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The fall of Troy

Quintus

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

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ΛΟΓΟΣ ΕΚΤΟΣ

Ἦώς δ' Ὀκεανοῖο ῥόον καὶ λέκτρα λιποῦσα
 Τιθωνοῦ προσέβη μέγαν οὐρανόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
 κίδνατο παμφανόωσα· γέλασσε δὲ γαῖα καὶ
 αἰθήρ·

τοὶ δ' εἰς ἔργα τράποντο βροτοὶ ῥεῖα φθινύθοντες·
 ἄλλος δ' ἀλλοίοισιν ἐπώχετο· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
 εἰς ἀγορὴν ἐχέοντο καλεσσομένου Μενελάου·
 καὶ ῥ' ὅτε δὴ μάλα πάντες ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἡγερέ-
 θοντο,

δὴ τότε ἐνὶ μέσσοισιν ἀγειρομένοισι μετήυδα·
 “κέκλυτε μῦθον ἐμεῖο, θεηγενέες βασιλῆες,
 ὡς ἐρέω· μέγα γάρ μοι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ τείρεται ἦτορ
 λαῶν ὀλλυμένων, οἳ ῥ' ἤλυθον εἴνεκ' ἐμεῖο
 δῆριν ἐς ἀργαλήν, τοὺς οὐχ ὑποδέξεται οἶκος,
 οὐ τοκέες· πολέας γὰρ ὑπέκλασε δαίμονος Αἴσα.
 ὡς ὄφελον Θανάτοιο βαρὺ σθένος ἀτλήτοιο
 αὐτῷ ἐμοὶ ἐπόρουσε πρὶν ἐνθάδε λαὸν ἀγεῖραι·
 νῦν δέ μοι ἀλλήκτους ὀδύνas ἐνεθήκατο δαίμων,
 ὄφρ' ὁρώ κακὰ πολλά· τίς ἂν φρεσὶ γηθήσειεν
 εἰσορόων ἐπὶ δηρὸν ἀμήχανα ἔργα μόθοιο;
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ' ὅσοι ἔτ' εἰμὲν ἐπ' ὠκυπόροισι νέεσσι
 καρπαλίμως φεύγωμεν ἐὴν ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἕκαστος,
 Αἴαντος φθιμένοιο πολυσθενέος τ' Ἀχιλλῆος,
 τῶν ἐγὼ οὐκ οἶω κταμένων ὑπαλύξαι ὄλεθρον
 ἡμέας, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ Τρωσὶ δαμήμεναι ἀργαλέοισιν

BOOK VI

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

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

Then turned unto their labours, each to each,
Mortals, frail creatures daily dying. Then
Streamed to a folk-mote all the Achæan men
At Menelaus' summons. When the host
Were gathered all, then in their midst he spake:
"Hearken my words, ye god-descended kings:
Mine heart within my breast is burdened sore
For men which perish, men that for my sake
Came to the bitter war, whose home-return
Parents and home shall welcome nevermore;
For Fate hath cut off thousands in their prime.
Oh that the heavy hand of death had fallen
On me, ere hitherward I gathered these!
But now hath God laid on me cureless pain
In seeing all these ills. Who could rejoice
Beholding strivings, struggles of despair?
Come, let us, which be yet alive, in haste
Flee in the ships, each to his several land,
Since Aias and Achilles both are dead.
I look not, now they are slain, that we the rest
Shall 'scape destruction; nay, but we shall fall
Before yon terrible Trojans—for my sake

εἵνεκ' ἐμεῦ Ἑλένης τε κυνώπιδος, ἥς νύ μοι οὔτι
 μέμβλεται ὡς ὑμέων, ὁπότε καταμένους ἐσίδωμαι 25
 ἐν πολέμῳ· κείνη δ' ἀλαπαδνοτάτῳ σὺν ἀκοίτῃ
 ἔρρέτω· ἐκ γάρ οἱ πινυτὰς φρένας εἴλετο δαίμων
 ἐκ κραδίας, ὅτ' ἐμεῖο λίπεν δόμον ἠδὲ καὶ εὐνὴν.
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν κείνης Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρῳσὶ μελήσει·
 ἡμεῖς δ' αἶψα νεώμεθ', ἐπεὶ πολὺν λῳιὸν ἔστιν 30
 ἐκφυγέειν πολέμοιο δυσσηχέος ἢ ἀπολέσθαι."

Ὡς ἔφατ' Ἀργείων πειρώμενος· ἄλλα δέ οἱ κῆρ
 ἐν κραδίῃ πόρφυρε περὶ ζηλήμονι θυμῷ,
 Τρῶας ὅπως ὀλέσῃ καὶ τείχεα μακρὰ πόλῃος
 ῥήξῃ ἐκ θεμέθλων, μάλα δ' αἵματος ἄσῃ Ἀρηά 35
 δίου Ἀλεξάνδροιο μετὰ φθιμένοισι πεσόντος·
 οὐ γάρ τι ζήλοιο πέλει στυγερώτερον ἄλλο.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ὡς ὥρμαινεν, ἔῃ δ' ἐπίζανεν ἔδρῃ.
 καὶ τότε Τυδείδης ἐγχεσπαλος ὦρτ' ἐνὶ μέσσοις,
 καὶ ῥα θοῶς νείκεσσεν ἀρήφιλον Μενέλαον· 40
 "ἂ δεῖλ' Ἀτρεὺς υἱέ, τί ἦ νύ σε δεῖμα κιχάνει
 ἀργαλέον, καὶ τοῖα μετ' Ἀργείοις ἀγορεύεις,
 ὡς πᾶις ἡὲ γυνή, τῶν περ σθένος ἔστ' ἀλαπαδνόν;
 ἀλλὰ σοὶ οὐ πείσονται Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατοι υἱεῖς
 πρὶν Τροίης κρήδεμνα ποτὶ χθόνα πάντα βα-
 λέσθαι· 45

θάρσος γὰρ μερόπεσσι κλέος μέγα, φύζα δ'
 ὄνειδος.
 εἰ δ' ἄρα τις καὶ τῶνδ' ἐπιτείσεται, ὡς ἐπιτέλλεις,
 αὐτίκα οἱ κεφαλὴν τεμέω ἰούντι σιδήρῳ,
 ῥίψω δ' οἰωνοῖσιν ἀερσιπέτῃσιν ἐδωδῆν.
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', οἷσι μέμηλεν ὀρινέμεναι μένε' ἀνδρῶν, 50
 λαοὺς αὐτίκα πάντας ὀτρυνάντων κατὰ νῆας
 δούρατα θηγέμεναι, παρὰ τ' ἀσπίδας ἄλλα τε
 πάντα

εὖ θέσθαι, καὶ δεῖπνον ἄφαρ πάσσασθαι¹ ἅπαντας

¹ Zimmermann, for ἐφοπλίσσασθαι, with lacuna, of Koechly.
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

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

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

ἀνέρας ἥδ' ἵππους, οἳ τ' ἐς πόλεμον μεμάασιν
ἐν πεδίῳ δ' ὠκιστα διακρινέει μένος Ἀρης." 55

ᾧς φάτο Τυδείδης· κατὰ δ' ἔξετο, ἦχι πάρος
περ·

τοῖσι δὲ Θέστορος υἱὸς ἔπος ποτὶ τοῖον ἔειπεν
ἀνστὰς ἐν μέσσοισιν, ὅπῃ θέμις ἔστ' ἀγορεύειν·
"κέκλυτέ μεν, φίλα τέκνα μενεπτολέμων Ἀργείων·
ἴστε γάρ, ὡς σάφα οἶδα θεοπροπίας ἀγορεύειν. 60
ἤδη μὲν καὶ πρόσθ' ἐφάμην δεκάτῳ λυκάβαντι
πέρσειν Ἴλιον αἰπύ· τὸ δὴ νῦν ἐκτελέουσιν
ἀθάνατοι· νίκη δὲ πέλει παρὰ ποσσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
ἀλλ' ἄγε, Τυδέος νῖα μενεπτόλεμόν τ' Ὀδυσῆα
πέμψωμεν Σκύρου δὲ θοῶς ἐν νηὶ μελαίνῃ, 65
οἳ ῥα παραιπεπίθοντες Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμον νῖα
ἄξουσιν· μέγα δ' ἄμμι φάος πάντεσσι πελάσσει."

ᾧς φάτο Θέστορος υἱὸς εὐφρονος· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
γηθόσυνοι κελάδησαν, ἐπεὶ σφισιν ἦτορ ἑώλπει
Κάλχαντος φάτιν ἔμμεν' ἐτήτυμον, ὡς ἀγόρευε· 70
καὶ τότε Λαέρταο πᾶις μετέειπεν Ἀχαιοῖς·
"ὦ φίλοι, οὐκέτ' ἔοικε μεθ' ὑμῖν πόλλ' ἀγορεύειν
σήμερον· ἐν γὰρ δὴ κάματος πέλει ἀχνυμένοισιν·
οἶδα γὰρ ὡς λαοῖσι κεκμηκόσιν οὐτ' ἀγορητῆς
ἀνδάνει οὐτ' ἄρ' αἰοιδός, ὃν ἀθάνατοι φιλέουσι 75
Πιερίδες· παύρων δ' ἐπέων ἔρος ἐνθ' ἀνθρώποις.¹
νῦν δ' ὅπερ εὐάδε πᾶσι κατὰ στρατὸν Ἀργείοισι,
Τυδείδαο μάλιστα συνεσπομένου τελέσαιμι·
ἄμφω γάρ κεν ἰόντε φιλοπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος
ἄξομεν ὄβριμον νῖα παρακλίναντ' ἐπέεσσιν, 80
εἰ καὶ μιν μάλα πολλὰ κινυρομένη κατερύκει
μήτηρ ἐν μεγάροισιν, ἐπεὶ κρατεροῖο τοκῆος
ἔλπομ' ἐμὸν κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρήιον ἔμμεναι νῖα.

¹ Zimmermann, for ἔρος ἀνθρώποις of MSS.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

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

So speaking, in his place he sat him down ;
Then rose up Thestor's son, and in the midst,
Where meet it is to speak, stood forth and cried

"Hear me, ye sons of battle-biding Greeks :
Ye know I have the spirit of prophecy.
Erewhile I said that ye in the tenth year
Should lay waste towered Ilium : this the Gods
Are even now fulfilling ; victory lies

At the Argives' very feet. Come, let us send
Tydeides and Odysseus battle-staunch
With speed to Scyros overseas, by prayers
Hither to bring Achilles' hero son :
A light of victory shall he be to us."

So spake wise Thestius' son, and all the folk
Shouted for joy ; for all their hearts and hopes
Yearned to see Calchas' prophecy fulfilled.

Then to the Argives spake Laertes' son :

"Friends, it befits not to say many words
This day to you, in sorrow's weariness.

I know that wearied men can find no joy

In speech or song, though the Pierides,

The immortal Muses, love it. At such time

Few words do men desire. But now, this thing

That pleaseth all the Achæan host, will I

Accomplish, so Tydeides fare with me ;

For, if we twain go, we shall surely bring,

Won by our words, war-fain Achilles' son,

Yea, though his mother, weeping sore, should strive

Within her halls to keep him ; for mine heart

Trusts that he is a hero's valorous son."

Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπε πύκα φρονέων Μενέ-
λαος·

“ὦ Ὀδυσεῦ, μέγ’ ὄνειαρ εὖσθενέων Ἀργείων, 85
ἦνπερ Ἀχιλλῆος μεγαλόφρονος ὄβριμος υἱὸς
σῆσι παραιφασίῃσι λιλαιομένοισιν ἄρωγός¹ 86a
ἔλθοι ἀπὸ Σκύροιο, πόροι δέ τις οὐραنيῶνων
νίκην εὐχομένοισι καὶ Ἑλλάδα γαίαν ἰκῶμαι,
δώσω οἱ παράκοιτιν ἐμὴν ἐρικυδέα κούρην
Ἑρμιόνην, καὶ πολλὰ καὶ ὄλβια δῶρα σὺν αὐτῇ 90
προφρονέως· οὐ γάρ μιν ὀτομαι οὔτε γυναῖκα
οὔτ’ ἄρα πενθερὸν ἐσθλὸν ὑπερφιάλως ὀνόσασθαι.”

Ὡς ἄρ’ ἔφη· Δαναοὶ δὲ συνευφύμησαν ἔπασσι.
καὶ τότε λῦτ’ ἀγορή· τοὶ δ’ ἐσκίδναντ’ ἐπὶ νῆας
ἰέμενοι δέλπνοιο, τὸ δὴ πέλει ἀνδράσιν ἀλκή· 95
καὶ ῥ’ ὅτε δὴ παύσαντο κορεσσάμενοι μέγ’ ἔδωδῆς,
δὴ τόθ’ ὁμῶς Ὀδυσῆι περίφρονι Τυδέος υἱὸς
νῆα θοὴν εἵρυσεν ἀπειρεσίης ἁλὸς εἴσω·
καρπαλίμως δ’ ἦια καὶ ἄρμενα πάντα βάλοντο·
ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἔβαν· μετὰ δέ σφισιν εἵκοσι φῶτες 100
ἴδμονες εἰρεσίης, ὅπότ’ ἀντίαι ὦσιν ἄελλαι,
ἦδ’ ὅπότ’ εὐρέα πόντον ὑποστορέῃσι γαλήνῃ.
καὶ ῥ’ ὅτε δὴ κληῖσιν ἐπ’ εὐτύκτοισι κάθισαν,
τύπτον ἁλὸς μέγα κύμα· πολὺς δ’ ἀμφέξεεν
ἄφρός·

ὑγραὶ δ’ ἀμφ’ ἐλάτῃσι διεπρήσσοντο κέλευθοι 105
νῆος ἐπεσσυμένης· τοὶ δ’ ἰδρώοντες ἔρυσον·
ὥς δ’ ὅθ’ ὑπὸ ζεύγλῃσι βόες μέγα κεκμηῶτες
δουρατέην ἐρύσῳσι πρόσω μεμαῶτες ἀπήνῃ
ἄχθει τετριγυῖαν ὑπ’ ἄξονι δινήεντι
τειρόμενοι, πολὺς δὲ κατ’ αὐχένος ἠδὲ καὶ ὤμων 110
ἰδρὸς ἀμφοτέροισι κατέσσονται ἄχρῳ ἐπ’ οὐδας·
ὥς τῆμος μογέεσκον ὑπὸ στιβαρῆς ἐλάτῃσιν
αἰζήοι· μάλα δ’ ὦκα διήννον εὐρέα πόντον.

¹ Verse inserted by Zimmermann ex P.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

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

With a great shout the Danaans hailed his words.
Then was the throng dispersed, and to the ships
They scattered hungering for the morning meat
Which strengtheneth man's heart. So when they
ceased

From eating, and desire was satisfied,
Then with the wise Odysseus Tydeus' son
Drew down a swift ship to the boundless sea,
And victual and all tackling cast therein.
Then stepped they aboard, and with them twenty
men,

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

τοὺς δ' ἄλλοι μὲν Ἀχαιοὶ ἀποσκοπιάζον ἰόντας·
 θῆγον δ' αἰνὰ βέλεμνα καὶ ἔγχεα, τοῖσι μάχοντο, 115
 Τρῶες δ' ἄστεος ἐντὸς ἀταρβέες ἐντύνοντο
 ἐς πόλεμον μεμαῶτες ἰδ' εὐχόμενοι μακάρεσσι
 λαφῆσαι τε φόνοιο καὶ ἀμπνεῦσαι καμάτοιο.

Τοῖσι δ' ἐελδομένοισι θεοὶ μέγα πήματος
 ἄλκαρ

ἤγαγον Εὐρύπυλον κρατεροῦ γένος Ἡρακλῆος· 120
 καὶ οἱ λαοὶ ἔποντο δαήμονες ἰωχομοῖο
 πολλοί, ὅσοι δολιχοῖο παρὰ προχοῇσι Καΐκου
 ναῖεσκον κρατερῇσι πεποιθότες ἐγχείησιν.

ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κεχάροντο μέγα φρεσὶ Τρῳαῖο νῆες·
 ὥς δ' ὀπότη' ἔρκεος ἐντὸς ἐεργμένοι ἀθρήσωσιν 125

ἡμεροὶ ἀνέρα χῆνες, ὅτις σφίσιν εἶδατα βάλλη,
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στομάτεσσι περισταδὸν ἰύζοντες¹ 126a

σαίνουσιν, τοῦ δ' ἥτορ λαίνεται εἰσορόωντος·

ὥς ἄρα Τρῳαῖο νῆες ἐγήθον, εὐτ' ἐσίδοντο
 ὄβριμον Εὐρύπυλον, τοῦ δ' ἐν φρεσὶ θαρσαλέον

κῆρ

τέρπετ' ἀγειρομένοισιν· ἀπὸ προθύρων δὲ γυναῖκες 130
 θάμβεον ἀνέρα δῖον· ὁ δ' ἔξοχος ἔσσυτο λαῶν
 ἥύτε τις θῶεσσι λέων ἐν ὄρεσσι μετελθών.

τὸν δὲ Πάρις δειδέκτο, τίεν δέ μιν Ἑκτορι ἴσον·
 τοῦ γὰρ ἀνεψιὸς ἔσκεν, ἣς τ' ἐτέτυκτο γενέθλης·

τὸν γὰρ δὴ τέκε δῖα κασιγνήτη Πριάμοιο 135

Ἀστυόχη κρατερῇσιν ὑπ' ἀγκοίνῃσι μιγείσα

Τηλέφου, ὃν ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀταρβεῖ Ἡρακλῆι

λάθρῃ ἐοῖο τοκῆος εὐπλόκαμος τέκεν Αὐγῇ·

καὶ μιν τυτθὸν ὄντα καὶ ἰσχανόωντα γάλακτος
 θρέψε θοῇ ποτε κεμμάς, ἐφ' ὃ ἴσα φίλατο νεβρῶ 140

μαζὸν ὑποσχομένη βουλῇ Διός· οὐ γὰρ ἐφίκει

ἔκγονον Ἡρακλῆος οἰζυρῶς ἀπολέσθαι.

τοῦ δ' ἄρα κύδιμον νῖα Πάρις μάλα πρόφρονι θυμῷ

¹ Verse inserted by Zimmermann, ex P.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Then turned to whet their deadly darts and spears,
The weapons of their warfare. In their town
The aweless Trojans armed themselves the while
War-eager, praying to the Gods to grant
Respite from slaughter, breathing-space from toil.

To these, while sorely thus they yearned, the Gods
Brought present help in trouble, even the seed
Of mighty Hercules, Eurypylus.

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

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἤγεν ἔον ποτὶ δῶμα δι' εὐρυχόροιο πόλῃος
σῆμα πάρ' Ἀσσαράκοιο καὶ Ἑκτορος αἰπὰ
μέλαθρα 145

νηὸν τε ζάθεον Τριτωνίδος, ἔνθα οἱ ἄγχι
δῶματ' ἔσαν καὶ βωμὸς ἀκήρατος Ἑρκείοιο·
καὶ μιν ἀδελφείων πηῶν θ' ὕπερ ἡδὲ τοκῆων
εἴρετο προσφρονέως· ὁ δέ οἱ μάλα πάντ' ἀγόρευεν·
ἄμφω δ' ὥς ὀάριζον ἄμ' ἀλλήλοισι κiónτες. 150
ἦλθον δ' ἐς μέγα δῶμα καὶ ὄλβιον· ἔνθα δ' ἄρ'
ἦστο

ἀντιθέη Ἑλένη Χαρίτων ἐπιειμένη εἶδος·
καὶ ῥά μιν ἀμφίπολοι πίσυρες περιποιπνύσκον,
ἄλλαι δ' αὐτ' ἀπάνευθεν ἔσαν κλειτοῦ θαλάμοιο
ἔργα τιτυσκόμεναι, ὅποσα δμῶῃσιν ἔοικεν. 155
Εὐρύπυλον δ' Ἑλένη μέγ' ἐθάμβεεν εἰσορώουσα,
κεῖνος δ' αὐθ' Ἑλένην· μετὰ δ' ἀλλήλους ἐπέεσσιν
ἄμφω δεικανόωντο δόμῳ ἐνὶ κηῶνεντι·
δμῶες δ' αὐτε θρόνους δοιῶ θέσαν ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης·
αἶψα δ' Ἀλέξανδρος κατ' ἄρ' ἔξετο, πὰρ δ' ἄρα
τῷ γε 160

Εὐρύπυλος. λαοὶ δὲ πρὸ ἄστεος αὐλιν ἔθεντο,
ἦχι φυλακτῆρες Τρώων ἔσαν ὀβριμόθυμοι·
αἶψα δὲ τευχέα θῆκαν ἐπὶ χθόνα, πὰρ δε καὶ
ἵππους

στῆσαν ἔτι πνείνοντας οἰζυροῖο μόγοιο·
ἐν δὲ φάτῃσιν βάλουντο, τά τ' ὠκέες ἵπποι ἔδουσι. 165

Καὶ τότε νύξ ἐπόρουσε, μελαίνετο δ' αἶα καὶ
αἰθήρ·

οἱ δ' ἄρα δαῖτ' ἐπάσαντο πρὸ τείχεος αἰπεινοῖο
Κήτειοι Τρῶές τε· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ μῦθος ὀρώρει
δαινυμένων· πάντῃ δὲ πυρὸς μένος αἰθαλόεντος
δαίετο πὰρ κλισίῃσιν· ἐπίαχε δ' ἡπύτα σύριγξ 170
αὐλοὶ τε λιγυροῖσιν ἀρηράμενοι καλάμοισιν,
ἄμφι δὲ φορμύγγων ἰαχὴ πέλεν ἡμερόεσσα.
266

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

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

Upfloated night, and darkened earth and air ;
Then feasted they before that cliff-like wall,
Ceteian men and Trojans : babel of talk
Rose from the feasters : all around the glow
Of blazing campfires lighted up the tents :
Pealed out the pipe's sweet voice, and hautboys rang
With their clear-shrilling reeds ; the witching strain
Of lyres was rippling round. From far away

Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐθάμβεον εἰσορόωντες
 [ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ πολλὰ καὶ ἄσπετον] εἰσαίοντες
 αὐλῶν φορμίγγων τ' ἱαχὴν ἀνδρῶν τε καὶ ἵππων
 σύρυγγός θ', ἣ δαιτὶ μεταπρέπει ἡδὲ νομεῦσι· 175
 τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' οἷσιν ἕκαστος ἐπὶ κλισίῃσι κέλευσε
 νῆας ἀμοιβαίῃσι φυλασσέμεν ἄχρις ἐς ἡῶ,
 μὴ σφεας Τρῶες ἀγανοὶ ἐνιπρήσωσι κιόντες
 οἳ ῥα τότε αἰπεινοῖο πρὸ τείχεος εἰλαπίναζον.

Ὡς δ' αὐτως κατὰ δώματ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο δαΐφρων 180
 δαίνυντο Τηλεφίδης μετ' ἀγακλειτῶν βασιλίων·
 πολλὰ δ' ἄρα Πρίαμός τε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρῶιοι νῆες
 ἐξείης ἠῦχοντο μιγήμεναι Ἀργείοισιν
 αἴσῃ ἐν ἀργαλῇ· ὁ δ' ὑπέσχετο πάντα τελέσσειν.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δόρπησαν, ἔβαν ποτὶ δώμαθ' ἕκαστος· 185
 Εὐρύπυλος δ' αὐτοῦ κατελέξατο βαιὸν ἄπωθεν
 ἐς τέγος εὐποίητον, ὅπῃ πάρος αὐτὸς ἴαενν
 ἦν· Ἀλέξανδρος μετ' ἀγακλειτῆς ἀλόχοιο·
 κείνο γὰρ ἔκπαγλόν τε καὶ ἔξοχον ἔπλετο πάντων·
 ἐνθ' ὃ γε λέξατ' ἰών· τοὶ δ' ἄλλοσε κοῖτον ἔλοντο 190
 μέχρις ἐπ' Ἡριγένειαν ἐϋθρονον. αὐτὰρ ἄμ' ἠοὶ
 Τηλεφίδης ἀνόρουσε καὶ ἐς στρατὸν εὐρὺν ἵκανε
 σύν τ' ἄλλοις βασιλεῦσιν, ὅσοι κατὰ Ἴλιον ἦσαν·
 λαοὶ δ' αὐτίκ' ἔδυσαν ἐν ἔντεσι μαιμώωντες,
 πάντες ἐνὶ πρώτοισι λιλαιόμενοι πονέεσθαι· 195
 ὥς δὲ καὶ Εὐρύπυλος μεγάλους περικάτθετο γυίοις
 τεύχεα μαρμαρέῃσιν ἐειδόμενα στεροπῇσι·
 καὶ οἱ δαίδαλα πολλὰ κατ' ἀσπίδα διὰν ἔκειτο,
 ὅπποσα πρόσθεν ἔρεξε θρασὺ σθένος Ἡρακλῆος.

Ἐν μὲν ἔσαν βλοσυρῇσι γενειάσι λιχμώωντες 200
 δοιὼ κιννυμένοισιν ἐοικότες οἶμα δράκοντες
 σμερδαλέον μεμαῶτες· ὁ δὲ σφεας ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον
 νηπιάχός περ ἔων ὑπεδάμνατο· καὶ οἱ ἀταρβῆς
 ἔσκε νῆος καὶ θυμός, ἐπεὶ Διὶ κάρτος ἐρέκει
 268

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

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

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

Thereon were seen two serpents flickering
Black tongues from grimly jaws: they seemed in act
To dart; but Hercules' hands to right and left—
Albeit a babe's hands—now were throttling them;
For aweless was his spirit. As Zeus' strength

ἐξ ἀρχῆς· οὐ γάρ τι θεῶν γένος οὐραنیωνων 205
ἀπρηκτον τελέθει καὶ ἀμήχανον, ἀλλὰ οἱ ἀλκὴ
ἔσπετ' ἀπειρεσίη καὶ νηδύος ἔνδον ἔοντι.

Ἐν δὲ Νερμειαίῳ βίη ἐτέτυκτο λέοντος
ὀβρίμου Ἡρακλῆος ὑπὸ στιβαρῇσι χέρεσσι
τειρόμενος κρατερῶς· βλοσυρῆς δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ γένυσ-
σιν 210

αἱματόεις ἀφρὸς ἔσκεν· ἀποπνέοντι δ' ἐώκει.
Ἄγχι δέ οἱ πεπόνητο μένος πολυδειράδος ὕδρης
αἶνον λιχμώωσα· καρήατα δ' ἀλγινόμεντα
ἄλλα μὲν ἄρ δέδμητο κατὰ χθονός, ἄλλα δ' ἄεξεν
ἐξ ὀλίγων μάλα πολλά· πόνος δ' ἔχεν Ἡρακλῆα 215
θαρσαλέον τ' Ἰόλαον, ἐπεὶ κρατερὰ φρονέοντε
ἄμφω, ὁ μὲν τέμνεσκε καρήατα μαιμώωντα
ἄρπη ὑπ' ἀγκυλόδοντι θοῶς, ὁ δὲ καίε σιδήρῳ
αἰθομένῳ· κρατερῇ δὲ κατήνυτο θηρὸς ὁμοκλή.

Ἐξείης δ' ἐτέτυκτο βίη σὺς ἀκαμάτοιο 220
ἀφριῶν γενέεσσι· φέρεν δέ μιν, ὥς ἐτεόν περ,
ζῶν ἐς Εὐρυσθῆα μέγα σθένος Ἀλκείδαο.

Κεμμάς δ' εὖ ἤσκητο θοῇ πόδας, ἥ τ' ἀλεγεινῶν
ἀμφὶ περικτιόνων μέγ' ἐσίνετο πᾶσαν ἀλωήν·
καὶ τὴν μὲν χρυσέοιο κεράατος ὀβριμος ἥρως 225
ἄμφεχεν οὐλομένοιο πυρὸς πνείουσαν αὐτμήν.

Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα στυγεραὶ Στυμφηλίδες· αἱ μὲν
οἴστοις

βλήμεναι ἐν κοινήσιν ἀπέπνεον, αἱ δ' ἔτι φύξης
μνωόμεναι πολιοῖο δι' ἥρος ἐσσεύοντο·
τῇσι δ' ἔφ' Ἡρακλῆς κεχολωμένος ἄλλον ἐπ'
ἄλλῳ 230

ἰὸν αἰεὶ προΐαλλε μάλα σπεύδοντι εἰοκῶς.

Ἐν δὲ καὶ Αὐγείῳ μέγας σταθμὸς ἀντιθέοιο
τεχνήεις ἤσκητο κατ' ἀκαμάτοιο βοείης·
τῷ δ' ἄρα θεσπεσίῳ βαθὺν ῥόον Ἀλφειοῖο
ὀβριμος Ἡρακλῆς ἐπαγίνεεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ Νύμφαι 235
270

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

From the beginning was his strength. The seed
Of Heaven-abiders never deedless is
Nor helpless, but hath boundless prowess, yea,
Even when in the womb unborn it lies.

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

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

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

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

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

Augeias' monstrous stable there was wrought
With cunning craft on that invincible targe ;
And Hercules was turning through the same
The deep flow of Alpheius' stream divine,
While wondering Nymphs looked down on every
hand

θάμβεον ἄσπετον ἔργον. ἀπόπροθι δ' ἔπλετο
ταῦρος

πύρπνος, ὃν ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμαιμάκετόν περ ἔοντα
γνάμπτε βίη κρατεροῖο κεράατος· οἱ δέ οἱ ἄμφω
ἀκάματοι μυῶνες ἐρειδομένοιο τέταντο·
καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ὡς μυκηθμὸν εἰς πέλεν. ἄγχι δ' ἄρ'
αὐτοῦ

240

ἀμφὶ σάκος πεπόνητο θεῶν ἐπιειμένη εἶδος
Ἴππολύτη· καὶ τὴν μὲν ὑπὸ κρατερῇσι χέρεσσι
δαιδαλέου ζωστήρος ἀμερσέμεναι μενεαίνων
εἶλκε κόμης ἵπποιο κατ' ὠκέος· αἱ δ' ἀπάτερθεν
ἄλλαι ὑποτρομέεσκον Ἀμαζόνες. ἀμφὶ δὲ λυγραὶ 245
Θρηκίην ἀνὰ γαῖαν ἔσαν Διομήδεος ἵπποι
ἀνδροβόροι· καὶ τὰς μὲν ἐπὶ στυγερῇσι φάτρησιν
αὐτῷ σὺν βασιλῇ κακὰ φρονέοντι δαίξεν.

Ἐν δὲ καὶ ἀκάματοιο δέμας πέλε Γηρυονῆος
τεθναότος παρὰ βουσί· καρήατα δ' ἐν κοίῃσιν 250
αἱματόεντα κέχυντο βίη ῥοπάλοιο δαμέντα·
πρόσθε δέ οἱ δέδμητο κύων ὀλοώτατος ἄλλων
Ὅρθρος, ἀνιρῶ ἑναλίκιος ὄβριμον ἄλκην
Κερβέρῳ, ὅς ῥα οἱ ἔσκειν ἀδελφεός· ἀμφὶ δ' ἔκειτο
βουκόλος Εὐρυτίων μεμορυγμένος αἵματι πολλῷ. 255

Ἀμφὶ δὲ χρύσεια μῆλα τετεύχато μαρμαίροντα
Ἑσπερίδων ἀνὰ πρέμνον ἀκήρατον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'
αὐτῷ

σμερδαλέος δέδμητο δράκων· ταὶ δ' ἄλλοθεν
ἄλλαι

πτώσσουσαι θρασὺν νῖα Διὸς μεγάλοιο φέβοντο.

Ἐν δ' ἄρ' ἔην μέγα δεῖμα καὶ ἀθανάτοισιν
ιδέσθαι

260

Κέρβερος, ὃν ῥ' ἀκάμαντι Τυφωεῖ γείνατ' Ἐχιδνα
ἄντρω ὑπ' ὀκρυόεντι μελαίνης ἀγχόθι νυκτός
ἀργαλέης· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἦεν ἀεικέλιόν τι πέλωρον¹ 262a

¹ Verse inserted by Zimmermann, ex P.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Upon that mighty work. Elsewhere portrayed
Was the Fire-breathing Bull: the Hero's grip
On his strong horns wrenched round the massive
neck:

The straining muscles on his arms stood out:
The huge beast seemed to bellow. Next thereto
Wrought on the shield was one in beauty arrayed
As of a Goddess, even Hippolyta.

The hero by the hair was dragging her
From her swift steed, with fierce resolve to wrest
With his strong hands the Girdle Marvellous
From the Amazon Queen, while quailing shrank
away

The Maids of War. There in the Thracian land
Were Diomedes' grim man-eating steeds:
These at their gruesome mangers had he slain,
And dead they lay with their fiend-hearted lord.

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

There were the Golden Apples wrought, that
gleamed

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

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

ἀμφ' ὀλοῇσι πύλῃσι πολυκλαύτου Ἀΐδαο
 εἵρων νεκρὸν ὄμιλον ὑπ' ἡερόεντι βερέθρῳ
 ρεία δέ μιν Διὸς υἱὸς ὑπὸ πληγῇσι δαμάσσας 265
 ἤγε καρηβαρέοντα παρὰ Στυγὸς αἰπὰ ρέεθρα,
 ἔλκων οὐκ ἐθέλοντα βίῃ πρὸς ἀήθεα χῶρον
 θαρσαλέως. ἐτέτυκτο δ' ἀπόπροθεν ἄγκεα μακρὰ
 Κανκάσου· ἀμφὶ δὲ δεσμὰ Προμηθέος ἄλλυδις
 ἅλλα

αὐτῆς σὺν πέτρῃσιν ἀναρρήξας ἀραρυῖαις 270
 λῦε μέγαν Τιτῆνα· λυγρὸς δέ οἱ ἀγχόθι κεῖτο
 αἰετὸς ἀλγινόεντι δέμας βεβλημένος ἰψ̄.

Κενταύρων δ' ἐτέτυκτο πολυσθενέων μέγα
 κάρτος

ἀμφὶ Φόλοιο μέλαθρον· ἔρις δ' ὀρόθυνε καὶ οἶνος
 ἀντίον Ἡρακλῆι τεράατα κεῖνα μάχεσθαι 275
 καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν πεύκεσι περὶ δηθέντες ἔκειντο,
 τὰς ἔχον ἐν χεῖρεσσι μάχης ἄκος· οἱ δ' ἔτι μακρῆς
 δηριόωντ' ἐλάτῃσι μεμαότες, οὐδ' ἀπέληγον
 ὑσμίνης· πάντων δὲ καρήατα δεύετο λύθρῳ
 θεινομένων ἀνὰ δῆριν ἀμείλιχον, ὥς ἐτεόν περ 280
 οἶνω δ' αἶμα μέμικτο, συνηλοίητο δὲ πάντα
 εἶδατα καὶ κρητῆρες ἐΰξεστοί τε τράπεζαι.

Νέσσον δ' αὐθ' ἐτέρωθι παρὰ ῥόον Εὐηνοῖο
 κείνης ἐκπροφυγόντα μάχης ὑπεδάμνατ' οἰστῶ
 ἀμφ' ἐρατῆς ἀλόχοιο χολούμενος. ἐν δ' ἐτέτυκτο 285
 ὀβρίμου Ἀνταίοιο μέγα σθένος, ὃν ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν
 ἀμφὶ παλαισμοσύνης ἄμοτον περιδηριόωντα
 ὑψοῦ ἀειράμενος κρατερῆς συνέαξε χεῖρεσσι.

Κεῖτο δ' ἐπὶ προχοῇσιν εὐρρόου Ἑλλησπόντου
 ἀργαλέον μέγα κῆτος ἀμειλίκτοισιν οἰστοῖς 290
 βλήμενον· Ἡσιόνης δὲ κακοὺς ἀπελύετο δεσμούς.

"Ἄλλα δ' ἄρ' Ἀλκείδαο θρασύφρονος ἄσπετα
 ἔργα

ἄμφεχεν Εὐρυπύλοιο διοτρεφέος σάκος εὐρύ.
 274

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

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

There stormed the wild rout of the Centaurs
round

The hall of Pholus: goaded on by Strife
And wine, with Hercules the monsters fought.
Amidst the pine-trunks stricken to death they lay
Still grasping those strange weapons in dead hands,
While some with stems long-shafted still fought on
In fury, and refrained not from the strife;
And all their heads, gashed in the pitiless fight,
Were drenched with gore—the whole scene seemed
to live—

With blood the wine was mingled: meats and bowls
And tables in one ruin shattered lay.

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

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

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

φαίνεται δ' ἴσος Ἄρηι μετὰ στίχας αἴσσονται·
 Τρῶες δ' ἀμφιέποντες ἐγήθεον, εὖτ' ἐσίδοντο 295
 τεύχεα τ' ἡδὲ καὶ ἄνδρα θεῶν ἐπιειμένον εἶδος·
 τὸν δὲ Πάρις ποτὶ δῆριν ἐποτρύνων προσέειπε·
 “χαίρω σεῖο κίοντος, ἐπεὶ νῦ μοι ἦτορ ἔολπεν
 Ἀργείους μάλα πάντας οἰζυρῶς ἀπολέσθαι
 αὐτῆς σὺν νήεσσιν, ἐπεὶ βροτὸν οὐποτε τοῖον 300
 ἔδρακον ἐν Τρῳέσσιν εὐπτολέμοισι τ' Ἀχαιοῖς.
 ἀλλὰ σύ, πρὸς μέγαλοιο καὶ ὀβρίμου Ἡρακλῆος,
 τῷ μέγεθός τε βίην τε καὶ ἀγλαὸν εἶδος ἔοικας,
 κείνουν μνωόμενος φρονέων τ' ἀντάξια ἔργα
 θαρσαλέως Τρῳέσσι δαιζομένοις ἐπάμνουν, 305
 ἦν πως ἀμπνεύσωμεν· ἐπεὶ σέγε μούνου ὀϊῷ
 ἄστεος ὀλλυμένοιο κακὰς ἀπὸ κῆρας ἀλέξαι.”
 Ἡ μὲν' ἐποτρύνων· ὁ δὲ μιν προσεφώνεε μῦθῳ·
 “Πριαμίδη μεγάθυμε, δέμας μακάρεσσιν ἔοικως,
 ταῦτα μὲν ἀθανάτων ἐνὶ γούνασιν ἐστήρικται, 310
 ὅς τε θάνη κατὰ δῆριν ὑπέρβιον ἡὲ σαωθῇ
 ἡμεῖς δ', ὥσπερ ἔοικε καὶ ὥς σθένος ἐστὶ
 μάχεσθαι,
 στησόμεθα πρὸ πόλης· ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τόδ'
 ὁμοῦμαι,
 μὴ πρὶν ὑποστρέψειν, πρὶν ἢ κτάμεν ἢ ἀπολέσθαι.”
 “Ὡς φάτο θαρσαλέως· Τρῶες δ' ἐπὶ μακρὰ
 χάροντο. 315
 καὶ τότε Ἀλέξανδρόν τε καὶ Αἰνεΐαν ἐρίθυμον
 Πουλυδάμαντά τ' εὐμμελίην καὶ Πάμμονα δῖον
 Δηίφοβόν τ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι καὶ Αἴθικον, ὃς περὶ
 πάντων
 Παφλαγόνων ἐκέκαστο μάχῃ ἐνὶ τλήναι ὄμιλον,
 τοὺς ἅμα λέξατο πάντας ἐπισταμένους πονέεσθαι, 320
 ὅπως δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπὶ πρῶτοισι μάχωνται
 ἐν πολέμῳ· μάλα δ' ὦκα κίον προπάροιθεν ὀμίλου·
 προφρονέως δ' οἴμηναν ἀπ' ἄστεος· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
 276

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

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

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

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

πολλοὶ ἔπονθ', ὥς εἴ τε μελισσάων κλυτὰ φύλα
 ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἐοῖσι κατηρεφέος σίμβλοιο 325
 ἐκχύμεναι καναχηδόν, ὅτ' εἶαρος ἡμαρ ἵκηται.
 ὥς ἄρα τοῖσιν ἔποντο βροτοὶ ποτὶ δῆριν ἰοῦσι.
 τῶν δ' ἄρα νισσομένων πολλὺς αἰθέρα δοῦπος
 ἵκανε

αὐτῶν ἡδ' ἵππων· περὶ δ' ἔβρεμεν ἄσπετα τεύχη.
 ὥς δ' ὁπότεν μεγάλοιο βίη ἀνέμοιο θοροῦσα 330
 κινήσῃ προθέλυμον ἁλὸς βυθὸν ἀτρυγέτοιο,
 κύματα δ' ὦκα κελαινὰ πρὸς ἡιόνας βοῶντα
 φύκος ἀποπτύουσιν ἐρευγομένοιο κλύδωνος,
 ἡχὴ δ' ἀτρυγέτοισι παρ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ὄρωρεν·
 ὥς τῶν ἐσσυμένων μέγ' ὑπέβραχε γαῖα πελώρη. 335

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἀπάνευθε πρὸ τείχεος ἐξεχέοντο
 ἀμφ' Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον· αὐτὴ δ' ἔπλετο λαῶν
 ἀλλήλοισ ἐπικεκλομένων, ὀλοοῦ πολέμοιο
 ἀντιάαν καὶ μὴ τι καταπτώσσοντας ἐνιπὴν
 μῖμνειν παρ νήεσσιν· ἐπειγομένων μαχέσασθαι.¹ 340
 Τρῶσι δ' ἄρ' ἐσσυμένοισι συνήντεον, εὔτε βόεσσι
 πόρτιες ἐκ ξυλόχοιο ποτὶ σταθμὸν ἐρχομένησιν
 ἐκ νομοῦ εἰαρινοῖο κατ' οὔρεος, ὅπποτ' ἄρουραι
 πυκνὸν τηλεθάουσι, βρῦει δ' ἄλις ἄνθεσι γαῖα,
 πλήθει δ' αὐτε κύπελλα βοῶν γλάγος ἡδὲ καὶ
 οἰῶν, 345

μυκηθμὸς δ' ἄρα πουλὺς ὀρίνεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
 μισγομένων, γάννται δὲ μετὰ σφίσι βουκόλος
 ἀνὴρ·

ὧς τῶν ἀλλήλοισι μετεσσυμένων ὀρυμαγδὸς
 ὠρώρει· δεινὸν γὰρ αὐτεὸν ἀμφοτέρωθεν.
 σὺν δὲ μάχην ἐτάνυσσαν ἀπείριτον· ἐν δὲ

Κυδοιμὸς 350
 στρωφᾶτ' ἐν μέσσοισι μετ' ἀργαλείοιο Φόνοιο·

¹ Zimmermann, for ἐπειγομένων δὲ μαχεσθαι, with lacuna, of Koechly.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

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

335 Now from their rampart forth the Argives poured
Round godlike Agamemnon. Rang their shouts
Cheering each other on to face the fight,
And not to cower beside the ships in dread
Of onset-shouts of battle-eager foes.
They met those charging hosts with hearts as light
340 As calves bear, when they leap to meet the kine
Down faring from hill-pastures in the spring
Unto the steading, when the fields are green
With corn-blades, when the earth is glad with
flowers,

And bowls are brimmed with milk of kine and ewes,
And multitudinous lowing far and near
345 Uprises as the mothers meet their young,
And in their midst the herdman joys; so great
Was the uproar that rose when met the fronts
Of battle: dread it rang on either hand.
Hard-strained was then the fight: incarnate Strife
Stalked through the midst, with Slaughter ghastly-
faced.

350 Crashed bull-hide shields, and spears, and helmet-
crests

σὺν δ' ἔπεσον ῥινοὶ τε καὶ ἔγχεα καὶ τρυφάλειαί
 πλησίον· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαλκὸς ἴσον πυρὶ μαρμαίρεσκε·
 φρίξε δ' ἄρ' ἐγχείησι μάχῃ· περὶ δ' αἵματι πάντῃ
 δεύετο γαῖα μέλαινα δαΐζομένων ἡρώων 355
 ἵππων τ' ὠκυπόδων, οἳ θ' ἄρμασιν ἀμφεκέχυντο,
 οἳ μὲν ἔτ' ἀσπαίροντες ὑπ' ἄξοσιν, οἳ δ' ἐφύπερθεν
 πίπτοντες· στυγερὴ δὲ δι' ἡέρος ἔσσυτ' αὐτῇ·
 ἐν γὰρ δὴ χάλκειος ἔρις πέσεν ἀμφοτέροισιν·
 καὶ ῥ' οἳ μὲν λάεσσιν ἀταρτηροῖσι μάχοντο,¹ 360
 οἳ δ' αὖτ' αἰγανέησι νεήκεσιν ἠδὲ βέλεσσιν,
 ἄλλοι δ' ἀξίνῃσι καὶ ἀμφιτόμοις πελέκεσσι
 καὶ κρατεροῖς ξιφέεσσι καὶ ἀγχεμάχοις δορά-
 τεσσιν,

ἄλλος δ' ἄλλο χέρεσσι μάχης ἀλκτῆριον εἶχε.
 Πρώτοι δ' Ἀργεῖοι Τρώων ὥσαντο φάλαγγας 365
 βαῖον ἀπὸ σφείων· τοὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν ὀρμήσαντες
 αἵματι δεῦον Ἀρηα μετ' Ἀργείοισι θορόντες·
 Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἐν τοῖσι μελαίνῃ λαίλαπι ἴσος
 λαὸν ἐπώχετο πάντα καὶ Ἀργείους ἐνάριζε
 θαρσαλέως· μάλα γάρ οἱ ἀάσπετον ὦπασε κάρτος 370
 Ζεὺς ἐπίηρα φέρων ἐρικυδέϊ Ἡρακλεῖ.
 ἐνθ' ὃ γε καὶ Νιρῆα θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιον ἄνδρα
 μαρνάμενον Τρώεσσι βάλεν περιμήκεϊ δουρὶ
 βαῖον ὑπὲρ πρότμησιν· ὃ δ' ἐς πέδον ἤριπε γαίης·
 ἐκ δὲ οἱ αἶμ' ἐχύθη, δεύοντο δὲ οἱ κλυτὰ τεύχη, 375
 δεύετο δ' ἀγλαὸν εἶδος ἅμ' εὐθαλέεσσι κόμησιν·
 κεῖτο δ' ἄρ' ἐν κονίῃσι καὶ αἵματι σὺν κταμένοισιν,
 ἔρνος ὅπως ἐριθιλὲς ἐλαίης εὐκεάτοιο,
 ἦν τε βίῃ ποταμοῖο κατὰ ῥόον ἠχήμεντα
 σὺν τ' ὄχθῃς ἐλάσσει βόθρον διὰ πάντα κεδάσας 380
 ριζόθεν, ἣ δ' ἄρα κεῖται ὑπ' ἄνθεσι βεβριθυῖα·
 ὥς τήμος Νιρῆος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἀσπετον οὐδας
 ἐξεχύθη δέμας ἧν καὶ ἀγλατῇ ἐρατεινῇ·

¹ Zimmermann, for ἀταρτηρῶς ἐμάχοντο of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

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

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

τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Εὐρύπυλος μεγάλ' εὐχετο δηωθέντι·
 " κείσῳ νυν ἐν κονίησιν, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι εἶδος ἀγνητὸν 385
 οὔτι λιλαιομένῳ περ ἐπήρκεσεν, ἀλλὰ σ' ἔγωγε
 νοσφισάμην βιότοιο λιλαιόμενόν περ ἀλύξαι·
 σχέτλιος, οὐδ' ἐνόησας ἀμείνονος ἀντίον ἐλθών·
 οὐ γὰρ κάρτεϊ κάλλος ἀνὰ κλόνον ἰσοφαρίζει."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν κταμένοιο περικλυτὰ τεύχε' ἐλέσθαι 390
 μῆδετ' ἐπεσσύμενος· τοῦ δ' ἀντίος ἦλθε Μαχάων
 χυόμενος Νιρῆος, ὃ οἱ σχεδὸν αἶσαν ἀνέτλη·
 δουρὶ δέ μιν στονούνεντι κατ' εὐρέος ἤλασεν ὦμου
 δεξιτεροῦ, σύτο δ' αἶμα πολλὸς θενέος περ ἐόντος·
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀπόρουσεν ἀταρτηροῖο κυδοιμοῦ, 395
 ἀλλ', ὥς τίς τε λέων ἢ ἄγριος οὖρεσι κάπρος
 μαίνεται ἐνὶ μέσσοισιν, ὅπως ¹ κ' ἐπιόντα δαμάσσει,
 ὅς φρά μιν οὔτασε πρῶτος ὑποφθάμενος δι' ὁμίλου·
 τὰ φρονέων ἐπόρουσε Μαχάωνι, καὶ ῥά μιν ὦκα
 οὔτασεν ἐγχείῃ περιμήκει τε στιβαρῇ τε 400
 δεξιτερόν κατὰ γλουτόν· ὃ δ' οὐκ ἀνεχάζετ'
 ὀπίσσω,

οὐδ' ἐπιόντ' ἀλέεινε, καὶ αἵματος ἐσσυμένοιο·
 ἀλλ' ἄρα καρπαλίμως περιμήκεα λᾶαν αἰείρας
 κάββαλε κακ κεφαλῆς μεγαθύμου Τηλεφίδαο·
 τοῦ δὲ κόρυς στονούνεντα φόνον καὶ πῆμ' ² ἀπά-
 λαλκεν 405

ἐσσυμένως· ὃ δ' ἔπειτα κραταιῷ χώσατο φωτὶ
 Εὐρύπυλος μᾶλλον, μέγα δ' ἀσχαλὼν ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 ὠκὺ διὰ στέρνοιο Μαχάονος ἤλασεν ἔγχος.
 αἰχμὴ δ' αἱματόεσσα μετάφρενον ἄχρισ ἔκανε·
 ἦριπε δ' ὥς ὅτε ταῦρος ὑπὸ γναθμοῖσι λέοντος· 410
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μελέεσσι μέγ' ἔβραχεν αἰόλα τεύχη.
 Εὐρύπυλος δέ οἱ αἶψα πολύστονον εἰρύσατ' αἰχμὴν
 ἐκ χροῦς οὔταμένοιο, καὶ εὐχόμενος μέγ' αὖτε·

¹ Zimmermann, for ἔως of v.

² Zimmermann, ex P; for κῆρ' of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Loud rang the taunting of Eurypylus :

“ Lie there in dust ' Thy beauty marvellous
Naught hath availed thee ' I have plucked thee
away

From life, to which thou wast so fain to cling.

Rash fool, who didst defy a mightier man

Unknowing ' Beauty is no match for strength ! ”

He spake, and leapt upon the slain to strip

His goodly arms : but now against him came

Machaon wroth for Nireus, by his side

Doom-overtaken. With his spear he drave

At his right shoulder : strong albeit he was,

He touched him, and blood spurted from the gash.

Yet, ere he might leap back from grapple of death,

Even as a lion or fierce mountain-boar

Maddens mid thronging huntsmen, furious-fain

To rend the man whose hand first wounded him ;

So fierce Eurypylus on Machaon rushed.

The long lance shot out swiftly, and pierced him
through

On the right haunch ; yet would he not give back,

Nor flinch from the onset, fast though flowed the
blood.

In haste he snatched a huge stone from the ground,

And dashed it on the head of Telephus' son ;

But his helm warded him from death or harm.

Then waxed Eurypylus more hotly wroth

With that strong warrior, and in fury of soul

Clear through Machaon's breast he drave his spear,

And through the midriff passed the gory point.

He fell, as falls beneath a lion's jaws

A bull, and round him clashed his glancing arms.

Swiftly Eurypylus plucked the lance of death

Out of the wound, and vaunting cried aloud :

“ ἂ δέιλ', οὐ νύ τοι ἦτορ ἀρηράμενον φρεσὶ
 πάνπαν
 ἔπλετ'; ὃς οὐτιδανός περ ἔων μέγ' ἀμείνουι φωτὶ 415
 ἄντα κίεσ· τῷ καὶ σε κακὴ λάχε δαίμονος Αἴσα.
 ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἔσσειετ' ὄνειαρ, ὅτ' οἶωνοὶ δατέονται
 σάρκα τεῖν κταμένοιο κατὰ μόθον· ἢ ἔτ' ἐέλπη
 νοστήσειν καὶ ἐμεῖο μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀλύξειν;
 ἐσσι μὲν ἱητήρ, μάλα δ' ἥπια φάρμακα οἶδας, 420
 τοῖς πίσυνος τάχ' ἔολπας ὑπεκφυγέειν κακὸν ἡμαρ.
 ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἀπ' ἠνεμόεντος Ὀλύμπου
 σείο πατήρ τεδὸν ἦτορ ἔτ' ἐκ θανάτοιο σαώσει,
 οὐδ' εἴ τοι νέκταρ τε καὶ ἀμβροσίην καταχεύῃ.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τὸν δ' ὅ γε βαιὸν ἀναπνείων προσέ-
 ειπεν· 425
 “Εὐρύπυλ', οὐδ' ἄρα σοὶ γε πολὺν χρόνον αἰσιμὸν
 ἔστι

ζῶειν, ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἄγχι παρίσταται οὐλομένη Κῆρ
 Τρώϊον ἄμ πεδίον, τῷ καὶ νῦν αἴσυλα βάζεις.”¹

“Ὡς φάμενον λίπε θυμός· ἔβη δ' ἄφαρ Ἀἶδος
 εἶσω·
 τὸν δὲ καὶ οὐκέτ' ἔοντα προσηύδα κύδιμος ἀνὴρ· 430
 “νῦν μὲν δὴ σύ γε κείσο κατὰ χθονός· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
 ὕστερον οὐκ ἀλέγω, εἰ καὶ παρὰ ποσσὶν ὄλεθρος
 σήμερον ἡμετέροισι πέλει λυγρός· οὔτι γὰρ ἄνδρες
 ζώομεν ἡματα πάντα· πότμος δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσι τέ-
 τυκται.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν οὔταζε νέκυν· μέγα δ' ἴαχε Τεῦκρος, 435
 ὡς ἴδεν ἐν κοίῃσι Μαχάονα· τοῦ γὰρ ἄπωθεν
 εἰστήκει μάλα πάγχυ πονεύμενος· ἐν γὰρ ἔκειτο
 δῆρις ἐνὶ μέσσοισιν· ἐπ' ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ὄραυε.
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀμέλῃσε δεδουπότος ἀνδρὸς ἀγαυοῦ
 Νιρῆός θ', ὃς κείτο παραυτόθι· τὸν δ' ἐνόησεν 440
 ὕστερον ἀντιθέοιο Μαχάονος ἐν κοίῃσιν·

¹ Zimmerman, for βέζεις of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

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

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

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

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

αἶψα δ' ὃ γ' Ἀργείοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὰ βοήσας·
 "ἔσυσθ', Ἀργεῖοι, μηδ' εἴκετε δυσμενέεσσι
 ἐσσυμένοις· νῶν γὰρ ἀάσπετον ἔσσετ' ὄνειδος,
 αἶ κε Μαχάονα δῖον ἄμ' ἀντιθέω Νιρῇ 445
 Τρῶες ἐρυσσάμενοι ποτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέωνται.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δυσμενέεσσι μαχώμεθα πρόφρονι θυμῷ,
 ὄφρα δαίκταμένους εἰρύσσομεν ἢ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 κείνοις ἀμφιθάνωμεν, ἐπεὶ θέμις ἀνδράσιν αὕτη
 οἷσιν ἀμυνέμεναι, μηδ' ἄλλοις κύρμα λιπέσθαι·¹ 450
 οὐ γὰρ ἀνδρῶτί γε μετ' ἀνδράσι κῦδος ἀέξει."

"Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· Δαναοῖσι δ' ἄχος γένετ'· ἀμφὶ δ'
 ἄρ' αὐτοῖς
 πολλοὶ γαῖαν ἔρευθον ὑπ' Ἀρεῖ δηωθέντες
 μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθεν· ἴση δ' ἐπὶ δήρις ὀρώρει.
 ὄψε δ' ἀδελφειοῖο φόνον στονοῦντα νόησε 455
 βλημένον ἐν κονίῃ Ποδαλείριος, οὐνεκα νηυσὶν
 ἦστο παρ' ὠκυπόροισι τετυμμένα δούρασι φωτῶν
 ἔλκε' ἀκειόμενος· περὶ δ' ἔντεα δύσατο πάντα
 θυμὸν ἀδελφειοῖο χολούμενος· ἐν δέ οἱ ἀλκῇ
 σμερδαλέον στέρνοισιν ἀέξετο μαιμώνωντι 460
 ἐς πόλεμον στονοῦντα· μέλαν δέ οἱ ἔξεεν αἷμα
 λάβρον ὑπὸ κραδίῃ· τάχα δ' ἔνθορε δυσμενέεσσι
 χερσὶ θοῇσιν ἄκοντα τανυγλώχινα τινάσσων·
 εἶλε δ' ἄρ' ἐσσυμένως Ἀγαμήστορος νιῆα δῖον
 Κλεῖτον, ὃν ἡὔκομος Νύμφη τέκεν ἀμφὶ ρέεθροις 465
 Παρθενίου, ὅς τ' εἰσι διὰ χθονὸς ἡὔτ' ἔλαιον
 πόντον ἐπ' Εὐξείνουν προχέων καλλιρροον ὕδωρ.
 ἄλλον δ' ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτῳ κτάνε δήιον ἄνδρα
 Λᾶσσον, ὃν ἀντίθεος Προνόη τέκεν ἀμφὶ ρέεθροις
 Νυμφαίου ποταμοῖο μάλα σχεδὸν εὐρέος ἄντρον, 470
 ἄντρον θηητοῖο, τὸ δὴ φάτις ἔμμεναι αὐτῶν
 ἱρὸν Νυμφάων, ὁπόσαι περὶ μακρὰ νέμονται

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

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

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

Then were the Danaans anguish-stung : the earth
All round them dyed they red with blood of slain,
As foe fought foe in even-balanced fight.
By this to Podaleirius tidings came
How that in dust his brother lay, struck down
By woeful death. Beside the ships he sat
Ministering to the hurts of men with spears
Stricken. In wrath for his brother's sake he rose,
He clad him in his armour ; in his breast
Dread battle-prowess swelled. For conflict grim
He panted : boiled the mad blood round his heart.
He leapt amidst the foemen ; his swift hands
Swung the snake-headed javelin up, and hurled,
And slew with its winged speed Agamestor's son
Cleitus : a bright-haired Nymph had given him birth
Beside Parthenius, whose quiet stream
Fleets smooth as oil through green lands, till it pours
Its shining ripples to the Euxine sea.
Then by his warrior-brother laid he low
Lassus, whom Pronœ, fair as a goddess, bare
Beside Nymphaeus' stream, hard by a cave,
A wide and wondrous cave : sacred it is
Men say, unto the Nymphs, even all that haunt

οὔρεα Παφλαγόνων καὶ ὅσαι περὶ βοτρυόεσσαν
 ναῖουσ' Ἡράκλειαν· ἔοικε δὲ κείνο θεοῖσιν
 ἄντρον, ἐπεὶ ῥα τέτυκται ἀπειρέσιον μὲν ιδέσθαι 475
 λαΐνεον, ψυχρὸν δὲ διὰ σπέος ἔρχεται ὕδωρ
 κρυστάλλῳ ἀτάλαντον, ἐνὶ μυχάτοισι δὲ πάντῃ
 λαΐνεοι κρητῆρες ἐπὶ στυφελῇσι πέτρῃσιν
 αἰζηῶν ὡς χερσὶ τετυγμένοι ἰνδάλλονται·
 ἀμφ' αὐτοῖσι δὲ Πάνες ὁμῶς Νύμφαι τ' ἐρατειναί, 480
 ἰστοί τ' ἡλακάται τε, καὶ ἄλλ' ὅσα τεχνήεντα
 ἔργα πέλει θνητοῖσι, τὰ καὶ περὶ θαῦμα βροτοῖσιν
 εἶδεται ἐρχομένοισιν ἔσω ἱεροῖο μυχοῖο·
 τῷ ἐνὶ δοιαί ἔνεισι καταιβασίαι τ' ἄνοδοί τε,
 ἡ μὲν πρὸς βορέαο τετραμμένη ἡχέεντος 485
 πνοιάς, ἡ δὲ νότοιο καταντίον ὑγρὸν αἴεντος,
 τῇ θνητοὶ νίσσονται ὑπὸ σπέος εὐρὺ θεάων·
 ἡ δ' ἑτέρῃ μακάρων πέλεται ὁδός, οὐδέ μιν ἄνδρες
 ῥηιδίως πατέουσιν, ἐπεὶ χάος εὐρὺ τέτυκται
 μέχρ' ἐπ' Ἀἰδουῆος ὑπερθύμοιο βέρεθρον· 490
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μακάρεσσι πέλει θέμις εἰσοράσθαι.
 τῶνδ' αὐτ' ἀμφὶ Μαχάον' ἰδ' Ἀγλαΐης κλυτὸν νῖα¹
 μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθεν ἀπέφθιτο πουλὺς ὄμιλος·
 ὁψέ δὲ δὴ Δαναοὶ σφεας εἵρυσαν ἀθλήσαντες
 πολλά περ· αἰψα δὲ νῆας ἐπὶ σφετέρας ἐκόμισσαν 495
 παῦροι, ἐπεὶ πλεόνεσσι κακὴ περιπέπτατ' οἷζυς
 ἀργαλέου πολέμοιο· πόνω δ' ἐνέμιμνον ἀνάγκη.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μάλα πολλοὶ ἐνεπλήσαντο κελαιναῖς
 κῆρας ἀν' αἱματόεντα καὶ ἀλγινόεντα κυδοιμόν,
 δὴ τότε ἄρ' Ἀργείων πολέες φύγον ἔνδοθι νηῶν, 500
 ὅσσους Εὐρύπυλος μέγ' ἐπώχετο πῆμα κυλίνδων.
 παῦροι δ' ἀμφ' Αἴαντα καὶ Ἀτρεΐος νῖε κραταιῷ
 μίμνον ἐν ὑσμίνῃ· καὶ δὴ τάχα πάντες ὄλοντο
 δυσμενέων παλάμῃσι περιστροφῶντες ὁμίλῳ,

¹ Zimmermann, for ἀμφὶ Μαχάονα δῖον, with lacuna, of Koechly.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

475 The long-ridged Paphlagonian hills, and all
That by full-clustered Heracleia dwell.
That cave is like the work of gods, of stone
In manner marvellous moulded: through it flows
Cold water crystal-clear: in niches round
Stand bowls of stone upon the rugged rock,
Seeming as they were wrought by carvers' hands.
480 Statues of Wood-gods stand around, fair Nymphs,
Looms, distaffs, all such things as mortal craft
Fashioneth. Wondrous seem they unto men
Which pass into that hallowed cave. It hath,
Up-leading and down-leading, doorways twain,
485 Facing, the one, the wild North's shrilling blasts,
And one the dank rain-burdened South. By this
Do mortals pass beneath the Nymphs' wide cave;
But that is the Immortals' path: no man
May tread it, for a chasm deep and wide
Down-reaching unto Hades, yawns between.
490 This track the Blest Gods may alone behold.
So died a host on either side that warred
Over Machaon and Aglaia's son.
But at the last through desperate wrestle of fight
The Danaans rescued them: yet few were they
495 Which bare them to the ships: by bitter stress
Of conflict were the more part compassed round,
And needs must still abide the battle's brunt.
But when full many had filled the measure up
Of fate, mid tumult, blood and agony,
Then to their ships did many Argives flee
500 Pressed by Eurypylus hard, an avalanche
Of havoc. Yet a few abode the strife
Round Aias and the Atreidae rallying;
And haply these had perished all, beset
By throngs on throngs of foes on every hand,

εἰ μὴ Ὀϊλέος υἱὸς εὐφρονα Πουλυδάμαντα 505
 ἔγχεϊ τύψε παρ' ὧμον ἀριστερὸν ἀγχόθι μαζοῦ.
 ἐκ δέ οἱ αἰμ' ἐχύθη· ὁ δ' ἐχάσματο τυτθὸν ὀπίσσω.
 Δηΐφοβον δ' οὐτῆσε περικλειτὸς Μενέλαος
 δεξιτερὸν παρὰ μαζόν· ὁ δ' ἔκφυγε ποσσὶ θοοῖσιν.
 ἔνθ' Ἀγαμέμνων διὸς ἐνήρατο πουλὺν ὄμιλον 510
 πληθύος ἐξ ὀλοῆς· μετὰ δ' Αἴθικον ὄχετο δῖον
 θύων ἐγχείησιν· ὁ δ' εἰς ἐτάρους ἀλέεινε.

Τοὺς δ' ὀπὸτ' Εὐρύπυλος λαοσσόος εἰσενόησε
 χαζομένους ἅμα πάντας ἀπὸ στυγεροῖο κυδοιμοῦ,
 αὐτίκα κάλλιπε λαόν, ὅσον κατὰ νῆας ἔλασσε, 515
 καὶ ῥα θοῶς οἴμησεν ἐπ' Ἀτρέος νῆε κραταιῷ
 παῖδά τε καρτερόθυμον Ὀϊλέος, ὃς περὶ μὲν θεῖν
 ἔσκε θοός, περὶ δ' αὐτε μάχῃ ἐνὶ φέρτατος ἦεν.
 τοῖς ἔπι κραιπνὸν ὄρουσεν ἔχων περιμήκετον ἔγχος·
 σὺν δέ οἱ ἦλθε Πάρις τε καὶ Αἰνείας ἐρίθυμος, 520
 ὃς ῥα θοῶς Αἴαντα βάλεν περιμήκεϊ πέτρῃ
 κὰκ κόρυθα κρατερήν· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐν κονίῃσι τανυ-
 σθεῖς

ψυχὴν οὐ τι κάπυσσεν, ἐπεὶ νύ οἱ αἴσιμον ἦμαρ
 ἐν νόστῳ ἐτέτυκτο Καφηρίσιν ἀμφὶ πέτρῃσι·
 καὶ ῥά μιν ἀρπάξαντες ἀρηίφιλοι θεράποντες 525
 βαιὸν ἔτ' ἀμπνέοντα φέρον ποτὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
 καὶ τότε ἄρ' οἰώθησαν ἀγακλειτοὶ βασιλῆες
 Ἀτρεΐδαι· περὶ δέ σφιν ὀλέθριος ἴσταθ' ὄμιλος
 βαλλόντων ἐκάτερθεν, ὃ τι σθένε χερσὶν ἐλέσθαι·
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ στονόεντα βέλη χέον, οἱ δέ νυ λᾶας, 530
 ἄλλοι δ' αἰγανέας· τοὶ δ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐόντες
 στρωφῶντ', εὖτε σύες μέσῳ ἔρκει ἢ λέοντες
 ἡματι τῷ, ὅτ' ἀνακτες ἀολλίσσῃσ' ἀνθρώπους
 ἀργαλέως τ' εἰλέωσι κακὸν τεύχοντες ὀλεθρον
 θηρσὶν ὑπὸ κρατεροῖς, οἱ δ' ἔρκεος ἐντὸς ἐόντες 535

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Had not Oïleus' son stabbed with his spear
 'Twixt shoulder and breast war-wise Polydamas;
 Forth gushed the blood, and he recoiled a space.
 Then Menelaus pierced Deiphobus
 By the right breast, that with swift feet he fled.
 And many of that slaughter-breathing throng
 Were slain by Agamemnon: furiously
 He rushed on godlike Aethicus with the spear;
 But he shrank from the forefront back mid friends.

Now when Eurypylus the battle-stay
 Marked how the ranks of Troy gave back from fight,
 He turned him from the host that he had chased
 Even to the ships, and rushed with eagle-swoop
 On Atreus' strong sons and Oïleus' seed
 Stout-hearted, who was passing fleet of foot
 And in fight peerless. Swiftly he charged on these
 Grasping his spear long-shafted: at his side
 Charged Paris, charged Aeneas stout of heart,
 Who hurled a stone exceeding huge, that crashed
 On Aias' helmet: dashed to the dust he was,
 Yet gave not up the ghost, whose day of doom
 Was fate-ordained amidst Caphaerus' rocks
 On the home-voyage. Now his valiant men
 Out of the foes' hands snatched him, bare him
 thence,

Scarce drawing breath, to the Achæan ships.
 And now the Atreid kings, the war-renowned,
 Were left alone, and murder-breathing foes
 Encompassed them, and hurled from every side
 Whate'er their hands might find—the deadly shaft
 Some showered, some the stone, the javelin some.
 They in the midst aye turned this way and that,
 As boars or lions compassed round with pales
 On that day when kings gather to the sport
 The people, and have penned the mighty beasts
 Within the toils of death; but these, although

δρῶας δαρδάπτουσιν, ὃ τις σφίσιν ἐγγὺς ἵκηται·
 ὥς οἱ γ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐπεσσυμένους ἐδάϊζον.
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς μένος εἶχον ἐελδόμενοι περ ἀλύξαι,
 εἰ μὴ Τεῦκρος ἵκανε καὶ Ἰδομενεὺς ἐρίθυμος
 Μηριόνης τε Θόας τε καὶ ἰσόθεος Θρασυμήδης, 540
 οἳ ῥα πάρος φοβέοντο θρασὺ σθένος Εὐρυπύλοιο,
 καί κε φύγον κατὰ νῆας ἀλευάμενοι βαρὺ πῆμα,
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' Ἀτρείδῃσι περιδδείσαντες ἵκοντο
 ἄντην Εὐρυπύλοιο· μάχη δ' αἰδήλος ἐτύχθη.

Ἔνθα τότε Αἰνείαιο κατ' ἀσπίδος ἔγχος ἔρισε 545
 Τεῦκρος ἐὺμμελῆς· τοῦ δ' οὐ χροὰ καλὸν ἴαφεν·
 ἦρκεσε γάρ οἱ πῆμα σάκος μέγα τετραβόειον·
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς δέσας ἀνεχάσματο τυτθὸν ὀπίσσω
 Μηριόνης δ' ἐπόρουσεν ἀμύμονι Λαοφύωντι
 Παιονίδῃ, τὸν ἐγείνατ' εὐπλόκαμος Κλεομήδης 550
 Ἀξιοῦ ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα· κίεν δ' ὃ γε Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
 Τρωσὶν ἀρηξέμεναι μετ' ἀμύμονος Ἀστεροπαίου
 τὸν δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης νύξ' ἔγχρ' ὀκρίονετι
 αἰδοίων ἐφύπερθε· θοῶς δέ οἱ εἵρυσεν αἶχμῃ
 ἔγκατα· τοῦ δ' ὤκιστα ποτὶ ζόφον ἔσσυτο θυμός. 555
 Αἶαντος δ' ἄρ' ἐταῖρος Ὀϊλιάδαο δαΐφρων
 Ἀλκιμέδης ἐς ὄμιλον εὐσθενέων βάλε Τρώων
 ἦκε δ' ἐπενξάμενος δηίων ἐς φύλοπιν αἰνὴν
 σφενδόνη ἀλγινόεντα λίθον· διὰ δ' ἔτρεσαν ἄνδρες
 ροῖζον ὁμῶς καὶ λᾶα περιδδείσαντες ἰόντα. 560
 τὸν δ' ὀλοή φέρε Μοῖρα ποτὶ θρασὺν ἡνιοχῆα
 Πάμμονος Ἰππασίδην· τὸν δ' ἡνία χερσὶν ἔχοντα
 πλῆξε κατὰ κροτάφοιο· θοῶς δέ μιν ἔκβαλε δίφρων
 πρόσθεν ἐοῖο τροχοῖο· θοὸν δέ οἱ ἄρμα πεσόντος
 λυγρὸν ἐπισσώτροισι δέμας διελίσσεται ὀπίσσω 565

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

With walls ringed round, yet tear with tusk and fang
 What luckless thrall soever draweth near.
 So these death-compassed heroes slew their foes
 Ever as they pressed on. Yet had their might
 Availed not for defence, for all their will,
 Had Teucer and Idomeneus strong of heart
 Come not to help, with Thoas, Meriones,
 And godlike Thrasymedes, they which shrank
 Erewhile before Eurypylus—yea, had fled
 Unto the ships to 'scape the crushing doom,
 But that, in fear for Atreus' sons, they rallied
 Against Eurypylus : deadly waxed the fight.

Then Teucer with a mighty spear-thrust smote
 Aeneas' shield, yet wounded not his flesh,
 For the great fourfold buckler warded him ;
 Yet feared he, and recoiled a little space.
 Leapt Meriones upon Laophoön
 The son of Paeon, born by Axius' flood
 Of bright-haired Cleomede. Unto Troy
 With noble Asteropaeus had he come
 To aid her folk : him Meriones' keen spear
 Stabbed 'neath the navel, and the lance-head tore
 His bowels forth ; swift sped his soul away
 Into the Shadow-land. Alcimedes,
 The warrior-friend of Aias, Oileus' son,
 Shot mid the press of Trojans ; for he sped
 With taunting shout a sharp stone from a sling
 Into their battle's heart. They quailed in fear
 Before the hum and onrush of the bolt.
 Fate winged its flight to the bold charioteer
 Of Pammon, Hippasus' son : his brow it smote
 While yet he grasped the reins, and flung him
 stunned
 Down from the chariot-seat before the wheels.
 The rushing war-wain whirled his wretched form
 'Twixt tyres and heels of onward-leaping steeds,

ἵππων ἰεμένων· θάνατος δέ μιν αἰνὸς ἐδάμνα
 ἐσσυμένως μάστιγα καὶ ἥνία νόσφι λιπόντα·
 Πάμμονι δ' ἔμπεσε πένθος· ἄφαρ δέ ἐ θῆκεν
 ἀνάγκη

ἄμφω καὶ βασιλῆα καὶ ἥνιοχέιν θοὸν ἄρμα·
 καὶ νύ κεν αὐτοῦ κῆρα καὶ ὕστατον ἦμαρ ἀνέτλη, 570
 εἰ μὴ οἱ Τρώων τις ἀνὰ κλόνον αἱματόεντα
 ἥνία δέξατο χερσὶ καὶ ἐξεσάωσεν ἄνακτα
 ἥδη τειρόμενον δηίων ὄλοῃσι χέρεσσιν.

Ἀντίθεον δ' Ἀκάμαντα καταντίον αἰσσοῦντα
 Νέστορος ὄβριμος υἱὸς ὑπὲρ γόνυ δούρατι τύψεν· 575
 ἔλκεῖ δ' οὐλομένῳ στυγεράς ὑπεδύσατ' ἀνίας·
 χάσσαντο δ' ἐκ πολέμοιο· λίπεν δ' ἐτάροισι κυ-
 δοιμὸν

δακρύνοντ'· οὐ γάρ οἱ ἔτι πτολέμοιο μεμῆλει,
 καὶ τότε δὴ θεράπων ἐρικυδέος Εὐρυπύλοιο
 τύψε Θόαντος ἐταῖρον Ἐχέμωνα δηϊοτῆτι 580
 ὅμου τυτθὸν ἔνερθε· περὶ κραδίην δέ οἱ ἔγχος
 ἔξεν ἀνιηρόν· σὺν δ' αἵματι κήκιεν ἰδρὼς
 ψυχρὸς ἀπὸ μελέων· καὶ μιν στρεφθέντα φέρεσθαι
 εἰσοπίσω κατέμαρψε μέγα σθένος Εὐρυπύλοιο·
 κόψε δέ οἱ θοὰ νεύρα· πόδες δ' ἀέκοντες ἔμιμνον 585
 αὐτοῦ, ὅπῃ μιν τύψε· λίπεν δέ μιν ἄμβροτος αἰὼν.
 ἐσσυμένως δὲ Θόας νύξεν Πάριν ὀξεί δουρὶ
 δεξιτερὸν κατὰ μηρόν· ὁ δ' ὄχχeto τυτθὸν ὀπίσσω
 οἰσόμενος θοὰ τόξα, τὰ οἱ μετόπισθε λείλειπτο.
 Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα λᾶαν, ὅσον σθένε, χερσὶν αἰέρας 590
 κάββαλεν Εὐρυπύλοιο βραχίονα· τοῦ δὲ χαμάζε
 κάππεσε λοίγιον ἔγχος· ἄφαρ δ' ἀνεχάσσαντ'
 ὀπίσσω

οἰσόμεν ἐγχείην· τὴν γάρ τ' ἔχεν ἔκβαλε χειρός.
 Ἀτρεΐδαι δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἀνέπνευσαν πολέμοιο.
 τῷ δὲ θοῶς θεράποντες ἔβαν σχεδόν, οἳ οἱ ἐνεγκαν 595

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

And awful death in that hour swallowed him
When whip and reins had flown from his nerveless
hands.

Then grief thrilled Pammon : hard necessity
Made him both chariot-lord and charioteer.
Now to his doom and death-day had he bowed,
Had not a Trojan through that gory strife
Leapt, grasped the reins, and saved the prince, when
now

His strength failed 'neath the murderous hands of foes.

As godlike Acamas charged, the stalwart son
Of Nestor thrust the spear above his knee,
And with that wound sore anguish came on him :
Back from the fight he drew ; the deadly strife
He left unto his comrades : quenched was now
His battle-lust. Eurypylus' henchman smote
Echemmon, Thoas' friend, amidst the fray
Beneath the shoulder : nigh his heart the spear
Passed bitter-biting : o'er his limbs brake out
Mingled with blood cold sweat of agony.
He turned to flee ; Eurypylus' giant might
Chased, caught him, shearing his heel-tendons
through :

There, where the blow fell, his reluctant feet
Stayed, and the spirit left his mortal frame.
Thoas pricked Paris with quick-thrusting spear
On the right thigh : backward a space he ran
For his death-speeding bow, which had been left
To rearward of the fight. Idomeneus
Upheaved a stone, huge as his hands could swing,
And dashed it on Eurypylus' arm : to earth
Fell his death-dealing spear. Backward he stepped
To grasp another, since from out his hand
The first was smitten. So had Atreus' sons
A moment's breathing-space from stress of war.
But swiftly drew Eurypylus' henchmen near

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀαγὲς δόρῳ μακρόν, ὃ πολλῶν γούνατ' ἔλυσε·
δεξάμενος δ' ὃ γε λαὸν ἐπ' ὄχετο κάρτεϊ θύω,
κτείνων ὃν κε κίχῃσι, πολλὺν δ' ὑπεδάμναθ' ὄμιλον.

"Ενθ' οὐτ' Ἀτρεΐδαι μένον ἔμπεδον οὔτε τις ἄλλος
ἀγχεμάχων Δαναῶν· μάλα γὰρ δέος ἔλλαβε
πάντας

600

ἀργαλέον· πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπέσσυτο πῆμα κορύσσω
Εὐρύπυλος· μετόπισθε δ' ἐπισπόμενος κεραΐζε.
κέκλετο δ' αὖ Τρώεσσιν ἰδ' ἵπποδάμοις ἐτάροισιν
"ὦ φίλοι, εἰ δ' ἄγε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στέρνοισι λα-
βόντες

τεύξωμεν Δαναοῖσι φόνον καὶ κῆρ' αἰδηλον,
οἱ δὲ νῦν μήλοισιν ἐοικότες ἀπονέονται
νῆας ἐπὶ σφετέρας· ἀλλὰ μνησώμεθα πάντες
ὑσμίνης ὀλοῆς, ἧς παιδόθεν ἴδμονές εἰμεν."

605

"Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἐπόρουσαν ἀολλέες Ἀργεῖοισιν·
οἱ δὲ μέγα τρομέοντες ἀπ' ἀργαλέον κυδοιμοῦ
φεύγον· τοὶ δ' ἐφέποντο κύνες ὥς ἀργιόδοντες
κεμμάσιν ἀγροτέρησιν ἀν' ἄγκea μακρὰ καὶ ὕλην.
πολλοὺς δ' ἐν κονίησι βάλον μάλα περ μεμαῶτας
ἐκφυγέειν ὀλοοῖο φόνου στονόεσσαν ὁμοκλήν.
Εὐρύπυλος μὲν ἔπεφνεν ἀμύμονα Βουκολίωνα
Νῆσόν τε Χρόμιόν τε καὶ Ἀντιφον· οἱ δὲ Μυ-
κήνην

610

615

ῥ' κεον εὐκτέανον, τοὶ δ' ἐν Λακεδαίμονι ναῖον
τοὺς ἄρ' ὃ γ' ἐξενάριξεν ἀριγνώτους περ ἐόντας.
ἐκ δ' ἄρα πληθύος εἶλεν ἀσπετα φύλ' ἀνθρῶπων
ὅσσα μοι οὐ σθένος ἐστὶ λιλαιομένῳ περ αἰεῖσαι,
οὐδ' εἰ μοι στέρνοισι σιδήρεον ἦτορ ἐνείη.
Αἰνείας δὲ Φέρητα καὶ Ἀντίμαχον κατέπεφνεν
ἀμφοτέρους Κρήτηθεν ἄμ' Ἰδομενῇ κίοντας.
αὐτὰρ Ἀγήνωρ διὸς ἀμύμονα Μῶλον ἔπεφνεν,
ὃς περ ἀπ' Ἀργεος ἦλθεν ὑπὸ Σθενέλῳ βασιλῇ·

620

625

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

Bearing a stubborn-shafted lance, wherewith
He brake the strength of many. In stormy might
Then charged he on the foe : whomso he met
He slew, and spread wide havoc through their ranks.

Now neither Atreus' sons might steadfast stand,
Nor any valiant Danaan beside,
For ruinous panic suddenly gripped the hearts
Of all ; for on them all Eurypylus rushed
Flashing death in their faces, chased them, slew,
Cried to the Trojans and to his chariot-lords :
" Friends, be of good heart ! To these Danaans
Let us deal slaughter and doom's darkness now !
Lo, how like scared sheep back to the ships they
flee !

Forget not your death-dealing battle-lore,
O ye that from your youth are men of war ! "

Then charged they on the Argives as one man ;
And these in utter panic turned and fled
The bitter battle, those hard after them
Followed, as white-fanged hounds hold deer in chase
Up the long forest-glens. Full many in dust
They dashed down, howsoe'er they longed to escape.
The slaughter grim and great of that wild fray.
Eurypylus hath slain Bucolion,
Nesus, and Chromion and Antiphus ;
Twain in Mycenae dwelt, a goodly land ;
In Lacedaemon twain. Men of renown
Albeit they were, he slew them. Then he smote
A host unnumbered of the common throng.
My strength should not suffice to sing their fate,
How fain soever, though within my breast
Were iron lungs. Aeneas slew withal
Antimachus and Pheres, twain which left
Crete with Idomeneus. Agenor smote
Molus the princely,—with king Sthenelus
He came from Argos,—hurled from far behind

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τὸν βάλεν αἰγανέη νεοθηγεί πολλὸν ὀπίσσω
 φεύγοντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο τυχὼν ὑπὸ νείατα κνήμης
 δεξιτερῆς· αἰχμὴ δὲ διὰ πλατὺ νεύρον ἔκερσεν
 ἄντικρυς ἰέμενη· παρὰ δ' ἔθρισεν ὅστέα φωτὸς
 ἀργαλέως· ὀδύνη δὲ μίγη μόρος, ἔφθιτο δ' ἀνὴρ. 630
 ἔνθα Πάρις Μόσυνόν τ' ἔβαλεν καὶ ἀγήνορα
 Φόρκυν

ἄμφω ἀδελφειούς, οἳ τ' ἐκ Σαλαμῖνος ἴκοντο
 Αἴαντος νήεσσι, καὶ οὐκέτι νόστον ἴδοντο.
 τοῖσι δ' ἐπὶ Κλεόλαον εὖν θεράποντα Μέγητος
 εἶλε βαλὼν κατὰ μαζὸν ἀριστερόν· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν νύξ 635
 μάρψε κακὴ, καὶ θυμὸς ἀπέπτατο· τοῦ δὲ δαμέντος
 ἔνδον ὑπὸ στέρνοισιν ἔτι κραδίη ἀλεγεινὴ
 ταρφέα παλλομένη πτερόεν πελέμιξε βέλεμνον
 ἄλλον δ' ἰὸν ἀφήκεν ἐπὶ θρασὺν Ἡετίωνα
 ἐσσυμένως· τοῦ δ' αἶψα διὰ γναθμοῖο πέρησε 640
 χαλκός· ὁ δ' ἐστονάχησε· μίγη δέ οἱ αἵματι δάκρυ.
 ἄλλος δ' ἄλλον ἔπεφνε· πολὺς δ' ἐστείνετο χῶρος
 Ἀργείων ἰληδὸν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι πεσόντων.

Καὶ νύ κε δὴ τότε Τρῶες ἐνέπρησαν πυρὶ νῆας,
 εἰ μὴ νύξ ἐπόρουσε βαθύσκιον ἡέρ' ἄγουσα. 645
 χάσσατο δ' Εὐρύπυλος, σὺν δ' ἄλλοι Τρώοι υἱες
 νηῶν βαιὸν ἄπωθε ποτὶ προχοᾶς Σιμόεντος
 ἦχί περ αὐλιν ἔθεντο γεγηθότες. οἳ δ' ἐνὶ νηυσὶν
 Ἀργεῖοι γοάσκον ἐπὶ ψαμάθοισι πεσόντες
 πολλὰ μάλ' ἀχνύμενοι κταμένων ὕπερ, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' 650
 αὐτῶν
 πολλοὺς ἐν κονίησι μέλας ἐκίχῃσατο πότμος.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VI

A dart new-whetted, as he fled from fight,
Piercing his right leg, and the eager shaft
Cut sheer through the broad sinew, shattering
The bones with anguished pain : and so his doom
Met him, to die a death of agony.

Then Paris' arrows laid proud Phoreys low,
And Mosynus, brethren both, from Salamis
Who came in Aias' ships, and nevermore
Saw the home-land. Cleolaus smote he next,
Meges' stout henchman ; for the arrow struck
His left breast : deadly night enwrapped him round,
And his soul fled forth : his fainting heart
Still in his breast fluttering convulsively
Made the winged arrow shiver. Yet again
Did Paris shoot at bold Eëtion.

Through his jaw leapt the sudden-flashing brass :
He groaned, and with his blood were mingled tears.
So ever man slew man, till all the space
Was heaped with Argives each on other cast.

Now had the Trojans burnt with fire the ships,
Had not night, trailing heavy-folded mist,
Uprisen. So Eurypylus drew back,
And Troy's sons with him, from the ships aloof
A little space, by Simois' outfall ; there
Camped they exultant. But amidst the ships
Flung down upon the sands the Argives wailed
Heart-anguished for the slain, so many of whom
Dark fate had overtaken and laid in dust.