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The fall of Troy

Quintus

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Book IV. How in the funeral games of Achilles heroes contended

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ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΣ

Οὐδὲ μὲν Ἴππολόχοιο δαΐφρονος ὄβριμον νῆα
 Τρῶες ἀδάκρυτον δειλοὶ λίπον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 Δαρδανίης προπάροιθε πύλης ἐρικυδέα φῶτα
 πυρκαϊῆς καθύπερθε βάλον· τὸν δ' αὐτὸς
 Ἀπόλλων

ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο μάλ' ἐσσυμένως ἀναείρας 5
 δῶκε θεοῖς ἀνέμοισι φέρειν Λυκίης σχεδὸν αἶης·
 οἱ δέ μιν αἰψ' ἀπένεικαν ὑπ' ἄγχεα Τηλαύδροιο
 χῶρον ἐς ἱμερόεντα, πέτρην δ' ἐφύπερθε βάλοντο
 ἄρρηκτον· Νύμφαι δὲ περίβλυσαν ἱερὸν ὕδωρ 10
 ἀενάου ποταμοῖο, τὸν εἰσέτι φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων
 Γλαῦκον ἐπικλείουσιν ἑύρροον· ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν πού
 ἀθάνατοι τεύξαντο γέρας Λυκίων βασιλῆι.

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐρίθυμον ἀνεστενάχοντ' Ἀχιλλῆα
 νηυσὶ παρ' ὠκυπόροισιν· ἔτειρε δὲ πάντας ἀνὴρ 15
 λευγαλέη καὶ πένθος, ἐπεὶ ῥά μιν ὥς ἐδὸν νῆα
 δίζουσ', οὐδέ τις ἦεν ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν ἄδακρυς·
 Τρῶες δ' αὖτ' ἀλίαςτον ἐγήθειον εἰσορόωντες
 τοὺς μὲν ἀκηχεμένους, τὸν δ' ἐν πυρὶ δηωθέντα·
 καὶ τις ἐπευχόμενος μῦθον ποτὶ τοῖον ἔειπεν·
 “νῦν πάντεσσιν ἄελπτον ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο Κρο- 20
 νίων

ἡμῖν ὥπασε χάρμα ληλαιομένοισιν ἰδέσθαι
 ἐν Τροίῃ Ἀχιλλῆα δεδουπότα· τοῦ γὰρ οἶω
 βλημένου ἀμπνεύσειν Τρώων ἐρικυδέα φῦλα

BOOK IV

How in the Funeral Games of Achilles heroes contended.

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

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

αἵματος ἐξ ὀλοοῖο καὶ ἀνδροφόνου ὑσμίνης·
αἰεὶ γὰρ φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἐμήδετο [Τρωσὶν ὄλεθρον]
αἰνὰ δέ οἱ χεῖρεςσιν ἐμαίνετο λοίγιον ἔγχος 25
λύθρῳ ὑπ' ἀργαλέῳ πεπαλαγμένον, οὐδέ τις
ἡμέων

κείνῳ ἔναντα κιὼν ἔτ' ἐσέδρακεν Ἑριγένειαν·
νῦν δ' οἶω φεύξεσθαι Ἀχαιῶν ὄβριμα τέκνα
νηυσὶν εὐπρώροισι δαΐκταμένου Ἀχιλλῆος·
ὥς ὄφελον μένος ἦεν ἔθ' Ἑκτορος, ὄφρ' ἅμα
πάντας 30

Ἀργείους σφετέρησιν ἐνὶ κλισίησιν ὄλεσσεν.”
Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Τρώων τις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πάγχυ γε-
γηθώς·

ἄλλος δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθι πύκα φρονέων φάτο μῦθον·
“φῆσθα σὺ μὲν Δαναῶν ὀλοὸν στρατὸν ἔνδοθι
νηῶν

πόντον ἐπ' ἡρώεντα πεφυζότας αἴψα νέεσθαι 35
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν δείσουσι λιλαιόμενοι μέγα χάρμης·
εἰσὶ γάρ ἢ κρατεροὶ τε καὶ ὄβριμοι ἄνδρες ἄλλοι,
Τυδείδης Αἴας τε καὶ Ἀτρεὺς ὄβριμοι νῆες·
τοὺς ἔτ' ἐγὼ δεῖδοικα κατακταμένου Ἀχιλλῆος·
τοὺς εἴθ' ἀργυρότοξος ἀναιρήσειεν Ἀπόλλων, 40
καὶ κεν ἀνάπνευσις πολέμου καὶ ἀεικέος οἴτου
ἡμῖν εὐχομένοισιν ἐλεύσεται ἥματι κείνῳ.”

Ὡς ἔφατ'· ἀθάνατοι δὲ κατ' οὐρανὸν ἐστενά-
χοντο,

ὅσσοι ἔσαν Δαναοῖσιν εὐσθενέεσσιν ἀρωγοί,
ἀμφὶ δὲ κρᾶτ' ἐκάλυψαν ἀπειρεσίοις νεφέεσσι 45
θυμὸν ἀκηχέμενοι· ἐτέρωθι δὲ γήθεον ἄλλοι
εὐχόμενοι Τρώεσσι πέρασ θυμηδὲς ὀρέξαι.

καὶ τότε δὴ Κρονίωνα κλυτὴ προσεφώνεεν Ἥρη·
“Ζεῦ πάτερ ἀργικέραυνε, τί ἢ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγεις
κούρης ἡὔκομοιο λελασμένος, ἦν ῥα πάροιθεν 50
ἀντιθέῳ Πηλῇ πόρες θυμῆρε' ἄκοιτιν

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

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

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

In heaven was dole among the Immortal Ones,
Even all that helped the stalwart Danaans' cause.
In clouds like mountains piled they veiled their
heads

45 For grief of soul. But glad those others were
Who fain would speed Troy to a happy goal.
Then unto Cronos' Son great Hera spake :
"Zeus, Lightning-father, wherefore helpest thou
50 Troy, all forgetful of the fair-haired bride
Whom once to Peleus thou didst give to wife

Πηλίου ἐν βήσσησι; γάμον δέ οἱ αὐτὸς ἔτευξας
ἄμβροτον, οἱ δέ νυ πάντες ἐδαινύμεθ' ἥματι κείνῳ
ἀθάνατοι καὶ πολλὰ δόμεν περικαλλέα δῶρα·
ἀλλὰ τά γ' ἐξελάθου, μέγα δ' Ἑλλάδι μήσαο
πένθος."

55

“Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· τὴν δ' οὔτι προσέννεπεν ἀκάματος
Ζεὺς·

ἦστο γὰρ ἀχνύμενος κραδίην καὶ πολλὰ μενοινῶν,
οὔνεκεν ἡμελλον Πριάμου πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξειν
Ἀργεῖοι, τοῖς αἰνὸν ἐμήδετο λοιγὸν ὀπάσσαι
ἐν πολέμῳ στονόεντι καὶ ἐν βαρυηχεί πόντῳ·
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ὥρμαινε, τὰ δὴ μετόπισθε τέλεσ-
σεν.

60

Ἦως δ' ὠκεανοῖο βαθὺν ῥόον εἰσαφίκανε,
κυανέην δ' ἄρα γαῖαν ἐπήγειν ἄσπετος ὄρφη,
ἦμος ἀναπνέουσιν βροτοὶ βαιὸν καμάτοιο·
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἐδόρπεον ἀχνύμενοί περ·
οὐ γὰρ νηδύος ἐστὶν ἀπωσέμεναι μεμαυῆς
λιμὸν ἀταρτηρόν, ὅπῃ στέρνοισιν ἵκηται.
ἀλλ' εἴθαρ θοὰ γυῖα βαρύνεται, οὐδέ τι μῆχος
γίνεται, ἦν μὴ τις κορέσῃ θυμαλγέα νηδύν·
τοῦνεκα δαῖτ' ἐπάσαντο καὶ ἀχνύμενοι Ἀχιλῆος·
αἰνὴ γὰρ μάλα πάντας ἐποτρύνεσκεν ἀνάγκη.
τοῖσι δέ πασσαμένοισιν ἐπήλυθε νηδύμος ὕπνος,
λύσε δ' ἀπὸ μελέων ὀδύνας, ἐπὶ δὲ σθένος ὥρσεν.

65

70

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ κεφαλὰς μὲν ἐπ' ἀντολίην ἔχον
ἄρκτοι,

δέγμεναι ἡελίοιο θοὸν φάος, ἔγρετο δ' ἠώς,
δὴ τότε ἀνέγρετο λαὸς εὐσθενέων Ἀργείων
πορφύρων Τρώεσσι φόνον καὶ κῆρ' αἰδήλον.
κίνυντο δ' ἥντε πόντος ἀπείριτος Ἰκαρίοιο
ἡ καὶ ἀναλέον βαθὺ λῆιον, ὀππόθ' ἵκηται

75

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

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

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

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

Care's heavy chain, and quickening strength anew.

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

ρίπη ἀπειρεσίῃ νεφεληγερέος Ζεφύροιο· 80
ὥς ἄρα κίνυτο λαὸς ἐπ' ἡόσιν Ἑλλησπόντου.
καὶ τότε Τυδεὸς υἱὸς ἐελδομένοισιν ἔειπεν·
“ὦ φίλοι, εἰ ἐτεὸν γε μενεπτόλεμοι πελόμεσθα,
νῦν μᾶλλον στυγεροῖσι μαχώμεθα δυσμενέεσσι,
μή πως θαρσῆσωσιν Ἀχιλλέος οὐκέτ' ἐόντος· 85
ἀλλ' ἄγε, σὺν τεύχεσσι καὶ ἄρμασιν ἡδὲ καὶ
ἵπποις

ἴομεν ἀμφὶ πόλιν· πόνος δ' ἄρα κῦδος ὀρέξει.”
“Ὡς ἔφατ' ἐν Δαναοῖσιν· ἀμείβετο δ' ὄβριμος
Αἴας·

“Τυδεΐδην, σὺ μὲν ἐσθλὰ καὶ οὐκ ἀνέμῳλια βάζεις
ὀτρύνων Τρῶεσσιν εἰπτολέμοισι μάχεσθαι 90
ἀγχεμάχους Δαναούς, οἵπερ μεμῶασι καὶ αὐτοί·
ἀλλὰ χρή ἐν νήεσσι μένειν, ἄχρῃ ἐξ ἁλὸς ἔλθῃ
διὰ Θέτις· μάλα γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μῆδεται ἦτορ
υἱέος ἀμφὶ τάφῳ περικαλλέα θεῖναι ἄεθλα·
ὥς χθιζή μοι ἔειπεν, ὅτ' εἰς ἁλὸς ἦτε βένθος, 95
νόσφ' ἄλλων Δαναῶν· καὶ ἐσχεδὸν ἔλπομαι εἶναι
ἐσσυμένην· Τρῶες δέ, καὶ εἰ θάνε Πηλέος υἱός,
οὐ μάλα θαρσῆσουσιν ἐτι ζῶντος ἐμεῖο
καὶ σέθεν ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ ἀμύμονος Ἀτρεΐδαο.”

“Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Τελαμῶνος ἐὺς παῖς, οὐδέ τι ᾗδῃ, 100
ὅττι ρά οἱ μετ' ἄεθλα κακὸν μόρον ἔντυε δαίμων
ἀργαλέον· τὸν δ' αὖθις ἀμείβετο Τυδεὸς υἱός·
“ὦ φίλος, εἰ ἐτεὸν Θέτις ἔρχεται ἡματι τῷδε
υἱέος ἀμφὶ τάφῳ περικαλλέα θεῖναι ἄεθλα,
πὰρ νήεσσι μένωμεν ἐρυκανόωντε καὶ ἄλλους· 105
καὶ γὰρ δὴ μακάρεσσι θεοῖς πείθεσθαι ἔοικε·
καὶ δ' ἄλλως Ἀχιλῇ καὶ ἀθανάτων ἀέκῃῃ
αὐτοὶ φραζώμεσθα δόμεν θυμηδέα τιμήν.”

“Ὡς φάτο Τυδεΐδαο δαΐφρονος ὄβριμον ἦτορ.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

80 Of the cloud-gathering West sweep over it;
So upon Hellespont's strand the folk were stirred.
And to those eager hearts cried Tydeus' son:

"If we be battle-biders, friends, indeed,
More fiercely fight we now the hated foe,
Lest they take heart because Achilles lives
85 No longer. Come, with armour, car, and steed
Let us beset them. Glory waits our toil?"

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

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

So spake the battle-eager Tydeus' son.

καὶ τότε ἄρ' ἐκ πόντοιο κίεν Πηλῆος ἄκοιτις 110
 αὐρῇ ὑπνώῃ ἐναλίγκιον· αἶψα δ' ἴκανε
 Ἀργείων ἐς ὄμιλον, ὅπῃ μεμαῶτες ἔμιμνον,
 οἱ μὲν ἀεθλεύσοντες ἀπειρεσίῳ ἐν ἀγῶνι,
 οἱ δὲ φρένας καὶ θυμὸν ἀεθλητῆρσιν ἱήναι.
 τοῖσι δ' ἄμ' ἀγρομένοισι Θέτις κυανοκρήδεμνος 115
 θῆκεν ἄεθλα φέρουσα καὶ ὀτρύνεσκεν Ἀχαιοὺς
 αὐτίκ' ἀεθλεύειν· τοὶ δ' ἀθανάτη πεπίθοντο.

Πρῶτος δ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἀνίστατο Νηλέος υἱός,
 οὐ μὲν πυγμαχίῃσι λιλαιόμενος πονέεσθαι
 οὔτε παλαισμοσύνῃ πολυτεireί· τοῦ γὰρ ὑπερθε 120
 γυῖα καὶ ἄψα πάντα λυγρὸν κατεδάμνατο γῆρας·
 ἀλλὰ οἱ ἐν στέρνοισιν ἔτ' ἔμπεδος ἔπλετο θυμός
 καὶ νόος, οὐδέ τις ἄλλος ἐριδμαίνεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν
 κείνῳ, ὅτ' εἰν ἀγορῇ ἐπέων πέρι δῆρις ἐτύχθη·
 τῷ καὶ Λαέρταο κλυτὸς πάϊς εἵνεκα μύθων 125
 εἰν ἀγορῇ ὑπόεικε, καὶ ὃς βασιλεύματος ἦεν
 πάντων Ἀργείων μέγ' εὐμμελὲς Ἀγαμέμνων.
 τοῦνεκ' ἐνὶ μέσσοισιν εὐφρονα Νηρηΐην
 ὕμνεεν, ὥς πάσῃσι μετέπρεπεν εἰναλίῃσιν
 εἵνεκ' εὐφροσύνης τε καὶ εἵδεος· ἡ δ' αἶουσα 130
 τέρπεθ'· ὃ δ' ἰμερόεντα γάμον Πηλῆος ἔνισπε,
 τὸν ῥά οἱ ἀθάνατοι μάκαρες συνετεκτίναντο
 Πηλίου ἀμφὶ κάρηνα, καὶ ἄμβροτον ὥς ἐπάσαντο
 δαῖτα παρ' εἰλαπίνῃσιν, ὅτ' εἶδατα θεῖα φέρουσαι
 χερσὶν ὑπ' ἄμβροσίῃσι θεὰ παρενήνεον ὦραι 135
 χρυσείοις κανέοισι, Θέμις δ' ἄρα καγχαλώσα
 ἀργυρέας ἐτίταινεν ἐπισπέρχουσα τραπέζας,
 πῦρ δ' Ἥφαιστος ἔκαιεν ἀκήρατον, ἀμφὶ δὲ

Νύμφαι

ἄμβροσίνην ἐκέραιον ἐνὶ χρυσείοισι κυπέλλοις,
 αἱ δ' ἄρ' ἐς ὄρχηθμόν Χάριτες τράπεν ἰμερόεντα, 140
 Μοῦσαι δ' ἐς μολπὴν, ἐπετέρπετο δ' οὔρεα πάντα

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

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

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

καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ θῆρες, λαίνετο δ' ἄφθιτος αἰθὴρ
ἄντρα τε Χείρωνος περικαλλέα καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ' Νηλῆος εὖς πάϊς Ἀργεῖοισι
πάντα μάλ' ἱεμένοις κατελέξατο· τοὶ δ' αἰόντες 145
τέρπονθ'· ὃς δ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἀμύμονος ἄφθιτα ἔργα
μέλπε μέσῳ ἐν ἀγῶνι· πολὺς δ' ἀμφίαχε λαὸς
ἀσπασίως. ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔνθεν ἑλὼν ἐρικυδέα φῶτα
ἐκπάγλως κύδαινεν ἀρηραμένοις ἐπέεσσι,

δώδεχ' ὅπως διέπερσε κατὰ πλόον ἄστυα φωτῶν, 150
ἔνδεκα δ' αὖ κατὰ γαῖαν ἀπείριτον, ὡς δ' ἐδάϊξε

Τηλέφον, ἡδὲ βίην ἐρικυδέος Ἡετίωνος
Θήβης ἐν δαπέδοισι, καὶ ὡς Κύκνον ἔκτανε δουρὶ
νῖα Ποσειδάωνος ἰδ' ἀντίθεον Πολύδωρον

καὶ Τρώϊλον θηητὸν ἀμύμονά τ' Ἀστροπαῖον, 155

αἷματι δ' ὡς ἐρύθηνεν ἄδην ποταμοῖο ῥέεθρα
Ξάνθου καὶ νεκύεσσιν ἀπειρεσίοισι κάλυψε
πάντα ῥόον κελάδοντα, Λυκάωνος ὀππότε θυμὸν
νοσφίσατ' ἐκ μελέων ποταμοῦ σχεδὸν ἡχήμεντος,
Ἐκτορά θ' ὡς ἐδάμασσε, καὶ ὡς ἔλε Πενθε-

σίλειαν, 160

ἡδὲ καὶ νῖέα δῖον εὐθρόνον Ἡριγενείης.

καὶ τὰ μὲν Ἀργεῖοισιν ἐπισταμένοισι καὶ αὐτοῖς
μέλπε, καὶ ὡς ἐτέτυκτο πελώριος, ὥς τέ οἱ οὔτις
ἔσθηνε δηριάσθαι ἐναντίον, οὔτ' ἐν ἀέθλοις

αἰζῶν, ὅτε ποσσὶ νέοι περιδηριόωνται, 165

οὐδὲ μὲν ἵππασίῃ, οὐδὲ σταδίῃ ἐνὶ χάρμῃ,
κάλλει θ' ὡς Δαναοὺς μέγ' ὑπείρεχεν, ὥς τέ οἱ
ἀλκῇ

ἔπλετ' ἀπειρεσίῃ, ὁπότε Ἄρεος ἔσσυτο δῆρις.
εὐχετο δ' ἀθανάτοισι καὶ νῖέα τοῖον ἰδέσθαι
κείνου ἀπὸ Σκύροιο πολυκλύστοιο μολόντα. 170

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

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

145 Such noble strain did Neleus' son pour out
Into the Argives' eager ears ; and they
Hearkened with ravished souls. Then in their midst
He sang once more the imperishable deeds
Of princely Achilles. All the mighty throng
150 Acclaimed him with delight. From that beginning
With fitly chosen words did he extol
The glorious hero ; how he voyaged and smote
Twelve cities ; how he marched o'er leagues on
leagues

Of land, and spoiled eleven ; how he slew
Telephus and Eëtion's might renowned
155 In Thebe ; how his spear laid Cynus low,
Poseidon's son, and godlike Polydorus,
Troilus the goodly, princely Asteropæus ;
And how he dyed with blood the river-streams
Of Xanthus. and with countless corpses choked
His murmuring flow, when from the limbs he tore
160 Lycaon's life beside the sounding river ;
And how he smote down Hector ; how he slew
Penthesileia, and the godlike son
Of splendour-throned Dawn ;—all this he sang
To Argives which already knew the tale ;
Sang of his giant mould, how no man's strength
165 In fight could stand against him, nor in games
Where strong men strive for mastery, where the swift
Contend with flying feet or hurrying wheels
Of chariots, nor in combat panoplied ;
And how in goodlihead he far outshone
All Danaans, and how his bodily might
Was measureless in the stormy clash of war.
170 Last, he prayed Heaven that he might see a son
Like that great sire from sea-washed Scyros come.

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν ἐπευφημησαν ἔπεσιν
 αὐτῇ τ' ἀργυρόπεζα Θέτις, καὶ οἱ πόρεν ἵππους
 ὠκύποδας, τοὺς πρόσθεν εὐμμελίῃ Ἀχιλλῇ
 Τηλέφος ὥπασε δῶρον ἐπὶ προχοῇσι Καΐκου,
 εὐτέ ἐμοχθίζοντα κακῶ περὶ ἔλκεϊ θυμὸν 175
 ἠκέσατ' ἐγχείῃ, τῇ μιν βάλε δηριόωντα
 αὐτὸς ἔσω μηροῖο, διήλασε δ' ὄβριμον αἰχμῇν.
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν Νέστωρ Νηληϊὸς οἷς ἐτάροισιν
 ὥπασεν· οἱ δ' ἐς νῆας ἄγον μέγα κυδαίνοντες
 ἀντίθεον βασιλῆα. Θέτις δ' ἐς μέσσον ἀγῶνα 180
 θῆκεν ἄρ' ἀμφὶ δρόμοιο βόας δέκα· τῇσι δὲ πάσης
 καλαὶ πόρτιες ἦσαν ὑπὸ μαζοῖσιν ἰοῦσαι·
 τὰς ποτε Πηλεΐδαο θρασὺ σθένος ἀκαμάτοιο
 ἤλασεν ἐξ Ἰδης μεγάλῳ ἐπὶ δουρὶ πεποιθώς.
 Τῶν περὶ δοιοὶ ἀνέστησαν ἐελδόμενοι μέγα νίκης· 185
 Τεῦκρος μὲν πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος, ἂν δὲ καὶ Αἴας,
 Αἴας, ὅς τε Δοκροῖσι μετέπρεπεν ἰοβόλοισιν.
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα ζώσαντο θοῶς περὶ μήδεα χερσὶ
 φάρεα, πάντα δ' ἔνερθεν, ἅπερ θέμις, ἐκρύναντο
 αἰδόμενοι Πηλῆος εὐσθενέος παράκοιτιν 190
 ἄλλας τ' εἰναλίας Νηρηίδας, ὅσαι ἅμ' αὐτῇ
 ἤλυθον Ἀργείων κρατεροὺς ἐσιδέσθαι ἀέθλους.
 τοῖσι δὲ σημαίνεσκε δρόμου τέλος ὠκυτάτοιο
 Ἀτρεΐδης, ὃς πᾶσι μετ' Ἀργείοισιν ἄνασσε.
 τοὺς δ' Ἔρις ὀτρύνεσκεν ἐπήρατος· οἱ δ' ἀπὸ
 νύσσης 195
 καρπαλίμως οἶμῃσαν ἑοικότες ἱρήκεσσι·
 τῶν δὲ καὶ ἀμφήριστος ἦν δρόμος· οἱ δ' ἐκάτερθεν
 Ἀργεῖοι λεύσσοιντες ἐπ' ἵαχον ἄλλυδις ἄλλος.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε τέρματ' ἔμελλον ἱκανέμεναι μεμαῶτες,
 δὴ τότε που Τεῦκροιο μένος καὶ γυνὴ πέδησαν 200
 ἀθάνατοι· τὸν γάρ ῥα θεὸς βάλεν ἢ τις αἴτη
 ὅζον ἐς ἀλγινόνετα βαθυρρίζοιο μυρίκης·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

75 That noble song acclaiming Argives praised ;
Yea, silver-footed Thetis smiled, and gave
The singer fleetfoot horses, given of old
Beside Caïcus' mouth by Telephus
To Achilles, when he healed the torturing wound
With that same spear wherewith himself had pierced
Telephus' thigh, and thrust the point clear through.
These Nestor Neleus' son to his comrades gave,
And, glorying in their godlike lord, they led
80 The steeds unto his ships. Then Thetis set
Amidst the athlete-ring ten kine, to be
Her prizes for the footrace, and by each
Ran a fair suckling calf. These the bold might
Of Peleus' tireless son had driven down
85 From slopes of Ida, prizes of his spear.

To strive for these rose up two victory-fain,
Teucer the first, the son of Telamon,
And Aias, of the Locrian archers chief.
These twain with swift hands girded them about
90 With loin-cloths, reverencing the Goddess-bride
Of Peleus, and the Sea-maids, who with her
Came to behold the Argives' athlete-sport.
And Atreus' son, lord of all Argive men,
Showed them the turning-goal of that swift course.
Then these the Queen of Rivalry spurred on,
95 As from the starting-line like falcons swift
They sped away. Long doubtful was the race :
Now, as the Argives gazed, would Aias' friends
Shout, now rang out the answering cheer from friends
Of Teucer. But when in their eager speed
100 Close on the end they were, then Teucer's feet
Were trammelled by unearthly powers : some god
Or demon dashed his foot against the stock

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐνιχυριμφθεὶς χαμάδις πέσε· τοῦ δ'
ἀλεγεινῶς

ἄκρον ἀνεγνάμφθη λαιοῦ ποδός, αἱ δ' ὑπ' ἀνέστησαν
οἰδαλέαι ἐκάτερθε περὶ φλέβες. οἱ δ' ἰάχῃσαν 205
'Αργεῖοι κατ' ἀγῶνα· παρήξεν δέ μιν Αἴας
γηθόσυνος· λαοὶ δὲ συνέδραμον, οἳ οἱ ἔποντο,
Λοκροί· αἰψα δὲ χάρμα περὶ φρένας ἤλυθε
πάντων·

ἐκ δ' ἔλασαν κατὰ νῆας ἀγοῦ βόας, ὄφρα νέμονται.
Τεῦκρον δ' ἔσσυμένως ἔταροι περιπομπύνοντες 210
ἦγον ἐπισκάζοντα· θοῶς δέ οἱ ἰητῆρες
ἐκ ποδὸς αἰμ' ἀφέλονται, θέσαν δ' ἐφύπερθε μοτάων
εἴρι' ἄδην δεύσαντες ἀλείφασιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρην
δήσαντ' ἐνδυκέως· ὀλοὰς δ' ἐκέδασσαν ἀνίας.

Ἄλλω δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθι παλαισμοσύνης ὑπερ-
όπλου 215

καρπαλίμως μνῶοντο δύο κρατερόφρονε φῶτε,
Τυδέος ἵπποδάμοιο παῖς καὶ ὑπέρβιος Αἴας,
οἳ ῥ' ἴσαν ἐς μέσσον· θάμβος δ' ἔχεν ἀθρήσαντας
'Αργεῖους· ἄμφω γὰρ ἔσαν μακάρεσσιν ὁμοιοί.
σὺν δ' ἔβαλον θήρεσσιν ἐοικότες, οἳ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν 220
ἀμφ' ἐλάφοιο μάχονται ἐδητύος ἰσχανόωντες,
ἴσον δ' ἀμφοτέροισι πέλει σθένος, οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν
λείπεται οὐδ' ἡβαιὸν ἀταρτηρῶν μάλ' ἐόντων·
ὥς οἳ γ' ἴσον ἔχον κρατερὸν μένος. ὃψ' δ' ἄρ' Αἴας
Τυδεΐδην συνέμαρψεν ὑπὸ στιβαρῇσι χέρεσσιν 225
ἄξαι ἐπειγόμενος. ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἰδρεῖη τε καὶ ἀλκῇ
πλευρὸν ὑποκλίνας Τελαμώνιον ὄβριμον νῖα
ἔσσυμένως ἀνάειρεν ὑπὸ μῦθον ἐρείσας
ᾧμον, καὶ ποδὶ μῆρὸν ὑποπλίζας ἐτέρωσε
κάββαλεν ὄβριμον ἄνδρα κατὰ χθονός· ἀμφὶ δ'
ἄρ' αὐτῷ 230

ἔξετο· τοὶ δ' ὁμάδῃσαν. ὁ δ' ἀσχαλῶν ἐνὶ θυμῷ
Αἴας ὄβριμόθυμος ἀνίστατο δεῦτερον αὐθις

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

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

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

ὀρμαίνων ἐς δῆριν ἀμείλιχον· αἶψα δὲ χερσὶ
 σμερδαλέσσι κόνιν κατεχεύατο, καὶ μέγα θύων
 Τυδείδην ἐς μέσσον αὐτέεν· ὃς δὲ μιν οὔτι 235
 ταρβήσας οἶμησε καταντίον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πολλῇ
 ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀμφοτέρων κόνις ὤρνυτο· τοὶ δ'
 ἐκάτερθε

ταῦροι ὅπως συνόρουσαν ἀταρβέες, οἳ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι
 θαρσαλέου μένεος πειρώμενοι εἰς ἐν ἵκωνται
 ποσσὶ κονιόμενοι, περὶ δὲ βρομέουσι κολῶναι 240
 βρυχῇ ὑπ' ἀμφοτέρων, τοὶ δ' ἄσχετα μαιμώνες
 κράατα συμφορέουσιν ἀτειρέα καὶ μέγα κάρτος
 δηρὸν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι πονεύμενοι, ἐκ δὲ μόγοιο
 λάβρον ἀνασθμαίνοντες ἀμείλιχα δηριῶνται,
 πουλὺς δ' ἐκ στομάτων χαμάδις καταχεύεται
 ἀφρός· 245

ὥς οἳ γε στιβαρῆσιν ἄδην πονέοντο χέρεσσιν.
 ἀμφοτέρων δ' ἄρα νῶτα καὶ αὐχένες ἀλκίηντες
 χερσὶ περικτυπέοντο τετριγότες, εὐτ' ἐν ὄρεσσι
 δένδρε' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι βαλόντ' ἐριθηλέας ὄζους.
 πολλάκι δ' Αἴαντος μέγαλου στιβαροῦς ὑπο
 μηροῦς 250

κάββαλε Τυδείδης κρατερὰς χέρας, ἀλλὰ μιν οὔτι
 ἄψ ὥσαι δύνατο στιβαροῖς ποσσὶν ἐμβεβαῶτα·
 τὸν δ' Αἴας καθυπερθεν ἐπεσσύμενος ποτὶ γαίαν
 ἐξ ὤμων ἐτίνασσε κατὰ χθονὸς οὐδας ἐρείδων·
 ἄλλοτε δ' ἀλλοίως ὑπὸ χεῖρεσι δηριῶντο. 255
 λαοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μέγ' ἴαχον εἰσορόωντες,
 οἱ μὲν Τυδείδην ἐρικυδέα θαρσύνοντες,
 οἱ δὲ βίην Αἴαντος· ὁ δ' ἄλκιμον ἄνδρα τινάξας
 ἐξ ὤμων ἐκάτερθε, βαλὼν δ' ὑπὸ νηδύα χεῖρας
 ἐσσυμένως ἐφέηκε κατὰ χθονὸς ἥτε πέτρην 260
 ἀλκῇ ὑπὸ σθεναρῇ· μέγα δ' ἴαχε Τρώιον οὐδας
 Τυδείδαο πεσόντος· ἐπηύτησε δὲ λαός.

ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἀνόρουσεν ἐελδόμενος πονέεσθαι
 186

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

Sprang up, hot-eager to essay again
That grim encounter. From his terrible hands
He dashed the dust, and challenged furiously
With a great voice Tydeides: not a whit
That other quailed, but rushed to close with him.
Rolled up the dust in clouds from 'neath their feet:
Hurtling they met like battling mountain-bulls
That clash to prove their dauntless strength, and
spurn

The dust, while with their roaring all the hills
Re-echo: in their desperate fury these
Dash their strong heads together, straining long
Against each other with their massive strength,
Hard-panting in the fierce rage of their strife,
While from their mouths drip foam-flakes to the
ground;

So strained they twain with grapple of brawny hands.
'Neath that hard grip their backs and sinewy necks
Cracked, even as when in mountain-glades the trees
Dash storm-tormented boughs together. Oft
Tydeides clutched at Aias' brawny thighs,
But could not stir his steadfast-rooted feet.
Oft Aias hurled his whole weight on him, bowed
His shoulders backward, strove to press him down;
And to new grips their hands were shifting aye.
All round the gazing people shouted, some
Cheering on glorious Tydeus' son, and some
The might of Aias. Then the giant swung
The shoulders of his foe to right, to left;
Then gripped him 'neath the waist; with one fierce
heave

And giant effort hurled him like a stone
To earth. The floor of Troyland rang again
As fell Tydeides: shouted all the folk.
Yet leapt he up all eager to contend

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τὸ τρίτον ἄμφ' Αἴαντα πελώριον· ἀλλ' ἄρα
 Νέστωρ
 ἔστη ἐνὶ μέσσοισι καὶ ἀμφοτέροισι μετηύδα· 265
 “ἴσχεσθ', ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, παλαισμοσύνης ὑπερ-
 ὅπλου·

ἴδμεν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσον προφερέστεροί ἐστε
 Ἀργείων μεγάλοιο καταφθιμένου Ἀχιλλῆος.”

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἴσχοντο πονεῦμενοι· ἐκ δὲ
 μετώπων

χερσὶν ἄδην μόρξαντο κατεσσύμενόν περ ἰδρώτα· 270
 κύσσαν δ' ἀλλήλους, φιλότῃτι δὲ δῆριν ἔθεντο.
 τοῖς δ' ἄρα ληιάδας πίσυρας πόρε πότνα θεάων
 δία Θέτις· τὰς δ' αὐτοὶ ἐθήησαντο ἰδόντες
 ἥρωες κρατεροὶ καὶ ἀταρβέες, οὐνεκα πασέων
 ληιάδων προφέρεσκον εὐφροσύνη τε καὶ ἔργοις 275
 νόσφιν εὐπλοκάμου Βρισηίδος, ἃς ποτ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
 λήισατ' ἐκ Λέσβοιο, νόον δ' ἐπετέρπετο τῇσι·
 καὶ ῥ' ἢ μὲν δόρποιο πέλεν ταμίη καὶ ἐδωδῆς,
 ἢ δ' ἄρα δαινυμένοισι παροινοχόει μέθυ λαρόν,
 ἄλλη δ' αὖ μετὰ δόρπον ὕδωρ ἐπέχευε χέρεσσιν 280
 ἢ δ' ἐτέρη ἀπὸ δαιτὸς αἰεὶ φορέεσκε τράπεζας.
 τὰς δ' ἄρα Τυδείδαο μένος καὶ ὑπέρβιος Αἴας
 δασσάμενοι προέηκαν εὐπρώρους ἐπὶ νῆας.

Ἀμφὶ δὲ πυγμαχίης πρῶτον σθένος Ἰδομενῆος
 ὤρνυτ', ἐπεὶ οἱ θυμὸς ἴδρις πέλε παντὸς ἀέθλου. 285
 τῷ δ' οὔτις κατέναντα κίεν· μάλα γάρ μιν ἅπαντες
 αἰδόμενοι ὑπόειξαν, ἐπεὶ ῥα γεραίτερος ἦεν.
 τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ μέσσοισι Θέτις πόρεν ἄρμα καὶ
 ἵππους

ὠκύποδας, τοὺς πρόσθε βίη μεγάλου Πατρόκλοιο
 ἤλασεν ἐκ Τρώων Σαρπηδόνα δῖον ὀλέσσας· 290
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν θεράποντι πόρεν ποτὶ νῆας ἄγεσθαι
 Ἰδομενεὺς· αὐτὸς δὲ κλυτῷ ἐν ἀγῶνι μένεσκε.
 Φοῖνιξ δ' Ἀργείοισιν εὐσθενέεσσι μετηύδα·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

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

Then these from toil refrained, and from their brows
Wiped with their hands the plenteous-streaming
sweat :

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

Next, for the play of fists Idomeneus rose,
For cunning was he in all athlete-lore ;
But none came forth to meet him, yielding all
To him, the elder-born, with reverent awe.
So in their midst gave Thetis unto him
A chariot and fleet steeds, which theretofore
Mighty Patroclus from the ranks of Troy
Drove, when he slew Sarpedon, seed of Zeus,
These to his henchmen gave Idomeneus
To drive unto the ships : himself remained
Still sitting in the glorious athlete-ring.
Then Phoenix to the stalwart Argives cried :

“ νῦν μὲν ἄρ’ Ἰδομενῆι θεοὶ δόσαν ἐσθλὸν ἄεθλον
αὐτῶς, οὔτι καμῶντι βίῃ καὶ χερσὶ καὶ ὤμοις, 295
ἀλλ’ ἄρ’ ἀναιμωτὶ προγενέστερον ἄνδρα τίοντες·
ἀλλ’ ἄλλον, νέοι ἄνδρες, ἐπειτύνεσθαι ἄεθλον
χεῖρας ἐπ’ ἀλλήλοισι δαήμονας ἰθύνοντες
πυγμαχίης, καὶ θυμὸν ἰήνατε Πηλεΐωνος.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ’ αἰόντες ἐπέδρακον ἀλλήλοισιν 300
ἦκα δὲ πάντες ἔμμνον ἀναινώμενοι τὸν ἄεθλον,
εἰ μὴ σφεας ἐνένιπεν ἀγανοῦ Νηλέος υἱός·

“ὦ φίλοι, οὔτι ἔοικε δαήμονος ἄνδρας αὐτῆς
πυγμαχίην ἀλέασθαι ἐπήρατον, ἣ τε νέοισι
τερπῶλῃ πέλεται, καμάτῳ δ’ ἐπὶ κῦδος ἀγινεῖ. 305
ὥς εἶθ’ ἐν γυίοισιν ἐμοῖς ἔτι κάρτος ἔκειτο,

οἷον ὅτ’ ἀντίθεον Πελλήν κατεθάπτομεν ἡμεῖς,
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ καὶ Ἀκαστος, ἀνεψιοὶ εἰς ἐν ἰόντες,
ὀππότε ἄρ’ ἀμφήριστος ἐγὼ Πολυδεύκεϊ δίῳ
πυγμαχίῃ γενόμην, ἔλαβον δέ οἱ ἴσον ἄεθλον 310

ἐν δὲ παλαισμοσύνῃ με καὶ ὁ κρατερώτατος ἄλλων
Ἀγκαῖος θάμβησε καὶ ἔτρεσεν, οὐδέ μοι ἔτλη
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι νίκης ὑπερ, οὐνεκ’ ἄρ’ αὐτὸν
ἤδη που τὸ πάροιθε παρ’ ἀγχεμάχοισιν Ἐπειοῖς
νίκησ’ ἦν ἐόντα, πεσὼν δ’ ἐκονίσατο νῶτα 315

σῆμα πάρα φθιμένου Ἀμαρυνκέος, ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’
αὐτῷ

πολλοὶ θηήσαντο βίην καὶ κάρτος ἐμείο·
τῷ νύ μοι οὐκέτι κείνος ἐναντίον ἦρατο χεῖρας
καὶ κρατερός περ ἐών, ἔλαβον δ’ ἀκόνιτος ἄεθλον·
νῦν δέ με γῆρας ἔπεισι καὶ ἄλγεα· τοῦνεκ’ ἄνωγα 320
ὑμέας, οἷσιν ἔοικεν, ἀέθλια χερσὶν ἀρέσθαι·
κῦδος γὰρ νέῳ ἀνδρὶ φέρειν ἀπ’ ἀγῶνος ἄεθλον.”

“Ὡς φαμένοιο γέροντος ἀνίστατο θαρσαλέος φώς,
υἱὸς ὑπερθύμοιο καὶ ἀντιθέου Πανοπῆος,

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

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

He spake, they heard ; but each on other looked,
And, loth to essay the contest, all sat still,
Till Neleus’ son rebuked those laggard souls :
“Friends, it were shame that men should shun the
play

Of clenched hands, who in that noble sport
Have skill, wherein young men delight, which links
Glory to toil. Ah that my thews were strong
As when we held King Pelias’ funeral-feast,
I and Acastus, kinsmen joining hands,
When I with godlike Polydeuces stood
In gauntlet-strife, in even-balanced fray,
And when Ancaeus in the wrestlers’ ring
Mightier than all beside, yet feared and shrank
From me, and dared not strive with me that day,
For that ere then amidst the Epeian men—
No battle-blenchers they !—I had vanquished him,
For all his might, and dashed him to the dust
By dead Amarynceus’ tomb, and thousands round
Sat marvelling at my prowess and my strength.
Therefore against me not a second time
Raised he his hands, strong wrestler though he were ;
And so I won an uncontested prize.
But now old age is on me, and many griefs.
Therefore I bid you, whom it well beseems,
To win the prize ; for glory crowns the youth
Who bears away the meed of athlete-strife.”

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

ὅς τε καὶ ἵππον ἔτευξε κακὸν Πριάμοιο πόλῃ 325
 ὕστερον· ἀλλ' οὐ οἷ τις ἐτόλμα ἐγγὺς ἰκέσθαι
 εἵνεκα πυγμαχίης· πολέμου δ' οὐ πάγχυ δαίμων
 ἔπλετο λευγαλέου, ὅπότε Ἄρεος ἔσσυτο δῆρις.
 καὶ κεν ἀνδρωτὶ περικαλλέα δίος Ἐπειὸς
 ἤμελλεν τότε ἄεθλα φέρειν ποτὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν, 330
 εἰ μὴ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθεν ἀγανοῦ Θησέος υἱὸς
 αἰχμητῆς Ἀκάμας μέγ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ κάρτος ἀέζων,
 ἀζαλέους ἱμάντας ἔχων περὶ χερσὶ θοῇσι,
 τοὺς οἱ ἐπισταμένως Εὐηνορίδης Ἀγέλαος
 ἀμφέβαλεν παλάμῃσιν ἐποτρύνων βασιλῆα. 335
 ὥς δ' αὐτὼς ἔταροι Πανοπηιάδαο ἀνακτος
 θαρσύνεσκον Ἐπειόν· ὁ δ' ἐν μέσσοισι λέων ὥς
 εἰστήκει περὶ χερσὶν ἔχων βοὸς ἱφι δαμέντος
 ῥινοὺς ἀζαλέας· μέγα δ' ἴαχον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
 λαοὶ ἐποτρύνοντες εὐσθενέων μένος ἀνδρῶν 340
 μῖξαι ἐν αἵματι χεῖρας ἀτειρέας· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 ἔσταν μαιμώωντες ἐνὶ ξυνοχῇσιν ἀγῶνος,
 ἄμφω χεῖρας ἑὰς πειρώμενοι, εἴπερ ἔασιν
 ὥς πρὶν¹ εὐτρόχαλοι, μῆδ' ἐκ πολέμου βαρύθιοιεν.
 αἰψα δ' ἄρ' ἀλλήλοισι καταντία χεῖρας ἄειραν 345
 ταρφέα παπταίνοντες, ἐπ' ἀκροτάτοις δὲ πόδεσσι
 βαίνοντες κατὰ βαιὸν αἰὲ γόνυ γουνὸς ἄμειβον
 ἀλλήλων ἐπὶ δηρὸν ἀλευόμενοι μέγα κάρτος.
 σὺν δ' ἔβαλον νεφέλῃσιν εἰοικότες αἰψήρησιν,
 αἷ τ' ἀνέμων ῥιπήσιν ἐπ' ἀλλήλῃσι θοροῦσαι 350
 ἀστεροπὴν προΐασι, μέγας δ' ὀροθύνεται αἰθὴρ
 θηγομένων νεφέων, βαρὺ δὲ κτυπέουσιν ἄελλαι·
 ὥς τῶν ἀζαλέῃσι περικτυπέοντο γένεια
 ῥινοῖς· αἷμα δὲ πουλὺ κατέρρεεν, ἐκ δὲ μετώπων

¹ Zimmermann, from P; for ὥς ποτ' of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

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

ἰδρῶς αἱματόεις θαλερὰς ἐρύθαινε παρειάς. 355
 οἱ δ' ἄμοτον ποιέοντο μεμαότες· οὐδ' ἄρ' Ἐπειὸς
 λῆγει, ἐπέσσυτο δ' αἰὲν ἐφ' μέγα κάρτεϊ θύων.
 τὸν δ' ἄρα Θησέος υἱὸς εὐφρονέων ἐν ἀέθλῳ
 πολλάκις ἐς κενεὸν κρατερὰς χέρας ἰθύνεσθαι 360
 θῆκε, καὶ ἰδρεῖνσι διατμήξας ἐκάτερθε
 χεῖρας ἐς ὀφρύα τύψεν ἐπάλμενος, ἄχρῃς ἰκέσθαι
 ὀστέον· ἐκ δέ οἱ αἷμα κατέρρεεν ὀφθαλμοῖο.
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς Ἀκάμαντα βαρεῖν χειρὶ τυχῆσας
 τύψε κατὰ κροτάφοιο, χαμαὶ δέ οἱ ἤλασε γυῖα·
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' αἰψ' ἀνόρουσε καὶ ἔνθορε φωτὶ κραταῖφ, 365
 πλῆξε δέ οἱ κεφαλὴν· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἔμπαλιν αἰσσοτος
 βαιὸν ὑποκλίνας σκαιῇ χειρὶ τύψε μέτωπον,
 ἄλλῃ δ' ἤλασε ῥίνας ἐπάλμενος· ὃς δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
 μήτι παντοίῃ χέρας ὥρεγε· τοὺς δ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἀλλήλων ἀπέρυξαν ἐελδομένους πονέεσθαι 370
 νίκης ἀμφ' ἐρατῆς. τῶν δ' ἐσσυμένως θεράποντες
 ῥινοὺς αἱματόεντας ἄφαρ σθεναρῶν ἀπὸ χειρῶν
 λῦσαν· τοὶ δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἀπέπνευσαν καμάτοιο
 μορξάμενοι σπόγγοισι πολυτρήτοισι μέτωπα.
 τοὺς δ' ἔταροί τε φίλοι τε παρηγορέοντες ἀγεσκον 375
 ἄντικρυς ἀλλήλων, ὥς κεν χόλου ἀλγινόνετος
 ἐσσυμένως λελάθωνται ἀρεσσάμενοι φιλότῃτι.
 ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν πεπιθούτο παραιφασίησιν ἐταίρων·
 ἀνδράσι γὰρ πινυτοῖσι πέλει νόος ἥπιος αἰεὶ·
 κύσσαν δ' ἀλλήλους, ἔριδος δ' ἐπελήθετο θυμὸς 380
 λευγαλέης. τοῖς δ' αἰψα Θέτις κυανοκρήδεμνος
 ἀργυρέους κρητῆρας ἐελδομένοισιν ὅπασσε
 δοιῶ, τοὺς Εὐνήος Ἰήσονος ὄβριμος υἱὸς
 ὄνον ὑπὲρ κρατεροῖο Λυκάονος ἐγγυάλιξεν
 ἀντιθέφ' Ἀχιλῆι περικλύστῳ ἐνὶ Λήμνῳ· 385
 τοὺς Ἥφαιστος ἔτευξεν ἀριπρεπέϊ Διουσύῳ

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

355 Blood-streaked made on the flushed cheeks crimson
bars.

Fierce without pause they fought, and never flagged
Epeius, but threw all his stormy strength
Into his onrush. Yet did Theseus' son
360 Never lose heart, but baffled the straight blows
Of those strong hands, and by his fighting-craft
Flinging them right and left, leapt in, brought home
A blow to his eyebrow, cutting to the bone.
Even then with counter-stroke Epeius reached
Acamas' temple, and hurled him to the ground.
Swift he sprang up, and on his stalwart foe
365 Rushed, smote his head: as he rushed in again,
The other, slightly swerving, sent his left
Clean to his brow; his right, with all his might
Behind it, to his nose. Yet Acamas still
Warded and struck with all the manifold shifts
Of fighting-craft. But now the Achaeans all
Bade stop the fight, though eager still were both
To strive for coveted victory. Then came
Their henchmen, and the gory gauntlets loosed
In haste from those strong hands. Now drew they
breath

375 From that great labour, as they bathed their brows
With sponges myriad-pored. Comrades and friends
With pleading words then drew them face to face,
And prayed, "In friendship straight forget your wrath."
So to their comrades' suasion hearkened they;
For wise men ever bear a placable mind.
380 They kissed each other, and their hearts forgot
That bitter strife. Then Thetis sable-stoled
Gave to their glad hands two great silver bowls
The which Eunêus, Jason's warrior son
In sea-washed Lemnos to Achilles gave
385 To ransom strong Lycaon from his hands.
These had Hephaestus fashioned for his gift

δῶρον, ὅτ' εἰς Οὐλυμπον ἀνήγαγε διὰν ἄκοιτιν
 Μίνωος κούρην ἔρικυδέα, τήν ποτε Θησεὺς
 κάλλιπεν οὐκ ἐθέλων γε περικλύστω ἐνὶ Δίῃ.
 τοὺς δ' ἡὺς Διόνυσος ἐφ' ὅρεν υἱεῖ δῶρον 390
 νέκταρος ἐμπλήσας, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ὥπασεν Ἑψιπυλείῃ
 πολλοῖς σὺν κτεάτεσσι Θόας, ἣ δ' υἱεῖ δίῳ
 κάλλιπεν, ὃς δ' Ἀχιλῇ Λυκάονος εἵνεκα δῶκε.
 τῶν δ' ἕτερον μὲν ἔλεσκεν ἀγαυοῦ Θησέος υἱός,
 ἄλλον δ' ἡὺς Ἐπειὸς εἰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἱάλλε 395
 γηθόσυνος. τῶν δ' ἀμφιδεδρυμμένα τύμματα πάντα
 ἠέεσατ' ἐνδυκέως Ποδαλείριος, οὐνec' ἄρ' αὐτὸς
 πρῶτα μὲν ἐκμύζησεν, ἔπειτα δὲ χερσὶν ἔῃσι
 ῥάψεν ἐπισταμένως, καθύπερθε δὲ φάρμακ' ἔθηκε
 κείνα, τὰ οἱ τὸ πάροιθε πατὴρ ἐὸς ἐγγυάλιξε· 400
 τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' ἐσσυμένως καὶ ἀναλθέα τύμματα
 φωτῶν

αὐτῆμαρ μορόεντος ὑπὲκ κακοῦ ἰαίνονται
 τῶν δ' ἄφαρ ἀμφὶ πρόσωπα καὶ εὐκομόντα
 κάρηνα

τύμματ' ἀπαλθαίνοντο, κατηπιόντο δ' ἀνίαι.
 Ἀμφὶ δὲ τοξοσύνης Τεῦκρος καὶ Ὀϊλέος υἱὸς 405
 ἔστασαν, οἱ καὶ πρόσθε δρόμου πέρι πειρήσαντο.
 τῶν δ' ἄρα τηλόσε θῆκεν εὐμμελὴς Ἀγαμέμνων
 ἱππόκομον τρυφάλειαν, ἔφη δέ τε· “ πολλὸν
 ἀμείνων

ἔσσειται, ὃς κερσειεν ἄπο τριχας ὀξεῖ χαλκῷ.”
 Αἴας δ' αὐτίκα πρῶτος ἐὼν προέηκε βέλεινον, 410
 πληῆξε δ' ἄρα τρυφάλειαν, ἐπηῦτῃσε δὲ χαλκὸς
 ὀξύτατον. Τεῦκρος δὲ μέγ' ἐγκονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
 δεῦτερος ἦκεν οἰστόν, ἄφαρ δ' ἀπέκερσεν ἐθείρας
 ὀξὺ βέλος· λαοὶ δὲ μέγ' ἴαχον ἀθρήσαντες,
 καὶ μιν κυδαίνεσκον ἀπείριτον, οὐνec' ἄρ' αὐτὸν 415
 πληγῇ ἔτ' ἀλγύνεσκε θοοῦ ποδός, ἀλλὰ μιν οὔτι
 βλάψεν ὑπαὶ παλάμῃσι θοὸν βέλος ἰθύνοντα.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

To glorious Dionysus, when he brought
His bride divine to Olympus, Minos' child
Far-famous, whom in sea-washed Dia's isle
Theseus unwitting left. The Wine-god brimmed
With nectar these, and gave them to his son;
And Thoas at his death to Hypsipyle
With great possessions left them. She bequeathed
The bowls to her godlike son, who gave them up
Unto Achilles for Lycaon's life.
The one the son of lordly Theseus took,
And goodly Epeius sent to his ship with joy
The other. Then their bruises and their scars
Did Podaleirius tend with loving care.
First pressed he out black humours, then his hands
Deftly knit up the gashes: salves he laid
Thereover, given him by his sire of old,
Such as had virtue in one day to heal
The deadliest hurts, yea, seeming-cureless wounds.
Straight was the smart assuaged, and healed the scars
Upon their brows and 'neath their clustering hair
Then for the archery-test Oileus' son
Stood forth with Teucer, they which in the race
Erewhile contended. Far away from these
Agamemnon, lord of spears, set up a helm
Crested with plumes, and spake: "The master-shot
Is that which shears the hair-crest clean away."
Then straightway Aias shot his arrow first,
And smote the helm-ridge: sharply rang the brass.
Then Teucer second with most earnest heed
Shot: the swift shaft hath shorn the plume away
Loud shouted all the people as they gazed,
And praised him without stint, for still his foot
Halted in pain, yet nowise marred his aim
When with his hands he sped the flying shaft.

καὶ οἱ τεύχεα καλὰ πόρεν Πηλῆος ἄκοιτις
 ἀντιθέου Τρωΐλοιο, τὸν ἠθέων μέγ' ἄριστον
 Τροίῃ ἐν ἡγαθέῃ Ἑκάβῃ τέκετ', οὐδ' ἀπόνητο 420
 ἀγλαΐης· δὴ γάρ μιν ἀταρτηροῦ Ἀχιλλῆος
 ἔγχος ὁμοῦ καὶ κάρτος ἀπήμερσαν βίοτοιο·
 ὥς δ' ὁπόθ' ἑρσήεντα καὶ εὐθαλέοντ' ἀνὰ κῆπον
 ὑδρηλῆς καπέτοιο μάλ' ἀγχόθι· τηλεθάοντα
 ἢ στάχυν ἢ μήκωνα, πάρος καρποῖο τυχήσαι, 425
 κέρση τις δρεπάνῳ νεοθηγέϊ, μηδ' ἄρ' εἴσῃ
 ἐς τέλος ἡδὺ μολεῖν μηδ' ἐς σπόρον ἄλλον ἰκέσθαι,
 ἀμήσας κενεόν τε καὶ ἄσπορον ἐσσομένοισι¹
 μέλλονθ' ἑρσήεντος ὑπ' εἴαρος ἀλδαίνεσθαι·
 ὥς υἷν Πριάμοιο θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιον εἶδος 430
 Πηλεΐδης κατέπεφνεν, ἔτ' ἄχνοον, εἰσέτι νύμφης
 νηίδα, νηπιάχοισιν ὁμῶς ἔτι κουρίζοντα·
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἐς πόλεμον φθισίμβροτον ἡγάγε Μοῖρα
 ἥβης ἀρχόμενον πολυγηθέος, ὅπποτε φῶτες
 θαρσαλέοι τελέθουσιν, ὅτ' οὐκέτι δεύεται ἦτορ. 435
 Αὐτίκα δ' αὖτε σόλον περιμήκεά τε βριαρόν τε
 πολλοὶ πειρήσαντο θοῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἰήλαι·
 τὸν δ' οὐτις βαλέειν δύνατο στιβαρόν μάλ' ἐόντα
 Ἀργείων· οἷος δ' ἔβαλεν μενεδήιος Αἴας
 χειρὸς ἀπὸ κρατερῆς, ὥς εἰ δρυὸς ἀγρονόμοιο 440
 ὅζον ἀπανανθέντα θέρευς εὐθαλπέος ὥρη,
 ὅπποτε λῆια πάντα κατὰ χθονὸς αὐαίνηται.
 θάμβησαν δ' ἄρα πάντες, ὅσον χερὸς ἐξεποτήθη
 χαλκός, δν ἀνέρε χερσὶ δύο μογέοντες ἄειραν·
 τὸν ῥα μὲν Ἀνταῖοιο βίῃ ρίπτασκε πάροιθε 445
 ῥηιδίως ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐῆς πειρώμενος ἀλκῆς,
 πρὶν κρατερῇσι χέρεσσι δαμήμεναι Ἡρακλῆος·

¹ Zimmermann, from P; for αἰθομένοισι, with lacuna, of Koechly.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

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

Forthwith a bar of iron massy and long
From the swift-speeding hand did many essay
To hurl; but not an Argive could prevail
To cast that ponderous mass. Aias alone
Sped it from his strong hand, as in the time
Of harvest might a reaper fling from him
A dry oak-bough, when all the fields are parched.
And all men marvelled to behold how far
Flew from his hand the bronze which scarce two men
Hard-straining had uplifted from the ground.
Even this Antaeus' might was wont to hurl
Erstwhile, ere the strong hands of Hercules
O'ermastered him. This, with much spoil beside,

Ἡρακλῆς δέ μιν ἦϋς ἑλὼν σὺν ληίδι πολλῇ
 ἀκαμάτης ἔχε χειρὸς ἀέθλιον, ἀλλὰ μιν ἐσθλῷ
 ὕστερον Αἰακίδῃ δῶρον πόρεν, ὅππότε ἄρ' αὐτῷ 450
 Ἴλιου εὐπύργιοι συνέπραθε κύδιμον ἄστν,
 κείνος δ' υἱεὶ δῶκεν, ὁ δ' ὠκυπόροις ἐνὶ νηυσὶν
 ἐς Τροίην μιν ἔνεικεν, ἵνα σφετέροιο τοκῆος
 μνωόμενος Τρώεσσι εὐσθενέεσσι μάχῃται 455
 προφρονέως, εἴη δὲ πόνος πειρωμένῳ ἀλκῆς.
 τὸν ῥ' Αἴας μάλα πολλὸν ἀπὸ στιβαρῆς βάλε
 χειρός.

καὶ τότε οἱ Νηρηῖς ἀγακλυτὰ τεύχεα δῶκε
 Μέμνονος ἀντιθέοιο, τὰ καὶ μέγα θηήσαντο
 Ἀργεῖοι· λίην γὰρ ἔσαν περιμήκεα πάντα·
 καὶ τὰ γε καγχαλῶν ὑπεδέξατο κύδιμος ἀνὴρ· 460
 οἷον γὰρ κείνῳ γε περὶ βριαροῖσι μέλεσσι
 ἥρμωσεν ἀπλήτοιο κατὰ χροὸς ἀμφιτεθέντα·
 αὐτὸς δ' αὐτ' ἀνάειρε μέγαν σόλον, ὅφρα οἱ εἴη
 τερπωλὴ μένος ἢ λιλαιομένῳ πονέεσθαι.

Οἱ δ' ἄρα δηριόωντες ἐφ' ἄλματι πολλοὶ
 ἀνέστην. 465

τῶν δ' ἄρ' ὑπέρθορε πολλὸν εὐμμελῆς Ἀγαπήνωρ
 σήματα· τοὶ δ' ὁμάδησαν ἐπ' ἀνέρι μακρὰ θορόντι·
 καὶ οἱ τεύχεα καλὰ πόρεν μέγαλοιο Κύκνοιο
 διὰ Θέτις· τὸν γὰρ ῥα φόνῳ ἐπὶ Πρωτεσιλάου
 πολλῶν θυμὸν ἐλόντα κατέκτανε Πηλέος υἱὸς 470
 πρῶτον ἀριστῶν· Τρῶας δ' ἄχος ἀμφεκάλυψεν.

Αἰγανέῃ δ' ἄρα πολλὸν ὑπέρβαλε δηριόωντας
 Εὐρύαλος· λαοὶ δὲ μέγ' ἴαχον· οὐ γὰρ ἔφαντο
 κείνων ὑπερβαλέειν οὐδὲ πτερόεντι βελέμῳ.
 τοῦνεκά οἱ φιάλην πολυχανδέα δῶκε φέρεσθαι 475
 μήτηρ Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος, ἣν ποτ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
 ἀργυρέην κτεάτισσε βαλὼν ὑπὸ δουρὶ Μύνητα,
 ὅππότε Λυρνησοῖο διέπραθεν ὄλβιον¹ ἄστν.

¹ Zimmermann, from P, for Τρώιον of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

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

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

Next, in the javelin-cast Euryalus
Hurled far beyond all rivals, while the folk
Shouted aloud : no archer, so they deemed,
475 Could speed a winged shaft farther than his cast ;
Therefore the Aeacid hero's mother gave
To him a deep wide silver oil-flask, ta'en
By Achilles in possession, when his spear
Slew Mynes, and he spoiled Lyrnessus' wealth.

Αἶας δ' ὄβριμόθυμος ἐελδόμενος πονέεσθαι
 χερσὶν ὁμῶς καὶ ποσσὶν ἀνιστάμενος καλέεσκεν 480
 ἐς μέσον ἡρώων τὸν ὑπέρτατον. οἱ δ' ὀρόωντες
 θάμβεον ὄβριμον ἄνδρα καὶ ἄλκιμον· οὐδὲ τις
 ἔτλη

ἅντα μολεῖν πάντων γὰρ ὑπέκλασε δαίμ' ἀλε-
 γεινὸν

ἠγορέην, φοβέοντο δ' ἀνὰ φρένα, μή τινα χερσὶ
 τύφας ἀκαμάτησιν ὑπὸ πληγῆσι πρόσωπον 485

συγχέη ἐσσυμένως, μέγα δ' ἀνέρι πῆμα γένηται.
 ὃψέ δέ πάντες ἔνευσαν ἐπ' Εὐρύαλφ' ἀμενεχάρμη
 ἰδμονα πυγμαχίης εὐεϊδότες· ὃς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσοις
 τοῖον ἔπος προέηκεν ὑποτρομέων θρασὺν ἄνδρα·

“ὦ φίλοι, ἄλλον μὲν τιν' Ἀχαιῶν, ὃν κ' ἐθέλητε, 490
 τλήσομαι ἀντιόωντα, μέγαν δ' Αἶαντα τέθηπα·
 πολλὸν γὰρ προβέβηκε· διαρραΐσει δέ μοι ἦτορ,
 ἦν μιν ἐπιβρίσαντα λάβη χόλος· οὐ γὰρ οἷω
 ἀνδρὸς ἀπ' ἀκαμάτοιο σόος ποτὶ νῆας ἰκέσθαι.”

“Ὡς φάμενοιό γέλασαν· ὁ δ' ἐν φρεσὶ πάμπαν
 ἰάνθη 495

Αἶας ὄβριμόθυμος· ἄειρε δέ δοιὰ τάλαντα
 ἀργύρου αἰγλήεντος, ἃ οἱ Θέτις εἵνεκ' ἀέθλου
 δῶκεν ἄτερ καμάτοιο· φίλον δ' ἐμνήσατο παιδὸς
 Αἴαντ'· εἰσορόωσα· γόος δέ οἱ ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.

Οἱ δ' αὖθ' ἵππασίη μεμελημένον ἦτορ ἔχοντες 500
 ἐσσυμένως ἀνόρουσαν ἐποτρύνοντος ἀέθλου·
 πρῶτος μὲν Μενέλαος ἰδ' Εὐρύπυλος θρασυ-
 χάρμης

Εὐμηλος δὲ Θόας τε καὶ ἰσόθεος Πολυποίτης.
 ἵπποις δ' ἀμφὶ λέπαδνα βάλλον καὶ ὑφ' ἄρματ'
 ἔρυσσαν

πάντες ἐπειγόμενοι πολυγηθέος εἵνεκα νίκης· 505
 αἶψα δ' ἄρ' εἰς ἐν ἅμα ξύνισαν δίφροις βεβαῶτες
 χῶρον ἄν' ἡμαθόεντ'· ἐπὶ νύσσης δ' ἔσταν ἕκαστοι·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

480 Then fiery-hearted Aias eagerly
Rose, challenging to strife of hands and feet
The mightiest hero there ; but marvelling
They marked his mighty thews, and no man dared
Confront him. Chilling dread had palsied all
Their courage : from their hearts they feared him,
lest

485 His hands invincible should all to-break
His adversary's face, and naught but pain
Be that man's meed. But at the last all men
Made signs to battle-bider Euryalus,
For well they knew him skilled in fighting-craft ;
490 But he too feared that giant, and he cried :
" Friends, any other Achæan, whom ye will,
Blithe will I face ; but mighty Aias—no !
Far doth he overmatch me. He will rend
Mine heart, if in the onset anger rise
Within him : from his hands invincible,
495 I trow, I should not win to the ships alive."

Loud laughed they all : but glowed with triumph-
joy

The heart of Aias. Gleaming talents twain
Of silver he from Thetis' hands received,
His uncontested prize. His stately height
500 Called to her mind her dear son, and she sighed.

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

καρπαλίμως δ' εὔληρα λάβον κρατερῆς παλά-
μῃσιν.

ἵπποι δ' ἐγχιρμφθέντες ἐν ἄρμασι ποιπνύεσκον
ὅπως τις προάλοιτο, πόδας δ' ὑπεκίννου αὐτῶς, 510
οὔατα δ' ὠρθώσαντο καὶ ἄμπυκας ἀφρῶ ἔδευσαν.
οἱ δ' ἄφαρ ἐγκονέοντες ἐλαφροπόδων μένος ἵππων
μάστιον· οἱ δὲ θοῇσιν ἐοικότες Ἀρπυίησι
καρπαλίμως ζεύγλῃσι μέγ' ἔκθορον ἀσχαλόωντες,
ἄρματα δ' ὧκα φέρεσκον ἀπὸ χθονὸς αἰσσοντα· 515
οὐδ' ἄρματροχιάς ἰδέειν ἦν οὐδὲ ποδοῖν
ἐν χθονὶ σήματα, τόσσον ὑπεξέφερον δρόμον
ἵπποι.

πουλὺς δ' αἰθέρ' ἵκανε κονίσσαλος ἐκ πεδίοιο,
καπνῶ ἧ ὁμίχλῃ ἐναλίγκιος, ἦν τ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν
ἀμφιχέη πρῶνεσσι Νότου μένος ἧ Ζεφύριοι 520
χείματος ἐγρομένου, ὅπότ' οὔρεα δέυεται ὄμβρῳ.
ἵπποι δ' Εὐμήλοιο μέγ' ἔκθορον, οἱ δ' ἐφέποντο
ἀντιθέοιο Θόαντος· ἐπ' ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος αὐτεῖ
ἄρματι· τοὶ δ' ἐφέροντο δι' εὐρυχόρου πεδίοιο ¹ 524

* * * * *

Ἥλιδος ἐκ δίης, ἐπεὶ ἧ μέγα ἔργον ἔρεξε 526
παρφθάμενος θοὸν ἄρμα κακόφρονος Οἰνομάοιο,
ὅς ῥα τότε ἠθέοισιν ἀνηλέα τεύχεον ὄλεθρον
κούρης ἀμφὶ γάμοιο περίφρονος Ἴπποδαμείης·
ἀλλ' οὐ μὲν κείνός γε καὶ ἵππασίησι μεμηλὼς 530
ἵππους ὀκνποδας τοίους ἔχεν, ἀλλ' ἄρα πολλὸν
ποσσὶν ἀφαιροτέρους· οἱ γάρ ῥ' εἶδοντ' ἀνέμοισιν."

Ἡ μέγα κυδαίνων ἵππων μένος ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν

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

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

In strong hands quickly, while the chariot-steeds
Shoulder to shoulder fretted, all afire
To take the lead at starting, pawed the sand,
Pricked ears, and o'er their frontlets flung the foam.
With sudden-stiffened sinews those car-lords
Lashed with their whips the tempest-footed steeds;
Then swift as Harpies sprang they forth; they
 strained

Furiously at the harness, onward whirling
The chariots bounding ever from the earth.
Thou couldst not see a wheel-track, no, nor print
Of hoof upon the sand—they verily flew.
Up from the plain the dust-clouds to the sky
Soared, like the smoke of burning, or a mist
Rolled round the mountain-forelands by the might
Of the dark South-wind or the West, when wakes
A tempest, when the hill-sides stream with rain.
Burst to the front Eumelus' steeds: behind
Close pressed the team of godlike Thoas: shouts
Still answered shouts that cheered each chariot, while
Onward they swept across the wide-wayed plain.

* * * * *

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

So spake he, giving glory to the might
Of those good steeds, and to Atreides' self;

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Ἀτρείδην· ὁ γὰρ ἥσι περὶ φρεσὶ γήθεε θυμῷ.
 τοὺς δὲ μέγ' ἀσθμαίνοντας ἄφαρ θεράποντες ἔλυσαν 535
 ζεύγλης· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀελλόποδας λύνον ἵππους
 πάντες, ὅσοις ἐν ἀγῶνι δρόμου πέρι δῆρις ἐτύχθη.
 ἀντίθεον δὲ Θόαντα καὶ Εὐρύπυλον μενεχάρμην
 ἠκέσατ' ἐσσυμένως Ποδαλεῖριος ἔλκεα πάντα,
 ὅσα περιδρῦφθησαν ἀπὲκ δίφροιο πεσόντες. 540
 Ἀτρείδης δ' ἄλυστον ἐγήθειεν εἵνεκα νίκης·
 καὶ οἱ εὐπλόκαμος Θέτις ὥπασε καλὸν ἄλυσον
 χρύσειον, ἀντιθέοιο μέγα κτέαρ Ἡετίωνος,
 πρὶν Θήβης κλυτὸν ἄστυ διαπραθέειν Ἀχιλλῆα.
 "Ἄλλοι δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθι μονάμπυκας ἔντυον
 ἵππους 545
 ἐς δρόμον ἰθύνοντες, ἔλυντο δὲ χερσὶ βοείας
 μᾶστιγας, καὶ πάντες ἀναΐξαντες ἐφ' ἵππων
 ἔξονθ'· οἱ δὲ χαλινὰ γενειάσιν ἀφρίζοντες
 δάπτον, καὶ ποσὶ γαλῶν ἐπέκτυπον ἐγκονέοντες
 ἐκθορέειν. τοῖς δ' αἰψα τάθη δρόμος· οἱ δ' ἀπὸ
 νύσσης 550
 καρπαλίμως οἶμῃσαν ἐριδμαίνειν μεμαῶτες,
 εἵκελοι ἢ Βορέας μέγα πνείοντος ἀέλλαις
 ἢ Νότου κελάδοντος, ὅτ' εὐρέα πόντον ὀρίνει
 λαίλαπι καὶ ῥιπῇσι, Θυτήριον εὖτ' ἀλεγεινὸν
 ἀντέλλη ναυτήσι φέρον πολύδακρυν οἷζύν· 555
 ὥς οἱ γ' ἐσσεύοντο κόνιν ποσὶ καρπαλίμοισιν
 ἐν πεδίῳ κλονέοντες ἀπείριτον· οἱ δ' ἐλατῆρες
 ἵπποις οἷσιν ἕκαστος ἐκέκλετο, τῇ μὲν ἱμάσθλῃ
 ταρφέα πεπληγῶς, ἐτέρῃ δ' ἐνὶ χειρὶ τινάσσων
 νωλεμὲς ἀμφὶ γένυσι μέγα κτυπέοντα χαλινόν. 560
 ἵπποι δ' ἐρρώοντο· βοῇ δ' ἀνὰ λαὸν ὀρωρεῖ
 αἰπτος· οἱ δ' ἐπέτοντο διὰ πλατέος πεδίοιο.
 καὶ νῦν κεν ἐσσυμένως ἐξ' Ἀργεὸς αἰόλος ἵππος
 νίκησεν μάλα πολλὸν ἐφεξομένου Σθενέλοιο,
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ἐξήρπαξε δρόμον, πεδίον δ' ἀφίκανε 565
 206

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

And filled with joy was Menelaus' soul.
Straightway his henchmen from the yoke-band
loosed

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

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

πολλάκις· οὐδέ μιν ἐσθλὸς ἔων Καπανῆιος υἱὸς
κάμψαι ἐπέσθενε χερσίν, ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἔτι νῆις ἀέθλων
ἵππος ἦν· γεινεῇ γε μὲν οὐ κακός, ἀλλὰ θοοὶο
θεσπέσιον γένος ἔσκειν Ἀρίονος, δν τέκεν ἵππων
"Αρπυια Ζεφύρῳ πολυηχέϊ φέρτατον ἄλλων 570
πολλόν, ἐπεὶ ταχέεσσιν ἐριδμαίνεσκε πόδεσσι
πατρὸς ἐοῖο θοῇσι καταγίσι, καὶ μιν Ἀδρηστος
ἐκ μακάρων ἔχε δῶρον, ὅθεν γένος ἔπλετο κείνου·
καὶ μιν Τυδέος υἱὸς ἐφ' ὅρε δῶρον ἑταίρῳ
Τροίῃ ἐνὶ ξαθέῃ· ὁ δέ οἱ μέγα ποσσὶ πεποιθὼς 575
ὠκύν ἐόντ' ἐς ἀγῶνα καὶ εἰς ἔριν ἤγαγεν ἵππων
αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισιν οἰόμενος μέγα κῦδος
ἵππασίης ἀνελέσθαι· ὁ δ' οὔτι οἱ ἦτορ ἦενεν
ἄμφ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀέθλα πονεύμενος· ἦ γὰρ ἔμιμνε¹
δεύτερος, Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ παρήλασεν ὠκύν ἐόντα 580
ἰδρεΐῃ. λαοὶ δ' Ἀγαμέμνονα κυδαίνεσκον,
ἵππον τε Σθενελόιο θρασύφρονος ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτόν,
οὔνεκα δευτέρος ἦλθε, καὶ εἰ μάλα πολλάκι
νύσσης
ἐξέθορεν, μεγάλῳ περὶ κάρτεϊ οἷς ποσὶ θύνω.
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ Θέτις ὥπασε καγχαλῶντι 585
ἀργύρεον θώρηκα θεηγενέος Πολυδώρου·
δῶκε δ' ἄρα Σθενέλῳ βριαρὴν κόρυν Ἀστεροπαίου
χαλκείην καὶ δοῦρε δύω καὶ ἀτειρέα μήτρην.
ἄλλοις δ' ἵππησσι καὶ ὀππόσοι ἥματι κείνῳ
ἦλθον ἀεθλεύσοντες Ἀχιλλῆος ποτὶ τύμβον, 590
δῶρα πόρεν πάντεσσιν. ἐπὶ σφίσι δ' ἄχυντο
θυμὸν
υἱὸς Λαέρταο δαΐφρονος, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτόν
ἀλκῆς ἰέμενον κρατερῶν ἀπέρυξεν ἀέθλων
ἄλκος ἀνιήρόν, τό μιν οὔτασεν ὄβριμος Ἀλκων
ἀμφὶ νέκυν κρατεροῖο πονεύμενον Αἰακίδαο. 595

¹ Zimmermann, for ἐμελλεν ἰκάνειν of MSS.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IV

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