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The fall of Troy

Quintus

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Book I. How died for Troy the Queen of the Amazons, Penthesileia

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ΚΟΙΝΤΟΥ

ΤΩΝ ΜΕΘ ΟΜΗΡΟΝ

ΛΟΓΟΣ ΠΡΩΤΟΣ

Εὖθ' ὑπὸ Πηλείωνι δάμῃ θεοείκελος Ἴκτωρ
καί ἐ πυρὴ κατέδαψε καὶ ὅστέα γαῖα κεκεύθει,
δὴ τότε Τρῶες ἔμμινον ἀνὰ Πριάμοιο πόλῃ
δειδιότες μένος ἧν θρασύφρονος Αἰακίδαο·
ἧντ' ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι βόες βλοσυροῖο λέοντος 5
ἐλθέμεν οὐκ ἐθέλουσιν ἐναντίαι, ἀλλὰ φέβονται
ἰληδὸν πτώσσουσai ἀνὰ ῥωπήῃα πυκνά·
ὥς οἱ ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ὑπέτρεσαν ὄβριμον ἄνδρα
μνησάμενοι προτέρων, ὁπόσων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἴαψεν
θύων Ἰδαίοιο περὶ προχοῇσι Σκαμάνδρου, 10
ἧδ' ὅσους φεύγοντας ὑπὸ μέγα τείχος ὄλεσεν,
Ἴκτορά θ' ὥς ἐδάμασσε καὶ ἀμφείρυσσε πόλῃ,
ἄλλους θ' ὥς ἐδάϊξε δι' ἀκαμάτοιο θαλάσσης
ὅππότε δὴ τὰ πρῶτα φέρε Τρῶεσσιν ὄλεθρον.
τῶν οἳ γε μνησθέντες ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ἔμμινον. 15
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφίσιν πένθος ἀνιερὸν πεπότητο
ὥς ἤδη στονόεντι καταιθομένης πυρὶ Τροίης.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

THE FALL OF TROY

BOOK I

*How died for Troy the Queen of the Amazons,
Penthesileia*

WHEN godlike Hector by Peleides slain
Passed, and the pyre had ravined up his flesh,
And earth had veiled his bones, the Trojans then
Tarried in Priam's city, sore afraid
Before the might of stout-heart Aeacus' son :
As kine they were, that midst the corses shrink
From faring forth to meet a lion grim,
But in dense thickets terror-huddled cower ;
So in their fortress shivered these to see
That mighty man. Of those already dead
They thought—of all whose lives he reft away
As by Scamander's outfall on he rushed,
And all that in mid-flight to that high wall
He slew, how he quelled Hector, how he haled
His corse round Troy ;—yea, and of all beside
Laid low by him since that first day whereon
O'er restless seas he brought the Trojans doom.
Ay, all these they remembered, while they stayed
Thus in their town, and o'er them anguished grief
Hovered dark-winged, as though that very day
All Troy with shrieks were crumbling down in fire.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Καὶ τότε Θερμώδοντος ἀπ' εὐρυπόροιο ρεέθρων
 ἦλυθε Πενθεσίλεια θεῶν ἐπιειμένη εἶδος,
 ἄμφω καὶ στονόεντος ἐέλδομένη πολέμοιο 20
 καὶ μέγ' ἄλευαμένη στυγερὴν καὶ ἀεικέα φήμην,
 μή τις ἐὼν κατὰ δῆμον ἐλεγχείησι χαλέψῃ
 ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτης, ἧς εἵνεκα πένθος ἄεξεν,
 Ἴππολύτης· τὴν γάρ ῥα κατέκτανε δουρὶ
 κραταιῷ,
 οὐ μὲν δὴ τι ἐκοῦσα, τιτυσκομένη δ' ἐλάφοιο· 25
 τοῦνεκ' ἄρα Τροίης ἐρικυδέος ἵκετο γαίαν.
 πρὸς δ' ἔτι οἱ τόδε θυμὸς ἀρήιος ὀρμαίνεισκεν,
 ὄφρα καθηραμένη περὶ λύματα λυγρὰ φόνοιο
 σμερδαλέας θυνέεσσιν Ἑριννύας ἰλάσσηται,
 αἳ οἱ ἀδελφεῖς κεχολωμένοι αὐτίχ' ἔποντο 30
 ἄφραστοι· κείναι γάρ ἀεὶ περὶ ποσσὶν ἀλιτρῶν
 στρωφῶντ', οὐδέ τιν' ἐστὶ θεὰς ἀλιτόνθ' ὑπαλύξαι.
 σὺν δέ οἱ ἄλλαι ἔποντο δυώδεκα πᾶσαι ἀγαναί,
 πᾶσαι ἐελδόμεναι πόλεμον καὶ ἀεικέα χάρμην,
 αἳ οἱ δμῳίδες ἔσκον ἀγακλείται περ εἶδουσαι· 35
 ἀλλ' ἄρα πασάων μέγ' ὑπείρεχε Πενθεσίλεια·
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀν' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἐν ἀστράσι διὰ σελήνῃ
 ἐκπρέπει ἐν πάντεσσιν ἀριζήλῃ γεγαυῖα
 αἰθέρος ἀμφιραγέντος ὑπὸ νεφέων ἐριδούπων,
 εὐτ' ἀνέμων εὐδῆσι μένος μέγα λάβρον αέντων· 40
 ὥς ἢ γ' ἐν πάσῃσι μετέπρεπεν ἐσσυμένῃσιν.
 ἔνθ' ἄρ' ἦν Κλονίη Πολεμοῦσά τε Δηρινὸν τε
 Εὐάνδρην τε καὶ Ἀντάνδρην καὶ διὰ Βρέμουσα
 ἠδὲ καὶ Ἴπποθόην, μετὰ δ' Ἀρμοθόην κυανῶπις
 Ἀλκιβίην τε καὶ Ἀντιβρότην καὶ Δηριμάχεια, 45
 τῇ δ' ἐπὶ Θερμώδωσα μέγ' ἔγχρῃ· κυδιώωσα·
 τόσσαι ἄρ' ἀμφιέποντο δαΐφρονι Πενθεσιλείῃ·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Then from Thermodon, from broad-sweeping
streams,

20 Came, clothed upon with beauty of Goddesses,
Penthesileia—came athirst indeed

For groan-resounding battle, but yet more
Fleeing abhorred reproach and evil fame,
Lest they of her own folk should rail on her
Because of her own sister's death, for whom

25 Ever her sorrows waxed, Hippolytè,
Whom she had struck dead with her mighty spear,
Not of her will—'twas at a stag she hurled.

So came she to the far-famed land of Troy.
Yea, and her warrior spirit pricked her on,
Of murder's dread pollution thus to cleanse

30 Her soul, and with such sacrifice to appease
The Awful Ones, the Erinnyes, who in wrath
For her slain sister straightway haunted her

Unseen: for ever round the sinner's steps
They hover; none may 'scape those Goddesses.

And with her followed twelve beside, each one

35 A princess, hot for war and battle grim,
Far-famous each, yet handmaids unto her:

Penthesileia far outshone them all.

As when in the broad sky amidst the stars

The moon rides over all pre-eminent,

When through the thunderclouds the cleaving
heavens

40 Open, when sleep the fury-breathing winds;

So peerless was she mid that charging host.

Cloniè was there, Polemusa, Derinoè,

Evandrè, and Antandrè, and Bremusa,

Hippothoè, dark-eyed Harmothoè,

Alcibiè, Derimacheia, Antibrotè,

45 And Thermodosa glorying with the spear.

All these to battle fared with warrior-souled

Penthesileia: even as when descends

οἷη δ' ἀκαμάτοιο κατέρχεται Οὐλύμποιο
 Ἥως μαρμαρέοισιν ἀγαλλομένη φρένας ἵπποις
 Ὀράων μετ' εὐπλοκάμων, μετὰ δέ σφισι πάσης 50
 ἐκπρέπει ἀγλαὸν εἶδος ἀμωμήτοις περ εἰούσης·
 τοίη Πενθεσίλεια μόλεν ποτὶ Τρώιον ἄστν
 ἔξοχος ἐν πάσῃσιν Ἀμαζόσιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες
 πάντοθεν ἐσσύμενοι μέγ' ἐθάμβεον, εὖτ' ἐσίδοντο
 Ἄρεος ἀκαμάτοιο βαθυκνήμιδα θύγατρα 55
 εἰδομένην μακάρεσσιν, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
 ἄμφω σμερδαλέον τε καὶ ἀγλαὸν εἶδος ὁρῶρει,

* * * * *

μειδιώσ' ἐρατεινόν, ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δ' ἱμερόεντες
 ὀφθαλμοὶ μάρμαιρον ἀλίγκιον ἀκτίνεσσιν,
 αἰδῶς δ' ἀμφερύθηνε παρήια, τῶν δ' ἐφύπερθε 60
 θεσπεσίη ἐπέκειτο χάρις καταειμένη ἀλκήν.

Λαοὶ δ' ἀμφεγάνυντο καὶ ἀχνύμενοι τὸ πάροιθεν·
 ὡς δ' ὀπότη' ἀθρήσαντες ἀπ' οὐρεος ἀγροιώται
 Ἴριν ἀνεγρομένην ἐξ εὐρυπόροιο θαλάσσης,
 ὄμβρον ὅτ' ἰσχανόωσι θεοῦδέος, ὀππότη' ἄλwai 65
 ἤδη ἀπαναίνονται ἐελδόμεναι Διὸς ὕδωρ,
 ὃψέ δ' ὑπηχλύνθη μέγας οὐρανός, οἱ δ' ἐσιδόντες
 ἐσθλὸν σῆμ' ἀνέμοιο καὶ ὑετοῦ ἐγγὺς ἐόντος
 χαίρουσιν, τὸ πάροιθεν ἐπιστενάχοντες ἀρούραις·
 ὡς ἄρα Τρῳεῖο νῆες, ὅτ' ἔδρακον ἔνδοθι πατρὸς 70
 δεινὴν Πενθεσίλειαν ἐπὶ πτόλεμον μεμαυῖαν,
 γήθεον· ἐλπωρὴ γὰρ ὅτ' ἐς φρένας ἀνδρὸς ἵκηται
 ἀμφ' ἀγαθοῦ, στονέοσσαν ἀμαλδύνει κακότητα.
 τοῦνεκα καὶ Πριάμοιο νόος πολέα στενάχοντος
 καὶ μέγ' ἀκηχεμένοιο περὶ φρεσὶ τυτθὸν ἰάνθη· 75
 ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἀλαοῖσιν ἐπ' ὄμμασι πολλὰ μογήσας
 ἰμείρων ἰδέειν ἱερὸν φάος ἢ θανέεσθαι

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

50 Dawn from Olympus' crest of adamant,
Dawn, heart-exultant in her radiant steeds
Amidst the bright-haired Hours ; and o'er them all,
How flawless-fair soever these may be,
Her splendour of beauty glows pre-eminent ;
So peerless amid all the Amazons
Unto Troy-town Penthesileia came.

55 To right, to left, from all sides hurrying thronged
The Trojans, greatly marvelling, when they saw
The tireless War-god's child, the mailèd maid,
Like to the Blessèd Gods ; for in her face
Glowed beauty glorious and terrible.
Her smile was ravishing : beneath her brows
Her love-enkindling eyes shone like to stars,
And with the crimson rose of shamefastness
60 Bright were her cheeks, and mantled over them
Unearthly grace with battle-prowess clad.

Then joyed Troy's folk, despite past agonies,
As when, far-gazing from a height, the hinds
Behold a rainbow spanning the wide sea,
When they be yearning for the heaven-sent shower,
65 When the parched fields be craving for the rain ;
Then the great sky at last is overglomed,
And men see that fair sign of coming wind
And imminent rain, and seeing, they are glad,
Who for their corn-fields' plight sore sighed before ;
Even so the sons of Troy when they beheld
70 There in their land Penthesileia dread
Afire for battle, were exceeding glad ;
For when the heart is thrilled with hope of good,
All smart of evils past is wiped away :
So, after all his sighing and his pain,
Gladdened a little while was Priam's soul.
75 As when a man who hath suffered many a pang
From blinded eyes, sore longing to behold
The light, and, if he may not, fain would die,

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἢ πόνῳ ἰητῆρος ἀμύμονος ἡὲ θεοῖο
 ὄμματ' ἀπαχλύσαντος ἴδῃ φάος ἡριγενείης,
 οὐ μὲν ὅσον τὸ πάροιθεν, ὅμως δ' ἄρα βαιὸν ἰάνθη 80
 πολλῆς ἐκ κακότητος, ἔχει δ' ἔτι πήματος ἄλγος
 αἰνὸν ὑπὸ βλεφάροισι λελειμμένον· ὥς ἄρα δεινὴν
 υἷος Λαομέδοντος ἐσέδρακε Πενθεσίλειαν·
 παῦρον μὲν γήθησε, τὸ δὲ πλέον εἰσέτι παίδων
 ἄχυντ' ἀποκταμένων. ἄγε δ' εἰς ἐὰ δώματ' ἀνασσαν, 85
 καὶ μιν προφρονέως τίεν ἔμπεδον εὔτε θύγατρα
 τηλόθι νοστήσασαν ἐεικοστῷ λυκάβαντι,
 καὶ οἱ δόρπον ἔτευξε πανείδατον, οἷον ἔδουσι
 κυδάλιμοι βασιλῆες, ὅτ' ἔθνεα δηώσαντες
 δαίνυντ' ἐν θαλίῃσιν ἀγαλλόμενοι περὶ νίκης· 90
 δῶρα δέ οἱ πόρε καλὰ καὶ ὄλβια, πολλὰ δ' ὑπέστη
 δωσέμεν, ἣν Τρώεσσι δαΐζομένοις ἐπαμύνη.
 ἡ δ' ἄρ' ὑπέσχετο ἔργον, ὃ οὐποτε θνητὸς ἐώλπει,
 δηώσειν Ἀχιλῆα καὶ εὐρέα λαὸν ὀλέσσειν
 Ἀργείων, πυρσὸν δὲ νεῶν καθύπερθε βαλέσθαι· 95
 νηπίῃ· οὐδέ τι ἦδῃ εὐμμελίην Ἀχιλῆα,
 ὅσσον ὑπέρτατος ἦεν ἐνὶ φθισήνορι χάρμη.
 Τῆς δ' ὥς οὖν ἐπάκουσεν εὖς πάϊς Ἡετίωνος
 Ἀνδρομάχῃ, μάλα τοῖα φίλῳ προσελέξατο θυμῷ·
 “ ἂ δειλὴ, τί νυ τόσσα μέγα φρονέουσ' ἀγορεύεις; 100
 οὐ γάρ τοι σθένος ἐστὶν ἀταρβεῖ Πηλείωνι
 μάρνασθ', ἀλλὰ σοὶ ὦκα φόνον καὶ λαιγὸν ἐφήσει.
 λευγαλέῃ, τί μέμνηας ἀνὰ φρένας; ἡ νύ τοι ἄγχι
 ἔσθηκεν Θανάτοιο τέλος καὶ δαίμονος Αἴσα.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Then at the last, by a cunning leech's skill,
Or by a God's grace, sees the dawn-rose flush,
Sees the mist rolled back from before his eyes,—
80 Yea, though clear vision come not as of old,
Yet, after all his anguish, joys to have
Some small relief, albeit the stings of pain
Prick sharply yet beneath his eyelids ;—so
Joyed the old king to see that terrible queen—
The shadowy joy of one in anguish whelmed
85 For slain sons. Into his halls he led the Maid,
And with glad welcome honoured her, as one
Who greets a daughter to her home returned
From a far country in the twentieth year ;
And set a feast before her, sumptuous
As battle-glorious kings, who have brought low
Nations of foes, array in splendour of pomp,
90 With hearts in pride of victory triumphing.
And gifts he gave her costly and fair to see,
And pledged him to give many more, so she
Would save the Trojans from the imminent doom.
And she—such deeds she promised as no man
Had hoped for, even to lay Achilles low,
To smite the wide host of the Argive men,
95 And cast the brands red-flaming on the ships.
Ah fool !—but little knew she him, the lord
Of ashen spears, how far Achilles' might
In warrior-wasting strife o'erpassed her own !
But when Andromache, the stately child
Of king Eetion, heard the wild queen's vaunt,
Low to her own soul bitterly murmured she :
100 " Ah hapless ! why with arrogant heart dost thou
Speak such great swelling words ? No strength is thine
To grapple in fight with Peleus' aweless son.
Nay, doom and swift death shall he deal to thee.
Alas for thee ! What madness thrills thy soul ?
Fate and the end of death stand hard by thee !

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Ἐκτωρ γὰρ σέο πολλὸν ὑπέρτερος ἔπλετο δουρί· 105
ἀλλ' ἐδάμη κρατερός περ ἑὼν, μέγα δ' ἤκαχε

Τρῶας,

οἳ ἔθεδον ὥς πάντες ἀνὰ πτόλιν εἰσορόωντο·
καί μοι ἔην μέγα κῦδος ἰδ' ἀντιθέοις τοκέεσσι
ζῶδς ἑὼν· ὥς εἴ με χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα κεκεύθει,
πρίν ἐ δι' ἀνθρεῶνος ὑπ' ἔγχρῃ θυμὸν ὀλέσσαι. 110
νῦν δ' ἄρ' ἀάσπετον ἄλγος οἰζυρῶς ἐσάθρησα,
κεῖνον ὅτ' ἀμφὶ πόλῃα ποδώκεες εἵρουσι ἵπποι
ἀργαλέως Ἀχιλῆος, ὃ μ' ἀνέρος εὖνιν ἔθηκε
κουριδίου, τό μοι αἰνὸν ἄχος πέλει ἡματα πάντα."

Ὡς φάθ' ἐὼν κατὰ θυμὸν εὖσφυρος Ἡετιῶνῃ 115
μνησαμένη πόσιος· μάλα γὰρ μέγα πένθος ἀέξει
ἀνδρὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο σαόφροσι θηλυτέρησιν.

Ἥελιος δὲ θοῇσιν ἐλισσόμενος περὶ δίνης
δύσατ' ἐς ὠκεανοῖο βαθὺν ῥόον, ἥνυτο δ' ἡώς.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ παύσαντο ποτοῦ δαιτός τ' ἐρατεινῆς, 120
δὴ τότε πον δμῶαί στόρεσαν θυμῆρεα λέκτρα
ἐν Πριάμοιο δόμοισι θρασύφρονι Πενθεσιλείῃ·
ἡ δὲ κιούσ' εὐδεσκεν· ὕπνιος δέ οἱ ὅσσε κάλυψε
νήδυμος ἀμφιπεσών· μόλε δ' αἰθέρος ἐξ ὑπάτιοιο
Παλλάδος ἐννεσίῃσι μένος δολόεντος Ὀνειρου, 125
ὅππως μιν λεύσσουσα κακὸν Τρώεσσι γένηται
οἳ τ' αὐτῇ, μεμαυῖα ποτὶ πτολέμου στροφάλιγγα.¹
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ὄρμαινε δαΐφρων Τριτογένεια·
τῇ δ' ἄρα λυγρὸς Ὀνειρος ἐφίστατο πατρὶ ἑοικώς,
καὶ μιν ἐποτρύνεσκε ποδάρκεος ἄντ' Ἀχιλῆος 130

¹ Zimmermann, for πτολέμοιο φάλαγγας of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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

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

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θαρσαλέως μάρνασθαι ἐναντίον· ἡ δ' αἶουσα
 γήθειεν ἐν φρεσὶ πάμπαν· οἷσσοτο γὰρ μέγα ἔργον
 ἐκτελέσειν αὐτῆμαρ ἀνὰ μόθον ὀκρυνέοντα·
 νηπίη· ἡ ῥ' ἐπίθησεν οἷζυρῶ περ Ὀνειρῶ
 ἔσπερίῳ, ὃς φύλα πολυτλήτων ἀνθρώπων 135
 θέλγει ἐνὶ λεχέεσσιν ἄδην ἐπικέρτομα βάζων,
 ὃς μιν ἄρ' ἐξαπάφησεν ἐποτρύνων πονέεσθαι.
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἐπόρουσε ῥοδόσφυρος ἠριγένεια,
 δὴ τότε Πενθεσίλεια μέγ' ἐνθεμένη φρεσὶ κάρτος
 ἐξ εὐνῆς ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ἀμφ' ὥμοισιν ἔδυνε 140
 τεύχεα δαιδαλόεντα, τά οἱ θεὸς ὥπασεν Ἄρης.
 πρῶτα μὲν ἄρ' κνήμησιν ἐπ' ἀργυφέσιν ἔθηκε
 κνημίδας χρυσέας, αἷ οἱ ἔσαν εὖ ἀραρυῖαι·
 ἔσσοτο δ' αὖ θώρηκα παναίολον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὥμοις
 θήκατο κυδιόωσα μέγα ξίφος, ᾧ πέρι πάντη 145
 κουλεὸς εὖ ἦσκητο δι' ἀργύρου ἡδ' ἐλέφαντος·
 ἂν δ' ἔλετ' ἀσπίδα δῖαν ἀλίγκιον ἀντυγι μήνης,
 ἣ θ' ὑπὲρ ὠκεανοῖο βαθυρρόου ἀντέλλησιν
 ἥμισυ πεπληθυῖα περὶ γναμπτῆσι κεραίης·
 τοίη μαρμαίρεσκεν ἀάσπετον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κρατὶ 150
 θῆκε κόρυν κομόωσαν ἐθειρήσι χρυσέησιν·
 ὥς ἡ μὲν μορόοντα περὶ χροῖ θήκατο τεύχη.
 ἀστεροπῇ δ' ἀτάλαντος εἶδετο, τὴν ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου
 ἐς γαῖαν προΐησι Διὸς μένος ἀκαμάτοιο
 δεικνὺς ἀνθρώποισι μένος βαρυχεὸς ὄμβρου 155
 ἡὲ πολυρροΐζων ἀνέμων ἄλληκτον ἰωήν.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

35
Fleetfoot Achilles. And she heard the voice,
And all her heart exulted, for she weened
That she should on that dawning day achieve
A mighty deed in battle's deadly toil—
Ah, fool, who trusted for her sorrow a dream
Out of the sunless land, such as beguiles
Full oft the travail-burdened tribes of men,
Whispering mocking lies in sleeping ears,
And to the battle's travail lured her then!

40
But when the Dawn, the rosy-ankled, leapt
Up from her bed, then, clad in mighty strength
Of spirit, suddenly from her couch arose
Penthesileia. Then did she array
Her shoulders in those wondrous-fashioned arms
Given her of the War-god. First she laid
Beneath her silver-gleaming knees the greaves
Fashioned of gold, close-clipping the strong limbs.
Her rainbow-radiant corslet clasped she then
About her, and around her shoulders slung,
45
With glory in her heart, the massy brand
Whose shining length was in a scabbard sheathed
Of ivory and silver. Next, her shield
Unearthly splendid, caught she up, whose rim
Swelled like the young moon's arching chariot-rail
When high o'er Ocean's fathomless-flowing stream
She rises, with the space half filled with light
Betwixt her bowing horns. So did it shine
Unutterably fair. Then on her head
She settled the bright helmet overstreamed
With a wild mane of golden-glistening hairs.
So stood she, lapped about with flaming mail,
In semblance like the lightning, which the might,
The never-wearied might of Zeus, to earth
Hurleth, what time he showeth forth to men
Fury of thunderous-roaring rain, or swoop
Resistless of his shouting host of winds.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

αὐτίκα δ' ἐγκονέουσα διῆκ μεγάροιο νέεσθαι
δοιὸνς εἴλετ' ἄκοντας ὑπ' ἀσπίδα, δεξιτερῇ δὲ
βουπλῆγ' ἀμφίτυπον, τὸν οἱ Ἔρις ὥπασε δεινὴ
θυμοβόρου πολέμοιο πελώριον ἔμμεναι ἄλκαρ. 160
τῷ ἐπικαγαλώωσα τάχ' ἤλυθεν ἔκτοθι πύργων
Τρῶας ἐποτρύνουσα μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν
ἐλθέμεναι· τοὶ δ' ὦκα συναγρόμενοι πεπύθοντο
ἄνδρες ἀριστῆες, καίπερ πάρος οὐκ ἐθέλοντες
στήμεναι ἄντ' Ἀχιλλῆος· ὁ γὰρ περιδάμνατο
πάντας. 165

ἣ δ' ἄρα κυδιάσκειν ἀάσχετον· ἔξετο δ' ἵππῳ
καλῷ, ὠκυτάτῳ, τὸν οἱ ἄλοχος Βορέας
ὥπασεν Ὀρείθυια πάρος Θρήκηνδε κιούση
ξείνιον, ὃς τε θοῇσι μετέπρεπεν Ἀρπυίῃσι.
τῷ ῥα τόθ' ἐξομένη λίπεν ἄστεος αἰπὰ μέλαθρα 170
ἐσθλὴ Πενθεσίλεια· λυγραὶ δέ μιν ὀτρύνεσκον
Κῆρες ὁμῶς πρῶτην τε καὶ ὑστατίνην ἐπὶ δῆριν
ἐλθέμεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες ἀνοστήτοισι πόδεσσι
πολλοὶ ἔποντ' ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀναιδέα τλήμονι κούρη
Ἰλαδόν, ἥντε μῆλα μετὰ κτίλον, ὃς θ' ἅμα πάντων 175
νισσομένων προθέησι δαημοσύνησι νομῆος·
ὥς ἄρα τῇ γ' ἐφέποντο βίῃ μέγα μαιμώνωντες
Τρῶες εὖσθενέες καὶ Ἀμαζόνες ὀβριμόθυμοι.
ἣ δ' οὔη Τριτωνίς, ὅτ' ἤλυθεν ἅντα Γιγάντων,

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Then in hot haste forth of her bower to pass
Caught she two javelins in the hand that grasped
Her shield-band; but her strong right hand laid
hold

On a huge halberd, sharp of either blade,
Which terrible Eris gave to Ares' child
To be her Titan weapon in the strife
That raveneth souls of men. Laughing for glee
Thereover, swiftly flashed she forth the ring
Of towers. Her coming kindled all the sons
Of Troy to rush into the battle forth
Which crowneth men with glory. Swiftly all
Harkened her gathering-cry, and thronging came,
Champions, yea, even such as theretofore
Shrank back from standing in the ranks of war
Against Achilles the all-ravager.

But she—in pride of triumph on she rode
Throned on a goodly steed and fleet, the gift
Of Oreithyia, the wild North-wind's bride,
Given to her guest the warrior-maid, what time
She came to Thrace, a steed whose flying feet
Could match the Harpies' wings. Riding thereon
Penthesileia in her goodlihead

Left the tall palaces of Troy behind.
And ever were the ghastly-visaged Fates
Thrusting her on into the battle, doomed
To be her first against the Greeks—and last!
To right, to left, with unreturning feet
The Trojan thousands followed to the fray,
The pitiless fray, that death-doomed warrior-maid,
Followed in throngs, as follow sheep the ram
That by the shepherd's art strides before all.
So followed they, with battle-fury filled,
Strong Trojans and wild-hearted Amazons.
And like Tritonis seemed she, as she went
To meet the Giants, or as flasheth far

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἦ Ἔρις ἐγρεκύνδοιμος ἀνὰ στρατὸν αἰσσοῦσα, 180
τοίῃ ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι θοῇ πέλε Πενθεσίλεια.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Κρονίῳνι πολυτλήτους ἀναείρας
χεῖρας Λαομέδοντος ἐὺς γόνος ἀφνειοῖο
εὐχετ' ἐς ἱερὸν αἰπὺν τετραμμένος Ἰδαίοιο
Ζηνός, ὃς Ἴλιον αἰὲν εἰς ἐπιδέρκεται ὄσσοις· 185

“κλῦθι, πάτερ, καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαικὸν ἡματι τῷδε
δὸς πεσέειν ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀρηιάδος βασιλείης,
καὶ δ' αὖ μιν παλίνορσον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα σάωσον
ἄζόμενος τεδὸν νῖα πελώριον ὄβριμον Ἄρην,
αὐτὴν θ', οὐνεκ' εἴοικεν ἐπουρανίῃσι θεῇσιν 190
ἐκπάγλως, καὶ σείο θεοῦ γένος ἐστὶ γενέθλης.

αἰδεσσαι δ' ἐμὸν ἦτορ, ἐπεὶ κακὰ πολλὰ τέτληκα
παίδων ὀλλυμένων, οὓς μοι περὶ Κῆρες ἔμαρψαν
Ἀργείων παλάμῃσι κατὰ στόμα δημοτῆτος·
αἰδεο δ', ἕως ἔτι παῦροι ἀφ' αἵματός εἰμεν ἀγανού 195
Δαρδάνου, ἕως ἀδάϊκτος ἔτι πτόλις, ὅφρα καὶ ἡμεῖς
ἐκ φόνου ἀργαλείοιο καὶ Ἄρεος ἀμπνεύσωμεν.”

Ἡ ῥά μέγ' εὐχόμενος· τῷ δ' αἰετὸς ὄξυ κεκληγὼς
ἤδη ἀποπνεύουσαν ἔχων ὀνύχεσσι πέλειαν
ἐσσυμένως οἴμησεν ἀριστερός· ἀμφὶ δὲ θυμῷ 200
τάρβησε Πριάμοιο νόος, φάτο δ' οὐκέτ' ἀθρήσειν
ζωὴν Πενθεσίλειαν ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο κιούσαν·
καὶ τὸ μὲν ὥς ἡμελλον ἐτήτυμον ἡματι κείνῳ
Κῆρες ὑπεκτελέειν· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἄχυντο θυμὸν ἑαγώς.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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

In passionate prayer he spake:—lo, with shrill
scream

00 Swiftly to left an eagle darted by
And in his talons bare a gasping dove.
Then round the heart of Priam all the blood
Was chilled with fear. Low to his soul he said:
"Ne'er shall I see return alive from war
Penthesileia!" On that selfsame day
The Fates prepared his boding to fulfil;
And his heart brake with anguish of despair.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐθάμβεον, εὖτ' ἐσίδοντο 205
 Τρῶας ἐπεσσυμένους καὶ Ἀρηίδα Πενθεσίλειαν,
 τοὺς μὲν δὴ θήρεσσιν εἰκότας, οἳ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι
 ποίμνης εἰροπόκοισι φόνον στονόεντα φέρουσι,
 τὴν δὲ πυρὸς ῥιπῇ ἐναλίγκιον, ἥ τ' ἐπὶ θάμνοις
 μαίνεται ἀζαλέοισιν ἐπειγομένου ἀνέμοιο· 210
 καὶ τις ἅμ' ἀγορμένοισιν ἔπος ποτὶ τοῖον ἔειπεν·
 "τίς δὴ Τρῶας ἔγειρε μεθ' Ἑκτορα δηθέντα,
 οὓς φάμεν οὐκέτι νῶιν ὑπαντιάσειν μεμαῶτας ;
 νῦν δ' ἄφαρ αἰσσοῦσι λιλαιόμενοι μέγα χάρμης.
 καὶ νύ τις ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐποτρύνει πονέεσθαι· 215
 φαίης κεν θεὸν ἔμμεν, ἐπεὶ μέγα μῆδεται ἔργον.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε θάρσος ἅατον ἐνὶ στέρνοισι λαβόντες
 ἀλκῆς μνησώμεσθα δαΐφρονος· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡμεῖς
 νόσφι θεῶν Τρώεσσι μαχυσόμεθ' ἡματι τῷδε."

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δὲ φαεινὰ περὶ σφίσι τεύχεα
 θέντες 220

νηῶν ἐξεχέοντο μένος καταειμένοι ὤμοις·
 σὺν δ' ἔβαλον θήρεσσιν εἰκότες ὠμοβόροισι
 δῆριν ἐς αἱματώεσαν, ὁμοῦ δ' ἔχον ἔντεα καλά,
 ἔγχεα καὶ θώρηκας εὖσθενέας τε βοείας
 καὶ κόρυθας βριαράς, ἕτερος δ' ἑτέρου χροῖα χαλκῷ 225
 τύπτουν ἀπηλεγέως· τὸ δ' ἐρεύθετο Τρῳίον οὐδας.

Ἐνθ' ἔλε Πενθεσίλεια Μολίονα Περσινόον τε
 Εἰλισσόν τε καὶ Ἀντίθεον καὶ ἀγήνορα Λέρνον
 Ἰππαλμόν τε καὶ Αἰμονίδην κρατερόν τ' Ἑλᾶσ-
 ιππον·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Marvelled the Argives, far across the plain
Seeing the hosts of Troy charge down on them,
And midst them Penthesileia, Ares' child.
These seemed like ravening beasts that mid the hills
Bring grimly slaughter to the fleecy flocks ;
And she, as a rushing blast of flame she seemed
That maddeneth through the copses summer-
scorched,

When the wind drives it on ; and in this wise
Spake one to other in their mustering host :
" Who shall this be who thus can rouse to war
The Trojans, now that Hector hath been slain—
These who, we said, would never more find heart
To stand against us ? Lo now, suddenly
Forth are they rushing, madly afire for fight !
Sure, in their midst some great one kindleth them
To battle's toil ! Thou verily wouldst say
This were a God, of such great deeds he dreams !
Go to, with aweless courage let us arm
Our own breasts : let us summon up our might
In battle-fury. We shall lack not help
Of Gods this day to close in fight with Troy."

So cried they ; and their flashing battle-gear
Cast they about them : forth the ships they poured
Clad in the rage of fight as with a cloak.
Then front to front their battles closed, like beasts
Of ravin, locked in tangle of gory strife.
Clanged their bright mail together, clashed the
spears,

The corslets, and the stubborn-welded shields
And adamant helms. Each stabbed at other's flesh
With the fierce brass : was neither ruth nor rest,
And all the Trojan soil was crimson-red.

Then first Penthesileia smote and slew
Molion ; now Persinous falls, and now
Eilissus ; reeled Antitheus 'neath her spear.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Δηρινόη δ' ἔλε Λαογόνον, Κλονίη δὲ Μένιππον, 230
 ὅς ῥα πάρος Φυλακῆθεν ἐφέσπετο Πρωτεσιλάῳ,
 ὅπως κε Τρώεσσι ἐϋσθενέεσσι μάχεται.
 τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀποφθιμένοιο Ποδάρκει θυμὸς ὀρίνθη
 Ἴφικληιάδῃ· τὸν γὰρ μέγα φίλαθ' ἐταίρων·
 αἶψα δ' ὅ γ' ἀντιθέην Κλονίην βάλε, τῆς δὲ διαπρὸς 235
 ἦλθε δόρυ στιβαρὸν κατὰ νηδύος, ἐκ δὲ οἱ ὦκα
 δουρὶ χύθη μέλαν αἷμα, συνέσπετο δ' ἔγκατα πάντα·
 τῆς δ' ἄρα Πενθεσίλεια χολώσατο, καὶ ῥα

Ποδάρκεα

οὔτασεν ἐς μῦθον παχὺν περιμήκει δουρὶ
 χειρὸς δεξιτερῆς, διὰ δὲ φλέβας αἱματοέσσας 240
 κέρσε, μέλαν δὲ οἱ αἷμα δι' ἔλκεος οὐταμένοιο
 ἔβλυσεν ἐσσυμένως· ὁ δ' ἄρα στενάχων ἀπόρουσεν
 εἰσοπίσω· μάλα γάρ οἱ ἐδάμνατο θυμὸν ἀνίη·
 τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀπεσσυμένοιο ποθὴ Φυλάκεσιν ἐτύχθη
 ἄσπετος· ὃς δ' ἄρα βαιὸν ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο λιασθεῖς 245
 κάτθανε καρπαλίμως σφετέρων ἐν χερσὶν ἐταίρων.
 Ἰδομενεὺς δὲ Βρέμουναν ἐνήρατο δούρατι τύψας
 δεξιτερόν παρὰ μαζόν, ἄφαρ δὲ οἱ ἦτορ ἔλυσεν·
 ἥ δ' ἔπεσεν μελὶν ἐναλίκιος, ἦν τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι
 δουροτόμοι τέμνουσιν ὑπείροχον, ἥ δ' ἀλεγεινὸν 250
 ροῖζον ὁμῶς καὶ δοῦπον ἐρειπομένη προΐησιν·
 ὥς ἡ ἀνοιμώξασα πέσεν, τῆς δ' ἄψα πάντα
 λῦσε μόρος, ψυχὴ δ' ἐμίγη πολυαέσιν αὔραις.
 Εὐάνδρην δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἰδὲ Θερμώδωσαν
 εἶλεν ἐπεσσυμένας ὀλοὴν ἀνὰ δημοτῆτα 255

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τῇ μὲν ἄρ' ἐς κραδίην ἐλάσας δόρυ, τῇ δ' ὑπὸ νηδὺν
φάσγανον ἐγχρίμψας· τὰς δ' ἐσσυμένως λίπευ
αἰών.

Δηριώην δ' ἐδάμασσε· Οἰλέος ὄβριμος υἱὸς
ἔγχεϊ ὀκρίοντι διὰ κληῖδα τυχήσας.

Ἀλκιβίης δ' ἄρα Τυδείδης καὶ Δηριμαχείης 260

ἄμφω κρᾶτ' ἀπέκοψε σὺν αὐχέσιν ἄχρης ἐπ' ὤμους
ἄορι λευγαλέω· ταὶ δ' ἤντε πόρτιες ἄμφω

κάππεσον, ἃς τ' αἰζηὸς ἄφαρ ψυχῆς ἀπαμέρη
κόψας αὐχενίους στιβαρῶ βουπλήγι τένοντας·

ὥς αἱ Τυδεΐδαι πέσον παλάμῃσι δαμείσαι 265

Τρώων ἄμ πεδίον σφετέρων ἀπὸ νόσφι καρήνων.

τῇσι δ' ἔπι Σθένελος κρατερὸν κατέπεφε Κάβειρον.

ὃς κίεν ἐκ Σηστοῖο λιλαιόμενος πολεμίζειν

Ἀργείοις, οὐδ' αὖθις ἐὼν νοστήσατο πάτρην.

τοῦ δὲ Πάρις κραδίην ἐχολώσατο δηωθέντος, 270

καὶ ῥ' ἔβαλε Σθενέλοιο καταντίον· οὐδ' ἄρα τὸν γε

οὔτασεν ἐσσύμενός περ, ἀπεπλάγχθη γὰρ οἷστος

ἄλλῃ, ὅπῃ μιν Κῆρες ἀμείλιχοι ἰθύνεσκον·

κτεῖνε δ' ἄρ' ἐσσυμένως Εὐήνορα χαλκεομίτρην,

ὃς ῥ' ἐκ Δουλιχίου κίεν Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι. 275

τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀποφθιμένοιο παῖς Φυλῆος ἀγαυοῦ¹

ὠρίνθη· μάλα δ' ὤκα λέων ὥς πάεσι μῆλων

ἐνθορε· τοὶ δ' ἅμα πάντες ὑπέτρεσαν ὄβριμον

ἄνδρα·

κτεῖνε γάρ Ἴτυμονῆα καὶ Ἴππασίδην Ἀγέλαον,

οἱ ῥ' ἀπὸ Μιλήτοιο φέρον Δαναοῖσιν ὁμοκλήν 280

Νάστη ὑπ' ἀντιθέφ καὶ ὑπ' Ἀμφιμάχῳ μεγαθύμῳ,

¹ Zimmermann, from P for ἀγαυὸς of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Right to the heart of one he drave, and one
Stabbed with a lightning sword-thrust 'twixt the
hips:

Leapt through the wounds the life, and fled away.
Oileus' fiery son smote Derinoë
'Twixt throat and shoulder with his ruthless spear;
And on Alcibië Tydeus' terrible son
Swooped, and on Derimacheia: head with neck
Clean from the shoulders of these twain he shore
With ruin-wreaking brand. Together down
Fell they, as young calves by the massy axe
Of brawny flesher felled, that, shearing through
The sinews of the neck, lops life away.
So, by the hands of Tydeus' son laid low
Upon the Trojan plain, far, far away
From their own highland-home, they fell. Nor these
Alone died; for the might of Sthenelus
Down on them hurled Cabeirus' corse, who came
From Sestos, keen to fight the Argive foe,
But never saw his fatherland again.
Then was the heart of Paris filled with wrath
For a friend slain. Full upon Sthenelus
Aimed he a shaft death-winged, yet touched him not,
Despite his thirst for vengeance: elsewhere
The arrow glanced aside, and carried death
Whither the stern Fates guided its fierce wing,
And slew Evenor brazen-tasleted,
Who from Dulichium came to war with Troy.
For his death fury-kindled was the son
Of haughty Phyleus: as a lion leaps
Upon the flock, so swiftly rushed he: all
Shrank huddling back before that terrible man.
Itymoneus he slew, and Hippasus' son
Agelaus: from Miletus brought they war
Against the Danaan men by Nastes led,

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

* * * * *

οἱ Μυκάλην ἐνέμοντο Λάτμοιό τε λευκὰ κάρηνα
 Βράγχου τ' ἄγkea μακρὰ καὶ ἡϊόεντα Πάνορμον
 Μαιάνδρου τε ρέεθρα βαθυρρόου, ὅς ῥ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν
 Καρῶν ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀπὸ Φρυγίης πολυμήλου 285
 εἴσι πολυγνάμπτουσιν ἐλισσόμενος προχοῇσι.
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέπεφνε Μέγης ἐν δηιοτῇτι·
 ἄλλους δ' αὖτ' ἐδάμασσε, ὅσους κίχε δουρὶ
 κελαινῷ·

ἐν γάρ οἱ στέρνοισι θράσος βάλε Τριτογένεια,
 ὅφρα κε δυσμενέεσσιν ὀλέθριον ἡμαρ ἐφείη. 290
 Δρησαῖον δ' ἐδάμασσε ἀρηίφιλος Πολυπόιτης,
 τὸν τέκε δια Νέαιρα περίφρονι Θειοδάμαντι
 μιχθεῖς ἐν λεχέεσσιν ὑπαὶ Σιπύλῳ νιφόεντι,
 ἧχι θεοὶ Νιόβην λᾶαν θέσαν, ἧς ἔτι δάκρυ
 πουλὺ μάλα στυφελῆς καταλείβεται ὑψόθι
 πέτρης, 295

καὶ οἱ συστοναχοῦσι ῥοαὶ πολυηχέος Ἑρμου
 καὶ κορυφαὶ Σιπύλου περιμήκεες, ὧν καθύπερθεν
 ἐχθρὴ μηλονόμοισιν αἰεὶ περιπέπτат' ὀμίχλη·
 ἡ δὲ πέλει μέγα θαῦμα παρессυνμένοις βροτοῖσιν,
 οὐνεκ' ἔοικε γυναικὶ πολυστόνῳ, ἣ τ' ἐπὶ λυγρῷ 300
 πένθει μυρομένη μάλα μυρία δάκρυα χεύει·
 καὶ τὸ μὲν ἀτρεκέως φῆς ἔμμεναι, ὁππότ' ἄρ'
 αὐτὴν
 τηλόθεν ἀθρήσειας· ἐπὴν δέ ο' ἐγγὺς ἴκηαι,

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

The god-like, and Amphimachus mighty-souled,
On Mycale they dwelt ; beside their home
Rose Latmus' snowy crests, stretched the long glens
Of Branchus, and Panormus' water-meads.
Maeander's flood deep-rolling swept thereby,
Which from the Phrygian uplands, pastured o'er
By myriad flocks, around a thousand forelands
Curls, swirls, and drives his hurrying ripples on
Down to the vine-clad land of Carian men.
These mid the storm of battle Meges slew,
Nor these alone, but whomsoe'er his lance
Black-shafted touched, were dead men ; for his
breast

The glorious Triton-born with courage thrilled
To bring to all his foes the day of doom.
And Polypoetes, dear to Ares, slew
Dresaeus, whom the Nymph Neaera bare
To passing-wise Theiodamas : for these
Spread was the bed of love beside the foot
Of Sipylus the Mountain, where the Gods
Made Niobe a stony rock, wherefrom
Tears ever stream : high up, the rugged crag
Bows as one weeping, weeping : waterfalls
Cry from far-echoing Hermus, wailing moan
Of sympathy : the sky-encountering crests
Of Sipylus, where alway floats a mist
Hated of shepherds, echo back the cry.
Weird marvel seems that Rock of Niobe
To men that pass with feet fear-goaded : there
They see the likeness of a woman bowed,
In depths of anguish sobbing, and her tears
Drop, as she mourns grief-stricken, endlessly.
Yea, thou wouldst say that verily so it was,
Viewing it from afar ; but when hard by
Thou standest, all the illusion vanishes ;
And lo, a steep-browed rock, a fragment rent

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φαίνεται αἰπήσσσα πέτρῃ Σιπύλοιό τ' ἀπορρώξ.
ἀλλ' ἡ μὲν μακάρων ὁλοὸν χόλον ἐκτελέουσα 305
μύρεται ἐν πέτρῃσιν ἔτ' ἀχρυμένη εἰκυῖα.

"Ἄλλοι δ' ἀμφ' ἄλλοισι φόνον καὶ κῆρ' ἐτίθεντο
ἀργαλέην· δεινὸς γὰρ ἐνεστρωφάτο Κυδοιμὸς
λαοῖς ἐν μέσσοισιν· ἀταρτηρὸν δέ οἱ ἄγχι
εἰστήκει Θανάτοιο τέλος, περὶ δέ σφισι Κῆρες 310
λευγαλαί στρωφῶντο φόνον στονόεντα φέρουσαι.
πολλῶν δ' ἐν κοινήσι λύθη κέαρ ἥματι κείνῳ
Τρώων τ' Ἀργείων τε, πολὺς δ' ἀλαλητὸς ὀρώρει·
οὐ γάρ πως ἀπέληγε μένος μέγα Πενθεσιλείης,
ἀλλ' ὥς τις τε βόεσσι κατ' οὔρεα μακρὰ λείαινα 315
ἐνθόρῃ αἶψα βαθυσκοπέλου διὰ βήσσης
αἵματος ἰμείρουσα, τό οἱ μάλα θυμὸν ἱαίνει·
ὥς τῆμος Δαναοῖσιν Ἀρηιάς ἐνθορε κούρη.
οἱ δ' ὀπίσω χάζοντο τεθηπότα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,
ἡ δ' ἔπετ' ἡὔτε κύμα βαρυγδούποιο θαλάσσης 320
νῆσιν ὠκείησιν, ὅθ' ἰστία λευκὰ πετάσση
οὔρος ἐπειγόμενος, βοόωσι δὲ πάντοθεν ἄκραι
πόντου ἐρευγομένοιο ποτὶ χθονὸς ἡόνα μακρὴν.
ὥς ἢ γ' ἐσπομένη Δαναῶν ἐδάϊξε φύλαγγας,
καὶ σφιν ἐπηπείλησε μέγα φρεσὶ κυδιώουσα· 325

"ὦ κύνες, ὥς Πριάμοιο κακὴν ἀποτίσετε λῶβην
σήμερον· οὐ γάρ πώ τις ἐμὸν σθένος ἐξυπαλύξας
χάρμα φίλοις τοκέεσσι καὶ νιάσιν ἡδ' ἀλόχοισιν
ἔσσεται· οἰωνοῖς δὲ βόσις καὶ θηρσὶ θανόντες

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

From Sipylus—yet Niobe is there,
Dreeing her weird, the debt of wrath divine,
A broken heart in guise of shattered stone.

All through the tangle of that desperate fray
Stalked slaughter and doom. The incarnate Onset-
shout

Raved through the rolling battle ; at her side
Paced Death the ruthless, and the Fearful Faces,
The Fates, beside them strode, and in red hands
Bare murder and the groans of dying men.
That day the beating of full many a heart,
Trojan and Argive, was for ever stilled,
While roared the battle round them, while the fury
Of Penthesileia fainted not nor failed ;

But as amid long ridges of lone hills
A lioness, stealing down a deep ravine,
Springs on the kine with lightning leap, athirst
For blood wherein her fierce heart revelleth ;
So on the Danaans leapt that warrior-maid.
And they, their souls were cowed : backward they
shrank,

And fast she followed, as a towering surge
Chases across the thunder-booming sea
A flying bark, whose white sails strain beneath
The wind's wild buffeting, and all the air
Maddens with roaring, as the rollers crash
On a black foreland looming on the lee
Where long reefs fringe the surf-tormented shores.
So chased she, and so dashed the ranks asunder
Triumphant-souled, and hurled fierce threats before :
“ Ye dogs, this day for evil outrage done
To Priam shall ye pay ! No man of you
Shall from mine hands deliver his own life,
And win back home, to gladden parents' eyes,
Or comfort wife or children. Ye shall lie
Dead, ravined on by vultures and by wolves,

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κείσεσθ', οὐδέ τι τύμβος ἐφ' ὑμέας ἔξεται αἴης. 330
 πῇ νῦν Τυδείδαο βίη, πῇ δ' Αἰακίδαο,
 ποῦ δὲ καὶ Αἴαντος; τοὺς γὰρ φάτις ἔμμεν ἀρίσ-
 τούς·

ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ οὐ τλήσονται ἐναντία δηριάσθαι,
 μή σφιν ἀπὸ μελέων ψυχὰς φθιμένοισι πελάσσω."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ Ἀργείοισι μέγα φρονέουσ' ἐνόρουσε 335
 θηρὶ βίην εἰκυῖα, πολὺν δ' ὑπεδάμνατο λαὸν
 ἄλλοτε μὲν βουπλήγι βαρυστόμῳ, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε
 πάλλουσ' ὄξυν ἄκοντα· φέρεν δέ οἱ αἰόλος ἵππος
 ἰοδόκην καὶ τόξον ἀμείλιχον, εἴ που ἄρ' αὐτῇ
 χρεῖω ἀν' αἵματόεντα μόθον βελέων ἀλεγεινῶν 340
 καὶ τόξοιο πέλοιτο· θοοὶ δέ οἱ ἄνδρες ἔποντο
 "Ἐκτορος ἀγχεμάχοιο κασίγνητοί τε φίλοι τε
 ὄβριμον ἐν στέρνοισιν ἀναπνεύοντες" Ἀρηα,
 οἱ Δαναοὺς ἐδάϊζον ἐϋξέστης μελήσιν·
 τοὶ δὲ θοοῖς φύλλοισιν ἐοικότες ἢ ψεκάδεσσι 345
 πίπτον ἐπασσύτεροι, μέγα δ' ἔστενεν ἄσπετος αἶα
 αἵματι δενομένη νεκύεσσί τε πεπληθυῖα·
 ἵπποι δ' ἀμφὶ βέλεσσι πεπαρμένοι ἢ μελήσιν
 ὑστάτιον χρεμέτιζον ἐὼν μένος ἐκπνεύοντες·
 οἱ δὲ κόνιν βρυγμοῖσι¹ δεδραγμένοι ἀσπαίρεσκον 350
 τοὺς δ' ἄρα Τρῳῖοι ἵπποι ἐπεσσύμενοι μετόπισθεν
 ἀντλον ὅπως στείβεσκον ὁμοῦ κταμένοισι πεσόν-
 τας.

¹ Zimmermann, for λαχμοῖσι of Koechly, and δραχμοῖσι of AMP.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

And none shall heap the earth-mound o'er your
clay.

Where skulketh now the strength of Tydeus' son,
And where the might of Aeacus' scion? Where
Is Aias' bulk? Ye vaunt them mightiest men
Of all your rabble. Ha! they will not dare
With me to close in battle, lest I drag
Forth from their fainting frames their craven souls!"

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

Horses pierced through with arrows, or impaled
On spears, were snorting forth their last of strength
With screaming neighings. Men, with gnashing
teeth

Biting the dust, lay gasping, while the steeds
Of Trojan charioteers stormed in pursuit,
Trampling the dying mingled with the dead
As oxen trample corn in threshing-floors.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Καί τις ἐνὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀγάσσατο μακρὰ γεγη-
θώς,

ὡς ἶδε Πενθεσίλειαν ἀνὰ στρατὸν αἰσούσαν
λαίλαπι κυανέῃ ἐναλίγκιον, ἣ τ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ 355
μαίνειθ', ὅτ' αἰγοκερῇ συνέρχεται ἡελίου ἕς·
καὶ ῥ' ὃ γε μαφιδίησιν ἐπ' ἐλπωρῇσιν ἔειπεν·
ὦ φίλοι, ὡς ἀναφανδὸν ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ εἰλήλουθε
σήμερον ἀθανάτων τις, ἣν Ἄργείοισι μάχεται
ἡμῖν ἡρα φέρουσα Διὸς κρατερόφρονι βουλῇ, 360
ὃς τάχα πον μέμνηται εὐσθενέος Πριάμοιο,
ὃς ῥά οἱ εὐχεται εἶναι ἀφ' αἵματος ἀθανάτοιο.
οὐ γὰρ τήνδε γυναῖκά γ' ὀλομαι εἰσοράσθαι
αὐτῶς θαρσαλέην τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ τεύχε' ἔχουσαν,
ἀλλ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίην ἢ καρτερόθυμον Ἐννῶ 365
ἢ Ἐριδ' ἢ κλειτὴν Λητωίδα· καὶ μιν ὁτῶ
σήμερον Ἀργείοισι φόνον στονόνετα βαλέσθαι
νῆάς τ' ἐμπρήσειν ὀλοῇ πυρί, τῇσι πάροιθεν
ἤλυθον ἐς Τροίην νῶιν κακὰ πολλὰ φέροντες,
ἤλυθον ἄσχετον ἄμμιν ὑπ' Ἀρεΐ πῆμα φέροντες· 370
ἀλλ' οὐ μὲν παλινόρσοι ἐς Ἑλλάδα νοστήσαντες
πάτρην εὐφρανέουσιν, ἐπεὶ θεὸς ἄμμιν ἀρήγει."

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Τρώων τις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πάγχυ γεγηθώς,
νήπιος· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐφράσσατ' ἐπεσσύμενον βαρὺ

πῆμα

οἱ αὐτῷ καὶ Τρωσὶ καὶ αὐτῇ Πενθεσιλείῃ. 375
οὐ γὰρ πῶ τι μόθοιο δυσηχέος ἀμφιπέπυστο
Αἴας ὀβριμόθυμος ἰδὲ πτολίπορθος Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἀλλ' ἄμφω περὶ σῆμα Μενoitιάδαο κέχυντο
μνησάμενοι ἐτάριοιο· γόος δ' ἔχεν ἄλλυδις ἄλλον.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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

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τοὺς γὰρ δὴ μακάρων τις ἐρήτυε νόσφι κυδοιμοῦ, 380
ὄφρ' ἀλεγεινὸν ὄλεθρον ἀναπλήσωσι δαμέντες
πολλοὶ ὑπὸ Τρώεσσι καὶ ἐσθλῇ Πενθεσιλείῃ,
ἣ σφιν ἐπασσυτέροις κακὰ μῆδετο, καὶ οἱ ἄεξεν
ἀλκὴ ὁμῶς καὶ θάρσος ἐπὶ πλέον, οὐδέ ποτ'

αἰχμὴν

μαψιδίην ἴθυνεν, αἰεὶ δ' ἡ νῶτα δαίζε 385

φενγόντων ἡ στέρνα καταντίον αἰσόνων·
θερμῷ δ' αἵματι πάμπαν ἐδεύετο, γυῖα δ' ἐλαφρὰ
ἐπλετ' ἐπεσσυμένης· κάματος δ' οὐ δάμνατο
θυμὸν

ἄτρομον, ἀλλ' ἀδάμαντος ἔχεν μένος· εἰσέτι γάρ
μιν,

οὐπω ἐπὶ κλόνου αἰνὸν ἐποτρύνουσ' Ἀχιλλῆα,¹ 389a

Αἶσα λυγρὴ κύδαινε, ἀπόπροθι δ' ἐσθνηῖα 390

χάρμης κυδιάσκειν ὄλεθριον, οὐνεκ' ἔμελλε
κούρην οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν ὑπ' Αἰακίδαο χέρεσσι
δάμνασθ'· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν ζόφος ἔκρυφε· τὴν δ'
ὀρόθυνεν

αἰὲν αἴστος ἐοῦσα καὶ ἐς κακὸν ἦγεν ὄλεθρον
ῥστατα κυδαίνουσ'· ἡ δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον ἔναιρεν. 395

ὥς δ' ὀπόθ' ἐρσήεντος ἔσω κήποιο θοροῦσα

ποιῆς ἐλδομένη θυμηδέος εἶαρι πῶρτις

ἀνέρος οὐ παρεόντος ἐπέσσυται ἄλλοθεν ἄλλη

σινομένη φυτὰ πάντα νέον μάλα τηλεθώοντα,

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ κατέδαψε, τὰ δ' ἐν ποσὶν ἡμάλ-
δυνεν· 400

¹ Zimmermann, for MS. οὐνεκα μοῖρα ποτὶ κλεινὸν ὀτρύνουσ'
ἀχιλλῆα.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ὥς ἄρ' Ἀχαιῶν νῆας ἐπεσσυμένη καθ' ὅμιλον
κούρη Ἐνυαλίη τοὺς μὲν κτάνε, τοὺς δ' ἐφόβησε.

Τρωιάδες δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἀρήϊα ἔργα γυναικὸς
θαύμαζον, πολέμοιο δ' ἔρως λάβεν ἵπποδάμοιο
Ἀντιμάχοιο θύγατρα Μενεπτολέμοιο δ' ἄκοιτιν 405

Τισιφόνην· κρατερῇσι δ' ὑπὸ φρεσὶν ἐμμεμανία
θαρσαλέον φάτο μῦθον ὀμήλικας ὀτρύνουσα
δῆριν ἐπὶ στονόεσσιν· ἔγειρε δέ οἱ θράσος ἀλκήν·

“ὦ φίλοι, ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἐνὶ στέρνοισι λαβοῦσαι
ἀνδράσιν ἡμετέροισιν ὁμοῖον, οἱ περὶ πάτρης 410

δυσμενέσιν μάρνανται ὑπὲρ τεκέων τε καὶ ἡμέων,
οὐποτ' ἀναπνέοντες οἰζύος—ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ

παρθέμεναι φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἴσης μνησώμεθα χάρμης·
οὐ γὰρ ἀπόπροθὲν εἶμεν εὖσθενέων αἰζηῶν,

ἀλλ' οἷον κείνοισι πέλει μένος ἔστι καὶ ἡμῖν· 415
ἴσοι δ' ὀφθαλμοὶ καὶ γούνατα, πάντα δ' ὁμοῖα,

ξυνὸν δ' αὖ πάντεσσι φάος καὶ νήχυτος ἀήρ,
φορβὴ δ' οὐχ ἐτέρη· τί δ' ἐπ' ἀνδράσι λώιον ἄλλο
θῆκε θεός; τῷ μὴ τι φεβώμεθα δημοτῆτα.

ἢ οὐχ ὁράατε γυναῖκα μέγ' αἰζηῶν προφέρουσαν 420
ἀγχεμάχων; τῆς δ' οὔτι πέλει σχεδὸν οὔτε

γενέθλη

οὐτ' ἄρ' ἐὼν πολλίεθρον, ὑπὲρ ξεινοιο δ' ἀνακτος
μάρναται ἐκ θυμοῖο καὶ οὐκ ἐμπάζεται ἀνδρῶν

ἐνθεμένη φρεσὶ θάρσος ἀταρτηρόν τε νόημα·
ἡμῖν δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα παρὰ ποσὶν ἄλγεα κείται· 425
τῆς μὲν γὰρ φίλα τέκνα καὶ ἀνέρες ἀμφὶ πόλῃ

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ᾠλλυνθ', αἱ δὲ τοκῆας ὀδυρόμεθ' οὐκέτ' ἔοντας·
 ἄλλαι δ' αὖτ' ἀκάχνηται ἀδελφείων ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ
 καὶ πηῶν· οὐ γάρ τις οἴζυρῃς κακότητος
 ἄμμορος· ἐλπωρὴ δὲ πέλει καὶ δούλιον ἡμαρ 430
 εἰσιδέειν· τῷ μὴ τις ἔτ' ἀμβολίῃ πολέμοιο
 εἷη τειρομένησιν· ἔοικε γὰρ ἐν δαῖ μάλλον
 τεθνάμεν ἢ μετόπισθεν ὑπ' ἀλλοδαποῖσιν ἄγεσθαι
 νηπιάχοις ἅμα παισὶν ἀνηρῇ ὑπ' ἀνάγκῃ
 ἄστεος αἰθομένοιο καὶ ἀνδρῶν οὐκέτ' ἔοντων." 435

Ἦς ἄρ' ἔφη· πάσῃσι δ' ἔρως στυγεροῖο μόθοιο
 ἔμπεσεν· ἐσσυμένως δὲ πρὸ τείχεος ὀρμαίνεσκον
 βήμεναι ἐν τεύχεσσι· ἀρηγέμεναι μεμαῖναι
 ἄσπεϊ καὶ λαοῖσιν· ὀρίνετο δὲ σφισι θυμός.
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἔσω σίμβλοιο μέγ' ἰύζωσι μέλισσαι 440
 χείματος οὐκέτ' ἔοντας, ὅτ' ἐς νομὸν ἐντύνονται
 ἐλθέμεν, οὐδ' ἄρα τῇσι φίλον πέλει ἔνδοθι μῖναι,
 ἄλλῃ δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρην προκαλίζεται ἐκτὸς ἄγεσθαι·
 ὥς ἄρα Τρωιάδες ποτὶ φύλοπιν ἐγκονέουσαι
 ἀλλήλας ὠτρυνον· ἀπόπροθι δ' εἷρια θέντο 445
 καὶ ταλάρους, ἀλεγεινὰ δ' ἐπ' ἔντεα χεῖρας ἱαλλον.

Καὶ νῦν κεν ἄστεος ἐκτὸς ἅμα σφετέροισιν ὄλοντο
 ἀνδράσι καὶ σθεναρῇσιν Ἀμαζόσιν ἐν δαῖ κείνῃ,
 εἰ μὴ σφεας κατέρυξε πύκα φρονέουσα Θεανὼ
 ἐσσυμένας πινυτοῖσι παραδύσασ' ἐπέεσσι· 450
 "τίπτε ποτὶ κλόνον αἰνὸν ἐελδόμεναι πονέεσθαι,
 σχέτλιαί, οὔτι πάροιθε πονησάμεναι περὶ χάρμης,
 ἀλλ' ἄρα νηίδες ἔργον ἐπ' ἀτλητον μεμαῖναι

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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

445 The weaving-wool, the distaff far they flung,
And to grim weapons stretched their eager hands.

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ὄρυσσθ' ἀφραδέως; οὐ γὰρ σθένος ἔσσεται ἴσον
 ἡμῖν καὶ Δαναοῖσιν ἐπισταμένοισι μάχεσθαι. 455
 αὐτὰρ Ἀμαζόσι δῆρις ἀμείλιχος ἵππασίαι τε
 εὖαδον ἐξ ἀρχῆς καὶ ὅσ' ἀνέρες ἔργα μέλονται·
 τοῦνεκ' ἄρα σφίσι θυμὸς ἀρήιος αἰὲν ὄρωρεν,
 οὐδ' ἀνδρῶν δεύονται, ἐπεὶ πόνος ἐς μέγα κάρτος
 θυμὸν ἀνέξῃσε καὶ ἄτρομα γούνατ' ἔθηκε. 460
 τὴν δὲ φάτις καὶ Ἄρηος ἔμεν κρατεροῖο θύγατρα·
 τῷ οἱ θηλυτέρην τιν' ἐριζέμεν οὔτι ἔοικεν·
 ἢ ἐτάχ' ἀθανάτων τις ἐπήλυθεν εὐχομένοισιν.
 πᾶσι δ' ἄρ' ἀνθρώποισιν ὁμὸν γένος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ ἔργα
 στρωφῶντ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλα· πέλει δ' ἄρα κείνο
 φέριστον 465

ἔργον, ὃ τι φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἐπιστάμενος πονέηται·
 τοῦνεκα δημοτῆτος ἀποσχόμεναι κελαδαινῆς
 ἰστὸν ἐπεντύνεσθε φίλων ἔντοσθε μελάνθρων.
 ἀνδράσι δ' ἡμετέροισι περὶ πτολέμοιο μελήσει.
 ἐλπωρὴ δ' ἀγαθοῖο τάχ' ἔσσεται, οὔνεκ' Ἀχαιοὺς 470
 δερκόμεθ' ὀλλυμένους, μέγα δὲ κράτος ὀρνυται
 ἀνδρῶν

ἡμετέρων· οὐδ' ἔστι κακοῦ δέος· οὔτι γὰρ ἄστυ
 δῆιοι ἀμφὶς ἔχουσιν ἀνηλέες, οὔτ' ἀλεγεινὴ
 γίνετ' ἀναγκαίῃ καὶ θηλυτέρησι μάχεσθαι."

Ὡς φάτο· ταὶ δ' ἐπίθοντο παλαιότερῃ περ' εὐούσῃ, 475
 ὑσμίνην δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐσέδρακον. ἢ δ' ἔτι λαοὺς
 δάμνατο Πενθεσίλεια, περιτρομέοντο δ' Ἀχαιοί,

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὐδέ σφιν θανάτοιο πέλε στονούεντος ἄλυξις·
 ἀλλ' ἄτε μηκάδες αἶγες ὑπὸ βλοσυρῇσι γένυσσι
 πορδάλιος κτείνοντο, ποθὴ δ' ἔχεν οὐκέτι χάρμης 480
 ἀνέρας ἀλλὰ φόβοιο, καὶ ἄλλυδις ἦιον ἄλλοι
 οἱ μὲν ἀπορρίψαντες ἐπὶ χθόνα τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων,
 οἱ δ' ἄρα σὺν τεύχεσσι, καὶ ἡνιόχων ἀπάνευθεν
 ἵπποι ἴσαν φεύγοντες· ἐπεσσυμένοις δ' ἄρα χάρμα
 ἔπλετ', ἀπολλυμένων δὲ πολὺς στόνος· οὐδέ τις
 ἀλκή

485

γίνετο τειρομένοισι· μινυνθάδιοι δὲ πέλοντο
 πάντες, ὅσους ἐκίχανεν ἀνὰ κρυερὸν στόμα χάρμης.
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσασα μέγα στονόεσσα θύελλα
 ἄλλα μὲν ἐκ ριζέων χαμάδις βάλε δένδρεα μακρὰ
 ἄνθεσι τηλεθόωντα, τὰ δ' ἐκ πρέμνοιο κέδασσεν 490
 ὑψόθεν, ἀλλήλοισι δ' ἐπὶ κλασθέντα κέχυνται
 ὥς Δαναῶν κέκλιντο πολὺς στρατὸς ἐν κούρησι
 Μοιράων ἰότητι καὶ ἔγχεϊ Πενθεσιλείης.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ καὶ νῆες ἐνιπρήσεσθαι ἔμελλον
 χερσὶν ὑπο Τρώων, τότε πον μενεδήιος Αἴας 495
 οἰμωγῆς ἐσάκουσε καὶ Αἰακίδην προσέειπεν·
 “ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, περὶ δὴ μοι ἀπείριτος ἦλυθεν αὐδὴ
 οὐασιν ὥς πολέμοιο συνεσταότος μεγάλοιο·
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν, μὴ Τρώες ὑποφθάμενοι παρὰ νηυσὶν
 Ἀργείους ὀλέσωσι, καταφλέξωσι δὲ νῆας· 500
 νῶιν δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐλεγχεῖν ἀλεγεινὴ
 ἔσσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε Διὸς μεγάλοιο γεγῶτας
 αἰσχύνειν πατέρων ἱερὸν γένος, οἳ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Nor screen nor hiding-place from imminent death.
As bleating goats are by the blood-stained jaws
Of a grim panther torn, so slain were they.
In each man's heart all lust of battle died,
And fear alone lived. This way, that way fled
The panic-stricken : some to earth had flung
The armour from their shoulders ; some in dust
Grovelled in terror 'neath their shields : the steeds
Fled through the rout unreined of charioteers.
In rapture of triumph charged the Amazons,
With groan and scream of agony died the Greeks.
Withered their manhood was in that sore strait ;
Brief was the span of all whom that fierce maid
Mid the grim jaws of battle overtook.
As when with mighty roaring bursteth down
A storm upon the forest-trees, and some
Uprendeth by the roots, and on the earth
Dashes them down, the tall stems blossom-crowned,
And snappeth some athwart the trunk, and high
Whirls them through air, till all confused they lie
A ruin of splintered stems and shattered sprays ;
So the great Danaan host lay, dashed to dust
By doom of Fate, by Penthesileia's spear.

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τὸ πρὶν ἄμ' Ἡρακλῇ δαΐφρονι Λαομέδοντος
Τροίην,¹ ἀγλαὸν ἄστν, διέπραθον ἐγχείησιν. 505
ὥς καὶ νῦν τελέεσθαι ὑφ' ἡμετέρησιν οἴῳ
χερσίν, ἐπεὶ μέγα κάρτος ἀέξεται ἀμφοτέροισιν."

Ἦς φάτο· τῷ δ' ἐπίθησε θρασὺ σθένος Αἰακίδαο·
κλαγγὴν γὰρ στονόεσσαν ὑπέκλυεν οὔασιν οἴσιν.
ἄμφω δ' ὠρμήθησαν ἐπ' ἔντα μαρμαίροντα· 510
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐσάμενοι κατεναντίον ἔσταν ὁμίλου·
τῶν δ' ἄρα τεύχεα καλὰ μέγ' ἔβραχε· μαίνετο δέ
σφιν

ἶσον θυμὸς Ἄρηι· τόσον σθένος ἀμφοτέροισι
δῶκεν ἐπειγομένοισι σακέσπαλος Ἀτρυτώνη.
Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἐχάρησαν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον ἄνδρε κραταῖω 515
εἰδομένω παίδεσσιν Ἀλωῆος μεγάλιο,
οἷ ποτ' ἐπ' εὐρὺν Ὀλυμπον ἔφαν θέμεν οὔρεα
μακρὰ

Ὅσσαν τ' αἰπεινὴν καὶ Πήλιον ὑψικάρηνον,
ὅπως δὴ μεμαῶτε καὶ οὐρανὸν εἰσαφίκωνται· 520
τοιοὶ ἄρ' ἀντέστησαν ἀταρτηροῦ πολέμοιο
Αἰακίδαί, μέγα χάρμα λιλαιομένοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς,
ἄμφω ἐπειγόμενοι δηῖων ἀπὸ λαὸν ὀλέσσαι.
πολλοὺς δ' ἐγχείησιν ἀμαιμακέτησι δάμασαν·
ὥς δ' ὅτε πλοῖνα μῆλα βοοδμητῆρε λέοντε
εὐρόντ' ἐν ξυλόχοισι φίλων ἀπάνευθε νομήων 525

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

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

πανσυδίη κτείνωσιν, ἄχρῃς μέλαν αἶμα πiónτες
σπλάγχχων ἐμπλήσονται ἐὴν πολυχανδέα νηδύν·
ὥς οἱ γ' ἄμφω ὄλεσσαν ἀπειρέσιον στρατὸν ἀνδρῶν.

Ἔνθ' Αἴας ἔλε Δηίοχον καὶ ἀρήιον Ὕλλον,
Εὐρύνομόν τε φιλοπτόλεμον καὶ Ἐνυέα διον. 530

Ἀντάνδρην δ' ἄρα Πηλεΐδης ἔλε καὶ Πολεμοῦσαν
ἠδὲ καὶ Ἀντιβρότην, μετὰ δ' Ἴπποθόην ἐρίθυμον,
τῇσι δ' ἔφ' Ἀρμόθόην· ἐπὶ δ' ὄχετο λαὸν ἅπαντα
σὺν Τελαμωνιάδῃ μεγαλήτορι· τῶν δ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ
πυκναὶ τε σθεναραὶ τε κατηρείποντο φάλαγγες 535
ρεῖα καὶ ὀτραλέως, ὥσεϊ πυρὶ δάσκιος ὕλη
οὖρεος ἐν ξυνοχῇσιν ἐπισπέρχοντος ἀήτεω.

Τοὺς δ' ὁπότε εἰσενόησε δαΐφρων Πενθεσίλεια
θῆρας ὅπως θύνοντας ἀνὰ μόθον ὀκρυόεντα,
ἀμφοτέρων ὥρμησε καταντίον, ἥντε λυγρῇ 540
πόρδαλις ἐν ξυλόχοισιν ὀλέθριον ἦτορ ἔχουσα
αἰνὰ περισσαίνουσα θόρῃ κατέναντ' ἐπιόντων
ἀγρευτέων, οἵπερ μιν ἐν ἔντεσι θωρηχθέντες
ἐσσυμένην μίμνουσι πεποιθότες ἐγχείησιν·
ὥς ἄρα Πενθεσίλειαν ἀρήιοι ἄνδρες ἔμιμνον 545
δούρατ' ἀειράμενοι· περὶ δέ σφισι χαλκὸς αὐτεὶ
κινυμένων· πρώτη δ' ἔβαλεν περιμήκετον ἔγχος
ἐσθλῇ Πενθεσίλεια· τὸ δ' ἐς σάκος Αἰακίδαο
ἴξεν, ἀπεπλάγχθη δὲ διατρυφὲν εὖτ' ἀπὸ πέτρης·
τοῖ' ἔσαν Ἥφαιστοιο περίφρονος ἄμβροτα δῶρα. 550
ἢ δ' ἕτερον μετὰ χερσὶ τιτύσκετο θοῦρον ἄκοντα
Αἶαντος κατέναντα καὶ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἀπείλει·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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

When battle-eager Penthesileia saw
These twain, as through the scourging storm of war
40 Like ravening beasts they rushed, to meet them there
She sped, as when a leopard grim, whose mood
Is deadly, leaps from forest-coverts forth,
Lashing her tail, on hunters closing round,
While these, in armour clad, and putting trust
In their long spears, await her lightning leap ;
50 So did those warriors twain with spears upswung
Wait Penthesileia. Clanged the brazen plates
About their shoulders as they moved. And first
Leapt the long-shafted lance sped from the hand
Of goodly Penthesileia. Straight it flew
To the shield of Aeacus' son, but glancing thence
This way and that the shivered fragments sprang
As from a rock-face : of such temper were
The cunning-hearted Fire-god's gifts divine.
Then in her hand the warrior-maid swung up
A second javelin fury-winged, against

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

“ νῦν μὲν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐτώσιον ἔκθορεν ἔγχος·
 ἀλλ’ οἶω τάχα τῷδε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ὀλέσσειν
 ὑμέων ἀμφοτέρων, οἳ τ’ ἄλκιμοι εὐχετάασθε 555
 ἔμμεναι ἐν Δαναοῖσιν· ἐλαφροτέρη δὲ μόθοιο
 ἔσσεται ἵπποδάμοισι τότε Τρώεσσιν οἰζὺς.
 ἀλλὰ μοι ἄσπον ἵκεσθε κατὰ κλόνον, ὄφρ’ ἐσί-
 δησθε,

ὅσσον Ἀμαζόσι κάρτος ἐνὶ στήθεσσι νῶρεν·
 καὶ γὰρ μιν γένος ἐστὶν Ἀρήιον· οὐδέ με θνητὸς 560
 γείνατ’ ἀνὴρ, ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς Ἀρης ἀκόρητος ὁμοκλῆς·
 τοῦνεκά μοι μένος ἐστὶ πολὺ προφερέστατον
 ἀνδρῶν.”

ἦ, μέγα [καυχалоῦσα κατα φρένας· ἦκε δ’ ἄρ’
 ἐγχος
 δεῦτερον.] οἳ δ’ ἐγέλασαν, ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἤλασεν
 αἰχμῇ

Αἴαντος κυνημίδα πανάργυρον. οὐδέ οἱ εἴσω
 ἤλυθεν ἐς χροά καλὸν ἐπειγομένη περ ἰκέσθαι· 565
 οὐ γὰρ δὴ πέπρωτο μιγήμεναι αἵματι κείνου
 δυσμενέων στονόεσσαν ἐπὶ πτολέμοισιν ἀκωκὴν.
 Αἴας δ’ οὐκ ἀλέγιζεν Ἀμαζόνος, ἀλλ’ ἄρα Τρώων
 ἐς πληθὺν ἀνόρουσε· λίπεν δ’ ἄρα Πηλεΐωνι
 οἶφ Πενθεσίλειαν, ἐπεὶ ρά οἱ ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸς 570
 ἤδεεν, ὥς Ἀχιλῆι καὶ ἰφθίμῃ περ ἐοῦσα
 ῥηίδιος πόνος ἔσσεθ’ ὅπως ἴρηκι πέλεια.

Ἡ δὲ μέγα στονάχῃσεν ἐτώσια δοῦρα βαλοῦσα·
 καί μιν κερτομέων προσεφώνεε Πηλέος υἱός·
 “ ὦ γύναι, ὥς ἀλίοισιν ἀγαλλομένη ἐπέεσσιν 575
 46

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

Aias, and with fierce words defied the twain :

“ Ha, from mine hand in vain one lance hath leapt !

But with this second look I suddenly

To quell the strength and courage of two foes,—

Ay, though ye vaunt you mighty men of war

Amid your Danaans ! Die ye shall, and so

Lighter shall be the load of war's affliction

That lies upon the Trojan chariot-lords.

Draw nigh, come through the press to grips with me,

So shall ye learn what might wells up in breasts

Of Amazons. With my blood is mingled war !

No mortal man begat me, but the Lord

Of War, insatiate of the battle-cry.

Therefore my might is more than any man's.”

With scornful laughter spake she : then she hurled

Her second lance ; but they in utter scorn

Laughed now, as swiftly flew the shaft, and smote

The silver greave of Aias, and was foiled

Thereby, and all its fury could not scar

The flesh within ; for fate had ordered not

That any blade of foes should taste the blood

Of Aias in the bitter war. But he

Recked of the Amazon naught, but turned him
thence

To rush upon the Trojan host, and left

Penthesileia unto Peleus' son

Alone, for well he knew his heart within

That she, for all her prowess, none the less

Would cost Achilles battle-toil as light,

As effortless, as doth the dove the hawk.

Then groaned she an angry groan that she had
sped

Her shafts in vain ; and now with scoffing speech

To her in turn the son of Peleus spake :

“ Woman, with what vain vauntings triumphing

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἡμέων ἡλυθες ἅντα λιλαιομένη πολεμίζειν,
οἷ μέγα φέρτατοί εἰμεν ἐπιχθονίων ἡρώων·
ἐκ γὰρ δὴ Κρονίωνος ἐριγδούποιο γενέθλης
εὐχόμεθ' ἐκγεγάμεν· τρομέεσκε δὲ καὶ θεὸς Ἐκτωρ
ἡμέας, εἰ καὶ ἄπωθεν ἐσέδρακεν αἰττοντας
δῆριν ἐπὶ στονύεσσαν· ἐμῇ δέ μιν ἔκτανεν αἶχμῃ 580
καὶ κρατερόν περ ἔοντα· σὺ δ' ἐν φρεσὶ πάγχυ
μέμνηςας,

ἢ μέγ' ἔτλης καὶ νῶϊν ἐπηπείλησας ὄλεθρον
σήμερον· ἀλλὰ σοὶ εἴθαρ ἐλεύσεται ὕστατον ἡμαρ·
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' αὐτός σε πατὴρ ἔτι ῥύσεται Ἄρης 585
ἐξ ἐμέθεν· τίσεις δὲ κακὸν μόρον, εὖτ' ἐν ὄρεσσι
κεμμάς ὁμαρτήσασα βοοδμητῆρι λέοντι.
ἢ οὐπω τόδ' ἄκουσας, ὅσων ὑποκάππεσε γυῖα
Ξάνθου παρ προχοῇσιν ὑφ' ἡμετέρης παλάμῃσιν;
ἢ σεν πενθομένης μάκαρες φρένας ἐξείλυντο 590
καὶ νόον, ὅφρα σε Κῆρες ἀμείλιχοι ἀμφιχάνωσιν;"

Ὡς εἰπὼν οἶμησε κραταιῇ χειρὶ τιταίνων
λαοφόνον δόρυ μακρὸν ὑπαὶ Χείρωνι πονηθέν·
αἰψα δ' ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο δαΐφρονα Πενθεσίλειαν
οὐτασε δεξιτεροῖο· μέλαν δέ οἱ ἔρρεεν αἷμα 595
ἐσσυμένως· ἢ δ' εἴθαρ ὑπεκλίσθη μελέεσσιν·
ἐκ δ' ἔβαλεν χειρὸς πέλεκυν μέγαν· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ νύξ
ὀφθαλμοὺς ἤχλυσε καὶ ἐς φρένα δῦσαν ἀνῖαι.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἄμπνυε καὶ εἴσινε δῆιον ἄνδρα
ἤδη μιν μέλλοντα καθελκόμεν ὠκέος ἵππου· 600
ὠρμηνεν δ' ἢ χειρὶ μέγα ξίφος εἰρύσασα

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

In vain, because the Blessèd Ones have stol'n
Wit and discretion from thee, to the end
That Doom's relentless gulf might gape for thee?"

He spake; he swung up in his mighty hand
And sped the long spear warrior-slaying, wrought
By Chiron, and above the right breast pierced
The battle-eager maid. The red blood leapt
Forth, as a fountain wells, and all at once
Fainted the strength of Penthesileia's limbs;
Dropped the great battle-axe from her nerveless
hand;

A mist of darkness overveiled her eyes,
And anguish thrilled her soul. Yet even so
Still drew she difficult breath, still dimly saw
The hero, even now in act to drag
Her from the swift steed's back. Confusedly
She thought: "Or shall I draw my mighty sword,

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

μείναι ἐπεσσυμένοιο θοοῦ Ἀχιλῆος ἐρωήν,
ἢ κραιπνῶς ἵπποιο κατ' ὠκυτάτοιο θοροῦσα
λίσσεσθ' ἀνέρα δῖον, ὑποσχέσθαι δέ οἱ ὦκα
χαλκὸν ἄλις καὶ χρυσόν, ἃ τε φρένας ἔνδον ἰαίνει 605
θυητῶν ἀνθρώπων, εἰ καὶ μάλα τις θρασὺς εἴη,
τοῖς ἦν πῶς πεπίθοιτ' ὀλοὸν σθένος Αἰακίδαο·
ἦ καὶ ὀμηλικὴν αἰδεσσύμενος κατὰ θυμὸν
δῶή νόστιμον ἡμάρ ἐελδομένη περ ἀλύξαι.

Καὶ τὸ μὲν ὥς ὥρμαινε· θεοὶ δ' ἐτέρωσε βάλοντο. 610
τῇ γὰρ ἐπεσσύμενος μέγ' ἐχώσατο Πηλέος νιός,
καὶ οἱ ἄφαρ συνέπειρεν ἀελλόποδος δέμας ἵππου·
εὐτὲ τις ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ὑπὲρ πυρὸς αἰθαλόεντος
σπλάγχχνα διαμπεύρῃσιν ἐπείγόμενος ποτὶ δόρπον,
ἦ ὥς τις στονόμεντα βαλὼν ἐν ὄρεσσιν ἄκοντα 615
θηρητῆρ ἐλάφοιο μέσσην διὰ νηδύα κέρση
ἐσσυμένως, πταμένη δὲ διαμπερὲς ὄβριμος αἰχμὴ
πρέμνον ἐς ὑφικόμοιο πάγῃ δρυὸς ἥε νυ πεύκης·
ὥς ἄρα Πενθεσίλειαν ὁμῶς περικαλλεῖ ἵππῳ
ἀντικρὺ διάμησεν ὑπ' ἔγχεϊ μαιμώνωντι 620
Πηλεΐδης· ἦ δ' ὦκα μίγῃ κονίῃ καὶ ὀλέθρῳ
εὐσταλέως ἐριποῦσα κατ' οὐδεος· οὐδὲ οἱ αἰδῶς
ῥσχυνεν δέμας ἡΰ· τάθη δ' ἐπὶ νηδύα μακρῷ
δουρὶ περισπαίρουσα, θοῶ δ' ἐπεκέκλιτο ἵππῳ·
εὐτ' ἐλάτῃ κλασθεῖσά βίῃ κρυεροῦ Βορέαο, 625
ἦν τέ που αἰπυτάτην ἀνά τ' ἄγkea μακρὰ καὶ
ὕλην,

οἱ αὐτῇ μέγ' ἄγαλμα, τρέφει παρὰ πίδακι γαῖα·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τοίῃ Πενθεσίλεια κατ' ὠκέος ἤριπεν ἵππου
θηγητή περ' εὐόσα· κατεκλάσθη δέ οἱ ἄλκη.

Τρῶες δ' ὥς ἐσίδοντο δαΐκταμένην ἐνὶ χάρμῃ, 630
πανσυδίῃ τρομέοντες ἐπὶ πτόλιν ἐσσεύοντο
ἄσπετ' ἀκηχέμενοι μεγάλῳ περὶ πένθει θυμόν.
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν εὐρέα πόντον ἐπιβρίσαντος ἀήτεω
ναῦται νῆ' ὀλέσαντες ὑπεκπροφύγωσιν ὀλεθρον,
παῦροι πολλὰ καμόντες οἰζυρῆς ἀλὸς εἶσω, 635
ὀψὲ δ' ἄρα σφίσι γαῖα φάνη σχεδὸν ἡδὲ καὶ
ἄστν,

τοὶ δὲ μόγῳ στονόοντι τετρυμένοι ἄψφα πάντα
ἐξ ἀλὸς αἰτσοῦσι μέγ' ἀχνύμενοι περὶ νηὸς
ἡδ' ἐτάρων, οὓς αἰνὸν ὑπὸ ζόφον ἤλασε κύμα·
ὥς Τρῶες ποτὶ ἄστν πεφυζότες ἐκ πολέμοιο 640
κλαῖον πάντες Ἄρηος ἀμαιμακέτοιο θύγατρα
καὶ λαούς, οἳ δῆριν ἀνὰ στονόεσσαν ὄλοντο.

Τῇδ' ἐπικαγαλὼν μεγάλ' εὐχετο Πηλεὺς υἱός·
“ κεῖσό νυν ἐν κούρησι κυνῶν βόσις ἡδ' οἰωνῶν,
δειλαίη· τίς γάρ σε παρήπαφεν ἀντὶ ἐμεῖο 645
ἐλθέμεν; ἢ που ἔφησθα μάχης ἄπο νοστήσασα
οἰσέμεν ἄσπετα δῶρα παρὰ Πριάμοιο γέροντος
κτείνασ' Ἀργείους· ἀλλ' οὐ τόδε σοίγε νόημα
ἀθάνατοι ἐτέλεσαν, ἐπεὶ μέγα φέρτατοί εἰμεν
ἡρώων, Δαναοῖσι φάος μέγα, Τρωσὶ δὲ πῆμα 650
ἡδὲ σοὶ αἰνομόρῳ, ἐπειὴ νύ σε Κῆρες ἐρεμναὶ

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

So from the once fleet steed low fallen lay
Penthesileia, all her shattered strength
Brought down to this, and all her loveliness.

Now when the Trojans saw the Warrior-queen
Struck down in battle, ran through all their lines
A shiver of panic. Straightway to their walls
Turned they in flight, heart-agonized with grief.
As when on the wide sea, 'neath buffetings
Of storm-blasts, castaways whose ship is wrecked
Escape, a remnant of a crew, forspent
With desperate conflict with the cruel sea :
Late and at last appears the land hard by,
Appears a city : faint and weary-limbed
With that grim struggle, through the surf they
strain

To land, sore grieving for the good ship lost,
And shipmates whom the terrible surge dragged
down

To nether gloom ; so, Troyward as they fled
From battle, all those Trojans wept for her,
The Child of the resistless War-god, wept
For friends who died in groan-resounding fight.

Then over her with scornful laugh the son
Of Peleus vaunted : " In the dust lie there
A prey to teeth of dogs, to ravens' beaks,
Thou wretched thing ! Who cozened thee to come
Forth against me ? And thoughtest thou to fare
Home from the war alive, to bear with thee
Right royal gifts from Priam the old king,
Thy guerdon for slain Argives ? Ha, 'twas not
The Immortals who inspired thee with this thought,
Who know that I of heroes mightiest am,
The Danaans' light of safety, but a woe
To Trojans and to thee, O evil-starred !
Nay, but it was the darkness-shrouded Fates
And thine own folly of soul that pricked thee on

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

καὶ νόος ἐξορόθυνε γυναικῶν ἔργα λιποῦσαν
βήμεναι ἐς πόλεμον, τὸν περ τρομέουσι καὶ
ἄνδρες."

Ὡς εἰπὼν μελίην ἐξείρυσε Πηλέος υἱὸς
ὠκέος ἐξ ἵπποιο καὶ αἰνῆς Πενθεσιλείης· 655
ἄμφω δ' ἀσπαίρεσκον ὑφ' ἐν δόρυ δηωθέντες.
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κρατὸς κόρυν εἴλετο μαρμαίρουσαν
ἡελίου ἀκτῖσιν ἀλίγκιον ἢ Διὸς αἴγλη·
τῆς δὲ καὶ ἐν κονίησι καὶ αἵματι πεπτηνύης
ἐξεφάνη ἐρατῆσιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσι καλὰ πρόσωπα 660
καίπερ ἀποκταμένης· οἱ δ', ὥς ἴδον, ἀμφιέποντες
Ἀργεῖοι θάμβησαν, ἐπεὶ μακάρεσσιν ἐόκει.
κεῖτο γὰρ ἐν τεύχεσσι κατὰ χθονὸς ἧτ' ἀτειρῆς
Ἄρτεμις ὑπνώουσα, Διὸς τέκος, εὔτε κάμῃσι
γυῖα κατ' οὔρεα μακρὰ θοοὺς βάλλουσα λέοντας· 665
αὐτὴ γάρ μιν ἔτευξε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοισιν ἀγῆτην
Κύπρις εὐστέφανος κρατεροῦ παράκοιτις Ἄρης,
ὄφρα τι καὶ Πηλῆος ἀμύμονος υἱ' ἀκαχήσῃ.
πολλοὶ δ' εὐχετόωντο κατ' οἰκία νοστήσαντες
τοίης ἧς ἀλόχοιο παρὰ λεχέεσσιν ἰαῦσαι. 670
καὶ δ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἀλίσστον ἐφ' ἐνετείρετο θυμῷ,
οὐνέκα μιν κατέπεφνε καὶ οὐκ ἄγε δῖαν ἄκοιτιν
Φθίην εἰς εὐπωλον, ἐπεὶ μέγεθός τε καὶ εἶδος
ἔπλετ' ἀμόμητός τε καὶ ἀθανάτησιν ὁμοίῃ.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

So spake he, and his ashen spear the son
Of Peleus drew from that swift horse, and from
Penthesileia in death's agony.

Then steed and rider gasped their lives away
Slain by one spear. Now from her head he plucked
The helmet splendour-flashing like the beams
Of the great sun, or Zeus' own glory-light.

Then, there as fallen in dust and blood she lay,
Rose, like the breaking of the dawn, to view
'Neath dainty-pencilled brows a lovely face,
Lovely in death. The Argives thronged around,
And all they saw and marvelled, for she seemed
Like an Immortal. In her armour there

Upon the earth she lay, and seemed the Child
Of Zeus, the tireless Huntress Artemis
Sleeping, what time her feet forwearied are
With following lions with her flying shafts
Over the hills far-stretching. She was made

A wonder of beauty even in her death
By Aphrodite glorious-crowned, the Bride
Of the strong War-god, to the end that he,
The son of noble Peleus, might be pierced
With the sharp arrow of repentant love.

The warriors gazed, and in their hearts they prayed
That fair and sweet like her their wives might
seem,

Laid on the bed of love, when home they won.

Yea, and Achilles' very heart was wrung
With love's remorse to have slain a thing so sweet,
Who might have borne her home, his queenly bride,
To chariot-glorious Phthia; for she was
Flawless, a very daughter of the Gods,
Divinely tall, and most divinely fair.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Ἄρεϊ δ' ἔμπεσε πένθος ὑπὸ φρένας ἀμφὶ
θυγατρὸς 675

θυμὸν ἀκηχεμένῳ· τάχα δ' ἔκθορεν Οὐλύμποιο
σμερδαλέῳ ἀτάλαντος εὖ κτυπέοντι κεραυνῷ,
ὃν τε Ζεὺς προΐησιν, ὃ δ' ἀκαμάτης ἀπὸ χειρὸς
ἔσσεται ἢ ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπείριτον ἢ ἐπὶ γαῖαν
μαρμαίρων, τῷ δ' ἀμφὶ μέγας πελεμίζετ' Ὀλυμ-
πος· 680

τοῖος Ἄρης ταναοῖο δι' ἡέρος ἀσχαλὼν κῆρ
ἔσσυτο σὺν τεύχεσσι, ἐπεὶ μόρον αἰνὸν ἄκουσε
παιδὸς ἐῆς· τῷ γάρ ῥα κατ' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἔδντι
Ἀῦραι μνθήσαντο θοαὶ Βορέας θυγατρὲς
κούρης αἰνὸν ὄλεθρον· ὃ δ' ὡς κλύειν, ἴσος ἀέλλη 685
Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐπεβήσατο· τοῦ δ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν
ἄγχεα κίνυτο μακρὰ βαθύρρωχοι τε χαράδραι
καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ πάντες ἀπειρέσιοι πόδες Ἰδῆς.
καὶ νῦ κε Μυρμιδόνεσσι πολύστονον ὥπασεν
ἦμαρ,

εἰ μή μιν Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο φόβησε 690
σμερδαλέης στεροπῆσι καὶ ἀργαλέοισι κεραυνοῖς,
οἳ οἳ πρόσθε ποδῶν θαμέες ποτόωντο δι' αἵθρης
δεινὸν ἀπαιθόμενοι· ὃ δ' ἄρ' εἰσορόων ἐνόησε
πατὴρ ἐριγδούποιο μέγα βρομέουσαν ὁμοκλήν·
ἔσθη δ' ἐσσύμενός περ ἐπὶ πτολέμοιο κυδοιμόν. 695
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπ' ἡλιβάτου σκοπιῆς περιμήκεα λᾶαν
λάβρος ὁμῶς ἀνέμοισιν ἀπορρήξῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος,
ὄμβρος ἄρ' ἡὲ κεραυνός, ἐπικτυπέουσι δὲ βῆσσαι
λάβρα κυλινδομένοιο, ὃ δ' ἀκαμάτῳ ὑπὸ ροίζῳ
ἔσσυτ' ἀναθρόσκων μάλα ταρφέα, μέχρις ἵκηται 700
χῶρον ἐπ' ἰσόπεδον, σταῖη δ' ἄφαρ οὐκ ἐθέλων
περ·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

75 Then Ares' heart was thrilled with grief and rage
For his child slain. Straight from Olympus down
He darted, swift and bright as thunderbolt
Terribly flashing from the mighty hand
Of Zeus, far leaping o'er the trackless sea,
Or flaming o'er the land, while shuddereth
All wide Olympus as it passeth by.
So through the quivering air with heart aflame
Swooped Ares armour-clad, soon as he heard
30 The dread doom of his daughter. For the Gales,
The North-wind's fleet-winged daughters, bare to
him,

As through the wide halls of the sky he strode,
The tidings of the maiden's woeful end.
Soon as he heard it, like a tempest-blast
35 Down to the ridges of Ida leapt he: quaked
Under his feet the long glens and ravines
Deep-scored, all Ida's torrent-beds, and all
Far-stretching foot-hills. Now had Ares brought
A day of mourning on the Myrmidons,
But Zeus himself from far Olympus sent
Mid shattering thunders terror of levin-bolts
90 Which thick and fast leapt through the welkin down
Before his feet, blazing with fearful flames.
And Ares saw, and knew the stormy threat
Of the mighty-thundering Father, and he stayed
His eager feet, now on the very brink
Of battle's turmoil. As when some huge crag
05 Thrust from a beetling cliff-brow by the winds
And torrent rains, or lightning-lance of Zeus,
Leaps like a wild beast, and the mountain-glens
Fling back their crashing echoes as it rolls
In mad speed on, as with resistless swoop
00 Of bound on bound it rushes down, until
It cometh to the levels of the plain,
And there perforce its stormy flight is stayed;

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ὥς Διὸς ὄβριμος υἱὸς Ἄρης ἀέκοντί γε θυμῷ
ἔσθη ἐπειγόμενός περ, ἐπεὶ μακάρων μεδέοντι
πάντες ὁμῶς εἴκουσιν Ὀλύμπιοι, οὐνέκ' ἄρ' αὐτῶν
πολλὸν ὑπέρτατός ἐστι, πέλει δέ οἱ ἄσπετος ἀλκή. 705
πολλὰ δὲ πορφύροντα θοὸς νόος ὀτρύνεσκεν
ἄλλοτε μὲν Κρονίδαο μέγ' ἀσχαλῶντος ἐνιπὴν
σμερδαλέην τρομέοντα πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἀπονέεσθαι,
ἄλλοτε δ' οὐκ ἀλέγειν σφετέρου πατρός, ἄλλ'

Ἀχιλῆι

μῖξαι ἐν αἵματι χεῖρας ἀτειρέας. ὃψέ δέ οἱ κῆρ 710
μνήσαθ', ὅσοι καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι δάμησαν
υἱέες, οἷς οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἐπήρκεσεν ὀλλυμένοισιν
τοῦνεκ' ἀπ' Ἀργείων ἐκὰς ἦιεν· ἡ γὰρ ἔμελλεν
κεῖσθαι ὁμῶς Τιτῇσι δαμείς στονόεντι κεραυνῷ,
εἰ Διὸς ἀθανάτοιο παρέκ νόον ἄλλα μενοῖνα. 715

Καὶ τότε ἄρήιοι υἱες εὖσθενέων Ἀργείων
σύλleon ἐσσυμένως βεβρωτώμενα τεύχεα νεκρῶν
πάντη ἐπεσσύμενοι· μέγα δ' ἄχυντο Πηλέος υἱὸς
κούρης εἰσορόων ἐρατὸν σθένος ἐν κονίῃσι
τοῦνεκά οἱ κραδίην ὀλοαὶ κατέδαπτον ἀνῖαι 720
ὀππόσον ἀμφ' ἐτάριοιο πάρος Πατρόκλοιο δαμέντος.

Θερσίτης δέ μιν ἅντα κακῷ μέγα νείκεσε μῦθῳ·
“ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ φρένας αἰνέ, τίη νύ σευ ἦπαφε δαίμων
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στέρνοισιν Ἀμαζόνος εἵνεκα λυγρῆς,
ἡ νῶιν κακὰ πολλὰ λιλαίετο μητίσασθαι; 725
τῆς τοι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῆσι γυναιμανὲς ἦτορ ἔχοντι
μέμβλεται ὥς ἀλόχοιο πολύφρονος, ἣν τ' ἐπὶ ἔδνοις
κουριδίην μνήστευσας ἐελδόμενος γαμέεσθαι.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ὥς σ' ὄφελον κατὰ δῆριν ὑποφθαμένη βάλε δουρί,
οὔνεκα θηλυτέρησιν ἄδην ἐπιτέρπειαι ἦτορ, 730
οὐδέ νύ σοί τι μέμνηεν ἐνὶ φρεσὶν οὐλομένησιν
ἀμφ' ἀρετῆς κλυτὸν ἔργον, ἐπὴν ἐσίδησθ' αἰνῶνα.
σχέτλιε, ποῦ νύ τοί ἐστιν ἐὺ σθένος ἡδὲ νόημα;
πῇ δὲ βίῃ βασιλῆος ἀμύμονος; οὐδέ τι οἶσθα
ὅσσον ἄχος Τρώεσσι γυναιμανέουσι τέτυκται; 735
οὐ γὰρ τερπωλῆς ὀλοώτερον ἄλλο βροτοῖσιν
ἐς λέχος ἰέμενης, ἣ τ' ἄφρονα φῶτα τίθησι
καὶ πιτυτὸν περ ἐόντα· πόνω δ' ἄρα κῦδος ὀπηδεῖ.
ἀνδρὶ γὰρ αἰχμητῇ νίκης κλέος ἔργα τ' Ἄρης
τερπνά· φυγοπτολέμῳ δὲ γυναικῶν εὐαδεν εὐνή." 740
Ἦ μέγα νεικείων· ὁ δέ οἱ περιχώσατο θυμῷ
Πηλείδης ἐρίθυμος· ἄφαρ δὲ ἐ χειρὶ κραταιῇ
τύψε κατὰ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὐατος· οἱ δ' ἅμα πάντες
ἐξεχύθησαν ὀδόντες ἐπὶ χθόνα, κάππεσε δ' αὐτὸς
πρηνὴς· ἐκ δὲ οἱ αἶμα διὰ στόματος πεφόρητο 745
ἀθρόον· αἶψα δ' ἀναλκὶς ἀπὸ μελέων φύγε θυμὸς
ἀνέρος οὐτιδανοῖο· χάρη δ' ἄρα λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν
τοὺς γὰρ νείκεε πάμπαν ἐπεσβολίῃσι κακῇσιν
αὐτὸς ἐὼν λωβητός· ὁ γὰρ Δαναῶν πέλεν αἰδώς.
καὶ ρά τις ᾧδ' εἶπεσκεν ἀρηιθόων Ἀργείων· 750
"οὐκ ἀγαθὸν βασιλῆας ὑβρίζεμεν ἀνδρὶ χέρῃ
ἀμφαδὸν οὔτε κρυφιδόν, ἐπεὶ χόλος αἰνὸς ὀπηδεῖ·
ἔστι Θέμις, καὶ γλῶσσαν ἀναιδέα τίνυται Ἄτη,
ἣ τ' αἰεὶ μερόπεσιν ἐπ' ἄλγεσιν ἄλγος ἀέξει."
"Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Δαναῶν τις· ὁ δ' ἀσχαλῶν ἐνὶ θυμῷ 755
Πηλείδης ἐρίθυμος ἔπος ποτὶ τοῖον ἔειπεν·
60

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

“ κείσό νυν ἐν κονίησι λελασμένοις ἀφροσυνάων
 οὐ γὰρ ἀμείνονι φωτὶ χρεὼν κακὸν ἀντὶ ἐρίζειν
 ὥς καὶ που τὸ πάροιθεν Ὀδυσσῆος ταλαὸν κῆρ
 ἀργαλέως ὄρινας ἐλέγχεα μυρία βάζων. 760
 ἀλλ’ οὐ Πηλείδης τοι ὁμοίος ἐξεφαίνθη,
 ὅς σευ θυμὸν ἔλυσα καὶ οὐκέτι¹ χειρὶ βαρεῖη
 πληξάμενος· σὲ δὲ πότμος ἀμείλιχος ἀμφεκά-
 λυψεν,
 σῇ δ’ ὀλιγοδρανίη θυμὸν λίπες· ἀλλ’ ἀπ’ Ἀχαιῶν
 ἔρρε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοισιν ἐπεσβολίας ἀγόρευε.” 765
 Ὡς ἔφατ’ Αἰακίδαο θρασύφρονος ἄτρομος υἱός.
 Τυδείδης δ’ ἄρα μόνος ἐν Ἀργείοις Ἀχιλῆι
 χῶετο Θερσίταο δεδουπότος, οὐνεκ’ ἄρ’ αὐτοῦ
 εὐχετ’ ἀφ’ αἵματος εἶναι, ἐπεὶ πέλεν ὃς μὲν ἀγανοῦ
 Τυδέος ὄβριμος υἱός, ὁ δ’ Ἀγρίου ἰσοθόιο, 770
 Ἀγρίου, ὅς τ’ Οἰνῆος ἀδελφεὸς ἔπλετο δίου.
 Οἰνεὺς δ’ υἷέα γείνατ’ ἀρήιον ἐν Δαναοῖσι
 Τυδέα· τοῦ δ’ ἐτέτυκτο πάϊς σθεναρὸς Διομήδης.
 τοῦνεκα Θερσίταο περὶ κταμένοιο χαλέφθη.
 καὶ νύ κε Πηλείωνος ἐναντίον ἤρατο χεῖρας, 775
 εἰ μὴ μιν κατέρυξαν Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατοι υἱες,
 πολλὰ παρηγορέοντες ὁμιλαδόν· ὥς δὲ καὶ αὐτὸν
 Πηλείδην ἐτέρωθεν ἐρήτυον· ἦ γὰρ ἔμελλον
 ἤδη καὶ ξιφέεσσιν ἐριδμαίνειν οἱ ἄριστοι
 Ἀργείων· τοὺς γάρ ῥα κακὸς χόλος ὀτρύνεσκεν. 780
 ἀλλ’ οἱ μὲν πεπύθοντο παραιφασίησιν ἐταίρων.
 Οἱ δὲ μέγ’ οἰκτεῖραντες ἀγαυὴν Πενθεσίλεια
 Ἀτρεΐδαι βασιλῆες ἀγασσάμενοί ἐ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 Τρωσὶ δόσαν ποτὶ ἄστρῳ φέρειν ἐρικυδέος Ἴλου

¹ Zimmermann, for οὐκ ἐπὶ of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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

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

σὺν σφοῖσιν τεύχεσσιν, ἐπεὶ Πριάμοιο νόησαν 785
 ἀγγελίην προιέντος· ὁ γὰρ φρεσὶν ἤσι μενοίνα
 κούρην ὀβριμόθυμον ὁμῶς τεύχεσσι καὶ ἵππῳ
 ἐς μέγα σῆμα βαλέσθαι ἀφνειοῦ Λαομέδοντος.
 καὶ οἱ πυρκαῖην νηήσατο πρόσθε πόλης
 ὑψηλὴν, εὐρέαν· ὑπερθε δὲ θήκατο κούρην 790
 πολλοῖς σὺν κτεάτεσσιν, ὅσα κταμένη ἐπεφύκει
 ἐν πυρὶ συγκείασθαι εὐκτεάνῳ βασιλείῃ.
 καὶ τὴν μὲν κατέδαψε θοὸν μένος Ἥφαιστοιο,
 φλόξ ὅλοή· λαοὶ δὲ περισταδὸν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλοι
 πυρκαῖην σβέσσαντο θοῶς εὐώδει οἶνῳ. 795
 ὅστέα δ' ἀλλέξαντες ἄδην ἐπέχευαν ἄλειφα
 ἠδὺ καὶ ἐς κοίλῃν χηλὸν θέσαν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτοῖς
 πίοινα δημὸν ὑπερθε βάλλον βοός, ἥ τ' ἀγέλησιν
 Ἰδαίοις ἐν ὄρεσσι μετέπρεπε φερβομένησι.
 Τρῶες δ' ὥστε θύγατρα φίλῃν περικωκύσαντες 800
 ἀχνύμενοι τάρχυσαν ἐϋδμητον περὶ τεῖχος
 πύργῳ ἔπι προῦχοντι παρ' ὅστέα Λαομέδοντος
 ἦρα φέροντες Ἀρηι καὶ αὐτῇ Πειθεσιλείῃ.
 καὶ οἱ παρκατέθασαν Ἀμαζόνας, ὅσαι ἅμ' αὐτῇ
 ἐσπόμεναι ποτὶ δῆριν ὑπ' Ἀργείοισι δάμησαν· 805
 οὐ γάρ σφιν τύμβοιο πολυκλαύτοιο μέγηραν
 Ἀτρεΐδαι, Τρώεσσι δ' ἐϋπτολέμοισιν ὅπασσαν
 ἐκ βελέων ἐρύσασθαι ὁμῶς κταμένοισι καὶ ἄλλοις·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ φθιμένοισι πέλει κότος, ἀλλ' ἐλεεινοὶ
 δῆιοι οὐκέτ' εἶοντες, ἐπὴν ἀπὸ θυμὸς ὀληται. 810

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἀπάνευθε δόσαν πυρὶ πολλὰ κάρηνα
 ἡρώων, οἳ δὴ σφιν ὁμοῦ κτάθεν ἦδ' ἐδάμνησαν
 Τρώων ἐν παλάμῃσιν ἀνὰ στόμα δημοτῆτος,
 πολλὰ μάλ' ἀχνύμενοι κταμένων ὕπερ. ἔξοχα δ'
 ἄλλων
 ἀμφ' ἀγαθοῦ μύροντο Ποδάρκεος· οὐ γὰρ ἐπ'
 ἐσθλοῦ 815

δεύετ' ἀδελφειοῖο μάχῃ ἐνὶ Πρωτεσιλάου·
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἤδη πρόσθεν ὕφ' Ἑκτορι κεῖτο δαί-
 χθεις

ἥς Πρωτεσίλαος· ὁ δ' ἔγχεϊ Πενθεσιλείης
 βλήμενος Ἀργείοισι λυγρὸν περικάββαλε πένθος·
 τοῦνεκά οἱ πληθὺν μὲν ἀπόπροθι ταρχύσαντο 820
 τεθναότων· κείνῳ δὲ περίξ ἐβάλοντο καμόντες
 οἷω σῆμ' ἀρίδην, ἐπεὶ θρασὺς ἔπλετο θυμῷ.
 νόσφι δὲ Θερσίταο λυγρὸν δέμας οὐτιδανοῖο
 θάψαντες ποτὶ νῆας εὐπρώρους ἀφίκοντο
 Αἰακίδην Ἀχιλῆα μέγα φρεσὶ κυδαίνοντες. 825
 ἦμος δ' αἰγλήεσσα κατ' ὠκεανοῖο βεβήκει
 ἡώς, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίαν ἐκίδνατο θεσπεσίη νύξ,
 δὴ τότε ἄρ' ἐν κλισίῃς Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀφνειοῖο
 daίνυτο Πηλεΐδαο βίη· σὺν δ' ἄλλοι ἄριστοι
 τέρποντ' ἐν θαλίσῃ μέχρις ἡὼ δίαν ἰκέσθαι. 830

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK I

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

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