yet withal he is a sign of evil, and bringeth much fever upon wretched mortals. Even in such wise did the bronze gleam upon the breast of Achilles as he ran. And the old man uttered a groan, and beat upon his head with his hands, lifting them up on high, and with a groan he called aloud, beseeching his dear son, that was standing before the gates furiously eager to do battle with Achilles. To him the old man spake piteously, stretching forth his arms:

"Hector, my dear child, abide not, I pray thee, yon man, alone with none to aid thee, lest forthwith thou meet thy doom, slain by the son of Peleus, since verily he is far the mightier—cruel that he is. I would that we were loved by the gods even as by me! Then would the dogs and vultures speedily devour him as he lay unburied; so would dread sorrow depart from my soul, seeing he hath made me bereft of sons many and valiant, slaying them and selling them into isles that lie afar. For even now there be twain of my sons, Lycaon and Polydorus,
that I cannot see amid the Trojans that are gathered into the city, even they that Laothoë bare me, a princess among women. But if they be yet alive in the camp of the foe, then verily will we ransom them with bronze and gold, seeing there is store thereof in my house; for gifts full many did the old Altes, of glorious name, give to his daughter. But and if they be even now dead and in the house of Hades, then shall there be sorrow to my heart and to their mother, to us that gave them birth; but to the rest of the host a briefer sorrow, if so be thou die not as well, slain by Achilles. Nay, enter within the walls, my child, that thou mayest save the Trojan men and Trojan women, and that thou give not great glory to the son of Peleus, and be thyself reft of thy dear life. Furthermore, have thou compassion on me that yet can feel —on wretched me whom the father, son of Cronos, will slay by a grievous fate on the threshold of old age, when I have beheld ills full many, my sons perishing and my daughters haled away, and my treasure chambers laid waste, and little children hurled to the ground in the dread conflict, and my sons’ wives being haled away beneath the deadly hands of the Achaean. Myself then last of all at the entering in of my door shall ravening dogs rend, when some man by thrust or cast of the sharp bronze hath reft my limbs of life—even the dogs that in my halls I reared at my table to guard my door, which then having drunk my blood in the madness of their hearts, shall lie there in the gateway. A young man it beseemeth wholly, when he is slain in battle, that he lie mangled by the sharp bronze; dead though he be, all is honourable whatsoever be seen. But when dogs work shame upon the hoary head and hoary beard
and on the nakedness of an old man slain, lo, this
is the most piteous thing that cometh upon wretched
mortals."

Thus spake the old man, and with his hands he
plucked and tore the hoary hairs from his head;
but he could not persuade the heart of Hector.
And over against him the mother in her turn wailed
and shed tears, loosening the folds of her robe,
while with the other hand she showed her breast,
and amid shedding of tears she spake unto him
winged words: "Hector, my child, have thou re-
spect unto this and pity me, if ever I gave thee the
breast to lull thy pain. Think thereon, dear child,
and ward off yon foemen from within the wall,
neither stand thou forth to face him. Cruel is he; for
if so be he slay thee, never shall I lay thee on a bier
and bewail thee, dear plant, born of mine own self,
nay, nor shall thy bounteous wife; but far away from
us by the ships of the Argives shall swift dogs devour
thee."

So the twain with weeping spake unto their dear
son, beseeching him instantly; howbeit they could not
persuade the heart of Hector, but he abode Achilles
as he drew nigh in his mightiness. And as a serpent
of the mountain awaithed a man at his lair, having
fed upon evil herbs, and dread wrath hath entered
into him, and terribly he glareth as he coileth him
about within his lair; even so Hector in his courage
unquenchable would not give ground, leaning his
bright shield against the jutting wall. Then, mightily
moved, he spake unto his own great-hearted spirit:
"Ah, woe is me, if I go within the gates and the
walls Polydamas will be the first to put reproach
upon me, for that he bade me lead the Trojans to
núγθ' ὑπὸ τὴν' ὁλοίν, ὅτε τ' ὀρετο δίος Ἀχιλλεύς. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ πιθόμην: ἤ ὁν πολὺ κέρδιον ἦν. νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ώλεσα λαόν ἀτασθάλιως ἐμίζων, αἰδέομαι Τρόας καὶ Τριμάδας ἐλκεσπέλπους, μητὶ ποτὲ τις εἴπησι κακοτέρος ἄλλος εἰμεῖο. Ἔκτωρ ἤγιοι βιμμτή πιθήκας ὅλεσε λαὸν. ὥς ἐρέωναν ἔμοι δὲ τότ' ἄν πολὺ κέρδιον εἰπ' ἄντην ὧν Ἀχιλλὴς κατακτεῖναι νέεσθαι, ἣ κεν αὐτὴν ἀλέσθαι ἐὐκλεῖως πρὸ πόλης. εἰ δὲ κεν ἀστῖσα μὲν καταθείοιμα ὑμφαλάσσαν καὶ κόρυθα βρασάν, δόρυ δὲ πρὸς τείχος ἐρείσας αὐτὸς ἰὼν Ἀχιλλῆς ἀμύμονος ἄντιος ἐμίθω καὶ οἱ ὑπόσχομαι Ἐλενὴν καὶ κτῆμα· ἢ μή, αὐτή, πάντα μάλ' ῥάζα μ' Ἀλεξάνδρος κολῆς ἐν νυκτί 115 ἄγαγέτο Τροίηρ', ἢ ἡ ἐπελετο νεῖκεος ἀρχή, δωσάμεν Ἀτρεϊδῶν ἄγεν, ᾧ δ' ἄμφιμος Ἀχαιοὶ ἄλλ' ἀπόδασσεθαι, ὥσα τε πτόλεμοι ἥδε κέκευθε. Τρωῶν δ' αὐτόπθοιμι γενοῦσιν ὄρκον ἐλαμάν μη τι κατακρυφέν, ἀλλ' ἀνδίχα πάντα διάσαξι κτῆσιν ὅσαν πτολεόθρον ἐπηράτον ἐντὸς ἔργης 120 ἀλλὰ τί ἡ μοι ταῦτα φύλος διελέξατο θυμός; μη μὲν ἐγὼ μὲν ἴκωμαι ἰὼν, ὡ μ' οὐκ ἐλεήσει οὔδὲ τί μ' αἰδέσεται, κτενεί δὲ με γυμνὸν ἔοντα αὐτῶς ὡς τε γυναικά, ἐπεὶ κ' ἀπὸ τεύξεα δύν. 125 οὐ μὲν ποις νῦν ἔστων ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης τῶν ὀραίειμεν, ἄ τε παρθένος ἡδεός τε, παρθένος ἡδεός τ' ὀραίετον ἀλλήλων.

1 Line 121 is omitted in the best ms.

The repetition of the phrase seems best understood as intended to mark the grim contrast between the real and the imagined situation. It is not a mere trick of style.
to clash in strife with all speed; let us know to which of us twain the Olympian will vouchsafe glory."

So he pondered as he abode, and nigh to him came Achilles, the peer of Enyalius, warrior of the waving helm, brandishing over his right shoulder the Pelian ash, his terrible spear; and all round about the bronze flashed like the gleam of blazing fire or of the sun as he riseth. But trembling gat hold of Hector when he was ware of him, neither dared he any more abide where he was, but left the gates behind him, and fled in fear; and the son of Peleus rushed after him, trusting in his fleetness of foot. As a falcon in the mountains, swiftest of winged things, swoopeth lightly after a trembling dove: she fleeth before him, and he hard at hand darteth ever at her with shrill cries, and his heart biddeth him seize her; even so Achilles in his fury sped straight on, and Hector fled beneath the wall of the Trojans, and plied his limbs swiftly. Past the place of watch, and the wind-waved wild fig-tree they sped, ever away from under the wall along the waggon-track, and came to the two fair-flowing fountains, where well up the two springs that feed eddying Scamander. The one floweth with warm water, and round about a smoke goeth up therefrom as it were from a blazing fire, while the other even in summer floweth forth cold as hail or chill snow or ice that water formeth. And there hard by the selfsame springs are broad washing-tanks, fair and wrought of stone, where the wives and fair daughters of the Trojans were wont to wash bright raiment of old in the time of peace, before the sons of the Achaeans came. Thereby they ran, one fleeing, and one pursuing.
In front a good man fled, but one mightier far pursued him swiftly; for it was not for feast of sacrifice or for bull’s hide that they strove, such as are men’s prizes for swiftness of foot, but it was for the life of horse-taming Hector that they ran. And as when single-hooved horses that are winners of prizes course swiftly about the turning-points, and some great prize is set forth, a tripod haply or a woman, in honour of a warrior that is dead; even so these twain circled thrice with swift feet about the city of Priam; and all the gods gazed upon them. Then among these the father of men and gods was first to speak: “Look you now, in sooth a well-loved man do mine eyes behold pursued around the wall; and my heart hath sorrow for Hector, who hath burned for me many thighs of oxen on the crests of many-ridged Ida, and at other times on the topmost citadel; but now again is goodly Achilles pursuing him with swift feet around the city of Priam. Nay then, come, ye gods, be-think you and take counsel whether we shall save him from death, or now at length shall slay him, good man though he be, by the hand of Achilles, son of Peleus.”

Then spake unto him the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene: “O Father, Lord of the bright lightning and of the dark cloud, what a word hast thou said! A man that is mortal, doomed long since by fate, art thou minded to deliver again from dolorous death? Do as thou wilt; but be sure that we other gods assent not all thereto.”

Then in answer to her spake Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: “Be of good cheer, Tritogeneia, dear child. In no wise do I speak with full purpose of
heart, but am minded to be kindly to thee. Do as thy pleasure is and hold thee back no more.”

So saying he urged on A"thene that was already eager, and down from the peaks of Olympus she went darting.

But hard upon Hector pressed swift Achilles in ceaseless pursuit. And as when on the mountains a hound rouseth from his covert the fawn of a deer and chaseth him through glens and glades, and though he escape for a time, cowering beneath a thicket, yet doth the hound track him out and run ever on until he find him; even so Hector escaped not the swift-footed son of Pelcus. Oft as he strove to rush straight for the Dardanian gates to gain the shelter of the well-built walls, if so be his fellows from above might succour him with missiles, so oft would Achilles be beforehand with him and turn him back toward the plain, but himself sped on by the city’s walls. And as in a dream a man availeth not to pursue one that fleeth before him—the one availeth not to flee, nor the other to pursue—even so Achilles availed not to overtake Hector in his fleetness, neither Hector to escape. And how had Hector escaped 1 the fates of death, but that Apollo, albeit for the last and latest time, drew nigh him to rouse his strength and make swift his knees? And to his folk goodly Achilles made sign with a nod of his head, and would not suffer them to hurl at Hector their bitter darts, lest another might smite him and win glory, and himself come too late. But when for the fourth time they were come to the springs, lo then field where the πόδας ὄκουσ would have expected most easily to surpass him. This is discreditable to Achilles if not explained—the Greek poet must save the honour of the Greek hero” (Leaf, Iliad ii. 615).

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1 Lines 199-201 were rejected by Aristarchus.
2 ὑπεξέφυγεν: ὑπεξέφερεν.

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1 i.e. “escaped thus far.” “The first stage of the catastrophe has ended; there is a marked pause in the narrative. Hector has as a fact escaped Achilles in the chase—the very
the Father lifted on high his golden scales, and set therein two fates of grievous death, one for Achilles, and one for horse-taming Hector; then he grasped the balance by the midst and raised it; and down sank the day of doom of Hector, and departed unto Hades;¹ and Phoebus Apollo left him. But unto Peleus' son came the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, and drawing nigh she spoke to him winged words:

"Now in good sooth, glorious Achilles, dear to Zeus, have I hope that to the ships we twain shall bear off great glory for the Achaians, having slain Hector, insatiate of battle though he be; for now is it no more possible for him to escape us, nay, not though Apollo, that worketh afar, should travailing before Father Zeus, that beareth the aegis. But do thou now stand, and get thy breath; myself will I go and persuade ye warrior to do battle with thee man to man."

So spake Athene, and he obeyed and was glad at heart, and stood leaning upon his bronze-barbed spear of ash. But she left him, and came to goodly Hector in the likeness of Deiphobus both in form and untiring voice; and drawing nigh she spake to him winged words:

"Dear brother, full surely fleet Achilles doth violence unto thee, chasing thee with swift feet around the city of Priam. But come, let us stand, and abiding here ward off his onset."

Then spake to her great Hector of the flashing helm: "Deiphobus, verily in time past thou wast far the dearest of my brethren, that were born of Hecabe and Priam, but now I deem that I shall honour thee in my heart even more, seeing thou

¹ Apparently as a symbol of his own death, Hector's fate is said to depart to the world of the dead.
hast dared for my sake, when thine eyes beheld me, to come forth from out the wall, while the others abide within.”

To him then spake again the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene: “Dear brother, in sooth my father and queenly mother, yea, and my comrades round about me, besought me much, entreatling me each in turn that I should abide there, in such wise do they all tremble before Achilles; but my heart within me was sore distressed with bitter grief. Howbeit now let us charge straight at him and do battle, neither let there be anywise a sparing of spears, to the end that we may know whether Achilles shall slay us twain, and bear our bloody spoils to the hollow ships, or whether he shall haply be vanquished by thy spear.”

By such words and by guile Athene led him on. And when they were come near as they advanced one against the other, then first unto Achilles spake great Hector of the glancing helm: “No longer, son of Peleus, will I flee from thee, as before I thrice fled around the great city of Priam, nor ever had the heart to abide thy onset; but now again my spirit biddeth me stand and face thee, whether I slay or be slain. But come hither, let us call the gods to witness,¹ for they shall be the best witnesses and guardians of our covenant: I will do unto thee no foul despite, if Zeus grant me strength to outstay thee, and I take thy life; but when I have stripped from thee thy glorious armour, Achilles, I will give thy dead body back to the Achaeans; and so too do thou.”

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake unto him Achilles, swift of foot:

¹ Lit. “let us give one another our gods.”
"Εκτὸς, μή μοι, ἀλατε, συνήμοσύνας ἀγόρευε. ὦς οὐκ ἔστι λέουσι καὶ ἀνδρᾶθιν ὀρκία πιστά, οὔδε λύκοι τε καὶ ἄρνες ὀμόφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσιν, ἀλλὰ κακὰ φρονέουσι διαμπερές ἀλλήλοισιν, ὦς οὐκ ἔστ έμε καὶ σε φιλήμεναι, οὔδε τι νῦν ὀρκία ἔσονται, πρὶν γάρ ή έσερον γε πεσόντα αἴματος ἀσά "Ἀρη, ταλαύρων πολεμιστήν. παντοίης ἀρέτης μιμήσικεν νῦ σε μάλα χρή αἰχμητήν τ' ἐμεναι καὶ βαρσάλεων πολεμιστήν. οὖ τοι έτ' ἐσθ' ύπάλυξις, ἀφαρ δέ σε Παλλάς Ἀθηνήν ἔγχει εμὸν δαμάμνι νῦ δ' ἄθροα πάντ' ἀποτίσεις κτίδε' ἐμὸν ἑταρών, οὐς έκτανες ἐγχει θύνων.' "Η μ λα, καὶ ἀμπελαλῶν προῖε δολιχόσκοον ἐγχοσ καὶ τὸ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἱλεύατο φαινόμην "Εκτωρ. ἔνεο γαρ προίδων τὸ δ' ὑπέρπτητο χάλκεου ἐγχοσ, ἐν γαίῃ δ' ἐπάγη· ἀνά δ' ἥρπασε Παλλᾶς Ἀθηνήν, ἄφ δ' Ἀχιλῆι δίδου, λάθε δ' "Εκτώρα, ποιμένα λαών. "Εκτωρ δ' προσέειπεν ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα. "ήμβροταις, οὔδ' ἁρα πώ τι, θεοὶς ἐπιείκελ' 'Αχιλλεύν, ἐκ Διὸς ἱεῖδος τὸν έμὸν μόρον· ἢ τοΙ ἐφή γε· ἀλλ' τις ἀρτιετής καὶ ἐπικλότος ἐπλεο μύθων, ὄφρα σ' ὑποδείας μένεις ἀλκης τε λάθωμαί. οὗ μὲν μοι φεύγουνε μεταφρένω ἐν δόρω πήξεις, ἀλλ' ἵδον μέματι διὰ στήθεσφιν ἐλάσσον, εἰ τοι ἐδώκει θεοὶ· νῦν αὐτ' ἐμὸν ἐγχοσ ἀλεναι χάλκεου· ὦς δὴ μν σῷ ἐν χροὶ πάν κομίσαιο.
HOMER

καὶ κεν ἐλαφρότερος πόλεμος Τρώεσσι γένοιτο
σεῖο καταφθημένου· σὺ γάρ σφις τῆμα μέγιστον.

"Η ρα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλῶν προτεῖ δολιχόσκιον ἐγχος,
καὶ βάλε Πηλείδακα μέσον σάκος οὐδ’ ἀφάρματε. 290
τήλε δ’ ἀπεπλάγχη σάκεος δόρν. χώσατο δ’

"Εκτωρ

ὅτι ρά οἱ βέλος ὦκεν ἐτώσιον ἐκφυγε χείρος,
οὐδ’ ἁλλ’ ἔχε μείλων ἐγχος.
Δηήβοζον δ’ ἐκάλει λευκασίδα μακρόν ἀόσας:
ὑπε’ μοι δόρν μακρόν. ὃ δ’ οὐ τί οἱ ἐγμύθεν ήεν. 295

"Εκτωρ δ’ ἐγνω ήσιν ἐν φρεσι φώμησεν τε·

" ο νότοι, ἢ μάλα δὴ με θεοί τάνατόνδε κάλεσαν.

Δηήβοζον γὰρ ἐγώ γ’ ἐφάμην ἡρων παρέναιν·
αλλ’ ο μὲν ἐν τείχει, ἐμὲ δ’ ἐξαπάτησεν Ἀθηνή.
νῦν δ’ ἐγνώθη μοι τάνατος κακός, οὐδ’ ἐτ’ ἀνευθεν, 300
οὐδ’ ἀλέγη. ἢ γάρ ρα πάλαι τὸ γε φίλτερον ήεν.
Ζηνὶ τε καὶ Διός οὐκ ἐκηβόλω, οὐ μὲ πάρος γε

πρόφορον εἰρύται· νῦν αὐτέ με μοῦρα κυκάνει.

μὴ μάν ἀσπούδῃ νε καὶ ἀκλεως ἀπολοίμην,
ἀλλά μέγα ῥέξας τε καὶ ἑσομένους πυθέοιαν." 305

"Ως αρα φωσίσαε εἰρύσασατ φάσγανον ἄξυ,
το οί υπὸ ὅπαρα τέτατο μέγα τε στιβαρὸν τε,
οἶμησαν δὲ ἀλεῖς ὡς τ’ αἰετος υψητηνείς,
ὅς τ’ εἰσαι πεδιόντει διὰ νεφέων ἐρεβενίων
ἀρπάξων ἢ ἀρν’ ἀμαλην’ ἢ πτώκα λαγων.

ως "Εκτωρ οἴμησα τυνάσσων φάσγανον ἄξυ.

ὅρμηθη δ’ Αχιλεύς, μένεος δ’ ἐμπλήσατο θυρίων
ἀγρίου, πρόσθεν δὲ σάκος στέρνου κάλυψε 476

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take it all into thy flesh! So would war be lighter for the Trojans, if thou wert but dead; for thou art their greatest bane."

He spake, and poised his far-shadowing spear and hurled it, and smote full upon the shield of the son of Peleus, and missed him not; but far from the shield the spear leapt back. And Hector waxed wroth for that the swift shaft had flown vainly from his hand, and he stood confounded, for he had no second spear of ash. Then he shouted aloud, and called to Deiphobus of the white shield, and asked of him a long spear; but he was nowise nigh. And Hector knew all in his heart, and spake, saying: "Out upon it, in good sooth have the gods called me to my death. For I deemed that the warrior Deiphobus was at hand, but lo, he is within the wall, and Athene hath beguiled me. Now of a surety is evil death nigh at hand, and no more afar from me, neither is there way of escape. So I ween from of old was the good pleasure of Zeus, and of the son of Zeus, the god that smiteth afar, even of them that aforetime were wont to succour me with ready hearts; but now again is my doom come upon me. Nay, but not without a struggle let me die, neither ingloriously, but in the working of some great deed for the hearing of men that are yet to be."

So saying, he drew his sharp sword that hung beside his flank, a great sword and a mighty, and gathering himself together swooped like an eagle of lofty flight that darteth to the plain through the dark clouds to seize a tender lamb or a cowering hare; even so Hector swooped, brandishing his sharp sword. And Achilles rushed upon him, his heart full of savage wrath, and before his breast he
made a covering of his shield, fair and richly-dight, and tossed his bright four-horned helm; and fair about it waved the plumes wrought of gold, that Hephaestus had set thick about the crest. As a star goeth forth amid stars in the darkness of night, the star of evening, that is set in heaven as the fairest of all; even so went forth a gleam from the keen spear that Achilles poised in his right hand, as he devised evil for goodly Hector, looking the while upon his fair flesh to find where it was most open to a blow. Now all the rest of his flesh was covered by the armour of bronze, the goodly armour that he had stripped from mighty Patroclus when he slew him; but there was an opening where the collar bones part the neck and shoulders, even the gullet, where destruction of life cometh most speedily; even there, as he rushed upon him, goodly Achilles let drive with his spear; and clean out through the tender neck went the point. Howbeit the ashen spear, heavy with bronze, clave not the windpipe, to the end that he might yet make answer and speak unto his foe. Then fell he in the dust, and goodly Achilles exulted over him; “Hector, thou thoughtest, I ween, whilst thou wast spoiling Patroclus, that thou wouldest be safe, and hadst no thought of me that was afar, thou fool. Far from him a helper, mightier far, was left behind at the hollow ships, even I, that have loosed thy knees. Thee shall dogs and birds rend in unseemly wise, but to him shall the Achaeans give burial.”

Then, his strength all spent, spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: “I implore thee by thy life and knees and parents, suffer me not to be devoured of dogs by the ships of the Achaeans; nay, take

1 Line 316 (= xix. 383) is omitted in the best mss.
2 Line 329 was rejected by Aristarchus.
HOMER

άλλα σὺ μὲν χαλκόν τε ἄλις χρυσόν τε δέδεξο, 340
dόρα τὰ τοι δόσουσι πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
σῶμα δὲ οὐκαὶ ἐμὸν δόμεναι πάλιν, ὅφρα πυρός με
Τρώων ἄλοχοι λελάχωσι θανόντα.

Τὸν δ’ ἂρ’ ὑπόδρα ὕδων προσέφη πόδας ὕκως
'Αχιλλεύς·

“μὴ με, κύων, γούνων γονάτεο μηδὲ τοκόν. 345
αἱ γὰρ ποι̂ς αὐτὸν με μένοι καὶ θυμὸς ἀνείη
ὡς ἀποταμομενον κρέα ἔδεμεναι, οἷα ἔργας,
ὡς οὐκ ἔσθ’ ὃς σῆς καὶ ὁ λάθος κεφάλης ἀπαλάλκοι,
οὐδ’ εἴ κεν δεκάκις τε καὶ εἰκοσιενήρτ’ ἄπονα
στήσων ἐνθάδ’ ἄγοντες, ὑπόθεμενται δὲ καὶ ἀλλα, 350
οὐδ’ εἴ κεν σ’ αὐτὸν χρυσῷ ἐρύσασθαι ἀνώγοι
Δαρδανίδος Πρίμοι, οὐδ’ ὃς σὲ γε πότνια μήτηρ ἐνθεμένη λεχέσασθαι, ὃν τεκέν αὐτή,
ἄλλα κύκος τε καὶ οἰνον κατὰ πάντα δάονται.”

Τὸν δὲ καταθηκάσας προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἑκ-
τωρ·

“ἡ’ σ’ εὗροιṣ οἰκούμενοι προτύπωσοι, οὐδ’ ἂρ’ ἔμελλον
πείσειν. ἢ γὰρ σοι γε σιδήρα ἐν φρειᾷ θυμός,
φράζει τοῦ, μὴ τοι τι θέων μὴν γένομαι
ὕματι τῷ στέκτε κεῖ τε νῆσι Πάρις καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ἔσθλον ἐντ’ ὀλέασθαι εἰς Σκηνῆς πύλῃσι.”

360

“ὢς ἄμοι μι σύντον τάς λαματίον κάλυψε,
ψυχ’ δ’ ἐκ πεθένων πταίμενη "Αἰδώσε βεβηκεν,
ὅν πότμιν γοῦσα, λυποῦ άνδροτητα καὶ ἦβην.
τὸν καὶ τεχνητὰ προσημά τοῦ Ἀχιλλεύς·

“τεθνώθ’ κηρὰ δ’ ἐγὼ τότε δέξομαι, ὅποτε κεῖν δὴ 365
Ζεὺς ἑθέλη τελέσαι ἤδ’ αὐθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι.”

1 ἐν φρειᾷ: ὑδάθει.
HOMER

"Εστο δ' ἐπερήπησεν 'Αχιλλής, καὶ τὸ γ' ἀνευθεῖν ἑθῆς', δ' ἀπ' ὦμων τεύχε' ἐσίπια αἰματὸν'. ἄλλοι δὲ περίπλομον ἔλεγε 'Αχαίων, οἳ καὶ ἠθίησαν φυγὴ καὶ εἴθεσαν ἄγητον
370
"Εκτόρος. οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ τις ἀνουστη' γε παρώτη. ἢ ἦθες τις εἰποσκειν ἰδῶν ἵν πλήσον ἄλλον:
"οὐκ ἡπιο τοίου ἡμῶν ἁμαθασθαὶ ἀμαθασθαί. "Εκτωρ ἢ ἦτε νῆσος ἐνέπτησεν' πυρὶ κηλεύω.
375
"οὐδ' ἀρα τις εἰποσκειν καὶ οὕττοςακε παραστάς. τὸν δ' ἐπεῖ οἰκείνες ἰδιος 'Αχιλλέας,

He spake, and from the corpse drew forth his spear of bronze and laid it aside, and set him to strip from the shoulders the blood-stained armour. And the other sons of the Achaean, on round about, and gazed upon the stature and wondrous comeliness of Hector, neither did any draw nigh but dealt him a wound. And thus would one speak, with a look at his neighbour: "Look you, in good sooth softer is Hector for the handling now than when he burned the ships with blazing fire." Thus would one speak, and drawing nigh would deal a wound. But when goodly Achilles, swift of foot, had despoiled him, then stood he up among the Achaean and spake winged words: "My friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, seeing the gods have vouchsafed us to slay this man, that hath wrought much evil beyond all the host of the others, come, let us make trial in arms about the city, to the end that we may yet further know what purpose the Trojans have in mind, whether they will leave their high city now that this man is fallen, or whether they are minded to abide, even though Hector be no more. But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? There lieth by the ships a dead man unwept, unburied, even Patroclus; him will I not forget so long as I abide among the living, and my knees are quick. Nay, if even in the house of Hades men forget their dead, yet will I even there remember my dear comrade. But come, singing our song of victory, ye sons of the Achaean, let us go back to the hollow ships and bring thither this corpse. We have won us great

1 ἐνέπτησεν: ἐνέπτηθεν.
2 Line 378 was given by Zenodotus in the form.
3 ἐκείνος ἐκ 'Αργείων ἐπικαλεομένος μετέχω.
HOMER

... glory; we have slain goodly Hector, to whom the Trojans made prayer throughout their city, as unto a god.”

He spake, and devised foul entreatment for goodly Hector. The tendons of both his feet behind he pierced from heel to ankle, and made fast there-through thongs of oxhide, and bound them to his chariot, but left the head to trail. Then when he had mounted his car and had lifted therein the glorious armour, he touched the horses with the lash to start them, and nothing loath the pair sped onward. And from Hector as he was dragged the dust rose up, and on either side his dark hair flowed outspread, and all in the dust lay the head that was before so fair; but now had Zeus given him over to his foes to suffer foul entreatment in his own native land.

So was his head all befouled with dust; but his mother tore her hair and from her flung far her gleaming veil and uttered a cry exceeding loud at sight of her son. And a piteous groan did his father utter, and around them the folk was holden of wailing and groaning throughout the city. Most like to this was it as though all beetling Ilion were utterly burning with fire. And the folk had much ado to hold back the old man in his frenzy, fain as he was to go forth from the Dardanian gates. To all he made prayer, grovelling the while in the filth, and calling on each man by name: “Withhold, my friends, and suffer me for all your love to go forth from the city alone, and hie me to the ships of the Achaeans. I will make prayer to yon ruthless man, yon worker of violence, if so be he may have shame before his fellows and have pity on my old age. He too, I
HOMER

γῆρας· καὶ δὲ νῦ τῷ γε πατὴρ τοιόσοδε τέτυκται, 420
Πηλεύς, ὃς μὲν ἐτικτε καὶ ἐγερθεῖ πῆμα γενέσθαι
Τροωὶ· μάλιστα δέ ἐμοι περὶ πάνων ἄλγε ἐθηκε
τόσοςος γάρ μοι πάθας ἀπέκτανε τῆλθαόντας.
τῶν πάνων οὐ τόσον ὀδύρωμαι ἀχνύμενος περ
ώς εἶνός, οὗ μ' ἄχος ὁδὶ κατοίκεται "Αἰδοῖς εἶων, 425
"Εκτόρος· ὃς ὤφελεν θανέειν ἐν χερῶν ἐμῆσι
τῷ κε κορεσσάμεθα κλαίοντε τε μυρομένων τε,
μήτηρ θ', ἥ μὲν ἐτικτε δυσάμμορος, ἥδ' ἐγὼ αὐτός.
"Ὡς ἐφατο κλαίων, ἔπι δὲ στενάκωτο πολύτατι.
Τροφῆσον δ' 'Εκάβη ἀδυνω ἐζήρχε γόσῳ. 430
"τέκνον, ἐγὼ δειλὴ· τί νυ βείομαι αἶνα παθοῦσα,  }
σει ἀποτεθηνότος; ὃ μοι νῦκτας τε καὶ ἵμαρ
ἐὐξωλὴ κατὰ ἄστυ πελάσκεο, πᾶσι τ' ὄνειαρ
Τρωϊ τε καὶ Τρωῆσι κατὰ πτόλω, οἳ σε θεόν ὃς
δειδέγατ'· ἥ γάρ καὶ σφί μάλα μέγα κύδος ἔρθα 435
ζώδως ἐων· νῦν αὖθανάτος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει.
"Ὡς ἐφατο κλαίοντι, ἄλοχος δ' οὐ πω τι πέπνυτο
"Εκτόρος· οὐ γάρ ὃι τις ἐτήμων ἄγγελος ἐλθὼν
ἤγγειλ' ὅτι ἃν οἱ πόσαι ἔκτοθι μίμεν πυλάων,
ἀλλ' ἥ γ' ἵστον ὑφανε μνήχω δόμου ὑψηλοῦ
διπλακα πορφυρῆν, ἐν δὲ θρόνα ποικὶλ ἐπάσσει.
κέκλειστο δ' ἀμφιπολῶισ ἐωποκάμως κατὰ δώμα
ἀμφί πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὁφρὰ πέλοιτο
"Εκτορὶ θερμὰ λοετρὰ μόχης ἐκ νοστήσαντι,
νηπίᾳ, οὔδ' ἐνόησεν ὃ μν μάλα τῇλ λετρῶν
χερῶν Ἀχιλῆς δάμασε γλαυκώπτης Ἀθῆνη.
κακυτοῦ δ' ἥκουσε καὶ οἰμῶγης ἀπὸ πύργου· 440
1 παθοῦσα: τεκουσα Aristarchus.

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ween, hath a father such as I am, even Peleus, that
begat him and reared him to be a bane to Trojans;
but above all others hath he brought woe upon me,
so many sons of mine hath he slain in their prime.
Yet for them all I mourn not so much, despite my
grief, as for one only, sharp grief for whom will bring
me down to the house of Hades—even for Hector.
Ah, would he had died in my arms; then had we
taken our fill of weeping and wailing, the mother
that bare him to her sorrow, and myself."

So spake he weeping, and thereto the townfolk
added their laments. And among the women
of Troy Hecabe led the vehement lamentation:
"My child, ah woe is me! How shall I live in
my sore anguish, now thou art dead?—thou that
wast my boast night and day in the city, and a
blessing to all, both to the men and women of Troy
throughout the town, who ever greeted thee as a
god; for verily thou wast to them a glory exceeding
great, while yet thou livedst; but now death and
fate are come upon thee."

So spake she weeping; but the wife knew naught as
yet—the wife of Hector—for no true messenger had
come to tell her that her husband abode without the
gates; but she was weaving a web in the innermost
part of the lofty house, a purple web of double fold,
and therein was brodering flowers of varied hue.
And she called to her fair-tressed handmaids through
the house to set a great tripod on the fire, to the end
that there should be a hot bath for Hector when he
returned from out the battle—unwitting one, neither
wist she anywise that far from all baths flashing-
eyed Athene had laid him low by the hand of
Achilles. But the shrieks she heard and the groan-
ings from the wall, and her limbs reeled, and from her hand the shuttle fell to earth. Then she spake again among her fair-tressed handmaids: “Come hither two of you, and follow me, let me see what deeds have been wrought. It was the voice of my husband’s honoured mother that I heard, and in mine own breast my heart leapeth to my mouth, and beneath me my knees are numbed; verily hard at hand is some evil thing for the children of Priam. Far from my ear be the word, but sorely am I afraid lest to my sorrow goodly Achilles may have cut off from the city bold Hector by himself alone, and have driven him to the plain, aye, and have by now made him to cease from the baneful valour that possessed him; seeing he would never abide in the throng of men, but would ever charge far to the front, yielding to no man in his might.”

So saying she hasted through the hall with throbbing heart as one beside herself, and with her went her handmaids. But when she was come to the wall and the throng of men, then on the wall she stopped and looked, and was ware of him as he was dragged before the city; and swift horses were dragging him ruthlessly toward the hollow ships of the Achaeans. Then down over her eyes came the darkness of night, and enfolded her, and she fell backward and gasped forth her spirit. Far from off her head she cast the bright attiring thereof, the frontlet and coif and kerchief and woven band, and the veil that golden Aphrodite had given her on the day when Hector of the flashing helm led her as his bride forth from the house of Eétion, after he had brought bride-gifts past counting. And round about her came thronging her husband’s sisters and his brothers’ wives, who bare
HOMER

ai ë metà σφίσω εἰχον ἀνυζουμένην ἀπολέον θαν.

η δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἐμπνυτο καὶ ἐς φρένα θυμός ἁγέρθη, 475
ἀμβληθὴν γοῦσώσα μετὰ Τρωην ἐεύπειν.

"Εκτόρ, ἐγὼ δύστηρος· ἤ ἄρα γιγνόμεθα αἰτή
ἀμφότεροι, οὐ μὲν ἐν Τροίῃ Πριάμου κατὰ δόμαι,
αὐτάρ ἐγὼ Ὑηῆσαν ὑπὸ Πλάκη ὕλεσθαι
ἐν δόμῳ Ἔνοικων, ὦ μ' ἐπεφε πολύν ἐπάνω, 480
δύσηρος αἰώνοροι· ὡς μὴ ὅψελε τεκέοιθαι.

νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν 'Αἰδαο δόμου ὑπὸ κεύθης γαῖς
ἔρχεαι, αὐτάρ ἕμε στυγερῶ ἐνί πένθει λεπίς
χήρην ἐν μεγάροις: πάις δ' ἔτι νήπιος αὐτῶς,
ὅν τεκόμεν σοὶ τ' ἐγώ τε δυσάμοροι· οὕτε σὺ τούτῳ 485
ἔσσεαι, "Εκτόρ, ὄνειαρ, ἐπεὶ βάνες, οὕτε σοι οὖτος.

ἡν περ γὰρ πόλεμον γε φύτη πολλὰκρυν Ἀχαιῶν, 1
αἰεὶ τοφτῷ γε πόνος καὶ κήδε ὀπίσω
ἔσσεντ'· ἀλλοι γὰρ οἱ ἀπουρρήσουσιν ἀρούας.

ὥμαρ δ' ὀρθάνδραν παναθήλικα παίδα τίθησιν.

πάντα δ' ὑπομηνύμεκε, διδάκρυνται δὲ παρεκαί
δενομένοι δα τ' ἄνειαι πάις εἰς πατρόσ ἑταῖροι,
ἀλλον χαῖτις ἐρύνω, ἀλλον δ' χιτῶνοι
τῶν δ' ἔλεγαςτών κοκύλην τις τυπάν ἐπέσχε.

χείλεα μεν τε δίνη, ὑπέρμην δ' οὖν ἐδίνη. 490

τὸν δὲ καὶ ἀμφιθαλῆς ἐκ δαιμόνος ἐστυφελίζεστε,
χεροῖν πεπληγόν καὶ ὀνειδεύονται ἐνίσσοιν.

"έρρ' οὖτως· οὐ σόσ περί ταχθεὶς μεταδίανται ἦμιν.

δακρύωεις δα τ' ἄνειαι πάις ἐς μυτέρα χήρην,
Ἀστυνάξ, ὅς πρὶν μὲν ἐνδ ἐπὶ γούσα ταχρός 500
μενελῶν οἶδον ἐδέσκε καὶ οἴων πίονα δημῶν·
αὐτὰρ δ' ὑπὸ ὅποιον ἦλω, παῦσαι τε νηπιακεύων,

1 Lines 487-499 were rejected by Aristarchus.

2 ἀπουρρήσουσιν: ἀπουρρήσουσιν.

1 Possibly, "wailing with deep sobs."
his childish play, then would he slumber on a couch in the arms of his nurse in his soft bed, his heart satisfied with good things. But now, seeing he has lost his dear father, he will suffer ills full many—my Astyanax, whom the Trojans call by this name for that thou alone didst save their gates and their high walls. But now by the beaked ships far from thy parents shall writhing worms devour thee, when the dogs have had their fill, as thou liest a naked corpse; yet in thy halls lieth raiment, finely-woven and fair, wrought by the hands of women. Howbeit all these things will I verily burn in blazing fire—in no wise a profit unto thee, seeing thou shalt not lie therein, but to be an honour unto thee from the men and women of Troy.”

So spake she weeping, and thereto the women added their laments.

1 See the note on vi. 403.
Thus they made lamentation throughout the city; but the Achaians, when they were come to the ships and the Hellespont, scattered each man to his own ship; howbeit the Myrmidons would Achilles nowise suffer to be scattered, but spake among his war-loving comrades, saying: "Ye Myrmidons of fleet steeds, my trusty comrades, let us not yet loose our single-hooved horses from their cars, but with horses and chariots let us draw nigh and mourn Patroclus; for that is the due of the dead. Then when we have taken our fill of dire lamenting, we will unyoke our horses and sup here all together."

So spake he, and they raised the voice of wailing all with one accord, and Achilles was leader thereof. Then thrice about the corpse they drave their fair-maned steeds, mourning the while; and among them Thetis roused desire of wailing. Wetted were the sands and wetted the armour of the warriors with their tears; so mighty a deviser of rout was he for whom they mourned. And among them the son of Peleus was leader in the vehement lamentation; laying his man-slaying hands upon the breast of his comrade: "Hail, I bid thee, O Patroclus, even in the house of Hades, for even now am I bringing to fulfilment all that aforetime I promised thee: that I would drag Hector hither and give him raw unto
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dogs to devour, and of twelve glorious sons of the
Trojans would I cut the throats before thy pyre, in
my wrath at thy slaying."

He spake, and devised foul entreatment for goodly
Hector, stretching him on his face in the dust before
the bier of the son of Menoeceus. And they put off,
each man of them, their shining harness of bronze,
and loosed their loud-neighing horses, and themselves
sat down beside the ship of the swift-footed son of
Acacus, a countless host; and he made them a
funeral feast to satisfy their hearts. Many sleek
bulls bellowed 1 about the knife, as they were
slaughtered, many sheep and bleating goats, and
many white-tusked swine, rich with fat, were
stretched to singe over the flame of Hephaestus;
and everywhere about the corpse the blood ran so
that one might dip cups therein.

But the prince, the swift-footed son of Peleus, was
led unto goodly Agamemnon by the chiefs of the
Achaians, that had much ado to persuade him
thereeto, so wroth at heart was he for his comrade.
But when, as they went, they were come to the hut
of Agamemnon, forthwith they bade clear-voiced
heralds set upon the fire a great cauldron, if so be
they might persuade the son of Peleus to wash from
him the bloody gore. But he steadfastly denied
them, and sware an oath thereto: "Nay, verily by
Zeus, that is highest and best of gods, it may not be
that water should come nigh my head, until such
time as I have laid Patroclus on the fire, and have
heaped him a barrow, and shorn my hair withal,
since never more shall a second grief thus reach my
heart, while yet I abide among the living. Howbeit
for this present let us yield us to the banquet we

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1 Others render "plunged."

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1 Lines 30 f. were rejected by some ancient critics.
HOMER

needs must loathe; but in the morning rouse thou the folk, king of men Agamemnon, to bring wood, and to make ready all that it beseemeth a dead man to have, whenso he goeth beneath the murky darkness, to the end that unwearied fire may burn him quickly from sight, and the host betake it to its tasks."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him and obeyed, and speedily making ready each man his meal they supped, nor did their hearts lack aught of the equal feast. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, they went each man to his hut to take his rest; but the son of Peleus upon the shore of the loud-resounding sea lay groaning heavily amid the host of the Myrmidons, in an open space where the waves plashed upon the shore. And when sleep seized him, loosening the cares of his heart, being shed in sweetness round about him—for sore weary were his glorious limbs with speeding after Hector unto windy Ilios—then there came to him the spirit of hapless Patroclus, in all things like his very self, in stature and fair eyes and in voice, and in like raiment was he clad withal; and he stood above Achilles' head and spake to him, saying: "Thou sleepest, and hast forgotten me, Achilles. Not in my life wast thou unmindful of me, but now in my death! Bury me with all speed, that I pass within the gates of Hades. Afar do the spirits keep me aloof, the phantoms of men that have done with toils, neither suffer they me to join myself to them beyond the River, but vainly I wander through the wide-gated house of Hades. And give me thy hand, I pitifully entreat thee, for never more again shall I come back from out of Hades, when once ye
have given me my due of fire. Never more in life shall we sit apart from our dear comrades and take counsel together, but for me hath loathly fate opened its maw, the fate that was appointed me even from my birth. Aye, and thou thyself also, Achilles like to the gods, art doomed to be brought low beneath the wall of the wealthy Trojans. And another thing will I speak, and charge thee, if so be thou wilt hearken. Lay not my bones apart from thine, Achilles, but let them lie together, even as we were reared in your house, when Menoetius brought me, being yet a little lad, from Opoeis to your country, by reason of grievous man-slaying, on the day when I slew Amphidamus’ son in my folly, though I willed it not, in wrath over the dice. Then the knight Peleus received me into his house and reared me with kindly care and named me thy squire; even so also let one coffer enfold our bones, a golden coffer with handles twain, the which thy queenly mother gave thee.”

Then in answer spake to him Achilles, swift of foot: “Wherefore, O head beloved, art thou come hither, and thus givest me charge about each thing? Nay, verily I will fulfil thee all, and will hearken even as thou biddest. But, I pray thee, draw thou nigher; though it be but for a little space let us clasp our arms one about the other, and take our fill of dire lamenting.”

So saying he reached forth with his hands, yet clasped him not; but the spirit like a vapour was gone beneath the earth, gibbering faintly. And seized with amazement Achilles sprang up, and smote his hands together, and spake a word of wailing: “Look you now, even in the house of

1 ἐὐφήνευος Aristophanes: ἐὐφήνευος mss.; cf. xi. 427.
2 Line 92 was rejected by Aristarchus.
3 τι ἐστι: τίς ἐστι.
Hades is the spirit and phantom somewhat, albeit the mind be not anywise therein; for the whole night long hath the spirit of hapless Patroclus stood over me, weeping and wailing, and gave me charge concerning each thing, and was wondrously like his very self."

So spake he, and in them all aroused the desire of lament; and rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth upon them while yet they wailed around the piteous corpse. But the lord Agamemnon sent forth mules and men from all sides from out the huts to fetch wood; and a man of valour watched thereover, even Meriones, squire of kindly Idomeneus. And they went forth bearing in their hands axes for the cutting of wood and well-woven ropes, and before them went the mules; and ever upward, downward, sideward, and aslant they fared. But when they were come to the spurs of many-fountained Ida, forthwith they set them to fell high-crested oaks with the long-edged bronze in busy haste; and with a mighty crash the trees kept falling. Then the Achacans split the trunks asunder and bound them behind the mules, and these tore up the earth with their feet as they hasted toward the plain through the thick underbrush. And all the woodcutters bare logs; for so were they bidden of Meriones, squire of kindly Idomeneus. Then down upon the shore they cast them, man after man, where Achilles planned a great barrow for Patroclus and for himself. But when on all sides they had cast down the measureless wood, they sate them down there and abode, all in one throng. And Achilles straightway bade the war-loving Myrmidons gird them about with bronze, and yoke each man his horses to his
HOMER

Propus: oũ δ’ ὤμνυτο καὶ ἐν τεῦχεσιν ἔδων, ἀν δ’ ἔβαν ἐν δίφρους παραβάται νῆοι τε, πρόσθε μὲν ἑπιτήσεως, μετὰ δὲ νέφος ἐπίπτο τεῖζων, μυριόι: ὡς ἐν μέσοι σαφεὶς Πάτροκλου ἔταριοι. θρῄζει δὲ πάντα νέκυν καταείναις, ὡς ἐπεβαλλον κεφάλησε: ὁπλίθες δὲ κάρη ἔχει δῖος Ἀχίλλεως ἀχύρμους· ἐταρευν γὰρ ἀμύμονα τέμυν· 'Ajaxus. Ὅτι οὗ ὑμῶν ἰκανόν ὅθε σφινθο πέφραξ

'Ajaxus,
cάτθεσαν, αἷμα δὲ ὕμι τοιοῦτο πήγεος ὑλήν.
ἐνθ’ αὖτ’ ἄλλ’ ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχίλλεως. 140 στὰς ἀπένευε πυρῆς ξανθὴν ἀπεκείρατο χαῖτιν, τὴν ρὰ Ἐπερχείῳ ποταμῷ πρέφοι τηλεώσαν· ὀχθῆςας δ’ ἀρα ἐπιεκέν ἰδών ἐπὶ οἰνοτροπος πόνον. ὁμολογεῖ, ἄλλως σοὶ ἐπὶ πατὴρ ἱέρατο Πηλεύς, κείσε με νοστήσαντα φιλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν σοι το κόμη κερέων ρέξεων θ’ ἱερή ἑκατόμβην, πεντάκοινα δ’ ἐνορχα παρ’ αὐτόθι μὴν ἱερεύσεων ἐς πυγάς, ὅθε τοι τέμενος βωμὸς τε βυθαίες. ὦς ἴραθ’ ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ τὸν ὅρα καὶ ἐπέλεξας. νῦν δ’ ἐπεί οὐ νέομαι γε φιλήν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν, 145 Πατρόκλῳ ἱρωί κόμην ὀψάσαιμι φέρεσθαι.”

"Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐν κεραί κόμην ἐτάρου φίλοι
θῆκεν, τούτοι δὲ πάσιν ύφ’ ἰμερον ὄρασ γόη ως καὶ νῦ κ’ ὀδυρομένουσιν ἔδων φάος ἡελιῶν,
εἰ μή ’Ajaxus αἰφ’ ἀγαμέμνονε ἐπε παραστάς. 155

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car. And they arose and did on their armour and mounted their chariots, warriors and charioteers alike. In front fared the men in chariots, and thereafter followed a cloud of footmen, a host past counting; and in the midst his comrades bare Patroclus. And as with a garment they wholly covered the corpse with their hair that they shone off and cast thereon; and behind them goodly Achilles clasped the head, sorrowing the while; for peerless was the comrade whom he was speeding to the house of Hades.

But when they were come to the place that Achilles had appointed unto them, they set down the dead, and swiftly heaped up for him abundant store of wood. Then again swift-footed goodly Achilles took other counsel; he took his stand apart from the pyre and shore off a golden lock, the rich growth whereof he had nursed for the river Spercheus, and, his heart mightily moved, he spake, with a look over the wine-dark sea: "Spercheus, to no purpose did my father Peleus vow to thee that when I had come home thither to my dear native land, I would shear my hair to thee and offer a holy hecatomb, and on the selfsame spot would sacrifice fifty rams, males without blemish, into thy waters, where is thy desmesne and thy fragrant altar. So vowed that old man, but thou didst not fulfill for him his desire. Now, therefore, seeing I go not home to my dear native land, I would fain give unto the warrior Patroclus this lock to fare with him."

He spake and set the lock in the hands of his dear comrade, and in them all aroused the desire of lament. And now would the light of the sun have gone down upon their weeping, had not Achilles drawn nigh to Agamemnon’s side and said: “Son of

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Atreus—for to thy words as to those of none other will the host of the Achaians give heed—of lamenting they may verily take their fill, but for this present disperse them from the pyre, and bid them make ready their meal; for all things here we to whom the dead is nearest and dearest will take due care; and with us let the chieftains also abide.”

Then when the king of men Agamemnon heard this word, he forthwith dispersed the folk amid the shapely ships, but they that were nearest and dearest to the dead abode there, and heaped up the wood, and made a pyre of an hundred feet this way and that, and on the topmost part thereof they set the dead man, their hearts sorrow-laden. And many goodly sheep and many sleek kine of shambling gait they flayed and dressed before the pyre: and from them all great-souled Achilles gathered the fat, and enfolded the dead therein from head to foot, and about him heaped the flayed bodies. And thereon he set two-handled jars of honey and oil, leaning them against the bier; and four horses with high-arched necks he cast swiftly upon the pyre, groaning aloud the while. Nine dogs had the prince, that fed beneath his table, and of these did Achilles cut the throats of twain, and cast them upon the pyre. And twelve valiant sons of the great-souled Trojans slew he with the bronze—and grim was the work he purposed in his heart—and thereto he set the iron might of fire, to range at large. Then he uttered a groan, and called on his dear comrade by name: "Hail, I bid thee, O Patroclus, even in the house of Hades, for now am I bringing all to pass, which aforetime I promised thee. Twelve valiant sons of the great-
souled Trojans, lo all these together with thee the flame devoureth; but Hector, son of Priam, will I nowise give to the fire to feed upon, but to dogs.

So spake he threatening, but with Hector might no dogs deal; nay, the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, kept dogs from him by day alike and by night, and with oil anointed she him, rose-sweet, ambrosial, to the end that Achilles might not tear him as he dragged him. And over him Phoebus Apollo drew a dark cloud from heaven to the plain, and covered all the place whereon the dead man lay, lest ere the time the might of the sun should shrivel his flesh round about on his sinews and limbs.

Howbeit the pyre of dead Patroclus kindled not. Then again did swift-footed goodly Achilles take other counsel; he took his stand apart from the pyre, and made prayer to the two winds, to the North Wind and the West Wind, and promised fair offerings, and full earnestly, as he poured libations from a cup of gold, he besought them to come, to the end that the corpses might speedily blaze with fire, and the wood make haste to be kindled. Then forthwith Iris heard his prayer, and hied her with the message to the winds. They in the house of the fierce-blowing West Wind were feasting all together at the banquet, and Iris halted from her running on the threshold of stone. Soon as their eyes beheld her, they all sprang up and called her each one to himself. But she refused to sit, and spake saying: "I may not sit, for I must go back unto the streams of Oceanus, unto the land of the Ethiopians, where they are sacrificing hecatombs to the immortals, that I too may share in the sacred feast. But Achilles prayeth the North Wind and the noisy West Wind to come,
and promiseth them fair offerings, that so ye may rouse the pyre to burn whereon lieth Patroclus, for whom all the Achaeans groan aloud.”

When she had thus spoken, she departed, and they arose with a wondrous din, driving the clouds tumultuously before them. And swiftly they came to the sea to blow thereon, and the wave swelled beneath the shrill blast; and they came to deep-soiled Troy-land, and fell upon the pyre, and mightily roared the wondrous-brazing fire. So the whole night long as with one blast they beat upon the flame of the pyre, blowing shrill; and the whole night long swift Achilles, taking a two-handled cup in hand, drew wine from a golden bowl and poured it upon the earth, and wetted the ground, calling ever upon the spirit of hapless Patroclus. As a father wailed for his son, as he burneth his bones, a son newly wed whose death hath brought woe to his hapless parents, even so wailed Achilles for his comrade as he burned his bones, going heavily about the pyre with ceaseless groaning.

But at the hour when the star of morning goeth forth to herald light over the face of the earth—the star after which followeth saffron-robed Dawn and spreadeth over the sea—even then grew the burning faint, and the flame thereof died down. And the winds went back again to return to their home over the Thracian sea, and it roared with surging flood. Then the son of Peleus withdrew apart from the burning pyre, and laid him down sore-warded; and sweet sleep leapt upon him. But they that were with the son of Atreus gathered in a throng, and the noise and din of their oncoming aroused him; and he sat upright and spake to them saying: “Son of
Atreus, and ye other princes of the hosts of Achaea,
first quench ye with flaming wine the burning pyre,
even all whereon the might of the fire hath come,
and thereafter let us gather the bones of Patroclus,
Menoctius' son, singling them out well from the rest;
and easy they are to discern, for he lay in the midst
of the pyre, while the others burned apart on the edges thereof,
horses and men mingled together.
Then let us place the bones in a golden urn wrapped
in a double layer of fat, until such time as I myself
be hidden in Ἡδες. Howbeit no huge barrow do I
bid you rear with toil for him, but such a one only
as beseemeth; but in aftertime do ye Achaeans build
it broad and high, ye that shall be left amid the
benched ships when I am gone."

So spake he, and they hearkened to the swift-footed
son of Peleus. First they quenched with
flaming wine the pyre, so far as the flame had come
upon it, and the ash had settled deep; and with
weeping they gathered up the white bones of their
gentle comrade into a golden urn, and wrapped
them in a double layer of fat, and placing the urn in
the hut they covered it with a soft linen cloth.
Then they traced the compass of the barrow and set
forth the foundations thereof round about the pyre,
and forthwith they piled the up-piled earth. And
when they had piled the barrow, they set them to
go back again. But Achilles stayed the folk even
where they were, and made them to sit in a wide
gathering; and from his ships brought forth prizes;
cauldrons and tripods and horses and mules and
strong oxen and fair-girdled women and grey iron.

For swift charioteers first he set forth goodly
prizes, a woman to lead away, one skilled in goodly
handiwork, and an eared tripod of two and twenty measures 1 for him that should be first; and for the second he appointed a mare of six years, unbroken, with a mule foal in her womb; and for the third he set forth a cauldron untouched of fire, a fair cauldron that held four measures, white even as at the first; and for the fourth he appointed two talents of gold; and for the fifth a two-handled urn, yet untouched of fire. Then he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying:

"Son of Atreus, and ye other well-greaved Achaeans, for the charioteers these prizes lie waiting in the lists. If for some other’s honour we Achaeans were now holding contests, surely it were I that should win the first prize, and bear it to my hut; for ye know how far my horses twain surpass in excellence, seeing they are immortal, and it was Poseidon that gave them to my father Peleus, and he gave them to me. Howbeit I verily will abide, I and my single-hooved horses, so valiant and glorious a charioteer have they lost, and one so kind, who full often would pour upon their manes soft oil when he had washed them in bright water. For him they stand and mourn, and on the ground their manes are trailing, and the twain stand there, grieving at heart. But do ye others make yourselves ready throughout the host, whosoever of the Achaeans hath trust in his horses and his jointed car."

So spake the son of Peleus, and the swift charioteers besmirred them. Upsprang, far the first, Eumelus, king of men, Admetus’ dear son, a man well-skilled in horsemanship; and after him upsprang Tydeus’ son, mighty Diomedes, and led beneath the yoke the horses of Tros, even them that on a time he had

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1 The μέτρον is here evidently some definite, if unknown, standard of liquid measurement.
HEMERA

Aineias, atron auton upheusasun 'Apollon.

to 8' ar' etp 'Atrideois 8rto Xenodos Menelais

dioeges, upo de 8evon eignan ukeia 8pous,
Aiweb thn 8Agamemnonthn ton eon te Podarqno.

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thn 8Agamemnon dwk 'Agioias 'Ethepellos
dwar, iwa mu oj epos' upo 'Ilios 8meosan,
alla autoto terpouto menon. megah yar oi eouke
Zeus afenos, naien 8' o y' 8en eufrhidy 8ikelw.
thn 8' y' upo 8evon 8ge, megah dramos 8i swaww.

300

'Antilochos de tepatra eutrixias oplosath 8pous,

Nestoros aglados usos upodeymo oanaktos,
to 8Nheiaiado. Pynoigenees de oi 8poun

ukupodes feron arma. pathe de oi ughy parasthas

muthet elias agafa 8froenov noeinti kai autw.

305

'Antiloch', i to 8men se nevon per eonta filgasan

Zeus te Poseidwv te, kai ipposwvas edhdaxan

pantias: to kai se didaskmen ou ti mala xrew-

oiba gar eu peripermath eliesemn. alla to 8pou

baerdos thesew. to 8' ouw loig' esowh.

310

ton 8' 8pous os easan 8fantereu, oude men autw

pleiena iassan sehein autw o meiasosw.

alla 8ge de su, filos, metin eymballeu thw

pantosin, iwa mu se parekprosogon 8ebla.

mhti to 8dromos megh ameinov he bifi.

315

mhti 8 d' autu kyberynthis eu oinopo panto

vha thow idynei erekdoymen thn ameios.

mhti 8' hnyocos perignetai hnycho.

Xllos men 8' 8pouisai kai armapw osi petoiow

afreados epit polloin eliosetai etha kai etha,

320

516

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taken from Aeneas, albeit Apollo snatched away
Aeneas' self; and after him uprose Atreus's son, fair-
haired Menelaus, sprung from Zeus, and led beneath
the yoke swift steeds, Aethe, Agamemnon's mare,
and his own horse Podargus. The mare had
Anchises' son Echopolus given to Agamemnon with-
out price, to the end that he might not follow him to
windy Ilios, but might abide at home and take his joy;
for great wealth had Zeus given him, and he dwelt in
spacious Sicyon: her Menelaus led beneath the
yoke, and exceeding fain was she of the race. And
fourth Antilochus made ready his fair-maned horses, he
the peerless son of Nestor, the king high of heart, the
son of Neleus; and bred at Pylos were the swift-footed
horses that drew his car. And his father drew nigh
and gave counsel to him for his profit—a wise man
to one that himself had knowledge. "Antilochus,
for all thou art young, yet have Zeus and Poseidon
loved thee and taught thee all manner of horsemanship;
wherefore to teach thee is no great need, for
thou knowest well how to wheel about the turning-
post; yet are thy horses slowest in the race: there-
fore I deem there will be sorry work for thee. The
horses of the others are swifter, but the men know
not how to devise more cunning counsel than thine
own self. Wherefore come, dear son, lay thou up
in thy mind cunning of every sort, to the end that
the prizes escape thee not. By cunning, thou
knowest, is a woodman far better than by might; by
cunning too doth a helmsman on the wine-dark deep
guide ariht a swift ship that is buffeted by winds;
and by cunning doth charioteer prove better than
charioteer. Another man, trusting in his horses and
car, heedlessly wheeleth wide to this side and that,
and his horses roam over the course, neither keepeth he them in hand; whereas he that hath a crafty mind, albeit he drive worse horses, keepeth his eye ever on the turning-post and wheeleth close thereby, neither is unmindful how at the first to force his horses with the ox-hide reins, but keepeth them ever in hand, and watcheth the man that leadeth him in the race. Now will I tell thee a manifest sign that will not escape thee. There standeth, as it were a fathom's height above the ground, a dry stump, whether of oak or of pine, which rotteth not in the rain, and two white stones on either side thereof are firmly set against it at the joinings of the course, and about it is smooth ground for driving. Haply it is a monument of some man long ago dead, or haply was made the turning-post of a race in days of men of old; and now hath swift-footed goodly Achilles appointed it his turning-post. Pressing hard thereon do thou drive close thy chariot and horses, and thyself lean in thy well-plaited car a little to the left of the pair, and to the off horse do thou give the goad, calling to him with a shout, and give him rein from thy hand. But to the post let the near horse draw close, that the nave of the well-wrought wheel may graze the surface thereof—but be thou ware of touching the stone, lest haply thou wound thy horses and wreck thy car; so should there be joy for the rest, but reproach for thyself.

Nay, dear son, be thou wise and on thy guard; for if at the turning-post thou shalt drive past the rest in thy course, there is no man that shall catch thee by a burst of speed, neither pass thee by, nay, not

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1 The meaning seems to be that the cunning driver, instead of allowing his horses to run without control and set their own pace, keeps them constantly in hand, and "stretches" them to just the right degree from the very start.

2 That the platform on which the charioteer and warrior stood in the Homeric chariot was plaited of thongs appears from v. 727 f.
HOMER

ouδ' εἰ κεν μετόπισθεν 'Αρίωνα δίων ἔλαιον, 'Αδρής τοις ταξιν ἔππον, ὡς ἐκ θεόφι γένος ἦν, ἦ τούς Λαομέδοντος, οἷς ἐνθαδε γ' ἐτραφεν εἰσθολιν."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν Νέστωρ Νηλίος ἀψ ἐνι χάρη ἔξετ', ἑπεὶ ὃ παιδὶ ἐκάστοι πειρατ' ἐειπε. Μηρίνης δ' ἀρα πέμπτος ἐντριχας ἀπλίσωθ' ἔπποις.

ἀν δ' ἔβα παίσα δυσφοῦς, ἐν δὲ κλήρους ἐβάλοντο· πάλλ' Ἀχιλεὺς, ἐκ δὲ κλήρος θάρε Νεστοριδαο 'Ἀντιλόχου· μετὰ τὸν δὲ λάχε κρέων Εὐμηλος· τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρείδης, δούρικλέτος Μενέλαος, τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Μηρίνης λάχ' ἐλαυνέμεν· ὡστος αὐτὲ Τυδείδης ὃ' ἄριστος ἐὼν λαχ' ἐλαυνέμεν ἔππος. στὰν δὲ μεταστοιχί, σήμην δὲ πέριματ' Ἀχιλεὺς τηλόθεν ἐν λειώς πεδίω· παρὰ δὲ σκοτὸν εἰς 

οὖν οὖς περιέρακε τὸ ὄντος ποτὸς ἐοῖο, ἀνεμεόμεν δρόμοι καὶ ἀληθεῖν ἀποεῖποι. οἱ δ' ἀμα πάντες ἐφ' ἐποιοι μάσταγας ἄεραν, πεπληγοι θ' ἤμας, ὀμόκλησαν τ' ἐπέσεουν ἐσπαίμενοι· οἱ δ' ἐκα διέπρησσον πεδίου νόσφι νεών ταχέως· ὑπὸ δὲ στέροισι κοινή ἱσπατ' αἰμομενὴν ὡς τε νέφος ἦ τεῦλα, χαίται δ' ἐρρόωντο μετὰ πνοής ἀνέμου. ἀριματὰ δ' ἀλλοτε μὲν χοινί πλάναι πουλυβοτείγ, ἀλλοτε δ' ἀέιπασε μετήμαρ: τοι δ' ἐλατήρεs ἐστασαν ἐν διφοῦς, πάτασε δὲ θυμὸς ἐκάστοτο 370 νίκης ἑμένων· κέκλοντο δὲ οἶς ἐκάστοι ἐπιποι, οἱ δ' ἐπέστοι κοινοῦσε πεδίου.

"Αλλ' ὥστε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον ωκεῖες ἐποι ἀψ ἐφ' ἀλὸς ποληής, τότε δὴ ἄρετή γε ἐκάστον

1 δρόμου: δρόμοις Aristarchus.

THE ILIAD, XXIII. 346-374

though in pursuit he were driving goodly Arion, the swift horse of Adrastus, that was of heavenly stock, or those of Laomedon, the goodly breed of this land."

So saying Nestor, son of Neleus, sate him down again in his place, when he had told his son the sum of every matter.

And fifth Meriones made ready his fair-maned horses. Then they mounted their cars, and cast in the lots; and Achilles shook them, and forth leapt the lot of Nestor’s son, Antilochus; after him had the lord Eumelus a place, and next to him Atreus’ son, Menelaus, famed for his spear, and next to him Meriones drew his place; and last of all the son of Tydeus, albeit far the best, drew a place for his chariot. Then took they their places in a row, and Achilles shewed them the turning-post afar off in the smooth plain; and thereby he set as an umpire godlike Phoenix, his father’s follower, that he might mark the running and tell the truth thereof.

Then they all at one moment lifted the lash each above his yoke of horses, and smote them with the reins, and called to them with words, full eagerly; and forthwith they sped swiftly over the plain away from the ships; and beneath their breasts the dust arose and stood, as it were a cloud or a whirlwind, and their manes streamed on the blasts of the wind. And the chariots would now course over the bounteous earth, and now again would bound on high; and they that drove stood in the cars, and each man’s heart was athrob as they strove for victory; and they called every man to his horses, that flew in the dust over the plain.

But when now the swift horses were fulfilling the last stretch of the course, back toward the grey sea,
then verily was made manifest the worth of each, and
the pace of their horses was forced to the uttermost. And thus with the swift-footed mares of
the son of Pheres¹ shot to the front, and after them
Diomedes’ stallions of the breed of Tros; not far
behind were they, but close behind, for they seemed
ever like to mount upon Eumelus’ car, and with their
breath his back waxed warm and his broad shoulders,
for right over him did they lean their heads as they
flew along. And now would Tydeus’ son have
passed him by or left the issue in doubt, had not
Phoebus Apollo waxed wroth with him and smitten
from his hand the shining lash. Then from his eyes
ran tears in his wrath for that he saw the mares
coursing even far swifter still than before, while his
own horses were hampered, as running without
goad. But Athene was not unaware of Apollo’s
cheating of the son of Tydeus, and right swiftly
sped she after the shepherd of the host, and gave
him back the lash and put strength into his horses.
Then in wrath was she gone after the son of Admetus,
and the goddess brake the yoke of his steeds, and to
his cost the mares swerved to this side and that of
the course, and the pole was swung to the earth;
and Eumelus himself was hurled from out the car
beside the wheel, and from his elbows and his mouth
and nose the skin was stripped, and his forehead
above his brows was bruised; and both his eyes were
filled with tears and the flow of his voice was checked.
Then Tydeus’ son turned his single-hooved horses
aside and drove on, darting out far in advance of the
rest; for Athene put strength in his horses and gave
glory to himself. And after him drove the son of
Atreus, fair-haired Menelaus. But Antilochus called

¹ i.e. Eumelus, strictly the grandson of Pheres, but the
patronymic is often thus used.
to the horses of his father: "Go in now, ye twain as well; strain to your utmost speed. With you steeds verily I nowise bid you strive, with the horses of wise-hearted Tydeus to the which Athene hath now given speed and vouchsafed glory to him that driveth them. But the horses of the son of Atreus do ye overtake with speed, and be not outstripped of them, lest shame be shed on you by Aethe that is but a mare. Why are ye outstripped, good steeds? For thus will I speak out to you, and verily it shall be brought to pass: no tendance shall there be for you twain with Nestor, the shepherd of the host, but forthwith will he slay you with the sharp bronze, if through your heedlessness we win but a worse prize. Nay, have after them with all speed ye may, and this will I myself contrive and plan, that we slip past them in the narrow way; it shall not escape me."

So spake he, and they, seized with fear at the rebuke of their master, ran swiftlier on for a little time, and then quickly did Antilochus, staunch in fight, espy a narrow place in the hollow road. A rift there was in the ground, where the water, swollen by winter rains, had broken away a part of the road and had hollowed all the place. There drive Menelaus in hope that none other might drive abreast of him. But Antilochus turned aside his single-hooved horses, and drove on outside the track, and followed after him, a little at one side. And the son of Atreus was seized with fear, and shouted to Antilochus: "Antilochus, thou art driving recklessly; nay, rein in thy horses! Here is the way straitened, but presently it will be wider for passing; lest haply thou work harm to us both by fouling my car."
So spoke he, but Antilochus drave on even the more hotly, and plied the goad, as he were one that heard not. And far as is the range of a discus swung from the shoulder, which a young man hurleth, making trial of his strength, even so far ran they on; but the mares of the son of Atreus gave back, for of his own will he forbare to urge them, lest haply the single-hooved horses should clash together in the track, and overturn the well-plaited cars, and themselves be hurled in the dust in their eager haste for victory. Then fair-haired Menelaus chid Antilochus, and said: "Antilochus, than thou is none other of mortals more malicious. Go, and perdition take thee, since falsely did we Achaeans deem thee wise. Howbeit even so shalt thou not bear off the prize without an oath."  

So said he, and called to his horses, saying: "Hold not back, I bid you, neither stand ye still with grief at heart. Their feet and knees will grow weary before yours, for they both are lacking in youth."

So spoke he, and they, seized with fear at the rebuke of their master, ran swifter on, and quickly came close anigh the others.

But the Argives sitting in the place of gathering were gazing at the horses, that flew amid the dust over the plain. And the first to mark them was Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, for he sat without the gathering, the highest of all, in a place of outlook, and when he heard the voice of him that shouted, albeit afar off, he knew it; and he was ware of a horse, shewing clear to view in front, one that was a bay all the rest of him, but on his forehead was a white spot round like the moon. And he stood up, and spake among the Argives saying: "My friends,
leaders and rulers of the Argives, is it I alone that discern the horses, or do ye as well? Other are they, meseemeth, that be now in front, and other is the charioteer that appeareth; and the mares will have come to harm out yonder on the plain, they that were in front on the outward course. For in truth I marked them sweeping first about the turning-post, but now can I nowhere spy them, though mine eyes glance everywhither over the Trojan plain, as I gaze. Did the reins haply slip from the charioteer, and was he unable to guide the course aright about the post, and did he fail in the turn? Even there, methinks, must he have been hurled to earth, and have wrecked his car, and the mares must have swerved from the course in wild terror of heart. Howbeit stand ye up also, and look; for myself I discern not clearly, but the man seemeth to me to be an Aetolian by race, and is king among the Argives, even the son of horse-taming Tydeus, mighty Diomedes."

Then shamefully chid him swift Aias, son of Oileus: "Idomeneus, why art thou a braggart from of old? Nay, still afar off are the high-stepping mares speeding over the wide plain. Neither art thou so far the youngest among the Argives, nor do thine eyes look forth from thy head so far the keenliest; yet thou ever pratest loudly. It beseemeth thee not to be loud of speech, for here be others better than thou. The selfsame mares are in the lead, that led of old, even they of Eumelus, and himself he standeth firmly in the car and holdeth the reins."

Then the leader of the Cretans waxed wroth, and spake in answer: "Aias, thou master of railing, witless in counsel, in all things else thou fallest
behind the other Argives, for thy mind is stubborn.
Come now, let us wager a tripod or a cauldron, and
as umpire betwixt us twain let us choose Atreus’ son
Agamemnon, as to which mares are in the lead—that
thou mayest learn by paying the price.”

So spake he, and forthwith uprose in wrath swift
Aias, son of Oileus, to answer him with angry words;
and yet further would the strife between the twain
have gone, had not Achilles himself stood up, and
spoken, saying: “No longer now, O Aias and Idomeneus,
answer ye one another with angry words,
with evil words, for that were unseemly. Ye have
indignation with another, whoso should act thus.
Nay, sit ye down in the place of gathering, and
watch ye the horses; full soon in their eager haste
for victory will they come hither, and
then shall ye know, each man of you, the horses
of the Argives, which be behind, and which in the
lead.”

So spake he, and Tydeus’ son came hard anigh
as he drave, and with his lash dealt many a stroke
down from the shoulder; and his horses leapt on
high as they swiftly sped on their way. And ever
did flakes of dust smite the charioteer, and his
chariot overlaid with gold and tin ran on behind
the swift-footed horses, and small trace there was of
the wheel tires behind in the light dust, as the twain
flew speeding on. Then he drew up in the midst
of the place of gathering, and in streams the sweat
flowed from the necks and chests of the horses to
the ground. And Diomedes himself leapt to the
ground from his gleaming car, and leaned the goad
against the yoke. Neither did mighty Sthenelus
anywise tarry, but speedily took the prize, and gave

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to his comrades, high of heart, the woman and the eared tripod to bear away; and himself loosed the horses from beneath the yoke.

And next after him Antilochus of the stock of Neleus drave his horses, for that by guile, and nowise by speed, had he outstripped Menelaus; howbeit even so Menelaus guided his swift horses close behind. Far as a horse is from the wheel, a horse that draweth his master over the plain, and straineth at the car—the tire thereof do the hindmost hairs of his tail touch, for it runneth close behind, and but scant space is there between, as he courseth over the wide plain—even by so much was Menelaus behind peerless Antilochus, though at the first he was behind far as a man hurleth the discus; howbeit quickly was he overtaking Antilochus, for the goodly mettle of the mare of Agamemnon, fair-maned Aetha, waxed ever higher. And if the course had been yet longer for the twain, then had he passed him by, neither left the issue in doubt. But Meriones, valiant squire of Idomeneus, was a spear-cast behind glorious Menelaus, for slowest of all were his fair-maned horses, and himself least skilled to drive a chariot in the race. And the son of Admetus came in last, behind all the rest, dragging his fair chariot and driving his horses before him. And at sight of him swift-footed, goodly Achilles had pity and he stood up amid the Argives, and spake winged words: "Lo, in the last place driveth his single-hooved horses the man that is far the best. But come, let us give him a prize, as is meet, a prize for the second place; but the first let the son of Tydeus bear away."

So spake he, and they all assented even as he bade. And now would he have given him the mare...
HOMER

ei μὴ ἄρ' Ἀντιλόχος μεγαθύμου Νέστορος οὐδὲν ἡλικία δίκη ἡμείσθα’ ἀναστάς.

"ὦ Ἀχιλέ, μᾶλλον κεχολώσομαι, αἰ κε τελέσῃς τούτο ἔπος· μέλλεις γὰρ ἀφαιρῆσεσθαι ἀεθλοῦν, τὰ φρονεῖς δι’ ὃι βλάβεν ἀρματα καὶ σαχῆ ἵππων 545 αὐτὸς τ’ ἐσθλὸς εἰών· ἀλλ’ ὠφελεν ἀθματοῦσιν εὐχάρισθαι· τὸ κ’ οὗ τὶ πανύστατος ἴδλε διώκων.

εἰ δὲ μιν οἰκτείρεις καὶ τοῦ φίλος ἐπλετο θυμῷ, ἐστὶ τοῦ ἐν κλησίῳ χρυσός πολὺς, ἐστὶ δὲ χαλκὸς καὶ προβάτ’, εἰσὶ δὲ τοῦ δθμα καὶ μόνυχες ἵπποι· 550 τῶν οἱ ἐπετ’ ἀνελὼν δόμεναι καὶ μείζον ἀεθλοῦν, ἥ’ καὶ αὐτικά νῦν, ἵνα σ’ αἰνήσωμεν Ἀχιλοὶ.

τὴν δ’ ἔγνω οὐ δώσω· περὶ δ’ αὐτῆς πειρηθῆτω ἀνδρῶν δ’ ἐθέλησαν ἔμοι χείρῃσι μάχεσθαι.

"Ὡς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ ποδάρκης δ’ Ἀχιλεὺς 555 χαίρων Ἀντιλόχῳ, ὃτι οἱ φίλοι ἦν ἑταῖροι· καὶ μιν ἀμεβομένοις ἔπεα πτερόντα προσηῦδα·

"Ἀντιλόχ’", εἰ μὲν δὴ με κελεύσεις αὐχείθην ἀλλ’ Ἐμήλην ἐπιδούναι, ἔγνω δὲ κε καὶ τὸ τελέσων.

δῶσι οἱ θάρρηκα, τὸν Ἀστεροπαίον ἀπρήμων, 560 χάλκεον, ὃ πέρι χεῖρα φαεινό κασοντερον ἀμφιδιδένηται· πολέος δὲ οἱ ἄξιον ἐσται.”

Ἡ ρά, καὶ Αὐτομέδοντι σίνῳ ἐκέλευσεν ἑταῖρων οἰσίμεναι κλώσην; ὃ δ’ ἀχείς καὶ οἱ ἱερεῖς,

Εὐμήλην δ’ ἐν χερι τίθει· ὃ δ’ ἐξαῖστο χαίρων. 563

Τοῦτο δὲ καὶ Μενέλαος ἀνύστατο θύμον ἄσείων,

"Ἀντιλόχῳ ἀμοτου κεχολωμένος· ἐν δ’ ἅρα κήρυξ.

1 Line 565 is omitted in the best mss.

THE ILIAD, XXIII. 541–567

—for the Achaeans assented thereto—but that Antilochus, son of great-souled Nestor, uprose and answered Achilles, son of Peleus, to claim his due:

“Achilles, sore wroth shall I be with thee if thou fulfil this word, for thou art minded to rob me of my prize, bethinking thee of this, how his chariot and his swift horses came to harm, and himself withal, good man though he be. Nay, he should have made prayer to the immortals, then had he nowise come in last of all in the race. But if so be thou pitiest him, and he be dear to thy heart, lo, in thy hut is great store of gold, and bronze is there and sheep, aye, and handmaids too, and single-hooved horses. Thereof do thou hereafter take and give him even a goodlier prize, or even now forthwith, that the Achaeans may applaud thee. But the mare will I not yield; for her let any man that will, essay to do battle with me by might of hand.”

So spake he, and swift-footed, goodly Achilles smiled, having joy in Antilochus, for that he was his dear comrade; and he made answer, and spake to him winged words: “Antilochus, if thou wilt have me give to Eumelus some other thing from out my house as a further prize, even this will I do. I will give him the corselet that I took from Asteropaeus; of bronze is it, and thereon is set in circles a casting of bright tin, and it shall be to him a thing of great worth.”

He spake, and bade his dear comrade Automedon bring it from the hut; and he went and brought it, and placed it in Eumelus’ hands; and he received it gladly.

Then among them uprose also Menelaus, sore vexed at heart, furiously wroth at Antilochus; and
χειρὶ σκῆπτρον ἑθηκε, σιωπᾶσαι τε κέλευσεν
'Ἀργεῖον. ὃς δὲ ἐπείτα μετήθα ἱοθεὸς φῶς.
"Ἀντίλοχε, πρόσθεν πεπνυμένε, ποίον ἔρεξας.
δὲ μὲν ἐμῖν ἀρετήν, βλάψας δὲ μοι ἰπποὺς,
τοὺς οὓς πρόσθε βαλὼν, οἳ τοι πολὺ χείρονες ἔσαν.
καθ’ ἄγετ’, 'Ἀργεῖϊ τοῖς ἱγγόπορες ὡδὲ μεδοῦντες,
ἐσ μένοι ἀμφοτέρους δικαίασθε, μηδ’ ἐπὶ ἄρωγη, 
mὴ ποτὲ τις εἰπτησιν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶν ὑπερασσοίς.
"Ἀντίλοχον ψεύδουσι βιγρίαμες Μενέλαος
ὁμέρεται ἰπποὺν ἀγών, ὅτι οἱ πολὺ χείρονες ἔσαν
ἰπποι, αὐτὸς δὲ κρείσσων ἀρετή τε βίη τε.’
εἰ δ’ ἂγ’ ἐγὼν αὐτὸς δικάσω, καὶ μ’ οὐ τινά φημι ἄλλον ἐπιπλῆξεν 
Δαναῶν: ἱδεία γὰρ ἔσται.
"Ἀντίλοχ’, εἰ δ’ ἂγε δεδρα, διατρέφεις, ἡ θέμις ἐστίν,
στάς ἰππων προπάροιθε καὶ ἀρματος, αὐτὰρ ἵμα-
σθην
χειρὶν ἐχε διδυνήν, ὃ περ τὸ πρόσθεν ἐλαύνεις,
ἰππων ἄμβομενοι γαῖα ὄνος γαῖαν ὀμιμεθ’ μὴ μὲν ἐκὼ τὸ ἐμὼν δόλῳ ἀρμα πεδήσαι.”
Τὸν δ’ αὖτ’ Ἀντίλοχος πεπνυμένος ἀντίλοχον ἠδόδιε.
"ἀνυψεο πῶς: πολλὰ γὰρ ἐγὼ γε νεώτερος εἰμὶ
σειο, ἀναξ Μενέλαι, οὐ δὲ πρότερος καὶ ἄρειον,
οὐθ’ οὖι νέοις ἀνδρὸς ὑπερβαίναι τελέομεν.
κραυστότερος μὲν γὰρ τε νόσο, λεπτή δὲ τε μῆτις.
τῷ τοι ἐπιπλῆτο τραῦτε ἰπποῖ πεττεῖς δὲ τοι ἂν
δώσω, τὴν ἀρόμην, εἰ καὶ νῦ οἰκδεν ἄλλο
μείζων ἐπαυτήσας, ἀφαρ καὶ τοι ἀντίκα δοῦναι
1 Line 581 was rejected by Aristarchus.

THE ILIAD, XXIII. 568–598

a herald gave the staff into his hand, and proclaimed silence among the Argives; and thereafter spake among them the godlike man:

"Antilochus, thou that aforetime wast wise, what a thing hast thou wrought! Thou hast put my skill to shame and hast thwarted my horses, thrusting to the front thine own that were worser far. Come now, ye leaders and rulers of the Argives, judge ye aright betwixt us twain, neither have regard unto either, lest in aftertime some one of the brazen-coated Achaeeans shall say: 'Over Antilochus did Menelaus prevail by lies, and depart with the mare, for that his horses were worser far, but himself the mightier in worth and in power.' Nay, but I will myself declare the right, and I deem that none other of the Danaans shall reproach me, for my judgment shall be just. Antilochus, fostered of Zeus, up, come thou hither and, as is the appointed way, stand thou before thy horses and chariot, and take in hand the slender lash with which aforetime thou wast wont to drive, and laying thy hand on thy horses swear by him that holdeth and shaketh the earth that not of thine own will didst thou hinder my chariot by guile."

Then in turn wise Antilochus answered him:
"Bear with me, now, for far younger am I than thou, king Menelaus, and thou art the elder and the better man. Thou knowest of what sort are the transgressions of a man that is young, for hasty is he of purpose, and but slender is his wit. Wherefore let thy heart be patient; the mare that I have won will I give thee of myself. Aye, and if thou shouldst ask some other goodlier thing from out my house, forthwith were I fain to give it thee out of hand, rather
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than all my days be cast out of thy heart, thou nurtured of Zeus, and be a sinner in the eyes of the gods.”

So spake the son of great-souled Nestor, and led up the mare, and gave her into the hands of Menelaus. And his heart was gladdened even as the corn when with the dew upon the ears it waxeth ripe, what time the fields are bristling. In such wise, Menelaus, was thy heart gladdened in thy breast. Then he spake winged words unto Antilochus, saying: “Antilochus, lo now, I of myself cease from mine anger against thee, since nowise flighty or light of wit wast thou of old, albeit now hast thy youth got the better of thy reason. Another time seek not to outwit thy better. Verily not soon should another of the Achaeans have persuaded me, but thou hast suffered greatly and toiled greatly, thou and thy brave father and thy brother, for my sake; wherefore I will hearken to thy prayer, aye, and will give unto thee the mare, for all she is mine own, to the end that these too may know that my heart is never over-haughty neither unbending.”

He spake, and gave the mare unto Noémon, the comrade of Antilochus, to lead away, and himself thereafter took the shining cauldron. And Meriones took up the two talents of gold in the fourth place, even as he drave; but the fifth prize was left unclaimed, even the two-handled urn. Unto Nestor Achilles gave this, bearing it through the gathering of the Argives; and he came to his side, and said: “Take this now, old sire, and let it be treasure for thee, a memorial of Patroclus’ burying; for nevermore shalt thou behold him among the Argives. Lo, I give thee this prize unwon; for not in boxing shalt thou
contend, neither in wrestling, nor shalt thou enter the lists for the casting of javelins, neither run upon thy feet; for now grievous old age weigheth heavy upon thee.”

So saying he placed the urn in his arms, and Nestor received it gladly, and spake, and addressed him with winged words: “Aye, verily, my son, all this hast thou spoken aright, for my limbs, even my feet, are no more firm. O my friend, as of old, nor do my arms as of old dart out lightly from my shoulders on either side. Would that I were young, and my strength were firm as on the day when the Epeians were burying lord Amarynceus at Buprasium, and his sons appointed prizes in honour of the king. Then was there no man that proved himself my peer, neither of the Epeians nor of Pylians themselves nor of the great-souled Aetolians. In boxing I overcame Clytomedes, son of Enops, and in wrestling Ancaeus of Pleuron, who stood up against me; Iphiclus I outran in the foot-race, good man though he was; and in casting the spear I outthrew Phyleus and Polydorus. In the chariot race alone the twain sons of Actor outstripped me by force of numbers crowding their horses to the front, being exceeding jealous for victory, for that the goodliest prize abode yet there in the lists. Twin brethren were they—the one drave with sure hand, drave with sure hand, while the other plied the goad. Thus was I on a time, but now let men that be younger face such—

Nestor had been successful in all four preceding contests, but the prizes for the chariot-race—the most important of all—remained yet in the lists, unwon. The Actoriones were therefore “exceeding jealous for victory,” hoping that by winning the chiefest prize they might lessen the humiliation of their previous defeats.
like tasks; me it behoveth to yield to grievous old age, but then was I pre-eminent among warriors. But come, for thy comrade too hold thou funeral rites with contests. For this gift, I receive it with gladness, and my heart rejoiceth that thou ever rememberest me, thy friend, neither am I forgotten of thee, and the honour wherewith it beseemeth that I be honoured among the Achaeans. And to thee may the gods in requital hereof grant grace to satisfy thy heart."

So spake he, and the son of Peleus went his way through the great throng of the Achaeans, when he had hearkened to all the praise of the son of Neleus. Then set he forth prizes for grievous boxing. A sturdy mule he brought and tethered in the place of gathering, a mule of six years, unbroken, the which is hardest of all to break; and for him that should be worsted he appointed a two-handled cup. Then he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying: "Son of Atreus, and ye other well-greaved Achaeans, for these prizes we invite warriors twain, the best there are, to lift up their hands and box amain. Let him to whom Apollo shall grant strength to endure, and all the Achaeans have knowledge thereof, go his way to his hut leading the sturdy mule; but he that is worsted shall bear as his prize the two-handled cup."

So spake he, and forthwith uprose a man valiant and tall, well-skilled in boxing, even Epeius, son of Panopeus; and he laid hold of the sturdy mule, and spake, saying: "Let him draw nigh, whoso is to bear as his prize the two-handled cup: the mule I deem that none other of the Achaeans shall lead away, by worsting me with his fists, for I avow me
to be the best man. Sufficeth it not that I fall short in battle? One may not, meseemeth, prove him a man of skill in every work. For thus will I speak, and verily this thing shall be brought to pass: utterly will I rend his flesh and crush his bones. Wherefore let them that be next of kin abide here in a throng, that they may bear him forth when worsted by my hands."

So spake he, and they all became hushed in silence. Euryalus alone uprose to face him, a godlike man, son of king Mecisteus, son of Talaus, who on a time had come to Thebes for the burial of Oedipus, when he had fallen, and there had worsted all the sons of Cadmus. And Tydeus' son, famed for his spear, made Euryalus ready, heartening him with words, and much he wished for him victory. A girdle first he cast about him, and thereafter gave him well-cut thongs of the hide of an ox of the field. So the twain, when they had girded themselves, stepped into the midst of the place of gathering, and lifting their mighty hands on high one against the other, fell to, and their hands clashed together in heavy blows. Dread then was the grinding of their teeth, and the sweat flowed on every side from off their limbs. But upon him goodly Epeius rushed as he peered for an opening, and smote him on the cheek, nor after that, methinks, did he long stand upright, for even there did his glorious limbs sink beneath him. And as when beneath the ripple of the North Wind a fish leapt up on the tangle-strewed sand of a shallow, and then the black wave hideth it, even so leapt up Euryalus when he was smitten. But great-souled Epeius took him in his hands and set him on his feet, and his dear comrades thronged about him and led him through the place of gathering with trailing feet,
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aĩma paçû potûnta, kárpi bálloʊn' éterwso;
kd' állofrwneûnta metà ofîsîn elîsan ãyoutes,
avtoi d' oîkîmewn kòmîsan dêpâs ἀμφικύρπαλων.

Πηλείδης d' aĩp̣i allâ kàtâ trîta ðwkeîn ðêthla, 700
dêkînymenôs Dânaioûs, palaiomôsûnês âlegeiînês,
tò mên nîkíasantî mègàn trîpôdîn' émûaprîçtîn,
tòn dê dûsëkâbîonoî ënî ofîsî ðiûn 'Açaiôi:
ánôdî dê nîkîthentî gûnâîkî eîs mësôsan êðtike,
pollâ d' èpîstato ërga, tôôn dê ë ðëspârâbîoûn. 705
stî d' ðrôðos kai mûðhou èn 'Argeiôswn êîtepèn:
"ûrûsoû" ãî kai toûtoû ðêblou peirîsèoûn."

ôs èfât', ìrto d' èpîeûta mégyas Teleamôwîs Aîías,
ân d' 'Oduswèis polûmîtis ânîstato, kérdeâ eîdîw.
ζwosâmîw d' ãra tw yê bâttîn ès mësôsan âôwîa, 710
ângas d' âllîlwîn lâbêtîn xêroî stîbârhèi
ôs òt' âmêtîvontes, tôûs te klîtûs ëhrre téktwn
dômâtos ùphlîoû, bîas ânêmîw <Color>alêiînô</Color>.

têpîîîeî d' ãra wîîta brasseiâw ãpîo xeirôw
êlkîmêna stêrêwçs: kàtâ dê nûtios rêen ëdrôs, 715
pûkñw dê sîmôdîgnîs ìnâ plêvûsas te kai ýmoun
âîmatî poséwosâî anèðramôn: oî dê mâl' aîie
vîkîs íèsthûn trîpôdîs pêri pîotûtoî.

Oû't' 'Oduswèus dûnâto sfîlai oûdei te pêlâssai,
Oû't' Aîwâs dûnâto, krateî d' ëçheî ìs 'Oduswèos. 720
âll' òtê dê p' ànîâçon èîknîmîdês 'Açaiôs,

spitting out clotted blood and letting his head hang to
one side; and they brought him wandering in his
wits and set him down in the midst of their company,
and themselves went and fetched the two-handled
cup.

Then the son of Peleus forthwith ordained in the
sight of the Danaans other prizes for a third contest,
even for toilsome wrestling—for him that should
win, a great tripod to stand upon the fire, that the
Achaeans prized amongst them at the worth of
twelve oxen; and for him that should be worsted
he set in the midst a woman of manifold skill in
handiwork, and they prized her at the worth of four
oxen. And he stood up and spake among the
Argives, saying: "Up now, ye twain that will make
essay likewise in this contest." So spake he, and
thereat arose great Telamonian Aias, and up stood
Odysseus of many wiles, he of guileful mind. Then
the twain, when they had girded themselves, stepped
into the midst of the place of gathering, and laid hold
each of the other in close grip with their mighty
hands, even as the gable rafters of a high house,
which some famous craftsman jointh together, that
he may have shelter from the might of the winds.
And their backs creaked beneath the violent tugging
of bold hands, and the sweat flowed down in streams;
and many a weal, red with blood, sprang up along
their ribs and shoulders; and ever they strove amain
for victory, to win the fashioned tripod. Neither
might Odysseus avail to trip Aias and throw him to
the ground, nor Aias him, for the mighty strength
of Odysseus held firm. But when at the last
they were like to weary the well-greaved Achaeans,
then unto Odysseus spake great Telamonian Aias, saying: “Zeus-born, son of Laërtes, Odysseus of many wiles, lift thou me, or let me lift thee; but the issue shall rest with Zeus.”

He spake, and lifted him; but Odysseus forgot not his guile. He smote with a sure blow the hollow of Aias’ knee 1 from behind, and loosed his limbs, so that he was thrown backward, and Odysseus fell upon his chest; and the people gazed thereon and were seized with wonder. Then in his turn the much-enduring goodly Odysseus essayed to lift, and moved him a little from the ground, but lifted him not; howbeit he crooked his knee within that of Aias; and upon the ground the twain fell one hard by the other, and were befouled with dust. And now would they have sprung up again for the third time and have wrestled, but that Achilles himself uprose, and held them back: “No longer strain ye now, neither be worn with pain. Victory is with you both; take then equal prizes and go your ways, that other Achaeans too may strive.”

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him and obeyed, and wiping from their bodies the dust they put upon them their tunics.

Then the son of Peleus straightway set forth other prizes for fleetness of foot: a mixing-bowl of silver, richly-wrought; six measures it held, and in beauty it was far the goodliest in all the earth, seeing that Sidonians, well skilled in deft handiwork, had wrought it cunningly, and men of the Phoenicians brought it over the murky deep, and landed it in harbour, and gave it as a gift to Thoas; and as a ransom for Lycaon, son of Priam, Jason’s son Euneos 2 gave it to the warrior Patroclus. This bowl

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1 The word κώλης was as unknown to the ancients as it is to us; any rendering must be purely conjectural.
2 Jason was the son, Euneos the grandson, of Thoas.
did Achilles set forth as a prize in honour of his comrade, even for him whose should prove fleetest in speed of foot. For the second again he set an ox great and rich with fat; and a half-talent in gold he appointed for the last. And he stood up, and spake among the Argives saying: “Up now, ye that will make essay likewise in this contest.” So spake he, and forthwith uprose swift Aias, son of Oileus, and Odysseus of many wiles, and after them Antilochus, Nestor’s son, for he surpassed all the youths in swiftness of foot. Then took they their places in a row, and Achilles showed them the goal, and a course was marked out for them from the turning-point. Then speedily the son of Oileus forged to the front, and close after him sped goodly Odysseus; close as is the weaving-rod to the breast of a fair-girdled woman, when she deftly draweth it in her hands, pulling the spool past the warp, and holdeth the rod nigh to her breast; even so close behind ran Odysseus, and his feet trod in the footsteps of Aias or ever the dust had settled therein, and down upon his head beat the breath of goodly Odysseus, as he ran ever swiftly on; and all the Achaeans shouted to further him as he struggled for victory, and called to him as he strained to the utmost. But when now they were running the last part of the course, straightway Odysseus made prayer in his heart to flashing-eyed Athenæ: “Hear me, goddess, and come a goodly helper to my feet.” So spake he in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him, and made attached to one horizontal rod, and the odd threads to another. The weaver by drawing these rods alternately towards her breast left in each case an opening through which she could pass the spool upon which was wound the thread for the woof.
his limbs light, his feet and his hands above. But when they were now about to dart forth to win the prize, then Aias slipped as he ran—for Athene hampered him—where was strewn the filth from the slaying of the loud-bellowing bulls that swift-footed Achilles had slain in honour of Patroclus; and with the filth of the bulls were his mouth and nostrils filled. So then much-enduring, goodly Odysseus took up the bowl, seeing he came in the first, and glorious Aias took the ox. And he stood holding in his hands the horn of the ox of the field, spewing forth the filth; and he spake among the Argives:

"Out upon it, lo, the goddess hampered me in my running, she that standeth ever by Odysseus' side like a mother, and helpeth him."

So spake he, but they all laughed merrily at him. Then Antilochus bare away the last prize, smiling the while, and spake among the Argives, saying: "Among you all that know it well, will I declare, my friends, that even to this day the immortals shew honour to older men. For Aias is but a little older than I, whereas Odysseus is of an earlier generation and of earlier men—a green old age is his, men say—yet hard were he for any other Achaean to contend with in running, save only for Achilles."

So spake he, and gave glory to the son of Peleus, swift of foot. And Achilles made answer, and spake to him, saying: "Antilochus, not in vain shall thy word of praise be spoken; nay, I will add to thy prize a half-talent of gold."

So saying, he set it in his hands, and Antilochus received it gladly. But the son of Peleus brought and set in the place of gathering a far-shadowing
spear, and therewith a shield and helmet, the battle-gear of Sarpedon, that Patroclus stripped from him; and he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying: “To win these prizes invite we warriors twain, the best there are, to clothe them in their armour and take bronze that cleaveth the flesh, and so make trial each of the other before the host. Whoso of the twain shall first reach the other’s fair flesh, and touch the inward parts through armour and dark blood, to him will I give this silver-studded sword—a goodly Thracian sword which I took from Asteropaeus; and these arms let the twain bear away to hold in common; and a goodly banquet shall we set before them in our huts.”

So spake he, and thereat arose great Telamonian Aias, and up rose the son of Tydeus, stalwart Diomedes. So when they had armed them on either side of the throng, into the midst strod the twain, eager for battle, glaring terribly; and amazement held all the Achaeans. But when they were come near as they advanced one against the other, thrice they set upon each other, and thrice they clashed together. Then Aias thrust upon the shield, that was well-balanced upon every side, but reached not the flesh, for the corselet within kept off the spear. But Tydeus’ son over the great shield sought ever to reach the neck with the point of his shining spear. Then verily the Achaeans, seized with fear for Aias, bade them cease and take up equal prizes. Howbeit

1 The following passage, containing the description of the contests in spear-thrusting, discus-throwing, and archery (lines 798-883), is full of difficulties and incongruities, and few regard it as an integral part of the Iliad. These contests are not included in the lists of those which were customary, as given in the words of Achilles (621 ff.) or of Nestor (634 ff.).
to Tydeus’ son the warrior gave the great sword, bringing it with its scabbard and well-cut baldric.

Then the son of Peleus set forth a mass of roughcast iron,¹ which of old the mighty strength of Eëtion was wont to hurl; but he had swift-footed goodly Achilles slain, and bare this away on his ships with his other possessions. And he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying: “Up now, ye that will make essay likewise in this contest. Though his rich fields lie very far remote, the winner hereof will have it five revolving years to serve his need; for not through lack of iron will his shepherd or ploughman fare to the city; nay, this will supply them.”

So spake he, and thereat arose Polypoetes, staunch in fight, and the mighty strength of godlike Leonteus, and Aias, son of Telamon, and goodly Epeius. Then they took their places in order, and goodly Epeius grasped the mass, and whirled and flung it; and all the Achaeans laughed aloud thereat. Then in turn Leonteus, scion of Ares, made a cast; and thirdly great Telamoniathan Aias hurled it from his strong hand, and sent it past the marks of all. But when Polypoetes, staunch in fight, grasped the mass, far as a herdsman flings his crook, and it flieth whirling over the herds of kine, even so far cast he it beyond all the gathering; and the folk shouted aloud. And the comrades of strong Polypoetes rose up and bare to the hollow ships the prize of the king.

Then for the archers he set forth as a prize dark iron—ten double axes laid he down, and ten single;

¹ Others take σόλον αὐτοχώρων to mean a mass of “self-smelted” meteoric iron.
and he set up the mast of a dark-prowed ship far off in the sands, and with a slender cord made fast thereto by the foot a timorous dove, and bade shoot thereat. "Whoso shall hit the timorous dove let him take up all the double axes and bear them home, and whoso shall hit the cord, albeit he miss the bird: lo, his is the worser shot; he shall bear as his prize the single axes."

So spake he, and there arose the might of the prince Teucer, and Meriones the valiant squire of Idomeneus. Then took they the lots and shook them in a helmet of bronze, and Teucer drew by lot the first place. Forthwith he let fly an arrow with might, howbeit he vowed not that he would sacrifice to the king a glorious hecatomb of firstling lambs. So he missed the bird, for Apollo grudged him that, but hit the cord beside its foot wherewith the bird was tied, and clean away the bitter arrow cut the cord. Then the dove darted skyward, and the cord hung loose toward earth; and the Achaeans shouted aloud. But Meriones speedily snatched the bow from Teucer's hand — an arrow had he long been holding while Teucer aimed — and vowed forthwith that he would sacrifice to Apollo that smiteth afar a glorious hecatomb of firstling lambs. High up beneath the cloud he spied the timorous dove; there as she circled round he struck her in the midst beneath the wing, and clean through passed the shaft, and fell again and fixed itself in the ground before the foot of Meriones; but the dove, lighting on the mast of the dark-prowed ship, hung down her head, and her thick plumage drooped. Swiftly the life fled from her limbs, and she fell far from the mast; and the people gazed thereon and were
seized with wonder. And Meriones took up all ten double axes, and Teucer bare the single to the hollow ships.

Then the son of Peleus brought and set in the place of gathering a far-shadowing spear and a cauldron, that the fire had not yet touched, of an ox’s worth, embossed with flowers; and men that were hurlers of javelins arose. Up rose the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, and Meriones, the valiant squire of Idomeneus. But among them spake swift-footed, goodly Achilles: “Son of Atreus, we know how far thou excellest all, and how far thou art the best in might and in the casting of the spear; nay, take thou this prize and go thy way to the hollow ships; but the spear let us give to the warrior Meriones, if thy heart consenteth thereto; so at least would I have it.”

So spake he, and the king of men, Agamemnon, failed not to hearken. Then to Meriones he gave the spear of bronze, but the warrior handed to the herald Talthybius the beauteous prize.
BOOK XXIV

Then was the gathering broken up, and the folk scattered, each man to go to his own ship. The rest bethought them of supper and of sweet sleep, to take their fill thereof; but Achilles wept, ever remembering his dear comrade, neither might sleep, that mastereth all, lay hold of him, but he turned him ever to this side or to that, yearning for the manhood and valorous might of Patroclus, thinking on all he had wrought with him and all the woes he had borne, passing though wars of men and the grievous waves. Thinking thereon he would shed big tears, lying now upon his side, now upon his back, and now upon his face; and then again he would rise upon his feet and roam distraught along the shore of the sea. Neither would he fail to mark the Dawn, as she shone over the sea and the sea-beaches, but would yoke beneath the ear his swift horses, and bind Hector behind the chariot to drag him withal; and when he had hailed him thrice about the barrow of the dead son of Menoeceus, he would rest again in his hut, but would leave Hector outstretched on his face in the dust. Howbeit Apollo kept all defacement from his flesh, pitying the warrior even in death, and with the golden aegis he covered him wholly, that Achilles might not tear his body as he dragged him.

Thus Achilles in his fury did foul despite unto

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1 Lines 6-9 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.
2 Lines 20 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.
THE ILIAD, XXIV. 23–47

goodly Hector; but the blessed gods had pity on him as they beheld him, and bestirred the keen-sighted Argeiphontes to steal away the corpse. And the thing was pleasing unto all the rest, yet not unto Hera or Poseidon or the flashing-eyed maiden, but they continued even as when at the first sacred Ilios became hateful in their eyes and Priam and his folk, by reason of the sin of Alexander, for that he put reproach upon those goddesses when they came to his steadings, and gave precedence to her who furthered his fatal lustfulness. But when at length the twelfth morn thereafter was come, then among the immortals spake Phoebus Apollo: "Cruel are ye, O ye gods, and workers of bane. Hath Hector then never burned for you thigs of bulls and goats without blemish? Him now have ye not the heart to save, a corpse though he be, for his wife to look upon and his mother and his child, and his father Priam and his people, who would forthwith burn him in the fire and pay him funeral rites. Nay, it is the ruthless Achilles, O ye gods, that ye are fain to succour, him whose mind is nowise right, neither the purpose in his breast one that may be bent; but his heart is set on cruelty, even as a lion that at the bidding of his great might and lordly spirit goeth forth against the flocks of men to win him a feast; even so hath Achilles lost all pity, neither is shame in his heart, the which harmeth men greatly and profiteth them withal." Lo, it may be that a man hath lost one dearer even than was this—a brother, that the selfsame mother bare, or haply a son;

\[\text{1 Line 23-30 (or 25-30) were rejected by Aristarchus.}\\
\text{2 Line 30 was given by Aristophanes in the form,}\\
\text{t\'\nu d' \(\text{\lowercase{h\'}}\)\nu \(\phi\) \(\kappa\)\(e\)\(r\alpha\)\(i\)\(m\)\(e\)\(v\)a \(d\'\rho\)\(\phi\) \(\alpha\)\(\nu\)\(m\)\(e\).}\\
\text{3 Line 45 (=Hesiod, Works and Days, 318) was rejected by Aristarchus.}\]

\[\text{1 This is the only allusion in the \textit{Iliad} to the judgment of Paris.}\\
\text{564}\]
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yet verily when he hath wept and wailed for him he maketh an end; for an enduring soul have the Fates given unto men. But this man, when he hath reft goodly Hector of life, bindeth him behind his chariot and draggeth him about the barrow of his dear comrade; in sooth neither honour nor profit shall he have therefrom. Let him beware lest we wax wroth with him, good man though he be; for lo, in his fury he doth foul despite unto senseless clay.”

Then stirred to anger spake to him white-armed Hera: “Even this might be as thou sayest, Lord of the silver bow, if indeed ye gods will vouchsafe like honour to Achilles and to Hector. Hector is but mortal and was suckled at a woman’s breast, but Achilles is the child of a goddess that I mine own self fostered and reared, and gave to a warrior to be his wife, even to Peleus, who was heartily dear to the immortals. And all of you, O ye gods, came to her marriage, and among them thyself too didst sit at the feast, thy lyre in thy hand, O thou friend of evil-doers, faithless ever.”

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered her, and said: “Hera, be not thou utterly wroth against the gods; the honour of these twain shall not be as one; howbeit Hector too was dearest to the gods of all mortals that are in Ilion. So was he to me at least, for nowise failed he of acceptable gifts. For never was my altar in lack of the equal feast, the drink-offering and the savour of burnt-offering, even the worship that is our due. Howbeit of the stealing away of bold Hector will we naught; it may not be but that Achilles would be ware thereof; for verily his mother cometh ever to his side alike by night and day. But I would that one of the gods would

566 1 Lines 71-73 were rejected by Aristarchus.
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άλλ' εί τις καλέσει θεῶν Θέτων ἄσσον ἔμειον, ὢφρα τι οί εἴπων πυκνοῦν ἐπος, ὡς κεν Ἀχιλλεύς 75 δώρων ἐκ Πριάμου λάχυ ἀπό θ' Ἑκτορά λύση.

"Ὡς ἔφατ', ὅρτο νε' Ἰρις ἀελλός ἀγγελέωνυ, μεσοτιγος νε' Σάμοι τε καὶ Ἰμήρων παππαλούσης ἱδοθε μελαινο πάντων· ἔπεσονδέχασε νε' λώμην.

η' νε' μολυβδαίη ἢκελη ἐς βυσσον ὄρουςεν, 80 την κατ' ἀγραύλων βόως κέρας ἐμβεβαια ἐρχεται ὁμπτησθάν επ' ἰχθύα κήρα φέρουσα.

εὕρε δ' ἐνε' σπη' γλαύφωρ Θέτων, ἀμφιδ' ἀρ' ἀλλαν ἱμ' ὁμήρεις ἅλλα χει' ἐνε' μέσας κλαίε μόρον οδ' παιδός ἀμύμονος, δς οι ἐμελλε 85 φθίσασθ' εν Τροίη ἐριβώλαι, τλούθα πάτρη.

ἀγγυδ' ἰσταμένη προσφέρη πόδας ὥκεα Ἰρις.

"Ὀρο, Θέτων καλέει Ζεῦς ἀφθίτα μήδεα εἰδώς." τὴν ἡμεί' ἐπείη τ' θεά Θέτως ἀργυροτέω.

"τίπτε με κεῖνος ἀναγε μέγας θεός; αἰδόμαι δ' 90 μίσοεσθ' ἀθανάτους, ἔχω δ' ἄχε' ἀκριτα θυμώ· εἰμι μείν, οὐδ' ἄλλον ἐπος ἑσσεται, ὅτι κεν εἰπή.

"Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας κάλυμ' ἔλε διά θεῶν καίνεν, τού δ' οὐ τ' μελάντερον ἐπλετο ἐσθος, 95 βή δ' ἰέναι, πρόοδεν δ' ποδήμων ὑκεά Ἰρις ἤγετε'. ἀμφιδ' ἀρα σφ' λαῖζετο κύμα καλάσσης.

ἀκτήν δ' ἐξαναθάσαι ες ὄμοραν ἁψήτην, εὔφρο δ' εὔφρα σπα Κρονίδην, περι δ' ἀλλοι ἀπαντε ἡμεθ' ὁμηρεῖς μάκαρες θεοὶ αἰν' ἐόντες.

ἡ δ' ἄρα πάρ Δι' πατρί καθέζετο, εἰς δ' Ἀθήνη. 100

1 Line 86 was rejected by Aristarchus.

The poet probably refers to an artificial bait made of horn and weighted with lead; cf. Od. xii. 231 ff., and Haskins in Journ. Philol. xix. 238 ff. Others assume that a tube of horn was used as a guard to prevent the line from being bitten through. So Aristarchus and Aristotle.
And Hera set in her hand a fair golden cup, and spake words of cheer; and Thetis drank, and gave back the cup. Then among them the father of men and gods was first to speak: “Thou art come to Olympus, goddess Thetis, for all thy sorrow, though thou hast comfortless grief at heart; I know it of myself; yet even so will I tell thee wherefore I called thee hither. For nine days’ space hath strife arisen among the immortals as touching the corpse of Hector and Achilles, sacker of cities. They are for bestirring the keen-sighted Argeiphontes to steal the body away, yet herein do I accord honour unto Achilles; for I would fain keep in time to come thy worship and thy love. Haste thee with all speed to the host and declare unto thy son my bidding. Say unto him that the gods are angered with him, and that I above all immortals am filled with wrath, for that in the fury of his heart he holdeth Hector at the beaked ships and gave him not back, if so be he may be seized with fear of me and give Hector back. But I will send forth Iris unto great-hearted Priam, to bid him go to the ships of the Achaians to ransom his dear son, and to bear gifts unto Achilles which shall make glad his heart.”

So spake he, and the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, failed not to hearken, but went darting down from the peaks of Olympus, and came to the hut of her son. There she found him groaning ceaselessly, and round about him his dear comrades with busy haste were making ready their early meal, and in the hut a ram, great and shaggy, lay slaughtered for them. Then she, his queenly mother, sate her down close by his side and stroked him with her hand, and spake, and called him by name: “My child, how long wilt thou devour thine heart with

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1 The “honour” consists in the fact that in yielding the body Achilles, as Zeus goes on to tell her, is to receive rich recompense.
weeping and sorrowing, and wilt take no thought of food, neither of the couch? Good were it for thee even to have dalliance in a woman's embrace. For, I tell thee, thou shalt not thyself be long in life, but even now doth death stand hard by thee and mighty fate. But hearken thou forthwith unto me, for I am a messenger unto thee from Zeus. He declareth that the gods are angered with thee, and that himself above all immortals is filled with wrath, for that in the fury of thine heart thou holdest Hector at the beaked ships, and gavest him not back. Nay come, give him up, and take ransom for the dead."

Then in answer to her spake Achilles, swift of foot: "'So let it be; whoso bringeth ransom, let him bear away the dead, if verily with full purpose of heart the Olympian himself so biddeth.'

On this wise amid the gathering of the ships mother and son spake many winged words one to the other, but the son of Cronos sent forth Iris to sacred Ilion: "Up, go, swift Iris; leave thou the abode of Olympus and bear tidings within Ilion unto great-hearted Priam that he go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom his dear son, and that he bear gifts unto Achilles which shall make glad his heart; alone let him go, neither let any man beside of the Trojans go with him. A herald may attend him, an elder man, to guide the mules and the light-running waggon, and to carry back to the city the dead, even him that Achilles slew. Let not death be in his thoughts, neither any fear; such a guide will we give him, even Argeiphontes, who shall lead him, until in his leading he bring him nigh to Achilles. And when he shall have led him into the hut, neither shall Achilles himself slay him nor suffer any other
to slay; for not without wisdom is he, neither without purpose, nor yet hardened in sin; nay, with all kindliness will he spare a suppliant man.”

So spake he, and storm-footed Iris hasted to bear his message. She came to the house of Priam, and found therein clamour and wailing. His sons sat about their father within the court sullying their garments with their tears, and in their midst was the old king close-wrapped in his mantle; and upon the old man’s head and neck was filth in abundance, which he had gathered in his hands as he grovelled on the earth. And his daughters and his sons’ wives were wailing throughout the house, bethinking them of the warriors many and valiant who were lying low, slain by the hands of the Argives. And the messenger of Zeus drew nigh to Priam, and spake to him; softly she uttered her voice, yet trembling gat hold of his limbs: “Be of good courage, O Priam, son of Dardanus, and fear thou not at all. Not to forbode any evil to thee am I come hither, but with good intent. I am a messenger to thee from Zeus, who far away though he be, hath exceeding care for thee and pity. The Olympian biddeth thee ransom goodly Hector, and bear gifts to Achilles which shall make glad his heart; alone do thou go, neither let any man beside of the Trojans go with thee. A herald may attend thee, an elder man, to guide the mules and the light-running waggon, and to carry back to the city the dead, even him that Achilles slew. Let not death be in thy thoughts, neither any fear; such a guide shall go with thee, even Argeiphontes, who shall lead thee, until in his leading he bring thee nigh to Achilles. And when he shall have led thee into the hut, neither shall

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Achilles himself slay thee nor suffer any other to slay; for not without wisdom is he, neither without purpose, nor yet hardened in sin; nay, with all kindliness will he spare a suppliant.

When she had thus spoken swift-footed Iris departed; but the king bade his sons make ready the light-running mule waggon, and bind the wicker box thereon. And himself he went down to the vaulted treasure-chamber, fragrant of cedar wood and high of roof, that held jewels full many: and he called to him Hecabe his wife, and spake: "Lady, from Zeus hath an Olympian messenger come to me, that I go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom my dear son, and that I bear gifts to Achilles which shall make glad his heart. But come, tell me this, how seemeth it to thy mind? For as touching mine own self, wondrously doth the desire of my heart bid me go thither to the ships, into the wide camp of the Achaeans."

So spake he, but his wife uttered a shrill cry, and spake in answer: "Ah, woe is me, whither now is gone the wisdom for the which of old thou wast famed among stranger folk and among them thou rulest? How art thou fain to go alone to the ships of the Achaeans to meet the eyes of the man who hath slain thy sons, many and valiant? Of iron verily is thy heart. For if so be he get thee in his power and his eyes behold thee, so savage and faithless is the man, he will neither pity thee nor anywise have reverence. Nay, let us now make our lament afar from him we mourn, abiding here in the hall. On this wise for him did mighty Fate spin with her thread at his birth, when myself did bear him, that he should glut swift-footed dogs far from his parents, in the
abode of a violent man, in whose inmost heart I were fain to fix my teeth and feed thereon; then haply might deeds of requital be wrought for my son, seeing in no wise while playing the dastard was he slain of him, but while standing forth in defence of the men and deep-bosomed women of Troy, with no thought of shelter or of flight."

Then in answer spake unto her the old man, godlike Priam: "Seek not to stay me that am fain to go, neither be thyself a bird of ill-boding in my halls; thou shalt not persuade me. For if any other of the men that are upon the face of the earth had hidden me this, whether of seers that divine from sacrifice or of priests, a false thing might we deem it, and turn away therefrom the more; but now—for myself I heard the voice of the goddess and looked upon her face—I will go forth, neither shall her word be vain. And if it be my fate to lie dead by the ships of the brazen-coated Achaeans, so would I have it; forthwith let Achilles slay me, when once I have clasped in my arms my son, and have put from me the desire for wailing."

He spake, and opened the goodly lids of chests, wherefrom he took twelve beauteous robes and twelve cloaks of single fold, and as many coverlets, and as many white mantles, and therewithal as many tunics. And of gold he weighed out and bare forth talents, ten in all, and two gleaming tripods, and four cauldrons, and a cup exceeding fair, that the men of Thrace had given him when he went thither on an embassage, a great treasure; not even this did the old man spare in his halls, for he was exceeding fain to ransom his dear son. Then drave he all the Trojans from out the portico, and chid them with
"ἔρρετε, λωβητῆρες ἐλεγχέες· οὐ νῦ καὶ ύμῖν ὕκοι ἔνεστι γόσος, ὥστιν ἔλαμβανε κηρύχοντες; ἡ ὀνόσασθ' ὅτι μοι Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἀγάλιε' ἐδώκε, παιδ' ἀλέσαι τὸν ἄριστον; ἀπάρ γνώσθει καὶ ὕμμες· ῥήτεροι γὰρ μᾶλλον Ἀχαιοῖς δὴ ἐσεθεὶ κέινον τεθυνότοις ἐναρεμέν. αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γε πρὶν ἀλαπαζόμενην τε πόλιν κεραιομενήν τε ὀδηγαμοῦσιν ἴδεν, βαίνην δόμον Ἀἰδος εἰσώ."  

"Η, καὶ σκηπταίην διεῖπ' ἄνερας· οἱ δ' ἦσαν ἐξώ ὑπερχομένου γέροντος. ὃ γὰρ, νιάσαν ὅσιαν ὄμικλα, νεκείων "Ελευθ. τε Πάριν τ', Ἀγάθωνά τε δίοιν Πάρμον τ' Ἀντιφόνον τε βοὴν ἀγαθόν τε Πολιτήν 250 Δημοφόβον τε καὶ Ἰππάθου καὶ Δῖον ἀγαθόν· ἐννέα τοίς ὁ γεραῖος ὄμοκλησάς ἐκέλευε· "ἀπενεαστε μοι, κακά τέκνα, κατηθόνες· αἴτ' ἄμα πάντες  

"Εκτόρος ωφέλετ' ἀντὶ θόρης ἐπὶ νυκτὶ πεφάσθαι. ὃ μνεὶ ἡμῶν παντότομος, ἐπεὶ τέκνον ὑπα άριστον 255 Τροίης ἐν εὐρείᾳ, τῶν δ' οὗ τινὰ φήμη λειεθθαι, Ἰησοῦρα τ' ἀντίσεοι καὶ Τρώιλον ἤποιχοχήρων "Εκτόρα θ', ὅς ἔσοι ἐκεῖ μετ' ἀνδράσιν, οὐδὲ ἔκει ἀνδρός γε θυτοῦ παῖς ἐμμεναι, ἀλλὰ θεοῦ τους μὲν ἀπόλλεις· "Ἀρης, τὰ δ' ἐλέγχεα πάντα λειεπται,  

ψευδατ' ὁρκητοὶ τε, χοροτυπήσαμι τρίστοι, ἀργοῦν ὅδ' ἐρυθῶν ἐπιδήμιοι ἀρπακτῆρες.  

οὐκ ἂν δὴ μοι ἀμαξαν ἑφοπλίσαστε τάχιστα, ταῦτα τ' πάντε ἐπιθείτε, ἵνα πρῆσωσμεν όδοιο;"  

"Ὡς ἐβαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πατρὸς ὑποδείσαντες ὀμοίλην 265  

ἐκ μὲν ἀμαξαν ἅλογον ἐτροχοῦν ἠμοινεῖν  

1 ὀνόσασθ': οὔνεσθ'.
THE ILIAD, XXIV 267–288

wagon drawn of mules, fair and newly-wrought, and bound upon it the wicker box; and down from its peg they took the mule-yoke, a box-wood yoke with a knob thereon, well-fitted with guiding-rings; and they brought forth the yoke-band of nine cubits, and therewithal the yoke. The yoke they set with care upon the polished pole at the upturned end thereof, and cast the ring upon the thole; and they bound it fast to the knob with three turns to left and right, and thereafter made it fast to the post, and bent the hook thereunder. Then they brought forth from the treasure-chamber and heaped upon the polished wagon the countless ransom for Hector's head, and yoked the strong-hooved mules that toil in harness, which on a time the Mysians had given to Priam, a splendid gift. And for Priam they led beneath the yoke horses that the old king kept for his own and reared at the polished stall.

Thus were the twain letting yoke their cars, in the high palace, even the herald and Priam, with thoughts of wisdom in their hearts, when nigh to them came Hecabe, her heart sore stricken, bearing in her right hand honey-hearted wine in a cup of gold, that they might make libation ere they went. And she stood before the horses, and spake, saying: "Take now, pour libation to father Zeus, and pray that thou mayest come back home from the midst of the foemen, seeing thine heart sendeth thee forth pole. The ἵψαρος was a rope attached at its middle to the yoke. By it the πέτη was made fast by three turns to the boss of the yoke, and then the ends of the rope were carried back to the car and tied to the ἐκινή, by which we may understand an upright post at the front of the car. "As to the meaning of ἵψαρος it is hardly possible to make a guess" (Leaf).
to the ships, albeit I am fain thou shouldst not go. Thereafter make thou prayer unto the son of Cronos, lord of the dark clouds, the god of Ida, that looketh down upon all the land of Troy, and ask of him a bird of omen, even the swift messenger that to himself is dearest of birds and is mightiest in strength; let him appear upon thy right hand, to the end that marking the sign with thine own eyes, thou mayest have trust therein, and go thy way to the ships of the Danaans of fleet steeds. But if so be Zeus whose voice is borne afar grant thee not his own messenger, then I of a surety should not urge thee on and bid thee go to the ships of the Argives, how eager soever thou be.”

Then in answer spake unto her godlike Priam: “Wife, I will not disregard this best of thine; for good is it to lift up hands to Zeus, if so be he will have pity.”

Thus spake the old man, and bade the housewife that attended pour over his hands water undefiled; and the handmaid drew nigh bearing in her hands alike basin and ewer. Then, when he had washed his hands, he took the cup from his wife and then made prayer, standing in the midst of the court, and poured forth the wine, with a look toward heaven, and spake aloud, saying: “Father Zeus, that rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great, grant that I may come unto Achilles’ hut as one to be welcomed and to be pitied; and send a bird of omen, even the swift messenger that to thyself is dearest of birds and is mightiest in strength; let him appear upon my right hand, to the end that, marking the sign with mine own eyes, I may have trust therein, and go my way to the ships of the Danaans of fleet steeds.”

So spake he in prayer, and Zeus the Counsellor
heard him. Forthwith he sent an eagle, surest of omen among winged birds, the dusky eagle, even the hunter, that men call also the black eagle. Wide as is the door of some rich man’s high-roofed treasure-chamber, a door well fitted with bolts, even so wide spread his wings to this side and to that; and he appeared to them on the right, darting across the city. And at sight of him they waxed glad, and the hearts in the breasts of all were cheered.

Then the old man made haste and stepped upon his car, and drive forth from the gateway and the echoing portico. In front the mules drew the four-wheeled waggons, driven of wise-hearted Idaeus, and behind came the horses that the old man ever plying the lash drive swiftly through the city; and his kinsfolk all followed wailing aloud as for one faring to his death. But when they had gone down from the city and were come to the plain, back then to Ilios turned his sons and his daughters’ husbands; howbeit the twain were not unseen of Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, as they came forth upon the plain, but as he saw the old man he had pity, and forthwith spake to Hermes, his dear son:

“Hermes, seeing thou lovest above all others to companion a man, and thou givest ear to whomsoever thou art minded, up, go and guide Priam unto the hollow ships of the Achaeans in such wise that no man may see him or be ware of him among all the Danaans, until he be come to the son of Peleus.”

So spake he, and the messenger, Argeiphontes, failed not to hearken. Straightway he bound beneath his feet his beautiful sandals, immortal, golden, which were wont to bear him over the waters of the sea and over the boundless land swift as the blasts
of the wind. And he took the wand wherewith he lulls to sleep the eyes of whom he will, while others again he awakens even out of slumber. With this in his hand the strong Argeiphontes flew, and quickly came to Troy-land and the Hellespont. Then went he his way in the likeness of a young man that is a prince, with the first down upon his lip, in whom the charm of youth is fairest.

Now when the others had driven past the great barrow of Ilus, they halted the mules and the horses in the river to drink; for darkness was by now come down over the earth. Then the herald looked and was ware of Hermes hard at hand, and he spake to Priam, saying: "Bethink thee, son of Dardanus, here is somewhat that calls for prudent thought. I see a man, and anon methinks shall we be cut to pieces. Come, let us flee in the chariot, or at least clasp his knees and entreat him, if so be he will have pity."

So spake he, and the old man’s mind was confounded and he was sore afraid, and up stood the hair on his pliant limbs, and he stood in a daze. But of himself the Helper drew nigh, and took the old man’s hand, and made question of him, saying: "Whither, Father, dost thou thus guide horses and mules through the immortal night when other mortals are sleeping? Art thou untouched by fear of the fury-breathing Achaeans, hostile men and ruthless that are hard anigh thee? If one of them should espy thee bearing such store of treasure through the swift black night, what were thy counsel then? Thou art not young thyself, and thy companion here is old, that ye should defend you against a man, when one waxes wroth without a cause. But
HOMER

ἀλλ’ ἐγὼ οὐδὲν σε βέλω κακά, καὶ δὲ κεν ἄλλον σεὶ ἀπαλέξησαμι, φίλω δε σε πατρὶ ἐῦσκω.”

Τὸν δ’ ἠμείβετ’ ἐπείτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής: “οὔτω πη τάδε γ’ ἐστὶ, φίλων τέκος, ὡς ἄγορευες, ἀλλ’ ἐτι τις καὶ ἐμεῖο θεῶν ὑπέρεσχε κεῖρα, ὡς μοι τοιόνδ’ ἦκεν ὁδοιπόρον ἀντιβολήσαι, αἰσιον, οὗς δὴ σὺ δέμας καὶ εἴδος ἀγιότος, πέπνυον τε νόῳ, μακάρων δ’ ἐξ ἐσσι τοκῆνω.

Τὸν δ’ αὖτε προσέεπτε διάκτορος Ἀργείφοντῆς: “καὶ δὴ ταῦτα γε πάντα, γέρων, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες. ἀλλ’ ἂγε μοι τόδε εἴπε καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον, ἦ ἡ πη ἐκπέμπεις κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ ἀνδρας ἐς ἀλλοδαποὺς, ἵνα περ τάδε τοι σοὰ μίμητ, ἦ ηδὴ πάντες καταλείπετε “Ἰλιὸν ἱρῆν δειδίτες” τοῖς γὰρ ἀνήρ ἄριστος ὀλύλε σος πάις; οὐ μέν γὰρ τι μάχης ἐπιδεύετ’ Ἀχαιῶν.”

Τὸν δ’ ἠμείβετ’ ἐπείτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής: “τὸς δὲ σὺ ἔοσι, φερίστε, τέως δ’ ἐξ ἔσσι τοκῆνω; ὡς μοι καλὰ τὸν ὁθον ἄποτμου παιδὸς ἐνιστέ.”

Τὸν δ’ αὖτε προσέεπτε διάκτορος Ἀργείφοντῆς: “πειρά ἐμεῖο, γεραῖ, καὶ εἰρεάς Ἑκτόρα δῖον. τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ μᾶλα πολλὰ μάχη ἐν κυδιανείρῃ ὀφθαλμούσιν ὁπτα, καὶ εἴτῃ ἐπὶ νυμίον ἐλάσσας Ἀργεῖον κτείνεσκε, δαίζων οξεί χαλκῷ. ἠμεῖς δ’ ἐστασάτες θαυμάζομεν; οὐ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς εἰς μάρνασθαι, κεχολομένος Ἀτρείων.”

THE ILIAD, XXIV. 370–395

as for me, I will nowise harm thee, nay, I will even defend thee against another; for like unto my dear father art thou in mine eyes.”

Then the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: “Even so, dear son, are all these things as thou dost say. Howbeit still hath some god stretched out his hand even over me, seeing he hath sent a wayfarer such as thou to meet me, a bringer of blessing, so wondrous in form and comeliness, and withal thou art wise of heart; blessed parents are they from whom thou art sprung.”

Then again the messenger, Argeiphontes, spake to him: “Yea verily, old sire, all this hast thou spoken according to right. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly, whether thou art bearing forth these many treasures and goodly unto some foreign folk, where they may abide for thee in safety, or whether by now ye are all forsaking holy Ilios in fear; so great a warrior, the no bolster of all, hath perished, even thy son; for never held he back from warring with the Achaeans.”

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: “Who art thou, noble youth, and from what parents art thou sprung, seeing thou speakest thus fitly of the fate of my hapless son?”

Then again the messenger, Argeiphontes, spake to him: “Thou wouldest make trial of me, old sire, in asking me of goodly Hector. Him have mine eyes full often seen in battle, where men win glory, and when after driving the Argives to the ships he would slay them in havoc with the sharp bronze; and we stood there and marvelled, for Achilles would not suffer us to fight, being filled with wrath
against the son of Atreus. His squire am I, and the selfsame well-wrought ship brought us hither. Of the Myrmidons am I one, and my father is Polycbos. Rich in substance is he, and an old man even as thou, and six sons hath he, and myself the seventh. From these by the casting of lots was I chosen to fare hitherward. And now am I come to the plain from the ships; for at dawn the bright-eyed Achaeans will set the battle in array about the city. For it irketh them that they sit idle here, nor can the kings of the Achaeans avail to hold them back in their eager-ness for war.”

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: “If thou art indeed a squire of Peleus’ son Achilles, come now, tell me all the truth, whether my son is even yet by the ships or whether by now Achilles hath hewn him limb from limb and cast him before his dogs.”

Then again the messenger Argeipontes spake to him: “Old sire, not yet have dogs and birds devoured him, but still he lieth there beside the ship of Achilles amid the huts as he was at the first; and this is now the twelfth day that he lieth there, yet his flesh decayeth not at all, neither do worms consume it, such as devour men that be slain in fight. Truly Achilles draggeth him ruthlessly about the barrow of his dear comrade, so oft as sacred Dawn appeareth, howbeit he marreth him not; thou wouldst thyself marvel, wert thou to come and see how dewy-fresh he lieth, and is washen clean of blood, neither hath anywhere pollution; and all the wounds are closed wherewith he was stricken, for many there were that drave the bronze into his flesh. In such wise
do the blessed gods care for thy son, a corpse though he be, seeing he was dear unto their hearts.”

So spake he, and the old man waxed glad, and answered, saying: “My child, a good thing is it in sooth e’en to give to the immortals such gifts as be due; for never did my son—as sure as ever such a one there was—forget in our halls the gods that hold Olympus; wherefore they have remembered this for him, even though he be in the doom of death. But come, take thou from me this fair goblet, and guard me myself, and guide me with the speeding of the gods, until I be come unto the hut of the son of Peleus.”

And again the messenger, Argeiphontes, spake to him: “Thou dost make trial of me, old sire, that am younger than thou; but thou shalt not prevail upon me, seeing thou biddest me take gifts from thee while Achilles knoweth naught thereof. Of him have I fear and awe at heart, that I should defraud him, lest haply some evil befal me hereafter. Howbeit as thy guide would I go even unto glorious Argos, attending thee with kindly care in a swift ship or on foot; nor would any man make light of thy guide and set upon thee.”

So spake the Helper, and leaping upon the chariot behind the horses quickly grasped in his hands the lash and reins, and breathed great might into the horses and mules. But when they were come to the walls and the trench that guarded the ships, even as the watchers were but now busying them about their supper, upon all of these the messenger Argeiphontes shed sleep, and forthwith opened the gates, and thrust back the bars, and brought within Priam, and the splendid gifts upon

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1 Line 423 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.
HOMER

THE ILIAD, XXIV. 448-476

the wain. But when they were come to the hut of Peleus' son, the lofty hut which the Myrmidons had builded for their king, hewing therefor beams of fir—and they had roofed it over with downy thatch, gathered from the meadows; and round it they reared for him, their king, a great court with thick-set pales; and the door thereof was held by one single bar of fir that three Achaians were wont to drive home, and three to draw back the great bolt of the door (three of the rest, but Achilles would drive it home even of himself)—then verily the helper Hermes opened the door for the old man, and brought in the glorious gifts for the swift-footed son of Peleus; and from the chariot he stepped down to the ground and spake, saying:

"Old sire, I that am come to thee am an immortal god, even Hermes; for the Father sent me to guide thee on thy way. But now verily will I go back, neither come within Achilles' sight; good cause for wrath would it be that an immortal god should thus openly be entertained of mortals. But go thou in, and clasp the knees of the son of Peleus and entertain him by his father and his fair-haired mother and his child, that thou mayest stir his soul."

So spake Hermes, and departed unto high Olympus; and Priam leapt from his chariot to the ground, and left there Idaeus, who abode holding the horses and mules; but the old man went straight toward the house where Achilles, dear to Zeus, was wont to sit. Therein he found Achilles, but his comrades sat apart: two only, the warrior Automedon and Alcimus, scion of Ares, waited busily upon him; and he was newly ceased from meat, even from eating and drinking, and the table yet stood by his side.

1 Line 476 was rejected by Aristarchus.
Unseen of these great Priam entered in, and coming close to Achilles, clasped in his hands his knees, and kissed his hands, the terrible, man-slaying hands that had slain his many sons. And as when sore blindness of heart cometh upon a man, that in his own country slayeth another and escapeth to a land of strangers, to the house of some man of substance, and wonder holdeth them that look upon him; even so was Achilles seized with wonder at sight of godlike Priam, and seized with wonder were the others likewise, and they glanced one at the other. But Priam made entreaty, and spake to him, saying:

"Remember thy father, O Achilles like to the gods, whose years are even as mine, on the grievous threshold of old age. Him full likely the dwellers that be round about are entreating evily, neither is there any to ward from him ruin and bane. Howbeit, while he heareth of thee as yet alive he hath joy at heart, and therewithal hopeth day by day that he shall see his dear son returning from Troy-land. But I—I am utterly unblest, seeing I begat sons the best in the broad land of Troy, yet of them I avow that not one is left. Fifty I had, when the sons of the Achaeans came; nineteen were born to me of the self-same womb, and the others women of the palace bare. Of these, many as they were, furious Ares hath loosed the knees, and he that alone was left me, that by himself guarded the city and the men, him thou slewest but now as he fought for his country, even Hector. For his sake am I now come to the ships of the Achaeans to win him back from thee, and I bear with me ransom past counting. Nay, have thou awe of the gods, Achilles, and take pity on me, remembering thine own father. Lo, I am more
piteous far than he, and have endured what no other mortal on the face of earth hath yet endured, to reach forth my hand to the face of him that hath slain my sons."

So spake he, and in Achilles he roused desire to weep for his father; and he took the old man by the hand, and gently put him from him. So the twain bethought them of their dead, and wept; the one for man-slaying Hector wept sore, the while he grovelled at Achilles' feet, but Achilles wept for his own father, and now again for Patroclus; and the sound of their moaning went up through the house. But when goodly Achilles had had his fill of lamenting, and the longing therefor had departed from his heart and limbs, forthwith then he sprang from his seat, and raised the old man by his hand, pitying his hoary head and hoary beard; and he spake and addressed him with winged words: "Ah, unhappy man, full many in good sooth are the evils thou hast endured in thy soul. How hadst thou the heart to come alone to the ships of the Achaeans, to meet the eyes of me that have slain thy sons many and valiant? Of iron verily is thy heart. But come, sit thou upon a seat, and our sorrows will we suffer to lie quiet in our hearts, despite our pain; for no profit cometh of chill lament. For on this wise have the gods spun the thread for wretched mortals, that they should live in pain; and themselves are sorrowless. For two urns are set upon the floor of Zeus of gifts that he giveth, the one of ills, the other of blessings.\(^1\) To whomsoever Zeus, that hurleth the thunderbolt, giveth a mingled lot, that man meeteth now with evil, now with good; but to whom-

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\(^1\) The Greek admits of the rendering, "two urns . . . of the evil gifts that he giveth, and one of blessings," but the rendering given above agrees with Plato's interpretation (Repub. II. 379 d).
soever he giveth but of the baneful, him he maketh to be reviled of man, and direful madness driveth him over the face of the sacred earth, and he wandereth honoured neither of gods nor mortals. Even so unto Peleus did the gods give glorious gifts from his birth; for he excelled all men in good estate and in wealth, and was king over the Myrmidons, and to him that was but a mortal the gods gave a goddess to be his wife. Howbeit even upon him the gods brought evil, in that there nowise sprang up in his halls offspring of princely sons, but he begat one only son, doomed to an untimely fate. Neither may I tend him as he growth old, seeing that far, far from mine own country I abide in the land of Troy, vexing thee and thy children. And of thee, old sire, we hear that of old thou wast blest; how of all that toward the sea Lesbos, the seat of Macar, encloseth, and Phrygia in the upland, and the boundless Hellespont, over all these folk, men say, thou, old sire, wast pre-eminent by reason of thy wealth and thy sons. Howbeit from the time when the heavenly gods brought upon thee this bane, ever around thy city are battles and slayings of men. Bear thou up, neither wail ever ceaselessly in thy heart; for naught wilt thou avail by grieving for thy son, neither wilt thou bring him back to life; ere that shalt thou suffer some other ill."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "Seat me not anywise upon a chair, O thou fostered of Zeus, so long as Hector lieth uncared-for amid the huts; nay, give him back with speed, that mine eyes may behold him; and do thou accept the ransom, the great ransom, that we bring. So mayest

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1 This interpretation is given by the scholiast. More commonly ποιήσις is assumed to mean "famine."

2 Lines 556 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

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1 Jeffrey: Éosa.

2 Macar was a legendary king of Lesbos.
HOMER

sēn ès patri'da gaīav, ēpēi me próton èsas
aútôn te ἱώvai kai órav fáos ἰήλιου.'

Tōn δ' ἐπὶ ὑπόθρα ἰδων προσέφη πόδας ὁκαὶ
'Αχιλλεύς

"μηκεί νῦν μ' ἔρεθίζε, γέρον νεών δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς 680
Εκτορά τοι λύσαι, Δίωθεν δὲ μοι ἀγγελος ἥλθε
μήτηρ, ἡ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγάτηρ ἀλοίπο γέροντος.
καὶ δὲ σε γιγνώζω, Πρίαμε, φρεσίν, οὐδὲ μὲ
λήθεις,
ὅτι δέων τίς σ' ἤγε θαῦσ ἐπ' ἁήθα 'Aχαιών.
οὐ γὰρ κε πλαίη βροτὸς ἐλθέμεν, οὐδὲ μᾶλ' ἡβών, 685
ἐς στρατὸν οὐδὲ γὰρ ἀν φυλάκους λάθοι, οὐδὲ θ' ἀρχmallow,
καὶ πελόθανεμοι θυράων ἱμετερᾶον.
τῷ νῦν μ' μοι μᾶλλον ἐν ἀλέσου φυλήν ὁρίσης,
μή σε, γέρον, οὐδ' αὐτὸν ἐν κλαύσει ἐσώ
καὶ ἒκετην περ ἑώτα, Δίως δ' ἀλτίωμαι ἐφετμάς." 570
"Ως ἔφατ", ἔδειξαν δ' ὃ γέρων καὶ ἐπείθετο μούθω.
Πηλείδης δ' οἰκοῦ λεών ὡς ἀλτο τήρατε,
οὐκ οἴοις, ἁμα τῷ γε δών θεράπουτε ἐπόντο,
ἡρως Αὐτομεδών ἦν Ἀλκιμος, οὐς ῥα μάλιστα
ti 'Aχιλλεύς ἑπέρι ἑώτα Πάτροκλον γε θανότα, 575
οἱ τόθ' ὑπὸ ζυγόφων λιῳ ἱππὸς ὑμίωνοι τε,
ἐς δ' ἀγαγων κήρυκα καλήτορα τοῦ γέροντος,
καὶ δ' ἐπὶ δίφρου εἶσαν εὐσώπτροι 580 δ' ἀπ' ἀπηθής
ἡρως 'Εκτορής κεφαλῆς ἀπερείπτ' ἀπομα.
καὶ δ' ἑλπίσυν δῷ φάρε εὔνητον τὲ χιτώνα,
ὅφρα νέκυν πυκάσας δοὺ ὀξύνδε φέρεσθαί.

1 Line 558 is omitted in many mss.
2 εὐσώπτροι: εὐσώπτροι.

1 Line 558, which was unknown to Aristarchus and is
unnoticed by the scholia and by Eustathius, has been omitted in translating: "myself to live, and behold the light of the sun."
maids and bade them wash and anoint him, bearing him to a place apart that Priam might not have sight of his son, lest in grief of heart he should not restrain his wrath, whensoe he had sight of his son, and Achilles' own spirit be stirred to anger, and he slay him, and so sin against the behest of Zeus. So when the handmaids had washed the body and anointed it with oil, and had cast about it a fair cloak and a tunic, then Achilles himself lifted it and set it upon a bier, and his comrades with him lifted it upon the polished waggon. Then he uttered a groan, and called by name upon his dear comrade: "Be not thou wroth with me, Patroclus, if thou hearest even in the house of Hades that I have given back goodly Hector to his dear father, seeing that not unseemly is the ransom he hath given me. And unto thee shall I render even of this all that is thy due."

So spake goodly Achilles, and went back within the hut and on the richly-wrought chair wherefrom he had risen sate him down by the opposite wall, and he spake unto Priam, saying: "Thy son, old sire, is given back according to thy wish, and lieth upon a bier; and at break of day thou shalt thyself behold him, as thou bearest him hence; but for this present let us bethink us of supper. For even the fair-haired Niobe bethought her of meat, albeit twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six lusty sons.\(^1\) The sons Apollo slew with shafts from his silver bow, being wroth against Niobe, and the daughters the archer Artemis, for that Niobe had matched her with fair-cheeked Leto, saying that the goddess had borne but twain, while herself was mother to many; wherefore they, for all they were but twain, destroyed them all. For nine days' space

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1 Lines 594 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.
they lay in their blood, nor was there any to bury them, for the son of Cronos turned the folk to stones;¹ howbeit on the tenth day the gods of heaven buried them; and Niobe bethought her of meat, for she was wearied with the shedding of tears. And now somewhere amid the rocks, on the lonely mountains, on Sipylos, where, men say, are the couching-places of goddesses, even of the nymphs that range swiftly in the dance about Achelous,² there, albeit a stone, she broodeth over her woes sent by the gods. But come, let us twain likewise, noble old sire, bethink us of meat; and thereafter shalt thou make lament over thy dear son, when thou hast borne him into Illos; mourned shall he be of thee with many tears.

Therewith swift Achilles sprang up, and slew a white-fleeced sheep, and his comrades flayed it and made it ready well and duly, and sliced it cunningly and spitted the morsels, and roasted them carefully and drew all off the spits. And Automedon took bread and dealt it forth on the table in fair baskets, while Achilles dealt the meat. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, then verily Priam, son of Dardanus, marvelled at Achilles, how tall he was and how comely; for he was like the gods to look upon. And at Priam, son of Dardanus, did Achilles marvel, beholding his godly aspect and hearkening to his words. But when they had had their fill of gazing one upon the other, then the old man, godlike Priam, was first to

¹ Lines 614-617 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

¹ Presumably the people were in some way involved in Niobe’s guilt, but the allusion is to some form of the legend otherwise unknown. We may note that a popular etymology connected λάος “folk” with λάς “stone.”
HOMER

"λέξον νῦν με τάχιστα, διστρεφέσ, ὅφρα καὶ ἡδὴ 835
ὕπνω ὑπὸ γλυκερῶ ταρτωμέθεα κομηθέζετε. ὦν γὰρ τω μῦσαι ὅσει ὑπὸ βλεφάροις ἐμοίσων
εἰς οὗ σῆς ὑπὸ χεραίν ἐμὸς πᾶς ἀλέσει θυμὸν,
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ στενάχω καὶ κήδεα μυρία πέσων,
αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτοισι κυλούδομεν κατὰ κόπρον. 640
νῦν δὲ καὶ ἄτομο πασάμην καὶ αἰθόσα ὁινὸν
λαυκάνης καθέκα τάρος γε μὲν ὄι τι πεπάσμην."

"Ηρ, ᾿Αχιλεὺς δ' ἐτάροισιν ἠδὲ δωμῆθη κέλευς
dέμιν ὑπ' αἰθούσῃ τέμνει καὶ βίγεα καλὰ
πορφυρ' ἐμβαλέειν, στόρεσαι τ' ἐφύπερθε τάπητας, 645
χλαίνας τ' ἐνθέμεναι οὐλὰς καθυπέρθεν ἐσσαθαί.
αἰ δ' ἵπαν ἐκ μεγάρου δασὸς μετὰ χεραιν ἔχουσαι,
ἀφεὶ δ' ἁρα στόρεσαι δοῦν λέχε' ἐγκονέουσαι.

τὸν δ' ἐπικερτομένων προσέφη ποδας ωκύς ᾿Αχιλεὺς·
"ἐκτὸς μὲν δὴ λέξο, γέρων φίλε, μὴ τις ᾿Αχαῖοιν
ἐνθάδ' ἐπέλθοσιν βουληφόροις, οἳ τ' μοὶ αἰεὶ
βουλας βουλεύσας παρήμενοι, ἡ ἰδεὶς εἶτι·
τῶν εἰ τίς σε ἡδονϑον διὰ νῦκτα μέλαναι,
αὐτικ' ἂν ἐξείποι Ἀγαμέμνονοι ποιμένι λαῶν,
kai κεν ἀνάβλησις λύσιος νεκρῶν γενεῖται. 655

ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπε καὶ ἀτρέκεως κατάλεξεν,
pοστίμαρ μένονα κτερειζέμενον "Εκτορα δίων,
ὁφρα τέως αὐτὸς τε μένω καὶ λαῶν ἐρίκω." 660

Τὸν δ' ἦμειβετ' ἐπέται γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"εὶ μὲν δὴ μ' ἐθέλεις τελέσαι τάρον "Εκτορι δίω,
ἀδέ κε μοι ρέζων, ᾿Αχιλε, κεχαρισμένα θείς."

1 "The application is very obscure, but it is best taken
as expressing Achilles' tone in speaking of Agamemnon, as
though he bitterly assumed that his enemy would thwart him
at every opportunity. There is no taunt in his words to
Priam" (Leaf).

THE ILIAD, XXIV. 635-661

speak, saying: "Show me now my bed with speed,
O thou nurtured of Zeus, that lulled at length by
sweet sleep we may rest and take our joy; for never
yet have mine eyes closed beneath mine eyelids
since at thy hands my son lost his life, but ever
do I wail and brood over my countless sorrows,
grovelling in the filth in the closed spaces of the
court. But now have I tasted of meat, and have let
flaming wine pass down my throat; whereas till now
had I tasted naught."

He spake, and Achilles bade his comrades and the
handmaids set bedsteads beneath the portico, and to
lay on them fair purple blankets, and to spread
thereover coverlets, and on these to put fleecy cloaks
for clothing. So the maids went forth from the hall
with torches in their hands, and straightway spread
two beds in busy haste. Then mockingly spake
unto Priam Achilles, swift of foot: "Without do thou
lay thee down, dear old sire, lest there come hither
one of the counsellors of the Achaens, that ever sit
by my side and take counsel, as is meet. If one of
these were to have sight of thee through the swift
black night, forthwith might he haply tell it to
Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, and so should
there arise delay in the giving back of the body.
But come, tell me this, and declare it truly: for
how many days' space thou art minded to make
funeral for goodly Hector, to the end that for so
long I may myself abide, and may keep back the
host."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him:
saying: "If thou indeed art willing that I accomplish
for goodly Hector his burial, then in doing on this
wise, O Achilles, wilt thou do according to my wish.
Homer

665 Thou knowest how we are pent within the city, and far is it to fetch wood from the mountain, and the Trojans are sore afraid. For nine days' space will we wail for him in our halls, and on the tenth will we make his funeral, and the folk shall feast, and on the eleventh will we heap a barrow over him, and on the twelfth will we do battle, if so be we must."

Then spake to him in answer swift-footed, goodly Achilles: "Thus shall this also be, aged Priam, even as thou wouldest have it; for I will hold back the battle for such time as thou dost bid."

When he had thus spoken he clapsed the old man's right hand by the wrist, lest his heart should any wise wax fearful. So they laid them to sleep there in the fore-hall of the house, the herald and Priam, with hearts of wisdom in their breasts; but Achilles slept in the innermost part of the well-builed hut, and by his side lay fair-cheeked Briseis.

Now all the other gods and men, lords of chariots, slumbered the whole night through, overcome of soft sleep; but not upon the helper Hermes might sleep lay hold, as he pondered in mind how he should guide king Priam forth from the ships unmarked of the strong keepers of the gate. He took his stand above his head and spake to him, saying: "Old sire, no thought then hast thou of any evil, that thou still sleepest thus amid foes, for that Achilles has spared thee. Now verily hast thou ransomed thy son, and a great price thou gavest. But for thine own life must the sons thou hast, they that be left behind, give ransom thrice so great, if so be Agamemnon, Atreus' son, have knowledge of thee, or the host of the Achaeans have knowledge."

So spake he, and the old man was seized with
fear, and made the herald to arise. And Hermes yoked for them the horses and mules, and himself lightly drove them through the camp, neither had any man knowledge thereof.

But when they were now come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, even eddying Xanthus, that immortal Zeus begat, then Hermes departed to high Olympus, and Dawn, the saffron-robed, was spreading over the face of all the earth. So they with moaning and wailing drove the horses to the city, and the mules bare the dead. Neither was any other ware of them, whether man or fair-girdled woman; but in truth Cassandra, peer of golden Aphrodite, having gone up upon Pergamus, marked her dear father as he stood in the car, and the herald, the city's crier; and she had sight of that other lying on the bier in the waggon drawn of the mules. Thereat she uttered a shrill cry, and called throughout all the town: "Come ye, men and women of Troy, and behold Hector, if ever while yet he lived ye had joy of his coming back from battle; since great joy was he to the city and to all the folk."

So spake she, nor was any man left there within the city, neither any woman, for upon all had come grief that might not be borne; and hard by the gates they met Priam, as he bare home the dead. First Hector's dear wife and queenly mother flung themselves upon the light-running waggon, and clasping his head the while, wailed and tore their hair; and the folk thronged about and wept. And now the whole day long until set of sun had they made lament for Hector with shedding of tears there without the gates, had not the old man spoken amid the folk
HOMER

"εἰσάτε μοι οὖρεσι διελθήμεν· αὐτάρ ἐπετα ἄσσεθε κλαυθμοῖο, ἐπὴν ἀγάμωι δόμουδε·"

"Ὡς ἐφαθ', οἱ δὲ διέστησαν καὶ εἶξαν ἀπῆν. οἱ δ' ἐπεί εἰσάγαγον κλυτά δώματα, τὸν μὲν ἐπετα τρητοῖς ἐν λεχέσσαι θέσαν, παρὰ δ' ἐλασαν οἰδούς 720 θρήνους ἐξάρχουσι, ὦ τε στονέσσαν ἄοιδήν οἱ μὲν ἀρ' ἑθρήνου, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες. τῆσαν δ' Ἀθρομάχης λευκόλενος ἥριξε γύονο, Ἐκτορος ἀνδροφόνου κάρη μετὰ χεριν ἔχουσα. "ἀνερ, ἀπ' αἰῶνος νέοι οἶλεο, καὶ δὲ με χήρην 725 λεῖπεις ἐν μεγάροις· πάις δ' ἐτι νήπιος αὐτῶς, ὃν τέκομεν σὺ τ' ἐγὼ τε δυσάμμοροι, οὐδὲ μιν οἶω ἤδην ἤξιοίς· πρὶν γὰρ πόλις ἢδε κατ' ἀκρης πέραται· ὁ γὰρ διλωσ ἐπίσκοπος, ὃς τε μιν αὐτὴν ὑπόκει, ἔχεις δ' ἄλοχους κεδών καὶ νήπια τέκνα· αἰ δὴ τοὺς τάχα νηπίοις ὁχύρωνται γλαφυρής, καὶ μὲν ἐγὼ μετὰ τῆς· σὺ δ' αὐ, τέκος, ἢ ἐμοὶ αὐτὴ ἔσσει, ἐνθὰ κεν ἐργα ἀεικέα ἕργαζον, ἀλλεῖων πρὸ ἀνακτος ἀμελίχων, ἤ τις Ἀχαιῶν ῥάβει χειρός ἐλών ἀπὸ πύργου, λυγρὸν ὀλέθρον, 735 χωμόνοις, ὥ δὴ του ἄδελφου ἐκτανε "Εκτωρ ἡ πατέρε, ἢ καὶ νεόν, ἐπὶ μαλα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν Ἐκτορος ἐν παλάμησιν ὅδε ἔλον ἀσπετον ὄθός. οὔ γὰρ μείλιχος ἐσκε πατήρ τεός ἐν δαί λυρήτω καὶ μιν λαοί μὲν ὄδυροντα κατὰ ἀστι, ἄρρητον δὲ τοκεῖα γόον καὶ πένθος ἐθηκας."

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from out the car: "Make me way for the mules to pass through; thereafter shall ye take your fill of wailing, when I have brought him to the house."

So spake he, and they stood apart and made way for the waggon. But the others, when they had brought him to the glorious house, laid him on a corded bedstead, and by his side set singers, leaders of the dirge, who led the song of lamentation—they chanted the dirge, and threat the women made lament. 1 And amid these white-armed Andromache led the wailing, holding in her arms the while the head of man-slaying Hector: "Husband, perished from out of life art thou, yet in thy youth, and leavest me a widow in thy halls; and thy son is still but a babe, the son born of thee and me in our haplessness; neither do I deem that he will come to manhood, for ere that shall this city be wasted utterly. For thou hast perished that didst watch thereover, thou that didst guard it, and keep safe its noble wives and little children. These, I ween, shall soon be riding upon the hollow ships, and I among them; and thou, my child, shalt follow with me to a place where thou shalt labour at unseemly tasks, toiling before the face of some ungentle master, or else some Achaean shall seize thee by the arm and hurl thee from the wall, a woeful death, being wroth for that Hector slew his brother haply, or his father, or his son, seeing that full many Achaeans at the hands of Hector have bitten the vast earth with their teeth; for nowise gentle was thy father in woeful war. Therefore the folk wail for him throughout the city, and grief unspeakable and

1 νέος: νέον Ζενοδοτος.

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We are to think of a group of professional mourners who

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sing a formal dirge, while the woman accompany them with cries of grief.
sorrow hast thou brought upon thy parents, Hector; and for me beyond all others shall grievous woes be left. For at thy death thou didst neither stretch out thy hands to me from thy bed, nor speak to me any word of wisdom whereon I might have pondered night and day with shedding of tears.”

So spake she wailing, and thereat the women made lament. And among them Hecabe in turn led the vehement wailing: “Hector, far dearest to my heart of all my children, lo, when thou livedst thou wast dear to the gods, and therefore have they had care of thee for all thou art in the doom of death. For of other sons of mine whomsoever he took would swift-footed Achilles sell beyond the unresting sea, unto Samos and Imbros and Lemnos, shrouded in smoke, but, when from thee he had taken away thy life with the long-edged bronze, oft would he drag thee about the barrow of his comrade, Patroclus, whom thou didst slay; howbeit even so might he not raise him up. But now all dewy-fresh thou liest in my halls as wert thou newly slain, like as one whom Apollo of the silver bow assailed with his gentle shafts and slayeth.”

So spake she wailing, and roused unabating lament. And thereafter Helen was the third to lead the wailing: “Hector, far dearest to my heart of all my husband’s brethren! In sooth my husband is godlike Alexander, that brought me to Troy-land—would I died ere then! For this is now the

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1 Lemnos was sacred to Hephaestus, and the “Lemnian fire” is often mentioned, although modern travellers have found no evidences of volcanic activity on the island; see Jebb’s Philoctetes of Sophocles, pp. 242 ff.
εἶ δ' κεῖθεν ἔβην καὶ ἐμῆς ἀπελήλυθα πάτρης·
ἀλλ' οὐ πω σεῖ άκουσα κακόν έπος οὖδ' ασφαλείν. 770
ἀλλ' εἶ τίς καὶ άλλος ἐν μεγάροισιν εἵνεκτοι
dαρέων ἤ γαλών ἤ εἰνατέρων εὔπεπλών,
ἤ ἐκαρη'-ἐκαρη δέ πατήρ ὁσ ἦπιος αἰεὶ—,
ἀλλ' οὖ τὸν ἐπέσει παραφάμενοι κατέρυκε,
σῇ τ' ἀγανοφροσύῃ καὶ σοὶς ἀγανοὶς ἐπεσάσι.
τῷ σε ά' ἀμα κλαίω καὶ εμ' ἀμμορον ἀχυμενενή κηρ' οὖ
gάρ τίς μοι ἔτ' άλλος ἐν Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ
ἡπιος οὐδε φίλος, πάντες δέ με πεφρίκασιν· 775
"Ὡς έφατο κλαίουν', ἔτι δ' ἐστενε δήμος ἀπείρων.
λαοίουν δ' ο γέρων Πρίαμος μετα μέθυν εἰσεπεν·
"ἀξετε νῦν, Τρώες, ἐξάλα ἀστυδε, μηδ' τι θυμώ
dειατ' Ἀργεῖων πυκνών λόχων· ἡ γάρ Ἀχιλλέως
πέμπων μ' ὅδ' ἐπέτελλε μελανών ἀπό νηών, 780
μη πρὶν πημανέων, πρὶν δωδεκάτη μόλη ἰώς."
"Ὡς έφαθ', οι δ' ὅτι άμάξησιν βόσι ήμονοις τε
ζεύγνυσαι, αἰώματ' ἐπειτα πρὸς ἄστεος ἕγερθοντο. 785
ἐνίμμαρ μὲν τοί γε ἀγίνεον ἀστευτὸν ύλην.
ἀλλ' οτὲ δ' δεκάτη έφαν' φαεσίμβροτος ἵως
καὶ τότ' ἂρ' ἔξεφεραν ἱρασών "Εκτορα δάκρυ
χένιοτες,
ἐν δὲ πυρὶ ύπατη νεκρών θέσαν, ἐν δ' ἐβαλον τὴν."

"Ἡμος δ' ήργενεα φάνη ραδόδακτυλος 'Ἰώς,

1 This astonishing statement is perhaps to be explained by the legend that the Greeks shortly after Helen’s abduction had made an abortive expedition against Troy, but had landed by mistake in Mysia. Thence they returned to Greece, and it was only after ten years that their forces were reassembled. This legend is elsewhere entirely unknown to Homer, but it harmonizes with the form of the story which gives Achilles a grown son, Neoptolemus (see xix. 327, with the note). The whole suggests, however, an elaborate parallelism which arouses suspicion: nine years of preparation, the fleet sails in the tenth; nine years of siege, Troy falls in the tenth; nine years of wandering, Odysseus reaches home in the tenth.
fingered, then gathered the folk about the pyre of glorious Hector. And when they were assembled and met together, first they quenched with flaming wine all the pyre, so far as the fire's might had come upon it, and thereafter his brethren and his comrades gathered the white bones, mourning, and big tears flowed ever down their cheeks. The bones they took and placed in a golden urn, covering them over with soft purple robes, and quickly laid the urn in a hollow grave, and covered it over with great close-set stones. Then with speed heaped they the mound, and round about were watchers set on every side, lest the well-greaved Achaeans should set upon them before the time. And when they had piled the barrow they went back, and gathering together duly feasted a glorious feast in the palace of Priam, the king fostered of Zeus.

On this wise held they funeral for horse-taming Hector.

lines intended to make the Iliad fit into the Epic Cycle, where it was immediately followed by the Aethiopis of Arctinus.
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