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The fall of Troy

Quintus

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Book XI. How the sons of Troy for the last time fought from her walls and
her towers

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ΛΟΓΟΣ ΕΝΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ

Τρωαὶ δὲ στενάχοντο κατὰ πτόλιν, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο
 ἐλθέμεναι ποτὶ τύμβον, ἐπεὶ μάλα τηλόθ' ἔκειτο
 ἄστεος αἰπεινοῖο· νέοι δ' ἔκτοσθε πόλῃος
 νωλεμέως πονέοντο· μάχῃ δ' οὐ λῆγε φόνοιο, 5
 καίπερ Ἀλεξάνδροιο δεδουπότης, οὐνεκ' Ἀχαιοὶ
 Τρῳσὶν ἐπεσσεύοντο ποτὶ πτόλιν, οἳ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 τείχεος ἦιον ἐκτός ἐπέε σφεας ἦγεν ἀνάγκη·
 ἐν γὰρ δὴ μέσσοισιν Ἔρις στονόςεσά τ' Ἐννὼ
 στρωφῶντ', ἀργαλέῃσιν Ἐριννύσιν εἵκελαι ἄντην, 10
 ἄμφω ἀπὸ στομάτων ὁλοὸν πνείονσαι ὄλεθρον·
 ἄμφ' αὐτοῖσι δὲ Κῆρες ἀναιδέα θυμὸν ἔχουσai
 ἀργαλέως μαίνοντο· Φόβος δ' ἐτέρωθι καὶ Ἄρης
 λαοὺς ὀτρύνεσκον· ἐφέσπετο δὲ σφισι Δεῖμος
 φοινήεντι λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένος, ὅφρα ἐφῶτες 15
 οἳ μὲν καρτύνωνται ὀρώμενοι, οἳ δὲ φέβωνται·
 πάντῃ δ' αἰγανέαι τε καὶ ἔγχεα καὶ βέλε' ἀνδρῶν,
 ἄλλυδις ἄλλα χέοντο κακοῦ μεμαῶτα φόνοιο·
 ἄμφι δ' ἄρα σφίσιν δούπος ἐρειδομένοισιν ὀρώρει,
 μαρναμένων ἐκάτερθε κατὰ φθισήνορα χάρμην.

Ἐνθ' ἄρα Λαοδάμαντα Νεοπτόλεμος κατέ-
 πεφνεν,

ὃς τράφη ἐν Λυκίῃ Ξάνθου παρὰ καλὰ ρέεθρα,
 ὃν ποτ' ἐριγδούποιο Διὸς δάμαρ ἀνθρώποισι
 Λητῷ δι' ἀνέφηνεν ἀναρρήξασα χέρεσσι

BOOK XI

*How the sons of Troy for the last time fought from her
walls and her towers.*

TROY'S daughters mourned within her walls ; might
none

Go forth to Paris' tomb, for far away
From high-built Troy it lay. But the young men
Without the city toiled unceasingly
In fight wherein from slaughter rest was none,
Though dead was Paris ; for the Achaeans pressed
Hard on the Trojans even unto Troy.
Yet these charged forth—they could not choose but
so,

For Strife and deadly Enyo in their midst
Stalked, like the fell Erinyes to behold,
Breathing destruction from their lips like flame.
Beside them raged the ruthless-hearted Fates
Fiercely : here Panic-fear and Ares there
Stirred up the hosts : hard after followed Dread
With slaughter's gore besprent, that in one host
Might men see, and be strong, in the other fear ;
And all around were javelins, spears, and darts
Murder-athirst from this side, that side, showered.
Aye, as they hurled together, armour clashed,
As foe with foe grappled in murderous fight.

There Neoptolemus slew Laodamas,
Whom Lycia nurtured by fair Xanthus' stream,
The stream revealed to men by Leto, bride
Of Thunderer Zeus, when Lycia's stony plain

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

τρηχὺ πέδον Λυκίης ἐρικυδέος, ὀππόθ' ἐοῖο
 θεσπεσίον τοκετοῖο πολυτλήτησιν ἀνίη 25
 δάμναθ' ὑπ' ὠδίνεσσιν, ὅσῃν ὠδίνες ἔγειρον.
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Νίρον ὄλεσσε βαλὼν ἀνὰ δηιοτήτα
 δουρὶ διὰ γναθμοῖο· πέρησε δέ οἱ στόμα χαλκὸς
 γλῶσσάν τ' αὐδῆεσαν· ὁ δ' ἔγχεος ἄσχετον αἰχμὴν 30
 ἄμφεχε βεβρυχῶς· περὶ δ' ἔρρεεν αἷμα γένυσσι
 φθεγγομένου· καὶ τὸν μὲν ὑπὸ κρατερῆς χερὸς ἀλκῇ
 ἐγχείῃ στονόεσσα ποτὶ χθονὸς οὐδας ἔρεισε
 δευόμενον θυμοῖο. βάλεν δ' Εὐήνορα δῖον
 τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ λαπάρην, διὰ δ' ἤλασεν ἐς μέσον ἦπαρ
 αἰχμὴν· τῷ δ' ἀλεγεινὸς ἄφαρ συνέκυρσεν ὄλεθρος. 35
 εἶλε δ' ἄρ' Ἴφιτίωνα καὶ Ἴππομέδοντα δάμασσε
 Μαινάλου ὄβριμον υἱα, τὸν Ὀκυρόη τέκε Νύμφη
 Σαγγαρίου ποταμοῖο παρὰ ῥόον· οὐδέ νυ τὸν γε
 δέξατο νοστήσαντα· κακὴ δέ ἐ Κῆρ ἀπάμερσε
 παιδὸς ἀνιηρῶς, μέγα δ' υἱέος ἔμβαλε πένθος. 40
 Αἰνείας δὲ Βρέμοντα καὶ Ἀνδρόμαχον κατέ-
 πεφνεν,
 ὃς τράφη ἐν Κνωσσῷ, ὁ δ' ἄρα ζαθέῃ ἐνὶ Λύκτῳ·
 ἄμφω δ' εἰς ἓνα χώρον ἀπ' ὠκυπόδων πέσον ἵππων·
 καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἀσπαίρεσκε πεπαρμένος ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ 45
 λαιμόν, ὁ δ' ἀλγινόεντος ἀνὰ κροτάφοιο θέμεθλα
 χερμαδίῳ στονόεντι μάλα κρατερῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς
 βλήμενος ἐκπνείεσκε, μέλας δέ μιν ἄμφεχε πότμος.
 ἵπποι δ' ἐπτοίηντο καὶ ἡνιόχων ἀπάνευθε
 φεύγοντες πολλοῖσιν ἐνεπλάζοντο νέκυσσι·
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν θεράποντες ἀμύμονος Αἰνείας 50
 μάρψαντες κεχάροντο φίλῃ περὶ ληίδι θυμόν.
 Ἐνθα Φιλοκτῆτης ὀλοῷ βάλε Πείρασον ἰὼ
 φεύγοντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο· διέθρισε δ' ἀγκύλα νεύρα
 γούνατος ἐξόπιθεν, κατὰ δ' ἔκλασεν ἀνέρος ὀρμὴν·
 καὶ τὸν μὲν Δαναῶν τις ὅτ' ἔδρακε γυιωθέντα 55
 ἐσσυμένως ἀπάμερσε καρῆατος ἄορι τύψας

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Was by her hands upturn mid agonies
Of travail-throes wherein she brought to light
Mid bitter pangs those babes of birth divine.
Nirus upon him laid he dead; the spear
Crashed through his jaw, and clear through mouth
and tongue

Passed: on the lance's irresistible point
Shrieking was he impaled: flooded with gore
His mouth was as he cried. The cruel shaft,
Sped on by that strong hand, dashed him to earth
In throes of death. Evenor next he smote
Above the flank, and onward drove the spear
Into his liver: swiftly anguished death
Came upon him. Iphition next he slew:
He quelled Hippomedon, Hippasus' bold son,
Whom Ocyone the Nymph had borne beside
Sangarius' river-flow. Ne'er welcomed she
Her son's returning face, but ruthless Fate
With anguish thrilled her of her child bereaved.

Bremon Aeneas slew, and Andromachus,
Of Cnossus this, of hallowed Lyctus that:
On one spot both from their swift chariots fell;
This gasped for breath, his throat by the long spear
Transfixed; that other, by a massy stone,
Sped from a strong hand, on the temple struck,
Breathed out his life, and black doom shrouded
him.

The startled steeds, bereft of charioteers,
Fleeing, mid all those corpses were confused,
And princely Aeneas' henchmen seized on them
With hearts exulting in the goodly spoil.

There Philoctetes with his deadly shaft
Smote Peirasus in act to flee the war:
The tendons twain behind the knee it snapped,
And palsied all his speed. A Danaan marked,
And leapt on that maimed man with sweep of sword

ἀλγινόεντα τένοντα· κόλον δ' ὑπεδέξατο γαῖα
σῶμα· κάρη δ' ἀπάτερθε κυλινδομένη πεφόρητο
φωνῆς ἰέμενοιο· ταχὺς δ' ἄμ' ἀπέπτατο θυμός.

Πουλυδάμας δὲ Κλέωνα καὶ Εὐρύμαχον βάλε
δουρί,

60

οἱ Σύμηθεν ἴκανον ὑπὸ Νιρῇ ἄνακτι
ἄμφω ἐπιστάμενοι δόλον ἰχθύσι μητίσασθαι
αἰνοῦ ὑπ' ἀγκίστροιο, βαλέσθαι τ' εἰς ἄλα διαν
δίκτυα καὶ παλάμησι περιφραδέως ἀπὸ νηὸς
ἰθὺ καὶ αἶψα τρίαιναν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι νομήσασθαι·
ἀλλ' οὐ σφιν τότε πῆμα θαλάσσια ἤρκεσεν ἔργα.

65

Εὐρύπυλος δὲ μενεπτόλεμος κτάνε¹ φαίδιμον
Ἑλλον,

τόν ῥα παρὰ λίμνη Γυγαίη γείνατο μήτηρ
Κλειτῶ καλλιπάρηος· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίησι τανύσθη
πρηνής· τοῦ δ' ἀπάτερθεν ὁμῶς δόρυ κάππεσε
μακρὸν

70

ῶμον ἀπὸ βριαροῖο κεκομμένη ἄορι λυγρῷ
χεῖρ ἔτι μαιμώωσα ποτὶ κλόνον ἔγχος αἰεῖραι
μαψιδίως· οὐ γάρ μιν ἀνὴρ εἰς ἔργον ἐνώμα,
ἀλλ' αὐτῶς ἤσπαιρεν ἄτε βλοσυροῖο δράκοντος
οὐρὴ ἀποτμηθεῖς ἀναπάλλεται, οὐδέ οἱ ἀλκὴ
ἔσπεται ἐς πόνον αἰπύν, ἵνα χραύσαντα διώξῃ·
ὥς ἄρα δεξιτερὴ κρατερόφρονος ἀνδρὸς ἐς αἰχμὴν
ὥρμαινεν πονέεσθαι· ἀτὰρ μένος οὐκέτ' ὀπῇδαι.

75

Αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς Αἴνον ἐνήρατο καὶ Πολύιδον
ἄμφω Κητείους, τὸν δούρατι, τὸν δ' ἀλεγεινῷ
ἄορι δηώσας· Σθένελος δ' ἔλε δῖον Ἀβαντα
αἰγαιέην προΐεις· ἡ δ' ἀσφαράγοιο διαπρὸ
ἐσσυμένη ἀλεγεινὸν ἐς ἱνίου ἦλθε τένοντα·
λύσε δ' ἄρ' ἀνέρος ἦτορ, ὑπέκλασε δ' ἄψα πάντα.

80

Τυδείδης δ' ἔλε Λαόδοκον, Μέλιον δ' Ἀγα-
μέμνων,

85

¹ Zimmermann, for βάλε of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

60 Shearing his neck through. On the breast of earth
The headless body fell: the head far flung
Went rolling with lips parted as to shriek;
And swiftly fled thence the homeless soul.

65 Polydamas struck down Eurymachus
And Cleon with his spear. From Syme came
With Nireus' following these: cunning were both
In craft of fisher-folk—to cast the hook
Baited with guile, to drop into the sea
The net, from the boat's prow with deftest hands
Swiftly and straight to plunge the three-forked
spear.

But not from bane their sea-craft saved them now.

70 Eurypylus battle-staunch laid Hellus low,
Whom Cleito bare beside Gygaea's mere,
Cleito the fair-cheeked. Face-down in the dust
Outstretched he lay: shorn by the cruel sword
From his strong shoulder fell the arm that held
His long spear. Still its muscles twitched, as though
Fain to uplift the lance for fight—in vain;
For the man's will no longer stirred therein,
75 But aimlessly it quivered, even as leaps
The severed tail of a snake malignant-eyed,
Which cannot chase the man who dealt the wound;
So the right hand of that strong-hearted man
With impotent grip still clutched the spear for fight.

80 Aenus and Polydorus Odysseus slew,
Ceteians both; this perished by his spear,
That by his sword death-dealing. Sthenelus
Smote godlike Abas with a javelin-cast:
On through his throat and shuddering nape it
rushed:

85 Stopped were his heart-beats, all his limbs collapsed.
Tydeides slew Laodocus; Melius fell

Δηίφοβος δὲ Δρύαντα καὶ Ἄλκιμον· αὐτὰρ
Ἀγήνωρ

Ἴππασον ἐξενάριξεν ἀγκαλειτόν περ ἑόντα,
ὅς ῥ' ἀπὸ Πηνειοῦ ποταμοῦ κίεν· οὐδ' ἐρατεινὰ
θρέπτρα τοκεῦσιν ἔδωκεν, ἐπεὶ ῥά μιν ἔκλασε
δαίμων.

Ἔνθα Θόας ἐδάμασσε Λάλον καὶ ἀγήνορα
Λύγκον,

90

Μηριόνης δὲ Λυκῶνα, καὶ Ἀρχίλοχον Μενέλαος,
ὅς ῥά τε Κωρυκίην ὑπὸ δειράδα ναιετάασκε
πέτρην θ' Ἡφαίστοιο περίφρονος, ἣ τε βροτοῖσι
θαῦμα πέλει· δὴ γάρ οἱ ἐναίθεται ἀκάματον πῦρ
ἄσβεστον νυκτός τε καὶ ἡματος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ 95
φοῖνικες θαλέθουσι, φέρουσι δ' ἀπείρονα καρπόν,
ρίζης καιομένης ἅμα λάεσιν· ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν πον
ἀθάνατοι τεύξαντο καὶ ἐσσομένοισιν ιδέσθαι.

Τεύκρος δ' Ἴππομέδοντος ἀμύμονος υἱά Μενoitην
ἐσσυμένως ὄρμαινε βαλεῖν ἐπιόντα βελέμνῳ· 100
καὶ ῥά νόφ καὶ χερσὶ καὶ ὄμμασιν ἰθύνησκεν
ἰὼν ἀπὸ γναμπτοῖο κεράατος· ὃς δ' ἀλεγεινὸν
ἄλτο θοῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐς ἀνέρα· τῷ δ' ὑπο νευρῇ
εἰσέτι πον κανάχιζεν· ὁ δ' ἀντίον ἀσπαίρεσκε
βλήμενος, οὐνεκα Κῆρες ὁμῶς φορέοντο βελέμνῳ 105
καίριον ἐς κραδίην, ὅθι περ νόος ἔξεται ἀνδρῶν
καὶ μένος, ὁτραλέαι δὲ ποτὶ μόρον εἰσὶ κέλευθοι.

Εὐρύαλος δ' ἄρα πολλὸν ἀπὸ στιβαρῆς βάλε
χειρὸς

λᾶα μέγαν, Τρώων δὲ θοᾶς ἐλέλιξε φάλαγγας·
ὥς δ' ὅτε τις γεράνοισι ταυμφθόγοισι χολωθεῖς 110
οὖρος ἀνὴρ πεδίοιο μέγ' ἀσχαλόων ἐπορούση,
δινήσας περὶ κρατὶ θοῇ χειρὶ νεύρα βόεια
λᾶα βάλλη κατέναντα, διασκεδάσῃ δ' ὑπὸ ροίῳ
ἥερι πεπταμένας δολιχὰς στίχας, αἱ δὲ φέβονται,
ἄλλη δ' εἰς ἐτέρην εἰλεύμεναι αἴσσουσι 115

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

By Agamemnon's hand ; Deiphobus
Smote Alcimus and Dryas : Hippasus,
How war-renowned soe'er, Agenor slew
Far from Peneius' river. Crushed by fate,
Love's nursing-debt to parents ne'er he paid.

Lamus and stalwart Lyncus Thoas smote,
And Meriones slew Lycon ; Menelaus
Laid low Archelochus. Upon his home
Looked down Corycia's ridge, and that great rock
Of the wise Fire-god, marvellous in men's eyes ;
For thereon, nightlong, daylong, unto him
Fire blazes, tireless and unquenchable.
Laden with fruit around it palm-trees grow,
While mid the stones fire plays about their roots.
Gods' work is this, a wonder to all time.

By Teucer princely Hippomedon's son was slain,
Menoetes : as the archer drew on him,
Rushed he to smite him ; but already hand
And eye, and bow-craft keen were aiming straight
On the arching horn the shaft. Swiftly released
It leapt on the hapless man, while sang the string.
Stricken full front he heaved one choking gasp,
Because the fates on the arrow riding flew
Right to his heart, the throne of thought and
strength

For men, whence short the path is unto death.

Far from his brawny hand Euryalus hurled
A massy stone, and shook the ranks of Troy.
As when in anger against long-screaming cranes
A watcher of the field leaps from the ground,
In swift hand whirling round his head the sling,
And speeds the stone against them, scattering
Before its hum their ranks far down the wind
Outspread, and they in huddled panic dart

QUINTUS SYMRNAEUS

κλαγγηδὸν μάλα πάγχυ, πάρος κατὰ κόσμον ἰοῦσαι·
ὥς ἄρα δυσμενέες φοβερόν βέλος ἀμφεφόβηθεν
ὀβρίμου Εὐρύαλοιο· τὸ δ' οὐχ ἄλιον φέρε δαίμων,
ἀλλ' ἄρα σὺν πῆληκι κάρη κρατεροῖο Μέλητος
θλάσσε περὶ γλήνησι.¹ μόρος δ' ἐκίχανεν ἀρητός. 120

Ἄλλος δ' ἄλλον ἔπεφνε, περιστεναχίζετο δ' αἶα·
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσαντος ἀπειρεσίου ἀνέμοιο
λάβρον ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς βαρυηχέος ἄλλυδις ἄλλα
δένδρεα μακρὰ πέσσησιν ὑπέκ ῥιζέων ἐριπόντα
ἄλσεος εὐρυπέδοιο, βρέμει δέ τε πᾶσα περὶ χθών· 125
ὥς οἱ γ' ἐν κονίησι πέσον, κανάχῃσε δέ τευχῃ
ἄσπετον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαῖα μέγ' ἐβραχεν· οἱ δὲ κυ-
δοιμοῦ

ἀργαλέον μνώοντο, μετὰ σφίσι πῆμα τιθέντες.

Καὶ τότε ἄρ' Αἰνεῖαο μόλε σχεδὸν ἡὺς Ἀπόλλων
ἠδ' Ἀντηνορίδαο δαΐφρονος Εὐρυμάχοιο· 130

οἱ γὰρ δὴ μάρναντο πολυσθενέεσσιν Ἀχαιοῖς
ἄγχι μάλ' ἐσταότες κατὰ φύλοπιν, εὖθ' ὑπ' ἀπήνῃ
δοιοὶ ὀμηλικῇ κρατεροὶ βόες, οὐδ' ἀπέληγον
ὑσμίνῃ· τοὺς δ' αἶψα θεὸς ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν
μάντεϊ εἰδόμενος Πολυμήστορι, τὸν ποτε μήτηρ 135
γείνατ' ἐπὶ Ξάνθοιο ῥοαῖς θεράπονθ' Ἐκάτοιο·

“Εὐρύμαχ' Αἰνεΐα τε θεῶν γένος, οὐτι ἔοικεν
ὑμέας Ἀργείοισιν ὑπείκεμεν· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς
ὑμῖν ὑπαντιάσας κεχαρήσεται ὄβριμος Ἄρης,
ἣν ἐθέλητε μάχεσθαι ἀνὰ κλόνον, οὐνεκα Μοῖραι 140
μακρόν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι βίου τέλος ἐκλώσαντο.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀνέμοισι μίγῃ καὶ αἴστος ἐτύχθη·
οἱ δὲ νόφ φράσσαντο θεοῦ μένος· αἶψα γὰρ αὐτοῖς
θάρσος ἀπειρέσιον κατεχεύατο· μαίνετο δέ σφι
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, καὶ ἔνθορον Ἀργείοισιν, 145
ἀργαλέοις σφῆκεσιν ἐοικότες, οἳ τ' ἀλεγεινὸν
ἐκ θυμοῦ κοτέοντες ἐπιβρίσωσι μελίσσαις,

¹ Zimmermann, for πληγῇσι of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

With wild cries this way and that, who theretofore
Swept on in ordered lines ; so shrank the foe
To right and left from that dread bolt of doom
Hurled of Euryalus. Not in vain it flew
Fate-winged ; it shattered Meles' helm and head
Down to the eyes : so met him ghastly death.

Still man slew man, while earth groaned all
around,

As when a mighty wind scourges the land,
And this way, that way, under its shrieking blasts
Through the wide woodland bow from the roots and
fall

Great trees, while all the earth is thundering round ;
So fell they in the dust, so clanged their arms,
So crashed the earth around. Still hot were they
For fell fight, still dealt bane unto their foes.

Nigh to Aeneas then Apollo came,
And to Eurymachus, brave Antenor's son ;
For these against the mighty Achaeans fought
Shoulder to shoulder, as two strong oxen, matched
In age, yoked to a wain ; nor ever ceased
From battling. Suddenly spake the God to these
In Polymestor's shape, the seer his mother
By Xanthus bare to the Far-darter's priest :
"Eurymachus, Aeneas, seed of Gods,
'Twere shame if ye should flinch from Argives ! Nay,
Not Ares' self should joy to encounter you,
An ye would face him in the fray ; for Fate
Hath spun long destiny-threads for thee and thee."

He spake, and vanished, mingling with the winds.
But their hearts felt the God's power : suddenly
Flooded with boundless courage were their frames,
Maddened their spirits : on the foe they leapt
Like furious wasps that in a storm of rage
Swoop upon bees, beholding them draw nigh

ἄς τε περὶ σταφυλῆς αὐαινομένης ἐν ὀπώρῃ
 ἐρχομένας ἐσίδωσιν ἢ ἐκ σίμβλοιο θορούσας·
 ὥς ἄρα Τρῳῖοι νῆες εὐπτολέμοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς 150
 ἔνθορον ἐσσυμένως· κεχάροντο δὲ Κῆρες ἐρεμναὶ
 μαρναμένων· ἐγέλασσε δ' Ἀρης· ἰάχῃσε δ' Ἐννῶ
 σμερδαλέον· μέγα δέ σφιν ἐπέβραχεν αἰόλα τεύχη.
 οἱ δ' ἄρα δυσμενέων ἀπερείσια φύλα δαΐζον
 χερσὶν ἀμαιμακέτησι· κατηρείποντο δὲ λαοὶ 155
 αὐτως, ἥντ' ἄμαλλα θέρευσ εὐθαλπέος ὥρη,
 ἦν ῥά τ' ἐπιστέρχωσι θοοὶ χέρας ἀμνητῆρες
 δασσάμενοι κατ' ἄρουραν ἀπείρονα μακρὰ πέλεθρα·
 ὥς ἄρα τῶν ὑπὸ χερσὶ κατηρείποντο φάλαγγες 160
 μυρίαί· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαῖα νεκρῶν περιπεπληθυῖα
 αἵματι πλημμύρεσκεν· Ἔρις δ' ἄρ' ἰαίνεται θυμῷ
 ὀλλυμένων· οἱ δ' οὔτι κακοῦ παύοντο μόθοιο,
 ἀλλ' ἄτε μῆλα λέοντες ἐπήϊον· οἱ δ' ἄρα φύξης
 λευγαλέης μνώοντο καὶ ἐξ ὀλοοῦ πολέμοιο
 φεῦγον, ὅσοις ἀδάϊκτον ἔτι σθένος ἐν ποσὶ κείτο. 165
 υἱὸς δ' Ἀγχίσαιο δαΐφρονος αἰὲν ὀπήδει
 δυσμενέων μετόπισθεν ὑπ' ἔγχρῃ νῶτα δαΐζων,
 Εὐρύμαχος δ' ἐτέρωθεν· ἰαίνεται δ' ἄμβροτον ἦτορ
 ὑψόθεν εἰσορόωντος ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος.
 Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις σιάλοισιν ἀνὴρ ἐς λήιον αὖον 170
 ἐρχομένοις, πρὶν ἄμαλλαν ὑπ' ἀμνητῆρσι δαμῆναι,
 ἀντὶ ἐπισσεύη κρατεροὺς κύνας, οἱ δ' ὀρόωντες
 ἐσσυμένους τρομέουσι, καὶ οὐκέτι μέμβλεται αὐτοῖς
 εἶδατος, ἀλλὰ τρέπονται ἀνιερῆν ἐπὶ φύζαν
 πανσυδίῃ, τοὺς δ' αἰψά κύνες κατὰ ποσσὶ κιχόντες 175
 ἐξόπιθεν δάπτουσιν ἀμείλιχα, τοὶ δὲ φέβονται
 μακρὸν ἀνιύζοντες, ἀναξ δ' ἐπιτέρπετ' ἄρουρης·
 ὥς ἄρ' ἰαίνεται Φοῖβος, ὅτ' ἔδρακεν ἐκ πολέμοιο
 φεύγοντ' Ἀργείων πουλὺν στρατὸν· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ'
 αὐτοῖς

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

In latter-summer to the mellowing grapes,
Or from their hives forth-streaming thitherward ;
So fiercely leapt these sons of Troy to meet
War-hardened Greeks. The black Fates joyed to
see

Their conflict, Ares laughed, Enyo yelled
Horribly. Loud their glancing armour clanged :
They stabbed, they hewed down hosts of foes
untold

With irresistible hands. The reeling ranks
Fell, as the swath falls in the harvest heat,
When the swift-handed reapers, ranged adown
The field's long furrows, ply the sickle fast ;
So fell before their hands ranks numberless :
With corpses earth was heaped, with torrent blood
Was streaming : Strife incarnate o'er the slain
Gloated. They paused not from the awful toil,
But aye pressed on, like lions chasing sheep.
Then turned the Greeks to craven flight ; all feet
Unmaimed as yet fled from the murderous war.
Aye followed on Anchises' warrior son,
Smiting foes' backs with his avenging spear :
On pressed Eurymachus, while glowed the heart
Of Healer Apollo watching from on high.

As when a man describes a herd of swine
Draw nigh his ripening corn, before the sheaves
Fall neath the reapers' hands, and harketh on
Against them his strong dogs ; as down they
rush,

The spoilers see and quake ; no more think they
Of feasting, but they turn in panic flight
Huddling : fast follow at their heels the hounds
Biting remorselessly, while long and loud
Squealing they flee, and joys the harvest's lord ;
So rejoiced Phoebus, seeing from the war
Fleeing the mighty Argive host. No more

ἔργ' ἀνδρῶν¹ μεμέλητο· πόδας δ' εὐχοντο θεοῖσιν 180
ὦκα φέρειν· μούνοις γὰρ ἔτ' ἐν ποσὶν ἔπλετο νόστον
ἐλπωρή· πάντας γὰρ ἐπήϊεν ἔγχει θύων
Εὐρύμαχος τε καὶ Αἰνείας, σὺν δέ σφιν εταῖροι.

Ἔνθα τις Ἀργείων, ἧ κάρτεϊ πάγχυ πεποιθώς,
ἢ Μοίρης ἰότητι, λιλαιομένης μιν ὀλέσσαι, 185
φεύγοντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος ἵππον ἔρυκε
γνάμψαι ἐπειγόμενος ποτὶ φύλοπιν, ὅφρα μάχεται
ἀντία δυσμενέων· τὸν δ' ὀβριμόθυμος Ἀγένωρ
παρφθάμενος μῶνα κατ' ἀλγινόεντα δαΐξεν
ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλῆγι· βίη δ' ὑπόειξε σιδήρου 190
ὀστέον οὐταμένοιο βραχίονος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεῦρα
ρήιδίως ἤμησε· φλέβες δ' ὑπερέβλυσαν αἷμα·
ἀμφεχύθη δ' ἵπποιο κατ' αὐχένος· αἵψα δ' ἄρ'
αὐτὸς

κάππεσεν ἀμφὶ νέκυσσι· λίπεν δ' ἄρα χεῖρα κρα-
ταιήν

στερρὸν ἔτ' ἐμπεφυῦιαν ἐγγνάμπτοιο χαλινού, 195
οἷη ἔτι ζώνοντος ἔην· μέγα δ' ἔπλετο θαῦμα,
οὐνεκα δὴ ρυτῆρος ἀπεκρέμαθ' αἱματόεσσα
Ἄρεος ἐννεσίησι φόβον δηίοισι φέρουσα·
φαίης κεν χατέουσιν ἔθ' ἵππασίης πονέεσθαι.

σῆμα δέ μιν φέρεν ἵππος ἀποκταμένοιο ἄνακτος. 200
Αἰνείας δ' ἐδάμασσε βαλὼν ὑπὲρ ἱξῦα δουρὶ
Αἰθαλίδην· αἰχμὴ δὲ παρ' ὀμφαλον ἐξεπέρησεν
ἔγκατ' ἐφελκομένη· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐν κονίησι τανύσθη
συμμάρψας χεῖρεσσιν ὁμῶς χολάδεσσιν ἀκωκῇ
δεινὰ μάλα στενάχων, γαίῃ δ' ἐνέρεισεν ὀδόντας 205
βεβρυχώς· ψυχὴ δὲ καὶ ἄλγεα κάλλιπον ἄνδρα.

Ἀργεῖοι δὲ βόεσσιν εἰοκότες ἐπτοίηντο,
οὓς τ' ἄμοτον μεμαῶτας ὑπὸ ζεύγλῃ καὶ ἀρότρῳ
τύψῃ ὑπὸ λαπάρην ταναοῖς ὑπὸ χάλεσιν οἰστρος
αἵματος ἰέμενος, τοὶ δ' ἄσπετον ἀσχαλῶντες 210

¹ Zimmermann, for μόθων, of Koechly.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Cared they for deeds of men, but cried to the Gods
For swift feet, in whose feet alone was hope
To escape Eurymachus' and Aeneas' spears
Which lightened ever all along their rear.

But one Greek, over-trusting in his strength,
Or by Fate's malice to destruction drawn,
Curbed in mid flight from war's turmoil his steed,
And strove to wheel him round into the fight
To face the foe. But fierce Agenor thrust
Ere he was ware; his two-edged partizan
Shore though his shoulder; yea, the very bone
Of that gashed arm was cloven by the steel;
The tendons parted, the veins spirted blood:
Down by his horse's neck he slid, and straight
Fell mid the dead. But still the strong arm hung
With rigid fingers locked about the reins
Like a live man's. Weird marvel was that sight,
The bloody hand down hanging from the rein,
Scaring the foes yet more, by Ares' will.
Thou hadst said, "It craveth still for horsemanship!"
So bare the steed that sign of his slain lord.

Aeneas hurled his spear; it found the waist
Of Anthalus' son, it pierced the navel through,
Dragging the inwards with it. Stretched in dust,
Clutching with agonized hands at steel and bowels,
Horribly shrieked he, tore with his teeth the earth
Groaning, till life and pain forsook the man.

Scared were the Argives, like a startled team
Of oxen 'neath the yoke-band straining hard,
What time the sharp-fanged gadfly stings their
flanks
Athirst for blood, and they in frenzy of pain

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἔργον ἐκὰς φεύγουσιν, ἐπὶ σφίσι δ' ἄχυνται ἀνὴρ
ἀμφοτέρων¹ πονέων τε πόνον, τρομέων τ' ἐπὶ
βουσί,

μὴ δὴ πον κατόπισθεν ἐπαΐσσοντος ἀρότρου
κέρση νεῦρα σίδηρος ἀμείλιχος ἐν ποσὶ κύρσας·
ὥς Δαναοὶ φοβέοντο· περὶ σφίσι δ' ἄχυντο θυμὸν 215
υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος· μέγα δ' ἴαχε λαὸν ἑέργων·
“ ἂ δειλοί, τί φέβεσθε, ἐοικότες οὔτιδανοῖσι
ψήρεσιν, οὓς τ' ἐφόβησεν ἰὼν κατεναντία κίρκος;
ἀλλ' ἄγε θέσθ' ἐνι θυμὸν, ἐπεὶ πολὺ λωΐων ἐστι
τεθνάμεν ἐν πολέμῳ ἢ ἀνάλκιδα φύζαν ἐλέσθαι.” 220

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἐπίθοντο θρασὺν νόον ἐν φρεσὶ
θέντες

ἐσσυμένως· ὁ δὲ Τρῳσὶ μέγα φρονέων ἐνόρουσε
πάλλων ἐν χείρεσσι θοὸν δόρυ· τῷ δ' ἄρα λαοὶ
Μυρμιδόνων ἐφέποντο βίην ἀτάλαντον ἀέλλη
ἐν στέρνοισιν ἔχοντες· ἀνέπνευσαν δὲ κυδοιμοῦ 225
Ἀργεῖοι· ὁ δ' ἄρ' αἰψα φίλῳ πατρὶ θυμὸν ἐοικῶς
ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ ἔπεφνε κατὰ μόθον· οἱ δ' ἀπίοντες
χάζοντ', ἥντε κύμαθ', ἃ τ' ἐκ βορέαο θυέλλης
πόλλ' ἐπιπαφλάζοντα κυλίνδεται αἰγιαλοῖσιν
ὀρνύμεν' ἐκ πόντοιο, τὰ δ' ἔκποθεν ἄλλος ἀήτης 230
ἀντίον αἰξας μεγάλην περὶ λαίλαπι θύων
ᾧσιν ἀπ' ἡϊόνων Βορέῳ ἔτι βαιὸν ἀέντος·
ὥς Τρῳᾶς Δαναοῖσιν ἐποιχομένους τὸ πάροιθεν
υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος θεοειδέος ᾧσεν ὀπίσσω
τυτθόν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἦν θρασύφρονος Αἰνεΐαο 235
φευγέμεν οὐκ εἶασκε, μένειν δ' ἀνὰ φύλοπιν αἰνὴν
θαρσαλέως· ἐκάτερθε δ' ἴσῃν ἐτάνυσσεν Ἐννῷ
ὑσμίνην· ἀλλ' οὔτι καταντίον Αἰνεΐαο
υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος πῆλιν δόρυ πατρὸς εἴοιο,
ἀλλ' ἄλλη τρέπε θυμὸν, ἐπεὶ Θέτις ἀγλαόπεπλο· 240
ἄζομένη Κυθέρειαν ἀπέτραπεν νίωνοιο

¹ Zimmermann, ex P, for ἀμφ' ἄροτρον of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Start from the furrow, and sore disquieted
The hind is for marred work, and for their sake,
Lest haply the recoiling ploughshare light
On their leg-sinews, and hamstring his team ;
So were the Danaans scared, so feared for them
Achilles' son, and shouted thunder-voiced :
"Cravens, why flee, like starlings nothing-worth
Scared by a hawk that swoopeth down on them ?
Come, play the men ! Better it is by far
To die in war than choose unmanly flight !"

Then to his cry they hearkened, and straightway
Were of good heart. Mighty of mood he leapt
Upon the Trojans, swinging in his hand
The lightening spear : swept after him his host
Of Myrmidons with hearts swelled with the strength
Resistless of a tempest ; so the Greeks
Won breathing-space. With fury like his sire's
One after other slew he of the foe.
Recoiling back they fell, as waves on-rolled
By Boreas foaming from the deep to the strand,
Are caught by another blast that whirlwind-like
Leaps, in a short lull of the north-wind, forth,
Smites them full-face, and hurls them back from the
shore ;

So them that erewhile on the Danaans pressed
Godlike Achilles' son now backward hurled
A short space only—brave Aeneas' spirit
Let him not flee, but made him bide the fight
Fearlessly ; and Enyo level held
The battle's scales. Yet not against Aeneas
Achilles' son upraised his father's spear,
But elsewhither turned his fury : in reverence
For Aphrodite, Thetis splendour-veiled
Turned from that man her mighty son's son's rage

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

θυμὸν καὶ μέγα κάρτος ἐπ' ἄλλων ἔθνεα λαῶν.
 ἐνθ' ὁ μὲν ἄρ Τρώων πολέας κτάνεν, ὃς δ' ἀρ'
 Ἀχαιῶν¹

δάμνατο μυρία φῦλα· δαΐκταμένων δ' ἐνὶ χάρῃ
 οἰωνοὶ κεχάροντο μεμαότες ἔγκατα φωτῶν
 δαρδάρῃαι καὶ σάρκας· ἐπεστενάχοντο δὲ Νύμφαι 245
 καλλιρόου Σιμόντος ἰδὲ Ξάνθοιο θυγατρὸς.

Καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν πονέοντο· κόνιν δ' ἀκάμαντες αἴηται
 ὥρσαν ἀπειρεσίην· ἤχλυσε δὲ πᾶσαν ὑπερθευ
 ἡέρα θεσπεσίην, ὥς τ' ἀπροτίοπτος ὁμίχλη,
 οὐδ' ἄρα φαίνεται γαῖα, βροτῶν δ' ἀμάθυνεν ὀπωπᾶς· 250
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς μάρναντο· καὶ ἐς χέρας ὄντιν' ἔλοντο
 κτεῖνον ἀνηλεγέως, καὶ εἰ μάλα φίλτατος ἦεν·
 οὐ γὰρ ἔην φράσσασθαι ἀνὰ κλόνου οὐτ' ἐπιόντα
 δῆϊον οὐτ' ἄρ' ἑταῖρον· ἀμηχανίη δ' ἔχε λαούς.
 καὶ νῦ κε μίγδ' ἐγένοντο καὶ ἀργαλέως ἀπόλοντο 255
 πάντες ὁμῶς ὀλοοῖσι περὶ ξιφέεσσι πεσόντες
 ἀλλήλων, εἰ μὴ σφιν ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο Κρονίων
 ἤρκεσε τειρομένοισι, κόνιν δ' ἀπάτερθεν ἔλασεν
 ὑσμίνης, ὀλοὰς δὲ κατεπρήνυν ἀέλλας.
 οἱ δ' ἔτι δηριόωντο· πόνος δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν ἐτύχθη 260
 πολλὸν ἐλαφρότερος· δέρκοντο γὰρ εἴτε δαΐξαι
 χρεῖω δῆϊον ἄνδρα κατὰ κλόνου, εἴτ' ἀλέασθαι.
 καὶ ῥ' ὅτ' ἐμὲν Δαναοὶ Τρώων ἀνέργον ὅμιλον
 ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ Τρῶες Δαναῶν στίχας· ἔπλετο δ'
 αἰνῇ

ὑσμίνῃ· νιφάδεσσι δ' εἰκότα πίπτε βέλεμνα 265
 ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἰόντα· δέος δ' ἔχε μηλοβοτῆρας
 ἔκποθεν Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ὀρόωντας αὐτήν.
 καὶ τις ἐς αἰθέρα χεῖρας ἐπουρανίοισιν αἰείρων
 εὔχετο, δυσμενέας μὲν ὑπ' Ἀρεῖ πάντας ὀλέσθαι,
 Τρώας δὲ στονόεντος ἀναπνεῦσαι πολέμοιο, 270
 ἡμαρ δ' εἰσιδέειν ποτ' ἐλεύθερον· ἀλλὰ οἱ οὔτι

¹ Supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

And giant strength on other hosts of foes.
There slew he many a Trojan, while the ranks
Of Greeks were ravaged by Aeneas' hand.
Over the battle-slain the vultures joyed,
Hungry to rend the hearts and flesh of men.
But all the Nymphs were wailing, daughters born
Of Xanthus and fair-flowing Simois.

So toiled they in the fight: the wind's breath
rolled

Huge dust-clouds up; the illimitable air
Was one thick haze, as with a sudden mist:
Earth disappeared, faces were blotted out;
Yet still they fought on; each man, whomso he met,
Ruthlessly slew him, though his very friend
It might be—in that turmoil none could tell
Who met him, friend or foe: blind wilderment
Enmeshed the hosts. And now had all been blent
Confusedly, had perished miserably,
All falling by their fellows' murderous swords,
Had not Cronion from Olympus helped
Their sore strait, and he swept aside the dust
Of conflict, and he calmed those deadly winds.
Yet still the hosts fought on; but lighter far
Their battle-travail was, who now discerned
Whom in the fray to smite, and whom to spare.
The Danaans now forced back the Trojan host,
The Trojans now the Danaan ranks, as swayed
The dread fight to and fro. From either side
Darts leapt and fell like snowflakes. Far away
Shepherds from Ida trembling watched the strife,
And to the Heaven-abiders lifted hands
Of supplication, praying that all their foes
Might perish, and that from the woeful war
Troy might win breathing-space, and see at last
The day of freedom: the Gods hearkened not.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἔκλυον· Αἴσα γὰρ ἄλλα πολύστονος ὀρμαίνεσκεν·
 ἄξετο δ' οὔτε Ζῆνα πελώριον, οὔτε τιν' ἄλλων
 ἀθανάτων· οὐ γάρ τι μετατρέπεται νόος αἰνὸς
 κείνης, ὅντινα πότμον ἐπ' ἀνδράσι γεινομένοισιν, 275
 ἀνδράσιν ἢ πολίεσσιν ἐπικλώσεται ἀφύκτω
 νήματι· τῇ δ' ὑπο πάντα τὰ μὲν φθινύθει, τὰ δ'
 ἀέξει·

τῆς καὶ ὑπ' ἐννεσίησι πόνος καὶ δῆρις ὀρώρει
 ἵππομάχοις Τρώεσσι καὶ ἀγχεμάχοισιν Ἀχαιοῖς.
 τεύχον δ' ἀλλήλοισι φόνον καὶ ἀνηλέα πότμον 280
 νωλεμέως· οὐ γάρ τιν' ἔχεν δέος, ἀλλ' ἐμάχοντο
 προφρονέως· θάρσος γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρας ἐς
 αἰχμήν.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολλοὶ μὲν ἀπέφθιθεν ἐν κοινήσι,
 δὴ τότε ἄρ' Ἀργείοισιν ὑπέρτερον ὄρυντο κάρτος
 Παλλάδος ἐννεσίησι δαΐφρονος, ἣ ῥα μολοῦσα 285
 ὑσμίνης ἀγχιστα μέγ' Ἀργείοισιν ἄμυνεν
 ἐκπέρσαι μεμανῖα κλυτὴν Πριάμοιο πόλιν.
 καὶ τότε ἄρ' Αἰνείαν ἐρικυδέα δι' Ἀφροδίτη,
 ἣ ῥα μέγα στενάχιζεν Ἀλεξάνδροιο δαμέντος,
 αὐτὴ ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο καὶ οὐλομένης ὑσμίνης 290
 ἦρπασεν ἐσσυμένως· περὶ δ' ἡέρα χενατο πουλύν·
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αἴσιμον ἦεν ἀνὰ μόθον ἀνέρι κείνῳ
 μάρνασθ' Ἀργείοισι πρὸ τείχεος αἰπεινοῖο.
 τῷ καὶ ἄδην ἀλείψει περίφρονα Τριτογένειαν
 ἐκ θυμοῦ Δαναοῖσιν ἀρηγέμεναι μεμανῖαν, 295
 μὴ καὶ ὑπὲρ κῆρὰς μιν ἔλῃ θεός· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτοῦ
 φεῖσατο πρόσθεν Ἄρης, ὃ περ πολὺ φέρτερος ἦεν.

Τρώες δ' οὐκέτ' ἔμμνον ἀνὰ στόμα δημοτῆτος,
 ἀλλ' ὅπισω χάζοντο τεθηπότα θυμὸν ἔχοντες·
 ἐν γάρ σφιν θήρεσσιν ἑοικότες ὠμοβόροισιν 300
 ἐνθορον Ἀργεῖοι μέγα μαιώωντες Ἄρηι.
 τῶν δ' ἄρα δαμναμένων ποταμοὶ πλήθοντο νέκυσσι
 καὶ πεδίον· πολλοὶ γὰρ ἄδην πέσον ἐν κοινήσιν

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Far other issues Fate devised, nor recked
Of Zeus the Almighty, nor of none beside
Of the Immortals. Her unpyting soul
Cares naught what doom she spinneth with her
thread

Inevitable, be it for men new-born
Or cities : all things wax and wane through her.
So by her hest the battle-travail swelled
'Twixt Trojan chariot-lords and Greeks that closed
In grapple of fight—they dealt each other death
Ruthlessly : no man quailed, but stout of heart
Fought on ; for courage thrusts men into war.

But now when many had perished in the dust,
Then did the Argive might prevail at last
By stern decree of Pallas ; for she came
Into the heart of battle, hot to help
The Greeks to lay waste Priam's glorious town.
Then Aphrodite, who lamented sore
For Paris slain, snatched suddenly away
Renowned Aeneas from the deadly strife,
And poured thick mist about him. Fate forbade
That hero any longer to contend
With Argive foes without the high-built wall.
Yea, and his mother sorely feared the wrath
Of Pallas passing-wise, whose heart was keen
To help the Danaans now—yea, feared lest she
Might slay him even beyond his doom, who spared
Not Ares' self, a mightier far than he.

No more the Trojans now abode the edge
Of fight, but all disheartened backward drew.
For like fierce ravening beasts the Argive men
Leapt on them, mad with murderous rage of war.
Choked with their slain the river-channels were,
Heaped was the field ; in red dust thousands fell,

ἀνέρες ἥδ' ἵπποι· μάλα δ' ἄρματα πολλὰ κέχυντο
βαλλομένων· πάντῃ δ' ἀπερείσιον ἔρρεεν αἶμα 305
ὑετὸς ὥς· ὁλοή γὰρ ἐπήιεν Αἴσα κυδοιμόν.

Καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν ξιφέεσσι πεπαρμένοι ἢ μελίησι
κεῖντο παρ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἀλίγκιον ἐκχυμένοισι
δούρασιν, εὐτ' ἐπὶ θινὶ βαρυγδούποιο θαλάσσης 310
ἀνέρες ἄσπετα δεσμὰ πολυκμήτων ἀπὸ γόμφων
λυσάμενοι σκεδάσωσι διὰ ξύλα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλην
ἡλιβάτου σχεδίας, πάντῃ δ' ἀναπλήθεται εὐρύς
αἰγιαλός, τοῖσιν δὲ μέλαν ποτικλύζεται οἶδμα·
ὥς οἱ γ' ἐν κονίησι καὶ αἵματι δηωθέντες
κεῖντο πολυκλαύτοιο λελασμένοι ἰωχμοῖο. 315

Παῦροι δὲ προφυγόντες ἀνηλέα δηϊοτήτα
δύσαν ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ἀλενάμενοι βαρὺ πῆμα·
τῶν δ' ἄλοχοι καὶ παῖδες ἀπὸ χροὸς αἱματόεντος
τεύχεα πάντα δέχοντο κακῶ πεφορυγμένα λύθρῳ.
πᾶσι δὲ θερμὰ λοετρὰ τετεύχατο· πᾶν δ' ἀνὰ
ἄστνυ 320

ἔσσουντ' ἱητήρες ἐς οὐταμένων αἰζηῶν
οἰκία ποιπνύοντες, ἵν' οὐταμένους ἀκέσωνται.
τοὺς δ' ἄλοχοι καὶ τέκνα περιστενάχοντο μολόν-
τας

ἐκ πολέμου· πολλοὺς δὲ καὶ οὐ παρεόντας ἀν-
τευν·

καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν στυγερῇ βεβολημένοι ἦτορ ἀνίη 325
κεῖντο βαρυστενάχοντες ἐπ' ἄλγεσιν· οἱ δ' ἐπὶ
δόρπον

ἐκ καμάτοιο τρέποντο· θοοὶ δ' ἐπαύτεον ἵπποι
φορβῇ ἐπιχρεμέθοντες ἄδην· ἐτέρωθι δ' Ἀχαιοὶ
πάρ κλισίης νηεσὶ θ' ὁμοῖα Τρῳσὶ πένοντο.

Ἥμος δ' ὠκεανοῖο ῥοὰς ὑπερήλασεν Ἡὼς 330
ἵππους μαρμαίροντας, ἀνέγρετο δ' ἔθνεα φωτῶν,
δὴ τότε ἄρηιοι νῆες εὖσθενέων Ἀργείων,
οἱ μὲν ἔβαν Πριάμοιο ποτὶ πτόλιν αἰπήεσαν,

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

305 Horses and men ; and chariots overturned
Were strewn there : blood was streaming all around
Like rain, for deadly Doom raged through the fray.

Men stabbed with swords, and men impaled on
spears

310 Lay all confusedly, like scattered beams,
When on the strand of the low-thundering sea
Men from great girders of a tall ship's hull
Strike out the bolts and clamps, and scatter wide
315 Long planks and timbers, till the whole broad beach
Is paved with beams o'erplashed by darkling surge ;
So lay in dust and blood those slaughtered men,
Rapture and pain of fight forgotten now.

A remnant from the pitiless strife escaped
Entered their stronghold, scarce eluding doom.
Children and wives from their limbs blood-besprent
320 Received their arms bedabbled with foul gore ;
And baths for all were heated. Leeches ran
Through all the town in hot haste to the homes
Of wounded men to minister to their hurts.
Here wives and daughters moaned round men come
back

From war, there cried on many who came not.
Here, men stung to the soul by bitter pangs
325 Groaned upon beds of pain ; there, toil-spent men
Turned them to supper. Whinnied the swift steeds
And neighed o'er mangers heaped. By tent and
ship

Far off the Greeks did even as they of Troy.

330 When o'er the streams of Ocean Dawn drove up
Her splendour-flashing steeds, and earth's tribes
waked,

Then the strong Argives' battle-eager sons
Marched against Priam's city lofty-towered,

οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἅμ' ἀνδράσιν οὐταμένοισι
 μένον, μή ποτε λαὸς ἐπιβρίσας ἀλεγεινὸς 335
 νῆας ἔλῃ Τρώεσσι φέρων χάριν· οἱ δ' ἀπὸ πύργων
 μάρναντ' Ἀργείοισι· μόθος δ' ἀλεγεινὸς ὀρώρει.

Σκαίῃς μὲν προπάρειθε πύλης Καπανήϊος υἱὸς
 μάρναθ' ἅμ' ἀντιθέω Διομήδεϊ· τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ὕπερθε 340
 Δηϊφοβὸς τε μενεπτόλεμος κρατερός τε Πολίτης
 σύν τ' ἄλλοις ἐτάροισιν ἐρητύεσκον οἴστοις
 ἡδ' ἄρα χερμαδίοισι· περικτυπέοντο δὲ φωτῶν
 βαλλόμεναι κόρυθές τε καὶ ἀσπίδες, αἵ τ' ἀλεγεινὸν
 αἰζήων ῥύοντο μόρον καὶ ἀμείλιχον αἶσαν.

Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Ἰδαίῃσιν ἐριδμαίνεσκε πύλῃσιν 345
 υἱὸς Ἀχιλλῆος· πονέοντο δέ οἱ περί πάντες
 Μυρμιδόνες κρατεροῖο δαήμονες ἰωχμοῖο·
 τοὺς δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος εἶργον ἀπειρεσίοις βελέεσσι
 θαρσαλέως Ἐλενός τε καὶ ὀβριμόθυμος Ἀγήνωρ,
 Τρώας ἐποτρύνοντες ἀνὰ μόθον· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ 350
 προφρονέως μάρναντο φίλης περὶ τείχεσι πάτρης.

Ἐς πεδίον δὲ πύλῃσι καὶ ὠκυπόρους ἐπὶ νῆας
 νισσομένης Ὀδυσσεύς τε καὶ Εὐρύπυλος πονέοντο
 νωλεμέως· τοὺς δ' ἦϋς ἀφ' ἔρκεος ὑψηλοῖο
 Αἰνείας λάεσσι μέγα φρονέων ἀπέρυκε.

Πρὸς δὲ ῥόον Σιμόεντος ἔχεν πόνον ἀλγινόνετα
 Τεύκρος ἐϋμμελής· ἄλλη δ' ἔχεν ἄλλος οἰζύν. 355

Καὶ τότε ἄρ' ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆα δαΐφρονα κύδιμοι
 ἄνδρες

κείνου τεχνήεντι νόφ ποτὶ μῶλον Ἄρηος
 ἀσπίδας ἐντύναντο, βάλον δ' ἐφύπερθε καρήνων 360
 θέντες ἐπ' ἀλλήλησιν· μὴ δ' ἅπαν ἤρμοσεν ἀρμῇ·
 φαίης κεν μεγάραιο κατηρεφὲς ἔμμεναι ἔρκος
 πυκνόν, ὃ τ' οὐτ' ἀνέμοιο διέρχεται ὑγρὸν ἀέντος
 ῥιπὴ ἀπειρεσίῃ οὐτ' ἐκ Διὸς ἀσπετος ὄμβρος·
 τοῖαι ἄρ' Ἀργείων πεπυκασμένοι ἀμφὶ βοεαίαις 365
 καρτύναντο φάλαγγες· ἔχον δ' ἓνα θυμὸν ἐς ἀλκὴν

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

335 Save some that mid the tents by wounded men
Tarried, lest haply raiders on the ships
Might fall, to help the Trojans, while these fought
The foe from towers, while rose the flame of war.

Before the Scacan gate fought Capaneus' son
And godlike Diomedes. High above
340 Deiphobus battle-staunch and strong Polites
With many comrades, stoutly held them back
With arrows and huge stones. Clanged evermore
The smitten helms and shields that fenced strong
men

From bitter doom and unrelenting fate,

Before the Gate Idaean Achilles' son
Set in array the fight: around him toiled
His host of battle-cunning Myrmidons.
Helenus and Agenor gallant-souled,
Down-hailing darts, against them held the wall,
350 Aye cheering on their men. No spurring these
Needed to fight hard for their country's walls.

Odysseus and Eurypylus made assault
Unresting on the gates that faced the plain
And looked to the swift ships. From wall and
tower

With huge stones brave Aeneas made defence.

In battle-stress by Simoïs Teucer toiled.
Each endured hardness at his several post.

Then round war-wise Odysseus men renowned,
By that great captain's battle cunning ruled,
360 Locked shields together, raised them o'er their
heads

Ranged side by side, that many were made one.
Thou hadst said it was a great hall's solid roof,
Which no tempestuous wind-blast misty wet
Can pierce, nor rain from heaven in torrents poured.
So fenced about with shields firm stood the ranks
365 Of Argives, one in heart for fight, and one

εἰς ἐν ἀρηράμενοι· καθύπερθε δὲ Τρώιοι νῆες
 βάλλον χερμαδίοισι· τὰ δ' ὥς στυφελῆς ἀπὸ
 πέτρης
 γαῖαν ἐπὶ τραφερὴν ἐκυλίνδετο· πολλὰ δὲ δοῦρα
 καὶ βέλεα στονόεντα καὶ ἀλγινόεντες ἄκοντες 370
 πῆγνυντ' ἐν σακέεσσι, τὰ δ' ἐν χθονί, πολλὰ δ'
 ἄπωθεν
 μαψιδίως φορέοντο παραγναμφθέντα βελέμοις¹
 πάντοθε βαλλομένων· οἱ δὲ κτύπον οὔτι φέβοντο
 ἄσπετον, οὐδ' ὑπόεικον, ἅτε ψεκάδων αἰόντες
 δοῦπον· ἄνω δ' ὑπὸ τείχος ὁμῶς ἴσαν· οὐδέ τις
 αὐτῶν 375
 νόσφιν ἀφειστήκει· συναρηράμενοι δ' ἐφέποντο,
 ὥς νέφος ἠρόεν, τό ῥά που περὶ χείματι μέσσω
 αἰθέρος ἐξ ὑπάτοιο μακρὸν διέτεινε Κρονίων.
 πουλὺς δ' ἀμφὶ φάλαγγι βρόμος, καναχὴ θ' ὑπὸ
 ποσσὶ
 νισσομένων ἐτέυκτο· κόνιν δ' ἀπάτερθεν ἀῆται 380
 ὀρνυμένην μάλα τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο φέρεσκον
 αἰζήων μετόπισθε· περίαχε δ' ἄκριτος αὐδὴ,
 οἶον ὑπὸ σμήνεσσι περιβρομέουσι μέλισσαι·
 ἄσθμα δ' ἀνῆιε πουλὺ χυδὴν, περίχενε δ' αὐτμῆν
 λαοῦ ἀποπνείοντος· ἀπειρέσιον δ' ἄρα θυμῷ 385
 Ἀτρεΐδαι κεχάροντο περὶ σφίσι κυδιώοντες
 δερκόμενοι πολέμοιο δυσηχέος ἄτρομον ἔρκος·
 ὥρμηναν δὲ πύλῃσι θεηγενέος Πριάμοιο
 ἀθρόοι ἐγχριμφθέντες ὑπ' ἀμφιτόμοις πελέκεσσι
 ῥῆξαι τείχεα μακρά, πύλας δ' εἰς οὐδας ἐρείσαι 390
 θαιρῶν ἐξερύσαντες· ἔχεν δ' ἄρα μῆτις ἀγανὴ
 ἐλπωρῆν· ἀλλ' οὐ σφιν ἐπήρκεσαν οὔτε βόειαι
 οὔτε θοοὶ βουπλῆγες, ἐπεὶ μένος Αἰνείαιο
 ὄβριμον ἀμφοτέρῃς ἐπαρηρότα χείρεσι λᾶαν
 ἐμμεμῶς ἐφέηκε, δάμασσε δὲ τλήμονι πτόμῳ 395

¹ Zimmermann, for περιγναμφθέντα βέλεμα of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

In that array close-welded. From above
The Trojans hailed great stones ; as from a rock
Rolled these to earth. Full many a spear and dart
And galling javelin in the pierced shields stood ;
Some in the earth stood ; many glanced away
With bent points falling baffled from the shields
Battered on all sides. But that clangorous din
None feared ; none flinched ; as pattering drops of
rain

They heard it. Up to the rampart's foot they
marched :

None hung back ; shoulder to shoulder on they
came

Like a long lurid cloud that o'er the sky
Cronion trails in wild midwinter-tide.

On that battalion moved, with thunderous tread
Of tramping feet : a little above the earth
Rose up the dust ; the breeze swept it aside
Drifting away behind the men. There went
A sound confused of voices with them, like
The hum of bees that murmur round the hives,
And multitudinous panting, and the gasp
Of men hard-breathing. Exceeding glad the sons
Of Atreus, glorying in them, saw that wall
Unwavering of doom-denouncing war.

In one dense mass against the city-gate
They hurled themselves, with twibills strove to breach
The long walls, from their hinges to upheave
The gates, and dash to earth. The pulse of hope
Beat strong in those proud hearts. But naught
availed

Targes nor levers, when Aeneas' might
Swung in his hands a stone like a thunderbolt,
Hurled it with uttermost strength, and dashed to.
death

ἀνέρας, οὓς κατέμαρψεν ἐν ἀσπίσιν, εἴτ' ἐν ὄρεσσι
 φερβομένας ὑπὸ πρῶνα βίη κρημνοῖο ῥαγέντος
 αἰγας, ὑποτρομέουσι δ' ὅσαι σχεδὸν ἀμφινέμονται·
 ὡς Δαναοὶ θάμβησαν· ὁ δ' εἰσέτι λᾶας ὑπερθεν
 βάλλον ἐπασσυτέρους, κλονέοντο δὲ πάγχυ φά-
 λαγγες·

400

ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὔρεσι πρῶνας Ὀλύμπιος οὐρανόθι
 Ζεὺς

ἀμφὶ μῆ κορυφῇ συναρηρότας ἄλλυδις ἄλλον
 ῥήξῃ ὑπὸ βροντῇσι καὶ αἰθαλούντι κεραυνῷ,
 ἀμφὶ δὲ μῆλα τρέμουσι καὶ ἄλλυδις ἄλλα φέ-
 ρονται.¹

ὥς ἄρ' Ἀχαιῶν νῆες ὑπέτρεσαν, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῶν 405
 Αἰνείας συνέχευε θεῶς ἔρυμα πτολέμοιο
 ἀσπίσιν ἀκαμάτῃσι τετυγμένον, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
 κάρτος ἀπειρέσιον θεὸς ὥσασεν· οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν
 ἔσθενε οἱ κατὰ δῆριν ἐναντίον ὅσσε βαλέσθαι,
 οὔνεκά οἱ μάρμαιρε περὶ βριαροῖς μελέεσσι 410
 τεύχεα θεσπεσίησιν ἐειδόμενα στεροπῇσιν·
 εἰστήκει δέ οἱ ἄγχι δέμας κεκαλυμμένος ὄρφηγ
 δεινὸς Ἄρης, καὶ πάντα κατιθύνεσκε βέλεμνα
 ἧ μόρον ἧ δέος αἰνὸν ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι φέροντα·
 μάρνατο δ' ὡς ὅπότ' αὐτὸς Ὀλύμπιος οὐρανόθι
 Ζεὺς

415

ἀσχαλὼν ἐδάϊζεν ὑπέρβια φῦλα Γιγάντων
 σμερδαλέων, καὶ γαῖαν ἀπειρεσίην ἐτίναξε
 Τηθύν τ' Ὠκεανόν τε καὶ οὐρανόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
 γυῖ' ἐλελίζετ' Ἀτλαντος ὑπ' ἀκαμάτου Διὸς ὀρμῆς·
 ὡς ἄρ' ὑπ' Αἰνείαιοι κατηρείποντο φάλαγγες 420
 Ἀργείων ἀνὰ δῆριν· ὁ γὰρ περὶ τείχος ἀπάντῃ
 ἔσσυτο δυσμενέεσσι χολούμενος, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν
 πᾶν, ὃ τί οἱ παρέκρυσεν ἐπειγομένῳ ποτὶ μῶλον,

¹ Zimmermann, for μηλονόμοι τε καὶ ἄλλ' ὅσα πάντα φ. of v.
 480

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

All whom it caught beneath the shields, as when
A mountain's precipice-edge breaks off and falls
On pasturing goats, and all that graze thereby
Tremble; so were those Danaans dazed with dread.
Stone after stone he hurled on the reeling ranks,
As when amid the hills Olympian Zeus
With thunderbolts and blazing lightnings rends
From their foundations crags that rim a peak,
And this way, that way, sends them hurtling down;
Then the flocks tremble, scattering in wild flight;
So quailed the Achaeans, when Aeneas dashed
To sudden fragments all that battle-wall
Moulded of adamant shields, because a God
Gave more than human strength. No man of them
Could lift his eyes unto him in that fight,
Because the arms that lapped his sinewy limbs
Flashed like the heaven-born lightnings. At his side
Stood, all his form divine in darkness cloaked,
Ares the terrible, and winged the flight
Of what bare down to the Argives doom or dread.
He fought as when Olympian Zeus himself
From heaven in wrath smote down the insolent bands
Of giants grim, and shook the boundless earth,
And sea, and ocean, and the heavens, when reeled
The knees of Atlas neath the rush of Zeus.
So crumbled down beneath Aeneas' bolts
The Argive squadrons. All along the wall
Wroth with the foeman rushed he: from his hands
Whatso he lighted on in onslaught-haste

βάλλεν, ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλὰ κακῆς ἀλκτῆρια χάρις
κεῖτο μενεπτολέμων ἐπὶ τείχεσι Δαρδανίωνων, 425
τοῖσιν περ Αἰνείας μέγαλ' ἀμφὶ κάρτεϊ θύων
δυσμενέων ἀπέρυκε πολὺν στρατόν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'
αὐτῷ

Τρῶες καρτύναντο· κακὴ δ' ἔχε πάντα οἰζὺς
ἀμφὶ πόλιν· πολλοὶ δὲ κατέκταθεν ἡμὲν Ἀχαιῶν
ἡδ' ἄρα καὶ Τρώων· μέγα δ' ἴαχον ἀμφοτέρωθεν, 430
Αἰνείας μὲν Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισι κελεύων
μάρνασθ' ἀμφὶ πόληος ἐῆς ἀλόχων¹ τε καὶ αὐτῶν
προφρονέως· υἱὸς δὲ μενεπτολέμου Ἀχιλλῆος
Ἀργείους ἐκέλευε παρὰ κλυτὰ τείχεα Τροίης
μῖμνειν, ἄχρι πόληα πυρὶ πρήσαντες ἔλωσι. 435
τοὺς δ' ἄμφω στονόεσσα καὶ ἄσπετος ἄμπεχ' αὐτῇ
μαρναμένους πρόπαν ἡμαρ ἀνὰ κλόνον· οὐδὲ τις
ἦεν

ἄμπνευσις πολέμοιο λιλαιομένων ἀνὰ θυμὸν
τῶν μὲν ἐλεῖν πτολίεθρον ὑπ' Ἀρεῖ, τῶν δὲ
σαῶσαι.

Αἴας δ' αὐτ' ἀπάτερθε θρασύφρονος Αἰνεῖο 440
μαρνάμενος Τρῶεσσι κακὰς ἐπὶ κῆρας ἴαλλε
σφῆσιν ἐκηβολήσιν, ἐπεὶ ῥά οἱ ἄλλοτε μὲν πον
ἰθὺ βέλος πεπότητο δι' ἡέρος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε
ἀλγινόοντες ἄκουτες· ἐπ' ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλον ἔπεφνε·
οἱ δὲ περιπτώσσοντες ἀμύμονος ἀνέρος ἀλκὴν 445
ἐς μόθον οὐκέτ' ἔμιμνον· ἔλειπε δὲ τείχεα λαός.

Καὶ τότε οἱ θεράπων πολὺν φέρτατος ἐν δαί
Λοκρῶν

Ἀλκιμέδων ἐρίθυμος, ἐφ' πίσυνος βασιλῆι
κάρτεϊ τε σφετέρῳ καὶ θαρσαλέῳ νεότητι
ἐμμεμαῶς πολέμοιο θεοῖς ἐπεβῆσατο ποσσὶ 450
κλίμακος, ὅφρα κέλευθον ἐπὶ πτόλιν ἀνδράσι θείῃ
λευγαλήν· σφετέρου δὲ καρήατος ἔμμεναι ἄλκαρ

¹ Zimmermann, for ἔων τεκέων of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

Hurled he ; for many a battle-staying bolt
Lay on the walls of those staunch Dardan men.
With such Aeneas stormed in giant might,
With such drave back the thronging foes. All round
The Trojans played the men. Sore travail and pain
Had all folk round the city : many fell,
Argives and Trojans. Rang the battle-cries :
Aeneas cheered the war-fain Trojans on
To fight for home, for wives, and their own souls
With a good heart : war-staunch Achilles' son
Shouted : " Flinch not, ye Argives, from the walls,
Till Troy be taken, and sink down in flames ! "
And round these twain an awful measureless roar
Rang, daylong as they fought : no breathing-space
Came from the war to them whose spirits burned,
These, to smite Ilium, those, to guard her safe.

But from Aeneas valiant-souled afar
Fought Aias, speeding midst the men of Troy
Winged death ; for now his arrow straight through
air

Flew, now his deadly dart, and smote them down
One after one : yet others cowered away
Before his peerless prowess, and abode
The fight no more, but fenceless left the wall.

Then one, of all the Locrians mightiest,
Fierce-souled Alcimedon, trusting in his prince
And his own might and valour of his youth,
All battle-eager on a ladder set
Swift feet, to pave for friends a death-strewn path
Into the town. Above his head he raised

ἰσπίδα θεὸς καθύπερθεν ἀνῆγε λυγρὰ κέλευθα
 ἄτρομον ἐνθέμενος κραδίη νόον· ἐν δ' ἄρα χειρὶ
 ἄλλοτε μὲν δόρυ πάλλεν ἀμείλιχον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτὴ 455
 εἶρπεν ἄνω· τὸν δ' αἶψα διηερὴ φέρεν οἶμος.
 καὶ νῦ κε δὴ Τρώεσσιν ἄχος γένετ', εἰ μὴ ἄρ' αὐτῷ
 ἤδη ὑπερκύπτουντι καὶ εἰσορόωντι πόλῃα
 ὑστάτιον καὶ πρῶτον ἀφ' ἔρκεος ὑψηλοῖο
 Αἰνείας ἐπόρουσεν, ἐπεὶ ρά μιν οὐ λάθεν ὁρμῇ 460
 οὐδ' ἀπάτερθεν ἔοντα· βάλεν δέ μιν εὐρέϊ πέτρῳ
 κακὸν κεφαλῆς· μεγάλη δὲ βίη κρατερόφρονος ἀνδρὸς
 κλίμακά οἱ συνέαξεν· ὁ δ' ὑψόθεν ἤν' οἷστος
 ἔσσυτ' ἀπὸ νευρῆς· ὀλοὸς δέ οἱ ἔσπετο πότμος 465
 ἀμφελελιξαμένῳ· στονόεις δέ οἱ ἤερι θυμὸς
 αἶψα μίγη, πρὶν γαῖαν ἐπὶ στυφελὴν ἀφικέσθαι·
 ἤριπε δ' ἐν θώρηκι κατὰ χθονός, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ
 νόσφιν ἀπεπλάγχθη βριαρὸν δόρυ καὶ σάκος εὐρὺ
 καὶ κρατερὴν τρυφάλεια· περιστονάχησε δὲ Δοκρῶν 470
 λαός, ὅτ' ἔδρακον ἄνδρα κακῇ δεδμημένον ἄτῃ·
 δὴ γάρ οἱ λασίοιο καρήατος ἄλλυδις ἄλλη
 ἐγκέφαλος πεπάλακτο· συνηλοῖντο δὲ πάντα
 ὀστέα καὶ θοὰ γυῖα λυγρῷ πεπαλαγμένα λύθρῳ.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Ποίαντος εὖς πᾶϊς ἀντιθέοιο,
 ὥς ἴδεν Αἰνείαν περὶ τείχεα μαιμώνοντα 475
 θηρὶ βίην ἀτάλαντον, ἄφαρ προέηκεν οἷστον
 ἰθύνων ἐς φῶτα περικλυτόν· οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν
 ἀνέρος, ἀλλὰ οἱ οὔτι δι' ἀσπίδος ἀκαμάτοιο
 ἐς χροῖα καλὸν ἵκανεν, ἀπέτραπε γὰρ Κυθέρεια
 καὶ σάκος, ἀλλ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἐπέγραφε δέρμα βοείης. 480
 οὐδ' ἄρα μαψιδίως χαμάδις πέσεν, ἀλλὰ Μέδοντα
 μεσσηγὺς σάκεός τε καὶ ἵπποκόμου τρυφαλείης
 τύψεν· ὁ δ' ἐκ πύργοιο κατήριπεν, εὖτ' ἀπὸ πέτρης
 ἄγριον αἶγα βάλησιν ἀνὴρ στονόεντι βελέμνῳ·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XI

The screening shield ; up that dread path he went
Hardening his heart from trembling, in his hand
Now shook the threatening spear, now upward
climbed :

Fast high in air he trod the perilous way.
Now on the Trojans had disaster come,
But, even as above the parapet
His head rose, and for the first time and the last
From her high rampart he looked down on Troy,
Aeneas, who had marked, albeit afar,
That bold assault, rushed on him, dashed on his head
So huge a stone that the hero's mighty strength
Shattered the ladder. Down from on high he rushed
As arrow from the string : death followed him
As whirling round he fell ; with air was blent
His lost life, ere he crashed to the stony ground.
Strong spear, broad shield, in mid fall flew from his
hands,

And from his head the helm : his corslet came
Alone with him to earth. The Locrian men
Groaned, seeing their champion quelled by evil doom ;
For all his hair and all the stones around
Were brain-bespattered : all his bones were crushed,
And his once active limbs besprent with gore.

Then godlike Poeas' war-triumphant son
Marked where Aeneas stormed along the wall
In lion-like strength, and straightway shot a shaft
Aimed at that glorious hero, neither missed
The man : yet not through his unyielding targe
To the fair flesh it won, being turned aside
By Cytherea and the shield, but grazed
The buckler lightly : yet not all in vain
Fell earthward, but between the targe and helm
Smote Medon : from the tower he fell, as falls
A wild goat from a crag, the hunter's shaft
Deep in its heart : so nerveless-flung he fell,

ὥς ὁ πεσὼν τετάνυστο· λίπεν δέ μιν ἱερὸς αἰὼν. 485
 Αἰνείας δ' ἐτάριοιο χολωσάμενος βάλε πέτρην,
 καὶ ῥα Φιλοκτήταο κατέκτανεν ἐσθλὸν ἐταῖρον
 Τοξαίχμην· θλάσσειν δὲ κάρη, συνέαξε δὲ πάντα
 ὀστέα σὺν πῆλῃκι· λύθη δὲ οἱ ἀγλαὸν ἦτορ.
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν αὔσε πάϊς Ποίαντος ἀγανού· 490
 “Αἰνεΐα, νῦν ἔολπας ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῆσιν ἄριστος
 ἔμμεναι ἐκ πύργοιο πονεύμενος, ἐνθα γυναικες
 δυσμενέεσσι μάχονται ἀνάλκιδες· εἰ δὲ τίς ἐσσί,
 ἔρχεο τείχεος ἐκτὸς ἐν ἔντεσιν, ὅφρα δαείης
 Ποίαντος θρασὺν νῖα καὶ ἔγχεσι καὶ βελέεσσιν.” 495
 “Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· τὸν δ' οὔτι θρασὺς πάϊς Ἀγχίσαιο
 καίπερ ἐελδόμενος προσεφώνεεν, οὔνεκ' ὀρώρει
 δῆρις οἷζυρὴ περὶ τείχεα μακρὰ καὶ ἄστν
 νωλεμέως· οὐ γάρ τι κακοῦ παύοντο μόθοιο·
 οὐδέ σφιν μάλα δηρὸν ὑπ' Ἀρεΐ τειρομένοισιν 500
 ἔσκε λύσις καμάτοιο· πόνος δ' ἄπρηκτος ὀρώρει.

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And fled away from him the precious life.
Wroth for his friend, a stone Aeneas hurled,
And Philoctetes' stalwart comrade slew,
Toxaechmes; for he shattered his head and crushed
Helmet and skull-bones; and his noble heart
Was stilled. Loud shouted princely Poeas' son:
"Aeneas, thou, forsooth, dost deem thyself
A mighty champion, fighting from a tower
Whence craven women war with foes! Now if
Thou be a man, come forth without the wall
In battle-harness, and so learn to know
In spear-craft and in bow-craft Poeas' son!"
So cried he; but Anchises' valiant seed,
How fain soe'er, naught answered, for the stress
Of desperate conflict round that wall and burg
Ceaselessly raging: pause from fight was none:
Yea, for long time no respite had there been
For the war-weary from that endless toil.