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The fall of Troy

Quintus

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Book IX. How from his long exile returned to the war Philoctetes

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ΛΟΓΟΣ ΕΝΝΑΤΟΣ.

Ἦμος δ' ἦνυτο νυκτὸς ἄπο κνέφας, ἔγρετο δ' Ἠὼς
 ἐκ περάτων, μάρμαιρε δ' ἀπείριτον ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,
 δὴ τότε ἄρήιοι νῆες εὐσθενέων Ἀργείων
 ἄμ πεδίου πάπταινον, ἴδοντο δὲ Ἰλίου ἄκρην
 ἀννέφελον, χθιζὸν δὲ τέρας μέγα θαυμάζεσκον. 5
 Τρῶες δ' οὐκέτ' ἔφαντο πρὸ τείχεος αἰπεινοῖο
 στήμεναι ἐν πολέμφῳ· μάλα γὰρ δέος ἔλλαβε
 πάντας
 ζῶειν ἐλπομένους ἐρικυδέα Πηλείωνα.¹ 7a
 Ἀντήνωρ δ' ἐν τοῖσι θεῶν ἡρήσατ' ἀνακτι·
 “Ζεῦ, Ἰδὴς μεδέων ἡδ' οὐρανοῦ αἰγλήεντος,
 κλυθί μεν εὐχομένοιο, καὶ ὄβριμον ἄνδρα πόληος 10
 τρέψον ἀφ' ἡμετέρης ὀλοᾷ φρεσὶ μητιόοντα,
 εἴγ' ὃ γ' Ἀχιλλεύς ἐστι καὶ οὐ κίε δῶμ' Αἶδαο,
 εἴτε τις ἄλλος Ἀχαιὸς ἀλίγκιος ἀνέρι κείνῳ·
 λαοὶ γὰρ κατὰ ἄστνυ θεηγενέος Πριάμοιο
 πολλοὶ ἀποφθινύθουσι, κακοῦ δ' οὐ γίνετ' ἔρωή, 15
 ἀλλὰ φόνος τε καὶ οἶτος ἐπὶ πλεόναι ἐν ἀέξει·
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐδέ νυ σοὶ τι δαΐζομένων ὑπ' Ἀχαιοῖς
 μέμβλεται, ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ σὺ λελασμένος υἱὸς ἐοῖο
 Δαρδάνου ἀντιθέοιο μέγ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀρήγεις.
 ἀλλὰ σοὶ εἰ τόδε θυμὸς ἐνὶ κραδίῃ μενεαίνει, 20

¹ Verse inserted by Zimmermann, ex P.

BOOK IX

*How from his long lone exile returned to the war
Philoctetes*

WHEN ended was night's darkness, and the Dawn
Rose from the world's verge, and the wide air
glowed

With splendour, then did Argos' warrior-sons
Gaze o'er the plain; and lo, all cloudless-clear
Stood Ilium's towers. The marvel of yesterday
Seemed a strange dream. No thought the Trojans
had

Of standing forth to fight without the wall.

A great fear held them thralls, the awful thought
That yet alive was Peleus' glorious son.

But to the King of Heaven Antenor cried:

"Zeus, Lord of Ida and the starry sky,

Hearken my prayer! Oh turn back from our town

That battle-eager murderous-hearted man,

Be he Achilles who hath not passed down

To Hades, or some other like to him.

For now in heaven-descended Priam's burg

By thousands are her people perishing:

No respite cometh from calamity:

Murder and havoc evermore increase.

O Father Zeus, thou carest not though we

Be slaughtered of our foes: thou helpest them,

Forgetting thy son, godlike Dardanus!

But, if this be the purpose of thine heart

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Τρῶας ὑπ' Ἀργείοισιν οἷζυρῶς ἀπολέσσαι,
ἔρξον ἄφαρ, μηδ' ἄμμι πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα τεύχε·"

Ἦ ῥα μέγ' εὐχόμενος· τοῦ δ' ἔκλυεν οὐρανόθι
Ζεὺς·

καὶ τὸ μὲν αἶψ' ἐτέλεσσε, τὸ δ' οὐκ ἤμελλε
τελέσσειν·

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δὴ γάρ οἱ κατένευσεν, ὅπως ἀπὸ πολλοὶ ὄλονται
Τρῶες ὁμῶς τεκέεσσι, δαΐφρονα δ' υἱ' Ἀχιλλῆος
τρεψέμεν οὐ κατένευσεν ἀπ' εὐρυχόροιο πόλης,
ἀλλὰ ἐμᾶλλον ἔγειρεν, ἐπεὶ νύ ἐθυμὸς ἀνώγει
ἦρα φέρειν καὶ κῦδος εὐφροσι Νηρηίην.

30

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὥς ὥρμαινε θεῶν μέγα φέρτατος
ἄλλων.

μεσσηγὺς δὲ πόλης ἰδ' εὐρέος Ἑλλησπόντου
Ἀργεῖοι καὶ Τρῶες ἀποκταμένους ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
καῖον ὁμῶς ἵπποισι· μάχῃ δ' ἐπέπαντο φόνους,
οὐνεκα δὴ Πριάμοιο βίη κήρυκα Μενόιτην
εἰς Ἀγαμέμνονα πέμψε καὶ ἄλλους πάντας
Ἀχαιοὺς

35

λίσσόμενος νέκρας πυρὶ καίεμεν· οἱ δ' ἐπίθοντο
αἰδόμενοι κταμένους· οὐ γάρ σφισι μῆνις ὀπηδεῖ.
ἦμος δὲ φθιμένοισι πυρὰς ἐκάμοντο θαμειάς,
δὴ τότε ἄρ' Ἀργεῖοι μὲν ἐπὶ κλισίας ἀφίκοντο,
Τρῶες δ' ἐς Πριάμοιο πολυχρύσοιο μέλαθρα,
ἀχνύμενοι μάλα πολλὰ δεδουπότοιο Εὐρυπύλοιο·
τὸν γὰρ δὴ τίεσκον ἴσον Πριάμοιο τέκεσσι·
τοῦνεκά μιν τάρχυσαν ἀποκταμένων ἐκὰς ἄλλων
Δαρδανίης προπάραιθε πύλης, ὅθι μακρὰ ῥέεθρα

45

* * * * *

δινῆεις προΐησιν ἀεξόμενος Διὸς ὄμβρῳ.

Τίς δ' αὖτ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἀταρβέος ἵκετο πατρός
τύμβον ἐς εὐρώεντα· κύσειν δ' ὅ γε δάκρυα χεύων
στήλῃν εὐπόιητον ἀποφθιμένοιο τοκῆος·
καὶ ῥα περιστενάχων τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπε·

50

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

That Argives shall destroy us wretchedly,
Now do it: draw not out our agony!"

In passionate prayer he cried; and Zeus from
heaven

Hearkened, and hasted on the end of all,
Which else he had delayed. He granted him
This awful boon, that myriads of Troy's sons
Should with their children perish: but that prayer
He granted not, to turn Achilles' son
Back from the wide-wayed town; nay, all the more
He enkindled him to war, for he would now
Give grace and glory to the Nereïd Queen.

So purposed he, of all Gods mightiest.
But now between the city and Hellespont
Were Greeks and Trojans burning men and steeds
In battle slain, while paused the murderous strife.
For Priam sent his herald Menoetes forth
To Agamemnon and the Achæan chiefs,
Asking a truce wherein to burn the dead;
And they, of reverence for the slain, gave ear;
For wrath pursueth not the dead. And when
They had lain their slain on those close-thronging
pyres,

Then did the Argives to their tents return,
And unto Priam's gold-abounding halls
The Trojans, for Eurypylus sorrowing sore:
For even as Priam's sons they honoured him.
Therefore apart from all the other slain,
Before the Gate Dardanian—where the streams
Of eddying Xanthus down from Ida flow
Fed by the rains of heaven—they buried him.

Aweless Achilles' son the while went forth
To his sire's huge tomb. Outpouring tears, he
kissed

The tall memorial pillar of the dead,
And groaning clasped it round, and thus he cried:

“χαῖρε πάτερ καὶ ἔνερθε κατὰ χθονός· οὐ γὰρ
ἔγωγε

λήσομαι οἰχομένοιο σέθεν ποτὶ δῶμ' Ἀΐδαο·
ὥς εἶθε ζῶν σε μετ' Ἀργείοισι κίχανον·
τῷ κε τάχ' ἀλλήλοισι φρένας τερφθέντ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
Ἰλίου ἐξ ἱερῆς ληισσάμεθ' ἄσπετον ὄλβον·
νῦν δ' οὐτ' ἄρ' σύ γ' ἐσείδες ἐὼν τέκος οὔτε σ' ἔγωγε 55
εἶδον ζῶν ἐόντα λιλαιόμενός περ ἰδέσθαι.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς σέο νόσφι καὶ ἐν φθιμένοισιν ἐόντος
σὸν δόρυ καὶ τεὸν νῆα μέγ' ἐν δαὶ πεφρίκασι
δυσμενέες, Δαναοὶ δὲ γεγηθότες εἰσορώωσι
σοὶ δέμας ἡδὲ φυὴν ἐναλίγκιον ἡδὲ καὶ ἔργα.” 60

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπὸ θερμὸν ὁμόρξατο δάκρυ παρειῶν.
βῆ δὲ θοῶς ἐπὶ νῆας ὑπερθύμοιο τοκῆς
οὐκ οἶος· ἅμα γάρ οἱ ἴσαν δυοκαίδεκα φῶτες
Μυρμιδόνων, Φοῖνιξ δ' ὁ γέρων μετὰ τοῖσιν
ὀπήδει

λυγρὸν ἀναστενάχων περικυδέος ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆος. 65
Νῦξ δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἴκανε, ἐπέσσυτο δ' οὐρανὸν
ἄστρο·

οἱ δ' ἄρα δορπήσαντες ἔλουθ' ὕπνον· ἔγρετο δ'
'Ηώς.

'Αργεῖοι δ' ἄρ' ἔδυσαν ἐν ἔντεσι· τῇλε δ' ἀπ' αὐτῶν
αἶγλη μαρμαίρεσκει ἐς αἰθέρα μέχρ' ἰούσα·
καὶ ῥα θοῶς ἔκτοσθε πύλάων ἐσσεύοντο 70
πανσυδίῃ νιφάδεσσιν ἐοικότες, αἳ τε φέρονται
ταρφέες ἐκ νεφέων κρυερῇ ὑπὸ χείματος ὥρῃ·
ὥς οἳ γ' ἐξεχέοντο πρὸ τείχεος, ὥρτο δ' αὐτῇ
σμερδαλέῃ· μέγα δ' αἶα περιστεναχίζετ' ἰόντων.

Τρῶες δ' εὐτ' ἐπύθοντο βοῇν καὶ λαὸν ἴδοντο, 75
θάμβησαν· πᾶσιν δὲ κατεκλάσθη κέαρ ἔνδον
πότμον οἰομένων· περὶ γὰρ νέφος ὥς ἐφαάνθη
λαὸς δυσμενέων· κανάχιζε δὲ τεύχεα φωτῶν
κινυμένων· ἄμοτον δὲ κονίσταλος ὥρτο ποδοῖν.
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THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

"Hail, father! Though beneath the earth thou lie
In Hades' halls, I shall forget thee not.
Oh to have met thee living mid the host!
Then of each other had our souls had joy,
Then of her wealth had we spoiled Ilium.
But now, thou hast not seen thy child, nor I
Seen thee, who yearned to look on thee in life:
Yet, though thou be afar amidst the dead,
Thy spear, thy son, have made thy foes to quail;
And Danaans with exceeding joy behold
One like to thee in stature, fame and deeds."

He spake, and wiped the hot tears from his face;
And to his father's ships passed swiftly thence:
With him went Myrmidon warriors two and ten,
And white-haired Phoenix followed on with these
Woefully sighing for the glorious dead.

Night rose o'er earth, the stars flashed out in
heaven;

So these brake bread, and slept till woke the Dawn.
Then the Greeks donned their armour: flashed afar
Its splendour up to the very firmament.

Forth of their gates in one great throng they
poured,

Like snowflakes thick and fast, which drift adown
Heavily from the clouds in winter's cold;
So streamed they forth before the wall, and rose
Their dread shout: groaned the deep earth 'neath
their tramp.

The Trojans heard that shout, and saw that host,
And marvelled. Crushed with fear were all their
hearts

Foreboding doom; for like a huge cloud seemed
That throng of foes: with clashing arms they came:
Volumed and vast the dust rose 'neath their feet.

καὶ τότ' ἄρ' ἡὲ θεῶν τις ὑπὸ φρένας ἔμβαλε
θάρσος

80

Δηϊφόβῳ καὶ θῆκε μάλ' ἄτρομον, ἡὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ
θυμὸς ἐποτρύνεσκε ποτὶ κλόνον, ὅφρ' ὑπὸ πατρὸς
δυσμενέων ἀλεγεινὸν ὑπ' ἔγχρῃ λαὸν ἐλάσση·
θαρσαλέον δ' ἄρα μῦθον ἐνὶ Τρώεσσιν ἔειπεν·

“ὦ φίλοι, εἰ δ' ἄγε θυμὸν ἀρήιον ἐν φρεσὶ θέσθε
μνησάμενοι, στονέοντος ὅσα πτολέμοιο τελευτῇ
ἄλγε' ἐπ' ἀνθρώποισι δορυκτῆτοισι τίθησιν·

οὐ γὰρ Ἀλεξάνδροιο πέλει πέρι μῶνον ἄεθλος
οὐδ' Ἑλένης, ἀλλ' ἔστι περὶ πτόλιός τε καὶ αὐτῶν
ἡδ' ἀλόχων τεκέων τε φίλων γεραρῶν τε τοκῶν

πάσης τ' ἀγλαΐης καὶ κτήσιος ἡδ' ἐρατεινῆς
γαίης, ἥ με δαμέντα κατὰ κλόνον ἀμφικαλύνφαι
μᾶλλον, ἥ ἀθρήσαιμι φίλην ὑπὸ δούρασι πάτρην
δυσμενέων· οὐ γάρ τι κακώτερον ἔλπομαι ἄλλο

πῆμα μετ' ἀνθρώποισιν οἷζυροῖσι τετύχθαι.

τοῦνεκ' ἀπώσάμενοι στυγερὸν δέος ἀμφ' ἐμὲ πάντες
καρτύνασθ' ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀμείλιχον· οὐ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ζῶδς ἔθ' ἡμῖν ἅντα μαχήσεται, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτὸν
πῦρ ὀλοὸν κατέδαψε· πέλει δέ τις ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν,

ὃς νῦν λαὸν ἔγειρεν, ἔοικε δὲ μῆτ' Ἀχιλῆα

μήτε τιν' ἄλλον Ἀχαιὸν ὑποτρομέειν περὶ πατρὸς
μαρναμένους· τῷ μὴ τι φεβώμεθα μῶλον Ἄρης,
εἰ καὶ πολλὰ πάροιθεν ἀνέτλημεν μογέοντες·

ἢ οὐπω τόδε οἶδατ' ἀνὰ φρένας, ὥς ἀλεγεινοῖς
ἀνδράσιν ἐκ καμάτοιο πέλει θαλὴν τε καὶ ὄλβος,

ἐκ δ' ἄρα λευγαλέων ἀνέμων καὶ χείματος αἰνοῦ
Ζεὺς ἐπάγει μερόπεσσι δι' ἡέρος εὐδίου ἡμαρ,
ἐκ τ' ὀλοῆς νούσιοιο πέλει σθένος, ἐκ τε μόθοιο
εἰρήνη; τὰ δὲ πάντα χρόνῳ μεταμείβεται ἔργα.”

ὣς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἐς Ἀρῆα μεμαότες ἐντυναντο

ἔσσυμένως· καναχὴ δὲ κατὰ πτόλιν ἔπλετο πάντῃ

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Then—either did some God with hardihood thrill
 Deiphobus' heart, and made it void of fear,
 Or his own spirit spurred him on to fight,
 To drive by thrust of spear that terrible host
 Of foemen from the city of his birth.
 So there in Troy he cried with heartening speech :
 "O friends, be stout of heart to play the men !
 Remember all the agonies that war
 Brings in the end to them that yield to foes.
 Ye wrestle not for Alexander alone,
 Nor Helen, but for home, for your own lives,
 For wives, for little ones, for parents grey,
 For all the grace of life, for all ye have,
 For this dear land—oh may she shroud me o'er
 Slain in the battle, ere I see her lie
 'Neath foemen's spears—my country ! I know not
 A bitterer pang than this for hapless men !
 O be ye strong for battle ! Forth to the fight
 With me, and thrust this horror far away !
 Think not Achilles liveth still to war
 Against us : him the ravening fire consumed.
 Some other Achæan was it who so late
 Enkindled them to war. Oh, shame it were
 If men who fight for fatherland should fear
 Achilles' self, or any Greek beside !
 Let us not flinch from war-toil ! have we not
 Endured much battle-travail heretofore ?
 What, know ye not that to men sorely tried
 Prosperity and joyance follow toil ?
 So after scourging winds and ruining storms
 Zeus brings to men a morn of balmy air ;
 After disease new strength comes, after war
 Peace : all things know Time's changeless law of
 change."

Then eager all for war they armed themselves
 In haste. All through the town rang clangour of arms

μῶλον ἐς ἀλγινόεντα κορυσσομένων αἰζηῶν.
 ἔνθ' ἄρα τῷ μὲν ἄκοιτις ὑποτρομέουσα κυδοιμὸν
 ἔντε' ἀποικομένη παρενήνεε δακρυχεοῦσα·
 τῷ δ' ἄρα νήπιοι υἱες ἐπαιγόμενοι περὶ πατρὶ 115
 τεύχεα πάντα φέρεσκον· ὁ δὲ σφισιν ἄλλοτε μὲν
 που

ἄχυντ' ὀδυρομένοις, ὅτε δ' ἔμπαλι μειδιάσκει
 παισὶν ἀγαλλόμενος· κραδίη δέ οἱ ἐν δαὶ μᾶλλον
 ὥρμαινεν πονέεσθαι ὑπὲρ τεκέων τε καὶ αὐτοῦ·
 ἄλλῳ δ' αὖτε γεραιὸς ἐπισταμένης παλάμῃσιν 120
 ἀμφοτίθει μελέεσσι κακῆς ἀλκτήρια χάρμης
 πολλὰ παρηγορέων φίλου υἱέα, μηδενὶ εἵκειν
 ἐν πολέμῳ, καὶ στέρνα τετυμμένα δείκνυε παιδι
 ταρφέα σήματ' ἔχοντα παλαιῆς δηιοτήτος.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ μάλα πάντες ἐν ἔντεσι θωρήχθησαν, 125
 ἄσπετος ἐξεχέοντο μέγ' ἰέμενοι πολέμοιο
 λευγαλέον· ταχέεσσι δ' ἐφ' ἰππήεσσιν ὄρουσαν
 ἰππῆες· πεζοῖσι δ' ἐπέχραον ἔθνεα πεζῶν·
 ἄρμασι δ' ἄρμαθ' ἵκοντο καταντίον· ἔβραχε δὲ χθὼν
 ἐς μόθον ἐσσυμένων· ἐπαῦτε δ' οἷσιν ἕκαστος 130
 κεκλόμενος· τοῖ δ' αἶψα συνήιον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι
 τεύχε' ἐπεσμαράγησε· μίγῃ δ' ἐκάτερθεν αὐτῇ
 λευγαλή· τὰ δὲ πολλὰ θοῶς ποτέοντο βέλεμνα
 βαλλόμεν' ἀμφοτέρωθεν· ὑπ' ἔγχεσι δ' ἀσπίδες
 ἀνδρῶν

θεινόμεναι κτυπέεσκον ἀάσχετον αἰ δ' ὑπ' ἀκόντων 135
 καὶ ξιφέων· πολέες δὲ καὶ ἄξινῃσι θοῇσιν
 ἀνέρες οὐτάζοντο· φορύνετο δ' ἔντεα φωτῶν
 αἵματι. Τρωιάδες δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ἐσκοπιάζον
 αἰζηῶν στονόεντα μόθον· πάσῃσι δὲ γυῖα
 ἔτρεμεν εὐχομένησιν ὑπὲρ τεκέων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν 140
 ἡδὲ κασιγνήτων· πολιοὶ δ' ἅμα τῇσι γέροντες

ἰσομοῖον
 ἰσότητι
 ἰσοτε μέν
 ἰσσκε
 ἰσμάλλον
 ἰστού
 ἰσῆσιν
 ἰσῆς
 ἰσκειν
 ἰσπαιδε
 ἰσ.
 ἰσχθησαν.
 ἰσουσαν
 ἰσ δὲ χθόν
 ἰστος
 ἰσ ἄρα σφι
 ἰσ αὐτῇ
 ἰσ θέλημα
 ἰσ σπῖδει
 ἰσ ἀκόντων
 ἰσ
 ἰσ ὦν
 ἰσ ἰαζον
 ἰσ
 ἰσ ἀνδρῶν
 ἰσ οντες

So when they all stood mailed in battle-gear,
Forth of the gates they poured all eager-souled
For war. Against the chariots of the Greeks
Their chariots charged; their ranks of footmen
pressed

To meet the footmen of the foe. The earth
Rang to the tramp of onset ; pealed the cheer
From man to man ; swift closed the fronts of war.
Loud clashed their arms all round ; from either side
War-cries were mingled in one awful roar.
Swift-winged full many a dart and arrow flew
From host to host ; loud clanged the smitten shields
'Neath thrusting spears, 'neath javelin-point and
sword :

Men hewed with battle-axes lightening down ;
Crimson the armour ran with blood of men.
And all this while Troy's wives and daughters
watched

From high walls that grim battle of the strong.
All trembled as they prayed for husbands, sons,
And brothers : white-haired sires amidst them sat,

ἔζοντ' εἰσορόωντες· ἔδον δ' ὑπὸ κήδεσι θυμὸν
 παίδων ἀμφὶ φίλων· Ἑλένη δ' ἐν δώμασι μίμνεν
 οἷ' ἅμ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν· ἔρυκε γὰρ ἄσπετος αἰδώς.

Οἱ δ' ἄμοτονπονέοντο πρὸ τείχεος· ἀμφὶ δὲ Κῆρες 145
 γήθεον· οὐλομένη δ' ἐπαυτέεν ἀμφοτέροισι
 μακρὸν Ἔρις βοόωσα· κόνις δ' ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ
 κτεινομένων· ὀλέκοντο δ' ἀνὰ κλόνον ἄλλοθεν
 ἄλλος.

Ἐνθ' ἄρα Δηίφοβος κρατερὸν κτάνεν ἡνιοχῆα
 [Νέστορος,] Ἴππασίδην, ὃ δ' ἀφ' ἄρματος αἰψήροιο 150
 ἤριπεν ἀμφὶ νέκυσσιν· ἄχος δέ οἱ ἔσχεν ἄνακτα·
 δεΐδιδε γάρ, μὴ δὴ μιν ἐφ' ἡνία χεῖρας ἔχοντα
 υἱὸς ἐὺς Πριάμοιο κατακτείνῃσι καὶ αὐτόν·
 ἀλλὰ οἱ οὐκ ἀμέλησε Μελάνθιος· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δίφρῳ
 ἄλτο θοῶς, ἵπποισι δ' ἐκέκλετο μακρὰ τινάσσων 155
 εὐλῆρ', οὐδ' ἔχε μάστιν, ἔλαννε δὲ δούρατι θείων.
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν Πριάμοιο πᾶις λίπειν, ἵκετο δ' ἄλλων
 ἐς πληθύν· πολέεσσι δ' ὀλέθριον ὥπασεν ἡμαρ
 ἐσσυμένως· ὀλοῇ γὰρ ἀλίγκιος αἰὲν ἀέλλη
 θαρσαλέως δῆιοισιν ἐπ'όχετο· τοῦ δ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ 160
 μυρίοι ἐκτείνοντο· πέδον δ' ἐστέινετο νεκρῶν.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀν' οὐρεα μακρὰ θορῶν εἰς ἄγkea
 βήσσης
 δρυτόμος ἐγκονέων νεοθηλέα δάμναται ὕλην,
 ἀνθρακας ὄφρα κάμῃσι κατακρύψας ὑπὸ γαῖαν
 σὺν πυρὶ δούρατα πολλά· τὰ δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα
 πεσόντα 165

πρῶνας ὑπερθε κάλυψαν, ἀνὴρ δ' ἐπιτέρπεται ἔργῳ·
 ὥς ἄρα Δηιφόβοιο θοῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἱλαδὸν ὀλλύμενοι περικάππεσον ἀλλήλοισι.
 καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν Τρώεσσιν ὀμίλειον, οἱ δ' ἐφέβοντο
 εὐρύν ἐπὶ Ξάνθοιο ῥόον· τοὺς δ' ὕδατος εἴσω 170
 Δηίφοβος συνέλασσε καὶ οὐκ ἀπέληγε φόνοιο·
 ὥς δ' ὁπότ' ἰχθυόεντος ἐπ' ἡόσιν Ἑλλησπόντου
 392

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

And gazed, while anguished fear for sons devoured
Their hearts. But Helen in her bower abode
Amidst her maids, there held by utter shame.

So without pause before the wall they fought,
While Death exulted o'er them; deadly Strife
Shrieked out a long wild cry from host to host.
With blood of slain men dust became red mire:
Here, there, fast fell the warriors mid the fray.

Then slew Deiphobus the charioteer
Of Nestor, Hippasus' son: from that high car
Down fell he 'midst the dead; fear seized his lord
Lest, while his hands were cumbered with the reins,
He too by Priam's strong son might be slain.
Melanthius marked his plight: swiftly he sprang
Upon the car; he urged the horses on,
Shaking the reins, goading them with his spear,
Seeing the scourge was lost. But Priam's son
Left these, and plunged amid a throng of foes.
There upon many he brought the day of doom;
For like a ruining tempest on he stormed
Through reeling ranks. His mighty hand struck
down

Foes numberless: the plain was heaped with dead.

As when a woodman on the long-ridged hills
Plunges amid the forest-depths, and hews
With might and main, and fells sap-laden trees
To make him store of charcoal from the heaps
Of billets overturfed and set afire:
The trunks on all sides fallen strew the slopes,
While o'er his work the man exulteth; so
Before Deiphobus' swift death-dealing hands
In heaps the Achaeans each on other fell.
The charging lines of Troy swept over some;
Some fled to Xanthus' stream: Deiphobus chased
Into the flood yet more, and slew and slew.
As when on fish-abounding Hellespont's strand

δίκτυον ἐξερύωσι πολύκμητοι ἀλιῆς
 κολπωθὲν ποτὶ γαῖαν, ἔσω δ' ἄλως εἰσέτ' ἔοντος
 ἐνθόρῃ αἰζήος γναμπτὸν δόρυ χερσὶ μεμαρπῶς 175
 αἶνον ἐπὶ ξιφίῃσι φέρειν φόνον, ἄλλοθε δ' ἄλλον
 δάμνεται, ὃν κε κίχῃσι, φόνῳ δ' ἐρυθαίνεται ὕδωρ·
 ὡς τοῦ ὑπαὶ παλάμῃσι περὶ Ξάνθοιο ρέεθρα
 αἵματι φοινίχθησαν, ἐνεστείνοντο δὲ νεκροί.

Οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ' ἄρα Τρῶες ἀναιμωτὶ πονέοντο, 180
 ἀλλὰ σφεας ἐδάϊζεν Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμος υἱὸς
 ἀμφ' ἄλλῃσι φάλαγξι· Θέτις δέ που εἰσορόωσα
 τέρπετ' ἐφ' υἱωνῶ, ὅσον ἄχυντο Πηλείων·
 τοῦ γὰρ ὑπὸ μελίῃ πουλὺς στρατὸς ἐν κονίῃσι
 πίπτειν ὁμῶς ἵπποισιν· ὁ δ' ἐσπόμενος κεραίζεν. 185
 ἐνθ' Ἀμίδην ἐδάϊξε περικλυτόν, ὃς ῥά οἱ ἵππῳ
 ἐζόμενος συνέκυρσε καὶ οὐκ ἀπόνητ' ἐρατεινῆς
 ἵππασίης· δὴ γάρ μιν ὑπ' ἔγχει τύψε φαεινῶ
 ἐς νηδύν· αἰχμὴ δὲ ποτὶ ῥάχιν ἐξεπέρησεν.
 ἔγκατα δ' ἐξεχύθησαν· ἔλεν δέ μιν οὐλομένη Κῆρ 190
 ἐσσυμένως ἵπποιο θοοῦ παρὰ ποσσὶ πεσόντα.
 εἶλε δ' ἄρ' Ἀσκάνιον τε καὶ Οἰνόπα. τὸν μὲν
 ἐλάσσας

δουρὶ μέγα στομάχοιο ποτὶ στόμα, τὸν δ' ὑπο
 λαιμόν,
 καίριος ἐνθα μάλιστα πέλει μορος ἀνθρώποισιν.
 ἄλλους δ' ἔκτανεν αἰέν, ὅσους κίχε· τίς κεν ἐκείνους 195
 ἀνδρῶν μυθήσαιτο, κατὰ κλόνου ὅσσοι ὄλοντο
 χερσὶ Νεοπτολέμοιο; κάμειν δέ οἱ οὔποτε γυνῖα·
 ὡς δ' ὁπότε αἰζήων τις ἀγρῷ ἐνὶ τηλεθάοντι
 πᾶν ἡμάρ κρατερῇσι πονησάμενος παλάμῃσιν
 ἐς γαῖαν κατέχενεν ἀπείρονα καρπὸν ἐλαίης 200
 ῥάβδῳ ἐπισπέρχων, ἐκάλυψε δὲ χώρον ὑπερθεν·
 ὡς τοῦ ὑπαὶ παλάμῃσι κατήριπε πουλὺς ὄμιλος.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

The fishermen hard-straining drag a net
Forth of the depths to land ; but, while it trails
Yet through the sea, one leaps amid the waves
Grasping in hand a sinuous-headed spear
To deal the sword-fish death, and here and there,
Fast as he meets them, slays them, and with blood
The waves are reddened ; so were Xanthus' streams
Impurpled by his hands, and choked with dead.

Yet not without sore loss the Trojans fought ;
For all this while Peleides' fierce-heart son
Of other ranks made havoc. Thetis gazed
Rejoicing in her son's son, with a joy
As great as was her grief for Achilles slain.
For a great host beneath his spear were hurled
Down to the dust, steeds, warriors slaughter-blent.
And still he chased, and still he slew : he smote
Amides war-renowned, who on his steed
Bore down on him, but of his horsemanship
Small profit won. The bright spear pierced him
through

From navel unto spine, and all his bowels
Gushed out, and deadly Doom laid hold on him
Even as he fell beside his horse's feet.
Ascanius and Oenops next he slew ;
Under the fifth rib of the one he drave
His spear, the other stabbed he 'neath the throat
Where a wound bringeth surest doom to man.
Whomso he met besides he slew—the names
What man could tell of all that by the hands
Of Neoptolemus died ? Never his limbs
Waxed weary. As some brawny labourer,
With strong hands toiling in a fruitful field
The livelong day, rains down to earth the fruit
Of olives, swiftly beating with his pole,
And with the downfall covers all the ground,
So fast fell 'neath his hands the thronging foe.

Τυδείδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν εὐμμελὴς τ' Ἀγαμέμνων
 ἄλλοι τ' ἐν Δαναοῖσιν ἀριστῆες πονέοντο
 προφρονέως ἀνὰ δῆριν ἀμείλιχον· οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλοῖς 205
 Ἴρῶν ἡγεμόνεσσι δέος πέλεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 ἐκ θυμοῖο μάχοντο καὶ ἀνέρας αἰὲν ἔρुकον
 χαζομένους· πολέες γε μὲν οὐκ ἀλέγοντες ἀνακτων
 ἐκ πολέμοιο φέβοντο μένος τρομέοντες Ἀχαιῶν.

Ὅψέ δ' ἄρ' εἰσενόησε περὶ προχοῇσι Σκαμάν-
 δρου 210
 ὀλλυμένους Δαναοὺς κρατερὸς παῖς Αἰακίδαο
 αἰὲν ἐπασσυτέρους· λίπε δ' οὐς πάρος αὐτόθ'
 ἔναιρε,

φεύγοντας ποτὶ ἄστν, καὶ Αὐτομέδοντι κέλευε
 κείσ' ἐλάαν, ὅθι πουλὺς ἐδάμνατο λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ γ' αἰψ' ἐπίθησε καὶ ἀθανάτων μένος ἵππων 215
 σείεσκεν μᾶστιγι ποτὶ κλόνον· οἱ δ' ἐπέτοντο
 ῥίμφα διὰ κταμένον κρατερὸν φορέοντες ἀνακτα.
 οἷος δ' ἐς πόλεμον φθισίμβροτον ἔρχεται Ἄρης
 ἐμβεβαῶς ἵπποισι, περιτρομέει δ' ἄρα γαῖα
 ἐσσυμένον, καὶ θεῖα περὶ στέρνοισι θεοῖο 220

τεύχε' ἐπιβρομέουσιν ἴσον πυρὶ μαρμαίροντα·
 τοῖος Ἀχιλλῆος κρατεροῦ παῖς ἦεν ἄντην
 ἐσθλοῦ Δηϊφόβοιο· κόνις δ' ἐπαίρετο πολλή
 ἵππων ἄμφι πόδεσσιν· ἰδὼν δέ μιν ἄλκιμος ἀνὴρ
 Αὐτομέδων ἐνόησεν, ὅτις πέλεν· αἶψα δ' ἀνάκτι 225
 τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε περικλυτὸν ἄνδρα πιφάυσκων·
 “ὦ ἄνα, Δηϊφόβοιο πέλει στρατός, ὅς τε¹ καὶ
 αὐτὸς

σεῖο πάροιθε τοκῆος ὑπέτρεμε· νῦν δέ οἱ ἐσθλὸν
 ἢ θεὸς ἢ δαίμων τις ὑπὸ κραδίην βάλε θάρσος.”
 “Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' οὔτι προσένεπεν, ἀλλ' ἔτι
 μᾶλλον 230
 ἵππους ὀτρύνεσκεν ἐλαυνέμεν, ὄφρα τάχιστα

¹ Zimmermann, for ἡδὲ of MS.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Elsewhere did Agamemnon, Tydeus' son,
 And other chieftains of the Danaans toil
 With fury in the fight. Yet never quailed
 The mighty men of Troy: with heart and soul
 They also fought, and ever stayed from flight
 Such as gave back. Yet many heeded not
 Their chiefs, but fled, cowed by the Achaeans'
 might.

Now at the last Achilles' strong son marked
 How fast beside Scamander's outfall Greeks
 Were perishing. Those Troyward-fleeing foes
 Whom he had followed slaying, left he now,
 And bade Automedon thither drive, where hosts
 Were falling of the Achaeans. Straightway he
 Harkened; and scourged the steeds immortal on
 To that wild fray: bearing their lord they flew
 Swiftly o'er battle-highways paved with death.

As Ares chariot-borne to murderous war
 Fares forth, and round his onrush quakes the
 ground,

While on the God's breast clash celestial arms
 Outflashing fire, so charged Achilles' son
 Against Deiphobus. Clouds of dust upsoared
 About his horses' feet. Automedon marked
 The Trojan chief, and knew him. To his lord
 Straightway he named that hero war-renowned:
 "My king, this is Deiphobus' array—
 The man who from thy father fled in fear.
 Some God or fiend with courage fills him now."

Naught answered Neoptolemus, save to bid
 Drive on the steeds yet faster, that with speed

ὀλλυμένοις Δαναοῖσιν ἀεικέα πότμον ἀλάλκοι.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἀφίκοντο μάλα σχεδὸν ἀλλήλοισι,
 δὴ τότε Δηϊφობος μάλα περ χατέων πολέμοιο
 ἔσθη, ὅπως πῦρ αἰνόν, ὅθ' ὕδατος ἐγγὺς ἵκηται 235
 θάμβεε δ' εἰσορόων κρατερόφρονος Αἰακίδαο
 ἵππους ἠδὲ καὶ νῆα πελώριον, οὔτι τοκῆος
 μείονα. τοῦ δ' ἄρα θυμὸς ὑπὸ φρεσὶν ὀρμαίνεσκεν
 ἄλλοτε μὲν φεύγειν, ὅτε δ' ἀνέρος ἅντα μάχεσθαι
 ὥς δ' ὅτε σὺς ἐν ὄρεσσι νεηγενέων ἀπὸ τέκνων 240
 θῶας ἀποσσεύησι, λέων δ' ἐτέρωθι φανείη
 ἔκποθεν ἐσσύμενος, τοῦ δ' ἴσταται ἄσπετος ὀρμῇ
 οὔτε πρόσω μεμαῶτος ἔτ' ἐλθέμεν οὔτ' ἄρ' ὀπίσσω,
 θήγει δ' ἀφρίωντας ὑπὸ γναθμοῖσιν ὀδόντας
 ὥς υἱὸς Πριάμοιο σὺν ἄρμασι μίμνε καὶ ἵπποις 245
 πορφύρων φρεσὶ πολλὰ καὶ ἀμφαφῶν δόρυ χερσὶ.
 τὸν δ' υἱὸς προσέειπεν ἀμειλίκτου Ἀχιλλῆος
 “Πριαμίδη, τί νυ τόσσον ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι μέμνηας
 χειροτέροις, οἳ σείο περιτρομέοντες ὀμοκλήν
 φεύγον ἐπεσσυμένοιο, σὺ δ' ἔλπεο πολλὸν ἄριστος 250
 ἔμμεναι; ἀλλὰ σοὶ εἵπερ ὑπὸ κραδίῃ μένος ἐστίν,
 ἡμετέρης πείρησαι ἀνὰ κλόνον ἀσχέτου αἰχμῆς.”
 “Ὡς εἰπὼν οἴμησε λέων ὥς ἄντ' ἐλάφοιο
 ἐμβεβαὼς ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασι πατρὸς ἐοῖο
 καὶ νύ κέ μιν τάχα δουρὶ σὺν ἡνιόχῳ κατέπεφνε, 255
 εἰ μὴ οἱ μέλαν αἵψα νέφος κατέχευεν Ἀπόλλων
 ἔκποθεν Οὐλύμπιο καὶ ἐξ ὀλοοῖο μόθοιο
 ἤρπασε, καὶ μιν ἔθηκε ποτὶ πτόλιν, ἥχι καὶ ἄλλοι
 Τρῶες ἴσαν φεύγοντες· ὁ δ' ἐς κενεὴν δόρυ τύψας
 ἡέρα Πηλείδαο παῖς ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν 260
 “ὦ κύον, ἐξήλυξας ἐμὸν μένος· οὐδὲ σοὶ ἀλκὴ
 ἰεμένῳ περ ἄλαλκε, θεῶν δέ τις, ὅς σ' ἐκάλυψε
 νύκτα βαλὼν καθύπερθε, καὶ ἐκ κακότητος
 ἔρυσσεν.”

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

He might avert grim death from perishing friends.
 But when to each other now full nigh they drew,
 Deiphobus, despite his battle-lust,
 Stayed, as a ravening fire stays when it meets
 Water. He marvelled, seeing Achilles' steeds
 And that gigantic son, huge as his sire;
 And his heart wavered, choosing now to flee,
 And now to face that hero, man to man
 As when a mountain boar from his young brood
 Chases the jackals—then a lion leaps
 From hidden ambush into view : the boar
 Halts in his furious onset, loth to advance,
 Loth to retreat, while foam his jaws about
 His whetted tusks ; so halted Priam's son
 Car-steeds and car, perplexed, while quivered his
 hands

About the lance. Shouted Achilles' son :
 "Ho, Priam's son, why thus so mad to smite
 Those weaker Argives, who have feared thy wrath
 And fled thine onset ? So thou deem'st thyself
 Far mightiest ! If thine heart be brave indeed,
 Of my spear now make trial in the strife."

On rushed he, as a lion against a stag,
 Borne by the steeds and chariot of his sire.
 And now full soon his lance had slain his foe,
 Him and his charioteer—but Phoebus poured
 A dense cloud round him from the viewless heights
 Of heaven, and snatched him from the deadly fray,
 And set him down in Troy, amid the rout
 Of fleeing Trojans : so did Peleus' son
 Stab but the empty air ; and loud he cried :
 "Dog, thou hast 'scaped my wrath ! No might of thine
 Saved thee, though ne'er so fain ! Some God hath
 cast

Night's veil o'er thee, and snatched thee from thy
 death."

Ὦς ἄρ' ἔφη· δυοφερὸν δὲ νέφος καθύπερθε
Κρουίων

εὐτ' ὁμίχλην διέχευε· λύθη δ' εἰς ἡέρα μακρὴν· 265
αὐτίκα δ' ἐξεφάνη πεδίον καὶ πᾶσα περὶ χθών.

Τρῶας δ' εἰσενόησεν ἀπόπροθι πολλὸν ἔοντας
Σκαιῆς ἀμφὶ πύλῃσιν· ἔβη δ' ἄρα πατρὶ ἑοικῶς
ἀντία δυσμενέων, οἳ μιν φοβέοντο κίοντα·

ἦύτε κῦμ' ἀλεγεινὸν ἐπεσσύμενον τρομέουσι 270
ναῦται, ὃ τ' ἐξ ἀνέμοιο διεγρόμενον φορέηται

εὐρὺ μάλ' ὑψηλὸν τε, μέμνηε δὲ λαίλαπι πόντος·
ὥς τοῦ ἐπερχομένοιο κακὸν δέος ἄμφεχε Τρῶας.

τοῖον δ' ἔκφατο μῦθον ἐποτρύνων ἐτάροισι·
“κλῦτε φίλοι καὶ θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσι βάλεσθε 275
ἄτρομον, οἷον ἔοικε φορήμεναι ἀνέρας ἐσθλοὺς

νίκην ἱεμένους ἐρικυδέα χερσὶν ἀρέσθαι
καὶ κλέος ἐκ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος· ἀλλ' ἄγε θυμὸν

παρθέμενοι πονεώμεθ' ὑπὲρ μένος, εἰσόκε Τροίης
πέρσωμεν κλυτὸν ἄστυ καὶ ἐκτελέσωμεν ἐέλδωρ· 280
αἰδῶς γάρ, μάλα πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἔνθα μέ-

νοντας

ἔμμεναι ἀπρήκτους καὶ ἀνάγκιδας, οἷα γυναῖκας·
τεθναῖναι γὰρ μᾶλλον ἢ ἀπτόλεμος καλεοίμην.”

Ὦς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον ἐς Ἄρεος ἔργον
ὄρουσαν

θαρσαλέως, Τρώεσσι δ' ἐπέδραμον· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ 285
προφρονέως μάρναντο περὶ πτόλιν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε

ἐντοσθεν πυλέων ἀπὸ τείχεος· οὐδ' ἀπέληγε
δεινὸς Ἄρης, Τρώων μὲν ἐέλδομένων ἀπερῖζαι
δυσμενέων στρατὸν αἰνόν, εὐσθενέων δ' Ἀργείων
ἄστυ διαπραθέειν· ὁλοή δ' ἔχε πάντας οἰζύς. 290

Καὶ τότε δὴ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηγέμεναι μενεαίνων
ἔκθορεν Οὐλύμπιοιο καλυψάμενος νεφέεσσι
Λητοῖδης· τὸν δ' αἶψα θοαὶ φορέεσκον ἄελλαι
τεύχεσι χρυσείοισι κεκασμένον· ἀμφὶ δὲ μακρὰι
400

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Then Cronos' Son dispersed that dense dark
cloud:

Mist-like it thinned and vanished into air:
Straightway the plain and all the land were seen.
Then far away about the Scaean Gate
He saw the Trojans: seeming like his sire,
He sped against them; they at his coming quailed.
As shipmen tremble when a wild wave bears
Down on their bark, wind-heaved until it swings
Broad, mountain-high above them, when the sea
Is mad with tempest; so, as on he came,
Terror clad all those Trojans as a cloak,
The while he shouted, cheering on his men:
"Hear, friends!—fill full your hearts with dauntless
strength,

The strength that well beseemeth mighty men
Who thirst to win them glorious victory,
To win renown from battle's tumult! Come,
Brave hearts, now strive we even beyond our
strength

Till we smite Troy's proud city, till we win
Our hearts' desire! Foul shame it were to abide
Long deedless here and strengthless, womanlike!
Ere I be called war-blencher, let me die!"

Then unto Ares' work their spirits flamed.
Down on the Trojans charged they: yea, and these
Fought with high courage, round their city now,
And now from wall and gate-towers. Never lulled
The rage of war, while Trojan hearts were hot
To hurl the foemen back, and the strong Greeks
To smite the town: grim havoc compassed all.

Then, eager for the Trojans' help, swooped down
Out of Olympus, cloaked about with clouds,
The son of Leto. Mighty rushing winds
Bare him in golden armour clad; and gleamed

μάρμαιρον κατιόντος ἴσον στεροπῇσι κέλευθον· 295
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ γωρυτὸς ἐπέκτυπεν· ἔβραχε δ' αἰθῆρ
 θεσπέσιον καὶ γαῖα μέγ' ἴαχεν, εὐτ' ἀκάμαντας
 θῆκε παρὰ Ξάνθοιο ῥόον πόδας· ἐκ δ' ἐβόησε
 σμερδαλέον, Τρῳσὶν δὲ θράσος βάλε, δεῖμα δ'
 Ἀχαιοῖς

μῖμνεν αἱματόεντα κατὰ κλόνον. οὐδ' Ἐροσίχθων 300
 ὄβριμος ἡγνοίησε· μένος δ' ἐνέπνευσεν Ἀχαιοῖς
 ἤδη τειρομένοισι· μάχη δ' αἰδηλὸς ἐτύχθη
 ἀθανάτων βουλῇσιν· ὄλοντο δὲ μυρία φύλα
 αἰζηῶν ἐκάτερθε. κοτεσσάμενος δ' ἄρ' Ἀπόλλων
 Ἀργείοις ὥρμαινε βαλεῖν θρασὺν υἱ' Ἀχιλλῆος 305
 αὐτοῦ, ὅπου καὶ πρόσθεν Ἀχιλλέα· τοῦ δ' ἄρα
 θυμὸν

οἰωνοὶ κατέρυκον ἀριστερὰ κεκληγόντες,
 ἄλλα τε σήματα πολλά· χόλος δέ οἱ οὐκέτ' ἐμελλε
 πείθεσθαι τεράεσσι· τὸ δ' οὐ λάθε Κυανοχαίτην·
 * * * * *

ἥερι θεσπεσίῃ κεκαλυμμένους· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ 310
 νισσομένοιο ἀνακτος ἐρεμνὴ κίνυτο γαῖα·
 τοῖον δ' ἔκφατο μῦθον ἐελδόμενός μιν ἐρύξαι·
 “ἴσχε κότον,¹ καὶ μήτι πελώριον υἱ' Ἀχιλλῆος
 κτείνης· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς Ὀλύμπιος ὀλλυμένοιο
 γηθήσει· μέγα δ' ἄλγος ἐμοὶ καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν 315
 ἔσσεται εἰναλίοισιν, ὅπως πάρος ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆα·
 ἀλλ' ἀναχάζεο δῖον ἐς αἰθέρα, μὴ με χολώσης,
 αἶψα δ' ἀναρρήξας μεγάλης χθονὸς αἰπὺν βέρεθρον
 αὐτῇν Ἴλιον εἶθαρ ἐοῖς ἅμα τείχεσι πᾶσαν
 θήσω ὑπὸ ζόφον εὐρύν· ἄχος δέ τοι ἔσσεται
 αὐτῷ.” 320

Ὡς φάθ'· ὁ δ' ἀζόμενος μέγ' ἀδελφεὸν οἶο
 τοκῆος
 δείσας τ' ἀμφὶ πόλῃος εὖσθενέων θ' ἅμα λαῶν

¹ Zimmermann, for τέκος, of MSS.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

With lightning-splendour of his descent the long
 Highways of air. His quiver clashed ; loud rang
 The welkin ; earth re-echoed, as he set
 His tireless feet by Xanthus. Pealed his shout
 Dreadly, with courage filling them of Troy,
 Scaring their foes from bidding the red fray.
 But of all this the mighty Shaker of Earth
 Was ware : he breathed into the fainting Greeks
 Fierce valour, and the fight waxed murderous
 Through those Immortals' clashing wills. Then died
 Hosts numberless on either side. In wrath
 Apollo thought to smite Achilles' son
 In the same place where erst he smote his sire ;
 But birds of boding screamed to left, to stay
 His mood, and other signs from heaven were sent ;
 Yet was his wrath not minded to obey
 Those portents. Swiftly drew Earth-shaker nigh
 In mist celestial cloaked : about his feet
 Quaked the dark earth as came the Sea-king on.
 Then, to stay Phoebus' hand, he cried to him :
 " Refrain thy wrath : Achilles' giant son
 Slay not ! Olympus' Lord himself shall be
 Wroth for his death, and bitter grief shall light
 On me and all the Sea-gods, as erstwhile
 For Achilles' sake. Nay, get thee back to heights
 Celestial, lest thou kindle me to wrath,
 And so I cleave a sudden chasm in earth,
 And Ilium and all her walls go down
 To darkness. Thine own soul were vexed thereat."

Then, overawed by the brother of his sire,
 And fearing for Troy's fate and for her folk,
 To heaven went back Apollo, to the sea

χάσσαντ' ἐς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν, ὁ δ' εἰς ἄλα. τοὶ δ'
 ἐμάχοντο
 ἀλλήλους ὀλέκοντες, Ἔρις δ' ἐπετέρπετο χάρμη,
 μέσφ' ὅτε δὴ Κάλχαντος ὑπ' ἐννεσίησιν Ἀχαιοὶ 325
 ἐς νῆας χάσσαντο καὶ ἐξελάθοντο μόθοιο·
 οὐ γὰρ δὴ πέπρωτο δαμήμεναι Ἰλίου ἄστν,
 πρὶν γε Φιλοκτῆταο βίην ἐς ὄμιλον Ἀχαιῶν
 ἐλθέμεναι πολέμοιο δαήμονα δακρυόεντος.
 καὶ τὸ μὲν ἢ ἀγαθοῖσιν ἐπεφράσατ' οἴωνοῖσιν, 330
 ἢ καὶ ἐν σπλάγχχοις ἐπέδρακεν· οὐ γὰρ αἰδρὶς
 μαντοσύνης ἐτέτυκτο· θεὸς δ' ὥς ᾗδεε πάντα.
 Τῷ πῖσυνοι στονόμεντος ἀποιχόμενοι πολέμοιο
 Ἀτρεΐδαι προέηκαν εὐκτιμένην ποτὶ Λῆμνον
 Τυδέος ὄβριμον νῆα μενεπτόλεμόν τ' Ὀδυσῆα 335
 νηὶ θοῇ. τοὶ δ' αἶψα ποτὶ πτόλιν Ἥφαίστοιο
 ἤλυθον Αἰγαίοιο διὰ πλατὺ χεῦμα θαλάσσης,
 Λῆμνον ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν, ὅπῃ πάρος αἰὼν ὀλεθρον
 ἀνδράσι κουριδίοισιν ἐμητίσαντο γυναικες
 ἔκπαγλον κοτέουσαι, ἐπεὶ σφεας οὔτι τίεσκον, 340
 ἀλλ' ἄρα δμωιάδεσσι παρευνάζοντο γυναιξὶ
 Θρηκίης, τὰς δουρὶ καὶ ἡνωρέῃ κτεάτισσαν
 πέρθοντές ποτε γαῖαν ἀρηιφίλων Θρηῆκων·
 αἱ δὲ μέγα ζήλοιο περὶ κραδίησι πεσόντος
 θυμὸν ἀνοιδήσαντο, φίλους δ' ἀνὰ δώματ' ἀκοίτας 345
 κτείνον ἀνηλεγέως ὑπὸ χεῖρεσιν, οὐδ' ἐλέησαν
 κουριδίους περ ἐόντας· ἐπεὶ μέγα μαίνεται ἦτορ
 ἀνέρος ἢ δὲ γυναικός, ὅτε ζηλήμονι νοῦσφ
 ἀμφιπέσῃ· κρατερὰ γὰρ ἐποτρύνουσιν ἀνίαι·
 ἀλλ' αἷ γε σφετέροισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσι πῆμ' ἐβάλοντο 350
 νυκτὶ μῆ, καὶ πᾶσαν ἐχηρώσαντο πόλῃα
 παρθέμεναι φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἀταρβέα καὶ μέγα κάρτος.
 Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ Λῆμνον ζαθήν κίον ἠδὲ καὶ ἄντρον
 λαΐνεον, τόθι κεῖτο πᾶις Ποίαντος ἀγανού,

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Poseidon. But the sons of men fought on,
And slew ; and Strife incarnate gloating watched.

At last by Calchas' counsel Achaea's sons
Drew back to the ships, and put from them the
thought

Of battle, seeing it was not foreordained
That Ilium should fall until the might
Of war-wise Philoctetes came to aid
The Achaeon host. This had the prophet learnt
From birds of prosperous omen, or had read
In hearts of victims. Wise in prophecy-lore
Was he, and like a God knew things to be.

Trusting in him, the sons of Atreus stayed
Awhile the war, and unto Lemnos, land
Of stately mansions, sent they Tydeus' son
And battle-staunch Odysseus oversea.
Fast by the Fire-god's city sped they on
Over the broad flood of the Aegean Sea
To vine-clad Lemnos, where in far-off days
The wives wreaked murderous vengeance on their
lords,

In fierce wrath that they gave them not their due,
But couched beside the handmaid-thralls of Thrace,
The captives of their spears when they laid waste
The land of warrior Thracians. Then these wives,
Their hearts with fiery jealousy's fever filled,
Murdered in every home with merciless hands
Their husbands : no compassion would they show
To their own wedded lords—such madness shakes
The heart of man or woman, when it burns
With jealousy's fever, stung by torturing pangs.
So with souls filled with desperate hardihood
In one night did they slaughter all their lords ;
And on a widowed nation rose the sun.

To hallowed Lemnos came those heroes twain ;
They marked the rocky cave where lay the son

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

δὴ τότ' ἄρα σφίσι θάμβος ἐπήλυθεν, εὐτ' ἐσίδουτο 355
ἀνέρα λευγαλέσιν ἐπιστενάχοντ' ὀδύνησι
κεκλιμένον στυφελοῖο κατ' οὐδενος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'
αὐτῷ

οἰωνῶν πτερὰ πολλὰ περὶ λεχέεσσι κέχυντο·
ἄλλα δέ οἱ συνέραπτο περὶ χροῖ, χείματος ἄλκαρ
λευγαλέου· δὴ γάρ μιν ἐπὶν ἔλε λιμὸς ἀτερπής, 360
βάλλεν ἀάσχετον ἰόν, ὅπῃ νόος ἰθύνεσκε·
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ κατέδαπτε, [τὰ δὲ πτερὰ οἱ περί-
βαλλε.

φύλλα δέ οἱ παρέκειτο, τά θ']¹ ἔλκεος οὐλομένοιο
ἀμφετίθει καθύπερθε μελαίνης ἄλκαρ ἀνίης.
αὐαλαί δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ κόμαι περὶ κρατὶ κέχυντο
θηρὸς ὅπως ὀλοοῖο, τὸν ἀργαλὲς δόλος ἄγρης 365
μάρψῃ νυκτὸς ἰόντα θοοῦ ποδός, ὃς δ' ὑπ' ἀνάγκης
τειρόμενος ποδὸς ἄκρον ἀταρτηροῖσιν ὁδοῦσι
κόψας εἰς ἐὸν ἄντρον ἀφίκεται, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κῆρ
τείρει ὁμοῦ λιμὸς τε καὶ ἀργαλαί μελεδῶναι·
ὥς τὸν ὑπὸ σπέος εὐρὺ κακὴ περιδάμνατ' ἀνίη· 370
καὶ οἱ πᾶν μεμάραντο δέμας, περὶ δ' ὅστέα μῶνον
ῥίνος ἔην, ὀλοή δὲ παρηίδας ἀμφέχυντ' αὐχμὴ
λευγαλέον ῥυπόωντος· ἀνιηρὸν δέ μιν ἄλγος
δάμνατο· κοῖλαι δ' ἔσκον ὑπ' ὀφρῦσιν ἀνδρὸς
ὀπωπαὶ

αἰνῶς τειρομένοιο· γόος δέ μιν οὐποτ' ἔλειπεν, 375
οὐνεκά οἱ μέλαν ἔλκος, ἐς ὅστέον ἄχρις ἰκέσθαι,
πυθόμενον καθύπερθε² λυγραὶ ὑπέρεπτον ἀνίαι.
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐπὶ προβολῇσι πολυκλύστοιο θαλάσσης
πέτρην παιπαλόεσσαν ἀπειρεσίης ἀλὸς ἄλμη
δάμναθ' ὑποτμήγουσα μάλα στερεήν περ εἴουσιν, 380
θεινομένης δ' ἄρα τῆς ἀνέμῳ καὶ χείματι λάβρῳ
χηραμὰ κοιλαίνονται ὑποβρωθέντα θαλάσση·

¹ Zimmermann's suggested supplementum of lacuna.

² Zimmermann's punctuation and om. of δ' after λυγραί.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Of princely Poeas. Horror came on them
When they beheld the hero of their quest
Groaning with bitter pangs, on the hard earth
Lying, with many feathers round him strewn,
And others round his body, rudely sewn
Into a cloak, a screen from winter's cold.
For, oft as famine stung him, would he shoot
The shaft that missed no fowl his aim had doomed.
Their flesh he ate, their feathers vested him.
And there lay herbs and healing leaves, the which,
Spread on his deadly wound, assuaged its pangs.
Wild tangled elf-locks hung about his head.
He seemed a wild beast, that hath set its foot,
Prowling by night, upon a hidden trap,
And so hath been constrained in agony
To bite with fierce teeth through the prisoned limb
Ere it could win back to its cave, and there
In hunger and torturing pains it languisheth.
So in that wide cave suffering crushed the man;
And all his frame was wasted: naught but skin
Covered his bones. Unwashen there he crouched
With famine-haggard cheeks, with sunken eyes
Glaring his misery 'neath cavernous brows.
Never his groaning ceased, for evermore
The ulcerous black wound, eating to the bone,
Festered with thrills of agonizing pain.
As when a beetling cliff, by seething seas
Aye buffeted, is carved and underscooped,
For all its stubborn strength, by tireless waves,
Till, scourged by winds and lashed by tempest-flails,
The sea into deep caves hath gnawed its base;

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ὥς τοῦ ὑπὶ χνιον ἔλκος ἀέξετο πυθομένοιο
 ἰοῦ ἄπο, στυφελοῖς τόν οἱ ἐνομόρξατ' ὁδοῦσι
 λυγρὸς ὕδρος, τόν φασιν ἀναλθέα τε στυγερόν τε 385
 ἔμμεναι, ὅπποτε μιν τέρση περὶ χέρσον ἰόντα
 ἡέλιοιο μένος· τῷ καὶ μέγα φέρτατον ἄνδρα
 τεῖρε δυσαλθήτοισιν ὑποδμηθέντ' ὀδύνησιν·
 ἐκ δέ οἱ ἔλκος αἰὲν ἐπὶ χθόνα λειβομένοιο
 ἰχῶρος πεπάλακτο πέδον πολυχανδέος ἄντρον 390
 θαῦμα μέγ' ἀνθρώποισι καὶ ὕστερον ἐσσομένοισι.
 καὶ οἱ πὰρ κλισίην φαρέτρη παρεκέκλιτο μακρὴ
 ἰὼν πεπληθυῖα· πέλοντο δ' ἄρ' οἱ μὲν ἐπ' ἄγρην,
 οἱ δ' ἐς δυσμενέας, τοὺς ἄμφεχε λoίγιον ὕδρου
 φάρμακον αἰνομόροιο· πάροιθε δέ οἱ μέγα τόξον 395
 κείτο πέλας, γναμπτοῖσιν ἀρηράμενον κεράεσσι
 χερσὶν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτῃσι τετυγμένον Ἡρακλῆος.

Τοὺς δ' ὅπoτ' εἰσενόησε ποτὶ σπέος εὐρὺ κίοντας,
 ἐσσυμένως οἷμησεν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι τανύσσαι
 ἀλγινόεντα βέλεμνα χόλου μεμνημένος αἰνοῦ, 400
 οὔνεκά μιν τὸ πάροιθε μέγα στενάχοντα λίποντο
 μόνον ἐρημαίοισιν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσι θαλάσσης.
 καὶ νῦ κεν αἰψ' ἐτέλεσσεν, ἃ οἱ θρασὺς ἤθελε
 θυμός,

εἰ μὴ οἱ στονόεντα χόλον διέχευεν Ἀθήνη
 ἀνέρας εἰσορόωντος ὀμήθεας· οἱ δέ οἱ ἄγχι 405
 ἧλυθον ἀχνυμένοισιν εἰκότε· καὶ ῥά μιν ἄμφω
 ἄντρον ἔσω κοίλοιο παρεζόμενοι ἐκάτερθεν
 ἔλκος ἀμφ' ὀλοοῖο καὶ ἀργαλέων ὀδυνάων
 εἶροντ'· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσιν εἰς διεπέφραδ' ἀνίας.
 οἱ δέ ἐθαρσύνεσκον· ἔφαντο δέ οἱ λυγρὸν ἔλκος 410
 ἐξ ὀλοοῖο μόγοιο καὶ ἄλγεος ἰήσασθαι,
 ἦν στρατὸν εἰσαφίκηται Ἀχαικόν, ὃν ῥα καὶ αὐτὸν
 408

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

So greater 'neath his foot grew evermore
The festering wound, dealt when the envenomed
fangs

Tare him of that fell water-snake, which men
Say dealeth ghastly wounds incurable,
When the hot sun hath parched it as it crawls
Over the sands ; and so that mightiest man
Lay faint and wasted with his cureless pain ;
And from the ulcerous wound aye streamed to earth
Fetid corruption fouling all the floor
Of that wide cave, a marvel to be heard
Of men unborn. Beside his stony bed
Lay a long quiver full of arrows, some
For hunting, some to smite his foes withal ;
With deadly venom of that fell water-snake
Were these besmeared. Before it, nigh to his hand,
Lay the great bow, with curving tips of horn,
Wrought by the mighty hands of Hercules.

Now when that solitary spied these twain
Draw nigh his cave, he sprang to his bow, he laid
The deadly arrow on the string ; for now
Fierce memory of his wrongs awoke against
These, who had left him years ago, in pain
Groaning upon the desolate sea-shore.
Yea, and his heart's stern will he had swiftly
wrought,

But, even as upon that godlike twain
He gazed, Athena caused his bitter wrath
To melt away. Then drew they nigh to him
With looks of sad compassion, and sat down
On either hand beside him in the cave,
And of his deadly wound and grievous pangs
Asked ; and he told them all his sufferings.
And they spake hope and comfort ; and they said :
" Thy woeful wound, thine anguish, shall be healed,
If thou but come with us to Achaea's host—

φάντο μέγ' ἀσχαλάαν παρὰ νήεσιν ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτοὺς
 Ἀτρεΐδας ἅμα τοῖσιν· κακῶν δέ οἱ οὐτὶν Ἀχαιῶν
 αἴτιον ἔμμεν' ἔφαντο κατὰ στρατόν, ἀλλ' ἀλεγεινὰς 415
 Μοίρας, ὧν ἑκάς οὔτις ἀνὴρ ἐπινίσσεται αἶαν,
 ἀλλ' αἰεὶ μογεροῖσιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν ἀπρωτίοπτοι
 στρωφῶντ' ἤματα πάντα, βροτῶν γένος¹ ἄλλοτε
 μέν που

βλάπτουσαι κατὰ θυμὸν ἀμείλιχον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
 ἐκποθὶ κυδαίνουσαι· ἐπεὶ μάλα πάντα βροτοῖσι 420
 κεῖναι καὶ στονόεντα καὶ ἥπια μηχανώονται
 αὐταὶ ὅπως ἐθέλουσιν. ὁ δ' εἰσαΐων Ὀδυσῆος
 ἡδὲ καὶ ἀντιθέου Διομήδεος αὐτίκα θυμὸν
 ῥηιδίως κατέπαυσεν ἀνιηροῖο χόλοιο,
 ἔκπαγλον τὸ πάροιθε χολούμενος, ὅσ' ἐπεπόνθει. 425

Οἱ δέ μιν αἰψ' ἐπὶ νῆα καὶ ἡϊόνας βαρυδούπους
 καγχαλῶντες ἐνείκαν ὁμῶς σφετέροισι βελέμοις·
 καὶ ῥά οἱ ἀμφεμάσαντο δέμας καὶ ἀμείλιχον ἔλκος
 σπόγγῳ εὐτρήτῳ, κατὰ δ' ἔκλυσαν ὕδατι πολλῷ.
 ἀμπνύνθη δ' ἄρα τυτθόν· ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἐγκονέοντες 430
 δόρπον ἐὺν τεύξαντο μεμαότι· σὺν δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 δαίνυντ' ἐνδοθὶ νηός. ἐπήλυθε δ' ἀμβροσίη νυξ,
 τοῖσι δ' ἐφ' ὕπνος ὄρουσε· μένον δ' ἄχρισ

Ἡριγενείης

ἀμφιάλου Λήμνιοιο παρ' ἧόσιν· αὐτὰρ ἅμ' ἠοὶ
 πείσασθ' ὁμῶς εὐνήσιν εὐγνάμπτοισιν ἄειραν 435
 ἔκτοθεν ἐγκονέοντες· ἐπιπροέηκε δ' Ἀθήνη
 ἐξόπιθεν πνείοντα τανυπρώρου νεὸς οὖρον.
 ἰστία δ' αἰψ' ἐτάνυσσαν ὑπ' ἀμφοτέροισι πόδεσσι,
 νῆα κατιθύνοντες ἐϋζυγον· ἡ δ' ὑπ' ἰωῇ
 ἔσσυτ' ἐπὶ πλατὺ χεῦμα· μέλαν δ' ἀμφέστενε κῦμα 440
 ῥηγνύμενον· πολλὸς δὲ περίζεε πάντοθεν ἀφρός·
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ δελφίνες ἀολλέες ἐσσεύοντο
 ῥίμφα διαπρήσσοντες ἀλὸς πολιόιο κέλευθα.

¹ Zimmermann, for μένος of ν.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

The host that now is sorrowing after thee
With all its kings. And no man of them all
Was cause of thine affliction, but the Fates,
The cruel ones, whom none that walk the earth
Escape, but aye they visit hapless men
Unseen; and day by day with pitiless hearts
Now they afflict men, now again exalt
To honour—none knows why; for all the woes
And all the joys of men do these devise
After their pleasure." Harkening he sat
To Odysseus and to godlike Diomedé;
And all the hoarded wrath for olden wrongs
And all the torturing rage, melted away.

Straight to the strand dull-thundering and the
ship,

Laughing for joy, they bare him with his bow.
There washed they all his body and that foul wound
With sponges, and with plenteous water bathed:
So was his soul refreshed. Then hasted they
And made meat ready for the famished man,
And in the galley supped with him. Then came
The balmy night, and sleep slid down on them.
Till rose the dawn they tarried by the strand
Of sea-girt Lemnos, but with dayspring cast
The hawsers loose, and heaved the anchor-stones
Out of the deep. Athena sent a breeze
Blowing behind the galley taper-prowed.
They strained the sail with either stern-sheet taut;
Seaward they pointed the stout-girdered ship;
O'er the broad flood she leapt before the wind;
Broken to right and left the dark wave sighed,
And seething all around was hoary foam,
While thronging dolphins raced on either hand
Flashing along the paths of silver sea.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Οἱ δ' ἄφαρ Ἑλλήσποντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντ' ἀφί-
κουτο,

ἦχι καὶ ἄλλαι νῆες ἔσαν· κεχάροντο δ' Ἀχαιοί, 445
ὥς ἶδον οὓς ποθέεσκον ἀνὰ στρατόν. οἱ δ' ἄρα νηὸς
ἀσπασίως ἀπέβησαν· ἔχεν δ' ἄρα χεῖρας ἀραιὰς
Πόλιαντος θρασὺς υἱὸς ἐπ' ἀνέρας, οἳ ῥά μιν ἄμφω
λυγρὸν ἐπισκάζοντα ποτὶ χθόνα διὰν ἄγεσκον
ἀμφοτέρων κρατερῇσιν ἐπικλινθέντα χέρεσσιν 450
ἤντ' ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισιν ἐς ἡμισυ μέχρη κοπεῖσαν
φηγὸν ὑφ' ὑλοτόμοιο βίης ἢ πίονα πένκην
τυτθὸν ἔθ' ἐστηνῖαν, ὅσον λίπε δρυτόμος ἀνὴρ
πρέμνον ὑποτμήγων λιπαρόν, δάος ὄφρα πέληται
πίσσα πυρὶ δμηθεῖσα κατ' οὖρεα, τὴν δ' ἀλεγεινῶς 455
ἀχθομένην ἀνεμὸς τε καὶ ἀδρανὴ ποτικλίνῃ
ἔρνεσιν εὐθαλέεσσι, φέρουσι δέ μιν βαρέουσιν.¹ 456a
ὥς ἄρ' ὑπ' ἀτλήτῳ βεβαρημένον ἄλγעי φῶτα
θαρσαλέοι ἥρωες ἐπικλινθέντα φέρεσκον
Ἀργείων ἐς ὄμιλον ἀρήιον· οἳ δ' ἐσιδόντες
ᾤκτειραν μάλα πάντες ἐκηβόλον ἀνέρα λυγρῷ 460
ἔλκει· τειρόμενον· τὸν δὲ στερεὸν καὶ ἄνουσον
ὠκύτερον ποίησε νοήματος αἰψηροῖο
ἶσος ἐπουρανίοις Ποδαλείριος, εὖ μὲν ὕπερθε
πάσων φάρμακα πολλὰ καθ' ἔλκεος, εὖ δὲ κικ-
λήσκων

οὖνομα πατρὸς ἐοῖο· θοῶς δ' ἰάχησαν Ἀχαιοί 465
πάντες κυδαίνοντες ὁμῶς Ἀσκληπιοῦ υἱά.
καὶ μιν φαιδρύναντο καὶ ἀμφὶ ἐχρίσαν ἐλαίφ
προφρονέως· ὁλοή δὲ κατηφείῃ καὶ διζὺς
ἀθανάτων ἰότητι κατέφθιτο· τοὶ δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν
τέρποντ' εἰσορόοντες· ὁ δ' ἄμπνυνεν ἐκ κακότητος· 470
ἀχροίη δ' ἄρ' ἔρευθος ἐπήλυθεν, ἀργαλή δὲ
ἀδρανὴ μέγα κάρτος· ἀέξετο δ' ἄψα πάντα.
ὥς δ' ὅπότη· ἀλδαίνεται ἐπὶ σταχέεσσιν ἄρουρα,

¹ Verse inserted by Zimmermann, ex P.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Full soon to fish-fraught Hellespont they came
 And the far-stretching ships. Glad were the Greeks
 To see the longed-for faces. Forth the ship
 With joy they stepped; and Poeas' valiant son
 On those two heroes leaned thin wasted hands,
 Who bare him painfully halting to the shore
 Staying his weight upon their brawny arms.
 As seems mid mountain-brakes an oak or pine
 By strength of the woodcutter half hewn through,
 Which for a little stands on what was left
 Of the smooth trunk by him who hewed thereat
 Hard by the roots, that its slow-smouldering wood
 Might yield him pitch—now like to one in pain
 It groans, in weakness borne down by the wind,
 Yet is upstayed upon its leafy boughs
 Which from the earth bear up its helpless weight;
 So by pain unendurable bowed down
 Leaned he on those brave heroes, and was borne
 Unto the war-host. Men beheld, and all
 Compassionated that great archer, crushed
 By anguish of his hurt. But one drew near,
 Podaleirius, godlike in his power to heal.
 Swifter than thought he made him whole and sound;
 For deftly on the wound he spread his salves,
 Calling on his physician-father's name;
 And soon the Achaeans shouted all for joy,
 All praising with one voice Asclepius' son.
 Lovingly then they bathed him, and with oil
 Anointed. All his heaviness of cheer
 And misery vanished by the Immortals' will;
 And glad at heart were all that looked on him;
 And from affliction he awoke to joy.
 Over the bloodless face the flush of health
 Glowed, and for wretched weakness mighty strength
 Thrilled through him: goodly and great waxed all
 his limbs.

ἦν τὸ πάρος φθινύθουσιν ἐπέκλυσε χείματος αἰνὸν
 ὄμβρος ἐπιβρίσας, ἥ δ' ἀλδομένη ἀνέμοισι 475
 μειδιά τεθαλνῖα πολυκμήτῳ ἐν ἀλῳῃ·
 ὥς ἄρα τειρομένοιο Φιλοκτήταο πάροιθε
 πᾶν δέμας αἰψ' ἀνέθηλεν· ἔυτροχάλῳ δ' ἐνὶ κοίλῃ
 κάλλιπε κήδεα πάντα, τὰ οἱ περιδάμνατο θυμόν.

Ἄτρεῖδαι δ' ὀρόωντες ἄτ' ἐκ θανάτου ἀνιόντα 480
 ἀνέρα θαυμάζεσκον· ἔφαντο γὰρ ἔμμεναι ἔργον
 ἀθανάτων· τὸ δ' ἄρ' ἦεν ἐτήτυμον, ὥς ἐνόησαν·
 καὶ γάρ οἱ μέγεθός τε καὶ ἀγλαΐην κατέχευεν
 ἐσθλὴ Τριτογένεια· φάνη δ' ἄφαρ, οἷος ἔην περ
 τὸ πρὶν ἐν Ἀργείοισι πάρος κακότητι δαμῆναι. 485
 καὶ τότε ἄρ' ἐς κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀφνειοῖο
 πάντες ὁμῶς οἱ ἄριστοι ἄγον Ποιάντιον νῖα·
 καὶ μιν κυδαίνοντες ἐπ' εἰλαπίνῃσι γέραιρον.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κορέσαντο ποτοῦ καὶ ἐδητύος ἐσθλῆς,
 δὴ τότε μιν προσέειπεν ἑυμμελὴς Ἀγαμέμνων· 490
 “ὦ φίλ', ἐπειδὴ περ σὲ θεῶν ἰότητι πάροιθε
 Λήμνῳ ἐν ἀμφιάλῳ λίπομεν, βλαφθέντε νόημα,
 μὴ δὴ νῦν¹ χόλον αἰνὸν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῇσι βαλέσθαι·
 οὐ γάρ ἄνευ μακάρων τάδ' ἐρέξαμεν, ἀλλὰ πον
 αὐτοὶ

ἤθελον ἀθάνατοι νῶιν κακὰ πολλὰ βαλέσθαι 495
 σεῦ ἀπὸ νόσφιν ἔοντος, ἐπεὶ περίοιδας οἷστοις
 δυσμενέας δάμνασθαι, ὅτ' ἀντία σείο μάχονται.
 [ἀνδράσι γὰρ βιότοιο πολυπλάγκτοιο κέλευθον]
 πᾶσαν ἂν ἤπειρον πέλαγός τ' ἀνὰ μακρὸν αἶστοι
 Μοιράων ἰότητι πολυσχιδέες τε πέλονται, 500
 πυκναὶ τε σκολιαί τε, τετραμμέναι ἄλλυδις ἄλλη·
 τῶν δὲ δι' αἰζηοὶ φορέονθ' ὑπὸ δαίμονος Αἴσῃ
 εἰδόμενοι φύλλοισιν ὑπὸ πνοιῆς ἀνέμοιο

¹ Zimmermann, for μηδ' ἡμῖν of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

As when a field of corn revives again
Which erst had drooped, by rains of ruining storm
Down beaten flat, but by warm summer winds
Requicken'd, o'er the labour'd land it smiles ;
So Philoctetes' erstwhile wasted frame
Was all requicken'd :—in the galley's hold
He seem'd to have left all cares that crushed his
soul.

And Atreus' sons beheld him marvelling
As one re-risen from the dead : it seem'd
The work of hands immortal. And indeed
So was it verily, as their hearts divin'd ;
For 'twas the glorious Triton-born that shed
Stature and grace upon him. Suddenly
He seem'd as when of old mid Argive men
He stood, before calamity struck him down.
Then unto wealthy Agamemnon's tent
Did all their mightiest men bring Poeas' son,
And set him chief in honour at the feast,
Extolling him. When all with meat and drink
Were fill'd, spake Agamemnon lord of spears :
“ Dear friend, since by the will of Heaven our souls
Were once perverted, that in sea-girt Lemnos
We left thee, harbour not thine heart within
Fierce wrath for this : by the blest Gods constrained
We did it ; and, I trow, the Immortals willed
To bring much evil on us, bereft of thee,
Who art of all men skilfullest to quell
With shafts of death all foes that face thee in fight.
For all the tangled paths of human life,
By land and sea, are by the will of Fate
Hid from our eyes, in many and devious tracks
Are cleft apart, in wandering mazes lost.
Along them men by Fortune's dooming drift
Like unto leaves that drive before the wind.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

σευομένοις· ἀγαθὸς δὲ κακῇ ἐνέκυρσε κελεύθῳ
πολλάκις, οὐκ ἐσθλὸς δ' ἀγαθῇ· τὰς δ' οὐτ'
ἀλέασθαι

505

οὐτ' ἄρ' ἐκὼν τις ἐλέσθαι ἐπιχθόνιος δύνατ' ἀνὴρ·
χρὴ δὲ σαόφρονα φῶτα, καὶ ἥν φορέηθ' ὑπ' ἀέλλαις
οἴμην ἀργαλέην, στερεῇ φρενὶ τλῆναι οἰζύν.

ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἀασάμεσθα καὶ ἡλίτομεν τόδε ἔργον,
ἐξαυτίς δώροισιν ἀρεσσόμεθ' ἀπλήτοισι,

510

Τρώων ἦν ποθ' ἔλωμεν εὐκτίμενον πτολίεθρον·
νῦν δὲ λάβ' ἐπτά γυναικάς ἐείκοσιν ἑπτά κέας ἵππους
ἀθλοφόρους τρίποδάς τε δυνώδεκα, τοῖς ἐπὶ θυμὸν
τέρψεις ἡματα πάντα· καὶ ἐν κλισίῃσιν ἐμῇσιν
αἰεὶ τοι παρὰ δαιτὶ γέρας βασιλῆιον ἔσται.

515

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἥρωι πόρεν περικαλλέα δῶρα.
τὸν δ' ἄρα Ποίαντος προσέφη κρατερόφρονος υἱός·
“ὦ φίλος, οὐ τοι ἐγὼν ἔτι χῶομαι, οὐδὲ μὲν
ἄλλῳ

Ἀργεῖων, τῶν εἴ τις ἔτ' ἥλιτεν εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο·
οἶδα γάρ, ὥς στρεπτός νόος ἀνδράσι γίνεται
ἐσθλοῖς,

520

οὐδ' αἰεὶ χαλεπὸν θέμις ἔμμεναι οὐδ' ἀσύφηλον,
ἀλλ' ὅτε μὲν σμερδνὸν τελέθειν, ὅτε δ' ἥπιον εἶναι.
νῦν δ' ἴομεν ποτὶ κοῖτον, ἐπεὶ χατέοντι μάχεσθαι
βέλτερον ὑπνώειν ἢ ἐπὶ πλέον εἰλαπινάζειν.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπόρουσε καὶ ἐς κλισίην ἀφίκανε
σφῶν ἐτάρων· οἱ δ' αἴψα φιλοπτολέμῳ βασιλῇ
εὐνὴν ἐντύνοντο μέγα φρεσὶ καγχαλόωντες·
αὐτὰρ ὁ γ' ἀσπασίως κατελέξατο μέχρ' ἐπ' ἡώ.

525

Νύξ δ' ἀνεχάσσατο διὰ φάος δ' ἐρύθηεν
κολώνας

ἡελίου, καὶ πάντα βροτοὶ περιποίπνυν ἔργα.

530

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὀλοοῖο μέγ' ἰέμενοι πολέμοιο
οἱ μὲν δούρατα θῆγον εὖξοα, τοὶ δὲ βέλεμνα,
ἄλλοι δ' αἰγανέας· ἅμα δ' ἡοὶ δαῖτα πένοντο

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Oft on an evil path the good man's feet
 Stumble, the brave finds not a prosperous path ;
 And none of earth-born men can shun the Fates,
 And of his own will none can choose his way.
 So then doth it behove the wise of heart—
 Though on a troublous track the winds of fate
 Sweep him away—to suffer and be strong.
 Since we were blinded then, and erred herein,
 With rich gifts will we make amends to thee
 Hereafter, when we take the stately towers
 Of Troy : but now receive thou handmaids seven,
 Fleet steeds two-score, victors in chariot-race,
 And tripods twelve, wherein thine heart may joy
 Through all thy days ; and always in my tent
 Shall royal honour at the feast be thine.”

He spake, and gave the hero those fair gifts.
 Then answered Poeas' mighty-hearted son ;
 “ Friend, I forgive thee freely, and all beside
 Whoso against me haply hath trangressed.
 I know how good men's minds sometimes be warped :
 Nor meet it is that one be obdurate
 Ever, and nurse mean rancours : sternest wrath
 Must yield anon unto the melting mood.
 Now pass we to our rest ; for better is sleep
 Than feasting late, for him who longs to fight.”

He spake, and rose, and came to his comrades' tent ;
 Then swiftly for their war-fain king they dight
 The couch, while laughed their hearts for very joy.
 Gladly he laid him down to sleep till dawn.

So passed the night divine, till flushed the hills
 In the sun's light, and men awoke to toil.
 Then all athirst for war the Argive men
 'Gan whet the spear smooth-shafted, or the dart,
 Or javelin, and they brake the bread of dawn,
 And foddered all their horses. Then to these

αὐτοῖς ἡδ' ἵπποισι· πᾶσαντο δὲ πάντες ἐδωδῆν.
τοῖσιν δὲ Ποϊαντος ἀμύμονος ὄβριμος υἱὸς
τοῖον ἔπος μετέειπεν ἐποτρύνων πονέεσθαι·
“εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν πολέμοιο μεδόμεθα· μηδέ τις ἡμέων
μιμνέτω ἐν νήεσσι, πάρος κλυτὰ τείχεα λῦσαι
Τροίης εὐπύργοιο, καταπρῆσαί τε πόλιν.”

535

ὣς φάτο· τοῖσι δὲ θυμὸς ὑπὸ κραδίῃ μέγ' ἰάνθη· 540
δῦσαν δ' ἐν τεύχεσσι καὶ ἀσπίσιν· ἐκ δ' ἄρα νηῶν
πανσυδίῃ μελήεσσι κεκασμένοι ἐσσεύοντο
καὶ βοέοις σακέεσσι καὶ ἀμφιφάλοις κορύθεσιν·
ἄλλος δ' ἄλλον ἔρειδε κατὰ στίχας· οὐδέ κε φαίης
κείνων ἐσσυμένων ἐκὰς ἔμμεναι ἄλλον ἀπ' ἄλλου· 545
ὥς ἄρ' ἴσαν θαμνοὶ καὶ ἀρηρότες ἀλλήλοισι.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK IX

Spake Poëas' son with battle-kindling speech :

"Up! let us make us ready for the war!

Let no man linger mid the galleys, ere

The glorious walls of Ilium stately-towered

Be shattered, and her palaces be burned!"

Then at his words each heart and spirit glowed :

They donned their armour, and they grasped their
shields.

Forth of the ships in one huge mass they poured

Arrayed with bull-hide bucklers, ashen spears,

And gallant-crested helms. Through all their ranks

Shoulder to shoulder marched they: thou hadst
seen

No gap 'twixt man and man as on they charged;

So close they thronged, so dense was their array.