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The fall of Troy

Quintus

London, 1943

Book VIII. How Hercules' Grandson perished in fight with the Son of Achilles

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ΛΟΓΟΣ ΟΓΔΟΟΣ

Ἦμος δ' ἡελίοιο φάος περικίδνατο γαῖαν
 ἐκ περάτων ἀνιόντος, ὅθι σπέος Ἠριγενείης,
 δὴ τότε που Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ὄβριμοι υἱες
 θωρήσσουνθ' ἐκάτερθεν ἐπειγόμενοι ποτὶ δῆριν·
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν πάϊς ἐσθλὸς Ἀχιλλέος ὀτρύνεσκεν 5
 ἀντιάαν Τρώεσσιν ἀταρβέα θυμὸν ἔχοντας,
 τοὺς δ' ἄρα Τηλεφίδαο μέγα σθένος· ἥ γὰρ ἐώλπει
 τεῖχος μὲν χαμάδις βαλέειν νῆάς τ' ἀμαθύναι
 ἐν πυρὶ λευγαλέῳ, λαοὺς δ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαΐξει.
 ἀλλὰ οἱ ἐλπωρὴ μὲν ἔην ἐναλίγκιος αὖρη 10
 μαψιδίῃ· Κῆρες δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἐστηνύαι
 πολλὸν καγχαλάασκον ἐτώσια μητιόωντι.

Καὶ τότε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν Ἀχιλλέος ἄτρομος υἱὸς
 θαρσαλέον φάτο μῦθον ἐποτρύνων πονέεσθαι·
 “κέκλυτέ μεν, θεράποντες, ἀρήϊον ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸν 15
 θέντες, ἵν' Ἀργείοισιν ἄκος πολέμον ἀλεγεινοῦ
 δυσμενέεσσι δὲ πῆμα γενώμεθα· μηδέ τις ἡμέων
 ταρβεῖτω· κρατερὴ γὰρ ἄδην ἐκ θάρσεος ἀλκή
 γίνεται ἀνθρώποισι· δέος δὲ βίην ἀμαθύνει
 καὶ νόον· ἀλλ' ἄγε πάντες ἐς Ἄρεα καρτύνασθε, 20
 ὄφρα μὴ ἀμπνεύσῃ Τρώων στρατός, ἀλλ' Ἀχιλλῆα
 φαῖη ἔτι ζῶοντα μετέμμεναι Ἀργείοισιν.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὅμοισι πατρώια δύσατο τεύχη
 πάντοθε μαρμαίροντα· Θέτις δ' ἠγάλλετο θυμῷ
 ἐξ ἁλὸς εἰσορόωσα μέγα σθένος υἱωνοῖο. 25

BOOK VIII

How Hercules' Grandson perished in fight with the Son of Achilles

WHEN from the far sea-line, where is the cave
Of Dawn, rose up the sun, and scattered light
Over the earth, then did the eager sons
Of Troy and of Achaea arm themselves
Athirst for battle : these Achilles' son
Cheered on to face the Trojans awelessly ;
And those the giant strength of Telephus' seed
Kindled. He trusted to dash down the wall
To earth, and utterly destroy the ships
With ravening fire, and slay the Argive host.
Ah, but his hope was as the morning breeze
Delusive : hard beside him stood the Fates
Laughing to scorn his vain imaginings.

Then to the Myrmidons spake Achilles' son,
The aweless, to the fight enkindling them :
"Hear me, mine henchmen : take ye to your hearts
The spirit of war, that we may heal the wounds
Of Argos, and be ruin to her foes.
Let no man fear, for mighty prowess is
The child of courage ; but fear slayeth strength
And spirit. Gird yourselves with strength for war ;
Give foes no breathing-space, that they may say
That mid our ranks Achilles liveth yet."

Then clad he with his father's flashing arms
His shoulders. Then exulted Thetis' heart
When from the sea she saw the mighty strength

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

καί ῥα θοῶς οἶμησε πρὸ τείχεος αἰπεινοῖο
 ἐμβεβαῶς ἵπποισιν ἐοῦ πατρὸς ἀθανάτοισιν·
 οἶος δ' ἐκ περάτων ἀναφαίνεται ὠκεανοῖο
 ἥελιος θηητὸν ἐπὶ χθόνα πῦρ ἀμαρύσσων,
 πῦρ, ὅτε οἱ πῶλοισι καὶ ἄρματι συμφέρετ' ἀστήρ 30
 Σείριος, ὅς τε βροτοῖσι φέρεי πολυκηδέα νοῦσον·
 τοῖος ἐπὶ Τρώων στρατὸν ἦεν ὄβριμος ἥρως
 υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος· φόρεον δέ μιν ἄμβροτοι ἵπποι,
 τούς οἱ ἐελδομένῳ νηῶν ἀπο λαὸν ἐλάσσαι
 ὥπασεν Αὐτομέδων· ὃς γάρ σφεας ἠνιόχευεν· 35
 ἵπποι δ' αὐτ' ἐχάρησαν ἐὼν φορέοντες ἄνακτα
 εἵκελον Αἰακίδῃ· τῶν δ' ἄφθιτον ἦτορ ἐώλπει
 ἔμμεναι ἀνέρα κείνον Ἀχιλλέος οὔτι χερεῖω.
 ὥς δέ καὶ Ἀργεῖοι μέγα καυχалоὶντες ἀγερθεν
 ἀμφὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο βίην ἄμοτον μεμαῶτες 40
 λευγαλέοις σφῆκεσσιν ἐοικότες, οὓς τε κλονήσῃ

* * * * *

χρηαμοῦ ἐκποτέονται, ἐελδόμενοι χροά θείναι
 ἀνδρόμεον, πάντες δέ περὶ στέγος ὀρμαίνοντες
 τεύχουσιν μέγα πῆμα παρῃσυνμένοισι βροτοῖσιν
 ὥς οἱ γ' ἐκ νηῶν καὶ τείχεος ἐξεχέοντο 45
 μαιμῶντες Ἀρηι· πολὺς δ' ἐστείνετο χῶρος.
 πᾶν πεδίον δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐλάμπετο τεύχεσι φωτῶν
 ἡελίου καθύπερθεν ἀπείριτα μαρμαίροντος·
 οἶον δέ νέφος εἰσι δι' ἥερος ἀπλήτοιο
 πνοιῇσιν μεγάλῃσιν ἐλαυνόμενον Βορέας, 50
 ἥμος δὴ νιφετός τε πέλει καὶ χείματος ὥρη
 ἀργαλή, πάντῃ δέ περιστέφει οὐρανὸν ὄρφνη·
 ὥς τῶν πλήθετο γαῖα συνερχομένων ἐκάτερθε
 νηῶν βαῖον ἀπῳθε· κόνις δ' εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν
 πέπτατ' αἰρομένη· κανάχιζε δέ τεύχεα φωτῶν, 55
 σὺν δέ καὶ ἄρματα πολλὰ· διεσσύμενοι δ' ἐπὶ
 μῶλον

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Of her son's son. Then forth with eagle-speed
Afront of that high wall he rushed, his car
Drawn by the immortal horses of his sire.
As from the ocean-verge upsprings the sun
In glory, flashing fire far over earth—
Fire, when beside his radiant chariot-team
Races the red star Sirius, scatterer
Of woofullest diseases over men;
So flashed upon the eyes of Ilium's host
That battle-eager hero, Achilles' son.
Onward they whirled him, those immortal steeds,
The which, when now he longed to chase the foe
Back from the ships, Automedon, who wont
To rein them for his father, brought to him.
With joy that pair bore battleward their lord,
So like to Aeacus' son, their deathless hearts
Held him no worsen than Achilles' self.
Laughing for glee the Argives gathered round
The might resistless of Neoptolemus,
Eager for fight as wasps [whose woodland bower
The axe] hath shaken, who dart swarming forth
Furious to sting the woodman: round their nest
Long eddying, they torment all passers by;
So streamed they forth from galley and from wall
Burning for fight, and that wide space was thronged,
And all the plain far blazed with armour-sheen,
As shone from heaven's vault the sun thereon.
As flees the cloud-rack through the welkin wide
Scourged onward by the North-wind's Titan blasts,
When winter-tide and snow are hard at hand,
And darkness overpalls the firmament;
So with their thronging squadrons was the earth
Covered before the ships. To heaven uprolled,
Dust hung on hovering wings: men's armour
clashed;
Rattled a thousand chariots; horses neighed

ἵπποι ἐπεχρεμέτιζον· ἐὴ δ' ἐκέλευεν ἕκαστον
ἀλκὴ ἀνιρῆν ἐς φύλοπιν ὀτρύνουσα.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε κύματα μακρὰ δύο κλονέουσιν αἴηται
σμερδαλέον βρομέοντες ἀνὰ πλατὺ χεῦμα θα-
λάσσης

60

ἔκποθεν ἀλλήλοισι περιρρηγνύντες ἀέλλας,
ὅππότε χεῖμ' ἀλεγεινὸν ἀν' εὐρέα βένθεα πόντου
μαίνεται, ἀμαιμακέτη δὲ περιστένει Ἀμφιτρίτη
κύμασι λευγαλέοισι, τὰ δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα φέρονται
οὔρεσιν ἡλιβάτοισιν ἐοικότα, τῶν δ' ἀλεγεινῇ

65

ὀρνυμένων ἐκάτερθε πέλει κατὰ πόντον ἰωή·
ὥς οἳ γ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐπ' Ἄρεα συμφορέοντο
σμερδαλέον μεμαῶτες· Ἔρις δ' ὀρόθυνε καὶ ἀλκή.
σὺν δ' ἔβαλον βροντῇσιν ἐοικότες ἢ στεροπήσιν,
αἵ τε μέγα κτυπέουσι δι' ἡέρος, ὅππότ' αἴηται
λάβροι ἐριδμαίνωσι, καὶ ὅππότε λάβρον ἀέντες
σὺν νέφεα ῥήξωσι Διὸς μέγα χωμόνοιο
ἀνδράσιν, οἳ τ' ἐρίτιμον ὑπὲρ Θέμιν ἔργα κάμονται·
ὥς οἳ γ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἐπέχραον· ἔγχει δ' ἔγχος
συμφέρετ', ἀσπίδι δ' ἀσπίς, ἐπ' ἀνέρα δ' ἦεν ἀνὴρ.

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Πρῶτος δ' ὄβριμος υἱὸς εὐπτολέμου Ἀχιλῆος
δάμνατ' ἐν Μελανῇ καὶ ἀγλαὸν Ἀλκιδάμαντα
νῆας Ἀλεξινόμοιο δαΐφρονος, ὃς τ' ἐν κοίλῃ
Καύνῳ ναιετάασκε διειδέος ἀγχόθι λίμνης
Ἴμβρῳ ὑπὸ νιφέντι παρὰ ποσὶ Ταρβήλοιο.
κτείνει δὲ Κασσάνδροιο θοὸν ποσὶ παῖδα Μένητα
ὃν τέκε δια Κρέουσα παρὰ προχοῆς ποταμοῖο
Λίδου εὐρρείταο, μενεπτολέμων ὅθι Καρῶν
πέρατα καὶ Λυκίης ἐρικύδεος ἄκρα πέλονται.
εἶλε δ' ἄρ' αἰχμητῆρα Μόρυν Φρυγίῃθε μολόντα·
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ὁμῶς Πόλυβόν τε καὶ Ἴππομέδοντα
κατέκτα,

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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

On-rushing to the fray. Each warrior's prowess
Kindled him with its trumpet-call to war.

As leap the long sea-rollers, onward hurled
By two winds terribly o'er th' broad sea-flood
Roaring from viewless bournes, with whirlwind
blasts

Crashing together, when a ruining storm
Maddens along the wide gulfs of the deep,
And moans the Sea-queen with her anguished waves
Which sweep from every hand, uptowering
Like precipiced mountains, while the bitter squall,
Ceaselessly veering, shrieks across the sea;
So clashed in strife those hosts from either hand
With mad rage. Strife incarnate spurred them on,
And their own prowess. Crashed together these
Like thunderclouds outlightening, thrilling the air
With shattering trumpet-challenge, when the blasts
Are locked in frenzied wrestle, with mad breath
Rending the clouds, when Zeus is wroth with men
Who travail with iniquity, and flout
His law. So grappled they, as spear with spear
Clashed, shield with shield, and man on man was
hurled.

And first Achilles' war-impetuous son
Struck down stout Melaneus and Alcidamas,
Sons of the war-lord Alexinomos,
Who dwelt in Caunus mountain-cradled, nigh
The clear lake shining at Tarbelus' feet
'Neath snow-capt Imbrus. Menes, fleetfoot son
Of King Cassandrus, slew he, born to him
By fair Creusa, where the lovely streams
Of Lindus meet the sea, beside the marches
Of battle-biding Carians, and the heights
Of Lycia the renowned. He slew withal
Morys the spearman, who from Phrygia came;
Polybus and Hippomedon by his side

τὸν μὲν ὑπὸ κραδίην, τὸν δ' ἐς κληίδα τυχήσας·
δάμνατο δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον· ἐπέστενε δ' αἶα νέκυσσι
Τρώων· οἱ δ' ὑπόεικον ἐοικότες ἀυαλέοισι
θάμνοις, οὓς ὀλοοῖο πυρὸς κατεδάμνατ' αὐτμῇ 90
ῥηιδίως ἐπιόντος ὀπωρινοῦ Βορέας·
ὥς τοῦ ἐπεσσυμένοιο κατηρεῖποντο φάλαγγες.

Αἰνείας δ' ἐδάμασσε· Ἀριστόλοχον μενεχάρμην
πλήξας χερμαδίῳ κατὰ κράτος· ἐν δ' ἄρ' ἔθλασσε
ὅστέα σὺν πῆληκι· λίπεν δ' ἄφαρ ὅστέα θυμός. 95
Τυδείδης δ' Εὐμαιον ἔλεν θοόν, ὃς ῥά τ' ἔναιε
Δάρδανον αἰπήεσαν, ἵν' Ἀγχίσαιο πέλονται
εὐναί, ὅπου Κυθήρειαν ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσι δάμασσε.
ἐνθ' Ἀγαμέμνων κτεῖνεν ἐὺν Στράτον· οὐδ' ὃ γε
Θρήκην

ἵκετ' ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο, φίλης δ' ἐκὰς ἔφθιτο πάτρης. 100
Μηριόνης δ' ἐδάμασσε Χλέμον Πεισήνορος υἱά
ἀντιθέου Γλαύκοιο φίλον καὶ πιστὸν ἐταῖρον,
ὃς ῥά τε ναιετάασκε παρὰ προχοῆς Λιμυροῖο,
καὶ ῥά μιν ὥς βασιλῆα περικτίονες τίον ἄνδρες
Γλαύκου ἀποκταμένοιο καὶ οὐκέτι κοιρανέοντος, 105
πάντες, ὅσοι Φοῖνικος ἔδος περὶ πάγχυ νέμοντο
αἰπύ τε Μασσικύτοιο ρίον ῥωχμόν τε Χιμαίρης.

Ἄλλος δ' ἄλλον ἔπεφνε κατὰ μόθον· ἐν δ' ἄρα
τοῖσιν

Εὐρύπυλος πολέεσσι κακὰς ἐπὶ κῆρας ἴαλλε
δυσμενέσιν· πρῶτον δὲ μενεπτόλεμον κατέπεφνε 110
Εὐρυτον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Μενόιτιον αἰολομίτρην,
ἀντιθέους ἐτάρους Ἐλεφήνορος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφὶν
Ἄρπαλον, ὃς ῥ' Ὀδυσῆος εὐφρονος ἔσκεν ἐταῖρος·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν οὖν ἀπάτερθεν ἔχεν πόνον, οὐδ' ἐπαμύνειν
ἔσθενεν ὧ θεράποντι δεδοπότι· τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἐταῖρος 115
Ἄντιφος ὀβριμόθυμος ἀποκταμένοιο χολώθη,
καὶ βάλεν Εὐρυπύλοιο καταντίον· ἀλλὰ μιν οὔτι
οὔτασεν, οὐνεκά οἱ κρατερὸν δόρυ τυτθὸν ἄπωθεν

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

He laid, this stabbed to the heart, that pierced
between

Shoulder and neck : man after man he slew.

Earth groaned 'neath Trojan corpses ; rank on rank

Crumbled before him, even as parchèd brakes

Sink down before the blast of ravening fire

When the north wind of latter summer blows ;

So ruining squadrons fell before his charge.

Meanwhile Aeneas slew Aristolochus,

Crashing a great stone down on his head : it brake

Helmet and skull together, and fled his life.

Fleetfoot Eumaeus Diomedes slew ; he dwelt

In craggy Dardanus, where the bride-bed is

Whereon Anchises clasped the Queen of Love.

Agamemnon smote down Stratus : unto Thrace

Returned he not from war, but died far off

From his dear fatherland. And Meriones

Struck Chlemus down, Peisenor's son, the friend

Of god-like Glaucus, and his comrade leal,

Who by Limurus' outfall dwelt : the folk

Honoured him as their king, when reigned no more

Glaucus, in battle slain,—all who abode

Around Phoenice's towers, and by the crest

Of Massicytus, and Chimaera's glen.

So man slew man in fight ; but more than all

Eurypylus hurled doom on many a foe.

First slew he battle-bider Eurytus,

Menoetius of the glancing taslet next,

Elephenor's godlike comrades. Fell with these

Harpalus, wise Odysseus' warrior-friend ;

But in the fight afar that hero toiled,

And might not aid his fallen henchman : yet

Fierce Antiphus for that slain man was wroth,

And hurled his spear against Eurypylus,

Yet touched him not ; the strong shaft glanced

aside,

ἔμπεσε Μειλανιωνι δαΐφρονι, τόν ποτε μήτηρ
 γείνατο παρ προχοῇσιν εὐρρείταο Καΐκου 120
 Κλείτη καλλιπάρης ὑποδμηθεῖς Ἐρυλάφ.
 Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἐτάριοι χολωσάμενος καταμένοιο
 Ἀντίφω αἰψ' ἐπόρουσεν· ὁ δ' ἐκφυγε ποσσὶ θοοῖσιν
 ἐς πληθὺν ἐτάρων· κρατερὸν δέ μιν οὔτι δάμασεν 125
 ἔγχος Τηλεφίδαο δαΐφρονος, οὐνεκ' ἔμελλεν
 ἀργαλέως ὀλέεσθαι ὑπ' ἀνδροφόνοιο Κύκλωπος
 ὕστερον· ὥς γάρ που στυγερῇ ἐπιήνδανε Μοίρῃ.
 Εὐρύπυλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐπώχετο· τοῦ δ' ὑπὸ δουρὶ
 αἰὲν ἐπεσσυμένοιο κατήριπε πούλῃς ὄμιλος·
 ἤντε δένδρεα μακρὰ βίῃ δμηθέντα σιδήρου 130
 οὔρεσιν ἐν λασίοισιν ἀνατλήσωσι φάραγγας
 κεκλιμέν' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα κατὰ χθονός· ὥς ἄρ'
 Ἀχαιοὶ

δάμναντ' Εὐρύπυλοιο δαΐφρονος ἐγχείησι,
 μέσφ' ὅτε οἱ κίεν ἅντα μέγα φρονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος. τὼ δ' ἄμφω δούρατα μακρὰ 135
 ἐν παλάμῃσι τίνασσον ἐπὶ σφισι μαιμώνοντες·
 Εὐρύπυλος δέ ἐπρώτος ἀνειρόμενος προσέειπε·
 “ τίς πόθεν εἰλήλουθας ἐναντίον ἄμμι μάχεσθαι;
 ἦ σε πρὸς Ἀΐδα Κῆρες ἀμείλικτοι φορέουσιν·
 οὐ γάρ τίς μ' ὑπάλυξεν ἐν ἀργαλέῃ ὕσμινῃ· 140
 ἀλλὰ μοι ὅσσοι ἔναντα λιλαιόμενοι μαχέσασθαι
 δεῦρο κίον, πάντεσσι φόνον στονόεντ' ἐφέκα
 ἀργαλέως, πάντων δὲ παρὰ Ξάνθοιο ῥέεθρα
 ὀστέα τε σάρκας τε κύνες διὰ πάντ' ἐδάσαντο.
 ἀλλὰ μοι εἰπέ, τίς ἐσσι, τίνος δ' ἐπαγάλλαι 145
 ἵπποις;”

“Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμος υἱός·
 “ τίπτε μ' ἐπισπεύδοντα ποτὶ κλόνον αἱματόεντα
 ἐχθρὸς ἐὼν ὥς εἴτε φίλα φρονέων ἐρεείνεις
 εἰπέμεναι γενεήν, ἥνπερ μάλα πολλοὶ ἴσασιν;
 υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος κρατερόφρονος, ὃς τε τοκῆα 150
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

And pierced Meilanion battle-staunch, the son
Of Cleite lovely-faced, Erylaus' bride,
Who bare him where Caïcus meets the sea.
Wroth for his comrade slain, Eurypylus
Rushed upon Antiphus, but terror-winged
He plunged amid his comrades ; so the spear
Of the avenger slew him not, whose doom
Was one day wretchedly to be devoured
By the manslaying Cyclops : so it pleased
Stern Fate, I know not why. Elsewhither sped
Eurypylus ; and aye as he rushed on
Fell 'neath his spear a multitude untold.
As tall trees, smitten by the strength of steel
In mountain-forest, fill the dark ravines,
Heaped on the earth confusedly, so fell
The Achaeans 'neath Eurypylus' flying spears—
Till heart-uplifted met him face to face
Achilles' son. The long spears in their hands
They twain swung up, each hot to smite his foe.
But first Eurypylus cried the challenge-cry ;
" Who art thou ? Whence hast come to brave me
here ?

To Hades merciless Fate is bearing thee ;
For in grim fight hath none escaped mine hands ;
But whoso, eager for the fray, have come
Hither, on all have I hurled anguished death.
By Xanthus' streams have dogs devoured their flesh
And gnawed their bones. Answer me, who art
thou ?

Whose be the steeds that bear thee exultant on ? "

Answered Achilles' battle-eager son :
" Wherefore, when I am hurrying to the fray,
Dost thou, a foe, put question thus to me,
As might a friend, touching my lineage,
Which many know ? Achilles' son am I,
Son of the man whose long spear smote thy sire,

σεῖο πάροιθ' ἐφόβησε βαλὼν περιμήκει δουρί·
καί νύ κέ μιν θανάτοιο κακαὶ περὶ Κῆρες ἔμαρψαν,
εἰ μὴ οἱ στονόεντα θεῶς ἴησατ' ὄλεθρον.
ἵπποι δ', οἱ φορέουσιν, ἐμοῦ πατρὸς ἀντιθέοιο, 155
οὓς τέκεθ' Ἄρπυια Ζεφύρῳ πάρος εὐνηθεῖσα,
οἳ τε καὶ ἀτρύγετον πέλαγος διὰ ποσσὶ θεοῦσιν
ἀκρονυχὶ ψαύοντες, ἴσον δ' ἀνέμοισι φέρονται.
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν γενεὴν ἐδάης ἵππων τε καὶ αὐτοῦ,
καὶ δόρατος πείρησαι ἀτειρέος ἡμετέροιο
γνώμεναι ἅντα βίην· γενεὴ δέ οἱ ἐν κορυφῇσι 160
Πηλίου αἰπεινοῖο, τομὴν ὅθι λείπε καὶ ὕλην."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐξ ἵππων χαμάδις θόρε κύδιμος ἀνὴρ
πάλλων ἐγχείην περιμήκετον· ὃς δ' ἐτέρωθεν
χερσὶν ὑπὸ κρατερῇσιν ἀπειρεσίην λάβε πέτρην,
καὶ ῥα Νεοπτολέμοιο κατ' ἀσπίδος ἦκε φέρεσθαι 165
χρυσείης. τὸν δ' οὔτι προσεσσυμένη στυφέλιξεν,
ἀλλ' ἄτε πρὼν εἰστήκει ἀπείριτος οὔρεϊ μακρῷ,
τόν ῥα διυπετέων ποταμῶν μένος οὐδ' ἅμα πάντων
ἄψ ὥσαι δύναται, ὃ γὰρ ἔμπεδον ἐρρίζωται·
ὥς μένεν ἄτρομος αἰὲν Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμος υἱός. 170
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς τάρβησε θρασὺ σθένος Εὐρυπύλοιο
ἄσχετον νῆ' Ἀχιλλῆος, ἐπεὶ ῥά μιν ὀτρύνεσκε
θάρσος ἐὼν καὶ Κῆρες· ὑπὸ κραδίησι δὲ θυμὸς
ἔξεεν ἀμφοτέροισι· περὶ σφίσι δ' αἰόλα τεύχη
ἔβραχεν· οἳ δ' ἄτε θῆρες ἐπήεσαν ἀλλήλοισι 175
σμερδαλέοι, τοῖσιν τε κατ' οὔρεα δῆρις ἀέξει,
ὅπποτε λευγαλέῳ λιμῷ βεβολημένοι ἦτορ
ἢ βοδὸς ἢ ἐλάφοιο περὶ κταμένου πονέωνται
ἄμφω παιφάσσοντες, ἐπικτυπέουσι δὲ βῆσσαι
μαρναμένων· ὥς οἳ γε συνήεσαν ἀλλήλοισι 180
δῆριν συμφορέοντες ἀμείλιχον. ἀμφὶ δὲ μακρὰ
λαῶν ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἄδην πονέοντο φάλαγγες
ἐς μόθον· ἀργαλέη δὲ περὶ σφίσι δῆρις ὀρώρει.
οἳ δ' ἀνέμων ῥιπῇσιν ἐοικότες αἰψηρῇσι

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

And made him flee—yea, and the ruthless fates
Of death had seized him, but my father's self
Healed him upon the brink of woeful death.
The steeds which bear me were my godlike sire's;
These the West-wind begat, the Harpy bare:
Over the barren sea their feet can race
Skimming its crests: in speed they match the
winds.

Since then thou know'st the lineage of my steeds
And mine, now put thou to the test the might
Of my strong spear, born on steep Pelion's crest,
Who hath left his father-stock and forest there."

He spake; and from the chariot sprang to earth
That glorious man: he swung the long spear up.
But in his brawny hand his foe hath seized
A monstrous stone: full at the golden shield
Of Neoptolemus he sped its flight;
But, no whit staggered by its whirlwind rush,
He like a giant mountain-foreland stood
Which all the banded fury of river-floods
Can stir not, rooted in the eternal hills;
So stood unshaken still Achilles' son.
Yet not for this Eurypylus' dauntless might
Shrank from Achilles' son invincible,
On-spurred by his own hardihood and by Fate.
Their hearts like caldrons seethed o'er fires of wrath,
Their glancing armour flashed about their limbs.
Like terrible lions each on other rushed,
Which fight amid the mountains famine-stung,
Writhing and leaping in the strain of strife
For a slain ox or stag, while all the glens
Ring with their conflict; so they grappled, so
Clashed they in pitiless strife. On either hand
Long lines of warriors Greek and Trojan toiled
In combat: round them roared up flames of war.
Like mighty rushing winds they hurled together

σύν ῥ' ἔβαλον μελήσσι μεμαότες αἶμα κεδάσσαι 185
 ἀλλήλων· τοὺς δ' αἰὲν ἐποτρύνεσκεν Ἐννὼ
 ἐγγύθεν ἰσταμένη· τοὶ δ' οὐκ ἀπέληγον ὁμοκλῆς,
 ἀλλὰ σφεας ἐδάϊζον ἐς ἀσπίδας, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
 οὔταζον κινήσας ἰδ' ὑψιλόφους τρυφαλείας·
 καὶ τις καὶ χροὸς ἤφατ', ἐπεὶ πόνος αἰνὸς ἔπειγε 190
 θαρσαλέους ἥρωας· Ἔρις δ' ἐπετέρπετο θυμῷ
 κείνους εἰσορώσα· πολὺς δ' ἐξέρρειεν ἰδρὼς
 ἀμφοτέρων· οἱ δ' αἰὲν ἐκαρτύνοντο μένοντες·
 ἀμφω γὰρ μακάρων ἔσαν αἵματος· οἱ δ' ἀπ'
 Ὀλύμπου—

* * * * *

οἱ μὲν γὰρ κύδαινον Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμον νῖα, 195
 οἱ δ' αὖτ' Εὐρύπυλον θεοειδέα· τοὶ δ' ἐκάτερθεν
 μάρναντ' ἀκμήτοισιν ἐειδόμενοι σκοπέλοισιν
 ἡλιβάτων ὀρέων· μέγα δ' ἔβραχον ἀμφοτέρωθεν
 θεινόμεναι μελήσσι θάμ' ἀσπίδες· ὃψέ δέ μακρῇ
 Πηλιάς Εὐρυπύλοιο διήλυθεν ἀνθερεῶνος 200
 πολλὰ πονησαμένη· τοῦ δ' ἔκχυτο φοῖνιον αἶμα
 ἐσσυμένως· ψυχὴ δέ δι' ἔλκεος ἐξεποτήθη
 ἐκ μελέων, ὅλοῃ δέ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν πέσεν ὄρφνη.
 ἤριπε δ' ἐν τεύχεσσι κατὰ χθονός, ἥντε βλωθρῇ
 ἢ πίτυς ἢ ἐλάτῃ κρυεροῦ Βορέαο βίβριν 205
 ἐκ ριζέων ἐριποῦσα· τόσῃ ἐπικάπτεσε γαῖαν
 Εὐρυπύλοιο δέμας· μέγα δ' ἔβραχε Τρώιον οὐδας
 καὶ πεδίον· χλοερὴ δέ θοῶς κατεχεύατο νεκρῷ
 ἀχροίῃ καὶ καλὸν ἀπημάλδυνεν ἔρευθος.
 τῷ δ' ἐπικαγχαλὼν μεγάλ' εὐχέτο καρτερὸς ἥρωας 210
 “Εὐρύπυλ', ἥ που ἔφης Δαναῶν νέας ἡδέ καὶ αὐτοὺς
 δηρώσειν καὶ πάντας οἰζυρῶς ἀπολέσσειν
 ἡμέας· ἀλλὰ σοὶ οὔτι θεοὶ τελέεσκον ἐέλδωρ,
 ἀλλ' ὑπ' ἐμοί σ' ἐδάμασσε καὶ ἀκάματόν περ
 εὐόντα

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

With eager spears for blood of life athirst.
Hard by them stood Enyo, spurred them on
Ceaselessly : never paused they from the strife.
Now hewed they each the other's shield, and now
Thrust at the greaves, now at the crested helms.
Reckless of wounds, in that grim toil pressed on
Those aweless heroes : Strife incarnate watched
And gloated o'er them. Ran the sweat in streams
From either : straining hard they stood their ground,
For both were of the seed of Blessèd Ones.
From Heaven, with hearts at variance, Gods looked
down ;

For some gave glory to Achilles' son,
Some to Eurypylus the godlike. Still
They fought on, giving ground no more than rocks
Of granite mountains. Rang from side to side
Spear-smitten shields. At last the Pelian lance,
Sped onward by a mighty thrust, hath passed
Clear through Eurypylus' throat. Forth poured the
blood

Torrent-like ; through the portal of the wound
The soul from the body flew : darkness of death
Dropped o'er his eyes. To earth in clanging arms
He fell, like stately pine or silver fir
Uprooted by the fury of Boreas ;
Such space of earth Eurypylus' giant frame
Covered in falling : rang again the floor
And plain of Troyland. Grey death-pallor swept
Over the corpse, and all the flush of life
Faded away. With a triumphant laugh
Shouted the mighty hero over him :
" Eurypylus, thou saidst thou wouldst destroy
The Danaan ships and men, wouldst slay us all
Wretchedly—but the Gods would not fulfil
Thy wish. For all thy might invincible,
My father's massy spear hath now subdued

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

πατρὸς ἐμοῖο μέγ' ἔγχος, ὅπερ βροτὸς οὔτις ἀλύξει 215
ἡμῖν ἄντα μολὼν οὐδ' εἰ παγχάλκεος ἦεν."

Ἡ ῥα καὶ ἐκ νέκυος περιμήκετον εἵρυσεν αἰχμὴν
ἐσσυμένως· Τρῶες δὲ μέγ' ἔτρεσαν εἰσορόωντες
ἀνέρα καρτερόθυμον· ὁ δ' αὐτίκα τεύχε' ἀπούρας
δῶκε θεοῖς ἐτάροισι φέρειν ποτὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν· 220
αὐτὸς δ' ἐς θοὸν ἄρμα θορὼν καὶ ἀτειρέας ἵππους
ἦεν, οἷός τ' εἶσι δι' αἰθέρος ἀπλήτοιο
ἐκ Διὸς ἀκαμάτοιο σὺν ἀστεροπῇσι κεραυνός,
ὃν τε περιτρομέουσι καὶ ἀθάνατοι κατιόντα
νόσφι Διὸς μεγάλοιο, ὁ δ' ἐσσύμενος ποτὶ γαίαν 225
δένδρεά τε ῥήγνυσι καὶ οὔρεα παιπαλόεντα·
ὥς ὁ θεὸς Τρώεσσιν ἐπέσσυτο πῆμα κορύσσω·
δάμνατο δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος, ὅσους κίχον ἄμβροτοι
ἵπποι·

πλήθετο δὲ χθονὸς οὐδας, ἄδην δ' ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ.
ὥς δ' ὅτε μυρία φύλλα κατ' οὔρεος ἐν βήσσησι 230
ταρφέα πεπτηῶτα χυτὴν κατὰ γαίαν ἐρέψῃ·
ὥς Τρώων τότε λαὸς ἀάσπετος ἐν χθονὶ κείμε
χερσὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο καὶ Ἀργείων ἐριθύμων,
ὃν ἄπλετον μετὰ χερσὶν ὑπέρρεεν αἷμα κελαινὸν
ἀνδρῶν ἡδ' ἵππων· μάλα δ' ἄντυγες ἀμφ' ὀχέεσσι 235
κινύμεναι δέοντο περὶ στροφάλιγξιν ἐῆσι.

Καὶ νῦ κε Τρῳῆοι νῆες ἔσω πυλῶν ἀφίκοντο,
πόρτιες εὖτε λέοντα φοβεύμεναι ἢ σῦες ὄμβρον,
εἰ μὴ Ἄρης ἀλεγεινὸς ἀρηγέμεναι μενεαῖνον
Τρῳασὶ φιλοπτολέμοισι κατήλυθεν Οὐλύμποιο 240
κρύβδ' ἄλλων μακάρων· φόρεον δέ μιν ἐς μῦθον
ἵπποι

Αἰθῶν καὶ Φλόγιος, Κόναβος δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι Φόβος τε,
τοὺς Βορέη κελάδοντι τέκε βλοσυρῶπις Ἐριννὺς
362

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Thee under me, that spear no man shall 'scape,
Though he be brass all through, who faceth me."

He spake, and tore the long lance from the corse,
While shrank the Trojans back in dread, at sight
Of that strong-hearted man. Straightway he stripped
The armour from the dead, for friends to bear
Fast to the ships Achæan. But himself
To the swift chariot and the tireless steeds
Sprang, and sped onward like a thunderbolt
That lightning-girdled leaps through the wide air
From Zeus's hands unconquerable—the bolt
Before whose downrush all the Immortals quail
Save only Zeus. It rusheth down to earth,
It rendeth trees and rugged mountain-crag;
So rushed he on the Trojans, flashing doom
Before their eyes; dashed to the earth they fell
Before the charge of those immortal steeds:
The earth was heaped with slain, was dyed with
gore.

As when in mountain-glens the unnumbered leaves
Down-streaming thick and fast hide all the ground,
So hosts of Troy untold on earth were strewn
By Neoptolemus and fierce-hearted Greeks,
Shed by whose hands the blood in torrents ran
'Neath feet of men and horses. Chariot-rails
Were dashed with blood-spray whirled up from the
tyres.

Now had the Trojans fled within their gates
As calves that flee a lion, or as swine
Flee from a storm—but murderous Ares came,
Unmarked of other Gods, down from the heavens,
Eager to help the warrior sons of Troy.
Red-fire and Flame, Tumult and Panic-fear,
His car-steeds, bare him down into the fight,
The coursers which to roaring Boreas
Grim-eyed Erinnys bare, coursers that breathed

πῦρ ὁλοὸν πνείοντας· ὑπέστενε δ' αἰόλος αἰθὴρ
 ἐσσυμένων ποτὶ δῆριν. ὁ δ' ὀτραλέως ἀφίκανε 245
 ἐς Τροίην· ὑπὸ δ' αἶα μέγ' ἔκτυπε θεσπεσίοισιν
 ἵππων ἀμφὶ πόδεσσι· μολῶν δ' ἄγχιστα κυδοιμοῦ
 πῆλε δόρυ βριαρόν· μέγα δ' ἴαχε Τρωσὶ κελεύων
 ἀντιάαν δηίοισι κατὰ κλόνον· οἱ δ' αἶοντες
 θεσπεσίην ὅπα πάντες ἐθάμβεον· οὐ γὰρ ἴδοντο 250
 ἄμβροτον ἀθανάτοιο θεοῦ δέμας οὐδὲ μὲν ἵππους·
 ἡέρι γὰρ κεκάλυπτο· νόησε δὲ θέσκελον αὐδὴν
 ἔκποθεν αἰσσοῦσαν ἄδην εἰς οὐατα Τρώων
 ἀντιθέου Ἑλένοιο κλυτὸς νόος· ἐν δ' ἄρα θυμῷ
 γήθησεν καὶ λαὸν ἀπεσσύμενον μέγ' αὔτει· 255
 “ὦ δειλοί, τί φέβεσθε φιλοπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος
 νῆα θαρσαλέον· θνητὸς νύ τίς ἐστι καὶ αὐτός,
 οὐδὲ οἱ ἴσον Ἀρηι πέλει σθένος, ὃς μέγ' ἀρήγει
 ἡμιν ἐελδομένοισι· βοᾷ δ' ὅ γε μακρὰ κελεύων
 μάρνασθ' Ἀργείοισι κατὰ κλόνον· ἀλλ' ἄγε θυμῷ 260
 τλήτε φίλοι καὶ θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσι βάλεσθε·
 οὐ γὰρ ἀμείνονα Τρωσὶν οἶομαι ἄλλον ἰκέσθαι
 ἀλκτῆρα πτολέμοιο· τί γὰρ ποτὶ δῆριν Ἀρης
 λώιον, εὔτε βροτοῖσι κορυσσομένοις ἐπαμύνει;
 ὃς νῦν ἡμιν ἵκανε ἐπίρροθος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ 265
 μνήσασθε πτολέμοιο, δέος δ' ἀπὸ νόσφι βάλεσθε.”
 “Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἴσταντο καταντίον Ἀργείοισιν·
 ἥϊτ' ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι κύνες κατέναντα λύκοιο
 φεύγοντες τὸ πάροιθε βίην τρέψωσι μάχεσθαι
 ταρφέα μηλονόμοιο παροτρύνοντος ἐπεσσιν· 270
 ὥς ἄρα Τρώιοι νῆες ἀνὰ μόθον αἶνον Ἀρης
 δείματος ἐκτὸς ἔσαν· κατὰ δ' ἀντίον ἀνέρος ἀνὴρ
 μάρνατο θαρσαλέως· περὶ δ' ἔκτυπεν ἔντεα φωτῶν
 θεινόμενα ξιφέεσσι καὶ ἔγχεσι καὶ βελέεσσιν·
 αἰχμαὶ δ' ἐς χροά δύνον· ἐδεύετο δ' αἵματι πολλῷ 275
 δεινὸς Ἀρης· ὀλέκοντο δ' ἀνὰ μόθον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
 μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθε· μάχη δ' ἔχεν ἴσα τάλαντα.
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Life-blasting flame : groaned all the shivering air,
As batteward they sped. Swiftly he came
To Troy : loud rang the earth beneath the feet
Of that wild team. Into the battle's heart
Tossing his massy spear, he came ; with a shout
He cheered the Trojans on to face the foe.
They heard, and marvelled at that wondrous cry,
Not seeing the God's immortal form, nor steeds,
Veiled in dense mist. But the wise prophet-soul
Of Helenus knew the voice divine that leapt
Unto the Trojans' ears, they knew not whence,
And with glad heart to the fleeing host he cried :
" O cravens, wherefore fear Achilles' son,
Though ne'er so brave ? He is mortal even as we ;
His strength is not as Ares' strength, who is come
A very present help in our sore need.
That was his shout far-pealing, bidding us
Fight on against the Argives. Let your hearts
Be strong, O friends : let courage fill your breasts.
No mightier battle-helper can draw nigh
To Troy than he. Who is of more avail
For war than Ares, when he aideth men
Hard-fighting ? Lo, to our help he cometh now !
On to the fight ! Cast to the winds your fears ! "

They fled no more, they faced the Argive men,
As hounds, that mid the copses fled at first,
Turn them about to face and fight the wolf,
Spurred by the chiding of their shepherd-lord ;
So turned the sons of Troy again to war,
Casting away their fear. Man leapt on man
Valiantly fighting ; loud their armour clashed
Smitten with swords, with lances, and with darts.
Spears plunged into men's flesh : dread Ares drank
His fill of blood : struck down fell man on man,
As Greek and Trojan fought. In level poise

ὥς δ' ὁπότε αἰζηοὶ μεγάλης ἀνὰ γουνὸν ἀλωῆς
 ὄρχατον ἀμπελόεντα διατμήξωσι σιδήρῳ
 σπερχόμενοι, τῶν δ' ἴσον ἀέξεται εἰς ἔριν ἔργον, 280
 οὐνec ἴσοι τελέθουσιν ὀμηλική τε βίη τε·
 ὥς τῶν ἀμφοτέρωθε μάχης ἀλεγεινὰ τάλαντα
 ἴσα πέλεν· Τρῶες γὰρ ὑπέρβιον ἐνθέμενοι κῆρ
 μίμνον ἀταρβήτοιο πεποιθότες Ἄρεος ἀλκῇ,
 Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἄρα παιδὶ μενεπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος. 285
 κτεῖνον δ' ἀλλήλους· ὅλοῃ δ' ἀνὰ μέσσον Ἐννὰ
 στρωφᾷτ' ἀλγινόνεντι λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένη ὤμους
 καὶ χέρας· ἐκ δέ οἱ αἰνὸς ἀπὸ μέλεων ῥέεν ἰδρώς·
 οὐδ' ἐτέροισιν ἄμυνει, ἴση δ' ἐπετέρπετο χάρμη
 ἀζομένη φρεσὶν ἥσι Θέτιν καὶ δῖον Ἄρηα. 290
 Ἐνθα Νεοπτόλεμος τηλέκλειτον Περιμήδεα
 δάμναθ', ὃς οἰκί' ἔναιε παρὰ Σμινθήιον ἄλσος·
 τῷ δ' ἔπι Κέστρον ἔπεφνε μενεπτόλεμόν τε
 Φάληρον
 καὶ κρατερὸν Περίλαον εὐμμελὴν τε Μενάλκην,
 ὃν τέκετ' Ἰφιάνασσα παρὰ ζάθεον πόδα Κίλλης 295
 τεχνήεντι Μέδοντι δαήμονι τεκτοσυνάων·
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν οἴκοι ἔμιμνε φίλῃ ἐνὶ πατρίδι γαίῃ·
 παιδὸς δ' οὐκ ἀπόνητο· δόμον δέ οἱ ἔργα τε πάντα
 χηρωσταὶ μετόπισθεν ἀποφθιμένοιο δάσαντο.
 Δηΐφοβος δέ Λυκῶνα μενεπτόλεμον κατέπεφνε 300
 τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ βουβῶνα τυχῶν· περὶ δ' ἔγχρῃ μακρῷ
 ἔγκατα πάντ' ἐχύθησαν· ὅλη δ' ἐξέσσυτο νηδύς.
 Αἰνείας δέ Δύμαντα κατέκτανεν, ὃς τὸ πάροιθεν
 Αὐλίδᾳ ναιετάασκε, συνέσπετο δ' Ἀρκεσιλάῳ
 ἐς Τροίην· ἀλλ' οὔτι φίλῃν πάλιν ἔδρακε γαίαν. 305
 Εὐρύαλος δ' ἐδάμασσε βαλὼν ἀλεγεινὸν ἄκοντα
 Ἀστραῖον· τοῦ δ' αἶψα διὰ στέρνοιο ποτήθη
 αἰχμῇ ἀνιηρή, στομάχου δ' ἀπέκερσε κελεύθους
 ἀνέρι κῆρα φέρουσα· μίγῃ δέ οἱ εἶδατα λύθρῳ.
 τοῦ δ' ἄρα βαιὸν ἄπωθεν ἔλεν μεγάλθυμος Ἀγήνωρ 310
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

The battle-balance hung. As when young men
In hot haste prune a vineyard with the steel,
And each keeps pace with each in rivalry,
Since all in strength and age be equal-matched ;
So did the awful scales of battle hang
Level : all Trojan hearts beat high, and firm
Stood they in trust on aweless Ares' might,
While the Greeks trusted in Achilles' son.
Ever they slew and slew : stalked through the
midst
Deadly Enyo, her shoulders and her hands
Blood-splashed, while fearful sweat streamed from
her limbs.
Revelling in equal fight, she aided none,
Lest Thetis' or the War-god's wrath be stirred.
Then Neoptolemus slew one far-renowned,
Perimedes, who had dwelt by Smintheus' grove ;
Next Cestrus died, Phalerus battle-staunch,
Perilaus the strong, Menalcas lord of spears,
Whom Iphianassa bare by the haunted foot
Of Cilla to the cunning craftsman Medon.
In the home-land afar the sire abode,
And never kissed his son's returning head :
For that fair home and all his cunning works
Did far-off kinsmen wrangle o'er his grave.
Deiphobus slew Lycon battle-staunch :
The lance-head pierced him close above the groin,
And round the long spear all his bowels gushed out.
Aeneas smote down Dymas, who erewhile
In Aulis dwelt, and followed unto Troy
Arcesilaus, and saw never more
The dear home-land. Euryalus hurled a dart,
And through Astraeus' breast the death-winged point
Flew, shearing through the breathways of man's life ;
And all that lay within was drenched with blood.
And hard thereby great-souled Agenor slew

Ἴππομένην, Τεύκροιο δαΐφρονος ἐσθλὸν ἐταῖρον,
 τύψας ἐς κληῖδα θοῶς· σὺν δ' αἵματι θυμὸς
 ἔκθορεν ἐκ μελέων· ὁλοή δέ μιν ἀμφεχύθη νύξ.
 Τεύκρῳ δ' ἔμπεσε πένθος ἀποκταμένου ἐτάριοι,
 καὶ βάλεν ὠκὺν οἷστον Ἀγήνορος ἅντα τανύσσας· 315
 ἀλλὰ οἱ οὔτι τύχησεν ἀλευαμένου μάλα τυτθόν·
 ἔμπεσε δ' ἐγγὺς ἐόντι δαΐφρονι Δηιοφόντῃ
 λαιὸν ἐς ὀφθαλμόν, διὰ δ' οὐατος ἐξεπέρησε
 δεξιτεροῦ, γλήνῃν δὲ διέτμαγεν, οὔνεκα Μοῖραι
 ἀργαλέον βέλος ὦσαν ὅπῃ φίλον· ὃς δ' ἔτι ποσσὶν 320
 ὀρθὸς ἀνασκαίρεσκε· βαλὼν δ' ὃ γε δεύτερον ἰὺν

* * * * *
 λαιμῷ ἐπερροΐζησε· διέθρισε δ' αὐχένος ἵνας
 ἀντικρυς αἵξας· τὸν δ' ἀργαλέῃ κίχε Μοῖρα.
 Ἄλλος δ' ἄλλῳ τεύχε φόνον· κεχάροντο δὲ
 Κῆρες

καὶ Μόρος, ἀλγινόεσσα δ' Ἔρις μέγα μαιμώουσα 325
 ἧῦσεν μάλα μακρόν, Ἄρης δὲ οἱ ἀντεβόησε
 σμερδαλέον, Τρώεσσι δ' ἐνέπνευσεν μέγα θάρσος,
 Ἀργείοισι δὲ φύζαν, ἄφαρ δ' ἐλέλιξε φάλαγγας.
 ἀλλ' οὐχ υἷα φόβησεν Ἀχιλλεύς· ἀλλ' ὃ γε μίμνων
 μάρνατο θαρσαλέως, ἐπὶ δ' ἔκτανεν ἄλλον ἐπ'
 ἄλλῳ· 330

ὥς δ' ὅτε τις μνῆσι περὶ γλῆγος ἐρχομένησι
 χεῖρα περιρρίψῃ κοῦρός νεός, αἰ δ' ὑπὸ πληγῇ
 τυτθῇ δαμνάμεναι σχεδὸν ἄγγεος¹ ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαι
 θυμὸν ἀποπνεύουσι, πάϊς δ' ἐπιτέρπεται ἔργῳ·
 ὥς ἄρα φαίδιμος υἱὸς ἀμειλίκτου Ἀχιλλῆος 335
 γήθεεν ἀμφὶ νέκυσσι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγισεν Ἄρης
 Τρωσὶν ἐποτρύνοντος· ὅπως δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον
 λαοὺ ἐπαΐσσοντος· ὅπως δ' ἀνέμοιο θυέλλας
 μίμνην ἐπεσσυμένους ὄρεος μεγάλιοιο κολώνῃ,
 ὥς ἄρα μίμνην ἄτρεστος. Ἄρης δὲ οἱ ἐμμεμαῶτι 340

¹ Zimmermann, ex P.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Hippomenes, hero Teucer's comrade staunch,
With one swift thrust 'twixt shoulder and neck: his
soul

Rushed forth in blood; death's night swept over
him.

Grief for his comrade slain on Teucer fell;
He strained his bow, a swift-winged shaft he sped,
But smote him not, for slightly Agenor swerved.

Yet nigh him Deïophontes stood; the shaft
Into his left eye plunged, passed through the ball,
And out through his right ear, because the Fates
Whither they willed thrust on the bitter barbs.

Even as in agony he leapt full height,
Yet once again the archer's arrow hissed:
It pierced his throat, through the neck-sinews cleft
Unswerving, and his hard doom came on him.

So man to man dealt death; and joyed the Fates
And Doom, and fell Strife in her maddened glee
Shouted aloud, and Ares terribly

Shouted in answer, and with courage thrilled
The Trojans, and with panic fear the Greeks,
And shook their reeling squadrons. But one man
He scared not, even Achilles' son; he abode,
And fought undaunted, slaying foes on foes.

As when a young lad sweeps his hand around
Flies swarming over milk, and nigh the bowl
Here, there they lie, struck dead by that light touch,
And gleefully the child still plies the work;

So stern Achilles' glorious scion joyed
Over the slain, and recked not of the God
Who spurred the Trojans on: man after man
Tasted his vengeance of their charging host.

Even as a giant mountain-peak withstands
On-rushing hurricane-blasts, so he abode
Unquailing. Ares at his eager mood

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

χόετο, καὶ οἱ ἔμελλεν ἐναντία δηριάσθαι
 αὐτὸς ἀπορρίψας ἱερὸν νέφος, εἰ μὴ Ἀθήνη
 ἔκποθεν Οὐλύμποιο θόρεν ποτὶ δάσκιον Ἴδην·
 ἔτρεμε δὲ χθὼν διὰ καὶ ἡχήμεντα ῥέεθρα
 Ξάνθου· τόσσον ἔσεισε· δέος δ' ἀμφέκλασε θυμὸν 345
 Νυμφάων, φοβέοντο δ' ὑπὲρ Πριάμοιο πόληος·
 τεύχεσι δ' ἀμβροσίοισι περὶ στεροπαὶ ποτέοντο·
 σμερδαλέοι δὲ δράκοντες ἀπ' ἀσπίδος ἀκαμάτοιο
 πῦρ ἄμοτον πνεύσκον· ἄνω δ' ἔψανε νέφεσσι
 θεσπεσίη τρυφάλεια. θεῶ δ' ἡμελλεν Ἀρηι 350
 μάρνασθ' ἐσσυμένως, εἰ μὴ Διὸς ἡὺ νόημα
 ἀμφοτέρους ἐφόβησεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος αἰπυνεῖο
 βροντήσας ἀλεγεινόν. Ἀρης δ' ἀπεχάζετο χάρμης·
 δὴ γάρ οἱ μέγαλοιο Διὸς διεφαίνετο θυμός·
 ἵκετο δ' ἐς Θρήκην δυσχείμερον, οὐδ' ἔτι Τρώων 355
 μέμβλετό οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ὑπέρβιον· οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλή
 Παλλὰς ἔτ' ἐν πεδίῳ Τρώων μένεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἴξεν Ἀθηναίων ἱερὸν πέδον. οἱ δ' ἔτι χάρμης
 μῶνόντ' οὐλομένης· δεύοντο δὲ Τῳάιοι νῆες
 ἀλκῆς· Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγ' ἱέμενοι πολέμοιο 360
 χαζομένοισιν ἔποντο κατ' ἵχνιον, ἡὺτ' ἀῆται
 νῆεσιν ἐσσυμένης ὑπὸ λαίφεσιν εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμα
 ὄβριμον, ἥ θάμνοισι πυρὸς μένος, ἥ κεμάδεσσιν
 ὀτρηροὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι κύνες λελημένοι ἄγρης·
 ὥς Δαναοὶ δηλοῖσιν ἐπήϊον, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοὺς 365
 υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος μεγάλῃ δορὶ θαρσύνεσκε
 κτείνων ὃν κε κίχῃσι κατὰ κλόνον· οἱ δ' ἐπὶ φύζαν
 χασσάμενοι κατέδυσαν ἐς ὑψίπυλον πτολίεθρον.
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἀνέπνευσαν πολέμοιο
 ἔλσαντες Πριάμοιο κατὰ πτόλιν ἔθνεα Τρώων, 370
 ἄρνας ὅπως σταθμοῖσιν ἐπ' οἰοπόλοισι νομῆες·
 ὥς δ' ὅπότης ἀμπνεύσει βόες μέγα κεκμηῶτες

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Grew wroth, and would have cast his veil of cloud
Away, and met him face to face in fight,
But now Athena from Olympus swooped
To forest-mantled Ida. Quaked the earth
And Xanthus' murmuring streams; so mightily
She shook them: terror-stricken were the souls
Of all the Nymphs, adread for Priam's town.
From her immortal armour flashed around
The hovering lightnings; fearful serpents breathed
Fire from her shield invincible; the crest
Of her great helmet swept the clouds. And now
She was at point to close in sudden fight
With Ares; but the mighty will of Zeus
Daunted them both, from high heaven thundering
His terrors. Ares drew back from the war,
For manifest to him was Zeus's wrath.
To wintry Thrace he passed; his haughty heart
Recked no more of the Trojans. In the plain
Of Troy no more stayed Pallas; she was gone
To hallowed Athens. But the armies still
Strove in the deadly fray; and fainted now
The Trojans' prowess; but all battle-fain
The Argives pressed on these as they gave ground.
As winds chase ships that fly with straining sails
On to the outsea—as on forest-brakes
Leapeth the fury of flame—as swift hounds drive
Deer through the mountains, eager for the prey,
So did the Argives chase them: Achilles' son
Still cheered them on, still slew with that great
spear

Whomso he overtook. On, on they fled
Till into stately-gated Troy they poured.
Then had the Argives a short breathing-space
From war, when they had penned the hosts of Troy
In Priam's burg, as shepherds pen up lambs
Upon a lonely steading. And, as when

ἄχθος ἀνειρύσαντες ἄνω ποτὶ δύσβατον ἄκρην
 πυκνὸν ἀνασθμαίνοντες ὑπὸ ζυγόν· ὥς ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἄμπνεον ἐν τεύχεσσι κεκμηκότες. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργους 375
 μάρνασθαι μεμαῶτες ἐκυκλώσαντο πόλιν·
 οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἔησι πύλῃσιν ἐπειρύσαντες ὀχῆας
 ἐν τείχεσιν ἔμμνον ἐπεσσυμένων μένος ἀνδρῶν.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε μηλοβοτῆρες ἐνὶ σταθμοῖσι μένωσι 380
 λαίλαπα κυανέην, ὅτε χείματος ἡμαρ ἵκηται
 λάβρον ὁμοῦ στεροπῇσι καὶ ὕδατι καὶ νιφάδεσσι
 ταρφέσιν, οἱ δὲ μάλ' οὔτι λιλαιόμενοι περ ἰκέσθαι
 ἐς νομὸν ἀΐσσουσιν, ἄχρὶς μέγα λωφήσειε
 χεῖμα καὶ εὐρύποροι ποταμοὶ μεγάλα βρομέοντες· 385
 ὥς οἱ γ' ἐν τείχεσσι μένον τρομέοντες ὁμοκλῇν
 δυσμενέων· λαοὶ δὲ θοῶς ἐπέχυντο πόλιν.
 ὥς δ' ὅποτε ψῆρες τανυσίπτεροι ἢ κολοιοὶ
 καρπῷ ἐλαϊνέφ θαμέες περὶ πάγχυ πέσσωσι
 βρώμης ἰέμενοι θυμηδέος, οὐδ' ἄρα τοὺς γε 390
 αἰζοὶ βοῶντες ἀποτρωνοῦσι φέβεσθαι,
 πρὶν φαγέειν, λιμὸς γὰρ ἀναιδέα θυμὸν ἀέξει·
 ὥς Δαναοὶ Πριάμοιο τότ' ἀμφεχέοντο πόλιν
 ὄβριμοι· ἐν δὲ πύλῃσι πέσον μεμαῶτες ἐρύσσαι
 ἔργον ἀπειρέσιον κρατερόφρονος Ἐννοσιγαίου.
 Τρῶες δ' οὐ λήθοντο μάχης μάλα περ δεδιῶτες, 395
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς πύργοισιν ἐφestaότες πονέοντο
 νωλεμές· τοὶ δ' αἰὲν ἐϋδμήτων¹ ἀπὸ τειχέων
 θρώσκον ὁμῶς λάεσσι καὶ αἰγανέησι θοῇσι
 δυσμενέων ἐς ὄμιλον, ἐπεὶ σφισι τλήμονα Φοῖβος 400
 ἦκε βίην· ἔτι γὰρ οἱ ἀμύνειν ἤθελε θυμὸς
 Τρῶσιν ἐϋπτολέμοισι καὶ Ἐκτορος οἰχομένοιο.
 Ἔνθ' ἄρα Μηριόνης στυγερὸν προέηκε βέλεμνον
 καὶ βάλε Φυλοδάμαντα φίλον κρατεροῖο Πολίτεω

¹ Zimmermann, for θεομήτων.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

After hard strain, a breathing-space is given
To oxen that, quick-panting 'neath the yoke,
Up a steep hill have dragged a load, so breathed
Awhile the Achaeans after toil in arms.
Then once more hot for the fray did they beset
The city-towers. But now with gates fast barred
The Trojans from the walls withstood the assault.
As when within their steading shepherd-folk
Abide the lowering tempest, when a day
Of storm hath dawned, with fury of lightnings, rain
And heavy-drifting snow, and dare not haste
Forth to the pasture, howsoever fain,
Till the great storm abate, and rivers, wide
With rushing floods, again be passable ;
So trembling on their walls they abode the rage
Of foes against their ramparts surging fast.
And as when daws or starlings drop in clouds
Down on an orchard-close, full fain to feast
Upon its pleasant fruits, and take no heed
Of men that shout to scare them thence away,
Until the reckless hunger be appeased
That makes them bold ; so poured round Priam's burg
The furious Danaans. Against the gates
They hurled themselves, they strove to batter down
The mighty-souled Earth-shaker's work divine.

Yet did the Troyfolk not, despite their fear,
Flinch from the fight : they manned their towers,
they toiled

Unresting : ever from the fair-built walls
Leapt arrows, stones, and fleet-winged javelins down
Amidst the thronging foes ; for Phoebus thrilled
Their souls with steadfast hardihood. Fain was he
To save them still, though Hector was no more.

Then Meriones shot forth a deadly shaft,
And smote Phylodamas, Polites' friend,

τυτθὸν ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο· πάγη δ' ὑπὸ λαιμὸν οἰστός.
 κάππεσε δ' αἰγυπιῶ ἐναλίγκιος, ὅν τ' ἀπὸ πέτρης 405
 ἰὼ εὐγλώχινι βαλὼν αἰζήος ὀλέσση·
 ὥς ὁ θοῶς πύργοιο κατήριπεν αἰπεινοῖο·
 γυνία δέ οἱ λίπε θυμός· ἐπέβραχε δ' ἔντεα νεκρῷ.
 τῷ δ' ἐπικαγχαλόων νῖος κρατεροῖο Μόλοιο
 ἄλλον ἀφήκεν οἰστὸν ἐελδόμενος μέγα θυμῷ 410
 νῖα βαλεῖν Πριάμοιο πολυτλήτοιο Πολίτην·
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν αἰψ' ἀλέεινε παρακλίνας ἐτέρωσε
 ὃν δέμας, οὐδέ οἱ ἱὸς ἐπὶ χροῶ καλὸν ἴαψεν·
 ὥς δ' ὅθ' ἄλδος κατὰ βένθος ἐπειγομένης νεὸς οὐρῷ
 ναύτης παιπαλόεσσαν ἰδὼν ἐν χεύματι πέτρην 415
 νῆα παρατρέψῃ λελημένος ἐξυπαλύξαι
 χειρὶ παρακλίνας οἰήιον, ἥχί ἐ θυμὸς
 ὀτρύνει, τυτθὴ δὲ βίη μέγα πῆμ' ἀπερύκει·
 ὥς ἄρ' ὃ γε προῖδὼν ὀλοὸν βέλος ἔκφυγε πότμον.

Οἱ δ' αἰεὶ μάρναντο· λύθρῳ δ' ἐρυθαίνετο τείχη 420
 πύργοι θ' ὑψηλοὶ καὶ ἐπάλξεις, ἥχί τε Τρῶες
 ἰοῖσι κτείνοντο πολυσθενέων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν·
 οὐδὲ μὲν οἱ γ' ἀπάνευθε πόνων ἔσαν, ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ
 τῶν

πολλοὶ γαῖαν ἔρευθον· ὀρώρει δ' αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος
 βαλλομένων ἐκάτερθε· λυγρῇ δ' ἐπετέρπετ' Ἐννῶ 425
 δῆρην ἐπικλονέουσα κασιγνήτη Πολέμοιο.

Καὶ νῦ κε δὴ ῥήξαντο πύλας καὶ τείχεα Τροίης
 Ἀργεῖοι, μάλα γάρ σφιν ἀάσπετον ἔπλετο κάρτος,
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' αἰψ' ἐβόησεν ἀγακλειτὸς Γανυμήδης
 οὐρανοῦ ἐκατιδῶν· μάλα γὰρ περιδείδιδε πάτρησ' 430
 “Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἰ ἐτεόν γε τῆς ἕξ εἰμι γενέθλης,
 σῆσι δ' ὑπ' ἐννεσίησι λιπὼν ἐρικυδέα Τροίην¹
 εἰμὶ μετ' ἀθανάτοισι, πέλει δέ μοι ἄμβροτος αἰὼν,
 τῷ μεν νῦν ἐσάκουσον ἀκηχεμένου μέγα θυμῷ·
 οὐ γὰρ τλήσομαι ἄστν καταθόμενον προσιδέσθαι 435

¹ Zimmermann, ex V. P.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Beneath the jaw ; the arrow pierced his throat.
 Down fell he like a vulture, from a rock
 By fowler's barbèd arrow shot and slain ;
 So from the high tower swiftly down he fell :
 His life fled ; clanged his armour o'er the corpse.
 With laughter of triumph stalwart Molus' son
 A second arrow sped, with strong desire
 To smite Polites, ill-starred Priam's son :
 But with a swift side-swerve did he escape
 The death, nor did the arrow touch his flesh.
 As when a shipman, as his bark flies on
 O'er sea-gulfs, spies amid the rushing tide
 A rock, and to escape it swiftly puts
 The helm about, and turns aside the ship
 Even as he listeth, that a little strength
 Averts a great disaster ; so did he
 Foresee and shun the deadly shaft of doom.

Ever they fought on ; walls, towers, battlements
 Were blood-besprent, wherever Trojans fell
 Slain by the arrows of the stalwart Greeks.
 Yet these escaped not scatheless ; many of them
 Dyed the earth red : aye waxed the havoc of death
 As friends and foes were stricken. O'er the strife
 Shouted for glee Enyo, sister of War.

Now had the Argives burst the gates, had breached
 The walls of Troy, for boundless was their might ;
 But Ganymedes saw from heaven, and cried,
 Anguished with fear for his own fatherland :
 " O Father Zeus, if of thy seed I am,
 If at thine hest I left far-famous Troy
 For immortality with deathless Gods,
 O hear me now, whose soul is anguish-thrilled !
 I cannot bear to see my fathers' town

οὐδ' ἄρ' ἀπολλυμένην γενεὴν ἐν δημοτῇτι
 λευγαλή, τῆς οὐ τι χειριότερον πέλει ἄλλος·
 σοὶ δὲ καὶ εἰ μέμονε κραδίη τάδε μηχανάσθαι,
 ἔρξον ἐμεῦ ἄπο νόσφιν· ἐλαφρότερον δέ μοι ἄλλος
 ἔσσεται, ἣν μὴ ἔγωγε μετ' ὄμμασιν οἴσιν ἴδωμαι· 440
 κείνο γὰρ οἴκτιστον καὶ κύντατον, ὅπποτε πάτρην
 δυσμενέων παλάμῃσιν ἐρειπομένην τις ἴδῃται."

Ἡ ῥα μέγα στενάχων Γανυμήδεος ἀγλαὸν ἦτορ.
 καὶ τότε ἄρα Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἀπειρεσίοις νεφέεσσι
 νωλεμέως ἐκάλυψε κλυτὴν Πριάμοιο πόλιν· 445
 ἥχλυνθη δὲ μάχη φθισίμβροτος· οὐδέ τις ἀνδρῶν
 ἐξιδέειν ἐπὶ τείχος ἔτ' ἔσθενεν, ἥχι τέτυκτο·
 ταρφέσι γὰρ νεφέεσσι διηνεκέως κεκάλυπτο·
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα βρονταί τε καὶ ἀστεροπαὶ κτυπέοντο
 οὐρανόθεν. Δαναοὶ δὲ Διὸς κτύπον εἰσαίοντες 450
 θάμβεον· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσι μέγ' ἴαχε Νηλέος υἱός·
 "ὦ κλυτοὶ Ἀργείων σημάντορες, οὐκέτι νῶν
 ἔσσεται ἔμπεδα γυῖα Διὸς μέγα θαρσαλέοισι
 Τρωσὶν ἀμύνοντος· μάλα γὰρ μέγα πῆμα κυλίνδει
 ἡμῖν· ἀλλ' ἄγε θᾶσσον ἑὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἰόντες 455
 παυσώμεσθα πόνοιο καὶ ἀργαλέοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
 μὴ δὴ πάντας ἐνιπρήσῃ μάλα περ μενεαίνων.
 τοῦ νῦν μὲν τεράεσσι πιθώμεθα· τῷ γὰρ ἔοικε
 πάντας αἰεὶ πεπιθέσθαι, ἐπεὶ μάλα φέρτατός ἐστιν
 ἰφθίμων τε θεῶν ὀλιγοσθενέων τ' ἀνθρώπων· 460
 καὶ γὰρ Τιτῆνεςσιν ὑπερφιάλοισι χολωθεὶς
 οὐρανόθεν κατέχευε πυρὸς μένος· ἡ δ' ὑπένερθε
 καίετο πάντοθε γαῖα, καὶ ὠκεανοῦ πλατὺν χεῖμα
 ἔξεν ἐκ βυσσοῖο καὶ ἐς πέρατ' ἄχρισ ἰκέσθαι·
 καὶ ποταμῶν τέρσοντο ῥοαὶ μάλα μακρὰ ρέοντων· 465
 δάμνατο δ' ὅπποσα φύλα φερέσβιος ἔτρεφε γαῖα
 ἡδ' ὅσα πόντος ἔφερβεν ἀπείριτος ἡδ' ὅπσοι ὕδωρ
 ἀενάων ποταμῶν· ἐπὶ δὲ σφισιν ἄσπετος αἰθὴρ
 τέφρῃ ὑπεκρύφθη καὶ λιγυῦ· τείρετο δὲ χθών·
 376

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

In flames, my kindred in disastrous strife
Perishing : bitterer sorrow is there none !
Oh, if thine heart is fixed to do this thing,
Let me be far hence ! Less shall be my grief
If I behold it not with these mine eyes.
That is the depth of horror and of shame
To see one's country wrecked by hands of foes."

With groans and tears so pleaded Ganymede.
Then Zeus himself with one vast pall of cloud
Veiled all the city of Priam world-renowned ;
And all the murderous fight was drowned in mist,
And like a vanished phantom was the wall
In vapours heavy-hung no eye could pierce ;
And all around crashed thunders, lightnings flamed
From heaven. The Danaans heard Zeus' clarion peal
Awe-struck ; and Neleus' son cried unto them :
" Far-famous lords of Argives, all our strength
Palsied shall be, while Zeus protecteth thus
Our foes. A great tide of calamity
On us is rolling ; haste we then to the ships ;
Cease we awhile from bitter toil of strife,
Lest the fire of his wrath consume us all.
Submit we to his portents ; needs must all
Obey him ever, who is mightier far
Than all strong Gods, all weakling sons of men.
On the presumptuous Titans once in wrath
He poured down fire from heaven : then burned all
earth

Beneath, and Ocean's world-engirdling flood
Boiled from its depths, yea, to its utmost bounds :
Far-flowing mighty rivers were dried up :
Perished all broods of life-sustaining earth,
All fosterlings of the boundless sea, and all
Dwellers in rivers : smoke and ashes veiled
The air : earth fainted in the fervent heat.

τοῦνεκ' ἐγὼ δέιδοικα Διὸς μένος ἡματι τῷδε. 470
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν ποτὶ νῆας, ἐπεὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγει
 σήμερον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα καὶ ἡμῖν κῦδος ὀρέξει·
 ἄλλοτε γάρ τε φίλη πέλει ἡώς, ἄλλοτε δ' ἐχθρή·
 καὶ δ' οὐπω δὴ μοῖρα διαπραθέειν κλυτὸν ἄστυ,
 εἰ ἐτεὸν Κάλχαντος ἐτήτυμος ἔπλετο μῦθος 475
 τὸν ῥα πάρος κατέλεξεν ὁμηγερέεσσιν Ἀχαιοῖς
 δηῶσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν δεκάτῃ ἐνιαυτῷ."

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἀπάνευθε περικλυτὸν ἄστυ
 λιπόντες

χασσαντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο Διὸς τρομέοντες ὁμοκλήν·
 ἀνέρι γὰρ πεπίθοντο παλαιῶν ἱστορί μύθων. 480
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀμέλησαν ἀποκταμένων ἐνὶ χάρμῃ·
 ἀλλὰ σφεας τάρχυσαν ἀπὸ πτολέμου ἐρύσαντες·
 οὐ γὰρ δὴ κείνους νέφος ἄμφεχεν, ἀλλὰ πόλῃα
 ὑψηλὴν καὶ τείχος ἀνέμβατον, ᾧ πέρα πολλοὶ
 Τρώων υἱες Ἄρηι καὶ Ἀργείων ἐδάμησαν. 485
 ἐλθόντες δ' ἐπὶ νῆας ἀρήια τεύχεα θέντο,
 καὶ ῥα κόνιν καὶ ἰδρώτα λύθρον τ' ἀποφαι-
 δρύναντο

κύμασιν ἐμβεβαῶτες εὐρρόου Ἑλλησπόντου.

Ἡέλιος δ' ἀκάμαντας ὑπὸ ζόφον ἤλασεν ἵππους·
 νύξ δ' ἐχύθη περὶ γαίαν, ἀπέτραπε δ' ἀνέρας
 ἔργων 490

Ἀργεῖοι δ' Ἀχιλῆος εὐπτολέμου θρασὺν νῖα
 ἴσα τοκῇ τίεσκον· ὁ δ' ἐν κλισίῃσιν ἀνάκτων
 δαίνυτο καγχαλῶν· κάματος δέ μιν οὔτι βάρυνεν,
 οὐνεκά οἱ στονόεντα Θέτις μελεδήματα γυῖων
 ἐξέλετ', ἀκμήτῳ δ' ἐναλίγκιον εἰσοράασθαι 495
 τεύξεν· ὁ δ' ἐκ δόρποιο κορεσσάμενος κρατερὸν κῆρ
 ἐς κλισίην ἀφίκανε·ν εὐὸ πατρός, ἔνθα οἱ ὕπνος
 378

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Therefore this day I dread the might of Zeus.
Now, pass we to the ships, since for to-day
He helpeth Troy. To us too shall he grant
Glory hereafter; for the dawn on men,
Though whiles it frown, anon shall smile. Not yet,
But soon, shall Fate lead us to smite yon town,
If true indeed was Calchas' prophecy
Spoken aforetime to the assembled Greeks,
That in the tenth year Priam's burg should fall."

Then left they that far-famous town, and turned
From war, in awe of Zeus's threatenings,
Harkening to one with ancient wisdom wise.
Yet they forgot not friends in battle slain,
But bare them from the field and buried them.
These the mist hid not, but the town alone
And its unscaleable wall, around which fell
Trojans and Argives many in battle slain.
So came they to the ships, and put from them
Their battle-gear, and strode into the waves
Of Hellespont fair-flowing, and washed away
All stain of dust and sweat and clotted gore.

The sun drave down his never-wearying steeds
Into the dark west: night streamed o'er the earth,
Bidding men cease from toil. The Argives then
Acclaimed Achilles' valiant son with praise
High as his father's. Mid triumphant mirth
He feasted in kings' tents: no battle-toil
Had wearied him; for Thetis from his limbs
Had charmed all ache of travail, making him
As one whom labour had no power to tire.
When his strong heart was satisfied with meat,
He passed to his father's tent, and over him
Sleep's dews were poured. The Greeks slept in the
plain

ἀμφεχύθη· Δαναοὶ δὲ νεῶν προπάροιθεν ἵανον
 αἰὲν ἀμειβόμενοι φυλακάς· φοβέοντο γὰρ αἰνῶς,
 Τρώων μὴ ποτε λαὸς ἢ ἀγχεμάχων ἐπικούρων 500
 νῆας ἐνιπρήσῃ, νόστου δ' ἀπὸ πάντας ἀμέρσῃ.
 ὥς δ' αὖτως Πριάμοιο κατὰ πτόλιν ἔθνεα Τρώων
 ἀμφὶ πύλας καὶ τείχος ἀμοιβαδὸν ὑπνώεσκον
 Ἀργείων στονόεσσαν ὑποτρομέοντες ὁμοκλήν.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK VIII

Before the ships, by ever-changing guards
Watched ; for they dreaded lest the host of Troy,
Or of her staunch allies, should kindle flame
Upon the ships, and from them all cut off
Their home-return. In Priam's burg the while
By gate and wall men watched and slept in turn,
Adread to hear the Argives' onset-shout.