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The fall of Troy

Quintus

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Book VII. How the son of Achilles was brought to the war from Isle of Scyros

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ΛΟΓΟΣ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΣ

Ἦμος δ' οὐρανὸς ἄστρο κατέκρυφεν, ἔγρετο δ' Ἥως
λαμπρὸν παμφανόωσα, κνέφας δ' ἀνεχάσματο
νυκτός,

δὴ τότε ἄρηιοι νῆες εὐσθενέων Ἀργείων,
οἱ μὲν ἔβαν προπάραιθε νεῶν κρατερὴν ἐπὶ δῆριν
ἀντίον Εὐρυπύλοιο μεμαότες, οἱ δ' ἀπάτερθεν 5
αὐτοῦ παρ νήεσσι Μαχάονα ταρχύσαντο
Νιρέα θ', ὃς μακάρεσσιν ἀειγενέεσσιν ἑώκει
κάλλει τ' ἀγλαΐῃ τε· βίῃ δ' οὐκ ἄλκιμος ἦεν·
οὐ γὰρ ἄμ' ἀνθρώποισι θεοὶ τελέουσιν ἅπαντα·
ἀλλ' ἐσθλῷ κακὸν ἄγχι παρίσταται ἕκ τινος αἴσης· 10
ὥς Νιρῇ ἀνακτι παρ' ἀγλαΐῃ ἐρατεινῇ
κεῖτ' ἀλαπαδνοσύνῃ· Δαναοὶ δέ οἱ οὐκ ἀμέλησαν,
ἀλλὰ ἐ ταρχύσαντο καὶ ᾠδύραντ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,
ὅσσα Μαχάονα δῖον, ὃν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
ἴσον αἰεὶ τίεσκον, ἐπεὶ πυκνὰ μῆδεα ἦδη 15
αἰψα δ' ἄρ' ἀμφοτέρους αὐτὸν περὶ σῆμα βάλοντο.

Καὶ τότε ἄρ' ἐν πεδίῳ ἔτι μαίνεται λοίγιος Ἀρης·
ᾧρτο δ' ἄρ' ἀμφοτέρωθε μέγας κόναβος καὶ αὐτῇ
ῥηγνυμένων λάεσσι καὶ ἐγχείησι βοειῶν·
καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν πονέοντο πολυκμήτῳ ὑπ' Ἀρηι· 20
νωλεμέως δ' ἄρ' ἅπαστος ἐδητύος ἐν κοίνῃσι
κεῖτο μέγα στενάχων Ποδαλείριος· οὐδ' ὃ γε σῆμα
λείπε κασιγνήτιο· νόος δέ οἱ ὀρμαίνεσκε

BOOK VII

*How the Son of Achilles was brought to the War from
the Isle of Scyros.*

WHEN heaven hid his stars, and Dawn awoke
Outspraying splendour, and night's darkness fled,
Then undismayed the Argives' warrior-sons
Marched forth without the ships to meet in fight
Eurypylos, save those that tarried still
To render to Machaon midst the ships
Death-dues, with Nireus—Nireus, who in grace
And goodlihead was like the Deathless Ones,
Yet was not strong in bodily might: the Gods
Grant not perfection in all things to men;
But evil still is blended with the good
By some strange fate: to Nireus' winsome grace
Was linked a weakling's prowess. Yet the Greeks
Slighted him not, but gave him all death-dues,
And mourned above his grave with no less grief
Than for Machaon, whom they honoured aye,
For his deep wisdom, as the immortal Gods.
One mound they swiftly heaped above these twain.

Then in the plain once more did murderous war
Madden: the multitudinous clash and cry
Rose, as the shields were shattered with huge
stones,
Were pierced with lances. So they toiled in fight;
But all this while lay Podaleirius
Fasting in dust and groaning, leaving not

χερσὶν ὑπὸ σφετέρῃσιν ἀνηλεγεως ἀπολέσθαι.
καὶ ῥ' ὅτε μὲν βάλε χεῖρας ἐπὶ ξίφος, ἄλλοτε δ'
αὐτε

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δίξετο φάρμακον αἰνόν· εἰοὶ δέ μιν εἶργον ἐταῖροι
πολλὰ παρηγορέοντες· ὁ δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγεν ἀνίης.
καὶ νύ κε θυμὸν ἐῆσιν ὑπαὶ παλάμῃσιν ὄλεσεν
ἐσθλοῦ ἀδελφειοῖο νεοκμήτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,

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εἰ μὴ Νηλέος υἱὸς ἐπέκλυεν, οὐδ' ἀμέλησεν
αἰνῶς τειρομένοιο· κίχεν δέ μιν ἄλλοτε μὲν που
ἐκχύμενον περὶ σῆμα πολύστονον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε
ἀμφὶ κάρη χεύοντα κόνιν καὶ στήθεα χερσὶ
θεινόμενον κρατερῇσι καὶ οὖνομα κικλησκοντα
οἷο κασιγνήτοιο· περιστενάχοντο δ' ἀνακτα

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δμῶες ὁμῶς ἐτάροισι· κακὴ δ' ἔχε πάντας οἷζύς.
καὶ ῥ' ὅγε μελιχίοισι μέγ' ἀχνύμενον προσέειπεν·
“ἴσχεο ληνγαλεῖο γόου καὶ πένθεος αἰνοῦ,

ὦ τέκος· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε περίφρονα φῶτα γεγῶτα
μύρεσθ' οἷα γυναῖκα παρ' οὐκέτ' ἐόντι πεσόντα·

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οὐ γὰρ ἀναστήσεις μιν ἔτ' ἐς φάος, οὐνεκ' αἴστος
ψυχὴ οἱ πεπότηται ἐς ἡέρα, σῶμα δ' ἀνευθεν
πῦρ ὁλοὸν κατέδαψε καὶ ὅστέα δέξατο γαῖα·
αὐτῶς δ', ὥς ἀνέθηλε, καὶ ἔφθιτο. τέτλαθι δ' ἄλγος

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ἄσπετον, ὥς περ ἔγωγε Μαχάονος οὔτι χερεῖω
παῖδ' ὀλέσας δηρίοισιν ὑπ' ἀνδράσιν εὖ μὲν ἄκοντι
εὖ δέ σαοφροσύνησι κεκασμένον. οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
αἰζηῶν φιλέεσκεν ἐὼν πατέρ' ὥς ἐμὲ κείνος,

κάτθανε δ' εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο σωστέμεναι μενεαῖνον
δν πατέρ'· ἀλλὰ οἱ εἶθαρ ἀποκταμένοιο πάσασθαι

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σίτον ἔτλην καὶ ζωὸς ἔτ' Ἡριγένειαν ιδέσθαι,
εὖ εἰδώς, ὅτι πάντες ὁμῇν Ἀἰδαο κέλευθον
νισσόμεθ' ἄνθρωποι, πᾶσιν τ' ἐπὶ τέρματα κεῖται
λυγρὰ μόρου στονόεντος. ἔοικε δέ θνητὸν ἐόντα
πάντα φέρειν, ὅπως ἐσθλὰ διδοῖ θεὸς ἢδ' ἀλεγεινά.”

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

His brother's tomb ; and oft his heart was moved
 With his own hands to slay himself. And now
 He clutched his sword, and now amidst his herbs
 Sought for a deadly drug ; and still his friends
 Essayed to stay his hand and comfort him
 With many pleadings. But he would not cease
 From grieving : yea, his hands had spilt his life
 There on his noble brother's new-made tomb,
 But Nestor heard thereof, and sorrowed sore
 In his affliction, and he came on him
 As now he flung him on that woeful grave,
 And now was casting dust upon his head,
 Beating his breast, and on his brother's name
 Crying, while thralls and comrades round their lord
 Groaned, and affliction held them one and all.
 Then gently spake he to that stricken one :
 " Refrain from bitter moan and deadly grief,
 My son. It is not for a wise man's honour
 To wail, as doth a woman, o'er the fallen.
 Thou shalt not bring him up to light again
 Whose soul hath fled into vanishing air,
 Whose body fire hath ravined up, whose bones
 Earth has received. His end was worthy his life.
 Endure thy sore grief, even as I endured,
 Who lost a son, slain by the hands of foes,
 A son not worse than thy Machaon, good
 With spears in battle, good in counsel. None
 Of all the youths so loved his sire as he
 Loved me. He died for me—yea, died to save
 His father. Yet, when he was slain, did I
 Endure to taste food, and to see the light,
 Well knowing that all men must tread one path
 Hades-ward, and before all lies one goal,
 Death's mournful goal. A mortal man must bear
 All joys, all griefs, that God vouchsafes to send."

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ᾠς φάθ'· ὁ δ' ἀχνύμενός μιν ἀμείβετο· τοῦ δ'
ἀλεγεινὸν

ἔρρεεν εἰσέτι δάκρυ καὶ ἀγλαὰ δευε γένεια·

“ὦ πάτερ, ἄσχετον ἄλγος ἐμὸν καταδάμναται
ἦτορ

ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτοιο περίφρονος, ὅς μ' ἀτίταλλεν

οἰχομένοιο τοκῆος ἐς οὐρανὸν ὡς ἐὼν νῖα

σφῆσιν ἐν ἀγκοῖνῃσι καὶ ἱητήρια νούσων

ἐκ θυμοῖο δίδαξε· μὴ δ' ἐνὶ δαιτὶ καὶ εὐνῇ

τερπόμεθα ξυνοῖσιν ἱαινόμενοι κτεάτεσσι·

τῷ μοι πένθος ἄλαστον ἐποίχεται· οὐδ' ἔτι κείνου

τεθναότος φάος ἐσθλὸν ἐέλδομαι εἰσοράασθαι.”

ᾠς φάτο· τὸν δ' ὁ γεραιὸς ἀκηχέμενον προσέειπε.

“πᾶσι μὲν ἀνθρώποισιν ἴσον κακὸν ὥπασε δαίμων

ὀρφανίην, πάντας δὲ καὶ ἡμέας αἶα καλύφει,

οὐ μὲν ἄρ' ἐκτελέσαντας ὁμῆν βιότοιο κέλευθον,

οὐδ' οἷν τις ἕκαστος ἐέλδεται, οὐνεχ' ὕπερθεν

ἐσθλά τε καὶ τὰ χερεία θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κείται

μυρία, εἰς ἐν πάντα μεμυγμένα· καὶ τὰ μὲν οὔτις

δέρκεται ἀθανάτων, ἀλλ' ἀπροτίοπτα τέτυκται

ἀχλύϊ θεσπεσίῃ κεκαλυμμένα· τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ χεῖρας

οἷη Μοῖρα τίθησι καὶ οὐχ ὁρώωσ' ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου

ἐς γαῖαν προΐησι· τὰ δ' ἄλλυδις ἄλλα φέρονται

πνοιῆς ὡς ἀνέμοιο· καὶ ἀνέρι πολλάκις ἐσθλῷ

ἀμφεχύθη μέγα πῆμα, λυγρῷ δ' ἐπικάππεσεν

δλβος

οὐκ εἰκώς.¹ ἀλαὸς δὲ πέλει βίος ἀνθρώποιο.²

τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' ἀσφαλέως οὐ νίσσεται, ἀλλὰ πόδεσσι

πυκνὰ ποτιπταίει· τρέπεται δέ οἱ αἰόλος οἶμος³

ἄλλοτε μὲν ποτὶ πῆμα πολύστονον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε

εἰς ἀγαθόν· μερόπων δὲ πανόλβιος οὔτις ἐτύχθη

ἐς τέλος ἐξ ἀρχῆς· ἐτέρω δ' ἕτερ' ἀντιώσιν.

¹, ² Zimmermann, for οὔτι ἐκὼν and ἀνθρώποισι of v.

³ Zimmermann, for αἰόλον εἶδος of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Made answer that heart-stricken one, while still
Wet were his cheeks with ever-flowing tears :
" Father, mine heart is bowed 'neath crushing grief
For a brother passing wise, who fostered me
Even as a son. When to the heavens had passed
Our father, in his arms he cradled me :
Gladly he taught me all his healing lore ;
We shared one table ; in one bed we lay :
We had all things in common—these, and love.
My grief cannot forget, nor I desire,
Now he is dead, to see the light of life."

Then spake the old man to that stricken one :
" To all men Fate assigns one same sad lot,
Bereavement : earth shall cover all alike,
Albeit we tread not the same path of life,
And none the path he chooseth ; for on high
Good things and bad lie on the knees of Gods
Unnumbered, indistinguishably blent.
These no Immortal seeth ; they are veiled
In mystic cloud-folds. Only Fate puts forth
Her hands thereto, nor looks at what she takes,
But casts them from Olympus down to earth.
This way and that they are wafted, as it were
By gusts of wind. The good man oft is whelmed
In suffering : wealth undeserved is heaped
On the vile person. Blind is each man's life ;
Therefore he never walketh surely ; oft
He stumbleth : ever devious is his path,
Now sloping down to sorrow, mounting now
To bliss. All-happy is no living man
From the beginning to the end, but still
The good and evil clash. Our life is short ;

παῦρον δὲ ζῶοντας ἐν ἄλγεσιν οὔτι ἔοικε 85
ζῶμεν. ἔλπεο δ' αἰὲν ἀρείονα, μὴδ' ἐπὶ λυγρῷ
θυμὸν ἔχειν· καὶ γάρ ῥα πέλει φάτις ἀνθρώποισιν
ἐσθλὸν μὲν νίσσεσθαι ἐς οὐρανὸν ἄφθιτον αἰεὶ
ψυχάς,¹ ἀργαλέων δὲ ποτὶ ζόφον· ἔπλετο δ' ἄμφω
σεῖο κασιγνήτῳ· καὶ μείλιχος ἔσκε βροτοῖσι, 90
καὶ πάϊς ἀθανάτοιο· θεῶν δ' ἐς φῦλον οἶω
κεῖνον ἀνελθέμεναι σφετέρου πατρὸς ἐννεσίησιν.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν μιν ἔγειρεν ἀπὸ χθονὸς οὐκ ἐθέλοντα
παρφάμενος μύθοισιν, ἄγεν δ' ἀπὸ σήματος αἰνοῦ
ἐντροπαλιζόμενον καὶ ἔτ' ἀργαλέα στενάχοντα· 95
ἐς δ' ἄρα νῆας ἵκοντο· πόνον δ' ἔχον ἄλλοι Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀργαλέον καὶ Τρῶες ὀρινομένου πολέμοιο.

Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἀτάλαντος ἀτειρέα θυμὸν Ἄρηι
χερσὶν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτησι καὶ ἔγχεϊ μαιμώνωντι
δάμνατο δῆϊα φύλα· νεκρῶν δ' ἐστείνετο γαῖα 100
κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθεν· ὁ δ' ἐν νεκύεσσι βεβηκὼς
μάρνατο θαρσαλέως πεπαλαγμένος αἵματι χεῖρας
καὶ πόδας· οὐδ' ἀπέληγεν ἀταρτηροῖο κυδοιμοῦ·
ἀλλ' ὅ γε Πηνέλεων κρατερόφρονα δουρὶ δάμασσεν
ἀντιόωντ' ἀνὰ δῆριν ἀμείλιχον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πολλοὺς 105
ἔκτανεν· οὐδ' ὅ γε χεῖρας ἀπέτρεπε δηϊοτήτος,
ἀλλ' ἔπετ' Ἀργείοισι χολούμενος, εὖτε πάροιθεν
ὄβριμος Ἡρακλῆς Φολῆς ἀνὰ μακρὰ κάρηνα
Κενταύροις ἐπόρουσεν ἐφ' μέγα κάρτεϊ θύων,
τοὺς ἅμα πάντας ἔπεφνε καὶ ὠκυτάτους περ ἐόντας 110
καὶ κρατεροὺς ὀλοοῦ τε δαήμονας ἰωχμοῖο·
ὥς ὅ γ' ἐπασσύτερον Δαναῶν στρατὸν αἰχμητῶν
δάμνατ' ἐπεσσύμενος· τοὶ δ' ἱλαδὸν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος
ἀθρόοι ἐν κονίησι δεδουπότες ἐξεχέοντο.

¹ Restored by Zimmermann from P.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Beseems not then in grief to live. Hope on,
Still hope for better days : chain not to woe
Thine heart. There is a saying among men
That to the heavens unperishing mount the souls
Of good men, and to nether darkness sink
Souls of the wicked. Both to God and man
Dear was thy brother, good to brother-men,
And son of an Immortal. Sure am I
That to the company of Gods shall he
Ascend, by intercession of thy sire."

Then raised he that reluctant mourner up
With comfortable words. From that dark grave
He drew him, backward gazing oft with groans.
To the ships they came, where Greeks and Trojan
men

Had bitter travail of rekindled war.

Eurypylus there, in dauntless spirit like
The War-god, with mad-raging spear and hands
Resistless, smote down hosts of foes : the earth
Was clogged with dead men slain on either side.
On strode he midst the corpses, awelessly
He fought, with blood-bespattered hands and feet ;
Never a moment from grim strife he ceased.
Peneleos the mighty-hearted came
Against him in the pitiless fray : he fell
Before Eurypylus' spear : yea, many more
Fell round him. Ceased not those destroying hands,
But wrathful on the Argives still he pressed,
As when of old on Pholoe's long-ridged heights
Upon the Centaurs terrible Hercules rushed
Storming in might, and slew them, passing-swift
And strong and battle-cunning though they were ;
So rushed he on, so smote he down the array,
One after other, of the Danaan spears.
Heaps upon heaps, here, there, in throngs they fell

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσαντος ἀπειρεσίου ποταμοῖο 115
 ὄχθαι ἀποτμήγονται ἐπὶ ψαμαθῶδεϊ χώρῳ
 μυρίαὶ ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ὃ δ' εἰς ἀλὸς ἔσσεται οἶδμα
 παφλάζων ἀλεγεινὸν ἀνὰ ῥόον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
 κρημνοὶ ἐπικτυπέουσι, βρέμει δ' ἄρα μακρὰ ῥέεθρα
 αἰὲν ἐρειπομένων, εἵκει δέ οἱ ἔρκεα πάντα 120
 ὥς ἄρα κύδιμοι νῆες ἐϋπτολέμων Ἀργείων
 πολλοὶ ὑπ' Εὐρυπύλοιο κατήριπον ἐν κονίησι,
 τοὺς κίχεν αἱματόεντα κατὰ μόθον· οἳ δ' ὑπάλυξαν,
 ὅσους ἐξεσάωσε ποδῶν μένος· ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ὥς
 Πηνέλεων ἐρύσαντο δυσηχέος ἐξ ὁμάδοιο 125
 νῆας ἐπὶ σφετέρας, καίπερ ποσὶ καρπαλίμοισι
 κῆρας ἀλευόμενοι στυγεράς καὶ ἀνηλέα πότμον.
 πανσυδίῃ δ' ἔντοσθε νεῶν φύγον· οὐδέ τι θυμῷ
 ἔσθενον Εὐρυπύλοιο καταντία δηριάσθαι,
 οὔνεκ' ἄρα σφίσι φύζαν οἷζυρὴν ἐφέηκεν 130
 Ἡρακλῆς νιῶνδὸν ἀτειρέα πάμπαν ἀέξων.
 οἳ δ' ἄρα τείχεος ἐντὸς ὑποπτῶσσοντες ἔμμινον,
 αἶγες ὅπως ὑπὸ πρῶνα φοβέμεναι αἰνὸν ἀήτην,
 ὅς τε φέρει νιφετόν τε πολὺν κρυερὴν τε χάλαζαν
 ψυχρὸς ἐπαῖσσω, ταὶ δ' ἐς νομὸν ἐσσύμεναι περ 135
 ῥιπῆς οὔτι κατιθὺς ὑπερκύπτουσι κολώνης,
 ἀλλ' ἄρα χεῖμα μένουσιν ὑπὸ σκέπας ἡδὲ φάραγγας
 ἀγρόμεναι, θάμνοισι δ' ὑπὸ σκιεροῖσι νέμονται
 ἰλαδόν, ὅφρ' ἀνέμοιο κακαὶ λήξωσιν ἄελλαι·
 ὥς Δαναοὶ πύργοισιν ὑπὸ σφετέροισιν ἔμμινον 140
 Τηλέφου ὄβριμον νῆα μετεσσύμενον τρομέοντες.
 Αὐτὰρ ὁ νῆας ἔμελλε θοὰς καὶ λαὸν ὀλέσσειν,
 εἰ μὴ Τριτογένεια θράσος βάλεν Ἀργείοισιν
 ὀψέ περ· οἳ δ' ἄλληκτον ἀφ' ἔρκεος αἰπεινοῖο

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Strewn in the dust. As when a river in flood
Comes thundering down, banks crumble on either
side

To drifting sand : on seaward rolls the surge
Tossing wild crests, while cliffs on every hand
Ring crashing echoes, as their brows break down
Beneath long-leaping roaring waterfalls,
And dikes are swept away ; so fell in dust
The war-famed Argives by Eurypylus slain,
Such as he overtook in that red rout.
Some few escaped, whom strength of fleeing feet
Delivered. Yet in that sore strait they drew
Peneleos from the shrieking tumult forth,
And bare to the ships, though with swift feet them-
selves

Were fleeing from ghastly death, from pitiless doom.
Behind the rampart of the ships they fled
In huddled rout : they had no heart to stand
Before Eurypylus, for Hercules,
To crown with glory his son's stalwart son,
Thrilled them with panic. There behind their wall
They cowered, as goats to leeward of a hill
Shrink from the wild cold rushing of the wind
That bringeth snow and heavy sleet and hail.
No longing for the pasture tempteth them
Over the brow to step, and face the blast,
But huddling screened by rock-wall and ravine
They abide the storm, and crop the scanty grass
Under dim copses thronging, till the gusts
Of that ill wind shall lull : so, by their towers
Screened, did the trembling Danaans abide
Telephus' mighty son. Yea, he had burnt
The ships, and all that host had he destroyed,
Had not Athena at the last inspired
The Argive men with courage. Ceaselessly
From the high rampart hurled they at the foe

δυσμενέας βάλλοντες ἀνιηροῖς βελέεσσι 145
κτείνον ἐπασσυτέρους· δεύοντο δὲ τείχεα λύθρῳ
λευγαλέῳ· στοναχὴ δὲ δαΐκταμένων πέλε φωτῶν.

Αὐτῶς δ' αὖ νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμέματα δηριόωντο
Κήτειοι Τρώες τε καὶ Ἀργεῖοι μενεχάρμαι,
ἄλλοτε μὲν προπάρουθε νεῶν, ὅτε δ' ἄμφι μακεδνὸν 150
τείχος, ἐπεὶ πέλε μῶλος ἀάσχετος· ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ὥς
ἡμέματα δοιὰ φόνιοιο καὶ ἀργαλέης ὑσμίνης
παύσανθ', οὐνεχ' ἴκανεν ἐς Εὐρύπυλον βασιλῆα
ἀγγελὴ Δαναῶν, ὥς κεν πολέμοιο μεθέντες

πυρκαϊῇ δώωσι δαΐκταμένους ἐνὶ χάρμῃ 155
αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' αἰὲν ἐπίθησε, καὶ ἀργαλέοιο κυδοιμοῦ
πανσάμενοι ἐκάτερθε νεκροὺς περιταρχύσαντο

ἐν κοίῃς ἐριπόντας· Ἀχαιοὶ δ' ἔξοχα πάντων
Πηνέλεων μύροντο· βάλλον δ' ἐπὶ σῆμα θανόντι
εὐρὺ μάλ' ὑψηλὸν τε καὶ ἐσσομένοις ἀρίδην 160
πληθύν δ' αὐτ' ἀπάνευθε δαΐκταμένων ἡρώων

θάψαν ἀκηχέμενοι μεγάλῳ περὶ πένθει θυμὸν
πυρκαϊῇν ἅμα πᾶσι μίαν περινήσαντες
καὶ τάφον· ὥς δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀπόπροθι Τρῳεῖοι νῆες

τάρχυσαν κταμένους· ὀλοή δ' Ἔρις οὐκ ἀπέληγεν, 165
ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἐποτρύνεσκε θρασὺ σθένος Εὐρυπύλοιο
ἀντιάαν δηλοῖσιν· ὃ δ' οὐπω χάζετο νηῶν,

ἀλλ' ἔμενευ Δαναοῖσι κακὴν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀέξων.
Τοὶ δ' ἐς Σκῦρον ἵκοντο μελαίνῃ νηὶ θέοντες·
εὐρον δ' υἱ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἐοῦ προπάρουθε δόμοιο, 170
ἄλλοτε μὲν βελέεσσι καὶ ἐγχείησιν ἰέντα,

ἄλλοτε δ' αὖθ' ἵπποισι πονεύμενον ὠκυπόδεσσι·
γῆθησαν δ' ἐσιδόντες ἀταρτηροῦ πολέμοιο
ἔργα μετοιχώμενον, καίπερ μέγα τειρόμενον κῆρ

ἄμφι πατρός κταμένοιο· τὸ γὰρ τὸ πάρουθε
πέπυστο. 175

αἶψα δέ οἱ κίον ἄντα τεθηπότες, οὐνεχ' ὀρώντο
θαρσαλέῳ Ἀχιλλεῖ δέμας περικαλλὲς ὁμοῖον·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

With bitter-biting darts, and slew them fast ;
And all the walls were splashed with reeking gore,
And aye went up a moan of smitten men.

So fought they: nightlong, daylong fought they on,
Ceteians, Trojans, battle-biding Greeks,
Fought, now before the ships, and now again
Round the steep wall, with fury unutterable.
Yet even so for two days did they cease
From murderous fight ; for to Eurypylus came
A Danaan embassy, saying, " From the war
Forbear we, while we give unto the flames
The battle-slain." So hearkened he to them :
From ruin-wreaking strife forebore the hosts ;
And so their dead they buried, who in dust
Had fallen. Chiefly the Achaeans mourned
Peneleos ; o'er the mighty dead they heaped
A barrow broad and high, a sign for men
Of days to be. But in a several place
The multitude of heroes slain they laid,
Mourning with stricken hearts. On one great pyre
They burnt them all, and buried in one grave.
So likewise far from thence the sons of Troy
Buried their slain. Yet murderous Strife slept not,
But roused again Eurypylus' dauntless might
To meet the foe. He turned not from the ships,
But there abode, and fanned the fury of war.

Meanwhile the black ship on to Scyros ran ;
And those twain found before his palace-gate
Achilles' son, now hurling dart and lance,
Now in his chariot driving fleetfoot steeds.
Glad were they to behold him practising
The deeds of war, albeit his heart was sad
For his slain sire, of whom had tidings come
Ere this. With reverent eyes of awe they went
To meet him, for that goodly form and face
Seemed even as very Achilles unto them.

τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ὑποφθάμενος τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν·
 “ὦ ξεῖνοι, μέγα χαίρετ' ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα κiónτες·
 εἵπατε δ' ὀππόθεν ἐστὲ καὶ οὔτινες, ἦδ' ὅ τι

χρειῶ

180

ἦλθετ' ἔχοντες ἐμείο δι' οἴδματος ἀτρυγέτοιο.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ' εἰρόμενος· ὁ δ' ἀμείβετο δῖος Ὀδυσ-
 σεύς·

“ἡμεῖς τοι φίλοι εἰμὲν εὖπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος,
 τῷ νύ σέ φασι τεκέσθαι εὖφρονα Δηιδάμειαν·
 καὶ δ' αὐτοὶ τεὸν εἶδος ἐῖσκομεν ἀνέρι κείνῳ

185

πάμπαν· ὁ δ' ἀθανάτοισι πολυσθενέεσσιν ἐφίκει,
 εἰμὶ δ' ἐγὼν Ἰθάκηθεν, ὁ δ' Ἀργεος ἵπποβότοιο,

εἴ ποτε Τυδεΐδαο δαΐφρονος οὔνομ' ἄκουσας,
 ἦ καὶ Ὀδυσσῆος πυκιμήδεος, ὅς νύ τοι ἄγχι
 αὐτὸς ἐγὼν ἔστηκα θεοπροπίης ἔνεκ' ἐλθῶν·

190

ἀλλ' ἐλέαιρε τάχιστα καὶ Ἀργείοις ἐπάμυνον
 ἐλθῶν ἐς Τροίην· ὥς γὰρ τέλος ἔσσειτ' Ἀρηι.

καὶ τοι δῶρ' ὀπάσουσιν ἀάσπετα δῖοι Ἀχαιοί·
 τεύχεα δ' αὐτὸς ἔγῳγε τεοῦ πατρὸς ἀντιθέοιο

δώσω, ἅπερ φορέων μέγα τέρψεται· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε

195

θνητῶν τεύχεσι κείνα, θεοῦ δέ που Ἄρεος ὅπλοις
 ἴσα πέλει· πούλῳ δὲ περὶ σφισι πάμπαν ἄρηρε

χρυσὸς δαιδαλέοισι κεκασμένος, οἷσι καὶ αὐτὸς

Ἡφαιστος μέγα θυμὸν ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν ἰάνθη

τεύχων ἄμβροτα κείνα, τά σοι μέγα θαῦμα ἰδόντι

200

ἔσσεται, οὐνεκα γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς ἠδὲ θάλασσα

ἀμφὶ σάκος πεπώνηται ἀπειρεσίῳ τ' ἐνὶ¹ κύκλῳ

ζῶα περίξ ἡσκηται ἐοικότα κινυμένοισι,

θαῦμα καὶ ἀθανάτοισιν· βροτῶν δ' οὐπώποτε τοῖα

οὔτε τις ἔδρακε πρόσθεν ἐν ἀνδράσιν οὔτ' ἐφό-

205

ρησεν,

εἰ μὴ σὸς γε πατήρ, τὸν ἴσον Διὶ τίον Ἀχαιοὶ

πάντες, ἐγὼ δὲ μάλιστα φίλα φρονέων ἀγάπαζον·

¹ Zimmermann, for περὶ κύκλῳ of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

But he, or ever they had spoken, cried :
 " All hail, ye strangers, unto this mine home
 Say whence ye are, and who, and what the need
 That hither brings you over barren seas."

So spake he, and Odysseus answered him :
 " Friends are we of Achilles lord of war,
 To whom of Deïdameia thou wast born—
 Yea, when we look on thee we seem to see
 That Hero's self; and like the Immortal Ones
 Was he. Of Ithaca am I : this man
 Of Argos, nurse of horses—if perchance
 Thou hast heard the name of Tydeus' warrior son
 Or of the wise Odysseus. Lo, I stand
 Before thee, sent by voice of prophecy.
 I pray thee, pity us : come thou to Troy
 And help us. Only so unto the war
 An end shall be. Gifts beyond words to thee
 The Achaean kings shall give : yea, I myself
 Will give to thee thy godlike father's arms,
 And great shall be thy joy in bearing them;
 For these be like no mortal's battle-gear,
 But splendid as the very War-god's arms.
 Over their marvellous blazonry hath gold
 Been lavished; yea, in heaven Hephaestus' self
 Rejoiced in fashioning that work divine,
 The which thine eyes shall marvel to behold;
 For earth and heaven and sea upon the shield
 Are wrought, and in its wondrous compass are
 Creatures that seem to live and move—a wonder
 Even to the Immortals. Never man
 Hath seen their like, nor any man hath worn,
 Save thy sire only, whom the Achaeans all
 Honoured as Zeus himself. I chiefiest
 From mine heart loved him, and when he was slain.

καὶ οἱ ἀποκταμένοι νεκὺν ποτὶ νῆας ἔνεικα
πολλοῖς δυσμενέεσσιν ἀνηλέα πότμον ὀπάσσας·
τοῦνεκά μοι κείνοιο περικλυτὰ τεύχεα δῶκε 210
διὰ Θέτις· τὰ δ' ἄρ' αὖθις ἐελδόμενός περ ἔγωγε
δώσω προφρονέως, ὅπότε Ἴλιον εἰσαφίκηαι.
καὶ νῦ σε καὶ Μενέλαος, ἐπὴν Πριάμοιο πόλῃα
πέρσαντες νήεσσιν ἐς Ἑλλάδα νοστήσωμεν,
αὐτίκα γαμβρὸν ἐὼν¹ ποιήσεται, ἣν ἐθέλησθα, 215
ἄμφ' εὐεργεσίης· δώσει δέ τοι ἄσπετ' ἄγεσθαι
κτῆματά τε χρυσόν τε μετ' ἡὔκόμοιο θυγατρός,
ὅσ' ἐπέοικεν ἔπεσθαι εὐκτεάνῳ βασιλῆϊ.”

“Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν Ἀχιλλεύς ὄβριμος υἱός·
“εἰ μὲν δὴ καλέουσι θεοπροπίησιν Ἀχαιοί, 220
αὖριον αἶψα νεώμεθ' ἐπ' εὐρέα βένθεα πόντου,
ἦν τι φάος Δαναοῖσι λιλαιομένοισι γένωμαι·
νῦν δ' ἴομεν ποτὶ δώματ' ἐϋξεινόν τε τράπεζαν,
οἷν περ ξείνοισι θέμις παρατεκτῆσθαι·
ἄμφι δ' ἐμοῖο γάμοιο θεοῖς μετόπισθε μελήσει.” 225

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἠγείθ· οἱ δ' ἐσπόμενοι μέγα χαῖρον·
καί ῥ' ὅτε δὴ μέγα δῶμα κίον καὶ κάλλιμον αὐλήν,
εὖρον Δηιδάμειαν ἀκηχεμένην ἐνὶ θυμῷ
τηκομένην θ', ὥσεί τε χιῶν κατατήκετ' ὄρεσσιν
Εὐρου ὑπὸ λιγέος καὶ ἀτειρέος ἡελίοιο· 230
ὥς ἦ γε φθινύθεσκε δεδουπότος ἀνδρὸς ἀγανοῦ·
καί μιν ἔτ' ἀχνυμένην περ ἀγαγκλειτοὶ βασιλῆες
ἡσπάζοντ' ἐπέεσσιν· παῖς δέ οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
μυθεῖτ' ἀτρεκέως γενεὴν καὶ οὖνομ' ἐκάστου·
χρεῖά δ', ἦντιν' ἵκανον, ἐπέκρυφε μέχρ' ἐς ἡῶ, 235
ὄφρα μὴ ἀχνυμένην μιν ἔλῃ πολὺδακρυς ἀνίη,

¹ Zimmermann, ex P; for οἱ γαμβρὸν of Koechly.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

210 To many a foe I dealt a ruthless doom,
And through them all bare back to the ships his corse.
Therefore his glorious arms did Thetis give
To me. These, though I prize them well, to thee
Will I give gladly when thou com'st to Troy.
Yea also, when we have smitten Priam's town,
And unto Hellas in our ships return,
Shall Menelaus give thee, an thou wilt,
215 His princess-child to wife, of love for thee,
And with his bright-haired daughter shall bestow
Rich dower of gold and treasure, even all
That meet is to attend a wealthy king."

So spake he, and replied Achilles' son :
" If bidden of oracles the Achæan men
Summon me, let us with to-morrow's dawn
220 Fare forth upon the broad depths of the sea,
If so to longing Danaans I may prove
A light of help. Now pass we to mine halls,
And to such guest-fare as befits to set
Before the stranger. For my marriage-day—
To this the Gods in time to come shall see."

225 Then hall-ward led he them, and with glad hearts
They followed. To the forecourt when they came
Of that great mansion, found they there the Queen
Deïdameia in her sorrow of soul
Grief-wasted, as when snow from mountain-sides
Before the sun and east-wind wastes away ;
230 So pined she for that princely hero slain.
Then came to her amidst her grief the kings,
And greeted her in courteous wise. Her son
Drew near and told their lineage and their names ;
But that for which they came he left untold
Until the morrow, lest unto her woe
235 There should be added grief and floods of tears,
And lest her prayers should hold him from the path

και μιν ἀπεσσύμενον μάλα λισσομένη κατερύκη.
 αἶψα δὲ δαῖτ' ἐπάσαντο καὶ ὕπνῳ θυμὸν ἦναν
 πάντες, ὅσοι Σκύριοι πέδον περιβαιετάσσκον 240
 εἰναλῆς, τὴν μακρὰ περιβρομέουσι θαλάσσης
 κύματα ῥηγνυμένοιο πρὸς ἥονας Αἰγαίοιο·
 ἀλλ' οὐ Δηιδάμειαν ἐπήρατος ὕπνος ἔμαρπτεν
 οὐνομα κερδαλέου μιμνησκομένην Ὀδυσῆος
 ἥδὲ καὶ ἀντιθέου Διομήδεος, οἳ ῥά μιν ἄμφω
 εὖνιν ποιήσαντο φιλοπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος 245
 παρφάμενοι κείνοιο θρασὺν νόον, ὅφρ' ἀφίκηται
 δῆϊον εἰς ἐνοπήν· τῷ δ' ἄτροπος ἦντετο Μοῖρα,
 ἣ οἱ ὑπέκλασε νόστον, ἀπειρέσιον δ' ἄρα πένθος
 πατρὶ πόρεν Πηλῆι καὶ αὐτῇ Δηιδαμείῃ.
 τοῦνεκά μιν κατὰ θυμὸν ἀάσπετον ἄμφεχε δεῖμα 250
 παιδὸς ἐπεσσυμένοιο ποτὶ πτολέμοιο κυδοιμόν,
 μὴ οἱ λευγαλέῳ ἐπὶ πένθει πένθος ἵκηται.

Ἦὼς δ' εἰσανέβη μέγαν οὐρανόν· οἳ δ' ἀπὸ
 λέκτρων
 καρπαλίμως ὄρνυντο· νόησε δὲ Δηιδάμεια·
 αἶψα δέ οἱ στέρνοισι περὶ πλατέεσσι χυθεῖσα 255
 ἀργαλέως γοάσκειν ἐς αἰθέρα μακρὰ βοῶσα·
 ἥτε βοῦς ἐν ὄρεσσιν ἀπειρέσιον μεμακῦα
 πόρτιν ἐὼν δίξεται ἐν ἄγκεσιν, ἀμφὶ δὲ μακραὶ
 οὐρεὸς αἰπεινοῖο περιβρομέουσι κολῶναι·
 ὥς ἄρα μυρομένης ἀμφίαχεν αἰπὺ μέλαθρον 260
 πάντοθεν ἐκ μυχάτων, μέγα δ' ἀσχαλώωσ' ἀγόρευε·
 “ τέκνον, ποῖ δὴ νῦν σοὶ εὖς νόος ἐκπεπότηται
 Ἴλιον ἐς πολὺδακρυ μετὰ ξείνοισιν ἔπεσθαι,
 ἥχι πολεῖς ὀλέκονται ὑπ' ἀργαλῆς ὑσμίνης,
 καί περ ἐπιστάμενοι πόλεμον καὶ ἀεικέα χάρμην; 265
 νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν νέος ἐσσι καὶ οὐπω δῆϊα ἔργα
 οἶδας, ἃ τ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἀλάλκουσιν κακὸν ἤμαρ·
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μευ ἄκουσον, ἐοῖς δ' ἐνὶ μίμνε
 δόμοισι,

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Whereon his heart was set. Straight feasted these,
And comforted their hearts with sleep, even all
Which dwelt in sea-ringed Scyros, nightlong lulled
By long low thunder of the girdling deep,
Of waves Aegean breaking on her shores.
But not on Deidameia fell the hands
Of kindly sleep. She bore in mind the names
Of crafty Odysseus and of Diomedes
The godlike, how these twain had widowed her
Of battle-fain Achilles, how their words
Had won his aweless heart to fare with them
To meet the war-cry—where stern Fate met him,
Shattered his hope of home-return, and laid
Measureless grief on Peleus and on her.
Therefore an awful dread oppressed her soul
Lest her son too to tumult of the war
Should speed, and grief be added to her grief.

Dawn climbed the wide-arched heaven, and
straightway they
Rose from their beds. Then Deidameia knew ;
And on her son's broad breast she cast herself,
And bitterly wailed: her cry thrilled through the
air,

As when a cow loud-lowing mid the hills
Seeks through the glens her calf, and all around
Echo long ridges of the mountain-steep ;
So on all sides from dim recesses rang
The hall ; and in her misery she cried :
“ Child, wherefore is thy soul now on the wing
To follow strangers unto Ilium
The fount of tears, where perish many in fight,
Yea, cunning men in war and battle grim ?
And thou art but a youth, and hast not learnt
The ways of war, which save men in the day
Of peril. Hearken thou to me, abide
Here in thine home, lest evil tidings come

μὴ δὴ μοι Τροίηθε κακὴ φάτις οὔαθ' ἵκηται
 σείο καταφθιμένοιο κατὰ μόθον· οὐ γὰρ οἷω 270
 ἐλθέμεναί σ' ἔτι δεῦρο μετάτροπον ἐξ ὁμάδοιο·
 οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ πατὴρ τεὸς ἔκφυγε κῆρ' αἰδήλον,
 ἀλλ' ἐδάμη κατὰ δῆριν, ὃ περ καὶ σείο καὶ ἄλλων
 ἡρώων προφέρεσκε, θεὰ δέ οἱ ἔπλετο μήτηρ,
 τῶνδε δολοφροσύνη καὶ μῆδεσιν, οἷ σε καὶ αὐτὸν 275
 δῆριν ἐπὶ στονέοσσαν ἐποτρύνουσι νέεσθαι·
 τοῦνεκ' ἐγὼ δέειδοικα περὶ κραδίῃ τρομέουσα,
 μὴ μοι καὶ σέο, τέκνον, ἀποφθιμένοιο πέληται
 εὖνιν καλλειφθεῖσαν ἀεικέα πῆματα πάσχειν·
 οὐ γάρ πώ τι γυναικὶ κακώτερον ἄλγος ἔπεισιν, 280
 ἢ ὅτε παῖδες ὀλωται ἀποφθιμένοιο καὶ ἀνδρός,
 χηρωθῇ δὲ μέλαθρον ὑπ' ἀργαλέου θανάτοιο·
 αὐτίκα γὰρ περὶ φῶτες ἀποτμήγουσιν ἀρούρας,
 κείρουσιν δέ τε πάντα καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγουσι θέμιστας·
 τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' οὐ τι τέτυκται οἷζυρῶτερον ἄλλο 285
 χήρης ἐν μεγάροισιν ἀκιδνότερόν τε γυναικός·
 Ἡ μέγα κωκύουσα· παῖς δέ μιν ἀντίον ἦῤα·
 “θάρσει, μήτηρ ἐμεῖο, κακὴν δ' ἀποπέμπεο φήμην·
 οὐ γὰρ ὑπὲρ κηράς τις ὑπ' ἄρεϊ δάμναται ἀνὴρ·
 εἰ δέ μοι αἰσιμόν ἐστι δαμήμεναι εἵνεκ' Ἀχαιῶν, 290
 τεθναῖν ῥέξας τι καὶ ἄξιον Αἰακίδησιν.”
 Ὡς φάτο· τῷ δ' ἄγχιστα κίεν γεραρὸς Λυκο-
 μῆδης,
 καὶ ῥά μιν ἰωχμοῖο λιλαιόμενον προσέειπεν·
 “ὦ τέκος ὀβριμόθυμον ἐφ' πατρὶ κάρτος ἐοικώς,
 οἶδ' ὅτι καρτερός ἐσσι καὶ ὀβριμος· ἀλλ' ἄρα 295
 καὶ ὧς
 καὶ πόλεμον δέειδοικα πικρὸν καὶ κῦμα θαλάσσης
 λευγαλέον· ναῦται γὰρ αἰεὶ σχεδὸν εἰσιν ὀλέθρου.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ δείδεις, τέκνον, ἐπὴν πλόον εἰσαφίκηαι
 ὕστερον ἢ Τροίηθεν ἢ ἄλλοθεν, οἷά τε πολλὰ
 [πλαζόμεθ' ἀνθρωποὶ ἐπ' ἀπείριτα νῶτα θαλάσσης]
 318

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

From Troy unto my ears, that thou in fight
Hast perished ; for mine heart saith, never thou
Hitherward shalt from battle-toil return.
Not even thy sire escaped the doom of death—
He, mightier than thou, mightier than all
Heroes on earth, yea, and a Goddess' son—
But was in battle slain, all through the wiles
And crafty counsels of these very men
Who now to woeful war be kindling thee.
Therefore mine heart is full of shuddering fear
Lest, son, my lot should be to live bereaved
Of thee, and to endure dishonour and pain,
For never heavier blow on woman falls
Than when her lord hath perished, and her sons
Die also, and her house is left to her
Desolate. Straightway evil men remove
Her landmarks, yea, and rob her of her all,
Setting the right at naught. There is no lot
More woeful and more helpless than is hers
Who is left a widow in a desolate home."

Loud-wailing spake she ; but her son replied :
" Be of good cheer, my mother ; put from thee
Evil foreboding. No man is in war
Beyond his destiny slain. If my weird be
To die in my country's cause, then let me die
When I have done deeds worthy of my sire."

Then to his side old Lycomedes came,
And to his battle-eager grandson spake :
" O valiant-hearted son, so like thy sire,
I know thee strong and valorous ; yet, O yet
For thee I fear the bitter war ; I fear
The terrible sea-surge. Shipmen evermore
Hang on destruction's brink. Beware, my child,
Perils of waters when thou sailest back
From Troy or other shores, such as beset
Full oftentimes the voyagers that ride

τῆμος, ὅτ' αἰγοκερῆι συνέρχεται ἡρόεντι 300
 ἥελιος μετόπισθε βαλὼν ῥυτῆρα βελέμων
 τοξευτήν, ὅτε χεῖμα λυγρὸν κλονέουσιν ἄελλαι,
 ἢ ὅπῳτ' Ὀκεανοῖο κατὰ πλατὺ χεῦμα φέρονται
 ἄστρο κατερχομένοιο ποτὶ κνέφας Ὀρίωνος·
 δειδιδε δ' ἐν φρεσὶ σῆσιν ἰσημερίην ἀλεγεινὴν, 305
 ἢ ἐνι συμφορέονται ἀν' εὐρέα βένθεα πόντου
 ἔκποθεν αἰσσοῦσαι ὑπὲρ μέγα λαῖτμα θύελλαι,
 ἢ ὅτε Πληιάδων πέλεται δύσις, ἣν ῥα καὶ αὐτὴν
 δείδιθι μαιμώωσαν ἔσω ἁλὸς ἥδ' καὶ ἄλλα
 ἄστρο, τὰ που μογεροῖσι πέλει δέος ἀνθρώποισι 310
 δυόμεν' ἢ ἀνιόντα κατὰ πλατὺ χεῦμα θαλασσης."

Ἄς εἰπὼν κύσε παῖδα καὶ οὐκ ἀνέεργε κελεύθου
 ἰμείροντα μόθοιο δυσσηχέος· ὃς δ' ἐρατεινὸν
 μειδιῶν ἐπὶ νῆα θοῶς ὥρμαινε νέεσθαι.
 ἀλλὰ μιν εἰσέτι μητρὸς ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἔρυκε 315
 δακρυόεις ὀαρισμὸς ἐπισπεύδοντα πόδεσσιν.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε τις θοὸν ἵππον ἐπὶ δρόμον ἰσχανώοντα
 εἴργει ἐφεζόμενος, ὃ δ' ἐρκανώοντα χαλινὸν
 δάπτει ἐπιχρεμέθων, στέρνον δέ οἱ ἀφριώοντος
 δεύεται, οὐδ' ἴστανται ἐελδόμενοι πόδες οἴμης, 320
 πουλὺς δ' ἀμφ' ἓνα χῶρον ἐλαφροτάτοις ὑπὸ
 ποσσὶ

ταρφέα κινυμένοιο πέλει κτύπος, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
 ῥῶοντ' ἐσσυμένοιο, κάρη δ' εἰς ὕψος αἰερεῖ
 φυσιῶν μάλα πολλά, νῶος δ' ἐπιτέρπετ' ἄνακτος·
 ὥς ἄρα κύδιμον νῖα μενεπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος 325
 μήτηρ μὲν κατέρυκε, πόδες δέ οἱ ἐγκονέεσκον·
 ἢ δὲ καὶ ἀχνυμένη περ ἔφ' ἐπαγάλλετο παιδί.

Ὅς δέ μιν ἀμφικύσας μάλα μυρία κάλλιπε
 μούνην
 μυρομένην ἀλεγεινὰ φίλου κατὰ δώματα πατρός·
 οἷη δ' ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα μέγ' ἀσχαλώωσα χειλίδων 330
 μύρεται αἰόλα τέκνα, τὰ που μάλα τετριγῶτα
 320

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

300 The long sea-ridges, when the sun hath left
 The Archer-star, and meets the misty Goat,
 When the wild blasts drive on the lowering storm,
 Or when Orion to the darkling west
 Slopes, into Ocean's river sinking slow.
 305 Beware the time of equal days and nights,
 When blasts that o'er the sea's abysses rush,—
 None knoweth whence—in fury of battle clash.
 Beware the Pleiads' setting, when the sea
 Maddens beneath their power—nor these alone,
 310 But other stars, terrors of hapless men,
 As o'er the wide sea-gulf they set or rise."

Then kissed he him, nor sought to stay the feet
 Of him who panted for the clamour of war,
 Who smiled for pleasure and for eagerness
 315 To haste to the ship. Yet were his hurrying feet
 Stayed by his mother's pleading and her tears
 Still in those halls awhile. As some swift horse
 Is reined in by his rider, when he strains
 Unto the race-course, and he neighs, and champs
 320 The curbing bit, dashing his chest with foam,
 And his feet eager for the course are still
 Never, his restless hooves are clattering aye;
 His mane is a stormy cloud, he tosses high
 His head with snortings, and his lord is glad;
 So reined his mother back the glorious son
 Of battle-stay Achilles, so his feet
 325 Were restless, so the mother's loving pride
 Joyed in her son, despite her heart-sick pain.

A thousand times he kissed her, then at last
 Left her alone with her own grief and moan
 There in her father's halls. As o'er her nest
 A swallow in her anguish cries aloud
 330 For her lost nestlings which, mid piteous shrieks,

αἰνὸς ὄφιν κατέδαψε καὶ ἤκαχε μητέρα κεδνὴν,
 ἣ δ' ὅτε μὲν χήρην περιπέπταται ἀμφὶ καλὴν,
 ἄλλοτε δ' εὐτύκτοισι περὶ προθύροισι ποτᾶται
 αἰνὰ κινυρομένη τεκέων ὑπερ' ὥς ἄρα κείνου 335
 μύρετο Δηιδάμεια, καὶ νῆος ἄλλοτε μὲν που
 εὐνὴν ἀμφιχυθεῖσα μέγ' ἴαχεν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
 κλαῖεν ἐπὶ φλῆσι· φίλῳ δ' ἐγκάθετο κόλπῳ,
 εἴ τί οἱ ἐν μεγάροισι τετυγμένον ἦεν ἄθυρμα,
 ᾧ ἐπὶ τυτθὸς ἐὼν ἀταλὰς φρένας ἰαίνεσκεν 340
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ καὶ ἄκοντα λελειμμένον εἴ που ἴδοιτο,
 ταρφέα μιν φιλέεσκε, καὶ εἴ τί περ ἄλλο γοῶσα
 ἔδρακε παιδὸς ἐοῖο δαΐφρονος. οὐδ' ὃ γε μητρὸς
 ἄσπετ' ὀδυρομένης ἔτ' ἐπέκλυεν, ἀλλ' ἀπάτερθε
 βαῖνε θοὴν ἐπὶ νῆα· φέρον δέ μιν ὠκέα γυνῖα 345
 ἀστέρι παμφανόωντι πανεῖκελον. ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'
 αὐτῷ

ἔσπετ' ὁμῶς Ὀδυσῇ δαΐφρονι Τυδέος υἱός,
 ἄλλοι τ' εἵκοσι φῶτες ἀρηράμενοι φρεσὶ θυμόν,
 τοὺς ἔχε κεδνοτάτους ἐν δώμασι Δηιδάμεια,
 καὶ σφας ἐφ' ὅρε παιδὶ θοοὺς ἔμναι θεραπείας. 350
 οἱ τότε Ἀχιλλέος νῖα θρασὺν περιπομπνέσκον
 ἐσσύμενον ποτὶ νῆα δι' ἄστεος· ὃς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσοις
 ἦε καυχάλων· κεχάροντο δὲ Νηρηΐναι
 ἀμφὶ Θέτιν· καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἐγήθεε Κυανοχαίτης
 εἰσορόων Ἀχιλλῆος ἀμύμονος ὀβριμον νῖα, 355
 ὥς ἤδη πολέμοιο λιλαίετο δακρυνόεντος
 καίπερ ἐὼν ἔτι παιδνός, ἔτ' ἄχρους· ἀλλὰ μιν
 ἀλκῇ

καὶ μένος ὀτρύνεσκεν· ἐῆς δ' ἐξέσσυτο πάτρης,
 οἷος Ἀρης, ὅτε μῶλον ἐπέρχεται αἱματόεντα
 χρώμενος δηίοισι, μέμνηε δέ οἱ μέγα θυμός, 360
 καὶ οἱ ἐπισκύνιον βλοσυρὸν πέλει, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'
 αὐτῷ

ὄμματα μαρμαίρουσιν ἴσον πυρί, ταὶ δὲ παρειαὶ

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

A fearful serpent hath devoured, and wrung
The loving mother's heart; and now above
That empty cradle spreads her wings, and now
Flies round its porchway fashioned cunningly
Lamenting piteously her little ones;
So for her child Deïdameia mourned.
Now on her son's bed did she cast herself
Crying aloud, against his door-post now
She leaned, and wept: now laid she in her lap
Those childhood's toys yet treasured in her bower,
Wherein his babe-heart joyed long years ago.
She saw a dart there left behind of him,
And kissed it o'er and o'er—yea, whatso else
Her weeping eyes beheld that was her son's.

Naught heard he of her moans unutterable,
But was afar, fast striding to the ship.
He seemed, as his feet swiftly bare him on,
Like some all-radiant star; and at his side
With Tydeus' son war-wise Odysseus went,
And with them twenty gallant-hearted men,
Whom Deïdameia chose as trustiest
Of all her household, and unto her son
Gave them for henchmen swift to do his will.
And these attended Achilles' valiant son,
As through the city to the ship he sped.
On, with glad laughter, in their midst he strode;
And Thetis and the Nereids joyed thereat.
Yea, glad was even the Raven-haired, the Lord
Of all the sea, beholding that brave son
Of princely Achilles, marking how he longed
For battle. Beardless boy albeit he was,
His prowess and his might were inward spurs
To him. He hasted forth his fatherland
Like to the War-god, when to gory strife
He speedeth, wroth with foes, when maddeneth
His heart, and grim his frown is, and his eyes

κάλλος ὁμοῦ κρύνοντι φόβῳ καταειμέναι αἰεὶ
φαῖνοντ' ἐσσυμένους, τρομέουσι δὲ καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί·
τοῖος ἦν Ἀχιλῆος εὖς παῖς· οἱ δ' ἀνὰ ἄστρῳ 365
εὐχοντ' ἀθανάτοισι σωσέμεν ἐσθλὸν ἄνακτα
ἀργαλέου παλίνροσον ἀπ' Ἄρεος· οἱ δ' ἐσάκουσαν
εὐχομένων· ὁ δὲ πάντας ὑπείρεχεν, οἳ οἱ ἔποντο.

Ἐλθόντες δ' ἐπὶ θίνα βαρυγδούποιο θαλάσσης
εὐρον ἔπειτ' ἐλατήρας εὐξόου ἐνδοθι νηὸς 370
ἰστία τ' ἐντύνοντας ἐπειγομένους τ' ἀνὰ νῆα·
αἶψα δ' ἐν αὐτοῖς ἔβαν·¹ τοὶ δ' ἔκτοθι πείσματ'
ἔλυσαν

εὐνὰς θ', αἰ νήεσσι μέγα σθένος αἰὲν ἔπονται.
τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' εὐπλοῖην πόσις ὥπασεν Ἀμφιτρίτης
προφρονέως· μάλα γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μέμβλετ'
Ἀχαιῶν 375

τειρομένων ὑπὸ Τρωσὶ καὶ Εὐρυπύλῳ μεγαθύμῳ.
οἱ δ' Ἀχιλῆιον νῖα παρεζόμενοι ἐκάτερθε
τέρπεσκον μῦθοισιν ἐοῦ πατρός ἔργ' ἐνέποντες,
ὅσσα τ' ἀνὰ πλοῦν εὐρὺν ἐμήσατο καὶ ποτὶ γαίῃ
Τηλέφου ἀγχεμάχοιο, καὶ ὅπποσα Τρῶας ἔρεξεν 380
ἀμφὶ πόλιν Πριάμοιο φέρων κλέος Ἀτρεΐδῃσι·
τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἰαίνεται θυμὸς ἐελδομένοιο καὶ αὐτοῦ
πατρός ἀταρβήτοιο κλέος καὶ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.

Ἡ δέ πού ἐν θαλάμοισιν ἀκηχεμένη περὶ παιδί
ἐσθλὴ Δηιδάμεια πολύστονα δάκρυα χεῦε, 385
καὶ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ὑπ' ἀργαλέῃσιν ἀνίης
τήκεθ', ὅπως ἀλαπαδνὸς ἐπ' ἀνθρακίῃσι μολιβδος
ἦε τρύφος κηροῖο· γόος δέ μιν οὐποτ' ἔλειπε
δερκομένην ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπείριτον· οὐνεκα μήτηρ
ἄχυνθ' ἑῷ περὶ παιδί, καὶ ἦν ἐπὶ δαίτ' ἀφίκηται 390
[τηλόθι κεκλόμενος φίλου ἀνδρὸς ἐς ἀλλότριον
δῶ.]

¹ Zimmermann, for ἄρ' αὐτὸς ἔβη, of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Flash levin-flame around him, and his face
Is clothed with glory of beauty terror-blent,
As on he rusheth: quail the very Gods.
So seemed Achilles' goodly son; and prayers
Went up through all the city unto Heaven
To bring their noble prince safe back from war;
And the Gods hearkened to them. High he
towered

Above all stateliest men which followed him.

So came they to the heavy-plunging sea,
And found the rowers in the smooth-wrought ship.
Handling the tackle, fixing mast and sail.
Straightway they went aboard: the shipmen cast
The hawsers loose, and heaved the anchor-stones,
The strength and stay of ships in time of need.
Then did the Sea-queen's lord grant voyage fair
To these with gracious mind; for his heart yearned
O'er the Achaeans, by the Trojan men
And mighty-souled Eurypylus hard-bestead.
On either side of Neoptolemus sat
Those heroes, gladdening his soul with tales
Of his sire's mighty deeds—of all he wrought
In sea-raids, and in valiant Telephus' land,
And how he smote round Priam's burg the men
Of Troy, for glory unto Atreus' sons.
His heart glowed, fain to grasp his heritage,
His aweless father's honour and renown.

In her bower, sorrowing for her son the while,
Deïdameia poured forth sighs and tears.
With agony of soul her very heart
Melted in her, as over coals doth lead
Or wax, and never did her moaning cease,
As o'er the wide sea her gaze followed him.
Ay, for her son a mother fretteth still,
Though it be to a feast that he hath gone,
By a friend bidden forth. But soon the sail

καί ρά οἱ ἰστία νηὸς ἀπόπροθι πολλὸν ἰούσης
ἤδη ἀπεκρύπτοντο καὶ ἥρι φαίνεθ' ὁμοία·
ἀλλ' ἡ μὲν στονάχιζε πανημερίη γοόουσα.

Νηὺς δ' ἔθεεν κατὰ πόντον ἐπισπομένου ἀνέμοιο
τυτθὸν ἐπιφαύουσα πολυρροθίοιο θαλάσσης· 395
πορφύρεον δ' ἐκάτερθε περὶ τρόπιν ἔβραχε κύμα·
αἶψα δὲ νηὺς μέγα λαῖτμα διήνυσσε ποντοποροῦσα.
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ πέσε νυκτὸς ἔπι κνέφας· ἡ δ' ὑπ' ἀήτη
πλῶε κυβερνήτῃ τε διαπρήσσουσα θαλάσσης
βένθεα· θεσπεσίῃ δὲ πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἤλυθεν Ἡώς· 400
τοῖσι δ' ἄρ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων φαίνοντο κολῶναι
Χρῦσά τε καὶ Σμίνθειον ἔδος καὶ Σιγιάς ἄκρη
τύμβος τ' Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος· ἀλλὰ μιν οὔτι
υἱὸς Λαέρταο πύκα φρονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ
δεῖξε Νεοπτολέμῳ, ἵνα οἱ μὴ πένθος ἀέξῃ 405
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι. παρημέβοντο δὲ νήσους
αἶψα Καλυδναίας· Τένεδος δ' ἀπελείπεται ὀπίσσω·
φαίνεται δ' αὐτ' Ἐλεοῦντος ἔδος, τόθι Πρωτεσιλάου
σῆμα πέλει πτελέησι κατὰσκιον αἰπεινῇσιν,
αἶψ' ὅποτ' ἀθρήσωσιν ἀνερχόμεναι δαπέδοιο 410
Ἴλιον, αὐτίκα τῇσι θοῶς αὐαίνεται ἄκρα.
νῆα δ' ἐρεσσομένην ἄνεμος φέρεν ἀγχόθι Τροίης·
ἵκετο δ' ἦχι καὶ ἄλλαι ἔσαν παρὰ θίνεσι νῆες
Ἀργείων, οἱ τῆμος οἴζυρῶς πονέοντο
μαρνάμενοι περὶ τείχος, ὅπερ πάρος αὐτοὶ ἔδειμαν 415
νηῶν ἔμμεναι ἔρκος εἰς σθενέων θ' ἅμα λαῶν
ἐν πολέμῳ· τὸ δ' ἄρ' ἤδη ὑπ' Εὐρυπύλοιο χέρεσσι
μέλλεν ἀμαλδύνεσθαι ἐρειπόμενον ποτὶ γαίῃ,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' αἶψ' ἐνόησε κραταιοῦ Τυδέος υἱὸς
βαλλόμεν' ἔρκεα μακρά· θοῆς δ' ἄφαρ ἔκθορε νηός, 420
θαρσαλέως δ' ἐβόησεν, ὅσον χάδε οἱ κέαρ ἔνδον·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Of that good ship far-fleeting o'er the blue
Grew faint and fainter—melted in sea-haze.
But still she sighed, still daylong made her moan.

On ran the ship before a following wind,
Seeming to skim the myriad-surgings sea,
And crashed the dark wave either side the prow :
Swiftly across the abyss unplumbed she sped.
Night's darkness fell about her, but the breeze
Held, and the steersman's hand was sure. O'er gulfs
Of brine she flew, till Dawn divine rose up
To climb the sky. Then sighted they the peaks
Of Ida, Chrysa next, and Smintheus' fane,
Then the Sigeon strand, and then the tomb
Of Aeacus' son. Yet would Laertes' seed,
The man discreet of soul, not point it out
To Neoptolemus, lest the tide of grief
Too high should swell within his breast. They
passed

Calydnae's isles, left Tenedos behind ;
And now was seen the fane of Eleus,
Where stands Protesilaus' tomb, beneath
The shade of towery elms ; when, soaring high
Above the plain, their topmost boughs discern
Troy, straightway wither all their highest sprays.
Nigh Ilium now the ship by wind and oar
Was brought : they saw the long strand fringed with
keels

Of Argives, who endured sore travail of war
Even then about the wall, the which themselves
Had reared to screen the ships and men in stress
Of battle. Even now Eurypylos' hands
To earth were like to dash it and destroy ;
But the quick eyes of Tydeus' strong son marked
How rained the darts and stones on that long wall.
Forth of the ship he sprang, and shouted loud
With all the strength of his undaunted breast :

“ὦ φίλοι, ἡ μέγα πῆμα κυλίνδεται Ἀργείοισι
 σήμερον· ἀλλ’ ἄγε θάσσον ἐς αἰόλα τεύχεα δύντες
 ἴομεν ἐς πολέμοιο πολυκμήτοιο κυδοιμόν·
 ἤδη γὰρ πύργοισιν ἐφ’ ἡμετέροισι μάχονται 425
 Τρῶες εὐπτόλεμοι, τοὶ δὲ τάχα τεύχεα μακρὰ
 ῥηξάμενοι πυρὶ νῆας ἐνιπρήσουσι μάλ’ αἰνῶς·
 νῶϊν δ’ οὐκέτι νόστος ἐελδομένοις ἀνὰ θυμὸν
 ἔσσεται· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ ὑπὲρ μόνον αἶψα
 δαμέντες
 κεισόμεθ’ ἐν Τροίῃ, τεκέων ἐκὰς ἡδὲ γυναικῶν.” 430
 “Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ’ ὤκιστα θοῆς ἐκ νηὸς ὄρουσαν
 πανσυνδίῃ· πάντας γὰρ ἔλε τρόμος εἰσαΐοντας
 νόσφι Νεοπτολέμοιο δαΐφρονος, οὐνεκ’ ἐφύκει
 πατρὶ φίλῳ μέγα κάρτος· ἔρως δέ οἱ ἔμπεσε
 χάρμης.
 καρπαλίμως δ’ ἵκοντο ποτὶ κλισίην Ὀδυσῆος 435
 ἡ γὰρ ἔην ἄγχιστα νεὼς κυανοπρώροιο·
 πολλὰ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐξημοιβὰ παρανόθι τεύχεα κείτο,
 ἡμὲν Ὀδυσσῆος πυκιμήδεος ἡδὲ καὶ ἄλλων
 ἀντιθέων ἐτάρων, ὅποσα κταμένων ἀφέλοντο.
 ἔνθ’ ἐσθλὸς μὲν ἔδν καλὰ τεύχεα, τοὶ δὲ χεῖρεια 440
 δῦσαν, ὅσοις ἀλαπαδνὸν ὑπὸ κραδίῃ πέλεν ἦτορ·
 αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς δύσαθ’ ἃ οἱ Ἰθάκηθεν ἔποντο·
 δῶκε δὲ Τυδείδῃ Διομήδεϊ κάλλιμα τεύχη
 κείμενα, τὰ δὲ Σώκοιο βίην εἵρυσσε πάροιθεν·
 υἱὸς δ’ αὐτ’ Ἀχιλλῆος ἐδύσατο τεύχεα πατρός, 445
 καὶ οἱ φαίνεται πάμπαν ἀλγικίος· ἀμφὶ δ’ ἐλαφρὰ
 Ἡφαίστου παλάμῃσι περὶ μελέεσσιν ἀρήρει,
 καίπερ ἐόνθ’ ἐτέροισι πελώρια· τῷ δ’ ἅμα πάντα
 φαίνεται τεύχεα κοῦφα· κάρη γε μὲν οὔτι βάρυνε
 πῆληξ [οὐ παλάμῃσιν ἐπέβρισεν δόρυ μακρόν]
 Πηλῆϊς, ἀλλὰ ἐχερσὶ καὶ ἡλίβατόν περ εἴουσιν 450
 ῥηιδίως ἀνάειρεν ἔθ’ αἵματος ἰσχανόωσαν.
 Ἀργείων δέ μιν ὅσσοι ἐπέδρακον, οὔτι δύναντο

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

“ Friends, on the Argive men is heaped this day
Sore travail ! Let us don our flashing arms
With speed, and to yon battle-turmoil haste.
For now upon our towers the warrior sons
Of Troy press hard—yea, haply will they tear
The long walls down, and burn the ships with fire,
And so the souls that long for home-return
Shall win it never ; nay, ourselves shall fall
Before our due time, and shall lie in graves
In Troyland, far from children and from wives.”

All as one man down from the ship they leapt ;
For trembling seized on all for that grim sight—
On all save aweless Neoptolemus
Whose might was like his father's : lust of war
Swept o'er him. To Odysseus' tent in haste
They sped, for close it lay to where the ship
Touched land. About its walls was hung great
store

Of change of armour, of wise Odysseus some,
And rescued some from gallant comrades slain.
Then did the brave man put on goodly arms ;
But they in whose breasts faintlier beat their hearts
Must don the worser. Odysseus stood arrayed
In those which came with him from Ithaca :
To Diomed he gave fair battle-gear
Stripped in time past from mighty Socus slain.
But in his father's arms Achilles' son
Clad him—and lo, he seemed Achilles' self !
Light on his limbs and lapping close they lay—
So cunning was Hephaestus' workmanship—
Which for another had been a giant's arms.
The massive helmet cumbered not his brows ;
Yea, the great Pelian spear-shaft burdened not
His hand, but lightly swung he up on high
The heavy and tall lance thirsting still for blood.

Of many Argives which beheld him then

καίπερ ἐελδόμενοι σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, οὐνεκ' ἄρ'
 αὐτοὺς
 πᾶν περὶ τείχος ἔτειρε βαρὺς πολέμοιο κυδοιμός·
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀν' εὐρέα πόντον ἐρημαίῃ περὶ νήσῳ 455
 ἀνθρώπων ἀπάτερθεν ἐεργμένοι ἀσχαλώσιν
 ἀνέρες, οὓς τ' ἀνέμοιο καταιγίδες ἀντιώσσαι
 εἵργουσιν μάλα πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον, οἱ δ' ἀλεγεινοὶ
 νηὶ περιτρωχῶσι, καταφθινύθει δ' ἄρα πάντα 460
 ἥϊα, τειρομένοισι δ' ἐπιπνεύση λιγὺς οὐρός·
 ὥς ἄρ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔθνος ἀκηχέμενον τὸ πάροιθεν
 ἀμφὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο βίῃ κεχάροντο μολόντι
 ἐλπόμενοι στονέοντος ἀναπνεύσειν καμάτοιο.
 ὅσσε δέ οἱ μάρμαιρεν ἀναιδέος εὐτε λέοντος,
 ὅς τε κατ' οὐρεα μακρὰ μέγ' ἀσχαλὼν ἐνὶ θυμῷ 465
 ἔσσυνται ἀγρευτῆσιν ἐναντίον, οἱ τέ οἱ ἦδη
 ἄντρῳ ἐπεμβαίνωσιν ἐρύσσασθαι μεμαῶτες
 σκύμνους οἰωθέντας ἑῶν ἀπὸ τῆλε τοκῆων
 βήσση ἐνὶ σκιερῇ, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ὑψόθεν ἕκ τινος ἄκρης
 ἀθρήσας ὀλοοῖσιν ἐπέσσυνται ἀγρευτῆσι 470
 σμερδαλέον βλοσυρῆσιν ὑπαὶ γενέεσσι βεβρυχώς·
 ὥς ἄρα φαίδιμος υἱὸς ἀταρβέος Αἰακίδαο
 θυμὸν ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν εὐπτολέμοισιν ὄρινεν·
 οἴμησεν δ' ἄρα πρῶτον, ὅπῃ μάλα δῆρις ὀρώρει
 ἀμ πεδίον· τῇ γάρ φρεσὶν ἔλπετο¹ τείχος Ἀχαιῶν 475
 ῥῆϊτερον δηΐοισι κατὰ κλόνον ἔσσυμένοισιν,
 οὐνεκ' ἀκιδνοτέρησιν ἐπάλξεσιν ἡρήριστο.
 σὺν δέ οἱ ἄλλοι ἔβαν μέγα μαιμῶντες Ἄρηι·
 εὐρον δ' Εὐρύπυλον κρατερόφρονα, τῷ δ' ἄμ'
 ἐταίρους
 πύργῳ ἐπεμβεβαῶτας, οἰομένους περὶ θυμῷ 480
 ῥήξειν τεῖχεα μακρὰ καὶ Ἀργείους ἀπολέσσειν
 πανσυδίῃ· τοῖς δ' οὔτι θεοὶ τελέεσκον ἐέλδωρ·
 ἀλλὰ σφεας Ὀδυσσεύς τ' ἠδὲ σθεναρὸς Διομήδης

¹ Zimmermann, for σφισιν ἔπλετο of Koechly.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Might none draw nigh to him, how fain soe'er,
So fast were they in that grim grapple locked
Of the wild war that raged all down the wall.
But as when shipmen, under a desolate isle
Mid the wide sea by stress of weather bound,
Chafe, while afar from men the adverse blasts
Prison them many a day; they pace the deck
With sinking hearts, while scantier grows their store
Of food; they weary till a fair wind sings;
So joyed the Achaean host, which theretofore
Were heavy of heart, when Neoptolemus came,
Joyed in the hope of breathing-space from toil.
Then like the aweless lion's flashed his eyes,
Which mid the mountains leaps in furious mood
To meet the hunters that draw nigh his cave,
Thinking to steal his cubs, there left alone
In a dark-shadowed glen—but from a height
The beast hath spied, and on the spoilers leaps
With grim jaws terribly roaring; even so
That glorious child of Aeacus' aweless son
Against the Trojan warriors burned in wrath.
Thither his eagle-swoop descended first
Where loudest from the plain uproared the fight;
There weakest, he divined, must be the wall,
The battlements lowest, since the surge of foes
Brake heaviest there. Charged at his side the rest
Breathing the battle-spirit. There they found
Eurypylus mighty of heart and all his men
Scaling a tower, exultant in the hope
Of tearing down the walls, of slaughtering
The Argives in one holocaust. No mind
The Gods had to accomplish their desire!
But now Odysseus, Diomede the strong,

ἰσόθεός τε Νεοπτόλεμος δῖός τε Λεοντεὺς
 ἄψ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ὧσαν ἀπειρεσίους βελέεσσιν. 485
 ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ σταθμοῖο κύνες μογεροί τε νομῆς
 κάρτει καὶ φωνῇ κρατεροὺς σεύουσι λέοντας
 πάντοθεν ἐσσύμενοι, τοὶ δ' ὄμμασι γλανκιδόντες
 στρωφῶντ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα λιλαιόμενοι μέγα θυμῷ
 πόρτιας ἡδὲ βόας μετὰ γαμφηλῇσι λαφύξαι, 490
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὧς εἰκουσι κυνῶν ὑπὸ καρτεροθύμων
 σενόμενοι, μάλα γάρ σφιν ἐπαΐσσουνσι νομῆς·
 βαιόν, ὅσον τις ἴησι χερὸς περιμήκεα λᾶαν·

* * * * *

οὐ γὰρ Τρῶας ἔα νηῶν ἀπονόσφι φέβεσθαι
 Εὐρύπυλος, δηίων δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ὀτρύνεσκε 495
 μίμνειν, εἰσόκε νῆας ἔλη καὶ πάντας ὀλέσση
 Ἀργείους· Ζεὺς γάρ οἱ ἀπειρέσιον βάλε κάρτος.
 αὐτίκα δ' ὀκριδέσσαν ἑλὼν καὶ ἀτειρέα πέτρην
 ἦκεν ἐπεσσυμένως κατὰ τείχεος ἡλιβάτοιο·
 σμερδαλέον δ' ἄρα πάντα περιπλατάγησε θέμεθλα 500
 ἔρκεος αἰπεινοῖο· δέος δ' ἔλε πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
 τείχεος ὡς ἡδὴ συνοχωκότος ἐν κονίησιν.
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὧς ἀπόρουσαν ἀταρτηροῖο κυδοιμοῦ,
 ἀλλ' ἔμενον θώεσσιν εὐοκότες ἢ λύκοισι,
 μήλων ληιστήρσιν ἀναιδέσιν, οὓς τ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν 505
 ἄντρων ἐξελάσσωσιν ὁμῶς κυσὶν ἀγροιδῶται
 ἰέμενοι σκύμνοισι φόνον στονόεντα βαλέσθαι
 ἐσσυμένως, τοὶ δ' οὔτι βιαζόμενοι βελέεσσι
 χάζοντ', ἀλλὰ μένοντες ἀμύνουσιν τεκέεσσιν·
 ὡς οἱ ἀμυνόμενοι νηῶν ὑπὲρ ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτῶν 510
 μίμνον ἐν ὑσμίνῃ· τοῖς δ' Εὐρύπυλος θρασυ-
 χάρμης

ἡπείλει μέγα πᾶσι νεῶν προπάροιθε θοάων·
 “ἂ δειλοὶ καὶ ἀναλκιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἔχοντες,

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Leonteus, and Neoptolemus, as a God
In strength and beauty, hailed their javelins down,
And thrust them from the wall. As dogs and
shepherds

By shouting and hard fighting drive away
Strong lions from a steading, rushing forth
From all sides, and the brutes with glaring eyes
Pace to and fro ; with savage lust for blood
Of calves and kine their jaws are slaving ;
Yet must their onrush give back from the hounds
And fearless onset of the shepherd folk ;
[So from these new defenders shrank the foe]
A little, far as one may hurl a stone
Exceeding great ; for still Eurypylus
Suffered them not to flee far from the ships,
But cheered them on to bide the brunt, until
The ships be won, and all the Argives slain ;
For Zeus with measureless might thrilled all his
frame.

Then seized he a rugged stone and huge, and leapt
And hurled it full against the high-built wall.
It crashed, and terribly boomed that rampart steep
To its foundations. Terror gripped the Greeks,
As though that wall had crumbled down in dust ;
Yet from the deadly conflict flinched they not,
But stood fast, like to jackals or to wolves—
Bold robbers of the sheep—when mid the hills
Hunter and hound would drive them forth their
caves,

Being grimly purposed there to slay their whelps.
Yet these, albeit tormented by the darts,
Flee not, but for their cubs' sake bide and fight ;
So for the ships' sake they abode and fought,
And for their own lives. But Eurypylus
Afront of all the ships stood, taunting them :
“ Coward and dastard souls ! no darts of yours

οὐκ ἂν δὴ βελέεσσι νεῶν ἅπο ταρβήσαντα
 ἡλάσατ', εἰ μὴ τείχος ἐμὴν ἀπέρυκεν ὁμοκλήν· 515
 νῦν δέ μοι εὖτε λέοντι κύνες πτώσσοντες ἐν ὕλῃ
 μάρνασθ' ἔνδον ἔοντες ἀλευόμενοι φόνον αἰπύν·
 ἦν δέ ποτ' ἐκ νηῶν ἐς Τρώϊον οὐδας ἵκησθε,
 ὥς τὸ πάρος μεμαῶτες ἐπὶ μόθον, οὐ νύ τις ὑμέας
 ῥύσεται ἐκ θανάτοιο δυσηχέος, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες 520
 κείσεσθ' ἐν κοινήσιν ἐμεῦ ὑπο δηωθέντες."

Ἦς ἔφατ' ἀκράαντον εἰς ἔπος· οὐδέ τι ᾗδῃ
 ὅττι ρά οἱ μέγα πῆμα κυλίνδετο βαιὸν ἄπωθεν
 χερσὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο θρασύφρονος, ὅς μιν ἐμελλε
 δάμνασθ' οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν ὑπ' ἔγχει μαιμώνωντι. 525
 οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ τότε ἔσκειν ἄτερ κρατεροῖο πόνοιο,
 ἀλλ' ἄρα Τρῶας ἔναιρεν ἀφ' ἑρκέος· οἱ δ' ἐφέβοντο
 βαλλόμενοι καθύπερθε· περικλονέοντο δ' ἀνάγκῃ
 Εὐρυπύλῳ· πάντας γὰρ ἀνιηρὸν δέος ἦρει·
 ὥς δ' ὅτε νηπίαχοι περὶ γούνασι πατρὸς ἐοῖο 530
 πτώσσουσι βροντὴν μεγάλου Διὸς ἀμφὶ νήφεσσι
 ῥηγνυμένην, ὅτε δεινὸν ἐπιστοναχίζεται αἰθὴρ·
 ὥς ἄρα Τρώιοι νῆες ἐν ἀνδράσι Κητείοισιν
 ἀμφὶ μέγαν βασιλῆα Νεοπτόλεμον φοβέοντο
 πᾶν θ' ὅ¹ τι χερσὶν ἔηκεν· ἐς ἰθὺ γὰρ ἔπτατο πῆμα, 535
 δυσμενέων κεφαλῇσι φέρον πολὺδακρυ· Ἄρρη.
 οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀμμηχανίῃ βεβολημένοι ἔνδοθεν ἦτορ
 Τρῶες ἔφαντ' Ἀχιλῆα πελώριον εἰσοράσθαι
 αὐτὸν ὁμῶς τεύχεσσι· καὶ ἀμφασίην ἀλεγεινὴν
 κεῖθον ὑπὸ κραδίῃ, ἵνα μὴ δέος αἰνὸν ἵκηται 540
 ἐς φρένα Κητείων μηδ' Εὐρυπύλοιο ἄνακτος·
 αὐτοῦ δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ἀπειρέσιον τρομέοντες
 μεσσηγὺς κακότητος ἔσαν κρυεροῦ τε φόβοιο·
 αἰδῶς γὰρ κατέρυκεν ὁμῶς καὶ δαῖμ' ἀλεγεινόν.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε παιπαλόεσσαν ὁδὸν κάτα ποσσὶν ἰόντες 545
 ἀνέρες ἀθρήσωσιν ἀπ' οὐρεος αἴσσοντα

¹ Zimmermann, for πᾶν ὅ τι of Koechly.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Had given me pause, nor thrust back from your ships,
Had not your rampart stayed mine onset-rush.
Ye are like to dogs, that in a forest flinch
Before a lion! Skulking therewithin
Ye are fighting—nay, are shrinking back from death!
But if ye dare come forth on Trojan ground,
As once when ye were eager for the fray,
None shall from ghastly death deliver you:
Slain by mine hand ye all shall lie in dust!”

So did he shout a prophecy unfulfilled,
Nor heard Doom's chariot-wheels fast rolling near
Bearing swift death at Neoptolemus' hands,
Nor saw death gleaming from his glittering spear.
Ay, and that hero paused not now from fight,
But from the ramparts smote the Trojans aye.
From that death leaping from above they quailed
In tumult round Eurypylus: deadly fear
Gripped all their hearts. As little children cower
About a father's knees when thunder of Zeus
Crashes from cloud to cloud, when all the air
Shudders and groans, so did the sons of Troy,
With those Ceteians round their great king, cower
Ever as prince Neoptolemus hurled; for death
Rode upon all he cast, and bare his wrath
Straight rushing down upon the heads of foes.
Now in their hearts those wildered Trojans said
That once more they beheld Achilles' self
Gigantic in his armour. Yet they hid
That horror in their breasts, lest panic fear
Should pass from them to the Ceteian host
And king Eurypylus; so on every side
They wavered 'twixt the stress of their hard strait
And that blood-curdling dread, 'twixt shame and fear.
As when men treading a precipitous path
Look up, and see adown the mountain-slope

χείμαρρον, καναχή δὲ περιβρομέει περὶ πέτρῃ,
οὐδ' ἔτι οἱ μεμάασιν ἀνὰ ῥόον ἡχήμεντα
δύμεναι ἐγκονέοντες, ἐπεὶ παρὰ ποσσὶν ὄλεθρον
δερκόμενοι τρομέουσι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγουσι κελεύθου· 550
ὥς ἄρα Τρῶες ἔμμινον ἐελδόμενοί περ ἀλύξαι

τείχος ὑπ' Ἀργείων· τοὺς δ' Εὐρύπυλος θεοειδὴς
αἰὲν ἐποτρύνεσκε ποτὶ κλόνον· ἡ γὰρ ἐώλπει
πολλοὺς δηϊόωντα πελώριον ἐν δαὶ φῶτα
χεῖρα καμεῖν καὶ κάρτος· ὁ δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγε μόθοιο. 555

Τῶν δ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίη κρατερὸν πόνον εἰσορόωσα
κάλλιπεν Οὐλύμποιο θυωδέος αἰπὰ μέλαθρα·
βῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κορυφᾶς¹ ὀρέων· οὐδ' ἔχνεσι γαίης
ψαυε μέγ' ἐγκονέουσα· φέρεν δέ μιν ἱερός ἀῆρ
εἰδομένην νεφέεσσιν, ἐλαφροτέρην δ' ἀνέμοιο. 560
Τροίην δ' αἰψ' ἀφίκανε, πόδας δ' ἐπέθηκε κολώνῃ
Σιγέου ἡνεμόεντος· ἐδέρκετο δ' ἔνθεν αὐτὴν
ἀγχεμάχων ἀνδρῶν, κύδαινε δὲ πολλὸν Ἀχαιοὺς.
υἱὸς δ' αὐτ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἔχεν πολὺ φέρτατον ἄλλων
θάρσος ὁμοῦ καὶ κάρτος, ἃ τ' ἀνδράσιν εἰς ἐν ἴοντα 565
τεύχουσιν μέγα κῦδος· ὁ δ' ἀμφοτέροισι κέκαστο,
οὐνεκ' ἔην Διὸς αἷμα, φίλῳ δ' ἤικτο τοκῆϊ·
τῷ καὶ ἄτρεστος ἐὼν πολέας κτάνεν ἀγχόθι πύργων
ὥς δ' ἀλιεύς κατὰ πόντον ἀνὴρ λελημένος ἄγρης
τεύχων ἰχθύσι πῆμα φέρει μένος Ἥφαίστοιο 570
μηδὲς εἰς ἔντοσθε, διεγρομένη δ' ὑπ' αὐτμῇ
μαρμαίρει περὶ νῆα πυρὸς σέλας, οἱ δὲ κελαίνης
ἐξ ἄλods αἰτσοῦσι μεμαότες ὕστατον αἶγλην
εἰσιδέειν, τοὺς γάρ βα ταυηγλώχινι τριαίνῃ
κτείνειν ἐπεσσυμένους, γάννυται δὲ οἱ ἦτορ ἐπ'
ἄγρῃ· 575

ὥς ἄρα κύδιμος υἱὸς εὐπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος
λαΐνεον περὶ τείχος ἐδάμνατο δῆϊα φῦλα

¹ Zimmermann, for κεφαλῆς of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

A torrent rushing on them, thundering down
The rocks, and dare not meet its clamorous flood,
But hurry shuddering on, with death in sight
Holding as naught the perils of the path ;
So stayed the Trojans, spite of their desire
[To flee the imminent death that waited them]
Beneath the wall. Godlike Eurypylus
Aye cheered them on to fight. He trusted still
That this new mighty foe would weary at last
With toil of slaughter ; but he wearied not.

That desperate battle-travail Pallas saw,
And left the halls of Heaven incense-sweet,
And flew o'er mountain-crests : her hurrying feet
Touched not the earth, borne by the air divine
In form of cloud-wreaths, swifter than the wind.
She came to Troy, she stayed her feet upon
Sigeum's windy ness, she looked forth thence
Over the ringing battle of dauntless men,
And gave the Achaeans glory. Achilles' son
Beyond the rest was filled with valour and strength
Which win renown for men in whom they meet.
Peerless was he in both : the blood of Zeus
Gave strength ; to his father's valour was he heir ;
So by those towers he smote down many a foe.
And as a fisher on the darkling sea,
To lure the fish to their destruction, takes
Within his boat the strength of fire ; his breath
Kindles it to a flame, till round the boat
Glareth its splendour, and from the black sea
Dart up the fish all eager to behold
The radiance—for the last time ; for the barbs
Of his three-pointed spear, as up they leap,
Slay them ; his heart rejoices o'er the prey.
So that war-king Achilles' glorious son
Slew hosts of onward-rushing foes around

ἀντὶ ἐπεσσυμένων· πονέοντο δὲ πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἄλλοι ὁμῶς ἄλλησιν ἐπάλξεσιν· ἔβραχε δ' εὐρύς
 αἰγιαλὸς καὶ νῆες, ἐπεστενάχοντο δὲ μακρὰ 580
 τείχεα βαλλομένων· κάματος δ' ὑπεδάμνατο λαοὺς
 ἄσπετος ἀμφοτέρωθε, λύνοντο δὲ γυνῖα καὶ ἀλκὴ
 αἰζήων· ἀλλ' οὔτι μενεπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος
 ἄμφεχεν νιέα δῖον, ἐπεὶ δέ¹ οἱ ὄβριμον ἦτορ
 πάμπαν ἔην ἄτρυτον, ἀνιηρὸν δέος² οὔτι 585
 ἦψατο μαρναμένοιο· μένος δ' ἀκάμαντι ἐώκει
 ἀενάῳ ποταμῷ, τὸν ἀπειρεσίῃ πυρὸς ὄρμη
 οὔποτ' ἰοῦσ' ἐφόβησε, καὶ εἰ μέγα μαίνεται ἀήτης
 Ἥφαιστου κλονέων ἱερὸν μένος, ἦν γὰρ ἵκηται
 ἐγγὺς ἐπὶ προχοῇσι μαραίνεται, οὐδέ οἱ ἀλκὴ 590
 ἄψασθ' ἀργαλέῃ σθένει ὕδατος ἀκαμάτιοι·
 ὥς ἄρα Πηλεΐδαο δαΐφρονος νιέος ἐσθλοῦ
 οὔτε μόγος στονόεις οὔτ' ἄρ δέος ἦψατο γούνων
 αἰὲν ἐρειδομένοιο καὶ ὀτρύνοντος ἐταίρους.
 οὐ μὲν οὐδὲ βέλος κείνου χροῖα καλὸν ἵκανε 595
 πολλῶν βαλλομένων· ἀλλ' ὥς νιφάδες περὶ πέτρην
 πολλάκις ἤιχθησαν ἐτώσια· πάντα γὰρ εὐρὺ
 εἶργε σάκος βριαρὴ τε κόρυς, κλυτὰ δῶρα θεοῖο·
 τοῖς ἐπικαγαλῶν κρατερὸς παῖς Αἰακίδαο
 φοῖτα μακρὰ βοῶν περὶ τείχεϊ πολλὰ κελεύων 600
 ἐς μόθον Ἀργείοισιν ἀταρβέσιν, οὐνεκα πάντων
 πολλὸν ἔην ὄχ' ἄριστος, ἔχεν δ' ἔτι θυμὸν ὁμοκλήης
 λευγαλέης ἀκόρητον, ἐοῦ δ' ἄρα μῆδετο πατρὸς
 τίσεσθ' ἀλγινόεντα φόνον· κεχάροντο δ' ἀνακτι
 Μυρμιδόνες· στυγερὴ δὲ πέλεν περὶ τείχος αὐτή. 605
 Ἔνθα δὴ κτάνε παῖδε πολυχρύσιοι Μέγηντος,
 ὃς γόνος ἔσκε Δύμαντος, ἔχεν δ' ἐρικυδέας νίης,
 εἰδότας εὖ μὲν ἄκοντα βαλεῖν, εὖ δ' ἵππον ἐλάσσαι
 ἐν πολέμῳ καὶ μακρὸν ἐπισταμένως δόρυ πῆλαι,

¹ Zimmermann, for βα of v.

² Zimmermann, for δέ οἱ of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

That wall of stone. Well fought the Achaeans all
Here, there, adown the ramparts : rang again
The wide strand and the ships : the battered walls
Groaned ever. Men with weary ache of toil
Fainted on either side ; sinews and might
Of strong men were unstrung. But o'er the son
Of battle-stay Achilles weariness
Crept not : his battle-eager spirit aye
Was tireless ; never touched by palsying fear
He fought on, as with the triumphant strength
Of an ever-flowing river : though it roll
'Twixt blazing forests, though the madding blast
Roll stormy seas of flame, it feareth not,
For at its brink faint grows the fervent heat,
The strong flood turns its might to impotence ;
So weariness nor fear could bow the knees
Of Hero Achilles' gallant-hearted son,
Still as he fought, still cheered his comrades on.
Of myriad shafts sped at him none might touch
His flesh, but even as snowflakes on a rock
Fell vainly ever : wholly screened was he
By broad shield and strong helmet, gifts of a God.
In these exulting did the Aeacid's son
Stride all along the wall, with ringing shouts
Cheering the dauntless Argives to the fray,
Being their mightiest far, bearing a soul
Insatiate of the awful onset-cry,
Burning with one strong purpose, to avenge
His father's death : the Myrmidons in their king
Exulted. Roared the battle round the wall.

Two sons he slew of Meges rich in gold,
Scion of Dymas—sons of high renown,
Cunning to hurl the dart, to drive the steed
In war, and deftly cast the lance afar,
Born at one birth beside Sangarius' banks

τοὺς τέκε οἱ Περίβοια μῆ ὠδῖνι παρ' ὄχθης 610
 Σαγγαρίου, Κέλτον τε καὶ Εὐβιον· οὐδ' ἀπόναντο
 ὄλβου ἀπειρεσίοιο πολὺν χρόνον, οὐνεκα Μοῖραι
 παῦρον ἐπὶ σφίσι πάγχυ τέλος βιότοιο βάλονται·
 ἄμφω δ' ὥς ἴδον ἤμαρ ὁμῶς, ὥς κάτθανον ἄμφω 615
 χερσὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο θρασύφρονος, ὃς μὲν ἄκοντι
 βλήμενος ἐς κραδίην, ὃ δὲ χερμαδίῳ ἀλεγεινῷ
 κακὰ κεφαλῆς· βριαρὴ δὲ περιθρανσθεῖσα καρήνω,
 ἐθλάσθη τρυφάλεια καὶ ἐγκέφαλον συνέχευεν.
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφίσι φῦλα περικτείνοντο καὶ ἄλλων 620
 μυρία δυσμενέων· μέγα δ' Ἄρεος ἔργον ὁρώρει,
 μέσφ' ὅτε δὴ βουλυτὸς ἐπήλυθεν, ἦνυτο δ' ἡὼς
 ἀμβροσίη, καὶ λαὸς ἀταρβέος Εὐρυπύλοιο
 χάσσατο τυτθὸν ἀπωθε νεῶν· οἱ δ' ἀγχόθι πύργων
 βαῖδ' ἀνέπνευσαν· καὶ δ' αὐτοὶ Τρῳεῖοι νῆες 625
 ἀπυλόντο μόθοιο δυσσηχέος, οὐνεκ' ἐτύχθη
 φύλοπις ἀργαλήη περὶ τείχεϊ. καὶ νῦν ἅπαντες
 Ἀργεῖοι τότε νηυσὶν ἐπὶ σφετέρῃσιν ὄλοντο,
 εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλῆος κρατερὸς παῖς ἤματι κείνῳ
 δυσμενέων ἀπάλαλκε πολὺν στρατὸν ἥδὲ καὶ
 αὐτὸν
 Εὐρύπυλον. τῷ δ' αἶψα γέρων σχεδὸν ἤλυθε 630
 Φοῖνιξ,
 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν θάμβησεν ἐοικότα Πηλείωνι·
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μέγα χάρμα καὶ ἄσπετον ἄλγος ἵκανεν,
 ἄλγος μὲν μνησθέντι ποδώκεος ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆος,
 χάρμα δ' ἄρ', οὐνεκά οἱ κρατερὸν παῖδ' εἰσενόησε·
 κλαίει δ' ὃ γ' ἀσπασίως, ἐπεὶ οὐποτε φῦλ' ἀν- 635
 θρώπων
 νόσφι γόου ζῶουσι, καὶ εἴ ποτε χάρμα φέρονται.
 ἀμφεχύθη δέ οἱ, εὖτε πατὴρ περὶ παιδὶ χυθείη,
 ὃς τε θεῶν ἰότητι πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγ' ἀνατλάς
 ἔλθῃ ἐὼν ποτὶ δῶμα φίλῳ μέγα χάρμα τοκῇ·
 ὥς ὁ Νεοπτολέμοιο κάρη καὶ στήθεα κύσσειν 640
 340

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Of Periboea to him, Celtus one,
And Eubius the other. But not long
His boundless wealth enjoyed they, for the Fates
Span them a thread of life exceeding brief.
As on one day they saw the light, they died
On one day by the same hand. To the heart
Of one Neoptolemus sped a javelin; one
He smote down with a massy stone that crashed
Through his strong helmet, shattered all its ridge,
And dashed his brains to earth. Around them fell
Foes many, a host untold. The War-god's work
Waxed ever mightier till the eventide,
Till failed the light celestial; then the host
Of brave Eurypylus from the ships drew back
A little: they that held those leaguered towers
Had a short breathing-space; the sons of Troy
Had respite from the deadly-echoing strife,
From that hard rampart-battle. Verily all
The Argives had beside their ships been slain,
Had not Achilles' strong son on that day
Withstood the host of foes and their great chief
Eurypylus. Came to that young hero's side
Phoenix the old, and marvelling gazed on one
The image of Peleides. Tides of joy
And grief swept o'er him—grief, for memories
Of that swift-footed father—joy, for sight
Of such a son. He for sheer gladness wept;
For never without tears the tribes of men
Live—nay, not mid the transports of delight.
He clasped him round as father claspeth son
Whom, after long and troublous wanderings,
The Gods bring home to gladden a father's heart.
So kissed he Neoptolemus' head and breast,

ἀμφιχυθείς, καὶ τοῖον ἀγασσάμενος φάτο μῦθον·
 “χαίρέ μοι, ὦ τέκος ἐσθλὸν Ἀχιλλέος, ὃν ποτ’
 ἔγωγε

τυτθὸν ἐόντ’ ἀτίταλλον ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἐμῇσι
 προφρονέως· ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ὄκα θεῶν ἐρικυδέϊ βουλῇ
 ἔρνος ὅπως ἐριθηλὲς ἀέζετο· καὶ οἱ ἔγωγε 645

γῆθεον εἰσορόων ἡμὲν δέμας ἠδὲ καὶ ἀλκὴν·
 ἔσκε δέ μοι μέγ’ ὄνειαρ· ἴσον δέ ἐ παιδὶ τίεσκον
 τηλυγέτω· ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ ἴσον ἐφ’ πατρὶ τίεν ἐμὸν κῆρ·
 κείνῳ μὲν γὰρ ἔγωγε πατήρ, ὁ δ’ ἄρ’ υἱὸς ἔμοιγε
 ἔσκε νόφ’ φαίης κεν ἰδὼν ἐνὸς αἵματος εἶναι 650

εἵνεχ’ ὁμοφροσύνης· ἀρετῇ δ’ ὅ γε φέρτερος ἦεν
 πολλόν, ἐπεὶ μακάρεσσι δέμας καὶ κάρτος ἐφίκει.

τῷ σύγῃ πάμπαν ἔοικας· ἐγὼ δ’ ἄρα κείνῳ ὁῖω
 ζῶν ἐτ’ Ἀργείοισι μετέμμεναι· οὐ μ’ ἄχος ὀξὺ

ἀμφέχει ἤματα πάντα, λυγρῷ δ’ ἐπὶ γῆραϊ θυμὸν 655
 τείρομαι· ὥς ὄφελόν με χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα κεκεύθει

κείνου ἐτι ζώοντος· ὁ καὶ πέλει ἀνέρι κῦδος
 κηδεμονῆος ἐοῦ ὑπὸ χεῖρεσι ταρχυθῆναι.

ἀλλὰ, τέκος, κείνου μὲν ἐγὼν οὐ λήσομαι ἦτορ
 ἀχνύμενος· σὺ δὲ μήτι χαλέπτεο πένθει θυμὸν· 660

ἀλλ’ ἄγε Μυρμιδόνεσσι καὶ ἵπποδάμοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς
 τειρομένοις ἐπάμνυε μέγ’ ἀμφ’ ἀγαθοῖο τοκῆος

χωόμενος δηίοισι· κλέος δέ τοι ἔσσεται ἐσθλὸν
 Εὐρύπυλον δαμάσαντι μάχης ἀκόρητον ἐόντα·

τοῦ γὰρ ὑπέρτερός ἐσσι καὶ ἔσσει, ὅσσον ἀρείων 665
 σείο πατὴρ κείνοιο πέλεν μογεροῖο τοκῆος.”

“Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπε πᾶις Ξανθοῦ Ἀχιλλῆος·
 “ὦ γέρον, ἡμετέρην ἀρετὴν ἀνὰ δῆϊότητα

Αἴσα διακρινέει κρατερῇ καὶ ὑπέρβιος Ἀρης.”
 “Ὡς εἰπὼν αὐτῆμαρ ἐέλδeto τείχεος ἐκτός 670

σεύεσθ’ ἐν τεύχεσσιν ἐοῦ πατρός· ἀλλὰ μιν ἔσχε
 νύξ, ἥ τ’ ἀνθρώποισι λύσιν καμάτοιο φέρουσα
 ἔσσυντ’ ἀπ’ ὠκεανοῖο καλυψαμένη δέμας ὄρφνη.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

Clasping him round, and cried in rapture of joy :
" Hail, goodly son of that Achilles whom
I nursed a little one in mine own arms
With a glad heart. By Heaven's high providence
Like a strong sapling waxed he in stature fast,
And daily I rejoiced to see his form
And prowess, my life's blessing, honouring him
As though he were the son of mine old age ;
For like a father did he honour me.
I was indeed his father, he my son
In spirit : thou hadst deemed us of one blood
Who were in heart one : but of nobler mould
Was he by far, in form and strength a God.
Thou art wholly like him—yea, I seem to see
Alive amid the Argives him for whom
Sharp anguish shrouds me ever. I waste away
In sorrowful age—oh that the grave had closed
On me while yet he lived ! How blest to be
By loving hands of kinsmen laid to rest !
Ah child, my sorrowing heart will nevermore
Forget him ! Chide me not for this my grief.
But now, help thou the Myrmidons and Greeks
In their sore strait : wreak on the foe thy wrath
For thy brave sire. It shall be thy renown
To slay this war-insatiate Telephus' son ;
For mightier art thou, and shalt prove, than he,
As was thy father than his wretched sire."

Made answer golden-haired Achilles' son :
" Ancient, our battle-prowess mighty Fate
And the o'ermastering War-god shall decide."

But, as he spake, he had fain on that same day
Forth of the gates have rushed in his sire's arms ;
But night, which bringeth men release from toil,
Rose from the ocean veiled in sable pall.

Ἀργείων δέ μιν νῆες ἴσον κρατερῷ Ἀχιλλῇ
 κύδαινον παρὰ νηυσὶ γεγηθότες, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοὺς 675
 θαρσαλέους κατέτευξεν ἰὼν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐτοίμως·
 τοῦνεκά μιν τίεσκον ἀγακλειτοῖς γεράεσσιν
 ἄσπετα δῶρα διδόντες, ἅ τ' ἀνέρι πλοῦτον ὀφέλλει·
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ χρυσὸν τε καὶ ἄργυρον, οἱ δὲ γυναικάς
 δμωίδας, οἱ δ' ἄρα χαλκὸν ἀάσπετον, οἱ δὲ
 σίδηρον, 680

ἄλλοι δ' οἶνον ἐρυθρὸν ἐν ἀμφιφορεῦσιν ὅπασσαν
 ἵππους τ' ὠκύποδας καὶ ἀρήϊα τεύχεα φωτῶν
 φάρεά τ' εὐποίητα γυναικῶν κάλλιμα ἔργα·
 τοῖς ἔπι θυμὸν ἵαινε Νεοπτολέμοιο φίλον κῆρ.
 καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν δόρποιο ποτὶ κλισίῃσι μέλοντο 685
 νιδὸν Ἀχιλλῆος θεοειδέα κυδαίνοντες

ἴσον ἐπουρανόισιν ἀτειρέσι· τῷ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
 πόλλ' ἐπικαγαλῶων τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν·
 “ἀτρεκέως παῖς ἐσσί θρασυφρόνος Αἰακίδαο,
 ὦ τέκος, οὐνεκά οἱ κρατερὸν μένος ἦδὲ καὶ εἶδος 690
 καὶ μέγεθος καὶ θάρσος ἰδὲ φρένας ἔνδον ἔοικας·

τῷ σοι ἐγὼ μέγα θυμὸν ἰαίνομαι· ἦ γὰρ ἔολπα
 σῆσιν ὑπαὶ παλάμῃσι καὶ ἔγχεϊ δῆϊα φύλα
 καὶ Πριάμοιο πόλῃα περικλειτὴν ἐναρίζαι,
 οὐνεκα πατρὶ ἔοικας· ἐγὼ δ' ἄρα κείνον οἶω 695
 εἰσοράαν παρὰ νηυσίν, ὅτε Τρώεσσιν ὁμόκλα
 χωόμενος Πατρόκλοιο δεδουπότος· ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἤδη
 ἐστὶ σὺν ἀθανάτοισι· σὲ δ' ἐκ μακάρων προέηκε
 σήμερον Ἀργείοισιν ἀπολλυμένοις ἐπαμύναι.”

Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν Ἀχιλλέος ὀβριμος
 υἱός· 700

“εἴθε μιν, ὦ Ἀγάμεμνον, ἔτι ζῶοντα κίχανον,
 ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς ἄθρησεν ἐὼν θυμήρεα παῖδα
 οὔτι κατασχύνοντα βίην πατρός, ὥσπερ οἶω
 ἔσσεσθ', ἦν με σάωσιν ἀκηδέες Οὐρανίωνες.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη πινυτήσιν ἀρηράμενος φρεσὶ θυμόν· 705

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

With honour as of mighty Achilles' self
Him mid the ships the glad Greeks hailed, who
had won

Courage from that his eager rush to war.
With princely presents did they honour him,
With priceless gifts, whereby is wealth increased ;
For some gave gold and silver, handmaids some,
Brass without weight gave these, and iron those ;
Others in deep jars brought the ruddy wine :
Yea, fleetfoot steeds they gave, and battle-gear,
And raiment woven fair by women's hands.
Glowed Neoptolemus' heart for joy of these.
A feast they made for him amidst the tents,
And there extolled Achilles' godlike son
With praise as of the immortal Heavenly Ones ;
And joyful-voiced Agamemnon spake to him :
"Thou verily art the brave-souled Aeacid's son,
His very image thou in stalwart might,
In beauty, stature, courage, and in soul.
Mine heart burns in me seeing thee. I trust
Thine hands and spear shall smite yon hosts of foes,
Shall smite the city of Priam world-renowned—
So like thy sire thou art! Methinks I see
Himself beside the ships, as when his shout
Of wrath for dead Patroclus shook the ranks
Of Troy. But he is with the Immortal Ones,
Yet, bending from that heaven, sends thee to-day
To save the Argives on destruction's brink."

Answered Achilles' battle-eager son :
"Would I might meet him living yet, O King,
That so himself might see the son of his love
Not shaming his great father's name. I trust
So shall it be, if the Gods grant me life."

So spake he in wisdom and in modesty ;

λαοὶ δ' ἀμφιέποντες ἐθάμβεον ἀνέρα δῖον.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δόρποιο καὶ εἰλαπίνης κορέσαντο,
 δὴ τότε ἄρ' Αἰακίδαο θρασύφρονος ὄβριμος υἱὸς
 ἀνστὰς ἐκ δόρποιο ποτὶ κλισίην ἀφίκανε
 πατὴρ δ' εὖ. τὰ δὲ πολλὰ δαΐκταμένων ἡρώων 710
 ἔντεά οἱ παρέκεινθ'. αἱ δ' ἀμφὶ μιν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαι
 χήρην ληιάδες κλισίην ἐπιπορσύνεσκον
 ὡς ζώντος ἀνακτος· ὁ δ' ὡς ἶδεν ἔντεα Τρώων
 καὶ δμῳάς, στονάχισεν· ἔρωσ δέ μιν εἶλε τοκῆος·
 ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὰ δρυμὰ πυκνὰ καὶ ἄγkea ῥωπήνεντα 715
 σμερδαλέοιο λέοντος ὑπ' ἀγρευτῆσι δαμέντος
 σκύμνος ἐς ἄντρον ἵκηται εὐσκιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
 ταρφέα παπταίνει κενεὸν σπέος, ἀθρόα δ' αὐτοῦ
 ὅστέα δερκόμενος κταμένων πάρος οὐκ ὀλίγων περ
 ἵππων ἠδὲ βοῶν μεγάλ' ἄχρυνται ἀμφὶ τοκῆος· 720
 ὡς ἄρα θαρσαλέοιο παῖς τότε Πηλεΐδαο
 θυμὸν ἐπαχνώθη· δμῳαὶ δέ μιν ἀμφαγάσαντο·
 καὶ δ' αὐτὴ Βρισηΐς, ὅτ' ἔδρακεν υἱ' Ἀχιλλῆος,
 ἄλλοτε μὲν θυμῷ μέγ' ἐγήθεεν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
 ἄχρυντ' Ἀχιλλῆος μεμνημένη· ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ 725
 ἀμφασίῃ βεβόλητο κατὰ φρένας, ὡς ἐτεόν περ
 αὐτοῦ ἐτι ζώντος ἀταρβέος Αἰακίδαο.
 Τρώες δ' αὖτ' ἀπάνευθε γεγεθότες ὄβριμον ἄνδρα
 Εὐρύπυλον κύδαινον ἐνὶ κλισίῃσι καὶ αὐτοί,
 ὀππότεον Ἐκτορα δῖον, ὅτ' Ἀργεῖους ἐδάϊζε 730
 ῥυόμενος πτολίεθρον ἐὼν καὶ κτῆσιν ἅπασαν.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μερόπεις ἐπὶ γλυκὺς ἤλυθεν ὕπνος,
 δὴ τότε Τρώιοι υἱὲς ἰδ' Ἀργεῖοι μενεχάρμαι
 νόσφι φυλακτῆρων εὐδον βεβαρηότες ὕπνῳ.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VII

And all there marvelled at the godlike man.
But when with meat and wine their hearts were filled,
Then rose Achilles' battle-eager son,
And from the feast passed forth unto the tent
That was his sire's. Much armour of heroes slain
Lay there; and here and there were captive maids
Arraying that tent widowed of its lord,
As though its king lived. When that son beheld
Those Trojan arms and handmaid-thralls, he groaned,
By passionate longing for his father seized.
As when through dense oak-groves and tangled glens
Comes to the shadowed cave a lion's whelp
Whose grim sire by the hunters hath been slain,
And looketh all around that empty den,
And seeth heaps of bones of steeds and kine
Slain theretofore, and grieveth for his sire;
Even so the heart of brave Peleides' son
With grief was numbed. The handmaids marvelling
gazed;

And fair Briseis' self, when she beheld
Achilles' son, was now right glad at heart,
And sorrowed now with memories of the dead.
Her soul was wildered all, as though indeed
There stood the aweless Aeacid living yet.

Meanwhile exultant Trojans camped aloof
Extolled Eurypylus the fierce and strong,
As erst they had praised Hector, when he smote
Their foes, defending Troy and all her wealth.
But when sweet sleep stole over mortal men,
Then sons of Troy and battle-biding Greeks
All slumber-heavy slept unsentinelled.