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The fall of Troy

Quintus

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Book XIII. How Troy in the night was taken and sacked with fire and slaughter

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ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΡΙΣΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ἐδόρπεον· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν
 αὐλοὶ ὁμῶς σύριγξι μέγ' ἤπνουν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
 μολπῇ ἐπ' ὀρχηθμοῖσι καὶ ἄκριτος ἔσκεν αὐτῇ
 δαινυμένων, οἷα τε πέλει παρὰ δαιτὶ καὶ οῖνῳ.
 ὦδε δέ τις χεῖρεσσι λαβὼν ἔμπλειον ἄλεισον 5
 πίνεν ἀκηδέστως· βαρύθοντο δέ οἱ φρένες ἔνδον
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὀφθαλμοὶ στρεφεδίνεον· ἄλλο δ' ἐπ'
 ἄλλῳ

ἐκ στόματος προῖεσκεν ἔπος κεκολουμένα βάζων·
 καὶ ῥά οἱ ἐν μεγάρῳ κειμήλια καὶ δόμος αὐτὸς
 φαίνεται κινυμένοισιν ἐοικότα· πάντα δ' ἐώλπει 10
 ἀμφιπεριστρωφᾶσθαι ἀνὰ πτόλιν· ὅσσε δ' ἄρ'
 ἀχλὺς

ἄμφεχεν· ἀκρήτῳ γὰρ ἀμαλδύνονται ὀπωπαὶ
 καὶ νόος αἰζήων, ὅπότ' ἐς φρένα χανδὸν ἵκηται·
 καὶ ῥα καρηβαρέων τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

“ἦ ῥ' ἄλιον Δαναοὶ πουλὺν στρατὸν ἐνθάδ'
 ἄγειραν,

σχέτλιοι, οὐδ' ἐτέλεσαν ὅσα φρεσὶ μηχανόωντο,
 ἀλλ' αὐτῶς ἀπόρουσαν ἀπ' ἄστεος ἡμετέροιο
 νηπιάχοις παίδεσσιν ἐοικότες ἢ ἐ γυναιξίν.”

“Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Τρώων τις ἐεργόμενος φρένας οῖνῳ,
 νήπιος· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐφράσσατ' ἐπὶ προθύροισιν
 ὄλεθρον.

BOOK XIII

*How Troy in the night was taken and sacked with
fire and slaughter.*

So feasted they through Troy, and in their midst
Loud pealed the flutes and pipes: on every hand
Were song and dance, laughter and cries confused
Of banqueters beside the meats and wine.
They, lifting in their hands the beakers brimmed,
Recklessly drank, till heavy of brain they grew,
Till rolled their fluctuant eyes. Now and again
Some mouth would babble the drunkard's broken
words.

The household gear, the very roof and walls
Seemed as they rocked: all things they looked on
seemed

Whirled in wild dance. About their eyes a veil
Of mist dropped, for the drunkard's sight is dimmed,
And the wit dulled, when rise the fumes to the brain:
And thus a heavy-headed feaster cried:

"For naught the Danaans mustered that great host
Hither! Fools, they have wrought not their intent,
But with hopes unaccomplished from our town
Like silly boys or women have they fled."

So cried a Trojan wit-befogged with wine,
Fool, nor discerned destruction at the doors.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Εὖτε γὰρ ὕπνος ἔρυκεν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον
οἷνφ ἀναπλήθοντας ἀπειρεσίῳ καὶ ἔδωδῃ,
δὴ τότε ἄρ' αἰθαλόεντα Σίνων ἀνὰ πυρσὸν ἄειρε
δεικνὺς Ἀργείοισι πυρὸς σέλας. ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κῆρ
ἄσπετα πορφύρεσκε κατὰ φρένα, μή μιν ἴδωνται 25
Τρῶες εὐσθενέες, τάχα δ' ἀμφαδὰ πάντα γένηται·
ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν λεχέεσι πανύστατον ὕπνον ἵαυον
πολλῷ ὑπ' ἀκρήτῳ βεβαρηότες· οἱ δ' ἐσιδόντες
ἐκ Τενέδου νήεσσιν ἐπὶ πλόον ἐντύνοντο.

Αὐτὸς δ' ἄγχ' ἵπποιο Σίνων κίεν· ἦκα δ' αὔσεν, 30
ἦκα μάλ', ὥς μήπου τις ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι πύθηται,
ἀλλ' οἷοι Δαναῶν ἡγήτορες, ὧν ἀπὸ νόσφιν
ὕπνος ἄδην πεπότητο λιλαιομένων πονέεσθαι.
οἱ ῥά οἱ ἔνδον ἑόντες ἐπέκλυον, ἐς δ' Ὀδυσῆα
πάντες ἐπ' οὐατ' ἔνευσαν· ὁ δέ σφεας ὀτρύνεσκεν 35
ἦκα καὶ ἀτρεμέως ἐκβήμεναι· οἱ δ' ἐπίθοντο
ἐς μόθον ὀτρύνοντι, καὶ ἐξ ἵπποιο χαμᾶζε
ῶρμαινον προνέεσθαι· ὁ δ' ἰδρεῖησιν ἔρυκε
πάντας ἅμ' ἐσσυμένους· αὐτὸς δ' ἄρα χερσὶ θοῇσιν
ἵππου δουρατέοιο μάλ' ἀτρέμας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα 40
βαιὸν δ' ἐξανέδν σανίδων ὑπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντη
Τρῶας παπταίνεσκεν, ἐγρηγορότ' εἶπον ἴδοιτο·
ὥς δ' ὅταν ἀργαλέῳ λιμῷ βεβολημένος ἦτορ
ἐξ ὀρέων ἔλθῃσι λύκος χατέων μάλ' ἐδωδῆς 45
ποίμνης πρὸς σταθμὸν εὐρύν, ἀλευόμενος δ' ἄρα
φῶτας

καὶ κύνας, οἳ ῥά τε μῆλα φυλασσέμεναι μεμᾶσι,
βαῖνῃ ποσσὶν ἐκῆλος ὑπὲρ ποιμνήιον ἔρκος·
ὥς Ὀδυσσεὺς ἵπποιο κατήιεν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
ὄβριμοι ἄλλοι ἔποντο Πανελλήνων βασιλῆες 50
νισσόμενοι κλίμαξι κατὰ στίχας, ἅσ περ Ἐπειὸς
τεῦξεν ἀριστήεσσιν εὐσθενέεσσι κέλευθα
ἵππον ἐσερχομένοισι καὶ ἐξ ἵπποιο κιοῦσιν.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

When sleep had locked his fetters everywhere
Through Troy on folk fulfilled of wine and meat,
Then Sinon lifted high a blazing torch
To show the Argive men the splendour of fire.
But fearfully the while his heart beat, lest
The men of Troy might see it, and the plot
Be suddenly revealed. But on their beds
Sleeping their last sleep lay they, heavy with wine.
The host saw, and from Tenedos set sail.

Then nigh the Horse drew Sinon : softly he called,
Full softly, that no man of Troy might hear,
But only Achaea's chiefs, far from whose eyes
Sleep hovered, so athirst were they for fight.
They heard, and to Odysseus all inclined
Their ears : he bade them urgently go forth
Softly and fearlessly ; and they obeyed
That battle-summons, pressing in hot haste
To leap to earth : but in his subtlety
He stayed them from all thrusting eagerly forth.
But first himself with swift unfaltering hands,
Helped of Epeius, here and there unbarred
The ribs of the Horse of beams : above the planks
A little he raised his head, and gazed around
On all sides, if he haply might descry
One Trojan waking yet. As when a wolf,
With hunger stung to the heart, comes from the hills,
And ravenous for flesh draws nigh the flock
Penned in the wide fold, slinking past the men
And dogs that watch, all keen to ward the sheep,
Then o'er the fold-wall leaps with soundless feet ;
So stole Odysseus down from the Horse : with him
Followed the war-fain lords of Hellas' League,
Orderly stepping down the ladders, which
Epeius framed for paths of mighty men,
For entering and for passing forth the Horse,

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οἷ ῥα τότε ἄμφ' αὐτῇσι κατήμιον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλοι,
 θαρσαλέοις σφήκεσσιν ἑοικότες, οὓς τε κλονήσῃ 55
 δρυτόμος, οἱ δ' ἅμα πάντες ὀρινόμενοι περὶ θυμῷ
 ὄξου ὑπεκπροχέονται, ὅτε κτύπον εἰσαΐουσιν·
 ὥς οἱ γ' ἐξ ἵπποιο μεμαότες ἐξεχέοντο
 ἐς Τρώων πτολίεθρον ἔκτιτον· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσι
 πάλλετ' ἐνὶ στέρνοισι κέαρ * * *

* * * τάχα δ' οἱ μὲν ἔναιρον
 δυσμενέας * * *

* τοὶ δ' ἔτ' ἔρρεσσον ἔσω ἁλός· αἱ δ' ἐφέροντο
 νῆες ὑπὲρ μέγα χεῦμα· Θέτις δ' ἵθυνε κέλευθα
 οὖρον ἐπιπροΐεισα· νόος δ' ἄρ' ἰαίνειτ' Ἀχαιῶν·
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἐλθόντες ἐπ' ἥϊονας Ἑλλησπόντου,
 ἔνθ' αἰθις στήσαντο νέας, σὺν δ' ἄρμενα πάντα 65
 εἶλον ἐπισταμένως, ὅσα νήεσιν αἰὲν ἔπονται.
 αὐτοὶ δ' αἰψ' ἐκβάντες ἐς Ἴλιον ἐσσεύοντο
 ἄβρομοι, ἥύτε μῆλα ποτὶ σταθμὸν αἰσσοῦντα
 ἐκ νομοῦ ὑλήεντος ὀπωρινὴν ὑπὸ νύκτα·
 ὥς οἱ γ' αὐίαχοι Τρώων ποτὶ ἄστν νέοντο 70
 πάντες ἀριστήεσσιν ἀρηγέμεναι μεμαῶτες.
 οἱ δ', ὡς σμερνὰ λύκοι¹ λιμῷ περιπαιφάσσοντες
 σταθμῷ ἐπιβρίσωσι κατ' οὔρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλην
 εὐδοντος μογεροῦ σημάντορος, ἄλλα δ' ἐπ' ἄλλοις
 δάμνανθ' ἔρκεος ἐντὸς ὑπὸ κνέφας, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντη² 75

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

¹ Zimmermann, for ἀργαλέφ of v.

² All editors agree that there is a long lacuna here. In the translation is given a summary of what the missing lines may be conjectured to have contained.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Who down them now on this side, that side, streamed
As fearless wasps startled by stroke of axe
In angry mood pour all together forth
From the tree-bole, at sound of woodman's blow ;
So battle-kindled forth the Horse they poured
Into the midst of that strong city of Troy
With hearts that leapt expectant. [With swift hands
Snatched they the brands from dying hearths, and fired
Temple and palace. Onward then to the gates
Sped they,] and swiftly slew the slumbering guards,
[Then held the gate-towers till their friends should
come.]

Fast rowed the host the while ; on swept the ships
Over the great flood : Thetis made their paths
Straight, and behind them sent a driving wind
Speeding them, and the hearts Achaean glowed.
Swiftly to Hellespont's shore they came, and there
Beached they the keels again, and deftly dealt
With whatso tackling appertains to ships.
Then leapt they aland, and hasted on to Troy
Silent as sheep that hurry to the fold
From woodland pasture on an autumn eve ;
So without sound of voices marched they on
Unto the Trojans' fortress, eager all
To help those mighty chiefs with foes begirt.
Now these—as famished wolves fierce-glaring round
Fall on a fold mid the long forest-hills,
While sleeps the toil-worn watchman, and they rend
The sheep on every hand within the wall
In darkness, and all round [are heaped the slain ;
So these within the city smote and slew,
As swarmed the awakened foe around them ; yet,
Fast as they slew, aye faster closed on them
Those thousands, mad to thrust them from the gates.]

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

αἵματι καὶ νεκύεσσιν, ὁρώρει δ' αἰνὸς ὄλεθρος,
καίπερ ἔτι πλεόνων Δαναῶν ἔκτοσθεν ἑόντων·
Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ μάλα πάντες ἔβαν ποτὶ τείχεα
Τροίης,

δὴ τότε μαιμώνες ἀνηλεγέως ἐσέχυντο
ἐς Πριάμοιο πόλῃα μένος πνεύοντες Ἄρης. 80
πᾶν δ' εὔρον πτολίεθρον ἐνίπλειον πολέμοιο
καὶ νεκύν· πάντῃ δὲ πυρὶ στονόεντα μέλαθρα
καίόμεν' ἀργαλέως· μέγα δὲ φρεσὶν ἰαίνοντο.
ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ Τρωσὶ κακὰ φρονέοντες ὄρουσαν·
μαίνεται δ' ἐν μέσσοισιν Ἄρης στονόεσσα τ' Ἐννώ· 85
πάντῃ δ' αἶμα κελαινὸν ὑπέρρεε, δεύετο δὲ χθών·
Τρώων τ' ὀλλυμένων ἥδ' ἄλλοδαπῶν ἐπικούρων.
τῶν οἱ μὲν θανάτῳ δεδμημένοι ὀκρύνοντι
κεῖντο κατὰ πτολίεθρον ἐν αἵματι· τοὶ δ' ἐφύπερθε
πίπτον ἀποπνεύοντες ἐὼν μένος· οἱ δ' ἄρα χερσὶ 90
δράγδην ἔγκατ' ἔχοντες οἷζυρῶς ἀλάληντο
ἀμφὶ δόμους· ἄλλοι δὲ ποδῶν ἐκάτερθε κοπέντων
ἀμφὶ νεκροὺς εἵρπυζον ἀάσπετα κωκύοντες·
πολλῶν δ' ἐν κονίῃσι μαχέσσασθαι μεμαώτων
χεῖρες ἀπηράχθησαν ὁμῶς κεφαλῇσι καὶ αὐτῇς· 95
φευγόντων δ' ἐτέρων μελίσαι διὰ νῶτα πέρησαν
ἄντικρυς ἐς μαζούς, τῶν δ' ἰξύας ἄχρῃς ἰκέσθαι
αἰδοίων ἐφύπερθε διαμπερές, ἥχι μάλιστα
Ἄρεος ἀκαμάτοιο πέλει πολυώδυνος αἰχμῇ.
πάντῃ δ' ἀμφὶ πόλῃα κυνῶν ἀλεγεινὸς ὁρώρει 100
ὠρυθμός· στοναχὴ δὲ δαΐκταμένων αἰζηῶν
ἔπλετο λευγαλή· περὶ δ' ἴαχε πάντα μέλαθρα
ἄσπετον· οἰμωγὴ δὲ πέλε στονόεσσα γυναικῶν
εἰδομένων γεράνοισιν, ὅτ' αἰετὸν ἀθρήσωσιν

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Slipping in blood and stumbling o'er the dead
[Their line reeled,] and destruction loomed o'er them,
Though Danaan thousands near and nearer drew.

But when the whole host reached the walls of Troy,
Into the city of Priam, breathing rage
Of fight, with reckless battle-lust they poured ;
And all that fortress found they full of war
And slaughter, palaces, temples, horribly
Blazing on all sides ; glowed their hearts with joy.
In deadly mood then charged they on the foe.
Ares and fell Enyo maddened there :

Blood ran in torrents, drenched was all the earth,
As Trojans and their alien helpers died.
Here were men lying quelled by bitter death
All up and down the city in their blood ;
Others on them were falling, gasping forth
Their life's strength ; others, clutching in their hands
Their bowels that looked through hideous gashes

forth,
Wandered in wretched plight around their homes :
Others, whose feet, while yet asleep they lay,
Had been hewn off, with groans unutterable
Crawled mid the corpses. Some, who had rushed
to fight,

Lay now in dust, with hands and heads hewn off.
Some were there, through whose backs, even as they
fled,

The spear had passed, clear through to the breast,
and some

Whose waists the lance had pierced, impaling them
Where sharpest stings the anguish-laden steel.

And all about the city dolorous howls
Of dogs uprose, and miserable moans
Of strong men stricken to death ; and every home
With awful cries was echoing. Rang the shrieks
Of women, like to screams of cranes, which see

ὑψόθεν ἀΐσσοντα δι' αἰθέρος, οὐδ' ἄρα τῇσι 105
 θαρσαλέον στέρνοισι πέλει μένος, ἀλλά ἑ μοῦνον
 μακρὸν ἀνατρύχουσι φοβεύμεναι ἱερὸν ὄριν·
 ὥς ἄρα Τρωιάδες μέγα κώκουν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαι,
 αἱ μὲν ἀνεγρόμεναι λέχεων ἄπο, ταὶ δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν
 θρώσκουσαι· τῆς δ' οὔτι μίτρης ἔτι μέμβλετο
 λυγρῆς,

ἀλλ' αὐτως ἀλάληντο περὶ μελέεσσι χιτῶνα 110
 μοῦνον ἐφессάμεναι· ταὶ δ' οὐ φθάσαν οὔτε
 καλύπτρην

οὔτε βαθὺν μελέεσσιν ἐλεῖν πέπλον, ἀλλ' ἐπιόντας
 δυσμενέας τρομέουσαι ἀμηχανίῃ πεπέδηντο
 παλλόμεναι κραδίην, μοῦνον δ' ἄρα χερσὶ τοῇσιν 115
 αἰδῶ ἀπεκρύψαντο δυσάμμοροι· αἱ δ' ἀλεγεινῶς
 ἐκ κεφαλῆς τίλλοντο κόμην καὶ στήθεα χερσὶ
 θεινόμεναι γοάασκον ἄδην· ἑτεραι δὲ κυδοιμὸν
 δυσμενέων ἔτλησαν ἐναντίον, ἐκ δ' ἐλάθοντο
 δείματος, ὀλλυμένοισιν ἀρηγέμεναι μεμανῖαι 120
 ἀνδράσιν ἢ τεκέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ μέγα θάρσος ἀνάγκη
 ὥπασεν· οἰμωγὴ δ' ἀταλάφρονας ἔκβαλεν ὕπνου
 νηπιάρχους, τῶν οὔπω ἐπίστατο κήδεα θυμός·
 ἄλλοι δ' ἀμφ' ἄλλοισιν ἀπέπνεον· οἱ δ' ἐπέχυντο
 πότμον ὁμῶς ὀρόωντες ὀνείρασιν· ἀμφὶ δὲ λυγραὶ 125
 Κῆρες οἷζυρῶς ἐπεγῆθεον ὀλλυμένοισιν.
 οἱ δ' ὥς ἀφνειοῖο σύες κατὰ δώματ' ἀνακτος
 εἰλαπίνην λαοῖσιν ἀπείριτον ἐντύνοντος
 μυριοὶ ἐκτείνοντο· λυγρῶ δ' ἀνεμίσγετο λύθρῳ
 οἶνος ἔτ' ἐν κρητῆρσι λελειμμένος· οὐδέ τις ἦεν, 130
 ὅς κεν ἀνευθε φόνοιο φέρε στονόεντα σίδηρον,
 οὐδ' εἴ τις μαλ' ἀναλκις ἦεν· ὀλέκοντο δὲ Τρῶες.
 ὥς δ' ὑπὸ θώεσι μῆλα δαΐζεται ἡ δὲ λύκοισι
 καύματος ἐσσυμένοιο δυσσεός ἡματι μέσσω

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

An eagle stooping on them from the sky,
Which have no courage to resist, but scream
Long terror-shrieks in dread of Zeus's bird;
So here, so there the Trojan women wailed,
Some starting from their sleep, some to the ground
Leaping: they thought not in that agony
Of robe and zone; in naught but tunics clad
Distraught they wandered: others found nor veil
Nor cloak to cast about them, but, as came
Onward their foes, they stood with beating hearts
Trembling, as fettered by despair, essaying,
All-hapless, with their hands alone to hide
Their nakedness. And some in frenzy of woe:
Their tresses tore, and beat their breasts, and
screamed.

Others against that stormy torrent of foes
Recklessly rushed, insensible of fear,
Through mad desire to aid the perishing,
Husbands or children; for despair had given
High courage. Shrieks had startled from their
sleep

Soft little babes whose hearts had never known
Trouble—and there one with another lay
Gasping their lives out! Some there were whose
dreams

Changed to a sudden vision of doom. All round
The fell Fates gloated horribly o'er the slain.
And even as swine be slaughtered in the court
Of a rich king who makes his folk a feast,
So without number were they slain. The wine
Left in the mixing-bowls was blent with blood
Gruesomely. No man bare a sword unstained
With murder of defenceless folk of Troy,
Though he were but a weakling in fair fight.
And as by wolves or jackals sheep are torn,
What time the furnace-breath of midnoon-heat

ποιμένος οὐ παρεόντος, ὅτε σκιερῷ ἐνὶ χώρῳ 135
ἱλαδὸν ἀλλήλοισιν ὁμῶς συναρηρότα πάντα
μῖμνωσιν, κείνοιο γλάγος ποτὶ δῶμα φέροντος,

* * * * *

νηδύα πλησάμενοι πολυχανδέα πάντ' ἐπιόντες
αἷμα μέλαν πίνουσιν, ἅπαν δ' ὀλέκουσι μένοντες
πῶν, κακὴν δ' ἄρα δαῖτα λυγρῷ τεύχουσι νομῇ· 140
ὥς Δαναοὶ Πριάμοιο κατὰ πτόλιν ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
κτεῖνον ἐπεσσύμενοι πυμάτην ἀνὰ δηϊοτήτα·
οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔην Τρώων τις ἀνούτατος, ἀλλ' ἅμα
πάντων

γνᾶμπτὰ μέλη πεπάλακτο μελαινόμεν' αἷματ
πολλῷ.

Οὐδὲ μὲν Ἀργείοισιν ἀνούτατος ἔπλετο δῆρις, 145
ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν δεπᾶεσσι τετυμμένοι, οἱ δὲ τραπέζαις,
οἱ δ' ἔτι καιομένοισιν ἐπ' ἐσχαρεῶνι τυπέντες
δαλοῖς, οἱ δ' ὀβελοῖσι πεπαρμένοι ἐκπνεύεσκον,
οἷς ἔτι που καὶ σπλάγχνα συῶν περὶ θερμὰ
λέλειπτο

Ἡφαίστου μαλεροῖο περιζείοντος αὐτμῇ· 150
ἄλλοι δ' αὖ πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀξίνησι θοῇσιν
ἥσπαιρον δμηθέντες ἐν αἵματι· τῶν δ' ἀπὸ χειρῶν
δάκτυλοι ἐτμήθησαν, ἐπὶ ξίφος εὐτε βάλλοντο
χεῖρας ἐελδόμενοι στυγεράς ἀπὸ Κῆρας ἀμύνειν·
καὶ πού τις βρεχμόν τε καὶ ἐγκέφαλον συνέχευε 155
λαᾶ βαλὼν ἐτάριοιο κατὰ μόθον· οἱ δ' ἄτε θήρες
οὐτάμενοι σταθμοῖς ἐνὶ ποιμένος ἀγραύλοιο
ἀργαλέως μαίνονται διεγρομένοιο χόλοιο
νύχθ' ὑπὸ λευγαλέην· μέγα δ' ἰσχανόωντες Ἄρης
ἀμφὶ δόμους Πριάμοιο κυδοίμεσιν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον 160
σεύοντες. πολλοὶ δὲ καὶ ἐγχείησι δάμησαν
Ἀργείων· Τρῶες γὰρ ὅσοι φθάσαν ἐν μεγάροισιν
ἢ ξίφος ἢ δόρυ μακρὸν ἐῆς ἀνὰ χερσὶν ἀείρει,
δυσμενέας δάμναντο καὶ ὥς βεβαρηότες οἶνφ.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Darts down, and all the flock beneath the shade
Are crowded, and the shepherd is not there,
But to the homestead bears afar their milk ;
And the fierce brutes leap on them, tear their throats,
Gorge to the full their ravenous maws, and then
Lap the dark blood, and linger still to slay
All in mere lust of slaughter, and provide
An evil banquet for that shepherd-lord ;
So through the city of Priam Danaans slew
One after other in that last fight of all.
No Trojan there was woundless, all men's limbs
With blood in torrents spilt were darkly dashed.

Nor scatheless were the Danaans in the fray :
With beakers some were smitten, with tables some,
Thrust in the eyes of some were burning brands
Snatched from the hearth ; some died transfixed
with spits

Yet left within the hot flesh of the swine
Whereon the red breath of the Fire-god beat ;
Others struck down by bills and axes keen
Gasped in their blood : from some men's hands
were shorn

The fingers, who, in wild hope to escape
The imminent death, had clutched the blades of
swords.

And here in that dark tumult one had hurled
A stone, and crushed the crown of a friend's head.
Like wild beasts trapped and stabbed within a fold
On a lone steading, frenziedly they fought,
Mad with despair-enkindled rage, beneath
That night of horror. Hot with battle-lust
Here, there, the fighters rushed and hurtled through
The palace of Priam. Many an Argive fell
Spear-slain ; for whatso Trojan in his halls
Might seize a sword, might lift a spear in hand,
Slew foes—ay, heavy though he were with wine.

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Αἴγλη δ' ἄσπετος ὦρτο δι' ἄστεος, οὔνεκ'
 Ἀχαιῶν 165
 πολλοὶ ἔχον χεῖρεςσι πυρὸς σέλας, ὄφρ' ἀνὰ δῆριν
 δυσμενέας τε φίλους τε μάλ' ἀτρεκέως ὁρώσι.
 Καὶ τότε Τυδέος υἱὸς ἀνὰ μόθον ἀντιώωντα
 αἰχμητῆρα Κόροιβον ἀγανοῦ Μύγδονος υἷα
 ἐγχείῃ κοῖλοιο διὰ στομάχοιο πέρησεν, 170
 ἦχι θοαὶ πόσιός τε καὶ εἵδατός εἰσι κέλευθοι.
 καὶ τὸν μὲν περὶ δουρὶ μέλας ἐκίχῃσατο πότμος·
 κάππεσε δ' ἐς μέλαν αἶμα καὶ ἄλλων ἔθνεα νε-
 κρῶν,
 νήπιος, οὐδ' ἀπόνητο γάμων, ὦν οὔνεχ' ἵκανε
 χθιζὸς ὑπὸ Πριάμοιο πόλιν * * *
 * * * καὶ ὑπέσχετ' Ἀχαιοὺς 175
 Ἰλίου ἀψ ὦσαι· τῷ δ' οὐ θεὸς ἐξετέλεσσεν
 ἐλπωρήν· Κῆρες γὰρ ἐπιπροέηκαν ὀλεθρον.
 σὺν δέ οἱ Εὐρυδάμαντα κατέκτανεν ἀντιόωντα
 γαμβρὸν εὐμμελὴν Ἀντήνορος, ὅς ῥα μάλιστα
 θυμὸν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι σαοφροσύνησι κέκαστο. 180
 ἔνθα καὶ Ἰλιονῆι συνήντετο δημογέροντι,
 καὶ οἱ ἐπὶ ξίφος αἰνὸν ἐρύσσατο· τοῦ δ' ἄρα πάγχυ
 γηραλέου κλάσθησαν ἄδην ἐπὶ σώματι γυῖα·
 καὶ ῥα περιτρομέων ἅμα χεῖρεςιν ἀμφοτέρησι
 τῇ μὲν ἄορ συνέδραξε θοόν, τῇ δ' ἥψατο γούνων 185
 ἀνδροφόνου ἥρωος· ὁ δ' ἐς μόθον ἐσσύμενός περ
 ἢ χόλου ἀμβολίῃ, ἣ καὶ θεοῦ ὀτρύνοντος,
 βασιὸν ἀπέσχε γέροντος ἐὼν ξίφος, ὄφρα τι εἶπη
 λισσόμενος θοὸν ἄνδρα καὶ ὄβριμον· ὃς δ' ἄλε-
 γεινὸν
 ἴαχεν ἐσσυμένως· στυγερὸν δέ μιν ἄμφεχε δαίμα· 190
 “γουννοῦμαί σ', ὅτις ἐσσι πολυσθενέων Ἀργείων,
 αἶδεσαι ἀμφιπεσόντος ἐμᾶς χέρας, ἀργαλέου τε
 λῆγῃ χόλου· καὶ γάρ ῥα πέλει μακρὸν ἀνέρι κῦδος
 ἄνδρα νέον κτείναντι καὶ ὄβριμον· ἦν δὲ γέροντα
 540

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Upflashed a glare unearthly through the town,
For many an Argive bare in hand a torch
To know in that dim battle friends from foes.

Then Tydeus' son amid the war-storm met
Spearman Coroebus, lordly Mygdon's son,
And 'neath the left ribs pierced him with the lance
Where run the life-ways of man's meat and drink ;
So met him black death borne upon the spear :
Down in dark blood he fell mid hosts of slain.
Ah fool ! the bride he won not, Priam's child
Cassandra, yea, his loveliest, for whose sake
To Priam's burg but yesterday he came,
And vaunted he would thrust the Argives back
From Ilium. Never did the Gods fulfil
His hope : the Fates hurled doom upon his head.
With him the slayer laid Eurydamas low,
Antenor's gallant son-in-law, who most
For prudence was pre-eminent in Troy.
Then met he Ilioneus the elder of days,
And flashed his terrible sword forth. All the limbs
Of that grey sire were palsied with his fear :
He put forth trembling hands, with one he caught
The swift avenging sword, with one he clasped
The hero's knees. Despite his fury of war,
A moment paused his wrath, or haply a God
Held back the sword a space, that that old man
Might speak to his fierce foe one word of prayer.
Piteously cried he, terror-overwhelmed :
" I kneel before thee, whosoe'er thou be
Of mighty Argives. Oh compassionate
My suppliant hands ! Abate thy wrath ! To slay
The young and valiant is a glorious thing ;
But if thou smite an old man, small renown

κτείνης, οὐ νύ τοι αἶνος ἐφέψεται εἵνεκεν ἀλκῆς· 195
τοῦνεκ' ἐμεῦ ἄπο νόσφιν ἐς αἰζήρους τρέπε χεῖρας
ἐλπόμενός ποτε γῆρας ὁμοῖον εἰσαφικέσθαι."

"Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπε κραταιοῦ Τυδεὸς υἱός·
"ὦ γέρον, ἔλπομ' ἔγωγ' ἐσθλὸν ποτὶ γῆρας ἰκέ-
σθαι·

ἀλλὰ μοι ἔως ἔτι κάρτος ἀέξεται, οὔτιν' ἑάσω 200
ἐχθρὸν ἐμῆς κεφαλῆς, ἀλλ' Ἀῖδι πάντας ἰάψω,
οὔνεκ' ἄρ' ἐσθλὸς ἀνὴρ ὃς δῆϊον ἄνδρ' ἀπαμύνει."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν λαιμοῖο διήλασε λοίγιον ἄορ
δεινὸς ἀνὴρ· ἴθυνε δ' ὅπη θνητοῖς ἐπὶ πότμον
ψυχῆς εἰσι τάχιστα καὶ αἵματος αἰνὰ κέλευθα· 205
καὶ τὸν μὲν μόρος αἰνὸς ὑπέκλασε δηωθέντα
Τυδείδαο χέρεσσιν. ὁ δ' εἰσέτι Τρῶας ἐναίρων
ἔσσυντ' ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον ἐφ' μέγα κάρτει θύων·
δάμνατο δ' ἥνν' Ἀβαντα· βάλεν δ' ὑπὸ δούρατι
μακρῷ

νῖα Περιμνήστοιο περικλυτὸν Εὐρυκόωντα. 210
Αἴας δ' Ἀμφιμέδοντα, Δαμαστορίδην δ' Ἀγα-
μέμνων,

Ἰδομενεὺς δὲ Μίμαντα, Μέγης δ' ἔλε Δηιοπίτην.

Τῖδς δ' αὐτ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἀμαιμακέτῳ ὑπὸ δουρὶ
Πάμμονα δῖον ὄλεσσε, βάλεν δ' ἐπιόντα Πολίτην,
Ἀντίφονόν τ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι κατέκτανε, τοὺς ἅμα
πάντας 215

νῖας Πριάμοιο· καὶ ἀντιόωντ' ἀνὰ δῆριν
δάμνατ' Ἀγήνορα δῖον· ἐπ' ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλον ἔπεφνε
ἡρώων· πάντῃ δὲ μέλας ἀνεφαίνετ' ὄλεθρος
ὀλλυμένων· ὁ δὲ πατὴρ ἐοῦ καταειμένος ἀλκῇ
μαιμῶων ἐδάϊζεν ὅσους κίχεν. ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτῷ 220
δυσμενέων βασιλῇ κακὰ φρονέων ἐνέκυρσεν
Ἑρκείου ποτὶ βωμόν· ὁ δ' ὥς ἶδεν νῖ' Ἀχιλλῆος,
ἔγνω ἄφαρ τὸν ἐόντα καὶ οὐ τρέσεν, οὔνεκ' ἄρ'
αὐτὸς

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Waits on thy prowess. Therefore turn from me
Thine hands against young men, if thou dost hope
Ever to come to grey hairs such as mine."

So spake he ; but replied strong Tydeus' son :
" Old man, I look to attain to honoured age ;
But while my strength yet waxeth, will not I
Spare any foe, but hurl to Hades all.
The brave man makes an end of every foe."

Then through his throat that terrible warrior
drave
The deadly blade, and thrust it straight to where
The paths of man's life lead by swiftest way
Blood-paved to doom : death palsied his poor
strength

By Diomedes' hands. Thence rushed he on
Slaying the Trojans, storming in his might
All through their fortress : pierced by his long spear
Eurycoon fell, Perimnestor's son renowned.
Amphimedon Aias slew : Agamemnon smote
Damastor's son : Idomeneus struck down
Mimas : by Meges Deiopites died.

Achilles' son with his resistless lance
Smote godlike Pammon ; then his javelin pierced
Polites in mid-rush : Antiphonus
Dead upon these he laid, all Priam's sons.
Agenor faced him in the fight, and fell :
Hero on hero slew he ; everywhere
Stalked at his side Death's black doom manifest :
Clad in his sire's might, whomso he met he slew.
Last, on Troy's king in murderous mood he came.
By Zeus the Hearth-lord's altar. Seeing him,
Old Priam knew him and quaked not ; for he
longed

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θυμὸν ἐέλδετο παισὶν ἐπὶ σφετέροισιν ὀλέσσαι
 τοῦνεκά μιν προσέειπε λιλαίόμενος θανέεσθαι 225
 “ὦ τέκος ὀβριμόθυμον εὐπτολέμον Ἀχιλλῆος,
 κτεῖνον, μῆδ’ ἐλέαιρε δυσάμμορον· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
 τοῖα παθὼν καὶ τόσσα λιλαίομαι εἰσοράασθαι
 ἡελίοιο φάος πανδερκέος, ἀλλὰ που ἤδη
 φθείσθαι ὁμῶς τεκέεσσι καὶ ἐκλελαθέσθαι ἀνίης 230
 λευγαλέης, ὁμάδου τε δυσηχέος. ὥς ὄφελόν με
 σείο πατὴρ κατέπεφνε, πρὶν αἰθομένην ἐσιδέσθαι
 Ἴλιον, ὁππότε ἄποινα περὶ κταμένοιο φέρεσκον
 Ἔκτορος, ὃν μοι ἔπεφνε πατὴρ τεός· ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν
 που

Κῆρες ἐπεκλώσαντο· σὺ δ’ ἡμετέριοι φόνοιο 235
 ἄασον ὀβριμον ἦτορ, ὅπως λελάθωμ’ ὀδυνάων.”

Ὡς φάμενον προσέειπεν Ἀχιλλέος ὀβριμος υἱός·
 “ὦ γέρον, ἐμμεμάωτα καὶ ἐσσύμενόν περ ἀνώγεις·
 οὐ γάρ σ’ ἐχθρὸν ἐόντα μετὰ ζωοῖσιν εἴσω·
 οὐ γάρ τι ψυχῆς πέλει ἀνδράσι φίλτερον ἄλλο.” 240

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπέκοψε κάρην πολιοῖο γέροντος
 ῥηιδίως, ὥς εἴ τις ἀπὸ στάχυν ἀμήσῃται
 ληίου ἀζαλέοιο θέρεως εὐθαλπέος ὥρη.
 ἢ δὲ μέγα μύζουσα κυλίνδετο πολλὸν ἐπ’ αἶαν
 νόσφ’ ἄλλων μελέων, ὅποσους ἐγκίνυται ἀνὴρ· 245
 κείτο δ’ ἄρ’ ἐς μέλαν αἶμα καὶ εἰς ἐτέρων φόνον
 ἀνδρῶν

* * * * *

ὄλβῳ καὶ γενεῇ καὶ ἀπειρεσίοις τεκέεσσιν·
 οὐ γὰρ δὴν ἐπὶ κῦδος ἀέξεται ἀνθρώποισιν,
 ἀλλ’ ἄρα που καὶ ὄνειδος ἐπέσσυται ἀπροτίοπτον·
 καὶ τὸν μὲν πότμος εἴλε· κακῶν δ’ ὃ γε λήσατο
 πάντων. 250

Οἱ δὲ καὶ Ἀστυάνακτα βάλον Δαναοὶ ταχύ-
 πωλοι

πύργου ἀφ’ ὑψηλοῖο, φίλον δέ οἱ ἦτορ ὄλεσαν

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Himself to lay his life down midst his sons ;
And craving death to Achilles' seed he spake :
" Fierce-hearted son of Achilles strong in war,
Slay me, and pity not my misery.
I have no will to see the sun's light more,
Who have suffered woes so many and so dread.
With my sons would I die, and so forget
Anguish and horror of war. Oh that thy sire
Had slain me, ere mine eyes beheld aflame
Ilium, had slain me when I brought to him
Ransom for Hector, whom thy father slew.
He spared me—so the Fates had spun my thread
Of destiny. But thou, glut with my blood
Thy fierce heart, and let me forget my pain."
Answered Achilles' battle-eager son :

" Fain am I, yea, in haste to grant thy prayer.
A foe like thee will I not leave alive ;
For naught is dearer unto men than life."

With one stroke swept he off that hoary head
Lightly as when a reaper lops an ear
In a parched cornfield at the harvest-tide.
With lips yet murmuring low it rolled afar
From where with quivering limbs the body lay
Amidst dark-purple blood and slaughtered men.
So lay he, chiefest once of all the world
In lineage, wealth, in many and goodly sons.
Ah me, not long abides the honour of man,
But shame from unseen ambush leaps on him
So clutched him Doom, so he forgot his woes.

Yea, also did those Danaan car-lords hurl
From a high tower the babe Astyanax,

μητρὸς ἀφαρπάξαντες ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἔοντα
 Ἕκτορι χωόμενοι, ἐπεὶ ἡ σφισι πῆμα κόρυσσε
 ζῶδς ἐών· τῷ καὶ οἱ ἀπηχθήραντο γενέθλην, 255
 καὶ οἱ παῖδ' ἐβάλλοντο καθ' ἕρκεος αἰπεινοῖο,
 νήπιον, οὐπω δῆριν ἐπιστάμενον πολέμοιο.
 ἡὔτε πόρτιν ὄρεσφι λύκοι χατέοντες ἐδωδῆς
 κρημνὸν ἐς ἡχήμεντα κακοφραδίῃσι βάλλονται
 μητρὸς ἀποτμήξαντες εὐγλαγέων ἀπὸ μαζῶν, 260
 ἡ δὲ θέη γοώουσα φίλον τέκος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
 μακρὰ κινυρομένη, τῇ δ' ἐξόπιθεν κακὸν ἄλλο
 ἔλθῃ, ἐπεὶ ἐλέοντες ἀναρπάξωσι καὶ αὐτήν·
 ὥς τὴν ἀσχαλώωσαν ἄδην περὶ παιδὸς ἐοῖο
 ἦγον δῆϊοι ἄνδρες ἅμ' ἄλλης ληιάδεσσι 265
 κούρην Ἡετίωνος ἀμύμονος αἰνὰ βοῶσαν.
 ἡ δ' ἄρα παιδὸς ἐοῖο καὶ ἀνέρος ἡδὲ τοκῆος
 μνησαμένη φόνον αἰνὸν ἐΰσφυρος Ἡετίωνῃ
 ὥρμηκεν θανέεσθαι, ἐπεὶ βασιλεῦσιν ἄμεινον
 τεθνᾶμεν ἐν πολέμῳ ἢ χείροσιν ἀμφιπολεῦειν· 270
 καὶ ῥ' ὀλοφυδνὸν αὔσε μέγ' ἀχνυμένη κέαρ ἔνδον·
 “εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖο δέμας κατὰ τείχεος αἰνοῦ
 ἢ κατὰ πετράων ἢ ἔσω πυρὸς αἶψα βάλεσθε,
 Ἄργεῖοι· μάλα γάρ μοι ἀάσπετα πῆματ' ἔασιν·
 καὶ γάρ μεν πατέρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐνήρατο Πηλέος υἱὸς 275
 Θήβῃ ἐνὶ ζαθέῃ, Τροίῃ δ' ἐνὶ φαίδιμον ἄνδρα,
 ὅς μοι ἔην μάλα πάντα, τά τ' ἔλδετο θυμὸς ἐμεῖο·
 καὶ μοι κάλλιπε τυτθὸν ἐνὶ μεγάροις ἔτι παῖδα,
 ᾧ ἐπὶ κυδιάασκον ἀπείριτον, ᾧ ἐπὶ πολλὰ
 ἐλπομένην ἀπάφησε κακὴ καὶ ἀτάσθαλος Αἴσα. 280
 τῷ νῦ μ' ἀκηχεμένην πολυτερέος ἐκ βιότοιο
 νοσφίσατ' ἐσσυμένως, μηδ' εἰς ἐὰ δώματ' ἄγεσθε
 μίγδα δορυκτῆτοισιν, ἐπεὶ νῦ μοι οὐκέτι θυμῷ
 εὐαδεν ἀνθρώποισι μετέμμεναι, οὐνεκα δαίμων

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Dashing him out of life. They tore the child
 Out of his mother's arms, in wrathful hate
 Of Hector, who in life had dealt to them
 Such havoc ; therefore hated they his seed,
 And down from that high rampart flung his child—
 A wordless babe that nothing knew of war !
 As when amid the mountains hungry wolves
 Chase from the mother's side a suckling calf,
 And with malignant cunning drive it o'er
 An echoing cliff's edge, while runs to and fro
 Its dam with long moans mourning her dear child,
 And a new evil followeth hard on her,
 For suddenly lions seize her for a prey ;
 So, as she agonized for her son, the foe
 To bondage haled with other captive thralls
 That shrieking daughter of King Eëtion.
 Then, as on those three fearful deaths she thought
 Of husband, child, and father, Andromache
 Longed sore to die. Yea, for the royally-born
 Better it is to die in war, than do
 The service of the thrall to baser folk.
 All piteously the broken-hearted cried :
 " Oh hurl my body also from the wall,
 Or down the cliff, or cast me midst the fire,
 Ye Argives ! Woes are mine unutterable !
 For Peleus' son smote down my noble father
 In Thebe, and in Troy mine husband slew,
 Who unto me was all mine heart's desire,
 Who left me in mine halls one little child,
 My darling and my pride—of all mine hopes
 In him fell merciless Fate hath cheated me !
 Oh therefore thrust this broken-hearted one
 Now out of life ! Hale me not overseas
 Mingled with spear-thralls ; for my soul henceforth
 Hath no more pleasure in life, since God hath
 slain

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κηδεμονήας ὄλεσσαν· ἄχος δέ με δέχνυται αἰνὸν 285
ἐκ Τρώων στυγεροῖσιν ἐπ' ἄλγεσιν οἴωθείσαν."

Ἡ ῥα λιλαιομένη χθόνα δύμεναι· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε
ζωέμεναι κείνοισιν, ὅσων μέγα κῦδος ὄνειδος
ἀμφιχάνη· δεινὸν γὰρ ὑπόψιον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.
οἱ δὲ βίῃ ἀέκουσαν ἄγον ποτὶ δούλιον ἡμαρ. 290

Ἄλλοι δ' αὖτ' ἄλλοις ἐν δώμασι θυμὸν ἔλειπον
ἄνερες· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσι βοή πολύδακρυς ὀρώρει
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐν μεγάροις Ἀντήνορος, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ
Ἀργεῖοι μνήσαντο φιλοξενίης ἐρατεινῆς,
ὥς ξεινίσσε πάροιθε κατὰ πτόλιν ἠδ' ἐσάωσεν 295
ἰσόθεον Μενέλαον ὁμῶς Ὀδυσῆι μολόντα·
τῷ δ' ἐπίηρα φέροντες Ἀχαιῶν φέρτατοι νῆες
αὐτὸν μὲν ζῶοντα λίπον καὶ κτήσιν ἔασαν¹
καὶ Θέμιν ἀζόμειοι πανδερκέα καὶ φίλον ἄνδρα.

Καὶ τότε δὴ πάϊς ἐσθλὸς ἀμύμονος Ἀγχίσαιος 300
πολλὰ καμῶν περὶ ἄστρῳ θεηγενέος Πριάμοιο
δουρὶ καὶ ἡνορέῃ, πολλῶν δ' ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσας,
ὥς ἴδε δυσμενέων ὑπὸ χεῖρεσι λευγαλέῃσιν
αἰθόμενον πτολίεθρον, ἀπολλυμένους θ' ἅμα λαοὺς
πανσυδίῃ, καὶ κτήσιν ἀπείριτον, ἔκ τε μελάρων 305
ἐλκομένας ἀλόχους ἅμα παῖδεςιν, οὐκέτ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ
ἐλπωρὴν ἔχε θυμὸς ἰδεῖν εὐτειχέα πάτρην,
ἀλλὰ οἱ ὀρμαίνεσκε νόος μέγα πῆμ' ὑπαλύξαι.
ὥς δ' ὅθ' ἄλδος κατὰ βένθος ἀνὴρ οἰήϊα νωμῶν
νῆος ἐπισταμένως ἄνεμον καὶ κύμ' ἀλεείνων² 310
πάντοθεν ἐσσύμενον στυγερῇ ὑπὸ χείματος ὥρῃ
χεῖρα κάμη καὶ θυμόν, ὑποβρυχίης δ' ἄρα νηὸς
ὀλλυμένης ἀπάνευθε λιπὼν οἰήϊα μοῦνα
τυτθὸν ἐπὶ σκάφος εἰσι, μέλει δέ οἱ οὐκέτι νηὸς
φορτίδος· ὥς πάϊς ἐσθλὸς εὐφρονος Ἀγχίσαιος, 315

¹ Zimmermann, for ἄπασαν of v.

² Zimmermann, for ἀλεγεινὸν of MS.

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My nearest and my dearest ! For me waits
Trouble and anguish and lone homelessness ! ”

So cried she, longing for the grave ; for vile
Is life to them whose glory is swallowed up
Of shame : a horror is the scorn of men.
But, spite her prayers, to thraldom dragged they her.

In all the homes of Troy lay dying men,
And rose from all a lamentable cry,
Save only Antenor's halls ; for unto him
The Argives rendered hospitality's debt,
For that in time past had his roof received
And sheltered godlike Menelaus, when
He with Odysseus came to claim his own.
Therefore the mighty sons of Achaea showed
Grace to him, as to a friend, and spared his life
And substance, fearing Themis who seeth all.

Then also princely Anchises' noble son—
Hard had he fought through Priam's burg that night
With spear and valour, and many had he slain—
When now he saw the city set aflame
By hands of foes, saw her folk perishing
In multitudes, her treasures spoiled, her wives
And children dragged to thraldom from their homes,
No more he hoped to see the stately walls
Of his birth-city, but bethought him now
How from that mighty ruin to escape.
And as the helmsman of a ship, who toils
On the deep sea, and matches all his craft
Against the winds and waves from every side
Rushing against him in the stormy time,
Forspent at last, both hand and heart, when now
The ship is foundering in the surge, forsakes
The helm, to launch forth in a little boat,
And heeds no longer ship and lading ; so

ἄστῳ λιπὼν δητοῖσι καταθόμενον πυρὶ πολλῷ,
 υἷέα καὶ πατέρα σφὸν ἀναρπάξας φορέεσκε,
 τὸν μὲν ἐπὶ πλατύν ὤμον ἐφессάμενος κρατερῇσι
 χερσὶ πολυτλήτῳ ὑπὸ γῆραϊ μοχθίζοντα,
 τὸν δ' ἀπαλῆς ἅμα χειρὸς ἐπιψάοντα πόδεσσι 320
 γαίης· οὐλομένου τε φοβεύμενον ἔργα μόθοιο
 ἐξῆγεν πολέμοιο δυσηχέος· ὃς δ' ὑπ' ἀνάγκης
 ἐκρέματ' ἐμπεφυὼς ἀταλὸς παῖς· ἀμφὶ δὲ δάκρυ
 χεύατό οἱ ἀπαλῇσι παρησίην· αὐτὰρ ὁ νεκρῶν
 σῶμαθ' ὑπέρθορε πολλὰ θοοῖς ποσὶ, πολλὰ δ' ἐν
 ὄρφνῃ 325

οὐκ ἐθέλων στείβεσκε· Κύπρις δ' ὁδὸν ἡγεμόνευεν
 νίωνόν καὶ παῖδα καὶ ἀνέρα πῆματος αἰνοῦ
 πρόφρων ῥυομένη· τοῦ δ' ἐσσυμένου ὑπὸ ποσσὶ
 πάντῃ πῦρ ὑπόεικε· περισχίζοντο δ' αὐτμαὶ
 Ἥφαιστον μαλεροῖο· καὶ ἔγχεα καὶ βέλε' ἀνδρῶν 330
 πίπτον ἐτώσια πάντα κατὰ χθονός, ὀππὸς Ἀχαιοὶ
 κείνῳ ἐπέρριψαν πολέμῳ ἐνὶ δακρύνοντι.
 καὶ τότε δὴ Κάλχας μεγάλ' ἴαχε λαὸν ἐέργων·
 “ἴσχεσθ' Αἰνείας κατ' ἰφθίμοιο καρήνου
 βάλλοντες στονόεντα βέλη καὶ λοῖγια δοῦρα· 335
 τὸν γὰρ θέσφατόν ἐστι θεῶν ἐρικυδέϊ βουλῇ
 Θύμβριν ἐπ' εὐρυρέεθρον ἀπὸ Ξάνθοιο μολόντα
 τευξέμεν ἱερὸν ἄστῳ καὶ ἐσσομένοισιν ἀγῆτον
 ἀνθρώποις, αὐτὸν δὲ πολυσπερέεσσι βροτοῖσι
 κοιρανέειν· ἐκ τοῦ δὲ γένος μετόπισθεν ἀνάξει 340
 ἄχρῃς ἐπ' ἀντολήν τε καὶ ἀκαμάτου δύνιν ἡοῦς·
 καὶ δ' αὐτῷ θέμις ἐστὶ μετέμμεναι ἀθανάτοισιν,
 οὐνεκα δὴ πᾶς ἐστὶν ἐϋπλοκάμου Ἀφροδίτης.
 καὶ δ' ἄλλως τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς εἰς ἀπεχώμεθα χεῖρας,
 οὐνεκα καὶ χρυσοῖο καὶ ἄλλ' ὅσα οἱ κτέατ' ἐστίν, 345
 ἄνδρ' ἂ σοι¹ φεύγοντα καὶ ἄλλοδαπὴν ἐπὶ γαῖαν,

¹ Zimmermann, for ἄλλων [lacuna] ἄλλοις ἐν κτεάτεσσιν
 ἄνδρα σοῖο of Koechly.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Anchises' gallant son forsook the town
 And left her to her foes, a sea of fire.
 His son and father alone he snatched from death ;
 The old man broken down with years he set
 On his broad shoulders with his own strong hands,
 And led the young child by his small soft hand,
 Whose little footsteps lightly touched the ground ;
 And, as he quaked to see that work of death,
 His father led him through the roar of fight,
 And clinging hung on him the tender child,
 Tears down his soft cheeks streaming. But the
 man

O'er many a body sprang with hurrying feet,
 And in the darkness in his own despite
 Trampled on many. Cypris guided them,
 Earnest to save from that wild ruin her son,
 His father, and his child. As on he pressed,
 The flames gave back before him everywhere :
 The blast of the Fire-god's breath to right and left
 Was cloven asunder. Spears and javelins hurled
 Against him by the Achaeans harmless fell.
 Also, to stay them, Calchas cried aloud :
 " Forbear against Aeneas' noble head
 To hurl the bitter dart, the deadly spear !
 Fated he is by the high Gods' decree
 To pass from Xanthus, and by Tiber's flood
 To found a city holy and glorious
 Through all time, and to rule o'er tribes of men
 Far-sundered. Of his seed shall lords of earth
 Rule from the rising to the setting sun.
 Yea, with the Immortals ever shall he dwell,
 Who is son of Aphrodite lovely-tressed.
 From him too is it meet we hold our hands
 Because he hath preferred his father and son
 To gold, to all things that might profit a man

τῶν πάντων προβέβουλευεν ἔον πατέρ' ἠδὲ καὶ νία·
νύξ δὲ μὴ ἦμιν ἔφηνε καὶ νία πατρὶ γέροντι
ἦπιον ἐκπάγλως καὶ ἀμεμφέα παιδὶ τοκῆα."

Ὡς φάτο· τοὶ δ' ἐπίθοντο καὶ ὥς θεὸν εἰσο-
ράασκον

350

πάντες· ὁ δ' ἐσσυμένως ἐξ ἄστεος οἶο βεβήκει,
ἦχί ἐποιπνύοντα πόδες φέρων· οἱ δ' ἔτι Τροίης
Ἀργεῖοι πτολίεθρον εὐκτίμενον διέπερθον.

Καὶ τότε δὴ Μενέλαος ὑπὸ ξίφει στονούντι
Δηΐφοβον κατέπεφνε καρηβαρέοντα κιχήσας
ἀμφ' Ἑλένης λεχέεσσι δυσάμμορον· ἡ δ' ὑπὸ φύξῃ
κευθετ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν· ὁ δ' αἵματος ἐκχυμένοιοι
γῆθεεν ἀμφὶ φόνῳ· τοῖον δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

355

“ὦ κύον, ὥς τοι ἔγωγε φόνον στονούντ' ἐφήκα
σήμερον· οὐδέ σε δια κιχήσεται Ἥριγένεια
ζῶν ἔτ' ἐν Τρώεσσι, καὶ εἰ Διὸς εὐχέαι εἶναι
γαμβρὸς ἐρισμαράγοιο· μέλας δέ σε δέξαιτ' ὄλεθρος

360

ἡμετέρης ἀλόχοιο παρὰ μεγάροισι δαμέντα
ἀργαλέως· ὥς εἶθε καὶ οὐλομένοιοι πάροιθε
θυμὸν Ἀλεξάνδριοι κατὰ μόθον ἀντιώοντος

365

νοσφισάμην· καὶ κέν μοι ἐλαφρότερον πέλεν
ἄλγος·

ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἤδη ἵκανε· ὑπὸ ζόφον ὀκρυύοντα
τίσας αἴσιμα πάντα· σὲ δ' οὐκ ἄρα μέλλεν ὀνήσειν
ἡμετέρη παράκοιτις, ἐπεὶ Θέμιν οὐποτ' ἀλιτροὶ
ἄνδρες ἐξαλέονται ἀκήρατον, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦς
εἰσοράα νυκτὸς τε καὶ ἡματος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
ἀνθρώπων ἐπὶ φῦλα διηερίῃ πεπότῃται
τινυμένην σὺν Ζηνὶ κακῶν ἐπίστορας ἔργων."

370

Ὡς εἰπὼν δηϊοῖσιν ἀνηλέα τεύχεν ὄλεθρον·
μαίνεται γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ὑπὸ κραδίῃ μέγ' ἀέξων
ζηλήμων· καὶ πολλὰ περὶ φρεσὶ θαρσαλέησι
Τρωσὶ κακὰ φρονέεσκε, τὰ δὲ θεὸς ἐξετέλεσσε
πρέσβα Δίκη· κείνοι γὰρ ἀτάσθαλα πρῶτοι ἔρεξαν

375

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Who fleeth exiled to an alien land.

This one night hath revealed to us a man

Faithful to death to his father and his child."

Then hearkened they, and as a God did all

Look on him. Forth the city hasted he

Whither his feet should bear him, while the foe

Made havoc still of goodly-built Troy.

Then also Menelaus in Helen's bower

Found, heavy with wine, ill-starred Deiphobus,

And slew him with the sword: but she had fled

And hidden her in the palace. O'er the blood

Of that slain man exulted he, and cried:

"Dog! I, even I have dealt thee unwelcome death

This day! No dawn divine shall meet thee again

Alive in Troy—ay, though thou vaunt thyself

Spouse of the child of Zeus the thunder-voiced!

Black death hath trapped thee slain in my wife's
bower!

Would I had met Alexander too in fight

Ere this, and plucked his heart out! So my grief

Had been a lighter load. But he hath paid

Already justice' debt, hath passed beneath

Death's cold dark shadow. Ha, small joy to thee

My wife was doomed to bring! Ay, wicked men

Never elude pure Themis: night and day

Her eyes are on them, and the wide world through

Above the tribes of men she floats in air,

Holpen of Zeus, for punishment of sin."

On passed he, dealing merciless death to foes,

For maddened was his soul with jealousy.

Against the Trojans was his bold heart full

Of thoughts of vengeance, which were now fulfilled

By the dread Goddess Justice, for that theirs

ἀμφ' Ἑλένης, πρῶτοι δὲ καὶ ὄρκια πημήναντο,
σχέτλιοι, ὁππότε κείνο διέκ μέλαν αἶμα καὶ ἰρὰ 380
ἀθανάτων πατέοντο παραιβασίησι νόοιο·
τῷ καὶ σφιν μετόπισθεν Ἐριννύες ἄλγεα τεύχον·
τοῦνεκ' ἄρ' οἱ μὲν ὄλοντο πρὸ τείχεος, οἱ δ' ἀνὰ
ἄστρῳ

τερπόμενοι παρὰ δαιτὶ καὶ ἡϋκόμοις ἀλόχοισιν.
'Οφὲ δὲ δὴ Μενέλαος ἐνὶ μυχάτοισι δομοιο 385
εὗρεν ἐὴν παράκοιτιν ὑποτρομέουσιν ὁμοκλήν
ἀνδρὸς κουριδίοιο θρασύφρονος, ὃς μιν ἀθρήσας
ὥρμηνε κτανέειν ζηλημοσύνησι νόοιο,
εἰ μὴ οἱ κατέρυξε βίην ἐρόεσσ' Ἀφροδίτη,
ἣ ῥά οἱ ἐκ χειρῶν ἔβαλε ξίφος, ἔσχε δ' ἐρωήν· 390
τοῦ γὰρ ζῆλον ἐρεμνὸν ἀπώσατο, καὶ οἱ ἔνερθεν
ἡδὺν ὑφ' ἥμερον ὥρσε κατὰ φρενὸς ἡδὲ καὶ ὄσσων.
τῷ δ' ἄρα θάμβος ἄελπτον ἐπήλυθεν· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ'
ἔτλη

κάλλος ἰδὼν ἀρίδην ἐπὶ ξίφος αὐχένι κύρσαι,
ἀλλ' ὥστε ξύλον αὖτον ἐν οὐρεὶ ὑλήεντι 395
εἰστήκει, τὸ μὲν οὔτε θοαὶ βορέαιο θύελλαι
ἐσσύμεναι κλονέουσι δι' ἡέρος οὔτε νότοιο·
ὥς ὁ ταφῶν μένε δηρόν· ὑπεκλάσθη δὲ οἱ ἀλκή
δερκομένου παράκοιτιν· ἄφαρ δ' ὃ γε λήσατο
πάντων,

ὅσσα οἱ ἐν λεχέεσσι παρήλιτε κουριδίοισι· 400
πάντα γὰρ ἡμάλδυνε θεῇ Κύπρις, ἣ περ ἀπάντων
ἀθανάτων δάμνησι νόον θνητῶν τ' ἀνθρώπων.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς θοὸν ἄορ ἀπὸ χθονὸς αὐθις αἰείρας
κουριδίῃ ἐπόρουσε· νόος δὲ οἱ ἄλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
ὥρμᾶτ' ἐσσυμένοιο· δόλῳ δ' ἄρα θέλγεν Ἀχαιοῦς. 405
καὶ τότε μιν κατέρυξεν ἀδελφεὸς ἰεμένον περ
μειλιχίους μάλα πολλὰ παραυδήσας ἐπέεσσι·
δείδιδε γὰρ μὴ δὴ σφιν ἐτώσια πάντα γένηται·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Was that first outrage touching Helen, theirs
That profanation of the oaths, and theirs
That trampling on the blood of sacrifice
When their presumptuous souls forgot the Gods.
Therefore the Vengeance-friends brought woes on
them

Thereafter, and some died in fighting field,
Some now in Troy by board and bridal bower.

Menelaus mid the inner chambers found
At last his wife, there cowering from the wrath
Of her bold-hearted lord. He glared on her,
Hungering to slay her in his jealous rage.
But winsome Aphrodite curbed him, struck
Out of his hand the sword, his onrush reined,
Jealousy's dark cloud swept she away, and stirred
Love's deep sweet well-springs in his heart and
eyes.

Swept o'er him strange amazement : powerless all
Was he to lift the sword against her neck,
Seeing her splendour of beauty. Like a stock
Of dead wood in a mountain forest, which
No swiftly-rushing blasts of north-winds shake,
Nor fury of south-winds ever, so he stood,
So dazed abode long time. All his great strength
Was broken, as he looked upon his wife.
And suddenly had he forgotten all—
Yea, all her sins against her spousal-troth ;
For Aphrodite made all fade away,
She who subdueth all immortal hearts
And mortal. Yet even so he lifted up
From earth his sword, and made as he would rush
Upon his wife—but other was his intent,
Even as he sprang : he did but feign, to cheat
Achaean eyes. Then did his brother stay
His fury, and spake with pacifying words,
Fearing lest all they had toiled for should be lost :

“ἴσχεο νῦν, Μενέλαε, χολούμενος· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε
κουριδίην παράκοιτιν ἐναιρέμεν, ἧς πέρι πολλὰ 410
ἄλγε' ἀνέτλημεν Πριάμῳ κακὰ μητιόωντες·
οὐ γάρ τοι Ἑλένη πέλει αἰτίη, ὥς σύ γ' ἔολπας,
ἀλλὰ Πάρις ξενίοιο Διὸς καὶ σείῳ τραπέζης
λησάμενος· τῷ καὶ μιν ἐν ἄλγεσι τίσατο δαίμων.”

“Ὡς φάθ'· ὁ δ' αἰψ' ἐπίθησε. θεοὶ δ' ἐρικυδέα

Τροίην

415

κυανέοις νεφέεσσι καλυψάμενοι γοάσσκον,
νόσφιν εὐπλοκάμου Τριτωνίδος ἥδ' καὶ Ἥρης.
αἶ μέγα κυδιάσσκον ἀνὰ φρένας, εὖτ' ἐσίδοντο
περθόμενον κλυτὸν ἄστν θεηγενέος Πριάμοιο.
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν οὐδ' αὐτὴ εὐφρων Τριτογένεια 420
πάμπαν ἄδακρυς ἔην, ἐπεὶ ἦ ρά οἱ ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
Κασσάνδρην ἥσχυεν Ὀϊλέος ὄβριμος υἱὸς
θυμοῦ τ' ἥδ' ἐνόιο βεβλαμμένος· ἦ δέ οἱ αἰνὸν
εἰσοπίσω βάλε πῆμα καὶ ἀνέρα τίσατο λῶβης·
οὐδὲ μὲν ἔργον αἰεὶ κῆς ἐσέδρακεν, ἀλλὰ οἱ αἰδῶς 425
καὶ χόλος ἀμφεχύθη· βλοσυρὰς δ' ἔτρεψεν ὀπωπὰς
νηὸν ἐς ὑψόροφον· περὶ δ' ἔβραχε θεῖον ἄγαλμα,
καὶ δάπεδον νηοῖο μέγ' ἔτρεμεν· οὐδ' ὅ γε λυγρῆς
λῆγεν ἀτασθαλίας, ἐπεὶ ἦ φρένας ἄασε Κύπρις.

Πάντῃ δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα κατηρεῖποντο μέλαθρα 431
ὑψόθεν· ἀζαλή δὲ κόνις συνεμίσγετο καπνῷ.
ἄρτο δ' ἄρα κτύπος αἰνός, ὑπετρομέοντο δ' ἀγνυαί·
καίετο δ' Αἰνεΐαδ' δόμος,¹ καίοντο δὲ πάντα
Ἀντιμάχοιο μέλαθρα· καταίθετο δ' ἄσπετος ἄκρη
Πέργαμον ἀμφ' ἐρατὴν περί θ' ἱερὸν Ἀπόλλωνος
νηὸν τε ζάθεον Τριτωνίδος ἀμφί τε βωμὸν 435
Ἑρκείου· θάλαμοι δὲ κατεπρήθοντ' ἐρατεινοὶ
υἱῶνῶν Πριάμοιο· πόλις δ' ἀμαθύνετο πᾶσα.

¹ Two hemistichs supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

“Forbear wrath, Menelaus, now : ’twere shame
To slay thy wedded wife, for whose sake we
Have suffered much affliction, while we sought
Vengeance on Priam. Not, as thou dost deem,
Was Helen’s the sin, but his who set at naught
The Guest-lord, and thine hospitable board ;
So with death-pangs hath God requited him.”

Then hearkened Menelaus to his rede.

But the Gods, palled in dark clouds, mourned for
Troy,

A ruined glory—save fair-tressed Tritonis
And Hera : their hearts triumphed, when they saw
The burg of god-descended Priam destroyed.
Yet not the wise heart Triton-born herself
Was wholly tearless ; for within her fane
Outraged Cassandra was of Oileus son
Lust-maddened. But grim vengeance upon him
Ere long the Goddess wreaked, repaying insult
With mortal sufferance. Yea, she would not look
Upon the infamy, but clad herself
With shame and wrath as with a cloak : she turned
Her stern eyes to the temple-roof, and groaned
The holy image, and the hallowed floor
Quaked mightily. Yet did he not forbear
His mad sin, for his soul was lust-distraught.

Here, there, on all sides crumbled flaming homes
In ruin down : scorched dust with smoke was blent :
Trembled the streets to the awful thunderous crash.
Here burned Aeneas’ palace, yonder flamed
Antimachus’ halls : one furnace was the height
Of fair-built Pergamus ; flames were roaring round
Apollo’s temple, round Athena’s fane,
And round the Hearth-lord’s altar : flames licked up
Fair chambers of the sons’ sons of a king ;
And all the city sank down into hell.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Τρῶες δ' οἱ μὲν παισὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων ὀλέκοντο,
οἱ δ' ὑπὸ ληνυγαλέου τε πυρὸς σφετέρων τε
μελάρων,

ἐνθα σφιν καὶ μοῖρα κακὴ καὶ τύμβος ἐτύχθη, 440

ἄλλοι δὲ ξιφέεσσιν ἐὼν διὰ λαιμὸν ἔλασσαν
πῦρ ἅμα δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπὶ προθύροιςιν ἰδόντες,
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ὁμῶς τεκέεσσι κατακτείναντες ἄκοιτιν
κάππεσον ἄσχετον ἔργον ἀναπλήσαντες ἀνάγκη. 445

καὶ ῥά τις οἴομενος δηῖων ἑκάς ἔμμεν' αὐτὴν
ἐκποθεν Ἡφαίστοιο θοῶς ἀνὰ κάλπιν αἰέρας
ᾤρμηεν πονέεσθαι ἐφ' ὕδατι· τὸν δὲ παραφθὰς
Ἀργείων τις ἔτυψεν ὑπ' ἔγχεϊ καὶ οἱ ὄλεσσε
θυμὸν ὑπ' ἀκρήτῳ βεβαρημένον· ἤριπε δ' εἴσω
δώματος· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κενεὴ περικάππεσε κάλπις. 450

ἄλλω δ' αὖ φεύγοντι διὰ μεγάροιο μεσόδμῃ
ἔμπεσε καιομένη, ἐπὶ δ' ἤριπεν αἰπὺς ὀλεθρος.
πολλὰ δ' αὖτε γυναικες ἀνιρῆν ἐπὶ φύζαν
ἐσσύμεναι μνήσαντο φίλων ὑπὸ δώματι παίδων,
οὓς λίπον ἐν λεχέεσσιν· ἄφαρ δ' ἀνὰ ποσσὶν
ιοῦσαι 455

παισὶν ὁμῶς ἀπόλοντο δόμων ἐφύπερθε πεσόντων.
ἵπποι δ' αὖτε κύνες τε δι' ἄστεος ἐπτοίηντο
φεύγοντες στυγεροῖο πυρὸς μένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ
στεῖβον ἀποκταμένους, ζωοῖσι δὲ πῆμα φέροντες
αἰὲν ἐνερρήγγυντο.¹ βοὴ δ' ἀμφίαχεν ἄστυ. 460
καὶ τινος αἰζηοῖο διὰ φλογὸς ἐσσυμένοιο

* * * * *

φθεγγομένων· τοὺς δ' ἔνδον ἀμείλιχος Αἴσα δά-
μασσεν·

ἄλλον δ' ἄλλα κέλευθα φέρον στονόεντος ὀλέθρου.
φλόξ δ' ἄρ' ἐς ἡέρα δῖαν ἀνέγρετο· πέπτατο δ'
αἰγλή

ἄσπετος· ἀμφὶ δὲ φύλα περικτιόνων ὀρώοντο 465

¹ Zimmermann, ex P, for ἐπερρώοντο of Koechly.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Of Trojans some by Argos' sons were slain,
Some by their own roofs crashing down in fire,
Giving at once ill death and tomb to them :
Some in their own throats plunged the steel, when
foes

And fire were in the porch together seen :
Some slew their wives and children, and flung them-
selves

Dead on them, when despair had done its work
Of horror. One, who deemed the foe afar,
Caught up a vase, and, fain to quench the flame,
Hasted for water. Leapt unmarked on him
An Argive, and his spirit, heavy with wine,
Was thrust forth from the body by the spear.

Clashed the void vase above him, as he fell
Backward within the house. As through his hall
Another fled, the burning roof-beam crashed
Down on his head, and swift death came with it.
And many women, as in frenzied flight

They rushed forth, suddenly remembered babes
Left in their beds beneath those burning roofs :
With wild feet sped they back—the house fell in
Upon them, and they perished, mother and child.
Horses and dogs in panic through the town
Fled from the flames, trampling beneath their feet
The dead, and dashing into living men
To their sore hurt. Shrieks rang through all the
town.

In through his blazing porchway rushed a man
To rescue wife and child. Through smoke and flame
Blindly he groped, and perished while he cried
Their names, and pitiless doom slew those within.

The fire-glow upward mounted to the sky,
The red glare o'er the firmament spread its wings,
And all the tribes of folk that dwelt around

μεχρις ἐπ' Ἰδαιων ὄρεων ὑψηλὰ κάρηνα
Θρηκίης τε Σάμοιο καὶ ἀγχιάλου Τενέδοιο·
καὶ τις ἄλδς κατὰ βένθος ἔσω νεὸς ἔκφατο μῦθον·
“ ἦνυσαν Ἀργεῖοι κρατερόφρονες ἄσπετον ἔργον
πολλὰ μάλ' ἀμφ' Ἑλένης ἐλικοβλεφάριοι κα-

μουντες,

470

πάσα δ' ἄρ' ἡ τὸ πάροιθε πανόλβιος ἐν πυρὶ Τροίῃ
καίεται· οὐδὲ θεῶν τις ἐελδομένοισιν ἄμυνε·
πάντα γὰρ ἄσχετος Αἴσα βροτῶν ἐπιδέρεται
ἔργα·

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀκλέα πολλὰ καὶ οὐκ ἀρίδῃλα γεγῶτα
κυδῆεντα τίθησι, τὰ δ' ὑψόθι μείον' ἔθηκε·
πολλάκι δ' ἐξ ἀγαθοῖο πέλει κακόν, ἐκ δὲ κακοῖο
ἐσθλὸν ἀμειβομένοιο πολυτλήτου βιότοιο.”

475

“Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη μερόπων τις ἀπόπροθεν ἄσπετον
αἴγλην

εἰσορόων· στονέσσσα δ' ἔτ' ἄμφεχε Τρῶας οἰζύς·

480

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἀνὰ ἄστν κυδοίμεον, ἧτ' αἴηται

λάβροι ἀπείρονα πόντον ὀρινόμενοι κλονέουσιν,

ὅππότε ἄρ' ἀντιπέρηθε δυσαέος Ἀρκτούριοι

βηλὸν ἐς ἀστερόεντα Θυτήριον ἀντέλλησιν

ἐς νότον ἡερόεντα τετραμμένον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ

πολλὰι ὑπόβρυχα νῆες ἀμαλδύνοντ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ

485

ὀρρυμένων ἀνέμων· τοῖς εἵκελοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν

πόρθεον Ἴλιον αἰπύ· τὸ δ' ἐν πυρὶ καίετο πολλῷ.

ἧστ' ὄρος λασίησιν ἄδην καταείμενον ὕλης

ἔσσυμένως καίηται ὑπαὶ πυρὸς ὀρρυμένοιο

ἐξ ἀνέμων, δολιχαὶ δὲ περιβρομέουσι κολῶναι,

490

τῷ δ' ἄρα λευγαλέως ἐνιτείρεται ἄγρια πάντα

Ἡφαίστοιο βίῃφι περιστρεφθέντα καθ' ὕλην·

ὥς Τρῶες κτείνοντο κατὰ πτόλιν· οὐδέ τις αὐτοὺς

ρύετ' ἐπουρανίων· περὶ γὰρ λῖνα πάντοθε Μοῖραι

μακρὰ περιστήσαντο, τὰ περ βροτὸς οὐποτ' ἄλλυξε.

495

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Beheld it, far as Ida's mountain-crests,
 And sea-girt Tenedos, and Thracian Samos.
 And men that voyaged on the deep sea cried :
 "The Argives have achieved their mighty task
 After long toil for star-eyed Helen's sake.
 All Troy, the once queen-city, burns in fire :
 For all their prayers, no God defends them now ;
 For strong Fate oversees all works of men,
 And the renownless and obscure to fame
 She raises, and brings low the exalted ones.
 Oft out of good is evil brought, and good
 From evil, mid the travail and change of life."

So spake they, who from far beheld the glare
 Of Troy's great burning. Compassed were her folk
 With wailing misery : through her streets the foe
 Exulted, as when madding blasts turmoil
 The boundless sea, what time the Altar ascends
 To heaven's star-pavement, turned to the misty south
 Overagainst Arcturus tempest-breathed,
 And with its rising leap the wild winds forth,
 And ships full many are whelmed 'neath ravening
 seas ;

Wild as those stormy winds Achaea's sons
 Ravaged steep Ilium while she burned in flame.
 As when a mountain clothed with shaggy woods
 Burns swiftly in a fire-blast winged with winds,
 And from her tall peaks goeth up a roar,
 And all the forest-children this way and that
 Rush through the wood, tormented by the flame ;
 So were the Trojans perishing : there was none
 To save, of all the Gods. Round these were staked
 The nets of Fate, which no man can escape.

Καὶ τότε Δημοφῶντι μενεπολεμῶ τ' Ἀκά-
μαντι

Θησῆος μεγάλοιο δι' ἄστεος ἦντετο μήτηρ
Αἰθρη ἐελδομένη· μακάρων δέ τις ἡγεμόνευεν,
ὅς μιν ἄγην κείνοισι καταντίον· ἥ δ' ἀλάλукτο
φεύγουσ' ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ ἐκ πυρός· οἱ δ' ἐσ-
ιδόντες

500

αἴγλη ἐν Ἡφαίστοιο δέμας μέγεθός τε γυναικὸς
αὐτὴν ἔμμεν ἔφαντο θεηγενέος Πριάμοιο
ἀντιθέην παράκοιτιν· ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἔμμεμαῶτες
χεῖρας ἐπερρίψαντο λιλαιόμενοί μιν ἄγεσθαι
ἐς Δαναούς· ἥ δ' αἰνὸν ἀναστενάχουσα μετηύδα· 505
“μή νύ με, κύδιμα τέκνα φιλοπτολέμων Ἀργείων,
δήϊον ὥς ἐρύοντες ἐὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἄγεσθε·
οὐ γὰρ Τρωιάδων γένος εὐχομαι, ἀλλὰ μοι ἐσθλὸν
αἷμα πέλει Δαναῶν μάλ' εὐκλεές, οὐνεκα Πιτθεὺς
γεῖνατό μ' ἐν Τροίῃ· γάμφ' δ' ἐδνώσατο διὸς 510
Αἰγυεύς· ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ἐμείο κλυτὸς πάϊς ἔπλετο
Θησεύς.

ἀλλὰ με, πρὸς μεγάλοιο Διός, τερπνῶν τε τοκῶν,
εἰ ἐτεὸν Θησῆος ἀμύμονος ἐνθάδ' ἵκοντο
νῆες ἅμ' Ἀτρείδῃσι, φίλοις παῖδεσσιν ἐκείνου
δείξατ' ἐελδομένοισι κατὰ στρατόν, οὓς περ οἶω 515
ὑμῖν ὁμήλικας ἔμμεν· ἀναπνεύσει δέ μεν ἦτορ,
ἦν κείνους ζῶοντας ἴδω καὶ ἀριστέας ἅμφω.”

ὣς φάτο· τοὶ δ' αἰὼντες εὐὺ μνήσαντο τοκῆς,
ἅμφ' Ἑλένης ὅσ' ἔρεξε, καὶ ὥς διέπερσαν Ἀφίδνας
κούροι ἐριγδούποιο Διὸς πάρος, ὅππότε ἄρ' αὐτοὺς 520
ὑσμίνης ἀπάνευθεν ἀπεκρίψαντο τιθῆναι
νηπιάρχους ἔτ' ἐόντας· ἀνεμνήσαντο δ' ἀγανῆς
Αἰθρης, ὅσσ' ἐμόγησε δορυκτῆρ ὑπ' ἀνάγκῃ,
ἅμφω ὁμῶς ἐκυρή τε καὶ ἀμφίπολος γεγανῖα
ἀντιθέης Ἑλένης· σὺν δ' ἀμφασίῃ κεχάροντο. 525
Δημοφῶν δέ μιν ἡὺς ἐελδομένην προσέειπεν·
562

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Then were Demophoon and Acamas
By mighty Theseus' mother Aethra met.
Yearning to see them was she guided on
To meet them by some Blessèd One, the while
'Wildered from war and fire she fled. They saw
In that red glare a woman royal-tall,
Imperial-moulded, and they weened that this
Was Priam's queen, and with swift eagerness
Laid hands on her, to lead her captive thence
To the Danaans ; but piteously she moaned :
" Ah, do not, noble sons of warrior Greeks,
To your ships hale me, as I were a foe !
I am not of Trojan birth : of Danaans came
My princely blood renowned. In Troezen's halls
Pittheus begat me, Aegeus wedded me,
And of my womb sprang Theseus glory-crowned.
For great Zeus' sake, for your dear parents' sake,
I pray you, if the seed of Theseus came
Hither with Atreus' sons, O bring ye me
Unto their yearning eyes. I trow they be
Young men like you. My soul shall be refreshed
If living I behold those chieftains twain."

Harkening to her they called their sire to mind,
His deeds for Helen's sake, and how the sons
Of Zeus the Thunderer in the old time smote
Aphidnae, when, because these were but babes,
Their nurses hid them far from peril of fight ;
And Aethra they remembered—all she endured
Through wars, as mother-in-law at first, and thrall
Thereafter of Helen. Dumb for joy were they,
Till spake Demophoon to that wistful one :

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

“ σοὶ μὲν δὴ τελέουσι θεοὶ θυμηδὲς ἐέλδωρ
αὐτίκ’, ἐπεὶ ῥα δέδορκας ἀνύμονος νίεος νῖας
ἡμέας, οἳ σε φίλης συναειράμενοι παλάμῃσιν
οἴσομεν ἐς νῆας, καὶ ἐς Ἑλλάδος ἱερὸν οὐδας 530
ἄξομεν ἀσπασίως, ὅθι περ πάρος ἐμβασίλευες.”

Ὡς φάμενον μεγάλιο πατρὸς προσπτύξατο
μήτηρ
χείρεσιν ἀμφιβαλοῦσα, κύσεν δέ οἱ εὐρέας ὦμους
καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα γένειά τε λαχνήεντα·
ὥς δ’ αὐτως Ἀκάμαντα κύσεν, περὶ δέ σφισι 535
δάκρυ

ἡδὺ κατὰ βλεφάροισιν ἐχεύατο μυρομένοισιν·
ὥς δ’ ὁπότε αἰζηοῖο μετ’ ἀλλοδαποῖσιν ἐόντος
λαοὶ φημίξωσι μόρον, τὸν δ’ ἔκποθεν νῖες
ὑστερον ἀθρήσαντες ἐς οἰκία νοστήσαντα
κλαίουσιν μάλα τερπνόν· ὁ δ’ ἔμπαλι παισὶ καὶ 540
αὐτὸς

μύρεται ἐν μεγάροισιν ἐπωμαδόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ δῶμα
ἡδὺ κινυρομένων γοερῇ περιπέπττα’ ἰωή·
ὥς τῶν πυρομένων λαρὸς γόος ἀμφιδεδήει.

Καὶ τότε που Πριάμοιο πολυκτῆτοιο θυγάτρα
Λαοδίκην ἐνέπουσιν ἐς αἰθέρα χεῖρας ὀρέξαι 545
εὐχομένην μακάρεσσιν ἀτειρέσιν, ὅφρα ἔγαῖα
ἀμφιχάνῃ, πρὶν χεῖρα βαλεῖν ἐπὶ δούλια ἔργα.
τῆς δὲ θεῶν τις ἄκουσε καὶ αὐτίκα γαῖαν ἔνερθεν
ῤῆξεν ἀπειρεσίην· ἡ δ’ ἐννεσίησι θεοῖο
κούρην δέξατο δῖαν ἔσω κοῖλοιο βερέθρου, 550
Ἰλίου ὀλλυμένης, ἧς εἵνεκά φασι καὶ αὕτην
Ἥλέκτρην βαθύπεπλον ἐὼν δέμας ἀμφικαλύψαι
ἀχλύϊ καὶ νεφέεσσιν ἀποικομένην χοροῦ ἄλλων
Πληιάδων, αἱ δὴ οἱ ἀδελφειαὶ γεγάασιν·

ἀλλ’ αἱ μὲν μογεροῖσιν ἐπόψαι ἀνθρώποισιν 555
ἱλαδὸν ἀντέλλουσιν ἐς οὐρανόν· ἡ δ’ ἄρα μούνη
κεύθεται αἰὲν ἄϊστος, ἐπεὶ ῥα οἱ νίεος ἐσθλοῦ

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

"Even now the Gods fulfil thine heart's desire :
We whom thou seest are the sons of him,
Thy noble son : thee shall our loving hands
Bear to the ships : with joy to Hellas' soil
Thee will we bring, where once thou wast a queen."

Then his great father's mother clasped him round
With clinging arms : she kissed his shoulders broad,
His head, his breast, his bearded lips she kissed,
And Acamas kissed withal, the while she shed
Glad tears on these who could not choose but weep.
As when one tarries long mid alien men,
And folk report him dead, but suddenly
He cometh home : his children see his face,
And break into glad weeping ; yea, and he,
His arms around them, and their little heads
Upon his shoulders, sobs : echoes the home
With happy mourning's music-beating wings ;
So wept they with sweet sighs and sorrowless moans.

Then, too, affliction-burdened Priam's child,
Laodice, say they, stretched her hands to heaven,
Praying the mighty Gods that earth might gape
To swallow her, ere she defiled her hand
With thralls' work ; and a God gave ear, and rent
Deep earth beneath her : so by Heaven's decree
Did earth's abysmal chasm receive the maid
In Troy's last hour. Electra's self withal,
The Star-queen lovely-robed, shrouded her form
In mist and cloud, and left the Pleiad-band,
Her sisters, as the olden legend tells.
Still riseth up in sight of toil-worn men
Their bright troop in the skies ; but she alone
Hides viewless ever, since the hallowed town

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Δαρδάνου ἱερὸν ἄστυ κατήριπεν· οὐδέ οἱ αὐτὸς
 Ζεὺς ὕπατος χραίσμησεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος, οὐνεκα

Μοίραις

εἵκει καὶ μέγαλοιο Διὸς μένος· ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν που 560
 ἀθανάτων τάχ' ἔρεξεν εὖς νόος, ἥε καὶ αὐταί.¹

Ἄργεῖοι δ' ἔτι θυμὸν ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ὄρινον
 πάντῃ ἀνὰ πτολίεθρον Ἔρις δ' ἔχε πείρατα
 χάρμης.²

¹ Zimmermann, for οὐκί of v.

² Verse supplied by Zimmermann, ex P.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIII

Of her son Dardanus in ruin fell,
When Zeus most high from heaven could help her
not,

Because to Fate the might of Zeus must bow ;
And by the Immortals' purpose all these things
Had come to pass, or by Fate's ordinance.

Still on Troy's folk the Argives wreaked their
wrath,
And battle's issues Strife Incarnate held.