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The fall of Troy

Quintus

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Book II. How Memnon, Son of Dawn, for Troy's sake fell in the battle

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ΛΟΓΟΣ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΣ

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κορυφὰς ὄρέων ὑπὲρ ἠχηνέτων
 λαμπρὸν ὑπὲρ φάος ἦλθεν ἀτειρέος ἠελίοιο,
 οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν κλισίῃσιν Ἀχαιῶν ὄβριμοι νῆες
 γήθεον ἀκαμάτῳ μέγ' ἐπενχόμενοι Ἀχιλῆι.
 Τρῶες δ' αὖ μύροντο κατὰ πτόλιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πύρ-
 γους

ἐξόμενοι σκοπίαζον, ἐπεὶ φόβος ἔλλαβε πάντας,
 μὴ δὴ που μέγα τείχος ὑπερθόρῃ ὄβριμος ἀνὴρ
 αὐτοὺς τε κτείνῃ κατὰ τε πρήσῃ πυρὶ πάντα.
 τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' ἀχνυμένοισι γέρων μετέειπε Θυμοίτης·
 “ὦ φίλοι, οὐκέτ' ἔγωγε περὶ φρεσὶν οἶδα νοῆσαι, 10
 ὅπως ἔσσεται ἄλκαρ ἀνιηροῦ πολέμοιο
 Ἐκτορος ἀγχεμάχοιο δεδουπότος, ὃς μέγα Τρώων
 κάρτος ἦν τὸ πάροιθε· καὶ οὐδ' ὃ γε Κῆρας
 ἄλυξεν,

ἀλλ' ἐδάμη παλάμῃσιν Ἀχιλλέος, ᾧ περ οὔτω
 καὶ θεὸν ἀντιῴσαντα μάχῃ ἐνὶ δηωθήναι·
 οἷν τήνδ' ἐδάμασεν ἀνὰ κλόνον, ἥνπερ οἱ ἄλλοι
 Ἀργεῖοι φοβέοντο, δαΐφρονα Πενθεσίλειαν·
 καὶ γὰρ ἦν ἔκπαγλος· ἔγωγέ μιν ὥς ἐνόησα,
 68

BOOK II

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

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

ὠϊσάμην μακάρων τίν' ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἐνθάδ' ἰκέσθαι
 ἡμῖν χάρμα φέρουσαν· ὃ δ' οὐκ ἄρ' ἐτήτυμον ἦεν. 20
 ἀλλ' ἄγε φραζώμεσθα, τί λώιον ἄμμι γένηται,
 ἢ ἔτι που στυγεροῖσι μαχώμεθα δυσμενέεσσιν,
 ἢ ἤδη φεύγωμεν ἀπ' ἄστεος ὀλλυμένοιο·
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' Ἀργείοισι δυνησόμεθ' ἀντιφερίζειν
 μαρναμένου κατὰ δῆριν ἀμειλίκτου Ἀχιλλῆος." 25
 ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη· τὸν δ' υἱὸς ἀμείβετο Λαομέδοντος·
 "ὦ φίλος ἦδ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες σθεναροὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι,
 μὴ νύ τι δειμαίνοντες ἐῆς χαζώμεθα πάτρης,
 μηδ' ἔτι δυσμενέεσσι μαχώμεθα τῇλε πόλῃος,
 ἀλλὰ που ἐκ πύργων καὶ τείχεος, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ 30
 Μένων ὀβριμόθυμος ἄγων ἀπερείσια φύλα
 λαῶν, οἱ ναίουσι μελάμβροτον Αἰθιοπίαν.
 ἦδη γάρ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν ὄτομαι ἀγχόθι γαίης
 ἔμμεναι ἡμετέρης· ἐπεὶ ἦ νύ οἱ οὔτι νέον γε.
 ἀγγελίην προέηκα μέγ' ἀχνύμενος περὶ θυμῷ· 35
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἀσπασίως μοι ὑπέσχετο πάντα τελέσσαι
 ἐλθὼν ἐς Τροίην· καί μιν σχεδὸν ἔλπομαι εἶναι.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε τλῆτ' ἔτι βαιόν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ λώϊόν ἐστι
 θαρσαλέως ἀπολέσθαι ἀνὰ κλόνον, ἢ ἐφυγόντας
 ζῶειν ἀλλοδαποῖσι παρ' ἀνδράσιν αἰσχρ' ἔχοντας." 40
 Ἦ ῥ' ὁ γέρων· ἀλλ' οὔτι σαόφρονι Πουλυδά-
 μαντι
 ἦνδανεν εἰσέτι δῆρις, εὐφρονα δ' ἔκφατο μῦθον·
 "εἰ μὲν δὴ Μένων τοι ἀριφραδέως κατένευσεν
 ἡμέων αἰνὸν ὄλεθρον ἀπωσέμεν, οὔτι μεγαίρω
 μίμνειν ἀνέρα δῖον ἀνὰ πτόλιν· ἀλλ' ἄρα θυμῷ 45
 70

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

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

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

δεῖδω, μὴ σὺν ἑοῖσι κιῶν ἐτάροισι δαμείῃ
 κείνος ἀνὴρ, πολλοῖς δὲ καὶ ἄλλοις πῆμα γένηται
 ἡμετέροις· δεινὸν γὰρ ἐπὶ σθένος ὄρνυτ' Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε, μηδὲ πόλῃος ἐῆς ἀπὸ τῆλε φυγόντες
 αἴσχεα πολλὰ φέρωμεν ἀναλκείῃ ὑπὸ λυγρῇ 50
 ἀλλοδαπὴν περόωντες ἐπὶ χθόνα, μηδ' ἔτι πάτρῃ
 μίμνοντες κτεινόμεθ' ὑπ' Ἀργείων ὀρυμαγδοῦ,
 ἀλλ' ἤδη Δαναοῖσι, καὶ εἰ βραδύ, λώιον εἴῃ
 εἰσέτι κυδαλίμην Ἑλένην καὶ κτήματ' ἐκείνης,
 ἡμὲν ὅσα Σπάρτῃθεν ἀνήγαγεν ἡδὲ καὶ ἄλλα, 55
 διττάκι τόσσα φέροντας ὑπὲρ πόλιός τε καὶ αὐτῶν
 ἐκδόμεν, ἕως οὐ κτῆσιν ἀνάρσια φῦλα δέδασται
 ἡμετέρην, οὐδ' ἄστυ κατήνυκε πῦρ αἰδῆλον.
 νῦν δ' ἄγ' ἐμοὶ πείθεσθε περὶ φρεσίν· οὐ γὰρ οἴω
 ἄλλον ἀμείνονα μῆτιν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι φράσασθαι· 60
 εἴθ' ὄφελον καὶ πρόσθεν ἐμῆς ἐπάκουσεν ἐφετμῆς
 "Ἐκτωρ, ὅππότε μιν κατερήτυον ἔνδοθι πάτρης."

ὣς φάτο Πουλδάμαντος εὐ σθένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ
 Τρῶες

ῥῆνον εἰσαίοντες ἐνὶ φρεσίν, οὐδ' ἀναφανδὸν
 μῦθον ἔφαν· πάντες γὰρ ἐὼν τρομέοντες ἄνακτα 65
 ἄζοντ' ἡδ' Ἑλένην, κείνης ἕνεκ' ὀλλύμενοί περ.
 τὸν δὲ καὶ ἐσθλὸν εἶοντα Πάρις μέγα νείκεσεν
 ἄντην·

"Πουλδάμα, σὺ μὲν ἐσσί φυγοπτόλεμος καὶ
 ἀναλκίς,

οὐδὲ σοὶ ἐν στέρνοισι πέλει μενεδήϊον ἥτορ,
 ἀλλὰ δέος καὶ φύζα· σὺ δ' εὐχεται εἶναι ἄριστος 70
 ἐν βουλῇ· πάντων δὲ χερεῖονα μῆδεα οἶδας.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Though he with all his warriors come, he come
But to his death, and unto thousands more,
Our people, nought but misery come thereof;
For terribly against us leaps the storm
Of the Achaeans' might. But now, go to,
Let us not flee afar from this our Troy
To wander to some alien land, and there,
In the exile's pitiful helplessness, endure
All flouts and outrage; nor in our own land
Abide we till the storm of Argive war
O'erwhelm us. Nay, even now, late though it be,
Better it were for us to render back
Unto the Danaans Helen and her wealth,
Even all that glory of women brought with her
From Sparta, and add other treasure—yea,
Repay it twofold, so to save our Troy
And our own souls, while yet the spoiler's hand
Is laid not on our substance, and while yet
Troy hath not sunk in gulfs of ravening flame.
I pray you, take to heart my counsel! None
Shall, well I wot, be given to Trojan men
Better than this. Ah, would that long ago
Hector had hearkened to my pleading, when
I fain had kept him in the ancient home!"

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

ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ σὺ μὲν αὐτὸς ἀπόσχεο δηιοτήτος,
 μέμνε δ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι καθήμενος· αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι
 ἀμφ' ἐμὲ θωρήξονται ἀνὰ πτόλιν, εἴσοκε μῆχος
 εὖρωμεν θυμῆρες ἀνηλεγέος πολέμοιο· 75
 οὐ γὰρ νόσφι πόνοιο καὶ ἀργαλέου πολέμοιο
 ἀνθρώποις μέγα κῦδος ἀέξεται ἡδὲ καὶ ἔργον·
 φύζα δὲ νηπιάχοισι μάλ' εὐαδεν ἡδὲ γυναιξί·
 κείνης θυμὸν ἔοικας· ἐγὼ δέ τοι οὔτι πέποιθα
 μαρναμένῳ· πάντων γὰρ ἀμαλδύνεις θρασὺ
 κάρτος.” 80

Ἦ μέγα νεικεῖων· ὁ δὲ χωόμενος φάτο μῦθον
 Πουλυδάμας· οὐ γὰρ οἱ ἐναντίον ἄζετ' αὔσαι
 κείνος, ἐπεὶ στυγερός καὶ ἀτάσθαλος ἦδ' ἀεσί-
 φρων,

ὃς φίλα μὲν σαίνησιν ἐνωπαδόν, ἄλλα δὲ θυμῷ
 πορφύρει καὶ κρύβδα τὸν οὐ παρεόντα χαλέπτῃ· 85
 τῷ ῥα καὶ ἀμφαδίῃ μέγα νείκεσε δῖον ἄνακτα·
 “ὦ μοι ἐπιχθονίων πάντων ὀλοώτατε φωτῶν,
 σὸν θράσος ἤγαγε νῶιν οἰζύα, σὸς νόος ἔτλη
 δῆριν ἀπειρεσίην καὶ τλήσεται, εἰσόκε πάτρην
 σὺν λαοῖς σφετέροισι δαΐζομένην ἐσίδηαι· 90
 ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὴ τοιόνδε λάβοι θράσος, ἀμφὶ δὲ
 τάρβος

ἀσφαλὲς αἰὲν ἔχοιμι, σόον δέ μοι οἶκον ὀφέλλοι.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὔτι προσέννεπε Πουλυ-
 δάμαντα·

μνήσατο γάρ, Τρώεσσιν ὅσας ἐφέηκεν ἀνίας
 ἡδ' ὀπόσας ἔτ' ἐμελλεν, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ αἰθόμενον κῆρ 95
 μᾶλλον ἐφώρμαινεν θανέειν ἢ νόσφι γενέσθαι
 ἀντιθέης Ἑλένης, ἧς εἵνεκα Τρῳῆοι νῆες
 ὑψόθεν ἐσκοπίαζον ἀπ' ἄστεος αἰπεινοῖο
 δέγμενοι Ἀργείους ἡδ' Αἰακίδην Ἀχιλλῆα.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Go to, thyself shrink shivering from the strife !
Cower, coward, in thine halls ! But all the rest,
We *men*, will still go armour-girt, until
We wrest from this our truceless war a peace
That shall not shame us ! 'Tis with travail and toil
Of strenuous war that brave men win renown ;
But flight ?—weak women choose it, and young
babes !

Thy spirit is like to theirs. No whit I trust
Thee in the day of battle—thee, the man
Who maketh faint the hearts of all the host !”

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

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν ἀρήϊος ἤλυθε
Μέμνων,

100

Μέμνων κυανέοισι μετ' Αἰθιοπέσσιν ἀνάσσω,
ὃς κίε λαὸν ἄγων ἀπερείσιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες
γηθόσυνοί μιν ἴδοντο κατὰ πτόλιν, ἥντε ναῦται
χείματος ἐξ ὀλοοῖο δι' αἰθέρος ἀθρήσωσιν
ἤδη τειρόμενοι Ἑλίκης περιγηγέος αἴγλην·

105

ὥς λαοὶ κεχάροντο περισταδόν, ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
Λαομεδοντιάδης· μάλα γάρ νύ οἱ ἦτορ ἐώλπει
δηώσειν πυρὶ νῆας ὑπ' ἀνδράσιν Αἰθιοπέσσιν,
οὐνεκ' ἔχον βασιλῆα πελώριον ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
πολλοὶ ἔσαν καὶ πάντες ἐς Ἄρεα μαιμώνοντες·

110

τῷ ῥ' ἄμοτον κύδαινεν ἐνν γόνον Ἡριγενείης
δωτίνης ἀγαθῇσι καὶ εὐφροσύνῃ τεθαλύνῃ·
ἀλλήλοισι δ' ὀάριζον ἐπ' εἰλαπίνῃ καὶ ἐδωδῇ,
ὃς μὲν ἀριστῆας Δαναῶν καὶ ὅσ' ἄλγε' ἀνέτλη
ἐξενέπων, ὃ δὲ πατὴρ ἐοῦ καὶ μητέρος Ἡοῦς

115

ἀθάνατον βίον αἰέν, ἀπειρεσίης τε ῥέεθρα
Τηθύος, ὠκεανοῦ τε βαθυρρόου ἱερὸν οἶδμα
ἠδὲ καὶ ἀκαμάτου πέρατα χθονός, ἀντολίας τε
ἡελίου, καὶ πᾶσαν ἀπ' ὠκεανοῖο κέλευθον

μέχρις ἐπὶ Πριάμοιο πόλιν καὶ πρόονας Ἴδης,
ἠδὲ καὶ ὥς ἐδάϊξεν ὑπὸ στιβαρῇσι χέρεσσιν
ἀργαλέων Σολύμων ἱερὸν στρατόν, οἳ μιν ἰόντα
εἵργον, ὃ καὶ σφίσι πῆμα καὶ ἄσχετον ὥπασέ
πότημον.

120

καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ἀγόρευε καὶ ὥς ἶδεν ἔθνεα φωτῶν
μυρία· τοῦ δ' αἰόντος ὑπὸ φρεσὶ τέρπετο θυμός,

125

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

καὶ ἔκαθαπτόμενος γεραρῷ προσεφώνεε μύθῳ·
 “ὦ Μέμνον, τὸ μὲν ἄρ με θεοὶ ποιήσαν ἰδέσθαι
 σὸν στρατὸν ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν ἐν ἡμετέροισι μελάθ-
 ροις·

ὥς μοι ἔτι κρήνειαν, ἦν Ἐργείους ἐσίδωμαι
 ὀλλυμένους ἅμα πάντας ὑπ’ ἐγχείησι τεῇσι· 130
 καὶ γὰρ δὴ μακάρεσσιν ἀτειρέσι πάντα ἔοικας
 ἐκπάγλως, ὥς οὔτις ἐπιχθονίων ἡρώων·
 τῷ σ’ οἶω κείνοισι φόνον στονόνετα βαλέσθαι.
 νῦν δ’ ἄγε τέρπεο θυμὸν ἐπ’ εἰλαπίνῃσιν ἐμῇσι
 σήμερον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα μαχήσεαι, ὥς ἐπέοικεν.” 135

“Ὡς εἰπὼν παλάμῃσι δέπας πολυχανδὲς αἰέρας
 Μέμνονα προφρονέως στιβαρῷ δείδεκτο κυπέλλῳ
 χρυσεῖῳ, τό ῥα δῶκε περίφρων ἀμφιγυῖεις
 Ἥφαιστος κλυτὸν ἔργον, ὅτ’ ἦγετο Κυπρογένειαν,
 Ζηνὶ μεγασθενεῖ· ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ὥπασεν νιέει δῶρον 140
 Δαρδάνῳ ἀντιθέῳ· ὁ δ’ Ἐριχθονίῳ πόρε παιδί·
 Τρωὶ δ’ Ἐριχθόνιος μεγαλήτορι· αὐτὰρ ὅ γ’ Ἴλῳ
 κάλλιπε σὺν κτεάτεσσιν· ὁ δ’ ὥπασε Λαομέδοντι·
 αὐτὰρ ὁ Λαομέδων Πριάμῳ πόρεν, ὅς μιν ἔμελλεν
 νιέει δωσέμεναι· τὸ δέ οἱ θεὸς οὐκ ἐτέλεσεν. 145
 κείνο δέπας περικαλλὲς ἐθάμβεεν ἐν φρεσὶ Μέμνων
 ἀμφαφώων καὶ τοῖον ὑποβλήδην φάτο μῦθον·
 “οὐ μὲν χρὴ παρὰ δαιτὶ πελώριον εὐχετάσθαι
 οὐδ’ ἄρ’ ὑποσχεσίην κατανευέμεν,¹ ἀλλὰ ἔκηλον
 δαίνυσθ’ ἐν μεγάροισι καὶ ἄρτια μηχανάασθαι· 150

¹ Zimmermann, for κατανεύσαιμεν of MSS.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

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

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εἵτε γὰρ ἐσθλός τ' εἰμὶ καὶ ἄλκιμος εἵτε καὶ οὐκί,
γνώση ἐνὶ πτολέμῳ, ὅπότε ἀνέρος εἶδεται ἀλκή.
νῦν δ' ἄγε δὴ κοίτοιο μεδώμεθα, μηδ' ἀνὰ νύκτα
πίνωμεν· χαλεπὸς γὰρ ἐπείγομένοισι μάχεσθαι
οἶνος ἀπειρέσιος καὶ αὖπνοσύνῃ ἀλεγεινῇ." 155

“Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ὁ γεραιὸς ἀγασσάμενος προσ-
έειπεν·

“αὐτὸς ὅπως ἐθέλεις μεταδαινύσο, πείθεο δ' αὐτῷ·
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σ' ἀέκοντα βιήσομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν
οὗτ' ἀπionτ' ἀπὸ δαιτὸς ἐρυκέμεν οὔτε μένοντα
σεύειν ἐκ μεγάρου· θέμις νύ τοι ἀνδράσιν
αὕτως.” 160

“Ὡς φάθ'· ὁ δ' ἐκ δόρπιοι μεθίστατο· βῆ δὲ πρὸς
εὐνήν

ὑστατήν· ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι ἔβαν κοίτοιο μέδεσθαι
δαιτυμόνες· τάχα δέ σφιν ἐπήλυθε νήδυμος ὕπνος.

Αὐτὰρ ἐνὶ μεγάρουσι Διὸς στεροπηγερέταο
ἀθάνατοι δαίνυντο· πατὴρ δ' ἐν τοῖσι Κρονίῳν 165
εὖ εἰδὼς ἀγόρευε δυσσηχέος ἔργα μόθοιο·

“ἴστε θεοὶ περὶ πάντες ἐπεσσύμενον βαρὺ πῆμα
αὐρίον ἐν πολέμῳ· μάλα γὰρ πολλῶν μένος ἵππων
ὄψουσθ' ἀμφ' ὀχέεσσι δαΐζομένων ἐκάτερθεν
ἄνδρας δ' ὀλλυμένους· τῶν καὶ πέρι κηδόμενός τις 170
μιμνέτω ὑμείων μηδ' ἀμφ' ἐμὰ γούναθ' ἱκάνων
λίσσέσθω· Κῆρες γὰρ ἀμείλιχοί εἰσι καὶ ἡμῖν.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐπισταμένοισι καὶ
αὐτοῖς,

ὄφρα καὶ ἀσχαλῶν τις ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο τράπηται,
μηδέ ἐλίσσόμενος περὶ νιέος ἢ φίλοιου 175
μαψιδίως ἀφίκηται ἀτειρέος ἔνδον Ὀλύμπου.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ἐσάκουσαν ἐριγδούπου Κρονίδαο,
τλήσαν ἐνὶ στερνοῖσι καὶ οὐ βασιλῆος ἔναντα

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

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

Then rose that champion from the board, and
passed

Thence to his sleep—his last! And with him went
All others from the banquet to their rest :
And gentle sleep slid down upon them soon.

But in the halls of Zeus, the Lightning-lord,
Feasted the gods the while, and Cronos' son,
All-father, of his deep foreknowledge spake
Amidst them of the issue of the strife :

" Be it known unto you all, to-morn shall bring
By yonder war affliction swift and sore ;
For many mighty horses shall ye see
In either host beside their chariots slain,
And many heroes perishing. Therefore ye
Remember these my words, howe'er ye grieve
For dear ones. Let none clasp my knees in prayer,
Since even to us relentless are the fates."

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

μῦθον ἔφαν· μάλα γάρ μιν ἀπειρέσιον τρομέεσκον·
ἀχνύμενοι δ' ἵκανον ὅπη δόμος ἦεν ἐκάστου 180
καὶ λέχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ τοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοις περ
εἴουσιν

ὑπνου βληχρὸν ὄνειρ ἐπὶ βλεφάροισι τανύσθη.
Ἦμος δ' ἡλιβάτων ὁρέων ὑπερέσσονται ἄκρας
λαμπρὸς ἀν' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἑωσφόρος, ὅς τ' ἐπὶ
ἔργον

ἦδὺν μάλα κνώσσοντας ἀμαλλοδετήρας ἐγείρει· 185
τῆμος ἀρήιον νῆα φαεσφόρου Ἦριγενεῖης
ὑστατος ὕπνος ἀνήκεν· ὁ δ' ἐν φρεσὶ κάρτος ἀέξων
ἦδη δυσμενέεσσι λιλαίετο δηριάσθαι.

Ἦὼς δ' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἀνίεν οὐκ ἐθέλουσα.
καὶ τότε Τρῶες ἔσαντο περὶ χροῖ δῆϊα τεύχη, 190
τοῖσι δ' ἄμ' Αἰθιοπές τε καὶ ὀππόσα φύλα
πέλοντο

ἀμφὶ βίην Πριάμοιο συναγρομένων ἐπικούρων
πανσυδίῃ· μάλα δ' ὄκα πρὸ τείχεος ἐσσεύοντο
κυανέοις νεφέεσσιν ἐοικότες, οἷα Κρονίων
χείματος ὀρνυμένιοι κατ' ἡέρα πουλὺν ἀγείρει. 195
αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἐπλήσθη πεδῖον πᾶν· οἱ δ' ἐκέχυντο
ἀκρίσι πυροβόροισιν ἀλίγκιον, αἷ τε φέρονται
ὥς νέφος ἢ πολλὺς ὄμβρος ὑπὲρ χθονὸς εὐρυπέδοιο
ἄπλητοι μερόπεσσιν αἰεκέα λιμὸν ἄγονσαι
ὥς οἱ ἴσαν πολλοὶ τε καὶ ὄβριμοι, ἀμφὶ δ'
ἀγναι 200

στείνοντ' ἐσσυμένων, ὑπὸ δ' ἔγρετο ποσσὶ κοίῃ.
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐθάμβεον, εὐτ' ἐσίδοντο
ἐσσυμένους· εἶθαρ δὲ περὶ χροῖ χαλκὸν ἔσαντο
κάρτεϊ Πηλεΐδαο πεποιθότες· ὅς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσοις
ἦε Τιτῆνεσσι πολυσθενέεσσιν ἐοικὼς 205

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

For in exceeding awe they stood of him.
Yet to their several mansions and their rest
With sore hearts went they. O'er their deathless
eyes

The blessing-bringer Sleep his light veils spread.

When o'er precipitous crests of mountain-walls
Leapt up broad heaven the bright morning-star
Who rouseth to their toils from slumber sweet
The binders of the sheaf, then his last sleep
Unclasped the warrior-son of her who brings
Light to the world, the Child of Mists of Night.
Now swelled his mighty heart with eagerness
To battle with the foe forthright. And Dawn
With most reluctant feet began to climb
Heaven's broad highway. Then did the Trojans
gird

Their battle-harness on ; then armed themselves
The Aethiop men, and all the mingled tribes
Of those war-helpers that from many lands
To Priam's aid were gathered. Forth the gates
Swiftly they rushed, like darkly lowering clouds
Which Cronos' Son, when storm is rolling up,
Herdeth together through the welkin wide.
Swiftly the whole plain filled. Onward they streamed
Like harvest-ravaging locusts drifting on
In fashion of heavy-brooding rain-clouds o'er
Wide plains of earth, an irresistible host
Bringing wan famine on the sons of men ;
So in their might and multitude they went.
The city streets were all too strait for them
Marching : upsoared the dust from underfoot.

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

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κυδιών ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασι· τοῦ δ' ἄρα τεύχη
πάντη μαρμαίρεσκον ἀλίγκιον ἀστεροπῆσιν.
οἶος δ' ἐκ περάτων γαιήοχου ὠκεανοῖο
ἔρχεται ἥελιος φασσίμβροτος οὐρανὸν εἶσω
παμφανόνων, τραφερῇ δὲ γελᾷ περὶ γαῖα καὶ
αἰθήρ·

210

τοῖος ἐν Ἀργείοισι τότε ἔσσυτο Πηλέος υἱός.
ὥς δὲ καὶ ἐν Τρώεσσιν ἀρήιος ἦε Μέμνων
Ἄρεϊ μαιμώνντι πανεῖκελος, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
προφρονέως ἐφέποντο παρεσσύμενοι βασιλῇ.

Αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἀμφοτέρων δολιχαὶ πονέοντο φά-
λαγγες

215

Τρώων καὶ Δαναῶν, μετὰ δ' ἔπρεπον Αἰθιοπῆες·
σὺν δ' ἔπесον καναχηδὸν ὁμῶς, ἅτε κύματα
πόντου

πάντοθεν ἐγρομένων ἀνέμων ὑπὸ χείματος ὥρη·
ἀλλήλους δ' ἐδάϊζον ἐυξέστης μελιησι

βάλλοντες, μετὰ δέ σφι γόος καναχή τε δεδήει· 220

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐρίγδουποι ποταμοὶ μεγάλα στενάχουσιν
εἰς ἄλα χενόμενοι, ὅτε λαβρότατος πέλει ὄμβρος

ἐκ Διός, εὐτ' ἀλίσσων ἐπὶ νέφεα κτυπέωσι

θηγόμεν' ἀλλήλοισι, πυρὸς δ' ἐξέσσυτ' αὐτμή·

ὥς τῶν μαρναμένων μέγ' ὑπαὶ ποσὶ γαῖα πελώρη 225

ἔβραχε, θεσπεσίου δὲ δι' ἡέρος ἔσσυτ' αὐτὴ

σμερδαλέη· δεινὸν γὰρ αὐτεὸν ἀμφοτέρωθεν.

Ἔνθ' ἔλε Πηλείδης Θάλιον καὶ ἀμύμονα Μέντην

ἄμφω ἀριγνώτω, βάλε δ' ἄλλων πολλὰ κάρηνα.

εὐτ' αἰγῖς βερέθροισιν¹ ὑποχθονίοις ἐπορούση 230

λάβρος, ἄφαρ δέ τε πάντα κατὰ χθονὸς ἀμφι-
χέηται

ἐκ θεμέθλων· μάλα γάρ ῥα περιτρομέει βαθὺ
γαῖα·

¹ Zimmermann, for εὐτε γαῖης μελάθροισιν of MSS.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

In steeds and chariot, while his armour flashed
Splendour around in sudden lightning-gleams.
It was as when the sun from utmost bounds
Of earth-encompassing ocean comes, and brings
Light to the world, and flings his splendour wide
Through heaven, and earth and air laugh all around.
So glorious, mid the Argives Peleus' son
Rode onward. Mid the Trojans rode the while
Memnon the hero, even such to see
As Ares furious-hearted. Onward swept
The eager host arrayed about their lord.

Then in the grapple of war on either side
Closed the long lines, Trojan and Danaan ;
But chief in prowess still the Aethiops were.
Crashed they together as when surges meet
On the wild sea, when, in a day of storm,
From every quarter winds to battle rush.
Foe hurled at foe the ashen spear, and slew :
Screams and death-groans went up like roaring fire.
As when down-thundering torrents shout and rave
On-pouring seaward, when the madding rains
Stream from God's cisterns, when the huddling
clouds

Are hurled against each other ceaselessly,
And leaps their fiery breath in flashes forth ;
So 'neath the fighters' trampling feet the earth
Thundered, and leapt the terrible battle-yell
Through frenzied air, for mad the war-cries were.

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

ὥς οἱ γ' ἐν κονίησι κατήριπον ὠκέϊ πότμῳ
αἰχμῇ Πηλείωνος· ὁ γὰρ μέγα μαίνεται θυμῷ.

“Ὡς δ' αὖτως ἐτέρωθεν εὖς πάϊς Ἑριγενείης 235

Ἀργείους ἐδάϊζε κακῇ ἐναλίσκιος Αἴσῃ,
ἧ τε φέρει λαοῖσι κακὸν καὶ ἀεικέα λοιγόν.

πρῶτον δ' εἶλε Φέρωνα διὰ στέρνοιο τυχήσας
δούρατι λευγαλέῳ, ἐπὶ δ' ἔκτανε δῖον Ἑρευθον,
ἄμφω ἐελδομένῳ πόλεμον καὶ ἀεικέα χάρην, 240

οἱ Θρόνον ἀμφενέμοντο παρ' Ἀλφειοῖο ρέεθροις,
καὶ ῥ' ὑπὸ Νέστορι βῆσαν ἐς Ἰλίου ἱερὸν ἄστυ·
τοὺς δ' ὁπότε ἑξενάριζεν, ἐπώχετο Νηλέος υἱὸν
κτεῖναι μιν μεμαώς· τοῦ δ' Ἀντίλοχος θεοειδὴς
πρὸςθ' ἐλθὼν ἴθυνε μακρὸν δόρυ, καὶ οἱ ἄμαρτε 245

τυτθὸν ἀλευαμένοιο· φίλον δέ οἱ εἶλεν ἐταῖρον
Αἴθοπα Πυρρασίδην· ὁ δὲ χωσάμενος κταμένοιο
Ἀντιλόχῳ ἐπιᾶλτο, λέων ὥς ὀβριμόθυμος
καπρίῳ, ὅς ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς ἐναντίον οἶδε μάχεσθαι
ἀνδράσι καὶ θήρεσσι, πέλει δέ οἱ ἄσπετος ὄρμη· 250

ὥς ὁ θοῶς ἐπόρουσεν, ὁ δ' εὐρέϊ μιν βάλε πέτρῳ
Ἀντίλοχος· τοῦ δ' οὔτι λύθη κέαρ, οὔνεκ' ἄρ'
αὐτοῦ

ἀλγινόνεντ' ἀπάλαλκε φόνον κρατερὴ τρυφάλεια· 255

σμερδαλέον δέ οἱ ἦτορ ἐνὶ στέρνοισιν ὀρίνθη

βλημένον· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κόρυς ἴαχε· καὶ ῥ' ἔτι

μᾶλλον

μαίνεται' ἐπ' Ἀντιλόχῳ· κρατερὴ δέ οἱ ἔξεν ἀλκή·

τοῦνεκα Νέστορος νῖα καὶ αἰχμητὴν περ ἔοντα

τύψεν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο· διήλασε δ' ὀβριμον ἔγχος

ἐς κραδίην, θνητοῖσιν ὅπῃ πέλει ὠκύς ὀλεθρος.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

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

Goodly Ereuthus, battle-revellers both,
Dwellers in Thryus by Alpheus' streams,
Which followed Nestor to the god-built burg
Of Ilium. But when he had laid these low,
Against the son of Neleus pressed he on
Eager to slay. Godlike Antilochus
Strode forth to meet him, sped the long spear's
flight,

Yet missed him, for a little he swerved, but slew
His Aethiop comrade, son of Pyrrhasus.
Wroth for his fall, against Antilochus
He leapt, as leaps a lion mad of mood
Upon a boar, the beast that flincheth not
From fight with man or brute, whose charge is a
flash

Of lightning; so was his swift leap. His foe
Antilochus caught a huge stone from the ground,
Hurled, smote him; but unshaken abode his strength,
For the strong helm-crest fenced his head from
death;

But rang the morion round his brows. His heart
Kindled with terrible fury at the blow
More than before against Antilochus.
Like seething cauldron boiled his maddened might.
He stabbed, for all his cunning of fence, the son
Of Nestor above the breast; the crashing spear
Plunged to the heart, the spot of speediest death.

Τοῦ δ' ὑποδωθέντος ἄχος Δαναοῖσιν ἐτύχθη 260
 πᾶσι, μάλιστα δὲ πατρὶ περὶ φρένας ἤλυθε
 πένθος

Νέστορι παιδὸς εἶο παρ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι δαμέντος·
 οὐ γὰρ δὴ μερόπεσσι κακώτερον ἄλγος ἔπεισιν,
 ἢ ὅτε παῖδες ὄλωνται ἐοῦ πατρὸς εἰσορόωντος·
 τοῦνεκα καὶ στερεῇσιν ἀρηράμενος φρεσὶ θυμὸν 265
 ἄχρυτο παιδὸς εἶο κακῇ περὶ Κηρὶ δαμέντος·
 κέκλετο δ' ἐσσυμένως Θρασυμήδεα νόσφιν ἐόντα·
 “ὄρσο μοι, ὦ Θρασύμηδες ἀγακλέες, ὄφρα φονῇ
 σείο κασιγνήτοιο καὶ υἱὸς ἡμετέροιο
 νεκροῦ ἐκάς σεύωμεν αἰκέος, ἥ καὶ αὐτοὶ 270
 ἀμφ' αὐτῷ στονόεσαν ἀναπλήσωμεν οἰζύν.
 εἰ δὲ σοὶ ἐν στέρνοισι πέλει δέος, οὐ σύ γ' ἐμείο
 υἱὸς ἔφυσ οὐδ' ἐσσί Περικλυμένοιο γενέθλης,
 ὅς τε καὶ Ἡρακλῆι καταντίον ἐλθέμεν ἔτλη.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ πονεώμεθ', ἐπεὶ μέγα κάρτος ἀνάγκη 275
 πολλάκι μαρναμένοισι καὶ οὐτιδανοῖσιν ὀπάξει.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοῦ δ' αἶοντος ὑπὸ φρεσὶ σύγχυτο
 θυμὸς

πένθεσι λευγαλέοισιν· ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἤλυθεν ἄγχι
 Φηρεῦς, ὃν ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀποκταμένοιο ἄνακτος
 εἶλεν ἄχος· κρατεροῖο δ' ἐναντία δηριάσθαι 280
 Μέμνονος ὠρμήθησαν ἀν' αἱματόεντα κυδοιμόν.
 ὥς δ' ὅταν ἀγρευτῆρε κατὰ πτύχας ὑλνέσσας
 οὐρεος ἠλιβάτοιο λιλαιόμενοι μέγα θήρης
 ἢ σὺς ἢ ἄρκτοιο καταντίον αἵσσωσι¹
 κτεινέμεναι μεμαῶτες, ὁ δ' ἀμφοτέροις ἐπορούσας 285
 θυμῷ μαιμώννῃ βίην ἀπαμύνεται ἀνδρῶν·
 ὥς τότε καὶ Μέμνων φρόνεεν μέγα· τοὶ δέ οἱ ἄγχι
 ἤλυθον· ἀλλὰ μιν οὔτι κατακτανέειν ἐδύναντο
 μακρῇσιν μελήσιν· ἀπέπλαγχθεν δέ οἱ αἰχμαὶ
 τῆλε χροός· μάλα γάρ που ἀπέτραπεν Ἡριγένεια· 290

¹ Zimmermann, for αἵσσουσι of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Then upon all the Danaans at his fall
Came grief; but anguish-stricken was the heart
Of Nestor most of all, to see his child
Slain in his sight; for no more bitter pang
Smiteth the heart of man than when a son
Perishes, and his father sees him die.
Therefore, albeit unused to melting mood,
His soul was torn with agony for the son
By black death slain. A wild cry hastily
To Thrasymedes did he send afar:
"Hither to me, Thrasymedes war-renowned!
Help me to thrust back from thy brother's corse,
Yea, from mine hapless son, his murderer,
That so ourselves may render to our dead
All dues of mourning. If thou flinch for fear,
No son of mine art thou, nor of the line
Of Periclymenus, who dared withstand
Hercules' self. Come, to the battle-toil!
For grim necessity oftentimes inspires
The very coward with courage of despair."

Then at his cry that brother's heart was stung
With bitter grief. Swift for his help drew nigh
Phereus, on whom for his great prince's fall
Came anguish. Charged these warriors twain to face
Strong Memnon in the gory strife. As when
Two hunters 'mid a forest's mountain-folds,
Eager to take the prey, rush on to meet
A wild boar or a bear, with hearts afire
To slay him, but in furious mood he leaps
On them, and holds at bay the might of men;
So swelled the heart of Memnon. Nigh drew they,
Yet vainly essayed to slay him, as they hurled
The long spears, but the lances glanced aside
Far from his flesh: the Dawn-queen turned them
thence.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δουρατά δ' οὐχ ἁλίως χαμάδις πέσεν· ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν
ὄκα

ἐμμεμαῶς κατέπεφνε Πολύμνιον νῖα Μέγητος
Φηρεὺς ὀβριμόθυμος, ὃ δ' ἔκτανε Λαομέδοντα
Νέστορος ὄβριμος υἱὸς ἀδελφειοῖο χολωθείς,
ὃν Μένων ἐδάϊξε κατὰ μόθον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ 295
χερσὶν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτῃσι λύνει παγχάλκεα τεύχη
οὔτε βίην ἀλέγων Θρασυμήδεος οὔτε μὲν ἐσθλοῦ
Φηρέος, οὐνεκα πολλὸν ὑπείροχος· οἱ δ' ἄτε θῶε
ἀμφ' ἔλαφον βεβαῶτα μέγαν φοβέοντο λέοντα
οὔτι πρόσω μεμαῶτες ἔτ' ἐλθέμεν· αἰνὰ δέ

Νέστωρ

300

ἐγγύθεν εἰσορόων ὀλοφύρετο, κέκλετο δ' ἄλλους
σφοδρὺς ἐτάρους δηίοισιν ἐπελθέμεν· ἂν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
ὥρμαινεν πονέεσθαι ἀφ' ἄρματος, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτὸν
παιδὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο ποθὴ ποτὶ μῶλον ἄγεσκε
πὰρ δύναμιν· μέλλεν δὲ φίλῳ περὶ παιδὶ καὶ
αὐτὸς

305

κείσθαι ὁμῶς κταμένοις ἐναρίθμιος, εἰ μὴ ἄρ'
αὐτὸν

Μένων ὀβριμόθυμος ἐπεσσύμενον προσέειπεν
αἰδεσθεὶς ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὁμήλικα πατρὸς ἐοῖο·

“ὦ γέρον, οὐ μοι ἔοικε καταντία σείο μάχεσθαι
πρεσβυτέρω γηγῶτος, ἐπεὶ γ' εὐ οἶδα νοῆσαι· 310
ἢ γὰρ ἔγωγ' ἐφάμην σε νέον καὶ ἀρήιον ἄνδρα
ἀντιάαν δηίοισι· θρασὺς δέ μοι ἔλπετο θυμὸς
χειρὸς ἐμῆς καὶ δουρὸς ἐπάξιον ἔμμεναι ἔργον.
ἀλλ' ἀναχάζεο τῇλε μόθου στυγεροῦ τε φόνοιο,
χάζεο, μὴ σε βάλοιμι καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλων περ ἀνάγκῃ, 315
μηδὲ τεῶν περὶ παιδὶ πέσης μέγ' ἀμείνονι φωτὶ
μαρνάμενος, μὴ δὴ σε καὶ ἄφρονα μυθήσωνται
ἀνέρες· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν ὑπερτέρῳ ἀντιάσθαι.”

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

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

Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἐτέρωθι γέρων ἡμίβετο μύθῳ·
 “ὦ Μέμνον, τὰ μὲν ἄρ' που ἐτώσια πάντ' ἀγο-
 ρεύεις·”

320

οὐ μὲν γὰρ δηίοισι πονεύμενον εἵνεκα παιδὸς
 ἀφραΐνειν ἐρέει τις ἀνηλέα παιδοφονῆα
 νεκροῦ ἐκὰς σεύοντα κατὰ μόθον· ὥς ὄφελόν μοι
 ἀλκὴ ἔτ' ἔμπεδος ἦεν, ἵνα γνώης ἐμὸν ἔγχος·
 νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν μάλα πάγχυ μέγ' εὖχεται, οὐνεκα
 θυμὸς

325

θαρσαλέος νέον ἀνδρὸς ἐλαφρότερον δὲ νόημα·
 τῷ ῥα καὶ ὑψηλὰ φρονέων ἀποφώλια βάσεις.
 εἰ δέ μοι ἡβώωντι καταντίον εἰληλούθεις,
 οὐκ ἂν τοι κεχάροντο φίλοι κρατερῶ περ ἑόντι·
 νῦν δ' ὥς τίς τε λέων ὑπὸ γήραος ἄχθομαι αἰνοῦ,
 ὃν τε κύων σταθμοῖο πολυρρήνοιο δίηται
 θαρσαλέως, ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὔτι λιλαιόμενός περ ἀμύνει
 οἱ αὐτῷ, οὐ γάρ οἱ ἔτ' ἔμπεδοί εἰσιν ὀδόντες
 οὐδὲ βίη, κρατερὸν δὲ χρόνῳ ἀμαθύνεται ἦτορ·
 ὥς ἐμοὶ οὐκέτι κάρτος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρωρεν,
 οἷόν περ τὸ πάροιθεν· ὅμως δ' ἔτι φέρτερός εἰμι
 πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων, παύροισι δὲ γήρας ὑπέκει
 [ἡμέτερον, τοῖς κάρτος ὁμῶς πέλει ἡδὲ καὶ ἥβη].”

335

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπὸ βαιὸν ἐχάσσατο· λείπε δ' ἄρ' υἷα
 κείμενον ἐν κοινήσιν, ἐπεὶ νῦ οἱ οὐκέτι πάμπαν
 γναμπτοῖς ἐν μελέεσσι πέλε σθένος ὥς τὸ
 πάροιθεν·

340

γήραι γὰρ καθύπερθε πολυτλήτῳ βεβάρητο.
 ὥς δ' αὐτῷ ἀπόρουσεν ἐϋμμελὴς Θρασυμήδης
 Φηρεὺς τ' ὀβριμόθυμος ἰδ' ἄλλοι πάντες ἐταῖροι
 δειδυότες· μάλα γάρ σφιν ἐπ' ὄχετο λούγιος ἀνὴρ.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ μεγάλων ὀρέων ποταμὸς
 βαθυδίνης

345

καχλάζων φορέηται ἀπειρεσίῳ ὀρυμαγδῷ,
 ὁππότε συννεφὲς ἡμαρ ἐπ' ἀνθρώποισι τανύσση
 92

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

He spake, and answered him that warrior old :
"Nay, Memnon, vain was that last word of thine.
None would name fool the father who essayed,
Battling with foes for his son's sake, to thrust
The ruthless slayer back from that dear corpse,
But ah that yet my strength were whole in me,
That thou might'st know my spear! Now canst
thou vaunt

Proudly enow : a young man's heart is bold
And light his wit. Uplifted is thy soul
And vain thy speech. If in my strength of youth
Thou hadst met me—ha, thy friends had not
rejoiced,

For all thy might! But me the grievous weight
Of age bows down, like an old lion whom
A cur may boldly drive back from the fold,
For that he cannot, in his wrath's despite,
Maintain his own cause, being toothless now,
And strengthless, and his strong heart tamed by
time.

So well the springs of olden strength no more
Now in my breast. Yet am I stronger still
Than many men ; my grey hairs yield to few
That have within them all the strength of youth."

So drew he back a little space, and left
Lying in dust his son, since now no more
Lived in the once lithe limbs the olden strength,
For the years' weight lay heavy on his head.
Back leapt Thrasymedes likewise, spearman good,
And battle-eager Phereus, and the rest
Their comrades ; for that slaughter-dealing man
Pressed hard on them. As when from mountains
high

A shouting river with wide-echoing din
Sweeps down its fathomless whirlpools through the
gloom,

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Ζεὺς κλονέων μέγα χεῖμα, περικτυπέουσι δὲ πάντα
βρονταὶ ὁμῶς στεροπῇσιν ἄδην νεφέων συνιόντων
θεσπεσίων, κοῖλαι δὲ περικλύζονται ἄρουραι 350
ὄμβρου ἐπεσσύμενοι δυσσηχέος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μακραὶ
σμερδαλέον βοόωσι κατ' οὔρεα πάντα χαράδραι·
ὥς Μένων σεύεσκεν ἐπ' ἥονας Ἑλλησπόντου
Ἀργείους· μετόπισθε δ' ἐπισπόμενος κεραίῃζε·
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν κοινήσιν καὶ αἵματι θυμὸν ἔλειπον 355
Αἰθιόπων ὑπὸ χερσὶ· λύθρῳ δ' ἐφορύνετο γαῖα
ὀλλυμένων Δαναῶν. μέγα δ' ἐν φρεσὶ γήθεε

Μένων

αἰὲν ἐπεσσύμενος δηῖον στίχας· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶν
στείνετο Τρώιον οὐδας· ὁ δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγε κυδοιμοῦ·
ἔλπετο γὰρ Τρώεσσι φάος, Δαναοῖσι δὲ πῆμα 360
ἔσσεσθ'· ἀλλὰ ἑ Μοῖρα πολύστονος ἡπερόπενεν
ἐγγύθεν ἰσταμένη καὶ ἐπὶ κλόνον ὀτρύνουσα.
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ θεράποντες εὐσθενέες πονέοντο,
Ἀλκονοεὺς Νύχιός τε καὶ Ἀσιάδης ἐρίθυμος
αἰχμητὴς τε Μένεκλος Ἀλέξιππός τε Κλύδων τε 365
ἄλλοι τ' ἰωχμοῖο μεμαότες, οἳ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ
καρτύναντ' ἀνὰ δῆριν ἐφ' πίσυνοι βασιλῆι.
καὶ τότε δὴ ῥα Μένεκλον ἐπεσσύμενον Δαναοῖσι
Νηλεΐδης κατέπεφνεν. ὁ δ' ἀσχαλὼν ἐτάριοι
Μένων ὀβριμόθυμος ἐνήρατο πουλὺν ὄμιλον 370
ὥς δ' ὅτε τις κραιπνῇσιν ἐπιβρίσας ἐλάφοισι
θηρητῆρ ἐν ὄρεσσι λίνων ἔντοσθεν ἐρεμνῶν
ἰλαδὸν ἀγρομένησιν ἐς ὑστάτιον δόλον ἄγρης
αἰζηῶν ἰότητι, κύνες δ' ἐπικαγαλόμενοι,

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

When God with tumult of a mighty storm
Hath palled the sky in cloud from verge to verge,
When thunders crash all round, when thick and fast
Gleam lightnings from the huddling clouds, when
fields

Are flooded as the hissing rain descends,
And all the air is filled with awful roar
Of torrents pouring down the hill-ravines ;
So Memnon toward the shores of Hellespont
Before him hurled the Argives, following hard
Behind them, slaughtering ever. Many a man
Fell in the dust, and left his life in blood
'Neath Aethiop hands. Stained was the earth with
gore

As Danaans died. Exulted Memnon's soul
As on the ranks of foemen ever he rushed,
And heaped with dead was all the plain of Troy.
And still from fight refrained he not ; he hoped
To be a light of safety unto Troy
And bane to Danaans. But all the while
Stood baleful Doom beside him, and spurred on
To strife, with flattering smile. To right, to left
His stalwart helpers wrought in battle-toil,
Alcyoneus and Nychius, and the son
Of Asius furious-souled ; Meneclus' spear,
Clydon and Alexippus, yea, a host
Eager to chase the foe, men who in fight
Quit them like men, exulting in their king.
Then, as Meneclus on the Danaans charged,
The son of Neleus slew him. Wroth for his friend,
Whole throngs of foes fierce-hearted Memnon slew.
As when a hunter midst the mountains drives
Swift deer within the dark lines of his toils—
The eager ring of beaters closing in
Presses the huddled throng into the snares
Of death : the dogs are wild with joy of the chase

πυκνὸν ὑλακτιόωντες, ὁ δ' ἐμμεμαῶς ὑπ' ἄκοντι 375
 κεμμάσιν ὠκυτάτησι φόνον στονόεντα τίθησιν·
 ὥς Μένων ἐδάϊξε πολὺν στρατόν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι
 γήθεον· Ἀργεῖοι δὲ περικλυτὸν ἄνδρ' ἐφέβοντο.
 ὥς δ' ὁπότε ἔξεριπόντος ἀπ' οὔρεος ἡλιβάτοιο 380
 πέτρου ἀπειρεσίοιο, τὸν ὑψόθεν ἀκάματος Ζεὺς
 ὤσῃ ἀπὸ κρημνοῖο βαλὼν στονόεντι κεραυνῷ,
 τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀνὰ δρυμὰ πυκνὰ καὶ ἄγkea μακρὰ
 ῥαγέντος

βῆσαι ἐπικτυπέουσι, περιτρομέουσι δ' ἀν' ὕλην,
 εἴ πον μῆλ' ὑπένερθε κυλινδομένοιο νέμονται 385
 ἢ βόες ἢ τιν' ἄλλα, καὶ ἐξαλέονται ἰόντος
 ριπήν ἀργαλέην καὶ ἀμείλιχον· ὥς ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
 Μέμνονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος ἐπεσσυμένοιο φέβοντο.

Καὶ τότε δὴ κρατεροῖο μόλε σχεδὸν Αἰακίδαο
 Νέστωρ, ἀμφὶ δὲ παιδὶ μέγ' ἀχνύμενος φάτο μῦθον· 390
 “ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ μέγα ἔρκος εὐσθενέων Ἀργείων,
 ὦλετό μοι φίλος υἱός, ἔχει δέ μοι ἔντεα Μένων
 τεθνεότος, δεῖδω δὲ κυνῶν μὴ κῦρμα γένηται·
 ἀλλὰ θοῶς ἐπάμυνον, ἐπεὶ φίλος ὅστις ἑταῖρον
 μέμνηται κταμένοιο καὶ ἄχνηται οὐκέτ' ἐόντος.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοῦ δ' αἰόντος ὑπὸ φρένας ἔμπεσε 395
 πένθος·

Μέμνονα δ' ὥς ἐνόησεν ἀνὰ στονόεντα κυδοιμὸν
 Ἀργεῖους ἰληδὸν ὑπ' ἔγχει δηιόωντα,
 αὐτίκα κάλλιπε Τρῶας, ὅσους ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαΐξεν
 ἀμφ' ἄλλησι φάλαγξι, καὶ ἰσχανόνων πολέμοιο 400
 ἦλυθέ οἱ κατέναντα χολούμενος Ἀντιλόχοιο
 ἢ δ' ἄλλων κταμένων· ὁ δ' ἀνείλετο χεῖρεσι πέτρην,
 τήν ῥα βροτοὶ θέσαν οὔρον εὐστάχους πεδίοιο,
 καὶ βάλεν ἀκαμάτοιο κατ' ἀσπίδα Πηλείωνος
 διὸς ἀνὴρ· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὔτι τρέσας περιμήκεα πέτρην
 αὐτίκα οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθε μακρὸν δόρυ προσθε
 τιταίνων, 405

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

375 Ceaselessly giving tongue, the while his darts
Leap winged with death on brocket and on hind ;
So Memnon slew and ever slew : his men
Rejoiced, the while in panic-stricken rout
380 Before that glorious man the Argives fled.
As when from a steep mountain's precipice-brow
Leaps a huge crag, which all-resistless Zeus
By stroke of thunderbolt hath hurled from the crest ;
Crash oakwood copses, echo long ravines,
Shudders the forest to its rattle and roar,
385 And flocks therein and herds and wild things flee
Scattering, as bounding, whirling, it descends
With deadly pitiless onrush ; so his foes
Fled from the lightning-flash of Memnon's spear.

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

395 Achilles heard ; his heart was thrilled with grief :
He glanced across the rolling battle, saw
Memnon, saw where in throngs the Argives fell
Beneath his spear. Forthright he turned away
From where the rifted ranks of Troy fell fast
400 Before his hands, and, thirsting for the fight,
Wroth for Antilochus and the others slain,
Came face to face with Memnon. In his hands
That godlike hero caught up from the ground
A stone, a boundary-mark 'twixt fields of wheat,
And hurled. Down on the shield of Peleus' son
It crashed. But he, the invincible, shrank not
405 Before the huge rock-shard, but, thrusting out

πεζός, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ ἵπποι ἔσαν μετόπισθε κυδοιμού,
καὶ οἱ δεξιὸν ὄμον ὑπὲρ σάκεος στυφέλιξεν·
ὃς δὲ καὶ οὐτάμενός περ ἀταρβεῖ μάρνατο θυμῷ·
τύψε δ' ἄρ' Αἰακίδαο βραχίονα δουρὶ κραταιῷ·
τοῦ δ' ἐχύθη φίλον αἷμα· χάρη δ' ἄρ' ἐτώσιον
ἦρως,

410

καὶ μιν ἄφαρ προσέειπεν ὑπερφιάλοισι ἐπέεσσιν·
“ νῦν σ' οὔτω μόρον αἰνὸν ἀναπλήσειν ὑπ' ὀλέθρῳ
χερσὶν ἐμῇσι δαμέντα καὶ οὐκέτι μῶλον ἀλύξαι.
σχέτλιε, τίπτε σὺ Τρῶας ἀνηλεγέως ὀλέεσκες
πάντων εὐχόμενος πολὺ φέρτατος ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν, 415
μητρός τ' ἀθανάτης Νηρηίδος; ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἤδη
ἤλυθεν αἴσιμον ἡμαρ, ἐπεὶ θεόθεν γένος εἰμι
Ἡοῦς ὄβριμος υἱός, ὃν ἔκποθι λειριόεσσαι
Ἑσπερίδες θρέψαντο παρὰ ῥόον ὠκεανοῖο.
τοῦνεκά σευ καὶ δῆριν ἀμείλιχον οὐκ ἀλεείνω 420
εἰδὼς μητέρα δῖαν, ὅσον προφερεστέρα ἐστὶ
Νηρείδος, τῆς αὐτὸς ἐπεύχεται ἔκγονος εἶναι·
ἢ μὲν γὰρ μακάρεσσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι φαίνεται,
τῇ ἐπὶ πάντα τελεῖται ἀτείρεος ἔνδον Ὀλύμπου
ἐσθλά τε καὶ κλυτὰ ἔργα, τὰ τ' ἀνδράσι γίνετ'
ὄνειαρ· 425

ἢ δ' ἐν ἁλὸς κευθμῶσι καθημένη ἀτρυγέτοισι
ναίει ὁμῶς κήτεσσι μετ' ἰχθύσι κυδιόωσα
ἄπρηκτος καὶ αἴστος· ἐγὼ δέ μιν οὐκ ἀλεγίζω
οὐδέ μιν ἀθανάτησιν ἐπουρανίησιν ἔϊσκω.”

Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἐνένιπε θρασὺς πᾶις Αἰακίδαο· 430
“ ὦ Μέμνον, πῇ νῦν σε κακαὶ φρένες ἐξορόθουναν
ἐλθέμεν ἀντὶ ἐμεῖο καὶ ἐς μόθον ἰσοφαρίζειν;
ὃς σέο φέρτερός εἰμι βίῃ γενεῇ τε φυῇ τε
Ζηνὸς ὑπερθύμοιο λαχὼν ἀριδείκετον αἷμα
καὶ σθεναροῦ Νηρήος, ὃς εἰναλίας τέκε κούρας 435

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

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

Νηρείδας, τὰς δὴ ῥα θεοὶ τίουσ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,
 πασάων δὲ μάλιστα Θέτιν κλυτὰ μητιώσαν,
 οὐνεκά που Διόνυσον ἑοῖς ὑπέδεκτο μελάθροισ,
 ὅππότε δειμαίνεσκε βίην ὀλοοῖο Λυκούργου,
 ἡδὲ καὶ ὥς Ἦφαιστον εὐφρονα χαλκεοτέχνην 440
 ἐξέσθ' ἑοῖσι δόμοισιν ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο πεσόντα,
 αὐτόν τ' Ἀργικέραυνον ὅπως ὑπελύσατο δεσμῶν
 τῶν μμνησκόμενοι πανδερκέες Οὐρανίωνες
 μητέρ' ἐμὴν τίουσι Θέτιν ζαθέῳ ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 γνῶσθ' ὡς θεὸς ἐστίν, ἐπὴν δόρυ χάλκεον εἴσω 445
 ἐς τεὸν ἦπαρ ἵκηται ἐμῇ βεβλημένον ἀλκῇ.
 Ἔκτορα γὰρ Πατρόκλοιο, σὲ δ' Ἀντιλόχοιο
 χολωθεῖς
 τίσομαι· οὐ γὰρ ὄλεστας ἀνάλκιδος ἀνδρὸς
 ἐταῖρον.

ἀλλὰ τί νηπιάχοισιν εἰκότες ἀφραδέεσσιν
 ἔσταμεν ἡμετέρων μυθεύμενοι ἔργα τοκίων 450
 ἢ δ' αὐτῶν; ἐγγὺς καὶ Ἀρης, ἐγγὺς δὲ καὶ ἀλκή."
 Ὡς εἰπὼν παλάμῃσι λάβεν πολυμήκετον ἄορ
 Μέμνων δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθι, καὶ ὀτραλέως συνόρουσαν
 τύπτον δ' ἀλλήλων ἄμοτον φρεσὶ μαιμώνωντες
 ἀσπίδας, ἃς Ἦφαιστος ὑπ' ἀμβροσίῃ κάμε τέχνη, 455
 πυκνὰ συναῖσσοντες· ἐπέψανον δὲ λόφοισιν
 ἀλλήλαις ἐκάτερθεν ἐρειδόμεναι τρυφάλεια.
 Ζεὺς δὲ μέγ' ἀμφοτέροισι φίλα φρονέων βάλε
 κάρτος,

τεύξε δ' ἄρ' ἀκαμάτους καὶ μείζοντας, οὐδὲν ὁμοίους
 ἀνδράσιν, ἀλλὰ θεοῖσιν. Ἔρις δ' ἐπεγῆθεεν ἀμφῳ. 460
 οἱ δ' αἰχμὴν μεμαῶτες ἄφαρ χροὸς ἐντὸς ἐλάσσαι
 μεσσηγὺς σάκεός τε καὶ ὑψιλόφου τρυφαλείης
 πολλάκις ἰθύνεσκον ἐὼν μένος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

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

βαιὸν ὑπὲρ κνημῖδος, ἔνερθε δὲ δαιδαλέοιο
θώρηκος βριαροῖσιν ἀρηρότος ἀμφὶ μέλεσσιν, 465
ἄμφω ἐπείγόμενοι· περὶ δὲ σφισιν ἄμβροτα τεύχη
ἀμφ' ὤμοις ἀράβησε· βοή δ' ἔκετ' αἰθέρα διῶν
Τρώων Αἰθιόπων τε καὶ Ἀργείων ἐριθύμων
μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθε· κόνις δ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ὀρώρει
ἄχρῃς ἐς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν, ἐπεὶ μέγα κίνυτο ἔργον. 470

Εὔτ' ὁμίχλη κατ' ὄρεσφιν ὀρινομένου ὑετοῖο,
ὀππότε δὴ κελάδοντες ἐνιπλήθονται ἔναυλοι
ὑδατος ἐσσυμένοιο, βρέμει δ' ἄρα πᾶσα χαράδρη
ἄσπετον, οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπιτρομέουσι νομῆς
χειμάρρους ὁμίχλην τε φίλην ὀλοοῖσι λύκοισιν 475
ἢδ' ἄλλοις θήρεσσιν, ὅσους τρέφει ἄσπετος ὕλη·
ὥς τῶν ἀμφὶ πόδεσσι κόνις πεπότητ' ἀλεγεινῇ,
ἣ ρά τε καὶ φάος ἥν κατέκρυφεν ἡελίοιο
αἰθέρ' ἐπισκιάουσα· κακῇ δ' ὑπεδάμνατ' οἰζὺς
λαοὺς ἐν κονίῃ τε καὶ αἰνομόρῳ ὕσμινι. 480
καὶ τὴν μὲν μακάρων τις ἀπώσατο δημοτῆτος
ἐσσυμένως· ὀλοαὶ δὲ θοὰς ἐκάτερθε φύλαγας
Κῆρες ἐποτρύνεσκον ἀπειρέσιον πονέεσθαι
δῆριν ἀνὰ στονόεσσαν Ἀρης δ' οὐ λῆγε φόνοιο
λευγαλέου, πάντη δὲ πέριξ ἐφορύνετο γαῖα 485
αἵματος ἐκχυμένοιο· μέλας δ' ἐπετέρπετ' Ὀλεθρος·
στεῖνετο δὲ κταμένων πεδίων μέγα θ' ἵππόβοτον τε,
ὀππόσον ἀμφὶ ροαῖς Σιμόεις καὶ Ξάνθος ἔεργει
Ἰδθθεν κατιόντες ἐς ἱερὸν Ἑλλήσποντον.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολλὴ μὲν ἄδην μηκύνετο δῆρις 490
μαρναμένων, ἴσον δὲ μένος τέτατ' ἀμφοτέροισι,
δὴ τότε τοὺς γ' ἀπάνευθεν Ὀλύμπιοι εἰσορόωντες,
οἱ μὲν θυμὸν ἔτερπον ἀτειρέϊ Πηλείωνι,

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

Now close beneath the corslet curious-wrought
That lapped the stalwart frame: hard, fast they
lunged,

And on their shoulders clashed the arms divine.
Roared to the very heavens the battle-shout
Of warring men, of Trojans, Aethiops,
And Argives mighty-hearted, while the dust
Rolled up from 'neath their feet, tossed to the sky
In stress of battle-travail great and strong.

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

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

οἱ δ' ἄρα Τιθωνοῖο καὶ Ῥοῦς υἱεὶ δίφ.
 ὑφ' ὀθι δ' οὐρανὸς εὐρύς ἐπέβραχεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πόντος 495
 ἴαχε· κυανὴν δὲ πέριξ ἐλελίζετο γαῖα
 ἀμφοτέρων ὑπὸ ποσσὶ· περιτρομέοντο δὲ πᾶσαι
 ἀμφὶ Θέτιν Νηρήος ὑπερθύμοιο θύγατρ^{ες}
 ὀβρίμον ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆος ἰδ' ἄσπετα δειμαίνοντο·
 δειδιδε δ' Ἑριγένεια φίλῳ περὶ παιδὶ καὶ αὐτῇ 500
 ἵπποις ἐμβεβαυῖα δι' αἰθέρος· αἱ δέ οἱ ἄγχι
 Ἥελίοιο θύγατρ^{ες} ἐθάμβεον ἐστηνῖαι
 θεσπέσιον περὶ κύκλον, ὃν ἡελίῳ ἀκάμαντι
 Ζεὺς πόρεν εἰς ἐνιαυτὸν ἐὺν δρόμον, ᾧ περὶ πάντα
 ζῶει τε φθινύθει τε περιπλομένοιο κατ' ἡμαρ 505
 νωλεμέως αἰῶνος ἐλισσομένων ἐνιαυτῶν.
 καὶ νῦ κε δὴ μακάρεσσιν ἀμείλιχος ἔμπεσε δῆρις,
 εἰ μὴ ὑπ' ἐννεσίῃσι Διὸς μεγαλοβρεμέταο
 δοιαὶ ἄρ' ἀμφοτέροισι θεῶς ἐκύτερθε παρέσταν
 Κῆρες, ἐρεμναίῃ μὲν ἔβη ποτὶ Μέμνονος ἥτορ, 510
 φαιδρὴ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα δαΐφρονα· τοὶ δ' ἐσιδόντες
 ἀθάνατοι μέγ' αὔσαν, ἄφαρ δ' ἔλε τοὺς μὲν ἀνὴν
 λευγαλήν, τοὺς δ' ἧῦ καὶ ἀγλαὸν ἔλλαβε χάρμα.
 Ἥρωες δ' ἐμάχοντο καθ' αἱματόεντα κυδοιμὸν
 ἔμπεδον, οὐδέ τι Κῆρας ἐποιοχόμενας ἐνόησαν 515
 θυμὸν καὶ μέγα κάρτος ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι φέροντες·
 φαίης κε στονόνετα κατὰ μόθον ἡματι κείνῳ
 μάρνασθ' ἥε Γίγαντας ἀτειρέας ἥε κραταιοὺς
 Τιτῆνας· σθεναρὴ γὰρ ἐπὶ σφισι δῆρις ὀρώρει,
 ἡμὲν ὅτε ξιφέεσσι συνέδραμον, ἧδ' ὅτε λᾶας 520
 βάλλον ἐπ' ἐσσύμενοι περιμήκεας· οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν
 χάζετο βαλλομένων, οὐδ' ἔτρεσαν, ἀλλ' ἅτε πρῶνες
 ἕστασαν ἀδμήτες καταεῖμενοι ἄσπετον ἄλκην·
 ἀμφῳ γὰρ μεγάλοιο Διὸς γένος εὐχετόωντο·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

Still in the midst of blood-stained battle-rout
Those heroes fought, unknowing of the Fates
Now drawn so nigh, but each at other hurled
His whole heart's courage, all his bodily might.
Thou hadst said that in the strife of that dread day
Huge tireless Giants or strong Titans warred,
So fiercely blazed the wildfire of their strife,
Now, when they clashed with swords, now when they
leapt

Hurling huge stones. Nor either would give back
Before the hail of blows, nor quailed. They stood
Like storm-tormented headlands steadfast, clothed
With might past words, unearthly; for the twain
Alike could boast their lineage of high Zeus.

τοῦνεκ' ἄρα σφίσι δῆριν ἴσῃν ἐτάνυσσεν Ἐννὼ 525
 πολλὸν ἐρειδομένοισιν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἐν δαὶ κείνῃ,
 αὐτοῖς ἡδ' ἐτάροισιν ἀταρβέσιν, οἳ μετ' ἀνάκτων
 νωλεμέως πονέοντο μεμαότες, ἄχρι καμόντων
 αἰχμαὶ ἀνεγνάμφθησαν ἐν ἀσπίσιν· οὐδέ τις ἦεν
 θεινομένων ἐκάτερθεν ἀνούτατος, ἀλλ' ἄρα πάντων 530
 ἐκ μελέων εἰς οὐδας ἀπέρρεεν αἶμα καὶ ἰδρὼς
 αἰὲν ἐρειδομένων, κεκάλυπτο δὲ γαῖα νέκυσιν
 οὐρανὸς ὥς νεφέεσσιν ἐς αἰγοκερῆα κιόντος
 ἡελίου, ὅτε πόντον ὑποτρομέει μέγα ναύτης.
 τοὺς δ' ἵπποι χρεμέθοντες ἐπεσσυμένοις ἅμα λαοῖς 535
 τεθνεότας στείβεσκον, ἥτ' ἄσπετα φύλλα κατ'
 ἄλσος

χείματος ἀρχομένου μετὰ τηλεθώσαν ὀπώρην.

Οἱ δὲ που ἐν νεκύεσσι καὶ αἵματι δηριόωντο
 νήες μακάρων ἐρικυδέες, οὐδ' ἀπέλγηον
 ἀλλήλοις κοτέοντες· Ἔρις δ' ἵθυνε τάλαντα 540
 ὑσμίνης ἀλεγεινά, τὰ δ' οὐκ ἔτι ἴσα πέλοντο·
 ἀλλ' ἄρα Μέμνονα δῖον ὑπὸ στέρνοιο θέμεθλα
 Πηλεΐδης οὔτησε· τὸ δ' ἀντικρὺ μέλαν ἄορ
 ἐξέθορεν· τοῦ δ' αἶψα λύθη πολύηρατος αἰὼν·
 κάππεσε δ' ἐς μέλαν αἶμα, βράχην δέ οἱ ἄσπετα
 τεύχη· 545

γαῖα δ' ὑπεςμαράγησε, καὶ ἀμφεφόβηθεν ἐταῖροι·
 τὸν δ' ἄρα Μυρμιδόνες μὲν ἐσύλεον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες
 φεύγον· ὁ δ' αἶψα δῖωκε μένος μέγα λαίλαπι ἴσος.
 Ἦως δ' ἐστονάχῃσε καλυψαμένη νεφέεσσιν·
 ἡχλύνθη δ' ἄρα γαῖα. Θεοὶ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἀῆται 550
 μητρὸς ἐφημοσύνησι μίῃ φορέοντο κελεύθῳ

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

With ceaseless fury toiling, till their spears
Stood shivered all in shields of warriors slain,
And of the fighters woundless none remained ;
But from all limbs streamed down into the dust
The blood and sweat of that unresting strain
Of fight, and earth was hidden with the dead,
As heaven is hidden with clouds when meets the sun
The Goat-star, and the shipman dreads the deep.
As charged the lines, the snorting chariot-steeds
Trampled the dead, as on the myriad leaves
Ye trample in the woods at entering-in
Of winter, when the autumn-tide is past.

Still mid the corpses and the blood fought on
Those glorious sons of Gods, nor ever ceased
From wrath of fight. But Eris now inclined
The fatal scales of battle, which no more
Were equal-poised. Beneath the breast-bone then
Of godlike Memnon plunged Achilles' sword ;
Clear through his body all the dark-blue blade
Leapt : suddenly snapped the silver cord of life.
Down in a pool of blood he fell, and clashed
His massy armour, and earth rang again. ;
Then turned to flight his comrades panic-struck,
And of his arms the Myrmidons stripped the dead,
While fled the Trojans, and Achilles chased,
As whirlwind swift and mighty to destroy.

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

ἐς πεδῖον Πριάμοιο καὶ ἀμφεχέοντο θανόντι,
 ἦκα δ' ἀνηρείψαντο θοῶς Ἡώιον νῖα,
 καὶ ἑ φέρον πολιοῖο δι' ἡέρος· ἄχρυτο δέ σφι
 θυμὸς ἀδελφειοῖο δεδουπότος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αἰθήρ 555
 ἔστανε· τοῦ δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ὅσαι πέσον αἱματόεσαι
 ἐκ μελέων ῥαθάμιγγες, ἐν ἀνθρώποισι τέτυκται
 σῆμα καὶ ἔσσομένοις· τὰς γὰρ θεοὶ ἄλλοθεν ἄλλην
 εἰς ἐν ἀγειράμενοι ποταμὸν θέσαν ἠχήεντα,
 τὸν ῥά τε Παφλαγόνειον ἐπιχθόνιοι καλέουσι 560
 πάντες, ὅσοι ναίουσι μακρῆς ὑπὸ δειράσιν Ἰδης·
 ὅς τε καὶ αἱματόεις τραφερὴν ἐπινίσσεται αἶαν,
 ὁππότε Μέμνονος ἡμάρ' ἔη λυγρόν, ᾧ ἐνὶ κείνος
 κάτθανε· λευγαλέη δέ καὶ ἄσχετος ἔσσεται ὁδμῇ
 ἐξ ὕδατος· φαίης κεν ἔθ' ἔλκεος οὐλομένοιο 565
 πυθόμενους ἰχῶρας ἀποπνεῖειν ἁλεγεινόν.
 ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν βουλῇσι θεῶν γένεθ'· οἱ δ' ἐπέτοντο
 Ἕοῦς ὄβριμον νῖα θοοὶ φορέοντες ἀήται
 τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ γαίης δυοφερῇ κεκαλυμμένον ὄρφνη.
 Οὐδὲ μὲν Αἰθιοπῆες ἀποκταμένοιο ἄνακτος 570
 νόσφιν ἀπεπλάγχθησαν, ἐπεὶ θεὸς αἶψα καὶ
 αὐτοὺς

ἦγε λιλαιομένοισι βαλὼν τάχος, οἷον ἔμελλον
 οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν ἔχοντες ἐπηέριοι φορέεσθαι·
 τοῦνεχ' ἔποντ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁδυρόμενοι βασιλῆα.
 ὥς δ' ὅταν ἀγρευτῆρος ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι δαμέντος 575
 ἢ συὸς ἢ λέοντος ὑπὸ βλοσυρῇσι γένυσσι
 σῶμ' ἀναειρόμενοι μογεροὶ φορέουσιν ἑταῖροι
 ἀχνύμενοι, μετὰ δέ σφι κύνες ποθέοντες ἄνακτα
 κνυζήθμῳ ἐφέπονται ἀνιερῆς ἕνεκ' ἄγρης·
 ὥς οἱ γε προλιπόντες ἀνιηλέα δημοτῆτα 580
 λαιψηροῖς ἐφέποντο μέγα στενάχοντες ἀήταις

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

To Priam's plain, and floated round the dead,
And softly, swiftly caught they up, and bare
Through silver mists the Dawn-queen's son, with
55 hearts

Sore aching for their brother's fall, while moaned
Around them all the air. As on they passed,
Fell many blood-gouts from those piercèd limbs
Down to the earth, and these were made a sign
To generations yet to be. The Gods
60 Gathered them up from many lands, and made
Thereof a far-resounding river, named
Of all that dwell beneath long Ida's flanks
Paphlagoncion. As its waters flow
'Twixt fertile acres, once a year they turn
To blood, when comes the woeful day whereon
35 Died Memnon: Thence a sick and choking reek
Steams: thou wouldst say that from a wound
unhealed

Corrupting humours breathed an evil stench.
Ay, so the Gods ordained: but now flew on
Bearing Dawn's mighty son the rushing winds
70 Skimming earth's face and palled about with night.

Nor were his Aethiopian comrades left
To wander of their King forlorn: a God
Suddenly winged those eager souls with speed
Such as should soon be theirs for ever, changed
To flying fowl, the children of the air.
Wailing their King in the winds' track they sped.
75 As when a hunter mid the forest-brakes
Is by a boar or grim-jawed lion slain,
And now his sorrowing friends take up the corse,
And bear it heavy-hearted; and the hounds
Follow low-whimpering, pining for their lord
In that disastrous hunting lost; so they
80 Left far behind that stricken field of blood,
And fast they followed after those swift winds

ἀχλύϊ θεσπεσίῃ κεκαλυμμένοι. ἀμφὶ δὲ Τρῶες
καὶ Δαναοὶ θάμβησαν ἅμα σφετέρῳ βασιλῇ
πάντας αἰστωθέντας, ἀπειρεσίῃ δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν
ἀμφασίῃ βεβόληντο. νέκυν δ' ἀκάμαντες αἴηται 585
Μέμνονος ἀγχεμάχοιο θέσαν βαρέα στενάχοντες
πὰρ ποταμοῖο ῥέεθρα βαθυρρόου Αἰσήποιο,
ἥχί τε Νυμφάων καλλιπλοκάμων πέλει ἄλσος
καλόν, ὃ δὴ μετόπισθε μακρὸν περὶ σῆμα βάλοντο
Αἰσηποῖο θύγατρὲς ἄδην πεπυκασμένον ὕλη 590
παντοίῃ· καὶ πολλὰ θεαὶ περικωκύσαντο,
υἷέα κυδαίνουσαι εὐθρόνου Ἑριγενείης.

Δύσετο δ' ἡελίοιο φάος· κατὰ δ' ἦλυθεν Ἥως
οὐρανόθεν κλαίουσα φίλον τέκος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῇ
κοῦραι εὐπλόκαμοι δυοκαίδεκα, τῇσι μέμηλεν 595
αἰὲν ἐλίσσομένου Ὑπερίονος αἰπὰ κέλευθα
νύξ τε καὶ ἡριγένεια καὶ ἐκ Διὸς ὀππόσα βουλῆς
γίνεται, οὐ περὶ δῶμα καὶ ἀρρήκτους πυλεῶνας
στρωφῶντ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πέριξ λυκάβαντα
φέρουσαι

καρποῖσι βρίθοντα κυλινδομένου περὶ κύκλου 600
χειμῶνος κρυεροῖο καὶ εἵαρος ἀνθεμόεντος
ἡδὲ θέρεως ἐρατοῖο πολυσταφύλοιό τ' ὀπώρας.
αἱ τότε δὴ κατέβησαν ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἡλιβάτοιο
ἄσπετ' ὀδυρόμεναι περὶ Μέμνονα, σὺν δ' ἄρα τῇσι
Πληιάδες μύροντο· περίαχε δ' οὐρεα μακρὰ 605
καὶ ῥόος Αἰσήποιο· γόος δ' ἄλληκτος ὀρώρει.
ἢ δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ μέσσησιν ἐφ' περὶ παιδὶ χυθεῖσα
μακρὸν ἀνεστονάχησε πολύστονος Ἑριγένεια·
“ ὦλέο μοι, φίλε τέκνον, ἐῖῃ δ' ἄρα μητέρι πένθος
ἀργαλέον περίθηκας· ἐγὼ δ' οὐ σεῖο δαμέντος 610
τλήσομαι ἀθανάτοισιν ἐπουρανίοισι φαείνειν,
ἀλλὰ καταχθονίων ἐσδύσομαι αἰνὰ βέρεθρα,

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

Now sank the sun: the Lady of the Morn
Wailing her dear child from the heavens came down.
Twelve maidens shining-tressed attended her,
The warders of the high paths of the sun
For ever circling, warders of the night
And dawn, and each world-ordinance framed of
Zeus,

Around whose mansion's everlasting doors
From east to west they dance, from west to east,
Whirling the wheels of harvest-laden years, 600
While rolls the endless round of winter's cold,
And flowery spring, and lovely summer-tide,
And heavy-clustered autumn. These came down
From heaven, for Memnon wailing wild and high;
And mourned with these the Pleiads. Echoed
round

Far-stretching mountains, and Aesopus' stream.
Ceaseless uprose the keen, and in their midst,
Fallen on her son and clasping, wailed the Dawn;
"Dead art thou, dear, dear child, and thou hast clad
Thy mother with a pall of grief. Oh, I,
Now thou art slain, will not endure to light
The Immortal Heavenly Ones! No, I will plunge

ψυχὴ ὅπου σέο νόσφιν ἀποφθιμένοιο ποτᾶται,
 [γαίαν ἀμαυρώσουσα καὶ οὐρανὸν ἠδὲ θάλασσαν]
 πάντ' ἐπικιδναμένου χάεος καὶ ἀεικέος ὄρφνης,
 ὅφρα τι καὶ Κρονίδαο περὶ φρένας ἄλγος ἴκηται 615
 οὐ γὰρ ἀτιμωτέρη Νηρηίδος ἐκ Διὸς αὐτοῦ
 πάντ' ἐπιδερκομένη, πάντ' ἐς τέλος ἄχρις ἄγουσα·
 μαφιδίως γὰρ ἐμὸν φάος οὐ νῦν ὠπίσατο Ζεὺς.
 τοῦνεχ' ὑπὸ ζόφον εἰμι· θέτιν δ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον
 ἀγέσθω

ἐξ ἄλός, ὅφρα θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι φαείνη· 620
 αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ στονόεσσα μετ' οὐρανὸν εὐαδεν ὄρφνη,
 μὴ δὴ σείο φονῇ φάος περὶ σῶμα βάλοιμι."

ᾧς φαμένης ῥέε δάκρυ κατ' ἀμβροσίῳ προσ-
 ὄπου

ἀενάῳ ποταμῷ ἐναλίγκιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ
 δεύετο γαῖα μέλαινα· συνάχυντο δ' ἀμβροσίη Νυξ 625
 παιδὶ φίλῃ, καὶ πάντα κατέκρυφεν οὐρανὸς ἄστρα
 ἀχλύϊ καὶ νεφέεσσι φέρων χάριν Ἑριγενείῃ.

Τρῶες δ' ἄστεος ἔνδον ἔσαν περὶ Μέμνονι θυμὸν
 ἀχνύμενοι· πόθειον γὰρ ὁμῶς ἐτάροισιν ἄνακτα.
 οὐδὲ μὲν Ἀργεῖοι μέγ' ἐγήθειον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ 630
 ἐν πεδίῳ κταμένοισι παρ' ἀνδράσιν αὖλιν ἔχοντες
 ἄμφω εὖμμελιν μὲν Ἀχιλλέα κυδαίνεσκον,
 Ἀντίλοχον δ' ἄρα κλαῖον· ἔχον δ' ἅμα χάρματι
 πένθος.

Παννυχίη δ' ἀλεγεινὸν ἀνεστονάχιζε γοῶσα
 Ἥως· ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κέχυτο ζόφος· οὐδέ τι θυμῷ 635
 ἀντολῆς ἀλέγιζε, μέγαν δ' ἤχθηρεν Ὀλυμπον.
 ἄγχι δὲ οἱ μάλα πολλὰ ποδώκεες ἔστερον ἵπποι
 γαίαν ἐπιστείβοντες ἀηθέα, καὶ βασίλειαν
 ἀχνυμένην ὀρόωντες, ἐελδόμενοι μέγα νόστου.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

Thus as she cried, the tears ran down her face
Immortal, like a river brimming aye :
Drenched was the dark earth round the corse. The
Night

Grieved in her daughter's anguish, and the heaven
Drew over all his stars a veil of mist
And cloud, of love unto the Lady of Light.

Meanwhile within their walls the Trojan folk
For Memnon sorrowed sore, with vain regret
Yearning for that lost king and all his host.
Nor greatly joyed the Argives, where they lay
Camped in the open plain amidst the dead.
There, mingled with Achilles' praise, uprose
Wails for Antilochus : joy clasped hands with grief.

All night in groans and sighs most pitiful
The Dawn-queen lay : a sea of darkness moaned
Around her. Of the dayspring nought she recked :
She loathed Olympus' spaces. At her side
Fretted and whinnied still her fleetfoot steeds,
Trampling the strange earth, gazing at their Queen
Grief-stricken, yearning for the fiery course.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Ζεὺς δ' ἄμοτον βρόντησε χολούμενος, ἀμφὶ δὲ
γαῖα

640

κινήθη περὶ πᾶσα· τρόμος δ' ἔλεν ἄμβροτον Ἠῶ.

Τὸν δ' ἄρα καρπαλίμως μελανόχρους Αἰθιοπῆς
θάψαν ὀδυρόμενοι· τοὺς δ' Ἑριγένεια βοῶπις
πόλλ' ὀλοφυρομένους κρατεροῦ περὶ σήματι
παιδὸς

οἰωνοὺς ποίησε καὶ ἡέρι δῶκε φέρεσθαι,

645

τοὺς καὶ νῦν καλέουσι βροτῶν ἀπερείσια φῦλα

Μέμνονας· οἳ ῥ' ἐπὶ τύμβον ἔτι σφετέρου
βασιλῆος

ἐσσύμενοι γοῶσι κόνιν καθύπερθε χέοντες
σήματος· ἀλλήλοις δὲ περικλονέουσι κυδοιμὸν
Μέμνονι ἦρα φέροντες· ὁ δ' εἰν Ἀἶδαο δόμοισιν
ἡέ που ἐν μακάρεσσι κατ' Ἠλύσιον πέδον αἴης
καρχαλάα· καὶ θυμὸν λαίνεται ἄμβροτος Ἠὼς
δερκομένη· τοῖσιν δὲ πέλει πόνος ἄχρι καμόντες
εἷς ἓνα δηώσονται ἀνὰ κλόνον, ἡὲ καὶ ἄμφω
πότμον ἀναπλήσωσι πονεῦμενοι ἀμφὶς ἄνακτα.

650

655

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐννεσίησι φαεσφόρου Ἑριγενείης
οἰωνοὶ τελέουσι θοοί· τότε δ' ἄμβροτος Ἠὼς
οὐρανὸν εἰσανόρουσεν ὁμῶς πολυαλδέσιν Ὠραις,
αἵ ῥά μιν οὐκ ἐθέλουσαν ἀνήγαγον ἐς Διὸς οὐδας
παρφάμεναι μύθοισιν, ὅσοις βαρὺ πένθος ὑπέκει, 660
καίπερ ἔτ' ἀχνυμένην. ἡ δ' οὐ λάθεθ' οἶο δρόμοιο·
δεΐδιε γὰρ δὴ Ζηνὸς ἄδην ἄλληκτον ἐνιπήν,
ἐξ οὗ πάντα πέλονται, ὅσ' ὠκεανοῖο ῥέεθρα
ἐντὸς ἔχει καὶ γαῖα καὶ αἰθομένων ἔδος ἄστρων.
τῆς ἄρα Πληιάδες πρότεραι ἴσαν· ἡ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ 665
αἰθερίας ὤϊξε πύλας, ἐκέδασσε δ' ἄρ' αἶγλην.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK II

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

Swiftly the dark-skinned Aethiops from her sight
Buried their lord lamenting. As they wailed
Unceasingly, the Dawn-queen lovely-eyed
Changed them to birds sweeping through air around
The barrow of the mighty dead. And these
Still do the tribes of men "The Memnons" call;
And still with wailing cries they dart and wheel
Above their king's tomb, and they scatter dust
Down on his grave, still shrill the battle-cry,
In memory of Memnon, each to each.

But he in Hades' mansions, or perchance
Amid the Blessed on the Elysian Plain,
Laugheth. Divine Dawn comforteth her heart
Beholding them: but theirs is toil of strife
Unending, till the weary victors strike
The vanquished dead, or one and all fill up
The measure of their doom around his grave.

So by command of Eos, Lady of Light,
The swift birds dree their weird. But Dawn divine
Now heavenward soared with the all-fostering
Hours,

Who drew her to Zeus' threshold, sorely loth,
Yet conquered by their gentle pleadings, such
As salve the bitterest grief of broken hearts.
Nor the Dawn-queen forgot her daily course,
But quailed before the unbending threat of Zeus,
Of whom are all things, even all comprised
Within the encircling sweep of Ocean's stream,
Earth and the palace-dome of burning stars.
Before her went her Pleiad-harbingers,
Then she herself flung wide the ethereal gates,
And, scattering spray of splendour, flashed there-
through.