

TRANSLATED BY RICHMOND LATTIMORE

THE
ILLIAD
OF
HOMER

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY RICHARD MARTIN

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RICHMOND LATTIMORE

was professor emeritus of Greek at Bryn Mawr College at the time of his death in 1984. He was coeditor (with David Grene) of *The Complete Greek Tragedies*, translator of *Greek Lyrics*, and author of *Poems from Three Decades*, all published by the University of Chicago Press.

RICHARD MARTIN

is the Antony and Isabelle Raubitschek Professor of Classics at Stanford University.

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Introduction to Richmond Lattimore's *Iliad*

RICHARD P. MARTIN
STANFORD UNIVERSITY

THE TROJAN WAR IN TIME AND PLACE

The literature that has come to be called “Western” begins with a long poem about the siege of a great city on the coast of what is now Turkey by heroic warriors from Greece. Yet, in the early twelfth century BC—the time period in which this story is set—there were no identifiable concepts of “Western” and “Eastern” cultures (much less “Greece” or “Turkey” as nation-states). Even when the *Iliad* was composed, somewhere in the “archaic” period of Greek history between 750 and 550 BC, there seems to have been little concern among cultures bordering the Mediterranean to differentiate East from West: from Sicily to Sardis and beyond, trade goods, musical modes, stories, artistic styles, and people circulated and interacted in creative profusion.

It was early in the fifth century BC that attitudes changed. In 490 and again 480–79 BC, invasions by the massive forces of the expanding Persian empire (centered in modern-day Iran) were turned back by a ragtag coalition of Greek city-states, on Greek soil. This spectacular, unexpected victory was celebrated by Greeks of the ensuing “Classical” age through temple sculpture, murals, vase painting, oratory, and dramatic literature that proudly made verbal and visual analogies between the Persian wars of recent times and the heroic successes of the Trojan War. The Greek historian Herodotus, writing in the middle of the fifth century, attributes to Persian intellectuals (*logioi*: *Histories* 1.1) the view that the ancient expedition to bring home Helen of Sparta was the beginning of antagonism between Asia and Europe. But it is clear that Greeks of the historian’s own time were thinking the same way.

The singular beauty and importance of our *Iliad* stand out starkly in contrast to such later, politicized interpretations of the story of Troy and to an insidious Orientalism that has its roots in Greek antiquity. It is not about a clash of civilizations, much less so a contest between evil and good. Unlike many a later

epic (including Virgil's *Aeneid*), this poem does not deal with ethnic, national, religious, or ideological conflicts and aspirations. In fact, it is difficult to determine the poem's real protagonist: the Greek Achilles and his victim, the Trojan Hector, are attractive and repellent in equal degrees. Some would say Hector is actually the more sympathetic character. The *Iliad* is about heroes as humans, and what constitutes humanity. Its enduring value lies in the poem's recognition that even the worst enemies are deeply, fundamentally the same—desirous of glory and immortality, while subject to pain and death. Its power—like that of so much Greek literature—comes from the realistic depiction of mortals as they gradually learn that they can never be gods. In this existential recognition, it transcends the anxieties of tribe or state.

The story of a war to take Troy, in other words, is primarily a backdrop for human concerns that fascinate audiences in any age. The *Iliad* would be just as compelling a piece of art even if Troy existed only in the imagination of poets. Nevertheless, through the centuries, the attractive power of the epic has been compounded for many readers by the dark mysteries that surround it. Did a Trojan War really take place? How did the poet Homer know of it? Did a man named Homer even exist? When, where, and how was the epic composed? How did it achieve such perfection and influence? In what follows, we shall explore briefly the answers that have been offered for these questions—though never totally agreed upon—while placing the *Iliad* in a series of relevant historical and cultural contexts.

First of all, it is important to realize that the *Iliad* is an Iron Age poem about an event supposed to have taken place in the Bronze Age. Historians in ancient Greece, working with family memories and temple records, came up with a range of dates for the Trojan War from 1184 BC (Eratosthenes), to around 1250 BC (Herodotus) to 1334 BC (Douris). More than four centuries thus elapsed between the latest traditional date given by the ancient Greeks themselves for the destruction of Troy and the earliest possible recording of the epic in written form—a longer gap than that which separates us from the time of Shakespeare's maturity. Therefore, the *Iliad* as we have it cannot be based directly on an eyewitness account, or even a reliable reminiscence from the poet's great-grandfather. It is not impossible that it ultimately derives from poems and stories originating with actual survivor tales, but the form in which we have it cannot possibly itself date to the twelfth or thirteenth century BC. To begin with, most of the linguistic forms in the *Iliad* come from a later period. By extension, the concerns of the poem are most likely not those of the original fighters at Troy

but of a society—or multiple societies—generations later that looked back to the Trojan War as an important symbolic event, perhaps for the very foundation of their own communities. Even if the kernel of the *Iliad* was put into poetic form nearer to the time of the fall of Troy, in the intervening centuries before it achieved its final status the story was certainly subjected to all sorts of changes in length, expansiveness, and detail, through stylization, shifts of emphasis, and innovations in characterization and plot. Above all—as literary critics since Aristotle have acknowledged—the epic makes no attempt to narrate the whole story of a war against Troy, focusing instead on only a few days in the tenth and final year of the Greek siege against the city, and on a personal dispute (albeit one with vast consequences) within the ranks of the assembled Greek warriors. The poem’s concentrated force relies on an audience that *already* knows most of the basic details about the struggle, an audience that has probably encountered many other versions of the tale of Troy, from tellers whose names we will never discover.

Greeks and Romans in ancient times had little doubt that there once existed a mighty city of Troy a few miles from the sea near the Hellespont, the narrow entrance to the Propontis, which leads in turn to the Black Sea and its resource-rich hinterlands. By the seventh century BC, a town was established by settlers of Greek ancestry on the ruins of an earlier site. It was called Ilion—a name used already in the epic for Troy, and the word from which the *Iliad* gets its name. In later ages, celebrities like Xerxes the king of Persia, Alexander the Great, and Julius Caesar visited the place, confident that they were gazing on the very soil where Hektor and Achilles clashed and the towers of Troy were toppled. On his way to punish the mainland Greeks, in the spring of 480 BC, Xerxes dedicated a sacrifice of one thousand oxen to Athene of Ilion, while his sage-priests, the magi, poured offerings to “the heroes.” The historian Herodotus (7.43) does not speculate on the royal motives, or whether the dead warriors thus honored were Greek or Trojans. What counts is that generations of military leaders associated their own deeds with those from the gloried past through their ostentatious tourism at the spot. The Romans had further reasons for venerating Troy, since it was claimed that they were direct descendants of the Trojan hero Aeneas, who escaped the city’s destruction and traveled with his kin to Italy to start afresh. Augustus, the first Roman emperor, visited Troy in 20 BC. Both Julius Caesar, before him, and the emperor Constantine, three centuries later, contemplated building a new Roman capital on the site.

Ilion survived after the Roman empire in the West had fallen to barbarian

tribes in the fifth century AD. But after 1200 AD, when the site seems finally to have been abandoned, Troy evaporated into the mists of myth. Even as the *Iliad* itself was being preserved through the efforts of scholars and scribes in Byzantium (the inheritor of the eastern Roman empire), the landscape associated with it was gradually forgotten. The eighteenth century, which saw an increase in travel to the eastern Mediterranean, brought aristocratic memoirists like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and amateur antiquarians like her compatriot Robert Wood (1716–1771) to the broader region of the Troad. They found—or imagined they found—topographical details that matched those in the texts of the *Iliad*. Lady Montagu remarks on the pleasure she took “in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaos and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated.” She professes admiration for “the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain is still just for it.”¹ Wood’s tour resulted in the posthumously published, widely read *Essay upon the Original Genius and Writings of Homer: With a Comparative View of the Ancient and Present State of the Troade* (1775). Insisting on the exactness of Homeric descriptions, whether of wind directions or landscape, Wood concluded that “stript of all poetical embellishments” the *Iliad* contained “in general a consistent narrative of military events, connected and supported by that due coincidence of the circumstances of time and place which History requires.”²

Despite such on-site observations, most scholars in the early nineteenth century remained skeptical about whether real historical events lay behind the stories of the Greek heroic age. The British historian George Grote (1794–1871) in his influential twelve-volume *History of Greece* chose 776 BC—the traditional date for the founding of the Olympic games—as the beginning of reliably recorded history. Within thirty years of the publication of his first two volumes (1846), Grote was proved mistaken: the Homeric epics, which he had spurned as evidence, emerged as more trustworthy guides to the past than had been imagined. Civilizations with features described by Homeric poetry, going back to seven centuries before Grote’s starting date for Greek history, were now laid bare.

It was the labor of amateurs, rather than academics, that paved the way to a new understanding of the *Iliad*’s historicity. The first, Frank Calvert (1828–1908), worked as a businessman and representative of British and American interests in Ottoman-ruled Asia Minor during the middle decades of the nineteenth century. A passionate, self-taught antiquarian, he had concluded from

intimate acquaintance with the landscape that the mound (*tell*) of Hisarlik, a few miles from the sea, was the most likely location of Homer's Troy. He managed to buy a portion of the area, but officials of the British Museum turned down his requests for the necessary further funding, and Calvert abandoned the project after a few trial digs in 1865. Always at the service of interested travelers, Calvert in August 1868 explained his theories to a visiting German explorer, Heinrich Schliemann (1822–1890). Another self-educated amateur, Schliemann was a visionary and wealthy entrepreneur who had forged his own way, starting out as a poor office boy (among his other profitable endeavors, he had sold provisions to miners during the California gold rush and war supplies to armies in the Crimea). He was also a tireless, if not downright mendacious, self-promoter, prone to manipulate facts to his own advantage. Whatever the truth or fantasy in Schliemann's autobiographical "recollections"—that he had been inspired to rediscover Troy as a boy, upon seeing a picture book of the saga, or hearing a drunken miller recite Homeric verses in Greek—there is no doubt that it was his resources and persistence that finally uncovered the remains of a great city at Hisarlik.

Starting in October 1871 and for the next two years, Schliemann excavated the mound of Hisarlik, digging relentlessly to the lowest level. As he was more or less inventing archaeological practice—an art still in its infancy—he did not take care to record the layout of higher strata on the site, destroying valuable clues in the process. Calvert correctly deduced from the presence of stone rather than bronze artifacts that Schliemann's widely heralded discovery of the "city of Priam" in fact revealed a much older phase of habitation. Subsequent investigations by Schliemann, up to his death in 1890, then for a season (1893–1894) by his successor Wilhelm Dörpfeld, and from 1932 to 1938 by the American archaeologist Carl Blegen, exposed a total of nine layers and nearly fifty sublayers. The earliest layer, "Troy I," was occupied in the Early Bronze Age, around 3000 BC. "Troy II," which Schliemann had thought to be contemporaneous with the *Iliad*'s events, is in fact a thousand years older than the estimated period of the Trojan War. If the city underwent siege and destruction, as described by Homeric poetry, the likeliest stages for it are the levels designated "Troy VI" (1800–1275 BC) and "Troy VII" (1275–1100 BC). Archaeologists believe that during the latter period, in particular, many more people took refuge inside the defensive walls of the upper town, having for some reason abandoned the lower. There are no inscriptions to pinpoint this site as the place that the Greeks destroyed. But the era would match ancient calculations for

the period of the war, and the physical remains are suggestively reminiscent of details in the *Iliad*. Moreover, excavations led by Manfred Korfmann of Tübingen University from 1995 until his death in 2005, have now shown that the upper city on the site (which critics had long dismissed as being too small for the Homeric Troy) was merely a fraction of a much more extensive settlement, capable of sustaining a population of nearly ten thousand.

If the mound at Hisarlik can now be recognized as having concealed a series of fortified citadels that resemble those known from the ancient Near East, complete with surrounding lower town, there is also further evidence that might explain why a war could have been fought over this place. The major political force in Anatolia (present-day Turkey) in the second millennium BC was the Hittite empire, centered on Hattusa (now Bögasköy, near modern Ankara). Continuing archaeological work, combined with increasing knowledge of the ancient Hittite language (from texts first deciphered in the early twentieth century) have produced a picture of a wide-reaching, highly organized imperial power with connections extending as far as the Levant and Egypt.

Troy, it appears, was a vassal state. Hittite official documents mention *Taruwisa* and *Wilusa*, which closely match the Greek words used, apparently as synonyms, for the besieged city in the *Iliad*: *Troiê* and (*w*) *Ilios* (traces of an original initial “w” sound can be detected in the *Iliad*’s verses). Even more intriguing, a royal treaty of King Muwattalli II (circa 1290–1272 BC) pledges support for one *Alaksandu* of *Wilusa*—possibly a Hittite form of the Greek name Alexander (another name for the Trojan warrior Paris), although the document was written a century before the putative date of the war that this son of Priam caused by abducting the Greek queen Helen. The Hittite texts also refer to *Ahhiyawa*. This term was probably borrowed from one of the words early Greeks used to describe themselves: *Achaiói*. Unfortunately, it remains unclear where the Hittites located the people thus named, whether further down the coast of Asia Minor (near ancient Miletus), on off shore islands like Lesbos, or on the other side of the Aegean (mainland Greece). Nor is the precise relationship of *Ahhiyawa* to Trojans specified: were they considered enemies, neighbors, or a distant power?

Troy must have been an important ally, given its strategic location in ancient times on the seacoast, before accumulated silt pushed the shoreline farther from the city. An attack could well have provoked a defensive response from a number of cities in the Hittite sphere of influence throughout western Asia Minor. The *Iliad*, in fact, represents the number of far-flung Trojan allies as far

outnumbering fighters from the city itself and, since they speak many languages, harder to control than the unified Greek forces (2.803–4).

Several scenarios have been suggested to explain why and by whom Troy might have been destroyed in the twelfth century BC. At this time, a general disruption and movement of populations occurred around the Aegean, with numbers of settlements falling into disuse. Natural disasters, crop failures, or pressure from groups in the hinterland may have been the root causes. Egyptian inscriptions of the era refer to problems with marauding “Sea Peoples,” possibly coming from the east. Perhaps these mysterious bands carried out attacks that were later attributed to Greeks who ended up settling the coast near Troy. On the other hand, it is not unlikely that Greek warriors themselves were involved in widespread raids during this time of general collapse. What has become clear only in the last century is the extent to which Greek civilization, in the form of a highly bureaucratized, palace-centered culture, had already spread its influence by the era of Troy’s fall. Once again, Schliemann can be credited with a major role in bringing this early Greek culture to light. Temporarily blocked by Ottoman authorities after his first season at Hisarlik, he turned to other sites. In August 1876, Schliemann began excavations at the ancient citadel of Mykenai, discovering in a short time shaft graves rich in ancient artifacts, including gold burial masks. His dating of the tombs, which he believed were the resting places of Agamemnon and Klytimestra, was again too early by several centuries. But this find, together with subsequent discoveries, proved that a network of palace centers existed from around 1600 BC until around 1100 BC, when the Bronze Age in the Mediterranean came to an end. The civilization shared by these sites was given the name “Mykenaian.”

Scholars soon recognized that the centers of this newly emerging archaic culture matched, to a remarkable extent, the fabled sites celebrated in Greek myths, some of which had no longer been inhabited in historical times. Thebes, Athens, Orchomenos, Tiryns, Sparta, and Pylos arose as Mykenaian powers; they also were the subject of rich storytelling traditions about the age of heroes from a generation or two before the Trojan War. The circumstantial evidence that the Mykenaians were, in fact, Greeks, took longer to verify. Arthur Evans, a British archaeologist, in 1900 uncovered a vast palace complex at Knossos, Crete, predating Mykenaian remains on the mainland, and characterized by signs of high civilization—masterpieces of wall painting, elaborately carved gemstones, precious vessels, imports from Egypt, statuettes, and ritual artifacts. He dubbed this newly found culture “Minoan,” after the mythical King Minos,

who was said to have ruled the vicinity at the time of the hero Theseus. Evans also found thousands of clay tablets bearing inscriptions in an unknown, picture-based writing system. Carl Blegen, who had moved on from Troy to excavate the western Greek site of Pylos in 1939, discovered a similar trove of six hundred tablets there—at a Mykenaian palace site. Yet more emerged from Thebes and western Crete. Whether by sudden invasion or gradual infiltration (perhaps after the weakening effects of earthquakes and tsunamis), Mykenaians, it became clear, had taken over former Minoan palaces in Crete. In 1952, their so-called Linear B tablets, dating from 1300 to 1200 BC, were deciphered by the English architect and self-taught cryptologist Michael Ventris (1922–1956). The language proved to be Greek; the texts were official accounts concerning personnel and supplies in the palace economy.

In short, the discoveries of a few generations showed that something like the war depicted in the *Iliad* could well have taken place, at the site of Hisarlik, with allies of the Hittite empire unsuccessfully sustaining a siege by Mykenaian Greeks. The relative time frame remains unclear, especially when it comes to causes and effects. Were the conquerors of Troy refugees from a catastrophic collapse of the Mykenaian palace system in mainland Greece, desperate to get the riches of the city that guarded the route to the Black Sea? Or did an extended siege like that in the epic *bring about* the downfall of major Mykenaian centers by draining resources and sapping manpower? Further enigmas await the discovery of new evidence. Were a series of small-scale attacks over decades compressed by later popular imagination into a “Trojan War”? What is the relation between the attacks on the coast of Asia Minor and later Greek colonization of the area? And how does the fall of the Hittite empire based at Hattusa—also around the pivotal year 1200 BC—fit into the entire puzzle? It is possible that the next several decades will bring clarification of at least some of these mysteries.

THE SAGA OF TROY

Whatever its connections to actual historical events, the *Iliad* as we have it is far from containing the whole story of the Trojan War. The poem sometimes alludes to episodes from the beginning of the conflict, but in a brief and indirect fashion, often within the speeches by individual characters, like the recollections of Odysseus in 2.299–332. There are no extended flashbacks in the poet’s own voice. In order to reconstruct the entire series of relevant events, we must go

back to the origins of the world, according to Greek myth. We can piece together the story from such sources as the *Theogony* of Hesiod (roughly contemporary with the rise of Homeric poetry in the eighth century BC) and the so-called Cyclic epics of the seventh and sixth centuries BC (filling out the Trojan War narrative “cycle”) of which only random citations and a few plot summaries from later sources now survive. As an audience for Homeric epic most likely had these details in mind, it is worthwhile reviewing them.

Gaia, the Earth, was one of the first creatures. She saw to it that her abusive husband, Ouranos (“sky”) was overthrown by their son Kronos, who was in turn displaced by her favorite grandson, Zeus. With the aid and advice of his grandmother, the young god Zeus gained the kingship, overcoming the older divinities in pitched battles, and by swallowing a dangerous wife, Mêtis (“cunning intelligence”), came to ensure that his own reign would never be overthrown. Instead of producing a son stronger than her spouse, as had been predicted, Mêtis (now inside her husband) bore Athene, who sprang full-grown from the Zeus’ head. Since Zeus owed Gaia a debt for her support, when she eventually complained of the increasingly heavy burden of human life on her land surface, he allowed a massive war to decrease world population. Thus the conditions for the Trojan War were put in place by political maneuverings early in cosmic history.

The more immediate cause arose from another unusual marriage involving divinity. The ever-amorous Zeus desired a sea nymph Thetis, but the same fear—that the off spring of a powerful goddess might oust him from his rule—led him instead to marry her off to an unsuspecting mortal, Peleus, allegedly to reward the hero’s pious behavior in resisting the adulterous advances of a mortal queen. It was at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis that Discord (Eris), who had not been invited, tossed the famous apple inscribed *kallistêi*—“to the fairest.” Three goddesses—Hera, Athene, and Aphrodite—each claimed to match that description. Zeus chose a Trojan youth named Paris to decide the contest. He favored Aphrodite’s promise of pleasure (after rejecting the lure of wisdom or power offered by the others) and received, as his reward, the ability to seduce the world’s fairest woman, Helen—inconveniently married at that time to Menelaos, a powerful king in Greece. The *Iliad* refers to this scenario only once (24.25–30). As with so many other background details, this tale was undoubtedly known already to the hearers of the epic. It was told in one of the many poems or sagas now lost.

Helen’s unusual birth foretold a remarkable career. Her father was Zeus, who

visited her mother Leda (already married) in the form of a swan, the result of their union taking the form of two eggs. From one came Helen and her sister Klytaimestra, from the other her brothers Castor and Pollux (the “sons of Zeus” or Dioscuri whom she seeks in vain to catch sight of at 3.236–44). By the time Helen was of marriageable age, she had suitors from every part of Greece. Menelaos, the son of Atreus, was chosen to be her husband. His brother Agamemnon married Klytaimestra. As if foreseeing eventual trouble, the unsuccessful suitors of Helen swore an oath to retrieve her if the need ever arose. Odysseus, the suitor who had suggested this harmonious solution, was in return rewarded by Helen’s (nominal) father, the mortal Tyndareus, king of Sparta, who persuaded his niece Penelope to marry the Ithacan hero. It is not unlikely that we are meant to recall this family bond when, in the *Iliad*, Odysseus repeatedly takes the side of the sons of Atreus and does their will.

From the *Iliad*, we get glimpses of a world in which the elite members of different cultures around the Mediterranean maintain friendly relations, exchanging gifts and visits. Hosted by Menelaos in Sparta as a guest-friend, Paris first caught sight of the woman promised for his judgment. Armed with Aphrodite’s seductive wiles, he persuaded Helen to elope with him to Troy, taking with her much of her husband’s wealth and leaving behind a nine-year-old daughter, Hermione. The oath of the suitors thus was put into effect and, after a failed diplomatic mission to Troy, Greek troops mustered to take vengeance and recover the errant wife. Complications immediately arose. Before leaving for Troy, the Greeks convened at Aulis, the main port for the city of Thebes in eastern Boeotia. An ominous sign occurs at their communal sacrifice: a snake emerges near the altar and devours eight sparrows along with their mother. Kalchas, the official seer of the expedition, interprets this to mean that it will take nine years of siege at Troy before the city can be taken in the tenth. (The seer’s prophecy is recalled by Odysseus at 2.299–332 as he tries to rally the weary Greeks.)

The attempt as described above ends in confusion and failure. The Greeks cross the Aegean but mistakenly land at Mysia, a region south of Troy, and sack the chief city there, thinking it to be their goal. Telephos, a Greek-born son of Herakles, while defending his adopted Mysian city is wounded by Achilles. The Greeks retreat, yet still fail to reach Troy because a storm scatters their ships. Some versions have Achilles land on the island of Skyros at this stage, where he weds the royal princess Deidameia, later to bear him a son, Neoptolemos. Others place the meeting earlier, saying that Thetis, his mother,

hid the young hero, disguised as a girl, in the royal court on Skyros so that he would not have to go to war. In this latter version, it is Odysseus on a recruiting mission who tricks Achilles into giving himself away. Pretending the island is under attack, he sounds a trumpet and the young man, eager for martial glory, leaps to arms. Ironically, Odysseus himself had been tricked into going to the war from his home island: an earlier recruiting party had placed his infant son Telemachos in front of the plow driven erratically by Odysseus while he feigned madness. It was clear he was sane when he swerved aside. Odysseus later took his revenge by framing Palamedes, the Greek recruiter who detected his charade, prompting the warrior's execution for treason.

With the troops gathered again in Aulis to ready their second attempt on Troy, Telephos visits Achilles to be cured (which can be done only using the weapon that earlier wounded him) and stays in order to guide the Greek ships back to the right location. Another ominous sacrifice takes place. Artemis sends contrary winds against the fleet in punishment for Agamemnon's killing of a sacred stag. Kalchas reveals that Agamemnon must offer up his own daughter, Iphigeneia, to enable the expedition to depart. On the pretense that she is to be engaged to Achilles, the girl is lured to Troy and killed (or, in some versions, miraculously spirited off by Artemis at the moment of the sacrifice, with a stag left in her place). The *Iliad* refrains from ever mentioning this episode—perhaps to characterize Agamemnon more sympathetically—but versions of the sacrificial scene became famous in the fifth-century dramas of Aeschylus (*Agamemnon*) and Euripides (*Iphigeneia at Aulis*).

Even before establishing a beachhead, the Greeks lose two important leaders: Philoktetes, abandoned with a festering snakebite on Lemnos (cf. 2.716–25), and Protesilaos, struck down by Hektor as the Greek troops storm ashore (cf. 2.698–702). Once landed, they first aim for a peaceful solution, sending another diplomatic embassy to the city to ask for Helen's return, but it comes back to camp empty-handed. The Greeks settle in for a long siege. The failure to take Troy for nine years, as the *Iliad* depicts it, stems less from poor strategy than from the natural advantage of the defenders: the citadel is well fortified and allied cities from all over the Troad and beyond have sent troops to swell the number of fighters. Luring the Trojan heroes from their stronghold is the only way to gain the upper hand. Meanwhile, the Greeks engage in attacks on smaller cities along the coast in an effort to cut off Troy's lines of supply. Achilles himself boasts of leading twenty-three such raids (9.328–29). Chryseis, the priest's daughter whose ransoming sparks the *Iliad's* central quarrel, was

acquired as a captive in one of these forays (1.366–69), the same one that killed the father and brothers of Andromache, Hektor’s wife, in Thebes (6.414–28), while Achilles gained his own war bride Briseis in yet another, at Lyrnessos (2.688–93).

As noted already, the events narrated in the *Iliad* occupy only a few weeks in the tenth and final year of the siege of Troy. Part of the remarkable artistry of the poem is the way in which it manages to allude to many previous and subsequent events in the war, while keeping a sharp dramatic focus on the main storyline, which is as much about an internal struggle in the Greek ranks as it is about the external enemy. We need only mention the major plot elements here, noting the tight handling of the time frame, as each reader will best experience the power of the *Iliad* by plunging directly into Lattimore’s rendition and reading, as far as possible, straight through the poem. A more detailed analysis of the craft of the narrative is in the “Style” section below.

The *Iliad* derives much of its force from a simple, lucid structure—cause, effect, solution—with each of these three narrative movements generated by crucial human decisions. The epic opens dramatically when Achilles, on the tenth day of a ruinous plague sent by Apollo, publicly asks Kalchas to name its cause. The seer blames Agamemnon’s impious rejection of the aged priest Chryses, who had ventured to the Greek camp to plead for the return of his captive daughter (Chryseis). Agamemnon reluctantly gives back the girl, but is provoked by Achilles’ criticism into taking in turn for himself Briseis, that hero’s concubine. Insulted at this loss of status, Achilles withdraws from the battle. Meanwhile, he begs his divine mother Thetis to pressure Zeus to favor the Trojans temporarily, thus punishing the Greeks who he thinks dishonor him.

Destruction ensues. In the absence of their best fighter, the Greeks agree to a truce, long enough to stage a duel between the aggrieved parties, Menelaos and Paris (also called Alexandros), the Trojan who eloped with Helen. The duel is inconclusive (Paris having been spirited off the field), the truce is broken, and battle rages, with the gods taking an increasingly interventionist role. Another duel, between Aias and Hektor, ends in a draw, and a daylong cessation of conflict allows both sides to bury their dead. The Greeks use the time to construct a defensive wall. In view of mounting losses, Agamemnon is forced to send an embassy, promising Achilles extensive gifts if only he will return to the fight. He refuses. In the worsening situation, the main leaders of the Greeks are wounded and Hektor leads his Trojans to breach the Greek wall. Meddling by various gods turns the fight into a tug-of-war. Patroklos, the closest companion

of Achilles, enters the battle in his younger friend's armor, kills Sarpedon, a son of Zeus, and is in turn felled by Hektor (with the assistance of Apollo). Only this catastrophe rouses Achilles, who rejoins the battle with new, divinely made armor. After a climactic battle in which the gods take sides in the general destruction, Achilles (with aid from Athene) slays Hektor. But rather than giving back the corpse to the Trojans, in his continuing rage over the loss of Patroklos he drags it each day around the city, bound by the feet to his chariot. The poem concludes with a mirror image of its beginning: an old man (Priam) ventures to the camp of his enemy in order to ransom his child, but—unlike the priest Chryses—is pitied and given what he wants: the body of Hektor for burial. The *Iliad* ends with Hektor's funeral back in Troy.

The solution of the conflict between Agamemnon and Achilles, with Achilles' final acknowledgment of his foe's humanity, leads to the conclusion of the *Iliad* but not the war. The poem foreshadows the imminent death of Achilles in several passages. The hero is aware that he is destined to die young if he fights at Troy (9.410–16). One of his horses, temporarily given voice, warns that Achilles' doom is near (19.407–10). And Hektor, on the point of dying, foretells that his slayer will be slain by Paris and Apollo at the gates of the city (22.358–60). Alongside these explicit testimonies, the demise of Achilles' standin, Patroklos, provides an extended foreshadowing of the grief to come. It is not accidental that the name *Akhilleus* is most plausibly etymologized as “grief [*akhos*] for the fighters [*laos*].”

A few episodes of the overall saga intervene between the death of Hektor, narrated in the *Iliad*, and that of Achilles (not told in the poem). The Amazon Penthesileia, the daughter of the war god Ares, newly arrived to help the Trojans, is slain by Achilles. Another ally from the east, Memnon the son of the goddess Dawn, meets the same fate (but is immortalized, thanks to his mother's entreaties). Achilles is killed on the point of entering Troy, and Aias carries his body back to the Greek camp for burning, but Thetis snatches the body from the pyre and takes her son to a place called the White Island—whether he, too, is immortalized in the post-*Iliad* tradition is unclear. The reminiscence of Achilles' funeral in the *Odyssey* (24.35–94) presents a different story: Achilles is cremated, his bones are placed in a golden urn with those of Patroklos, and the vessel is entombed under a prominent mound.

Odysseus, in competition with Aias to inherit the arms of the fallen hero, manages to pervert justice, and Aias, insane with anger, kills the herds of the Greeks and then himself. Learning that only the bow of Philoktetes can take

Troy, Odysseus (or in some versions his friend Diomedes) brings the long-abandoned hero back from Lemnos: it is he who kills Paris. Odysseus also brings Neoptolemos, the son of Achilles, from Skyros to Troy. The stage is set for the final conquest. By Athene's instruction (or a plan of Odysseus), the Greeks build a towering, hollow wooden horse and fill it with their chosen warriors, while the rest of the troops pretend to sail away in defeat. Brought into the city as a dedication to the gods amid joyous revels, the horse enables the Greeks to infiltrate the citadel of Troy. While the fleet returns from its off shore hiding place, the leading fighters eliminate the Trojan elite. Neoptolemos kills Priam at the very altar of Zeus; Menelaos retrieves Helen; the "lesser" Aias (son of Oileus) rapes Cassandra, the Trojan priestess, tearing her away from Athene's altar while she clutches a talismanic statue of the goddess. The Greeks burn the city and sacrifice Polyxena, a daughter of Priam, at the tomb of Achilles, as if in compensation for all his grief. The family of Hektor is treated brutally: Odysseus (or Neoptolemos) flings the young Astyanax to death from the city walls, and Neoptolemos claims as his war prize the boy's mother, Andromache. Knowing about this ending deepens the emotional experience of the *Iliad's* depiction of Hektor's last moments with his wife and child (6.390–502).

Athene's wrath at the desecration of her altar hounds the Greeks—including Odysseus—on their journey home. The *Odyssey* details his incredible ten years of wandering until being reunited with the long-suffering Penelope. As a contrast to this main plot, the *Odyssey* prominently mentions the successful homecoming of Nestor to Pylos; how the lesser Aias lost his life at sea; the delayed trip of Menelaos; and the fatal return of his brother Agamemnon. The cautionary tale of Agamemnon—slain by his wife and her lover Aigisthos soon after his triumphant return—is given as a warning for Odysseus by none other than the victim himself in the underworld (*Odyssey*, [book 11](#)).

These individual heroic fates were more fully narrated, it seems, in the *Nostoi* (Returns). As with the other non-Iliadic episodes just mentioned, our main source for this lost epic comes from late antiquity in the form of a condensed plot summary of the so-called Cyclic epics. These poems of the archaic period (seventh–sixth century BC) are attributed to a number of obscure poets thought to have lived later than Homer. They include the *Cypria*, which told of events from the wedding of Peleus through the first nine years of the Trojan War; the *Aithiopsis*, which picks up where the *Iliad* ends and continues the story to the dispute over Achilles' armor; and the *Little Iliad* and *Sack of Ilium*, which together narrate the last days of the city and the departure of the Greeks.

Although the Cyclic epics might have been designed after the composition of the Homeric poems, to fill in the gaps and provide details not narrated in them, it is also likely that earlier versions of their material existed even during the era in which the *Iliad* was shaped. Parallel motifs abound, for which it is difficult to assign priority. It has been suggested that the death of Patroklos and the fight over his body (*Iliad* [books 16](#) and [17](#)) are modeled on a more familiar story of the death of Antilochos, a son of Nestor, known to the Cyclic poets as well as later tradition. What is more important is the strong possibility that the early audiences for the *Iliad* had in their minds the entire Trojan saga as it came to be written down later in the Cyclic poems, including the origins of the conflict and the ultimate fates of the Greek veterans. Every *Iliad* character and theme would have taken on greater resonance and depth for such listeners. That a body of such lore, perhaps even in poetic form, already existed when the *Iliad* was composed can explain why the Homeric poet is at liberty to begin the poem in the midst of the war, without a long exposition, filling out the picture with fleeting references as the narrative progresses.

Having seen where that narrative fits in the broader scheme of the saga, one can speculate briefly about the deeper roots for the entire Trojan story. In a traditional culture of oral storytelling—such as that of archaic Greece—tales are constantly remodeled but their elements are often centuries old. The *Iliad* comes at the end of a tradition that may reach back for a millennium in the region of the Aegean, even—paradoxically—to a time before any historical Trojan War of the twelfth century BC. Starting about 1700 BC, paintings that show the siege of a city and attacking ships adorned the walls of Minoan houses. The Town Mosaic, a series of terra-cotta plaques from the palace at Knossos on Crete, depicts house facades, soldiers, and a ship (although the underlying narrative, if any, is unclear). A somewhat later series of fresco scenes in the West House at Akrotiri, on the island of Santorini (Thera), features a flotilla of ships, and warriors marching with body-length shields near a town, while women watch from the walls. Perhaps epics about famous sieges were already in circulation a thousand years before Homeric poetry was put into definite form, centuries before Greek culture came to replace that of the Minoans.

Further afield, Near Eastern parallels to early Greek literature have captured the attention of scholars in recent decades. Achilles' relationship with Patroklos looks remarkably like the bond between Enkidu and Gilgamesh, the protagonist of an epic tradition reaching back to 2000 BC and widespread for 1,500 years in the region of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers (modern Iraq). Recorded on

cuneiform tablets, in various versions in Sumerian, Akkadian, Hurrian, and Hittite, the earlier epic tells of the gods' creation of Enkidu, a man of the wild, to be a match for the city hero Gilgamesh. Together they win fame as slayers of the monstrous forest guardian Humbaba, yet this and the slaughter of the Bull of Heaven eventually entail Enkidu's death. The Near Eastern story then shifts into an *Odyssey*-like journey to a mythical land where Gilgamesh seeks from Utnapishtim the secret of immortality. But episodes such as the hero's encounter with his companion's ghost (tablet 12; cf. *Il.* 23), his conversation with his goddess mother, and the discomfiting of a love goddess who subsequently complains to her divine parents (Ishtar in *Gilgamesh*, Aphrodite in 5.348–80), remind one of the *Iliad*. Unlike the Homeric poem, *Gilgamesh* depicts a primeval struggle between forces of nature and culture. An overall tragic tone, however, and similar attitudes toward the ephemeral nature of fame and mortality, pervade both compositions.

At the furthest remove, some plot elements of the *Iliad* might go back to the period when Greek was not yet fully differentiated from the dialects that would evolve into Latin, Persian, Sanskrit, and early forms of the western European languages (the Celtic, Germanic, and Slavic groups). On the basis of detailed grammatical resemblances among the historically attested tongues, an unrecorded parent language, dubbed "Indo-European," has been reconstructed. It was probably spoken by tribes living in what is now southern Russia around 3000 BC. The hypothesis of a shared Indo-European linguistic origin accounts for resemblances among individual words: thus Greek *patêr*, Sanskrit *pitar*, and Latin *pater*—all meaning "father"—derive from one older stem. Similarly, names for some divinities—*Zeus* (Greek), *Dyaus* (Sanskrit) and *Jupiter* (an archaic Latin compound, meaning "sky father")—can be traced to a common original. Shared elements in legal procedure and religious ritual are also convincingly explained by assuming that Indo-European speakers carried their culture with them as they moved out from their common homeland toward the Balkans and the Mediterranean, on the one hand, and on the other to central Asia and the Indian subcontinent. Furthermore, pieces of poetic diction, metrical patterns, and narrative motifs appear to show a common Indo-European heritage. The *Iliad*'s backstory of an abducted bride who is won back by warrior brothers appears in the Sanskrit epic *Ramayana* (circa fourth century BC), while aspects of Hittite law and ritual have been detected in Homeric language, and the Homeric concept "unwithering fame" (Homeric *kleos aphthiton*) is paralleled exactly in the archaic literature of India and Ireland.

More work remains to be done on all the sources that may have contributed to the masterwork of the *Iliad*. It is clear that the poem will always be much more than the sum of such parts, a new and distinctively Greek vision, albeit it with very ancient origins.³

THE VISION OF THE *ILIAD*: THE LIMITS OF MORTALITY

The *Iliad* depicts the events of a few weeks in the last year of the siege of Troy. Within this concentrated space, the poem gives a sense of greater magnitude by alluding to all of the most important episodes in the ten-year saga, going back to the abduction of Helen. At the same time, while recounting in detail fierce attacks and pitched battles, it also manages to impart an indelible vision about the nature of human existence.

In the universe painted by the *Iliad*, humans are at the blazing center. Their motivations and concerns generate the action in the poem, while the gods are often reduced to the role of enablers or spectators. The passionate decisions of heroes like Achilles and Hektor—to avenge a companion's death, to take a stand outside the Trojan walls—are what determine the arc of the *Iliad*'s plot. The style of the poem collaborates with this vision: the spaciousness of the epic means that every thought and gesture, spear cast and threat, intimate conversation and lament can be recorded. The poetic consciousness behind the *Iliad* demands that these *must* be recorded: the meticulous attention to living detail is another way of expressing the centrality and worth of human experience, whether Greek or Trojan.

Because men and women, human psychology and social institutions, are at the heart of the *Iliad*, it is inevitably a poem about death, the chief element that distinguishes mortals from gods. The opening lines highlight the destructive wrath of Achilles, which to the harm of his enemies as well as his own companions, "hurled in their multitudes to the house of Hades strong souls of heroes, but gave their bodies to be the delicate feasting of dogs, of all birds." The last scenes of the poem center on the funeral for Hektor, victim of Achilles' anger. All through the intervening books, death shadows every action. We hear of the slaying of scores of warriors—240 named, many others anonymous—and view the sometimes spectacular demise of several at excruciatingly close range: Deukalion decapitated (20.481), Erymas, his skull smashed, his mouth spewing blood (16.345), Mydon trampled by his own horses (5.588). Constantly at the edge of our vision is the specter of mass destruction, either of the Trojans

defending their doomed city or of the attackers, beset by plague and slowly wasting away (1.49–52). Death is neither abhorred nor celebrated in this world, however. Instead, just as the *Iliad* distills the Trojan saga into a few days of intense fighting, it crystallizes by means of this one theme—death in battle—the essence of what it means to be human. Life is a struggle each person will ultimately always lose; the question is how one acts with that knowledge.

Homeric heroes respond to this fate with a mixture of resignation and resistance. “As is the generation of leaves,” says Glaukos to Diomedes, “so is that of humanity” (6.146), as he tries to defuse his opponent’s attempt to compare heroic genealogies. A similar broad view of the cycle of human existence marks the words of Apollo to Poseidon (21.464), except the god makes a different point: that he and fellow divinities should therefore not waste their effort on mankind. Achilles at the end of the poem, with his new, hard-won clarity about the working of the world, tells the old Trojan king Priam of the stewardship of Zeus, who mixes disproportionately from “an urn of evils, an urn of blessings” (24.528). Unlike the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad* contains no extended depiction of the underworld, Hades’ realm, a grim holding area where strengthless ghosts maintain little more than their names. It is simply a place where (as Achilles exclaims on seeing his companion’s ghost) “there is left something, a soul and an image, but there is no real heart of life in it” (23.103). Whereas modern readers assume that one’s inner spirit is somehow the “real” self, the *Iliad* describes the opposite: the *psykhai* (souls, spirits) of dying heroes fly off to Hades while their “selves” (*autous*) are left behind (in the form of their dead bodies). In line with this view of the afterlife, it is well understood that a life on earth of striving, even of pain, is preferable to an eternity of gloom.

Counterbalancing the darkness of death and loss is the brilliance of glory, which ensures that a person’s name, a marker for his or her self, lives on forever. The most detailed description of the ideology underlying the heroic quest for glory comes in the words of Sarpedon of Lycia to his companion, Glaukos (12.315–28):

It is our duty in the forefront of the Lykians
to take our stand, and bear our part of the blazing of battle
at a man of the close-armored Lykians may say of us:
Indeed these are no ignoble men who are lords of Lykia,
the sons of kings of ours, who feed upon the fat sheep appointed
to drink the exquisite sweet wine, since indeed there is strength
and valor in them, since they fight in the forefront of the Lykians.”
—Sarpedon, supposing you and I, escaping this battle

d be able to live on forever, ageless, immortal,
either would I myself go on fighting in the foremost
would I urge you into the fighting where men win glory.
Now, seeing that the spirits of death stand close about us
in thousands, no man can turn aside nor escape them,
; go on and win glory for ourselves, or yield it to others.

Several points are worth noting: first, if mortals could live forever—that is, could be like gods—glory would be useless. Only death gives value to renown. Second, glory is a commodity to be exchanged: one wins it by the effort to kill an opponent, and the vanquished give it, like a gift, to the conqueror. In this zero-sum game, there is only so much glory to go around. Third, glory has both an economic and symbolic reality. Warriors are honored by the community with special privileges, grants of land, and feasts because on its behalf they risk death. This in turn gives them a wide reputation, spreading the fame of their people, which gives grounds for the community’s expenditure and ensures that their lives will not be forgotten. At the same time, the rewards of their fighting, whether cattle, weapons, or women, are visible marks of the honor they hold in the community, and a means of maintaining status among fellow warriors. For this reason, the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon is deadly serious. Forced to return the young woman Chryseis, his prize of honor (*geras*), to end a divinely sent plague, Agamemnon in turn takes Achilles’ war prize, Briseis, prompting the hero’s boycott in protest at his consequent loss of honor. In Achilles’ view, status alone motivates Agamemnon’s greater *geras*, despite his own equal efforts (1.161–68). Their clash over entitlement emphasizes the disequilibrium between authority and ability, a mismatch familiar still today between those with power and those with talent.

Ideally, the short-term glory by which a warrior is recognized while alive, comprising material marks of honor, is a foretaste of long-term fame, one’s reputation after death. The reputation desired by Iliadic heroes is that represented by the very medium itself of Homeric poetry, which bestows *kleos*—“fame,” “report,” or “glory bestowed by poetry.” *Kleos* is literally “that which is heard” (cf. the verb *kluô*, “hear,” cognate with English “loud”). The *Iliad* describes several warriors as having chosen to go to Troy “for glory” (*meta kleos*: for example, Iphidamas 11.227). Other characters express awareness of their eventual commemoration. Helen believes that she and Paris will be “subjects of song” (*oidimoi*) for future generations (*Il.* 6.358). Hektor imagines something akin to poetic epitaphs mentioning him (7.89–91).

Achilles is seen performing stories of fame (9.186–89), while accompanying

himself on a lyre. The hero of the *Iliad* apparently sings about past figures, such men as Meleagros, whose unfortunate tale, an example of the “glories of heroes” (*klea andrôn hêrôn*), is recounted to him later in the same episode by the aged Phoinix (9.524–25). The *Iliad* itself, meanwhile, is explicitly characterized by the poet as what has been heard from the Muses, in contrast to and relying on what the goddesses, with timeless knowledge, once observed when events were unfolding (2.484–86). For Achilles, however, “unwithering fame” (*kleos aphthiton*) must come at the price of death at Troy, in contrast to a return home without glory (9.413). He was never fated to enjoy the short-term rewards of war, over which he has quarreled. Instead, his desire to punish his fellow Greeks because they do not honor him enough only hastens his own death. Hard-pressed because Zeus has been persuaded by Achilles’ mother to turn the tide against them, the Greeks beg Achilles to return. But, in his magnificent reply to their embassy in [book 9](#), the hero rejects the entire system of honor as material payment, tainted by injustice as it now appears to him. He seems to believe, as well, that the choice his mother Thetis once told to him—that he can leave Troy for a life of anonymity—is a real option. He declares to Odysseus that he will take ship the very next morning. After the speeches of his old guardian Phoinix and his fellow fighter Aias (9.432–642), he hedges, softening his attitude until he finally concedes the possibility of returning to battle if the Trojans manage to push all the way to the beached Greek ships. Meanwhile, an audience familiar with the character of Achilles knows that he will never sail back home, abandoning long-term glory. The only suspense comes from not knowing exactly how and when he will return to the war that will eventually spell his death.

Here, another aspect of the *Iliad* vision becomes crucial: the importance of companionship. For this theme the poem seems to draw most deeply on actual experiences, ancient but instantly identifiable to moderns, as shown by the work of the psychiatrist Jonathan Shay with veterans of the Vietnam and Iraq conflicts. It is a universal theme in war stories, glimpsed in documents like a Japanese kamikaze pilot’s letter to his parents a week before his death: “My co-pilot is Uno Shigeru, a handsome boy, aged nineteen, a naval petty officer second class. His home is in Hyogo Prefecture. He thinks of me as his elder brother, and I think of him as my younger brother. Working as one heart, we will plunge into an enemy vessel.”⁴

In the battle scenes of the *Iliad*, the closeness of male friends, with the consequent desire to take revenge for a companion’s death, is regularly the

prime motivation for one warrior to attack another. The core of the poem is shaped out of one such episode, writ large. Patroklos, an older fighter who has been sent to guide and advise Achilles, begs out of pity for the devastated Greeks to be sent into the fray dressed in Achilles' own armor, to terrify the Trojans at least long enough for the troops to get a brief pause to recover. Still nursing his wounded pride, Achilles accedes to this request by his nearest and dearest companion. Patroklos succeeds in mowing down scores of the enemy but is killed by Apollo, Euphorbos, and Hektor, acting in sequence. Grief and rage over Patroklos' death induce Achilles to abandon his boycott, enter the battle, and slay Hektor, even though he knows this means imminent death for himself. The poet never makes moral judgments, but leaves it to Achilles to voice in self-reproach one of the deepest conclusions of the *Iliad*—that personal honor, no matter how precious, cannot take precedence over the life of a friend (18.97–105).

Pity turns out to be a key component in the total vision of this surprising epic. Achilles' rage persists even after he kills his friend's slayer, leading him to mistreat Hektor's corpse, dragging it behind his chariot as he races around the ramparts each day, a taunt to the Trojans and a horrific continuation of revenge. Pity becomes the concluding note of the poem. In what are among the most humane lines of the *Iliad*, Achilles after a tense conversation, seeing the aged Priam sitting before him, thinks back to his own father and weeps (24.509–12). This moment of shared grief brings him to surrender the corpse of his enemy. It is appropriate that the poem concludes with the funeral of Achilles' victim, for Hektor of all warriors evokes the most pity. The audience has listened, in [book 6](#), to the tender scene of his parting from his wife Andromache, as he goes off to certain death; they have heard of his proud delight in their infant son (knowing, despite the poet's reticence, that the child will not survive the fall of Troy). And from the concluding lament by Helen—ironically, the woman who unwittingly caused the whole war—we finally learn of Hektor's gentleness of manner in his role as her only friend in the city.

Even the gods feel pity. Poseidon, emerging from the sea to view the ongoing battle on the plain of Troy, empathizes with the Greeks whom he sees being overcome by their enemies (13.15). Moved by pity, the gods as a group discuss how they might steal away Hektor's corpse when they see Achilles mistreat it (24.23). While the *Iliad* yields center stage to humans, much of the power of its vision in fact comes from its depiction of the gods as beings that feel, and act, like humans. As the ancient literary critic Longinus (first century AD) remarked:

“Homer seems to me, in recording the wounds of the gods, their conflicts, deeds of vengeance, tears, and bindings, all sorts of mixed passions, to have as much as possible made the men of the *Iliad* gods, and the gods men” (*On the Sublime* 9.7).

Through the poet’s attention to the working of the divine in human lives, the *Iliad* gains depth and resonance in two major ways. First of all, the divine dimension sheds glory on the humans at Troy. That the gods are so intensely concerned with warriors and their fates elevates the mortals to a special plane. At a deeper emotional level, we hear throughout the *Iliad* of humans actually descended from Zeus or Ares or Poseidon. Achilles himself is a grandson of Aiaikos, who in turn was a son of Zeus. His elemental opponent, the river god Xanthos (also called Skamandros) is also a son of Zeus, making their encounter in [book 21](#) something like a family fight. Although the Greek gods father many children, the *Iliad* persuades its audience that Zeus and his kin feel concern and anxiety for their individual offspring. When his son Sarpedon, a Trojan ally, is about to be killed by Patroklos, Zeus actually ponders whether he might save him (but abandons the idea when Hera objects: 16.433). In sum, mortals are separated from gods by only a few facts—chiefly, that they will grow old and eventually die. Ageless and immortal, fed on nectar and ambrosia, with clear *ikhôr* in their veins instead of blood, the gods live at ease in cloudless calm on the snowy height of Mount Olympos. They are more massive—when Athene mounts Diomedes’ chariot in [book 5](#), the axle groans with her weight—and they can choose to appear in whatever guise they like. But they are not alien: when they do communicate with humans in the *Iliad*, it is in human form (even if they may depart in the form of birds, like Poseidon at 13.62, or perch in trees, like Athene and Apollo at 7.59).

The second poetic consequence of the Homeric understanding of the gods stems from this closeness. The symbiotic bond of gods and mortals is always teetering between adoration and antagonism. Like the high-strung heroes of the poem, hypersensitive to their honor, the gods need humans to worship and acknowledge them (e.g., Poseidon, at 7.446). Because the gods are inquisitive, meddlesome, proud of their favorite humans, and dangerously quick to anger, mortals must offer sacrifice, making sure to fill heavenly nostrils with the savor of roasting meat or pouring out wine and prayers. At the same time, humans who get too close to the gods risk being struck down. The career of Achilles is a prime illustration. Young, well-made, a warrior but also a singer (he is the only hero seen doing this), Achilles looks and acts like Apollo. It is no accident that

Apollo, as Hektor predicts in his own death speech (22.359) will ultimately be the god who slays Achilles, just as he did his companion Patroklos. The epic through its formulaic style (see also the “Style” section below) draws attention to the dangers of heroes antagonizing gods. Patroklos rushes at Apollo on the field of battle four times “like a divinity” (*daimoni isos*)—and pays with his life. Zeus and his siblings have overthrown their own Titan parents, according to Greek myth; they themselves take care never to be subverted by mortals, even by half-divine heroes.

It would be a mistake, however, to depict the gods’ world in the *Iliad* as a swirling chaos of divine powers. Most of the gods (Hades excepted) dwell together in an organized household on the peaks of Olympos (conceived as being simultaneously a real mountain and an unreachable ethereal space). Ruling from on high is the father-god Zeus, who backs up his commands with a white-hot thunderbolt. Hades and Poseidon, his brothers, have their realms of underworld and sea. Others fall into line as sons or daughters of Zeus. There is a nice economy in such a polytheistic system—one god balances another, and humans cover their bets by praying to many. The Trojan War intrudes on divine harmony, however, as gods take sides, some with the Trojans, others the Greeks. Aphrodite, goddess of sex and desire, is the distant cause of the conflict, inasmuch as it was she who gifted Paris with the ability to seduce Helen (in return for his naming her fairest among goddesses). She is also the mother of the Trojan ally Aeneas (the ultimate ancestor of the Romans), and therefore is devoted to the Trojan cause. Apollo, god of divination and harmony, the initiator of young men, is also connected with Troy, for reasons more obscure, perhaps related to the historical existence of important Apollo shrines in Asia Minor. His twin sister Artemis joins him, even egging him on to fight, until she has her ears boxed and is driven off by Hera (21.481). Finally supporting Troy is Ares, the god of all-out war and battle madness.

Allied with the Greeks are the powerful goddesses Hera and Athene, the wife and daughter of Zeus, respectively. Athene is goddess of crafts, including warcraft (as opposed to mere murderous strength), and Hera is connected with marriage and sovereignty. The two are naturally opposed to Troy, since Paris passed them over in favor of Aphrodite in the divine beauty contest. Poseidon’s enmity seems to originate a generation earlier, when he helped build Troy’s wall for the king Laomedon, who then failed to pay as promised. Another elemental god, the divine blacksmith Hephaistos, forges new armor for Achilles at the request of Thetis, and later scorches the river Xanthos in order to rescue the hero

from its flood.

The Greeks worshiped multiple gods, as can be seen in the excavated remains of ancient temples, cult sites, and altars, with their great number of dedicated votive objects, from humble figurines to precious gold-clad statues. The vividness and variety of the divine depictions, however, were seen by at least some in antiquity not as an age-old tradition but rather as the invention of specific poets. The fifth-century BC historian Herodotus attributed to Homer and his contemporary Hesiod such basic information as the genesis and forms of the gods, as well as the titles, honors, and skills by which they were known (*Histories* 2.53). This is to say, poetry supplemented or even guided the Greek religious imagination, much more than did the activity of priests. In the absence of dogma or a sacred book, ancient Greek religious thought was more open to innovation and creative re-shaping, giving it a flexibility that seems strange to modern monotheists in highly organized, global faiths. The closeness of gods and humans within the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* can have occurred precisely because the composers of epic were always free to elaborate their own thoughts concerning both the divine and mortal worlds, and drew them alike.

Of course, the poems do not celebrate just *any* mortals: the major epic characters are heroes. Both poet and audience know that men of their own time cannot compare with those of the heroic age of the Trojan War, who were mighty in war, and physically stronger. Heroes were celebrated for *aretê*, “excellence,” or “virtue.” Relying on this, they strove to be “best” (*aristos*—root of “aristocracy”), and their bids for martial success, as stylized in the *Iliad* (e.g., Diomedes’ extended killing spree in [book 5](#)), are called *aristeiai*, “displays of excellence.” Various members of the audiences for epic would have traced their own ancestry back to heroes—either those associated with the Trojan War, or some of the nearly nine hundred other mortal figures who were locally important and celebrated in antiquity for heroic skills ranging from wrestling prowess to skill at sacrifice. More surprising for the modern audience, ancient Greeks worshiped these figures, bringing them offerings of animals and food, in something resembling ancestor cult or the medieval devotion to saints. The tombs of heroes were considered sites of power, and heroes could be invoked to favor the worshiper, protect his family and city-state, and even heal illnesses. While almost any warrior in the *Iliad* can be designated *hêrôs*, the ideology of heroism extended far beyond the fictional inventions of poets.

The idea of the *hêrôs* who has a status between man and god appears to be a uniquely Greek invention. Herakles, whose exploits took him over the known

world, conspicuously combined a warrior's courage with aberrant, even berserk, behavior (sometimes excused as "madness" sent by his nemesis Hera). He died, but paradoxically lived forever after he was taken up onto Mount Olympos following his self-willed incineration on Mount Oita. His story may be taken as a paradigm for others—the hero fights, rules, often sins, dies, and then gains postmortem fame (a form of immortality) along with semidivine power. Even the parricide Oedipus was associated with heroic honors in several places; the tragedy *Oedipus at Colonus* by Sophocles (produced posthumously in 401 BC) tells of the struggle between Athens and Thebes over claims to the Theban hero's prized burial site. Most striking to modern sensibilities is the idea that heroes are not necessarily morally upright. An Achilles or Odysseus can bring about the deaths of many, intentionally, without remorse, and still be considered a model of toughness, skill, or endurance.

With consummate artistry, the epic composer differentiates the heroic mortals in the *Iliad* by noting their different ways of speaking, of doing battle, and of interacting with other warriors, women, and the gods. A conspicuous and sophisticated set piece, the conversation on the walls of Troy ([book 3](#)), enables the poet to mention the variety of major male characters, while tacitly contrasting the views of them that we get from persons of different gender, age, and ethnicity (Helen and her interlocutor Priam): there is the kingly Agamemnon (or so he appears to Priam), Helen's former brother-in-law; Odysseus, broad and sturdy in appearance like a ram among ewes, whom Helen remembers for his cunning; the huge battle tower Aias; and godlike Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans. We do not glimpse Menelaos in this scene, although his laconic speaking style is recalled by one of the attendant Trojans, in contrast to Odysseus' rhetorical brilliance. A series of episodes introduces the audience to other main figures. Characterization through likeness and contrast subtly operates over the course of the poem. Achilles, short-tempered and ardent, is unlike the more temperate, family-oriented Hektor, but bears a resemblance to the brash Diomedes. Agamemnon comes across as harsher and unfeeling, especially in contrast to the brother whom he overshadows, the milder Menelaos. Odysseus comes close to him in status, but is clearly far more strategically intelligent. In another pairing of brothers, Paris invites comparison with Hektor, emerging as a less important, even frivolous, figure, although more directly responsible for the war. The pair of Trojan allies Glaukos and Sarpedon evokes the dynamic relation between Patroklos and Achilles, as also that between Hektor and his more cautious brother Poulydamas. Nestor, the aged adviser on

the Greek side, finds a parallel in Priam among the Trojans. In short, the technique is kaleidoscopic, offering intriguing patterns and family resemblances that shift and deepen the further one works into the poem.

On a slightly smaller scale, the same approach produces a vivid, varied set of female characters. At first, the male focus seems to slight women: Chryseis, the captive girl about whom the initial quarrel erupts in the Greek camp, never speaks for herself. In this she resembles the anonymous women of Lesbos—famous only for skills at craft—whom Agamemnon promises to Achilles in his later attempt to woo him back to war (9.270). But in the unfolding of the poem, women are far from being mute objects of exchange. Another captive, Briseis, whom we first hear about as a counterpart to Chryseis, turns out to make one of the most impassioned laments at the death of Patroklos (19.282), giving voice to a social category that another poet might have treated as marginal or forgettable. The acknowledged existence of strong, independent goddess figures makes an interesting background for the poem's depiction of mortal equivalents. Hekabē, the mother of Hektor, echoes something of Hera's nagging tone when she chastises her husband Priam (24.201). On the other hand, Andromache, wife of Hektor, is shown possessing a combination of strength and tender vulnerability that is never on view among divine females. She is clearly the summit of feminine virtue in the poem.

As such, she makes for a final, fascinating contrast with Helen. The woman whose elopement or abduction began the conflict at Troy, Helen remains the most intriguing female figure in the *Iliad*. The story with which she is connected is an old one paralleled in many cultures, as catalogued by Stith Thompson in *The Motif-Index of Folk-Literature*⁵ (R151.1: "Husband rescues stolen wife"). Helen's mother was commonly said to be the Spartan woman queen Leda, impregnated by Zeus in the form of a swan, or—less commonly and more grimly—to be Nemesis, the goddess of divine retribution (cf. the mostly lost epic poem *Cypria*). We see Helen as the wife of Paris, but know she has been the consort of Menelaos: the doubleness tied to her character is persistent. Her earlier experiences before reaching Troy are rarely alluded to—for example, her flight from Sparta with Paris (3.444) and visit to Sidon (6.292)—thereby allowing the audience to judge her mostly by her own words, rather than pigeonholing her either as a wanton or a victim. Deftly sketched interactions over [books 3](#) and [6](#) with the disguised Aphrodite, Priam, Paris, and Hektor show Helen, by turns, sarcastic, defiant, regretful, complaisant, ashamed, wistful, and resigned. She is a shimmering figure, impossible to pin down. It is appropriate that another tale,

possibly as old as Hesiod (fr. 358 MW), elaborated by the choral poet Stesichorus in the sixth century BC and later exploited by Euripides in his *Helen*, said that Helen never went to Troy: that was only a phantom image of her, an *eidôlon*, fought over by multitudes while the real woman stayed safe in Egypt.

Other evidence from the lore of mainland Greece connects Helen to the yearly worship of a fertility power, associated especially with trees. Again it is appropriate if, in the deep past, Helen had been a goddess. She retains the aura of being unattainable. And this quality is not just a feature of the folktale kernel behind the entire Trojan saga. Instead, in the stylized form of the Homeric vision, it becomes a statement for the human condition. You can't always (or ever) entirely get what you want. Helen, essence of desire, cannot be had without disastrous consequences. Or in the more succinct version of the poet Alcman, in a song made for girls' choruses in Sparta (Helen's own city) in the seventh century BC: "Let no man fly to heaven, or attempt to marry Aphrodite."

THE WORLDS OF THE *ILIAD*

The vision that the *Iliad* offers need not be directly related to the historical circumstances in which the epic was composed. Its most pervasive message—that the all-important pursuit of glory is a hotly contested, zero-sum game—could have arisen in any culture with limited resources and an aristocratic warrior class. But what precise world—or amalgamation of worlds—does the *Iliad* depict? And when is it likely the poem was composed? Even if we had the answer to the second question, we could not readily assume that the society and institutions depicted in the epic mirrored those of the composer's era. It is well known that other epic poems, for which we have independent historical testimony, stylize, distort, or change completely the events and conditions they supposedly represent. The Old French *Song of Roland*, for example, accurately records that Charlemagne, king of the Franks, made an expedition into Spain in 778, some three hundred years before the poem was composed, but it completely changes the facts when it comes to the major episode: the king's retreating troops were massacred not by pagan Saracens but by a renegade Basque contingent (as Christian as the Franks). Similar distortions crop up in many other epic traditions, including Serbo-Croatian, Spanish, African, and Germanic.

We can try to winnow out actual historical elements of the *Iliad*, in contrast to how the poem envisions the heroic world (which may or may not have had a real basis) by observing continuities with later institutions and attested cultural

practices in Greece, especially Athens of the Classical period. If features of the poem seem to have a plausible relationship with later, independently attested phenomena, there is a chance they are grounded in reality, even though we still cannot date them to a particular era before recorded Greek history.

Since 1952 (the year after Lattimore's *Iliad* translation was published), historians also have possessed another source for studying the actual basis of Homer's world: the earliest writing in Greek, from a period before the Trojan War. That year saw the decipherment of the mysterious Linear B script, a form of writing using eighty-nine different signs, incised on thousands of clay tablets that had been found at Knossos in Crete starting in 1900, and later at Pylos, Mykenai, and other palace sites on the Greek mainland. The tablets, which date to the end of the thirteenth century, had been preserved only because they were baked by the fires that destroyed their palatial surroundings. Michael Ventris, a young British architect and amateur linguist, made the remarkable discovery, thereby recovering voices from a civilization that had been known since Schliemann's excavations. Thanks to Ventris, it could be shown that the Mykenaians spoke an early dialect of Greek. Equally surprising was the content of the newly readable texts: meticulous tabulations of supplies and personnel, from grain and sheep to chariots and fighters, all tied into a complicated bureaucracy that most closely resembled the palace-centered economies of larger Near Eastern kingdoms. Unlike the archives of those kingdoms, however, the Mykenaian storerooms (at least those found so far) do not also contain personal or literary texts such as prayers, hymns, letters, or epics. Nevertheless, the Linear B tablets still offer precious insights into the daily life of a civilization that ended around the time of Troy's destruction.

The society revealed had several layers of authority. A king figure (*wanax*) ruled from a central palace, supported by "knights" with whom he apparently had feudal relations requiring them to furnish supplies and men. Local administration officials included several called *basileus*—the later Greek word for "king." Slaves were plentiful, and the gods had priests and priestesses dedicated to the functioning of shrines. Beyond this, we lack signs of social institutions, but that could just reflect the limitations of archival lists.

The Linear B picture offers a clear contrast with Homeric usage. In the *Iliad*, all the heroes are technically *basileis* (plural of *basileus*), although there does seem to be an executive council of eight or nine more important leaders (Nestor, Odysseus, Menelaos, et al.) who make decisions that the broader assembly of troops will then hear and ratify. Homeric Greek generally reserves the old word

wanax to designate the “lord” of a house, master of a horse, or a divinity. It is not impossible, however, that the relationship between Agamemnon—often called *wanax andrôn* (“lord of men”) and Achilles recalls a Mykenaian feudal arrangement. In the Linear B tablets, there is no sign of a political function for the general populace (although this body, already called the *damos*, has common-land allotments). But in the assemblies of the *Iliad*, we can catch a faint glimmer of the future city-state with its politically involved, vocal citizen body, the *dêmos* that eventually will be enshrined in *dêmokratia* “rule by the people.” It is difficult to say whether or not the audience for Homeric poetry already is aware of functioning predemocratic city-states, while the poet suppresses details in order to recreate what he imagines was a simpler, earlier era.

The Mykenaian tablets show that palace culture depended on long-distance networks and made extensive use of writing, although perhaps the skill was restricted to the palace scribes who tracked invoices. By contrast, in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, even kings live in what seem to be modest houses with a single large room at the center and a few servants. The form of the Mykenaian great hall is continued, surprisingly, by Greek temple architecture of the eighth century BC and later—not by royal homes. The *basileis* are still depicted as having control of extensive territories (Agamemnon promises Achilles seven citadels at 9.291). But this is most likely an exaggerated, semi-imaginary portrayal. In reality, after the fall of the Mykenaian palace culture around 1200 BC (close to the time Troy underwent major destruction), a “Dark Age” of Greek culture set in, lasting nearly four hundred years. Large stone buildings were no longer constructed; the arts of pottery and implement making declined; populations shrank, and there were large-scale migrations. The darkness was not uniform: Athens, in particular, seems to have retained traces of the older high culture longer into the eleventh century; Euboea, Crete, and Cyprus offer further traces of continuity between the Mykenaian period and what archaeologists identify as a “renaissance” of Greek culture in the eighth century BC.

The discovery that at least some Greek speakers in the thirteenth century, before the decline, had access to a writing system presented the starkest contrast with Homeric epic, because nowhere in the poems is writing clearly mentioned. No one reads; messages are reproduced orally by heralds; there are no book scrolls, inscriptions, or clay tablets. Only once does awareness of something like writing seem to surface, at 6.168, which refers rather uneasily to the “mysterious symbols” scratched on a tablet and meant to order secretly the death of the bearer. This seems to represent the incomprehension and suspicion of people at a

time when the old sign-based writing was no longer understood, and the new system (with a sign for each sound, rather than for every syllable, as in the rebus-like Linear B) had not yet been carried to Greece from its place of origin further east. Or perhaps the epic poet himself knows about writing but wants to paint an archaizing portrait of a period when heroes were ignorant of the skill. Scholars still debate the exact century when a form of the west-Semitic alphabet used by Phoenicians was first used to record Greek; the earliest surviving inscriptions date from the second part of the eighth century BC (and oddly enough, are used to scratch onto vases a few poetic lines not unlike Homeric verses). If Greek speakers used the art of writing before that, the evidence for that skill remains hidden. Most likely, when the palace economies of the Mykenaian period collapsed, the highly specialized scribal art was no longer practiced; a population with very simple needs could get along without elaborate recording systems.

Yet, because knowledge of writing seems to have vanished in the Dark Age (1200–800 BC), it is all the more striking that some real features of the earlier, Mykenaian culture do survive intact within the *Iliad*. These must have been remembered and passed down for generations, by word of mouth (see “Homeric Questions and Some Modern Answers” below). The heroes of the *Iliad* fight with bronze weapons, whereas iron was the most commonly employed metal in the post-Mykenaian period. The head-to-foot body shield used by Aias (7.219), though visible in Mykenaian art, was later replaced by smaller, round shields (more frequently used in the *Iliad*). The cup of Nestor (11.632–35) resembles elaborately decorated vessels from the early Mykenaian period. Like the cup, the boar’s-tusk helmet worn by Odysseus (10.261–65), granted a long genealogy by the poet, may have been an heirloom piece that survived the Dark Ages into a later era.

Some of the places named in the Catalogue of Ships ([book 2](#)) as supplying troops and ships were abandoned after the twelfth century, so a Dark Age poet or one composing later could not have known firsthand of their importance. Eleon (2.500) was otherwise unfamiliar until the discovery in the mid-1990s of tablets at Thebes with the place-name *e-re-o-ni* (Ft 140.5) on a list of grain supplies. Other citadels—Pylos, Mykenai, Thebes—survived as settlements after the Bronze Age, but with none of the prestige they possess in the epics.

Alongside these reminiscences of a distant past that probably coincided with the period of Troy’s greatness, there are other equally clear markers of a later date. Although chariots occur frequently in the *Iliad*, the poet seems unclear

about their proper use. In Bronze Age cultures of the east, warriors clashed in ranks of opposed chariots, but in Homeric poetry the heroes ride them into the fray, then step down to engage in battle with swords and spears. The style of fighting that the *Iliad* chooses to depict is largely man-to-man combat on foot, across a broad front. Scant attention is paid to the rank-and-file movement of troops toward one another, except when it sets the stage for single combat. Nestor's advice (2.362–63) that the troops should fight in formation by “phratry” (“brotherhood”) is approved by Agamemnon but then ignored in the subsequent fighting. This formation foreshadows the vocabulary and style of heavy-armed fighting techniques adopted by the Greek city-states in the eighth or seventh century; it is likely to afford a glimpse of the latest stages of the poem's composition. Carrying two javelins, wearing crested helmets, and using shields with a central Gorgon head ornament, among other martial customs (5.741, 11.36), are among the signals (like the reference to the wealth of Egyptian Thebes at 9.382) that date the world of the *Iliad* to the mid-seventh century, in the view of many scholars.

Two other periods were important in shaping the poem. A key phase was the eighth century BC, when, after the years of Dark Age isolation that followed the collapse of Bronze Age palace complexes, various Greek communities began to share new institutions. This century saw the beginnings of the *polis* (“city-state”), a central urban space with associated rural territories. In time more than seven hundred such *poleis* developed. Dedication of votive objects at Apollo's shrine in Delphi also dates to this century; the *Iliad* knows of the temple's wealth (9.404). Delphi had a major role in organizing colonies sent by Greek cities, starting in the 700s, to the further reaches of the Black Sea, North Africa, and what is now southern France. The *Odyssey* especially seems aware of this phenomenon and the information thereby gained about regions even beyond the Mediterranean. The story of the *Iliad*, about an expedition from all parts of Greece to the coast of Asia Minor, may well have been elaborated in the context of broader “Panhellenic” movements of the eighth century. An eighth-century beginning to the process of composition would fit with the estimate of Herodotus (2.53) concerning the lifetime of Homer.

Finally, we cannot ignore the evidence for a quite late phase in the crystallization of the *Iliad*, at Athens in the sixth century BC when Peisistratus was the unelected, nonhereditary ruler (“tyrant” or *turannos*). A fairly plausible tradition holds that even a generation before the time of Peisistratus, the famous Athenian magistrate Solon inserted line 2.558 to support the claims that Athens

made to sovereignty over the nearby island Salamis. An ineradicable Athenian dialect coloration seems to support the notion that the poems were ultimately written down in, or at least transmitted by way of, Athens.

The world of the *Iliad* extends beyond bronze weapons and fighting formations, into the realms of thought and behavior. The Linear B tablets, being so narrowly focused, reveal nothing about the morals or manners of Greeks in the Mykenaian period. On the other hand, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* contain enough material to enable reconstruction of a number of customs, beliefs, and institutions. At least, one can glimpse the imaginary social world that must have been accepted as reasonable to generations of Greek audiences, since the poems continued to attract attention and be transmitted, even when writing was not an option.

First, its inhabitants live without formal, written rules established and enforced by legal authorities. But justice does not require law. In fact, the Greek word *dikê*, most often translated as “justice,” is closer to the ideas of custom, habit, and propriety. The way things normally are, when family, community, and world are in order, is the way things should be. The running of society is subject to unwritten traditions of proper order (encapsulated in the Greek word *themis*—both common noun and name of a goddess). *Dikê*, in this archaic Greek sense, can even describe the working of nature; humans and animals sometimes go beyond the boundaries of this natural “justice.” They do so when they disturb the order of things, either by refusing to give others their rightful due, or by trying to take somebody else’s goods or honor. Such actions—the opposite of *dikê*—are called in Greek *hubris*.

Overstepping the limits eventually brings reprisal. In the *Odyssey*, the depredations of the suitors in his house brings down the wrath of Odysseus, as the agent of such divine justice. The *Iliad* complicates the question of justice, since its protagonist seems to reject the whole system of compensation accepted by his community. Some interpreters try to make this rejection a sign of a hubristic overstepping on Achilles’ part, but it is impossible to disentangle the act from the natural character of the hero. Similarly, the revenge of Achilles for his companion’s death has the feel of completion, a “just” readjustment of the balance of forces; his subsequent maltreatment of Hektor’s corpse, however, once more throws the system into disorder. Like the *Odyssey* (and so many dramas in later Greek literature), the *Iliad* concludes with the intervention of the gods to restore social stability, however temporary.

If there is an ideological excuse for the presence of thousands of Greeks besieging Troy to recover one man's wife, it is given in the name of *dikê*. On the level of human ethics, Paris violated the sacredness of the relations between host and guest (the institution called *xenia*) when he ran away from the palace of his host Menelaos with the host's wife, Helen—even though Aphrodite, we are led to believe, instigated the episode. The father of gods, Zeus, had a special title, *Xenios*, to denote his role as protector of this institution. Any infraction was thus an offense against the chief god. So Agamemnon and his fellow chieftains can claim that their mission to punish Troy has the blessing of Zeus. The further notion that a criminal brings pollution (*miasma*) on his entire community underlies the assumption that all of Troy must suffer for the delict of Paris.

Xenia represents one aspect of a larger cultural requirement for reciprocity. This greater principle can be seen at work in a number of other areas alluded to by the *Iliad*. Animal sacrifice, prayer, and warfare were based on the idea that equilibrium must be maintained by giving or paying back either favors or hostility, either among humans or between humans and gods. The reciprocal expectations underlying *xenia* can explain the semantics of the term. Just as any “stranger” was a potential “guest”—and had to be so treated—any “guest” was by implication a potential “host,” as he was expected to pay back whatever treatment was received. By honoring his “guest-friend” with expensive gifts, an aristocrat could display his wealth and honor (the two were virtually synonymous). In [book 6](#) of the *Iliad*, Diomedes and Glaukos agree not to fight one another because their ancestors had once entered into a guest-friend relationship.

Alongside this legal-ethical-religious current, and constantly intersecting it, runs the rich stream of actual Greek practices regarding the gods. The vision of how the divine operates, in the world of epic, accords in one central way with what is known of Greek ritual: reciprocity predominates. But in other domains, the archaeological and historical record does not offer immediate help to interpret the poems. Major differences between the two fields occur in terms of emphasis. Thus, in the historical context of Homer, the major temple sites of Zeus, Athene, and Hera played a role in organizing the community. Apollo's oracles in Delphi and Asia Minor had a significant presence starting in the eighth century BC, but we hear little of these. Chryses is his priest, but oracles are not mentioned in this connection; Achilles alludes to Delphi at 9.405 without commenting on the function of the shrine. In the *Iliad*, we see that Athene's shrine is at the center of Troy (disconcertingly, since she is opposed to the

Trojans). Dionysos, worshiped as early as the Mykenaian period and extremely popular, does not appear and is hardly mentioned in the poem, except for a mythic reminiscence in [book 6](#) (132–40). The same goes for Demeter, whose mystery cults and women’s rituals at Eleusis, Athens, and many other sites argue for a much greater role in real Greek life than one would imagine for her, given only the *Iliad*. Hermes and Hephaistos do get cameo roles in the *Iliad*, but their presence, especially in Athenian worship, was much greater.

Of course, war conditions prevail, meaning that the Greeks are removed from their own territory: consequently, we do not see “normal” religious behavior, or get only a stylized, brief look at it. The sacrifices to gods that occur in the poem (at oath-taking, for example) in actual Greek practice would have been a regular part of starting military campaigns and seeking success while in progress. From later sources, we know that seers (like Kalchas) did interpret omens; that feasts and drinking parties accompanied sacrifices (as in the Greek camp); and that prayer, with vows to dedicate and with liquid libations, were deeply embedded in the rituals of Greek life.

Overall, the delicate stirring of reality into fiction within Homeric poetry means that it is almost impossible to separate out ingredients, much less date them. Although the institution of hero cult had been recognized as having some relation to the imagined heroes of the *Iliad*, for centuries it was thought that such heroic burials in the poem as that of Patroklos were mostly fantasy. In 1980, archaeologists working at Lefkandi on the island of Euboea found within a large mound the grave of a man and woman, along with signs that they had been buried inside a monumental building, resembling a later Greek temple. The tomb complex has been dated to around 950 BC, the Dark Age between the end of the Mykenaian kingdoms and the eighth-century “renaissance” in Greece, or between the fall of Troy and the rise of Homeric poetry. The man’s ashes, wrapped in a cloth, were kept in a bronze amphora imported from Cyprus; a sword and other weapons lay nearby. The uncremated remains of the woman (a hero’s consort? Or was he hers?) were accompanied by expensive jewelry, again imported, and including a Babylonian gorget, apparently a centuries-old heirloom at the time it was buried. Bones of four horses that had apparently been sacrificed were also in the tomb. The whole scene strikingly resembles that of 23.164–77. Does this mean that the *Iliad* poet knew somehow of extraordinary burial customs at least two centuries before his time? That would be the most positivist sort of answer, taking poetry as a secondary receptor of historical events. Conversely, could the elite residents of Lefkandi already have been

listening to heroic poetry, not unlike our *Iliad*, that inspired them to copy what they believed had been the habits of Mykenaian-era royalty? This approach would incorporate “mentalities” into our view of the Greek past. Most likely, the truth lies in the constant interplay of fact and fiction, “real” practices and imagined, “history” always being not just material (urns, burials, buildings) but “spiritual,” too—the poetry and song through which people live. In this sense the *Iliad* itself was a historical phenomenon with its own power to make things happen.

HOMERIC QUESTIONS AND SOME MODERN ANSWERS

There exists a Homeric “question” (more accurately *questions*) because no reliable information about a historical Homer exists. It is not known who composed the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, when, where, for what audience, and how.

Guesses abound. For many readers in antiquity, Homer was a revered, albeit shadowy, figure whose works included not only the two major epics about Troy and its aftermath, but also a picaresque tale (*Margites*—a few scraps of which survive), shorter heroic poems concerning Troy and Thebes, a mock epic called *Batrachomyomachia* (“Battle of the Frogs and Mice”), brief epigrams, longer hymns to the gods, prayers, and curses. A handful of *Lives* of Homer, probably dating to the second century AD (but embedding earlier materials) attempted to fill in the missing details. According to these amusing compilations of folktale and legend, Homer was the illegitimate son of a woman from Aeolis, the Greek-speaking region of Asia Minor near Troy. After journeys as far as Ithaca (during which he loses his sight), Homer returns to Ionia, the region of the central coast of what is now western Turkey, and wanders from city to city, performing in civic centers and cobblers’ shops, bargaining with his hosts for food and employment, several times even trading his precious poems, before setting out for Athens but on his way expiring on the island of Ios.

The *Lives* are obviously aimed at explaining the dialect mix of Homeric poetry (Aeolic and Ionic), finding “real” models for characters in the poems, and giving a nod to local lore. Seven main contenders vied for the honor of being his birthplace, their names (with suspect neatness) fitting a hexameter verse: “Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenai.” As for his dates, ancient opinion ranged from a century after the Trojan War itself (according to Eratosthenes) to around 1000 BC (the Homeric critic Aristarchus) through a rather hazy period around 850 BC (Thucydides and Herodotus) all the way down

to the seventh century: the historian Theopompus thought Homer was contemporary with the lyric poet Archilochus, flourishing around 650 BC. The last-mentioned deserves attention since Theopompus, coming from Chios, might have had privileged sources. Chios looms above the other proposed birth spots for several reasons. At least two poets from the archaic period apparently refer to Homer as the “man from Chios” (Simonides, and the author of the *Hymn to Apollo*, who identifies himself as the “blind man” from that rocky isle). And the Homeridai (“descendants of Homer”), a widely known guild of “rhapsodes,” or traveling performers of Homeric poetry, made the island their base. Furthermore, a sense of the past ran deep on Chios: an inscription from the fifth century BC, honoring the Chian official Heropythos, tallies his ancestors going back fourteen generations.

A small group of critics named “Separators” (*Khôrizontes*) thought Homer had written only the *Iliad*, while the *Odyssey* was another man’s work. But most readers in antiquity, including professional scholars, were satisfied with whatever patchy or fantastic information they possessed concerning the author. Not even the most hardened cynic doubted that Homer the master poet once existed. Then again, we should remember, the Greeks with unerring instinct managed to find a single master figure, person or god, for every one of their cultural achievements, ranging from meat sacrifice to the horse bit. If Homeric poetry existed, that must mean there had been a Homer.

The rational approaches of the Enlightenment (including the new “scientific” study of sacred texts) and burgeoning Romantic notions about “primitive” poetry led in the eighteenth century to a crisis of belief in the productions of an individual genius named Homer. The new skepticism about whether one person had composed the epics as we have them relied on bits of ancient evidence. The Hellenistic Jewish historian Josephus (circa 37–100 AD), seeking to show how recently Greek literature had arisen compared to Hebrew, asserted that Homer was illiterate and his works were preserved as songs and put together much later (*Against Apion* 1.12). A few other ancient sources reported that this assembling of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* happened during the rule of Peisistratos and his sons in Athens (560–510 BC), when rhapsodic contests in Homeric recitation were established at the great Panathenaic games, and rules were put in place to ensure the correct sequence of episodes (apparently so no one rhapsode could get a competitive edge by grabbing the most gripping parts first).

Aware of such anecdotes, several scholars even in the Renaissance denigrated the style and overall design of the epics, noting their roughness and

repetitiveness as compared with the elegant Latin epic of Virgil (considered the apogee of poetic style at the time). Later, the Abbé d'Aubignac (1604–1676), tutor of Richelieu's nephew, held Homer to the standard of French classicism and found him sadly lacking in politeness and good taste. His *Conjectures académiques ou Dissertation sur l'Iliade* (written in the 1660s, but not published until 1715) took the side of the moderns in what would soon become a “quarrel” with the tyranny of ancient literature. “Homer” had never existed; the poetry attributed to him represented simply a disorderly mass of separate compositions compiled sometime in the fourth century BC.

On the other side of the Channel, the depiction of humble things, and plain speaking, were virtues of Homer, as imagined by the Scottish scholar Thomas Blackwell (1701–1757). His book, *An Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer* (1735), sought to elevate the poor poet of Asia Minor above all who had written afterward. Blackwell treated Homer as a largely improvising singer, called him “bard,” and noted his resemblance to the medieval Provençal troubadours, as a wandering minstrel with a good knowledge of men, lands, and manners. Such a view is understandable, coming in the same decades that saw a renewed appreciation of Chaucer's importance and Thomas Percy's recovery of fifteenth-century English verses (*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, 1765). Blackwell also paved the way for readier appreciation of James Macpherson's hugely influential *Fingal* (1761) and *Temora* (1763), alleged translations of ancient Gaelic heroic ballads attributed to “Ossian” that he claimed (falsely) to have collected in the Highlands. To make the Classical analogy clearer, Macpherson himself translated the *Iliad* (1773) into a rhythmic prose even more primitive than the epic songs of his fictional ancient Scot.

Thus destabilized by both modernists and primitivists, the image of a magisterial literate poet Homer was toppled by two publications of the century's end. In 1788, J. B. C. d'Ansse de Villoison published the earliest full manuscript of the *Iliad*, Venetus Marcianus Graecus 454.⁶ This precious codex preserved a great mass of marginal commentary compiled from ancient monographs on Homer. For the first time, scholars could see that thousands of lines from the texts that had been accepted as Homeric had as early as the third century BC been called into question by one or another learned critic—Zenodotus, Aristophanes of Byzantium, and the greatest of all, Aristarchus. They were either not in the right linguistic form, not in the right place in the poem, or not appropriate in tone or style for the august Homer. Then, in 1795, *Prolegomena ad Homerum*, a small book by the brilliant German classicist Friedrich August Wolf (1759–

1824) drew logical conclusions from the newly available notes: an illiterate Homer may have composed heroic songs at an early period that were then passed down orally for generations, but the additions and distortions of countless rhapsodes and editors meant that he probably wasn't the person who left us the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in the form we have them.

Wolf's careful study started a deconstructive craze that consumed the energy of a century of Homerists. Scores of scholars spent careers sorting out "real" from false Homer, authentic verses from interpolations, padded episodes from the kernel elements of the epics (sometimes reckoned at just a few thousand lines). Finding Homer became so difficult that it was much easier to invent your own, as J. V. Cunningham summarized the resulting effusion:[7](#)

er was poor. His scholars live at ease
ing as many Homers as you please.
every Homer furnishes a book.
igh guests be parasitic on the cook
moral is: *It is the guest who dines.*
rite a book to prove I wrote these lines.

By the early twentieth century, the French Homerist Victor Bérard (known as one of James Joyce's main informants about the *Odyssey*) could characterize the "Homeric question" in religious terms. Describing the state of scholarship after a century of destructive Analyst criticism, Bérard said: "In 1890 the infallible church of the critics demanded that each catechumen renounce Homer, his existence and his works, the fraternity of the two poems and the unity of each one." By contrast, noted Bérard, at the time of his own writing, after another aesthetic revolution, the "Unitarians" were in the ascendant. Homer had been resuscitated; it was he who had composed both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* according to rules of art, with their admirable style. It could be that very little in the poems was *originally* his, but without him we would not have the poems. Faith and love, says Bérard, are apparently the only ways that can lead us back to Him.[8](#)

Bérard published these words in 1924. The same year, a twenty-two-year-old Californian, Milman Parry, fresh out of Berkeley, arrived in Paris with his wife and small child to work with Victor Bérard on a doctorate focused on Homeric style. With the completion of Parry's dissertation four years later, the real revolution in Homeric studies began.

Parry was interested in the style of Homer, on which he had completed a master's thesis. He approached this the way one investigates the style of Jane Austen or John Milton—as a phenomenon with consistent tendencies and

conventions, idiosyncrasies and predictabilities. Parry found precisely these things, but also discovered that Homer's could not be a style invented or developed by any *one* poet. By 1924, several philologists had already demonstrated that Homeric Greek contains a mixture of dialect forms, innovations, and archaisms governed by *metrical convenience*. That is why, for example, there exist five different forms for "of me" (the genitive of the personal pronoun *ego*) in Homeric diction, each with a different metrical shape. They are useful depending on what the poet needed to fit into the dactylic hexameter verse at a given point (something like the way nineteenth-century poets use English *o'er* and *e'er* versus the two-syllable *over* and *ever*). Duplicates in meaning existed only when their metrics were distinct. Parry found the same "economy" at work when he meticulously investigated the well-known system of adjectives applied to the important personages of the poems. "Achilleus of the swift feet" and "crafty" or "brilliant" Odysseus are at other lines described in the poetry as "shining Achilleus" or "Odysseus of many designs." When this happens, there is no perceptible shift in the narrative's emphasis, but the phrases involved match a different metrical shape (*podas ôkus Akhilleus*, for example, is two syllables longer than *dios Akhilleus*). Parry proved that for each and every major heroic and divine figure in Homer there existed one (and almost always only one) epithet per grammatical case. Therefore, Homeric poetry represents a multigenerational art form: no one poet would have devised a system so large, tight, and pervasive. It was most likely created for the rapid composition of verse and passed down as part of a popular art form, from older to younger poets. In a word, it was traditional, not individual.

It was only in a second phase of his research that Parry and his collaborator Albert Lord found through fieldwork in the former Yugoslavia, in the early 1930s, that similar extensive and convenient phraseological systems were employed by demonstrably illiterate performers of traditional heroic poetry. Lord, after the tragic early death of Parry in 1935, continued to visit the Balkans, eventually publishing the landmark presentation of their work in *The Singer of Tales* (1960). That volume makes the first sustained case for the proposition that Homeric poetry was indeed oral poetry, that is to say that it was the product of "composition-in-performance"—the poet putting together the epic on the fly each time it was sung to an audience, from a well-stocked storehouse of traditional words and narrative templates.

Since the first edition of Lord's study, more than five thousand books and articles relating to oral-traditional poetics in at least ninety languages, from the

Native American West to the White Mountains of Crete to rural Japan, have emerged. From the behavior of the Homeric simile to the poetics of speeches and embedded genres such as lament and proverb, from associations with myth and hero cult to studies of type-scenes and cognitive scripts, the investigations prompted by Parry and Lord's groundbreaking work have clarified more of Homeric epic than any other scholarly advance since antiquity. What answers has this body of work provided to the Homeric question? Many aspects of it are now no longer either/or dilemmas. In a long and multiplex oral tradition, we can no longer expect to pinpoint the inventor of any given phrase, scene, or plot—and yet it is not only possible but in many places expected for individual poets to repurpose, reinvent, and add constantly to the tradition. Social contexts and competition are also crucial. As Minna Skafté Jensen has put it, compositions of the scale and beauty of our epics “must have sprung from an environment where many Homers were singing and where other long beautiful poems were produced besides the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.”⁹

Despite such awareness, however, there is still some resistance to the notion that the tradition of the Homeric poems was, until quite late, open-ended, constantly subject to recomposition depending on performance contexts. Eight decades of oralist work have not managed to dislodge one major objection to the evidence that would closely connect the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to the dynamics of oral tradition. This objection holds that the Homeric poems are *different* from other works with which they have been compared, because they are better; and they are *better* because they were the singular masterwork of a master poet—Homer—who may have employed the conventions of oral tradition but *transcended* them in making monumentally big epics. Proponents of a “big bang” theory of Homeric textualization believe that a one-time event, either the activity of an oral poet who learned to write, or a compressed series of dictations, produced the epics. The motive and opportunity for such an event are still difficult to imagine.¹⁰

By contrast, a multiple-event model seems more realistic. Gregory Nagy's present-day approach to the development of the Homeric epics offers the most plausible one. Nagy's theory, as formulated in the 1996 book *Homeric Questions* and expanded in *Homer the Classic* (2009), posits five stages in an evolutionary development from earliest beginnings near the time of the Trojan War: a fluid stage lasting from the second millennium through the mid-eighth century, in which there are a large variety of heroic poems and no written texts; a Panhellenic stage from mid-eighth century to mid-sixth century BC, during which

time, with no written texts, a crystallization process has set in concerning what is accepted as Homeric by communities throughout the Greek world. The spread of rhapsodes out of the Greek east and the rise of regional festivals probably assisted this. After the hinge Peisistratean period (mid to late sixth century), there comes a definitive period centered on Athens, with potential texts arising from transcripts that aided rhapsodes and judges in what had become the major Homer-centered event, the Panathenaic contests. From an eventually established Athenian text, successive standardizations in the late fourth century at Athens and at Alexandria in the third and second centuries took place, with the continuing influence of rhapsodes, still performing their sometimes idiosyncratic versions, in evidence. Nagy's views of the *longue durée* of Homeric poetry never deny the possibility that one or more "genius" composers could have shaped the tradition at some point. But the individual genius is not required. Put another way, the genius of Homeric poetry is the powerful and flexible imaginative conception that keeps renewing itself through generations of performers and audiences.

THE STYLE OF THE *ILIAD*

The generations now alive may be in the optimal position to appreciate the style of the *Iliad*. Those familiar with the Westerns of John Ford, the samurai sagas of Akira Kurosawa, or American battle films from *Apocalypse Now* to *The Hurt Locker* understand how a sweeping scope and close-up cinematic realism can memorably portray the stories of individual soldiers. That is to say, Homeric epic already has developed the major tropes and techniques of the modern war movie. Thinking of the *Iliad* in visual terms, as the original blockbuster, can bring us closer to its greatness as verbal art.

First, its size must be taken into account. Experimental readings have shown that a full performance of the poem would take twenty-four hours. (The closest film equivalent might be Fassbinder's *Berlin Alexanderplatz* of 1983, running fifteen hours.) Plausible break points occur at the ends of [book 8](#) and [book 16](#), giving the whole composition a neat triadic structure of the type that every contemporary scriptwriter's manual recommends. Perhaps it was sung or recited in the course of three-day festivals, known from the archaic period onward. The most immediate consequence of the *Iliad*'s monumental proportions is its characteristic fullness, the sense that a world of experience has been packed into its 15,693 lines. And this, in turn, is achieved through several identifiable

stylistic strategies. That the invention of a large epic automatically entailed such techniques cannot be proven, since smaller heroic poems from the period do not survive. That the Homeric poems are distinctive, however, was already seen in the fourth century BC by Aristotle (who had many shorter Cyclic epics for comparison). In the *Poetics*, his analysis of literary history and theory, he noted that Homer “takes only one portion of the story and makes use of many episodes, such as the Catalogue of Ships and others by means of which he diversifies his poetry. But the others make their poems about one person, one time, one action having many parts, as the composer of the *Kypria* and the *Little Iliad* did” (1459a35–1459b5). Homeric epic was unified but did not attempt to tell all, while the Cyclic epics comprised strung-together events, attempting a much longer expanse.

As Aristotle recognized, Homeric technique is that of the dramatist. This is what makes the highly concentrated *Iliad*, in which four days of fighting and two days of truce occupy all of [books 2](#) through 22, so powerful. And yet a drama would have been only one-tenth as long. What makes the epic monumental is a further basic principle of *retardation*. The plots of both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* involve suspense. Will Odysseus make it home to Ithaca? Will Achilles rejoin the battle in time? (One might wonder, in fact, whether it was the demand for long compositions that created such plots in the first place.) There are several ways of achieving the necessary delay. Given the plot of the *Iliad* (Zeus’ promise to honor Achilles by letting the Trojans succeed until the need for the hero’s aid is desperate), a recurrent trick is to have the Greeks actually succeed, either through the valor of other warriors (Diomedes and the chieftains in [book 11](#)) or by the machinations of meddling gods (Poseidon and Hera in [books 13](#) and [14](#)). Another strategy is to repeat scenarios: the duel between Menelaos and Paris in [book 3](#) is echoed by that between Aias and Hektor in [book 7](#). Battle descriptions operate with an elaborate set of conventions, which produce gripping close-ups while actually delaying the major plot events in the story of Achilles’ wrath. The heroic *aristeia* (performance of prowess) is a primary poetic device. Five such displays support the middle arc of the poem: those of Diomedes ([book 5](#)), Agamemnon (11), Hektor (15), Patroklos (16), and Achilles (19 through 22). The catalogic technique—listing the named victims of a warrior, with kaleidoscopic variations on their deaths—is closely related (e.g., the lists starting at 5.35 and 5.703).

The most obvious example of diversifying the narrative, noted already by Aristotle, is the Catalogue of Ships (2.494–759), which even some critics

thought to be separable from the main composition. Nearly four hundred lines long (including the Trojan catalogue), it fulfilled many functions by presenting a vivid sense of the sheer numbers of fighters, recording for posterity the Greek city-states involved (and thus no doubt propping up local pride), increasing suspense before the long-awaited meeting of Paris and Menelaos, and displaying the powers of the poet and his Muse. Helen's miniature Catalogue of Greeks (in the "wall-viewing" or *teikhoskopia* scene of [book 3](#)) has a similar role, while characterizing her and her father-in-law Priam. Just as the Catalogue of [book 2](#) comes one book in from the start of the poem, the funeral games of [book 23](#) hold a symmetrical place in terms of the overarching poetic structure, one from the end. This episode too, though sometimes seen as a digression, can better be understood as a vital part of the compositional dynamic, a cooling-down diversion that in turn prepares an audience for Achilles' quiet, tearful meeting with Priam in the final book. The finale, meanwhile, mirrors the opening of the poem: an aged father, in each, comes at great risk to the Greek camp to ransom a child (Chryseis/Hektor) and is met by a chieftain—though with opposite results. Such large-scale patterning suggests that the *Iliad* has been planned and plotted as an organic and rounded whole. This holds true even for the apparent digressions—a better word would be "elaborations"—in the epic. Foreshadowing (as in Zeus' predictions at 8.470 and 15.62, and the dying words of Hektor and Patroklos) reinforces the tightness of the composition.

Sixty percent of the *Iliad* is character speech. Here, too, one can see how a retarding, elaboration strategy becomes multifunctional, providing characterization and interest, color, exposition, and variation in voice and tone. Such matters must have been particularly entertaining to an audience listening to a rhapsode do all the voices. Like everything in the *Iliad*, speeches follow some basic templates, but no two patterns are ever exactly the same. Unless one appreciates Greek culture's powerful and persistent assertion that artful language deeply matters—that one must become, as Achilles was, a "speaker of words and one accomplished in action" (9.443)—the obsession of Homeric poetry with the representation of every speech may remain puzzling. (Plato, on the other hand, pinpointed this mimetic technique as the central danger emanating from Homeric epic when he banned it from the ideal city-state of *The Republic*.)

Homeric poetry calls its most powerful utterances *muthoi* (the word which gives us, after several semantic shifts, "myth"). Such speeches have their own internal poetics in Homer. Moreover, comparative work shows that the types of speeches designated *muthoi* in Homer are in other living oral cultures social,

nonpoetic yet formal genres of self-presentation: insults, commands, and memorializations of the past. When Agamemnon makes his powerful speech against Chryses (1.26) and Achilles his splendid speech of rejection (9.307), they employ this “genre” of speaking, which always asserts the authority of the speaker. Nestor is best known for mastery of the art. He specializes in idiosyncratic renditions of martial glories in which he participated but that are almost mythical to his younger audiences (e.g., 11.669). Other subgenres of speech in the poem include prayers, laments, supplications, boasts, rebukes, public addresses to assemblies, advice-giving, and monologues addressed to one’s own heart (e.g., 11.404, 17.91, 21.553, 22.99). The varied ways in which individual figures deploy these rhetorical resources tell us—without the narrator having to be explicit—much about their characters.

An essential aspect of the style of Homeric speeches—their pointed-ness—emerges from the way they are paired and linked. In this the *Iliad* displays a fine consciousness that speech events do not take place in isolation but confront unpredictable hearers, with the concurrent complications of switched addressees, failures to respond, and interruptions. The buildup of drama in [book 1](#), for example, has much to do with the poet’s artful blocking out of a five-person speech exchange, a turbulent stream of talk flowing from lines 59 through 305, but divided into five distinct and symmetrical smaller movements, that can be graphed like this:

Achilleus-Kalchas-Achilleus-Kalchas;
Agamemnon-Achilleus-Agamemnon-Achilleus;
Achilleus-Athene-Achilleus;
Achilleus to Agamemnon (no response)
Nestor-Agamemnon-Achilleus

The effect is operatic, creating emotional intensity through impassioned response but within a measured, circular structure that returns continually to the voice of the protagonist. Similar structures can be found in every book of the poem.

If the voices of Homeric characters are so prominent, that of the narrator, by contrast, is barely heard. The poet rarely intervenes to comment on the action, a restraint that makes such moments as his observation about Achilles’ summoning Patroklos (11.603: “the beginning of his evil”) all the more ominous, like the voice of omniscient Zeus. A few times, he expresses dismay at witless behavior, as when Glaukos makes a bad exchange of armor (6.234) or the Trojans fail to heed the good advice of Poulydamas (18.311). To a few characters, at some times, the narrator speaks directly, as to Patroklos nearing his

death (16.787). But there is another well-known device whereby an audience does hear, implicitly but more frequently, a narrator's individual voice and whereby, furthermore, the plotline gets elaborated and delayed: the simile.

Approximately 180 developed similes (that is, more than a phrase "like a lion" or "like fire") punctuate the *Iliad*. The technique is, again, multifunctional. Like movie theme music, it has a rhythmic as well as an emotional role. Increasing the frequency of similes enables the poet to emphasize the most dramatic portions of the action. Thus, as the troops of Greeks advance in the first mass-movement scene of the poem, an upswell of no fewer than six similes marks the moment (2.459). In battle scenes, the simile acts like a freeze-frame or a cutaway shot, allowing us to achieve a species of double vision. A dying warrior's head becomes, briefly, a garden poppy bowed down by rain (8.305). A god's healing wound switches, for an instant, to a dish of curdling milk (5.901). Similes are both musical and visual in their ability to counterpoint. Most often, the agony of battle is momentarily transmuted by them into familiar or affecting domestic scenes—a poor widow weighing wool (12.433), flies around a milk pail (16.641), a boy building sandcastles (15.362). Through detailed comparisons, the poet introduces worlds apart from the hot field at Troy, whether wild nature (forest fires, roaming carnivorous beasts) or humans at peace (harvesters and woodsmen, women washing clothes). Through creating the sense of alternative side-spaces, the poem concentrates attention on what is distinctive about the main action on which it dwells.

The art of the simile, with vivid immediacy, makes tangible the most difficult of ideas—the action of gods. Imagine the way Iris, the divine messenger, drops to earth (like the weight on a fishing line: 24.80), and the swift movement of Hera (like the thoughts of a traveler: 15.82). A simile can evoke terrified flight from approaching death by recalling a much more common experience, the way in which, in a bad dream, one cannot run fast enough to catch up (22.199). In short, similes work like miniature lyric poems enabling a narrator to express a range of attitudes toward the story being told. They are the link to the consciousness of the poet; through them an audience, almost unconsciously, takes on his panoramic view.

For all their stupendous variety (rarely being repeated exactly), similes are still remarkably formulaic. The work of Carroll Moulton and William Scott on their "oral" nature shows how a small number of elements can be almost infinitely combined to produce remarkable images. Compare, for example, the similes that occur near the start of two adjacent sections, [books 9](#) and [10](#). Both

revolve around a single phrase “in the breast” (*en[i] stêthessin*: 9.8, 10.9), and describe, respectively, the turbulent emotions of the Greek troops in general and of their leader, Agamemnon. The shared simile template is a description of weather effects seen from above in relation to a flat surface beneath. In the first instance, it is winds that suddenly clash on the sea, causing waves to crest and “far across the salt water scatters the seaweed.” In the second vignette, the tense beating of the commander’s heart is compared to unrelenting rain, hail, or a blizzard “when the snowfall scatters on ploughlands.” Uniting these images are the juxtapositions of internal human emotional states with wide-screen meteorological views, a painterly contrast of darkness with white flecks (wave crests, snowflakes) and finally, shared diction.

Such simile-generated associations also play a larger role, structuring the poem. In the case just mentioned, upon hearing of Agamemnon’s emotional condition as [book 10](#) opens, the audience is prompted through imagery to recall the disturbed state of his troops seven hundred lines earlier: their leader feels as they do (but the poet shows this rather than says it). An exact repetition of similes, at a much greater distance from one another, constructs another striking analogy of character and situation. Agamemnon, in distress at Greek losses, stands up to address the assembled fighters “shedding tears like a spring dark-running” (9.14). The only other occurrence of this image, in very similar wording, comes when Patroklos beseeches Achilles to take pity on the losing Greek forces (16.3). The dark spring simile thus precisely pinpoints two structurally cognate moments in the narrative, the embassy that will fail to sway the withdrawn hero ([book 9](#)) and the companion’s plea that will inevitably trigger his return. Furthermore, it contrasts the ethos and rhetoric of Agamemnon and Patroklos: one helpless in the face of the crushing Trojan advance, the other hopeful that he himself can help; the commander proposing that the Greeks leave (9.27), and the subordinate warrior urging intervention in battle (16.38).

Even when similes are not themselves repeated, the poet of the *Iliad* manages to insinuate within the narrative itself their distinctive language, creating further rich resonances between the “real” plot and imaginary, peripheral views. This occurs particularly in the last half of the poem, when image-dense descriptive passages follow upon, or foreshadow, the formal similes with increasing frequency. A number of imagistic strands can be traced. For example, Achilles’ return to the field of battle, clad in divine armor, is celebrated with an elaborate simile comparing him to the moon, to a star, and to the gleam of fire, blazing on a distant mountain, as seen from the sea by sailors whom winds are bearing

away from land-bound friends (19.374–81). When he speeds in his gleaming bronze and gold toward Troy, Achilles is first espied by Priam, to whom he seems like a star—specifically, like Orion’s Dog (Sirius), most prominent in autumn and a sign of distress and fever. Focalization through the eyes of the father of Hektor, whom Achilles will soon slay, invests the shining description of the hero with darker meaning, while picking up on the minor note of loss in the earlier simile (sailors leaving friends). Wind, fire, and loss are subsequently all combined in the actual narrative of [book 23](#), when Achilles bids Boreas and Zephyros (the same winds as in the simile at 9.5) to blow aflame the pyre of his dead friend (23.194–218). All night Achilles makes continual libations, calling on his lost companion (23.218–21). The poet switches to a simile (23.222–25) comparing Achilles to a father who mourns while burning his son’s bones—but this combination of act and image in turn echoes the actual prayer and libation of “shining wine” to “Zeus father” made by Achilles at the moment Patroklos set out to imitate him and turn the battle (16.229–48). The entire, tightly arranged crescendo of evocative representations concludes with another star, the one that heralds Dawn’s light about to spread over the sea (23.226–28).

The formulas permeating Homeric poetry may not be immediately obvious precisely because, as with similes, the master poets of this tradition learned so well how to vary and redeploy familiar phrases and runs of lines. The general principle of repetition with variation is most visible in two further techniques, type-scenes and epithets. But these are only individual points along a spectrum of adjacent poetic patterns that includes repeated single words in one metrical slot, whole lines, speech-framing devices, and stereotyped descriptions of motions and gestures. Once recognized by readers, these strategies can lead to fruitful comparisons of scenes and characters, providing a key to deeper meaning.

“Type-scenes” are repeated sequences of actions, employing similar language each time. Arming, supplication, assembling, and hospitality are prominent among the ready-made sequences. Unlike the similes, the variation in type-scenes comes through expansion or contraction. Thus, an ideally full sacrifice scene contains twenty-one elements, but reduced versions may have only half this many features. Within the first two books of the *Iliad*, one finds typically varied scenarios. When the Greeks return Chryseis to her father they offer an animal sacrifice. After washing of hands and scattering of barley, there is a prayer (adapted to the circumstances); the victims are slaughtered and skinned; thigh meat is cut and wrapped in fat, with shreds of flesh placed on the lumps.

These are burnt, vitals are tasted, and better cuts of meat are then grilled and consumed (1.447–66). By contrast, at 2.402–429 a single ox is slain; no altar or handwashing is mentioned; the prayer is not fulfilled; wine is not poured on the offerings; and there is no mention of men standing around prepared for a meal. There are minor additions, however: the skewers of wood are leafless, the fire is that of Hephaistos. Such small variations cannot in themselves signify large differences. But what does emerge from the juxtaposition is the brusque, war-hastened quality of Agamemnon's camp sacrifice, as opposed to the leisurely homecoming celebration conducted by Chryses.

Other close comparisons of type-scenes yield similar suggestive differences. While with similes it was frequency that signaled dramatic spikes in the plot, the poet uses expansion to indicate important moments in type-scenes. The typical arming process, for instance, can be accomplished in nine lines (e.g., 3.330): greaves, corselet, sword, shield, helmet. But the entry of the great king Agamemnon into battle calls for a type-scene three times as long. The history and splendor of each piece is highlighted (the corselet a gift from Kinyras, the shield a tenfold construction of bronze). It is precisely because the audience knows the simplex form of the scene that they can appreciate and marvel all the more at the elaborated complex form. The same goes for brief battle clashes versus the baroque, extended runs that characterize the *aristeia* of each champion.

As with similes, repetition supports larger narrative structures. The type-scene of supplication is bound up with a net of associations in the poem. There are two subtypes. First, in the midst of battle a fighter caught in a precarious situation may entreat his potential killer, grasping his knees, calling out for pity, and promising a share of the precious goods owned by his father, in return for being spared. Adrestos begs Menelaos for his life in this way (6.45), but Agamemnon's arrival on the scene cuts short any hope he had of being kept alive for ransom: the fiercer of the Atreid brothers kills the Trojan on the spot. An enemy spy, Dolon, uses similar language and tactics, asking to be taken alive by Odysseus and his companion Diomedes rather than slain outright on their night raid (10.378), and promising abundant ransom. Here, the poet creates tension by prolonging the typical scenario: after Odysseus interrogates Dolon for another eighty lines, and the spy finally reaches out to touch the Greek's chin in supplication, Diomedes decapitates the trembling Trojan. A third variation is even more elaborate: Achilles marvels to find that Lykaon, whom he has already taken alive once and sold for ransom, has returned to the battle and

fallen within his clutches again (21.65). Significant small changes make the scene resonate all the more: Lykaon reaches out to immobilize not only his would-be killer's knees but also his spear; he recites twenty lines of autobiographical detail, explaining how he has arrived a second time in dire straits; and then it is Achilles who first brings up the mention of rich ransom (*apoina*), only to deny that he will ever pay it, in a ringing speech asserting that all mortals—including himself—must die.

Type-scenes spring from the routines of life, and consequently are marked with all the minor variations and major significance life holds. The second subtype is thematically connected with the first, but even more importantly it frames the entire *Iliad*. Rather than begging for life on the field and alluding to the wealth of fathers, the suppliants in the first and last books of the poem are fathers, asking for their children back. Chryses (1.12) offers *apoina* for his daughter Chryseis, the war prize of Agamemnon, who turns the priest away with wrathful words. Plague, death, and quarrel ensue, leading to the withdrawal of Achilles. After the slaying of Hektor, Priam offers *apoina* to Achilles (24.502) in order to retrieve his son's corpse. This time, the supplicated warrior, prompted by the gods and stirred by memory of his own father, accedes to the request.

The fundamental basis of this art of repetition and elaboration is the use of epithets. To any reader of Homer, such recurrent phrases stand out in the memory: "Achilleus of the swift feet," "strong-greaved Achaians," "Menelaos of the great warcry." As discussed above, the study of such elements led Milman Parry to speak of the traditional, and ultimately oral-performance, origins of Homeric verse making. But identifying a practical function for the formula (defined as any group of repeated words used under the same metrical conditions to express one idea) is one thing; they undoubtedly enabled performing poets to compose in the very act of performance (just as the best freestyling rap artists do today). Finding how the formula can aid literary interpretation is another. For all its predictability—with Achilles being "brilliant" (*dios*) when two syllables are called for, "of the swift feet" (*podas ôkus*) when the hexameter line requires four—the formulaic phrase still contains meaning. Achilles is never "of many machinations" (that is for Odysseus) even though the epithet can be made to fit the meter.

The formulaic system is neither mechanical nor empty. It simply embodies an unfamiliar aesthetic: rather than the exquisite, right word, specially selected for each passage (a Romantic poetic requirement), epic style creates audience expectations by consistent depiction—and then, for maximum effect, at key

moments, violates the norm. Agamemnon, to take one instance, is addressed eight times in the *Iliad* and twice in the *Odyssey* with a full-line formula: “son of Atreus, most lordly, and king of men Agamemnon” (*Atreïdê kudiste,anax andrôn Agamemnon*). Yet at the very start of the poem (1.122) Achilles calls him “son of Atreus, most lordly, *greediest for gain of all men.*” To a tradition-aware audience familiar with the formulaic system, this is shocking, more than it can ever be for the modern reader. For the line’s meaning depends not just on what is said (a pretty straight insult), but on what is obviously not said and known to be omitted. Achilles has artfully and boldly replaced the title *anax andrôn*, referring to his foe’s acknowledged kingship, with a phrase implying that the king is without ethics. Such a pointed rhetorical usage implies a compositional method dependent on a connoisseur audience, an audience that must have developed a hypersensitivity to formulaic variation based on repeated hearings of many poems in this style. Comparative work in modern performance traditions, from Bosnia to Egypt, shows that this is the way oral-traditional art operates.

The final effect of such repetitions, from the shortest formula up to large-scale structural elements that recur in the *Iliad*, remains difficult to summarize. It can best be experienced from repeated reading. It makes for familiarity and certainty—sometimes comforting, sometimes bleak, since human brevities are seen for what they are. Sky, earth, houses, and above all, the sea and ships (which even in this, the landed epic, are still crucial)—these will typically be starry, black, close-built, swift (even when beached). We can depend on these archetypes, as if divine, in a world full of gods, to endure.

This rough sketch of stylistic devices cannot do justice to their complex and varied uses within the poem, for comment on which the reader is referred to the extensive line-by-line notes in this volume. Nor can discussion of style, however expansive, answer such questions as what the poem “means,” taken as a whole. For that, each generation must make up its own mind; as the next section will show, readers and writers in every era see the poem in different ways. While each generation can seek to learn from the previous, its own view will necessarily vary depending on historical, social, and cultural circumstances. It has been taken as a story of one man’s hubris, an arrogance bred from a sense of entitlement and power. Yet sometimes the hubris is pinned on Agamemnon, sometimes on Achilles. Another interpretive bent would concentrate on the character of a heroic fighter faithful to an ideal and ready to die in its defense. But are we then talking about Hektor, loyal to Troy to the end? Or Achilles,

defender of the very notion of the reciprocal privileges of heroism, as represented by marks of honor? Is the *Iliad* a celebration of heroism or an interrogation of its basic—potentially flawed—assumptions? Whom should we emulate, if anyone, in this somber depiction of men and women under extreme conditions? Is it an elegy for a lost golden age, when people lived more out-sized and exciting lives? Or is it a warning about the catastrophes such lives engender? Is it a poem meant to shore up the ideological underpinnings of a fading aristocracy of self-centered warlords? Or does it capture the first glimmerings of a communal consciousness of the type that emerged in increasingly democratic (or at least nonelite) institutions within the city-state? The experience of the *Iliad* inevitably becomes one of self-exploration and self-definition in the face of such open-ended interpretive options.

RECEPTION AND TRANSLATION

Every modern reader of the *Iliad* stands in the shadow of those scores of previous readers who preserved and interpreted the poem. The text itself survived transitions of medium from oral poem to papyrus scroll to handwritten codex, then (in 1488, in the Florentine edition of Demetrius Chalcondyles) made the leap to the new technology of the printed book, and finally has become available, with the rest of Greek literature, in digital form. Alongside this remarkable transmission runs a rich history of reception. Painters and poets, composers and dramatists, choreographers, comic book artists, film directors, and makers of video games have made use of Homeric materials, in astonishing variations—too many even to be mentioned, let alone to be treated in detail here.

At the same time, it could be argued that no single successor has been able to match the power of the original. The movie *Troy* (2004), directed by Wolfgang Petersen, proved how daunting is the prospect. While thousands of works allude to or represent Achilleus, Hektor, Helen, and Paris, it is difficult to pinpoint a single artistic effort that takes on the task of reproducing the *Iliad* whole—freshly imagined but with equal epic scope. By contrast, the *Odyssey* has seen a number of artful full-scale recastings just in the past century, from James Joyce's *Ulysses* to Derek Walcott's *Omeros*. What makes the reception of the *Iliad* different?

A straightforward answer might point to the relative challenges of plot-driven versus character-driven stories. The *Odyssey* provides a satisfying ending: spouses reunited, a family reintegrated, a community revived. Indeed, the poem

has been viewed as the template for subsequent comedy and romance. The *Iliad* is not such a happy tale; its strength lies elsewhere. Achilles is as interesting and complex a character as Odysseus, but the latter cannot master his fate on a homecoming buffeted by Athene and Poseidon, whereas the former, with godlike rage, initiates and controls almost all the events in his tragic story. The *Iliad* is about the individual wrath of Achilles; the *Odyssey*, about a man who, despite divine wrath, made it home.

Achilles' character has grounded the post-Homeric treatments of the *Iliad* story. Successive generations turned him into an embodiment of manhood, of plain-spoken courage (opposed to the cunning, smooth rhetoric of Odysseus), an icon of valor, and sometimes a warning against uncontrollable feeling. His figure is ripe for contesting. The tragedian Aeschylus produced, sometime in the early fifth century BC, a trilogy about several episodes of the Trojan War, of which a few fragments remain. In the opening drama (*Myrmidons*), his Achilles sat silent and unmovable as the embassy of Greeks begged for his return. A generation later, Aristophanes in the *Frogs* (lines 911–15) mocked Aeschylus (and by extension his Achilles) by depicting the playwright as massive and mute in the face of the clever talker Euripides. In the *Iphigeneia at Aulis* of Euripides (produced 405 BC), Achilles is somewhat naive, upright, and blunt, though less laconic. His fame has been exploited in a plot to lure Agamemnon's daughter into being sacrificed, under the false promise of marriage to the great hero. Achilles, on discovering the ruse, characteristically reacts with a pledge to rescue her even though the entire army threatens him with stoning. Iphigeneia's would-be protector is saved only by the girl's acceptance of her fate.

That the relative merits and characters of Odysseus and Achilles were a hot topic among Greek intellectuals in the early fourth century is clear from Plato's dialogue *Hippias Minor*. In another Platonic work, the *Apology*, the philosopher's teacher Socrates is portrayed as consciously following the example of Achilles by refusing to avoid his own death penalty (28b–d). At yet another point, however, Plato makes his old teacher demonstrate that the epics are inappropriate for teaching the guardians of the ideal state, since Homer depicts the gods as angry, lustful, and deceptive, and heroes as overpowered by their emotions (*Republic* 377–91e).

Roman treatments were more one-sided. Cicero (106–43 BC) shared Plato's distrust of passion (as did the Stoics, Cicero's philosophical masters). In the *Tusculan Disputations*, Achilles becomes the antitype of the *sapiens*, the wise man in charge of his feelings. The Homeric hero's anger (*ira*) verges on madness

(*insania*) (*Tusc.* 3.9.18). Virgil, who alludes to Achilles twenty-six times in the *Aeneid* (19 BC) insists on his role as the killer who once threatened the Trojans—the ancestors of Rome. Turnus, the final nemesis of the champion Aeneas, is predicted to be a sort of reincarnation of the Greek, *alius Achilles*: “in Latium another Achilles is brought forth, the offspring of a goddess, as well,” says the prophetic Sybil (*Aen.* 6.89–90). The *Achilleid* by the later Roman poet Statius (45–96 AD) remained unfinished (a fate that would befall identically named compositions by Goethe in 1797 and Richard Wagner in 1850). But even in the extant 1,127 lines covering his early years, Achilles emerges as violent or dangerous, a menace to young animals and girls. The Greeks consider him *belligerum numen*, “a divinity of war” (*Achilleid* 1.504). This image of the warrior would predominate in the centuries to come.

The twenty-five-year-old Edward Gibbon, future author of *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776–1789) noted the hero’s contradictory appeal, recording in his diary for July 2, 1762:

I reviewed the whole eighteenth book of the *Iliad*. Homer is never more thoroughly awake: the first part of it shews him to be a perfect master of the tender passions. Achilles receives the news of the death of Patroklos, with a mixture of fury and tenderness suitable to his character. We begin to love him; and the very excess of his rage, though terrible, pleases us, because it is directed only against the murderer of his friend.¹¹

The nineteenth century saw monumental expression of varied aspects of this powerful character. Overwhelming grief—that which beset him and which he later aroused—made the hero an apt reference point for the “Achilleion,” a summer palace built in 1890 on Corfu by Empress Elizabeth of Austria, in memory of her son Rudolf, dead at thirty. Triumph in war is commemorated by the statue of Achilles dedicated in 1822 at Hyde Park Corner, London, to the Duke of Wellington, and cast from cannons taken at Waterloo. French painters of the period, in particular, sought to capture the complex moods of Achilles as we know them from the *Iliad*: resignation (Lefebvre’s *Thetis Consoles Achilles*, 1858), fear (Schopin’s *Achilleus Pursued by Scamander*, 1831), and pity (*Priam at the Feet of Achilles*—depicted by Langlois in 1809 and Wencker in 1876) stand out among dozens of large-scale realistic representations.

The sufferings of the first World War, however, damped enthusiasm for the heroic embodiment of violent passion and revenge. In the Gallipoli campaign of 1915 more than 130,000 soldiers died on both sides of the conflict over the Dardanelles—a few dozen kilometers from the site of ruined Troy. The English

poet Laurence Binyon noted the irony that this far-away place was for many young men already deeply familiar:

of the Aegean, Troy, and waters of Hellespont
we have known from of old
e boyhood stammering glorious Greek was entranced
e tale that Homer told.
e scornful Achilles towered and flamed through the battle
ing the gods; and there
or armed and Andromache proudly held
is boy to him, knowing not yet despair.[12](#)

As in his earlier ode *For the Fallen* (1914), Binyon looked more to the modern winning of Homeric fame—“pale legendary glories by our own youth outdone”—than to the grimness of death. The mood is similar in the verses of another Englishman, Rupert Brooke, who died in April 1915 from septicemia contracted at Gallipoli and is buried on Skyros—the island where Achilles, before the war, hid among the daughters of Lykomedes. The young soldier Patrick Shaw-Stewart (1888–1917), who survived Gallipoli, is more realistic. Overlooking the ruins at Hisarlik, he invoked the ancient hero as a companion and protector (or was it rather to be his substitute, like Patroklos?):

it so hard, Achilleus,
ry hard to die?
I knewest and I know not—
uch the happier I.

I go back this morning
I Imbros over the sea;
I in the trench, Achilleus,
e-capped, and shout for me.[13](#)

For the rest of the blood-soaked century, the tale of Achilles mostly symbolizes pain. W. H. Auden subverts the shining world of the shield fashioned by Hephaistos in [book 18](#), making it depict instead the horrors of total war, which Thetis cannot comprehend:

ooked over his shoulder
r vines and olive trees,
le well-governed cities
id ships upon untamed seas,
here on the shining metal
s hands had put instead
rtificial wilderness

and a sky like lead.

thin without a feature, bare and brown,
no blade of grass, no sign of neighborhood,
longing to eat and nowhere to sit down,
but, congregated on its blankness, stood
an unintelligible multitude,
a million eyes, a million boots in line,
without expression, waiting for a sign.¹⁴

Execution and rape, casual knifings and mindless obedience: the human reality makes a goddess blanch.

It must be noted that a different Achilles coexisted in the imagination of the West: the lover. His relationship with Patroklos in the *Iliad* is one of close companionship, but already by the fifth century BC, Aeschylus explicitly made it homoerotic, with Achilles recalling the thighs and kisses of his friend.¹⁵ Plato in the *Symposium* (180a) has a member of the drinking party, Phaedrus, declare that the gods rewarded Achilles with afterlife in the Isles of the Blest because he had stood by his older lover. The Middle Ages celebrated Achilles' love for women: Briseis (a natural extrapolation from Homer); Deidameia, by whom he fathered Neoptolemos (not mentioned in the *Iliad*, but said in the *Cypria* to be his wife); and, most spectacularly, Polyxena, daughter of Priam. In the *Hecuba* of Euripides (circa 425 BC), the ghost of Achilles is said to have appeared above his tumulus at the shore, commanding the Greeks to sacrifice Polyxena for his honor. His son Neoptolemos carries out the command. By the time of Seneca's *Trojan Women* (circa 53 AD), the sacrifice had been transformed into a wedding-to-death, with Achilles demanding a bride to consort with him in Elysium. Some centuries later, *The History of the Fall of Troy* (fifth century AD?) attributed to one Dares of Phrygia purports to be the eyewitness account of the Trojan War by a soldier on the losing side. In this late antique Latin text, a full-blown romance has developed. Achilles falls for Polyxena at first sight and even agrees to abandon his warring against her family's city if he is allowed to marry her. Lured by Hecuba, supposedly for this purpose, to the Trojan shrine of Apollo, he is ambushed by Paris and slain. The romantic version, with yet more flourishes (and moralizing) became highly influential in the Middle Ages, through a hexameter epic on the fall of Troy by the crusader-poet, Joseph of Exeter (circa 1184) and Benoît de Sainte-Maure's twelfth-century *Roman de Troie*. It is this theme that finds its way to Dante's *Inferno* (circa 1310–1320) where the poet is commanded by his guide Virgil to observe the spirits of the lustful sinners (canto 5, lines 6–66):

a vedi, per cui tanto reo
o si volse, e vedi 'l grande Achille
on amore al fine combatteo

In Laurence Binyon's translation (1933):

Helen, for whose sake the long years drew
ter ill; see great Achilles there
fought with love in the end and whom love slew.

Paradoxically, the two strands of ancient traditions intertwine, as killer and lover merge.

One could spend years following up such ramifications of the Homeric tale. The invaluable *Oxford Guide to Classical Mythology in the Arts, 1300–1900s* allots fourteen close-printed pages to the afterlife of Achilles; similar statistics can be found for Hektor, Helen, and Paris. The *Iliad* is the ultimate reference point for such disparate works as Ingres' painting of Hektor bidding farewell to Andromache (1801); Schubert's *Lied* on the same theme (1815); *Helen at the Scaean Gate* by the Symbolist artist Gustave Moreau (circa 1880), Offenbach's comic opera *La belle Hélène*, and Edgar Allan Poe's poem *To Helen* (1823); Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*; dances by Martha Graham; series of illustrations by Rubens, de Chirico, Flaxman, and D. G. Rossetti; watercolors by Romare Bearden; and choral works by Gustav Holst. In brief, when traced through its offshoots the poem offers entry to an entire education in Western culture.

Lattimore's work of 1951 comes at the end of one long tradition, Homeric translation as it had been practiced from the seventeenth through nineteenth centuries, and near the start of another, the contemporary rendition of Homeric verse. Like any such work, it is also a work of interpretation. His style treats the events and characters of the poem as not quite of our day: their sentences are longer, their diction a bit higher, the very slightest patina of antiquity marks the whole. But at the same time, Lattimore achieves a clarity, vigor, and strength of poetic line such as few had reached. To conclude this brief survey, it will be worthwhile to consider three translators coming before Lattimore, and three afterward, by way of one small target passage, Achilles' refusal of the embassy, a rhetorical apogee (9.319–27):

Richmond Lattimore (1951)

all held in a single honour the brave with the weaklings.

dies still if he has done nothing, as one who has done much.
I am won for me, now that my heart has gone through its afflictions
before setting my life on the hazard of battle.
To her unwinged young ones the mother bird brings back
food, wherever she can find them, but as for herself it is suffering,
as I, as I lay through all the many nights unsleeping,
I wore through the bloody days of the fighting,
I fought with warriors for the sake of these men's women.¹⁶

George Chapman (1611)

Equal honour cowards die and men most valiant,
Each performer and the man that can of nothing want.
I plus I ever found when, with my mind's most strife
I hem good, to dangerous fight, I have exposed my life.
In as to unfeathered birds the careful dam brings meate,
When she hath bestow'd, her selfe hath nothing left to eat:
In my broken sleepes have drawn the nights to't extremest length
I ded many bloody daies with still-employed strength.
I'd their weakness and preserve their wives' contents infract,
I been robd before their eyes . . .

This version, the first full *Iliad* ever in English, probably known to Shakespeare and made famous by the poem of Keats (*On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*), uses rhymes; ancient Greek poetry is never rhymed. The effect, reinforced by the ballad meter of the “fourteener,” borders on singsong. Diction strikes us as archaic (*meate* for “food,” *dam* for “mother”), or unexpected (native English *overplus*, instead of the more common French-derived *surplus*). These were not antiques at the time, however. As with Shakespeare, vigorous Anglo-Saxon words (*wives*) ring up against Latinate (*infract*—meaning “unbroken”), and hard monosyllable endings mark off nearly every line. (Contrast Lattimore's run of three trailing-off end-words: *suffering/unsleeping/fighting*.) Surprisingly, three hundred years after, a few Chapman phrases can work unvaried or nearly (e.g., *bloody days*; *single honour/equall honour*). On the other hand, Chapman goes off track frequently: “preserve the wives' contents infract” is almost satirical, something not in Achilles' tone here, or in the Homeric narrator's ever.

Alexander Pope (1720)

For not fight, a like reward we claim,
Which and hero find their prize the same.
Regretted in the dust he lies

elds ignobly or who bravely dies.
By dangers, all my glorious pains,
 f labours, lo! What fruit remains?
Old bird her helpless young attends,
anger guards them and from want defends;
h of prey, she wings the spacious air,
 th the untasted food supplies her care;
less Greece such hardships have I braved,
 res, her infants by my labours saved;
 eepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
 eat laborious days in dust and blood.

Lattimore (and the Greek text that he follows exactly in terms of line-
 numeration) accomplish in nine verses what Pope does in a leisurely fourteen.
 His elaboration is the essence of Augustan-era “wit”—finding a clever point at
 each turn, making a punchy contrast where none was implied, inverting adverbs
 to give a pleasing chiasmic shape to the line (*yields ignobly/bravely dies*). It is far
 from Homer in a different way than Chapman—farther in tone and worldview,
 as far as chatter of the drawing room is from laconic talk on the battlefield (a
 thing known better to Elizabethans, as to Greeks). The underlining above marks
 the padding not found in the original. Some of the most ringing lines (e.g., *Who
 yields ignobly or who bravely dies*) are the least supported by the Greek (which
 in this case reads simply “there dies the man who does not work and one who
 has worked much”).

F. W. Newman (1856)

rtion hath the stay-at-home as though he bravely battled
 ual honour is assign'd to cowards and to heroes.
 like the lazy man and he who much hath laboured
 ght of vantage do I win that hardiment I suffer
 ay jeopardize my life in perilous encounter
 he parent bird doth bear unto her unfledg'd nestlings
 s of meat, whate'er she seize and her own welfare slighteth
 wise many a sleepless night and bloody day of combat
 nsorts to regain have I in war of men accomplished.

This is the translation that prompted the critic Matthew Arnold to issue his
 penetrating lectures “On Translating Homer.” Newman lacked the literary gifts
 of his more famous brother, John Henry Newman (writer, Catholic convert, and
 eventual cardinal). His influences are obvious: Anglo-Saxon verse, with its

strong central caesura; “heroic” poetry of the Icelandic sagas (then finding wide circulation in England); Tennyson; and the King James Version of the Bible. The aura is exactly that of the Pre-Raphaelites, at this period busy making “medieval” art out of ancient Greek myth. The Arthurian diction (*vantage*, *hardiment*) and the inverted verbal structures (*have I accomplished*) are meant to feel archaic, but end up muddying Homer’s clear syntax. (To be fair, Newman did provide a glossary to his translation.) His defense was that he had tried to make an *Iliad* as it would have sounded to Greeks of the Classical age, centuries after Homer (something like Shakespeare, or in spots Robert Burns, would sound to the nineteenth-century Oxford ear).

Arnold, in response, denied that one could recover such effects. Rather than making the text strange, he urged that it be made clear, especially as the audience of the present day (not to mention to come) were Greekless, unable to test a translation for accuracy on their own. Four qualities should guide the translator, wrote Arnold: Homer is rapid, plain in diction, direct in matter and ideas, and noble. His lectures of 1861–1862 remain a touch-stone for the exact criticism of poetic style.

Finally, we can compare Lattimore’s with three outstanding versions produced after his. (In the interest of full disclosure, I must say that Fitzgerald taught me; Fagles was my long-time Princeton colleague; I know Lombardo. In each case, therefore, I recall the translator’s mien and voice, which helps.)

Robert Fitzgerald (1974)

The portion’s equal

or a man hangs back or fights his best;
 the respect, or lack of it, is given,
 the man and coward. One who’s active dies
 the do-nothing. What least thing have I
 won for it, for harsh days undergone
 my life gambled, all these years of war?
 will I give her fledglings every scrap
 that comes by, and go hungry, foraging,
 the case with me.
 the sleepless night I’ve spent afield
 my day in bloodshed hand to hand
 I give for the wives of other men.

Fitzgerald, as do the next two translators, opts for a shorter line more familiar to readers of English poetry in iambic meter (especially Shakespeare). Lattimore,

on the other hand, explicitly sought a free six-beat line, “a speed and rhythm analogous to the speed and rhythm I find in the original.”¹⁷ By avoiding dramatic touches (exclamations, broken sentences), Fitzgerald gives the impression of a speaker who is quiet, resigned, in control. “Do-nothing” is closer to the Greek (*a-ergos*, literally “without work”) than the more colorful and moralistic “lazy” (Newman). Sticking to the plainness of the original, he produces a version most like Lattimore’s, although more lyrical than epic in its shorter lines.

Robert Fagles (1990)

l the same lot for the man who hangs back
man who battles hard. The same honor waits
coward and the brave. They both go down to Death,
ter who shirks and the one who works to exhaustion.
iat’s laid up for me, what pittance? Nothing—
r suffering hardships, year in, year out,
my life on the mortal risks of war.

nother bird hurrying morsels back
wingless young ones—whatever she can catch—
all starvation wages for herself.

So for me.

sleepless night I’ve bivouacked in harness,
r bloody day I’ve hacked my passage through,
g other soldiers to win their wives as prizes.

This represents a compromise between the long line of Lattimore and the shorter Fitzgerald, but at the risk of sounding unmetered and weak. In terms of diction, however, Fagles has chosen to have Achilles sound as he imagines a modern veteran might. “Bivouacked” is soldier-talk; “all starvation wages” is far beyond the Greek’s plain “there is no surplus for me,” but it personalizes the speaker, just as the un-Homeric sequence “what pittance? Nothing” tries to capture a mode of speech familiar from natural talk. “Day after bloody day” makes the original (*êmata haimatoenta*—literally “bloodied days”) into a British-inflected soldier’s swear, and “hacked my passage” notches up the original’s “made way through” (*dieprêsson*). In sum, Fagles raises the verbal temperature by consistent overdramatizing. He thus sharply distinguishes the narrator’s verses from

character-speech. Yet in the original, speakers sound much more like the Homeric poet: there is stylistic consistency.

Stanley Lombardo (1997)

It's not matter if you stay in camp or fight—
and, everybody comes out the same,
and heroes get the same reward:
whether you slack off or work.
What do I have for all my suffering,
constantly putting my life on the line?
A bird who feeds her chicks
before she finds, and goes without herself,
what I've been like, lying awake
through sleepless nights in battle for days
in blood, fighting men for their wives.

The logical conclusion of the search for natural speech makes the lines highly speakable (and Lombardo's translation, like Fagles', is marketed in an audio version). At times, it thereby hews closer to the Greek (note “goes without herself,” which resembles the original's literal “and she has ills” much more than do other attempts above). This can, however, mean foregoing strong verbs and nouns, while watering down the English until it risks cliché (“everybody comes out the same” for the original “with equal honor”; “putting my life on the line”). Lombardo's observation that his version “reflects the oral performance nature of the original poems” might blur the lines separating natural talk, unscripted improvised poems, and highly artificial, formulaic oral-traditional poetry made in a complex meter. But the resulting gain in vigor can often be worth the overstepping.

Of course only through a longer acquaintance with the entire poem, and by rereading it in variety of versions, will the reader be able to judge. Ultimately the choice among translations is a matter of taste. For many, Lattimore's will remain the most lucid and yet elevated—“noble”—of recent attempts.[18](#)

NOTES

- [1](#) From Mary Wortley Montagu, *The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, edited by J. A. Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie Wharnccliffe, vol. 2 (N.p., 1837).
- [2](#) Robert Wood, *An Essay on the Original Genius and Writings of Homer*, rev. ed. (London, 1775), 4–5.
- [3](#) Potential parallels are accumulated by Martin West in two volumes: Martin West, *The East Face of*

Helicon: West Asiatic Elements in Greek Poetry and Myth (Oxford, 1997); and *Indo-European Poetry and Myth* (Oxford, 2007). More analytical treatments of the poetic heritage on which Homeric poetry draws can be found in Calvert Watkins, *How to Kill a Dragon: Aspects of Indo-European Poetics* (New York, 1995); and Bruce Lincoln, *Myth, Cosmos and Society: Indo-European Themes of Creation and Destruction* (Cambridge, MA, 1986). On the highly debated questions of Greek cultural inheritance from Egypt and the Near East, see the three volumes by Martin Bernal, *Black Athena: The Afroasiatic Roots of Classical Civilization* (New Brunswick, NJ, 1987–2006). On the enduring ideologies that underlie studies of ancient myth, see Bruce Lincoln, *Theorizing Myth: Narrative, Ideology, and Scholarship* (Chicago, 1999).

- [4](#) From a letter of Nakao Takanori, in *Kamikaze Diaries: Reflections of Japanese Student Soldiers*, ed. Emiko Ohnuki-Tierney (Chicago, 2006), 208.
- [5](#) *Motif-Index of Folk Literature: A Classification of Narrative Elements in Folktales, Ballads, Myths, Fables, Mediaeval Romances, Exempla, Fabliaux, Jest-Books and Local Legends*, rev. & enl. ed., 6 vols. (Bloomington, IN, 1955–58).
- [6](#) Page images of the entire manuscript, from the original held in Venice, are viewable online courtesy of the Center for Hellenic Studies and Biblioteca Marciana: <http://chs75.chs.harvard.edu/manuscripts/>.
- [7](#) J. V. Cunningham, *The Exclusions of a Rhyme: Poems and Epigrams* (Denver, 1960).
- [8](#) V. Bérard, *Introduction à l’Odyssée*, vol. 1 (Paris, 1924). He thus allied himself with such earlier French defenders of Homer as Boileau and Dacier.
- [9](#) Skaftø Jensen, *The Homeric Question and the Oral-Formulaic Theory* (Copenhagen, 1980), 112.
- [10](#) The main proponents of the early archaic, single-recording origin theory are Barry Powell, in *Homer and the Origin of the Greek Alphabet* (Cambridge, 1991); and Richard Janko, in “The Homeric Poems as Oral Dictated Texts,” *Classical Quarterly* 48 (1998): 1–13.
- [11](#) *Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esquire: With Memoirs of His Life and Writings, Composed by Himself: Illustrated from His Letters with Occasional Notes and Narrative, by John Lord Sheffield in Three Volumes* (Dublin, 1796), 2:300.
- [12](#) “Gallipoli,” in *The Cause: Poems of the War* (Boston, 1917), 68.
- [13](#) Quoted in *Patrick Shaw-Stewart*, by Ronald Knox (London, 1920), 160.
- [14](#) “The Shield of Achilles,” in *The Shield of Achilles* (New York, 1955), 35.
- [15](#) Aeschylus, *Myrmidons*, fragments 135–37 in *Aeschylus: Fragments*, edited by A. Sommerstein (Cambridge, MA, 2008), 145–47.
- [16](#) In this edition of Lattimore’s translation, spelling and punctuation have been altered to follow American usage rather than the British conventions employed in the 1951 edition. Thus, in the main body of the poem, *honour* will be spelled *honor*, etc. Otherwise, Lattimore’s text of the poem appears here virtually unaltered, with the exception of half a dozen or so slight adjustments for the sake of grammar or clarity.
- [17](#) *The Iliad of Homer*, trans. and ed. Richmond Lattimore (Chicago, 1951), 55.
- [18](#) For many further examples, with a fine introduction, see *Homer in English*, edited by G. Steiner (Harmondsworth, 1996).

Translator's Note

RICHMOND LATTIMORE, 1951

In making this translation I have used the Oxford text of D. B. Monro and T. W. Allen (3rd edition, 1919), and have not knowingly failed to follow its readings except in a very few cases, viz.: In 8.328 I would either read *νεῦρον* instead of *νευρήν*, or, better perhaps, take *νευρή* here to mean nerve, sinew, or tendon, *not* bowstring. Where the Oxford editors have numbered, but excluded from their text, 8.548 and 8.550–552, I have included these lines. I have translated, but bracketed, 16.614–615.

Further, I have, in the interests of clarity and English usage, occasionally given personal names instead of personal pronouns. As regards formula and repeat, I have, with the help of Schmidt's *Parallel-Homer* and Cunliffe's admirable *Lexicon of the Homeric Dialect*, tried to preserve something of the formulaic character, but have not systematically attempted to render all identical passages in Greek by identical passages in English.

My aim has been to give a rendering of the *Iliad* which will convey the meaning of the Greek in a speed and rhythm analogous to the speed and rhythm I find in the original. The best meter for my purpose is a free six-beat line. My line can hardly be called English hexameter. It is less regular than that of Longfellow, or the recent Smith-Miller translation of the *Iliad*. It is not based on a quantitative theory (or any other theory) as is Robert Bridges' rendering of part of the *Aeneid*. I have allowed trochees, anapests for dactyls, and even iambs for spondees. The line is to be read with its natural stress, not forced into any system.

Matthew Arnold has stated that the translator of Homer must bear in mind four qualities of his author: that he is rapid, plain and direct in thought and expression, plain and direct in substance, and noble.¹ Even one who does not agree in all details with Arnold's very interesting essay must concede that Homer has these qualities. I have tried as hard as I could to reproduce the first three. I do not think *nobility* is a quality to directly strive for; you must write as

well as you can, and then see, or let others see, whether or not the result is noble. I have used the plainest language I could find which might be adequate, and mostly this is the language of contemporary prose. This usage is not “Homeric.” Arnold points out that Homer used a poetic dialect, but I do not draw from this the conclusion, which Arnold draws, that we should translate him into a poetical dialect of English. In 1951, we do not have a poetic dialect, and if I used the language of Spenser or the King James Version of the Bible, I should feel as if I were working in Apollonius of Rhodes, or at best Arktinos, rather than Homer. I must try to avoid mistranslation, which would be caused by rating the word of my own choice ahead of the word which translates the Greek. Subject to such qualification, I must render Homer into the best English verse I can write; and this will be in my own “poetical language,” which is mostly the plain English of today.

I wish to thank the editors and the staff of the University of Chicago Press for their sympathy and their belief in this project from its very beginnings; David Grene and Mabel Lang for reading the translation and offering valuable advice and criticism; Rhys Carpenter for very helpful criticism of the introduction; Alice Lattimore for her help in preparing the manuscript; and finally, all those friends who have sustained me in the belief that this work was worth doing, and refrained from asking “Why do another translation of Homer?”—a question which has no answer for those who do not know the answer already.

NOTE

¹ *On the Study of Celtic Literature*; and *On Translating Homer*, Macmillan edition, 149.

Maps





THE EAST AEGEAN COAST. © INTERNATIONAL MAPPING.



MAINLAND GREECE. © INTERNATIONAL MAPPING.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

BOOK ONE

3 goddess, the anger of Peleus' son Achilles and its devastation, which put
pains thousandfold upon the Achaians, hurled in their multitudes to the house of
Hades strong souls of heroes, but gave their bodies to be the delicate feasting
5 of dogs, of all birds, and the will of Zeus was accomplished since that time
when first there stood in division of conflict Atreus' son the lord of men and
brilliant Achilles.

at god was it then set them together in bitter collision?

son and Leto's, Apollo, who in anger at the king drove 10 the foul pestilence
along the host, and the people perished,

Atreus' son had dishonored Chryses, priest of Apollo, when he came beside the
fast ships of the Achaians to ransom

his daughter, carrying gifts beyond count and holding

hands wound on a staff of gold the ribbons of Apollo 15 who strikes from afar,
and supplicated all the Achaians,

love all Atreus' two sons, the marshals of the people:

is of Atreus and you other strong-greaved Achaians, to you may the gods grant
who have their homes on Olympos

is city to be plundered and a fair homecoming thereafter, 20 but may you give
me back my own daughter and take the ransom,

3 honor to Zeus' son who strikes from afar, Apollo."

in all the rest of the Achaians cried out in favor

re priest be respected and the shining ransom be taken; yet this pleased not the
heart of Atreus' son Agamemnon, 25 but harshly he drove him away with a
strong order upon him:

er let me find you again, old sir, near our hollow ships, neither lingering now nor
coming again hereafter,

ar your staff and the god's ribbons help you no longer.

irl I will not give back; sooner will old age come upon her 30 in my own house,
in Argos, far from her own land, going

d down by the loom and being in my bed as my companion.
now, do not make me angry; so you will be safer.”
he spoke, and the old man in terror obeyed him
went silently away beside the murmuring sea beach.
and over the old man prayed as he walked in solitude
ing Apollo, whom Leto of the lovely hair bore: “Hear me,
if the silver bow who set your power about Chryse and Killa the sacrosanct, who
are lord in strength over Tenedos, Smintheus, if ever it pleased your heart that I
built your temple, 40 if ever it pleased you that I burned all the rich thigh pieces
ls, of goats, then bring to pass this wish I pray for:
ur arrows make the Danaäns pay for my tears shed.”
he spoke in prayer, and Phoibos Apollo heard him, and strode down along the
pinnacles of Olympos, angered 45 in his heart, carrying across his shoulders the
bow and the hooded quiver; and the shafts clashed on the shoulders of the god
walking angrily. He came as night comes down and knelt then
and opposite the ships and let go an arrow.
ble was the clash that rose from the bow of silver.
he went after the mules and the circling hounds, then let go a tearing arrow
against the men themselves and struck them.
orpse fires burned everywhere and did not stop burning.

he days up and down the host ranged the god’s arrows, but on the tenth Achilleus
called the people to assembly;
g put into his mind by the goddess of the white arms, Hera, who had pity upon
the Danaäns when she saw them dying.
when they were all assembled in one place together,
leus of the swift feet stood up among them and spoke forth: “Son of Atreus, I
believe now that straggling backward 60 we must make our way home if we
can even escape death,
iting now must crush the Achaians and the plague likewise.
ome, let us ask some holy man, some prophet, even an interpreter of dreams,
since a dream also comes from Zeus, who can tell why Phoibos Apollo is so
angry, 65 if for the sake of some vow, some hecatomb he blames us,
en the fragrant smoke of lambs, of he goats, somehow
1 be made willing to beat the bane aside from us.”
spoke thus and sat down again, and among them stood up Kalchas, Thestor’s
son, far the best of the bird interpreters, 70 who knew all things that were, the

things to come and the things past, who guided into the land of Ilion the ships of the Achaians

with that seercraft of his own that Phoibos Apollo gave him.

with kind intention toward all stood forth and addressed them: "You have bidden me, Achilles beloved of Zeus, to explain to you this anger of Apollo the lord who strikes from afar. Then

you speak; yet make me a promise and swear before me

by word and work of your hands to defend me,

I believe I shall make a man angry who holds great kingship over the men of Argos, and all the Achaians obey him.

But kingship when he is angry with a man beneath him is too strong, and suppose even for the day itself he swallow down his anger, he still keeps bitterness that remains until its fulfillment

in his chest. Speak forth then, tell me if you will protect me."

And in answer again spoke Achilles of the swift feet:

"I speak, interpreting whatever you know, and fear nothing.

By the name of Apollo beloved of Zeus to whom you, Kalchas,

your prayers when you interpret the gods' will to the Danaäns, no man so long as I am alive above earth and see daylight

will lay the weight of his hands on you beside the hollow ships, not one of all the Danaäns, even if you mean Agamemnon,

whom now claims to be far the greatest of all the Achaians."

And his blameless seer took courage again and spoke forth: "No, it is not for the sake of some vow or hecatomb he blames us, but for the sake of his priest whom Agamemnon dishonored

and would not give him back his daughter nor accept the ransom.

And before the archer sent griefs against us and will send them still, nor sooner thrust back the shameful plague from the Danaäns until we give the glancing-eyed girl back to her father

at what price, without ransom, and lead also a blessed hecatomb to Chryse; thus we might propitiate and persuade him."

And spoke thus and sat down again, and among them stood up Atreus' son the hero wide-ruling Agamemnon

and his heart within filled black to the brim with anger

beneath, but his two eyes showed like fire in their blazing.

And of all he eyed Kalchas bitterly and spoke to him:

"Of evil: never yet have you told me a good thing.

ys the evil things are dear to your heart to prophesy,
othing excellent have you said nor ever accomplished.
once more you make divination to the Danaäns, argue
your reason why he who strikes from afar afflicts them,
se I for the sake of the girl Chryseis would not take the shining ransom; and
indeed I wish greatly to have her
own house; since I like her better than Klytaimestra my own wife, for in truth
she is no way inferior,
er in build nor stature nor wit, not in accomplishment.
am willing to give her back, if such is the best way.
elf desire that my people be safe, not perish.
ne then some prize that shall be my own, lest I only among the Argives go
without, since that were unfitting;
re all witnesses to this thing, that my prize goes elsewhere.”
n in answer again spoke brilliant swift-footed Achilles: “Son of Atreus, most
lordly, greediest for gain of all men,
hall the great-hearted Achaians give you a prize now?
is no great store of things lying about I know of.
what we took from the cities by storm has been distributed; it is unbecoming for
the people to call back things once given.
or the present give the girl back to the god; we Achaians thrice and four times
over will repay you, if ever Zeus gives into our hands the strong-walled citadel
of Troy to be plundered.”
in answer again spoke powerful Agamemnon:
that way, good fighter though you be, godlike Achilles, strive to cheat, for you
will not deceive, you will not persuade me.
do you want? To keep your own prize and have me sit here lacking one? Are
you ordering me to give this girl back?
r the great-hearted Achaians shall give me a new prize
n according to my desire to atone for the girl lost,
e if they will not give me one I myself shall take her, your own prize, or that of
Aias, or that of Odysseus, going myself in person; and he whom I visit will be
bitter.
these are things we shall deliberate again hereafter.
s, now, we must haul a black ship down to the bright sea,
semble rowers enough for it, and put on board it
catomb, and the girl herself, Chryseis of the fair cheeks, and let there be one

responsible man in charge of her,
r Aias or Idomeneus or brilliant Odysseus,
1 yourself, son of Peleus, most terrifying of all men,
oncile by accomplishing sacrifice the archer.”
n looking darkly at him Achilles of the swift feet spoke: “O wrapped in
shamelessness, with your mind forever on profit, 150 how shall any one of the
Achaians readily obey you
to go on a journey or to fight men strongly in battle?
ny part did not come here for the sake of the Trojan
men to fight against them, since to me they have done nothing.
r yet have they driven away my cattle or my horses, 155 never in Phthia where
the soil is rich and men grow great did they spoil my harvest, since indeed there
is much that lies between us, the shadowy mountains and the echoing sea; but
for your sake, O great shamelessness, we followed, to do you favor,
with the dog’s eyes, to win your honor and Menelaos’
the Trojans. You forget all this or else you care nothing.
ow my prize you threaten in person to strip from me,
hom I labored much, the gift of the sons of the Achaians.
r, when the Achaians sack some well-founded citadel
Trojans, do I have a prize that is equal to your prize.
ays the greater part of the painful fighting is the work of
hands; but when the time comes to distribute the booty
is far the greater reward, and I with some small thing
ar to me go back to my ships when I am weary with fighting.
I am returning to Phthia, since it is much better
home again with my curved ships, and I am minded no longer to stay here
dishonored and pile up your wealth and your luxury.”
n answered him in turn the lord of men Agamemnon:
away by all means if your heart drives you. I will not
it you to stay here for my sake. There are others with me 175 who will do me
honor, and above all Zeus of the counsels.
e you are the most hateful of all the kings whom the gods love.
er quarreling is dear to your heart, and wars and battles; and if you are very
strong indeed, that is a god’s gift.
ome then with your own ships and your own companions,
ng over the Myrmidons. I care nothing about you.
no account of your anger. But here is my threat to you.

as Phoibos Apollo is taking away my Chryseis.
I convey her back in my own ship, with my own
vers; but I shall take the fair-cheeked Briseis, 185 your prize, I myself going to
your shelter, that you may learn well how much greater I am than you, and
another man may shrink back from likening himself to me and contending
against me.”

He spoke. And the anger came on Peleus' son, and within his shaggy breast the
heart was divided two ways, pondering
her to draw from beside his thigh the sharp sword, driving
all those who stood between and kill the son of Atreus,
or to check the spleen within and keep down his anger.
As he weighed in mind and spirit these two courses
as drawing from its scabbard the great sword, Athene descended 195 from the
sky. For Hera the goddess of the white arms sent her,
loved both men equally in her heart and cared for them.
The goddess standing behind Peleus' son caught him by the fair hair, appearing to him
only, for no man of the others saw her.
Peleus in amazement turned about, and straightway
saw Pallas Athene and the terrible eyes shining.
She uttered winged words and addressed her: “Why have you come now, O child of
Zeus of the aegis, once more? Is it that you may see the outrageousness of the
son of Atreus Agamemnon?
I will tell you this thing, and I think it shall be accomplished.
If such acts of arrogance he may even lose his own life.”
And in answer the goddess gray-eyed Athene spoke to him:
“Do not come down to stay your anger—but will you obey me?—from the sky; and the
goddess of the white arms Hera sent me,
loves both of you equally in her heart and cares for you.
Do not then, do not take your sword in your hand, keep clear of fighting, though
indeed with words you may abuse him, and it will be that way.
This also will I tell you and it will be a thing accomplished.
Every day three times over such shining gifts shall be given you by reason of this
outrage. Hold your hand then, and obey us.”
And in answer again spoke Achilles of the swift feet:
“Goddess, it is necessary that I obey the word of you two,
though I am in my heart. So it will be better.

“If man obeys the gods, they listen to him also.”
he spoke, and laid his heavy hand on the silver sword hilt 220 and thrust the great blade back into the scabbard nor disobeyed the word of Athene. And she went back again to Olympos house of Zeus of the aegis with the other divinities.

Peleus’ son once again in words of derision
spoke to Atreides, and did not yet let go of his anger:
“I wine sack, with a dog’s eyes, with a deer’s heart. Never
have you taken courage in your heart to arm with your people for battle, or go
into ambushade with the best of the Achaians.
Or in such things you see death. Far better to your mind is it, all along the
widespread host of the Achaians
to take away the gifts of any man who speaks up against you,
who feed on your people, since you rule nonentities;
O wise, son of Atreus, this were your last outrage.
I will tell you this and swear a great oath upon it:
In the name of this scepter, which never again will bear leaf nor 235 branch, now that
it has left behind the cut stump in the mountains, nor shall it ever blossom again,
since the bronze blade stripped bark and leafage, and now at last the sons of the
Achaians
hold it in their hands in state when they administer
the justice of Zeus. And this shall be a great oath before you: 240 some day longing
for Achilleus will come to the sons of the Achaians, all of them. Then stricken at
heart though you be, you will be able to do nothing, when in their numbers
before man-slaughtering Hektor they drop and die. And then you will eat out the
heart within you in sorrow, that you did no honor to the best of the Achaians.”
He spoke Peleus’ son and dashed to the ground the scepter
fastened with golden nails, and sat down again. But Atreides
sat still on the other side, and between them Nestor the fair-spoken rose up, the
lucid speaker of Pylos,
whose lips the streams of words ran sweeter than honey.
In his time two generations of mortal men had perished,
who had grown up with him and they who had been born to these in sacred
Pylos, and he was king in the third age.
In his kind intention toward both stood forth and addressed them: “Oh, for shame.
Great sorrow comes on the land of Achaia.

might Priam and the sons of Priam in truth be happy,
all the rest of the Trojans be visited in their hearts with gladness, were they to hear
all this wherein you two are quarreling,
who surpass all Danaäns in council, in fighting.
I am persuaded. Both of you are younger than I am.
and in my time I have dealt with better men than
you are, and never once did they disregard me. Never
before I seen nor shall see again such men as these were,
like Peirithoös, and Dryas, shepherd of the people, Kaineus and Exadios, godlike
Polyphemos,
Theseus, Aigeus' son, in the likeness of the immortals.
They were the strongest generation of earth-born mortals,
the strongest, and they fought against the strongest, the best men living within the
mountains, and terribly they destroyed them.
I was of the company of these men, coming from Pylos,
going my way from a distant land, since they had summoned me.
I fought single-handed, yet against such men no one
of mortals now alive upon earth could do battle. And also these listened to the
counsels I gave and heeded my bidding.
You also obey, since to be persuaded is better.
I am a great man that you are, yet do not take the girl away
from her father, a prize as the sons of the Achaians gave her
to Hector. Nor, son of Peleus, think to match your strength with
mine, since never equal with the rest is the portion
of a son of a scattered king to whom Zeus gives magnificence. Even though
you are the stronger man, and the mother who bore you was immortal, yet is this
man greater who is lord over more than you rule.
I beseech you, O son of Atreus, give up your anger; even I entreat you
to be merciful over your bitterness against Achilleus, he who
stands as a great bulwark of battle over all the Achaians.”
In answer again spoke powerful Agamemnon:
“O old sir, all this you have said is fair and orderly.
There is a man who wishes to be above all others,
who wishes to hold power over all, and to be lord of all, and give them their orders,
yet I think one will not obey him.
If the everlasting gods have made him a spearman,
they have not given him the right to speak abusively.”

n looking at him darkly brilliant Achilleus answered him: “So must I be called of no account and a coward
ust carry out every order you may happen to give me.
other men to do these things, but give me no more
ands, since I for my part have no intention to obey you.
ut away in your thoughts this other thing I tell you.
my hands I will not fight for the girl’s sake, neither
ou nor any other man, since you take her away who gave her.
f all the other things that are mine beside my fast black
you shall take nothing away against my pleasure.
; then, only try it, that these others may see also;
tly your own black blood will stain my spearpoint.”

hese two after battling in words of contention
l up, and broke the assembly beside the ships of the Achaians.
s’ son went back to his balanced ships and his shelter with Patroklos, Menoitios’
son, and his own companions.
ie son of Atreus drew a fast ship down to the water
lotted into it twenty rowers and put on board it
ecatomb for the god and Chryseis of the fair cheeks
ig her by the hand. And in charge went crafty Odysseus.
se then putting out went over the ways of the water while Atreus’ son told his
people to wash off their defilement.
hey washed it away and threw the washings into the salt sea.
they accomplished perfect hecatombs to Apollo,
ls and goats along the beach of the barren salt sea.
avor of the burning swept in circles up to the bright sky.

is these were busy about the army. But Agamemnon
ot give up his anger and the first threat he made to Achilleus, 320 but to
Talthybios he gave his orders and Eurybates
vere heralds and hard-working henchmen to him: “Go now
shelter of Peleus’ son Achilleus, to bring back
is of the fair cheeks leading her by the hand. And if he will not give her, I must
come in person to take her 325 with many men behind me, and it will be the
worse for him.”
spoke and sent them forth with this strong order upon them.

went against their will beside the beach of the barren
sea, and came to the shelters and the ships of the Myrmidons.
When himself they found beside his shelter and his black ship sitting. And
Achilleus took no joy at all when he saw them.
The two terrified and in awe of the king stood waiting
silently, and did not speak a word at all nor question him.
He knew the whole matter in his own heart, and spoke first: "Welcome, heralds,
messengers of Zeus and of mortals.
I am not near. You are not to blame in my sight, but Agamemnon
has sent the two of you here for the sake of the girl Briseis.
You, illustrious Patroklos, and bring the girl forth
and give her to these to be taken away. Yet let them be witnesses in the sight of the
blessed gods, in the sight of mortal
men and of this cruel king, if ever hereafter
I shall be in need of me to beat back the shameful destruction from the rest. For
surely in ruinous heart he makes sacrifice and has not wit enough to look behind
and before him
to the Achaians fighting beside their ships shall not perish."
He spoke, and Patroklos obeyed his beloved companion.
He led forth from the hut Briseis of the fair cheeks and gave her to be taken away; and
they walked back beside the ships of the Achaians, and the woman all unwilling
went with them still. But Achilleus weeping went and sat in sorrow apart from
his companions
on the beach of the gray sea looking out on the infinite water.
At times stretching forth his hands he called on his mother: "Since, my mother,
you bore me to be a man with a short life, therefore Zeus of the loud thunder on
Olympus should grant me honor at least. But now he has given me not even a
little.
I am the son of Atreus, powerful Agamemnon,
who honored me, since he has taken away my prize and keeps it."
He spoke in tears and the lady his mother heard him
and she sat in the depths of the sea at the side of her aged father, and lightly she
emerged like a mist from the gray water.
She came and sat beside him as he wept, and stroked him
with her hand and called him by name and spoke to him: "Why then, child, do you
lament? What sorrow has come to your heart now?
Tell me, do not hide it in your mind, and thus we shall both know."

ring heavily Achilles of the swift feet answered her:
I know; since you know why must I tell you all this?
went against Thebe, the sacred city of Eëtion,
the city we sacked, and carried everything back to this place, and the sons of the
Achaians made a fair distribution
for Atreus' son they chose out Chryseis of the fair cheeks.
Chryses, priest of him who strikes from afar, Apollo,
beside the fast ships of the bronze-armored Achaians to ransom back his
daughter, carrying gifts beyond count and holding
hands wound on a staff of gold the ribbons of Apollo
strikes from afar, and supplicated all the Achaians,
above all Atreus' two sons, the marshals of the people.
all the rest of the Achaians cried out in favor
the priest be respected and the shining ransom be taken; yet this pleased not the
heart of Atreus' son Agamemnon,
rashly he sent him away with a strong order upon him.
old man went back again in anger, but Apollo
led to his prayer, since he was very dear to him, and let go the wicked arrow
against the Argives. And now the people
dying one after another while the god's shafts ranged
where along the wide host of the Achaians, till the seer 385 knowing well the
truth interpreted the designs of the archer.
I first of all urged then the god's appeasement;
the anger took hold of Atreus' son, and in speed standing he uttered his threat
against me, and now it is a thing accomplished.
the girl the glancing-eyed Achaians are taking to Chryse
fast ship, also carrying to the king presents. But even
the heralds went away from my shelter leading Briseus' daughter, whom the sons
of the Achaians gave me.
then, if you have power to, protect your own son, going
I'mpos and supplicating Zeus, if ever before now 395 either by word you
comforted Zeus' heart or by action.
it is many times in my father's halls I have heard you
big claims, when you said you only among the immortals
aside shameful destruction from Kronos' son the dark-misted, that time when all
the other Olympians sought to bind him,
and Poseidon and Pallas Athene. Then you,

Odysseus, went and set him free from his shackles, summoning
the creature of the hundred hands to tall Olympos, that creature the gods
name Briareus, but all men Aigaios' son, but he is far greater in strength than his
father.

Rejoicing in the glory of it sat down by Kronion,
the rest of the blessed gods were frightened and gave up binding him.
Beside him and take his knees and remind him of these things now, if perhaps he
might be willing to help the Trojans,
in the Achaians back against the ships and the water,
so, so that thus they may all have profit of their own king, that Atreus' son wide-
ruling Agamemnon may recognize
his madness, that he did no honor to the best of the Achaians."

Odysseus answered him then letting the tears fall: "Ah me,
child. Your birth was bitterness. Why did I raise you?
Why you could sit by your ships untroubled, not weeping,
indeed your lifetime is to be short, of no length.
It has befallen that your life must be brief and bitter
and all men's. To a bad destiny I bore you in my chambers.
I will go to cloud-dark Olympos and ask this
of Zeus who delights in the thunder. Perhaps he will do it.
You therefore continuing to sit by your swift ships
grieve at the Achaians and stay away from all fighting.
Zeus went to the blameless Aithiopians at the Ocean
today to feast, and the rest of the gods went with him.
The twelfth day he will be coming back to Olympos,
when I will go for your sake to the house of Zeus, bronze-founded, and take him by
the knees and I think I can persuade him."

Speaking she went away from that place and left him
grieving in his heart for the sake of the fair-girdled woman 430 whom they were
taking by force against his will. But Odysseus
while drew near to Chryse conveying the sacred hecatomb.
When they were inside the many-hollowed harbor
let down and gathered together the sails and stowed them in the black ship, let down
mast by the forestays, and settled it into the mast crutch 435 easily, and rowed
her in with oars to the mooring.
He threw over the anchor stones and made fast the stern cables and themselves

stepped out onto the break of the sea beach,
led forth the hecatomb to the archer Apollo,
Chryseis herself stepped forth from the sea-going vessel.
The gods of the many designs guided her to the altar
and left her in her father's arms and spoke a word to him:
"Chryses, I was sent here by the lord of men Agamemnon
to bring back your daughter and accomplish a sacred hecatomb
to Apollo on behalf of the Danaäns, that we may propitiate
the lord who has heaped unhappiness and tears on the Argives."
He spoke, and left her in his arms. And he received gladly his beloved child. And
the men arranged the sacred hecatomb
around the god in orderly fashion around the strong-founded altar.
Then they washed their hands and took up the scattering barley.
Standing among them with lifted arms Chryses prayed in a great voice: "Hear me,
lord of the silver bow, who set your power about
the sea and Killa the sacrosanct, who are lord in strength over Tenedos; if once before
you listened to my prayers
bring me honor and smote strongly the host of the Achaians, 455 so one more time
bring to pass the wish that I pray for.
Remove at last the shameful plague from the Danaäns."
He spoke in prayer, and Phoibos Apollo heard him.
When all had made prayer and flung down the scattering barley first they drew
back the victims' heads and slaughtered them and skinned them, 460 and cut
away the meat from the thighs and wrapped them in fat,
making a double fold, and laid shreds of flesh upon them.
The old man burned these on a cleft stick and poured the gleaming wine over, while
the young men with forks in their hands stood about him.
When they had burned the thigh pieces and tasted the vitals, 465 they cut all the
remainder into pieces and spitted them
and tasted all carefully and took off the pieces.
After they had finished the work and got the feast ready they feasted, nor was any
man's hunger denied a fair portion.
When they had put away their desire for eating and drinking, 470 the young men
filled the mixing bowls with pure wine, passing
the libation to all, when they had offered drink in the goblets.
Very long they propitiated the god with singing,
singing a splendid hymn to Apollo, these young Achaians, singing to the one who

works from afar, who listened in gladness.
ward when the sun went down and darkness came onward
ay down and slept beside the ship's stern cables.
hen the young Dawn showed again with her rosy fingers,
out forth to sea toward the wide camp of the Achaians.
Apollo who works from afar sent them a favoring stern wind.
set up the mast again and spread on it the white sails,
he wind blew into the middle of the sail, and at the cutwater a blue wave rose and
sang strongly as the ship went onward.
an swiftly cutting across the swell her pathway.
hen they had come back to the wide camp of the Achaians
hailed the black ship up on the mainland, high up
e sand, and underneath her they fixed the long props.
ward they scattered to their own ships and their shelters.

that other still sat in anger beside his swift ships,
s' son divinely born, Achilles of the swift feet.
r now would he go to assemblies where men win glory,
more into battle, but continued to waste his heart out
g there, though he longed always for the clamor and fighting.
hen the twelfth dawn after this day appeared, the gods who live forever came
back to Olympos all in a body
Zeus led them; nor did Thetis forget the entreaties of her son, but she emerged
from the sea's waves early in the morning and went up to the tall sky and
Olympos.
ound Kronos' broad-browed son apart from the others
g upon the highest peak of rugged Olympos.
ame and sat beside him with her left hand embracing
ees, but took him underneath the chin with her right hand and spoke in
supplication to lord Zeus son of Kronos:
er Zeus, if ever before in word or action
you favor among the immortals, now grant what I ask for.
give honor to my son short-lived beyond all other
ls. Since even now the lord of men Agamemnon
nors him, who has taken away his prize and keeps it.
of the counsels, lord of Olympos, now do him honor.
ig put strength into the Trojans, until the Achaians 510 give my son his rights,

and his honor is increased among them.”

spoke thus. But Zeus who gathers the clouds made no answer but sat in silence a long time. And Thetis, as she had taken

sees, clung fast to them and urged once more her question: “Bend your head and promise me to accomplish this thing,

se refuse it; you have nothing to fear, that I may know how much I am the most dishonored of all gods.”

ply disturbed Zeus who gathers the clouds answered her: “This is a disastrous matter when you set me in conflict

Hera, and she troubles me with recriminations.

se even as things are, forever among the immortals

at me and speaks of how I help the Trojans in battle.

so, go back again now, go away, for fear she

is. I will look to these things that they be accomplished.

then, I will bend my head that you may believe me.

his among the immortal gods is the mightiest witness

give, and nothing I do shall be vain nor revocable

thing unfulfilled when I bend my head in assent to it.”

spoke, the son of Kronos, and nodded his head with the dark brows, and the immortally anointed hair of the great god

fell from his divine head, and all Olympos was shaken.

These two who had made their plans separated, and Thetis leapt down again from shining Olympos into the sea’s depth,

Zeus went back to his own house, and all the gods rose up from their chairs to

greet the coming of their father; not one had courage 535 to keep his place as

the father advanced, but stood up to greet him.

He took his place on the throne; yet Hera was not

silent, having seen how he had been plotting counsels

Thetis the silver-footed, the daughter of the sea’s ancient, and at once she spoke revilingly to Zeus son of Kronos:

“Wretched one, what god has been plotting counsels with you?

Why is it dear to your heart in my absence to think of

such things and decide upon them. Never have you patience

to speak forth to me the thing that you purpose.”

Then to her the father of gods and men made answer:

“Do not go on hoping that you will hear all my

plans, since these will be too hard for you, though you are my wife.

thought that it is right for you to listen to, no one
er man nor any immortal shall hear it before you.
nything that apart from the rest of the gods I wish to
do not always question each detail nor probe me.”
n the goddess the ox-eyed lady Hera answered:
esty, son of Kronos, what sort of thing have you spoken?
too much in time past I have not questioned nor probed you, but you are entirely
free to think out whatever pleases you.
, though, I am terribly afraid you were won over
etis the silver-footed, the daughter of the sea’s ancient.
arly in the morning she sat beside you and took your
, and I think you bowed your head in assent to do honor
hilleus, and to destroy many beside the ships of the Achaians.”
in return Zeus who gathers the clouds made answer:
: lady, I never escape you; you are always full of suspicion.
us you can accomplish nothing surely, but be more distant from my heart than
ever, and it will be the worse for you.
at you say is true, then that is the way I wish it.
go then, sit down in silence, and do as I tell you,
ar all the gods, as many as are on Olympos, can do nothing if I come close and
lay my unconquerable hands upon you.”

spoke, and the goddess the ox-eyed lady Hera was frightened and went and sat
down in silence wrenching her heart to obedience, 570 and all the Uranian gods
in the house of Zeus were troubled.

aistos the renowned smith rose up to speak among them,
ng comfort to his beloved mother, Hera of the white arms: “This will be a
disastrous matter and not endurable
i two are to quarrel thus for the sake of mortals
oring brawling among the gods. There will be no pleasure
stately feast at all, since vile things will be uppermost.
entreat my mother, though she herself understands it,
ingratiating toward our father Zeus, that no longer
ther may scold her and break up the quiet of our feasting.
f the Olympian who handles the lightning should be minded
l us out of our places, he is far too strong for any.
ou therefore approach him again with words made gentle,

that once the Olympian will be gracious again to us.”
He spoke, and springing to his feet put a two-handled goblet 585 into his mother’s hands and spoke again to her once more:
“Have patience, my mother, and endure it, though you be saddened, for fear that, dear as you are, I see you before my own eyes
fall down, and then sorry though I be I shall not be able
do anything. It is too hard to fight against the Olympian.
There was a time once before now I was minded to help you, and he caught me by the foot and threw me from the magic threshold, and all day long I dropped helpless, and about sunset
I died in Lemnos, and there was not much life left in me.
That fall it was the Sintian men who took care of me.”
He spoke, and the goddess of the white arms Hera smiled at him, and smiling she accepted the goblet out of her son’s hand.
After beginning from the left he poured drinks for the other gods, dipping up from the mixing bowl the sweet nectar.
Among the blessed immortals uncontrollable laughter
broke up as they saw Hephaistos bustling about the palace.
Thus thereafter the whole day long until the sun went under they feasted, nor was anyone’s hunger denied a fair portion,
nor denied the beautifully wrought lyre in the hands of Apollo nor the antiphonal sweet sound of the Muses singing.
Toward when the light of the flaming sun went under
they went away each one to sleep in his home where
each one the far-renowned strong-handed Hephaistos
had built a house by means of his craftsmanship and cunning.
The Olympian and lord of the lightning went to
his own bed, where always he lay when sweet sleep came on him.
And he got up to the bed he slept and Hera of the gold throne beside him.

BOOK TWO

the rest of the gods, and men who were lords of chariots, slept night long, but the ease of sleep came not upon Zeus
was pondering in his heart how he might bring honor
Hektor, and destroy many beside the ships of the Achaeans.
to his mind this thing appeared to be the best counsel, to send evil Dream to
Atreus' son Agamemnon.
He came out to the dream and addressed him in winged words: "Go forth, evil Dream,
beside the swift ships of the Achaeans.
your way to the shelter of Atreus' son Agamemnon;
to him in words exactly as I command you.
I will arm the flowing-haired Achaeans for battle
with haste; since now he might take the wide-wayed city
of the Trojans. For no longer are the gods who live on Olympos arguing the matter,
since Hera forced them all over
for your supplication, and evils are in store for the Trojans."
The dream spoke, and Dream listened to his word and descended.
So he came down beside the swift ships of the Achaeans and came to
Agamemnon the son of Atreus. He found him
lying within his shelter in a cloud of immortal slumber.
The dream stood then beside his head in the likeness of Nestor,
his son, whom Agamemnon honored beyond all
others; beside. In Nestor's likeness the divine Dream spoke to him: "Son of wise
Atreus breaker of horses, are you sleeping?
You would not sleep night long who is a man burdened with counsels 25 and
responsibility for a people and cares so numerous.
I bid you quickly to what I say, since I am a messenger
of the gods, who far away cares much for you and is pitiful.
I bid you arm the flowing-haired Achaeans for battle
with haste; since now you might take the wide-wayed city
of the Trojans. For no longer are the gods who live on Olympos arguing the matter,

since Hera forced them all over
r supplication, and evils are in store for the Trojans from Zeus. Keep this thought
in your heart then, let not forgetfulness take you, after you are released from the
kindly sweet slumber.”

He spoke and went away, and left Agamemnon

believing things in his heart that were not to be accomplished.

He thought that on that very day he would take Priam's city; fool, who knew
nothing of all the things Zeus planned to accomplish, Zeus, who yet was minded
to visit tears and sufferings

to Trojans and Danaëns alike in the strong encounters.

Agamemnon awoke from sleep, the divine voice drifting

to him. He sat upright and put on his tunic,

rich and fresh woven, and threw the great mantle over it.

Underneath his shining feet he bound the fair sandals

across his shoulders slung the sword with the nails of silver, and took up the
scepter of his fathers, immortal forever.

Then he went beside the ships of the bronze-armored Achaians.

And the goddess Dawn drew close to tall Olympos with her message of light to
Zeus and the other immortals.

Agamemnon commanded his clear-voiced heralds to summon

with a proclamation to assembly the flowing-haired Achaians,

and the heralds made their cry and the men were assembled swiftly.

Then he held a council session of the high-hearted princes beside the ship of Nestor,
the king of the race of Pylos.

Summoning these he compacted before them his close counsel:

“Come, friends: in my sleep a Dream divine came to me

through the immortal night, and in appearance and stature

in figure it most closely resembled splendid Nestor.

He came and stood above my head and spoke a word to me:

“O man of wise Atreus breaker of horses, are you sleeping?

Would not sleep night long who is a man burdened with counsels and
responsibility for a people and cares so numerous.

Listen quickly to what I say, since I am a messenger

of Zeus, who far away cares much for you and is pitiful.

He bids you arm the flowing-haired Achaians for battle

in haste; since now you might take the wide-wayed city

of the Trojans. For no longer are the gods who live on Olympos arguing the matter,

since Hera has forced them all over
r supplication, and evils are in store for the Trojans 70 by Zeus' will. Keep this
within your heart.' So speaking the Dream went away on wings, and sweet sleep
released me.

then, let us see if we can arm the sons of the Achaians.

rst, since it is the right way, I will make trial of them by words, and tell them
even to flee in their benched vessels.

ou take stations here and there, to check them with orders."

spoke thus, and sat down again, and among them rose up Nestor, he who ruled as
a king in sandy Pylos.

kind intention toward all stood forth and addressed them: "Friends, who are
leaders of the Argives and keep their counsel, 80 had it been any other Achaian
who told of this dream we should have called it a lie and we might rather have
turned from it.

he who claims to be the best of the Achaians has seen it.

then, let us see if we can arm the sons of the Achaians."

re spoke and led the way departing from the council,

re rest rose to their feet, the scattered kings, obeying the shepherd of the people,
and the army thronged behind them.

he swarms of clustering bees that issue forever

sh bursts from the hollow in the stone, and hang like bunched grapes as they
hover beneath the flowers in springtime 90 fluttering in swarms together this
way and that way,

many nations of men from the ships and the shelters

the front of the deep sea beach marched in order

mpanies to the assembly, and Rumor walked blazing among them, Zeus'

messenger, to hasten them along. Thus they were assembled 95 and the place of
their assembly was shaken, and the earth groaned as the people took their
positions and there was tumult. Nine heralds shouting set about putting them in
order, to make them cease their clamor and listen to the kings beloved of Zeus.

The people

heir seats in sober fashion and were marshaled in their places

gave over their clamoring. Powerful Agamemnon

up holding the scepter Hephaistos had wrought him carefully.

aistos gave it to Zeus the king, the son of Kronos,

eus in turn gave it to the courier Argeiphontes,

and Hermes gave it to Pelops, driver of horses, 105 and Pelops again gave it to Atreus, the shepherd of the people.
As dying left it to Thyestes of the rich flocks, and Thyestes left it in turn to Agamemnon to carry
to be lord of many islands and over all Argos.
Laying upon this scepter he spoke and addressed the Argives: 110 “Fighting men and friends, O Danaäns, henchmen of Ares:
The son of Kronos has caught me fast in bitter futility.
I am hard; who before this time promised me and consented
I might sack strong-walled Ilion and sail homeward.
But he has devised a vile deception, and bids me go back
to Argos in dishonor having lost many of my people.
It is the way it will be pleasing to Zeus, who is too strong, who before now has
broken the crests of many cities
and will break them again, since his power is beyond all others.
This shall be a thing of shame for the men hereafter
I told, that so strong, so great a host of Achaians
I led on and fought in vain a war that was useless
with so few men fewer than they, with no accomplishment shown for it; since if both sides
were to be willing, Achaians and Trojans, to cut faithful oaths of truce, and both
to be numbered,
and the Trojans were to be counted by those with homes in the city, while we were to
be allotted in tens, we Achaians,
each one of our tens chose a man of Troy to pour wine for it, still there would be
many tens left without a wine steward.
So much I claim we sons of the Achaians outnumber
the Trojans—those who live in the city; but there are companions from other cities in
their numbers, wielders of the spear, to help them, who drive me hard back again
and will not allow me,
against my will, to sack the well-founded stronghold of Ilion.
Now nine years of mighty Zeus have gone by, and the timbers 135 of our ships
have rotted away and the cables are broken
and far away our own wives and our young children
are sitting within our halls and wait for us, while still our work here stays forever
unfinished as it is, for whose sake we came hither.
So then, do as I say, let us all be won over; let us
go away with our ships to the beloved land of our fathers

no longer now shall we capture Troy of the wide ways.”

He spoke, and stirred up the passion in the breast of all those who were within that multitude and listened to his counsel.

The assembly was shaken as on the sea the big waves

beat main by Ikaria, when the south and south-east winds driving down from the clouds of Zeus the father whip them.

When the west wind moves across the grain deep standing, boisterously, and shakes and sweeps it till the tassels lean, so all of that assembly was shaken, and the men in tumult

clung to the ships, and underneath their feet the dust lifted and rose high, and the men were all shouting to one another to lay hold on the ships and drag them down to the bright sea.

They cleaned out the keel channels and their cries hit skyward as they made for home and snatched the props from under the vessels.

Even for the Argives a homecoming beyond fate might have been accomplished, had not Hera spoken a word to Athene:

Shame, now, Atrytone, daughter of Zeus of the aegis.

Things are, the Argives will take flight homeward over

wide ridges of the sea to the land of their fathers,

thus they would leave to Priam and to the Trojans Helen of Argos, to glory over, for whose sake many Achaians

lost their lives in Troy far from their own native country.

Do now along the host of the bronze-armored Achaians.

Do not to each man in words of gentleness and draw him backward 165 nor let them drag down to the salt sea their oarswept vessels.”

She spoke, nor did the goddess gray-eyed Athene

deny her, but went in speed down the peaks of Olympos,

swiftly she arrived beside the fast ships of the Achaians.

When she came on Odysseus, the equal of Zeus in counsel, 170 standing still; he had laid no hand upon his black, strong-benched vessel, since disappointment touched his heart and his spirit.

Then the gray eyes stood beside him and spoke to him: “Son of Laërtes and seed of Zeus, resourceful Odysseus: will it be this way? Will you all hurl yourselves into your benched ships 175 and take flight homeward to the beloved land of your fathers, and would you thus leave to Priam and to the Trojans Helen

gos, to glory over, for whose sake many Achaians
eir lives in Troy far from their own native country?
ow along the host of the Achaians, give way no longer,
κ to each man in words of gentleness and draw them backward, nor let them drag
down to the salt sea their oarswept vessels.”

she spoke, and he knew the voice of the goddess speaking and went on the run,
throwing aside his cloak, which was caught up by Eurybates the herald of Ithaka
who followed him.

ame face to face with Agamemnon, son of Atreus,
ook from him the scepter of his fathers, immortal forever.
this he went beside the ships of the bronze-armored Achaians.
enever he encountered some king, or man of influence,
ould stand beside him and with soft words try to restrain him: 190 “Excellency!
It does not become you to be frightened like any coward. Rather hold fast and
check the rest of the people.

do not yet clearly understand the purpose of Atreides.

he makes trial, but soon will bear hard on the sons of the Achaians.

re not all hear what he was saying in council?

he not in anger do some harm to the sons of the Achaians!

ie anger of god-supported kings is a big matter,
om honor and love are given from Zeus of the counsels.”

en he saw some man of the people who was shouting, he would strike at him
with his staff, and reprove him also: 200 “Excellency! Sit still and listen to what
others tell you,

se who are better men than you, you skulker and coward and thing of no account
whatever in battle or council.

y not all of us Achaians can be as kings here.

hip for many is no good thing. Let there be one ruler, 205 one king, to whom
the son of devious-devising Kronos

the scepter and right of judgment, to watch over his people.”

ie went through the army marshaling it, until once more they swept back into the
assembly place from the ships and the shelters clamorously, as when from the
thunderous sea the surf-beat

ies upon the great beach, and the whole sea is in tumult.

ν the rest had sat down, and were orderly in their places, but one man, Thersites

of the endless speech, still scolded, who knew within his head many words, but disorderly;

and without decency, to quarrel

the princes with any word he thought might be amusing to the Argives.

was the ugliest man who came beneath Ilion. He was

7-legged and went lame of one foot, with shoulders

ed and drawn together over his chest, and above this

ull went up to a point with the wool grown sparsely upon it.

nd all others Achilles hated him, and Odysseus.

: two he was forever abusing, but now at brilliant

emnon he clashed the shrill noise of his abuse. The Achaians were furiously angry with him, their minds resentful.

e, crying the words aloud, scolded Agamemnon:

of Atreus, what thing further do you want, or find fault with now? Your shelters are filled with bronze; there are plenty of the choicest women for you within your shelter, whom we Achaians

o you first of all whenever we capture some stronghold.

it still more gold you will be wanting, that some son 230 of the Trojans, breakers of horses, brings as ransom out of Ilion, one that I, or some other Achaian, capture and bring in?

ome young woman to lie with in love and keep her

yourself apart from the others? It is not right for

heir leader, to lead in sorrow the sons of the Achaians.

ood fools, poor abuses, you women, not men, of Achaia,

go back home in our ships, and leave this man here

nsel in Troy to mull his prizes of honor

e may find out whether or not we others are helping him.

ow he has dishonored Achilles, a man much better

he is. He has taken his prize by force and keeps her.

ere is no gall in Achilles' heart, and he is forgiving.

wise, son of Atreus, this were your last outrage.”

re spoke, Thersites, abusing Agamemnon

epherd of the people. But brilliant Odysseus swiftly

: beside him scowling and laid a harsh word upon him:

nt orator though you be, Thersites, your words are

nsidered. Stop, nor stand up alone against princes.

f all those who came beneath Ilion with Atreides

It there is no worse man than you are. Therefore
I shall not lift up your mouth to argue with princes,
I approach not into their teeth, nor sustain the homegoing.
I do not even know clearly how these things will be accomplished, whether we sons
of the Achaians shall win home well or badly; yet you sit here throwing abuse at
Agamemnon,
his son, the shepherd of the people, because the Danaans
revere him much. You argue nothing but scandal.
This also will I tell you, and it will be a thing accomplished.
The more I find you playing the fool, as you are now,
the more let the head of Odysseus sit on his shoulders, 260 let me nevermore be
called Telemachos' father,
I do not take you and strip away your personal clothing, your mantle and your tunic
that cover over your nakedness,
and you thus bare and howling back to the fast ships,
driving you out of the assembly place with the strokes of indignity.”
He spoke and dashed the scepter against his back and
shoulders, and he doubled over, and a round tear dropped from him, and a bloody welt
stood up between his shoulders under
the golden scepter's stroke, and he sat down again, frightened, in pain, and looking
helplessly about wiped off the tear-drops.
But though the men were they laughed over him happily, and thus they would speak
to each other, each looking at the man next him: “Come now: Odysseus has done
excellent things by thousands, bringing forward good counsels and ordering
armed encounters; but now this is far the best thing he ever has accomplished
275 among the Argives, to keep this thrower of words, this braggart out of
assembly. Never again will his proud heart stir him
to wrangle with the princes in words of revilement.”

The multitude spoke, but Odysseus, sacker of cities,
stood up holding the staff, and beside him gray-eyed Athene 280 in the likeness of a
herald enjoined the people to silence,
that once the foremost and the utmost sons of the Achaians might listen to him
speaking and deliberate his counsel.
In kind intention toward all stood forth and addressed them: “Son of Atreus: now,
my lord, the Achaians are trying
to make you into a thing of reproach in the sight of all mortal men, and not fulfilling

the promise they undertook once
y set forth to come here from horse-pasturing Argos,
home only after you had sacked strong-walled Ilion.
s if they were young children or widowed women
cry out and complain to each other about going homeward.
th, it is a hard thing, to be grieved with desire for going.
nan who stays away one month from his own wife
his intricate ship is impatient, one whom the storm winds of winter and the sea
rising keep back. And for us now
s the ninth of the circling years that we wait here. Therefore I cannot find fault
with the Achaians for their impatience
e the curved ships; yet always it is disgraceful
it long and at the end go home empty-handed.
ut be patient, friends, and stay yet a little longer 300 until we know whether
Kalchas' prophecy is true or is not true.
remember this thing well in my heart, and you all are witnesses, whom the spirits
of death have not carried away from us; yesterday and before, at Aulis, when the
ships of the Achaians were gathered bringing disaster to the Trojans and Priam,
ve beside a spring and upon the sacred altars
accomplishing complete hecatombs to the immortals
a fair plane tree whence ran the shining of water.
appeared a great sign; a snake, his back blood-mottled, a thing of horror, cast
into the light by the very Olympian, 310 wound its way from under the altar and
made toward the plane tree.
upon were innocent children, the young of the sparrow, cowering underneath the
leaves at the uttermost branch tip, eight of them, and the mother was the ninth,
who bore these children.
nake ate them all after their pitiful screaming,
he mother, crying aloud for her young ones, fluttered about him, and as she
shrilled he caught her by the wing and coiled around her.
he had eaten the sparrow herself with her children
od who had shown the snake forth made him a monument,
ing him stone, the son of devious-devising Kronos,
ve standing about marveled at the thing that had been done.
the terror and the god's monsters came into the hecatomb Kalchas straightway
spoke before us interpreting the gods' will: 'Why are you turned voiceless, you
flowing-haired Achaians?'

of the counsels has shown us this great portent: a thing late, 325 late to be accomplished, whose glory shall perish never.
is snake has eaten the sparrow herself with her children, eight of them, and the mother was the ninth, who bore them, so for years as many as this shall we fight in this place
in the tenth year we shall take the city of the wide ways.'
he spoke to us then; now all this is being accomplished.
he then, you strong-greaved Achaians, let every man stay until we have taken the great citadel of Priam."

he spoke, and the Argives shouted aloud, and about them the ships echoed terribly to the roaring Achaians
they cried out applause to the word of godlike Odysseus.
among them spoke the Gerenian horseman, Nestor:
for shame! You are like children when you hold assembly, infant children, to whom the works of war mean nothing.
do these then shall our covenants go, and the oaths we have taken?
do counsels and the meditations of men be given to the flames then, with the unmixed wine poured and the right hands we trusted.
do you our fighting with words only, and can discover
do you deny, though we have stayed here a long time. Son of Atreus, do you still as before hold fast to your counsel unshaken
do you be the leader of the Argives through the strong encounters; let them go perish, these one or two, who think apart from
do you st of the Achaians, since there will be no use in them until they get back again to Argos without ever learning whether Zeus of the aegis promises false or truly.
do you say to you, the son of all-powerful Kronos
do you ised, on that day when we went in our fast-running vessels, we of Argos, carrying blood and death to the Trojans.
do you ished lightning on our right, showing signs of favor.
do you fore let no man be urgent to take the way homeward
do you after he has lain in bed with the wife of a Trojan
do you nge Helen's longing to escape and her lamentations.
do you fore any man is terribly desirous to go home, let him only lay his hands on his well-benched black ship,
do you fore all others he may win death and destruction.
do you e, my lord: yourself be careful, and listen to another.

shall not be a word to be cast away that I tell you.
our men in order by tribes, by clans, Agamemnon,
let clan go in support of clan, let tribe support tribe.
I do it this way, and the Achaians obey you,
you will see which of your leaders is bad, and which of your people, and which also
is brave, since they will fight in divisions, and might learn also whether by
magic you fail to take this city, or by men's cowardice and ignorance of
warfare."

He then in answer again spoke powerful Agamemnon:
"I will say again, old sir, you surpass the sons of the Achaians
in counsel. O father Zeus, Athene, Apollo:
I wish that among the Achaians I had ten such counselors.
Perhaps the city of lord Priam would be bent
neath our hands, captured and sacked. But instead
of the aegis, son of Kronos, has given me bitterness,
it drives me into unprofitable abuse and quarrels.
I wish that Achilles fought together for a girl's sake
in his violent encounter, and I was the first to be angry.
If we can take one single counsel, then no longer
let the Trojans' evil be put aside, not even for a small time.
I will go back, take your dinner, and let us gather our warcraft.
Each man put a good edge to his spear, and his shield in order, let each put good
fodder before his swift-footed horses,
each man look well over his chariot, careful of his fighting, 385 that all day long
we may be in the division of hateful Ares.
There will not even for a small time be any respite
as darkness come down to separate the strength of the fighters.
There will be a man's sweat on the shield-strap binding the breast to the shield hiding
the man's shape, and the hand on the spear grow weary.
There will be sweat on a man's horse straining at the smoothed chariot.
No man whom I find trying, apart from the battle,
will go back by the curved ships, for him no longer
there be any means to escape the dogs and the vultures."
He then spoke, and the Argives shouted aloud, as surf crashing 395 against a sheer
rockiness, driven by the south wind descending,
cliff out-jutting, left never alone by the waves from
all winds that blow, as they rise one place and another.

stood up scattering and made for the ships; they kindled the fires' smoke along the shelters, and took their dinner, 400 each man making a sacrifice to some one of the immortal

in prayer to escape death and the grind of Ares.

Agamemnon the lord of men dedicated a fat ox

years old to Zeus, all-powerful son of Kronos,

summoned the nobles and the great men of all the Achaians, 405 Nestor before

all others, and next the lord Idomeneus,

the two Aiantes and Tydeus' son Diomedes,

next Odysseus, a man like Zeus himself for counsel.

His own accord came Menelaos of the great war cry

knew well in his own mind the cares of his brother.

They stood in a circle about the ox and took up the scattering barley; and among them powerful Agamemnon spoke in prayer:

O Zeus, exalted and mightiest, sky-dwelling in the dark mist: let not the sun go down and disappear into darkness

I have hurled headlong the castle of Priam

ring, and lit the castle gates with the flames' destruction; not till I have broken at the chest the tunic of Hektor

with the bronze blade, and let many companions about him go down headlong into the dust, teeth gripping the ground soil."

He spoke, but none of this would the son of Kronos accomplish, 420 who accepted the victims, but piled up the unwished-for hardship.

And when all had made prayer and flung down the scattering barley, first they drew back the victim's head, cut his throat and skinned him, and cut away the meat from the thighs and wrapped them in fat, making a double fold, and laid shreds of flesh above them.

Putting these on sticks cleft and peeled they burned them,

spitting the vitals and held them over the flame of Hephaistos.

When they had burned the thigh pieces and tasted the vitals they cut all the remainder into pieces and spitted them

tasted all carefully and took off the pieces.

And after they had finished the work and got the feast ready they feasted, nor was any man's hunger denied a fair portion.

When they had put away their desire for eating and drinking the Gerenian horseman Nestor began speaking among them:

of Atreus, most lordly and king of men, Agamemnon,
; talk no more of these things, nor for a long time
ide the action which the god puts into our hands now.
; then, let the heralds of the bronze-armored Achaians
proclamation to the people and assemble them by the vessels, and let us together
as we are go down the wide host
e Achaians, to stir more quickly the fierce war god.”
spoke, nor did the lord of men Agamemnon neglect him, but straightway
commanded the clear-voiced heralds to summon by proclamation to battle the
flowing-haired Achaians;
ie heralds made their cry and the men were assembled swiftly.
they, the god-supported kings, about Agamemnon
marshaling the men, and among them gray-eyed Athene
ing the dear treasured aegis, ageless, immortal,
whose edges float a hundred all-golden tassels,
one carefully woven, and each worth a hundred oxen.
this fluttering she swept through the host of the Achaians urging them to go
forward. She kindled the strength in each man’s heart to take the battle without
respite and keep on fighting.
ow battle became sweeter to them than to go back
ir hollow ships to the beloved land of their fathers.
oliterating fire lights up a vast forest
the crests of a mountain, and the flare shows far off, so as they marched, from
the magnificent bronze the gleam went dazzling all about through the upper air
to the heaven.
se, as the multitudinous nations of birds winged,
ese, and of cranes, and of swans long-throated in the Asian meadow beside the
Kaystrian waters
ray and that way make their flights in the pride of their wings, then settle in
clashing swarms and the whole meadow echoes with them, so of these the
multitudinous tribes from the ships and 465 shelters poured to the plain of
Skamandros, and the earth beneath their feet and under the feet of their horses
thundered horribly.
took position in the blossoming meadow of Skamandros, thousands of them, as
leaves and flowers appear in their season.
e the multitudinous nations of swarming insects
drive hither and thither about the stalls of the sheepfold in the season of spring

when the milk splashes in the milk pails: in such numbers the flowing-haired
Achaïans stood up
against the plain against the Trojans, hearts burning to break them.
These, as men who are goatherds among the wide goatflocks 475 easily separate
them in order as they take to the pasture,
the leaders separated them this way and that way
at the encounter, and among them powerful Agamemnon,
eyes and head like Zeus who delights in thunder,
loves for girth, and with the chest of Poseidon;
the foremost ox of the herd pre-eminent among the others,
Diomedes, who stands conspicuous in the huddling cattle;
he was the son of Atreus as Zeus made him that day,
conspicuous among men, and foremost among the fighters.

Tell me now, you Muses who have your homes on Olympos.
You, who are goddesses, are there, and you know all things, and we have heard
only the rumor of it and know nothing.
Who then of those were the chief men and the lords of the Danaïans?
I did not tell over the multitude of them nor name them,
I had ten tongues and ten mouths, not if I had
a voice never to be broken and a heart of bronze within me,
unless the Muses of Olympia, daughters
of Zeus of the aegis, remembered all those who came beneath Ilium.
Tell the lords of the ships, and the ships numbers.

Prokles and Peneleos were leaders of the Boiotians, 495 with Arkesilaos and
Prothoënor and Klonios; they who lived in Hyria and in rocky Aulis, in the hill-
bends of Eteonos, and Schoinos, and Skolos, Thespeia and Graia, and in
spacious Mykalessos; they who dwelt about Harma and Eilesion and Erythrai,
500 they who held Eleon and Hyle and Peteon,
Dakalea and Medeon, the strong-founded citadel, Kopai, and Eutresis, and Thisbe
of the dove-cotes; they who held Koroneia, and the meadows of Haliartos, they
who held Plataia, and they who dwelt about Glisa, 505 they who held the lower
Thebes, the strong-founded citadel, and Onchestos the sacred, the shining grove
of Poseidon; they who held Arne of the great vineyards, and Mideia, with Nisa
the sacrosanct and uttermost Anthedon.
These there were fifty ships in all, and on board

of these a hundred and twenty sons of the Boiotians.

they who lived in Aspledon and Orchomenos of the Minyai, Askalaphos led these, and Ialmenos, children of Ares, whom Astyochē bore to him in the house of Aktor

s' son, a modest maiden; she went into the chamber

strong Ares, who was laid in bed with her secretly.

these two there were marshaled thirty hollow vessels.

edios and Epistrophos led the men of Phokis, children of Iphitos, who was son of great-hearted Naubolos.

held Kyparissos, and rocky Pytho, and Krisa 520 the sacrosanct together with Daulis and Panopeus; they who lived about Hyampolis and Anamoreia, they who dwelt about Kephisos, the river immortal, they who held Lilaia beside the well springs of Kephisos.

wing along with these were forty black ships,

he leaders marshaling the ranks of the Phokians set them in arms on the left wing of the host beside the Boiotians.

ft Aias son of Oïleus led the men of Lokris, the lesser Aias, not great in size like the son of Telamon, but far slighter. He was a small man armored in linen, 530 yet with the throwing spear surpassed all Achaians and Hellenes.

were the dwellers in Kynos and Opoeis and Kalliaros, and in Bessa, and Skarphe, and lovely Augeiai, in Thronion and Tarphe and beside the waters of Boagrius.

wing along with him were forty black ships 535 of the Lokrians, who dwell across from sacred Euboia.

y who held Euboia, the Abantes, whose wind was fury, Chalkis, and Eretria, the great vineyards of Histiaia, and seaborne Kerinthos and the steep stronghold of Dion, they who held Karystos and they who dwelt about Styra, 540 of these the leader was Elephenor, scion of Ares, son of Chalkodon and lord of the great-hearted Abantes.

he running Abantes followed with him, their hair grown long at the back, spearmen furious with the out-reached ash spear to rip the corselets girt about the chests of their enemies.

wing along with him were forty black ships.

the men who held Athens, the strong-founded citadel, the deme of great-hearted Erechtheus, whom once Athene

daughter tended after the grain-giving fields had borne him, and established him to be in Athens in her own rich temple; 550 there as the circling years go by the sons of the Athenians

propitiation with rams and bulls sacrificed; of these men the leader was Peteos' son Menestheus.

no man on earth before had there been a man born like him
the arrangement in order of horses and shielded fighters.

no man alone could challenge him, since he was far older.

going along with him were fifty black ships.

at the battle of Salamis Aias brought twelve ships and placed them next to where the Athenian battalions were drawn up.

the men who held Argos and Tiryns of the huge walls, 560 Hermionē and Asinē lying down the deep gulf, Troizen and Eïonai, and Epidauros of the vineyards, they who held Aigina and Mases, sons of the Achaians, of these the leader was Diomedes of the great war cry with Sthenelos, own son to the high-renowned Kapaneus, 565 and with them as a third went Euryalos, a man godlike, son of Mekisteus the king, and scion of Talaos;

the leader of all was Diomedes of the great war cry.

going along with these were eighty black ships.

the men who held Mykenai, the strong-founded citadel, 570 Korinth the luxurious, and strong-founded Kleonai; they who dwelt in Orneai and lovely Araithyrea, and Sikyon, where of old Adrestos had held the kingship; they who held Hyperesia and steep Gonoëssa, they who held Pellene and they who dwelt about Aigion,

about the seashore and about the wide headland of Helikē, of their hundred ships the leader was powerful Agamemnon,

his son, with whom followed far the best and bravest

men; and among them he himself stood armored in shining

armor, glorying, conspicuous among the great fighters,

for he was greatest among them all, and led the most people.

the men who held the swarming hollow of Lakedaimon, Pharis, and Sparta, and Messe of the dove-cotes, they who dwelt in Bryseiai and lovely Augeiai, they who held Amyklai and the seaward city of Helos, 585 they who held Laas, and they who dwelt about Oitylos,

and his brother Menelaos of the great war cry

leader, with sixty ships marshaled apart from the others.
Himself went among them in the confidence of his valor,
leading them battleward, since above all his heart was eager 590 to avenge Helen's
longing to escape and her lamentations.

They who dwelt about Pylos and lovely Arene, and Thryon, the Alpheios crossing,
and strong-built Aipy; they who lived in Kyparisseis and Amphigeneia, Pteleos
and Helos and Dorion, where the Muses 595 encountering Thamyris the
Thracian stopped him from singing as he came from Oichalia and Oichalian
Eurytos;

He boasted that he would prevail, if the very Muses,
daughters of Zeus who holds the aegis, were singing against him, and these in their
anger struck him maimed, and the voice of wonder 600 they took away, and
made him a singer without memory;

For the leader was the Gerenian horseman, Nestor,
whose command were marshaled ninety hollow vessels.

They who held Arkadia under the sheer peak, Kyllene, beside the tomb of Aipytos,
where men fight at close quarters, 605 they who dwelt in Orchomenos of the
flocks, and Pheneos, about Rhipè and Stratia and windy Enispe; they who held
Tegea and Mantinea the lovely, they who held Stymphalos, and dwelt about
Parrhasia, their leader was Angkaïos' son, powerful Agapenor.

Forty was the number of their ships, and in each ship
many men of Arkadia, well skilled in battle.

Demnon the lord of men himself had given
for the crossing of the wine-blue sea their strong-benched vessels, Atreus' son,
since the work of the sea was nothing to these men.

They who lived in Bouprasion and brilliant Elis, all as much as Hyrmine and
Myrsinos the uttermost and the Olenian rock and Alesion close between them,
for there were four chieftains, and with each man ten swift vessels followed, with
many Epeian men on board them.

Two tens Thalpios and Amphimachos were leaders, of Aktor's seed, sons one of
Kteatos, one of Eurytos.

Three more were led by Amaryngkeus' son, strong Diores, and of the fourth ten godlike
Polyxeinos was leader, son of lord Agasthenes, of the race of Augeias.

They who came from Doulichion and the sacred Echinai,
islands, where men live across the water from Elis, Meges was the leader of these, a

man like Ares, Phyleus' son, whom the rider dear to Zeus had begotten,
us, who angered with his father had settled Doulichion.
wing along with him were forty black ships.

Odysseus led the high-hearted men of Kephallenia, those who held Ithaka and
leaf-trembling Neriton, those who dwelt about Krokyleia and rigged Aigilips,
those who held Zakynthos and those who dwelt about Samos,
who held the mainland and the places next to the crossing.
ese men were led by Odysseus, like Zeus in counsel.
wing with him were twelve ships with bows red painted.

as son of Andraimon was leader of the Aitolians, those who dwelt in Pleuron
and Olenos and Pylene, 640 Kalydon of the rocks and Chalkis beside the
seashore,
no longer were the sons of high-hearted Oineus living, nor Oineus himself, and
fair-haired Meleagros had perished.

the lordship of the Aitolians was given to Thoas.
wing along with him were forty black ships.

omeneus the spear-famed was leader of the Kretans, those who held Knosos and
Gortyna of the great walls, Lyktos and Miletos and silver-shining Lykastos, and
Phaistos and Rhytion, all towns well established, and others who dwelt beside
them in Krete of the hundred cities.

l these Idomeneus the spear-famed was leader, with Meriones, a match for the
murderous Lord of Battles.

wing along with these were eighty black ships.

akles' son Tlepolemos the huge and mighty led from Rhodes nine ships with the
proud men of Rhodes aboard them, 655 those who dwelt about Rhodes and
were ordered in triple division, Ialysos and Lindos and silver-shining Kameiros.
these Tlepolemos the spear-famed was leader, he whom Astyocheia bore to the
strength of Herakles.

des brought her from Ephyra and the river Selleëis
he sacked many cities of strong, god-supported fighters.

when Tlepolemos was grown in the strong-built mansion,
uck to death his own father's beloved uncle, Likymnios, scion of Ares, a man
already ageing.

ce he put ships together and assembled a host of people 665 and went fugitive
over the sea, since the others threatened,

st of the sons and the grandsons of the strength of Herakles.
ie came to Rhodes a wanderer, a man of misfortune,
ey settled there in triple division by tribes, beloved of Zeus himself, who is lord
over all gods and all men, 670 Kronos' son, who showered the wonder of
wealth upon them.
eus from Syme led three balanced vessels, Nireus son of Aglaia and the king
Charopos,
s, the most beautiful man who came beneath Ilion
id the rest of the Danaäns next after perfect Achilleus.
ie was a man of poor strength and few people with him.

y who held Nisyros and Krapathos and Kasos, and Kos, Eurypylos' city, and the
islands called Kalydnai, of these again Pheidippos and Antiphos were the
leaders, sons both of Thessalos who was born to the lord Herakles.
eir command were marshaled thirty hollow vessels.
v all those who dwelt about Pelasgian Argos, those who lived by Alos and Alope
and at Trachis, those who held Phthia and Hellas the land of fair women, who
were called Myrmidons and Hellenes and Achaians,
these and their fifty ships the lord was Achilleus.
iese took no thought now for the grim clamor of battle since there was no one
who could guide them into close order, since he, swift-footed brilliant Achilleus,
lay where the ships were, angered over the girl of the lovely hair, Briseis,
690 whom after much hard work he had taken away from Lyrnessos
ie had sacked Lyrnessos and the walls of Thebe and struck down Epistrophos
and Mynes the furious spearmen, children of Euenos, king, and son of Selepios.
er sake he lay grieving now, but was soon to rise up.

ey who held Phylakē and Pyrasos of the flowers, the precinct of Demeter, and
Iton, mother of sheepflocks, Antron by the seashore, and Pteleos deep in the
meadows,
se in turn fighting Protesilaos was leader
he lived; but now the black earth had closed him under, 700 whose wife, cheeks
torn for grief, was left behind in Phylakē
marriage half completed; a Dardanian man had killed him as he leapt from his
ship, far the first of all the Achaians.
iese, longing as they did for their leader, did not go leaderless, but Podarkes,
scion of Ares, set them in order,

of Iphikles, who in turn was son to Phylakos
in flocks, full brother of high-hearted Protesilaos,
warrior born; but the elder man was braver also,
Protesilaos, a man of battle; yet still the people
did not a leader, though they longed for him and his valor.
Sailing along with Podarkes were forty black ships.

They who lived by Pherai beside the lake Boibeis, by Boibe and Glaphyrai and
strong-founded Iolkos, of their eleven ships the dear son of Admetos was leader,
Alkestis, born to Admetos by the beauty among women 715 Alkestis, loveliest of all
the daughters of Pelias.

They who lived about Thaumakia and Methone, they who held Meliboia and rugged
Olizon,
in their seven ships the leader was Philoktetes skilled in the bow's work, and aboard
each vessel were fifty 720 oarsmen, each well skilled in the strength of the bow
in battle.

He himself lay apart in the island, suffering strong pains, in Lemnos the
sacrosanct, where the sons of the Achaians had left him in agony from the sore
bite of the wicked water snake.

When he lay apart in his pain; yet soon the Argives
remembered their ships were to remember lord Philoktetes.

These, longing as they did for their leader, did not go leaderless, but Medon, the
bastard son of Oileus, set them in order, whom Rhene bore to Oileus the sacker
of cities.

They who held Trikke and the terraced place of Ithome, 730 and Oichalia, the city
of Oichalian Eurytos, of these in turn the leaders were two sons of Asklepios,
good healers both themselves, Podaleirios and Machaon.

In their command were marshaled thirty hollow vessels.

They who held Ormenios and the spring Hypereia, 735 they who held Asterion and
the pale peaks of Titanos, Eurypylos led these, the shining son of Euaimon.
Sailing along with him were forty black ships.

They who held Argissa and dwelt about Gyrtone, Orthe and Elone and the white city
Oloösion, 740 of these the leader was Polypoites, stubborn in battle, son of
Peirithoös whose father was Zeus immortal,
whom glorious Hippodameia bore to Peirithoös on that day when he wreaked
vengeance on the hairy beast men and drove them from Pelion and hurled them

against the Aithikes; 745 not by himself, for Leonteus was with him, scion of Ares, Leonteus, son of high-hearted Koronos the son of Kaineus.

wing in the guidance of these were forty black ships.

meus from Kyphos led two and twenty vessels, and the Enienes and the Perrhaibians stubborn in battle 750 followed him, they who made their homes by wintry Dodona, and they who by lovely Titaessos held the tilled acres, Titaessos, who into Peneios casts his bright current:

is not mixed with the silver whirls of Peneios,

ke oil is floated along the surface above him:

he is broken from the water of Styx, the fearful oath-river.

thoös son of Tenthredon was leader of the Magnesians, those who dwelt about Peneios and leaf-trembling

1. Of these Prothoös the swift-footed was leader.

wing along with him were forty black ships.

e then were the leaders and the princes among the Danaäns.

ne then, Muse, who of them all was the best and bravest of the men, and the men's horses, who went with the sons of Atreus.

t by far among the horses were the mares of Eumelos

s' son, that he drove, swift-moving like birds, alike in 765 texture of coat, in age, both backs drawn level like a plumb-line.

: Apollo of the silver bow had bred in Pereia,

; alike, who went with the terror of the god of battle.

ing the men far the best was Telamonian Aias

Achilleus stayed angry, since he was far best of all of them, 770 and the horses also, who carried the blameless son of Peleus.

chilleus lay apart among his curved sea-wandering

ls, raging at Agamemnon, the shepherd of the people,

s' son; and his men beside the break of the sea-beach

ed themselves with discs and with light spears for throwing 775 and bows; and the horses, standing each beside his chariot,

ped their clover and the parsley that grows in wet places, resting, while the chariots of their lords stood covered

shelters, and the men forlorn of their warlike leader wandered here and there in the camp, and did no fighting.

it the rest went forward, as if all the earth with flame were eaten, and the ground echoed under them, as if Zeus who delights in thunder were angry, as when he batters the earth about Typhoeus, in the land of the Arimoï, where they say Typhoeus lies prostrate.

beneath their feet the ground re-echoed loudly
on marching, who made their way through the plain in great speed.

to the Trojans came as messenger wind-footed Iris,
in speed, with the dark message from Zeus of the aegis.
They were holding assembly in front of the doors of Priam
gathered together in one place, the elders and the young men.
Standing close at hand swift-running Iris spoke to them, and likened her voice to that
of the son of Priam, Polites, who confident in the speed of his feet kept watch for
the Trojans aloft the ancient burial mound of ancient Aisyetes,
waiting for the time when the Achaians should move from their vessels.

In his man's likeness Iris the swift-running spoke to them:

"O sir, dear to you forever are words beyond number

that were, when there was peace; but stintless war has arisen.

For the time I have gone into many battles among men,

never have I seen a host like this, not one so numerous.

They look terribly like leaves, or the sands of the seashore, as they advance across
the plain to fight by the city.

Now, on you beyond all I urge this, to do as I tell you: all about the great city of
Priam are many companions,

multitudinous is the speech of the scattered nations:

"Each man who is their leader give orders to these men,

and let each set his citizens in order, and lead them."

Iris spoke, nor did Hektor fail to mark the word of the goddess.

Immediately he broke up the assembly; they ran to their weapons.

The gates were opened and the people swept through them on foot, and with
horses, and a clamor of shouting rose up.

Outside the city but apart from it there is a steep hill

that lies by itself, so you pass one side or the other.

The men call the Hill of the Thicket, but the immortal gods have named it the burial
mound of dancing Myrina.

And the Trojans and their companions were marshaled in order.

Hektor of the shining helm was leader of the Trojans, Priam's son; and with him far the best and the bravest

young men were armed and eager to fight with the spear's edge.

Strong son of Anchises was leader of the Dardanians, 820 Aineias, whom divine Aphrodite bore to Anchises in the folds of Ida, a goddess lying in love with a mortal: not Aineias alone, but with him were two sons of Antenor, Polydoros and Akamas, both skilled in all fighting.

Phaon who lived in Zeleia below the foot of Mount Ida, 825 men of wealth, who drank the dark water of Aisepos, Trojans: of these the leader was the shining son of Lykaon, Pandaros, with the bow that was actual gift of Apollo.

Phaon who held Adresteia and the countryside of Apaisos, they who held Pityeia and the sheer hill of Tereia, 830 these were led by Adrestos and Amphios armored in linen, sons both of Merops of Perkote, who beyond all men

possessed the art of prophecy, and tried to prevent his two sons from going into the battle where men die. Yet these would not listen, for the spirits of dark death were driving them onward.

Phaon who dwelt in the places about Perkote and Praktion, who held Sestos and Abydos and brilliant Arisbe, their leader was Asios, Hyrtakos' son, a prince of the people, Asios, son of Hyrtakos, whom huge and shining horses carried from Arisbe and the river Selleëis.

Hippothoös led the tribes of spear-fighting Pelasgians, they who dwelt where the soil is rich about Larissa; Hippothoös and Pylaios, scion of Ares, led these, sons alike of Pelasgian Lethos, son of Teutamios.

Phaon led the men of Thrace with the fighter Peiroös, 845 all the Thracians held within the hard stream of the Hellespont.

Phaon was leader of the Kikonian spearmen, son of Troizenos, Keas' son, the king whom the gods loved.

Phaon in turn led the Paionians with their curved bows, from Amydon far away and the broad stream of Axios,

Phaon, whose stream on all earth is the loveliest water.

Phaon the wild heart was leader of the Paphlagonēs, from the land of the Enetoi where the wild mules are engendered, those who held Kytoros and those who dwelt about Sesamos, those whose renowned homes were about Parthenios river, 855 and Kromna and Aigialos and high Erythinoi.

Phaon and Epistrophos led the Halizones from Alybē far away, where silver was first begotten.

omis, with Ennomos the augur, was lord of the Mysians; yet his reading of birds
could not keep off dark destruction 860 but he went down under the hands of
swift-running Aiakides
river, as he slew other Trojans beside him.
rkys and godlike Askanios were lords of the Phrygians from Askania far away,
eager to fight in the onfall.
sthles and Antiphos were leaders of the Maionians, 865 sons of Talaimenes, who
was born of the lake Gygaian: these led the Maionian men whose home was
beneath Mount Tmolos.
Karians of the outland speech were led by Nastes, they who held Miletos and
the leaf-deep mountain of Phthiron, the waters of Maiandros and the headlong
peaks of Mykalē; 870 of these the two leaders were Amphimachos and Nastes,
Nastes and Amphimachos, the shining sons of Nomion.
s came like a girl to the fighting in golden raiment,
fool, nor did this avail to keep dismal death back;
e went down under the hands of swift-running Aiakides
e river, and fiery Achilles stripped the gold from him.
pedon with unfaulted Glaukos was lord of the Lykians from Lykia far away, and
the whirling waters of Xanthos.

BOOK THREE

when the men of both sides were set in order by their leaders, the Trojans came on with clamor and shouting, like wildfowl, as when the clamor of cranes goes high to the heavens,

the cranes escape the winter time and the rains unceasing 5 and clamorously wing their way to the streaming Ocean,

ing to the Pygmaian men bloodshed and destruction: at daybreak they bring on the baleful battle against them.

the Achaian men went silently, breathing valor,

only minded each in his heart to stand by the others.

at the peaks of a mountain the south wind scatters the thick mist, no friend to the shepherd, but better than night for the robber, and a man can see before him only so far as a stone cast,

neath their feet the dust drove up in a stormcloud

men marching, who made their way through the plain in great speed.

as these in their advance had come close together, Alexandros the godlike leapt from the ranks of the Trojans, as challenger wearing across his shoulders the hide of a leopard, curved bow and sword; while in his hands shaking two javelins pointed with bronze, he challenged all the best of the Argives 20 to fight man to man against him in bitter combat.

as soon as Menelaos the warlike caught sight of him making his way with long strides out in front of the army, he was glad, like a lion who comes on a mighty carcass,

hunger chancing upon the body of a horned stag

and goat; who eats it eagerly, although against him

listening the hounds in their speed and the stalwart young men: thus Menelaos

was happy finding godlike Alexandros

in front of his eyes, and thinking to punish the robber, straightway in all his armor he sprang to the ground from his chariot.

Alexandros the godlike when he saw Menelaos

ing among the champions, the heart was shaken within him; to avoid death he
shrank into the host of his own companions.

man who has come on a snake in the mountain valley
nly steps back, and the shivers come over his body,
e draws back and away, cheeks seized with a green pallor; so in terror of Atreus'
son godlike Alexandros
himself again in the host of the haughty Trojans.

Hektor saw him and in words of shame rebuked him:

Paris, beautiful, woman-crazy, cajoling,
had you never been born, or killed unwedded.

I could have wished it so; it would be far better
o have you with us to our shame, for others to sneer at.

y now the flowing-haired Achaians laugh at us,
ng you are our bravest champion, only because your
are handsome, but there is no strength in your heart, no courage.

you like this that time when in sea-wandering vessels assembling oarsmen to
help you you sailed over the water,
ixed with the outlanders, and carried away a fair woman from a remote land,
whose lord's kin were spearmen and fighters, 50 to your father a big sorrow,
and your city, and all your people, to yourself a thing shameful but bringing joy
to the enemy?

ow you would not stand up against warlike Menelaos?

you would learn of the man whose blossoming wife you have taken.

yre would not help you then, nor the favors of Aphrodite, 55 nor your locks,
when you rolled in the dust, nor all your beauty.

ut the Trojans are cowards in truth, else long before this you had worn a mantle
of flying stones for the wrong you did us."

n in answer Alexandros the godlike spoke to him:

or, seeing you have scolded me rightly, not beyond measure— 60 still, your
heart forever is weariless, like an axe-blade

r by a man's strength through the timber, one who, well skilled, hews a piece for
a ship, driven on by the force of a man's strength: such is the heart in your
breast, unshakable: yet do not

up against me the sweet favors of golden Aphrodite.

r to be cast away are the gifts of the gods, magnificent, which they give of their
own will; no man could have them for wanting them.

though, if you wish me to fight it out and do battle,

the rest of the Trojans sit down, and all the Achaians, and set me in the middle with Menelaos the warlike

ht together for the sake of Helen and all her possessions.

one of us who wins and is proved stronger, let him

he possessions fairly and the woman, and lead her homeward.

ie rest of you, having cut your oaths of faith and friendship, dwell, you in Troy where the soil is rich, while those others return home 75 to horse-pasturing Argos, and Achaia the land of fair women.”

ie spoke, and Hektor hearing his word was happy

rent into the space between and forced back the Trojan battalions holding his spear by the middle until they were all seated.

ie flowing-haired Achaians kept pointing their bows at him 80 with arrows and with flung stones striving ever to strike him until Agamemnon lord of men cried out in a great voice:

ves, hold: cast at him no longer, O sons of the Achaians.

or of the shining helm is trying to tell us something.”

ie spoke, and they stopped fighting and suddenly all fell 85 silent; but Hektor between them spoke now to both sides:

: from me, Trojans and strong-greaved Achaians, the word of Alexandros, for whose sake this strife has arisen.

ould have all the rest of the Trojans and all the Achaians lay aside on the bountiful earth their splendid armor

he himself in the middle and warlike Menelaos

alone for the sake of Helen and all her possessions.

one of them who wins and is proved stronger, let him

he possessions fairly and the woman, and lead her homeward while the rest of us cut our oaths of faith and friendship.”

ie spoke, and all of them stayed stricken to silence;

ong them spoke out Menelaos of the great war cry:

en now to me also; since beyond all others this sorrow comes closest to my heart, and I think the Argives and Trojans can go free of each other at last. You have suffered much evil 100 for the sake of this my quarrel since Alexandros began it.

r that one of us two to whom death and doom are given, let him die: the rest of you be made friends with each other.

two lambs: let one be white and the other black for Earth and the Sun God, and

for Zeus we will bring yet another.

3, that he may seal the pledges, the strength of Priam:

1 himself, for his sons are outrageous, not to be trusted; lest some man overstep Zeus' oaths, and make them be nothing.

ys it is, that the hearts in the younger men are frivolous, but when an elder man is among them, he looks behind him

n front, so that all comes out far better for both sides.”

1e spoke, and the Trojans and Achaians were joyful,

g now to be rid of all the sorrow of warfare.

pulled their chariots into line, and themselves dismounted and stripped off their armor which was laid on the ground beside them, 115 close together, so there was little ground left between them.

or sent away to the citadel two heralds

y to bring down the lambs, and to summon Priam;

owerful Agamemnon in turn sent Talthybios

down to the hollow ships, with orders to bring two

s: he did not disobey the order of great Agamemnon.

ν to Helen of the white arms came a messenger, Iris, in the likeness of her sister-in-law, the wife of Antenor's son, whom strong Helikaon wed, the son of Antenor, Laodikē, loveliest looking of all the daughters of Priam.

ame on Helen in the chamber; she was weaving a great web, a red folding robe, and working into it the numerous struggles of Trojans, breakers of horses, and bronze-armored Achaians, struggles that they endured for her sake at the hands of the war god.

f the swift feet stood beside her and spoke to her:

ne with me, dear girl, to behold the marvelous things done by Trojans, breakers of horses, and bronze-armored Achaians, who just now carried sorrowful war against each other,

plain, and all their desire was for deadly fighting; now they are all seated in silence, the fighting has ended; 135 they lean on their shields, the tall spears stuck in the ground beside them.

fenelaos the warlike and Alexandros will fight

ong spears against each other for your possession.

hall be called beloved wife of the man who wins you.”

aking so the goddess left in her heart sweet longing 140 after her husband of time before, and her city and parents.

it once, wrapping herself about in shimmering garments, she went forth from the chamber, letting fall a light tear; not by herself, since two handmaidens went to attend her,

2, Pittheus' daughter, and Klymenē of the ox eyes.

dly they came to the place where the Skaian gates stood.

ν those who sat with Priam: Panthoös and Thymoites, Lampos and Klytios, Hiketaon, scion of Ares, with Antenor and Oukalegon, both men of good counsel: these were seated by the Skaian gates, elders of the people.

through old age these fought no longer, yet were they excellent speakers still, and clear, as cicadas who through the forest settle on trees, to issue their delicate voice of singing.

were they who sat on the tower, chief men of the Trojans.

hese, as they saw Helen along the tower approaching,

nuring softly to each other uttered their winged words:

ly there is no blame on Trojans and strong-greaved Achaians if for long time they suffer hardship for a woman like this one.

le is the likeness of her face to immortal goddesses.

though she be such, let her go away in the ships, lest 160 she be left behind, a grief to us and our children.”

hey spoke: but Priam aloud called out to Helen: “Come over where I am, dear child, and sit down beside me, to look at your husband of time past, your friends and your people.

not blaming you: to me the gods are blameworthy

drove upon me this sorrowful war against the Achaians.

u could tell me the name of this man who is so tremendous; who is this Achaian man of power and stature?

gh in truth there are others taller by a head than he is, yet these eyes have never yet looked on a man so splendid

o lordly as this: such a man might well be royal.”

en, the shining among women, answered and spoke to him: “Always to me, beloved father, you are feared and respected; and I wish bitter death had been what I wanted, when I came hither following your son, forsaking my chamber, my kinsmen,

rown child, and the loveliness of girls my own age.

not happen that way: and now I am worn with weeping.

ow I will tell you in answer to the question you asked me.

man is Atreus' son Agamemnon, widely powerful,
same time a good king and a strong spearfighter,
my kinsman, slut that I am. Did this ever happen?"
s she said, and the old man spoke again, wondering at him: "O son of Atreus,
blessed, child of fortune and favor,
are these beneath your sway, these sons of the Achaians.
before this time I visited Phrygia of the vineyards.
e I looked on the Phrygian men with their swarming horses, so many of them, the
people of Otreus and godlike Mygdon, whose camp was spread at that time
along the banks of Sangarios: and I myself, a helper in war, was marshaled
among them
at day when the Amazon women came, men's equals.
ven they were not so many as these glancing-eyed Achaians."

at again the old man asked her, seeing Odysseus:
me of this one also, dear child; what man can he be, shorter in truth by a head
than Atreus' son Agamemnon,
oader, it would seem, in the chest and across the shoulders.
as his armor lies piled on the prospering earth, still he ranges, like some ram,
through the marshaled ranks of the fighters.
, to some deep-fleeced ram would I liken him
nakes his way through the great mass of the shining sheep-flocks."
en, the daughter descended of Zeus, spoke then in answer: 200 "This one is
Laërtes' son, resourceful Odysseus,
grew up in the country, rough though it be, of Ithaka, to know every manner of
shiftiness and crafty counsels."
is turn Antenor of the good counsel answered her:
ly this word you have spoken, my lady, can be no falsehood.
: in the days before now brilliant Odysseus came here with warlike Menelaos,
and their embassy was for your sake.
th of these I gave in my halls kind entertainment
learned the natural way of both, and their close counsels.
when these were set before the Trojans assembled
stood up, Menelaos was bigger by his broad shoulders
dysseus was the more lordly when both were seated.
before all when both of them spun their speech and their counsels, Menelaos
indeed spoke rapidly, in few words

ceedingly lucid, since he was no long speaker
ne who wasted his words though he was only a young man.
hen that other drove to his feet, resourceful Odysseus, he would just stand and
stare down, eyes fixed on the ground beneath him, nor would he gesture with the
staff backward and forward, but hold it clutched hard in front of him, like any
man who knows nothing.
you would call him a sullen man, and a fool likewise.
hen he let the great voice go from his chest, and the words came drifting down
like the winter snows, then no other mortal
eside could stand up against Odysseus. Then we
ered less beholding Odysseus' outward appearance."

ird in order, looking at Aias, the old man asked her:
hen is this other Achaian of power and stature
ing above the Argives by head and broad shoulders?"
en with the light robes and shining among women answered him: "That one is
gigantic Aias, wall of the Achaians,
eyond him there is Idomeneus like a god standing
g the Kretans, and the lords of Krete are gathered about him.
a time warlike Menelaos would entertain him
own house when he came over from Krete. And I see them all now, all the rest
of the glancing-eyed Achaians,
hom I would know well by sight, whose names I could tell you, yet nowhere can
I see those two, the marshals of the people, Kastor, breaker of horses, and the
strong boxer, Polydeukes, my own brothers, born with me of a single mother.
ps these came not with the rest from Lakedaimon the lovely, 240 or else they
did come here in their sea-wandering ships, yet now they are reluctant to go with
the men into battle
ing the words of shame and all the reproach that is on me."
she spoke, but the teeming earth lay already upon them away in Lakedaimon, the
beloved land of their fathers.

ow through the town the heralds brought the symbols of oaths pledged, two
young rams, and cheerful wine, the yield of the tilled land in a goatskin wine
sack, while another carried the shining mixing bowl (the herald Idaios) and the
golden wine cups.
ing beside the aged man he spoke words to arouse him: 250 "Son of Laomedon,

rise up: you are called by the chief men
Trojans, breakers of horses, and bronze-armored Achaians to come down into the
plain that you may seal the oaths pledged.
Warlike Menelaos and Alexandros are to fight
long spears against each other for the sake of the woman.
The woman go to the winner, and all the possessions.
The rest of them, cutting their oaths of faith and friendship, dwell, we in Troy
where the soil is rich, while those others return home to horse-pasturing Argos
and Achaia the land of fair women.”
He spoke, and the old man shuddered, but called his companions 260 to yoke the
horses to the car, and they promptly obeyed him.
Priam mounted into the car and gathered the reins back as Antenor beside him
stepped into the fair-wrought chariot.
Through the Skaian gates to the plain they steered the swift horses.
And when these had come among the Trojans and Achaians, 265 they stepped
down on the prospering earth from their car with horses and made their way
striding among the Achaians and Trojans.
On the other side rose up the lord of men, Agamemnon,
the resourceful Odysseus rose up. Meanwhile the proud heralds led up the victims
for the gods’ oaths, and in a great wine-bowl 270 mixed the wine, and poured
water over the hands of the princes.
His son laid hands upon his work-knife, and drew it
where it hung ever beside the mighty sheath of his war sword and cut off hairs
from the heads of the lambs; and the heralds thereafter passed these about to all
the princes of the Trojans and Achaians.
His son uplifting his hands then prayed in a great voice: “Father Zeus, watching
over us from Ida, most high, most honored, and Helios, you who see all things,
who listen to all things, earth, and rivers, and you who under the earth take
vengeance on dead men, whoever among them has sworn to falsehood,
shall be witnesses, to guard the oaths of fidelity.
It should be that Alexandros slays Menelaos,
and he keep Helen for himself, and all her possessions,
and the Argives in our seafaring ships shall take our way homeward.
If the fair-haired Menelaos kills Alexandros,
let the Trojans give back Helen and all her possessions, and pay also a price to
the Argives which will be fitting, which among people yet to come shall be as a
standard.

if Priam and the sons of Priam are yet unwilling
Alexandros has fallen to pay me the penalty,
self shall fight hereafter for the sake of the ransom,
remaining, until I have won to the end of my quarrel.”
He spoke, and with pitiless bronze he cut the lambs’ throats, letting them fall
gasping again to the ground, the life breath going away, since the strength of the
bronze had taken it from them.
Turning the wine from the mixing bowls in the cups, they poured it forth, and made
their prayer to the gods who live everlasting.
Thus would murmur any man, Achaian or Trojan:
“O Zeus, exalted and mightiest, and you other immortals,
whichever side they may be, who do wrong to the oaths sworn first, let
their brains be spilled on the ground as this wine is spilled now, theirs and their
sons’, and let their wives be the spoil of others.”

He spoke, but none of this would the son of Kronos accomplish.
Among them spoke Priam descended of Dardanos also:
“Come to me, you Trojans and you strong-greaved Achaians.
I am going away to windy Ilion, homeward,
I cannot look with these eyes on the sight of my dear son fighting against
warlike Menelaos in single combat.
Who knows—maybe he knows—and the rest of the gods immortal for which of the
two death is appointed to end this matter.”
He spoke, a godlike man, and laid the lambs in the chariot, and mounted into it
himself, and pulled the reins backward.
Hektor beside him stepped up into the fair-wrought chariot.
The two took their way backward and made for Ilion.
But now, the son of Priam, and brilliant Odysseus
measured out the distance first, and thereafter picked up
stones, and put them in a brazen helmet, and shook them, to see which one of the
two should be first to cast with his bronze spear, and the people on each side
held up their hands to the gods, and prayed to them. Thus would murmur any
man, Achaian or Trojan:
“O Zeus, watching over us from Ida, most high, most honored, whichever man
has made what has happened happen to both sides, grant that he be killed and go
down to the house of Hades.
Let the friendship and the sworn faith be true for the rest of us.”

they spoke, and tall Hektor of the shining helm shook 325 the lots, looking backward, and at once Paris' lot was outshaken.

They rest sat down in their ranks on the ground, at the place where the glittering armor of each was piled by his light-footed horses, while one of them put about his shoulders his splendid armor, brilliant Alexandros, the lord of lovely-haired Helen.

He placed along his legs the fair greaves linked with fastenings to hold the greaves at the ankles.

Next he girt on about his chest the corselet of Lykaon his brother since this fitted him also.

On his shoulders he slung the sword with the nails of silver, 335 a bronze sword, and above it the great shield, huge and heavy.

On his powerful head he set the well-fashioned helmet with the horse-hair crest, and the plumes nodded terribly above it.

He took up a strong-shafted spear that fitted his hand's grip.

In the same way warlike Menelaos put on his armor.

Now when these two were armed on either side of the battle, they strode into the space between the Achaians and Trojans, looking terror at each other; and amazement seized the beholders, Trojans, breakers of horses, and strong-greaved Achaians.

They took their stand in the measured space not far from each other 345 raging each at the other man and shaking their spearshafts.

First of the two Alexandros let go his spear far-shadowing and struck the shield of Atreus' son on its perfect circle nor did the bronze point break its way through, but the spearhead bent back in the strong shield. And after him Atreus' son, Menelaos, 350 was ready to let go the bronze spear, with a prayer to Zeus his father: "Zeus, lord, grant me to punish the man who first did me injury, brilliant Alexandros, and beat him down under my hands' strength that any one of the men to come may shudder to think of

the evil to a kindly host, who has given him friendship."

He spoke, and balanced the spear far-shadowed, and threw it and struck the shield of Priam's son on its perfect circle.

The way through the glittering shield went the heavy spearhead and smashed its way through the intricately worked corselet; straight ahead by the flank the spearhead shore through his tunic,

and he bent away to one side and avoided the dark death.

ing his sword with the silver nails, the son of Atreus heaving backward struck at the horn of his helmet; the sword-blade three times broken and four times broken fell from his hand's grip.

ing, the son of Atreus lifted his eyes to the wide sky: 365 "Father Zeus, no God beside is more baleful than you are.

I thought to punish Alexandros for his wickedness;
ow my sword is broken in my hands, and the spear flew vainly out of my hands on the throw before, and I have not hit him."

spoke, and flashing forward laid hold of the horse-haired helmet 370 and spun him about, and dragged him away toward the strong-greaved Achaians, for the broidered strap under the softness of his throat strangled Paris, fastened under his chin to hold on the horned helmet.

he would have dragged him away and won glory forever
ot Aphrodite daughter of Zeus watched sharply.

roke the chinstrap, made from the hide of a slaughtered bullock, and the helmet came away empty in the heavy hand of Atreides.

ero whirled the helmet about and sent it flying
g the strong-greaved Achaians, and his staunch companions retrieved it.

rned and made again for his man, determined to kill him 380 with the bronze spear. But Aphrodite caught up Paris

; since she was divine, and wrapped him in a thick mist and set him down again in his own perfumed bedchamber.

then went away to summon Helen, and found her
e high tower, with a cluster of Trojan women about her.

aid her hand upon the robe immortal, and shook it,

poke to her, likening herself to an aged woman,

l-dresser who when she was living in Lakedaimon

beautiful things out of wool, and loved her beyond all others.

ing herself to this woman Aphrodite spoke to her:

ome with me: Alexandros sends for you to come home to him.

in his chamber now, in the bed with its circled pattern, shining in his raiment and his own beauty; you would not think that he came from fighting against a man; you would think he was going rather to a dance, or rested and had been dancing lately."

she spoke, and troubled the spirit in Helen's bosom.

as she recognized the round, sweet throat of the goddess and her desirable breasts

and her eyes that were full of shining, she wondered, and spoke a word and called her by name, thus: "Strange divinity! Why are you still so stubborn to beguile me?"

you carry me further yet somewhere among cities settled? In Phrygia or in lovely Maionia?

Are there some mortal man there also who is dear to you?

Because Menelaos has beaten great Alexandros

wishes, hateful even as I am, to carry me homeward,

For this that you stand in your treachery now beside me?

Turn yourself and sit beside him, abandon the gods' way,

Turn your feet back never again to the path of Olympos

Stay with him forever, and suffer for him, and look after him until he makes you

his wedded wife, or makes you his slave girl.

No, I am not going to him. It would be too shameful.

I will not serve his bed, since the Trojan women hereafter would laugh at me, all, and my heart even now is confused with sorrows."

Then in anger Aphrodite the shining spoke to her:

"Wretched girl, do not tease me lest in anger I forsake you 415 and grow to hate you as much as now I terribly love you,

Which encompass you in hard hate, caught between both sides, Danaäns and Trojans alike, and you wretchedly perish."

Then she spoke, and Helen daughter of Zeus was frightened and went, shrouding

herself about in the luminous spun robe, 420 silent, unseen by the Trojan

women, and led by the goddess.

When they had come to Alexandros' splendidly wrought house, the rest of them, the handmaidens went speedily to their own work, but she, shining among women, went to the high-vaulted bedchamber.

Aphrodite the sweetly laughing drew up an armchair,

Placing it, she, a goddess, and set it before Alexandros,

And Helen, daughter of Zeus of the aegis, took her place there turning her eyes away, and spoke to her lord in derision:

"You came back from fighting. Oh, how I wish you had died there beaten down by the stronger man, who was once my husband.

There was a time before now you boasted that you were better than warlike

Menelaos, in spear and hand and your own strength.

Now turn and challenge warlike Menelaos once again to fight you in combat. But

no: I advise you
to let it be, and fight no longer with fair-haired
Menelaos, strength against strength in single combat
possibly. You might very well go down before his spear.”
He then in turn spoke to her thus and answered her:
“Do not, censure my heart no more in bitter reprovals.
The time Menelaos with Athene’s help has beaten me;
another time I shall beat him. We have gods on our side also.
Now, then, rather let us go to bed and turn to lovemaking.
For before as now has passion enmeshed my senses,
when I took you the first time from Lakedaimon the lovely and caught you up and
carried you away in seafaring vessels, 445 and lay with you in the bed of love
on the island Kranaë, not even then, as now, did I love you and sweet desire
seize me.”

When he was making, he led the way to the bed; and his wife went with him.
These two were laid in the carven bed. But Atreides
went like a wild beast up and down the host, to discover 450 whether he could find
anywhere godlike Alexandros.
He could find none of the Trojans nor any renowned companion
like Alexandros then to warlike Menelaos.
He would not have hidden him for love, if any had seen him, since he was hated
among them all as dark death is hated.
Now among them spoke forth the lord of men Agamemnon:
“Listen to me, O Trojans, Dardanians and companions:
For by the victory is with warlike Menelaos.
You therefore give back, with all her possessions, Helen of Argos, and pay a price
that shall be befitting,
which among people yet to come shall be as a standard.”
He spoke Atreus’ son, and the other Achaians applauded him.

BOOK FOUR

And the gods at the side of Zeus were sitting in council over the golden floor, and among them the goddess Hebe poured them nectar as wine, while they in the golden drinking-cups drank to each other, gazing down on the city of the Trojans.

But the son of Kronos was minded to anger

if he could, with words offensive, speaking to cross her: "Two among the goddesses stand by Menelaos,

of Argos, and Athene who stands by her people.

Now, here they are sitting apart, looking on at the fighting, and take their pleasure. Meanwhile laughing Aphrodite forever

stands by her man and drives the spirits of death away from him.

Now she has rescued him when he thought he would perish.

The victory now is with warlike Menelaos.

Do consider then how these things shall be accomplished,

never again to stir up grim warfare and the terrible

fighting, or cast down love and make them friends with each other.

How now this way could be sweet and pleasing to all of us, the city of lord Priam might still be a place men dwell in,

Menelaos could take away with him Helen of Argos."

She spoke; and Athene and Hera muttered, since they were

so close to each other, devising evil for the Trojans.

Athene stayed silent and said nothing, but only

looked at Zeus her father, and savage anger took hold of her.

The heart of Hera could not contain her anger, and she spoke forth: 25 "Majesty, son of Kronos, what sort of thing have you spoken?

Can you wish to make wasted and fruitless all this endeavor, the sweat that I have sweated in toil, and my horses worn out gathering my people, and bringing evil to Priam and his children.

But then; but not all the rest of us gods will approve you."

Unperturbed, Zeus who gathers the clouds answered her:

o lady, what can be all the great evils done to you
Priam and the sons of Priam, that you are thus furious
er to bring down the strong-founded city of Ilium?
I could walk through the gates and through the towering ramparts 35 and eat
Priam and the children of Priam raw, and the other Trojans, then, then only
might you glut at last your anger.
If you please then. Never let this quarrel hereafter
between you and me a bitterness for both of us.
Put away in your thoughts this other thing that I tell you: 40 whenever I in turn
am eager to lay waste some city,
please, one in which are dwelling men who are dear to you, you shall not stand in
the way of my anger, but let me do it, since I was willing to grant you this with
my heart unwilling.
Of all the cities beneath the sun and the starry heaven
in by men who live upon earth, there has never been one
dearer to my heart than sacred Ilium
Priam, and the people of Priam of the strong ash spear.
But yet has my altar gone without fair sacrifice, the libation and the savor, since this
is our portion of honor.”
When the goddess the ox-eyed lady Hera answered:
Of all cities there are three that are dearest to my own heart: Argos and Sparta and
Mykenai of the wide ways. All these, whenever they become hateful to your
heart, sack utterly.
I will not stand up for these against you, nor yet begrudge you.
But even so I bear malice and would not have you destroy them, in malice I will
accomplish nothing, since you are far stronger.
My labor also should not be let go unaccomplished;
I am likewise a god, and my race is even what yours is,
I am first of the daughters of devious-devising Kronos,
and I always, since I am eldest born and am called your consort,
and you in turn are lord over all the immortals.
But then, in this thing let us both give way to each other,
I to you, you to me, and so the rest of the immortal
will follow. Now in speed give orders to Athene
to stop this horrible war again on Achaians and Trojans,
I pray to make it so that the Trojans are first off ends
injury against the oaths to the far-famed Achaians.”

spoke, nor did the father of gods and men disobey her, but immediately he spoke in winged words to Athene:

Now swiftly to the host of the Achaians and Trojans

try to make it so that the Trojans are first off ends

injury against the oaths to the far-famed Achaians.”

making so he stirred up Athene, who was eager before this, and she went in a flash of speed down the pinnacles of Olympos.

Then the son of devious-devising Kronos casts down a star, portent to sailors or to widespread armies of peoples glittering, and thickly the sparks of fire break from it,

in the likeness Pallas Athene swept flashing earthward

lunged between the two hosts; and amazement seized the beholders, 80 Trojans, breakers of horses, and strong-greaved Achaians.

Thus they would speak to each other, each looking at the man next him: “Surely again there will be evil war and terrible

fighting, or else now friendship is being set between both sides by Zeus, who is appointed lord of the wars of mortals.”

Thus would murmur any man, Achaian or Trojan.

1 In the likeness of a man merged among the Trojans assembled, Laodokos, Antenor’s son, a powerful spearman, searching for godlike Pandaros, if she might somewhere come on him.

2 Around the son of Lykaon, a man blameless and powerful,

3 standing still, and about him were the ranks of strong, shield-armored people, who had followed him from the streams of Aisepos.

4 Standing in winged words she stood beside him and spoke to him: “Wise son of Lykaon, would you now let me persuade you?

5 You might dare send a flying arrow against Menelaos

6 to win you glory and gratitude in the sight of all Trojans, particularly beyond all else with prince Alexandros.

7 And all beside you would carry away glorious gifts from him, were he to see warlike Menelaos, the son of Atreus,

8 to be cast down by your arrow, and laid on the sorrowful corpse-fire.

9 So then, let go an arrow against haughty Menelaos,

10 make your prayer to Apollo the light-born, the glorious archer, that you will accomplish a grand sacrifice of lambs first born when you come home again to the city of sacred Zeleia.”

spoke Athene, and persuaded the fool's heart in him.
straightway he unwrapped his bow, of the polished horn from
a wild goat he himself had shot in the chest once,
in wait for the goat in a covert as it stepped down
the rock, and hit it in the chest so it sprawled on the boulders.
Horns that grew from the goat's head were sixteen palms' length.
Men were working on the horn then bound them together,
smoothing them to a fair surface, and put on a golden string hook.
Menos strung his bow and put it in position, bracing it
against the ground, and his brave friends held their shields in front of him for fear the
warlike sons of the Achaians might rise up and rush him 115 before he had
struck warlike Menelaos, the son of Atreus.
He ripped away the lid of the quiver, and took out an arrow feathered, and never shot
before, transmitter of dark pain.
Straightly he arranged the bitter arrow along the bowstring,
and made his prayer to Apollo the light-born, the glorious archer, 120 that he would
accomplish a grand sacrifice of lambs first born
when he came home again to the city of sacred Zeleia.
He drew the bow, holding at once the grooves and the ox-hide bowstring and brought the string
against his nipple, iron to the bowstave.
When he had pulled the great weapon till it made a circle, 125 the bow groaned,
and the string sang high, and the arrow, sharp-pointed, leapt away, furious, to fly
through the throng before it.
The blessed gods immortal did not forget you,
Menelaos, and first among them Zeus' daughter, the spoiler,
standing in front of you fended aside the tearing arrow.
It rushed it away from his skin as lightly as when a mother brushes a fly away
from her child who is lying in sweet sleep, steering herself the arrow's course
straight to where the golden belt buckles joined and the halves of his corselet
were fitted together.
The bitter arrow was driven against the joining of the war belt 135 and passed clean
through the war belt elaborately woven;
In the elaborately wrought corselet the shaft was driven
through the guard which he wore to protect his skin and keep the spears off, which
guarded him best, yet the arrow plunged even through this also and with the very
tip of its point it grazed the man's skin 140 and straightway from the cut there
gushed a cloud of dark blood.

when some Maionian woman or Karian with purple
; ivory, to make it a cheek piece for horses;
away in an inner room, and many a rider
to have it, but it is laid up to be a king's treasure,
hings, to be the beauty of the horse, the pride of the horseman: so, Menelaos,
your shapely thighs were stained with the color of blood, and your legs also and
the ankles beneath them.

memnon the lord of men was taken with shuddering
s he saw how from the cut the dark blood trickled downward, 150 and Menelaos
the warlike himself shuddered in terror;

hen he saw the binding strings and the hooked barbs outside the wound, his spirit
was gathered again back into him. Agamemnon the powerful spoke to them,
groaning heavily, and by the hand held Menelaos, while their companions were
mourning beside them:

r brother, it was your death I sealed in the oaths of friendship, setting you alone
before the Achaians to fight with the Trojans.

e Trojans have struck you down and trampled on the oaths sworn.

he oaths and the blood of the lambs shall not be called vain, the unmixed wine
poured and the right hands we trusted.

: Olympian at once has not finished this matter,

ill he bring it to pass, and they must pay a great penalty, with their own heads,
and with their women, and with their children.

know this thing well in my heart, and my mind knows it.

: will come a day when sacred Ilion shall perish,

riam, and the people of Priam of the strong ash spear,

eus son of Kronos who sits on high, the sky-dwelling,

lf shall shake the gloom of his aegis over all of them

ger for this deception. All this shall not go unaccomplished.

shall suffer a terrible grief for you, Menelaos,

u die and fill out the destiny of your lifetime.

must return a thing of reproach to Argos the thirsty,

ow at once the Achaians will remember the land of their fathers; and thus we

would leave to Priam and to the Trojans Helen

gos, to glory over, while the bones of you rot in the ploughland 175 as you lie
dead in Troy, on a venture that went unaccomplished.

hus shall some Trojan speak in the proud show of his manhood, leaping lightly
as he speaks on the tomb of great Menelaos:

it Agamemnon accomplish his anger thus against all his
ies, as now he led here in vain a host of Achaians
ias gone home again to the beloved land of his fathers
ships empty, and leaving behind him brave Menelaos.’
shall a man speak: then let the wide earth open to take me.”

n in encouragement fair-haired Menelaos spoke to him:
not fear, nor yet make afraid the Achaian people.
sharp arrow is not stuck in a mortal place, but the shining war belt turned it aside
from its course, and the flap beneath it with my guard of armor that bronze-
smiths wrought carefully for me.”

n in answer again spoke powerful Agamemnon:
it only be as you say, O Menelaos, dear brother!
he physician will handle the wound and apply over it
ig salves, by which he can put an end to the black pains.”
spoke, and addressed Talthybios, his sacred herald: “Talthybios, with all speed
go call hither Machaon,
i who is son of Asklepios and a blameless physician,
at he may look at Menelaos, the warlike son of
s, whom someone skilled in the bow’s use shot with an arrow, Trojan or Lykian:
glory to him, but to us a sorrow.”

spoke, and the herald heard and did not disobey him,
ent on his way among the host of bronze-armored Achaians 200 looking about
for the warrior Machaon; and saw him standing still, and about him the strong
ranks of shield-bearing people, who had come with him from horse-pasturing
Triikka.

me and stood close beside him and addressed him in winged words: “Rise up,
son of Asklepios; powerful Agamemnon calls you,
at you may look at warlike Menelaos, the Achaians’
r, whom someone skilled in the bow’s use shot with an arrow, Trojan or Lykian:
glory to him, but to us a sorrow.”

ie spoke, and stirred up the spirit within Machaon.

went through the crowd along the widespread host of the Achaians.

when they had come to the place where fair-haired Menelaos
een hit, where all the great men were gathered about him in a circle, and he stood
in the midst of them, a man godlike, straightway he pulled the arrow forth from
the joining of the war belt, and as it was pulled out the sharp barbs were broken

backward.

ipped open the war belt then and the flap beneath it
he guard of armor that bronze-smiths wrought carefully for him.
hen he saw the wound where the bitter arrow was driven,
oked the blood and in skill laid healing medicines on it that Cheiron in friendship
long ago had given his father.

e they were working over Menelaos of the great war cry
s time came on the ranks of the armored Trojans.
Achaïans again put on their armor, and remembered their warcraft.
n you would not have seen brilliant Agamemnon asleep nor skulking aside, nor
in any way a reluctant fighter,
riving eagerly toward the fighting where men win glory.
ft aside his chariot gleaming with bronze, and his horses, and these, breathing
hard, were held aside by a henchman, Eurymedon, born to Ptolemaios, the son of
Peiraios.

emnon told him to keep them well in hand, till the time came 230 when
weariness might take hold of his limbs, through marshaling so many.
he, on foot as he was, ranged through the ranks of his fighters.
e of the fast-mounted Danaïans he found eager, he would
beside these and urge them harder on with words spoken: "Argives, do not let go
now of this furious valor.

the father shall not be one to give aid to liars,
ese, who were the first to do violence over the oaths sworn, vultures shall feed
upon the delicate skin of their bodies,

we lead away their beloved wives and innocent
en, in our ships, after we have stormed their citadel."

he might see hanging back from the hateful conflict these in words of anger he
would reproach very bitterly:

ves, you arrow-fighters, have you no shame, you disgraces?

are you simply standing there bewildered, like young deer who after they are
tired from running through a great meadow

l there still, and there is no heart of courage within them?

are you standing still bewildered and are not fighting.

e you waiting for the Trojans to come close, where the strong-sterned ships have
been hauled up along the strand of the gray sea,

u may know if Kronos' son will hold his hand over you?"

us he ranged through the ranks of his men and set them in order.
s way through the thronging men he came to the Kretans
about valiant Idomeneus were arming for battle.
eneus, like a boar in his strength, stood among the champions while Meriones
still urged along the last battalions.
nemnon the lord of men was glad as he looked at them
1 words of graciousness at once spoke to Idomeneus:
ior you, Idomeneus, beyond the fast-mounted
ans whether in battle, or in any action whatever,
er it be at the feast, when the great men of the Argives 260 blend in the mixing
bowl the gleaming wine of the princes.
though all the rest of the flowing-haired Achaians
out their portion, still your cup stands filled forever even as mine, for you to
drink when the pleasure takes you.
ip then to battle, be such as you claimed in time past.”
en in turn Idomeneus lord of the Kretans answered him:
of Atreus, I will in truth be a staunch companion
as, as first I promised you and bent my head to it.
e up rather the rest of the flowing-haired Achaians
it we may fight in all speed, since the Trojans have broken 270 their oaths: a
thing that shall be death and sorrow hereafter
m, since they were the first to do violence over the oaths sworn.”

ne spoke, and Atreides, cheerful at heart, went onward.
s way through the thronging men he came to the Aiantes.
e were armed, and about them went a cloud of foot-soldiers.
om his watching place a goatherd watches a cloud move
way over the sea before the drive of the west wind;
ay though he be he watches it, blacker than pitch is,
ing across the sea and piling the storm before it,
s he sees it he shivers and drives his flocks to a cavern; 280 so about the two
Aiantes moved the battalions,
-compacted of strong and god-supported young fighters,
, and jagged with spear and shield, to the terror of battle.
emnon the lord of men was glad when he looked at them,
e spoke aloud to them and addressed them in winged words: 285 “Aiantes, O
leaders of the bronze-armored Argives,

1 two I give no orders; it would not become me
ed you, now that yourselves drive your people on to fight strongly.
r Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, if only
a spirit were in the hearts of all of my people.
perhaps the city of lord Priam would be bent
neath our hands, captured and utterly taken.”

ne spoke, and left them there, and went among others.
he came upon Nestor, the lucid speaker of Pylos,
g in order his own companions and urging them to battle, 295 tall Pelagon with
those about him, Alastor and Chromios, Haimon the powerful, and Bias,
shepherd of the people.
nt he ranged the mounted men with their horses and chariots, and stationed the
brave and numerous foot-soldiers behind them to be the bastion of battle, and
drove the cowards to the center 300 so that a man might be forced to fight even
though unwilling.
ne gave orders to the drivers of horses, and warned them to hold their horses in
check and not be fouled in the multitude: “Let no man in the pride of his
horsemanship and his manhood
o fight alone with the Trojans in front of the rest of us, 305 neither let him give
ground, since that way you will be weaker.
1 a man from his own car encounters the enemy chariots
n stab with his spear, since this is the stronger fighting.
e men before your time sacked tower and city,
ng a spirit like this in their hearts, and like this their purpose.”
the old man wise in fighting from of old encouraged them.
emnon the lord of men was glad when he looked at him
e spoke aloud to him and addressed him in winged words:
d sir, if only, as the spirit is in your bosom,
ght your knees be also and the strength stay steady within you; 315 but age
weakens you which comes to all; if only some other
fighters had your age and you were one of the young men!”
tor the Gerenian horseman spoke and answered him:
of Atreus, so would I also wish to be that
was, when I cut down brilliant Ereuthalion.
he gods give to mortals not everything at the same time;
as a young man then, now in turn old age is upon me.

ven so I shall be among the riders, and command them
word and counsel; such is the privilege of the old men.
Young spearmen shall do the spear-fighting, those who are born 325 of a
generation later than mine, who trust in their own strength.”

He spoke, and Atreides, cheerful at heart, went onward.
He came on the son of Peteos, Menestheus, driver of horses,
standing still, and about him the Athenians, urgent for battle.
But to these resourceful Odysseus had taken position,
beside him the Kephallenian ranks, no weak ones,
standing, since the men had not heard the clamor of battle but even now fresh set
in motion the battalions moved
Achaians and Trojans, breakers of horses; so these standing waited, until some
other mass of Achaians advancing
to crash against the Trojans, and the battle be opened.
But when these the lord of men Agamemnon scolded them
he spoke aloud to them and addressed them in winged words, saying: “Son of Peteos,
the king supported by God: and you, too,
with your mind forever on profit and your ways of treachery, 340 why do you
stand here skulking aside, and wait for the others?
You two it is becoming to stand among the foremost
men, and endure your share of the blaze of battle;
indeed you two are first to hear of the feasting
ever we Achaians make ready a feast of the princes.
If it is your pleasure to eat the roast flesh, to drink
as you please the cups of the wine that is sweet as honey.
If though, you would be pleased to look on though ten battalions of Achaians were
to fight with the pitiless bronze before you.”
When looking at him darkly resourceful Odysseus spoke to him: 350 “What is this
word that broke through the fence of your teeth, Atreides?
How can you say that, when we Achaians waken the bitter
word on Trojans, breakers of horses, I hang back from
fighting? Only watch, if you care to and if it concerns you, the very father of
Telemachos locked with the champion
men, breakers of horses. Your talk is wind, and no meaning.”
But resourceful Agamemnon in turn answered him, laughing,
saying that he was angered and taking back the word spoken:

of Laërtes and seed of Zeus, resourceful Odysseus:
t not be niggling with you, nor yet give you orders,
I know how the spirit in your secret heart knows
of kindness only; for what you think is what I think.
now, I will make it good hereafter, if anything evil
een said; let the gods make all this come to nothing.”

ne spoke, and left him there, and went among others.
ame on the son of Tydeus, high-spirited Diomedes,
ing among the compacted chariots and by the horses,
apaneus’ son, Sthenelos, was standing beside him. At sight of Diomedes the lord
of men Agamemnon scolded him
poke aloud to him and addressed him in winged words, saying: 370 “Ah me, son
of Tydeus, that daring breaker of horses,
re you skulking and spying out the outworks of battle?
was never Tydeus’ way, to lurk in the background,
fight the enemy far ahead of his own companions.
ey say who had seen him at work, since I never saw nor
entered him ever; but they say he surpassed all others.
on a time he came, but not in war, to Mykenai with godlike Polyneikes, a guest
and a friend, assembling
e, since these were attacking the sacred bastions of Thebe, and much they
entreated us to grant him renowned companions.
our men wished to give them and were assenting to what they asked for but Zeus
turned them back, showing forth portents that crossed them.
as these went forward and were well on their way, and came to the river Asopos,
and the meadows of grass and the deep rushes, from there the Achaians sent
Tydeus ahead with a message.
rent then and came on the Kadmeians in their numbers feasting all about the
house of mighty Eteokles.
, stranger though he was, the driver of horses, Tydeus, was not frightened, alone
among so many Kadmeians,
ared them to try their strength with him, and bested all of them 390 easily, such
might did Pallas Athene give him.
Kadmeians who lash their horses, in anger compacted
ibuscade of guile on his way home, assembling together fifty fighting men, and
for these there were two leaders, Maion, Haimon’s son, in the likeness of the

immortals, 395 with the son of Autophonos, Polyphontes stubborn in battle.
These men Tydeus let loose a fate that was shameful.

He led them all, except that he let one man get home again, letting Maion go in
obedience to the god's signs.

It was Tydeus, the Aitolian; yet he was father
more on worse than himself at fighting, better in conclave."

He spoke, and strong Diomedes gave no answer
before the majesty of the king's rebuking;

The son of Kapaneus the glorious answered him, saying: "Son of Atreus, do not lie
when you know the plain truth.

We do claim we are better men by far than our fathers.

Did storm the seven-gated foundation of Thebe
when we led fewer people beneath a wall that was stronger.

Obedeyed the signs of the gods and the help Zeus gave us,
those others died of their own headlong stupidity.

Before, never liken our fathers to us in honor."

When looking at him darkly strong Diomedes spoke to him:

Hold, stay quiet rather and do as I tell you; I will

no fault with Agamemnon, shepherd of the people,

bringing thus into battle the strong-greaved Achaians;

It will be his glory to come, if ever the Achaians

own the men of Troy and capture sacred Ilion.

If Achaians are slain, then his will be the great sorrow.

So, let you and me remember our fighting courage."

He spoke and leapt in all his gear to the ground from the chariot, 420 and the bronze
armor girt to the chest of the king clashed terribly as he sprang. Fear would have
gripped even a man stout-hearted.

When along the thundering beach the surf of the sea strikes beat upon beat as the
west wind drives it onward; far out

going first on the open water, it drives thereafter

with a wash roaring along the dry land, and against the rock jut

going breaks itself into crests spewing back the salt wash; so thronged beat upon
beat the Danaans' close battalions

leapt into battle, with each of the lords commanding

even men; and these went silently, you would not think

these people with voices kept in their chests were marching, silently, in fear of

their commanders; and upon all
red as they marched the shining armor they carried.
The Trojans, as sheep in a man of possessions' steading stand in their myriads
waiting to be drained of their white milk 435 and bleat interminably as they hear
the voice of their lambs, so the crying of the Trojans went up through the wide
army.

there was no speech nor language common to all of them
their talk was mixed, who were called there from many far places.
Drove these on, and the Achaians gray-eyed Athene,
Error drove them, and Fear, and Hate whose wrath is relentless, she the sister
and companion of murderous Ares,
who is only a little thing at the first, but thereafter
until she strides on the earth with her head striking heaven.
Then hurled down bitterness equally between both sides
they walked through the onslaught making men's pain heavier.

As these advancing came to one place and encountered,
clashed their shields together and their spears, and the strength of armored men in
bronze, and the shields massive in the middle clashed against each other, and the
sound grew huge of the fighting.
The screaming and the shouts of triumph rose up together
in killing and men killed, and the ground ran blood.
Then rivers in winter spate running down from the mountains throw together at the
meeting of streams the weight of their water out of the great springs behind in
the hollow stream-bed,
far away in the mountains the shepherd hears their thunder; such, from the
coming together of men, was the shock and the shouting.

Diomedes was first to kill a chief man of the Trojans, valiant among the champions,
Thalysias' son, Echebolos.

Coming first, he struck the horn of the horse-haired helmet, 460 and the bronze
spearpoint fixed in his forehead and drove inward through the bone; and a mist
of darkness clouded both eyes

they fell as a tower falls in the strong encounter.

He dropped, Elephenor the powerful caught him by the feet, Chalkodon's son, and
lord of the great-hearted Abantes,

dragged him away from under the missiles, striving in all speed to strip the armor

from him, yet his outrush went short-lived.
as he hauled the corpse high-hearted Agenor, marking
as that showed bare under the shield as he bent over, stabbed with the bronze-
pointed spear and unstrung his sinews.
The spirit left him and over his body was fought out
the work by Trojans and Achaians, who like wolves
fight upon one another, with man against man in the onfall.

There Telamonian Aias struck down the son of Anthemion Simoeisios in his
stripling's beauty, whom once his mother
bringing from Ida bore beside the banks of Simoeis
she had followed her father and mother to tend the sheepflocks.
Before they called him Simoeisios; but he could not
regain the care of his dear parents; he was short-lived, beaten down beneath the
spear of high-hearted Aias,
struck him as he first came forward beside the nipple
of his right breast, and the bronze spearhead drove clean through the shoulder.
The spearhead fell to the ground in the dust, like some black poplar, which in the land
low-lying about a great marsh grows smooth trimmed yet with branches growing
at the uttermost tree-top: 485 one whom a man, a maker of chariots, fells with
the shining
spear to bend it into a wheel for a fine-wrought chariot,
the tree lies hardening by the banks of a river.
There was Anthemion's son Simoeisios, whom illustrious Aias killed. Now Antiphos
of the shining corselet,
Antiphos's son, made a cast at him in the crowd with the sharp spear but missed Aias
and struck Leukos, a brave companion
of Odysseus, in the groin, as he dragged a corpse off,
at that the body dropped from his hand as he fell above it.
The killing of Odysseus was stirred to terrible anger
Aias strode out among the champions, helmed in bright bronze, and stood close to
the enemy hefting the shining javelin,
fighting round about him; and the Trojans gave way in the face of the man throwing
with the spear. And he made no vain cast, but struck down Demokoön, a son of
Priam, a bastard,
who came over from Abydos, and left his fast-running horses.
Aias struck him with the spear, in anger for his companion, in the temple, and the

bronze spearhead drove through the other temple also, so that a mist of darkness clouded both eyes.

ll, thunderously, and his armor clattered upon him.

champions of Troy gave back then, and glorious Hektor,

ie Argives gave a great cry, and dragged back the bodies, and drove their way far forward, but now Apollo watching from high Pergamos was angered, and called aloud to the Trojans: "Rise up, Trojans, breakers of horses, bend not from battle these Argives. Surely their skin is not stone, not iron

nd up under the tearing edge of the bronze as it strikes them.

or is Achilles the child of lovely-haired Thetis fighting, but beside the ship mulls his heartsore anger."

alled the fearful god from the citadel, while Zeus' daughter 515 Tritogeneia, goddess most high, drove on the Achaians,

f them she saw hanging back as she strode through the battle.

v his doom caught fast Amaryngkeus' son Dioreas,

vith a jagged boulder was smitten beside the ankle

right shin, and a lord of the Thracian warriors threw it, 520 Peiros, son of Imbrasos, who had journeyed from Ainos.

itiless stone smashed utterly the tendons on both sides

he bones, and he was hurled into the dust backward

ing out both hands to his own beloved companions,

ng life out; the stone's thrower ran up beside him,

s, and stabbed with his spear next the navel, and all his guts poured out on the ground, and a mist of darkness closed over both eyes.

as the Aitolian hit Peiros as he ran backward

he spear in the chest above the nipple, and the bronze point fixed in the lung, and Thoas standing close dragged out the heavy

: from his chest, and drawing his sharp sword struck him

middle of the belly, and so took the life from him,

d not strip his armor, for his companions about him

, Thracians with hair grown at the top, gripping their long spears, and though he was a mighty man and a strong and proud one

t him from them so that he gave ground backward, staggering.

the dust these two lay sprawled beside one another,

the one of the Thracians, the other of the bronze-armored Epeians; and many others beside were killed all about them.

re no more could a man who was in that work make light of it, 540 one who still
unhit and still unstabbed by the sharp bronze
in the midst of that fighting, with Pallas Athene's hold on his hand guiding him,
driving back the volleying spears thrown.
n that day many men of the Achaians and Trojans
rawled in the dust face downward beside one another.

BOOK FIVE

re to Tydeus' son Diomedes Pallas Athene granted strength and daring, that he might be conspicuous
g all the Argives and win the glory of valor.
ade weariless fire blaze from his shield and helmet
at star of the waning summer who beyond all stars
oathed in the ocean stream to glitter in brilliance.
was the fire she made blaze from his head and his shoulders and urged him into the middle fighting, where most were struggling.

re was a man of the Trojans, Dares, blameless and bountiful, 10 a priest consecrated to Hephaistos, and he had two sons, Phegeus and Idaios, well skilled both in all fighting.

two breaking from the ranks of the others charged against him riding their chariot as Diomedes came on, dismounted.

as in their advance these had come close to each other 15 first of the two Phegeus let go his spear far-shadowing.

the left shoulder of Tydeus' son passed the pointed
, nor struck his body, and Diomedes thereafter

with the bronze, and the weapon cast from his hand flew not vain but struck the chest between the nipples and hurled him from behind 20 his horses. And

Idaios leaping left the fair-wrought chariot

ad he the courage to stand over his stricken brother.

so he could not have escaped the black death-spirit but Hephaistos caught him away and rescued him, shrouded in darkness, that the aged man might not be left altogether desolate.

ie son of high-hearted Tydeus drove off the horses

ave them to his company to lead back to the hollow vessels.

as the high-hearted Trojans watched the two sons of Dares, one running away, and one cut down by the side of his chariot, the anger in all of them was stirred.

But gray-eyed Athene 30 took violent Ares by the hand, and in words she

spoke to him: “Ares, Ares, manslaughtering, blood-stained, stormer of strong walls, shall we not leave the Trojans and Achaeans to struggle whatever way Zeus father grants glory to either, we two give ground together and avoid Zeus’ anger?”

she spoke, and led violent Ares out of the fighting
afterward caused him to sit down by the sands of Skamandros while the Danaans bent the Trojans back, and each of the princes killed his man. And first the lord of men Agamemnon
killed tall Odios, lord of the Halizones, from his chariot.
When his back even as he was turning the spear fixed
between the shoulders and was driven on through the chest beyond it.
He fell, thunderously, and his armor clattered upon him.
Idomeneus killed Phaistos the son of Maonian Boros, who had come out of Tarne with the deep soil. Idomeneus
near-renowned stabbed this man just as he was mounting
and his horses, with the long spear driven in the right shoulder.
He fell, toppled from the chariot, and the hateful darkness took hold of him.
His henchmen of Idomeneus stripped the armor from Phaistos, while Menelaos son of Atreus killed with the sharp spear 50 Strophios’ son, a man of wisdom in the chase, Skamandrios, the fine huntsman of beasts. Artemis herself had taught him
to take down every wild thing that grows in the mountain forest.
But Artemis of the showering arrows could not now help him,
nor the long spearcasts in which he had been pre-eminent, 55 but Menelaos the spear-famed, son of Atreus, stabbed him,
he fled away before him, in the back with a spear thrust
between the shoulders and driven through to the chest beyond it.
He fell, toppled forward on his face and his armor clattered upon him.
His henchmen in turn killed Phereklos, son of Harmonides, 60 the smith, who understood how to make with his hand all intricate things, since above all others Pallas Athene had loved him.
He was who had built for Alexandros the balanced
at the beginning of the evil, fatal to the other Trojans, and to him, since he knew nothing of the gods’ plans.
His henchman Meriones pursued and overtaking him
killed him in the right buttock, and the spearhead drove straight on and passing under the bone went into the bladder.

opped, screaming, to his knees, and death was a mist about him.
ges in turn killed Pedaios, the son of Antenor, 70 who, bastard though he was,
was nursed by lovely Theano
close care, as for her own children, to pleasure her husband.
the son of Phyleus, the spear-famed, closing upon him
k him with the sharp spear behind the head at the tendon, and straight on through
the teeth and under the tongue cut the bronze blade, 75 and he dropped in the
dust gripping in his teeth the cold bronze.
ypylos, Euaimon's son, killed brilliant Hypsenor, son of high-hearted Dolopion,
he who was made Skamandros'
, and was honored about the countryside as a god is.
nan Eurypylos, the shining son of Euaimon,
ng in chase as he fled before him struck in the shoulder
a blow swept from the sword and cut the arm's weight from him, so that the arm
dropped bleeding to the ground, and the red death and destiny the powerful took
hold of both eyes.

hey went at their work all about the strong encounter; 85 but you could not
have told on which side Tydeus' son was fighting, whether he were one with the
Trojans or with the Achaians,
he went storming up the plain like a winter-swollen
in spate that scatters the dikes in its running current, one that the strong-
compacted dikes can contain no longer,
o the mounded banks of the blossoming vineyards hold it
suddenly as Zeus' rain makes heavy the water
many lovely works of the young men crumble beneath it.
hese the massed battalions of the Trojans were scattered by Tydeus' son, and
many as they were could not stand against him.
v as the shining son of Lykaon, Pandaros, watched him
ing up the plain scattering the battalions before him,
e he strained the bent bow against the son of Tydeus,
ot, and hit him as he charged forward, in the right shoulder at the hollow of the
corselet; and the bitter arrow went straight through
ng clean to its way, and the corselet was all blood-spattered.
he shining son of Lykaon cried aloud in a great voice:
up, Trojans, O high-hearted, lashers of horses.
the best of the Achaians is hit, and I think that he will not long hold up under the

strong arrow, if truly Apollo

and son of Zeus stirred me to come forth from Lykia.”

He spoke, vaunting, but the swift arrow had not broken him, only he drew back again to his chariot and horses,

stood there, speaking to Sthenelos, son of Kapaneus:

“Come, dear friend, son of Kapaneus, step down from the chariot,

and let me pull out from my shoulder this bitter arrow.”

He spoke, and Sthenelos sprang to the ground from his chariot and standing beside him pulled the sharp arrow clean through his shoulder and the blood shot up spurting through the delicate tunic.

Diomedes of the great war cry spoke aloud, praying:

“Grant me now, Atrytone, daughter of Zeus of the aegis:

as you were before in kindness you stood by my father

and though the terror of fighting, be my friend now also, Athene; grant me that I may kill this man and come within spearcast, who shot me before I could see him, and now boasts over me, saying

“I will not live to look much longer on the shining sunlight.”

He spoke in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him.

She made his limbs light again, and his feet, and his hands above them, and standing close beside him she spoke and addressed him in winged words: “Be of good courage now, Diomedes, to fight with the Trojans,

for I have put inside your chest the strength of your father untremulous, such as the horseman Tydeus of the great shield had; I have taken away the mist from your eyes, that before now was there, so that you may well recognize the god and the mortal.

“Before now, if a god making trial of you comes hither

you do not do battle head-on with the gods immortal,

and with the rest; but only if Aphrodite, Zeus’ daughter,

is against you in the fighting, then at least you may stab with the sharp bronze.”

He spoke thus, gray-eyed Athene, and went, while Tydeus’

was closed once again with the champions, taking his place there;

as he had been before to fight with the Trojans, now the strong rage tripled took hold of him, as of a lion

when the shepherd among his fleecy flocks in the wild lands grazed as he leapt the fence of the fold, but has not killed him, but only stirred up the lion’s strength,

and can no more fight him off, but hides in the steading, and the frightened

sheep are forsaken, and these are piled pell-mell on each other in heaps, while the lion raging still leaps out again over the fence of the deep yard; such was the rage of strong Diomedes as he closed with the Trojans.

At he killed Astynoös and Hypeiron, shepherd of the people, 145 striking one with the bronze-heeled spear above the nipple, putting the other beside the shoulder through the collar-bone with the great sword, so that neck and back were hewn free of the shoulder.

At these men, and went on after Polyidos and Abas, of the aged dream-interpreter, Eurydamas;

For these two as they went forth the old man did not answer their dreams, but Diomedes the powerful slew them. Now he went after the two sons of Phainops, Xanthos and Thoön,

born both, but Phainops was stricken in sorrowful old age nor could breed another son to leave among his possessions.

When he killed these two and took away the dear life from them both, leaving to their father lamentation and sorrowful

grief, since he was not to welcome them home from the fighting alive still; and remoter kinsmen shared his possessions.

At he killed two children of Dardanian Priam were in a single chariot, Echemmon and Chromios.

As long cattle a lion leaps on the neck of an ox or

as; that grazes among the wooded places, and breaks it, so the son of Tydeus hurled both from their horses

boldly, in spite of their struggles, then stripped their armor 165 and gave the horses to his company to drive to their vessels.

As Aeneias saw him wrecking the ranks of warriors

went on his way through the fighting and the spears' confusion looking to see if he could find Pandaros the godlike;

When he came upon the strong and blameless son of Lykaon.

He stood before him face to face and spoke a word to him:

Pandaros, where now are your bow and your feathered arrows; where your fame, in which no man here dare contend with you

in any man in Lykia claim he is better?

Then, hold up your hands to Zeus, and let go an arrow 175 at this strong man, whoever he be, who does so much evil

to the Trojans, since many and great are those whose knees he has broken.

s this be some god who in wrath with the Trojans for offerings failed afflicts them. The wrath of a god is hard to deal with.”

n in answer the shining son of Lykaon spoke to him:

eias, charged with the counsels of the bronze-armored Trojans, I liken him in all ways to the valiant son of Tydeus,

by his shield and the hollow eyes of his helmet

y the look of his horses; but it may be a god, I am not sure; and if this is a man, as I think, and the valiant son

tydeus, yet not without god does he rage so, but some one

of immortals, mantling in mist his shoulders, stands close beside him who turned my flying arrow as it struck, elsewhere, away from him.

I have shot my shaft already, and hit him in the shoulder, the right one, hard

driven through the hollow of his corselet, 190 and I said to myself I had hurled him down to meet Aïdoneus,

ill I have not beaten him; now this is some god who is angered.

I have no horses nor chariot I could mount in, and yet

where in the great house of Lykaon are eleven chariots,

horses, all new made, just finished, and over them blankets 195 lie spread, and

beside each chariot one brace of horses

there, champing their white barley and oats. But Lykaon the aged spearman spoke to me over and over, as I was

on my way from the house well compacted, advising me;

and he bid me to take my horses and chariots, and riding

to be lord among the Trojans in the strong encounters.

Do not let him persuade me, and that would have been far better, sparing my horses,

who had grown accustomed to eating all

of my wish, from going hungry where the men were penned in a small place.

I left them and made my way on foot to Ilion

drawing my bow, a thing that was to profit me nothing.

Now I have drawn it against two of their best men, Tydeus’

and the son of Atreus, and both of these I hit

and drew visible blood, yet only wakened their anger.

It was in bad luck that I took from its peg the curved bow 210 on that day when I

carried it to lovely Ilion

to the head of my Trojans, bringing delight to brilliant Hektor.

But if ever I win home again and lay eyes once more

on my country, and my wife, and the great house with the high roof, let some stranger

straightway cut my head from my shoulders
do not break this bow in my hands and throw it in the shining fire, since as a wind
and nothing I have taken it with me.”

in turn Aineias, lord of the Trojans, answered him:
think no more this way; there will be no time for changing
between you and I must face this man with horses and chariot
of strength against strength fight it out with our weapons. Therefore mount rather
into my chariot, so that you may see

the Trojan horses are like, how they understand their
leader and how to traverse it in rapid pursuit and withdrawal.

And two will bring us safe to the city again, if once more 225 Zeus grants glory to
Diomedes the son of Tydeus.

And then, taking into your hands the goad and the glittering reins, while I dismount
from my chariot and carry the fighting; or else yourself encounter this man,
while I handle the horses.”

in answer the shining son of Lykaon spoke to him:“

Give yourself, Aineias, the reins and your horses. These will
be better the curved chariot under the driver

I know best, if we must give way before the son of Tydeus; for fear they might go
wild with terror and not be willing

to carry us out of the fighting, as they listen and long for your voice, 235 for fear the
son of high-hearted Tydeus charging upon us

will kill us both and drive away the single-foot horses.

Or drive yourself your own horses and your own chariot
and with my sharp spear I encounter this man as he comes on.”

He spoke so, and mounting the wrought chariot held
fast-running horses against the son of Tydeus, in fury.

And thenelos the shining son of Kapaneus seeing them

uttered his winged words to the son of Tydeus:

O son of Tydeus, you who delight my heart, Diomedes,

I see two mighty men furious to fight with you.

For strength is enormous, one of them well skilled in the bow's work, Pandaros,
who claims his right as son of Lykaon,

the other Aineias, who claims he was born as son to

and accuses the blameless, but his mother was Aphrodite.

And then, let us give way with our horses; no longer storm on 250 so far among the

champions, for fear you destroy your heart's life."
n looking at him darkly strong Diomedes spoke to him: "Argue me not toward flight, since I have no thought of obeying you.
or it would be ignoble for me to shrink back in the fighting or to lurk aside, since my fighting strength stays steady forever.
nk indeed from mounting behind the horses, but as I am
I will face these. Pallas Athene will not let me run from them.
e two men, their fast-running horses shall never carry them both back away from us, even though one man may escape us.
out away in your thoughts this other thing I tell you.
hene of the many counsels should grant me the glory
l both, then do you check here these fast-running horses, ours, tethering them with the reins tied to the chariot's rail and thereafter remember to make a dash against the horses of Aineias,
rive them away from the Trojans among the strong-greaved Achaians.
e are of that strain which Zeus of the wide brows granted to Tros, recompense for his son Ganymedes, and therefore are the finest of all horses beneath the sun and the daybreak; and the lord of men Anchises stole horses from this breed,
ut the knowledge of Laomedon putting mares under them.
i these there was bred for him a string of six in his great house.
of these, keeping them himself, he raised at his mangers, but these two he gave to Aineias, two horses urgent of terror.
might only take these we should win ourselves excellent glory."

as these were speaking things like this to each other, 275 the two came fast upon them driving their swift-running horses.
o Diomedes called out the shining son of Lykaon:
ant and strong-spirited, O son of proud Tydeus,
ere not beaten then by the bitter arrow, my swift shot.
I will try with the throwing-spear to see if I can hit you."
e spoke, and balanced the spear far-shadowed, and threw it, and struck the son of Tydeus in the shield, and the flying
e spearhead was driven clean through and into the corselet, and the shining son of Lykaon cried aloud in a great voice:
are you struck clean through the middle, and I think that you will not
up for much longer; you have given me great claim to glory."

n strong Diomedes answered, not frightened before him: “You did not hit me, you missed, but I do not think that you two will go free until one or the other of you has fallen

t with his blood Ares the god who fights under the shield’s guard.”

poke, and threw; and Pallas Athene guided the weapon

nose next to the eye, and it cut on through the white teeth and the bronze weariless shore all the way through the tongue’s base so that the spearhead came out underneath the jawbone.

opped then from the chariot and his armor clattered upon him, 295 dazzling armor and shining, while those fast-running horses away, and there his life and his strength were scattered.

Aineias sprang to the ground with shield and with long spear, for fear that somehow the Achaians might haul off the body,

ke a lion in the pride of his strength stood over him

ng before him the perfect circle of his shield and the spear and raging to cut down any man who might come to face him,

g a terrible cry. But Tydeus’ son in his hand caught

tone, a huge thing which no two men could carry

as men are now, but by himself he lightly hefted it.

rew, and caught Aineias in the hip, in the place where the hip-bone turns inside the thigh, the place men call the cup-socket.

ashed the cup-socket and broke the tendons both sides of it, and the rugged stone tore the skin backward, so that the fighter dropping to one knee stayed leaning on the ground with his heavy 310 hand, and a covering of black night came over both eyes.

ν in this place Aineias lord of men might have perished had not Aphrodite, Zeus’ daughter, been quick to perceive him, his mother, who had borne him to Anchises the ox-herd;

bout her beloved son came streaming her white arms,

νith her white robe thrown in a fold in front she shielded him, this keeping off the thrown weapons lest some fast-mounted Danaän strike the bronze spear through his chest and strip the life from him.

then carried her beloved son out of the fighting.

id Sthenelos son of Kapaneus forget the commandments

Diomedes of the great war cry had laid upon him,

e held where they were their own single-foot horses with their reins tied to the

chariot rail, apart from the confusion, and making a dash for the fluttering-
maned horses of Aeneias drove them away from the Trojans among the strong-
greaved Achaians, 325 and gave them to Deïpylos, his close friend, whom
beyond all

is of his own age he prized, for their hearts were intimate, to drive away to the
hollow ships; meanwhile the warrior
ted behind his own horses and caught up the shining
and held the strong-footed team toward the son of Tydeus 330 headlong; and he
swung the pitiless bronze at the lady of Kypros, knowing her for a god without
warcraft, not of those who,

esses, range in order the ranks of men in the fighting,
thene and not Enyo, sacker of cities.

as, following her through the thick crowd, he caught her, 335 lunging in his
charge far forward the son of high-hearted

is made a thrust against the soft hand with the bronze spear, and the spear tore
the skin driven clean on through the immortal robe that the very Graces had
woven for her carefully,

he palm's base; and blood immortal flowed from the goddess, 340 ichor, that
which runs in the veins of the blessed divinities; since these eat no food, nor do
they drink of the shining

and therefore they have no blood and are called immortal.

ave a great shriek and let fall her son she was carrying, but Phoibos Apollo
caught him up and away in his own hands,

lark mist, for fear that some fast-mounted Danaän

strike the bronze spear through his chest and strip the life from him.

Diomedes of the great war cry shouted after her:

way, daughter of Zeus, from the fighting and the terror. It is not then enough
that you lead astray women without warcraft?

if still you must haunt the fighting, I think that now you will shiver even when
you hear some other talking of battles.”

ne spoke, and the goddess departed in pain, hurt badly, and Iris wind-footed took
her by the hand and led her away

the battle, her lovely skin blood-darkened, wounded and suffering.

e to the left of the fighting she found Ares the violent

}, his spear leaned into the mist, and his swift horses.

ing on one knee before her beloved brother in deep supplication she asked for

his gold-bridled horses:

My brother, rescue me and give me your horses

so I may come to Olympos where is the place of the immortals.

I am in too much pain from the wound of a mortal's spear-stroke, Tydeus' son's, who would fight now even against Zeus father."

When she spoke, and Ares gave her the gold-bridled horses,

she, still grieved in the inward heart, she mounted the chariot 365 and beside her

entering Iris gathered the reins up

and whipped them into a run, and they winged their way unreluctant.

As they came to sheer Olympos, the place of the immortals, there swift Iris the

wind-footed reined in her horses

and whipped them from the yoke and threw fodder immortal before them, 370 and now

bright Aphrodite fell at the knees of her mother,

and she, who gathered her daughter into the arms' fold

embraced her with her hand and called her by name and spoke to her: "Who now of

the Uranian gods, dear child, has done such

deeds to you, rashly, as if you were caught doing something wicked?"

Aphrodite the sweetly laughing spoke then and answered her: "Tydeus' son

Diomedes, the too high-hearted, stabbed me as I was carrying my own beloved

son out of the fighting, Aineias, who beyond all else in the world is dear to me;

and now this is no horrible war of Achaians and Trojans,

but the Danaäns are beginning to fight even with the immortals."

When Dione the shining among divinities answered her:

"Have patience, my child, and endure it, though you be saddened.

Many of us who have our homes on Olympos endure things from men, when

ourselves we inflict hard pain on each other.

I had to endure it when strong Ephialtes and Otos,

son of Aloeus, chained him in bonds that were too strong for him, and three months

and ten he lay chained in the brazen cauldron; and now might Ares, insatiable of

fighting, have perished,

but not Eëriboia, their stepmother, the surpassingly lovely, 390 brought word to

Hermes, who stole Ares away out of it

and he was growing faint and the hard bondage was breaking him.

I had to endure it when the strong son of Amphitryon struck her beside the right

breast with a tri-barbed arrow,

but the pain he gave her could not be quieted. Hades 395 the gigantic had to

endure with the rest the flying arrow

this self-same man, the son of Zeus of the aegis,
to him among the dead men at Pylos, and gave him to agony; but he went up to
the house of Zeus and to tall Olympos
at heart, stabbed through and through with pain, for the arrow 400 was driven
into his heavy shoulder, and his spirit was suffering.
aiëon, scattering medicines that still pain,
did him, since he was not made to be one of the mortals.
Zeus, heavy-handed, who thought nothing of the bad he was doing, who with his
archery hurt the gods that dwell on Olympos!
said the goddess gray-eyed Athene who drove on this man
to you; poor fool, the heart of Tydeus' son knows nothing of how that man who
fights the immortals lives for no long time, his children do not gather to his
knees to welcome their father when he returns home after the fighting and the
bitter warfare.
Zeus, though he be very strong indeed, let the son of Tydeus
be aware lest someone even better than he might fight with him, lest for a long time
Aigialeia, wise child of Adrastos,
might wake out of sleep her household's beloved companions, longing for the best
of the Achaians, her lord by marriage,
the strong wife of Diomedes, breaker of horses."
Zeus spoke, and with both hands stroked away from her arm the ichor, so that the arm
was made whole again and the strong pains rested.
Hera and Athene glancing aside at her began
to see the son of Kronos, Zeus, in words of mockery:
the goddess gray-eyed Athene began the talk among them:
O Zeus, would you be angry with me if I said
anything? It must be the lady of Kypros, moving some woman
to haia to follow after those Trojans she loves so hopelessly, laying hold on the fair
dresses of the Achaian women,
the tenderness of her hand on a golden pin's point."
Zeus spoke, and the father of gods and men smiled on her and spoke to Aphrodite
the golden, calling her to him:
my child, not for you are the works of warfare. Rather
turn yourself only with the lovely secrets of marriage, 430 while all this shall be
left to Athene and sudden Ares."
Zeus as these were talking in this way with each other Diomedes of the great war cry
made for Aineias.

gh he saw how Apollo himself held his hands over him
l not shrink even from the great god, but forever forward 435 drove, to kill
Aineias and strip his glorious armor.
: times, furious to cut him down, he drove forward,
ree times Apollo battered aside the bright shield,
: a fourth time, like more than man, he charged, Apollo who strikes from afar
cried out to him in the voice of terror: 440 “Take care, give back, son of Tydeus,
and strive no longer
ke yourself like the gods in mind, since never the same is the breed of gods, who
are immortal, and men who walk groundling.”
spoke, and Tydeus’ son gave backward, only a little,
ing the anger of him who strikes from afar, Apollo,
caught Aineias now away from the onslaught, and set him
sacred keep of Pergamos where was built his own temple.
: Artemis of the showering arrows and Leto within
eat and secret chamber healed his wound and cared for him.
e of the silver bow, Apollo, fashioned an image
e likeness of Aineias himself and in armor like him,
ll about this image brilliant Achaians and Trojans
d at each other, and at the ox-hide shields strong circled guarding men’s chests,
and at the fluttering straps of the guard-skins.
hoibos Apollo spoke now to violent Ares:
s, Ares, manslaughtering, blood-stained, stormer of strong walls, is there no way
you can go and hold back this man from the fighting, Tydeus’ son, who would
now do battle against Zeus father?
now he stabbed in her hand by the wrist the lady
pros, and again, like more than a man, charged even against me.”
he spoke, and himself alighted on the peak of Pergamos
stark Ares went down to stir the ranks of the Trojans, in the likeness of the lord
of the Thracians, swift-footed Akamas, and urged onward the god-supported
children of Priam: “O you children of Priam, the king whom the gods love, how
long 465 will you allow the Achaians to go on killing your people?
they fight beside the strong-built gates? A man lies fallen whom we honored
as we honor Hektor the brilliant,
as, who is son of great-hearted Anchises.
: then, let us rescue our good companion from the carnage.”

He spoke, and stirred the spirit and the strength in each man.

Sarpedon spoke in abuse to brilliant Hektor:

Where now, Hektor, has gone that strength that was yours? You said once that without companions and without people you could hold this city alone, with only your brothers and the lords of your sisters.

I see not one of these men now, I know not where they are; no, but they slink away like hounds who circle the lion,

and we, who are here as your companions, carry the fighting.

Where come, a companion to help you, from a very far place; Lykia lies far away, by the whirling waters of Xanthos;

I left behind my own wife and my baby son, there my many possessions which the needy man eyes longingly.

Even so I drive on my Lykians, and myself have courage

to fight my man in battle, though there is nothing of mine here that the Achaians can carry away as spoil or drive off.

Where you: you stand here, not even giving the word to the rest

of your people to stand fast and fight in defense of their own wives.

Do not let yourselves, caught as in the sweeping toils of the spun net, be taken as war-spoil and plunder by the men who hate you,

who presently will storm your strong-founded citadel.

These things should lie night and day on your mind, forever, supplication to the lords of your far-renowned companions, to fight unwearying and hold off the strength of an insult.”

Sarpedon spoke, and his word bit into the heart of Hektor.

He sprang in all his armor to the ground from his chariot 495 and shaking two sharp spears ranged everywhere through the army stirring men up to fight and waking the hateful warfare;

They pulled themselves about and stood to face the Achaians, while the Argives held in their close order and would not be broken.

As when along the hallowed threshing floors the wind scatters 500 chaff, among men winnowing, and fair-haired Demeter

the leaning wind discriminates the chaff and the true grain and the piling chaff whitens beneath it, so now the Achaians turned white underneath the dust the feet of the horses

drove far into the brazen sky across their faces 505 as they rapidly closed and the charioteers wheeled back again.

They drove the strength of their hands straight on, as violent Ares defending the

Trojans mantled in dark night the battle
passed everywhere, since he was carrying out the commandments of Phoibos
Apollo, him of the golden sword, who had bidden him 510 wake the heart in the
Trojans as he saw that Pallas Athene
gone away now, she who stood to defend the Danaäns.
Out of the rich secret chamber Apollo sent forth
his arrows, and dropped strength in the heart of the people's shepherd.
Aineias stood among his friends, who were happy
to see him coming back, still alive, and unwounded
and full of brave spirit; yet they asked him no question,
for the rest of their fighting work would not let them, that the silver-bow god woke,
and manslaughtering Ares, and Hate, whose wrath is relentless.

And the two Aiantes and Odysseus and Diomedes
urged the Danaäns to fight these; since themselves they did not fear the force of the
men of Troy nor their charges onward,
they stayed where they were, like clouds, which the son of Kronos stops in the windless
weather on the heights of the towering mountains, motionless, when the strength
of the north wind sleeps, and the other 525 tearing winds, those winds that when
they blow into tempests high screaming descend upon the darkening clouds and
scatter them.

The Danaäns stood steady against the Trojans, nor gave way.
Agamemnon's son ranged through the masses with his many orders: "Be men now, dear
friends, and take up the heart of courage, 530 and have consideration for each
other in the strong encounters, since more come through alive when men
consider each other,
there is no glory when they give way, nor warcraft either."

He spoke, and made a swift cast with his spear, and struck down a great man
Hektor, companion of high-hearted Aineias, 535 Pergasos' son, whom the Trojans
honored as they honored Priam's children, since he was a swift man to fight in
the foremost.

Agamemnon struck his shield with spear, nor
could he hold off the spear, but the bronze smashed clean through and was
driven on through the belt to the deep of the belly.

His armor clattered, and he fell, thunderously, and his armor clattered upon him.

Aineias killed two great men of the Danaäns,
sons of Diokles, Orsilochos and Krethon,

whose father dwelt in Phere the strong-founded,
a substance, and his generation was of the river
ios, who flows wide through the country of the Pylians, 545 and who got a son,
Ortilochos, to be lord over many
but the son of Ortilochos was high-hearted Diokles;
Diokles in his turn were two twin sons born,
ochos and Krethon, both well skilled in all fighting.
two as they were grown to young manhood followed along with 550 the
Argives in their black ships to Ilion, land of good horses, winning honor for the
sons of Atreus, Agamemnon
Menelaos; now fulfillment of death was a darkness upon them.
two, as two young lions in the high places of the mountains, had been raised by their
mother in the dark of the deep forest, 555 lions which as they prey upon the
cattle and the fat sheep
waste the steadings where there are men, until they also fall and are killed under
the cutting bronze in the men's hands; such were these two who beaten under the
hands of Aineias
fell and lay on the ground as if they were two tall pine trees.
Diokles and Krethon, these fell warlike Menelaos took pity on them
Diokles strode out among the champions, helmed in bright bronze, shaking his spear,
and the fury of Ares drove him onward,
Diokles feared that he might go down under the hands of Aineias.
Ortilochos, son of high-hearted Nestor, watched him,
Diokles strode among the champions in fear for the shepherd of the people, lest he be
hurt, and all their labor slip away into nothing.
Aineias and Menelaos raised hand and sharp spear standing to face each other
and furious to do battle,
Ortilochos took his stand close beside the shepherd of the people.
Diokles would not let Aineias hold his ground, though yet a swift fighter,
Diokles saw two men staying with each other against him.
Diokles, when they had dragged back the bodies among the Achaian people, dropped
the poor youths into the hands of their company, and themselves wheeled about
once more to fight among the foremost.
Diokles and Krethon killed Pylaimenes the equal of Ares,
Diokles of the Paphlagonian men in armor, high-hearted.
Menelaos the spear-famed, son of Atreus, stabbed him
Diokles with his spear as he stood his ground, and struck the collar-bone, 580 while

Antilochos struck down Mydon, his charioteer and man, Atymnios' brave son, as he wheeled the single-foot horses about, with a stone striking mid-elbow, and from his hand the reins pale with ivory dropped in the dust groundling. Antilochos charging drove the sword into his temple, and as he gasping he dropped from the carefully wrought chariot, the sword, driven deep in the dust his neck and shoulders; there, since he chanced to light in a depth of sand, he stuck fast while his horses trampled him into the dust with their feet. These Antilochos lashed and drove back into the host of the Achaians.

Hektor saw them across the ranks, and drove on against them crying aloud, and with him followed the Trojan battalions in their strength; and Ares led them with the goddess Enyo, hurrying with her the turmoil of shameless hatred.

Ares made play in his hands with the spear gigantic, ranged now in front of Hektor and now behind him.

The medes of the great war cry shivered as he saw him, and like a man in his helplessness who, crossing a great plain, stands at the edge of a fast-running river that dashes seaward, and watches it thundering into white water, and leaps a pace backward, 600 so now Tydeus' son gave back, and spoke to his people: "I would, although we know the wonder of glorious Hektor to be a fighter with the spear and a bold man of battle, were there ever some god beside him, who beats off destruction, and now, in the likeness of a man mortal, Ares goes with him. I beseech you then, keeping your faces turned to the Trojans, give ground backward, nor be ye eager to fight in strength with divinities."

He spoke, and now the Trojans had come very close upon them.

Hektor cut down two men, well skilled in warcraft, Amphios and Menesthes both in a single chariot.

These fell great Telamonian Aias pitied them.

He stood close in and made a cast with the shining javelin, and struck Amphios, Selagos' son, who rich in possessions

rich in cornland had lived in Paisos, but his own destiny brought him companion in arms to Priam and the children of Priam.

7 Telamonian Aias struck him beneath the war belt, and the far-shadowing spear was fixed in the lower belly,

he fell, thunderously, and shining Aias ran forward
to his armor, but the Trojans showered spears upon him, sharp spears and
glittering, and the great shield caught many.
With his heel on the chest of the corpse he pulled out the brazen spear, yet could
no longer strip the rest of the glorious
armor from his shoulders, since he was battered with spears thrown, and he dreaded
the strong circle made by the haughty Trojans, who many and valiant stood over
him, gripping their great spears, 625 and though he was a mighty man and a
strong and a proud one thrust him away from them so that he gave ground
backward staggering.

They went at their work all about the strong encounter.
Herakles' son Tlepolemos the huge and mighty
perished by his strong destiny against godlike Sarpedon.
As these in their advance had come close together,
Herakles' son, and the son's son of Zeus cloud-gathering,
Tlepolemos of the two who spoke the first word:
"Of counsel of the Lykians, Sarpedon, why must you
stand talking here, you who are a man unskilled in the fighting?
You are liars who call you issue of Zeus, the holder
of the aegis, since you fall far short in truth of the others who were begotten of Zeus in
the generations before us:
Herakles, as they say, was the great strength of Herakles,
Herakles' father, of the daring spirit, the heart of a lion:
He came here on a time for the sake of Laomedon's horses, with six vessels only and
the few men needed to man them,
He widowed the streets of Ilion and sacked the city;
Your heart is the heart of a coward and your people are dying.
I think that now, though you are come from Lykia, you will 645 bring no help to
the Trojans even though you be a strong man, but beaten down by my hands will
pass through the gates of Hades."
Then the lord of the Lykians, Sarpedon, answered him:
"Worthless, Tlepolemos, he did destroy Ilion the sacred
city through the senselessness of one man, the haughty Laomedon,
He gave Herakles an evil word in return for good treatment
He would not give up the horses for whose sake he had come from far off.
I tell you, what you will win from me here will be death and black destruction;

and broken under my spear you will give me glory, and give your soul to Hades of the famed horses.”

spoke Sarpedon, while the other lifted his ash spear, lemos; and in a single moment the long shafts from their hands, Sarpedon striking him in the middle throat, and the agonizing spear drove clean through over his eyes was mantled the covering mist of darkness.

Tlepolemos in turn had struck Sarpedon with the long spear in the left thigh, and the spear smashed on through in fury

ing the bone, but his father fended destruction away from him.

his brilliant companions carried godlike Sarpedon in the fighting, weighted down as he was by the long spear 665 which dragged, yet not one of them noticed nor took thought, in urgency, to pull out of his thigh the ash spear might stand, such hard work did they have attending him.

the other side the strong-greaved Achaians carried Tlepolemos out of the fighting; but brilliant Odysseus, who held a hardy 670 spirit, saw what had happened, and his heart within was stirred up, but now he pondered two ways within, in mind and in spirit,

er first to go after the son of Zeus the loud-thundering or whether he should strip the life from more of the Lykians.

is it was not the destiny of great-hearted Odysseus all with sharp bronze the strong son of Zeus, therefore he steered his anger against the host of the Lykians. here he killed Koiranos, and Chromios, and Alastor, and Alkandros, and Prytanis and Noëmon.

ow might brilliant Odysseus have killed yet more of the Lykians 680 had not tall Hektor of the shining helmet sharply perceived him, who strode out among the champions helmed in the bright bronze bringing terror to the Danaäns; but Zeus’ son, Sarpedon,

lad as he saw him come up, and piteously bespoke him:

of Priam, do not leave me lying for the Danaäns

ey upon, but protect me, since otherwise in your city

fe must come to an end, since I could return no longer back to my own house and the land of my fathers, bringing joy to my own beloved wife and my son, still a baby.”

spoke, but Hektor of the shining helm did not answer but swept on past him in his eagerness with all speed
dash back the Argives and strip the life out of many.
while his brilliant companions laid godlike Sarpedon
a lovely spreading oak of Zeus of the aegis,
strong Pelagon, one of his beloved companions,
and perforce through and out of his thigh the shaft of the ash spear.
the mist mantled over his eyes, and the life left him,
he got his breath back again, and the blast of the north wind blowing brought back to life the spirit gasped out in agony.
the Argives under the strength of Ares and bronze-armored Hektor did not ever turn their backs and make for their black ships 700 nor yet stand up to them in fighting, but always backward gave way, as they saw how Ares went with the Trojans.

So then was the first and who the last that they slaughtered, Hektor, Priams' son, and Ares the brazen? Godlike
Paris first, and next Orestes, driver of horses,
then the spearman of Aitolia and Oinomaos,
then the son of Oinops and Oresbios of the shining
shield, who had lived in Hyle much concerned with his property in a place hard on the Kephisian mere, and beside him other
of Boiotia lived and held the fine fertile country.
Then as the goddess Hera of the white arms perceived how
the Argives were perishing in the strong encounter,
privately she spoke to Pallas Athene her winged words:
"Shame, now, Atrytone, daughter of Zeus of the aegis: nothing then meant the word we promised to Menelaos,
to go home after sacking the strong-walled city of Ilion,
to dare to let cursed Ares be so furious.
No, then, let us rather think of our own stark courage."
She spoke, nor did the goddess gray-eyed Athene
deny her. But Hera, high goddess, daughter of Kronos
mighty, went away to harness the gold-bridled horses.
Hebe in speed set about the chariot the curved wheels
spoked and brazen, with an axle of iron both ways.
The nave is the wheel's felly imperishable, and outside it

ined, a wonder to look upon, the brazen running-rim,
the silver naves revolve on either side of the chariot,
as the car itself is lashed fast with plaiting of gold
silver, with double chariot rails that circle about it,
the pole of the chariot is of silver, to whose extremity 730 Hebe made fast the
golden and splendid yoke, and fastened
brass, golden and splendid, and underneath the yoke Hera, furious for hate and
battle, led the swift-running horses.
In turn Athene, daughter of Zeus of the aegis, beside the threshold of her father
slipped off her elaborate 735 dress which she herself had wrought with her
hands' patience, and now assuming the war tunic of Zeus who gathers
clouds, she armed in her gear for the dismal fighting.
Across her shoulders she threw the betasseled, terrible
all about which Terror hangs like a garland,
Hatred is there, and Battle Strength, and heart-freezing Onslaught and thereon is
set the head of the grim gigantic Gorgon,
g of fear and horror, portent of Zeus of the aegis.
On her head she set the golden helm with its four sheets
two horns, wrought with the fighting men of a hundred cities.
She set her feet in the blazing chariot and took up a spear
large, huge, thick, wherewith she beats down the battalions of fighting men, against
whom she of mighty father is angered.
She laid the lash swiftly on the horses; and moving
themselves groaned the gates of the sky that the Hours guarded, 750 those Hours
to whose charge is given the huge sky and Olympos, to open up the dense
darkness or again to close it.
Through the way between they held the speed of their goaded horses.
She found the son of Kronos sitting apart from the other
upon the highest peak of rugged Olympos.
The goddess of the white arms, Hera, stopping her horses, spoke to Zeus, high
son of Kronos, and asked him a question: "Father Zeus, are you not angry with
Ares for his violent
for killing so many and such good Achaian warriors
no reason, and out of due order, to grieve me? And meanwhile 760 Kypris and
Apollo of the silver bow take their ease and their pleasure having let loose this
maniac who knows nothing of justice.
Or Zeus, would you be angry with me if I were

ite Ares with painful strokes and drive him out of the fighting?”

n in turn the father of gods and men made answer:

o it then, and set against him the spoiler Athene,

beyond all others is the one to visit harsh pains upon him.”

ie spoke, nor did the goddess of the white arms, Hera, disobey, but lashed on the horses, and they winged their way unreluctant through the space between the earth and the starry heaven.

r as into the hazing distance a man can see with

eyes, who sits in his aerie gazing on the wine-blue water, as far as this is the stride of the gods’ proud neighing horses.

as they came to Troy land and the two running rivers

Simoeis and Skamandros dash their waters together,

the goddess of the white arms, Hera, stayed her horses, slipping them from the chariot, and drifting close mist about them, and Simoeis grew as grass ambrosia for them to graze on.

∇ these two walked forward in little steps like shivering doves, in their eagerness to stand by the men of Argos,

∇ they had come to the place where the most and the bravest stood close huddled about the great strength of the breaker of horses, Diomedes; in the likeness of lions who rend their meat raw,

∇ and pigs, boars, in whom the strength diminishes never,

standing the goddess of the white arms, Hera, shouted, likening herself to high-hearted, bronze-voiced Stentor,

∇ could cry out in as great a voice as fifty other men:

∇ me, you Argives, poor nonentities splendid to look on.

∇ these days when brilliant Achilles came into the fighting, never would the Trojans venture beyond the Dardanian

∇ so much did they dread the heavy spear of that man.

∇ they fight by the hollow ships and far from the city.”

∇ she spoke, and stirred the spirit and strength in each man.

∇ the goddess gray-eyed Athene made straight for Tydeus’

∇ and found the king standing by his horses and chariot,

∇ and the wound that Pandaros made with the cast of his arrow.

∇ the sweat made him sore underneath the broad strap of the circled shield; this

∇ made him sore, and his arm was tired. He held up the shield-strap, and wiped the dark blot of blood away from it.

goddess laid hold of the harnessed horses and spoke to him: 800 “Tydeus got him a son who is little enough like him,

Tydeus was a small man for stature, but he was a fighter.

on that time when I would not consent to his fighting

gnawing men’s eyes, when he went by himself without the Achaians as a messenger to Thebe among all the Kadmeians,

I invited him to feast at his ease in their great halls; even so, keeping that heart of strength that was always within him he challenged the young men of the Kadmeians, and defeated all of them easily; such a helper was I who stood then beside him.

beside you also I stand and ever watch over you,

urge you to fight confidently with the Trojans. And yet

carelessness has entered your limbs from many encounters,

and it is some poor-spirited fear that holds you. If so, you are no issue then of the son of wise Oineus, Tydeus.”

And in answer powerful Diomedes spoke to her:

Daughter of Zeus who holds the aegis, goddess, I know you,

therefore will speak confidently to you, and hide nothing.

No poor-spirited fear nor shrinking that holds me.

For I remember the orders you yourself gave me

that you would not let me fight in the face of the blessed immortals—the 820 rest of them, except only if Aphrodite, Zeus’ daughter,

if I went into the fighting, I might stab at her with the sharp bronze.

Before now have I myself given way, and I ordered

all the Argives all to be gathered in this place beside me, since I see that this who is lord of the fighting is Ares.”

And in turn the goddess gray-eyed Athene answered him:

Daughter of Tydeus, you who delight my heart, Diomedes,

never be thus afraid of Ares, nor of any other

immortal; such a helper shall I be standing beside you.

So then, first against Ares steer your single-foot horses, 830 and strike him from

close. Be not afraid of violent Ares, that thing of fury, evil-wrought, that double-faced liar

who even now protested to Hera and me, promising

that he would fight against the Trojans and stand by the Argives.

But all promises forgotten, he stands by the Trojans.”

And speaking she pushed Sthenelos to the ground from the chariot, driving him back

with her hand, and he leapt away from it lightly, and she herself, a goddess in her anger, stepped into the chariot beside brilliant Diomedes, and the oaken axle groaned aloud

the weight, carrying a dread goddess and a great man.

As Athene then took up the whip and the reins, steering

of all straight on against Ares the single-foot horses.

was in the act of stripping gigantic Periphas,

big son of Ochesios, far the best of the men of Aitolia.

Unstained Ares was in the act of stripping him. But Athene

on the helm of Death, that stark Ares might not discern her.

As manslaughtering Ares caught sight of Diomedes

brilliant, he let gigantic Periphas lie in the place where he had first cut him down

and taken the life away from him,

made straight against Diomedes, breaker of horses.

As they in their advance had come close together,

lunged first over the yoke and the reins of his horses

he bronze spear, furious to take the life from him.

The goddess gray-eyed Athene in her hand catching

the spear pushed it away from the car, so he missed and stabbed vainly.

For him Diomedes of the great war cry drove forward

he bronze spear; and Pallas Athene, leaning in on it,

drove it into the depth of the belly where the war belt girt him.

At this place she stabbed and driving it deep in the fair flesh wrenched the spear

out again. Then Ares the brazen bellowed

a sound as great as nine thousand men make, or ten thousand, when they cry as

they carry into the fighting the fury of the war god.

His shivering seized hold alike on Achaians and Trojans

in their fear at the bellowing of battle-insatiate Ares.

When out of the thunderhead the air shows darkening

as a day's heat when the stormy wind uprises,

so Tydeus' son Diomedes Ares the brazen

ascended as he went up with the clouds into the wide heaven.

At last he came to the gods' citadel, headlong Olympos,

drove it down beside Kronian Zeus, grieving in his spirit,

showed him the immortal blood dripping from the spear cut.

In sorrow for himself he addressed him in winged words:

O Zeus, are you not angry looking on these acts of violence?

Who are gods forever have to endure the most horrible
by each other's hatred, as we try to give favor to mortals.
Your fault we fight, since you brought forth this maniac daughter accursed,
whose mind is fixed forever on unjust action.
All the rest, as many as are gods on Olympos,
obedient to you, and we all have rendered ourselves submissive.
You say nothing and you do nothing to check this girl, letting her go free,
since yourself you begot this child of perdition.
Now, the son of Tydeus, Diomedes the haughty,
was egged on to lash out in fury against the immortal
First he stabbed the Kyprian in the arm by the wrist. Then like something more
than human he swept on even against me.
My swift feet took me out of the way. Otherwise I should
be lying there in pain among the stark dead men,
living without strength because of the strokes of the bronze spear."
When looking at him darkly Zeus who gathers the clouds spoke to him: "Do not sit
beside me and whine, you double-faced liar.
None you are most hateful of all gods who hold Olympos.
Where quarreling is dear to your heart, wars and battles.
The anger of Hera your mother is grown out of all hand nor gives ground; and try
as I may I am broken by her arguments, and it is by her impulse, I think, you are
suffering all this.
Yet I will not long endure to see you in pain, since
I am your mother, and it was to me that your mother bore you.
Where were you born of some other god and proved so ruinous
since you would have been dropped beneath the gods of the bright sky."
Zeus spoke, and told Paiëon to heal him; and scattering
ambrosia to still pain upon him Paiëon rendered him
well again, since he was not made to be one of the mortals.
Then the juice of the fig in white milk rapidly fixes
which was fluid before and curdles quickly for one who
dies; in such speed as this he healed violent Ares;
Hebe washed him clean and put delicate clothing upon him.
Rejoicing in the glory of his strength he sat down beside Kronion.
Meanwhile, the two went back again to the house of great Zeus, Hera of Argos, with
Athene who stands by her people,
they stopped the murderous work of manslaughtering Ares.

BOOK SIX

he grim encounter of Achaians and Trojans was left
half, and the battle veered greatly now one way, now in another, over the plain as
they guided their bronze spears at each other in the space between the waters of
Xanthos and Simoeis.

Diomedes, that bastion of the Achaians,
led the Trojan battalions and brought light to his own company, striking down the
man who was far the best of the Thracians, Akamas, the huge and mighty, the
son of Eussoros.

Coming first, he struck the horn of the horse-haired helmet 10 and the bronze
spear-point fixed in his forehead and drove inward through the bone; and a mist
of darkness clouded both eyes.

Diomedes of the great war cry cut down Axylos, Teuthras' son, who had been a
dweller in strong-founded Arisbe, a man rich in substance and a friend to all
humanity

in his house by the wayside he entertained all comers.

There was none of these now to stand before him and keep off the sad destruction,
and Diomedes stripped life from both of them, Axylos and his henchman
Kalesios, who was the driver guiding his horses; so down to the underworld
went both men.

Then Euryalos slaughtered Opheltios and Dresos, and went in pursuit of Aisepos and
Pedasos, those whom the naiad nymph Abarbare had borne to blameless
Boukolion.

Boukolion himself was the son of haughty Laomedon,

born, but his mother conceived him in darkness and secrecy.

While shepherding his flocks he lay with the nymph and loved her, and she conceiving
bore him twin boys. But now Mekistios'

deprived the strength of these and the limbs in their glory, Euryalos, and stripped
the armor away from their shoulders.

Philoites the stubborn in battle cut down Astyalos, 30 while Odysseus
slaughtered one from Perkote, Pidytes, with the bronze spear, and great Aretaon

was killed by Teukros.

Heracles' son Antilochos with the shining shaft killed
Hektor; the lord of men, Agamemnon, brought death to Elatos, whose home had been
on the shores of Satnioeis' lovely waters, 35 sheer Pedasos. And Leitos the
fighter caught Phylakos as he ran away; and Eurypylos made an end of
Melanthios.

And Menelaos of the great war cry captured Adrestos alive; for his two horses
bolting over the level land
became entangled in a tamarisk growth, and shattered the curving 40 chariot at the tip of
the pole; so they broken free went
toward the city, where many beside stamped in terror.
Adrestos was whirled beside the wheel from the chariot
and fell long into the dust on his face; and the son of Atreus,
Menelaos, with the far-shadowed spear in his hand, stood over him.
Adrestos, catching him by the knees, supplicated: "Take me alive, son of Atreus,
and take appropriate ransom.

For in your rich father's house the treasures lie piled in abundance; bronze is there, and
gold, and difficultly wrought iron,

and my father would make you glad with abundant repayment
if only he to hear that I am alive by the ships of the Achaians."

Menelaos spoke, and moved the spirit inside Menelaos.

Now he was on the point of handing him to a henchman

to lead back to the fast Achaian ships; but Agamemnon

came on the run to join him and spoke his word of argument: 55 "Dear brother, O
Menelaos, are you concerned so tenderly

for these people? Did you in your house get the best of treatment from the Trojans?

No, let not one of them go free of sudden death and our hands; not the young
man child that the mother carries still in her body, not even he, but let all of
Ilion's

people perish, utterly blotted out and unmourned for."

Heracles spoke like this, and bent the heart of his brother since he urged justice.

Menelaos shoved with his hand Adrestos the warrior back from him, and

the powerful Agamemnon

struck him in the side and, as he writhed over, Atreides, 65 setting his heel upon the
midriff, wrenched out the ash spear.

tor in a great voice cried out to the men of Argos:
loved Danaän fighters, henchmen of Ares,
man anymore hang back with his eye on the plunder designing to take all the
spoil he can gather back to the vessels; 70 let us kill the men now, and
afterward at your leisure
ong the plain you can plunder the perished corpses.”
ie spoke, and stirred the spirit and strength in each man.
once more would the Trojans have climbed back into Ilion’s wall, subdued by
terror before the warlike Achaians,
ot Priam’s son, Helenos, best by far of the augurs, stood beside Aineias and
Hektor and spoken a word to them: “Hektor and Aineias, on you beyond others
is leaning
ittle-work of Trojans and Lykians, since you are our greatest in every course we
take, whether it be in thought or in fighting: 80 stand your ground here; visit
your people everywhere; hold them fast by the gates, before they tumble into
their women’s
and become to our enemies a thing to take joy in.
ward, when you have set all the battalions in motion,
st of us will stand fast here and fight with the Danaäns 85 though we are very
hard hit indeed; necessity forces us;
ou, Hektor, go back again to the city, and there tell
nother and mine to assemble all the ladies of honor
temple of gray-eyed Athene high on the citadel;
opening with a key the door to the sacred chamber
r take a robe, which seems to her the largest and loveliest in the great house, and
that which is far her dearest possession, and lay it along the knees of Athene the
lovely haired. Let her promise to dedicate within the shrine twelve heifers,
ngs, never broken, if only she will have pity
e town of Troy, and the Trojan wives, and their innocent children.
e might hold back from sacred Ilion the son of Tydeus, that wild spear-fighter,
the strong one who drives men to thoughts of terror, who I say now is become
the strongest of all the Achaians.
ever did we so fear Achilleus even, that leader
en, who they say was born of a goddess. This man has gone clean
rk, so that no one can match his warcraft against him.”
ie spoke, and Hektor did not disobey his brother,
once in all his armor leapt to the ground from his chariot and shaking two sharp

spears in his hands ranged over the whole host 105 stirring them up to fight and waking the ghastly warfare.

ey whirled about and stood their ground against the Achaians, and the Argives gave way backward and stopped their slaughtering, and thought some one of the immortals must have descended

the starry sky to stand by the Trojans, the way they rallied.

Hektor lifted his voice and cried aloud to the Trojans:

high-hearted Trojans and far-renowned companions,

now, dear friends, and remember your furious valor

I can go back again to Ilion, and there tell

our men who sit as counselors, and our own wives,

make their prayer to the immortals and promise them hecatombs.”

spoke Hektor of the shining helm, and departed;

against his ankles as against his neck clashed the dark ox-hide, the rim running round the edge of the great shield massive in the middle.

ν Glaukos, sprung of Hippolochos, and the son of Tydeus 120 came together in the space between the two armies, battle-bent.

as these advancing came to one place and encountered,

ο speak was Diomedes of the great war cry:

ο among mortal men are you, good friend?

never before have I seen you in the fighting where men win glory, 125 yet now you have come striding far out in front of all others in your great heart, who have dared stand up to my spear far-shadowing.

unhappy are those whose sons match warcraft against me.

ι you are some one of the immortals come down from the bright sky, know that I will not fight against any god of the heaven,

ι even the son of Dryas, Lykourgos the powerful, did not live long; he who tried to fight with the gods of the bright sky, who once drove the fosterers of rapturous Dionysos headlong down the sacred Nyseian hill, and all of them shed and scattered their wands on the ground, stricken with an ox-goad 135 by murderous Lykourgos, while Dionysos in terror

into the salt surf, and Thetis took him to her bosom, frightened, with the strong shivers upon him at the man's blustering.

ιe gods who live at their ease were angered with Lykourgos, and the son of Kronos struck him to blindness, nor did he live long 140 afterward, since he was hated by all the immortals.

fore neither would I be willing to fight with the blessed gods; but if you are one of those mortals who eat what the soil yields, come nearer, so that sooner you may reach your appointed destruction.”

n in turn the shining son of Hippolochos answered:

h-hearted son of Tydeus, why ask of my generation?

the generation of leaves, so is that of humanity.

wind scatters the leaves on the ground, but the live timber burgeons with leaves again in the season of spring returning.

e generation of men will grow while another

Yet if you wish to learn all this and be certain

r genealogy: there are plenty of men who know it.

is a city, Ephyrē, in the corner of horse-pasturing Argos; there lived Sisyphos, that sharpest of all men, Sisyphos, Aiolos’ son, and he had a son named Glaukos, 155 and Glaukos in turn sired Bellerophontes the blameless.

ellerophontes the gods granted beauty and desirable manhood; but Proitos in anger devised evil things against him, and drove him out of his own domain, since he was far greater, from the Argive country Zeus had broken to the sway of his scepter.

tiful Anteia the wife of Proitos was stricken with passion to lie in love with him, and yet she could not beguile valiant Bellerophontes, whose will was virtuous.

e went to Proitos the king and uttered her falsehood:

ld you be killed, O Proitos? Then murder Bellerophontes 165 who tried to lie with me in love, though I was unwilling’.

e spoke, and anger took hold of the king at her story.

runk from killing him, since his heart was awed by such action, but sent him away to Lykia, and handed him murderous symbols, which he inscribed in a folding tablet, enough to destroy life, 170 and told him to show it to his wife’s father, that he might perish.

rophontes went to Lykia in the blameless convoy

gods; when he came to the running stream of Xanthos, and Lykia, the lord of wide Lykia tendered him full-hearted honor.

days he entertained him with sacrifice of nine oxen,

fterward when the rose fingers of the tenth dawn showed, then

gan to question him, and asked to be shown the symbols, whatever he might be carrying from his son-in-law’, Proitos.

after he had been given his son-in-laws wicked symbols first he sent him away with orders to kill the Chimaira 180 none might approach; a thing of immortal

make, not human,
routed and snake behind, a goat in the middle,
snorting out the breath of the terrible flame of bright fire.
I killed the Chimaira, obeying the portents of the immortals.
After this he fought against the glorious Solymoi, 185 and this he thought was
the strongest battle with men that he entered; but third he slaughtered the
Amazons, who fight men in battle.
As he came back the king spun another entangling
tragedy; for choosing the bravest men in wide Lykia
I set a trap, but these men never came home thereafter
for all of them were killed by blameless Bellerophontes.
When the king knew him for the powerful stock of the god, he detained him
there, and offered him the hand of his daughter, and gave him half of all the
kingly privilege. Thereto
the king of Lykia cut out a piece of land, surpassing
any other, fine ploughland and orchard for him to administer.
His wife bore three children to valiant Bellerophontes,
Bios and Hippolochos and Laodameia.
Laodameia lay in love beside Zeus of the counsels and bore him godlike Sarpedon of
the brazen helmet.
After Bellerophontes was hated by all the immortals,
I wandered alone about the plain of Aleios, eating his heart out, skulking aside from
the trodden track of humanity.
For Isandros his son, Ares the insatiate of fighting
I set him in close battle against the glorious Solymoi,
and Artemis of the golden reins killed the daughter in anger.
Hippolochos begot me, and I claim that he is my father; he sent me to Troy, and
I urged upon me repeated injunctions, to be always among the bravest, and hold
my head above others, not shaming the generation of my fathers, who were
the bravest men in Ephyra and again in wide Lykia.
This is my generation and the blood I claim to be born from.”
I spoke, and Diomedes of the great war cry was gladdened.
I drove his spear deep into the prospering earth, and in winning words of
friendliness he spoke to the shepherd of the people: 215 “See now, you are my
guest friend from far in the time of our fathers.
My father Oineus once was host to Bellerophontes the blameless, in his halls, and
twenty days he detained him, and these two gave to each other fine gifts in token

of friendship.

is gave his guest a war belt bright with the red dye,
rophontes a golden and double-handled drinking-cup,
g I left behind in my house when I came on my journey.

is, though, I cannot remember, since I was little

he left me, that time the people of the Achaians perished in Thebe. Therefore I
am your friend and host in the heart of Argos; 225 you are mine in Lykia, when
I come to your country.

is avoid each other's spears, even in the close fighting.

are plenty of Trojans and famed companions in battle for me to kill, whom the
god sends me, or those I run down with my swift feet, many Achaians for you to
slaughter, if you can do it.

et us exchange our armor, so that these others may know

ve claim to be guests and friends from the days of our fathers.”

hey spoke, and both springing down from behind their horses gripped each
other's hands and exchanged the promise of friendship; but Zeus the son of
Kronos stole away the wits of Glaukos

exchanged with Diomedes the son of Tydeus armor

ld for bronze, for nine oxen's worth the worth of a hundred.

as Hektor had come to the Skaian gates and the oak tree, all the wives of the
Trojans and their daughters came running about him to ask after their sons, after
their brothers and neighbors, 240 their husbands; and he told them to pray to the
immortals,

turn; but there were sorrows in store for many.

as he entered the wonderfully built palace of Priam.

as fashioned with smooth-stone cloister walks, and within it were embodied
fifty sleeping chambers of smoothed stone

so as to connect with each other; and within these slept each beside his own
wedded wife, the sons of Priam.

ame inner court on the opposite side, to face these, lay the twelve close
smooth-stone sleeping chambers of his daughters built so as to connect with each
other; and within these slept, 250 each by his own modest wife, the lords of the
daughters of Priam.

, there came to meet Hektor his bountiful mother with Laodikē, the loveliest
looking of all her daughters.

lung to his hand and called him by name and spoke to him: “Why then, child,

have you come here and left behind the bold battle?

ly it is these accursed sons of the Achaians who wear you out, as they fight close to the city, and the spirit stirred you to return, and from the peak of the citadel lift your hands, praying to Zeus. But stay while I bring you honey-sweet wine, to pour out a libation to father Zeus and the other immortals and afterward if you will drink yourself, be strengthened. red man, wine will bring back his strength to its bigness, in a man tired as you are tired, defending your neighbors.”

l Hektor of the shining helm spoke to her answering:

onored mother, lift not to me the kindly sweet wine, ear you stagger my strength and make me forget my courage; and with hands unwashed I would take shame to pour the glittering wine to Zeus; there is no means for a man to pray to the dark-misted son of Kronos, with blood and muck all spattered upon him.

o yourself to the temple of the spoiler Athene, nbling the ladies of honor, and with things to be sacrificed, and take a robe, which seems to you the largest and loveliest in the great house, and that which is far your dearest possession.

is along the knees of Athene the lovely haired. Also

ise to dedicate within the shrine twelve heifers,

ings, never broken, if only she will have pity

e town of Troy, and the Trojan wives, and their innocent children, if she will hold back from sacred Ilion the son of Tydeus,

wild spear-fighter, the strong one who drives men to thoughts of terror.

y yourself to the temple of the spoiler Athene,

e I go in search of Paris, to call him, if he will listen to anything I tell him. How I wish at this moment the earth might open beneath him. The Olympian let him live, a great sorrow to the Trojans, and high-hearted Priam, and all of his children.

y I could see him gone down to the house of the death god, 285 then I could say my heart had forgotten its joyless affliction.”

ne spoke, and she going into the great house called out to her handmaidens, who assembled throughout the city the highborn women; while she descended into the fragrant store-chamber.

lay the elaborately wrought robes, the work of Sidonian 290 women, whom Alexandros himself, the godlike, had brought home from the land of Sidon,

crossing the wide sea, on that journey when he brought back also gloriously descended Helen.

She lifted out one and took it as gift to Athene,
which was the loveliest in design and the largest,
shone like a star. It lay beneath the others. She went on her way, and a throng of noble women hastened about her.

When these had come to Athene's temple on the peak of the citadel, Theano of the fair cheeks opened the door for them, daughter of Kisseus, and wife of Antenor, breaker of horses,

whom the Trojans had established to be Athene's priestess.

A wailing cry all lifted up their hands to Athene,
Theano of the fair cheeks taking up the robe laid it
on the knees of Athene the lovely haired, and praying
addressed the daughter of powerful Zeus: "O lady,
queen, our city's defender, shining among goddesses:
grant the spear of Diomedes, and grant that the man be
seen on his face in front of the Skaian gates; so may we
truly dedicate within your shrine twelve heifers,
oxen, never broken, if only you will have pity
on the town of Troy, and the Trojan wives, and their innocent children."
He spoke in prayer, but Pallas Athene turned her head from her.

They made their prayer to the daughter of Zeus the powerful.

Hektor went away to the house of Alexandros,
a splendid place he had built himself, with the men who at that time were the best
men for craft and smithship in the generous Troad, who had made him a sleeping
room and a hall and a courtyard near the houses of Hektor and Priam, on the
peak of the citadel.

When he entered Hektor beloved of Zeus, in his hand holding
a seven-cubit-long spear, whose shaft was tipped with a shining bronze
spearhead, and a ring of gold was hooped to hold it.
And the man in his chamber busy with his splendid armor, the corselet and the
shield, and turning in his hands the curved bow, while Helen of Argos was
sitting among her attendant women
admiring the magnificent work done by her handmaidens.
When Hektor saw him, and in words of shame he rebuked him: "Strange man! It is
not fair to keep in your heart this coldness.

people are dying around the city and around the steep wall as they fight hard; and it is for you that this war with its clamor has flared up about our city. You yourself would fight with another 330 whom you saw anywhere hanging back from the hateful encounter.

en, to keep our town from burning at once in the hot fire.”

n in answer the godlike Alexandros spoke to him:

or, seeing you have scolded me rightly, not beyond measure, therefore I will tell, and you in turn understand and listen.

s not so much in coldness and bitter will toward the Trojans that I sat in my room, but I wished to give myself over to sorrow.

ist now with soft words my wife was winning me over

rging me into the fight, and that way seems to me also the better one. Victory passes back and forth between men.

e then, wait for me now while I put on my armor of battle, or go, and I will follow, and I think I can overtake you.”

spoke, but Hektor of the shining helm gave him no answer, but Helen spoke to him in words of endearment: “Brother

rrriage to me, who am a nasty bitch evil-intriguing,

I wish that on that day when my mother first bore me

ul whirlwind of the storm had caught me away and swept me to the mountain, or into the wash of the sea deep-thundering where the waves would have swept me away before all these things had happened.

nce the gods had brought it about that these vile things must be, 350 I wish I had been the wife of a better man than this is,

who knew modesty and all things of shame that men say.

his man’s heart is no steadfast thing, nor yet will it be so ever hereafter; for that I think he shall take the consequence.

ome now, come in and rest on this chair, my brother,

it is on your heart beyond all that the hard work has fallen for the sake of dishonored me and the blind act of Alexandros, us two, on whom Zeus set a vile destiny, so that hereafter

all be made into things of song for the men of the future.”

n tall Hektor of the shining helm answered her: “Do not, Helen, 360 make me sit with you, though you love me. You will not persuade me.

dy my heart within is hastening me to defend

rojans, who when I am away long greatly to have me.

r rouse this man, and let himself also be swift to action so he may overtake me

while I am still in the city.

I am going first to my own house, so I can visit

my own people, my beloved wife and my son, who is little,

I do not know if ever again I shall come back this way, or whether the gods will strike me down at the hands of the Achaians.”

When speaking Hektor of the shining helm departed

in speed made his way to his own well-established dwelling, but failed to find in the house Andromachē of the white arms; for she, with the child, and followed by one fair-robed attendant, had taken her place on the tower in lamentation, and tearful.

When he saw no sign of his perfect wife within the house, Hektor 375 stopped in his way on the threshold and spoke among the handmaidens: “Come then, tell me truthfully as you may, handmaidens:

Has Andromachē of the white arms gone?

Or with any of the sisters of her lord or the wives of his brothers?

Has she gone to the house of Athene, where all the other 380 lovely-haired women of Troy propitiate the grim goddess?”

When in turn the hard-working housekeeper gave him an answer: “Hektor, since you have urged me to tell you the truth, she is not with any of the sisters of her lord or the wives of his brothers, nor has she gone to the house of Athene, where all the other 385 lovely-haired women of Troy propitiate the grim goddess, she has gone to the great bastion of Ilion, because she heard that the Trojans were losing, and great grew the strength of the Achaians.

Before she has gone in speed to the wall, like a woman mad, and a nurse attending her carries the baby.”

When the housekeeper spoke, and Hektor hastened from his home backward by the way he had come through the well-laid streets. So as he had come to the gates on his way through the great city, the Skaian gates, whereby he would issue into the plain, there at last his own generous wife came running to meet him,

Andromachē, the daughter of high-hearted Eëtion;

And she, who had dwelt underneath wooded Plakos,

And below Plakos, lord over the Kilikian people.

And his daughter who was given to Hektor of the bronze helm.

She came to him there, and beside her went an attendant carrying 400 the boy in the fold of her bosom, a little child, only a baby, Hektor’s son, the admired, beautiful as a star shining,

1 Hektor called Skamandrios, but all of the others
nax—lord of the city; since Hektor alone saved Iliion.
r smiled in silence as he looked on his son, but she, 405 Andromachē, stood
close beside him, letting her tears fall,
lung to his hand and called him by name and spoke to him: “Dearest, your own
great strength will be your death, and you have no pity on your little son, nor on
me, ill-starred, who soon must be your widow; for presently the Achaians,
gathering together,
set upon you and kill you; and for me it would be far better to sink into the earth
when I have lost you, for there is no other consolation for me after you have
gone to your destiny—only grief; since I have no father, no honored mother.
; brilliant Achilles who slew my father, Eëtion,
1 he stormed the strong-founded citadel of the Kilikians, Thebe of the towering
gates. He killed Eëtion but did not strip his armor, for his heart respected the
dead man, but burned the body in all its elaborate war-gear
iled a grave mound over it, and the nymphs of the mountains, 420 daughters of
Zeus of the aegis, planted elm trees about it.
hey who were my seven brothers in the great house all went upon a single day
down into the house of the death god,
vift-footed brilliant Achilles slaughtered all of them as they were tending their
white sheep and their lumbering oxen; 425 and when he had led my mother,
who was queen under wooded Plakos, here, along with all his other possessions,
Achilleus
ed her again, accepting ransom beyond count, but Artemis of the showering
arrows struck her down in the halls of her father.
r, thus you are father to me, and my honored mother,
re my brother, and you it is who are my young husband.
e take pity upon me then, stay here on the rampart,
ou may not leave your child an orphan, your wife a widow, but draw your people
up by the fig tree, there where the city is openest to attack, and where the wall
may be mounted.
e times their bravest came that way, and fought there to storm it about the two
Aiantes and renowned Idomeneus,
the two Atreidai and the fighting son of Tydeus.
r some man well skilled in prophetic arts had spoken,
very spirit within themselves had stirred them to the onslaught.”
en tall Hektor of the shining helm answered her: “All these things are in my

mind also, lady; yet I would feel deep shame before the Trojans, and the Trojan women with trailing garments, if like a coward I were to shrink aside from the fighting;

the spirit will not let me, since I have learned to be valiant 445 and to fight always among the foremost ranks of the Trojans, fighting for my own self great glory, and for my father.

I know this thing well in my heart, and my mind knows it: there will come a day when sacred Ilion shall perish,

Priam, and the people of Priam of the strong ash spear.

It is not so much the pain to come of the Trojans

troubles me, not even of Priam the king nor Hekabē,

the thought of my brothers who in their numbers and valor shall drop in the dust under the hands of men who hate them, as troubles me the thought of you, when some bronze-armored 455 Achaian leads you off, taking away your day of liberty, in tears; and in Argos you must work at the loom of another, and carry water from the spring Messeis or Hypereia,

willing, but strong will be the necessity upon you; and some day seeing you shedding tears a man will say of you: 460 ‘This is the wife of Hektor, who was ever the bravest fighter of the Trojans, breakers of horses, in the days when they fought about Ilion.

Will one speak of you; and for you it will be yet a fresh grief, to be widowed of such a man who could fight off the day of your slavery.

May I be dead and the piled earth hide me under before I 465 hear you crying and know by this that they drag you captive.’”

speaking glorious Hektor held out his arms to his baby, who shrank back to his fair-girdled nurse’s bosom

quivering, and frightened at the aspect of his own father,

shuddered as he saw the bronze and the crest with its horse-hair, 470 nodding dreadfully, as he thought, from the peak of the helmet.

His beloved father laughed out, and his honored mother, and at once glorious Hektor lifted from his head the helmet and laid it in all its shining upon the ground. Then taking up his dear son he tossed him about in his arms, and kissed him, 475 and lifted his voice in prayer to Zeus and the other immortals: “Zeus, and you other immortals, grant that this boy, who is my son, may be as I am, pre-eminent among the Trojans, in strength, as am I, and rule strongly over Ilion;

ome day let them say of him: 'He is better by far than his father,'
comes in from the fighting; and let him kill his enemy
ring home the blooded spoils, and delight the heart of his mother."
speaking he set his child again in the arms of his beloved wife, who took him
back again to her fragrant bosom
ing in her tears; and her husband saw, and took pity upon her, 485 and stroked
her with his hand, and called her by name and spoke to her: "Poor Andromachē!
Why does your heart sorrow so much for me?
an is going to hurl me to Hades, unless it is fated,
; for fate, I think that no man yet has escaped it
it has taken its first form, neither brave man nor coward.
erefore back to our house, and take up your own work,
om and the distaff, and see to it that your handmaidens ply their work also; but
the men must see to the fighting,
en who are the people of Ilion, but I beyond others."
glorious Hektor spoke and again took up the helmet
its crest of horse-hair, while his beloved wife went homeward, turning to look
back on the way, letting the live tears fall.
is she came in speed into the well-settled household
ktor the slayer of men, she found numbers of handmaidens within, and her
coming stirred all of them into lamentation.
ey mourned in his house over Hektor while he was living
or they thought he would never again come back from the fighting alive,
escaping the Achaian hands and their violence.

Paris in turn did not linger long in his high house, but when he had put on his
glorious armor with bronze elaborate 505 he ran in the confidence of his quick
feet through the city.
en some stalled horse who has been corn-fed at the manger breaking free of his
rope gallops over the plain in thunder to his accustomed bathing place in a
sweet-running river
1 the pride of his strength holds high his head, and the mane floats 510 over his
shoulders; sure of his glorious strength, the quick knees carry him to the loved
places and the pasture of horses; so from uttermost Pergamos came Paris, the son
of
1, shining in all his armor of war as the sun shines,
ing aloud, and his quick feet carried him; suddenly thereafter 515 he came on

brilliant Hektor, his brother, where he yet lingered before turning away from the place where he had talked with his lady.

∴ Alexandros the godlike who first spoke to him:

her, I fear that I have held back your haste, by being slow on the way, not coming in time, as you commanded me.”

Then tall Hektor of the shining helm spoke to him in answer: “Strange man! There is no way that one, giving judgment in fairness, could dishonor your work in battle, since you are a strong man.

Of your own accord you hang back, unwilling. And my heart is grieved in its thought, when I hear shameful things spoken about you 525 by the Trojans, who undergo hard fighting for your sake.

∴ go now; some day hereafter we will make all right

the immortal gods in the sky, if Zeus ever grant it,

giving up to them in our houses the wine-bowl of liberty

we have driven out of Troy the strong-greaved Achaians.”

BOOK SEVEN

speaking Hektor the glorious swept on through the gates, and with him went Alexandros his brother, both of them minded in their hearts to do battle and take their part in the fighting.

As to men of the sea in their supplication the god sends 5 a fair wind, when they are breaking their strength at the smoothed oar-sweeps, driving over the sea, and their arms are weak with weariness, so these two appeared to the Trojans, who had longed for them.

He killed his man: Paris, the son of lord Areïthoös, Menesthios, who lived in Arne, born to him of the war club 10 Areïthoös, and to ox-eyed Phylomedousa; Hektor with the sharp spear struck Eïoneus, under the rim of the bronze helm, in the neck, and broke his limbs' strength.

Glaukos, lord of the Lykian men, the son of Hippolochos, struck down with the spear Iphinoös in the strong encounter, 15 Dexias' son, as he leapt up behind his fast horses, striking him in the shoulder. He dropped from car to ground, and his limbs' strength was broken.

As the goddess gray-eyed Athene was aware of these two destroying the men of Argos in the strong encounter,

she went down in a flash of speed from the peaks of Olympos 20 to sacred Ilion, where Apollo stirred forth to meet her from his seat on Pergamos, where he planned that the Trojans should conquer.

The two then encountered each other beside the oak tree, speaking first the son of Zeus, lord Apollo, addressed her: "What can be your desire this time, O daughter of great Zeus, 25 that you came down from Olympos at the urge of your mighty spirit?"

Give the Danaäns victory in the battle, turning it

to us. Since you have no pity at all for the Trojans who are dying.

If you might only do as I say, it would be far better.

On this day let us put an end to the hatred and the fighting

and they shall fight again hereafter, till we witness the finish they make of Ilion,

since it is dear to the heart of you, who are goddesses immortal, that this city shall be made desolate.”

In answer the goddess gray-eyed Athene spoke to him: “Worker from afar, thus let it be. These were my thoughts also

came down from Olympos among the Achaians and Trojans.

How then, how are you minded to stop these men in their fighting?”

And in turn the son of Zeus, lord Apollo, addressed her: “Let us rouse up the strong heart in Hektor, breaker of horses, if he might call forth some Danaän to do battle against him,

one man against single man, in bitter combat;

And let the strong-greaved Achaians, stirred into admiration, send forth a single man to do battle with brilliant Hektor.”

She spoke, nor failed to persuade the goddess gray-eyed Athene.

Helenos, Priam’s beloved son, gathered into his heart their 45 deliberation, and all that pleased the musing divinities.

He went on his way and stood beside Hektor and spoke a word to him: “Hektor, O son of Priam and equal of Zeus in counsel,

Will you now be persuaded by me, for I am your brother?

Let the rest of the Trojans sit down, and all the Achaians,

Let ourself call forth one of the Achaians, their bravest,

Let him fight man to man against you in bitter combat.

For it is not your destiny yet to die and encounter

For thus I heard it in the speech of the gods everlasting.”

She spoke, and Hektor hearing his word was happy,

He went into the space between and forced back the Trojan battalions, holding his spear by the middle, until they were all seated, while Agamemnon in turn seated

the strong-greaved Achaians, and Athene and the lord of the silver bow, Apollo, giving the likenesses of birds, of vultures, settled

under the great oak tree of their father, Zeus of the aegis,

And with their ease and watching these men whose ranks, dense-settled, shuddered into a bristle of spears, of shields and of helmets.

When the shudder of the west wind suddenly rising

crossed across the water, and the water darkens beneath it, 65 so darkening were settled the ranks of Achaians and Trojans

on the plain. And now Hektor spoke forth between them:

And now I speak to you, you Trojans and strong-greaved Achaians,

I speak forth what the heart within my breast urges.
son of Kronos, who sits on high, would not bring to fulfillment 70 our oaths,
but is found to be of evil intention toward both sides until that day when you
storm Troy of the strong towers, or that day when you yourselves are broken
beside your seafaring vessels.
Now that among you are the bravest of all the Achaians, let one of you, whose
heart stirs him to combat against me, 75 stand forth before all to fight by
himself against brilliant Hektor.
Should the terms that I make, let Zeus be witness upon them.
When the thin edge of the bronze he takes my life, then
do not strip my armor and carry it back to the hollow ships, but give my body to be
taken home again, so that the Trojans 80 and the wives of the Trojans may give
me in death my rite of burning.
'I take his life, and Apollo grants me the glory,
strip his armor and carry it to sacred Ilion
and hang it in front of the temple of far-striking Apollo,
and his corpse I will give back among the strong-benched vessels 85 so that the
flowing-haired Achaians may give him due burial
and heap up a mound upon him beside the broad passage of Helle.
Some day one of the men to come will say, as he sees it, one who in his benched
ship sails on the wine-blue water:
'This is the mound of a man who died long ago in battle,
and was one of the bravest, and glorious Hektor killed him.'
All he speak some day, and my glory will not be forgotten."

He spoke, and all of them stayed stricken to silence
in shame of refusing him, and in fear to take up his challenge.
Now at long last Menelaos stood forth and addressed them 95 in scorn and
reproach, and stirred within the heart to great sorrow: "Ah me! You brave in
words, you women, not men, of Achaia!
It will be a defilement upon us, shame upon shame piled, if no one of the Danaäns
goes out to face Hektor.
I pray all of you turn to water and earth, all of you
sit by yourselves with no life in you, utterly dishonored.
I myself will arm against this man. While above us
the reads of victory are held in the hands of the immortals."
He spoke, and began to put on his splendid armor.

here, O Menelaos, would have shown forth the end of your life
r the hands of Hektor, since he was far stronger than you were, had not the kings
of the Achaians leapt up and caught you;
ie son of Atreus himself, powerful Agamemnon,
it you by the right hand, and called you by name, and spoke to you: "Menelaos,
beloved of God, you are mad; you have no need
e leave of your senses thus. Hold fast, though it hurts you, nor long in your pride
to fight with a man who is better than you are, with Hektor, Priam's son. There
are others who shudder before him.

Achilleus, in the fighting where men win glory,
les to meet this man, and he is far better than you are.
ack now and sit down in the throng of your own companions; the Achaians will
set up another to fight against this man, and even though he is without fear, and
can never be glutted with rough work, I think he will be glad to leave off, even if
he comes off whole from the hateful fighting and bitter combat."

ie hero spoke like this and bent the heart of his brother since he urged wisely.
And Menelaos obeyed him; his henchmen joyfully thereupon took off the armor
from his shoulders.

r among the Argives now stood forth and addressed them: "Oh, for shame. Great
sorrow settles on the land of Achaia.

ly he would groan aloud, Peleus, the aged horseman,
eat man of counsel among the Myrmidons, and their speaker.

, as he questioned me in his house, he was filled with great joy as he heard the
generation and blood of all of the Argives.

if he were to hear how all cringe away before Hektor, 130 many a time he
would lift up his very hands to the immortals, and the life breath from his limbs
would go down into the house of Hades.

y, O father Zeus, Athene, Apollo,

e in my youth as when the Pylians assembled

ie spear-fighting Arkadians battled by swirling Keladon, 135 by the streams of
Iardanos and before the ramparts of Pheia.

champion stood forth, Ereuthalion, a man godlike,

ng upon his shoulders the armor of lord Areithoös, Areithoös the brilliant, given
by the men of that time

ie fair-girdled women the name club-fighter, because he 140 went into battle
armed neither with the bow nor the long spear, but with a great bar clubbed of

iron broke the battalions.

Lykourgos killed this man by craft, not strength, for he met him in the narrow pass of the way, where the iron club served not to parry destruction, for Lykourgos, too quick with a stab beneath it, 145 pinned him through the middle with the spear, so he went down backward to the ground; and he stripped the armor brazen Ares had given him and wore the armor thereafter himself through the grind of battle. When Lykourgos was grown an old man in his halls, he gave it to his beloved henchman, Ereuthalion, to carry.

When he called forth all the bravest to fight him, but they were all afraid and trembling: none had the courage, only I, for my hard-enduring heart in its daring

me to fight him. I in age was the youngest of all of them.

I fought with him, and Pallas Athene gave me the glory.

I the men I have killed this was the tallest and strongest.

He sprawled in his great bulk this way and that way. If only I were young now, as then, and the strength still steady within me; Hektor of the glancing helm would soon find his battle.

Now, you, now, who are the bravest of all the Achaians, not minded with a good will to go against Hektor.”

The old man scolded them, and nine in all stood forth.

The first to rise up was the lord of men, Agamemnon,

Next after him the son of Tydeus, strong Diomedes,

Next the two Aiantes rose, their fierce strength upon them, 165 and after these

Idomeneus, and Idomeneus' companion,

Phonon, a match for the murderous Lord of Battles,

After these Eurypylos, the glorious son of Euaimon,

Phoibos rose up, Andraimon's son, and brilliant Odysseus.

But these were willing to fight against brilliant Hektor.

Before them again spoke the Gerenian horseman, Nestor:

Let the lot be shaken for all of you, to see who wins it.

Let all be the one to gladden the strong-greaved Achaians, and to be glad within his own heart, if he can come off

Safe again from the hateful battle and bitter combat.”

He spoke, and each of them marked a lot as his own one lot.

He threw them in the helmet of Atreus' son, Agamemnon,

The people, holding up their hands to the gods, prayed to them.

would murmur any man, gazing into the wide sky:
er Zeus, let Aias win the lot, or else Diomedes,
us' son, or the king himself of golden Mykenai.”

hey spoke, and Nestor the Gerenian horseman shook the lots, and a lot leapt
from the helmet, that one that they all had wished for, the lot of Aias; and a
herald carrying it all through the great throng showed it from left to right to the
great men of the Achaians, 185 all of them. Each man knew not the mark, and
denied it,

carrying it all through the great throng he showed it to that one who had marked
it as his, and thrown it in the helmet, glorious Aias, he held forth his hand, and
the herald stood by him, and put the lot in it, and he saw his mark on the lot, and
knew it, and his heart was gladdened.

hrew it down on the ground beside his foot, and spoke to them: See, friends, the
lot is mine, and I myself am made happy

heart, since I think I can win over brilliant Hektor.

is, then: while I put on my armor of fighting,

you be praying to the lord Zeus, the son of Kronos,

ence and each to himself, let none of the Trojans hear you; or openly out loud,
since we have nothing to be afraid of

since no man by force will beat me backward unwilling as he wills, nor by craft
either, since I think that the man who was born and raised in Salamis, myself, is
not such a novice.”

he spoke, and they prayed to the lord Zeus, the son of Kronos.

hen would murmur any man, gazing into the wide sky:

er Zeus, watching over us from Ida, most high, most honored, grant that Aias
win the vaunt of renown and the victory;

truly you love Hektor and are careful for him,

to both of them equal strength, make equal their honor.”

hey spoke, and meanwhile Aias armed him in shining

e. Then when he had girt his body in all its armor,

ode on his way, as Ares the war god walks gigantic going into the fighting of
men whom the son of Kronos

riven to fight angrily in heart-perishing hatred.

was Aias as he strode gigantic, the wall of the Achaians, smiling under his
threatening brows, with his feet beneath him taking huge strides forward, and
shaking the spear far-shadowing.

the Argives looking upon him were made glad, while the Trojans 215 were taken every man in the knees with trembling and terror, and for Hektor himself the heart beat hard in his breast, but he could not anymore find means to take flight and shrink back into

rong of his men, since he in his pride had called him to battle.

Aias came near him, carrying like a wall his shield

ronze and sevenfold ox-hide which Tychios wrought him with much toil;

Tychios, at home in Hyle, far the best of all workers in leather who had made

him the great gleaming shield of sevenfold ox-hide from strong bulls, and

hammered an eighth fold of bronze upon it.

Ionian Aias, carrying this to cover

hest, came near to Hektor and spoke to him in words of menace: "Hektor, single

man against single man you will learn now

re what the bravest men are like among the Danaäns

after Achilleus the lion-hearted who breaks men in battle.

is now apart among his own beaked seafaring

, in anger at Agamemnon, the shepherd of the people.

ere are we; and we are such men as can stand up against you; there are plenty of

us; so now begin your fight and your combat."

Hektor of the glancing helm answered him: "Aias,

f Telamon, seed of Zeus, O lord of the people,

ot be testing me as if I were some ineffectual

or a woman, who knows nothing of the works of warfare.

ow well myself how to fight and kill men in battle;

ow how to turn to the right, how to turn to the left the ox-hide tanned into a shield

which is my protection in battle;

ow how to storm my way into the struggle of flying horses; I know how to tread

my measures on the grim floor of the war god.

reat as you are I would not strike you by stealth, watching for my chance, but

openly, so, if perhaps I might hit you."

He spoke, and balanced the spear far-shadowed, and threw it, 245 and struck the

sevenfold-ox-hide terrible shield of Aias

uttermost bronze, which was the eighth layer upon it, and the unwearying

bronze spearhead shore its way through six folds but was stopped in the seventh

ox-hide. Then after him Aias the illustrious in turn cast with his spear far-

shadowing

struck the shield of Priam's son on its perfect circle.

e way through the glittering shield went the heavy spearhead, and crashed its way through the intricately worked corselet; straight ahead by the flank the spearhead shore through his tunic, yet he bent away to one side and avoided the dark death.

now gripping in their hands the long spears pulled them and went at each other like lions who live on raw meat, or wild boars, whose strength is no light thing. The son of Priam stabbed then with his spear into the shield's center, nor did the bronze point break its way through, but the spearhead bent back.

Aias plunging upon him thrust at the shield, and the spearhead passed clean through, and pounded Hektor back in his fury, more at his neck passing so that the dark blood broke. Yet even so Hektor of the shining helmet did not stop fighting, but gave back and in his heavy hand caught up a stone that

lay on the plain, black and rugged and huge. With this he struck the sevenfold-ox-hide terrible shield of Aias

at the knob of the center so that the bronze clashed loud about it.

Then Aias in turn lifting a stone far greater than the other, he seized it and threw, leaning into the cast his strength beyond measure, 270 and the shield broke inward under the stroke of the rock like a millstone, and Hektor's very knees gave, so that he sprawled backward, shield beaten upon him, but at once Apollo lifted him upright.

Now they would have been stabbing with their swords at close quarters, had not the heralds, messengers of Zeus and of mortals,

stood up, one for the bronze-armored Achaians, one for the Trojans, Idaios and Talthybios, both men of good counsel.

They held their staves between the two men, and the herald Idaios out of his knowledge of prudent advices spoke a word to them: "Stop the fight, dear children, nor go on with this battle.

Zeus who gathers the clouds both of you are beloved, both of you are fighters; this thing all of us know surely.

The light darkens now. It is a good thing to give way to the night-time."

Then the son of Telamon spoke to him in answer:

Hektor answer this, Idaios, since it was he who

with his pride called forth all our bravest to fight him.

Let him speak first; and I for my part shall do as he urges."

Then Hektor of the glancing helm answered him: "Aias,

g that God has given you strength, stature and wisdom
and with the spear you surpass the other Achaians,
; now give over this fighting and hostility
day; we shall fight again, until the divinity
es between us, and gives victory to one or the other.
darkens now. It is a good thing to give way to the night-time.
you may bring joy to all the Achaians beside their
, and above all to those who are your own kindred and company; and I in the
great city of lord Priam will gladden
rojans, and the women of Troy with their trailing robes, who will go before the
divine assembly in thanksgiving for my sake.
; then, let us give each other glorious presents,
at any of the Achaians or Trojans may say of us:
e two fought each other in heart-consuming hate, then
l with each other in close friendship, before they were parted.”
re spoke, and bringing a sword with nails of silver
it to him, together with the sheath and the well-cut sword belt, 305 and Aias
gave a war belt colored shining with purple.
parating, Aias went among the Achaian people,
lektor went back to the thronging Trojans, who were made happy when they saw
him coming alive and unwounded out of the combat, escaping the strength and
the unconquerable hands of Aias,
hey, who had not hoped to see him alive, escorted him
to the town. On the other side the strong-greaved Achaians led Aias, happy in his
victory, to great Agamemnon.

en these had come to the shelters of the son of Atreus, Agamemnon the lord of
men dedicated an ox among them,
e-year-old male, to Zeus, all-powerful son of Kronos.
skinned the victim and put it in order, and butchered the carcass, and cut up the
meat expertly into small pieces, and spitted them, and roasted all carefully, and
took off the pieces.
after they had finished the work and got the feast ready, 320 they feasted, nor
was any man's hunger denied a fair portion; and Atreus' son, the hero wide-
ruling Agamemnon,
to Aias in honor the long cuts of the chine's portion.
hen they had put away their desire for eating and drinking, the aged man began

to weave his counsel before them

Nestor, whose advice had shown best before this.

kind intention toward all stood forth and addressed them: "Son of Atreus, and you other great men of all the Achaians: seeing that many flowing-haired Achaians have died here,

the dark blood has been scattered beside the fair waters of Skamandros 330 by the fierce war god, while their souls went down into the house of Hades; therefore with the dawn we should set a pause to the fighting of Achaians, and assembling them wheel back the bodies

oxen and oxen; then must we burn them a little apart from the ships, so that each whose duty it is may carry the bones back 335 to a man's children, when we go home to the land of our fathers.

Let us gather and pile one single mound on the corpse-pyre indiscriminately from the plain, and build fast upon it

the ramparts, to be a defense of ourselves and our vessels.

Let us build into these walls gates strongly fitted

here may be a way through them for the driving of horses; and on the outer side, and close, we must dig a deep ditch

around it, so as to keep off their people and horses, that we may not be crushed under the attack of these proud Trojans."

He spoke, and all the kings gave him their approval.

There was an assembly of Trojans high on the city of Ilion fiercely shaken to tumult before the doors of Priam,

Among these Antenor the thoughtful began to address them: "Trojans and Dardanians and companions in arms: hear me

I speak forth what the heart within my breast urges.

Let me then: let us give back Helen of Argos and all her possessions to the sons of Atreus to take away, seeing now we fight with our true pledges made into lies; and I see no good thing's

accomplishment for us in the end, unless we do this."

He spoke thus and sat down again, and among them rose up 355 brilliant Alexandros, the lord of lovely-haired Helen,

He spoke to him in answer and addressed them in winged words: "Antenor, these things that you argue please me no longer.

My mind knows how to contrive a saying better than this one.

But in all seriousness this is your true argument; then

let the very gods who ruined the brain within you.

speak out before the Trojans, breakers of horses.
se, straight out. I will not give back the woman.
f the possessions I carried away to our house from Argos I am willing to give all
back, and to add to these from my own goods.”

He spoke thus and sat down again, and among them rose up
Idaios, son of Dardanos, equal of the gods in counsel,
in kind intention toward all stood forth and addressed them: “Trojans and
Dardanians and companions in arms: hear me

I speak forth what the heart within my breast urges.
I now your supper about the city, as you did before this,
remember your duty of the watch, and be each man wakeful; and at dawn let
Idaios go to the hollow ships, and speak with the sons of Atreus, Menelaos and
Agamemnon, giving
the word of Alexandros, for whose sake this strife has arisen, 375 and to add this solid
message, and ask them if they are willing to stop the sorrowful fighting until we
can burn the bodies of our dead. We shall fight again until the divinity
chooses between us, and gives victory to one or the other.”

Idaios spoke, and they listened to him with care, and obeyed him; 380 and so took
their supper, watch succeeding watch, through the army.

At dawn Idaios went down to the hollow ships, where
stood the Danaans, henchmen of the war god, in assembly
at the stern of Agamemnon’s ship; the herald
Idaios, the great voice took his stand in their midst, and spoke to them: 385 “Son of
Atreus, and you other great men of all the Achaians,
Idaios and the rest of the haughty Trojans have bidden me
ask you, if this message be found to your pleasure and liking, the word of
Alexandros, for whose sake this strife has arisen.
I lose those possessions that Alexandros carried in his hollow 390 ships to Troy, and I
wish that he had perished before then,
I am willing to give all back, and to add to these from his own goods.
I am the very wedded wife of glorious Menelaos
and I wish that he will not give, though the Trojans would have him do it.
Idaios told me to give you this message also, if you are willing; 395 to stop the
sorrowful fighting until we can burn the bodies
of our dead. We shall fight again afterward, until the divinity chooses between us, and
gives victory to one or the other.”

He spoke, and all of them stayed quiet in silence;
Now at long last Diomedes of the great war cry addressed them: 400 “Now let
none accept the possessions of Alexandros,
Take back Helen; one who is very simple can see it,
By this time the terms of death hang over the Trojans.”
He spoke, and all sons of the Achaians shouted
In grief for the word of Diomedes, breaker of horses;
How powerful Agamemnon spoke to Idaios:
“O gods, you hear for yourself the word of the Achaians,
They are answering you; and such is my pleasure also.
About the burning of the dead bodies I do not begrudge you; no, for there is no
sparing time for the bodies of the perished, 410 once they have died, to give
them swiftly the pity of burning.
Zeus, high-thundering lord of Hera, witness our pledges.”

He spoke, and held up the scepter in the sight of all the gods. Then Idaios made his
way back once more to sacred Ilion.

Trojans and Dardanians were in session of assembly,
gathered in one place, awaiting Idaios when he might come back; and he returned
to them and delivered his message standing there in their midst, and they made
their swift preparations, for two things, some to gather the bodies, and the others
firewood; while the Argives on the other side from their strong-benched vessels
420 went forward, some to gather the bodies, and others firewood.

As the sun of a new day struck on the ploughlands, rising out of the quiet water
and the deep stream of the ocean

above the sky. The Trojans assembled together. They found it hard to recognize
each individual dead man;

With water they washed away the blood that was on them
and as they wept warm tears they lifted them onto the wagons.

Great Priam would not let them cry out; and in silence

he piled the bodies upon the pyre, with their hearts in sorrow, and burned them upon
the fire, and went back to sacred Ilion.

In the same way on the other side the strong-greaved Achaians piled their own slain
upon the pyre, with their hearts in sorrow, and burned them upon the fire, and
went back to their hollow vessels.

When the dawn was not yet, but still the pallor of night's edge, a chosen body of
the Achaians formed by the pyre;

They gathered together and piled one single mound all above it indiscriminately from the plain, and built a fort on it
powered ramparts, to be a defense for themselves and their vessels; and they built within these walls gates strongly fitted
there might be a way through them for the driving of horses; 440 and on the outer side and against it they dug a deep ditch, making it great and wide, and fixed the sharp stakes inside it.

The flowing-haired Achaians labored, and meanwhile
gods in session at the side of Zeus who handles the lightning watched the huge endeavor of the bronze-armored Achaians;
the god Poseidon who shakes the earth began speaking among them: "Father Zeus, is there any mortal left on the wide earth
will still declare to the immortals his mind and his purpose?
Do you not see how now these flowing-haired Achaians
built a wall landward of their ships, and driven about it 450 a ditch, and not given to the gods any grand sacrifice?
the fame of this will last as long as dawnlight is scattered, and men will forget that wall which I and Phoibos Apollo
with our hard work for the hero Laomedon's city."

Reply troubled, Zeus who gathers the clouds answered him: 455 "What a thing to have said, earth-shaker of the wide strength.

Other one of the gods might fear such a thought, one who is a god far weaker of his hands and in anger than you are; but the fame of you shall last as long as dawnlight is scattered.

Do then! After once more the flowing-haired Achaians
come back with their ships to the beloved land of their fathers, break their wall to pieces and scatter it into the salt sea and pile again the beach deep under the sands and cover it; so let the great wall of the Achaians go down to destruction."

When these two were talking thus together, the sun went 465 down, and the work of the Achaians was finished. They slaughtered oxen then beside their shelters, and took their supper.

Ships came over to them from Lemnos bringing them wine, ships sent over to them in numbers by the son of Jason, Euneos,

1 Hypsipyle had borne to the shepherd of the people, Jason.

Port to the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaos,

's son had given wine as a gift, a thousand
ares; and thence the rest of the flowing-haired Achaians bought wine, some for
bronze and others for shining iron,
for skins and some for the whole oxen, while others
slaves taken in war; and they made their feasting abundant.
ght long thereafter the flowing-haired Achaians
d, and the Trojans and their companions in arms in the city; but all night long
Zeus of the counsels was threatening evil upon them in the terrible
thunderstroke. Green fear took hold of them.
γ spilled the wine on the ground from their cups, and none was so hardy as to
drink, till he had poured to the all-powerful son of Kronos.
lay down thereafter and took the blessing of slumber.

BOOK EIGHT

At dawn the yellow-robed scattered over all the earth. Zeus who joys in the thunder made an assembly of all the immortals the highest peak of rugged Olympos. There he spoke to them himself, and the other divinities listened: "Hear me, all you gods and all you goddesses: hear me. I speak forth what the heart within my breast urges. Let no female divinity, nor male god either, prevent me to cut across the way of my word, but consent to it, you, so that I can make an end in speed of these matters. No one I perceive against the gods' will attempting among the Trojans and help them, or among the Danaöns, shall go whipped against his dignity back to Olympos; I shall take him and dash him down to the murk of Tartaros, far below, where the uttermost depth of the pit lies under the earth where there are gates of iron and a brazen doorstone, beneath the house of Hades as from earth the sky lies. No one shall see how far I am strongest of all the immortals. Now, you gods, make this endeavor, that you all may learn this. I shall bring down out of the sky a cord of gold; lay hold of it, you who are gods and all who are goddesses, yet not so can you drag down Zeus from the sky to the ground, not Zeus the high lord of counsel, though you try until you grow weary. Whenever I might strongly be minded to pull you, I shall drag you up, earth and all and sea and all with you, I shall stretch the golden rope about the horn of Olympos and I shall make it fast, so that all once more should dangle in mid air. No one shall be stronger than I than the gods, and stronger than mortals." He spoke, and all of them stayed stricken to silence, amazed at his word, for indeed he had spoken to them very strongly. Now at long last the goddess gray-eyed Athene answered him: "Son of Kronos,

our father, O lordliest of the mighty,
how already your strength and how none can stand up against it.
Even so we are sorrowful for the Danaän spearmen
must fill out an unhappy destiny, and perish.
We shall keep out of the fighting, as you command us;
I will put good counsel in the Argives; if it may help them, so that not all of
them will die because of your anger.”
When Zeus the gatherer of the clouds smiled at her and answered: “Tritogeneia, dear
daughter, do not lose heart; for I say this 40 not in outright anger, and my
meaning toward you is kindly.”

He spoke, and under the chariot harnessed his bronze-shod horses, flying-footed,
with long manes streaming of gold; and he put on clothing of gold about his own
body, and took up the golden
saddle carefully compacted, and climbed up into his chariot,
whipped them into a run, and they winged their way unreluctant through the space
between the earth and the starry heaven.
He came to Ida with all her springs, the mother of wild beasts, to Gargaron, where was
his holy ground and his smoking altar.
When the father of gods and of mortals halted his horses,
he slipped them from their harness, and drifted close mist about them, and himself
rejoicing in the pride of his strength sat down on the mountain looking out over
the city of Troy and the ships of the Achaians.

As the flowing-haired Achaians had taken their dinner
by among their shelters, and they put on their armor thereafter; 55 and on the
other side, in the city, the Trojans took up
armor, fewer men, yet minded to stand the encounter
so, caught in necessity, for their wives and their children.
When all the gates were made open, and the fighting men swept through them, the foot
ranks and the horsemen, and the sound grew huge of their onset.
As these advancing came to one place and encountered,
they clashed their shields together and their spears, and the strength of armored men in
bronze, and the shields massive in the middle
pressed against each other, and the sound grew huge of the fighting.
When the screaming and the shouts of triumph rose up together 65 of men killing and
men killed, and the ground ran blood.

long as it was early morning and the sacred daylight increasing, so long the
thrown weapons of both took hold and men dropped under them.
When the sun god stood bestriding the middle heaven,
he father balanced his golden scales, and in them
two fateful portions of death, which lays men prostrate, for Trojans, breakers of
horses, and bronze-armored Achaians,
balanced it by the middle. The Achaians' death-day was heaviest.
The fates of the Achaians settled down toward the bountiful earth, while those of
the Trojans were lifted into the wide sky; 75 and he himself crashed a great
stroke from Ida, and a kindling
shot over the people of the Achaians; seeing it
were stunned, and pale terror took hold of all of them.

Idomeneus dared not stand his ground, nor Agamemnon,
and the two Aiantes stand, the henchmen of Ares,
 Gerenian Nestor stayed, the Achaians' watcher;
but he would, but his horse was failing, struck by an arrow from brilliant
Alexandros, the lord of lovely-haired Helen;
at the point of the head, where the utmost hairs of horses are grown along the
skull, and which is a place most mortal.
Heared up in agony as the shaft went into the brain, then
he threw the team into confusion writhing upon the bronze point.
As the old man hewed away the horse's trace-harness
with a quick sword-cut, meanwhile the fast-running horses of Hektor came through
the flux of the fighting and carried their daring driver, 90 Hektor; and now the
old man would have lost his life there, had not Diomedes of the great war cry
sharply perceived him.
He cried out in a terrible voice to rally Odysseus:
"O son of Laertes and seed of Zeus, resourceful Odysseus,
why are you running, turning your back in battle like a coward?
Do not let them strike the spear in your back as you run for it, but stay, so that we can
beat back this fierce man from the ancient."
He spoke, but long-suffering great Odysseus gave no attention as he swept by on his
way to the hollow ships of the Achaians.
The son of Tydeus, alone as he was, went among the champions
and stood before the horses of the old man, the son of Neleus,
uttering his winged words he addressed him: "Old sir,

by truth these young fighters are too much for you,
all your strength is gone, and hard old age is upon you,
a henchman is a man of no worth, and your horses are heavy.
I will then, climb into my chariot, so that you may see
how the Trojan horses are like, how they understand their
driver and how to traverse it in rapid pursuit and withdrawal; horses I took away from
Aeneias, who strikes men to terror.

Let the henchmen look after your horses now, while we two 110 steer these against
the Trojans, breakers of horses, so Hektor

may know if my spear also rages in my hands' grip."

He spoke, and Nestor the Gerenian horseman obeyed him.

Then the two strong henchmen, Sthenelos and the courtly
Antiphon, looked after the horses of Nestor. The others
together mounted the chariot of Diomedes.

Antiphon in his hands took up the glittering reins, then

drove the horses on, and soon they were close to Hektor,

so as he raged straight forward the son of Tydeus threw at him and missed his man,
but struck the charioteer, his henchman,

Antiphon, the son of high-hearted Thebaios, striking him

in the chest next to the nipple as he gripped the reins of his horses.

He fell out of the chariot, and the fast-footed horses

carried him away. And there his life and his strength were scattered.

Bitter sorrow closed over Hektor's heart for his driver,

grieving as he did for his friend he left him to lie there,

then went on after another bold charioteer; and it was not

long that the horses went lacking a driver, since soon he found one, Archeptolemos,

bold son of Iphitos, and gave into his hands

the reins, and mounted him behind the fast-running horses.

And now there would have been fighting beyond control, and destruction, now they
would have been driven and penned like sheep against Ilion, had not the father
of gods and of men sharply perceived them.

He thundered horribly and let loose the shimmering lightning

and dashed it to the ground in front of the horses of Diomedes 135 and a ghastly blaze

of flaming sulfur shot up, and the horses

both cringed away against the chariot.

The glittering reins escaped out of the hands of Nestor,

He was afraid in his heart and called out to Diomedes:
O son of Tydeus, steer now to flight your single-foot horses.
Do you not see that the power of Zeus no longer is with you?
At this time Zeus, son of Kronos, gives glory to this man;
Today; hereafter, if he will, he will give it
to another; no man can beat back the purpose of Zeus, not
even one very strong, since Zeus is by far the greater.”
Then in turn Diomedes of the great war cry answered:
O old sir, all this you have said is fair and orderly.
This thought comes as a bitter sorrow to my heart and my spirit; for some day
Hektor will say openly before the Trojans:
'The son of Tydeus, running before me, fled to his vessels.'
He will vaunt; and then let the wide earth open beneath me.”
Then the Gerenian horseman spoke to him in answer:
O son of brave Tydeus; what a thing to have spoken.
If Hektor calls you a coward and a man of no strength, then
the Trojans and Dardanians will never believe him,
nor will the wives of the high-hearted Trojan warriors,
whose husbands you hurled in the dust in the pride of their manhood.”

He spoke, and turned to flight the single-foot horses
again into the rout; and now the Trojans and Hektor
with a nearby clamor showered their baneful missiles upon them, 160 and tall Hektor
of the shining helm called out in a great voice: “Son of Tydeus, beyond others
the fast-mounted Danaans honored you with pride of place, the choice meats and
the filled wine-cups.
Now they will disgrace you, who are no better than a woman.
I will fight with you, you poor doll. You shall not storm our battlements 165 with me
giving way before you, you shall not carry our women
off in your ships; before that comes I will give you your destiny.”
He spoke, and the son of Tydeus pondered doubtfully, whether to turn his horses
about and match his strength against Hektor.
Three times in his heart and spirit he pondered turning, 170 and three times from the
hills of Ida Zeus of the counsels
appeared, giving a sign to the Trojans that the battle was turning.
Hektor called afar in a great voice to the Trojans:
O men, Lykians and Dardanians who fight at close quarters,

Now, dear friends, remember your furious valor.
That the son of Kronos has bowed his head and assented
To high glory and success, but granted the Danaëns
Their towers: fools, who designed with care these fortifications,
And their things, not worth a thought, which will not beat my strength back, but lightly
My horses will leap the ditch they have dug them.
After I have come beside their hollow ships, let there
Be one who will remember to bring me ravening fire,
That I can set their ships on fire, and cut down
Every Argive mazed in the smoke at the side of their vessels.”

He spoke, and called aloud to his horses, and spoke to them: 180 “Xanthos and
you, Podargos, Aithon and Lampos the shining,
Repay me for all that loving care in abundance
To my daughter, the daughter of high-hearted Eëtion
You: the sweet-hearted wheat before all the others
Mixed wine with it for you to drink, when her heart inclined to it, 190 as for me,
Who am proud that I am her young husband.
Now close now and be rapid, so we may capture
The field of Nestor, whose high fame goes up to the sky now,
That it is all of gold, the shield itself and the cross-roads;
Strip from the shoulders of Diomedes, breaker of horses,
The elaborate corselet that Hephaistos wrought with much toil.
If we capture these two things, I might hope the Achaians
To embark this very night on their fast-running vessels.”

He spoke, boasting, and the lady Hera was angry,
Shook her throne, and tall Olympos was shaken,
He spoke straight out to the great god Poseidon:
Shame, now, far-powerful shaker of the earth. In your breast the heart takes no
Sorrow for the Danaëns who are dying,
Who at Helikē and at Aigai bring you offerings
Pious and delightful. Do you then plan that they conquer.
If all of us who stand by the Danaëns only were willing
To slay back the Trojans and hold off Zeus of the broad brows, he would be desperate,
There where he sits by himself on Ida.”
Deeply troubled, the powerful shaker of the earth answered her, “Hera, reckless of

word, what sort of thing have you spoken?
I would not be willing that all the rest of us fight with
the son of Kronos, since he is so much the greater.”

As these two were talking thus to each other, meanwhile for those others, all
that space which the ditch of the wall held off from the ships was filled with
armored men and with horses 215 penned there; and he who penned them was a
man like the rapid war god, Hektor, Priam’s son, since Zeus was giving him
glory.

Now he might have kindled their balanced ships with the hot flame, had not the
lady Hera set it in Agamemnon’s

to rush in with speed himself and stir the Achaians.

Present on his way beside the Achaians’ ships and their shelters holding up in his
heavy hand the great colored mantle,

stood beside the black huge-hollowed ship of Odysseus,

he lay in the midmost, so that he could call out to both sides, either toward the
shelters of Telamonian Aias, 225 or toward Achilles, since these two had
drawn their balanced ships up at the utter ends, sure of the strength of their hands
and their courage.

He lifted his voice and called in a piercing cry to the Danaöns: “Shame, you Argives,
poor nonentities splendid to look on.

Where are our high words gone, when we said that we were the bravest?

Where were the words you spoke before all in hollow vaunting at Lemnos

when you were filled with abundant meat of the high-horned oxen and drank from the
great bowls filled to the brim with wine, how each man could stand up against a
hundred or even two hundred Trojans

fighting; now we together cannot match one of them,

nor, who must presently kindle our ships with the hot fire.

Or Zeus, is it one of our too strong kings you have stricken in this disaster now,
and stripped him of his high honor?

Can you say that never did I pass by your fair-wrought altar

beside the benches when I came here on this desperate journey; 240 but on all altars
I burned the fat and the thighs of oxen

nor desire to sack the strong-walled city of the Trojans.

Zeus, bring to pass at least this thing that I pray for.

Let our men at least get clear and escape, and let not

Achaeans be thus beaten down at the hands of the Trojans.”

He spoke thus, and as he wept the father took pity upon him
and bent his head, that the people should stay alive, and not perish.
Rightway he sent down the most lordly of birds, an eagle,
with a fawn, the young of the running deer, caught in his talons, who cast down the
fawn beside Zeus' splendid altar
and the Achaians wrought their devotions to Zeus of the Voices.

When they saw the bird and knew it was Zeus who sent it, remembered once
again their warcraft, and turned on the Trojans.
None, many as the Danaöns were, there was no man among them could claim he
held his fast horses ahead of the son of Tydeus 255 to drive them once more
across the ditch and fight at close quarters, but he was far the first to kill a chief
man of the Trojans,
Hektor's son, Agelaos, as he turned his team to escape him.
On his back even as he was turning the spear fixed between the shoulders and was
driven on through the chest beyond it.
He fell from the chariot, and his armor clattered upon him.
After him came the Atreidai, Menelaos and Agamemnon,
and the two Aiantes gathering their fierce strength about them, and with them
Idomeneus and Idomeneus' companion
Phonon, a match for the murderous lord of battles,
and after these Eurypylos, the glorious son of Euaimon;
and then came Teukros, bending into position the curved bow,
and took his place in the shelter of Telamonian Aias'
shield, as Aias lifted the shield to take him. The hero
did not watch, whenever in the throng he had struck some man with an arrow, 270 and
as the man dropped and died where he was stricken, the archer would run back
again, like a child to the arms of his mother,
his mother, who would hide him in the glittering shield's protection.

In which of the Trojans first did Teukros the blameless strike down?
Phonon first of all, and Ormenos, and Ophelestes,
and Chromios, and Lykophontes the godlike, and Amopaon, Polyaimon's son,
and Melanippos.
These he felled to the bountiful earth in close succession.
Agamemnon the lord of men was glad as he watched him laying waste from the strong
bow the Trojan battalions;

ent over and stood beside him and spoke a word to him:
monian Teukros, dear heart, O lord of your people,
so; thus you may be a light given to the Danaäns,
o Telamon your father, who cherished you when you were little, and, bastard as
you were, looked after you in his own house.
g him into glory, though he is far away; and for my part,
tell you this, and it will be a thing accomplished:
r Zeus who holds the aegis and Athene grant me
k outright the strong-founded citadel of Ilion,
fter myself I will put into your hands some great gift
nor; a tripod, or two horses and the chariot with them,
e a woman, who will go up into the same bed with you.”
n in answer to him again spoke Teukros the blameless:
of Atreus, most lordly: must you then drive me, who am eager myself, as it is?
Never, so far as the strength is in me,
I stopped, since we began driving the Trojans back upon Ilion; since then I have
been lurking here with my bow, to strike down fighters. And by this I have shot
eight long-flanged arrows,
ll of them were driven into the bodies of young men,
rs; yet still I am not able to hit this mad dog.”

e spoke, and let fly another shaft from the bowstring,
ht for Hektor, and all his heart was straining to hit him; but missed his man, and
struck down instead a strong son of Priam, Gorgythion the blameless, hit in the
chest by an arrow; Gorgythion whose mother was lovely Kastianeira,
n’s bride from Aisyme, with the form of a goddess.
nt drooping his head to one side, as a garden poppy
beneath the weight of its yield and the rains of springtime; so his head bent
slack to one side beneath the helm’s weight.

Teukros now let fly another shaft from the bowstring,
ght for Hektor, and all his heart was straining to hit him, yet missed his man once
again as Apollo faltered his arrow,
ruck Archeptolemos, bold charioteer of Hektor,
chest next to the nipple as he charged into the fighting.
ll out of the chariot, and the fast-footed horses 315 shied away. And there his
life and his strength were scattered.
itter sorrow closed over Hektor’s heart for his driver,

ieving as he did for his friend he left him to lie there, and called to his brother
Kebriones who stood near to take up
ins of the horses, nor did he disobey him. But Hektor 320 himself vaulted down
to the ground from the shining chariot
g a terrible cry and in his hand caught up a great stone, and went straight for
Teukros, heart urgent to hit him. Now Teukros had drawn a bitter arrow out of
his quiver, and laid it
the bowstring, but as he drew the shaft by his shoulder, 325 there where
between neck and chest the collar-bone interposes,
his is a spot most mortal; in this place shining-helmeted Hektor struck him in all
his fury with the jagged boulder, smashing
new, and all his arm at the wrist was deadened.
opped to one knee and stayed, and the bow fell from his hand. Aias 330 was not
forgetful of his fallen brother, but running
bestriding him and covered him under the great shield.
son Mekisteus, son of Echios, and brilliant Alastor,
launch companions, stooping beneath it, caught up Teukros and carried him,
groaning heavily, to the hollow vessels.

ow once again the Olympian filled the Trojans with fury
they piled the Achaians straight backward against the deep ditch, as Hektor
ranged in their foremost ranks in the pride of his great strength.
then some hunting hound in the speed of his feet pursuing
l boar or a lion snaps from behind at his quarters
inks, but watches for the beast to turn upon him, so Hektor followed close on the
heels of the flowing-haired Achaians,
g ever the last of the men; and they fled in terror.
fter they had crossed back over the ditch and the sharp stakes in flight, and many
had gone down under the hands of the Trojans, 345 they reined in and stood fast
again beside their ships, calling
upon each other, and to all of the gods uplifting
hands each man of them cried out his prayers in a great voice, while Hektor,
wearing the stark eyes of a Gorgon, or murderous Ares, wheeled about at the
edge his bright-maned horses.
ow seeing them the goddess of the white arms, Hera, took pity and immediately
she spoke to Pallas Athene her winged words:
shame, daughter of Zeus who wears the aegis! No longer

we care for the Danaäns in their uttermost hour of destruction?
I must then fill out an evil destiny, and perish
at the wind of one man's fury where none can stand now against him, Hektor,
Priam's son, who has wrought so much evil already.”
In turn the goddess gray-eyed Athene answered her:
even this man would have his life and strength taken from him, dying under the
hands of the Argives in his own country;
It is my father who is so furious in his heart of evil.
He is hard, and forever wicked; he crosses my high hopes, nor remembers at all those
many times I rescued his own son,
when the tasks of Eurystheus were too much for his strength.
Time and again he would cry out aloud to the heavens, 365 and Zeus would send
me down in speed from the sky to help him.
At the wiliness of my heart I had had thoughts like his,
when Herakles was sent down to Hades of the Gates, to hale back from the Kingdom
of the Dark the hound of the grisly death god, never would he have got clear of
the steep-dripping Stygian water.
Now Zeus hates me, and is bent to the wishes of Thetis who kissed his knees and
stroked his chin in her hand, and entreated that he give honor to Achilleus, the
sacker of cities.
I shall be when he calls me again his dear girl of the gray eyes.
I pray: do you put under their harness our single-foot horses 375 while I go back
into the house of Zeus, the lord of the aegis,
to arm me in my weapons of war. So shall I discover
whether the son of Priam, Hektor of the shining helmet,
will feel joy to see us apparent on the outworks of battle,
or if some Trojan give the dogs and the birds their desire 380 with fat and flesh,
struck down beside the ships of the Achaians.”

She spoke, nor failed to persuade the goddess Hera of the white arms.
The Hera, exalted goddess, daughter of Kronos
mighty, went away to harness the gold-bridled horses.
In turn Athene, daughter of Zeus of the aegis,
when the threshold of her father slipped off her elaborate
which she herself had wrought with her hands' patience,
now assuming the war tunic of Zeus who gathers the clouds, she armed herself in
her gear for the dismal fighting.

et her feet in the blazing chariot, and took up a spear,
y, huge, thick, wherewith she beats down the battalions of fighting men, against
whom she of the mighty father is angered.

laid the lash swiftly on the horses; and moving
mselves groaned the gates of the sky that the Hours guarded, those Hours to
whose charge is given the huge sky and Olympos 395 to open up the dense
darkness or again to close it.

igh the way between they held the speed of their goaded horses.

Zeus father, watching from Ida, was angered terribly
irred Iris of the golden wings to run with his message:

orth, Iris the swift, turn them back again, let them not reach me, 400 since we
would close in fighting thus that would be unseemly.

will say this straight out, and it will be a thing accomplished: I will lame beneath
the harness their fast-running horses,

url the gods from the driver's place, and smash their chariot; and not in the circle
of ten returning years shall they be whole 405 of the wounds where the stroke of
the lightning hits them; so that the gray-eyed goddess may know when it is her
father she fights with.

with Hera I am not so angry, neither indignant,

it is ever her way to cross the commands that I give her.”

spoke, and Iris, storm-footed, rose with his message

ook her way from the peaks of Ida to tall Olympos,

t the utmost gates of many-folded Olympos

nd stayed them, and spoke the word that Zeus had given her: “Where so furious?
How can your hearts so storm within you?

on of Kronos will not let you stand by the Argives.

Zeus has uttered this threat and will make it a thing accomplished: that he will
lame beneath the harness your fast-running horses, and hurl yourselves from the
driver's place, and smash your chariot; and not in the circle of ten returning
years would you be whole of the wounds where the stroke of the lightning hits
you; so that 420 you may know, gray-eyed goddess, when it is your father you
fight with.

you, bold brazen wench, are audacious indeed, if truly
are to lift up your gigantic spear in the face of your father.

with Hera he is not so angry, neither indignant,

it is ever her way to cross the commands he gives her.”

Iris the swift-footed spoke and went away from them,

Now Hera spoke a word to Pallas Athene:
O daughter of Zeus of the aegis: I can no longer
fight in the face of Zeus for the sake of mortals.
If one of them perish then, let another live, as their fortune wills; let him, as is
his right and as his heart pleases,
do out whatever decrees he will on Danaëans and Trojans.”
She spoke, and turned back again her single-foot horses, and the Hours set free
their flowing-maned horses from the harness, and tethered them at their mangers
that were piled with ambrosia and leaned the chariot against the shining
inward wall. Meanwhile the goddesses themselves took their place on the golden
couches among the other immortals, their hearts deep grieving within them.

And father Zeus steered back from Ida his strong-wheeled chariot and horses to
Olympos, and came among the gods’ sessions,
and for him the famed shaker of the earth set free his horses, and put the chariot on
its stand, with a cloth spread over it.
Zeus himself of the wide brows took his place on the golden throne, as
underneath his feet tall Olympos was shaken.
And two alone, Hera and Athene, stayed seated apart aside
Zeus, and would not speak to him, nor ask him a question;
and he knew the whole matter within his heart, and spoke to them.
“Why then are you two sorrowful, Athene and Hera?
Why in the battle where men win glory you were not wearied
destroying those Trojans on whom you have set your grim wrath.
And the whole account, such is my strength and my hand so invincible, not all the gods
who are on Olympos could turn me backward,
before this the trembling took hold of your shining bodies, before you could look
upon the fighting and war’s work of sorrow; for I will say straight out, and it
would now be a thing accomplished: once hit in your car by the lightning
stroke you could never
come back to Olympos, where is the place of the immortals.”
And she spoke; and Athene and Hera muttered, since they were
so close to each other, devising evil for the Trojans.
Athene stayed silent and said nothing, but only
looked at Zeus her father, and savage anger took hold of her.
The heart of Hera could not contain her anger, and she spoke forth: “Majesty, son
of Kronos, what sort of thing have you spoken?”

now well already your strength, how it is no small thing.
Even so we are sorrowful for the Danaän spearmen
must fill out an unhappy destiny, and perish.
We shall keep out of the fighting, as you command us;
I will put good counsel in the Argives, if it may help them; so that not all of
them will die because of your anger.”
As who gathers the clouds spoke to her again in answer:
Narrow at the dawning, lady Hera of the ox eyes,
I will see, if you have the heart, a still mightier son of Kronos perishing the ranged
numbers of Argive spearmen.
Hektor the huge will not sooner be stayed from his fighting until there stirs by the
ships the swift-footed son of Peleus
that day when they shall fight by the sterns of the beached ships in the narrow
place of necessity over fallen Patroklos.
Such is the way it is fated to be; and for you and your anger
I will not; not if you stray apart to the undermost limits
of earth and sea, where Iapetos and Kronos seated 480 have no shining of the sun god
Hyperion to delight them nor winds’ delight, but Tartaros stands deeply about
them; not even if you reach that place in your wandering shall I
blame you or your sulks; since there is nothing more shameless than you are.”

As he spoke, and Hera of the white arms gave him no answer.
Now the shining light of the sun was dipped in the Ocean
bringing black night across the grain-giving land. For the Trojans the daylight sank
against their will, but for the Achaians
and thrice-supplanted was the coming on of the dark night.

As glorious Hektor held an assembly of all the Trojans,
drawing them aside from the ships, by a swirling river
to a plain ground, where there showed a space not cumbered with corpses.
He stepped to the ground from behind their horses and listened to Hektor the loved
son of Zeus, and the words he spoke to them. He in his hand held the eleven-cubit-
long spear, whose shaft was tipped with a shining 495 bronze spearhead, and a
ring of gold was hooped to hold it.
Drawing upon this spear he spoke his words to the Trojans:
Achaeans and Dardanians and companions in arms: hear me.
I had thought that, destroying the ships and all the Achaians, we might take our

way back once more to windy Ilium,
the darkness came too soon, and this beyond all else rescued the Argives and their
vessels along the beach where the sea breaks.
Now let us give way to black night's persuasion; let us
ready our evening meal, and as for your flowing-maned horses, set them free
from their harness, and cast down fodder before them.
Lead forth also out of the city oxen and fat sheep
speed, and convey out also the kindly sweet wine
food out of our houses. And heap many piles of firewood,
let it all night long and until the young dawn appears
may burn many fires, and the glare go up into heaven;
let not in the night-time the flowing-haired Achaeans
bet out to run for home over the sea's wide ridges.
Let not thus in their own good time must they take to their vessels, but in such a way
that a man of them at home will still nurse
sorrow, the place where he has been hit with an arrow or sharp spear
515 springing to his ship; so that another may shrink hereafter
bringing down fearful war on the Trojans, breakers of horses.
Let the heralds Zeus loves give orders about the city
let the boys who are in their first youth and the gray-browed elders to take stations on
the god-founded bastions that circle the city; 520 and as for the women, have
your wives, each one in her own house, kindle a great fire; let there be a watch
kept steadily
for a sudden attack get into the town when the fighters have left it.
Let them be thus, high-hearted men of Troy, as I tell you.
Let that word that has been spoken now be a strong one,
that which I speak at dawn to the Trojans, breakers of horses.
I have a good hope I pray to Zeus and the other immortals
that he may drive from our place these dogs swept into destruction whom the spirits
of death have carried here on their black ships.
For the night we shall keep watch on ourselves, and tomorrow 530 early, before
dawn shows, shall arm ourselves in our weapons
beside their hollow vessels waken the bitter war god;
they shall know if the son of Tydeus, strong Diomedes,
will force me back from the ships against the wall, or whether I shall cut him down
with the bronze and take home the blooded war-spoils.
Tomorrow he will learn his own strength, if he can stand up to

near's advance; but sooner than this, I think, in the foremost he will go down under the stroke, and many companions about him as the sun goes up into tomorrow. Oh, if I only

be as this in all my days immortal and ageless 540 and be held in honor as Athene and Apollo are honored

ely as this oncoming day brings evil to the Argives.”

Hektor spoke among them, and the Trojans shouted approval.

They set free their sweating horses from under the harness and tethered them by the reins, each one by his own chariot.

led forth also out of the city oxen and fat sheep

speed, and conveyed out also the kindly sweet wine,

food out of their houses, and heaped many piles of firewood.

accomplished likewise full sacrifices before the immortals, and the winds wafted the savor aloft from the plain to the heavens 550 in its fragrance; and yet the blessed gods took no part of it.

would not; so hateful to them was sacred Ilium,

riam, and the city of Priam of the strong ash spear.

with hearts made high these sat night-long by the outworks of battle, and their watchfires blazed numerous about them.

hen in the sky the stars about the moon's shining

en in all their glory, when the air has fallen to stillness, and all the high places of the hills are clear, and the shoulders out-jutting, and the deep ravines, as endless bright air spills from the heavens and all the stars are seen, to make glad the heart of the shepherd; 560 such in their numbers blazed the watchfires the

Trojans were burning between the waters of Xanthos and the ships, before Ilium.

usand fires were burning there in the plain, and beside each one sat fifty men in the flare of the blazing firelight.

standing each beside his chariot, champing white barley

ats, the horses waited for the dawn to mount to her high place.

BOOK NINE

he Trojans held their night watches. Meanwhile immortal Panic, companion of cold Terror, gripped the Achaians
their best were stricken with grief that passes endurance.
o winds rise to shake the sea where the fish swarm, Boreas 5 and Zephyros,
north wind and west, that blow from Thraceward, suddenly descending, and the
darkened water is gathered
sts, and far across the salt water scatters the seaweed, so the heart in the breast of
each Achaian was troubled.

l the son of Atreus, stricken at heart with the great sorrow, 10 went among his
heralds the clear-spoken and told them
nmon calling by name each man into the assembly
ith no outcry, and he himself was at work with the foremost.
took their seats in assembly, dispirited, and Agamemnon stood up before them,
shedding tears, like a spring dark-running 15 that down the face of a rock
impassable drips its dim water.
roaning heavily, Agamemnon spoke to the Argives:
nds, who are leaders of the Argives and keep their counsel: Zeus son of Kronos
has caught me badly in bitter futility.
hard: who before this time promised me and consented
might sack strong-walled Ilion and sail homeward.
he has devised a vile deception and bids me go back
gos in dishonor having lost many of my people.
is the way it will be pleasing to Zeus, who is too strong, who before now has
broken the crests of many cities
will break them again, since his power is beyond all others.
: then, do as I say, let us all be won over; let us run away with our ships to the
beloved land of our fathers
no longer now shall we capture Troy of the wide ways.”
re spoke, and all of them stayed stricken to silence.

Some time the sons of the Achaians said nothing in sorrow; but at long last Diomedes of the great war cry addressed them: "Son of Atreus: I will be first to fight with your folly, my right, lord, in this assembly; then do not be angered. You are the first of the Danaäns whose valor you slighted and I was unwarlike and without courage. The young men of Argives know all these things, and the elders know it. Cronos of devious-devising Kronos has given you honor in two ways: with the scepter he gave you honor beyond all, but he did not give you a heart, and of all power this is the greatest. Nestor, can you really believe the sons of the Achaians to be unwarlike and so weak of their hearts as you call them? I know in truth your own heart is so set upon going, that the way is there, and next to the water are standing the ships that came—so many of them!—with you from Mykenai, 45 and yet the rest of the flowing-haired Achaians will stay here until we have sacked the city of Troy; let even these also go away with their ships to the beloved land of their fathers, still we two, Sthenelos and I, will fight till we witness the fall of Ilion; for it was with God that we made our way hither." Nestor spoke, and all the sons of the Achaians shouted in approval for the word of Diomedes, breaker of horses. Then Nestor the horseman stood forth among them and spoke to them: "Son of Tydeus, beyond others you are strong in battle, and your counsel also are noblest among all men of your own age. No man of all the Achaians will belittle your words nor argue against them. Yet you have not made complete your argument, since you are a young man still and could even be my own son and my youngest born of all; yet still you argue in wisdom. I know the Argive kings, since all you have spoken was spoken fairly. Let me speak, since I can call myself older than you are, and so through the whole matter, since there is none who can dishonor the thing I say, not even powerful Agamemnon. I know of all brotherhood, outlawed, homeless shall be that man who longs for all the horror of fighting among his own people. Now let us give way to the darkness of night, and let us eat ready our evening meal; and let the guards severally

their stations by the ditch we have dug outside the ramparts.
I would enjoin upon our young men; but thereafter
you, son of Atreus, take command, since you are our kingliest.
Let there be a feast among the princes; it befits you, it is not
fitting to be coming. Our shelters are filled with wine that the Achaian ships carry day by day
from Thrace across the wide water.
Hospitality is for you; you are lord over many.
Whoever of many assemble together follow him who advises
in the best counsel, for in truth there is need for all the Achaians of good close counsel,
since now close to our ships the enemy burn their numerous fires. What man
could be cheered to see this?
This is the night that will break our army, or else will preserve it.”

He spoke, and they listened hard to him, and obeyed him, 80 and the sentries
went forth rapidly in their armor, gathering
Nestor's son Thrasymedes, shepherd of the people, and about Askalaphos and
Ialmenos, sons both of Ares,
Meriones and Aphareus and Deïpyros
about the son of Kreion, Lykomedes the brilliant.
There were seven leaders of the sentinels, and with each one a hundred fighting men
followed gripping in their hands the long spears.
They took position in the space between the ditch and the rampart, and there they
kindled their fires and each made ready his supper.

Then the son of Atreus led the assembled lords of the Achaians 90 to his own
shelter, and set before them the feast in abundance.
They put their hands to the good things that lay ready before them.
When they had put away their desire for eating and drinking, the aged man began
to weave his counsel before them
Nestor, whose advice had shown best before this.
In a kindly intention toward all stood forth and addressed them: “Son of Atreus, most
lordly and king of men, Agamemnon,
With you I will end, with you I will make my beginning, since you are lord over many
people, and Zeus has given into your hand the scepter and rights of judgment, to
be king over the people.
It is yours therefore to speak a word, yours also to listen,
I grant the right to another also, when his spirit stirs him to speak for our good. All

shall be yours when you lead the way. Still I will speak in the way it seems best to my mind, and no one shall have in his mind any thought that is better than this one 105 that I have in my mind either now or long before now since that day, illustrious, when you went from the shelter of angered Achilles, taking by force the girl Briseis at the will of the rest of us, since I for my part would have you strongly not to, but you, giving way to your proud heart's 110 anger, dishonored a great man, one whom the immortals honor, since you have taken his prize and keep it. But let us even now think how we can make this good and persuade him with words of supplication and with the gifts of friendship." Then in turn the lord of men Agamemnon spoke to him: "O my lord, sir, this was no lie when you spoke of my madness. I was mad, I myself will not deny it. Worth many more than I am is that man whom Zeus in his heart loves, as now he has honored this man and beaten down the Achaian people. Since I was mad, in the persuasion of my heart's evil, I was willing to make all good, and give back gifts in abundance. Now I am sane, I give you all I will count off my gifts in their splendor: three tripods unfired; ten talents' weight of gold; twenty silver cauldrons; and twelve horses, strong, race-competitors who have won prizes in the speed of their feet. That man would not be 125 poor in possessions, to whom I have given all these things, nor be unpossessed of dearly honored gold, were he given all the prizes these single-foot horses have won for me. I will give him seven women of Lesbos, the work of whose hands is blameless, whom he himself captured strong-founded Lesbos 130 I chose, and who in their beauty surpassed the races of women. I will give him these, and with them shall go the one I took from him, the daughter of Briseus. And to all this I will swear a great oath that I never entered into her bed and never lay with her, which is not natural for human people, between men and women. These gifts shall be his at once; but again, if hereafter the gods grant that we storm and sack the great city of Priam, let him go to his ship and load it deep as he pleases with gold and bronze, when we Achaians divide the war spoils, and let him choose for himself twenty of the Trojan women

are the loveliest of all after Helen of Argos.

If we come back to Achaian Argos, pride of the tilled land, he may be my son-in-law; I will honor him with Orestes my growing son, who is brought up there in abundant luxury.

As I have three daughters there in my strong-built castle, 145 Chrysothemis and Laodikē and Iphianassa,

will lead away the one of these that he likes, with no bride-price, to the house of Peleus, and with the girl I will grant him as dowry many gifts, such as no man ever gave with his daughter.

I will grant to him seven citadels, strongly settled: 150 Kardamyle, and Enopē, and Hire of the grasses, Pherai the sacrosanct, and Antheia deep in the meadows, with Aipeia the lovely and Pedasos of the vineyards.

These lie near the sea, at the bottom of sandy Pylos,

where men live among them rich in cattle and rich in sheepflocks, 155 who will honor him as if he were a god with gifts given

will fill his prospering decrees underneath his scepter.

As I will bring to pass for him, if he changes from his anger.

Let him give way. For Hades gives not way, and is pitiless,

therefore he among all the gods is most hateful to mortals.

Let him yield place to me, inasmuch as I am the kinglier

inasmuch as I can call myself born the elder.”

Then upon the Gerenian horseman Nestor answered him:

Of Atreus, most lordly and king of men, Agamemnon,

could scorn any longer these gifts you offer to Achilles 165 the king. Come, let us choose and send some men, who in all speed will go to the shelter of

Achilleus, the son of Peleus;

wherever the men on whom my eye falls, let these take the duty.

Of all let Phoinix, beloved of Zeus, be their leader,

after him take Aias the great, and brilliant Odysseus,

and of the heralds let Odios and Eurybates go with them.

Let me also water for their hands, and bid them keep words of good omen, so we may pray to Zeus, son of Kronos, if he will have pity.”

Then he spoke, and the word he spoke was pleasing to all of them.

Then the heralds brought water at once, and poured it over

their hands, and the young men filled the mixing bowl with pure wine and passed it to all, pouring first a libation in goblets.

When they had poured out wine, and drunk as much as their hearts wished, they

set out from the shelter of Atreus' son, Agamemnon.

the Gerenian horseman Nestor gave them much instruction, 180 looking eagerly at each, and most of all at Odysseus,

hard, so that they might win over the blameless Peleion.

These two walked along the strand of the sea deep-thundering with many prayers to the holder and shaker of the earth, that they might readily persuade the great heart of Aiakides.

they came beside the shelters and ships of the Myrmidons

they found Achilles delighting his heart in a lyre, clear-sounding, splendid and carefully wrought, with a bridge of silver upon it, which he won out of the spoils when he ruined Eëtion's city.

this he was pleasuring his heart, and singing of men's fame, 190 as Patroklos was sitting over against him, alone, in silence,

singing Aiakides and the time he would leave off singing.

these two came forward, as brilliant Odysseus led them,

stood in his presence. Achilles rose to his feet in amazement holding the lyre as it was, leaving the place where he was sitting.

In the same way Patroklos, when he saw the men come, stood up.

In greeting Achilles the swift of foot spoke to them:

come. You are my friends who have come, and greatly I need you, who even to this my anger are dearest of all the Achaians."

Brilliant Achilles spoke, and guided them forward,

caused them to sit down on couches with purple coverlets

that once called over to Patroklos who was not far from him: "Son of Menoitios, set up a mixing bowl that is bigger,

mix us stronger drink, and make ready a cup for each man, since these who have come beneath my roof are the men that I love best."

He spoke, and Patroklos obeyed his beloved companion,

thrust down a great chopping-block into the firelight,

laid upon it the back of a sheep, and one of a fat goat, with the chine of a fatted pig edged thick with lard, and for him Automedon held the meats, and brilliant

Achilles carved them, 210 and cut it well into pieces and spitted them, as meanwhile

Menoitios' son, a man like a god, made the fire blaze greatly.

When the fire had burned itself out, and the flames had died down, he scattered the

embers apart, and extended the spits across them lifting them to the andirons, and sprinkled the meats with divine salt.

When he had roasted all, and spread the food on the platters, Patroklos took the bread and set it out on a table

of baskets, while Achilles served the meats. Thereafter he himself sat over against the godlike Odysseus

at the further wall, and told his companion, Patroklos, 220 to sacrifice to the gods; and he threw the firstlings in the fire.

They put their hands to the good things that lay ready before them.

When they had put aside their desire for eating and drinking, Aias nodded to Phoenix, and brilliant Odysseus saw it, and filled a cup with wine, and lifted it to Achilles:

For your health, Achilles. You have no lack of your equal portion either within the shelter of Atreus' son, Agamemnon,

these are now in your own. We have good things in abundance

set out on; here it is not the desirable feast we think of, but a trouble all too great, beloved of Zeus, that we look on 230 and are afraid. There is doubt if we save our strong-benched vessels or if they will be destroyed, unless you put on your war strength.

The Trojans in their pride, with their far-renowned companions, have set up an encampment close by the ships and the rampart, and lit many fires along their army, and think no longer

of being held, but rather to drive in upon the black ships.

Zeus, son of Kronos, lightens upon their right hand, showing them portents of good, while Hektor in the huge pride of his strength rages irresistibly, reliant on Zeus, and gives way to no one,

neither god nor man, but the strong fury has descended upon him.

He prays now that the divine Dawn will show most quickly,

and he threatens to shear the uttermost horns from the ship-sterns, to light the ships themselves with ravaging fire, and to cut down the Achaians themselves as they stir from the smoke beside them.

But I fear terribly in my heart, lest immortals

fulfill all these threats, and lest for us it be destiny

to die here in Troy, far away from horse-pasturing Argos.

But I pray you! if you are minded, late though it be, to rescue

the afflicted sons of the Achaians from the Trojan onslaught.

It will be an affliction to you hereafter, there will be no remedy 250 found to heal the

evil thing when it has been done. No, beforehand take thought to beat the evil day aside from the Danaäns.

friend, surely thus your father Peleus advised you that day when he sent you away to Agamemnon from Phthia:

child, for the matter of strength, Athene and Hera will give it 255 if it be their will, but be it yours to hold fast in your bosom the anger of the proud heart, for consideration is better.

from the bad complication of quarrel, and all the more for this the Argives will honor you, both their younger men and their elders.

the old man advised, but you have forgotten. Yet even now 260 stop, and give way from the anger that hurts the heart. Agamemnon offers you worthy recompense if you change from your anger.

then, if you will, listen to me, while I count off for you all the gifts in his shelter that Agamemnon has promised:

1 unfired tripods; ten talents' weight of gold; twenty
ng cauldrons; and twelve horses, strong, race-competitors who have won prizes in the speed of their feet. That man would not be poor in possessions, to whom were given all these have won him, nor be unpossessed of dearly honored gold, were he given

2 prizes Agamemnon's horses won in their speed for him.

3 will give you seven women of Lesbos, the work of whose hands is blameless, whom when you yourself captured strong-founded Lesbos he chose, and who in their beauty surpassed the races of women.

4 will give you these, and with them shall go the one he took from you, the daughter of Briseus. And to all this he will swear a great oath 275 that he never entered into her bed and never lay with her

5 natural for human people, between men and women.

6 these gifts shall be yours at once; but again, if hereafter the gods grant that we storm and sack the great city of Priam, you may go to your ship and load it deep as you please with

7 and bronze, when we Achaians divide the war spoils,
8 you may choose for yourself twenty of the Trojan women,
9 are the loveliest of all after Helen of Argos.

10 If we come back to Achaian Argos, pride of the tilled land, you could be his son-in-law; he would honor you with Orestes, 285 his growing son, who is brought up there in abundant luxury.

11 , as he has three daughters there in his strong-built castle, Chrysothemis and

Laodikē and Iphianassa,
may lead away the one of these that you like, with no bride-price, to the house of
Peleus; and with the girl he will grant you as dowry 290 many gifts, such as no
man ever gave with his daughter.
I will grant you seven citadels, strongly settled:
Ismyle and Enopē and Hire of the grasses,
Ithi in the sacrosanct, and Antheia deep in the meadows,
Aipeia the lovely, and Pedasos of the vineyards.
These lie near the sea, at the bottom of sandy Pylos,
where men live among them rich in cattle and rich in sheepflocks, who will honor you as
if you were a god with gifts given
I will fill your prospering decrees underneath your scepter.
I wish he will bring to pass for you, if you change from your anger.
If the son of Atreus is too much hated in your heart, himself and his gifts, at least
take pity on all the other
Danaans, who are afflicted along the host, and will honor you as a god. You may win
very great glory among them.
Now you might kill Hektor, since he would come very close to you 305 with the
wicked fury upon him, since he thinks there is not his equal among the rest of
the Danaans the ships carried hither.”

Then in answer to him spoke Achilleus of the swift feet:
O son of Laertes and seed of Zeus, resourceful Odysseus:
I will give you my consideration for you I must make my answer,
I will say I think, and the way it will be accomplished, that you may not come one after
another, and sit by me, and speak softly.
I hate I detest the doorways of Death, I detest that man, who hides one thing in the
depths of his heart, and speaks forth another.
I will speak to you the way it seems best to me: neither 315 do I think the son of
Atreus, Agamemnon, will persuade me,
nor the rest of the Danaans, since there was no gratitude given for fighting incessantly
forever against your enemies.
It is the same for the man who holds back, the same if he fights hard.
We are all held in a single honor, the brave with the weaklings.
A man dies still if he has done nothing, as one who has done much.
My life is won for me, now that my heart has gone through its afflictions in forever
setting my life on the hazard of battle.

to her unwinged young ones the mother bird brings back morsels, wherever she
can find them, but as for herself it is suffering, 325 such was I, as I lay through
all the many nights unsleeping,
as I wore through the bloody days of the fighting,
fighting with warriors for the sake of these men's women.
I say that I have stormed from my ships twelve cities of men, and by land eleven
more through the generous Troad.
In all these we took forth treasures, goodly and numerous,
I would bring them back, and give them to Agamemnon,
his son; while he, waiting back beside the swift ships,
I take them, and distribute them little by little, and keep many.
The other prizes of honor he gave the great men and the princes 335 are held fast
by them, but from me alone of all the Achaians
Helen is taken and keeps the bride of my heart. Let him lie beside her and be happy. Yet
why must the Argives fight with the Trojans?
Why was it the son of Atreus assembled and led here
his people? Was it not for the sake of lovely-haired Helen?
The sons of Atreus alone among mortal men the ones
love their wives? Since any who is a good man, and careful, loves her who is his
own and cares for her, even as I now
love this one from my heart, though it was my spear that won her.
That he has deceived me and taken from my hands my prize of honor, 345 let
him try me no more. I know him well. He will not persuade me.
I will take counsel with you, Odysseus, and the rest of the princes how to fight the
ravaging fire away from his vessels.
And there has been much hard work done even without me;
Hector has built himself a wall and driven a ditch about it,
making it great and wide, and fixed the sharp stakes inside it.
Even so he cannot hold the strength of manslaughtering
Hector; and yet when I was fighting among the Achaians
Hector would not drive his attack beyond the wall's shelter
He would come forth only so far as the Skaian gates and the oak tree.
He once he endured me alone, and barely escaped my onslaught.
Now I am unwilling to fight against brilliant Hector;
I row, when I have sacrificed to Zeus and to all gods,
I loaded well my ships, and rowed out onto the salt water, you will see, if you have
a mind to it and if it concerns you, 360 my ships in the dawn at sea on the

Hellespont where the fish swarm and my men manning them with good will to row. If the glorious shaker of the earth should grant us a favoring passage
a third day thereafter we might raise generous Phthia.
a many possessions there that I left behind when I came here 365 on this desperate venture, and from here there is more gold, and red bronze, and fair-girdled women, and gray iron I will take back; it was allotted to me. But my prize: he who gave it, rful Agamemnon, son of Atreus, has taken it back again geously. Go back and proclaim to him all that I tell you, 370 openly, so other Achaians may turn against him in anger ropes yet one more time to swindle some other Danaän, oed as he is forever in shamelessness; yet he would not, bold as a dog though he be, dare look in my face any longer. join with him in no counsel, and in no action. heated me and he did me hurt. Let him not beguile me words again. This is enough for him. Let him of his own will be damned, since Zeus of the counsels has taken his wits away from him. his gifts. I hold him light as the strip of a splinter. e he gave me ten times as much, and twenty times over possesses now, not if more should come to him from elsewhere, or gave all that is brought in to Orchomenos, all that is brought in to Thebes of Egypt, where the greatest possessions lie up in the houses, es of the hundred gates, where through each of the gates two hundred fighting men come forth to war with horses and chariots; e he gave me gifts as many as the sand or the dust is, ren so would Agamemnon have his way with my spirit ne had made good to me all this heartrending insolence. ill I marry a daughter of Atreus' son, Agamemnon, she challenged Aphrodite the golden for loveliness, e she matched the work of her hands with gray-eyed Athene; not even so will I marry her; let him pick some other Achaian, one who is to his liking and is kinglier than I am. the gods will keep me alive, and I win homeward, s himself will presently arrange a wife for me. e are many Achaian girls in the land of Hellas and Phthia, daughters of great men who hold strong places in guard. And of these any one that I please I might make my beloved lady.

he great desire in my heart drives me rather in that place to take a wedded wife
in marriage, the bride of my fancy,
joy with her the possessions won by aged Peleus. For not
the value of my life are all the possessions they fable were won for Ilion, that
strong-founded citadel, in the old days when there was peace, before the coming
of the sons of the Achaians; not all that the stone doorsill of the Archer holds fast
within it, 405 of Phoibos Apollo in Pytho of the rocks. Of possessions cattle and
fat sheep are things to be had for the lifting,
tripods can be won, and the tawny high heads of horses,
man's life cannot come back again, it cannot be lifted nor captured again by
force, once it has crossed the teeth's barrier.
My mother Thetis the goddess of the silver feet tells me I carry two sorts of
destiny toward the day of my death. Either, if I stay here and fight beside the city
of the Trojans,
turn home is gone, but my glory shall be everlasting;
I return home to the beloved land of my fathers,
excellence of my glory is gone, but there will be a long life left for me, and my
end in death will not come to me quickly.
This would be my counsel to others also, to sail back
again, since no longer shall you find any term set
the sheer city of Ilion, since Zeus of the wide brows has strongly 420 held his own
hand over it, and its people are made bold.
You go back therefore to the great men of the Achaians, and take them this
message, since such is the privilege of the princes: that they think out in their
minds some other scheme that is better, which might rescue their ships, and the
people of the Achaians 425 who man the hollow ships, since this plan will not
work for them which they thought of by reason of my anger. Let Phoinix
stay here with us and sleep here, so that tomorrow
he may come with us in our ships to the beloved land of our fathers, if he will; but I
will never use force to hold him."

He spoke, and all of them stayed stricken to silence in amazement at his words. He
had spoken to them very strongly.
At long last Phoinix the aged horseman spoke out
in a stormburst of tears, and fearing for the ships of the Achaians: "If it is going home,
glorious Achilles, you ponder 435 in your heart, and are utterly unwilling to
drive the obliterating fire from the fast ships, since anger has descended on your

spirit, how then shall I, dear child, be left in this place behind you all alone?
Peleus the aged horseman sent me forth with you
at day when he sent you from Phthia to Agamemnon
re child, who knew nothing yet of the joining of battle
f debate where men are made pre-eminent. Therefore
it me along with you to teach you of all these matters, to make you a speaker of
words and one accomplished in action.
fore apart from you, dear child, I would not be willing 445 to be left behind, not
were the god in person to promise
uld scale away my old age and make me a young man blossoming as I was that
time when I first left Hellas, the land of fair women, running from the hatred of
Ormenos' son Amyntor, my father, who hated me for the sake of a fair-haired
mistress.
ie made love to her himself, and dishonored his own wife,
other; who was forever taking my knees and entreating me to lie with this
mistress instead so that she would hate the old man.
persuaded and did it; and my father when he heard of it straightway called down
his curses, and invoked against me the dreaded furies 455 that I might never
have any son born of my seed to dandle
y knees; and the divinities, Zeus of the underworld
ersephonē the honored goddess, accomplished his curses.
I took it into my mind to cut him down with the sharp bronze, but some one of
the immortals checked my anger, reminding me 460 of rumor among the people
and men's maledictions repeated,
might not be called a parricide among the Achaians.
ow no more could the heart in my breast be ruled entirely to range still among
these halls when my father was angered.
r it was the many kinsmen and cousins about me
held me closed in the house, with supplications repeated,
laughtered fat sheep in their numbers, and shambling horn-curved cattle, and
numerous swine with the fat abundant upon them
singed and stretched out across the flame of Hephaistos, and much wine was
drunk that was stored in the jars of the old man.
nights they slept nightlong in their places beside me,
ey kept up an interchange of watches, and the fire was never put out; one below
the gate of the strong-closed courtyard, and one in the ante-chamber before the
doors of the bedroom.

When the tenth night had come to me in its darkness,
I broke the close-compacted doors of the chamber
got away, and overleapt the fence of the courtyard
safely, unnoticed by the guarding men and the women servants.
I fled far away through the wide spaces of Hellas
came as far as generous Phthia, mother of sheepflocks,
to lord Peleus, who accepted me with a good will
gave me his love, even as a father loves his own son who is a single child brought
up among many possessions.
He made me a rich man, and granted me many people,
lived, lord over the Dolopes, in remotest Phthia, 485 and, godlike Achilles, I
made you all that you are now,
loved you out of my heart, for you would not go with another out to any feast, nor
taste any food in your own halls
I had set you on my knees, and cut little pieces
of the meat, and given you all you wished, and held the wine for you.
Many times you soaked the shirt that was on my body
with wine you would spit up in the troublesomeness of your childhood.
I have suffered much through you, and have had much trouble, thinking always
how the gods would not bring to birth any children of my own; so that it was
you, godlike Achilles, I made
my own child, so that some day you might keep hard affliction from me.

Now, Achilles, beat down your great anger. It is not
fit to have a pitiless heart. The very immortals
are moved; their virtue and honor and strength are greater than ours are and yet
with sacrifices and offerings for endearment,
libations and with savor men turn back even the immortals in supplication, when
any man does wrong and transgresses.
There are also the spirits of Prayer, the daughters of great Zeus, and they are lame
of their feet, and wrinkled, and cast their eyes sidelong, who toil on their way
left far behind by the spirit of Ruin: 505 but she, Ruin, is strong and sound on
her feet, and therefore
she turns all Prayers, and wins into every country
to lead men astray; and the Prayers follow as healers after her.
A man venerates these daughters of Zeus as they draw near, such a man they bring
great advantage, and hear his entreaty; 510 but if a man shall deny them, and

stubbornly with a harsh word refuse, they go to Zeus, son of Kronos, in supplication

ruin may overtake this man, that he be hurt, and punished.

chilleus: grant, you also, that Zeus' daughters be given their honor, which, lordly though they be, curbs the will of others.

3, were he not bringing gifts and naming still more hereafter, Atreus' son; were he to remain still swollen with rancor,

I would not bid you throw your anger aside, nor

and the Argives, though they needed you sorely. But see now, he offers you much straightway, and has promised you more hereafter; 520 he has sent the best men to you to supplicate you, choosing them out of the Achaian host, those who to yourself are the dearest of all the Argives. Do not you make vain their argument on their footsteps, though before this one could not blame your anger.

as it was in the old days also, the deeds that we hear of 525 from the great men, when the swelling anger descended upon them.

heroes would take gifts; they would listen, and be persuaded.

remember this action of old, it is not a new thing,

now it went; you are all my friends, I will tell it among you.

· Kouretes and the steadfast Aitolians were fighting 530 and slaughtering one another about the city of Kalydon,

aitolians in lovely Kalydon's defense, the Kouretes

is to storm and sack it in war. For Artemis,

of the golden chair, had driven this evil upon them,

and that Oineus had not given the pride of the orchards

her, first fruits; the rest of the gods were given due sacrifice, but alone to this daughter of great Zeus he had given nothing.

and forgotten, or had not thought, in his hard delusion,

1 wrath at his whole mighty line the Lady of Arrows

upon them the fierce wild boar with the shining teeth, who 540 after the way of his kind did much evil to the orchards of Oineus.

he ripped up whole tall trees from the ground and scattered them headlong and all, even to the very flowers of the orchard.

son of Oineus killed this boar, Meleagros, assembling

rather many hunting men out of numerous cities 545 with their hounds; since the boar might not have been killed by a few men, so huge was he, and had put many men on the sad fire for burning.

the goddess again made a great stir of anger and crying
, over the head of the boar and the bristling boar's hide, between Kouretes and
the high-hearted Aitolians. So long
Meleagros lover of battle stayed in the fighting
it the worse for the Kouretes, and they could not even
their ground outside the wall, though they were so many.
When the anger came upon Meleagros, such anger
fills in the hearts of others also, though their minds are careful, 555 he, in the
wrath of his heart against his own mother, Althaia, lay apart with his wedded
bride, Kleopatra the lovely, daughter of sweet-stepping Marpessa, child of
Euenos, and Idas, who was the strongest of all men upon earth in his time; for he
even took up the bow to face the King's onset, 560 Phoibos Apollo, for the sake
of the sweet-stepping maiden;
her father and honored mother had named in their palace Alkyone, sea-bird, as a
by-name, since for her sake
another with the sorrow-laden cry of a sea-bird wept because far-reaching Phoibos
Apollo had taken her;
this Kleopatra he lay mulling his heart-sore anger,
and by reason of his mother's curses, which she called down from the gods upon
him, in deep grief for the death of her brother, and many times beating with her
hands on the earth abundant
filled on Hades and on honored Persephonē, lying
length along the ground, and the tears were wet on her bosom, to give death to her
son; and Erinys, the mist-walking,
of the heart without pity, heard her out of the dark places.
Suddenly there was thunder about the gates, and the sound rose of towers under
assault, and the Aitolian elders
solicited him, sending their noblest priests of the immortals, to come forth and
defend them; they offered him a great gift: wherever might lie the richest ground
in lovely Kalydon,
they told him to choose out a piece of land, an entirely good one, of fifty acres,
the half of it to be vineyard
the half of it unworked ploughland of the plain to be furrowed.
The aged horseman Oineus again and again entreated him, and took his place at
the threshold of the high-vaulted chamber and shook against the bolted doors,
pleading with his own son.
Again and again his honored mother and his sisters

ated him, but he only refused the more; then his own friends who were the most honored and dearest of all entreated him;

ven so they could not persuade the heart within him

as the chamber was under close assault, the Kouretes

mounting along the towers and set fire to the great city.

then at last his wife, the fair-girdled bride, supplicated Meleagros, in tears, and

rehearsed in their numbers before him all the sorrows that come to men when

their city is taken:

kill the men, and the fire leaves the city in ashes,

rangers lead the children away and the deep-girdled women.

the heart, as he listened to all this evil, was stirred within him, and he rose, and

went, and closed his body in shining armor.

gave way in his own heart, and drove back the day of evil from the Aitolians;

yet these no longer would make good

many and gracious gifts; yet he drove back the evil from them.

n, then; do not have such a thought in your mind; let not the spirit within you

turn you that way, dear friend. It would be worse to defend the ships after they

are burning. No, with gifts promised go forth. The Achaians will honor you as

they would an immortal.

'without gifts you go into the fighting where men perish, 605 your honor will no

longer be as great, though you drive back the battle."

n in answer to him spoke Achilleus of the swift feet:

nix my father, aged, illustrious, such honor is a thing I need not. I think I am

honored already in Zeus' ordinance

1 will hold me here beside my curved ships as long as life's wind 610 stays in

my breast, as long as my knees have their spring beneath me.

out away in your thoughts this other thing I tell you.

confusing my heart with lamentation and sorrow

e favor of great Atreides. It does not become you

e this man, for fear you turn hateful to me, who love you.

ould be your pride with me to hurt whoever shall hurt me.

ng equally with me; take half of my honor.

men will carry back the message; you stay here and sleep here in a soft bed, and

we shall decide tomorrow, as dawn shows,

er to go back home again or else to remain here."

He spoke, and, saying nothing, nodded with his brows to Patroklos to make up a neat bed for Phoinix, so the others might presently think of going home from his shelter. The son of Telamon, the godlike, saw it, and now spoke his word among them: "Son of Laertes and seed of Zeus, resourceful Odysseus: go. I think that nothing will be accomplished of my argument on this errand; it is best to go back quickly and tell this story, though it is not good, to the Danaöns sitting there waiting for us to come back, seeing that Achilles has made savage the proud-hearted spirit within his body. He is hard, and does not remember that friends' affection for him when we honored him by the ships, far beyond all others. He will not give us. And yet a man takes from his brother's slayer a good price, or the price for a child who was killed, and the guilty one, when he has largely repaid, stays still in the country, 635 and the injured man's heart is curbed, and his pride, and his anger when he has taken the price; but the gods put in your breast a spirit not to be placated, bad, for the sake of one single man. Let now we offer you seven, surpassingly lovely, gifts, much beside these. Now make gracious the spirit within you. I will direct you to your own house; see, we are under the same roof with you, from the multitude of the Danaöns, we who desire beyond all things to have your honor and love, out of all the Achaians." Then Nestor, in answer to him spoke Achilles of the swift feet: "The son of Telamon, seed of Zeus, Aias, lord of the people: what you have said seems spoken after my own mind. My heart will swell in me, till the heart in me swells up in anger, when I remember the disgrace that he wrought upon me before the Argives, the son of Atreus, as if I were some dishonored vagabond. You then go back to him, and take him this message: I shall not think again of the bloody fighting at such time as the son of wise Priam, Hektor the brilliant, comes all the way to the ships of the Myrmidons, and their shelters, slaughtering the Argives, and shall darken with fire our vessels. I will stand round my own shelter, I think, and beside my black ship 655 Hektor will be held, though he be very hungry for battle."

He spoke, and they taking each a two-handled cup poured out a libation, then went

back to their ships, and Odysseus led them.
Patroklos gave the maids and his followers orders
ke up without delay a neat bed for Phoinix.
these obeyed him and made up the bed as he had commanded,
g fleeces on it, and a blanket, and a sheet of fine linen.
the old man lay down and waited for the divine Dawn.
Achilleus slept in the inward corner of the strong-built shelter, and a woman lay
beside him, one he had taken from Lesbos,
his daughter, Diomedes of the fair coloring.
In the other corner Patroklos went to bed; with him also was a girl, Iphigeneia the fair-
girdled, whom brilliant Achilleus gave him, when he took sheer Skyros, Enyeus'
citadel.

When these had come back to the shelters of Agamemnon, 670 the sons of the
Achaians greeted them with their gold cups
ed, one after another, standing, and asked them questions.
The first to question them was the lord of men, Agamemnon: "Tell me, honored
Odysseus, great glory of the Achaians:
willing to fight the ravaging fire away from our vessels, 675 or did he refuse,
and does the anger still hold his proud heart?"
In long-suffering great Odysseus spoke to him in answer: "Son of Atreus, most
lordly, king of men, Agamemnon.
No man will not quench his anger, but still more than ever is filled with rage. He
refuses you and refuses your presents.
I will not allow you yourself to take counsel among the Argives
to save your ships, and the people of the Achaians.
The king himself has threatened that tomorrow as dawn shows
I will drag down his strong-benched, oarswept ships to the water.
I would not give it would be his counsel to others also, to sail back 685 home again, since no
longer will you find any term set
to the sheer city of Ilion, since Zeus of the wide brows has strongly held his own hand
over it, and its people are made bold.
I have spoken. There are these to attest it who went there with me also, Aias, and the
two heralds, both men of good counsel.
I have urged Phoinix stayed there for the night, as Achilleus urged him, so he might go
home in the ships to the beloved land of his fathers if Phoinix will; but he will
never use force to persuade him."

He spoke, and all of them stayed stricken to silence
amazement at his words. He had spoken to them very strongly.
A long time the sons of the Achaians said nothing, in sorrow, but at long last
Diomedes of the great war cry spoke to them: "Son of Atreus, most lordly and
king of men, Agamemnon,
Why you had not supplicated the blameless son of Peleus
innumerable gifts offered. He is a proud man without this, 700 and now you
have driven him far deeper into his pride. Rather
I will pay him no more attention, whether he comes in with us or stays away. He
will fight again, whenever the time comes
The heart in his body urges him to, and the god drives him.
I then, do as I say, and let us all be won over.
I sleep, now that the inward heart is made happy
In food and drink, for these are the strength and courage within us.
When the lovely dawn shows forth with rose fingers, Atreides, rapidly form before
our ships both people and horses
Leading them on, and yourself be ready to fight in the foremost."
He spoke, and all the kings gave him their approval,
Following the word of Diomedes, breaker of horses.
They poured a libation, and each man went to his shelter, where they went to
their beds and took the blessing of slumber.

BOOK TEN

ν beside their ships the other great men of the Achaians slept night long, with the soft bondage of slumber upon them; but the son of Atreus, Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, held by no sweet sleep as he pondered deeply within him. Then the lord of Hera the lovely-haired flashes his lightning as he brings on a great rainstorm, or a hail incessant, lizzard, at such time when the snowfall scatters on ploughlands, or drives on somewhere on earth the huge edge of tearing battle, such was Agamemnon, with the beating turmoil in his bosom the deep heart, and all his wits were shaken within him. He would gaze across the plain to the Trojan camp, wondering at the number of their fires that were burning in front of Ilion, toward the high calls of their flutes and pipes, the murmur of people. As he would look again to the ships and the Achaian e, he would drag the hair by its roots from his head, looking toward Zeus on high, and his proud heart was stricken with lamentation. To his mind this thing appeared to be the best counsel, among men to seek out Nestor, the son of Neleus, if Nestor with him could work out a plan that would not fail, 20 and one that might drive the evil away from all the Danaäns. God upright, and slipped the tunic upon his body, underneath his shining feet he bound the fair sandals, hereafter slung across him the tawny hide of a lion long and huge, that swung to his feet, and took up a spear. Likewise trembling seized Menelaos, neither on his eyes had sweet slumber descending settled, for fear that the Argives might suffer some hurt, they who for his sake over much water had come to Troy, bearing their bold attack to the Trojans. Of all he mantled his broad back in a leopard's hide, then lifting the circle of a brazen helmet

and he put it upon his head, and took up a spear in his big hand, and went on his way to waken his brother, who was the great king of all Argives, one honored in his own land as a god is.

And him putting the splendid armor about his shoulders

at the stern of his ship, and was welcomed as he came up to him.

Then Menelaos of the great war cry who spoke first:

"What is this arming, my brother? Is it some one of your companions you are stirring to go and spy on the Trojans? Yet I fear sadly there will not be any man to undertake this endeavor,

against enemy fighters to spy on them, alone, through mortal night. Such a man will have to be very bold-hearted."

Then in turn powerful Agamemnon answered him:

"and I, illustrious, O Menelaos, have need now of thy counsel, if any man is to defend and rescue

the Argives and their ships, since the heart of Zeus is turned from us.

The sacrifices of Hektor have stirred his heart more than ours have.

For I never saw nor heard from the lips of another mortal man in a day imagining so much evil

as Hektor, beloved of Zeus, has wrought on the sons of the Achaians, 50 alone, being called true son neither of a god nor a goddess.

As for the things I think the Argives will remember with sorrow long into the future, such harm has he devised the Achaians.

So now, running lightly beside the ships, and call to us Idomeneus and Aias, while I shall go after Nestor

to rouse him, and waken him to rise, if he might be willing

to approach the sacred duty of the guards, or give orders to them.

Let all, these would listen to him, seeing that his own son commands the pickets,

and with him the follower of Idomeneus, Meriones. To these above all we entrusted the duty."

Then in turn Menelaos of the great war cry answered him:

"What then do you intend this order that you have given me?

"I wait where I am, with them, and watch for your coming, or run after you, when I have properly given the order?"

Then in turn the lord of men Agamemnon spoke to him:

"Do not wait here, so there will be no way we can miss one another as we come and go. There are many paths up and down the encampment.

Go out wherever you go, and waken each man to give him

orders, naming him by descent with the name of his father.
each man due respect. Let not your spirit be haughty,
t it be you and I ourselves who do the work, seeing
eus cast on us as we were born this burden of evil.”

re spoke and with careful orders sent off his brother, and he himself went in
search of Nestor, shepherd of the people, and came on him beside his own
shelter and his own black ship 75 in a soft bed, and his bright gear was lying
beside him,

ield, and the two spears, and the glittering helmet, and by him lay in all its
shining the war belt, in which the old man
himself, when he armed for the fighting where men die, leading his own people,
since he gave no ground to sorrowful old age.

raightened up and raised his head, leaning on one elbow,

poke to the son of Atreus, and asked him a question:

are you, who walk alone through the ships and the army

rough the darkness of night when other mortals are sleeping?

ou looking for one of your mules, or looking for some companion?

z, do not come upon me in silence. What would you of me?”

n in turn the lord of men Agamemnon answered him:

or, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaians,

will know Atreus’ son Agamemnon, whom beyond others

has involved in hard work forever, as long as life’s wind 90 stays in my breast,

as long as my knees have their spring beneath me.

driven thus, because the ease of sleep will not settle on my eyes, but fighting and
the cares of the Achaians perplex me.

oly I am in dread for the Danaans, nor does my pulse beat steadily, but I go

distracted, and my heart is pounding

gh my chest, and my shining limbs are shaken beneath me.

you are for action, since sleep comes neither upon you, let us both go out to the
pickets, so that we may see

y might not have found weariness too much for them, and fallen asleep, and
altogether forgotten their duty, to keep watch.

e are men who hate us sitting nearby, nor do we know

ey might not be pondering an attack on us in the darkness.”

reupon the Gerenian horseman Nestor answered him:

of Atreus, most lordly and king of men, Agamemnon,

of the counsels, I think, will not accomplish for Hektor 105 all his designs and all he hopes for now; I think rather

ll have still more hardships to wrestle, if ever Achilles turns again the heart within him from its wearisome anger.

y, I will go with you, and let us also awaken

s, the son of Tydeus the spear-famed, and Odysseus,

Aias the swift-footed, and the powerful son of Phyleus.

'one were to go also and call these others I speak of, Aias the great, the godlike one, and the lord Idomeneus,

their ships lie farthest from us, and are not at all close.

eloved as he is and respected, I will still blame

elaos, even though you be angry, and I will not hide it,

e way he sleeps and has given to you alone all the hard work.

ow he ought to be hard at work going to all the great men in supplication. This need that has come is no more endurable.”

n in turn the lord of men Agamemnon spoke to him:

d sir, other times I also would tell you to blame him,

often he hangs back and is not willing to work hard,

at he shrinks from it and gives way, nor in the mind's dullness, but because he looks to me, and waits till I make a beginning.

his time he woke far before me, and came to rouse me,

sent him on to call those you ask after. Therefore

go. We shall find those others there with the sentries before the gates, where I told them to form and assemble.”

reupon the Gerenian horseman Nestor answered him:

s no man of the Argives can disobey him nor find fault

him, whenever he stirs up any of them and gives orders.”

h this speech, he slipped the tunic upon his body

nderneath his shining feet he bound the fair sandals,

inned about him a great vermilion mantle sweeping

ouble fold, with a thick fleece of wool upon it.

he caught up a powerful spear, edged with sharp bronze,

went on his way down the ships of the bronze-armored Achaians.

ne came on Odysseus, the equal of Zeus in counsel,

lestor the Gerenian horseman wakened him from sleep,

ing aloud, and the wave of the voice swept quick through his hearing 140 and he

came forth from his shelter and called out his word to them: “Why do you wander thus up and down the ships and the army, through the immortal night? What need is upon you?”

Upon the Gerenian horseman Nestor answered him: of Laërtes and seed of Zeus, resourceful Odysseus, do not be angry; such grief has fallen upon the Achaians. Do not then with us to waken another, for whom it is becoming to deliberate the question of running away or of fighting.”

He spoke, and resourceful Odysseus moving back into his shelter put the bright-patterned shield on his shoulders, and went on with them.

He went to the son of Tydeus, Diomedes, and found him with his gear outside the shelter, and his companions about him slept with their shields underneath their heads, and their spears beside them stood upright, the heels driven deep in the ground, and the bronze afar off glared, like the lightning of Zeus father. The hero lay with the hide of a field-ranging ox laid beneath him, and underneath his head was laid out a lustrous blanket.

Then the Gerenian horseman stood by to waken him and roused him, stirring him with his heel, and scolded him to his face: “Son of Tydeus, wake up! Why do you doze in slumber so long? Do you not hear how the Trojans at the break of the flat land are sitting close to our ships, and narrow ground holds them from us?”

He spoke, and the other rapidly stirred from his sleeping and spoke winged words to him and addressed him thus: “Aged sir, you are a hard man. You are never finished with working. Are there not other sons of the Achaians younger than you are who could be going about everywhere to each of the princes, wakening them up? But you, aged sir, are too much for us.”

Then Nestor the Gerenian horseman said to him: “Dear friend, all this that you said has been fairly spoken. I myself have sons without blame, I have followers, many of them, of whom any could go to summon the princes. This difficulty is very great that has come to the Achaians, since for all of us the decision now stands on the edge of a razor whether the Achaians shall have life or sorry destruction.

Go now to Aias the swift and the son of Phyleus and waken them—you are younger than I—if truly you have pity.”

spoke, and the other wrapped his shoulders in the hide of a lion glowing and huge, that swung to his feet, and took up a spear.
hero went, and waking the others brought them back with him.

Now as these men mingled with the sentries assembling
found the leaders of the pickets by no means asleep
all of them were wide awake, and sat by their weapons.
Dogs about the sheep in a yard are restless in watching
they hear a wild beast boldly moving, who through the timber 185 goes among the
mountains, and a clamor rises about him
men and of dogs, and all their sleep has been broken from them; so for these the
softness of sleep was broken from their eyes as they held the bitter midwatch,
since they were turning always toward the plain, where they heard the Trojans
coming and going.
The aged man was glad when he saw them, and with speech of good cheer spoke
winged words to them and addressed them thus: "Continue to keep your watch
this way, beloved children, and let not
seize any, lest you become a delight to your enemies."

He spoke, and strode on through the ditch, and there followed with him 195 the
kings of the Argives, all who had been called into conclave, and with them went
Meriones and Nestor's glorious
since the kings themselves called these to take counsel with them.
they had crossed the deep-dug ditch they settled
on a ground, where there showed a space not cumbered with corpses 200 of the
fallen, a place whence Hektor the huge had turned back
destroying the Argives, after the night had darkened about him.
they seated themselves, and opened words to each other, and the Gerenian
horseman Nestor began speaking among them:
My friends, is there no man who, trusting in the daring
of his own heart, would go among the high-hearted Trojans?
He might catch some enemy, who straggled behind them,
he might overhear some thing that the Trojans are saying, what they deliberate
among themselves, and whether they purpose to stay where they are, close to the
ships, or else to withdraw back
to their city, now that they have beaten the Achaians.
Let a man learn this, and then come back again to us

t, why huge and heaven-high would rise up his glory among all people, and an excellent gift would befall him;
l those who hold by the ships high power as princes,
these each one of them will give him a black sheep,
e, with a lamb beneath; there shall be no gift like this one, one that will be forever by at the feasts and festivals.”

ne spoke, and all of them stayed stricken to silence;
ow Diomedes of the great war cry spoke forth among them: 220 “Nestor, my own heart and my own proud spirit arouse me into the host of the hateful men who lie near us, Trojans; but if some other man would go along with me would be more comfort in it, and greater confidence. If two go together, one of them at least looks forward to what is best; a man by himself, though he be careful, has less mind in him than two, and his wits have less weight.”

He spoke, and many were willing to go with Diomedes. Two Aiantes were willing, henchman of Ares, and likewise Meriones, and Nestor’s son altogether willing, Atreus’ son was willing, Menelaos the spear-famed, patient Odysseus too was willing to enter the multitude of Trojans, since forever the heart in his breast was daring. It was the lord of men, Agamemnon, who spoke to them: “Of Tydeus, you who delight my heart, Diomedes, your man to be your companion, whichever you wish, is best of all who have shown, since many are eager to do it. You must not, for the awe that you feel in your heart, pass over the better man and take the worse, giving way to modesty looking to his degree—not even if he be kinglier.”

He spoke, and was frightened for Menelaos of the fair hair. Now again Diomedes of the great war cry spoke forth: “Indeed you tell me myself to pick my companion, when could I forget Odysseus the godlike, he whose heart and whose proud spirit are beyond all others forward in hard endeavors, and Pallas Athene loves him. Let me go with me, both of us could come back from the blazing of fire itself, since his mind is best at devices.”

in turn long-suffering brilliant Odysseus answered him: “Son of Tydeus, do not praise me so, nor yet blame me.

we are the Argives, who know well all these matters you speak of.

Let us go: for the night draws far along, and the dawn nears, the stars have gone far on their course, and the full of the night has passed by, through two portions, and the third portion is that which is left us.”

They spoke, and armed themselves in their weapons of terror, 255 and

Thrasymedes the stubborn in battle gave the son of Tydeus a two-edged sword (his own had been left behind by his vessel) and a shield; and he put over his head a helmet

of lion's hide, with neither horn nor crest, which is known as the skull cap, and guards the heads of strong men in battle; 260 while Meriones gave Odysseus a bow and a quiver

and a sword; and he too put over his head a helmet

of lion's hide, lined with leather; on the inside the cap was cross-strung firmly with thongs of leather, and on the outer side the white teeth of a tusk-shining boar were close sewn one after another

of fine craftsmanship and skill; and a felt was set in the center.

Philoctetes, breaking into the close-built house, had stolen it from Amyntor, the son of Ormenos, out of Eleon,

and gave it to Kytherian Amphidamas, at Skandeia; Amphidamas gave it in turn to Molos, a gift of guest-friendship, 270 and Molos gave it to his son Meriones to carry.

At this time it was worn to cover the head of Odysseus.

When these two had armed themselves in their weapons of terror they went on their way, and left behind there all the princes, and on the right near the way they were taking Pallas Athene 275 sent down a heron to them; indeed, their eyes could not see it through the darkness of night, but they could hear it crying.

Odysseus was glad at the bird-sign, and prayed to Athene: “Hear me, daughter of Zeus of the aegis, you who forever

stand beside me in all hard tasks, nor am I forgotten

in all my ways: now give me the best of your love, Athene,

so that we come back in glory to the strong-benched vessels when we have done a great thing that will sadden the Trojans.”

Thrasymedes of the great war cry spoke in prayer after him: “Hear me also, Atrytone,

daughter of great Zeus.

He came with me now as you went with my father, brilliant Tydeus, into Thebes, when he went with a message before the Achaians, and left the bronze-armored Achaians beside Asopos

He carried a word of friendship to the Kadmeians at that place; but on his way back he was minded to grim deeds 290 with your aid, divine goddess, since you stood in goodwill beside him.

Now again be willing to stand by me, and watch over me, in turn will dedicate you a heifer, broad-browed, year old, unbroken, that no man ever led under yoke. I will drench her horns in gold and offer her to you.”

As they spoke in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard them.

After they had made their prayers to the daughter of great Zeus they went on their way like two lions into the black night through the carnage and through the corpses, war gear and dark blood.

He did not permit the high-hearted Trojans to sleep, but had called together in a group all of their great men, those who were the leaders of Troy and their men of deliberation.

Addressing these he compacted before them his close counsel:

Who would take upon him this work and bring it to fulfillment for a huge price? The reward will be one that will suffice him; 305 for I will give a chariot and two strong-necked horses

more than the finest of all beside the fast ships of the Achaians to him who has the daring, winning honor for himself also,

close to the swift-running ships and find out for us

whether the swift ships are guarded, as they were before this, 310 or whether now the Achaians who are beaten under our hands

are making flight among themselves, and no longer are willing to guard them by night, now that stark weariness has broken them.”

As he spoke, and all of them were stricken to silence.

There was one among the Trojans, Dolon, Eumedes' son, the sacred herald's, a man of much gold and much bronze.

He was as an evil man to look on, but was swift-footed;

For never he was a single son among five sisters.

As he now spoke his word before the Trojans and Hektor:

Hektor, my own heart and my proud spirit arouse me

close to the swift-running ships and to learn about them.
: then, hold up your scepter before me, and swear upon it that you will give me the horses, and the chariot made bright with bronze, that carry the blameless son of Peleus. I shall not be a vain spy for you, nor less than your expectation, shall go straight on through their army, until I come to the ship of Agamemnon, where their greatest men must be gathered to deliberate the question of running away or of fighting.”
spoke, and Hektor took the staff in his hand, and swore to him: “Let Zeus, loud-thundering lord of Hera, now be my witness
elf, that no other man of the Trojans shall mount these horses, since I say they shall be utterly yours, and your glory.”

spoke, and swore to an empty oath, and stirred the man onward.
it once Dolon cast across his shoulders the bent bow.
it on about him the pelt of a gray wolf, and on his head set 335 a cap of marten’s hide, and took up a sharp throwing spear
went on his way toward the ships from his own camp, nor was he ever to come back again from the ships, and carry his word to Hektor.
when he had left behind the throng of men and of horses
went on his way, eagerly, but illustrious Odysseus
aware of him coming and spoke to Diomedes:
is some man, Diomedes, on his way from the army.
not know whether he comes to spy on our vessels
strip some one of the perished corpses, but we must let him first go on past us a little way in the open
afterward we will make a rush and fasten upon him
nly. But if in the speed of his feet he eludes us
keep him crowded upon the ships, and away from the army always, feinting with the spear, nor let him escape to the city.”
they spoke, and bent aside from their way, through the corpses, 350 while he in the thoughtlessness of his heart ran swiftly by them.
when he was gone from them as far as the range of a plough yoke of mules, since these are better beasts than oxen for dragging the wrought ploughshare through the depth of the harvest land, these two ran after him, and he heard the thudding of their feet and stopped still.
thought in his heart these would be friends from among the Trojans to turn him back, and that Hektor had sped them to summon him again.

When they got to a spear's throw from him, or less even, he saw that these were enemy men, and moved his knees rapidly to run away, and these set out in rapid chase of him.

As when two rip-fanged hounds have sighted a wild beast,
chasing deer, or a hare, and go after it, eagerly always
through the spaces of the woods, and the chase runs crying before them, so the son of
Tydeus, and Odysseus, sacker of cities,
always hard on his heels and cut him off from his people.
When he was on the point of reaching the Achaian pickets,
he fled toward the vessels, then Athene put great power
in the son of Odysseus, so that no other bronze-armored Achaian
could win the glory of striking him down, and he came in second.
When Diomedes threatening with the spear spoke to him:
"Do not wait, or my spear will catch you. I think that you will not thus get clear from
my hands for long, and sudden destruction."

Diomedes spoke, and let fly with his spear, but missed, on purpose, his man, as the point of
the polished spear went over his right shoulder and stuck fast in the earth. And
Dolon stood still in terror gibbering, as through his mouth came the sound
of his teeth's chatter in green fear; and these two, breathing hard, came up to him
and caught him by the hands, and he broke into tears and spoke to them: "Take
me alive, and I will pay my ransom: in my house
is bronze, and gold, and difficultly wrought iron,
and my father would make you glad with abundant ransom
if you will let me hear that I am alive by the ships of the Achaians."
Then resourceful Odysseus spoke in turn, and answered him: "Do not fear, and let
me have no thought of death be upon you.
Come, tell me this thing and recite it to me accurately: 385 where is it that you
will walk alone to the ships from the army
through the darkness of night when other mortals are sleeping?
Do you strip some one of the perished corpses, or is it
Hektor sent you out to spy with care upon each thing
near our hollow ships? Or did your own spirit drive you?"
When Dolon answered him, but his legs were shaking beneath him: "Hektor has led
my mind astray with many deceptions.
He promised me the single-foot horses of proud Achilleus,
the son of Peleus, and the chariot bright with bronze, for my gift, and gave me an order, to

go through the running black night, 395 and get close to the enemy men, and find out for him

whether the swift ships are guarded, as they were before this, or whether now the Achaians who are broken under our hands planning flight among themselves, and no longer are willing to guard them by night, now that stark weariness has broken them.”

Then Odysseus the resourceful smiled and spoke to him:

“By now, these were mighty gifts that your heart longed after, the horses of valiant Aiakides. They are difficult horses

for mortal men to manage, or even to ride behind them

but except Achilles, who was born of an immortal mother.

“Come, tell me this thing and recite it to me accurately.

“Did you leave Hektor, the people’s shepherd, when you came here?

“Where is his gear of war lying? Where are his horses?

“Where are the rest of the Trojans disposed, the guards and the sleepers?

“Do they deliberate among themselves? Do they purpose

to stay where they are, close to the ships? Or else to withdraw back into the city, now that they have beaten the Achaians?”

Then in turn Dolon the son of Eumedes spoke to him:

“I will accurately recite all these things to you.

“Where is now among those who are the men of counsel

where they hold their deliberations by the barrow of godlike Ilos apart from the

confusion. But those guards that you ask of, hero—there is no detail that protects the army and guards it.

“Where are the watchfire hearths of the Trojans, those who must do it keep awake by the fires and pass on the picket duty

to each other, but their far-assembled companions in battle

are sleeping, and pass on to the Trojans the duty of watching, since their own children do not lie nearby, nor their women.”

Then resourceful Odysseus spoke in turn, and answered him: “How, then, are these sleeping? And are they mixed with the Trojans, 425 breakers of horses, or apart? Tell me, so I may be clear.”

Then in turn Dolon the son of Eumedes answered him:

“I will accurately recite all these things to you.

“Where are the Karians, and Paionians with their curved bows, the Leleges and Kaukonians and the brilliant Pelasgians.

“Where are stationed the Lykians and the proud Mysians with the Phrygians who

fight from horses, and Maionians, lords of chariots.
Why do you question me on all this, each thing in detail?
You are minded to get among the mass of the Trojans,
where the Thracians, new come, separate, beyond all others 435 in place, and
among them Rhesos their king, the son of Eioneus.
These are the finest horses I ever saw, and the biggest;
they are whiter than snow, and their speed of foot is the winds' speed; his chariot is
fairly ornate with gold and with silver,
his armor is golden and gigantic, a wonder to look on,
it was brought here with him. It is not like armor for mortal men to carry, but for the
immortal gods. And therefore
I come with you to some place by the fast-running vessels,
and I will tie me fast here in a pitiless bond, and leave me,
if you can make your venture, and try out the truth of my story, 445 whether I have
told you this fairly, or whether I have not."

powerful Diomedes looked darkly at him and spoke then: "Do not, Dolon, have
in your mind any thought of escape
if you have got in our hands, though you brought us an excellent message.
I will not let you get away now, or set you free, later
I will come back again to the fast ships of the Achaians
to spy on us once more, or to fight strongly with us.
If you are beaten down under my hands, you lose your life now,
if you will nevermore be an affliction upon the Argives."
Dolon spoke, and the man was trying to reach his chin with his strong hand 455 and
cling, and supplicate him, but he struck the middle of his neck with a sweep of
the sword, and slashed clean through both tendons, and Dolon's head still
speaking dropped in the dust. They took off his cap of marten's hide from his
head, and stripped off also the wolf's pelt, and the back-strung bow, and the long
spear.
Great Odysseus held these up to Athene the Spoiler
in his hand, and spoke a word, and prayed to Athene:
"O goddess, these are yours. To you first of all the immortals on Olympos we will
give your due share. Only guide us
again to where the Thracians sleep, and their horses."

He spoke, and lifting the spoils high from him he placed them upon a tamarisk

bush, and piled a clear landmark beside them, pulling reeds together and the long branches of tamarisk

they might not miss them on their way back through the running black night.

Two went ahead on their way through war gear and dark blood 470 and came suddenly to the Thracians for whom they were looking.

They were asleep, worn out with weariness, and their armor in splendid order on the ground beside them

in three rows, and beside each man stood his team of horses.

Odysseus slept in the center with his fast horses about him

held by the reins to the outer rail of the chariot. Odysseus was the first to see him and pointed him out to Diomedes:

"This is our man, see, Diomedes, and here are his horses, that Dolon, the man we killed, pointed out to us.

Now then, put forward your great strength. Here is no matter 480 for standing by idle in your weapons. Untie the horses;

and let me look after them, while you kill the people."

Odysseus spoke, and gray-eyed Athene breathed strength into Diomedes and he began to kill them one after another. Grim sounds rose from there as they were stricken with the sword, and the ground reddened with blood.

Like a lion advancing on the helpless herds unshepherded

the leopard or goats pounces upon them with wicked intention,

so the son of Tydeus attacked the Thracian people

whom he had killed twelve. Meanwhile resourceful Odysseus

Odysseus' son stood over each man with the sword, and struck him, 490 would catch each dead man by the foot from behind, and drag him away, with this thought in his mind, that the bright-maned horses might pass easily through and not be shaken within them

trampling on dead men. These horses were not yet used to them.

When the son of Tydeus came to the king, and this was

the nineteenth man, he stripped the sweetness of life from him as he lay heavily breathing—since a bad dream stood by his head in the night—no dream, but Oineus' son, by device of Athene.

While patient Odysseus was untying the single-foot horses, and pulled them together with the reins, and drove them from the confusion

he whipped them with his bow, since he had not noticed nor taken in his hands the glittering whip that was in the elaborate chariot.

Odysseus whistled to brilliant Diomedes as a signal to him.

he waited, divided in his mind as to what he would best do, whether to seize the chariot, wherein lay the bright armor,

draw it away by the pole, or lift it and carry it off with him, or strip the life from still more of the Thracians. Meanwhile as he was pondering all this in his heart, Athene

and stood beside him, and spoke to great Diomedes:

“Now, son of great-hearted Tydeus, of getting back to the hollow ships; else you might go back with men pursuing. There should be some other god to waken the Trojans.”

She spoke, and he knew the voice of the goddess speaking and lightly mounted behind the horses. Odysseus whipped them with his bow, and they ran for the rapid ships of the Achaians.

Neither did Apollo of the silver bow keep blind watch,

nor did he see Athene attending the son of Tydeus. Angered

therefore he plunged into the great multitude of the Trojans

and found a man of counsel among the Thracians, Hippokoön

his fatherly cousin of Rhesos; and he, starting out of his sleep, 520 when he saw the

place left empty where the fast horses had been standing and his men in the

shambles of slaughter gasping their lives out, he groaned, and called aloud by name his beloved companion.

A clamor rose up from the Trojans and a vast turmoil

was swept together in confusion and stared at the ghastly work done 525 by these two men, before they went back to their hollow vessels.

When these had come back to the place where they killed Hektor's scout,

Odysseus beloved of Zeus reined in his running horses

and Tydeus' son leaping to the ground took the bloody war spoils and handed them to Odysseus, and got up behind the horses.

Odysseus lashed them on, and they winged their way unreluctant back to the hollow ships, since this was the way he desired it.

It was the first to hear their thunder, and spoke forth: “Friends, who are leaders of the Argives and keep their counsel, shall I be wrong, or am I speaking the truth? My heart tells me.

My heart tells me.

My heart tells me that the thunder is beating against my ears of fast-running horses.

Let it be only Odysseus and strong Diomedes

who are to lead the way, drawing rapidly away from the Trojans their single-foot horses!

Terribly I fear in my heart that these bravest Achaians might have suffered some

disaster from the loud host of the Trojans.”

At he had not spoken all his words, and they came. The two men dismounted to the ground, and their companions rejoicing

embraced them with clasped hands and with words of welcome.

So question them was the Gerenian horseman, Nestor:

“Tell me, honored Odysseus, great glory of the Achaians, 545 how did you win these horses? Did you go into the great company of the Trojans, or did some god meet you and give them to you?

They shine, like the rays of the sun, terribly. Yet over and over I encounter the Trojans, I say that I am not at all one

going back beside the ships, though I am an aged fighter.

I have never seen horses like these, nor laid eyes upon them.

Think it must be some god who met you, and gave them to you.

Both of you are beloved to Zeus who gathers the clouds, both to the gray-eyed maiden of Zeus who wears the aegis, Athene.”

Then resourceful Odysseus spoke in turn and answered him: 555 “Son of Neleus, Nestor, great glory of the Achaians:

Why a god, if he wished, could give us horses even better than these, seeing that the gods are far stronger than we are.

These horses, aged sir, that you ask about are newcomers

from Thrace, and as for their master brave Diomedes killed him 560 and at his side killed twelve companions, all of them great men; our thirteenth man killed was

their scout, here by the vessels, one whom Hektor and the rest of the haughty Trojans

went out between the lines to spy on our army.”

Odysseus spoke, and guided across the ditch the single-foot horses 565 laughing aloud, and the rest of the Achaians went with him

laughing. When they came to Diomedes’ strong-fashioned shelter there they tied up the horses by the carefully cut reins

in a horse trough where already the horses of Diomedes

were standing, rapid of foot, and eating their welcome provender.

By the stern of the ship Odysseus laid down the bloody spoils of Dolon, to dedicate to Athene.

Then the men themselves waded into the sea and washed off

the salt sweat from shin and shoulder and thigh. Afterward

the surf of the sea had rinsed the dense-running sweat away 575 from all their

skin, and the inward heart had been cooled to refreshment, they stepped into the bathtubs smooth-polished, and bathed there, and after they had bathed and anointed themselves with olive oil they sat down to dine, and from the full mixing bowl drawing the sweet-hearted wine poured out an offering to Athene.

BOOK ELEVEN

At Dawn rose from her bed, where she lay by haughty Tithonos, to carry her light to men and to immortals. Zeus sent down
to the fast ships of the Achaians the wearisome goddess of Hate, holding in her hands the portent of battle.

She took her place on the huge-hollowed black ship of Odysseus which lay in the middle, so that she could cry out to both flanks, either as far as the shelters of Telamonian Aias

as those of Achilles; since these had hauled their balanced ships up at the ends, certain of their manhood and their hands' strength.

Then the goddess took her place, and cried out a great cry
terrible and loud, and put strength in all the Achaians'
hearts, to go on tirelessly with their fighting of battles.

Now battle became sweeter to them than to go back
to their hollow ships to the beloved land of their fathers.

And Atreus' son cried out aloud and drove the Achaians to gird them, while he himself put the shining bronze upon him.

He placed along his legs the beautiful greaves linked
with silver fastenings to hold the greaves at the ankles.

Thenward he girt on about his chest the corselet

which Minyas had given him once, to be a guest present For the great fame and rumor
of war had carried to Kypros

where the Achaians were to sail against Troy in their vessels.

Thenfore he gave the king as a gift of grace this corselet.

There were ten circles of deep cobalt upon it,

seven of gold and twenty of tin. And toward the opening

throat there were rearing up three serpents of cobalt on either side, like
rainbows, which the son of Kronos

marked upon the clouds, to be a portent to mortals.

As his shoulders he slung the sword, and the nails upon it 30 were golden and

glittered, and closing about it the scabbard
silver, and gold was upon the swordstraps that held it.
He took up the man-enclosing elaborate stark shield,
a gleam of splendor. There were ten circles of bronze upon it, and set about it were
twenty knobs of tin, pale-shining,
and in the very center another knob of dark cobalt.
In the center circled in the midst of all was the blank-eyed face of the Gorgon with her stare of
horror, and Fear was inscribed upon it, and Terror.
The trap of the shield had silver upon it, and there also on it was coiled a cobalt
snake, and there were three heads upon him 40 twisted to look backward and
grown from a single neck, all three.
On his head he set the helmet, two-horned, four-sheeted,
with the horse-hair crest, and the plumes nodded terribly above it.
He caught up two strong spears edged with sharp bronze
and the brazen heads flashed far from him deep into heaven.
Jera and Athene caused a crash of thunder about him, doing honor to the lord of
deep-golden Mykenai.

He upon each man gave orders to his charioteer
and in the horses once again by the ditch, in good order, while they themselves,
dismounted and armed in their war gear, swept onward 50 to the ditch, and
their incessant clamor rose up in the morning.
The first array they came to the ditch well ahead of the horseman and the horseman
followed a little behind. And the son of Kronos drove down the evil turmoil
upon them, and from aloft cast
showed dewdrops dripping blood from the sky, since he was minded
to lead down a multitude of strong heads to the house of Hades.
On the other side of the ditch at the break of the plain the Trojans gathered about tall
Hektor and stately Poulydamas
Aeneias, honored by Trojans in their countryside as a god is, and the three sons of
Antenor, Polybos, and brilliant Agenor, 60 and Akamas, a young man still, in
the likeness of the immortals.
Hektor carried the perfect circle of his shield in the foremost, as among the
darkened clouds the bale star shows forth in all shining, then merges again in the
clouds and the darkness.
Hektor would at one time be shining among the foremost,
and when he was once more urging on the last, and complete in bronze armor glittered like the

thunder-flash of Zeus of the aegis, our father.

l the men, like two lines of reapers who, facing each other, drive their course all down the field of wheat or of barley man blessed in substance, and the cut swathes drop showering, 70 so Trojans and Achaians driving in against one another en down, nor did either side think of disastrous panic. ressure held their heads on a line, and they whirled and fought like wolves, and Hate, the Lady of Sorrow, was gladdened to watch them. lone of all the immortals attended this action e other immortals were not there, but sat quietly e and apart in their palaces, where for each one of them a house had been built in splendor along the folds of Olympos. ere blaming the son of Kronos, Zeus of the dark mists, se his will was to give glory to the Trojans. To these gods 80 the father gave no attention at all, but withdrawn from them :joying in the pride of his strength sat apart from the others looking out over the city of Troy and the ships of the Achaians, watching the flash of the bronze, and men killing and men killed.

ong as it was early morning and the sacred daylight increasing, 85 so long the thrown weapons of both took hold and men dropped under them. t that time when the woodcutter makes ready his supper in the wooded glens of the mountains, when his arms and hands have grown weary from cutting down the tall trees, and his heart has had enough of it, and longing for food and for sweet wine takes hold of his senses; 90 at that time the Danaäns by their manhood broke the battalions g across the ranks to each other. First Agamemnon drove on, and killed a man, Bienor, shepherd of the people, himself, then his companion Oïleus, lasher of horses; springing down from behind his horses, stood forth to face him, 95 but Agamemnon stabbed straight at his face as he came on in fury with the sharp spear, nor did helm's bronze-heavy edge hold it, but the spearhead passed through this and the bone, and the inward brain was all spattered forth. So he beat him down in his fury, and Agamemnon the lord of men left them lying there heir white bodies showing, since he had stripped off their tunics. he went on to kill and strip Isos and Antiphos,

sons of Priam, bastard one and one lawful, both riding
single chariot. The bastard, Isos, was charioteer and renowned Antiphos rode
beside him. Before this Achilles
caught these two at the knees of Ida, and bound them in pliant willows as they
watched by their sheep, and released them for ransom.
Time the son of Atreus, wide-powerful Agamemnon,
struck Isos with the thrown spear in the chest above the nipple and hit Antiphos by the
ear with the sword and hurled him from his horses, 110 and in eager haste he
stripped off from these their glorious armor which he knew; he had seen these
two before by the fast ships when Achilles of the swift feet had brought them in
from Ida.

As a lion seizes the innocent young of the running
and easily crunches and breaks them caught in the strong teeth 115 when he has
invaded their lair, and rips out the soft heart from them, and even if the doe be
very near, still she has no strength
to stop, for the ghastly shivers of fear are upon her also
Suddenly she dashes away through the glades and the timber sweating in her speed
away from the pounce of the strong beast; 120 so there was no one of the
Trojans who could save these two
from death, but they themselves were running in fear from the Argives.

When he caught Peisandros and Hippolochos stubborn in battle, sons of Antimachos
the wise, who beyond all others
valued the gold of Alexandros, glorious gifts, so that
they had opposed the return of Helen to fair-haired Menelaos.
Powerful Agamemnon caught his two sons riding
in a chariot, who together guided the running horses.
The glittering reins escaped from the hands of both of them and they were
stunned with fear, for against them rose like a lion 130 Atreus' son, and they
supplicated him out of the chariot:
"Save us alive, son of Atreus, and take appropriate ransom.
In the house of Antimachos the treasures lie piled in abundance, bronze is there, and
gold, and difficultly wrought iron, and our father would make you glad with
abundant repayment
if only we could hear he to hear we were alive by the ships of the Achaians."
As these two cried out upon the king, lamenting
in a pitiful phrase, but they heard the voice that was without pity: "If in truth you

are the sons of wise Antimachos,
man who once among the Trojans assembled advised them
Menelaos, who came as envoy with godlike Odysseus,
d be murdered on the spot nor let go back to the Achaians, so now your
mutilation shall punish the shame of your father.”
spoke, and spurned Peisandros to the ground from the chariot with a spear-stroke
in the chest, and he crashed on his back to the ground. Then 145 Hippolochos
sprang away, but Atreides killed him dismounted,
g away his arms with a sword-stroke, free of the shoulder, and sent him spinning
like a log down the battle. Thereafter
t them, and toward that place where the most battalions were shaken drove, and
beside him drove the rest of the strong-greaved Achaians, 150 and footmen
killed footmen who fled under strong compulsion
ders killed riders, and a storm of dust rose up under them out of the plain
uplifted by the thundering feet of their horses.
killed with the bronze, and among them powerful Agamemnon went onward
always slaying and urged on the rest of the Argives.
hen obliterating fire comes down on the timbered forest
ie roll of the wind carries it everywhere, and bushes
ig under the force of the fire’s rush tumble uprooted,
fore Atreus’ son Agamemnon went down the high heads
running Trojans, and in many places the strong-necked horses 160 rattled their
empty chariots along the causeways of battle,
nged for their haughty charioteers, who were lying
the ground, to delight no longer their wives, but the vultures.

Zeus drew Hektor out from under the dust and the missiles, out of the place
where men were killed, the blood and confusion, 165 while Atreides followed
urging the Danaäns forever onward.

Trojans swept in their flight past the barrow of ancient Ilos Dardanos’ son, to the
center of the level ground and the fig tree, as they made for the city, and he
followed them always, screaming, Atreus’ son, his invincible hands spattered
with bloody filth.

When they had made their way to the Skaian gates and the oak tree the Trojans
stood their ground, and each side endured the other, the Trojans stood their
ground, and each side endured the other, while others still in the middle plain
stampeded like cattle

a lion, coming upon them in the dim night, has terrified the whole herd, while for a single one sheer death is emerging.
the lion breaks her neck caught fast in the strong teeth, then gulps down the blood and all the guts that are inward;
reus' son, powerful Agamemnon, went after them
g ever the last of the men; and they fled in terror.
were hurled from behind their horses, face downward or sprawling 180 under the hands of Atreides who raged with his spear in the forefront.
hen he was on the point of making his way to the city
ie steep wall, the father of gods and of men descending
the sky took his place along the ridges of Ida
fountains, and held fast in his hands the thunderbolt.
ent on her way Iris of the golden wings with a message:
n your way, swift Iris, and carry my word to Hektor:
g as he beholds Agamemnon, shepherd of the people,
g among the champions and cutting down the ranged fighters, so long let him hold back and urge on the rest of his people
ght against the enemy through this strong encounter.
hen, either struck with a spear or hit by a flying arrow, he springs up behind his horses, then I guarantee power to Hektor to kill men, till he makes his way to the strong-benched vessels, until the sun goes down and the blessed darkness comes over.”

e spoke, and swift wind-footed Iris did not disobey him,
ent down along the hills of Ida to sacred Ilion,
ound the son of wise Priam, Hektor the brilliant,
ing among the compacted chariots and by the horses.
ie swift of foot came close beside and spoke to him:
tor, O son of Priam and equal of Zeus in counsel,
my father has sent me down to tell you this message.
ng as you behold Agamemnon, shepherd of the people,
g among the champions and cutting down the ranged fighters, so long hold back from the fighting,
ge on the rest of your people
ght against the enemy through this strong encounter.
hen, either struck with a spear or hit by a flying arrow, he springs up behind his horses, then Zeus guarantees power to you to kill men, till you make your way to

the strong-benched vessels, until the sun goes down and the blessed darkness comes over.”

Swift-foot Iris spoke to him thus and went away from him,

Elektor in all his armor leapt to the ground from his chariot and shaking two sharp spears in his hand ranged over the whole host stirring them up to fight and waking the ghastly warfare.

They whirled about and stood their ground against the Achaians, 215 and the Argives against them pulled together their battle lines.

The fighting grew close and they faced each other, and foremost Agamemnon drove on, trying to fight far ahead of all others.

Tell me now, you Muses who have your homes on Olympos,

who was the first to come forth and stand against Agamemnon 220 of the very Trojans, or their renowned companions in battle.

Iphidamas, Antenor’s son, the huge and stalwart

had been reared in generous Thrace, the mother of sheepflocks.

His mother had raised him in his own house when he was little,

his mother’s father, whose child was Theano, the girl of the fair cheeks.

When he had arrived at the stature of powerful manhood

his mother detained him there and gave him his daughter. Married he went away from the bride chamber, looking for glory

with the Achaians, with twelve curved ships that followed with him.

On the balanced vessels he had left behind in Perkote

he went himself to fight on foot at Ilion; and there

he met face to face with Atreus’ son, Agamemnon.

When these in their advance were close to each other

the spear of Atreus missed with his throw, and the spear was turned past him, but

Iphidamas stabbed to the belt underneath the corselet

he leaned in on the stroke in the confidence of his strong hand but could not get

clean through the bright war belt, far sooner the spearpoint pushed against the silver bent back, like softlead.

But in his hand wide-powerful Agamemnon catching it

he held it against him, raging like a lion, and tore it

from his hand, then struck the neck with his sword, and unstrung him.

Iphidamas fell there and went into the brazen slumber,

and Polyxena, who came to help his own people, and left his young wife a bride, and had

known no delight from her yet, and given much for her.

ne had given a hundred oxen, then promised a thousand 245 head of goats and sheep, which were herded for him in abundance.

Agamemnon, son of Atreus, stripped him and went back through of the Achaians bearing the splendid armor.

en Koön, conspicuous among the fighters, perceived him,

io was Antenor's eldest born, the strong sorrow
d about his eyes for the sake of his fallen brother.

me from the side and unobserved at great Agamemnon

abbed with his spear at the middle arm, underneath the elbow, and the head of the glittering spear cut its way clean through.

emnon the lord of men shuddered with fear then

ven so did not give up the attack or his fighting

rang at Koön, gripping a spear that struck with the wind's speed.

Koön was dragging his father's son, his brother Iphidamas, by the foot back eagerly, and cried out on all the bravest,

he dragged him into the crowd, Agamemnon thrust at him 260 with the

smoothed bronze spear underneath the knobbed shield, and unstrung him, then came up and hewed off his head over Iphidamas.

under the king, Atreus' son, the sons of Antenor

out their destiny and went down to the house of the death god.

Agamemnon ranged the ranks of the other fighters 265 with spear and sword and with huge stones that he flung, for such time as the blood was still running warm from the spear-wound.

fter the sore place was dry, and the flow of blood stopped, the sharp pains began to break in on the strength of Atreides.

e sharp sorrow of pain descends on a woman in labor,

itterness that the hard spirits of childbirth bring on,

s daughters, who hold the power of the bitter birthpangs, so the sharp pains began to break in on the strength of Atreides.

rang back into the car, and called to his charioteer

ve him back to the hollow ships, since his heart was heavy.

fted his voice and called in a piercing cry to the Danaäns: "Friends, O leaders and men of counsel among the Argives,

ust still continue to defend our seafaring vessels

the wearying attack, since Zeus of the counsels would not allow me to do battle

daylong against the Trojans.”

He spoke, and the charioteer lashed on the bright-maned horses back toward the hollow ships, and they winged their way unreluctant.

As foam ran down their chests, they were powdered with dust from beneath them as they carried the stricken king away from the fighting.

When Hektor was aware of Agamemnon withdrawing

He called out in a great voice to Trojans and Lykians:

“Trojans, Lykians and Dardanians who fight at close quarters, be men now, dear friends, remember your furious valor.

The best man is gone, and Zeus, Kronos’ son, has consented

to give you great glory; but steer your single-foot horses straight on 290 at the powerful Danaäns, so win you the higher glory.”

He spoke, and stirred the spirit and strength in each man.

When some huntsman drives to action his hounds with shining teeth against some savage beast, wild boar or lion,

Against the Achaians Hektor the son of Priam,

Such as he like the murderous war god, lashed on the high-hearted Trojans.

He himself with high thoughts strode out in the foremost and hurled himself on the struggle of men like a high-blown storm-cloud which swoops down from above to trouble the blue sea-water.

Who then was the first, and who the last that he slaughtered, 300 Hektor, Priam’s son, now that Zeus granted him glory?

Who was first, and then Autoon and Opites,

Polops, Klytios’ son, Opheltios and Agelaos,

Polysymnos, and Oros, and Hipponoos stubborn in battle.

He called these, who were lords of the Danaäns, and thereafter 305 the multitude, as when the west wind strikes in the deepening

storm to batter the clouds of the shining south wind,

As the bulging big waves roll hard and the blown spume

Runs high before the force of the veering wind’s blast.

As the massed high heads of the people were struck down by Hektor.

Now there might have been havoc and hopeless things done, now the running

Achaians might have tumbled back into their own ships had not Odysseus cried out to Tydeus’ son, Diomedes:

“O Tydeus, what has happened to us that we have forgotten our fighting strength?”

Come here and stand with me, brother. There must be shame on us, if Hektor of the glancing helm captures our vessels.”

In answer powerful Diomedes spoke to him: “Yes, I will stand with you and take what I must, yet

all not have our way for long, since Zeus the cloud-gatherer would wish to give the power to the Trojans rather than to us.”

He spoke, and hurled down Thymbraios to the ground from his horses with a stroke of the spear by the left nipple. Meanwhile Odysseus killed this lord of battle’s henchman, godlike Molion.

He left these to lie there, since they had ended their fighting, then went into the ranks and wrought havoc, as when two wild boars hurl themselves in their pride upon the hounds who pursue them.

They whirled on the Trojans again and destroyed them. Meanwhile the Achaians gladly drew breath again after their flight from great Hektor.

There they took a chariot and two men, lords in their countryside, sons both of Merops of Perkote, who beyond all men knew the art of prophecy, and tried to prevent his two sons

going into the battle where men die. Yet these would not listen, for the spirits of dark death were driving them onward.

As’ son, Diomedes of the renowned spear, stripped them

of life and spirit, and took away their glorious armor

and Odysseus killed Hypeirochos and Hippodamos.

There the son of Kronos strained the battle even between them as he looked down from Ida. They went on killing each other.

Tydeus’ son stabbed with the spear Agastrophos, a chief

son of Paion, striking at the hip joint. His horses

did not fly for his escape, but he, strongly infatuate,

with his henchman holding them aside, while he, dismounted,

lay on among the champions until so he lost his dear life.

He saw it sharply across the ranks and rose up against them with a great cry, and behind him came on the Trojan battalions.

Diomedes of the great war cry shivered as he saw him

and suddenly he spoke to Odysseus as he came near:

“Is this curse, Hektor the huge, wheeling down upon us.

Do stand, and hold our ground against him, and beat him off from us.”

He spoke, and balanced the spear far-shadowed, and threw it aiming at the

head, and struck against his mark, nor missed it, at the high peak of the helm, but the bronze from the bronze was driven back, nor reached his shining skin, the helmet guarded it,

ply and hollow-eyed, which Phoibos Apollo gave him.

lektor sprang far away back and merged among his own people, 355 and dropping to one knee stayed leaning on the ground with his heavy hand, and a covering of black night came over both eyes.

hile the son of Tydeus was following his spear's cast rough the front fighters where it fixed in the earth, meanwhile Hektor got his wind again, and springing back into his chariot 360 drove back into the multitude and avoided the dark death.

shaking his spear powerful Diomedes called to him:

ē again now you escaped death, dog. And yet the evil came near you, but now once more Phoibos Apollo has saved you, he to whom you must pray when you go into the thunder of spears thrown.

may win you, if I encounter you ever hereafter,

ide me also there is some god who will help me.

I must chase whoever I can overtake of the others.”

spoke, and set about stripping the spear-famed son of Paion.

ow Alexandros, the lord of lovely-haired Helen,

d his bow against Tydeus' son, the shepherd of the people, leaning against the column, work of men's hand, on the gravemound of Ilos, Dardanos' son, an elder of the folk in the old days.

Diomedes was stripping the corselet of strong Agastrophos from about his chest, and the shining shield from his shoulders 375 and the heavy helm, as the other pulled his bow at the handgrip and shot, and the arrow escaping his hand flew not vain

ruck the flat of the right foot, and the shaft driven clean through stuck in the ground. Then Alexandros, laughing merrily,

g from his hiding-place and cried out his speech of triumph: 380 “You are hit, and my arrow flew not in vain. How I wish

struck you in the depth of the belly and torn the life from you.

ē Trojans, who shudder before you as bleating goats do

ē a lion, would have got their wind again after disaster.”

n not at all frightened strong Diomedes answered him:

an archer, foul fighter, lovely in your locks, eye of young girls.
If I were to make trial of me in strong combat with weapons your bow would do
you no good at all, nor your close-showered arrows.
You have scratched the flat of my foot, and even boast of this.
No more than if a witless child or a woman
struck me; this is the blank weapon of a useless man, no fighter.
If one is struck by me only a little, that is far different, the stroke is a sharp thing
and suddenly lays him lifeless,
That man's wife goes with cheeks torn in lamentation,
His children are fatherless, while he staining the soil with his red blood 395
rots away, and there are more birds than women swarming about him."
He spoke, and Odysseus the spear-famed coming up from nearby stood in front; so
he sat down behind him and pulled out
A sharp arrow from his foot, and the hard pain came over his flesh.
He rang back into the car and called to his charioteer
To give him back to the hollow ships, since his heart was heavy.

And Odysseus the spear-famed was left alone, nor did any
of the Argives stay beside him, since fear had taken all of them.
Troubled, he spoke then to his own great-hearted spirit:
"Alas, what will become of me? It will be a great evil
that I am in, fearing their multitude, yet deadlier if I am caught
by Kronos' son, who drove to flight the rest of the Danaans.
Well, why does the heart within me debate on these things? Since I know that it is
the cowards who walk out of the fighting, but if one is to win honor in battle, he
must by all means
hold his ground strongly, whether he be struck or strike down another."
While he was pondering these things in his heart and his spirit, the ranks of the
armored Trojans came on against him, and penned him in their midst, but made
thereby a wound in their ranks, as when closing about a wild boar the hounds
and the lusty young men
pen him, and he comes out of his lair in the deep of a thicket grinding to an edge the
white fangs in the crook of the jawbones, and these sweep in all about him, and
the vaunt of his teeth uprises as they await him, terrible though he is, without
wavering;
Focusing on Odysseus beloved of Zeus the Trojans
pursued him. First he stabbed lordly Deïopites in the shoulder, lunging from above

with a stroke of the sharp spear, and after him he killed Thoön and Ennomos,
and next stabbed Chersidamas as he sprang down from behind his horses
navel with a spear's stroke underneath the massive
d, and he dropping in the dust clawed the ground with his hand. These he
leftlying, and stabbed with the spear the son of Hippiasos, Charops, full brother
of Sokos, a man rich in substance. And Sokos moved in, a man like a god, to
stand over his fallen brother
ame and stood close by Odysseus and spoke a word to him: 430 "Honored
Odysseus, insatiable of guile and endeavor,
you will have two sons of Hippiasos to vaunt over
iving killed two such men as we and stripping our armor, or else, stricken
underneath my spear, you might lose your own life."
spoke, and stabbed Odysseus' shield in its perfect circle.
ie way through the glittering shield went the heavy spearhead and crashed its
way through the intricately wrought corselet, and all the skin was torn away
from his ribs, yet Pallas
ie would not let the point penetrate the man's vitals.
seus saw that the fatal end had not yet come to him,
lew back and spoke a word to Sokos: "Ah, wretch,
r now steep destruction is advancing upon you.
ue, you have stopped my fighting against the Trojans, but I declare that here and
now dark death and slaughter
ome upon you this day, and that beaten down under my spear 445 you will give
glory to me and your life to Hades of the horses."

spoke, and Sokos turning from him was striding in flight but in his back even as
he was turning the spear fixed
:en the shoulders and was driven on through the chest beyond it.
ll, thunderously, and great Odysseus boasted over him:
os, son of wise Hippiasos the breaker of horses,
was too quick for you and ran you down; you could not
it. Wretch, since now your father and your honored mother will not be able to
close your eyes in death, but the tearing birds will get you, with their wings
close-beating about you.
ie, the brilliant Achaians will bury me in honor."
ie spoke, and dragged the heavy spear of wise Sokos
his flesh and out of the shield massive in the middle, and as it was torn out the

blood sprang and his heart was sickened.

The great-hearted Trojans, when they saw the blood of Odysseus, 460 cried aloud through the close battle and all made a charge against him.

He drew back a little way and called out for his companions.

Three times he called, as much voice as a man's head could hold, and three times

Menelaos the warlike heard him shouting

and immediately spoke to Aias, who was nearby him:

“O son of Telamon, seed of Zeus, Aias, lord of the people,

for my cry of patient Odysseus is ringing about me

as loud a sound as if he had been cut off by himself, and the Trojans were handling him

violently in the strong encounter. Therefore let us go to him through the battle. It is better to defend him against them.

For if that, caught alone, he may be hurt by the Trojans

as he is, and so a great loss may befall the Danaöns.”

He spoke, and led the way, and the other followed, a mortal like a god. They found

Odysseus beloved of Zeus, and around him the Trojans crowded, as bloody

scavengers in the mountains

found on a horned stag who is stricken, one whom a hunter

with an arrow from the string, and the stag has escaped him, running with his

feet, while the blood stayed warm, and his knees were springing beneath him.

When the pain of the flying arrow has beaten him, then

feeding scavengers begin to feast on him in the mountains 480 and the shaded

glen. But some spirit leads that way a dangerous lion, and the scavengers run in

terror, and the lion eats it; so about wise much-devising Odysseus the Trojans

crowded now, valiant and numerous, but the hero with rapid play of his spear

beat off the pitiless death-day.

Aias came near him, carrying like a wall his shield,

stood forth beside him, and the Trojans fled one way and another.

He took Odysseus by the hand warlike Menelaos

came from the battle, while his henchman drove the horses close up.

Aias leaping upon the Trojans struck down Doryklos,

his son, but a bastard, and thereafter stabbed Pandokos,

and also Lysandros and Pyrasos and Pylartes.

When a swollen river hurls its water, big with rain,

it sweeps the mountains to the flat land following rain from the sky god, and sweeps down

with it numbers of dry oaks and of pine trees 495 numbers, until it hurls its huge drift wood into the salt sea;
w glittering Aias cumbered the plain as he chased them, slaughtering men and horses alike, nor yet had Hektor
, since he was fighting at the left of the entire battle by the banks of Skamandros river, where more than elsewhere
igh heads of men were dropping, and the tireless clamor
about tall Nestor and Idomeneus the warlike.
Hektor was encountering these and doing grim work
spear and horsemanship, ruining the battalions of young men.
ven so the Achaians would not have given from his path 505 had not
Alexandros, the lord of lovely-haired Helen,
l from his bravery the shepherd of the people, Machaon,
g him with a three-barbed arrow in the right shoulder.
he Achaians whose wind was fury were frightened for him, that the enemy might catch him in the backturn of the fighting.
nce Idomeneus called out to brilliant Nestor:
or, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaians,
, get up on your chariot, let Machaon beside you
t, and steer your single-foot horses to the ships in all speed.
ler is a man worth many men in his knowledge
tting out arrows and putting kindly medicines on wounds.”
spoke, and the Gerenian horseman Nestor obeyed him.
diately he mounted the chariot, and Machaon,
f the great healer Asklepios, mounted beside him.
shed on the horses, and they winged their way unreluctant 520 back toward the hollow ships, since this was the way they desired.

√ Kebriones, who saw how the Trojans were being driven,
who stood beside Hektor in the chariot, spoke a word to him: “Hektor, you and I encounter the Danaäns at the utmost
of the sorrowful battle, but meanwhile the rest of the Trojans 525 are driven pell-mell upon each other, the men and their horses.
Telamonian Aias drives them; I know him surely
: carries the broad shield on his shoulders. So, let us also steer our horses and chariot that way, since there the horsemen and the foot-ranks more than elsewhere hurling the wicked war-hate 530 against each other, are destroying,

and the ceaseless clamor has risen.”

He spoke, and lashed forward the bright-maned horses with the singing whip, and they at the feel of the stroke lightly carried the running chariot among Achaians and Trojans, flung down dead men and shields, and the axle under the chariot was all splashed with blood and the rails which encircled the chariot, struck by flying drops from the feet of the horses, from the running rims of the wheels. So Hektor was straining to plunge in the turmoil of men, and charge them and break them. He hurled the confusion of disaster upon the Danaans, and stayed from the spear's stroke 540 little, but with his spear and his sword and with huge stones flung ranged about among the ranks of the rest of the fighters kept clear still of the attack of Telamonian Aias.

Zeus father who sits on high drove fear upon Aias. He stood stunned, and swung the sevenfold ox-hide shield behind him 545 and drew back, throwing his eyes round the crowd of men, like a wild beast, turning on his way, shifting knee past knee only a little; even the men who live in the wild and their dogs have driven a tawny lion away from the mid-fenced ground of their oxen, will not let him tear out the fat of the oxen, watching long against him, and he in his hunger for meat closes in and gets nothing of what he wants, for the raining javelins thrown from the daring hands of the men beat ever against him, and the flaming torches, and these he balks at for all of his fury and with the daylight goes away, disappointed of desire; Aias, disappointed at heart, drew back from the Trojans unwilling, but feared for the ships of the Achaians. As when a donkey, stubborn and hard to move, goes into a cornfield despite of boys, and many sticks have been broken upon him, but he gets in and goes on eating the deep grain, and the children 560 beat him with sticks, but their strength is infantile; yet at last by hard work they drive him out when he is glutted with eating; so the high-hearted Trojans and companions in arms gathered far places kept after great Aias, the son of Telamon, clinging always with their spears at the center of the great shield. Now Aias would remember again his furious valor

run upon them, and beat back the battalions of Trojans, breakers of horses, and then again would turn and run from them.

locked them all from making their way on to the fast ships and himself stood and fought on in the space between the Achaians 570 and Trojans, and of the spears thrown by the daring hands of the fighters some that were driven forward stuck fast in the great shield, others and many in the mid space before they had got to his white skin stood fast in the ground, though they had been straining to reach his body.

as Eurypylos the glorious son of Euaimon

now Aias was being overpowered by the dense spears,

he and stood beside him and made a cast with his bright spear and struck

Apisaon, son of Phausias, shepherd of the people,

liver under the midriff, and at once took the strength from his knees.

pylos springing forward stripped the armor from his shoulders 580 but godlike

Alexandros watched him as he was stripping

armor of Apisaon, and at once drew his bow, and shot

pylos, and hit him in the right thigh with the arrow,

the reed shaft was broken off, and his thigh was heavy with pain.

in death he shrank into the host of his own companions.

He lifted his voice and called in a piercing cry to the Danaäns: "Friends, O leaders

and men of counsel among the Argives,

gain and stand and beat off the pitiless death-day

Aias, who is being overpowered with spears thrown; and I think he cannot

escape out of this sorrowful battle. Therefore

stand fast and face them around great Aias, the son of Telamon."

He spoke wounded Eurypylos, and the others about him

in their numbers and sloped their shields over his shoulders, holding the spears

away, and Aias came back to join them. He turned

around, when he had got back to the swarm of his own companions.

As they fought on in the likeness of blazing fire. And meanwhile the horses of Neleus sweating carried Nestor away from

fighting, and carried also the shepherd of the people, Machaon.

swift-footed brilliant Achilles saw him and watched him, for he was standing

on the stern of his huge-hollowed vessel

going out over the sheer war work and the sorrowful onrush.

ce he spoke to his own companion in arms, Patroklos,
g from the ship, and he heard it from inside the shelter, and came out like the war
god, and this was the beginning of his evil.

trong son of Menoitios spoke first, and addressed him:
at do you wish with me, Achilleus? Why do you call me?"

n in answer again spoke Achilleus of the swift feet:

of Menoitios, you who delight my heart, O great one,

think the Achaians will come to my knees and stay there in supplication, for a
need past endurance has come to them.

go now, Patroklos beloved of Zeus, to Nestor

sk him who is this wounded man he brings in from the fighting.

d, seeing him from behind I thought he was like Machaon, Asklepios' son, in all
ways, but I got no sight of the man's face since the horses were tearing forward
and swept on by me."

he spoke, and Patroklos obeyed his beloved companion and went on the run
along the shelters and ships of the Achaians.

√ when the others came to the shelter of the son of Neleus, they themselves
dismounted to the prospering earth, and the henchman Eurymedon unharnessed
the horses of the old man

the chariot. The men wiped off the sweat on their tunics

ood to the wind beside the beach of the sea, and thereafter went inside the
shelter and took their places on settles.

ovely-haired Hekamede made them a potion, she whom

d man won from Tenedos, when Achilleus stormed it.

√ was the daughter of great-hearted Arsinoös. The Achaians

her out for Nestor, because he was best of them all in counsel.

she pushed up the table in front of them, a lovely

polished and with feet of cobalt, and on it

id a bronze basket, with onion to go with the drinking, 630 and pale honey, and

beside it bread, blessed pride of the barley, and beside it a beautifully wrought

cup which the old man brought with him from home. It was set with golden

nails, the eared handles upon it were four, and on either side there were

fashioned two doves

id, feeding, and there were double bases beneath it.

her man with great effort could lift it full from the table, but Nestor, aged as he
was, lifted it without strain.

s the woman like the immortals mixed them a potion
Pramneian wine, and grated goat's-milk cheese into it
a bronze grater, and scattered with her hand white barley into it.
n she had got the potion ready, she told them to drink it,
oth when they had drunk it were rid of their thirst's parching and began to take
pleasure in conversation, talking with each other, and Patroklos came and stood,
a godlike man, in the doorway.
g him the old man started up from his shining
, and took him by the hand, led him in and told him to sit down, but Patroklos
from the other side declined, and spoke to him: "No chair, aged sir beloved of
Zeus. You will not persuade me.
red, and quick to blame, is the man who sent me to find out who was this
wounded man you were bringing. Now I myself
7, and I see it is Machaon, the shepherd of the people.
I go back as messenger to Achilles, to tell him.
know yourself, aged sir beloved of Zeus, how *he* is; a dangerous man; he might
even be angry with one who is guiltless."

n in turn the Gerenian horseman Nestor answered him:
v why is Achilles being so sorry for the sons of the Achaians who have been
wounded with spears thrown, he who knows nothing of the sorrow that has risen
along the host, since the bravest are lying up among the ships with arrow or
spear wounds
on of Tydeus, strong Diomedes, was hit by an arrow,
Odysseus has a pike wound, and Agamemnon the spear-famed,
urypylos has been wounded in the thigh with an arrow. And even now I have
brought this other one, Machaon, out of the fighting
an arrow from the bowstring. Meanwhile Achilles brave as he is cares nothing
for the Danaäns nor pities them.
going to wait then till the running ships by the water
urned with consuming fire for all the Argives can do, till we ourselves are killed
one after another? Since there is not any longer in my gnarled limbs the strength
that there once was.
y I were young now, and the strength still steady within me, 670 as that time
when a quarrel was made between us and the Eleians over a driving of cattle,
when I myself killed Itymoneus,
ave son of Hypeirochos who made his home in Elis.

driving cattle in reprisal, and he, as he was defending his oxen, was struck among the foremost by a spear thrown from my hand 675 and fell, and his people who live in the wild fled in terror about him.

we got and drove off together much spoil from this pastureland: fifty herds of oxen, as many sheepflocks, as many droves of pigs, and again as many wide-ranging goatflocks,

hundred and fifty brown horses, mares all of them many with foals following underneath. And all there were inside the keep of Neleian Pylos, making our way nightwise to the town. And Neleus was glad in his heart that so much had come my way, who was young to go to the fighting.

Next day as dawn showed the heralds lifted their clear cry 685 for all to come who had anything owed them in shining Elis.

The men who were chiefs among the Pylians assembling gathered the spoil. There were many to whom the Epeians owed something since we in Pylos were few and we had been having the worst of it.

Heraclides had come in his strength against us and beaten us 690 in the years before, and all the bravest among us had been killed.

Those who were sons of lordly Neleus had been twelve, and now I alone was left of these, and all the others had perished, and grown haughty over this the bronze-armored Epeians

insulted and outraged us, and devised wicked actions against us.

The old man took for himself a herd of cattle and a big flock of sheep, choosing out three hundred of them along with the shepherds; for indeed a great debt was owing to him in shining Elis.

There were four horses, race-competitors with their own chariot,

and they were on their way to a race and were to run for a tripod, 700 but Augeias the lord of men took these, and kept them and sent away their driver who was vexed for the sake of the horses.

The aged Neleus, angry over things said and things done, took a vast amount for himself, and gave the rest to the people to divide among them, so none might go away without a just share.

And we administered all this spoil, and all through the city wrought sacrifices to the gods; and on the third day the Epeians came all against us, numbers of men and single-foot horses

and in haste, and among them were armored the two Moliones,

still, not yet altogether skilled in furious fighting.
It is a city, Thryoessa, a headlong hill town
near by the Alpheios at the bottom of sandy Pylos.
They had thrown their encampment about that place, furious to smash it.
When they had swept the entire plain, Athene came running to us, a messenger
from Olympos by night, and warned us 715 to arm. It was no hesitant host she
assembled in Pylos
people straining hard toward the battle. Now Neleus would not let me be armed
among them, and had hidden away my horses
because he thought I was not yet skilled in the work of warfare.
So I was pre-eminent among our own horsemen
though I went on foot; since thus Athene guided the battle.
It is a river, Minyeios, which empties its water
into the sea beside Arene. There we waited for the divine Dawn, we horsemen among
the Pylians, and the hordes of the streaming foot-soldiers, and from there having
armed in all speed and formed in our armor 725 we came by broad daylight to
the sacred stream of Alpheios.
There we wrought fine sacrifices to Zeus in his great strength and sacrificed a bull to
Alpheios, a bull to Poseidon,
and Athene of the gray eyes a cow from the herds. Then
we took our dinner along the host in divided watches 730 and went to sleep, each
man in his own armor, by the current of the river, and meanwhile the high-
hearted Epeians
took their places around the city, furious to smash it.
Earlier than this there was shown forth a great work of the war god, for when the
sun in his shining lifted above the earth, then
we joined our battle together, with prayers to Zeus and Athene.

And when the battle came on between Pylians and Epeians,
I was first to kill a man, and I won his single-foot horses.
It was Moullos the spearman who was son-in-law to Augeias and had as wife his
eldest daughter, fair-haired Agamede
who knew of all the medicines that are grown in the broad earth.
When it came on I threw and hit him with the bronze-headed spear and he dropped in the
dust, whereupon I springing into his chariot took my place among the
champions, as the high-hearted Epeians fled one way and another in terror when
they saw the man fall 745 who was leader of their horsemen and the best of

them all in fighting.

I charged upon them like a black whirlwind, and overtook fifty chariots, and for each of the chariots two men

it the dirt in their teeth beaten down under my spear.

Now I would have killed the young Moliones, scions

Nestor, had not their father who shakes the earth in his wide strength caught them out of the battle, shrouding them in a thick mist.

Zeus gave huge power into the hands of the Pylians,

he chased them on over the hollow plain, killing

men themselves, and picking up their magnificent armor

we brought our horses to Bouprasion of the wheatfields

near the Olenian rock, where there is a hill called the hill

of Nestos. There at last Athene turned back our people.

So I killed my last man and left him. There the Achaians

drove back from Bouprasion to Pylos their fast-running horses, 760 and all glorified Zeus among the gods, but among men Nestor.

It was I, among men, if it ever happened. But Achilles

enjoy his own valor in loneliness, though I think

he will weep much, too late, when his people are perished from him.

My child, surely this was what Menoitios told you

to obey when he sent you out from Phthia to Agamemnon.

So you, brilliant Odysseus and I, were inside with you

attended carefully to everything, all that he told you.

When we had come to the strong-established house of Peleus

with our fighting men all through generous Achaia. We came

there, and found the hero Menoitios inside, and you,

Peleus beside you, and Peleus the aged horseman was burning the fat thigh pieces

of an ox to Zeus who delights in the thunder in the garth of the courtyard. He

was holding a golden beaker and pouring the bright wine over the burning

dedications. You two 775 were over the meat of the ox attending to it, and we came

stood in the forecourt, and Achilles sprang up wondering and took us by the

hand and led us in, and told us to sit down, and set hospitality properly before us, as is the stranger's

Now when we had taken our pleasure of eating and drinking 780 I began to talk, and invited you both to come with us,

ou were altogether willing, and your fathers spoke to you.
Peleus the aged was telling his own son, Achilles,
always best in battle and pre-eminent beyond all others, but for you, Menoitios,
Aktor's son, had this to say to you:
child, by right of blood Achilles is higher than you are, but you are the elder.
Yet in strength he is far the greater.
must speak solid words to him, and give him good counsel, and point his way. If
he listens to you it will be for his own good.'
s what the old man told you, you have forgotten. Yet even 790 now you might
speak to wise Achilles, he might be persuaded.
knows if, with God helping, you might trouble his spirit
treaty, since the persuasion of a friend is a strong thing.
'he is drawing back from some prophecy known in his own heart and by Zeus'
will his honored mother has told him of something, 795 let him send you out, at
least, and the rest of the Myrmidon people follow you, and you may be a light
given to the Danaäns.
et him give you his splendid armor to wear to the fighting, if perhaps the Trojans
might think you are he, and give way
their attack, and the fighting sons of the Achaians get wind 800 again after hard
work. There is little breathing space in the fighting.
unwearied, might with a mere cry pile men wearied
upon their city, and away from the ships and the shelters."

ne spoke, and stirred the feeling in the breast of Patroklos, and he went on the run
along the ships to the son of Aiakos,
lleus. But as Patroklos came in his running to the ships
at Odysseus, where the Achaians had their assembly and dealt out rights, and
where were established their altars to the immortals, there Eurypylos, who had
been wounded in the thigh with an arrow, met him, the illustrious son of
Euaimon, limping
r from the battle, and the watery sweat was running
his shoulders and face, and from the sore wound dark blood continued to drip,
and yet the will stayed steady within him.
he strong son of Menoitios looked on him in pity
was sorrowful over him, and addressed him in winged words: 815 "Poor
wretches, you leaders and men of counsel among the Danaäns, was it your fate
then, far from your friends and the land of your fathers, to glut with your shining

fat the running dogs here in Troy land But tell me this, my lord Eurypylos grown under God's hand:

Can the Achaians somehow be able to hold huge Hektor
Must they now perish beaten down under his spear?"

Then Eurypylos who was wounded answered him in turn:

Longer, illustrious Patroklos, can the Achaians
Defend themselves, but they will be piled back into their black ships.

All of these who were before the bravest in battle 825 are lying up among the
ships with arrow or spear wounds

In the hands of the Trojans whose strength is forever on the uprise.

Help save me now at least, leading me away to my black ship, and cut the arrow
out of my thigh, wash the dark blood running out of it with warm water, and put
kind medicines on it,

Medicines, which they say you have been told of by Achilleus,
Cheiron, most righteous of the Centaurs, told him about them.

For Machaon and Podaleirios, who are healers,

For Machaon has got a wound, and is in the shelters
there, and himself is in need of a blameless healer,

For the other in the plain is standing the bitter attack of the Trojans."

Then in turn the strong son of Menoitios spoke to him:

How shall this be, my lord Eurypylos, how shall we do it?

For on my way carrying a message to wise Achilleus

I came by Gerenian Nestor, the Achaians' watcher.

For even so I will not leave you in your affliction."

He spoke, and holding the shepherd of the host under the arms led him to his shelter,

and a henchman seeing them spread out some ox-hides, and Patroklos laid him

there and with a knife cut the sharp tearing arrow out of his thigh, and washed

the black blood running from it 845 with warm water, and, pounding it up in his
hands, laid on

Herb root to make pain disappear, one which stayed

at bay the pains of pain. And the wound dried, and the flow of blood stopped.

BOOK TWELVE

within the shelter the warlike son of Menoitios tended stricken Eurypylos, and
meanwhile the Argives
Trojans fought on in massed battle, nor was the Danaans'
going to hold them back nor the wide wall above it
had built for the sake of their ships, and driven a deep ditch about it, and had not
given to the gods grand sacrifices
it it might guard their running ships and their masses
oil within it. It had been built in despite of the immortal gods, and therefore it
was not to stand firm for a long time.
As Hektor was still alive, and Achilles was angry,
As the citadel of lord Priam was a city untaken,
his time the great wall of the Achaians stood firm. But afterward when all the
bravest among the Trojans had died in the fighting, and many of the Argives had
been beaten down, and some left, 15 when in the tenth year the city of Priam
was taken
the Argives gone in their ships to the beloved land of their fathers, then at last
Poseidon and Apollo took counsel
to crack the wall, letting loose the strength of rivers upon it, all the rivers that run to
the sea from the mountains of Ida, 20 Rhesos and Heptaporos, Karesos and
Rhodios,
Kos and Aisepos, and immortal Skamandros,
Limoeis, where much ox-hide armor and helmets were tumbled in the river mud,
and many of the race of the half-god mortals.
As Apollo turned the mouths of these waters together
nine days long threw the flood against the wall, and Zeus rained incessantly, to
break the wall faster and wash it seaward.
The shaker of the earth himself holding in his hands the trident guided them, and
hurled into the waves all the bastions' strengthening of logs and stones the
toiling Achaians had set in position
made all smooth again by the hard-running passage of Helle and once again piled

the great beach under sand, having wrecked the wall, and turned the rivers again to make their way down the same channel where before they had run the bright stream of their water.

is, afterward, Poseidon and Apollo were minded
: things in place, but at this time battle and clamor were blazing about the strong-founded wall and the bastion timbers were thundering as they were struck, as the Argives broken under Zeus' lashing were crowded back on their hollow ships, and struggled to get clear in dread of Hektor, the strong one who drove men to thoughts of panic.

lektor, as he had before, fought on like a whirlwind.

men among a pack of hounds and huntsmen assembled

l boar or lion turns at bay in the strength of his fury, and the men, closing themselves into a wall about him,

up to face him, and cast at him with the volleying spears thrown 45 from their hands, and in spite of this the proud heart feels not terror, nor turns to run, and it is his own courage that kills him; and again and again he turns on them trying to break the massed men and wherever he charges the masses of men break away in front of him; such was Hektor as he went through the battle and rallied his companions 50 and drove them on to cross over the ditch, but now the fast-footed horses balked at the edge of the lip, and dared not cross, whinnying loud, since the ditch in its great width frightened them from it, being not easy for them to overleap, nor to walk through,

along the whole length the jut of the overhangs stood

th sides, and the surface of the floor was thickset with pointed palisades, which the sons of the Achaians had paled there

and huge, so as to hold off the rage of attackers.

horse straining at the strong-wheeled chariot might not easily enter there, but the dismounted were strong in their effort.

ow Poulydamas stood beside bold Hektor, and spoke to him: "Hektor, and other lords of the Trojans and companions in battle, we are senseless trying to drive our fast-footed horses over this ditch. It is hard indeed to cross, and sharp stakes are planted inside it, and across from these the wall of the Achaians.

, there is no way to get down, no way again to do battle

horses, for the passage is narrow and I think they must be hurt there.

ow if Zeus who thunders on high in evil intention

d these is destroying them utterly, sending aid to the Trojans, this is the way I

would wish it, may it happen immediately
the Achaians be destroyed here forgotten and far from
; but if they turn again and a backrush comes on us
the ships, and we are driven against the deep ditch,
I think no longer could one man to carry a message
near to the city, once the Achaians have turned back upon us.
I then, do as I say, let us all be persuaded; let us
our henchmen to check our horses here by the ditch, then let ourselves, all of us
dismounted and armed in our war gear, follow Hektor in mass formation. As for
the Achaians,
I will not hold, if the bonds of death are fastened upon them.”

spoke Poulydamas, and this counsel of safety pleased Hektor And at once in all
his armor he leapt to the ground from his chariot, and the rest of the Trojans
assembled, not mounted behind their horses, but all sprang to the ground, when
they saw brilliant Hektor had done it.

each man gave orders to his own charioteer
to check the horses in good order at the edge of the ditch,
the fighters formed apart into groups, then closing together into five well-ordered
battalions followed their leaders.

Pyrrhus who went with Hektor and Poulydamas the blameless,
were most numerous, and bravest, and beyond others furious 90 to smash the
wall and fight their way among the hollow ships,
Kebriones went with them as third man, while by the chariots Hektor had left
another man, not so good as Kebriones.

Philoctetes led the next group with Alkaiithoös and Agenor,
Helenos, with godlike Deiphobos, led the third group,
both of Priam, and Asios was with them as third man,
Asios, son of Hyrtakos, whom his tall shining horses
carried over from Arisbe and beside the river Selleëis.

Philoctetes leader of the fourth group was the strong son of Anchises, Aineias, and with him
were the two sons of Antenor, 100 Archelochos and Akamas, both skilled in all
fighting.

Philoctetes led the far-renowned companions in battle,
and chosen to go with him Glaukos and warlike Asteropaios since these seemed to
him to be marked out as the bravest
of the rest, after himself, but among all he was pre-eminent.

when these had closed their wrought ox-hide shields together they charged straight for the Danaäns, eagerly, with no thought longer of being held, but rather to hurl themselves on the black ships.

On the rest of the Trojans and renowned companions in battle were willing to follow the order of blameless Poulydamas. Only 110 Asios, Hyrtakos' son, lord of men, was unwilling

to leave his horses there and a charioteer to attend them

to depart them with him, and so drove on at the fast-running vessels, poor fool, who by the ships in the pride of his horses and chariot was not destined to evade the evil spirits of destruction

never to make his way back again to windy Ilium.

Even this the dark-named destiny had shrouded about him

though he held the spear of Idomeneus, proud son of Deukalion.

He sent his horses to the left of the ships, where the Achaians were streaming back from the level ground with horses and chariots, 120 and this way he drove his chariot and horses, and found there

the gates were not yet pushed home in the gates, nor the long door-bar, but men were holding them wide apart, on the chance of rescuing some one of their companions running for the ships from the battle.

For purpose he steered his horses straight there, and his men followed 125 screaming aloud, since they thought the Achaians no longer

could hold, but that they would be driven back on their dark ships.

At the gates they found two men of the bravest, high-hearted sons of the spear-fighting Lapithai, one

the son of Peirithoös, powerful Polypoites,

and one Leonteus, a man like the murderous god of battles.

These two, who had taken their place in front of the high gates, stood there like two oaks who rear their crests in the mountains and through day upon day stand up to the wind and the rainbeat since their great roots reach far and are gripped in the ground. So 135 these two, in the confidence of their strength and their hands' work, stood up to tall Asios advancing upon them, nor gave way.

These, holding up high the tanned leather of their shields, moved straight in on the strong-built wall with enormous clamor

and Asios their lord and Iamenos and Orestes,

and Asios' son Adamas, and Oinomaos and Thoön.

his time the Lapithai still inside the wall were striving to stir up the strong-greaved Achaians to defend the vessels, but among the Danaäns, when they saw the Trojans sweeping on against the wall, a clamor arose, and they gave way; he two bursting through the gates fought on in front of them.

were in the likeness of two wild boars who in the mountains await a rabble of men and dogs advancing upon them

s they go tearing slantwise and rip the timber about them to pieces at the stock, the grinding scream of their teeth sounds 150 high, until some man hits them with his throw and takes the life from them; such was the grinding scream from the bright bronze covering their chests struck hard on by spears, for they fought a very strong battle in the confidence of their own strength and the people above them.

flung about them with great stones torn from the strong-founded 155 bastions, as they fought in defense of themselves, and the shelters, and the fast-running vessels, so that the flung stones dropped to the ground like snowflakes which the winds' blast whirling the shadowy clouds drifts in their abundance along the prospering earth. So

missiles flung from the hands of Achaians, and Trojans also, 160 went showering, and the helms and shields massive in the middle crashed hollow underneath the impact of rocks like millstones.

now Asios, Hyrtakos' son, groaned aloud and beat on his thighs with his hands, and spoke aloud in his agony:

father, now even you are made utterly a lover

ception. For I never thought the fighting Achaians would be able to hold our strength and our hands invincible.

they, as wasps quick-bending in the middle, or as bees

make their homes at the side of the rocky way, and will not abandon the hollow house they have made, but stand up to

who come to destroy them, and fight for the sake of their children, so these, though they are only two, are unwilling to give back from the gates, until they have killed their men, or are taken."

spoke, but by such talk did not persuade the heart of Zeus whose desire it was to extend the glory to Hektor.

id now at the various gates various men fought each other.

re too much toil for me, as if I were a god, to tell all this, for all about the stone wall the inhuman strength of the fire was rising, and the Argives fought

unhappily, yet they must fight on, to defend their ships. And all the gods who were helpers 180 of the Danaäns in the fighting were dejected in spirit.

the Lapithai fought on and closed in the hateful fighting, and there the son of Peirithoös, powerful Polypoites, 184 Damasos with the spear through the bronze-sided helmet, and the brazen helmet could not hold, but the bronze spearhead 185 driven on through smashed the bone apart, and the inward brain was all spattered forth. So he beat him down in his fury.

he went on to kill Pylon and Ormenos. Meanwhile Leonteus, the scion of Ares, struck down Antimachos'

Ippomachos, with a spear cast into the war belt

afterward drawing his sharp sword out of the scabbard made a rush through the crowding men, and struck from close up Antiphates first, so that he crashed on his back to the ground, then beat down along the prospering earth Menon and Orestes and Iamenos, all beaten down in rapid succession.

Now as these were stripping their men of the shining armor, the fighting men following with Poulydamas and Hektor,

were most numerous, and bravest, and beyond others furious to smash the wall, and set fire to the vessels, these still

divided in doubt as they stood there at the ditch's edge.

They were urgent to cross a bird sign had appeared to them, an eagle, flying high and holding to the left of the people

carrying in its talons a gigantic snake, blood-colored,

still and breathing, it had not forgotten its warcraft yet, for writhing back it struck the eagle that held it

fast and neck, so that the eagle let it drop groundward

in the midst of the bite, and dashed it down in the midst of the battle and itself, screaming high, winged away down the wind's blast.

The Trojans shivered with fear as they looked on the lithe snake lying in their midst, a portent of Zeus of the aegis.

Now Poulydamas stood beside bold Hektor and spoke to him:

For, somehow in assembly you move ever against me

when I speak excellently, since indeed there is no good reason for you, in your skill, to argue wrong, neither in the councils nor in the fighting, and ever to be upholding your own cause.

once more I will speak out the way it seems best to me.
do not go on and fight the Danaöns by their ships. I think it will end as the portent
was accomplished, if the bird sign that came to the Trojans as we were trying to
cross was a true one, an eagle, flying high and holding to the left of the people
carrying in its talons a gigantic snake, blood-colored,
but let it drop suddenly before winning his own home, and could not finish
carrying it back to give to his children.

Yes, even though in our great strength we break in the gates and the wall of the
Achaïans, and the Achaïans give way before us, 225 we shall not take the same
ways back from the ships in good order; since we shall leave many Trojans
behind us, whom the Achaïans will cut down with the bronze as they fight for
themselves by their vessels.

The interpreter of the gods would answer, one who knew
the mind the truth of portents, and whom the people believed in.”
Looking darkly at him tall Hektor of the shining helm answered: “Poulydamas,
these things that you argue please me no longer.

The mind knows how to contrive a saying better than this one.

But in all seriousness this is your true argument, then

the very gods who ruined the brain within you,

who are telling me to forget the counsels of thunderous

Zeus in which he himself nodded his head to me and assented.

But you: you tell me to put my trust in birds, who spread

their wings. I care nothing for these, I think nothing of them, nor whether they go

by on our right against dawn and sunrise or go by to the left against the

glooming mist and the darkness.

Let us put our trust in the counsel of great Zeus, he who

rules over all mortal men and all the immortals.

The bird sign is best: to fight in defense of our country.

Are you so afraid of war and hostility?

Though all the rest of us were to be cut down around you

guarding the Argive ships, you would run no danger of dying

if your heart is not enduring in battle nor a fighter's.

But if you shrink away from the murderous work, or turn back some other man from

the fighting, beguiling him with your arguments, 250 at once beaten down under

my spear you will lose your own life.”

spoke, and led the way, and the rest of them came on after him with unearthly clamor, and over them Zeus who delights in the thunder drove down from among the hills of Ida the blast of a windstorm which swept the dust straight against the ships. He was mazing the minds 255 of the Achaians, and giving glory to the Trojans and Hektor,

they in the confidence of the portents shown, and their own strength, worked to break down the great wall of the Achaians. They tore at the projections on the outworks, and broke down the battlements and shook with levers the jut of the buttresses the Achaians 260 had stuck in the earth on the outer face to shore their defenses.

They tore at these, in hope of breaking down the Achaians' but now the Danaöns did not give way in front of them, but they, fencing the battlements with the hides of oxen, held firm from the wall at the enemy who came on beneath it.

The two Aiantes, walking up and down the length of the ramparts, urged the men on, stirring up the warcraft of the Achaians, leading them along, using kind words to one, to another. They urged them on, whenever they saw a man hang back from the fighting: "Dear friends, you who are pre-eminent among the Argives, you who 270 are of middle estate, you who are of low account, since we are not alike in battle, this is work for all now, and you yourselves can see it. Now let no man let himself be driven back upon the ships for the sound of their blustering but keep forever forward calling out courage to each other. May Olympian Zeus who grips the thunderbolt grant us success to the city, when we beat off the attack of our enemies."

It was their far cry, and they stirred the Achaians' war strength. They were as storms of snow descend to the ground incessant on a winter day, when Zeus of the counsels, showing to the men what shafts he possesses, brings on a snowstorm which kills the winds asleep in the solid drift, enshrouding the peaks that tower among the mountains and the shoulders out-jutting, and the low lands with their grasses, and the prospering work of men's hands, and the drift falls along the gray sea, the harbors and beaches, 285 and the surf that breaks against it is stilled, and all things elsewhere it shrouds from above, with the

burden of Zeus' rain heavy upon it; so numerous and incessant were the stones
volleyed from both sides, some thrown on Trojans, others flung against the
Achaians

ojans, so the whole length of the wall thundered beneath them.

and not even then might the Trojans and glorious Hektor

broken in the gates of the rampart, and the long door-bar, had not Zeus of the
counsels driven his own son, Sarpedon,

the Argives, like a lion among horn-curved cattle.

At length he held before him the perfect circle of his shield, 295 a lovely thing of
beaten bronze, which the bronze-smith hammered out for him, and on the inward
side had stitched ox-hides

seven folds with golden staples clean round the circle.

He held this shield in front of him, and shaking two spears, he went onward like some
hill-kept lion, who for a long time 300 has gone lacking meat, and the proud
heart is urgent upon him

to get inside of a close steading and go for the sheepflocks.

Even though he finds herdsmen in that place, who are watching about their
sheepflocks, armed with spears, and with dogs, even so he has no thought of
being driven from the steading without some attack made, 305 and either makes
his spring and seizes a sheep, or else himself is hit in the first attack by a spear
from a swift hand thrown. So now his spirit drove on godlike Sarpedon
to make a rush at the wall and break apart the battlements.

Now he spoke in address to Glaukos, son of Hippolochos:

Glaukos, why is it you and I are honored before others

in our pride of place, the choice meats and the filled wine cups in Lykia, and all men
look on us as if we were immortals,

for we are appointed a great piece of land by the banks of Xanthos, good land,
orchard and vineyard, and ploughland for the planting of wheat?

Before it is our duty in the forefront of the Lykians

to stand our part, and bear our part of the blazing of battle, so that a man of the close-
armored Lykians may say of us:

Indeed, these are no ignoble men who are lords of Lykia,

the kings of ours, who feed upon the fat sheep appointed

to drink the exquisite sweet wine, since indeed there is strength of valor in them,
since they fight in the forefront of the Lykians.

But, supposing you and I, escaping this battle,

l be able to live on forever, ageless, immortal,
ther would I myself go on fighting in the foremost
ould I urge you into the fighting where men win glory.
ow, seeing that the spirits of death stand close about us in their thousands, no
man can turn aside nor escape them,
go on and win glory for ourselves, or yield it to others.”

spoke, nor did Glaukos disobey him nor turn aside from him.
; leading the great horde of the Lykians, advanced straight onward, and the son
of Peteos, Menestheus, shivered as he saw them
they came against his bastion and carried disaster upon it.
anned the rampart of the Achaians in the hope of seeing some great chief who
could beat back the bane from his company, 335 and saw the two Aiantes,
insatiate of battle, standing
e wall, and Teukros even now coming up from the shelter, and close by, but he
was not able to cry out and make them hear, so great was the clamor about him
as the shouts hit skyward, as shields were battered with missiles, and the helmets
crested with horse- hair, 340 and the gates, which all had been slammed shut,
and the Trojans standing against them were trying to break them down and force
their way in.

ce he sent Thoötes off as a runner to Aias:
n the run, brilliant Thoötes, and call Aias here,
ter, both Aiantes, since that would be far the best thing 345 that could happen,
since here headlong destruction is building against us.

is the weight of the Lykian lords upon us, who even
e now have shown as deadly men in the strong encounters.

in their place also hard work and fury have arisen,
st let powerful Telamonian Aias come by himself,
et Teukros follow with him, with his craft in the bow's use.”

spoke, nor did the herald disobey when he heard him, but went on the run along
the wall of the bronze-armored Achaians and came and stood by the two
Aiantes, and spoke to them straight out: “Aiantes, leaders of the bronze-armored
Argives: Menestheus, 355 beloved son of Peteos engendered of Zeus, desires
you

where he is and meet the danger, if only for a little; both of you for choice, since
that would be far the best thing that could happen, since there headlong
destruction is building against him.

is the weight of the Lykian lords upon him, who even
re now have shown as deadly men in the strong encounters.
in this place also hard fighting and fury have arisen, at least let powerful
Telamonian Aias come by himself
at Teukros follow with him, with his craft in the bow's use."
spoke, and huge Telamonian Aias did not disobey him,
t once called out in winged words to Aias, the son of Oileus: "Aias, now you
two, yourself and strong Lykomedes,
stand your ground and urge on the Danaäns to fight strongly.
going over there to meet the attack, and afterward
come back soon, when I have beaten them back from the others."
speaking Telamonian Aias went away, and with him
Teukros, his brother by the same father, and following them was Pandion, who
carried the curved bow for Teukros.
kept inside the wall as they went, till they came to the bastion of high-hearted
Menestheus, and found men who were hard pressed there, 375 for the strong
lords and men of counsel among the Lykians
on against the battlements like a darkening stormwind,
they charged forward to fight with these, and the clamor rose high.

t to kill his man was Telamonian Aias.
; Sarpedon's companion in arms, high-hearted Epikles,
n he struck with a great jagged stone, that lay at the inside of the wall, huge, on
top of the battlements. A man could not easily hold it, not even if he were very
strong, in both hands, of men such as men are now, but he heaving it high threw
it, and smashed in the four-sheeted helm, and pounded to pieces
ones of the head inside it, so that Epikles dropped
diver from the high bastion, and the life left his bones.
Teukros with an arrow struck the strong son of Hippolochos, Glaukos, as he was
swarming aloft the wall's high bastion,
e he saw the arm was bare of defense, and stayed his warcraft; 390 he sprang
down from the wall, secretly, for fear some Achaian
: see that he had been hit and vaunt with high words over him.
don, as soon as he was aware that Glaukos had gone back, was downcast,
nevertheless he did not forget his warcraft
riking with his spear at Alkmaon, the son of Thestor,
ed him, then wrenched the spear out, and he following the spear fell on his face,

and the armor elaborate with bronze clashed about him.

Sarpedon, grabbing in both ponderous hands the battlements, pulled, and the whole thing came away in his hands, and the rampart was stripped defenseless above. He had opened a pathway for many.

As and Teukros aimed at him together, and Teukros

men with an arrow in the shining belt that encircled

best to hold the man-covering shield, but Zeus brushed the death spirits from his

son, and would not let him be killed there beside the ships' sterns; and Aias

plunging upon him stabbed at the shield, but the spearhead did not pass

clean through. Still, he pounded him back in his fury so that he gave back a little

space from the battlement, and yet not utterly gave way, since his heart was still

hopeful of winning glory.

He hurred about and called aloud to the godlike Lykians:

Men, why do you thus let go of your furious valor?

It is a hard thing for me, strong as I am, to break down

all, single-handed, and open a path to the vessels.

Let men join with me then. This work is better if many do it."

He spoke, and they, awed at the reproach of their leader, put on the pressure of more weight around their lord of the counsels.

On the other side the Argives stiffened their battalions

at the wall, and a huge fight developed between the two sides.

Neither could the powerful Lykians break in the rampart

of the Danaans, and so open a path through to the vessels,

and the Danaan spearmen strength to push back the Lykians from the

rampart, once they had won to a place close under it; but as two men with

measuring ropes in their hands fight bitterly about a boundary line at the meeting

place of two cornfields, and the two of them fight in the strait place over the

rights of division, so the battlements held these armies apart, and across them

they hewed at each other, and at the ox-hide shields strong-circled guarding men's

chests, and at the fluttering straps of the guard-skins.

They were torn in their white flesh by the bronze without pity wherever one of the

fighters turning aside laid bare

back, and many were struck with the spear carried clean through the shield.

Everywhere the battlements and the bastions were awash

with men's blood shed from both sides, Achaian and Trojan.

Even so they could not drive panic among the Achaians,

held evenly as the scales which a careful widow
took, taking it by the balance beam, and weighs her wool evenly 435 at either end,
working to win a pitiful wage for her children: so the battles fought by both sides
were pulled fast and even until that time when Zeus gave the greater glory to
Hektor,
his son, who was first to break into the wall of the Achaians.
He lifted his voice and called in a piercing cry to the Trojans: 440 “Rise up,
Trojans, breakers of horses, and wreck the ramparts of the Argives, and let loose
the inhuman fire on their vessels.”

He spoke, driving them on, and they all gave ear to him and steered against the
wall in a pack, and at once gripping still their edged spears caught and swarmed
up the wall's projections.

While Hektor snatched up a stone that stood before the gates and carried it
along; it was blunt-massed at the base, but the upper end was sharp; two men,
the best in all a community,

could not easily hoist it up from the ground to a wagon,
nor such as men are now, but he alone lifted and shook it 450 as the son of
devious-devising Kronos made it light for him.

When a shepherd easily carries the fleece of a wether,
lifting it up with one hand, and little is the burden weighting him, so Hektor lifting
the stone carried it straight for the door leaves which filled the gateway
ponderously close-fitted together.

They were high and twofold, and double door-bars on the inside overlapping each
other closed it, and a single pin-bolt secured them.

He came and stood very close and taking a strong wide stance threw at the middle,
leaning into the throw, that the cast might not lack force, and smashed the hinges
at either side, and the stone crashed 460 ponderously in, and the gates groaned
deep, and the door-bars

could not hold, but the leaves were smashed to a wreckage of splinters under the
stone's impact. Then glorious Hektor burst in

like a hawk face like sudden night, but he shone with the ghastly glitter of bronze that
girded his skin, and carried two spears 465 in his hands. No one could have
stood up against him, and stopped him, except the gods, when he burst in the
gates; and his eyes flashed fire.

Calling, he called out across the battle to the Trojans
to stand firm over the wall, and they obeyed his urgency.

diately some swarmed over the wall, while others swept in 470 through the wrought gateways, and the Danaäns scattered in terror among their hollow ships, and clamor incessant rose up.

BOOK THIRTEEN

When Zeus had driven against the ships the Trojans and Hektor, he left them beside these to endure the hard work and sorrow
fighting without respite, and himself turned his eyes shining far away, looking out over the land of the Thracian riders 5 and the Mysians who fight at close quarters, and the proud Hippomolgoi, drinkers of milk, and the Abioi, most righteous of all men.

He did not at all now turn his shining eyes upon Troy land
nor had he any idea in mind that any one of the immortals
would come down to stand by either Danaäns or Trojans.

But he did the powerful shaker of the earth keep blind watch; for he sat and admired the fighting and the run of the battle, aloft on top of the highest summit of timbered Samos,

Thracian place; and from there all Ida appeared before him, and the city of Priam was plain to see, and the ships of the Achaians.

Then he came up out of the water, and sat, and pitied the Achaians who were beaten by the Trojans, and blamed Zeus for it in bitterness.

Presently he came down from the craggy mountain, striding on rapid feet, and the tall mountains trembled and the timber under the immortal feet of Poseidon's progress.

He took three long strides forward, and in the fourth came to his goal, Aigai, where his glorious house was built in the waters'

and glittering with gold, imperishable forever.

Then there he harnessed under his chariot his bronze-shod horses, flying-footed, with long manes streaming of gold; and he put on 25 clothing of gold about his own body, and took up the golden

carefully compacted, and climbed up into his chariot

and drove it across the waves. And about him the sea beasts came up from their deep places and played in his path, and acknowledged their master, and the sea stood apart before him, rejoicing. The horses winged on 30 delicately, and the bronze

axle beneath was not wetted.

fast-running horses carried him to the ships of the Achaians.

There is a cave, broad and deep down in the gloom of the water, lying midway between Tenedos and Imbros of the high cliffs.

Poseidon the shaker of the earth reined in his horses,

slipped them from the yoke, and threw fodder immortal before them so they could eat, and threw around their feet golden hobbles not to be broken or slipped from, so they would wait there steadfast for their lord gone. And Poseidon went to the ships of the Achaians.

the Trojans, gathered into a pack, like flame, like a stormcloud, 40 came on

after Hektor the son of Priam, raging relentless,

singing and crying as one, and their hopes ran high of capturing the ships of the

Achaians, and killing the best men beside them, all of them. But Poseidon who

circles the earth and shakes it rose up out of the deep water to stir on the

Argives,

giving himself in form and weariless voice to Kalchas.

He spoke to the Aiantes, who were burning for battle already: "Aiantes, you two,

remembering the spirit of warcraft

not that of shivering panic, must save the Achaian people.

Where in truth I do not fear the Trojans' invincible

army, though in full force they have swarmed over our great wall; since the strong-greaved Achaians will be able to hold the rest of them.

I fear most terribly disaster to us in the one place

where that berserk flamelike leads them against us, Hektor,

who claims he must be son of Zeus of the high strength. May this 55 be the message

some one of the gods gives your minds to carry,

you stand fast strongly yourselves, urge the rest to stand also.

Hard though he sweeps on, you might stay him beside the fast-running ships, even though the very Olympian wakes him to battle."

Poseidon who circles the earth and shakes it spoke, and striking 60 both of them with his staff filled them with powerful valor,

and he made their limbs light, and their feet, and their hands above them, and burst

into winged flight himself, like a hawk with quick wings who from the huge

height of an impassable rock lifting

to flight to pursue some other bird over the wide land; 65 so Poseidon shaker of the earth broke away from the Aiantes.

of the two swift Aias son of Oïleus was first
show him, and spoke therewith to Aias the son of Telamon;
since some one of the gods, whose hold is Olympos,
benedicted himself to the seer, and told us to fight by our vessels, 70 this is not
Kalchas, the bird interpreter of the gods, for I knew easily as he went away the
form of his feet, the legs' form from behind him. Gods, though gods, are
conspicuous. Therefore as for me, the spirit inside my inward breast drives me
on harder to carry on the war and the fighting,
my feet underneath me are eager and my hands above them.”
As the son of Telamon spoke to him in answer:
For me also now the invincible hands on my spearshaft
grows, my strength is rising, and both feet beneath me
urging me onward, so that I long even for single combat 80 with Hektor,
Priam's son, the forever avid of battle.”

As these two were saying such things to each other, joyful in the delight of
battle the god had put into their spirits,
while the earth-encircler stirred up the Achaians behind them who were cooling
the heat of the inward heart back beside their vessels, 85 for their very limbs
were broken with weariness of hard work, and also discouragement of the heart
came over them, as they watched
the Trojans, and how in a mass they had overswarmed the great wall.
When they saw them the tears dripped from their eyes; they did not think they could win
clear of the evil, but the earth-shaker
by turning their battalions to strength drove them onward.
He came first in encouragement to Teukros and Leïtos,
the fighting Peneleos, and Deïpyros and Thoas,
Phronon and Antilochos, both urgent for battle.
Speaking out to these in winged words he rallied them onward:
Come, you Argives, young fighting men, since I for my part
have confidence that by fighting you can save our ships from destruction; but if you
yourselves are to go slack from the sorrowful fighting now is seen your day to be
beaten down by the Trojans.
For shame! Here is a great strange thing I see with my own eyes, 100 a terrible
thing, and one that I thought never could happen,
that the Trojans could come against our ships, they who in time past were like fugitive
deer before us, who in the forests

oil for scavengers and wolves and leopards, who scatter in absolute cowardice, there is no war spirit within them.

efore now the Trojans were unwilling to stand up
st the strength and hands of the Achaians, even for a little, but now far from their
city they fight by the hollow vessels
gh the weakness of our leader, and the hanging back of our people who have
made their quarrel with him, and will not stand in defense 110 of the fast-
running ships. Instead of this they are killed against them.
ven though it be utterly true that the son of Atreus
ro wide-powerful Agamemnon is guilty
se he did dishonor to Peleus' son, the swift-footed,
ere is no way for us now to hang back from the fighting.
ooner let us heal it, for the hearts of great men can be healed.
ou can no longer in honor give way from your fighting valor being all the best
men along the host. Even I, for my part,
l not quarrel with any man who hung back from the fighting because he was a
weak thing, but with you my heart must be angry.
ends, soon you will bring to pass some still greater evil
his hanging back. Let every one of you plant in his heart's depth discipline and
shamefastness. A big battle rises against you.
ektor of the great war cry is fighting beside our vessels in his power, and has
broken our gates and the long door-bar."

urging them on the earth-encircler stirred up the Achaians, and their battalions
formed in strength about the two Aiantes, battalions the war god could not find
fault with, coming among them, nor Athene lady of storming armies, since there
the bravest
d apart and stood against the Trojans and brilliant Hektor 130 locking spear by
spear, shield against shield at the base, so buckler leaned on buckler, helmet on
helmet, man against man,
ie horse-hair crests along the horns of their shining helmets touched as they bent
their heads, so dense were they formed on each other, and the spears shaken
from their daring hands made a jagged battle line.
: thoughts were driving straight ahead in the fury of fighting.
Trojans came down on them in a pack, and Hektor led them raging straight
forward, like a great rolling stone from a rock face that a river swollen with
winter rain has wrenched from its socket and with immense washing broken the

hold of the unwilling rock face; 140 the springing boulder flies on, and the forest thunders beneath it; and the stone runs unwavering on a strong course, till it reaches the flat land, then rolls no longer for all its onrush;

ktor for a while threatened lightly to break through
elters and ships of the Achaians and reach the water

ing his way. But when he collided with the dense battalions he was stopped, hard, beaten in on himself. The sons of the Achaians against him stabbing at him with swords and leaf-headed spears thrust him away from them so that he gave ground backward, staggering.

ted his voice and called in a piercing cry to the Trojans: 150 “Trojans, Lykians, Dardanians who fight at close quarters,

with me. The Achaians will not hold me back for a long time for all they are building themselves into a bastion against me.

think they will give back under my spear, if truly
driven by the greatest of gods, the thunderous lord of Hera.”

o he spoke, and stirred the spirit and strength in each man.

ing them Deiphobos in high purpose had come striding, Priam’s son, who held the perfect circle of his shield before him, moving lightly on his feet as he walked in the shield’s protection.

ones aimed at him with the shining spear, and threw it

missed his mark, but struck the’ shield on its perfect circle of bull’s hide, but the spear did not get through, but sooner the long shaft was broken behind the head.

Deiphobos

he bull’s-hide shield away from him, his heart frightened by the spear of wise Meriones, but that hero drew back

he host of his own companions, deeply angered

ro things, the broken spear and the loss of his battle,

rent away back to the shelters and ships of the Achaians

ng back a long spear that was left behind in his shelter.

the rest fought on with clamor incessant rising about them.

ros, son of Telamon, was the first to kill his man, Imbrios the spearfighter, son of Mentor of the many horses, one who before the coming of the sons of the Achaians lived in Pedaios and had married a bastard daughter of Priam, Medesikaste.

hen the oarswept ships of the Danaäns came, he went back 175 to Ilion, and was a great man among the Trojans, and lived

am's side, who honored him as he did his own children.
the son of Telamon with the long spear stabbed him under
r, and wrenched the spear out again, and he dropped like an ash tree which, on
the crest of a mountain glittering far about, cut down 180 with the bronze axe
scatters on the ground its delicate leafage; so he dropped, and the armor
elaborate with bronze clashed

him, and Teukros ran up, eager to strip the armor.
came on Hektor threw at him with the shining javelin,
eukros with his eyes straight on him avoided the bronze spear 185 by a little,
and Hektor struck Amphimachos, son of Aktorian Kteatos, with a spear in his
chest as he swept into battle.

ll, thunderously, and his armor clattered upon him.
Hektor charged in to tear the helm of great-hearted Amphimachos from his head
where it fitted close on the brows, but Aias
t with the shining spear at Hektor as he came onward;
uld not manage to reach the skin, since this was all shrouded in the ghastly
bronze, but drove at the shield's mass in the middle and beat him back in great
strength so that Hektor gave ground backward from both corpses. These the
Achaians dragged out of the fighting.

. Stichios and brilliant Menestheus, lords of the Athenians, carried Amphimachos
back among the Achaian people.

ie two Aiantes in the fury of their fierce war strength, as two lions catch up a
goat from the guard of rip-fanged
ls, and carry it into the density of the underbrush,
ng it high from the ground in the crook of their jaws, so the lordly two Aiantes
lifted Imbrios high and stripped him
armor, and the son of Oïleus, in anger
mphimachos, hewed away his head from the soft neck and threw it spinning like
a ball through the throng of fighters 205 until it came to rest in the dust at the
feet of Hektor.

n Poseidon was angered about the heart at his grandson's slaying in the bitter
hostility, so the god went forth
; way among the shelters and ships of the Achaians
irred the Danaäns, and worked disaster against the Trojans.
eneus the spear-famed encountered him, on his way
a companion, who had just before come back from the fighting wounded in the

hollow behind the knee by the sharp bronze.
nan his companions carried away. Idomeneus had given
alers instructions and gone on to his shelter, still burning 215 to face the battle,
and now the strong earth-shaker spoke to him.
don likened his voice to Thoas, son of Andraimon,
f the Aitolians over all Pleuron, and headlong
lon, who was honored in his countryside as a god is:
eneus, lord of the Kretans' councils, where are those threats you gave 220 now,
that the sons of the Achaians uttered against the Trojans?"
n Idomeneus lord of the Kretans answered him in turn:
as, no man is responsible for this, so far as
ought goes, since all of us understand how to wage war.
ot that heartless fear holds anyone, that a man yielding 225 to dread emerges out
of the evil fighting, but rather
ray must be pleasurable to Kronos' son in his great strength, that the Achaians
must die here forgotten, and far from Argos.
you, Thoas, have been before this a man stubborn in battle and stirred up
another whenever you saw one hang back, so now 230 also do not give up, and
urge on each man as you find him."
n in answer spoke the shaker of the earth, Poseidon:
eneus, may that man who this day willfully hangs back
the fighting never win home again out of Troy land,
ay here and be made dogs' delight for their feasting. Come then, 235 take up
your armor and go with me. We must speed this action
er, since we, being two, might bring some advantage.
arcraft even of sad fighters combined turns courage,
ou and I would have skill to fight even against good men."

re spoke and strode on, a god, through the mortals' struggle.
eneus, when he came back to his strong-built shelter,
his splendid armor over his body, and caught up two spears, and went on his
way, as a thunderbolt, which the son of Kronos catching up in his hand shakes
from the shining edge of Olympos, flashes as a portent to men and the bright
glints shine from it.
was the glitter of bronze that girt his chest in his running.
to his shelter there encountered him his strong henchman, Meriones, who was
on his way to pick up a bronze spear and bring it back. Idomeneus in his strength

spoke to him:

Diomedes, son of Molos, swift-footed, dearest beloved
companion, why have you come back and left the battle and fighting?
Have you been hit somewhere? Does pain of a spear's head afflict you?
Have you come back with someone's message for me? For my part my desire is to
fight, not sit away in the shelters."

Diomedes, a thoughtful man, spoke to him in answer:

Idomeneus, lord of the counsels of the bronze-armored Kretans, I am on my way to
bring back a spear, if you have any
left in your shelter. I broke just now the one I was carrying with a throw made against
the shield of haughty Deiphobos.

Idomeneus lord of the Kretans answered him in turn:

"I will find one spear, and twenty spears, if you want them,
lying against the shining inward wall in my shelter,
and many spears I win from men that I kill, for my way
is to fight my battles standing far away from my enemies.
But by I have spears there, and shields massive in the middle, 265 and helms and
corselets are there in all the pride of their shining."

Diomedes, a thoughtful man, spoke to him in answer:

"I have them also, beside my shelter and beside my black ship,
and there are many spoils of the Trojans, but not near for me to get them.
I will tell you, neither am I one who has forgotten his war strength 270 but among the
foremost, along the fighting where men win glory, I take my stand, whenever the
quarrel of battle arises.

"I will not let my fighting be forgotten by some other bronze-armored
Trojan. You are the very one I think must know of it."

Idomeneus lord of the Kretans answered him in turn:

"I know your valor and what you are. Why need you speak of it?
I have seen you even beside the ships all the best of us were to assemble
in a hidden position, and there man's courage is best decided, where the man who is a
coward and the brave man show themselves clearly: the skin of the coward
changes color one way and another,
but the heart inside him has no control to make him sit steady, but he shifts his
weight from one foot to another, then settles firmly on both feet, and the heart
inside his chest pounds violent
and he thinks of the death spirits, and his teeth chatter together: but the brave man's
skin will not change color, nor is he too much 285 frightened, once he has taken

his place in the hidden position, but his prayer is to close as soon as may be in bitter division: and there no man could make light of your battle strength or your hand's work.

were you to be wounded in your work with spearcast or spearstroke, the weapon would not strike behind your neck, nor in your back, 290 but would be driven straight against the chest or the belly

1 made your way onward through the meeting of champions.

ome, let us no longer stand here talking of these things like children, for fear some man may arrogantly scold us.

my shelter and choose for yourself a heavy spear.”

he spoke; Meriones, a match for the rapid war god, into the shelter rapidly, and took up a bronze spear, with his mind deeply set on battle followed Idomeneus.

anslaughtering Ares is when he strides into battle error goes on beside him, his beloved son, the powerful launtless, who frightens even the patient-hearted warrior:

two come out of Thrace to encounter in arms the Ephyroi or the great-hearted Phlegyes, but the two will not listen to prayers from both sides, but give the glory to one side or the other: such were Meriones and Idomeneus, leaders of armies,

ey went on into the fighting helmed in the bright bronze.

of the two, Meriones, spoke his word to Idomeneus:

kalides, where are you minded to enter the battle?

d it be on the right of the whole array, or in the center, or to the left? Since I think that nowhere else in the fighting 310 are the flowing-haired Achaians overmatched so badly.”

neneus lord of the Kretans answered him in turn:

e are others beside us to defend the ships in the center, the two Aiantes, and Teukros, best of all the Achaians

hery, and a good man in the close of standing combat.

can give Hektor, Priam's son, enough hard hitting,

though he is very strong, and sweeps hard into battle.

us though he is for fighting, it will be very steep work for him to win through their irresistible hands and their war strength and fire the ships, unless the son of Kronos in person

ld hurl the blazing firebrand into our fast-running vessels.

would huge Telamonian Aias give way to any man,
who was mortal and ate bread, the yield of Demeter,
who could be broken by the bronze and great stones flung at him.
would not make way for Achilles who breaks men in battle, 325 in close combat.
For speed of feet none can strive with Achilles.
as you say, for the left of the army, and thus soonest
we see whether we win glory or give it to others.”
spoke, and Meriones, a match for the running war god,
the way, till they came to the place in the army he spoke for.

these, as they saw Idomeneus like a flame in his valor
Hektor and his henchman with him in their elaborate war gear, they called out across
the battle and gathered about him,
in indiscriminate fight rose up by the sterns of the vessels.
It was when under the screaming winds the whirlstorms bluster 335 on that day
when the dust lies deepest along the pathways
the winds in the confusion of dust uplift a great cloud,
was their indiscriminate battle, and their hearts were furious to slaughter each
other with the sharp bronze through the press of the fighting.

In battle where men perish shuddered now with the long
tearing spears they held in their hands, their eyes were blinded in the dazzle of
the bronze light from the glittering helmets, from the burnished corselets and the
shining shields as men came on in confusion. That man would have to be very
bold-hearted
could be cheerful and not stricken looking on that struggle.
powerful sons of Kronos, hearts divided against each other, were wreaking bitter
agonies on the fighting warriors,
Zeus willed the victory for the Trojans and Hektor,
giving swift-footed Achilles, yet not utterly
to wish the Achaian people to be destroyed before Ilion,
he only was giving glory to Thetis and her strong-spirited
while Poseidon emerging unseen from the gray salt water
among the Argives and stirred them, since he was angered that they were beaten
by the Trojans and blamed Zeus for it bitterly.
And, the two were of one generation and a single father,
Zeus was the elder born and knew more. Therefore Poseidon

from openly defending them, but secretly in a man's likeness was forever stirring them up through the army.

These two had looped over both sides a crossing of strong discord and the closing of battle, not to be broken, not to be broken, which unstrung the knees of many.

When Idomeneus, graying though he was, called on the Danaans and charged in upon the Trojans and drove panic among them

he killed Othryoneus, a man who had lived in Kabesos,

who had newly come in the wake of the rumor of war, and had asked Priam for the hand of the loveliest of his daughters, Cassandra, without bride price, but had promised a great work for her, to drive back the unwilling sons of the Achaeans from Troy land, and aged Priam had bent his head in assent, and promised to give her, so Othryoneus fought in the faith of his promises.

Idomeneus aimed at him with the shining spear, and threw it,

it hit him as he came onward with high stride, and the corselet of bronze he wore could not hold, the spear fixed in the middle belly.

He fell, thunderously, and Idomeneus vaunting cried out:

Othryoneus, I congratulate you beyond all others

to be here that you will bring to pass what you promised to the Argonian Priam, who in turn promised you his daughter.

Now, we also would make you a promise, and we would fulfill it; we would give you the loveliest of Atreides' daughters,

bringing her here from Argos to be your wife, if you joined us and helped us storm the strong-founded city of Ilion.

Then with me, so we can meet by our seafaring vessels to seal a marriage; we here are not bad matchmakers for you."

When Idomeneus spoke and dragged him through the strong encounter

he held him by the foot, but now Asios came to stand by him

he counted, ahead of his horses whom his henchman held ever behind him so that they breathed on his shoulders. He was striving in all his fury to strike

Idomeneus, but he, too quick with a spearcast,

he struck him in the gorge underneath the chin, and drove the bronze clean through.

He fell, as when an oak goes down or a white poplar

like a towering pine tree which in the mountains the carpenters have hewn down with their whetted axes to make a ship timber.

He lay there felled in front of his horses and chariot,

ing, and clawed with his hands at the bloody dust. Meanwhile the charioteer who was close behind him was stricken in the wits 395 and shrinking from the hands of the enemy did not have daring on the horses about, but Antilochos stubborn in battle d him through the middle with a spearstroke, and the corselet of bronze he wore could not hold, the spear fixed in the middle belly, so that he tumbled, gasping, out of the strong-wrought chariot. For the horses, Antilochos, son of great-hearted Nestor, drove them away from the Trojans among the strong-greaved Achaians.

Deiphobos in sorrow for Asios now came close to Idomeneus, and with the bright spear made a cast at him, but Idomeneus with his eyes straight on him avoided the bronze spear 405 since also he was hidden beneath his shield's perfect circle, that shield he carried, hooped in circles of glaring bronze, and the skins of oxen, fitted with double cross-stays. He was all gathered together under this, and the brazen spear shot over him. The shield gave out a hollow clash as the spear glanced from it. Deiphobos made no utterly vain cast from his strong hand, but struck Hypsenor, son of Hippasos, shepherd of the people, in the liver under the midriff, and at once took the strength from his knees. Deiphobos vaunted terribly over him, calling in a great voice: "Asios lies not now all unavenged. I think rather that he goes down to Hades of the Gates, the strong one, he will be cheerful at heart, since I have sent him an escort." He spoke, and sorrow came over the Argives at his vaunting, and beyond others stirred the spirit in wise Antilochos, yet sorrowful though he was he did not forget his companion. Antilochos running stood and bestrode him and covered him under the great shield. Then on Mekisteus, son of Echios, and brilliant Alastor, with his taunt companions, stooping beneath it, caught up Hypsenor, and carried him, groaning heavily, to the hollow vessels.

Idomeneus did not slacken his great fury, but always straining to shroud some one of the Trojans in dark night he went down crashing himself as he fought the bane from the Achaians. There was a man, loved son of illustrious Aisyetes,

ro Alkaīthōs, who was son-in-law of Anchises,
ad married the eldest of his daughters, Hippodameia,
to the hearts of her father and the lady her mother
great house, since she surpassed all the girls of her own age for beauty and
accomplishments and wit; for which reason
an married her who was the best in the wide Troad.
ow Poseidon beat him down at the hands of Idomeneus,
e bewitched his shining eyes, made moveless his bright limbs, so that he could
not run backward, neither evade him,
ood like a statue or a tree with leaves towering
nless, while fighting Idomeneus stabbed at the middle
chest with the spear, and broke the bronze armor about him 440 which in time
before had guarded his body from destruction.
ied out then, a great cry, broken, the spear in him,
ll, thunderously, and the spear in his heart was stuck fast but the heart was
panting still and beating to shake the butt end of the spear. Then and there Ares
the huge took his life away from him.
eneus vaunted terribly over him, calling in a great voice:
hobos, are we then to call this a worthy bargain,
men killed for one? It was you yourself were so boastful.
ge man. Do you rather come yourself and stand up against me so you can see
what I am like, Zeus' seed, come here to face you.
e Zeus first got by Krete Minos, who cared for his people,
o Minos in turn was born a blameless son, Deukalion,
eukalion sired me to be lord over many people
le Krete, and now my ships have brought me to this place to be an evil for you
and your father and the rest of the Trojans.”
he spoke, and the heart in Deiphobos was divided, pondering whether to draw
back and find some other high-hearted Trojan to be his companion, or whether to
attempt him singly.
n the division of his heart this way seemed best to him, to go for Aineias. He
found him at the uttermost edge of the battle 460 standing, since he was forever
angry with brilliant Priam
se great as he was he did him no honor among his people.
obos came and stood close to him and addressed him in winged words:
“Aineias, lord of the Trojans' counsels, now there is need of you to stand by
your brother-in-law, if this bond of kinship touches you.

he then, stand by Alkaïthoös, who was your sister's husband
11 time past nursed you in his house when you were still little.
Now Idomeneus the spear-famed has killed him in battle.”

He spoke, and stirred the anger in the breast of Aineias.
He went against Idomeneus, strongly eager for battle,
No fear gripped Idomeneus as if he were a stripling,
He stood his ground like a mountain wild boar who in the confidence of his
strength stands up to a great rabble of men advancing
him in some deserted place, and bristles his back up,
Both his eyes are shining with fire; he grinds his teeth
In fury to fight off the dogs and the men. So
The spear-famed Idomeneus held his ground, and would not give way to Aineias coming
against him, but bellowed to his companions, looking to Askalaphos, and
Aphareus, and Deïpyros,
Phorones and Antilochos, both urgent for battle,
Stirring all these forward called out to them in winged words: “This way, friends,
stand by me, I am alone, and terribly
I fear the attack of swift-footed Aineias advancing upon me,
Formidable as he is for the slaying of men in battle.
I prize the flower of youth is his, where man's strength is highest, 485 since were
we two of the same age, and in this same spirit,
He would win me in a great battle, or I would win him.”
He spoke, and all these, a single spirit within them,
and stood in their numbers and sloped their shields over his shoulders, and
Aineias on the other side called to his own companions,
Turning to Deïphobos, and Paris, and brilliant Agenor
were lords of the Trojans along with him, and the people after them followed on,
as when the sheep follow the lead-ram
They leave the pasture to drink, and make proud the heart of the shepherd, and thus
also the heart of Aineias was gladdened within him
He saw the swarm of the host following his own leadership.

He then drove on in close combat about Alkaïthoös
Long spears, and the bronze girding the chests of the fighters clashed horribly to
the spears they threw in the press at each other, and two men, for warcraft pre-
eminent beyond the others, 500 Aineias and Idomeneus, both men like the war

god,
straining with the pitiless bronze to tear at each other.
as was first with a spear cast at Idomeneus,
Deiphobos, keeping his eyes straight on him, avoided the bronze spear, so that the vibrant
shaft of Aineias was driven groundward
as if it had been thrown in a vain cast from his big hand.
Idomeneus hit Oinomaos in the middle belly
and broke the hollow of the corselet, so that the entrails spurted from the bronze, and
he fell clawing the dust in his fingers.
Aeneas wrenched out the far-shadowing spear from his body
and had no power to strip the rest of his splendid armor away from his shoulders,
since he was beaten back by their missiles, and no longer in an outburst could his
limbs stay steady beneath him either to dash in after his spear, or to get clear
again.
In this close-standing fight he beat off the pitiless death-day 515 as his feet no longer
quick to run took him out of the fighting.
Deiphobos, backed slowly, made a cast with the shining
spear, since he held a fixed hatred forever against him,
and missed him yet once again and struck down with the spear the war god's son
Askalaphos, so that the powerful spear was driven
through his shoulder, and he dropping in the dust clawed the ground in his fingers.
Deiphobos, yet the huge and bellowing had yet heard nothing
that his son had fallen there in the strong encounter but he, sheltered under the
golden clouds on utmost Olympos,
sitting, held fast by command of Zeus, where the rest also 525 of the immortal
gods were sitting still, in restraint from the battle.

the men drove on in close combat about Askalaphos.
Deiphobos tore from Askalaphos the shining helmet;
Polydamas, a match for the running war god,
coming upon him stabbed his arm with the spear, and the hollow-eyed 530 helmet
dropped from his hand and fell to the ground clashing.
Deiphobos swooped in yet another swoop like a vulture
and wrenched out the heavy spear from the arm's base at the shoulder, then shrank into the
host of his own companions. Polites,
Deiphobos' brother, caught him about the waist with both arms
and got him out of the sorrowful fighting, and reached his fast-footed horses, where

they stood to the rear of the fighting and the battle holding their charioteer and the elaborate chariot, these carried him, groaning heavily, back to the city on, since the blood was running from his arm's fresh wound.

But the rest fought on with clamor incessant rising about them.

And Aeneias lunging at Aphareus, the son of Kaletor,

struck him with the sharp spear in the throat where it was turned toward him.

His head bent over to one side, and his shield tumbled,

the helm, and death breaking the spirit drifted about him.

Antilochos, watching Thoön as he turned about, dashed in on him and slashed at him, and shore away the entire vein

that runs all the way up the back till it reaches the neck. This he shore away entire, so he sprawled in the dust backward,

holding out both hands to his beloved companions.

Antilochos rushed on him, trying to strip the armor

from his shoulders, but watchful, as the Trojans gathered about him from all sides, and beat at the shining broad shield, but could not get within it and tear with the pitiless bronze Antilochos'

armor from his flesh, for about him the earth-shaker Poseidon

led the son of Nestor even in the swarm of missiles.

But he was not making his way back clear of the enemy,

could not turn to face them nor held motionless his spear, always it was shaken or

driven forward, the desire in his heart forever to strike someone with a spearcast or drive at him in close combat.

Antilochos, Asios' son, was not blind to how he kept aiming

his spear in the battle, and charging close stabbed with the sharp bronze

shield's middle, but Poseidon the dark-haired made void his spear's stroke, nor

would let him win the life of Antilochos, and half of the spear was stuck fast like

a stake fire-hardened in Antilochos' shield, and the other half lay on the ground.

But in dread of death he shrank into the host of his own companions; but as he went back

Meriones dogging him threw with the spear and struck between navel and

genitals where beyond all places death in battle comes painfully to pitiful mortals.

But when the spear stuck fast driven and he, writhing about it,

he bled as an ox does when among the mountains the herdsmen

bound him strongly in twisted ropes and drag him unwilling.
, stricken, gasped for a little while, but not long,
fighting Meriones came close and wrenched the spear out 575 from his body,
and a mist of darkness closed over both eyes.

Helenos closing struck Deïpyros on the temple
a huge Thracian sword, and broke the helmet to pieces
it it was knocked off and fell to the ground. An Achaian picked it up where it
rolled among the feet of the fighters;
the darkness of night misted over the eyes of Deïpyros.
In sorrow caught Atreus' son Menelaos of the great war cry, and he came on
menacing and shaking his sharp spear at Helenos the lord and fighter, who
pulled against him the bow at the handgrip, and both let fly at each other
together, one with a sharp spear 585 in a javelin cast, and one with the arrow
from the bowstring.
An arrow of Priam hit him then on the chest with an arrow
the hollow of the corselet, but the bitter arrow sprang far back.
It struck a great threshing floor from the broad blade
it hoveled the black-skinned beans and the chickpeas bounce high 590 under the
whistling blast and the sweep of the winnowing fan, so back from the corselet of
glorious Menelaos the bitter
arrow rebounded far away, being driven hard back.
Atreus' son Menelaos of the great war cry struck him
in the hand where he held the polished bow, and the bronze spear 595 was driven
clean on through the bow and the hand beyond it.
In pain he shrank into the host of his own companions, dangling his wounded
hand and dragging the ash spear with it.
The great-hearted Agenor drew from his hand the spear
and wound up his hand with a careful twist of wool fleece
while the henchman held for the shepherd of the people.

Peisandros now came on straight against Menelaos
glorious, but an evil destiny led him toward death's end, to be beaten down by
you, Menelaos, in the stark encounter.
When these in their advance were close to each other
An arrow of Atreus missed with his throw, and the spear was turned past him, but
Peisandros stabbed with the spear at the shield of glorious Menelaos, but could

not drive the bronze all the way through it for the wide shield held against it and the spearshaft was broken behind the head, yet he was light-hearted and hopeful of victory.

With his sword with the silver nails, the son of Atreus
gripped at Peisandros, who underneath his shield's cover gripped his beautiful axe with
strong bronze blade upon a long polished axe-handle of olive wood. They made
their strokes at the same time and Peisandros chopped at the horn of the helmet
crested with horse-hair 615 at the very peak. Menelaos struck him as he came
onward

forehead over the base of the nose, and smashed the bones, so that both eyes
dropped, bloody, and lay in the dust at his feet before him.

He fell, curling, and Menelaos, setting his heel on

him, stripped off his armor and spoke exulting over him: 620 "So, I think, shall
you leave the ships of the fast-mounted Danaäns, you haughty Trojans, never to
be glutted with the grim war noises, nor go short of all that other shame and
defilement

with you defiled me, wretched dogs, and your hearts knew no fear at all of the
hard anger of Zeus loud-thundering,

your guest's god, who some day will utterly sack your steep city.

Who in vanity went away taking with you my wedded
and many possessions, when she had received you in kindness.

Now once more you rage among our seafaring vessels
now deadly fire on them and kill the fighting Achaians.

You will be held somewhere, though you be so headlong for battle.

For Zeus, they say your wisdom passes all others',

men and gods, and yet from you all this is accomplished

may you give these outrageous people your grace, these Trojans whose fighting
strength is a thing of blind fury, nor can they ever 635 be glutted full of the
close encounters of deadly warfare.

There is satiety in all things, in sleep, and lovemaking, in the loveliness of
singing and the innocent dance. In all these things a man will strive sooner to
win satisfaction

in war; but in this the Trojans cannot be glutted."

Menelaos the blameless spoke, and stripping the bloody

armor away from his body gave it to his companions,

turned back himself to merge in the ranks of the champions.

And there sprang forth against him the son of King Pylaimenes, Harpalion, who had

followed his father into the fighting
oy, and did not come home again to the land of his fathers.
om close up stabbed with his spear at the shield of Atreides in the middle, but
could not drive the bronze all the way through it.
oid death he shrank into the host of his own companions, looking all about him,
for fear somebody might wound him with the bronze; 650 but as he went back
Meriones let fly at him with a bronze-shod
, and hit him beside the right buttock, so that the arrow was driven on through
under the bone to fix in the bladder.
, sitting among the arms of his beloved companions,
ped out his life, then lay like a worm extended
; the ground, and his dark blood drenched the ground in its running.
he great-hearted Paphlagonians busied about him,
him into a chariot and brought him to sacred Ilion
row, and his father, weeping tears, walked beside them, and no man-price came
his way for his son's slaying.
t Paris was deeply angered at heart for this man's slaying, since he was his guest
friend among many Paphlagonians,
n anger for him he also let fly a bronze-shod arrow.
was a man, Euchenor, son of the seer Polyidos,
man and good, who lived in his house at Korinth,
knew well that it was his death when he went on shipboard,
many times the good old man Polyidos had told him
e must die in his own house of a painful sickness or go with the ships of the
Achaians and be killed by the Trojans.
efore chose to avoid the troublesome price the Achaians 670 would ask, and
the hateful sickness so his heart might not be afflicted.
struck him by jaw and ear, and at once the life spirit
rom his limbs, and the hateful darkness closed in about him.

hey fought on in the likeness of blazing fire. But meanwhile Hektor beloved of
Zeus had not heard of this, and knew nothing 675 of how to the left of the ships
his people were being slaughtered by the Argives, and glory for the Achaians
might even have been accomplished, such was Poseidon who circles the earth
and shakes it as he stirred on the Argives and fought for them and his own
strength.
lektor held where first he had broken a way through the rampart 680 and the

gates, and shattered the close ranks of the armored Danaäns, where lay the ships
of Aias and the ships of Protesilaos
d up along the beach of the gray sea; and above these
all they had built lay lowest, and there beyond other places dangerous was the
onslaught of the Trojans and of their horses.

ere the Boiotians, and Ionians with their trailing tunics, the Lokrians and the
Phthians, with the shining Epeians

o hold him as he swept hard for the ships, but they could not avail to beat
brilliant flamelike Hektor back from them.

also were the chosen Athenian men, and among them 690 Peteos' son
Menestheus was lord, and there followed with him

as and Stichios and strong Bias; but the Epeians
led by Meges, Phyleus' son, Amphion and Drakios,

efore the Phthians were Medon and battle-stubborn Podarkes.

of these one, Medon, was bastard son of Oileus

odlike, and brother of Aias, yet he was living away from the land of his fathers,
in Phylakē, since he had killed a man, the brother of Eriopis, his stepmother and
wife of Oileus;

he other was son of Iphiklos, the son of Phylakos.

hese in arms at the forefront of the great-hearted Phthians 700 fought beside the
Boiotians in defense of their vessels.

swift Aias the son of Oileus would not at all now take his stand apart from
Telamonian Aias,

ven a little; but as two wine-colored oxen straining

even force drag the compacted plough through the fallow land, 705 and for both
of them at the base of the horns the dense sweat gushes; only the width of the
polished yoke keeps a space between them as they toil down the furrow till the
share cuts the edge of the ploughland; so these took their stand in battle, close to
each other.

with the son of Telamon many people and brave ones

wed as companions, and took over the great shield from him whenever the sweat
and the weariness came over his body.

o Lokrians went with the great-hearted son of Oileus.

heart was not in them to endure close-standing combat,

ey did not have the brazen helmets crested with horse-hair, 715 they did not
have the strong-circled shields and the ash spears, but rather these had followed

to Ilium with all their confidence in their bows and slings strong-twisted of wool;
and with these they shot their close volleys and broke the Trojan battalions.
With these others fought in front in elaborate war gear
first the Trojans and Hektor the brazen-helmed, and the Lokrians unseen volleyed
from behind, so the Trojans remembered
nothing of the joy of battle, since the shafts struck them to confusion.

And pitifully the Trojans might have gone back from the shelters and the ships, to
windy Ilium, had not Poulydamas
stand and stood beside bold Hektor and spoken a word to him:
"Hektor, you are too intractable to listen to reason.
Since the god has granted you the actions of warfare
before you wish in counsel also to be wise beyond others.
You cannot choose to have all gifts given to you together.
To one man the god has granted the actions of warfare,
to one to be a dancer, to another the lyre and the singing,
to a third the breast of another Zeus of the wide brows establishes wisdom, a lordly thing,
and many take profit beside him
who saves many, but the man's own thought surpasses all others.

I will tell you the way that it seems best to my mind.
You, everywhere the fighting burns in a circle around you, but of the great-hearted
Trojans since they crossed over the rampart some are standing back in their war
gear, others are fighting fewer men against many, being scattered among the
vessels.

Go back now, and call to this place all of our bravest,
when we might work out together our general counsel,
before we can fall upon their benched ships, if the god might be willing to give such
power to us, or whether thereafter
we can win away from the ships unhurt; since I fear
the Achaeans might wreak on us requital for yesterday;
beside their ships lurks a man insatiate of fighting
I think we can no longer utterly hold him from the fighting."

He spoke Poulydamas, and this counsel of safety pleased Hektor, and at once in all
his armor he leapt to the ground from his chariot 750 and spoke to him and
addressed him in winged words: "Poulydamas, do you rather call back to their
place all of our bravest.
I am going over there to meet the attack, and afterward

come back soon, when I have properly given my orders.”

He spoke, and went on his way like a snowy mountain,
going aloud, and swept through the Trojans and their companions.
The rest of them rallied quickly around the son of Panthoös, courtly Poulydamas,
each as they heard the command of Hektor.
Hektor ranged the ranks of the foremost fighters, searching for Deiphobos, and the
strength of Helenos the prince, and for Asios’
Adamas, and Asios, Hyrtakos’ son, if he might find them; but found them no
longer utterly unwounded or living, but some were lying along the sterns of
Achaian vessels,
who had lost their lives at the hands of the Argives, and others were lying away
inside the city with arrow or spear wounds.
He found one man away to the left of the sorrowful battle,
namely Alexandros, the lord of lovely-haired Helen,
urging his companions and urging them on into battle.
Paris came and stood near, and in words of shame he rebuked him: “Evil Paris,
beautiful, woman-crazy, cajoling:
Deiphobos is gone, and the strength of the prince Helenos, Adamas, Asios’
son, and Asios, son of Hyrtakos?
Deiphobos is Othryoneus? Now all steep Ilion is lost
to you; now your own headlong destruction is certain.”
Paris in turn Alexandros the godlike answered him:
“Hektor, since it is your pleasure to blame me when I am blameless, it would be
better some other time to withdraw from the fighting than now. My mother bore
me not utterly lacking in warcraft.
Remember that time when by the ships you wakened the battle
of our companions, we have stayed here and fought the Danaäns 780 without end.
And our companions are killed you ask for.
Deiphobos and the strength of the prince Helenos
gone away, wounded each in the hand by strokes
of long spears, but the son of Kronos fended death from them.
I shall lead on, wherever your heart and spirit command you,
and we shall follow you eagerly; I think that we shall not
be short in warcraft, in so far as the strength stays with us.
Beyond his strength no man can fight, although he be eager.”
Paris the hero spoke, and persuaded the heart of his brother.

went on, to where the clamor and fighting were greatest, 790 about Kebriones,
and Poulydamas the blameless,

Phalkes, and Orthaios, and godlike Polyphetes,
ys, with Askanios and Morys, sons of Hippotion,
had come over in their turn from fertile Askania
e dawn before, and now Zeus stirred them into the fighting.

went on, as out of the racking winds the stormblast
nderneath the thunderstroke of Zeus father drives downward and with gigantic
clamor hits the sea, and the numerous boiling waves along the length of the
roaring water bend and whiten to foam in ranks, one upon another;

e Trojans closing in ranks, some leading and others
hem, in the glare of bronze armor followed their leaders.

Hektor led them, Priam's son, a man like the murderous
od, and held the perfect circle of his shield before him fenced deep in skins, with
a great fold of bronze beaten upon it, 805 and about his temples was shaken as
he went the glittering helmet.

ould step forward, to probe the Achaian battalions at all points, if they might give
way where he stalked on under his shield's cover, but could not so confuse the
heart in the breasts of the Achaians.

was first to take long strides forward and challenge him: 810 "Man, you are
mad. Come closer. Why try this way to terrify

rgives? It is not that we are so unskilled in fighting,
y the wicked whiplash of Zeus we Achaians are beaten.

ose, then, your heart is hopeful utterly to break up
lips? We too have prompt hands among us strong to defend them.

er, far before this your own strong-founded citadel
go down under our hands, stormed and utterly taken.

or yourself I say that the time is close, when in flight you will pray to Zeus
father and the other immortals

our bright-maned horses might be swifter than hawks are 820 as they carry you
through the stirred dust of the plain to your city."

he spoke so, an ominous bird winged by at his right hand, a towering eagle, and
the host of the Achaians, made brave

e bird sign, shouted, but glorious Hektor answered him:

, you inarticulate ox, what is this you have spoken?

ould only be called son to Zeus of the aegis

the days of my life, and the lady Hera my mother,
be honored, as Apollo and Athene are honored,
truly as this is a day that brings evil to the Argives,
and you will be killed with the rest of them, if you have daring 830 to stand up
against my long spear, which will bite your delicate body; yet then you will glut
the dogs and birds of the Trojans with fat and flesh, struck down beside the ships
of the Achaians.”

He spoke and led the way, and the rest of them followed him with unearthly
clamor, and all the people shouted behind him.

The Argives on the other side cried out, and would not
leave their warcraft, but stood the attack of the bravest Trojans, and the clamor from
both was driven high to Zeus' shining ether.

BOOK FOURTEEN

ν Nestor failed not to hear their outcry, though he was drinking his wine, but spoke in winged words to the son of Asklepios:
π thought how these things shall be done, brilliant Machaon.
ρ the ships the cry of the strong young men grows greater.
σ do you sit here and go on drinking the bright wine,
Τ Hekamede the lovely-haired makes ready a hot bath
υ, warming it, and washes away the filth of the bloodstains, while I go out and make my way till I find some watchpoint.”

φ spoke, and took up the wrought shield of his son
χ medes, breaker of horses. It lay in the shelter
ψ ining in bronze. Thrasymedes carried the shield of his father.
ω he caught up a powerful spear edged in sharp bronze
ϑ ood outside the shelter, and at once saw a shameful action, men driven to flight,
ι and others harrying them in confusion,
κ eat-hearted Trojans, and the wall of the Achaians overthrown.
λ en the open sea is deeply stirred to the ground-swell but stays in one place and waits the rapid onset of tearing
μ nor rolls its surf onward in either direction
ν from Zeus the wind is driven down to decide it;
ξ aged man pondered, his mind caught between two courses,
ο er to go among the throng of fast-mounted Danaäns
π search of Atreus' son Agamemnon, shepherd of the people.
ρ n the division of his heart this way seemed best to him, to go after the son of Atreus, while the rest went on with the murderous
σ , and the weariless bronze about their bodies was clashing as the men were stabbing with swords and leaf-headed spears.

ν there came toward Nestor the kings under God's hand, they who had been wounded by the bronze and came back along the ships, Tydeus'

nd Odysseus, and Atreus' son Agamemnon. For there
ships that had been hauled up far away from the fighting
the beach of the gray sea. They had hauled up the first ones on the plain, and by
the sterns of these had built their defenses; for, wide as it was, the seashore was
not big enough to make room for all the ships, and the people also were
straitened; and therefore 35 they had hauled them up in depth, and filled up the
long edge

the whole sea-coast, all that the two capes compassed between them.

The lords walked in a group, each leaning on his spear, to look at the clamorous
battle, and for each the heart inside his body

grew sorrowful; and Nestor the aged man who now met them

still more cast down the spirit inside the Achaians.

The powerful Agamemnon spoke aloud and addressed him:

O son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaians,

have you left the fighting where men die, and come back here?

I am afraid huge Hektor may accomplish that word against me

as he spoke, threatening, among the Trojans assembled,

so that he would not make his way back from the ships toward Ilion until he had set the
ships on fire, and killed the men in them.

Agamemnon spoke then; now all these things are being accomplished.

But the name, for I think that all the other strong-greaved Achaians 50 are storing anger
against me in their hearts, as Achilleus

and no longer will fight for me by the grounded vessels.”

Then he answered him in turn the Gerenian horseman Nestor:

These things have been brought to fulfillment, nor in any other way could even
Zeus who thunders on high accomplish it.

The wall has gone down in which we put our trust, that it

could not be a protection for our ships and us, and could not be broken, and our men

beside the fast ships are fighting incessantly

to the end, nor could you tell anymore, though you looked hard, from which side the
Achaians are broken into confusion,

and indiscriminately are they killed, and their crying goes skyward.

Therefore men must take thought together how these things shall be done if wit can do

anything for us now. I think that we must not

continue the fight; a man cannot fight on when he is wounded.”

Then in turn the lord of men Agamemnon spoke to him:

or, since now they are fighting beside the grounded vessels and the wall we built has done us no good, nor the ditch either where the Danaäns endured so much, and their hearts were hopeful it would be a protection to their ships and them, and could not be broken, then such is the way it must be pleasing to Zeus, who is too strong, 70 that the Achaians must die here forgotten and far from Argos. I knew it, when with full heart he defended the Danaäns, I know it now, when he glorifies these people as if they were blessed gods, and has hobbled our warcraft and our hands' strength. I then, do as I say, let us all be won over; let us haul all those ships that are beached near the sea in the first line and haul them down, and row them out on the shining water, and hoist them at anchor stones out on the deep water, until the mortal Night comes down, if the Trojans will give over fighting for Night's sake; then we might haul down all the rest of our vessels. It is no shame in running, even by night, from disaster. A man does better who runs from disaster than he who is caught by it."

When looking darkly at him spoke resourceful Odysseus:
"O son of Atreus, what sort of word escaped your teeth's barrier?
You! I wish you directed some other unworthy man
and were not lord over us, over us to whom Zeus
appointed the accomplishing of wars, from our youth
into our old age until we are dead, each of us.
You really thus eager to abandon the wide-wayed city
of Trojans, over which we have taken so many sorrows?
Do not say it; for fear some other Achaian might hear this
word which could never at all get past the lips of any man
I understood inside his heart how to speak soundly,
I was a sceptered king, and all the people obeyed him
in numbers like those of the Argives, whose lord you are.
I utterly despise your heart for the thing you have spoken; you who in the very
closing of clamorous battle
do not wish to haul our strong-benched ships to the sea, so that even more glory may befall
the Trojans, who beat us already, and headlong destruction swing our way, since
the Achaians
do not hold their battle as the ships are being hauled seaward, but will look about,
and let go the exultation of fighting.

“O leader of the people, your plan will be ruin.”
In turn the lord of men Agamemnon answered him:
“Athenes, you have hit me somewhere deep in my feelings
with this hard word. But I am not telling the sons of the Achaians against their will to
drag their benched ships down to the water.
Let someone speak who has better counsel than this was;
young man or old; and what he says will be to my liking.”

And among them spoke Diomedes of the great war cry:
“If no man is here, we shall not look far for him, if you are willing to listen, and not
be each astonished in anger against me.
By birth I am the youngest among you. I also
boast that my generation is of an excellent father, Tydeus, whom now the heaped
earth covers over in Thebe.

There were three blameless sons who were born to Portheus, and their home was
in Pleuron and headlong Kalydon. Agrios was first, then Melas, and the third
was Oineus the horseman, the father of my father, and in valor beyond the
others.

Oineus stayed in the land, while my father was driven and settled in Argos.
Such was the will of Zeus and the other immortals.

He married one of the daughters of Adrestos, and established
his house rich in substance, and plenty of wheat-grown acres
about his, with many orchards of fruit trees circled about him, and many herds were
his. He surpassed all other Achaians
in the spear. If all this is true, you must have heard of it.

Before you could not, saying that I was base and unwarlike by birth, dishonor any
word that I speak, if I speak well.

So go back to the fighting wounded as we are. We have to

stand there, we must hold ourselves out of the onfall, clear of missiles, so that
none will add to the wound he has got already, but we shall be there to drive
them on, since even before this they have favored their anger, and stood far off,
and will not fight for us.”

Diomedes spoke, and they listened well to him, and obeyed him, and went on their way.
And the lord of men, Agamemnon, led them.

Neither did the glorious shaker of the earth keep blind watch, but came among
them now in the likeness of an old man,
took hold of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, by the right hand,

poke to him and addressed him in winged words: "Son of Atreus, I think that now that baleful heart in the breast of Achilles 140 must be happy as he stares at the slaughter of the Achaians
their defeat. There is no heart in him, not even a little.
so may the god strike him down, let him go to destruction.
with you the blessed gods are not utterly angry.
it will still be a time when the lords of Troy and their counselors 145 shall send dust wide on the plain, and you yourself shall look on them as they take flight for their city away from the ships and the shelters."
He spoke, and swept on over the plain, with a huge cry
He yell nine thousand men send up, or ten thousand
He, as they close in the hateful strife of the war god.
He was the cry the powerful earth-shaker let go
his lungs, and in the heart of every Achaian implanted
strength, to carry the battle on, and fight without flinching.

✓ Hera, she of the golden throne, standing on Olympos'
looked out with her eyes, and saw at once how Poseidon, 155 who was her very brother and her lord's brother, was bustling
the battle where men win glory, and her heart was happy.
she saw Zeus, sitting along the loftiest summit
of the springs, and in her eyes he was hateful.
How the lady ox-eyed Hera was divided in purpose
how she could beguile the brain in Zeus of the aegis.
In her mind this thing appeared to be the best counsel,
to stay herself in loveliness, and go down to Ida,
perhaps he might be taken with desire to lie in love with her next her skin, and she
might be able to drift an innocent
to sleep across his eyelids, and seal his crafty perceptions.
She went into her chamber, which her beloved son Hephaistos
built for her, and closed the leaves in the door-posts snugly with a secret door-bar,
and no other of the gods could open it.
When entering she drew shut the leaves of the shining door, then 170 first from her
adorable body washed away all stains with ambrosia, and next anointed herself
with ambrosial
olive oil, which stood there in its fragrance beside her, and from which, stirred
in the house of Zeus by the golden pavement, a fragrance was shaken forever

forth, on earth and in heaven.

Then with this she had anointed her delicate body

combed her hair, next with her hands she arranged the shining and lovely and ambrosial curls along her immortal

and dressed in an ambrosial robe that Athene

made her carefully, smooth, and with many figures upon it, 180 and pinned it across her breast with a golden brooch, and circled her waist about with a zone that floated a hundred tassels,

and in the lobes of her carefully pierced ears she put rings

like rippling drops in mulberry clusters, radiant with beauty,

lovely among goddesses, she veiled her head downward

with a sweet fresh veil that glimmered pale like the sunlight.

And beneath her shining feet she bound on the fair sandals.

When she had clothed her body in all this loveliness,

she went out from the chamber, and called aside Aphrodite

and went away from the rest of the gods, and spoke a word to her: 190 "Would you do something for me, dear child, if I were to ask you?

Would you refuse it? Are you forever angered against me

because I defend the Danaans, while you help the Trojans?"

Then the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, answered her: "Hera, honored goddess,

daughter to mighty Kronos, speak forth

whatever is in your mind. My heart is urgent to do it

for you, and if it is a thing that can be accomplished."

Then, with false lying purpose the lady Hera answered her: "Give me loveliness and desirability, graces

by which you overwhelm mortal men, and all the immortals.

And I go now to the ends of the generous earth, on a visit

to Kronos, whence the gods have risen, and Tethys our mother who brought me up

kindly in their own house, and cared for me and took me from Rheia, at that time

when Zeus of the wide brows drove Kronos underneath the earth and the barren

water.

Let all go to visit these, and resolve their division of discord, since now for a long

time they have stayed apart from each other and from the bed of love, since

rancor has entered their feelings.

Let me win over with persuasion the dear heart within them

and bring them back to their bed to be merged in love with each other 210 I shall be

forever called honored by them, and beloved."

n in turn Aphrodite the laughing answered her:
not, and I must not deny this thing that you ask for,
who lie in the arms of Zeus, since he is our greatest.”

spoke, and from her breasts unbound the elaborate, pattern-pierced zone,
and on it are figured all beguilements, and loveliness
wreathed upon it, and passion of sex is there, and the whispered endearment that
steals the heart away even from the thoughtful.

But this in Hera's hands, and called her by name and spoke to her: “Take this
zone, and hide it away in the fold of your bosom.

For elaborate, all things are figured therein. And I think
whatever is your heart's desire shall not go unaccomplished.”

So she spoke, and the ox-eyed lady Hera smiled on her
and smiling hid the zone away in the fold of her bosom.

Aphrodite went back into the house, Zeus' daughter,

and Hera in a flash of speed left the horn of Olympos

and crossed over Piēria and Emathia the lovely and overswept the snowy hills of the
Thracian riders

nor their uttermost pinnacles, nor touched the ground with her feet. Then from Athos
she crossed over the heaving main sea and came to Lemnos, and to the city
of godlike Thoas.

And there she encountered Sleep, the brother of Death. She clung

to his hand and spoke a word and called him by name: “Sleep, lord over all mortal
men and all gods, if ever

you now have listened to word of mine, so now also

do as I ask; and all my days I shall know gratitude.

Let me sleep the shining eyes of Zeus under his brows

as I have lain beside him in love. I will give you

a lovely throne, imperishable forever,

and my own son, he of the strong arms, Hephaistos,

make it with careful skill and make for your feet a footstool on which you can
rest your shining feet when you take your pleasure.”

And Sleep the still and soft spoke to her in answer:

“O honored goddess and daughter of mighty Kronos,

thou art one of the gods, whose race is immortal,

and wouldst thou lightly put to sleep, even the stream of that River

Phlegron, whence is risen the seed of all the immortals.

would not come too close to Zeus, the son of Kronos, nor put him to sleep, unless when he himself were to tell me.
e now, it was a favor to you that taught me wisdom,
e day Herakles, the high-hearted son of Zeus, was sailing from Ilion, when he had utterly sacked the city of the Trojans.
ime I laid to sleep the brain in Zeus of the aegis
rfted upon him still and soft, but your mind was devising evil, and you raised along the sea the blasts of the racking
s, and on these swept him away to Kos, the strong-founded,
all his friends lost, but Zeus awakened in anger
eat the gods up and down his house, looking beyond all others for me, and would have sunk me out of sight in the sea from the bright sky had not Night who has power over gods and men rescued me.
ched her in my flight, and Zeus let be, though he was angry in awe of doing anything to swift Night's displeasure.
you ask me to do this other impossible thing for you.”
n in turn the lady ox-eyed Hera answered him:
p, why do you ponder this in your heart, and hesitate?
o you think that Zeus of the wide brows, aiding the Trojans, will be angry as he was angry for his son, Herakles?
e now, do it, and I will give you one of the younger
s for you to marry, and she shall be called your lady;
lea, since all your days you have loved her forever.”

she spoke, and Sleep was pleased and spoke to her in answer: “Come then! Swear it to me on Styx' ineluctable water.
one hand take hold of the prospering earth, with the other take hold of the shining salt sea, so that all the undergods
gather about Kronos may be witnesses to us.
ir that you will give me one of the younger Graces,
lea, the one whom all my days I have longed for.”
spoke, nor failed to persuade the goddess Hera of the white arms, and she swore as he commanded, and called by their names on all those gods who live beneath the Pit, and who are called Titans.
hen she had sworn this, and made her oath a complete thing, the two went away from Lemnos, and the city of Imbros,
antled themselves in mist, and made their way very lightly till they came to Ida

with all her springs, the mother of wild beasts, to Lekton, where first they left the water, and went on 285 over dry land, and with their feet the top of the forest was shaken.

· Sleep stayed, before the eyes of Zeus could light on him, and went up aloft a towering pine tree, the one that grew tallest at that time on Ida, and broke through the close air to the ether.

· s he sat, covered over and hidden by the pine branches, 290 in the likeness of a singing bird whom in the mountains

· mortal gods call chalkis, but men call him kymindis.

Hera light-footed made her way to the peak of Gargaros on towering Ida. And Zeus who gathers the clouds saw her,

· when he saw her desire was a mist about his close heart
· such as on that time they first went to bed together

· ly in love, and their dear parents knew nothing of it.

· god before her and called her by name and spoke to her: “Hera, what is your desire that you come down here from Olympos?

· your horses are not here, nor your chariot, which you would ride in.”

· en with false lying purpose the lady Hera answered him:

· going to the ends of the generous earth, on a visit

· eanos, whence the gods have risen, and Tethys our mother, who brought me up kindly in their own house, and cared for me.

· I go to visit these, and resolve their division of discord, 305 since now for a long time they have stayed apart from each other and from the bed of love, since rancor has entered their feelings.

· foothills by Ida of the waters are standing

· orses, who will carry me over hard land and water.

· now I have come down here from Olympos for your sake

· u will not be angry with me afterward, if I

· gone silently to the house of deep-running Okeanos.”

· n in turn Zeus who gathers the clouds answered her:

· i, there will be a time afterward when you can go there

· ll. But now let us go to bed and turn to lovemaking.

· ever before has love for any goddess or woman

· lted about the heart inside me, broken it to submission, as now: not that time when I loved the wife of Ixion who bore me Peirithoös, equal of the gods in counsel,

hen I loved Akrisios' daughter, sweet-stepping Danaë, 320 who bore Perseus to me, pre-eminent among all men, nor when I loved the daughter of far-renowned Phoinix, Europa who bore Minos to me, and Rhadamanthys the godlike; hen I loved Semele, or Alkmene in Thebe, when Alkmene bore me a son, Herakles the strong-hearted, 325 while Semele's son was Dionysos, the pleasure of mortals;

hen I loved the queen Demeter of the lovely tresses,

hen it was glorious Leto, nor yourself, so much

as I love you, and the sweet passion has taken hold of me.”

When with false lying purpose the lady Hera answered him:

“It honored son of Kronos, what sort of thing have you spoken?

Why your great desire is to lie in love together

on the peaks of Ida, everything can be seen. Then

would happen if some one of the gods everlasting

is sleeping, and went and told all the other immortals

“I would not simply rise out of bed and go back

to you, into your house, and such a thing would be shameful.

“But this is your heart's desire, if this is your wish, then there is my chamber, which

is my beloved son Hephaistos

has built for me, and closed the leaves in the door-posts snugly.

“You can go back there and lie down, since bed is your pleasure.”

When in turn Zeus who gathers the clouds answered her:

“Do not fear that any mortal or any god

is near, so close shall be the golden cloud that I gather

about you. Not even Helios can look at us through it,

though beyond all others his light has the sharpest vision.”

When speaking, the son of Kronos caught his wife in his arms. There underneath them the divine earth broke into young, fresh

and into dewy clover, crocus and hyacinth

dark and soft it held the hard ground deep away from them.

When they lay down together and drew about them a golden

and fertile cloud, and from it the glimmering dew descended.

The father slept unshaken on the peak of Gargaron

with his wife in his arms, when sleep and passion had stilled him; but gently Sleep

went on the run to the ships of the Achaians 355 with a message to tell him who

circles the earth and shakes it, Poseidon, and stood close to him and addressed

him in winged words: "Poseidon, now with all your heart defend the Danaäns
ive them glory, though only for a little, while Zeus still sleeps; since I have
mantled a soft slumber about him
Iera beguiled him into sleeping in love beside her."

spoke so, and went away among the famed races
n, and stirred Poseidon even more to defend the Danaäns.
rang among their foremost and urged them on in a great voice: "Argives, now
once more must we give the best of it to Hektor, 365 Priam's son, so he may
take our ships and win glory from them?
is his thought and such is his prayer, because now Achilles in the anger of his
heart stays still among the hollow ships.
iere will not be too much longing for him, if the others of us can stir ourselves up
to stand by each other.
e; then, do as I say, let us all be won over; let us
hose shields which are best in all the army and biggest and put them on, and
cover our heads in the complete shining
mets, and take in our hands our spears that are longest and go. I myself will lead
the way, and I think that no longer 375 Hektor, Priam's son, can stand up to us,
for all his fury.
e man stubborn in battle who wears a small shield on his shoulder give it to a
worse man, and put on the shield that is bigger."

ne spoke, and they listened hard to him, and obeyed him.
ings in person marshaled these men, although they were wounded, 380 Tydeus'
son, and Odysseus, and Atreus' son Agamemnon.
went among all, and made them exchange their armor of battle, and the good
fighter put on the good armor, and each gave the worse gear to the worse. Then
when in the shining bronze they had shrouded their bodies they went forward,
and Poseidon the shaker of the earth led them 385 holding in his heavy hand the
stark sword with the thin edge
ing, as glitters the thunderflash none may close with
ght in sorrowful division, but fear holds all men back.
the other side glorious Hektor ordered the Trojans,
ow Poseidon of the dark hair and glorious Hektor
ied to its deadliest the division of battle, the one
ing power to the Trojans, and the god to the Argives.

reaking of the sea washed up to the ships and the shelters of the Argives. The two sides closed together with a great war cry. Such is the roaring against dry land of the sea's surf rolls in from the open under the hard blast of the north wind; not such is the bellowing of fire in its blazing deep places of the hills when it rises inflaming the forest, nor such again the crying voice of the wind in the deep-haired oaks, when it roars highest in its fury against them, so loud as now the noise of Achaians and Trojans. The voice of terror rose as they drove against one another.

But glorious Hektor made a cast with his spear at Aias. He had turned straight against him, nor missed with his throw but struck, there where over his chest were crossed the two straps, 405 one for the sword with the silver nails, and one for the great shield. He guarded the tenderness of his skin. And Hektor, in anger because his weapon had been loosed from his hand in a vain cast, to avoid death shrank into the host of his own companions. As he drew away huge Telamonian Aias he hit up a rock; there were many, holding-stones for the fast ships, rolled among the feet of the fighters; he caught up one of these and hit him in the chest next the throat over his shield rim, and spun him around like a top with the stroke, so that he staggered in a circle; as a great oak goes down root-torn under his father's stroke, and a horrible smell of sulfur uprises from it, and there is no courage left in a man who stands by, so he looks on, for the thunderstroke of great Zeus is a hard thing; so Hektor in all his strength dropped suddenly in the dust, let fall the spear from his hand, and his shield was beaten upon him, 420 and the helm, and his armor elaborate with bronze clashed over him. Then coming aloud the sons of the Achaians ran forward to drag him away, and threw their volleying javelins at him, yet no man could stab or cast at the shepherd of the people; sooner the Trojans' bravest gathered about him, 425 Aineias, and Poulydamas, and brilliant Agenor, and Laonon, lord of the Lykians, and Glaukos the blameless; of the rest no man was heedless of him, but rather they closed the strong circles of their shields over him, while his companions caught him in

their arms out of the fighting and reached his fast-footed 430 horses, where they stood to the rear of the fighting and the battle holding their charioteer and the elaborate chariot, these carried him, groaning heavily, back toward the city.

when they came to the crossing place of the fair-running river, of whirling Xanthos, whose father was Zeus the immortal, moved him from behind his horses to the ground, and splashed water over him. He got his wind again, and his eyes cleared, he got up to lean on one knee and vomit a dark clot of blood, then lay back on the ground again, while over both eyes dark night misted. His strength was still broken by the stone's stroke. But the Argives, when they saw Hektor withdrawing from them, remembered once again their warcraft and turned on the Trojans.

Far before them all swift Aias son of Oïleus gave an outrush, and stabbed with the sharp spear Satnios, Enops' son, whom the perfect naiad nymph had borne once 445 to Enops, as he tended his herds by Satnioeis river.

Peer-famed son of Oïleus, coming close to this man, he struck him in the flank so that he knocked him backward, and over him Trojans and Danaäns closed together in strong encounter.

Panthydamas of the shaken spear came up to stand by him, Panthoös' son, and struck in the right shoulder Prothoënor son of Areilykos, and the powerful spear was driven through the shoulder, and he dropping in the dust clawed the ground in his fingers.

Panthydamas vaunted terribly over him, calling in a great voice: "I think this javelin leaping from the heavy hand of Panthoös'

hearted son was not thrown away in a vain cast. Rather the Argive caught it in his skin. I think he has got it stuck to lean on as he trudges down into Death's house."

He spoke, and sorrow came over the Argives at his vaunting, and beyond others he stirred the anger in wise Telamonian

for the man had fallen closest to him, and at once he gave a cast with the shining spear at returning Poulydamas.

Poulydamas himself avoided the dark death with a quick spring to one side, and Archelochos son of Antenor caught the spear, since the immortal gods had

doomed his destruction.

it him at the joining place of head and neck, at the last
bra, and cut through both of the tendons, so that
an's head and mouth and nose hit the ground far sooner
lid the front of his legs and knees as he fell. And Aias spoke aloud in answer to
unfaulted Poulydamas:

ark over this, Poulydamas, and answer me truly.

this man's death against Prothoënor's a worthwhile
nge? I think he is no mean man, nor born of mean fathers, but is some brother of
Antenor, breaker of horses,

son; since he is close in blood by the look of him."

o spoke, knowing well what he said, and sorrow fastened on the Trojans.

o Akamas, bestriding his brother, stabbed the Boiotian
achos with the spear as he tried to drag off the body.

ias vaunted terribly over him, calling in a great voice:

Argives, arrow-fighters, insatiate of menace. I think
all not be the only ones to be given hard work
orrow, but you too must sometimes die, as this man did.
o how Promachos sleeps among you, beaten down under
ear, so that punishment for my brother may not go
npaid. Therefore a man prays he will leave behind him
lose to him in his halls to avenge his downfall in battle."

o spoke, and sorrow came over the Argives at his vaunting, and beyond others he
stirred the anger in wise Peneleos.

arged Akamas, who would not stand up against the onset of lord Peneleos. He
then stabbed with the spear Ilioneus 490 the son of Phorbas the rich in
sheepflocks, whom beyond all men of the Trojans Hermes loved, and gave him
possessions.

us was the only child his mother had borne him.

nan Peneleos caught underneath the brow, at the bases

o eye, and pushed the eyeball out, and the spear went clean through 495 the eye-
socket and tendon of the neck, so that he went down

vard, reaching out both hands, but Peneleos drawing his sharp sword hewed at
the neck in the middle, and so dashed downward the head, with helm upon it,
while still on the point of the big spear the eyeball stuck. He, lifting it high like
the head of a poppy, 500 displayed it to the Trojans and spoke vaunting over it:
ans, tell haughty Ilioneus' beloved father

mother, from me, that they can weep for him in their halls, since neither shall the wife of Promachos, Alegenor's son, take pride of delight in her dear lord's coming, on that day 505 when we sons of the Achaians come home from Troy in our vessels."

He spoke, and the shivers came over the limbs of all of them, and each man looked about him for a way to escape the sheer death.

Tell me now, you Muses who have your homes on Olympos, was first of the Achaians to win the bloody despoilment when, when the glorious shaker of the earth bent the way of the battle? Telamonian Aias cut down Hyrtios, he who was son to Gyrtios, and lord over the strong-hearted Mysians.

Promachos slaughtered Phalkes and Mermeros. Morys and Hippotion were killed by Meriones. Teukros cut down 515 Periphetes and Prothoön. Next the son of Atreus, Menelaos, stabbed Hyperenor, shepherd of the people, from the flank, so the bronze head let gush out the entrails through the torn side. His life came out through the wound of the spear-stab in beating haste, and a mist of darkness closed over both eyes.

Aias the fast-footed son of Oileus caught and killed most, there was none like him in the speed of his feet to go after men who ran, once Zeus had driven the terror upon them.

BOOK FIFTEEN

after they had crossed back over the ditch and the sharp stakes in flight, and many had gone down under the hands of the Danaäns, they checked about once more and stood their ground by the chariots, green for fear and terrified. But now Zeus wakened

Hera of the gold throne on the high places of Ida, stood suddenly upright, and saw the Achaians and Trojans, these driven to flight, the others harrying them in confusion, these last Argives, and saw among them the lord Poseidon.

Now Hektor lying in the plain, his companions sitting round him, he dazed at the heart and breathing painfully, bleeding blood, since not the weakest Achaian had hit him.

But the father of gods and men seeing Hektor pitied him and looked scowling terribly at Hera, and spoke a word to her: "Hopeless one, it was your evil design, your treachery, Hera, 15 that stayed brilliant Hektor from battle, terrified his people.

But do not know, perhaps for this contrivance of evil I mean you will win first reward when I lash you with whip strokes.

Do you not remember that time you hung from high and on your feet I slung two anvils, and about your hands drove a golden

chain, unbreakable. You among the clouds and the bright sky

nor could the gods about tall Olympos endure it

stood about, but could not set you free. If I caught one I would seize and throw him from the threshold, until he landed stunned on the earth, yet even so the weariless agony

Hera and Hermes the godlike would not let go my spirit.

But with the north wind's aid winning over the stormwinds drove him on across the desolate sea in evil intention and then on these swept him away to Kos, the strong-founded.

But Poseidon himself rescued him there and brought him back once more

to his pasturing Argos, when he had been through much hardship.

remind you of all this, so you will give up
deceptions, see if your lovemaking in bed will help you, that way you lay with
me apart from the gods, and deceived me.”

spoke, and the lady the ox-eyed goddess Hera was frightened 35 and she spoke
to him and addressed him in winged words: “Now let Earth be my witness in
this, and the wide heaven above us,
the dripping water of the Styx, which oath is the biggest and most formidable oath
among the blessed immortals.

ancient of your head be witness, and the bed of marriage 40 between us: a thing
by which I at least could never swear vainly.

not through my will that the shaker of the earth Poseidon afflicts the Trojans and
Hektor and gives aid to the others, but it is his own passion that urges him to it
and drives him.

with the Achaians hard pressed beside their ships, and pitied them.

but I myself also would give him counsel

with you, O dark clouded, that way that you lead us.”

she spoke, and now the father of gods and men smiled on her and spoke again in
answer to her, and addressed her in winged words: “If even you, lady Hera of the
ox eyes, hereafter

to take your place among the immortals thinking as I do,

Poseidon, hard though he may wish it otherwise,

at once turn his mind so it follows your heart, and my heart.

So all this that you say is real, and you speak truthfully, go now among the
generations of the gods, and summon

to come here to me, and Apollo the glorious archer,

let Iris may go among the bronze-armored people

of the Achaians, and give a message to lord Poseidon

to have the fighting and come back to the home that is his. Also let Phoibos Apollo
stir Hektor back into battle,

to give strength into him once more, and make him forget the agonies that now are
wearing out his senses. Let him drive strengthless panic into the Achaians, and
turn them back once more;

that they may be driven in flight and tumble back on the benched ships of Achilleus,

Peleus’ son. And he shall rouse up Patroklos 65 his companion. And glorious
Hektor shall cut down Patroklos

with his spear before Ilion, after he has killed many others of the young men, and

among them my own son, shining Sarpedon.
For for him brilliant Achilleus shall then kill Hektor.
From then on I would make the fighting surge back from the vessels 70 always
and continuously, until the Achaians
are headlong Ilium through the designs of Athene.
For this I am not stopping my anger, and I will not let
any other of the immortals stand there by the Danaans
for the thing asked by the son of Peleus has been accomplished 75 as I undertook at
the first and bent my head in assent to it
that day when embracing my knees immortal Thetis
promised honor for Achilleus, sacker of cities.”

she spoke, and the goddess of the white arms Hera did not disobey him but went
back to tall Olympus from the mountains of Ida.
The thought flashes in the mind of a man who, traversing
foreign territory, thinks of things in the mind's awareness,
“If I were this place, or this,” and imagines many things; so rapidly in her
eagerness winged Hera, a goddess.
She came to sheer Olympus and entered among the assembled
immortal gods in the house of Zeus, and they seeing her
began to swarm about her and lifted their cups in greeting.
Hera passed by the others and accepted a cup from Themis of the fair cheeks,
since she had first come running to greet her and had spoken to her and
addressed her in winged words: “Hera, 90 why have you come? You seem like
one who has been terrified.
For now, it was the son of Kronos, your husband, frightened you.”
Then the goddess Hera of the white arms answered her:
“I know me nothing of this, divine Themis. You yourself
know what his spirit is, how it is stubborn and arrogant.
I am still over the gods in their house, the feast's fair division.
So much may you hear, and with you all the immortals,
Zeus discloses evil actions, and I do not think
that part of all will be pleased alike, neither among mortals nor gods either,
although one now still feasts at his pleasure.”
The lady Hera spoke so and sat down, and the gods
in the house of Zeus were troubled. Hera was smiling with her lips, but above the
dark brows her forehead

not at peace. She spoke before them all in vexation:
“O gods, we who try to work against Zeus, thoughtlessly,
we are thinking in our anger to go near, and stop him
by argument or force. He sits apart and cares nothing
for us, and says that among the other immortals
he is pre-eminently the greatest in power and strength. Therefore each of you must
take whatever evil he sends you.”

“I think already a sorrow has been wrought against Ares.

“His son has been killed in the fighting, dearest of all men

Askalaphos, whom stark Ares calls his own son.”

“She spoke. Then Ares struck against both his big thighs with the flats of his
hands, and spoke a word of anger and sorrow: 115 “Now, you who have your
homes on Olympos, you must not blame me for going among the ships of the
Achaians, and avenging my son’s slaughter, even though it be my fate to be
struck by Zeus’

“He bolts, and sprawls in the blood and dust by the dead men.”

“He spoke, and ordered Fear and Terror to harness

“Horses, and himself got into his shining armor.

“There might have been wrought another anger, and bitterness from Zeus, still
greater, more wearisome among the immortals, had not Athene, in her fear for
the sake of all gods,

“Rising up and out through the forecourt, left her chair where she was sitting, 125 and
taken the helmet off from his head, the shield from his shoulders, and snatched
out of his heavy hand the bronze spear, and fixed it apart, and then in speech
reasoned with violent Ares:

“O man, mazed of your wits, this is ruin! Your ears can listen still to reality, but
your mind is gone and your discipline.

“Do you not hear what the goddess Hera of the white arms tells us, and she coming
back even now from Zeus of Olympos?

“Do you wish, after running the course of many misfortunes

“To yourself, still to come back to Olympos under compulsion

“To be reluctant, and plant seed of great sorrow among the rest of us?

“Do you think he will at once leave the Achaians and the high-hearted

“Gods, and come back to batter us on Olympos

“Who will catch up as they come the guilty one and the guiltless.

“Therefore I ask of you to give up your anger for your son.”

now some other, better of his strength and hands than your son was, 140 has been killed, or will soon be killed; and it is a hard thing to rescue all the generation and seed of all mortals.”

she spoke, and seated on a chair violent Ares.

Hera called to come with her outside the house Apollo

Iris, who is messenger among the immortal

, and spoke to them and addressed them in winged words: “Zeus wishes both of you to go to him with all speed, at Ida;

when you have come there and looked upon Zeus’ countenance, then you must do whatever he urges you, and his orders.”

The lady Hera spoke, and once more returning

on her throne. They in a flash of speed winged their way onward.

They came to Ida with all her springs, the mother of wild beasts, and found the wide-browed son of Kronos on the height of Gargaron, sitting still, and fragrant cloud gathered in a circle about him.

When the two came into the presence of Zeus the cloud-gatherer

stood, nor was his heart angry when he looked upon them,

for they had promptly obeyed the message of his dear lady.

He spoke to Iris first of the two, and addressed her in winged words: “Go on your way now, swift Iris, to the lord Poseidon,

and give him all this message nor be a false messenger. Tell him 160 that he must

now quit the war and the fighting, and go back

to the generations of gods, or into the bright sea.

For if he will not obey my words, or thinks nothing of them, then let him consider in his heart and his spirit

whether he might not, strong though he is, be able to stand up

to my attack; since I say I am far greater than he is in strength, and elder born; yet his

inward heart shrinks not from calling himself the equal of me, though others

shudder before me.”

When she spoke, and swift wind-footed Iris did not disobey him

she went down along the hills of Ida to sacred Ilion.

At those times when out of the clouds the snow or the hail whirls cold beneath the

blast of the north wind born in the bright air, so rapidly in her eagerness winged Iris, the swift one,

stood beside the famed shaker of the earth, and spoke to him: “I have a certain

message for you, dark-haired, earth-encircler, 175 and came here to bring it to

you from Zeus of the aegis.

order is that you quit the war and the fighting, and go back among the generations of gods, or into the bright sea.

If you will not obey his words, or think nothing of them, his threat is that he himself will come to fight with you

strength against strength, but warns you to keep from under his hands, since he says he is far greater than you are

strength, and elder born. Yet your inward heart shrinks not from calling yourself the equal of him, though others shudder before him.”

When deeply vexed the famed shaker of the earth spoke to her: 185 “No, no. Great though he is, this that he has said is too much, if he will force me against my will, me, who am his equal

look. Since we are three brothers born by Rheia to Kronos, Zeus, and I, and the third is Hades, lord of the dead men.

As divided among us three ways, each given his domain.

When the lots were shaken drew the gray sea to live in

earth; Hades drew the lot of the mists and the darkness,

Zeus was allotted the wide sky, in the cloud and the bright air.

Earth and high Olympos are common to all three. Therefore I am no part of the mind of Zeus. Let him in tranquility

powerful as he is stay satisfied with his third share.

Let him absolutely stop frightening me, as if I were

held, with his hands. It were better to keep for the sons and the daughters he got himself these blusterings and these threats of terror.

They will listen, because they must, to whatever he tells them.”

When in turn swift wind-footed Iris answered him:

I then to carry, O dark-haired, earth-encircler,

word, which is strong and steep, back to Zeus from you?

Will you change a little? The hearts of the great can be changed.

I know the Furies, how they forever side with the elder.”

When in turn the shaker of the earth Poseidon spoke to her: “Now this, divine Iris, was a word quite properly spoken.

It is a fine thing when a messenger is conscious of justice.

It is a fine thing that comes as a bitter sorrow to my heart and my spirit, when Zeus tries in words of anger to reprimand one who

is equal in station, and endowed with destiny like his.

At this time I will give way, for all my vexation.

will say this also, and make it a threat in my anger.
r, acting apart from me and Athene the spoiler, apart from Hera and Hermes and
the lord Hephaistos, 215 he shall spare headlong Ilion, and shall not be willing
e it by storm, and bestow great victory on the Argives, let him be sure, there will
be no more healing of our anger.”

shaker of the earth spoke, and left the Achaian people, and went, merging in the
sea, and the fighting Achaians longed for him.

this Zeus who gathers the clouds spoke to Apollo:
ow, beloved Phoibos, to the side of brazen-helmed Hektor, since by this he who
encircles the earth and shakes it

ie into the bright sea and has avoided the anger
ould be ours. In truth, this would have been a fight those other 225 gods would
have heard about, who gather to Kronos beneath us.

this way it was far better for me, and for himself
hat, for all his vexation before, he gave way

hands. We would have sweated before this business was finished.
yourself take up in your hands the aegis with fluttering 230 tassels, and shake it
hard to scare the Achaian fighters.

striker from afar, let your own concern be glorious Hektor.

ng waken the huge strength in him, until the Achaians
flight, and come to the ships and the crossing of Helle.

there on I myself shall think of the word and the action 235 to make the
Achaians get wind once more, after their hard fighting.”

spoke so, and Apollo, not disregarding his father,
down along the mountains of Ida in the likeness of a rapid hawk, the dove’s
murderer and swiftest of all things flying.

und brilliant Hektor, the son of wise Priam, sitting
no longer sprawled, as he gathered new strength back into him and recognized
his companions about him. The sweat and hard breathing had begun to stop,
once the will in Zeus of the aegis wakened him.

o who works from afar stood beside him, and spoke to him: “Hektor, son of
Priam, why do you sit in such weakness

apart from the others? Did some disaster befall you?”

is weakness Hektor of the shining helm spoke to him:

o are you, who speak to me face to face, O noblest
ds? Did you not know how by the Achaians’ grounded

Aias of the great war cry struck me in the chest with a boulder 250 as I
slaughtered his companions, and stayed my furious valor?
, I thought that on this day I would come to the corpses and the house of the
death god, once I had breathed the inward life from me.”
urn the lord, the worker from afar, Apollo, spoke to him: “Take heart; such an
avenger am I whom the son of Kronos
down from Ida, to stand by your side and defend you,
os Apollo of the golden sword, who in time before this
ave stood to defend yourself and your sheer citadel.
me now, and urge on your cavalry in their numbers
ve on their horses against the hollow ships. Meanwhile 260 I shall move on
before you and make all the way for the horses smooth before them, and bend
back the Achaian fighters.”
spoke, and breathed huge strength into the shepherd of the people.
en some stalled horse who has been corn-fed at the manger breaking free of his
rope gallops over the plain in thunder
; accustomed bathing place in a sweet-running river
1 the pride of his strength holds high his head and the mane floats over his
shoulders; sure of his glorious strength, the quick knees carry him to the loved
places and the pasture of horses;
ktor moving rapidly his feet and his knees went
rd, stirring the horsemen when he heard the god’s voice speak.
is when men who live in the wilds and their dogs have driven into flight a horned
stag or a wild goat. Inaccessible
cky cliff or the shadowed forest has covered the quarry so that the men know it
was not their fortune to take him;
ow by their clamoring shows in the way a great bearded
and bends them to sudden flight for all their eagerness; so the Danaäns until that
time kept always in close chase
bled, stabbing at them with swords and leaf-headed spears, but when they saw
Hektor once more ranging the men’s ranks
were frightened, and by their feet collapsed all their bravery.

√ Thoas spoke forth among them, the son of Andraimon, far the best of the
Aitolians, one skilled in the spear’s throw and brave in close fight. In assembly
few of the Achaians
the young men contended in debate could outdo him.

in kind intention now spoke forth and addressed them:
"What is this? Here is a strange thing I see with my own eyes, how this Hektor has got
to his feet once more, and eluded the death spirits. I think in each of us the heart
had high hope he was killed under the hands of Telamonian Aias.
"Some one of the gods has come to his help and rescued
Hektor, who has unstrung the knees of so many Danaäns.
"I think he will do it once more now. It is not without Zeus
thundering that he stands their champion in all this fury.
"I say then, let us do as I say, let us all be persuaded.
"I will tell the multitude to make its way back toward the vessels while we ourselves,
who claim we are greatest in all the army, stand, and see if we can face him first,
and hold him off from them with spears lifted against him, and I think for all of
his fury his heart will be afraid to plunge into our Danaän company.

"When he spoke, and they listened to him with care, and obeyed him.
"Hektor, who rallied about Aias, the lord Idomeneus,
"Phoibos Apollo, Meriones, and Meges, a man like the war god,
"gave their order for hard impact, calling on the bravest
of the Achaeans to face Hektor and the Trojans. Meanwhile behind them
the multitude made their way back toward the ships of the Achaians.
"The Trojans came down on them in a pack, and Hektor led them in long strides, and
in front of him went Phoibos Apollo
"wearing a mist about his shoulders, and held the tempestuous terrible aegis, shaggy,
"conspicuous, that the bronze-smith
"Hephaistos had given Zeus to wear to the terror of mortals.
"Holding this in both hands he led on the Trojan people.
"The Argives stood in close order against them, and the battle cry rose up in a thin
"scream from either side, the arrows from the bowstrings jumping, while from
"violent hands the numerous thrown spears were driven, some deep in the
"bodies of quick-stirring young men, while many in the space between before
"they had got to the white skin stood fast in the ground, though they had been
"straining to reach the bodies.
"As long as Phoibos Apollo held stilled in his hands the aegis, so long the thrown
"weapons of both took hold, and men dropped under them.
"When he stared straight into the eyes of the fast-mounted Danaäns and shook the
"aegis, and himself gave a great baying cry, the spirit inside them was mazed to
"hear it, they forgot their furious valor.

hey, as when in the dim of the black night two wild beasts stampede a herd of cattle or big flock of sheep, falling only upon them, when no herdsman is by, the Achaians do in their weakness and terror, since Apollo drove upon them, and gave the glory to the Trojans and Hektor.

One man killed man all along the scattered encounter. Hektor first killed Stichios and Arkesilaos, 330 one the leader of the bronze-armored Boiotians, the other his companion in arms of great-hearted Menestheus.

Antineias slaughtered Medon and Iasos. Of these Medon was a bastard son of godlike Oileus

and therefore brother of Aias, but had made his home in Phylakē far from the land of his fathers, having killed a man, a relation of Eriopis, his stepmother, the wife of Oileus.

Antiphanes was a leader appointed of the Athenians,

and was called the son of Sphelos, the son of Boukolos.

Antiphanes and Damas killed Mekisteus, and Polites Echios 340 in the first onfall, and brilliant Agenor cut down Klonios.

Hektor struck Deïochos from behind at the shoulder's base, as he ran away through the front ranks, and drove the bronze clean through.

While these stripped the armor from their men, meanwhile the Achaians blundering about the deep-dug ditch and the sharp stakes

in this way and that in terror, forced into their rampart.

Hektor called aloud in a piercing cry to the Trojans:

Be hard for the ships, let the bloody spoils be. That man I see in the other direction apart from the vessels,

take care that he gets his death, and that man's relations 350 neither men nor women shall give his dead body the rite of burning.

Open space before our city the dogs shall tear him to pieces."

While speaking with a whipstroke from the shoulder he lashed on his horses calling across the ranks to the Trojans, who along with him

called aloud as they steered the horses who pulled their chariots, 355 with inhuman clamor, and in front of them Phoibos Apollo

leaping, kicking them with his feet, tumbled the banked edges of the deep ditch into the pit between, and bridged over a pathway both wide and long, about as long as the force of a spearcast goes when a man has thrown it to try his strength. They

streamed over 360 in massed formation, with Apollo in front of them holding
emendous aegis, and wrecked the bastions of the Achaians easily, as when a little
boy piles sand by the seashore
in his innocent play he makes sand towers to amuse him
men, still playing, with hands and feet ruins them and wrecks them.
you, lord Apollo, piled in confusion much hard work
painful done by the Argives and drove terror among them.
they reined in and stood fast again beside their ships, calling aloud upon each
other, and to all of the gods, uplifting
hands each man of them cried out his prayers in a great voice, 370 and beyond
others Gerenian Nestor, the Achaians' watcher,
d, reaching out both arms to the starry heavens:
er Zeus, if ever in wheat-deep Argos one of us
ng before you the rich thigh pieces of sheep or ox prayed he would come home
again, and you nodded your head and assented, 375 remember this, Olympian,
save us from the day without pity;
t the Achaians be beaten down like this by the Trojans.”
he spoke in prayer, and Zeus of the counsels thundered a great stroke, hearing the
prayer of the old man, the son of Neleus.

the Trojans, hearing the thunderstroke of Zeus of the aegis, 380 remembered
even more their warcraft, and sprang on the Argives.
as when the big waves on the sea wide-wandering
across the walls of a ship underneath the leaning
of the wind, which particularly piles up the big waves, so the Trojans with huge
clamor went over the rampart
drove their horses to fight alongside the grounded vessels, with leaf-headed
spears, some at close quarters, others from their horses.
he Achaians climbing high on their black ships fought from them with long pikes
that lay among the hulls for sea fighting,
ded about the heads in bronze that was soldered upon them.

eanwhile Patroklos, all the time the Achaians and Trojans were fighting on both
sides of the wall, far away from the fast ships, had sat all this time in the shelter
of courtly Eurypylos
had been entertaining him with words and applying
lines that would mitigate the black pains to the sore wound.

when he saw the Trojans were sweeping over the rampart
the outcry and the noise of terror rose from the Danaäns Patroklos groaned aloud
then and struck himself on both thighs with the flats of his hands and spoke a
word of lamentation: "Eurypylos, much though you need me I cannot stay here
or with you. This is a big fight that has arisen.
it is for your henchman to look after you, while I
haste to Achilles, to stir him into the fighting.
knows if, with God helping, I might trouble his spirit
treaty, since the persuasion of a friend is a strong thing."
he was speaking his feet carried him away. Meanwhile
Greeks stood steady against the Trojan attack, but they could not beat the
enemy, fewer as they were, away from their vessels, nor again had the Trojans
strength to break the battalions
of Danaäns, and force their way into the ships and the shelters.
Aias is a chalkline straightens the cutting of a ship's timber
like the hands of an expert carpenter, who by Athene's
guidance is well versed in all his craft's subtlety,
and in the battles fought by both sides were pulled fast and even.
Others fought by the ships others fought in their various places
Hektor made straight for glorious Aias. These two
were fighting hard for a single ship, and neither was able,
nor to drive Aias off the ship, and set fire to it,
nor for Aias to beat Hektor back, since the divinity
was against him. Shining Aias struck with the spear Hektor,
Hektor's son, in the chest as he brought fire to the vessel.
Hektor fell, all, thunderously, and the torch dropped from his hand. Then Hektor, when his
eyes were aware of his cousin fallen
in a cloud of dust in front of the black ship, uplifting
his voice in a great cry called to the Trojans and Lykians:
"Trojans, Lykians, Dardanians who fight at close quarters,
do not anywhere in this narrow place give way from the fighting but stand by the son
of Klytios, do not let the Achaians
strip the armor from him, fallen where the ships are assembled."

He then spoke, and made a cast at Aias with the shining
spear; but missed him and struck the son of Mastor, Lykophron, henchman of Aias
from Kythera who had been living with him; for he had killed a man in sacred

Kythera.

or struck him in the head above the ear with the sharp bronze as he stood next to Aias, so that Lykophron sprawling

ped from the ship's stern to the ground, and his strength was broken.

Aias shuddered at the sight, and spoke to his brother:

dear Teukros, our true companion, the son of Mastor,
ed, who came to us from Kythera and in our household
ne we honored as we honored our beloved parents.

great-hearted Hektor has killed him. Where are your arrows of sudden death,
and the bow that Phoibos Apollo gave you?"

spoke, and Teukros heard and came running to stand beside him holding in his
hand the backstrung bow and the quiver

d arrows, and let go his hard shots against the Trojans.

he struck down Kleitos, the glorious son of Peisenor
ompanion of Poulydamas, proud son of Panthoös.

Kleitros held the reins, and gave all his care to the horses, driving them into that
place where the most battalions were shaken, for the favor of Hektor and the
Trojans, but the sudden evil 450 came to him, and none for all their desire could
defend him,

e painful arrow was driven into his neck from behind him.

ll out of the chariot, and the fast-footed horses

away, rattling the empty car; but Poulydamas

naster saw it at once, and ran first to the heads of the horses.

ave them into the hands of Astynoös, Protiaon's

vith many orders to be watchful and hold the horses close; then himself went
back into the ranks of the champions.

Teukros picked up another arrow for bronze-helmed

or, and would have stopped his fighting by the ships of the Achaians 460 had he
hit him during his bravery and torn the life from him;

e was not hidden from the close purpose of Zeus, who was guarding Hektor, and
denied that glory to Telamonian Teukros; who broke in the unfaulted bow the
close-twisted sinew

ukros drew it against him, so the bronze-weighted arrow 465 went, as the bow
dropped out of his hands, driven crazily sidewise.

Teukros shuddered at the sight, and spoke to his brother: "See now, how hard the
divinity cuts across the intention

our battle, who struck the bow out of my hand, who has broken the fresh-twisted

sinew of the bowstring I bound on
morning, so it would stand the succession of springing arrows.”
In turn huge Telamonian Aias answered him:
“Brother, then let your bow and your showering arrows
show that the god begrudging the Danaöns wrecked them.
Take a long spear in your hands, a shield on your shoulder, 475 and close with the
Trojans, and drive on the rest of your people.
Remember them not, though they have beaten us, easily capture
long-benched ships. We must remember the frenzy of fighting.”
He spoke, and Teukros put away the bow in his shelter
and drew across his shoulders the shield of the fourfold ox-hide.
On his mighty head he set the well-fashioned helmet
and the horse-hair crest, and the plumes nodded terribly above it.
He caught up a powerful spear, edged with sharp bronze, and went on his way,
running fast, and stood beside Aias.

Hektor, when he saw how the arrows of Teukros were baffled, 485 lifted his
voice in a great cry to the Trojans and Lykians:
“Trojans, Lykians, Dardanians who fight at close quarters,
remember now, dear friends, remember your furious valor
in the hollow ships, since I have seen with my own eyes
by the hand of Zeus their bravest man’s arrows were baffled.
What you have seen is the strength that is given from Zeus to mortals either in those into
whose hands he gives the surpassing
strength, or those he diminishes and will not defend them
when he diminishes the strength of the Argives, and helps us.
Remember then by the ships together. He who among you
dies by spear thrown or spear thrust his death and destiny,
do not die. He has no dishonor when he dies defending
his country, for then his wife shall be saved and his children afterward, and his house
and property shall not be damaged, if the Achaians must go away with their
ships to the beloved land of their fathers.”
He spoke, and stirred the spirit and strength in each man.
Aias on the other side called to his companions:
“Remember me, you Argives; here is the time of decision, whether
we die, or live on still and beat back ruin from our vessels.
Do not expect, if our ships fall to helm-shining Hektor,

will walk each of you back dryshod to the land of your fathers?
You not hear how Hektor is stirring up all his people,
He is raging to set fire to our ships? He is not inviting you to come to a dance. He
invites you to battle.

Is there can be no design, no purpose, better than this one, 510 to close in and
fight with the strength of our hands at close quarters.

Or to take in a single time our chances of dying
in, than go on being squeezed in the stark encounter
up against our ships, as now, by men worse than we are.”

He spoke, and stirred the spirit and strength in each man.

He Hektor killed the son of Perimedes, Schedios,
of the men of Phokis; but Aias killed Laodamas, leader of the foot-soldiers, and
shining son of Antenor.

Poulydamas stripped Otos of Kyllene, companion
of Meges, Phyleus' son, and a lord among the great-hearted 520 Epeians. Meges
seeing it lunged at him, but Poulydamas

drove him down and away, so that Meges missed him. Apollo

did not let Panthoös' son go down among the front fighters, but Meges stabbed
with the spear the middle of the chest of Kroismos.

He fell, thunderously, and Meges was stripping the armor 525 from his shoulders, but
meanwhile Dolops lunged at him, Lampos'

son, a man crafty with the spear and strongest of the sons born to Lampos,

Laomedon's son, one skilled in furious fighting.

He came close up stabbed with his spear at the shield of Phyleides in the middle, but
the corselet he wore defended him, solid

and built with curving plates of metal, which in days past Phyleus had taken home
from Ephyra and the river Selleëis.

His father and friend had given him it, lord of men, Euphetes, to carry into the fighting
and beat off the attack of the enemy, and now it guarded the body of his son
from destruction.

Meges stabbed with the sharp spear at the uttermost summit of the brazen helmet
thick with horse-hair, and tore off

a ring of horse-hair from the helmet, so that it toppled

backward and lay in the dust in all its new shining of purple.

Dolops stood his ground and fought on, in hope still of winning, 540 but

meanwhile warlike Menelaos came to stand beside Meges,

he came from the side and unobserved with his spear, and from behind threw at his

shoulder, so the spear tore through his chest in its fury to drive on, so that Dolops reeled and went down, face forward.

Two of them swept in to strip away from his shoulders

bronze armor, but Hektor called aloud to his brothers, the whole lot, but first scolded the son of Hiketaon,

§ Melanippos. He in Perkote had tended his lumbering cattle, in the days before when the enemy were still far off; but when the oarswept ships of the Danaäns came, then

turned to Ilion, and was a great man among the Trojans,

loved with Priam, who honored him as he honored his children.

Hektor spoke a word and called him by name and scolded him: "Shall we give way so, Melanippos? Does it mean nothing

to you in the inward heart that your cousin is fallen?

Do you not see how they are busied over the armor of Dolops?

Do you not see, then; no longer can we stand far off and fight with the Argives. Sooner we must kill them, or else sheer Ilion

ruined utterly by them, and her citizens be killed."

He spoke, and led the way, and the other followed, a mortal 560 godlike. But huge Telamonian Aias stirred on the Argives:

"Friends, be men; let shame be in your hearts, and discipline, and have

consideration for each other in the strong encounters, since more come through alive when men consider each other,

there is no glory when they give way, nor warcraft either."

He spoke, and they likewise grew furious in their defense,

but his word away in their hearts, and fenced in their vessels in a circle of bronze, but Zeus against them wakened the Trojans.

Menelaos of the great war cry stirred on Antilochos:

"Antilochos, no other Achaian is younger than you are,

swifter on his feet, nor strong as you are in fighting.

"You could make an outrush and strike down some man of the Trojans."

When he spoke, he hastened back but stirred Antilochos onward, and he sprang forth

from the champions and hefted the shining javelin, glaring round about him, and

the Trojans gave way in the face 575 of the man throwing with the spear. And

he made no vain cast

at the neck of Hiketaon's son, Melanippos the high-hearted,

his chest next to the nipple as he swept into the fighting.

ll, thunderously, and darkness closed over both eyes.
ochos sprang forth against him, as a hound rushes
ist a stricken fawn that as he broke from his covert
ter has shot at, and hit, and broken his limbs' strength.
tilochos stubborn in battle sprang, Melanippos, at you, to strip your armor, but
did not escape brilliant Hektor's notice, who came on the run through the
fighting against him.
ochos did not hold his ground, although a swift fighter,
ed away like a wild beast who has done some bad thing, one who has killed a
hound or an ox-herd tending his cattle
scapes, before a gang of men has assembled against him; so Nestor's son ran
away, and after him the Trojans and Hektor 590 with unearthly clamor
showered their groaning weapons against him.
rned and stood when he got into the swarm of his own companions.

the Trojans in the likeness of ravening lions swept on against the ships, and
were bringing to accomplishment Zeus' orders, who wakened always the huge
strength in them, dazed the courage 595 of the Argives, and denied their glory,
and stirred on the others.

desire was to give glory to the son of Priam, Hektor, that he might throw on the
curved ships the inhuman
less strength of fire, and so make completely accomplished the prayer of Thetis.
Therefore Zeus of the counsels waited
ight before his eyes of the flare, when a single ship burned.
thereon he would make the attack of the Trojans
back again from the ships, and give the Danaäns glory.
this in mind he drove on against the hollow ships Hektor, Priam's son, though
Hektor without the god was in fury
aged, as when destructive fire or spear-shaking Ares
among the mountains and dense places of the deep forest.
ver came out around his mouth, and under the lowering
; his eyes were glittering, the helm on his temples
haken and thundered horribly to the fighting of Hektor.
of the bright sky Zeus himself was working to help him
mong men so numerous he honored this one man
lorified him, since Hektor was to have only a short life and already the day of his
death was being driven upon him

llas Athene through the strength of Achilleus. And now
as probing the ranks of men, and trying to smash them,
made for where there were most men together, and the best armor.
Even so he could not break them, for all his fury,
they closed into a wall and held him, like some towering huge sea-cliff that lies
close along the gray salt water 620 and stands up against the screaming winds
and their sudden directions and against the waves that grow to bigness and burst
up against it.

The Danaäns stood steady against the Trojans, nor gave way.
He, lit about with flame on all sides, charged on their numbers and descended
upon them as descends on a fast ship the battering 625 wave storm-bred from
beneath the clouds, and the ship goes utterly hidden under the foam, and the
dangerous blast of the hurricane thunders against the sail, and the hearts of the
seamen are shaken with fear, as they are carried only a little way out of death's
reach.

The heart in the breast of each Achaian was troubled.
He came on against them, as a murderous lion on cattle
in the low-lying meadow of a great marsh pasture
hundreds, and among them a herdsman who does not quite know how to fight a
wild beast off from killing a horn-curved
Heid keeps pace with the first and the last of the cattle 635 always, but the lion
making his spring at the middle
of an ox as the rest stampede; so now the Achaians
in unearthly terror before father Zeus and Hektor,
it he got one only, Periphetes of Mykenai,
aged son of Kopreus, who for the lord Eurystheus 640 had gone often with
messages to powerful Herakles.
His mother, a meaner father, was born a son who was better
in talents, in the speed of his feet and in battle and for intelligence counted among
the first in Mykenai.

But by now higher was the glory he granted to Hektor.
As he whirled about to get back, he fell over the out-rim
of the shield he carried, which reached to his feet to keep the spears from him.
Rolling on this he went over on his back, and the helmet
circled his temples clashed horribly as he went down.
He saw it sharply, and ran up and stood beside him,
He stuck the spear into his chest and killed him before the eyes of his dear friends,

who for all their sorrowing could do nothing to help their companion, being themselves afraid of great Hektor.

∇ they had got among the ships, and the ends were about them of the ships hauled up in the first line, but the Trojans swarmed em. The Argives under force gave back from the first line of their ships, but along the actual shelters they rallied rousp, and did not scatter along the encampment. Shame held them and fear. They kept up a continuous call to each other, eyond others Gerenian Nestor, the Achaians' watcher, licated each man by the knees for the sake of his parents. : friends, be men; let shame be in your hearts and discipline in the sight of other men, and each one of you remember ildren and his wife, his property and his parents, ier a man's father and mother live or have died. Here now 665 I supplicate your knees for the sake of those who are absent nd strongly and not be turned to the terror of panic." e spoke, and stirred the spirit and heart in each man, and from their eyes Athene pushed the darkness immortal st, and the light came out hard against them on both sides 670 whether they looked from the ships or from the closing of battle. knew Hektor of the great war cry, they knew his companions whether they stood away behind and out of the fighting ether alongside the fast ships they fought in the battle. did it still please great-hearted Aias to stand back e the other sons of the Achaians had taken position; e went in huge strides up and down the decks of the vessels. ielded in his hands a great pike for sea fighting, y-two cubits long and joined together by clinchers. is a man who is an expert rider of horses when he has chosen and coupled four horses out of many s his way over the plain galloping toward a great city the traveled road, and many turn to admire him, or women, while he steadily and never slipping s and shifts his stance from one to another as they gallop; 685 so Aias ranged crossing from deck to deck of the fast ships g huge strides, and his voice went always up to the bright sky as he kept up a

terrible bellow and urged on the Danaäns
to end their ships and their shelters, while on the other side Hektor would not stay
back among the mass of close-armored Trojans, 690 but as a flashing eagle
makes his plunge upon other
birds as these feed in a swarm by a river,
whether these be geese or cranes or swans long-throated,
Hektor steered the course of his outrush straight for a vessel with dark prows, and
from behind Zeus was pushing him onward 695 hard with his big hand, and
stirred on his people beside him.

Now once again a grim battle was fought by the vessels;
I would say that they faced each other unbruised, unwearied in the fighting, from
the speed in which they went for each other.
Such was the thought in each as they struggled on: the Achaians 700 thought they
could not get clear of the evil, but must perish, while the heart inside each one of
the Trojans was hopeful
to fire to the ships and kill the fighting men of Achaia.
Such thoughts in mind they stood up to fight with each other.
Hektor caught hold of the stern of a grand, fast-running,
winged ship, that once had carried Protesilaos
to Troy, and did not take him back to the land of his fathers.
He stood around his ship that now Achaians and Trojans
were huddled together, each other down at close quarters, nor any longer
gave attention for the volleys exchanged from bows and javelins 710 but stood up close
against each other, matching their fury,
and fought their battle with sharp hatchets and axes, with great swords and with leaf-
headed pikes, and many magnificent
weapons were scattered along the ground, black-thonged, heavy-hilted, sometimes
dropping from the hands, some glancing from shoulders 715 of men as they
fought, so the ground ran black with blood. Hektor would not let go of the stern
of a ship where he had caught hold of it but gripped the sternpost in his hands
and called to the Trojans: "Bring fire, and give single voice to the clamor of
battle.

Zeus has given us a day worth all the rest of them:
the Achaians' capture, the ships that came here in spite of the gods' will and have visited
much pain on us, by our counselors' cowardice who would not let me fight by
the grounded ships, though I wanted to, but held me back in restraint, and curbed

in our fighters.

eus of the wide brows, though then he fouled our intentions, 725 comes now himself to urge us on and give us encouragement.”

spoke, and they thereby came on harder against the Argives.

volleys were too much for Aias, who could hold no longer his place, but had to give back a little, expecting to die there, back to the seven-foot midship, and gave up the high deck of the balanced

There he stood and waited for them, and with his pike always beat off any Trojan who carried persistent fire from the vessels.

pt up a terrible bellowing, and urged on the Danaäns:

ids and fighting men of the Danaäns, henchmen of Ares,

in now, dear friends, remember your furious valor.

re think there are others who stand behind us to help us?

we some stronger wall that can rescue men from perdition?

ave no city built strong with towers lying near us, within which we could defend ourselves and hold off this host that matches us.

old position in this plain of the close-armored Trojans, 740 bent back against the sea, and far from the land of our fathers.

tion’s light is in our hands’ work, not the mercy of battle.”

spoke, and came forward with his sharp spear, raging for battle.

whenever some Trojan crashed against the hollow ships

urning fire, who sought to wake the favor of Hektor,

would wait for him and then stab with the long pike

o from close up wounded twelve in front of the vessels.

BOOK SIXTEEN

They fought on both sides for the sake of the strong-benched vessel.
while Patroklos came to the shepherd of the people, Achilles, and stood by him
and wept warm tears, like a spring dark-running that down the face of a rock
impassable drips its dim water;
swift-footed brilliant Achilles looked on him in pity,
spoke to him aloud and addressed him in winged words: "Why then are you
crying like some poor little girl, Patroklos, who runs after her mother and begs to
be picked up and carried, and clings to her dress, and holds her back when she
tries to hurry, 10 and gazes tearfully into her face, until she is picked up?
Are you like such a one, Patroklos, dropping these soft tears.
Do you have some news to tell, for me or the Myrmidons?
Did you, and nobody else, receive some message from Phthia?
They tell me Aktor's son Menoitios lives still
and Peleus' son Peleus lives still among the Myrmidons.
If any of these died we should take it hard. Or is it
for some grievance you are mourning over, and how they are dying
at the hollow ships by reason of their own arrogance?
Tell me, do not hide it in your mind, and so we shall both know."
In groaning heavily, Patroklos the rider, you answered:
"O Achilles, far greatest of the Achaians, Achilles,
do not be angry; such grief has fallen upon the Achaians.
I know those who were before the bravest in battle
dying among the ships with arrow or spear wounds.
The son of Tydeus, strong Diomedes, was hit by an arrow,
Ulysses has a pike wound, and Agamemnon the spear-famed, and Eurypylos has
been wounded in the thigh with an arrow.
Now over these the healers skilled in medicine are working
to ease their wounds. But you, Achilles; who can do anything 30 with you? May no
such anger take me as this that you cherish!
I have courage. What other man born hereafter shall be advantaged unless you beat

aside from the Argives this shameful destruction?

As the rider Peleus was never your father

Letetis was your mother, but it was the gray sea that bore you 35 and the towering rocks, so sheer the heart in you is turned from us.

If you are drawing back from some prophecy known in your own heart and by Zeus' will your honored mother has told you of something, then send me out at least, let the rest of the Myrmidon people follow me, and I may be a light given to the Danaäns.

Let me wear your armor on my shoulders into the fighting;

Perhaps the Trojans might think I am you, and give way

to their attack, and the fighting sons of the Achaians get wind again after hard work. There is little breathing space in the fighting.

Unwearied might with a mere cry pile men wearied

upon their city, and away from the ships and the shelters.”

Patroklos spoke supplicating in his great innocence; this was

in the face of death and evil destruction he was entreating.

Now, deeply troubled, swift-footed Achilles answered him: “Ah, Patroklos, illustrious, what is this you are saying?

I know of no prophecy in mind that I know of;

There is no word from Zeus my honored mother has told me,

but this thought comes as a bitter sorrow to my heart and my spirit when a man tries to fowl one who is his equal, to take back

the glory of honor, because he goes in greater authority.

It is a bitter thought to me; my desire has been dealt with

unjustly. The girl the sons of the Achaians chose out for my honor, and I won her with my own spear, and stormed a strong-fenced city, is taken back out of my hands by powerful Agamemnon,

son of Atreus, as if I were some dishonored vagabond.

But we will let all this be a thing of the past; and it was not in my heart to be angry forever; and yet I have said

I would not give over my anger until that time came

when the fighting with all its clamor came up to my own ships.

If you draw my glorious armor about your shoulders;

Let the Myrmidons whose delight is battle into the fighting,

while the black cloud of the Trojans has taken position

firmly about our ships, and the others, the Argives, are bent back against the beach

of the sea, holding only a narrow division
d, and the whole city of the Trojans has descended upon them 70 boldly;
because they do not see the face of my helmet
g close; or else they would run and cram full of dead men the water-courses; if
powerful Agamemnon treated me
7. Now the Argives fight for their very encampment.
ie spear rages not now in the hands of the son of Tydeus, 75 Diomedes, to beat
destruction aside from the Danaäns,
ave I heard the voice of the son of Atreus crying
his hated head; no, but the voice of murderous Hektor
g to the Trojans crashes about my ears; with their war cry they hold the entire
plain as they beat the Achaians in battle.
ven so, Patroklos, beat the bane aside from our ships; fall upon them with all
your strength; let them not with fire's blazing inflame our ships, and take away
our desired homecoming.
bey to the end this word I put upon your attention
it you can win, for me, great honor and glory
sight of all the Danaäns, so they will bring back to me
vely girl, and give me shining gifts in addition.
i you have driven them from the ships, come back; although later the thunderous
lord of Hera might grant you the winning of glory, you must not set your mind
on fighting the Trojans, whose delight 90 is in battle, without me. So you will
diminish my honor.
must not, in the pride and fury of fighting, go on
ntering the Trojans, and lead the way against Ilion,
ar some one of the everlasting gods on Olympos
: crush you. Apollo who works from afar loves these people 95 dearly. You
must turn back once you bring the light of salvation to the ships, and let the
others go on fighting in the flat land.
r Zeus, Athene and Apollo, if only
ie of all the Trojans could escape destruction, not one
Argives, but you and I could emerge from the slaughter
at we two alone could break Troy's hallowed coronal."
as these two were talking thus to each other, meanwhile
lleys were too much for Aias, who could hold no longer
ace. The will of Zeus beat him back, and the proud Trojans with their spears, and
around his temples the shining helmet

ed horribly under the shower of strokes; he was hit constantly on the strong-wrought cheek-pieces, and his left shoulder was tiring from always holding up the big glittering shield; yet they could not beat him out of his place, though they piled their missiles upon him.

Death came ever hard and painful, the sweat ran pouring from his body from every limb, he could find no means to catch his breath, but evil was piled on evil about him.

Now come now, you Muses who have your homes on Olympos,

the fire was first thrown upon the ships of the Achaians.

Patroklos stood up close to Aias and hacked at the ash spear

with his great sword, striking behind the socket of the spearhead, and slashed it clean away, so that Telamonian Aias

held there in his hand a lopped spear, while far away from him the bronze spearhead fell echoing to the ground; and Aias

shook in his blameless heart, and shivered for knowing it, how this was gods' work, how Zeus high-thundering cut across the intention in all his battle, how he planned that the Trojans should conquer.

They flew away out of the missiles, and the Trojans threw weariless fire on the fast ship, and suddenly the quenchless flame streamed over it.

The fire was at work on the ship's stern; but Achilleus

pressed his hands against both his thighs, and called to Patroklos: "Rise up, illustrious Patroklos, rider of horses.

How now the ravening fire goes roaring over our vessels.

How must not get our ships so we cannot run away in them.

Put on your armor; faster; I will muster our people."

He spoke, and Patroklos was helming himself in bronze that glittered.

He placed along his legs the beautiful greaves, linked

with silver fastenings to hold the greaves at the ankles.

Forward he girt on about his chest the corselet

simple and elaborate of swift-footed Aiakides.

Across his shoulders he slung the sword with the nails of silver, a bronze sword, and above it the great shield, huge and heavy.

On his mighty head he set the well-fashioned helmet

with the horse-hair crest, and the plumes nodded terribly above it.

He took up two powerful spears that fitted his hand's grip,

he did not take the spear of blameless Aiakides,
 heavy, thick, which no one else of all the Achaians
 handle, but Achilles alone knew how to wield it; the Pelian ash spear which
 Cheiron had brought to his father
 high on Pelion to be death for fighters. Patroklos 145 ordered Automedon
 rapidly to harness the horses,
 the honored most, after Achilles breaker of battles,
 stood most staunchly by him against the fury of fighting.
 Then Automedon led the fast-running horses under the yoke, Xanthos and Balios,
 who tore with the winds' speed, 150 horses stormy Podarge once conceived of
 the west wind
 before, as she grazed in the meadow beside the swirl of the Ocean.
 Behind traces beside these he put unfaulted Pedasos
 which Achilles brought back once when he stormed Eëtion's city.
 Mortal as he was, ran beside the immortal horses.
 Then Achilles went meanwhile to the Myrmidons, and arrayed them all in their war
 gear along the shelters. And they, as wolves who tear flesh raw, in whose hearts
 the battle fury is tireless, who have brought down a great horned stag in the
 mountains, and then feed on him, till the jowls of every wolf run blood, and then
 go
 a pack to drink from a spring of dark-running water,
 lapping with their lean tongues along the black edge of the surface and belching up the
 clotted blood; in the heart of each one
 spirit untremulous, but their bellies are full and groaning; as such the lords of the
 Myrmidons and their men of counsel
 led the brave henchman of swift-footed Aiakides
 followed, and among them was standing warlike Achilles
 urged on the fighting men with their shields, and the horses.

They were the fast-running ships wherein Achilles
 led of Zeus had led his men to Troy, and in each one
 fifty men, his companions in arms, at the rowing benches.
 He had made five leaders among them, and to these entrusted
 command, while he in his great power was lord over all of them.
 The battalion was led by Menesthios of the shining corselet, son of Spercheios, the
 river swelled from the bright sky, 175 born of the daughter of Peleus, Polydore
 the lovely,

remitting Spercheios, when a woman lay with an immortal; but born in name to Perieres' son, Boros, who married

more formally, and gave gifts beyond count to win her.

Next battalion was led by warlike Eudoros, a maiden's

son, born to one lovely in the dance, Polymele, daughter of Phylas; whom strong Hermes Argeiphontes

noticed, when he watched her with his eyes among the girls dancing in the choir for clamorous Artemis of the golden distaff.

So Hermes the healer went up with her into her chamber and lay secretly with her, and she bore him a son, the shining

Prokros, a surpassing runner and a quick man in battle.

After Eileithyia of the hard pains had brought out

the child into the light, and he looked on the sun's shining, Aktor's son Echeekles in the majesty of his great power

came to his house, when he had given numberless gifts to win her, and the old man Phylas took the child and brought him up kindly and cared for him, in affection as if he had been his own son.

Leader of the third battalion was warlike Peisandros, Maimalos' son, who outshone all the rest of the Myrmidons

in spear-fighting, next to Peleian Achilleus' henchman.

Fourth battalion was led by Phoinix, the aged horseman, the fifth by Alkimedon, the blameless son of Laërkes.

After Achilleus gave them their stations all in good order beside their leaders, he laid his stern injunction upon them: 200 "Myrmidons: not one of you can forget those mutterings,

threats that beside the running ships you made at the Trojans in all the time of my anger, and it was I you were blaming,

O hard son of Peleus! Your mother nursed you on gall. You have no pity, to keep your companions here by the ships unwilling.

You should go back home again, then, in our seafaring vessels

because that this wretched anger has befallen your spirit.

Now if you would gather in groups and so mutter against me,

how is shown a great work of that fighting you longed for.

Let each man take heart of strength to fight with the Trojans."

So he spoke, and stirred the spirit and strength in each man, and their ranks, as they listened to the king, pulled closer together.

as a man builds solid a wall with stones set close together for the rampart of a high house keeping out the force of the winds, so close together were the helms and shields massive in the middle.

Shield leaned on shield, helmet on helmet, man against man, and the horse-hair crests along the horns of the shining helmets touched as they bent their heads, so dense were they formed on each other.

Before them all were two men in their armor, Patroklos

Automedon, both of them in one single fury

fight in front of the Myrmidons. But meanwhile Achilles

drove off into his shelter, and lifted the lid from a lovely

carefully wrought chest, which Thetis the silver-footed

put in his ship to carry, and filled it fairly with tunics and mantles to hold the wind from a man, and with fleecy blankets.

There this lay a wrought goblet, nor did any other

drink the shining wine from it nor did Achilles

bring from it to any other god, but only Zeus father.

He took this now out of the chest, and cleaned it with sulfur first, and afterward washed it out in bright-running water,

then washed his own hands, and poured shining wine into the goblet and stood in his

middle forecourt and prayed, and poured the wine, looking into the sky, not

unseen by Zeus who delights in the thunder: "High Zeus, lord of Dodona,

Pelasgian, living afar off,

looking down over wintry Dodona, your prophets about you 235 living, the Selloi who sleep on the ground with feet unwashed. Hear me.

Remember the time before when I prayed to you, you listened

and did me honor, and smote strongly the host of the Achaians, so one more time

bring to pass the wish that I pray for.

Remember, I myself am staying where the ships are assembled,

send out my companion and many Myrmidons with him

to fight. Let glory, Zeus of the wide brows, go forth with him.

Remember brave the heart inside his breast, so that even Hektor

can find out whether our henchman knows how to fight his battles by himself, or

whether his hands rage invincible only

at times when I myself go into the grind of the war god.

Remember when he has beaten back from the ships their clamorous onset, then let him come

back to me and the running ships, unwounded, with all his armor and with the

companions who fight close beside him."

He spoke in prayer, and Zeus of the counsels heard him.
Father granted him one prayer, and denied him the other.
Patroklos should beat back the fighting assault on the vessels he allowed, but
refused to let him come back safe out of the fighting.
Achilleus had poured the wine and prayed to Zeus father
went back into the shelter, stowed the cup in the chest, and came out 255 to stand
in front of the door, with the desire in his heart still to watch the grim encounter
of Achaians and Trojans.
And they who were armed in the company of great-hearted Patroklos went onward,
until in high confidence they charged on the Trojans.
Myrmidons came streaming out like wasps at the wayside
as little boys have got into the habit of making them angry
ways teasing them as they live in their house by the roadside; silly boys, they do
something that hurts many people;
if some man who travels on the road happens to pass them
he stings them unintentionally, they in heart of fury
are swarming out each one from his place to fight for their children.
And in fury like these the Myrmidons streaming
out from their ships, with a tireless clamor arising,
Patroklos called afar in a great voice to his companions: "Myrmidons,
companions of Peleus' son, Achilleus,
listen now, dear friends, remember your furious valor;
must bring honor to Peleus' son, far the greatest of the Argives by the ships, we,
even the henchmen who fight beside him,
Peleus' son wide-ruling Agamemnon may recognize
our address, that he did no honor to the best of the Achaians."
He spoke, and stirred the spirit and strength in each man.
They fell upon the Trojans in a pack, and about them
ships echoed terribly to the roaring Achaians.
The Trojans, when they saw the powerful son of Menoitios
Patroklos and his henchman with him in the glare of their war gear, 280 the heart was
stirred in all of them, the battalions were shaken in the expectation that by the
ships swift-footed Peleion
Patroklos had thrown away his anger and chosen the way of friendship.
Each man looked about him for a way to escape the sheer death.
Patroklos was the first man to make a cast with the shining 285 spear, straight
through the middle fighting, where most men were stricken, beside the stern on

the ship of great-hearted Protesilaos, and struck Pyraichmes, who had led the lords of Paionian
s from Amydon and the wide waters of Axios.
ruck him in the right shoulder, so he dropped in the dust groaning, 290 on his back, and his Paionian companions about him
red; for Patroklos drove the fear into all of them
he cut down their leader, the best of them all in battle.
ove them from the ships and put out the fire that was blazing, and that ship was left half-burnt as it was, as the Trojans scattered 295 in terror and unearthly noise, and the Danaäns streamed back
the hollow ships, and clamor incessant rose up.
is when from the towering height of a great mountain Zeus who gathers the thunderflash stirs the cloud dense upon it,
ll the high places of the hills are clear and the shoulders out-jutting 300 and the deep ravines, as endless bright air spills from the heavens, so when the Danaäns had beaten from their ships the ravening
hey got breath for a little, but there was no check in the fighting; for the Trojans under the attack of the warlike Achaians
ot yet turned their faces to run away from the black ships.
stood yet against them, but gave way from the ships under pressure.

re man killed man all along the scattered encounter
leaders, and first among them, the strong son of Menoitios, threw and struck Areilykos in the thigh, as he turned
with the sharp point of the spear, and drove the bronze clean through.
spear smashed in the bone and he fell to the ground headlong on his face.
Meanwhile warlike Menelaos stabbed Thoas
chest where it was left bare by the shield, and unstrung his limbs' strength.
s, Phyleus' son, watched Amphiklos as he came on
was too quick with a stab at the base of the leg, where the muscle 315 of a man grows thickest, so that on the spearhead the sinew
orn apart, and a mist of darkness closed over both eyes.
e sons of Nestor one, Antilochos, stabbed Atymnios
he sharp spear, and drove the bronze head clean through his flank, so that he fell forward; but Maris with the spear from close up
e a lunge at Antilochos in rage for his brother

ing in front of the corpse, but before him godlike Thrasymedes was in with a thrust before he could stab, nor missed his quick stroke into the shoulder, and the spearhead shore off the arm's base clear away from the muscles and torn from the bone utterly.

all, thunderously, and darkness closed over both eyes.

ese two, beaten down under the hands of two brothers, descended to the dark place, Sarpedon's noble companions

pear-throwing sons of Amisodaros, the one who had nourished the furious Chimaira to be an evil to many.

. Oileus' son, in an outrush caught Kleoboulos

where he was fouled in the running confusion, and there unstrung his strength, hewing with the hilted sword at the neck, so all the sword was smoking with blood and over both eyes

l the red death and the strong destiny. Then Peneleos

Lykon ran up close together, since these with their spear-throws had gone wide of each other, and each had made a cast vainly.

w the two of them ran together with swords. There Lykon

d at the horn of the horse-hair crested helm, but the sword blade broke at the socket; Peneleos cut at the neck underneath

ar, and the sword sank clean inside, with only skin left to hold it, and the head slumped aside, and the limbs were loosened.

mes on his light feet overtaking Akamas

ed him in the right shoulder as he climbed up behind his horses and the darkness drifted over his eyes as he crashed from the chariot.

eneleos stabbed Erymas in the mouth with the pitiless

e, so that the brazen spearhead smashed its way clean through below the brain in an upward stroke, and the white bones splintered, and the teeth were shaken out with the stroke and both eyes filled up with blood, and gaping he blew a spray of blood through the nostrils 350 and through his mouth, and death in a dark mist closed in about him.

hese lords of the Danaäns killed each his own man.

as wolves make havoc among lambs or young goats in their fury, catching them out of the flocks, when the sheep separate in the mountains through the thoughtlessness of the shepherd, and the wolves seeing them 355 suddenly snatch them away, and they have no heart for fighting; so the Danaäns ravaged the Trojans, and these remembered

ter sound of terror, and forgot their furious valor.
the great Aias was trying forever to make a spearcast
nze-helmed Hektor, but he in his experience of fighting 360 with his broad
shoulders huddled under the bull's-hide shield kept watching always the whistle
of arrows, the crash of spears thrown.
ew well how the strength of the fighting shifted against him, but even so stood
his ground to save his steadfast companions.
when a cloud goes deep into the sky from Olympos
gh the bright upper air when Zeus brings on the hurricane, so rose from beside
the ships their outcry, the noise of their terror.
good order they went back, while his fast-running horses carried Hektor away in
his armor; he abandoned the people
Trojans, who were trapped by the deep-dug ditch unwilling, 370 and in the
ditch many fast horses who pulled the chariots
roken short at the joining of the pole, their masters' chariots while Patroklos was
on them, calling hard and loud to the Danaäns with evil intention for the Trojans,
who, in clamorous terror, choked all the ways where they were cut off; from
under their feet stirred 375 the dust-storm scattered in clouds, their single-foot
horses were straining to get back to the city away from the ships and the shelters.
atroklos, where he saw the stirring of most people,
d there, shouting, and men went down under the axles
ong from chariots as the empty cars rattled onward.
ght across the ditch overleapt those swift and immortal
s the gods had given as shining gifts to Peleus,
ng onward, as Patroklos' rage stirred him against Hektor, whom he tried to
strike, but his fast horses carried him out of it.
derneath the hurricane all the black earth is burdened
1 autumn day, when Zeus sends down the most violent waters
p rage against mortals after they stir him to anger
se in violent assembly they pass decrees that are crooked, and drive
righteousness from among them and care nothing for what the gods think, and all
the rivers of these men swell current to full spate
n the ravines of their water-courses rip all the hillsides and dash whirling in huge
noise down to the blue sea, out of
ountains headlong, so that the works of men are diminished; so huge rose the
noise from the horses of Troy in their running.
Patroklos, when he had cut away their first battalions, 395 turned back to pin

them against the ships, and would not allow them to climb back into their city though they strained for it, but sweeping through the space between the ships, the high wall, and the river, made havoc and exacted from them the blood price for many.

First of all he struck with the shining spear Pronoös
the chest where it was left bare by the shield, and unstrung his limbs' strength.
Then, thunderously, and Patroklos in his next outrush
Damastor, Enops' son, who huddled inside his chariot,
shook back, he had lost all his nerve, and from his hands the reins slipped—Patroklos
coming close up to him stabbed with a spear-thrust 405 at the right side of the
jaw and drove it on through the teeth, then hooked and dragged him with the
spear over the rail, as a fisherman who sits out on the jut of a rock with line and
glittering
the hook drags a fish, who is thus doomed, out of the water.
He hauled him, mouth open to the bright spear, out of the chariot, 410 and shoved
him over on his face, and as he fell the life left him.
Then he struck Erylaos, as he swept in, with a great stone
in the middle of the head, and all the head broke into two pieces inside the heavy
helmet, and he in the dust face downward dropped while death breaking the
spirit drifted about him.
Then forward with Erymas, Amphoteros, and Epaltes, Tlepolemos Damastor's son,
Echios and Pyris,
and Euppos, and Argeas' son Polymelos,
before he felled to the bountiful earth in rapid succession.

Sarpedon, when he saw his free-girt companions going
down underneath the hands of Menoitios' son Patroklos,
cried aloud in entreaty upon the godlike Lykians: "Shame, you Lykians, where are
you running to? You must be fierce now, for I myself will encounter this man, so
I may find out
who this is who has so much strength and has done so much evil 425 to the Trojans,
since many and brave are those whose knees he has unstrung."
Then he spoke, and sprang to the ground in all his arms from the chariot, and on the other
side Patroklos when he saw him leapt down
from his chariot. They as two hook-clawed beak-bent vultures
before a tall rock face, high-screaming, go for each other,
and now these two, crying aloud, encountered together.

watching them the son of devious-devising Kronos was pitiful, and spoke to Hera, his wife and his sister:
"Hera, that it is destined that the dearest of men, Sarpedon, must go down under the hands of Menoitios' son Patroklos.
My heart in my breast is balanced between two ways as I ponder, whether I should snatch him out of the sorrowful battle
and set him down still alive in the rich country of Lykia,
or let him go down under the hands of the son of Menoitios."
Then the lady Hera of the ox eyes answered him:
"Sarpedon, what sort of thing have you spoken?
Do you wish to bring back a man who is mortal, one long since doomed by his destiny, from ill-sounding death and release him?
I will do it; but not all the rest of us gods shall approve you.
But away in your thoughts this other thing I tell you;
I will not bring Sarpedon back to his home, still living,
for how then some other one of the gods might also
to carry his own son out of the strong encounter;
for around the great city of Priam are fighting many
of the immortals. You will waken grim resentment among them.
But if he is dear to you, and your heart mourns for him,
let him be, and let him go down in the strong encounter
beneath the hands of Patroklos, the son of Menoitios;
for when the soul and the years of his life have left him, then send Death to carry him
away, and Sleep, who is painless,
and they come with him to the countryside of broad Lykia
and his brothers and countrymen shall give him due burial
with a tomb and gravestone. Such is the privilege of those who have perished."
Sarpedon spoke, nor did the father of gods and men disobey her; yet he wept tears of
blood that fell to the ground, for the sake of his beloved son, whom now
Patroklos was presently to kill, by generous Troy and far from the land of his
fathers.

As these two advancing had come close to each other
Patroklos threw first at glorious Thrasymelos
Sarpedon was the strong henchman of lord Sarpedon, and struck him
in the depth of the lower belly, and unstrung his limbs' strength.
Sarpedon with the second throw then missed with the shining

, but the spear fixed in the right shoulder of Pedasos the horse, who screamed as he blew his life away, and went down in shrill noise into the dust, and the life spirit fluttered from him.

Other horses shied apart, the yoke creaked, the guide reins were fouled together as the trace horse lay in the dust beside them; but at this spear-famed Automedon saw what he must do

renching out the long-edged sword from beside his big thigh in a flashing stroke and without faltering cut loose the trace horse 475 and the other horses were straightened out, and pulled in the guide reins, and the two heroes came together in the heart-perishing battle.

He again Sarpedon threw wide with a cast of his shining spear, so that the pointed head overshot the left shoulder

Patroklos; and now Patroklos made the second cast with the brazen 480 spear, and the shaft escaping his hand was not flung vainly but struck where the beating heart is closed in the arch of the muscles.

As when an oak goes down or a white poplar,

like a towering pine tree which in the mountains the carpenters have hewn down with their whetted axes to make a ship-timber.

He lay there felled in front of his horses and chariots

lying, and clawed with his hands at the bloody dust; or as

like a strong and haughty bull in a huddle of shambling cattle

when a lion has come among the herd and destroys him

gallowing under the hooked claws of the lion, so now

like Patroklos the lord of the shield-armored Lykians

lying, and called aloud to his beloved companion:

“Glaukos, you are a fighter among men. Now the need comes hardest upon you to be a spearman and a bold warrior.

Even if you are brave, let bitter warfare be dear to you.

Now you must go among all men who are lords of the Lykians

where, and stir them up to fight for Sarpedon,

when you yourself also must fight for me with the bronze spear.

It shall be a thing of shame and a reproach said of you

to be coward, all your days forever, if the Achaians

find my armor here where I fell by the ships assembled.

Stand bold strongly on and stir up all the rest of our people.”

As he spoke, and as he spoke death's end closed over his nostrils and eyes, and

Patroklos stepping heel braced to chest dragged the spear out of his body, and

the midriff came away with it
at he drew out with the spearhead the life of Sarpedon,
the Myrmidons close by held in the hard-breathing horses
they tried to bolt away, once free of their master's chariot.

when he heard the voice a hard sorrow came upon Glaukos, and the heart was
stirred within him, and he could not defend Sarpedon.
He took his arm in his hand and squeezed it, since the wound hurt him where Teukros
had hit him with an arrow shot as he swept in
the high wall, and fended destruction from his companions.
He spoke in prayer to him who strikes from afar, Apollo:
"Hear me, my lord. You are somewhere in the rich Lykian countryside 515 or here in
Troy, and wherever you are you can listen
to my pain in pain, as now this pain has descended upon me.
I have this strong wound on me, and my arm on both sides is driven with
sharp pains about, my blood is not able
to stand and stop running, my shoulder is aching beneath it.
I cannot hold my spear up steady, I cannot go forward
to fight against the enemy. And the best of men has perished, Sarpedon, son of Zeus;
no one who will not stand by his children.
But you at least, my lord, make well this strong wound;
ease the pains to sleep, give me strength, so that I may call out 525 to my
companions, the Lykians, and stir them to fight on,
myself do battle over the fallen body."
He spoke in prayer, and Phoibos Apollo heard him.
When he made the pains stop, and dried away from the hard wound the dark running
of blood, and put strength into his spirit.
Glaukos knew in his heart what was done, and was happy
that the great god had listened to his prayer. And first of all he roused toward battle all
the men who were lords of the Lykians, going everywhere among them, to fight
for Sarpedon;
then he ranged in long strides among the Trojans,
Nestor Polydamas the son of Panthoös and brilliant Agenor,
then went to Aineias and to Hektor of the brazen helmet
and stood good near them and addressed them in winged words: "Hektor, now you have
utterly forgotten your armed companions
for your sake, far from their friends and the land of their fathers, 540 are wearing

their lives away, and you will do nothing to help them.
don has fallen, the lord of the shield-armored Lykians,
defended Lykia in his strength and the right of his justice.
brazen Ares has struck him down by the spear of Patroklos.

friends, stand beside me, let the thought be shame in your spirit 545 that they
might strip away his arms, and dishonor his body,
Myrmidons, in anger for all the Danaäns perished,
whom we Lykians have killed with the spear by the swift ships.”
spoke, and the Trojans were taken head to heel with a sorrow untakeable, not to
be endured, since he was their city’s
always, though he was an outlander, and many people
with him, but he was the best of them all in battle
’s. They went straight for the Danaäns, raging, and Hektor led them, in anger for
Sarpedon. Meanwhile the Achaians
d to the savage heart of Patroklos, the son of Menoitios.
he spoke to the Aiantes, who were burning for battle already: “Aiantes, now
your desire must be to defend yourselves, and be such as you were among men
before, or even more valiant.
man is fallen who first scaled the wall of the Achaians,
don. If only we could win and dishonor his body
strip the armor from his shoulders, and kill with the pitiless bronze some one of
his companions who fight to defend him.”
spoke, and they likewise grew furious in their defense, and when they on either
side had made massive their battalions, Trojans and Lykians, and Myrmidons
and Achaians,
clashed together in battle over the perished body
ng terribly, with a high crash of the men in their armor, while Zeus swept ghastly
night far over the strong encounter
ver his dear son might be deadly work in the fighting.

t the Trojans shouldered back the glancing-eyed Achaians 570 when a man, and
not the worst of the Myrmidons, was struck down, son of high-hearted Agakles,
Epeigeus the brilliant.
as one who was lord before in strong-founded Boudeion,
ow, since he had happened to kill his high-born cousin,
ome suppliant to Peleus and to Thetis the silver-footed, 575 and these sent him
to follow Achilleus, who broke men in battle, to Ilion of the horses and the battle

against the Trojans.

Caught at a dead man glorious Hektor hit him
a stone in the head, and all the head broke into two pieces inside the heavy
helmet, and he in the dust face downward 580 dropped, while death breaking
the spirit drifted about him.

He sorrow took hold of Patroklos for his fallen companion.

Heer his way through the ranks of the front fighters, like a flying hawk who
scatters into flight the doves and the starlings.

He might for the Lykians, O lord of horses, Patroklos, 585 you swept, and for the
Trojans, heart angered for your companion.

He struck Sthenelaos, beloved son of Ithaimenes,

neck with a stone, and broke the tendons loose from about it.

Champions of Troy gave back then, and glorious Hektor.

As goes the driving cast of a slender javelin

When a man throws making trial of his strength, either in a contest or else in battle,
under the heart-breaking hostilities,

the Trojans gave way with the Achaians pushing them.

Glaukos was first, lord of the shield-armored Lykians,

and again, and killed Bathykles the great-hearted, beloved 595 son of Chalkon,
who had dwelled in his home in Hellas

ambitious for wealth and success among all the Myrmidons.

He whom Glaukos stabbed in the middle of the chest, turning suddenly back
with his spear as he overtook him. He fell,

heavily, and the closing sorrow came over the Achaians

As the great man went down, but the Trojans were gladdened greatly as the great man

went down, but the Trojans were gladdened greatly and came and stood in a
pack about him, nor did the Achaians let go of their fighting strength, but steered
their fury straight at them.

Here Meriones cut down a chief man of the Trojans,

Merionos, bold son of Onetor, who was Idaian,

his priest, and who was honored in his countryside as a god is.

Meriones struck him by jaw and ear, and at once the life spirit fled from his limbs, and
the hateful darkness closed in about him.

Meriones threw his bronze spear at Meriones, hoping

to hit him as he came forward under his shield's covering,

but Meriones with his eyes straight on him avoided the bronze spear.

Meriones bent forward, and behind his back the long spearshaft was driven into the

ground so that the butt end was shaken
by spear. Then and there Ares the huge took the force from it [so that the vibrant
shaft of Aineias was driven groundward
as if it had been thrown in a vain cast from his big hand].
Aineias was angered in his spirit, and called out to him: “Meriones, though you
are a dancer my spear might have stopped you now and for all time, if only I
could have hit you.”

And in turn Meriones the spear-famed answered him:

Aineias, strong fighter though you are, it would be hard for you to quench the
strength of every man who might come against you and defend himself, since
you also are made as a mortal.

“I could throw and hit you with the sharp bronze in the middle, then strong as
you are and confident in your hands’ work, you might give the glory to me,
and your soul to Hades of the horses.”

Aineias spoke, but the fighting son of Menoitios reprimanded him: “Meriones, when you
are a brave fighter, why say such things?—See, dear friend, the Trojans will not
give back from the body
of words spoken. Sooner the ground will cover them. Warfare’s finality lies
in the work of hands, that of words in counsel.
Not for us now to pile up talk, but to fight in battle.”

Aineias spoke, and led the way, and the other followed, a mortal like a god. As the
tumult goes up from men who are cutting
through in the mountain valleys, and the sound is heard from far off, such was the
dull crashing that rose from earth of the wide ways, from the bronze shields, the
skins and the strong-covering ox-hides as the swords and leaf-headed spears
stabbed against them. No longer could a man, even a knowing one, have made
out the godlike
Aineias, since he was piled from head to ends of feet under
masses of weapons, the blood and the dust, while others about him kept forever
swarming over his dead body, as flies
gather about a sheepfold thunder about the pails overspilling
in the season of spring when the milk splashes in the buckets.
They swarmed over the dead man, nor did Zeus ever
forget the glaring of his eyes from the strong encounter,
nor did he cease to gape and gaze forever upon them, in spirit reflective,

ordered hard over many ways for the death of Patroklos;
for this was now the time, in this strong encounter,
there over godlike Sarpedon glorious Hektor
would kill him with the bronze, and strip the armor away from his shoulders, or
whether to increase the steep work of fighting for more men.
A division of his heart this way seemed best to him,
the strong henchman of Achilles, the son of Peleus, once again to push the
Trojans and bronze-helmed Hektor
from their city, and tear the life from many. In Hektor
at all he put a temper that was without strength.
He climbed to his chariot and turned to flight, and called to the other Trojans to run,
for he saw the way of Zeus' sacred balance.
Would the powerful Lykians stand now, but were all scattered to flight, when
they had seen their king with a spear in his heart, lying under the pile of dead
men, since many others had fallen
before him, once Zeus had strained fast the powerful conflict.
The Achaians took from Sarpedon's shoulders the armor
gold and brazen, and this the warlike son of Menoitios
gave to his companions to carry back to the hollow ships.
Now Zeus who gathers the clouds spoke a word to Apollo:
If you will, beloved Phoibos, and rescue Sarpedon
under the weapons, wash the dark suffusion of blood from him, then carry him
far away and wash him in a running river,
anoint him in ambrosia, put ambrosial clothing upon him;
give him into the charge of swift messengers to carry him, of Sleep and Death,
who are twin brothers, and these two shall lay him down presently within the
rich countryside of broad Lykia
and his brothers and countrymen shall give him due burial
tomb and gravestone. Such is the privilege of those who have perished."
He spoke so, and Apollo, not disregarding his father,
went down along the mountains of Ida, into the grim fight,
bringing brilliant Sarpedon out from under the weapons
and carried him far away, and washed him in a running river, 680 and anointed him in
ambrosia, put ambrosial clothing upon him,
gave him into the charge of swift messengers to carry him, of Sleep and Death,
who are twin brothers, and these two presently laid him down within the rich
countryside of broad Lykia.

Patroklos, with a shout to Automedon and his horses,
after Trojans and Lykians in a huge blind fury.
He had he only kept the command of Peleides
might have got clear away from the evil spirit of black death.
Always the mind of Zeus is a stronger thing than a man's mind.
It afflicts even the warlike man, he takes away victory

Why, when he himself has driven a man into battle as now he drove on the fury in
the heart of Patroklos.

Who was it you slaughtered first, who was the last one, Patroklos, as the gods
called you to your death? Adrestos
and after him Autoon and Echeolos,
Phonos, son of Megas, and Epistor, and Melanippos,
After these Elastos, and Moullos, and Pylartes.
He killed, while each man of the rest was bent on escaping.

Where the sons of the Achaeans might have taken gate-towering Ilios under the
hands of Patroklos, who raged with the spear far before them, 700 had not
Phoibos Apollo taken his stand on the strong-built
wall, with thoughts of death for him, but help for the Trojans.
Three times Patroklos tried to mount the angle of the towering wall, and three times
Phoibos Apollo battered him backward
with the immortal hands beating back the bright shield. As Patroklos 705 for the
fourth time, like something more than a man, came at him he called aloud, and
spoke winged words in the voice of danger: "Give way, illustrious Patroklos: it
is not destined
for the city of the proud Trojans shall fall before your spear nor even at the hand of
Achilleus, who is far better than you are."
He spoke, and Patroklos gave ground before him a great way, avoiding the anger of
him who strikes from afar, Apollo.

Hektor inside the Skaian Gates held his single-foot horses, and wondered
whether to drive back into the carnage, and fight there, or call aloud to his
people to rally inside the wall. Thus 715 as he was pondering Phoibos Apollo
came and stood by him,
resembling the likeness of a man, a young and a strong one,
his father, who was uncle to Hektor, breaker of horses,

he was brother of Hekabē, and the son of Dymas,
and made his home in Phrygia by the stream of Sangarios.
The likeness of this man Zeus' son Apollo spoke to him:
"For, why have you stopped fighting? You should not do it.
I am here as much stronger than you as now I am weaker!
Do not fight you, in this evil way, hold back from the fighting.
Come! Hold straight against Patroklos your strong-footed horses.
I might be able to kill him. Apollo might give you such glory."
Apollo spoke, and went once more, a divinity, into the mortals'
midst, while glorious Hektor called to wise Kebriones
to lead their horses into the fighting. Meanwhile Apollo
drove down into the battle, and launched a deadly confusion
among the Argives, and gave glory to the Trojans and Hektor.
Hektor let the rest of the Danaöns be, and he would not
slay them, but drove his strong-footed horses straight for Patroklos.
On the other side Patroklos sprang to the ground from his chariot holding his spear in
his left hand. In the other he caught up a stone, jagged and shining, in the
hold of his hand, and threw it, leaning into the throw, nor fell short of the man he
aimed at nor threw vainly, but hit the charioteer of Hektor,
Kebriones, a bastard son of glorious Priam,
who held the reins on his horses. The sharp stone hit him in the forehead and
smashed both brows in on each other, nor could the bone hold the rock, but his
eyes fell out into the dust before him
and he fell at his feet, so that he vaulted to earth like a diver
from the carefully wrought chariot, and the life left his bones. Now Apollo spoke in bitter
mockery over him, rider Patroklos:
"Now, what a light man this is, how agile an acrobat.
If he were somewhere on the sea, where the fish swarm,
they would fill the hunger of many men, by diving for oysters;
they would go overboard from a boat even in rough weather
as he somersaults so light to the ground from his chariot now. So, to be
sure, in Troy also they have their acrobats."
Apollo spoke so, and strode against the hero Kebriones
like the spring of a lion, who as he ravages the pastures
is often hit in the chest, and his own courage destroys him.
On your fury you pounced, Patroklos, above Kebriones.
On the other side Hektor sprang to the ground from his chariot, and the two fought it

out over Kebriones, like lions
in the high places of a mountain, both in huge courage
both hungry, fight together over a killed deer.
Above Kebriones these two, urgent for battle,
Patroklos, son of Menoitios, and glorious Hektor,
straining with the pitiless bronze to tear at each other; since Hektor had caught
him by the head, and would not let go of him, and Patroklos had his foot on the
other side, while the other Trojans and Danaöns drove together the strength of
their onset.

East wind and south wind fight it out with each other
in the valleys of the mountains to shake the deep forest timber, oak tree and ash and
the cornel with the delicate bark; these whip their wide-reaching branches
against one another
with a human noise, and the crash goes up from the splintering timber; 770 so Trojans
and Achaians springing against one another
fell down, nor did either side think of disastrous panic,
and many sharp spears were driven home about Kebriones
and many feathered arrows sprung from the bowstrings, many
throwing stones pounded against the shields, as they fought on 775 hard over
his body, as he in the turning dust lay
helplessly in his might, his horsemanship all forgotten.
As long as the sun was climbing still to the middle heaven, so long the thrown
weapons of both took hold, and men dropped under them; but when the sun had
gone to the time for unyoking of cattle, 780 then beyond their very destiny the
Achaians were stronger
and they dragged the hero Kebriones from under the weapons
in the clamor of the Trojans, and stripped the armor from his shoulders.
Patroklos charged with evil intention in on the Trojans.
Three times he charged in with the force of the running war god, 785 screaming a
terrible cry, and three times he cut down nine men; but as for the fourth time he
swept in, like something greater than human, there, Patroklos, the end of your
life was shown forth, since Phoibos came against you there in the strong
encounter
fiercely, nor did Patroklos see him as he moved through
cattle, and shrouded in a deep mist came in against him
from behind him, and struck his back and his broad shoulders with a flat stroke of

the hand so that his eyes spun. Phoibos Apollo now struck away from his head
the helmet
morned and hollow-eyed, and under the feet of the horses 795 it rolled clattering,
and the plumes above it were defiled
dust and dust. Before this time it had not been permitted to defile in the dust this
great helmet crested in horse-hair; rather it guarded the head and the gracious
brow of a godlike man, Achilles; but now Zeus gave it over to Hektor 800 to
wear on his head, Hektor whose own death was close to him.
In his hands was splintered all the huge, great, heavy,
god, far-shadowing spear, and away from his shoulders dropped to the ground
the shield with its shield sling and its tassels.
Phoebus Apollo, son of Zeus, broke the corselet upon him.
Hektor caught his wits, and his shining body went nerveless.
He fled stupidly, and from close behind his back a Dardanian man hit him between
the shoulders with a sharp javelin:
Phoebos, son of Panthoös, who surpassed all men of his own age with the throwing
spear, and in horsemanship and the speed of his feet. He 810 had already
brought down twenty men from their horses
first coming, with his chariot and his learning in warfare.
Phoebus did not hit you with a thrown spear, O rider Patroklos, nor broke you, but ran away
again, snatching out the ash spear from your body, and lost himself in the crowd,
not enduring
Phoebus Patroklos, naked as he was, in close combat.

Patroklos, broken by the spear and the god's blow, tried to shun death and
shrink back into the swarm of his own companions.
Hektor, when he saw high-hearted Patroklos trying
to run away, saw how he was wounded with the sharp javelin,
so he came close against him across the ranks, and with the spear stabbed him in the depth
of the belly and drove the bronze clean through. He fell, thunderously, to the
horror of all the Achaian people.
Hektor overpowers a weariless boar in wild combat
Hektor and Patroklos two fight in their pride on the high places of a mountain 825 over a little spring
of water, both wanting to drink there,
Hektor the lion beats him down by force as he fights for his breath, so Hektor, Priam's
son, with a close spear-stroke stripped the life from the fighting son of
Menoitios, who had killed so many,

ood above him, and spoke aloud the winged words of triumph: 830 “Patroklos,
you thought perhaps of devastating our city,
pping from the Trojan women the day of their liberty
ragging them off in ships to the beloved land of your fathers.
when in front of them the running horses of Hektor
ed with their swift feet into the fighting, and I with my own spear
onspicuous among the fighting Trojans, I who beat from them the day of
necessity. For you, here the vultures shall eat you.
h! Achilles, great as he was, could do nothing to help you.
i he stayed behind, and you went, he must have said much to you: ‘Patroklos,
lord of horses, see that you do not come back to me 840 and the hollow ships,
until you have torn in blood the tunic
nslaughtering Hektor about his chest.’ In some such
er he spoke to you, and persuaded the fool’s heart in you.”
l now, dying, you answered him, O rider Patroklos:
r is your time for big words, Hektor. Yours is the victory 845 given by Kronos’
son, Zeus, and Apollo, who have subdued me
, since they themselves stripped the arms from my shoulders.
though twenty such as you had come in against me,
ould all have been broken beneath my spear, and have perished.
eadly destiny, with the son of Leto, has killed me, 850 and of men it was
Euphorbos; you are only my third slayer.
ut away in your heart this other thing that I tell you.
yourself are not one who shall live long, but now already death and powerful
destiny are standing beside you,
down under the hands of Aiakos’ great son, Achilles.”

o spoke, and as he spoke the end of death closed in upon him, and the soul
fluttering free of his limbs went down into Death’s house mourning her destiny,
leaving youth and manhood behind her.
though he was a dead man glorious Hektor spoke to him:
oklos, what is this prophecy of my headlong destruction?
knows if even Achilles, son of lovely-haired Thetis,
before this be struck by my spear, and his own life perish?”
o spoke, and setting his heel upon him wrenched out the bronze spear from the
wound, then spurned him away on his back from the spear. Thereafter armed
with the spear he went on, aiming a cast at Automedon,

odlike henchman for the swift-footed son of Aiakos,
he spear as he was carried away by those swift and immortal horses the gods had
given as shining gifts to Peleus.

BOOK SEVENTEEN

Patroklos went down before the Trojans in the hard fighting he was not unseen
by Atreus' son, warlike Menelaos,
talked through the ranks of the champions, helmed in the bright bronze, and
bestrode the body, as over a first-born calf the mother cow stands lowing,
she who has known no children before this.
Menelaos of the fair hair stood over Patroklos
held the spear and the perfect circle of his shield before him, raging to cut down
any man who might come forth against him.
Would the fall of blameless Patroklos pass unattended
Panthoös' son of the strong ash spear, Euphorbos, who standing close to face him
spoke a word to warlike Menelaos:
"O son of Atreus, Menelaos, illustrious, leader of armies:
I say, let the bloody spoils be, get back from this body,
before me no one of the Trojans, or renowned companions, struck Patroklos
down with the spear in the strong encounter.
I say, let me win this great glory among the Trojans
if I hit you and strip the sweetness of life away from you."
Euphorbos stirred, Menelaos of the fair hair answered him:
"O son of Zeus, it is not well for the proud man to glory.
The fury of the leopard is such, not such is the lion's, nor the fury of the
devastating wild boar, within whose breast the spirit is biggest and vaunts in the
pride of his strength, is so great as goes the pride in these sons of Panthoös of the
strong ash spear.
Even the strength of Hyperenor, breaker of horses, had no joy of his youth
when he stood against me and taunted me and said that among all the Danaöns I
was the weakest in battle. Yet I think that his feet shall no more carry him
to pleasure his beloved wife and his honored parents.
I think I can break your strength as well, if you only
stand against me. No, but I myself tell you to get back
before the multitude, not stand to face me, before you

ome harm. Once a thing has been done, the fool sees it.”
spoke so, but did not persuade Euphorbos, who answered: “Then, lordly
Menelaos, you must now pay the penalty
y brother, whom you killed, and boast that you did it,
made his wife a widow in the depth of a young bride chamber and left to his
parents the curse of lamentation and sorrow.
might stop the mourning of these unhappy people
ould carry back to them your head, and your armor,
oss them into Panthoös’ hands, and to Phrontis the lovely.
his struggle shall not go long untested between us
et unfought, whether it prove our strength or our terror.”
spoke, and stabbed Menelaos’ shield in its perfect circle, nor did the bronze
break its way through, but the spearhead bent back 45 in the strong shield. And
after him Atreus’ son, Menelaos,
his prayer to father Zeus and lunged with the bronze spear and as he was
drawing back caught him in the pit of the gullet and leaned in on the stroke in
the confidence of his strong hand, and clean through the soft part of the neck the
spearpoint was driven.
ll, thunderously, and his armor clattered upon him,
his hair, lovely as the Graces, was splattered with blood, those braided locks
caught waspwise in gold and silver. As some
f an olive tree strong-growing that a man raises
nely place, and drenched it with generous water, so that 55 it blossoms into
beauty, and the blasts of winds from all quarters tremble it, and it bursts into pale
blossoming. But then
d suddenly in a great tempest descending upon it
ches it out of its stand and lays it at length on the ground; such was Euphorbos of
the strong ash spear, the son of Panthoös,
1 Menelaos Atreides killed, and was stripping his armor.

when in the confidence of his strength some lion
ared snatches the finest cow in a herd as it pastures; first the lion breaks her
neck caught fast in the strong teeth, then gulps down the blood and all the guts
that are inward
ely, as the dogs and the herdsmen raise a commotion
y about him, but from a distance, and are not willing
in and face him, since the hard green fear has hold of them; so no heart in the

breast of any Trojan had courage
in and face glorious Menelaos. Then easily
n of Atreus might have taken the glorious armor
Panthoös' son, only Phoibos Apollo begrudged him
irred up Hektor, a match for the running war god, against him in semblance of a
man, the leader of the Kikones, Mentos, and spoke aloud to him, and addressed
him in winged words: 75 "While you, Hektor, run after what can never be
captured,
orses of valiant Aiakides; they are difficult horses
ortal man to manage, or even to ride behind them
l except Achilleus, who was born of an immortal mother; meanwhile Menelaos,
the warlike son of Atreus,
s over Patroklos and has killed the best man of the Trojans, Euphorbos,
Panthoös' son, and stopped his furious valor."

ne spoke, and went back, a god, to the mortals' struggle.
itter sorrow closed over Hektor's heart in its darkness.
oked about then across the ranks, and at once was aware
two men, one stripping the glorious armor, the other
led on the ground, and blood running from the gash of the spear-thrust.
alked through the ranks of the champions helmed in the bright bronze with a
shrill scream, and looking like the flame of Hephaistos, weariless. Nor did
Atreus' son fail to hear the sharp cry.
ly troubled, he spoke to his own great-hearted spirit:
e; if I abandon here the magnificent armor,
atroklos, who has fallen here for the sake of my honor, shall not some one of the
Danaäns, seeing it, hold it against me?
I fight, alone as I am, the Trojans and Hektor
ame, shall they not close in, many against one, about me?
r of the shining helm leads all of the Trojans
Then why does my own heart within me debate this?
a man, in the face of divinity, would fight with another whom some god honors,
the big disaster rolls sudden upon him.
efore, let no Danaän seeing it hold it against me
ve way before Hektor, who fights from God. Yet if somewhere I could only get
some word of Aias of the great war cry,
ro might somehow go, and keep our spirit of battle

in the face of divinity, if we might win the body
of Achilles. It would be our best among evils.”

As he was pondering this in his heart and his spirit
while the ranks of the Trojans came on, and Hector led them; and Menelaos
backed away from them and left the dead man,
not turning on his way like some great bearded lion
as dogs and men drive him off from a steading with weapons
in rout, and in the breast of the lion the strong heart of valor freezes, and he goes
reluctant away from the fenced ground.
Fair-haired Menelaos moved from Patroklos, but turning
back fast when he had got back to the swarm of his own companions, 115 and looked
all about for huge Aias, the son of Telamon,
to know soon where he was, at the left of the entire battle
urging his companions and urging them into the fighting, since Phoibos Apollo
had smitten them all with unearthly terror.
Aias went on the run, and presently stood beside him and spoke to him: 120 “This way,
Aias, we must make for fallen Patroklos
if we can carry back to Achilles the body
of Patroklos; Hector of the shining helm has taken his armor.”
Aias spoke, and stirred the spirit in valiant Aias
as he strode among the champions, fair-haired Menelaos with him.
Hector, when he had stripped from Patroklos the glorious armor, dragged at him,
meaning to cut his head from his shoulders with the sharp bronze, to haul off the
body and give it to the dogs of Troy; but meanwhile Aias came near him,
carrying like a wall his shield,
and Hector drew back to the company of his own companions
and sprang to his chariot, but handed over the beautiful armor
to the Trojans, to take back to the city and to be his great glory.
Aias covering the son of Menoitios under his broad shield stood fast, like a lion
over his young, when the lion
is killing his little ones along, and men who are hunting
him upon them in the forest. He stands in the pride of his great strength hooding his
eyes under the cover of down-drawn eyelids.
It was Aias as he bestrode the hero Patroklos,
and on the other side Atreus’ son, warlike Menelaos,
fast, feeding still bigger the great sorrow within him.

it Glaukos, lord of the Lykian men, the son of Hippolochos, looked at Hektor, scowling, and laid a harsh word upon him:

For, splendid to look at, you come far short in your fighting.

Your fame of yours, high as it is, belongs to a runner.

How do you thought now how to hold fast your town, your citadel

yourself, with those your people who were born in Ilion; since no Lykian will go forth now to fight with the Danaäns

for the sake of your city, since after all we got no gratitude for our everlasting hard struggle against your enemies.

And then, O hard-hearted, shall you save a worse man in all your

land, when you have abandoned Sarpedon, your guest-friend

and sworn companion, to be the spoil and prey of the Argives,

who was of so much use to you, yourself and your city

when he lived? Now you have not the spirit to keep the dogs from him.

And before now, if any of the Lykian men will obey me,

you are going home, and the headlong destruction of Troy shall be manifest.

And if the Trojans had any fighting strength that were daring and unshaken, such as

comes on men who, for the sake of their country, have made the hard hateful

work come between them and their enemies, we could quickly get the body of

Patroklos inside Ilion.

And had man though he be, he could be brought into the great city of lord Priam, if we could tear him out of the fighting,

the Argives must at once give up the beautiful armor

of Sarpedon, and we could carry his body inside Ilion.

And he is the man whose henchman is killed. He is far the greatest 165 of the Argives

by the ships, and his men fight hard at close quarters.

And yet you could not bring yourself to stand up against Aias of the great heart, nor to

look at his eyes in the clamor of fighting men, nor attack him direct, since he is

far better than you are.”

And looking darkly at him tall Hektor of the shining helm answered: 170 “Glaukos,

why did a man like you speak this word of annoyance?

I am surprised. I thought that for wits you surpassed all others of those who dwell in

Lykia where the soil is generous; and yet now I utterly despise your heart for the

thing you have spoken when you said I cannot stand in the face of gigantic Aias.

And I am not one who shudders at attack and the thunder of horses.

And always the mind of Zeus is a stronger thing than a man’s mind.

rifies even the warlike man, he takes away victory
y, when he himself has driven a man into battle.
: here, friend, and watch me at work; learn, standing beside me, 180 whether I
shall be a coward all day, as you proclaim me,
ether I stop some Danaän, for all of his fury,
his fighting strength and from the defense of fallen Patroklos.”
peaking he called afar in a great voice to the Trojans: “Trojans, Lykians,
Dardanians who fight at close quarters,
en now, dear friends, remember your furious valor
I am putting on the beautiful armor of blameless
leus, which I stripped from Patroklos the strong when I killed him.”

poke Hektor of the shining helm, and departed
the hateful battle, and running caught up with his companions 190 very soon,
since he went on quick feet, and they had not gone far carrying the glorious
armor of Peleus’ son toward the city.
ood apart from the sorrowful fighting, and changed his armor, and gave what he
had worn to the fighting Trojans to carry
red Ilion, and himself put on that armor immortal
leid Achilles, which the Uranian gods had given
loved father; and he in turn grown old had given it
son; but a son who never grew old in his father’s armor.
en Zeus who gathers the clouds saw him, apart from the others arming himself in
the battle gear of godlike Peleides,
irred his head and spoke to his own spirit: “Ah, poor wretch!
: is no thought of death in your mind now, and yet death stands close beside you
as you put on the immortal armor
urpassing man. There are others who tremble before him.
you have killed this man’s dear friend, who was strong and gentle, 205 and
taken the armor, as you should not have done, from his shoulders and head. Still
for the present I will invest you with great strength to make up for it that you
will not come home out of the fighting, nor Andromachē take from your hands
the glorious arms of Achilles.”
poke, the son of Kronos, and nodded his head with the dark brows.
armor was fitted to Hektor’s skin, and Ares the dangerous
od entered him, so that the inward body was packed full
ce and fighting strength. He went onward calling in a great voice to his

renowned companions in arms, and figured before them flaming in the battle gear of great-hearted Peleion. ranged their ranks, and spoke a word to encourage each captain, to Mesthles and Glaukos, to Thersilochos and Medon, nor and Hippothoös and Asteropaios, Arkys and Chromios and the bird interpreter Ennomos, rirring all of these forward called to them in winged words: 220 “Hear me, you numberless hordes of companions who live at our borders. ; not for any desire nor need of a multitude an by man I gathered you to come here from your cities, but so that you might have good will to defend the innocent en of the Trojans, and their wives, from the fighting Achaians. such a purpose I wear out my own people for presents ood, wherewith I make strong the spirit within each one of you. fore a man must now turn his face straight forward, and perish or survive. This is the sweet invitation of battle. nan of you who drags Patroklos, dead as he is, back ig Trojans, breakers of horses, and Aias gives way before him, I will give him half the spoils for his portion, and keep half for myself, and his glory shall be as great as mine is.”

re spoke, and they lifted their spears and went straight for the Danaäns who felt their weight, and inside each man the spirit was hopeful 235 to get the body away from Telamonian Aias. ! since over the dead man he tore the life out of many. Aias himself spoke to Menelaos of the great war cry: trious Menelaos, dear friend, I no longer have hope ven you and I can win back out of the fighting. ear is not so much for the dead body of Patroklos re presently must glut the dogs and the birds of Troy, so much as I fear for my own head, my life, and what may befall it, or yours, since this cloud of war is darkened on all things, this Hektor, while for you and me sheer death is emerging. e then, call the great men of the Danaäns, if one might hear you.” spoke, and Menelaos of the great war cry obeyed him. ted his voice and called in a piercing cry to the Danaäns: “Friends, O leaders and men of counsel among the Argives,

at beside Agamemnon and Menelaos, the two sons
reus, drink the community's wine and give, each man, his orders to the people;
and from Zeus the respect and honor attend you.
ard for me to discriminate among you each man
s a leader, so big is the bitter fight that has blazed up.
let a man come of his own accord, think it shameful
Patroklos be given to the dogs of Troy to delight them."
spoke, and swift Aias son of Oïleus was sharp to hear him and was first to come
running along the battle, and join him, and after him Idomeneus, and Idomeneus'
companion
mes, a match for the murderous lord of battles.
what man could tell forth from his heart the names of the others, all who after
these waked the war strength of the Achaians?

Trojans came down on them in a pack, and Hektor led them.
en at the outpouring place of a rain-glutted river
ge surf of the sea roars against the current, out-jutting 265 beaches thunder
aloud to the backwash of the salt water,
such a bellow the Trojans came on, but now the Achaians
fast about the son of Menoitios, in a single courage
enced beneath their bronze-armored shields, while the son of Kronos drifted
across the glitter of their helmets a deepening
since before this time he had not hated Menoitios'
while he lived yet and was Achilleus' companion,
oathed now that he should become the spoil of the hated
ns' dogs, and stirred his companions on to defend him.
t the Trojans shouldered back the glancing-eyed Achaians, 275 who abandoned
the body and ran for terror, nor did the high-hearted Trojans take any with their
spears, for all of their striving, but dragged at the dead man, only the Achaians
were not long destined to fail him, since they were pulled around in sudden
speed
as, who for his beauty and the work of his hands surpassed 280 all other
Danaäns, after the blameless son of Peleus.
ered through the front fighters in pride of strength like a savage wild boar, who
among the mountains easily scatters the dogs and strong young men when he
turns at bay in the valley.
w the son of haughty Telamon, glorious Aias,

d to charge and easily scatter the Trojan battalions,
had taken their stand bestriding Patroklos, in high hope of dragging him off to
their own city, and so winning honor.
æd, Hippothoös, glorious son of Pelasgian Lethos,
ying to drag him by the foot through the strong encounter 290 by fastening the
sling of his shield round the ankle tendons
e favor of Hektor and the Trojans, but the sudden evil
to him, and none for all their desire could defend him.
on of Telamon, sweeping in through the mass of the fighters, struck him at close
quarters through the brazen cheeks of his helmet 295 and the helm crested with
horse-hair was riven about the spearhead to the impact of the huge spear and the
weight of the hand behind it and the brain ran from the wound along the spear by
the eye-hole, bleeding. There his strength was washed away, and from his hands
he let fall to the ground the foot of great-hearted Patroklos 300 to lie there, and
himself collapsed prone over the dead man far away from generous Larissa, and
he could not
r again the care of his dear parents; he was short-lived, beaten down beneath the
spear of high-hearted Aias.
in Hektor threw at Aias with the shining javelin,
ias with his eyes straight on him avoided the bronze spear by a little, and Hektor
struck Schedios, the son of high-hearted Iphitos and far the best of the Phokians,
one who lived
home in famous Panopeus and was lord over many people.
ruck him fair beneath the collar-bone, and the pointed
ze head tore clean through and came out by the base of the shoulder.
ll, thunderously, and his armor clattered upon him.
Aias in turn cut at Phorkys, the wise son of Phainops, in the middle of the belly
as he stood over fallen Hippothoös, and broke the hollow of the corselet, so that
the entrails spurted 315 from the bronze, and he went down clawing the dust in
his fingers.
hampions of Troy gave back then, and glorious Hektor,
ie Argives gave a great cry and dragged back the bodies
ppothoös and Phorkys, and eased the armor from their shoulders.
n, once more, might the Trojans have climbed back into Ilion's 320 wall,
subdued by terror before the warlike Achaians, and the Argives, even beyond
Zeus' destiny, might have won glory by their own force and strength, had not
Apollo in person

l on Aineias; he had assumed the form of the herald
has, Epytos' son, growing old in his herald's office
ineias' aged father, and a man whose thoughts were of kindness.
likeness of this man Zeus' son Apollo spoke to him:
ias, how could you be the man to defend sheer Ilion
against a god's will, as I have seen other men do it
confidence of their own force and strength, their own manhood 330 and their
own numbers, though they had too few people for it?
ow Zeus wishes the victory far rather for our side
he Danaäns', only yourselves keep blenching and will not fight them."
ne spoke, but Aineias knew far-striking Apollo
looked him straight in the face, and called in a great voice to Hektor:
335 "Hektor, and you other lords of the Trojans and their companions, here is a
shameful thing! We are climbing back into Ilion's
subdued by terror before the warlike Achaians.
æ, some one of the gods is standing beside me, and tells me that Zeus the
supreme counselor lends his weight to our fighting.
efore we must go straight for the Danaäns, so that they may not carry thus easily
back to their ships the fallen Patroklos."
spoke, and with a long leap stood far before the front fighters, and the Trojans
turned and held their ground against the Achaians.
ow Aineias killed Leiokritos, with a spear-thrust, 345 the son of Arisbas and
noble companion of Lykomedes;
; he fell the warrior Lykomedes pitied him, and stood close in, and made a cast
with the shining javelin
ruck Apisaon, son of Hippasos, shepherd of the people,
liver under the midriff, and the strength of his knees was broken.
as one who had come from Paionia of the rich soil
as best of her men in fighting next to Asteropaios.
his man fell, warlike Asteropaios pitied him
e in turn drove forward eager to fight with the Danaäns, but was not able to do it,
for they, standing about Patroklos, 355 fenced him behind their shields on all
sides, and held their spears out-thrust.
ias ranged their whole extent with his numerous orders,
ould not let any man give back from the body, nor let one go out and fight by
himself far in front of the other Achaians, but made them stand hard and fast
about him and fight at close quarters.

were the orders of gigantic Aias. The ground ran
red blood, the dead men dropped one after another
the ranks alike of Trojans and their mighty companions
Danaäns also, since these fought not without bloodletting, but far fewer of them
went down, since they ever remembered
days to stand massed and beat sudden death from each other.

They fought on in the likeness of fire, nor would you have thought the sun was
still secure in his place in the sky, nor the moon, since the mist was closed over
all that part of the fight where the bravest stood about Patroklos, the fallen son of
Menoitios.

elsewhere the rest of the Trojans and strong-greaved Achaians fought naturally
in the bright air, with the sun's sharp glitter everywhere about them, no cloud
was showing anywhere
north nor on the mountains. They fought their battle by intervals standing each well
off at a distance, avoiding the painful

fight from the other side; but they in the middle were suffering distress in the mist
and the fighting, with the cruel bronze wearing them.

These men were the bravest, but there were two men of glory,
Odysseus and Antilochos, who had not yet heard

that Patroklos the blameless had been killed, but still thought 380 he was alive and
fighting in the first shock with the Trojans.

These two, watching against death or flight in their company, fought their separate
battle, since such was their order from Nestor as he was urging them forth from
the black ships into the fighting.

For these daylong the hard bitterness of the wearing

grew more rose. With the ever-relentless sweat and the weariness

of their arms, legs, and feet that supported from underneath each fighter, their hands and eyes
also were running wet as they fought on

like the brave henchman of swift-footed Aiakides.

When a man gives the hide of a great ox, a bullock,

he stretched first deep in fat, to all his people to stretch out;

and all the people take it from him and stand in a circle about it

all round, and presently the moisture goes and the fat sinks

down with so many pulling, and the bull's hide is stretched out level; so the men of both
sides in a cramped space tugged at the body 395 in both directions; and the

hearts of the Trojans were hopeful

g him away to Ilium, those of the Achaeans
him back to the hollow ships. And about him a savage
gle arose. Not Ares who rallies men, not Athene,
uing this fight could have scorned it, not even in some strong anger, 400 such
was the wicked work of battle for men and for horses Zeus strained tight above
Patroklos that day. But the brilliant Achilles did not yet know at all that
Patroklos had fallen.

now the men were fighting far away from the fast ships
the Trojan wall, and Achilles had no expectation
Patroklos was dead, but thought he was alive and close under the gates, and
would come back. He had not thought that Patroklos would storm the city
without himself, nor with himself either; for often he had word from his mother,
not known to mortals;
as ever telling him what was the will of great Zeus; but this time 410 his mother
did not tell Achilles of all the evil
had been done, nor how his dearest companion had perished.

hey about the body gripping their headed spears kept
rably close together, and slaughtered on both sides.
uch would be the saying of some bronze-armored Achaian:
nds, there is no glory for us if we go back again
hollow ships, but here and now let the black earth open gaping for all; this
would soon be far better for us
give up this man to the Trojans, breakers of horses,
e away to their own city and win glory from him.”
id such in turn would be the cry of some high-hearted Trojan: “O friends, though
it be destined for all of us to be killed here over this man, still none of us must
give ground from the fighting.”

is a man would speak, and stir the spirit in each one
fellowship. So they fought on, and the iron tumult
up into the brazen sky through the barren bright air.
ie horses of Aias standing apart from the battle
as they had done since they heard how their charioteer
fallen in the dust at the hands of murderous Hektor.
th Automedon, the powerful son of Diomedes,
em over and over again with the stroke of the flying lash, or talked to them,

sometimes entreating them, sometimes threatening.
were unwilling to go back to the wide passage of Helle
the ships, or back into the fighting after the Achaians,
as stands a grave monument which is set over
a rounded tomb of a dead man or lady, they stood there
standing motionless in its place the fair-wrought chariot,
holding their heads along the ground, and warm tears were running earthward from
underneath the lids of the mourning horses
they longed for their charioteer, while their bright manes were made dirty 440 as they
streamed down either side of the yoke from under the yoke pad.
He watched the mourning horses the son of Kronos pitied them, and stirred his
head and spoke to his own spirit: "Poor wretches, why then did we ever give you
to the lord Peleus,
mortal man, and you yourselves are immortal and ageless?
so that among unhappy men you also might be grieved?
among all creatures that breathe on earth and crawl on it there is not anywhere a
thing more dismal than man is.
But the son of Priam, Hektor, shall not mount behind you in the carefully wrought
chariot. I will not let him. Is it not 450 enough for him that he has the armor and
glories in wearing it?
Now I will put vigor into your knees and your spirits
so that you bring back Automedon out of the fighting
out of the hollow ships; since I shall still give the Trojans the glory of killing, until
they win to the strong-benched vessels, 455 until the sun goes down and the
blessed darkness comes over."
He spoke Zeus, and breathed great vigor into the horses,
and they shaking the dust from their manes to the ground lightly carried the running
chariot among the Achaians and Trojans.
Automedon fought from them, though grieving for his companion.
He would dash in, like a vulture among geese, with his horses,
and might lightly get away out of the Trojans' confusion
and might lightly charge in again in pursuit of a great multitude,
but he could kill no men when he swept in in chase of them.
He had no way while he was alone in a separate chariot
to range with the spear and still keep in hand his fast-running horses.
At last there was one of his companions who laid eyes upon him: Alkimedon, the
son of Laërkes, descended from Haimon.

god behind the chariot and called to Automedon: “Automedon, what god put this unprofitable purpose
your heart, and has taken away the better wits, so that
re trying to fight the Trojans in the first shock of encounter by yourself, since
your companion has been killed, and Hektor glories in wearing Aiakides’ armor
on his own shoulders?”

urn Automedon answered him, the son of Diores:
imedon, which other of the Achaians could handle
anagement and the strength of immortal horses as you can, were it not Patroklos,
the equal of the immortals in counsel, while he lived? Now death and fate have
closed in upon him.

efore take over from me the whip and the glittering guide reins 480 while I
dismount from behind the horses, so I may do battle.”

spoke, and Alkimedon vaulted up to the charging chariot and quickly gathered
up the reins and the lash in his hands, while Automedon sprang down. But
glorious Hektor saw them

mediately spoke to Aineias, who stood close beside him: 485 “Aineias, lord of
the counsels of the bronze-armored Trojans,
before us the horses of swift-footed Aiakides
appear now in the fighting with weak charioteers. Therefore I could be hopeful of
their capture, if you were willing

urt to go with me. If we two went forth against them
would not dare to stand their ground and do battle against us.”

spoke, and the strong son of Anchises did not disobey him.

wo went strongly forward, hooding their shoulders in well-tanned and stubborn
hides of oxen with deep bronze beaten upon them.

g with these went Chromios and godlike Aretos
together, and the spirit within each had high hopes

ling the men and driving away the strong-necked horses; poor fools, who were
not going to come back from Automedon

ut the shedding of blood; and he with a prayer to Zeus father was filled about the
darkening heart with war-strength and courage, 500 and spoke now to

Alkimedon his trusted companion:

medon, no longer check the horses back from me

rep them breathing right against my back. I have no thought that I can stand up to
the strength of Hektor the son of Priam.

er, I think, he will kill us and mount behind the mane-floating 505 horses of

Achilleus, and scatter the ranks of the Argive
ng men; or else himself go down in the first rush.”
spoke, and called to the two Aiantes and Menelaos:
ites, lords of the Argives, and Menelaos, we call you
ve the dead man in the care of those who are fittest
nd bestriding him and fend off the ranks of the Trojans
you beat back the day without pity from us who are living.
ektor and Aineias, the greatest men of the Trojans,
aning the weight of their charge this way through the sorrowful battle.
ll these are things that are lying upon the gods’ knees.
self will cast; and Zeus will look after the issue.”
e spoke, and balanced the spear far-shadowed, and threw it, and struck the
shield of Aretos on its perfect circle,
ould the shield hold off the spear, but the bronze smashed clean through and was
driven on through the belt to the deep of the belly.
hen a strong-grown man with sharp axe in his hands chops
ox, ranger of the fields, behind the horns, cutting
e way through the sinew, and the ox springing forward topples, so Aretos sprang
forward, then toppled back, and sharp-driven into the depth of his belly the
quivering spear unstrung him.
Hektor made a cast with the shining spear at Automedon,
e, keeping his eyes straight on him, avoided the bronze spear.
e bent forward, and behind his back the long spearshaft
riven into the ground so that the butt end was shaken
e spear. Then and there Ares the huge took the force from it.
now they would have gone for each other with swords at close quarters, had not
the two Aiantes driven strongly between them,
ame on through the battle at the call of their companion, and in fear before them
Hektor and Aineias and godlike
nios gave ground back and away once more, leaving
os lying there where he was with a wound in his vitals.
Automedon, a match for the running god of battles,
ed the armor, and spoke a word of boasting above him:
r I have put a little sorrow from my heart for Patroklos’
, although the man I killed was not great as he was.”
he spoke, and took up the bloody war spoils and laid them inside the chariot,
and himself mounted it, the blood running from hands and feet, as on some lion

who has eaten a bullock.

She again over Patroklos was close drawn a strong battle weary and sorrowful, and Athene from the sky descending

ended the bitter fighting, since Zeus of the wide brows sent her down to stir the Danaäns, for now his purpose had shifted.

When in the sky Zeus strings for mortals the shimmering bow, to be a portent and sign of war, or of wintry

storm, when heat perishes, such storm as stops mortals' feet upon the face of the earth, and afflicts their cattle,

she shrouded in the shimmering cloud about her

stood among the swarming Achaians, and wakened each man.

First she spoke, stirring him on, to the son of Atreus,

and Menelaos, since he was the one who was standing close to her.

She likened herself in form and weariless voice to Phoinix:

Menelaos, this will be a thing of shame, a reproach said

to me, if under the wall of the Trojans the dogs in their fury can mutilate the staunch companion of haughty Achilleus.

She urged strongly on, and stir up all the rest of your people."

When in turn Menelaos of the great war cry answered her:

Phoinix, my father, aged and honored, if only Athene

would give me such strength, and hold the volleying missiles off from me!

For my part I would be willing to stand by Patroklos

to defend him, since in his death he hurt my heart greatly.

Hektor holds still the awful strength of a fire, nor falters in raging with the bronze spear, since Zeus is giving him glory."

She spoke, and the goddess gray-eyed Athene was happy first among all the divinities his prayer had bespoken her.

She put strength into the man's shoulders and knees, inspiring in his breast the persistent daring of that mosquito

though it is driven hard away from a man's skin, even so, for the taste of human blood, persists in biting him.

Such daring she darkened to fullness the heart inside him.

She looked over Patroklos, and made a cast with the shining

eye. There was one among the Trojans, Podestes, Eëtion's

son, a rich man and good, whom Hektor prized above others

in the countryside, since he was his friend and ate at his table.

fair-haired Menelaos struck this man, at the war belt
swept away in flight, and drove the bronze spear clean through it.
All, thunderously, and Atreus' son Menelaos dragged the body away from the
Trojans among his companions.
Now Apollo came and stood beside Hektor, and stirred him, assuming the shape of
Phainops, Asios' son, who among all
friends was dearest to Hektor, and lived at home in Abydos.
In the likeness of this man far-striking Apollo spoke to him:
"For, what other Achaian now shall be frightened before you?
You have shrunk before Menelaos, who in times before this was a soft
spearfighter; and now he has gone taking off single-handed a body from among
the Trojans. He has killed your trusted companion, 590 valiant among the
champions, Podes, the son of Eëtion."
He spoke, and the dark cloud of sorrow closed over Hektor.
He took his way among the champions helmed in the shining
bronze. And now the son of Kronos caught up the betasseled
golden aegis, and shrouded Ida in mists. He let go
a lightning flash and a loud thunderstroke, shaking the mountain, gave victory to the
Trojans, and terrified the Achaians.

The first to begin the flight was Peneleos the Boiotian.
He, turning always toward the attack, was hit in the shoulder's end, a slight wound,
but the spear of Poulydamas, who had thrown it 600 paces from a stance very close to
him, had grated the bone's edge.
Hektor wounded in the hand by the wrist Leïtos,
son of great-hearted Alektryon, and halted his warcraft,
and he drew back staring about him since his spirit had hope no longer of holding a
spear steady in his hand to fight with the Trojans.
As Hektor made a rush for Leïtos, Idomeneus
cast him on the corselet over the chest by the nipple, but the long shaft was broken
behind the head, and the Trojans shouted. Now Hektor made a cast at Deukalian
Idomeneus
who stood in his chariot, and missed him by only a little,
but struck the follower and charioteer of Meriones,
Koiranos, who had come with him from strong-founded Lyktos.
Idomeneus at the first had come on foot, leaving the oarswept ships, and now
he would have given the Trojans a mighty triumph, had not Koiranos swiftly come

up with the fast-running horses; 615 came as light to the other and beat from him the day without pity, but himself lost his life at the hands of manslaughtering Hektor, who hit him under the jaw by the ear, and the spearshaft pushed out his teeth by the roots from the base, and split the tongue through the middle.

ppled from the chariot, with the reins on the ground scattered, 620 but Meriones leaning down caught these up in his own hands the surface of the plain, and called aloud to Idomeneus: "Lash them now, until you can get back to our fast ships.

see yourself there is no more strength left in the Achaians."

He spoke, and Idomeneus whipped the mane-floating horses 625 back to the hollow ships, with fear fallen upon his spirit.

It was it unseen by great-hearted Aias how Zeus shifted strength of the fighting toward the Trojans, nor by Menelaos.

Of the two to speak was huge Telamonian Aias:

He spoke on it! By now even one with a child's innocence

I see how father Zeus himself is helping the Trojans.

Weapons of each of these take hold, no matter who throws them, good fighter or bad, since Zeus is straightening all of them equally, while ours fall to the ground and are utterly useless. Therefore let us deliberate with ourselves upon the best counsel,

at the same time to rescue the dead body, and also

ack ourselves, and bring joy to our beloved companions

look our way and sorrow for us, and believe no longer

the fury of manslaughtering Hektor, his hands irresistible, can be held, but must be driven on to the black ships.

There should be some companion who could carry the message

ly to Peleus' son, since I think he has not yet heard

of this news, how his beloved companion has fallen.

I cannot make out such a man among the Achaians,

they are held in the mist alike, the men and their horses.

Or Zeus, draw free from the mist the sons of the Achaians,

bright the air, and give sight back to our eyes; in shining daylight destroy us, if to destroy us be now your pleasure."

He spoke thus, and as he wept the father took pity upon him, and forthwith scattered

the mist and pushed the darkness back from them,
he sun blazed out, and all the battle was plain before them.
Aias spoke to him of the great war cry, Menelaos:
“Hard, illustrious Menelaos, if you can discover
Diophantos still living, the son of great-hearted Nestor, and send him out to run with a
message to wise Achilles
one who was far the dearest of his companions has fallen.”
He spoke, and Menelaos of the great war cry obeyed him,
went on his way, as from a mid-fenced ground some lion
has been harrying dogs and men, but his strength is worn out; they will not let
him tear out the fat of the oxen, watching
long against him, and he in his hunger for meat closes in
and get nothing of what he wants, for the raining javelins thrown from the daring
hands of the men beat ever against him, and the flaming torches, and these he
balks at for all of his fury, and with the daylight goes away, disappointed of
desire;
Menelaos of the great war cry went from Patroklos
unwilling, and was afraid for him, lest the Achaians
under the pressure of fear might leave him as spoil for the enemy, and had much to urge
on Meriones and the Aiantes:
“Aiantes, O lords of the Argives, and you, Meriones,
let each one of you remember unhappy Patroklos
who was gentle, and understood how to be kindly toward all men while he lived. Now
death and fate have closed in upon him.”
He spoke fair-haired Menelaos, and went away from them
circling about on all sides, like an eagle, who, as men say,
most sharply of all winged creatures under the heaven,
swift though he hover the cowering hare, the swift-footed, escapes not his sight as
he crouches in the shaggy bush, but the eagle plunges suddenly to grab him and
tear the life from him.
Now in you, Menelaos, illustrious, the eyes shining
looked everywhere your swarming hordes of companions,
no man might see anywhere Nestor’s son, still living,
now soon where he was, at the left of the entire battle,
urging his companions and urging them into the fighting.
Menelaos the fair-haired stood beside him and spoke to him:
“Diophantos, turn this way, illustrious, and hear from me

lastly message of a thing I wish never had happened.
can see for yourself, I think, already, from watching,
he god is wheeling disaster against the Danaäns
ow the Trojans are winning. The best of the Achaians has fallen,
klos, and a huge loss is inflicted upon the Danaäns.
hen quickly to Achilles, by the ships of the Achaians,
ll him. He might in speed win back to his ship the dead body which is naked.
Hektor of the shining helm has taken his armor.”
re spoke, and Antilochos hated his word as he listened.
ayed for a long time without a word, speechless, and his eyes filled with tears,
the springing voice was held still within him, yet even so he neglected not
Menelaos’ order
ent on the run, handing his war gear to a blameless companion, Laodokos, who
had turned nearby his single-foot horses.

ow as his feet carried him, weeping, out of the battle,
his message of evil for the son of Peleus, Achilles,
w, Menelaos, the spirit in you, illustrious,
d not to defend his stricken companions, after Antilochos was gone from them,
and his loss wrought greatly upon the Pylians; 705 rather he sent Thrasymedes
the brilliant over to help them,
he himself went back again to the hero Patroklos running, and took his place
beside the Aiantes, and spoke to them: “Now I have sent the man you spoke of
back to the fast ships
; way to swift-footed Achilles, yet think not even
n come now, for all his great anger with Hektor the brilliant.
his no way he could fight bare of armor against the Trojans.
y ourselves must deliberate upon the best counsel
it the same time to rescue the dead body, and also
lves escape death and destiny from the clamoring Trojans.”
en in turn huge Telamonian Aias answered him:
ou have said, renowned Menelaos, is fair and orderly.
ome: you and Meriones stoop and shoulder the body
re, and carry it out of the hard fighting. Behind you
o shall fight off the Trojans and glorious Hektor,
who have the same name, the same spirit, and who in times past have stood fast
beside each other in the face of the bitter war god.”

spoke, and they caught the body from the ground in their arms, lifting him high with a great heave, and the Trojan people behind them shouted aloud as they saw the Achaians lifting the dead man, made a rush against them like dogs, who sweep in rapidly wounded wild boar, ahead of the young men who hunt him, for the moment race in raging to tear him to pieces in the confidence of his strength he turns on them, at bay, and they give ground and scatter for fear one way and another; 730 so the Trojans until that time kept always in close chase, maddened, stabbing at them with swords and leaf-headed spears, but every time the two Aiantes would swing round to face them and stand fast, the color of their skin changed, and no longer could any endure to sweep in further and fight for the body. These, straining, carried the dead man out of the battle and back to the hollow ships, and the fight that was drawn fast between them wild as fire which, risen suddenly, storming a city in sets it ablaze, and houses diminish before it high glare, and the force of the wind on it roars it to thunder; 740 so, as the Danaäns made their way back, the weariless roaring horses, chariots, and spearmen was ever upon them. They, as mules who have put the on-drive of strength upon them drag down from the high ground along a steep stony trail either a beam or some big timber for a ship, and the heart in them fails under the hard work and sweat of their urgent endeavor; so these, straining, carried the dead man away, and behind them the two Aiantes held them off, as a timbered rock ridge off water, one that is placed to divide an entire plain, which, though flood-currents of strong rivers drive sorely against it, 750 holds them off and beats back the waters of them all to be scattered over the plain, and all the strength of their streams cannot break it; so behind the Achaians the Aiantes held off forever Trojan attack. But these stayed close, and two beyond others, Aineias, who was son of Anchises, and glorious Hektor. Before these, as goes a cloud of daws or of starlings bringing terror when they have seen coming forth against them hawk, whose coming is murder for the little birds, so now before Aineias and Hektor the young Achaian warriors screaming terror, all the delight of battle forgotten.

γ fine pieces of armor littered the ground on both sides
· ditch, as the Danaäns fled. There was no check in the fighting.

BOOK EIGHTEEN

These fought on in the likeness of blazing fire. Meanwhile, Antilochos came, a swift-footed messenger, to Achilles, found him sitting in front of the steep-horned ships, thinking over in his heart of things which had now been accomplished. Grieved, Achilles spoke to the spirit in his own great heart: "Ah me, how is it that once again the flowing-haired Achaians driven out of the plain on their ships in fear and confusion? The gods not accomplish vile sorrows upon the heart in me the way my mother once made it clear to me, when she told me how while I yet lived the bravest of all the Myrmidons must leave the light of the sun beneath the hands of the Trojans. Alas, then, the strong son of Menoitios has perished. Woe! and yet I told him, once he had beaten the fierce fire off, to come back to the ships, not fight in strength against Hektor."

And as he was pondering this in his heart and his spirit, while the son of stately Nestor was drawing near him wept warm tears, and gave Achilles his sorrowful message: "Ah me, son of valiant Peleus; you must hear from me the saddest message of a thing I wish never had happened. Patroklos has fallen, and now they are fighting over his body and he is naked. Hektor of the shining helm has taken his armor." He spoke, and the black cloud of sorrow closed on Achilles. With his hands he caught up the grimy dust, and poured it over his head and face, and fouled his handsome countenance, and the black ashes were scattered over his immortal tunic. And he himself, mightily in his might, in the dust lay at length, and took and tore at his hair with his hands, and defiled it. And the handmaidens Achilles and Patroklos had taken and were, stricken at heart cried out aloud, and came running

doors about valiant Achilleus, and all of them
their breasts with their hands, and the limbs went slack in each of them.
On the other side Antilochos mourned with him, letting the tears fall, and held the
hands of Achilleus as he grieved in his proud heart, fearing Achilleus might cut
his throat with the iron. He cried out 35 terribly, aloud, and the lady his mother
heard him as she sat in the depths of the sea at the side of her aged father, and
she cried shrill in turn, and the goddesses gathered about her, all who along the
depth of the sea were daughters of Nereus.

Thetis was there, Kymodokē and Thaleia, 40 Nesaie and Speio and Thoë, and
ox-eyed Halia; Kymothoë was there, Aktaia and Limnoreia,
Amphithoë and Agauë,
and Proto, Dynamenē and Pherousa,
Amphimēnē and Amphinomē and Kallianeira;
and Panopē and glorious Galateia,
Korerte and Apseudes and Kallianassa;
and Amphimēnē was there, Ianeira and Ianassa,
and Oreithyia and lovely-haired Amatheia, and the rest who along the depth of
the sea were daughters of Nereus.

The silvery cave was filled with these, and together all of them beat their breasts, and
among them Thetis led out the threnody: "Hear me, Nereids, my sisters; so you
may all know

all the sorrows that are in my heart, when you hear of them from me.
My sorrow, my sorrow, the bitterness in this best of child-bearing, 55 since I gave birth to
a son who was without fault and powerful,
valiant among heroes; and he shot up like a young tree,
I nurtured him, like a tree grown in the pride of the orchard.
I carried him away with the curved ships into the land of Ilion
to fight with the Trojans; but I shall never again receive him 60 won home again to
his country and into the house of Peleus.

While I see him live and he looks on the sunlight, he has
no fears, and though I go to him I can do nothing to help him.
I shall go, to look on my dear son, and to listen
to his sorrow that has come to him as he stays back from the fighting."

Thetis spoke, and left the cave, and the others together
went with her in tears, and about them the wave of the water
broke. Now these, when they came to the generous Troad,

ved each other out on the seashore, where close together
lips of the Myrmidons were hauled up about swift Achilles.
as he sighed heavily the lady his mother stood by him
ried out shrill and aloud, and took her son's head in her arms, then sorrowing for
him she spoke to him in winged words: "Why then, child, do you lament? What
sorrow has come to your heart now?
out, do not hide it. These things are brought to accomplishment 75 through
Zeus: in the way that you lifted your hands and prayed for, that all the sons of
the Achaians be pinned on their grounded vessels by reason of your loss, and
suffer things that are shameful."
n sighing heavily Achilles of the swift feet answered her: "My mother, all these
things the Olympian brought to accomplishment.
hat pleasure is this to me, since my dear companion has perished, Patroklos,
whom I loved beyond all other companions,
ll as my own life. I have lost him, and Hektor, who killed him, has stripped away
that gigantic armor, a wonder to look on
plendid, which the gods gave Peleus, a glorious present,
at day they drove you to the marriage bed of a mortal.
y you had gone on living then with the other goddesses
sea, and that Peleus had married some mortal woman.
is, there must be on your heart a numberless sorrow
our son's death, since you can never again receive him
ome again to his country; since the spirit within does not drive me to go on
living and be among men, except on condition
lektor first be beaten down under my spear, lose his life and pay the price for
stripping Patroklos, the son of Menoitios."
n in turn Thetis spoke to him, letting the tears fall:
y I must lose you soon, my child, by what you are saying,
it is decreed your death must come soon after Hektor's."
n deeply disturbed Achilles of the swift feet answered her: "I must die soon,
then; since I was not to stand by my companion when he was killed. And now,
far away from the land of his fathers,
is perished, and lacked my fighting strength to defend him.
since I am not going back to the beloved land of my fathers, since I was no light
of safety to Patroklos, nor to my other
anions, who in their numbers went down before glorious Hektor, but sit here
beside my ships, a useless weight on the good land, 105 I, who am such as no

other of the bronze-armored Achaians
tle, though there are others also better in council—why, I wish that strife would
vanish away from among gods and mortals, and gall, which makes a man grow
angry for all his great mind, that gall of anger that swarms like smoke inside of a
man's heart 110 and becomes a thing sweeter to him by far than the dripping of
honey.

was here that the lord of men Agamemnon angered me.

we will let all this be a thing of the past, and for all our sorrow beat down by
force the anger deeply within us.

I shall go, to overtake that killer of a dear life,

or; then I will accept my own death, at whatever

Zeus wishes to bring it about, and the other immortals.

ot even the strength of Herakles fled away from destruction, although he was
dearest of all to lord Zeus, son of Kronos,

s fate beat him under, and the wearisome anger of Hera.

likewise, if such is the fate which has been wrought for me, shall lie still, when I
am dead. Now I must win excellent glory, and drive some one of the women of
Troy, or some deep-girdled

mian woman, lifting up to her soft cheeks both hands

re away the close bursts of tears in her lamentation,

earn that I stayed too long out of the fighting. Do not

ne back from the fight, though you love me. You will not persuade me.”

urn the goddess Thetis of the silver feet answered him: “Yes, it is true, my child,
this is no cowardly action,

it aside sudden death from your afflicted companions.

see now, your splendid armor, glaring and brazen,

d among the Trojans, and Hektor of the shining helmet

it on his own shoulders, and glories in it. Yet I think

ll not glory for long, since his death stands very close to him.

efore do not yet go into the grind of the war god,

efore with your own eyes you see me come back to you.

am coming to you at dawn and as the sun rises

ing splendid armor to you from the lord Hephaistos.”

she spoke, and turned, and went away from her son,

irning now to her sisters of the sea she spoke to them:

you now go back into the wide fold of the water

it the ancient of the sea and the house of our father,
call him everything. I am going to tall Olympos
to Hephaistos, the glorious smith, if he might be willing
to give me for my son renowned and radiant armor.”
He spoke, and they plunged back beneath the wave of the water, while she the
goddess Thetis of the silver feet went onward
to Olympos, to bring back to her son the glorious armor.

Her feet carried her to Olympos; meanwhile the Achaians
in human clamor before the attack of manslaughtering Hektor 150 fled until they
were making for their own ships and the Hellespont; nor could the strong-
grieving Achaians have dragged the body
of Patroklos, henchman of Achilleus, from under the missiles,
for once again the men and the horses came over upon him,
and Hektor, Priam’s son, who fought like a flame in his fury.
Three times from behind glorious Hektor caught him
with his feet, trying to drag him, and called aloud on the Trojans.
Three times the two Aiantes with their battle-fury upon them
tried to drag him from the corpse, but he, steady in the confidence of his great strength, kept
making, now a rush into the crowd, or again at another time 160 stood fast, with
his great cry, but gave not a bit of ground backward.
As herdsmen who dwell in the fields are not able to frighten a tawny lion in his
great hunger away from a carcass,
so the two Aiantes, marshals of men, were not able
to drag Hektor, Priam’s son, away from the body.
Now he would have dragged it away and won glory forever
had not swift wind-footed Iris come running from Olympos
to bring a message for Peleus’ son to arm. She came secretly
to Achilles, Zeus and the other gods, since it was Hera who sent her.
He came and stood close to him and addressed him in winged words: 170 “Rise up,
son of Peleus, most terrifying of all men.
I have seen Patroklos, for whose sake the terrible fighting
is now in front of the ships. They are destroying each other; the Achaians fight in
defense over the fallen body
of Patroklos, but the others, the Trojans, are rushing to drag the corpse off 175 to windy Ilion,
and beyond all glorious Hektor
to haul it away, since the anger within him is urgent

the head from the soft neck and set it on sharp stakes.
men, lie here no longer; let shame come into your heart, lest Patroklos become
sport for the dogs of Troy to worry,
shame, if the body goes from here with defilement upon it.”
In turn Achilles of the swift feet answered her:
“O Iris, what god sent you to me with a message?”
In turn swift wind-footed Iris spoke to him:
“I sent me, the honored wife of Zeus; but the son of
Poseidon, who sits on high, does not know this, nor any other
mortal, of all those who dwell by the snows of Olympos.”
In answer to her spoke Achilles of the swift feet:
“Should I go into the fighting? They have my armor.
My beloved mother told me I must not be armored,
before with my own eyes I see her come back to me.
She promised she would bring magnificent arms from Hephaistos.
So I know of another whose glorious armor I could wear
if it were the great shield of Telamonian Aias.
The one who himself wears it, I think, and goes in the foremost
in a spear-fight over the body of fallen Patroklos.”
In turn swift wind-footed Iris spoke to him:
“We also know well how they hold your glorious armor.
Go to the ditch, and show yourself as you are to the Trojans, if perhaps the Trojans
might be frightened, and give way
to their attack, and the fighting sons of the Achaians get wind again after hard
work. There is little breathing space in the fighting.”

Speaking Iris of the swift feet went away from him;
Achilles, the beloved of Zeus, rose up, and Athene
looked about his powerful shoulders the fluttering aegis;
She, the divine among goddesses, about his head circled a golden cloud, and
kindled from it a flame far-shining.
Then a flare goes up into the high air from a city from an island far away, with
enemies fighting about it
All day long are in the hateful division of Ares
coming from their own city, but as the sun goes down signal
flares blaze out one after another, so that the glare goes
flaring high for men of the neighboring islands to see it,

as they might come over in ships to beat off the enemy;
from the head of Achilles the blaze shot into the bright air.
He went from the wall and stood by the ditch, nor mixed with the other Achaians,
since he followed the close command of his mother.
He stood, and shouted, and from her place Pallas Athene
gave a cry, and drove an endless terror upon the Trojans.
And as comes the voice that is screamed out by a trumpet
of murderous attackers who beleaguer a city,
so in high and clear went up the voice of Aiakides.
The Trojans, when they heard the brazen voice of Aiakides, the heart was shaken
in all, and the very floating-maned horses turned their chariots about, since their
hearts saw the coming afflictions.
The charioteers were dumbfounded as they saw the unwearied dangerous fire that
played above the head of great-hearted Peleion
and kindled by the goddess gray-eyed Athene.
Three times across the ditch brilliant Achilles gave his great cry, and three times the
Trojans and their renowned companions were routed.
And at that time twelve of the best men among them perished
with their own chariots and spears. Meanwhile the Achaians
had pulled Patroklos out from under the missiles
and set him upon a litter, and his own companions about him
were mourning, and along with them swift-footed Achilles
was weeping, letting fall warm tears as he saw his steadfast companion
there on a carried litter and torn with the sharp bronze, the man he had sent off
before with horses and chariot
to the fighting; who never again came home to be welcomed.

And the lady Hera of the ox eyes drove the unwilling
and lifeless sun god to sink in the depth of the Ocean,
and the sun went down, and the brilliant Achaians gave over
their strong fighting, and the doubtful collision of battle.
The Trojans on the other side moved from the strong encounter in their turn, and
unyoked their running horses from under the chariots, 245 and gathered into
assembly before taking thought for their supper.
They stood on their feet in assembly, nor did any man have the patience to sit down,
but the terror was on them all, seeing that Achilles had appeared, after he had
stayed so long from the difficult fighting.

to speak among them was the careful Poulydamas,
 Priam's son, who alone of them looked before and behind him.
 He was as companion to Hektor, and born on the same night with him, but he was better
 in words, the other with the spear far better.
 He of good intention toward all stood forth and addressed them: "Now take careful
 thought, dear friends; for I myself urge you 255 to go back into the city and not
 wait for the divine dawn
 to appear in the plain beside the ships. We are too far from the wall now.
 At that time this man was still angry with great Agamemnon,
 and that time the Achaians were easier men to fight with.
 He was also used then to be one who was glad to sleep out
 by their ships, and I hoped to capture the oarswept vessels.
 Now I terribly dread the swift-footed son of Peleus.
 He is so valiant in the plain, he will not be willing
 to fight here in the plain, where now Achaians and Trojans
 stand either side sunder between them the wrath of the war god.
 If he catches him, the fight will be for the sake of our city and women.
 He will not go into the town; believe me; thus it will happen.
 At this present, immortal night has stopped the swift-footed
 son of Peleus, but if he catches us still in this place
 by the row, and drives upon us in arms, a man will be well
 woe of him, be glad to get back into sacred Ilion,
 if he can escape; there will be many Trojans the vultures
 and dogs will feed on. But let such a word be out of my hearing ! If all of us will do as
 I say, though it hurts us to do it,
 we might fight we will hold our strength in the market place, and the great walls 275 and
 the gateways, and the long, smooth-planed, close-joined gate timbers that close
 to fit them shall defend our city. Then, early
 in the morning, under dawn, we shall arm ourselves in our war gear and take stations
 along the walls. The worse for him, if he endeavors to come away from the ships
 and fight us here for our city.
 He must go to his ships again, when he wears out the strong necks of his horses,
 driving them at a gallop everywhere by the city.
 His valor will not give him leave to burst in upon us
 and sack our town. Sooner the circling dogs will feed on him."

Then looking darkly at him Hektor of the shining helm spoke: 285 "Poulydamas,

these things that you argue please me no longer
you tell us to go back again and be cooped in our city.
you not all had your glut of being fenced in our outworks?
There was a time when mortal men would speak of the city
I am as a place with much gold and much bronze. But now
lovely treasures that lay away in our houses have vanished,
many possessions have been sold and gone into Phrygia
to Maionia the lovely, when great Zeus was angry.
Now, when the son of devious-devising Kronos has given
me the winning of glory by the ships, to pin the Achaians
to the sea, why, fool, no longer show these thoughts to our people.
None of the Trojans will obey you. I shall not allow it.
So, then, do as I say and let us all be persuaded.
I will take your supper by positions along the encampment,
do not forget your watch, and let every man be wakeful.
If any Trojan is strongly concerned about his possessions, let him gather them
and give them to the people, to use them in common.
Better for one of us to enjoy them than for the Achaians.
In the morning, under dawn, we shall arm ourselves in our war gear and waken the
bitter god of war by the hollow vessels.
It is true that brilliant Achilles is risen beside their
ships, then the worse for him if he tries it, since I for my part will not run from him
out of the sorrowful battle, but rather
stand fast, to see if he wins the great glory, or if I can win it.
For war god is impartial. Before now he has killed the killer.”

So spoke Hektor, and the Trojans thundered to hear him;
since Pallas Athene had taken away the wits from them.
The Trojans gave their applause to Hektor in his counsel of evil,
and turned to Poulydamas, who had spoken good sense before them.
They took their supper along the encampment. Meanwhile the Achaians 315 mourned
all night in lamentation over Patroklos.
Hektor's son led the thronging chant of their lamentation,
and laid his manslaughtering hands over the chest of his dear friend with outbursts of
incessant grief. As some great bearded lion
when some man, a deer hunter, has stolen his cubs away from him 320 out of the
close wood; the lion comes back too late, and is anguished, and turns into many

valleys quartering after the man's trail
the chance of finding him, and taken with bitter anger;
groaning heavily, spoke out to the Myrmidons:
ne. It was an empty word I cast forth on that day
in his halls I tried to comfort the hero Menoitios.
him I would bring back his son in glory to Opous
lion sacked, and bringing his share of war spoils allotted.
eus does not bring to accomplishment all thoughts in men's minds.
it is destiny for us both to stain the same soil
in Troy; since I shall never come home, and my father,
s the aged rider, will not welcome me in his great house, nor Thetis my mother,
but in this place the earth will receive me.
eering that it is I, Patroklos, who follow you underground, I will not bury you till I
bring to this place the armor
he head of Hektor, since he was your great-hearted murderer.
e your burning pyre I shall behead twelve glorious
en of the Trojans, for my anger over your slaying.
then, you shall lie where you are in front of my curved ships and beside you
women of Troy and deep-girdled Dardanian women
sorrow for you night and day and shed tears for you, those whom you and I
worked hard to capture by force and the long spear
as when we were storming the rich cities of mortals.”

speaking brilliant Achilles gave orders to his companions to set a great cauldron
across the fire, so that with all speed 345 they could wash away the clotted
blood from Patroklos.

set up over the blaze of the fire a bath-water cauldron
oured water into it and put logs underneath and kindled them.
ire worked on the swell of the cauldron, and the water heated.
hen the water had come to a boil in the shining bronze, then 350 they washed
the body and anointed it softly with olive oil
opped the gashes in his body with stored-up unguents
uid him on a bed, and shrouded him in a thin sheet
head to foot, and covered that over with a white mantle.

n all night long, gathered about Achilles of the swift feet, 355 the Myrmidons
mourned for Patroklos and lamented over him.

Zeus spoke to Hera, who was his wife and his sister:
You have acted, then, lady Hera of the ox eyes.
I have roused up Achilles of the swift feet. It must be then that the flowing-haired
Achaians are born of your own generation.”
Then the goddess the ox-eyed lady Hera answered him:
Destiny, son of Kronos, what sort of thing have you spoken?
None who is mortal will try to accomplish his purpose
Other, though he be a man and knows not such wisdom as we do.
For me then, who claim I am highest of all the goddesses,
I ways, since I am eldest born and am called your consort,
I, and you in turn are lord over all the immortals,
Could I not weave sorrows for the men of Troy, when I hate them?”

As these two were saying things like this to each other, Thetis of the silver feet
came to the house of Hephaistos,
Dazzling, starry, and shining among the immortals,
In bronze for himself by the god of the dragging footsteps.
I found him sweating as he turned here and there to his bellows busily, since he was
working on twenty tripods
I were to stand against the wall of his strong-founded dwelling.
I he had set golden wheels underneath the base of each one
I it of their own motion they could wheel into the immortal gathering, and return
I to his house: a wonder to look at.
I were so far finished, but the elaborate ear handles
I not yet on. He was forging these, and beating the chains out.
I e was at work on this in his craftsmanship and his cunning
I while the goddess Thetis the silver-footed drew near him.
I s of the shining veil saw her as she came forward,
I he lovely goddess the renowned strong-armed one had married.
I came, and caught her hand and called her by name and spoke to her: 385 “Why
I is it, Thetis of the light robes, you have come to our house now?
I honor you and love you; but you have not come much before this.
I come in with me, so I may put entertainment before you.
I spoke, and, shining among divinities, led the way forward and made Thetis sit
I down in a chair that was wrought elaborately 390 and splendid with silver nails,
I and under it was a footstool.
I called to Hephaistos the renowned smith and spoke a word to him: “Hephaistos,

come this way; here is Thetis, who has need of you.”
ring her the renowned smith of the strong arms answered her: “Then there is a
goddess we honor and respect in our house.
aved me when I suffered much at the time of my great fall
gh the will of my own brazen-faced mother, who wanted
e me, for being lame. Then my soul would have taken much suffering had not
Eurynomē and Thetis caught me and held me,
iomē, daughter of Ocean, whose stream bends back in a circle.
them I worked nine years as a smith, and wrought many intricate things; pins
that bend back, curved clasps, cups, necklaces, working there in the hollow of
the cave, and the stream of Ocean around us went on forever with its foam and
its murmur. No other
g the gods or among mortal men knew about us
ot Eurynomē and Thetis. They knew, since they saved me.
she has come into our house; so I must by all means
everything to give recompense to lovely-haired Thetis
y life. Therefore set out before her fair entertainment
I am putting away my bellows and all my instruments.”

o spoke, and took the huge blower off from the block of the anvil limping; and
yet his shrunken legs moved lightly beneath him.
t the bellows away from the fire, and gathered and put away all the tools with
which he worked in a silver strongbox.
with a sponge he wiped clean his forehead, and both hands, 415 and his massive
neck and hairy chest, and put on a tunic,
ook up a heavy stick in his hand, and went to the doorway limping. And in
support of their master moved his attendants.
o are golden, and in appearance like living young women.
o is intelligence in their hearts, and there is speech in them 420 and strength, and
from the immortal gods they have learned how to do things.
o stirred nimbly in support of their master, and moving
o where Thetis sat in her shining chair, Hephaistos
it her by the hand and called her by name and spoke a word to her: “Why is it,
Thetis of the light robes, you have come to our house now?
onor you and love you; but you have not come much before this.
o forth what is in your mind. My heart is urgent to do it
n, and if it is a thing that can be accomplished.”

Then in turn Thetis answered him, letting the tears fall:
"Haistos, is there among all the goddesses on Olympos
who in her heart has endured so many grim sorrows
and griefs Zeus, son of Kronos, has given me beyond others?
The other sisters of the sea he gave me to a mortal,
Peleus, Aiakos' son, and I had to endure mortal marriage
so much against my will. And now he, broken by mournful
age, lies away in his halls. Yet I have other troubles.
Once he has given me a son to bear and to raise up
valiant among heroes, and he shot up like a young tree,
I reared him, like a tree grown in the pride of the orchard.
I carried him away in the curved ships to the land of Ilion
to fight with the Trojans; but I shall never again receive him
to come again to his country and into the house of Peleus.
While I see him live and he looks on the sunlight, he has
no fears, and though I go to him I can do nothing to help him.
The girl the sons of the Achaians chose out for his honor-
able Agamemnon took her away again out of his hands.
Ever his heart has been wasting in sorrow; but meanwhile the Trojans pinned the
Achaians against their grounded ships, and would not let them win outside, and
the elders of the Argives entreated
him, and named the many glorious gifts they would give him.
But at that time he refused himself to fight the death from them; nevertheless he put
on his own armor upon Patroklos
and sent him into the fighting, and gave many men to go with him.
So they fought about the Skaian Gates, and on that day
he would have stormed the city, if only Phoibos Apollo
had not killed the fighting son of Menoitios there in the first ranks after he had
wrought much damage, and given the glory to Hektor.
Therefore now I come to your knees; so might you be willing
to give me for my short-lived son a shield and a helmet
and two beautiful greaves fitted with clasps for the ankles
and a corselet. What he had was lost with his steadfast companion when the Trojans
killed him. Now my son lies on the ground, heart sorrowing."
Then hearing her the renowned smith of the strong arms answered her: "Do not fear. Let
not these things be a thought in your mind.
I wish that I could hide him away from death and its sorrow 465 at that time

when his hard fate comes upon him, as surely
there shall be fine armor for him, such as another
out of many men shall wonder at, when he looks on it.”

He spoke, and left her there, and went to his bellows.
He roused these toward the fire and gave them their orders for working.
The bellows, all twenty of them, blew on the crucibles,
in all directions blasting forth wind to blow the flames high now as he hurried to be
at this place and now at another,
as never Hephaistos might wish them to blow, and the work went forward.
He stood on the fire bronze which is weariless, and tin with it 475 and valuable gold,
and silver, and thereafter set forth
his standard the great anvil, and gripped in one hand
his ponderous hammer, while in the other he grasped the pincers.

First of all he forged a shield that was huge and heavy,
measuring it about, and threw around it a shining
bronze rim that glittered, and the shield strap was cast of silver.
The shield were five folds composing the shield itself, and upon it he elaborated many
things in his skill and craftsmanship.
He made the earth upon it, and the sky, and the sea's water, and the tireless sun, and
the moon waxing into her fullness,
and on it all the constellations that festoon the heavens, the Pleiades and the Hyadēs
and the strength of Orion
the Bear, whom men give also the name of the Wagon,
which turns about in a fixed place and looks at Orion
the Bear alone is never plunged in the wash of the Ocean.

But when it he wrought in all their beauty two cities of mortal
And there were marriages in one, and festivals.
The women were leading the brides along the city from their maiden chambers under the
flaring of torches, and the loud bride song was arising.
The young men followed the circles of the dance, and among them
the flutes and lyres kept up their clamor as in the meantime
the women standing each at the door of her court admired them.
The people were assembled in the market place, where a quarrel had arisen, and two
men were disputing over the blood price

man who had been killed. One man promised full restitution 500 in a public statement, but the other refused and would accept nothing. then made for an arbitrator, to have a decision; eople were speaking up on either side, to help both men. ie heralds kept the people in hand, as meanwhile the elders were in session on benches of polished stone in the sacred circle 505 and held in their hands the staves of the heralds who lift their voices. wo men rushed before these, and took turns speaking their cases, and between them lay on the ground two talents of gold, to be given to that judge who in this case spoke the straightest opinion.

around the other city were lying two forces of armed men 510 shining in their war gear. For one side counsel was divided ier to storm and sack, or share between both sides the property and all the possessions the lovely citadel held hard within it. ie city's people were not giving way, and armed for an ambush. beloved wives and their little children stood on the rampart 515 to hold it, and with them the men with age upon them, but meanwhile the others went out. And Ares led them, and Pallas Athene. e were gold, both, and golden raiment upon them, and they were beautiful and huge in their armor, being divinities, onspicuous from afar, but the people around them were smaller. e, when they were come to the place that was set for their ambush, in a river, where there was a watering place for all animals, they sat down in place shrouding themselves in the bright bronze. part from these were sitting two men to watch for the rest of them and waiting until they could see the sheep and the shambling cattle, 525 who appeared presently, and two herdsmen went along with them ig happily on pipes, and took no thought of the treachery. e others saw them, and made a rush, and quickly thereafter cut off on both sides the herds of cattle and the beautiful s of shining sheep, and killed the shepherds upon them. he other army, as soon as they heard the uproar arising the cattle, as they sat in their councils, suddenly mounted behind their light-foot horses, and went after, and soon overtook them. e stood their ground and fought a battle by the banks of the river, and they were making casts at each other with their spears bronze-headed; 535 and Hate was

there with Confusion among them, and Death the destructive; she was holding a
live man with a new wound, and another
wounded, and dragged a dead man by the feet through the carnage.
Nothing upon her shoulders showed strong red with the men's blood.
They pressed together like living men and fought with each other 540 and dragged away
from each other the corpses of those who had fallen.
He made upon it a soft field, the pride of the tilled land, wide and triple-ploughed,
with many ploughmen upon it
who wheeled their teams at the turn and drove them in either direction.
As these making their turn would reach the end-strip of the field, 545 a man
would come up to them at this point and hand them a flagon of honey-sweet
wine, and they would turn again to the furrows
in their haste to come again to the end-strip of the deep field.
The earth darkened behind them and looked like earth that has been ploughed though
it was gold. Such was the wonder of the shield's forging.

He made on it the precinct of a king, where the laborers
were reaping, with the sharp reaping hooks in their hands. Of the cut swathes some
fell along the lines of reaping, one after another,
and the sheaf-binders caught up others and tied them with bind-ropes.
There were three sheaf-binders who stood by, and behind them
were children picking up the cut swathes, and filled their arms with them and carried
them and gave them always; and by them the king in silence and holding his staff
stood near the line of the reapers, happily.
To the right and under a tree the heralds made a feast ready
around a great ox they had slaughtered. Meanwhile the women 560 scattered,
for the workmen to eat, abundant white barley.
He made on it a great vineyard heavy with clusters,
green and in gold, but the grapes upon it were darkened
and the vines themselves stood out through poles of silver. About them he made a
field-ditch of dark metal, and drove all around this 565 a fence of tin; and there
was only one path to the vineyard,
along which it ran the grape-bearers for the vineyard's stripping.
Young girls and young men, in all their light-hearted innocence, carried the kind,
sweet fruit away in their woven baskets,
and in their midst a youth with a singing lyre played charmingly 570 upon it for them,
and sang the beautiful song for Linos

ght voice, and they followed him, and with singing and whistling and light dance-steps of their feet kept time to the music.
made upon it a herd of horn-straight oxen. The cattle wrought of gold and of tin, and thronged in speed and with lowing 575 out of the dung of the farmyard to a pasturing place by a sounding river, and beside the moving field of a reed bed.
herdsmen were of gold who went along with the cattle, of them, and nine dogs shifting their feet followed them.
Among the foremost of the cattle two formidable lions caught hold of a bellowing bull, and he with loud lowings dragged away, as the dogs and the young men went in pursuit of him.
The two lions, breaking open the hide of the great ox, shed the black blood and the inward guts, as meanwhile the herdsmen were in the act of setting and urging the quick dogs on them.
They, before they could get their teeth in, turned back from the lions, but would come and take their stand very close, and bayed, and kept clear.
The renowned smith of the strong arms made on it a meadow large and in a lovely valley for the glimmering sheepflocks, dwelling places upon it, and covered shelters, and sheepfolds.
The renowned smith of the strong arms made elaborate on it a dancing floor, like that which once in the wide spaces of Knosos Daidalos built for Ariadne of the lovely tresses.
There were young men on it and young girls, sought for their beauty with gifts of oxen, dancing, and holding hands at the wrist. These 595 wore, the maidens long light robes, but the men wore tunics espun work and shining softly, touched with olive oil.
The girls wore fair garlands on their heads, while the young men carried golden knives that hung from sword-belts of silver.
Wheels on their understanding feet they would run very lightly, 600 as when a potter crouching makes trial of his wheel, holding the wheel in his hands, to see if it will run smooth. At another time they would form rows, and run, rows crossing each other.
Around the lovely chorus of dancers stood a great multitude happily watching, while among the dancers two acrobats made measures of song and dance revolving among them.
The renowned smith of the strong arms made on it the great strength of the Ocean River.
The river ran around the uttermost rim of the shield's strong structure.

n after he had wrought this shield, which was huge and heavy, he wrought for him a corselet brighter than fire in its shining, 610 and wrought him a helmet, massive and fitting close to his temples, lovely and intricate work, and laid a gold top-ridge along it, and out of pliable tin wrought him leg-armor. Thereafter the renowned smith of the strong arms had finished the armor he lifted it and laid it before the mother of Achilles.

she like a hawk came sweeping down from the snows of Olympos and carried with her the shining armor, the gift of Hephaistos.

BOOK NINETEEN

At dawn the yellow-robed goddess arose from the river of Ocean
to carry her light to men and to immortals. And Thetis
went to the ships and carried with her the gifts of Hephaistos.
She found her beloved son lying in the arms of Patroklos
and his shrill, and his companions in their numbers about him
grieved. She, shining among divinities, stood there beside them.
She laid her hand to her son's hand and called him by name and spoke to him: "My child,
now, though we grieve for him, we must let this man lie dead, in the way he first
was killed through the gods' designing.
Do not rather from me the glorious arms of Hephaistos,
splendid, and such as no man has ever worn on his shoulders."
The goddess spoke so, and set down the armor on the ground before Achilles, and
all its elaboration clashed loudly.
The shining took hold of all the Myrmidons. None had the courage to look straight
at it. They were afraid of it. Only Achilles looked, and as he looked the anger
came harder upon him.
His eyes glittered terribly under his lids, like sunflare.
He was as glad, holding in his hands the shining gifts of Hephaistos.
When he had satisfied his heart with looking at the intricate armor, he spoke to
his mother and addressed her in winged words: "My mother, the god has given
me these weapons; they are such as are the work of immortals. No mortal man
could have made them.
Before now I shall arm myself in them. Yet I am sadly
grieved, during this time, for the warlike son of Menoitios
lies might get into the wounds beaten by bronze in his body and breed worms in
them, and these make foul the body, seeing that the life is killed in him, and that
all his flesh may be rotted."
Then the goddess Thetis the silver-footed answered him: "My child, no longer let
these things be a care in your mind.
I will endeavor to drive from him the swarming and fierce things, those flies, which

feed upon the bodies of men who have perished; and although he lie here till a year has gone to fulfillment, still his body shall be as it was, or firmer than ever. Then he called out and summoned into assembly the fighting Achaians, and said, "I beseech you to say your anger against Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, and arm at once for the fighting, and put your war strength upon you." He spoke so, and drove the strength of great courage into him; and meanwhile through the nostrils of Patroklos she distilled ambrosia and red nectar, so that his flesh might not spoil.

Then the brilliant Achilles, walking along by the seashore and with his terrible cry, stirred up the fighting Achaians. Even those who before had stayed where the ships were assembled, they who were helmsmen of the ships and handled the steering oar, they who were stewards among the ships and dispensers of rations, 45 even these came then to assembly, since now Achilles appeared, after staying so long from the sorrowful battle. There were two who came limping among them, henchmen of Ares both, Tydeus' son the staunch in battle, and brilliant Odysseus, leaning on spears, since they had the pain of their wounds yet upon them, 50 and came and took their seats in the front rank of those assembled. Next of them came in the lord of men Agamemnon with a wound on him, seeing that Koön, the son of Antenor, had smitten him with the bronze edge of the spear in the strong encounter. Now, when all the Achaians were in one body together, Achilles of the swift feet stood up before them and spoke to them: "Son of Atreus, was this after all the better way for you and me, that we, for all our hearts' sorrow, should be called together for the sake of a girl in soul-perishing hatred? 1 Artemis had killed her beside the ships with an arrow 60 on that day when I destroyed Lyrnessos and took her. Thus not all these too many Achaians would have bitten the dust, by enemy hands, when I was away in my anger. It would have been a way better for the Trojans and Hektor; yet I think the Achaians will too long remember this quarrel between us. But now we will let all this be a thing of the past, though it hurts us, and beat down by constraint the anger that rises inside us. I am making an end of my anger. It does not become me

entingly to rage on. Come, then! The more quickly
on the flowing-haired Achaians into the fighting,
it I may go up against the Trojans, and find out
y still wish to sleep out beside the ships. I think rather they will be glad to rest
where they are, whoever among them gets away with his life from the fury of
our spears' onset."

spoke, and the strong-greaved Achaians were pleased to hear him 75 and how
the great-hearted son of Peleus unsaid his anger.

among them spoke forth the lord of men Agamemnon

the place where he was sitting, and did not stand up among them: "Fighting men
and friends, O Danaäns, henchmen of Ares:

well to listen to the speaker, it is not becoming

ak in on him. This will be hard for him, though he be able.

among the great murmur of people shall anyone listen

ak either? A man, though he speak very clearly, is baffled.

I address the son of Peleus; yet all you other

es listen also, and give my word careful attention.

s the word the Achaians have spoken often against me

ound fault with me in it, yet I am not responsible but Zeus is, and Destiny, and

Erinys the mist-walking

n assembly caught my heart in the savage delusion

at day I myself stripped from him the prize of Achilleus.

what could I do? It is the god who accomplishes all things.

ion is the elder daughter of Zeus, the accursed

eludes all; her feet are delicate and they step not

e firm earth, but she walks the air above men's heads

ads them astray. She has entangled others before me.

for once Zeus even was deluded, though men say

he highest one of gods and mortals. Yet Hera

s female deluded even Zeus in her craftiness

at day when in strong wall-circled Thebe Alkmene

t her time to bring forth the strength of Herakles. Therefore 100 Zeus spoke

forth and made a vow before all the immortals:

me, all you gods and all you goddesses: hear me while I speak forth what the
heart within my breast urges.

lay Eileithyia of women's child-pains shall bring forth a man to the light who,

among the men sprung of the generation 105 of my blood, shall be lord over all those dwelling about him.'

in guileful intention the lady Hera said to him:

will be a liar, not put fulfillment on what you have spoken.

;, then, lord of Olympos, and swear before me a strong oath that he shall be lord over all those dwelling about him

this day shall fall between the feet of a woman,

man who is born of the blood of your generation.' So Hera spoke. And Zeus was entirely unaware of her falsehood,

vores a great oath, and therein lay all his deception.

Hera in a flash of speed left the horn of Olympos

rapidly came to Argos of Achaia, where she knew

the mighty wife of Sthenelos, descended of Perseus.

She was carrying a son, and this was the seventh month for her, but she brought him sooner into the light, and made him premature, and stayed the childbirth of Alkmene, and held back the birth pangs.

She went herself and spoke the message to Zeus, son of Kronos: 8216;Father Zeus of the shining bolt, I will tell you a message for your heart. A great man is born, who will be lord over the Argives, Eurystheus, son of Sthenelos, of the seed of Perseus, your generation. It is not unfit that he should rule over Argives.' She spoke, and the sharp sorrow struck at his deep heart.

Angry by the shining hair of her head the goddess Delusion in the anger of his heart, and swore a strong oath, that never after this might Delusion, who deludes all, come back

from Olympos and the starry sky. So speaking, he whirled her

down in his hand and slung her out of the starry heaven,

and presently she came to men's establishments. But Zeus

will forever grieve over her each time that he saw his dear son doing some shameful work of the tasks that Eurystheus set him.

And in my time, when tall Hektor of the shining helm

was forever destroying the Argives against the sterns of their vessels, could not forget Delusion, the way I was first deluded.

And since I was deluded and Zeus took my wits away from me, willing to make all good and give back gifts in abundance.

And I pray, then, to the fighting and rouse the rest of the people.

And I pray, then, to give you all those gifts, as many

as the illustrious Odysseus yesterday went to your shelter and promised.

you will, hold back, though you lean hard into the battle, while my followers take the gifts from my ship and bring them to you, so you may see what I give to comfort your spirit.”

Then in answer to him spoke Achilles of the swift feet:
of Atreus, most lordly and king of men, Agamemnon,
gifts are yours to give if you wish, and as it is proper, or to keep with yourself. But
now let us remember our joy in warcraft, immediately, for it is not fitting to stay
here and waste time nor delay, since there is still a big work to be done.
When a man sees once more Achilles among the front fighters with the bronze spear
wrecking the Trojan battalions. Therefore let each of you remember this and
fight his antagonist.”

Then in answer to him spoke resourceful Odysseus:
that way, good fighter that you are, godlike Achilles.
Do not drive the sons of the Achaians on Ilium when they are hungry, to fight against
the Trojans, since not short will be the time of battle, once the massed
formations of men have encountered together, with the god inspiring fury in both
sides.

Do not tell the men of Achaia here by their swift ships,
of food and wine, since these make fighting fury and warcraft.
A man will not have strength to fight his way forward all day long until the sun
goes down if he is starved for food. Even though in his heart he be very
passionate for the battle,
without his knowing it his limbs will go heavy, and hunger and thirst will catch up
with him and cumber his knees as he moves on.
When a man has been well filled with wine and with eating and then does battle all
day long against the enemy,
then the heart inside him is full of cheer, nor do his limbs get weary, until
all are ready to give over the fighting.
Do then, tell your men to scatter and bid them get ready
quickly; and as for the gifts, let the lord of men Agamemnon
bring them to the middle of our assembly so all the Achaians can see them before their
eyes, so your own heart may be pleased.
Let him stand up before the Argives and swear an oath to you that he never
entered into her bed and never lay with her as is natural for people, my lord,
between men and women.
May this let the spirit in your own heart be made gracious.

that in his own shelter let him appease you
a generous meal, so you will lack nothing of what is due you.
You, son of Atreus, after this be more righteous to another man. For there is no
fault when even one who is a king
sues a man, when the king was the first one to be angry.”
In turn the lord of men Agamemnon answered him: “
Hearing what you have said, son of Laërtes, I am pleased with you.
I have you gone through everything and explained it.
All this I am willing to swear to, and my heart urges me, and I will not be
foresworn before the gods. Let Achilles
here the while, though he lean very hard toward the work of the war god,
190 and remain the rest of you all here assembled, until the gifts come back
from my shelter and while we cut our oaths of fidelity.
For you yourself, Odysseus, I give you this errand, this order, that you choose out
excellent young men of all the Achaians
bringing the gifts back here from my ship, all that you promised 195 yesterday to
Achilles, and bring the women back also.
In the wide host of the Achaians let Talthybios make ready a boar for me, and
dedicate it to Zeus and Helios.”
In answer to him spoke Achilles of the swift feet:
“Of Atreus, most lordly and king of men, Agamemnon,
some other time rather you should busy yourself about these things, when there is
some stopping point in the fighting, at some time when there is not so much fury
inside of my heart. But now
wounds are they lie there torn whom the son of Priam
Jove has beaten down, since Zeus was giving him glory,
when you urge a man to eating. No, but I would now
send forward the sons of the Achaians into the fighting
hungry and unfed, and afterward when the sun sets
make ready a great dinner, when we have paid off our defilement.
Before this, for me at least, neither drink nor food shall 210 go down my very
throat, since my companion has perished and lies inside my shelter torn about
with the cutting
of his body, and turned against the forecourt while my companions mourn about him. Food
and drink mean nothing to my heart
as long as I live, and slaughter, and the groaning of men in the hard work.”
In answer to him spoke resourceful Odysseus:

of Peleus, Achilles, far greatest of the Achaians,
re stronger than I am and greater by not a little
he spear, yet I in turn might overpass you in wisdom
; since I was born before you and have learned more things.
efore let your heart endure to listen to my words.
i there is battle men have suddenly their fill of it
the bronze scatters on the ground the straw in most numbers and the harvest is
most thin, when Zeus has poised his balance, Zeus, who is administrator to men
in their fighting.
e is no way the Achaians can mourn a dead man by denying
lly. Too many fall day by day, one upon another,
ow could anyone find breathing space from his labor?
ut we must harden our hearts and bury the man who
when we have wept over him on the day, and all those
are left about from the hateful work of war must remember
and drink, so that afterward all the more strongly
ay fight on forever relentless against our enemies
he weariless bronze put on about our bodies. Let one not wait longing for any
other summons to stir on the people.
summons now shall be an evil on anyone left behind
e ships of the Argives. Therefore let us drive on together and wake the bitter war
god on the Trojans, breakers of horses.”

spoke, and went away with the sons of glorious Nestor, with Meges, the son of
Phyleus, and Meriones, and Thoas,
Lykomedes, the son of Kreion, and Melanippos. These went on their way to the
shelter of Atreus' son Agamemnon.
oner was the order given than the thing had been done.
brought back seven tripods from the shelter, those Agamemnon had promised,
and twenty shining cauldrons, twelve horses. They brought back
245 immediately the seven women the work of whose hands was
less, and the eighth of them was Briseis of the fair cheeks.
eus weighed out ten full talents of gold and led them
and the young men of the Achaians carried the other gifts.
brought these into the midst of assembly, and Agamemnon
l up, and Talthibios in voice like an immortal
beside the shepherd of the people with the boar in his hands.

s' son laid hands upon his work-knife, and drew it where it hung ever beside the great sheath of his war sword, and cut first hairs away from the boar, and lifting his hands up 255 to Zeus, prayed, while all the Argives stayed fast at their places in silence and in order of station, and listened to their king.

oke before them in prayer gazing into the wide sky:

Zeus first be my witness, highest of the gods and greatest, and Earth, and Helios the Sun, and Furies, who underground

ge dead men, when any man has sworn to a falsehood,

have never laid a hand on the girl Briseis

text to go to bed with her, or for any other

n, but she remained, not singled out, in my shelter.

r of this is falsely sworn, may the gods give me many

s, all that they inflict on those who swear falsely before them.”

re spoke, and with pitiless bronze he cut the boar's throat.

ybios whirled the body about, and threw it in the great reach of the gray sea, to

feed the fishes. Meanwhile Achilles

up among the battle-fond Achaians, and spoke to them:

er Zeus, great are the delusions with which you visit men.

ut you, the son of Atreus could never have stirred so

part inside my breast, nor taken the girl away from me

st my will, and be in helplessness. No, but Zeus somehow wished that death

should befall great numbers of the Achaians.

ow and take your dinner, so we may draw on the battle.”

re spoke, and suddenly broke up the assembly.

these scattered away each man to his own ship. Meanwhile the great-hearted Myrmidons disposed of the presents.

went on their way carrying them to the ship of godlike Achilles, 280 and

stowed the gifts in the shelters, and let the women be settled, while proud

henchmen drove the horses into Achilles' horse-herd.

l now, in the likeness of golden Aphrodite, Briseis when she saw Patroklos lying torn with sharp bronze, folding him in her arms cried shrilly above him and with

her hands tore 285 at her breasts and her soft throat and her beautiful forehead.

oman like the immortals mourning for him spoke to him:

oklos, far most pleasing to my heart in its sorrows, I left you here alive when I

went away from the shelter,

Now I come back, lord of the people, to find you have fallen.
Ill in my life takes over from evil forever.
Husband on whom my father and honored mother bestowed me I saw before my
city lying torn with the sharp bronze,
My three brothers, whom a single mother bore with me
Who were close to me, all went on one day to destruction.
Yet you would not let me, when swift Achilles had cut down my husband, and
sacked the city of godlike Mynes, you would not let me sorrow, but said you
would make me godlike Achilles'
Wed lawful wife, that you would take me back in the ships to Phthia, and formalize
my marriage among the Myrmidons.
Before I weep your death without ceasing. You were kind always."
She spoke, lamenting, and the women sorrowed around her grieving openly for
Patroklos, but for her own sorrows
But the lords of Achaia were gathered about Achilles
urging him to eat, but he with a groan denied them:
"Give me food and drink, since this strong sorrow has come upon me.
I will hold out till the sun goes down and endure, though it be hard."

He spoke, and caused the rest of the kings to scatter; 310 but the two sons of
Atreus stayed with him, and brilliant Odysseus, and Nestor, and Idomeneus, and
the aged charioteer, Phoinix, comforting him close in his sorrow, yet his heart
would not
be comforted, till he went into the jaws of the bleeding battle.
Remembering Patroklos he sighed much for him, and spoke aloud: 315 "There was a
time, ill fated, O dearest of all my companions,
when you yourself would set the desirable dinner before me
boldly and expertly, at the time the Achaians were urgent
in a very sorrowful war on the Trojans, breakers of horses.
Now you lie here torn before me, and my heart goes starved 320 for meat and
drink, though they are here beside me, by reason
of grieving for you. There is nothing worse than this I could suffer, not even if I were
to hear of the death of my father
Now, I think, in Phthia somewhere let fall a soft tear
because of the bereavement of such a son, for me, who now in a strange land 325 make war upon

the Trojans for the sake of accursed Helen;
death of my dear son, who is raised for my sake in Skyros now, if godlike
Neoptolemos is still one of the living.
e now the spirit inside my breast was hopeful
alone should die far away from horse-pasturing Argos
in Troy; I hoped you would win back again to Phthia
it in a fast black ship you could take my son back
Skyros to Phthia, and show him all my possessions, my property, my serving
men, my great high-roofed house.
y this time I think that Peleus must altogether
perished, or still keeps a little scant life in sorrow
e hatefulness of old age and because he waits ever from me the evil message, for
the day he hears I have been killed.”

ne spoke, mourning, and the elders lamented around him remembering each
those he had left behind in his own halls.
son of Kronos took pity on them as he watched them mourning and immediately
spoke in winged words to Athene:
child, have you utterly abandoned the man of your choice?
re no longer deep concern in your heart for Achilleus?
he has sat down before the steep horned ships and is mourning 345 for his own
beloved companion, while all the others
gone to take their dinner, but he is fasting and unfed.
en to him and distil nectar inside his chest, and delicate ambrosia, so the
weakness of hunger will not come upon him.”
aking so, he stirred Athene, who was eager before this, 350 and she in the
likeness of a wide-winged, thin-crying
plummeted from the sky through the bright air. Now the Achaians were arming
at once along the encampment. She dropped the delicate ambrosia and the nectar
inside the breast of Achilleus softly, so no sad weakness of hunger would come
on his knees, 355 and she herself went back to the close house of her powerful
; while they were scattering out away from the fast ships.
men in their thickness the snowflakes of Zeus come fluttering cold beneath the
blast of the north wind born in the bright sky, so now in their thickness the pride
of the helms bright shining
carried out from the ships, and shields massive in the middle and the corselets
strongly hollowed and the ash spears were worn forth.

hining swept to the sky and all earth was laughing about them under the glitter of bronze and beneath their feet stirred the thunder of men, within whose midst brilliant Achilles helmed him.

ish went from the grinding of his teeth, and his eyes glowed as if they were the stare of a fire, and the heart inside him was entered with sorrow beyond endurance. Raging at the Trojans he put on the gifts of the god, that Hephaistos wrought him with much toil.

t he placed along his legs the fair greaves linked with 370 silver fastenings to hold the greaves at the ankles.

ward he girt on about his chest the corselet,
cross his shoulders slung the sword with the nails of silver, a bronze sword, and caught up the great shield, huge and heavy next, and from it the light glimmered far, as from the moon.

as when from across water a light shines to mariners
a blazing fire, when the fire is burning high in the mountains in a desolate steading, as the mariners are carried unwilling by storm winds over the fish-swarming sea, far away from their loved ones; so the light from the fair elaborate shield of Achilles

into the high air. And lifting the helm he set it
ve upon his head, and the helmet crested with horse-hair shone like a star, the golden fringes were shaken about it

1 Hephaistos had driven close along the horn of the helmet.

brilliant Achilles tried himself in his armor, to see
itted close, and how his glorious limbs ran within it,
ie armor became as wings and upheld the shepherd of the people.

he pulled out from its standing place the spear of his father, huge, heavy, thick, which no one else of all the Achaians

handle, but Achilles alone knew how to wield it, 390 the Pelian ash spear which Cheiron had brought to his father
high on Pelion, to be death for fighters in battle.

nedon and Alkimos, in charge of the horses, yoked them, and put the fair breast straps about them, and forced the bits home

en their jaws, and pulled the reins back against the compacted 395 chariot seat, and one, Automedon, took up the shining

caught close in his hand and vaulted up to the chariot, while behind him

Achilles helmed for battle took his stance shining in all his armor like the sun

when he crosses above us, and cried in a terrible voice on the horses of his father: “

hos, Balios, Bay and Dapple, famed sons of Podarge,
are to bring in another way your charioteer back
company of the Danaäns, when we give over fighting,
ave him to lie fallen there, as you did to Patroklos.”

n from beneath the yoke the gleam-footed horse answered him, 405 Xanthos,
and as he spoke bowed his head, so that all the mane
way from the pad and swept the ground by the cross-yoke; the goddess of the
white arms, Hera, had put a voice in him: “We shall still keep you safe for this
time, O hard Achilleus.

et the day of your death is near, but it is not we
are to blame, but a great god and powerful Destiny.

was not because we were slow, because we were careless, that the Trojans have
taken the armor from the shoulders of Patroklos, but it was that high god, the
child of lovely-haired Leto,

killed him among the champions and gave the glory to Hektor.

or us, we two could run with the blast of the west wind

hey say is the lightest of all things; yet still for you there is destiny to be killed in
force by a god and a mortal.”

en he had spoken so the Furies stopped the voice in him, but deeply disturbed,
Achilleus of the swift feet answered him: “

hos, why do you prophesy my death? This is not for you.

elf know well it is destined for me to die here

om my beloved father and mother. But for all that

not stop till the Trojans have had enough of my fighting.”

oke, and shouting held on in the foremost his single-foot horses.

BOOK TWENTY

These now, the Achaians, beside the curved ships were arming around you, son of Peleus, insatiate of battle,

on the other side at the break of the plain the Trojans

1. But Zeus, from the many-folded peak of Olympos,

Themis to summon all the gods into assembly. She went everywhere, and told them to make their way to Zeus' house.

There was no river who was not there, except only Ocean,

was not any one of the nymphs who live in the lovely

s, and the springs of rivers and grass of the meadows, who came not.

They all assembling into the house of Zeus cloud gathering

places among the smooth-stone cloister walks which Hephaistos had built for Zeus the father by his craftsmanship and contrivance.

They were assembled within Zeus' house; and the shaker

of the earth did not fail to hear the goddess, but came up among them 15 from the

sea, and sat in the midst of them, and asked Zeus of his counsel: "Why, lord of

the shining bolt, have you called the gods to assembly once more? Are you

deliberating Achaians and Trojans?

At the onset of battle is almost broken to flame between them."

Then Zeus who gathers the clouds spoke to him in answer: 20 "You have seen,

shaker of the earth, the counsel within me,

Why I gathered you. I think of these men though they are dying.

So, I shall stay here upon the fold of Olympos

and still, watching, to pleasure my heart. Meanwhile all you others go down,

wherever you may go among the Achaians and Trojans

give help to either side, as your own pleasure directs you.

Let us leave Achilleus alone to fight with the Trojans

we will not even for a little hold off swift-footed Peleion.

Even before now they would tremble whenever they saw him, and now, when his

heart is grieved and angered for his companion's 30 death, I fear against

destiny he may storm their fortress."

spoke the son of Kronos and woke the incessant battle,
the gods went down to enter the fighting, with purposes opposed.
went to the assembled ships with Pallas Athene
with Poseidon who embraces the earth, and with generous
eyes, who within the heart is armed with astute thoughts.
Aias went the way of these in the pride of his great strength limping, and yet his
shrunken legs moved lightly beneath him.
The crests of the shining helm went over to the Trojans,
with him Phoibos of the unshorn hair, and the lady of arrows 40 Artemis, and
smiling Aphrodite, Leto, and Xanthos.
Even in the time when the gods were still distant from the mortals, so long the
Achaians were winning great glory, since now Achilles showed among them,
who had stayed too long from the sorrowful fighting.
The Trojans were taken every man in the knees with trembling 45 and terror, as
they looked on the swift-footed son of Peleus
in all his armor, a man like the murderous war god.
After the Olympians merged in the men's company
Hektor, defender of peoples, burst out, and Athene bellowed standing now
beside the ditch dug at the wall's outside
Now again at the thundering sea's edge gave out her great cry, while on the other
side Ares in the likeness of a dark stormcloud bellowed, now from the peak of
the citadel urging the Trojans
to fly on, now running beside the sweet banks of Simoeis.
The blessed gods stirring on the opponents drove them
to quarrel, and broke out among themselves the weight of their quarrel.
High above the father of gods and men made thunder
loudly, while Poseidon from deep under them shuddered
on the limitless earth, the sheer heads of the mountains.
All the feet of Ida with her many waters were shaken
on all her crests, and the city of Troy, the ships of the Achaians.
Hades, lord of the dead below, was in terror
He sprang from his throne and screamed aloud, for fear that above him he who circles
the land, Poseidon, might break the earth open
so the houses of the dead lie open to men and immortals,
darkly and moldering, so the very gods shudder before them;
It was the crash that sounded as the gods came driving together in wrath. For now
he fought over against the lord Poseidon

As Apollo took his stand with his feathered arrows,
against Enyalios the goddess gray-eyed Athene.
First Hera stood the lady of clamor, of the golden distaff,
showering arrows, Artemis, sister of the far striker.
Beside Leto stood the strong one, generous Hermes,
against Hephaistos stood the great deep-eddying river
called Xanthos by the gods, but by mortals Skamandros.

As gods went on to encounter gods; and meanwhile Achilles was straining to
plunge into the combat opposite Hektor
his son, since beyond all others his anger was driving him to glut with his blood
Ares the god who fights under the shield's guard.
It was Aineias whom Apollo defender of people
straight against Peleion, and inspired vast power within him.
The son Apollo made his voice like that of Lykaon
his son, and assumed his appearance, and spoke to Aineias: "Aineias, lord of the
Trojans' counsels. Where are those threats gone which as you drank your wine
you made before Troy's kings, solemnly, 85 that you would match your battle
strength with Peleian Achilles?"
Then Aineias spoke to him in answer: "Lykaon
son of Priam, why do you urge me on against my will
in the face of Peleus' son and his too great fury?
This will not be the first time I stand up against swift-footed 90 Achilles, but
another time before now he drove me
from the spear from Ida, when he came there after our cattle
when he sacked Lyrnessos and Pedasos. But Zeus rescued me
when he put strength inside me and made my knees quick. Otherwise I should have
gone down at Achilles' hands, and those of Athene 95 who goes before him
and makes light before him, who then was urging him on with the brazen spear
to destroy Leleges and Trojans.
Why is it not for any man to fight with Achilles.
There is always some one of the gods with him to beat death from him.
But this, even, his spear wings straight to its mark, nor gives out 100 until it has
gone through a man's body. But if the god only
will pull out even the issue of war, he would not so easily
be not even though he claims to be made all of bronze."
Then the lord the son of Zeus Apollo spoke to him: "Hero, then make your prayer,

you also, to the everlasting
, since they say that you yourself are born of Zeus' daughter Aphrodite, but
Achilleus was born of a lesser goddess, Aphrodite being daughter of Zeus,
Thetis of the sea's ancient.

your weariless bronze straight against him, let him by no means turn you back
by blustering words and his threats of terror."

speaking, he inspired enormous strength in the shepherd of the people,
trode on his way among the champions helmed in the bright bronze, nor did
Hera of the white arms fail to see the son of Anchises as he went through the
thronging men to face the son of Peleus, and drew the other immortals about her
and spoke to them, saying: 115 "Poseidon and Athene, now take counsel
between you

within your hearts as to how these matters shall be accomplished.

is Aineias gone helmed in the shining bronze against
s' son, and it was Phoibos Apollo who sent him.

then, we must even go down ourselves and turn him
from here, or else one of us must stand by Achilleus
ut enormous strength upon him, and let him not come short in courage, but let
him know that they love him who are the highest of the immortals, but those
who before now fended the fury

r, as now, from the Trojans are as wind and nothing.

ll of us have come down from Olympos to take our part
s battle, so nothing may be done to him by the Trojans on this day. Afterward he
shall suffer such things as Destiny

with the strand of his birth that day he was born to his mother.

Achilleus does not hear all this from gods' voices
ill be afraid, when a god puts out his strength against him
fighting. It is hard for gods to be shown in their true shape."

urn Poseidon the shaker of the earth answered her:

ly, do not be angry without purpose. It does not
ne you, since I at least would not have the rest of us gods 135 encounter in
battle, since indeed we are far too strong for them.

s then go away and sit down together off the path
iewing place, and let the men take care of their fighting.

if Ares begins to fight, or Phoibos Apollo,
hey hold Achilleus back and will not let him fight,
at once they will have a quarrel with us on their hands

in battle. But soon, I think, when they have fought with us they will get back to Olympus and the throng of the other gods beaten back by the overmastering strength of our hands.”

He spoke, Poseidon of the dark hair, and led the way 145 to the stronghold of godlike Herakles, earth-piled on both sides, a high place, which the Trojans and Pallas Athene had built him as a place of escape where he could get away from the Sea Beast when the charging monster drove him away to the plain from the seashore.

Poseidon and the gods who were with him sat down gathered a breakless wall of cloud to darken their shoulders; while they of the other side sat down on the brows of the sweet bluffs around you, lord Apollo, and Ares sacker of cities.

They on either side took their places, deliberating
wells, reluctant on both sides to open the sorrowful
dark. But Zeus sitting on high above urged them on.

All the plain was filled and shining with bronze of the mortals, their men and horses, and underneath their feet the earth staggered as they swept together. Two men far greater than all the others were coming to encounter, furious to fight with each other,

Aeneias, the son of Anchises, and brilliant Achilleus.

One of the two Aeneias had strode forth in menace, tossing
his head beneath the heavy helm, and he held the stark shield

in front of his chest, and shook the brazen spear. From the other side the son of Peleus rose like a lion against him,

like a maleful beast, when men have been straining to kill him, the country all in the hunt, and he at the first pays them no attention

to his way, only when some one of the impetuous young men has hit him with the spear he whirls, jaws open, over his teeth foam breaks out, and in the depth of his chest the powerful heart groans; 170 he lashes his own ribs with his tail and the flanks on both sides as he rouses himself to fury for the fight, eyes glaring,

he whirls himself straight onward on the chance of killing some one of the men, or else being killed himself in the first onrush.

His proud heart and fighting fury stirred on Achilleus
he hurled forward in the face of great-hearted Aeneias.

as these in their advance had come close to each other first of the two to speak was swift-footed brilliant Achilles: "Aineias, why have you stood so far forth from the multitude

stand me? Does the desire in your heart drive you to combat 180 in hope you will be lord of the Trojans, breakers of horses,

of Priam's honor? And yet even if you were to kill me I would not because of that rest such honor on your hand.

his sons, and he himself is sound, not weakened.

Have the men of Troy promised you a piece of land, surpassing 185 all others, fine ploughland and orchard for you to administer

to kill me? But I think that killing will not be easy.

Never time before this, I tell you, you ran from my spear.

Do you not remember when, apart from your cattle, I caught you alone, and chased you in the speed of your feet down the hills of Ida 190 headlong, and that time as you ran you did not turn to look back.

How you got away into Lyrnessos, but I went after you

stormed that place, with the help of Athene and of Zeus father, and took the day of liberty away from their women

and had them as spoil, but Zeus and the other gods saved you.

Think they will not save you now, as your expectation

of you they will. No, but I myself urge you to get back

to the multitude, not stand to face me, before you

come harm. Once a thing has been done, the fool sees it."

And in turn Aineias spoke to him and made his answer:

of Peleus, never hope by words to frighten me

as I were a baby. I myself understand well enough

how to speak in vituperation and how to make insults.

And I know each other's birth, we both know our parents

and we have heard the lines of their fame from mortal men; only 205 I have never with my eyes seen your parents, nor have you seen mine.

And you, they say you are the issue of blameless Peleus

and that your mother was Thetis of the lovely hair, the sea's lady; I in turn claim I am the son of great-hearted Anchises

and that my mother was Aphrodite; and that of these parents

whichever group or the other will have a dear son to mourn for

me. Since I believe we will not in mere words, like children, meet, and separate and go home again out of the fighting.

so, if you wish to learn all this and be certain
of genealogy: there are plenty of men who know it.
of all Zeus who gathers the clouds had a son, Dardanos who founded Dardania,
since there was yet no sacred Ilion
a city in the plain to be a center of peoples,
they lived yet in the underhills of Ida with all her waters.
Dardanos in turn had a son, the king, Erichthonios,
he became the richest of mortal men, and in his possession
three thousand horses who pastured along the low grasslands, mares in their
pride with their young colts; and with these the North Wind fell in love as they
pastured there, and took on upon him
the likeness of a dark-maned stallion, and coupled with them,
the mares conceiving of him bore to him twelve young horses.
These, when they would play along the grain-giving tilled land would pass along the
tassels of corn and not break the divine yield, but again, when they played across
the sea's wide ridges
would run the edge of the wave where it breaks on the gray salt water.
Erichthonios had a son, Tros, who was lord of the Trojans,
and from Tros in turn there were born three sons unfaulted, Ilos and Assarakos and
godlike Ganymedes
Ganymedes was the loveliest born of the race of mortals, and therefore the gods caught him
away to themselves, to be Zeus' wine-pourer, 235 for the sake of his beauty, so
he might be among the immortals.
Ilos in turn was given a son, the blameless Laomedon, and Laomedon had sons in
turn, Tithonos and Priam, Lampos, Klytios and Hiketaon, scion of Ares; but
Assarakos had Kapys, and Kapys' son was Anchises,
and from Anchises' son, and Priam's is Hektor the brilliant.
This is the generation and blood I claim to be born from.
Time builds up and Zeus diminishes the strength in men,
as he pleases, since his power is beyond all others'.
Come, let us no longer stand here talking of these things
to our children, here in the space between the advancing armies.
There are harsh things enough that could be spoken against us both, a ship of a
hundred locks could not carry the burden.
The tongue of man is a twisty thing, there are plenty of words there of every kind, the
range of words is wide, and their variance.
The sort of thing you say is the thing that will be said to you.

What have you and I to do with the need for squabbling
 hurling insults at each other, as if we were two wives who when they have fallen
 upon a heart-perishing quarrel
 t in the street and say abusive things to each other,
 t true, and much that is not, and it is their rage that drives them.
 will not by talking turn me back from the strain of my warcraft, not till you have
 fought to my face with the bronze. Come on then and let us try each other's
 strength with the bronze of our spearheads."

spoke, and on the terrible grim shield drove the ponderous 260 pike, so that the
 great shield moaned as it took the spearhead.
 on of Peleus with his heavy hand held the shield away
 him, in fright, since he thought the far-shadowing spear
 at-hearted Aineias would lightly be driven through it.
 and the heart and spirit in him could not understand
 the glorious gifts of the gods are not easily broken
 mortal men, how such gifts will not give way before them.
 his time could the ponderous spear of war-wise Aineias
 t the shield, since the gold stayed it, the god's gift. Indeed he did drive the spear
 through two folds, but there were three left 270 still, since the god of the
 dragging feet had made five folds on it, two of bronze on the outside and on the
 inside two of tin
 etween them the single gold, and in this the ash spear was held fast.
 er him Achilles let go his spear far shadowing
 ruck the shield of Aineias along its perfect circle
 e utter rim where the circle of bronze ran thinnest about it and the oxhide was
 laid thinnest there. The Pelian ash spear
 ed clean through it there, and the shield cried out as it went through.
 as shrank down and held the shield away and above him
 ght, and the spear went over his back and crashed its way 280 to the ground, and
 fixed there, after tearing apart two circles
 man-covering shield. But Aineias, free of the long spear, stood still, and around
 his eyes gathered the enormous emotion and fear, that the weapon had fixed so
 close to him. Now Achilles drew his tearing sword and swept in fury upon him
 g a terrible cry, but Aineias now in his hand caught
 tone, a huge thing which no two men could carry
 as men are now, but by himself he lightly hefted it.

here Aineias would have hit him with the stone as he swept in, on helm or shield, which would have fended the bitter death from him, 290 and Peleus' son would have closed with the sword and stripped the life from him, had not the shaker of the earth Poseidon sharply perceived all and immediately spoken his word out among the immortals:

ne; I am full of sorrow for great-hearted Aineias
must presently go down to death, overpowered by Achilleus, 295 because he
believed the words of Apollo, the far ranging;

fool, since Apollo will do nothing to keep grim death from him.

Why does this man, who is guiltless, suffer his sorrows

no reason, for the sake of others' unhappiness, and always he gives gifts that
please them to the gods who hold the wide heaven.

Come, let us ourselves get him away from death, for fear

that Kronos may be angered if now Achilleus kills this man. It is destined that
he shall be the survivor,

the generation of Dardanos shall not die, without seed

perpetrated, since Dardanos was dearest to Kronides

and his sons that have been born to him from mortal women.

Kronos' son has cursed the generation of Priam,

now the might of Aineias shall be lord over the Trojans,

his sons' sons, and those who are born of their seed hereafter."

Then the lady of the ox eyes, Hera, answered him:

Shaker of the earth, you yourself must decide in your own heart about Aineias,
whether to rescue him or to let him

go down, for all his strength, before Peleus' son, Achilleus.

We two, Pallas Athene and I, have taken

solemn oaths and sworn them in the sight of all the immortals 315 never to drive
the day of evil away from the Trojans,

even when all the city of Troy is burned in the ravaging

fire on that day when the warlike sons of the Achaians burn it."

When he had heard this, the shaker of the earth Poseidon

came on his way through the confusion of spears and the fighting, 320 and came to
where Aineias was, and renowned Achilleus.

Quickly he drifted a mist across the eyes of one fighter, Achilleus, Peleus' son,
and from the shield of Aineias

the great heart pulled loose the strong bronze-headed ash spear and laid it down

again before the feet of Achilles;
Aeneias he lifted high from the ground, and slung him through the air so that
many ranks of fighting men, many ranks of horses,
overvaulted by Aeneias, hurled by the god's hand.
ended at the uttermost edge of the tossing battle
e the Kaukonians were arming them for the order of fighting.
Poseidon, shaker of the earth, came and stood very near him and spoke to him
and addressed him in winged words: "Aeneias,
one of the gods is it who urges you to such madness
ou fight in the face of Peleus' son, against his high courage 335 though he is
both stronger than you and dearer to the immortals?
back rather, whenever you find yourself thrown against him, lest beyond your
fate you go down into the house of the death god.
nce Achilles has fulfilled his death and his destiny,
ake courage, and go on, and fight with their foremost,
there shall be no other Achaian able to kill you."
spoke, and left him there, when he had told him all this, and at once scattered the
mist away from the eyes of Achilles that the gods had sent, and now he looked
with his eyes, and saw largely, and in disgust spoke then to his own great-
hearted spirit:
this be? Here is a strange thing I see with my own eyes.
is my spear lying on the ground, but I can no longer
e man, whom I was charging in fury to kill him.
as was then one beloved of the immortal
I thought what he said was ineffectual boasting.
im go. He will not again have daring to try me
tle, since even now he was glad to escape my onset.
! I must urge on the Danaäns whose delight is in battle
o on to face the rest of the Trojans, and see what they can do."
spoke, and leapt back into the ranks, and urged each man on: 355 "No longer
stand away from the Trojans, O great Achaians,
t each one go to face his man, furious to fight him.
hard thing for me, for all my great strength, to harry the flight of men in such
numbers or to fight with all of them.
res, who is a god immortal, not even Athene
l take the edge of such masses of men and fight a way through them.
hat I can do with hands and feet and strength I tell you

do, and I shall not hang back even a little
to straight on through their formation, and I think that no man of the Trojans will
be glad when he comes within my spear's range."
spoke, urging them on, but glorious Hektor called out
great voice to the Trojans, and was minded to face Achilles: "Do not be afraid
of Peleion, O high-hearted Trojans.
elf could fight in words against the immortals,
with the spear it were hard, since they are far stronger than we are.
Achilles will not win achievement of everything 370 he says. Part he will
accomplish, but part shall be baulked halfway done.
going to stand against him now, though his hands are like flame, though his
hands are like flame, and his heart like the shining of iron."

spoke, urging the Trojans, and they lifted their spears to face them.
fury gathered into bulk and their battle cry rose up.
Now Phoibos Apollo stood by Hektor and spoke to him:
"For, do not go out all alone to fight with Achilles,
wait for him in the multitude and out of the carnage
he hit you with the spear or the stroke of the sword from close in."
spoke, and Hektor plunged back into the swarm of the fighting 380 men, in fear,
when he heard the voice of the god speaking.
Achilles, gathering the fury upon him, sprang on the Trojans with a ghastly cry,
and the first of them he killed was Iphition the great son of Otrynteus and a lord
over numbers of people, born of a naiad nymph to Otrynteus, sacker of cities,
from the snows of Tmolos in the rich countryside of Hydē.
Achilles struck him with the spear as he came in fury,
middle of the head, and all the head broke into two pieces.
All, thunderously. Great Achilles vaunted above him:
"Here, Otrynteus' son, most terrifying of all men.
This is your death, but your generation was by the lake waters of Gyge, where is the
allotted land of your fathers
h-swarming Hyllos and the whirling waters of Hermos."
spoke, vaunting, but darkness shrouded the eyes of the other, and the running-rims
of Achaian chariots cut him to pieces
in the van of the onrush. Next, after him, facing Demoleon
defender of battle and son of Antenor, Achilles
struck him in the temple through the brazen sides of the helmet, and the brazen

helmet could not hold, but the bronze spearhead driven on through smashed the bone apart, and the inward
was all spattered forth. So he beat him down in his fury.
he stabbed with a spear-stroke in the back Hippodamas
fled away before him and sprang from behind his horses.
ew his life away, bellowing, as when a bull
vs as he is dragged for Poseidon, lord of Helikē,
he young men drag him. In such bulls the earth shaker glories.
was his bellowing as the proud spirit flitted from his bones.
he went with the spear after godlike Polydoros,
i's son, whom his father would not let go into battle
se he was youngest born of all his sons to him, and also
most beloved, and in speed of his feet outpassed all the others.
ow, in his young thoughtlessness and display of his running he swept among the
champions until thus he destroyed his dear life.
s he shot by swift-footed brilliant Achilleus hit him
a spear thrown in the middle of the back where the clasps of the war belt
415 were golden and came together at the joining halves of the corselet.
pearhead held its way straight on and came out by the navel, and he dropped,
moaning, on one knee as the dark mist gathered about him, and sagged, and
caught with his hands at his bowels in front of him.

now when Hektor saw Polydoros, his own brother,
g limp to the ground and catching his bowels in his hands,
ist closed about his eyes also, he could stand no longer
n there at a distance, but went out to face Achilleus
g his sharp spear, like a flame. Seeing him Achilleus
ced his spear in turn, and called out to him, and challenged him: 425 "Here is
the man who beyond all others has troubled my anger,
slaughtered my beloved companion. Let us no longer
c away from each other along the edgeworks of battle."
spoke, and looking darkly at brilliant Hektor spoke to him: "Come nearer, so that
sooner you may reach your appointed destruction."
it with no fear Hektor of the shining helm answered him:
of Peleus, never hope by words to frighten me
were a baby. I myself understand well enough
o speak in vituperation and how to make insults.

w that you are great and that I am far weaker than you are.
all this lies upon the knees of the gods; and it may be
weaker as I am I might still strip the life from you
a cast of the spear, since my weapon too has been sharp before this.”
spoke, and balanced the spear and let it fly. But Athene blew against it and
turned it back from renowned Achilleus
an easy blast. It came back again to glorious Hektor
ropped to the ground in front of his feet. Meanwhile Achilleus made a furious
charge against him, raging to kill him
a terrible cry, but Phoibos Apollo caught up Hektor
; since he was a god, and wrapped him in thick mist.
e times swift-footed brilliant Achilleus swept in against him with the brazen
spear. Three times his stroke went into the deep mist.
s a fourth time, like something more than a man, he charged in, Achilleus with a
terrible cry called in winged words after him: “Once again now you escaped
death, dog. And yet the evil
: near you, but now once more Phoibos Apollo has saved you,
whom you must pray when you go into the thunder of spears thrown.
may win you, if I encounter you ever hereafter, if beside me also there is some
god who will help me.
I must chase whoever I can overtake of the others.”

e spoke, and with the spear full in the neck stabbed Dryops so that he dropped in
front of his feet. He left him to lie there and with a spear thrown against the knee
stopped the charge of Demouchos, Philetos's son, a huge man and powerful.
After the spearcast 460 with an inward plunge of the great sword he took the life
from him.
Achilleus swooping on Dardanos and Laogonos, sons both of Bias, dashed them
to the ground from behind their horses,
with a spearcast, one with a stroke of the sword from close up.
Tros, Alastor's son: he had come up against Achilleus'
s, to catch them and be spared and his life given to him
illeus might take pity upon his youth and not kill him;
and did not see there would be no way to persuade him,
this was a man with no sweetness in his heart, and not kindly but in a strong
fury; now Tros with his hands was reaching
he knees, bent on supplication, but he stabbed with his sword at the liver

it the liver was torn from its place, and from it the black blood drenched the fold of his tunic and his eyes were shrouded in darkness as the life went. Next from close in he thrust at Moulíos with the pike at the ear, so the bronze spearhead pushed through and came out 475 at the other ear. Now he hit Echéklos the son of Agenor

he hilted sword, hewing against his head in the middle so all the sword was smoking with blood, and over both eyes

l the red death and the strong destiny. Now Deukalíon

truck in the arm, at a place in the elbow where the tendons 480 come together.

There through the arm Achilleus transfixed him

he bronze spearhead, and he, arm hanging heavy, waited

ooked his death in the face. Achilleus struck with the sword's edge at his neck, and swept the helmed head far away, and the marrow gushed from the neckbone, and he went down to the ground at full length.

he went on after the blameless son of Peires,

nos, who had come over from Thrace where the soil is rich. This man he stabbed in the middle with the spear, and the spear stuck fast in his belly.

opped from the chariot, but as Areíthoös his henchman

l the horses away Achilleus stabbed him with the sharp spear in the back, and thrust him from the chariot. And the horses bolted.

; inhuman fire sweeps on in fury through the deep angles

rywood mountain and sets ablaze the depth of the timber

ie blustering wind lashes the flame along, so Achilleus

: everywhere with his spear like something more than a mortal harrying them as they died, and the black earth ran blood.

; when a man yokes male broad-foreheaded oxen

sh white barley on a strong-laid threshing floor, and rapidly the barley is stripped beneath the feet of the bellowing oxen, so before great-hearted Achilleus the single-foot horses

led alike dead men and shields, and the axle under

hariot was all splashed with blood and the rails which encircled the chariot, struck by flying drops from the feet of the horses, from the running rims of the wheels. The son of Peleus was straining to win glory, his invincible hands spattered with bloody filth.

BOOK TWENTY-ONE

when they came to the crossing place of the fair-running river of whirling Xanthos, a stream whose father was Zeus the immortal, there Achilles split them and chased some back over the flat land toward the city, where the Achaians themselves had stampeded in terror 5 on the day before, when glorious Hektor was still in his fury.

3 this ground they were streaming in flight; but Hera let fall a deep mist before them to stay them. Meanwhile the other half were crowded into the silvery whirls of the deep-running river and tumbled into it in huge clamor, and the steep-running water 10 sounded, and the banks echoed hugely about them, as they out-crying tried to swim this way and that, spun about in the eddies.

fore the blast of a fire the locusts escaping
river swarm in air, and the fire unwearied

s from a sudden start, and the locusts huddle in water;

fore Achilles the murmuring waters of Xanthos

ep-whirling were filled with confusion of men and of horses.

heaven-descended Achilles left his spear there on the bank leaning against the tamarisks, and leapt in like some immortal, with only his sword, but his heart was bent upon evil actions, 20 and he struck in a circle around him. The shameful sound of their groaning rose as they were struck with the sword, and the water was reddened with blood. As before a huge-gaping dolphin the other fishes

ing cram the corners of a deepwater harbor

r, for he avidly eats up any he can catch;

! Trojans along the course of the terrible river

k under the bluffs. He, when his hands grew weary with killing, chose out and took twelve young men alive from the river to be vengeance for the death of Patroklos, the son of Menoitios.

), bewildered with fear like fawns, he led out of the water 30 and bound their hands behind them with thongs well cut out of leather, with the very belts they themselves wore on their ingirt tunics, and gave them to his companions to lead

away to the hollow ships, then himself whirled back, still in a fury to kill men.

l there he came upon a son of Dardanian Priam 35 as he escaped from the river, Lykaon, one whom he himself

iken before and led him unwilling from his father's gardens on a night foray. He with the sharp bronze was cutting young branches from a fig tree, so that they could make him rails for a chariot, when an unlooked-for evil thing came upon him, the brilliant

leus, who that time sold him as slave in strong-founded Lemnos carrying him there by ship, and the son of Jason paid for him; from there a guest and friend who paid a great price redeemed him, Eëtion of Imbros, and sent him to shining Arisbe; and from there he fled away and came to the house of his father.

even days he pleased his heart with friends and family

ne got back from Lemnos, but on the twelfth day once again the god cast him into the hands of Achilles, who this time

o send him down unwilling on his way to the death god.

as brilliant swift-footed Achilles saw him and knew him

l and without helm or shield, and he had no spear left

ad thrown all these things on the ground, being weary and sweating with the escape from the river, and his knees were beaten with weariness, disturbed, Achilles spoke to his own great-hearted spirit:

this be? Here is a strange thing that my eyes look on.

the great-hearted Trojans, even those I have killed already, will stand and rise up again out of the gloom and the darkness as this man has come back and escaped the day without pity

h he was sold into sacred Lemnos; but the main of the gray sea could not hold him, though it holds back many who are unwilling.

ome now, he must be given a taste of our spearhead

it I may know inside my heart and make certain

ier he will come back even from there, or the prospering will hold him, she who holds back even the strong man."

ne pondered, waiting, and the other in terror came near him 65 in an agony to catch at his knees, and the wish in his heart was to get away from the evil death and the dark fate. By this

nt Achilles held the long spear uplifted above him

ing to stab, but he under-ran the stroke and caught him

e knees, bending, and the spear went over his back and stood fast 70 in the

ground, for all its desire to tear a man's flesh. Lykaon
one hand had taken him by the knees in supplication
with the other held and would not let go of the edged spear and spoke aloud to
him and addressed him in winged words: "Achilleus, I am at your knees.
Respect my position, have mercy upon me.
In the place, illustrious, of a suppliant who must be honored, for you were the
first beside whom I tasted the yield of Demeter on that day you captured me in
the strong-laid garden
took me away from my father and those near me, and sold me away into sacred
Lemnos, and a hundred oxen I fetched you.
My release was ransom three times as great; and this is
the twelfth dawn since I came back to Ilion, after
suffering. Now again cursed destiny has put me
in your hands; and I think I must be hated by Zeus the father
who has given me once more to you, and my mother bore me 85 to a short life,
Laothoë, daughter of aged Altes, Altes, lord of the Leleges, whose delight is in
battle,
sold me headlong Pedasos on the river Satnioeis.
My daughter was given to Priam, who had many wives beside her.
The two who were born to her. You will have cut the throats 90 of both, since one
you beat down in the forefront of the foot-fighters, Polydoros the godlike, with a
cast of the sharp spear. This time the evil shall be mine in this place, since I do
not think
I can escape your hands, since divinity drove me against them.
I have put away in your heart this other thing I say to you.
Do not kill me. I am not from the same womb as Hektor,
who killed your powerful and kindly companion."
The glorious son of Priam addressed him, speaking
in supplication, but heard in turn the voice without pity:
"Fool, no longer speak to me of ransom, nor argue it.
The time before Patroklos came to the day of his destiny
it was the way of my heart's choice to be sparing
of Trojans, and many I took alive and disposed of them.
There is not one who can escape death, if the gods send
against my hands in front of Ilion, not one
of the Trojans and beyond others the children of Priam.
If you are my friend, you die also. Why all this clamor about it?"

klos also is dead, who was better by far than you are.
You not see what a man I am, how huge, how splendid
born of a great father, and the mother who bore me immortal?
Even I have also my death and my strong destiny,
There shall be a dawn or an afternoon or a noontime
some man in the fighting will take the life from me also
with a spearcast or an arrow flown from the bowstring.”
He spoke, and in the other the knees and the inward
went slack. He let go of the spear and sat back, spreading wide both hands; but
Achilleus drawing his sharp sword struck him beside the neck at the collar-bone,
and the double-edged sword plunged full length inside. He dropped to the
ground, face downward, and lay at length, and the black blood flowed, and the
ground was soaked with it.
Achilleus caught him by the foot and slung him into the river
bed, and spoke winged words of vaunting derision over him: “Lie there now
among the fish, who will lick the blood away
your wound, and care nothing for you, nor will your mother lay you on the
death-bed and mourn over you, but Skamandros
will carry you spinning down to the wide bend of the salt water.
A fish will break a ripple shuddering dark on the water
rises to feed upon the shining fat of Lykaon.
I will, all; till we come to the city of sacred Iliion,
I will fly and I killing you from behind; and there will not 130 be any rescue for
you from your silvery-whirled strong-running
for all the numbers of bulls you dedicate to it
grown single-foot horses alive in its eddies. And yet even so, die all an evil death,
till all of you
for the death of Patroklos and the slaughter of the Achaians 135 whom you killed
beside the running ships, when I was not with them.”

He spoke, but the anger was rising now in the heart of the river and he pondered in
his heart as to how he could stop the labor of brilliant Achilleus, and fend
destruction away from the Trojans.

Now with the spear far shadowing in his hands Peleus' son
springing, furious to kill him, on Asteropaios the son of Pelegon; who in turn was
born of the wide-running river Axios, and of Periboia, eldest of the daughters of
Akessamenos, for she lay in love with the deep-whirling river.

1st this man Achilleus rose up, and he came out to face him 145 from the river,
holding two spears, for Xanthos had inspired valor into his heart, in anger for the
slaughter of the young men

1 Achilleus had slain beside his waters and taken no pity.

as these two in their advance encountered together

if the two to speak was swift-footed brilliant Achilleus: 150 “What man are you,
and whence, who dare stand up to my onset?

unhappy are those whose sons match warcraft against me.”

in turn the glorious son of Pelegon answered him:

1-hearted son of Peleus, why ask of my generation?

from Paionia far away, where the soil is generous,

lead the men of Paionia with long spears; and this for me

eleventh day since I arrived in Ilion.

My generation, it is from the broad waters of Axios,

is, who floods the land with the loveliest waters.

My father was Pelegon the spear-famed; but men say I am Pelegon’s 160 son; now,

glorious Achilleus, we shall fight together.”

He spoke, challenging, and brilliant Achilleus uplifted

his Trojan ash spear, but the warrior Asteropaios

struck with both spears at the same time, being ambidextrous.

With the one spear he hit the shield but could not altogether

break through the shield, since the gold stayed it that the god had given.

With the other spear he struck Achilleus on the right forearm

and razed it so that the blood gushed out in a dark cloud, and the spear overpassed

him and fixed in the ground, straining to reach his body.

Seeing second Achilleus let fly at Asteropaios

his straight-flying ash spear in a fury to kill him,

and missed his man and hit the high bank, so that the ash spear was driven half its

length and stuck in the bank of the river.

My father son of Peleus, drawing from beside his thigh the sharp sword, sprang upon

him in fury; and Asteropaios could not

with his heavy hand wrench Achilleus’ ash spear free of the river-bank.

Three times he struggled straining to wrench it clear, and three times gave over the

effort, and now for the fourth time he was bending over the ash spear of

Aiakides, trying to break it,

before this Achilleus took his life with the sword from close up 180 for he struck

him in the belly next the navel, and all his guts poured out on the ground, and a

mist of darkness closed over both eyes as he gasped life out, and springing upon his chest Achilles
threw his armor away and spoke in triumph above him:
"So: it is hard even for those sprung of a river
to fight against the children of Kronos, whose strength is almighty.
I said you were of the generation of the wide-running river, but I claim that I am of
the generation of great Zeus.
My father is my father who is lord over many Myrmidons,
but you, Aiakos' son, but Zeus was the father of Aiakos.
As Zeus is stronger than rivers that run to the sea, so
the generation of Zeus is made stronger than that of a river.
There is a great river beside you, if he were able
to fight; but it is not possible to fight Zeus, son of Kronos.
The powerful Acheloius matches his strength against Zeus, 195 not the enormous
strength of Ocean with his deep-running waters, Ocean, from whom all rivers are
born and the entire sea
springs and all deep wells have their waters of him, yet even Ocean is afraid of
the lightning of great Zeus
and the dangerous thunderbolt when it breaks from the sky crashing."

When he spoke, and pulled the bronze spear free of the river bluff and left him there,
when he had torn the heart of life from him, sprawled in the sands and drenched
in the dark water. And about Asteropaios the eels and the other fish were busy
circling him and nibbling the fat that lay by his kidneys.

Achilles went on after the Paionians crested with horse-hair who had scattered
in fear along the banks of the eddying river when they had seen their greatest
man in the strong encounter

falling down by force under the sword and the hands of Peleides.

When he killed Thersilochos and Astypylos and Mydon, 210 Mnesos and Thrasios,
and Ainios and Ophelestes.

The swift Achilles would have killed even more Paionians except that the deep-
whirling river spoke to him in anger

in mortal likeness, and the voice rose from the depth of the eddies: "O Achilles,
your strength is greater, your acts more violent 215 than all men's; since always
the very gods are guarding you.

My father, son of Kronos has given all Trojans to your destruction, drive them at least out
of me to the plain, and there work your havoc.

the loveliness of my waters is crammed with corpses, I cannot find a channel to cast my waters into the bright sea

· I am congested with the dead men you kill so brutally.

Be alone, then; lord of the people, I am confounded.”

· In answer to him spoke Achilles of the swift feet:

· His, illustrious Skamandros, shall be as you order.

· I will not leave off my killing of the proud Trojans

· I have penned them inside their city, and attempted Hector strength against strength, until he has killed me or I have killed him.”

· He spoke, and like something more than mortal swept down on the Trojans.

· Now the deep-whirling river called aloud to Apollo:

· Oene, lord of the silver bow, Zeus' son; you have not kept

· Counsels of Kronion, who very strongly ordered you

· And by the Trojans and defend them, until the sun setting at last goes down and darkens all the generous ploughland.”

· He spoke: and spear-famed Achilles leapt into the middle water with a spring from the bluff, but the river in a boiling surge was upon him 235 and rose making turbulent all his waters, and pushed off

· Any dead men whom Achilles had killed piled in abundance in the stream;

· These, bellowing like a bull, he shoved out

· To dry land, but saved the living in the sweet waters

· And hid them under the huge depths of the whirling current.

· About Achilles in his confusion a dangerous wave rose

· And would beat against his shield and push it. He could not

· Push himself with his feet, but caught with his hands at an elm tree tall and strong

· Grown, but this upturned by the roots and tumbling ripped away the whole cliff and

· With its dense tangle of roots stopped 245 the run of the lovely current and

· Fallen full length in the water dammed the very stream. Achilles uprising out of

· The whirlpool made a dash to get to the plain in the speed of his quick feet in

· Fear, but the great god would not let him be, but rose on him in a darkening edge

· Of water, minded to stop the labor 250 of brilliant Achilles and fend

· Destruction away from the Trojans.

· Then on of Peleus sprang away the length of a spearcast

· And flying with the speed of the black eagle, the marauder

· Was at once the strongest of flying things and the swiftest.

· In the likeness of this he sped away, on his chest the bronze armor 255 clashed

terribly, and bending away to escape from the river
d, but the river came streaming after him in huge noise.
is a man running a channel from a spring of dark water
s the run of the water among his plants and his gardens
a mattock in his hand and knocks down the blocks in the channel; 260 in the
rush of the water all the pebbles beneath are torn loose
place, and the water that has been dripping suddenly jets on in a steep place and
goes too fast even for the man who guides it; so always the crest of the river was
overtaking Achilleus

l his speed of foot, since gods are stronger than mortals.

every time swift-footed brilliant Achilleus would begin

n and stand and fight the river, and try to discover

he gods who hold the wide heaven were after him, every time again the
enormous wave of the sky-fed river

l strike his shoulders from above. He tried, in his desperation, 270 to keep a

high spring with his feet, but the river was wearing his knees out as it ran

fiercely beneath him and cut the ground from under

et. Peleïdes groaned aloud, gazing into the wide sky:

er Zeus, no god could endure to save me from the river

um so pitiful. And what then shall become of me'?

not so much any other Uranian god who has done this but my own mother who

beguiled me with falsehoods, who told me that underneath the battlements of the
armored Trojans

uld be destroyed by the flying shafts of Apollo.

now Hektor had killed me, the greatest man grown in this place.

ave man would have been the slayer, as the slain was a brave man.

ow this is a dismal death I am doomed to be caught in,

ed in a big river as if I were a boy and a swineherd

: away by a torrent when he tries to cross in a rainstorm.”

re spoke, and Poseidon and Athene swiftly came near him

stood beside him with their shapes in the likeness of mortals and caught him hand
by hand and spoke to him in assurance.

of them to speak was the shaker of the earth, Poseidon.

not be afraid, son of Peleus, nor be so anxious,

are we two of the gods who stand beside you to help you,

the consent of Zeus, myself and Pallas Athene.

by it is not your destiny to be killed by the river,
e shall be presently stopped, and you yourself shall behold it.
it we also have close counsel to give you, if you will believe us.
t let stay your hands from the collision of battle
you have penned the people of Troy, those who escape you,
e the famed wall of Ilion. Then when you have taken Hektor's life go back again
to the ships. We grant you the winning of glory.”

speaking the two went back again among the immortals,
chilleus went on, and the urgency of the gods strongly stirred him, 300 into the
plain. But the river filled with an outrush of water
masses of splendid armor from the young men who had perished floated there,
and their bodies, but against the hard drive of the river straight on he kept a high
spring with his feet, and the river wide running
not stop him now, since he was given great strength by Athene.
kamandros did not either abate his fury, but all the more
at Peleion, and high uplifting the wave of his waters
red it to a crest, and called aloud upon Simoeis:
ved brother, let even the two of us join to hold back
rength of a man, since presently he will storm the great city 310 of lord Priam.
The Trojans cannot stand up to him in battle.
elp me beat him off with all speed, and make full your currents with water from
your springs, and rouse up all of your torrents and make a big wave rear up and
wake the heavy confusion
ound of timbers and stones, so we can stop this savage man 315 who is now in
his strength and rages in fury like the immortals.
say that his strength will not be enough for him nor his beauty nor his arms in
their splendor, which somewhere deep down under the waters
lie folded under the mud; and I will whelm his own body
and pile it over with abundance of sands and rubble
erless, nor shall the Achaians know where to look for
mes to gather them, such ruin will I pile over him.
here shall his monument be made, and he will have no need of any funeral
mound to be buried in by the Achaians.”

spoke, and rose against Achilleus, turbulent, boiling
rest, muttering in foam and blood and dead bodies

he purple wave of the river fed from the bright sky
high and caught in its waters the son of Peleus.
Hera, greatly fearing for Achilles, cried in a loud voice lest he be swept away in
the huge deep-eddying river,
it once thereafter appealed to her own dear son, Hephaistos: "Rise up, god of the
dragging feet, my child; for we believe
whirling Xanthos would be fit antagonist for you in battle.
Now quickly to the help of Achilles, make shine a great flame while I raise up and
bring in out of the sea a troublesome
wind of the west wind and the whitening south wind, a storm
will burn the heads of the Trojans and burn their armor
and the evil flame, while you by the banks of Xanthos
cut the trees and throw fire on the river himself, and do not by any means let
him turn you with winning words or revilements.
Do not let your fury be stopped until such time as
my voice and cry to you. Then stay your weariless burning."

He took a spoke, and Hephaistos set on them an inhuman fire.
He kindled a fire in the plain and burned the numerous
trees that lay there in abundance, slain by Achilles,
and all the plain was parched and the shining water was straitened.
Then the north wind of autumn suddenly makes dry
the plain and freshen the man who is tending it, so the entire flat
land was dried up with Hephaistos burning
dead bodies. Then he turned his flame in its shining
to the river. The elms burned, the willows and tamarisks,
over burned and the rushes and the galingale, all those
plants that grew in abundance by the lovely stream of the river.
The elms were suffering and the fish in the whirl of the water who leaped out along the
lovely waters in every direction
perished under the hot blast of resourceful Hephaistos.
The strength of the river was burning away; he gave voice and called out by name:
"Hephaistos, not one of the gods could stand up against you.
No one could not fight the flame of a fire like this one.
Do not stop your attack. Brilliant Achilles can capture the city
of the Trojans, now, for me. What have I to do with this quarrel?"

spoke, blazing with fire, and his lovely waters were seething.
is a cauldron that is propped over a great fire boils up
ng on its whole circle with dry sticks burning beneath it as it melts down the fat
of swine made tender, so Xanthos'
y streams were burned with the fire, and the water was boiling and would not
flow along but was stopped under stress of the hot blast strongly blown by
resourceful Hephaistos. And now the river
out to Hera in the winged words of strong supplication:
i, why did your son assault me to trouble my waters
nd others? It is not so much I who have done anything against you as all the rest
of the gods who stand by to help the Trojans.
indeed I will leave off, if such is your order,
t him leave off too, I will swear you a promise
er to drive the day of evil away from the Trojans,
ven when all the city of Troy is burned in the ravening
n that day when the warlike sons of the Achaians burn it.”

ν when the goddess of the white arms, Hera, had heard this immediately she
spoke to her own dear son, Hephaistos:
haistos, hold, my glorious child, since it is not fitting
tter thus an immortal god for the sake of mortals.”
she spoke, and Hephaistos quenched his inhuman fire. Now the lovely waters ran
their ripples back in the channel.
when the strength of Xanthos had been beaten, these two gods rested, since
Hera, for all she was still angry, restrained them.
pon the other gods descended the wearisome burden
red, and the wind of their fury blew from division,
ey collided with a grand crash, the broad earth echoing
ie huge sky sounded as with trumpets. Zeus heard it
where he sat on Olympos, and was amused in his deep heart 390 for pleasure, as
he watched the gods' collision in conflict.
after they stood not long apart from each other, for Ares began it, the shield-
stabber, and rose up against Athene with the brazen spear in his hand, and spoke
a word of revilement: “Why once more, you dogfly, have you stirred up trouble
among the gods 395 with the blast of your blown fury, and the pride of your
heart driving you?
ou not remember how you set on Diomedes, Tydeus’

o spear me, and yourself laying hold of the far-seen pike pushed it straight into me and tore my skin in its beauty.

w I am minded to pay you back for all you have done me.”

o spoke, and stabbed against the ghastly aegis with fluttering straps, which gives way not even before the bolt of Zeus’ lightning.

o blood-dripping Ares made his stab with the long spear,

thene giving back caught up in her heavy hand a stone

ay in the plain, black and rugged and huge, one which men 405 of a former time had set there as boundary mark of the cornfield.

this she hit furious Ares in the neck, and unstrung him.

read over seven acres in his fall, and his hair dragged

dust, and his armor clashed. But Pallas Athene laughing stood above him and

spoke to him in the winged words of triumph: 410 “You child; you did not think even this time how much stronger

claim I am than you, when you match your fury against me.

fore you are paying atonement to your mother’s furies

she is angry and wishes you ill, because you abandoned

chaians, and have given your aid to the insolent Trojans.”

e spoke, and turned the shining of her eyes away. But taking Ares by the hand the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite,

m away, groaning always, his strength scarce gathered back into him.

ow, as the goddess of the white arms, Hera, noticed her

diately she spoke to Pallas Athene her winged words:

shame now, Atrytone, daughter of Zeus of the aegis.

again is this dogfly leading murderous Ares

o the fighting and through the confusion. Quick, go after her!

e spoke, and Athene swept in pursuit, heart full of gladness, and caught up with

her and drove a blow at her breasts with her ponderous 425 hand, so that her

knees went slack and the heart inside her.

o two both lay sprawled on the generous earth. But Athene

above them and spoke to them in the winged words of triumph: “Now may all

who bring their aid to the Trojans be in

case as these, when they do battle with the armored Argives,

ring and as unfortunate, as now Aphrodite

companion in arms to Ares, and faced my fury.

o should long ago have rested after our fighting

having utterly stormed the strong-founded city of Ilion.”
spoke, and the goddess of the white arms, Hera, smiled on her.
Now the powerful shaker of the earth spoke to Apollo:
Hephaestus, why do you and I stand yet apart. It does not suit
the others have begun, and it were too shameful if without fighting we go back
to the brazen house of Zeus on Olympos.
I, you; you are younger born than I; it is not well
for me to, since I am elder born than you, and know more.
You are a fool, what a mindless heart you have. Can you not even
remember all the evils we endured here by Ilion,
and I alone of the gods, when to proud Laomedon
I came down from Zeus and for a year were his servants
stated hire, and he told us what to do, and to do it?
I built a wall for the Trojans about their city,
and very splendid, so none could break into their city,
and you, Phoibos, herded his shambling horn-curved cattle
on the spurs of Ida with all her folds and her forests.
When the changing seasons brought on the time for our labor
paid, then headstrong Laomedon violated and made void
our hire, and sent us away, and sent threats after us.
He threatened to hobble our feet and to bind our arms,
to carry us away for slaves in the far-lying islands.
He was even going to strip with bronze the ears from both of us.
You and I took our way back with hearts full of anger
and wrath for our hire which he promised us and would not accomplish it.
Now to his people you give now your grace, and you will not
bring us with us to bring destruction on the insolent Trojans
and complete, with their honored wives and their children.”
Now the lord who strikes from afar, Apollo, answered him: “Shaker of the earth,
you would have me be as one without prudence if I am to fight even you for the
sake of insignificant
leaves, who are as leaves are, and now flourish and grow warm with life, and
feed on what the ground gives, but then again
they wither away and are dead. Therefore let us with all speed
put up this quarrel and let the mortals fight their own battles.”
He spoke so and turned away, for he was too modest to close and fight in strength of
his hand with his father’s brother.

his sister, Artemis of the wild, the lady of wild beasts,
and him bitterly and spoke a word of revilement:
run from him, striker from afar. You have yielded Poseidon the victory entire.
He can brag, where nothing has happened.
then why do you wear that bow, which is wind and nothing.
ne not hear you in the halls of my father boasting
again, as you did before among the immortals,
ou could match your strength in combat against Poseidon.”
she spoke, but Apollo who strikes from afar said nothing to her; but the august
consort of Zeus, full of anger,
led the lady of showering arrows in words of revilement:
r have you had the daring, you shameless hussy, to stand up and face me? It will
be hard for you to match your strength with mine even if you wear a bow, since
Zeus has made you a lion
g women, and given you leave to kill any at your pleasure.
r for you to hunt down the ravening beasts in the mountains and deer of the
wilds, than try to fight in strength with your betters.
y you would learn what fighting is, come on. You will find out how much
stronger I am when you try to match strength against me.”
spoke, and caught both of her arms at the wrists in her left hand 490 and with
her right hand stripped away the bow from her shoulders, then with her own
bow, smiling, boxed her ears as Artemis
o twist away, and the flying arrows were scattered.
ot under and free and fled in tears, as a pigeon
ght from a hawk wings her way into some rock-hollow
cave, since it was not destiny for the hawk to catch her.
e left her archery on the ground, and fled weeping.
while the Guide, Argeïphontes, addressed him to Leto:
, I will not fight with you; since it is a hard thing
ne to blows with the brides of Zeus who gathers the clouds. No, 500 sooner you
may freely speak among the immortal gods, and claim that you were stronger
than I, and beat me.”
ne spoke, but Leto picked up the curved bow and the arrows which had fallen in
the turn of the dust one way and another.
she had taken up the bow she went back to her daughter.
he maiden came to the bronze-founded house on Olympos
us, and took her place kneeling at the knees of her father and the ambrosial veil

trembled about her. Her father
des caught her against him, and laughed softly, and questioned her: "Who now
of the Uranian gods, dear child, has done such
s to you, rashly, as if you were caught doing something wicked?"
emis sweet-garlanded lady of clamors answered him:
as your wife, Hera of the white arms, who hit me,
, since hatred and fighting have fastened upon the immortals."

as these two were talking thus to each other, meanwhile 515 Phoibos Apollo
went into the sacred city of Ilion,
he was concerned for the wall of the strong-founded city lest the Danaäns storm
it on that day, before they were fated.

est of the gods who live forever went back to Olympos,
in anger and others glorying greatly, and sat down
e side of their father the dark-misted. Meanwhile Achilles was destroying alike
the Trojans themselves and their single-foot horses; and as when smoke
ascending goes up into the wide sky
a burning city, with the anger of the gods let loose upon it which inflicted labor
upon them all, and sorrow on many,
chilleus inflicted labor and sorrow upon the Trojans.

aged Priam had taken his place on the god-built bastion, and looked out and saw
gigantic Achilles, where before him

rojans fled in the speed of their confusion, no war strength left them. He groaned
and descended to the ground from the bastion 530 and beside the wall set in
motion the glorious guards of the gateway; "Hold the gates wide open in your
hands, so that our people
ir flight can get inside the city, for here is Achilles close by, stampeding them,
and I think there will be disaster.

nce they are crowded inside the city and get wind again,
once more the door-leaves closely fitted together.

afraid this ruinous man may spring into our stronghold."

spoke, and they spread open the gates and shoved back the door bars and the
gates opening let in daylight. Meanwhile Apollo

g out to meet them, so that he could fend off destruction 540 from the Trojans,
who, straight for the city and the lift of the rampart dusty from the plain and
throats rugged with thirst, fled

, and Achilles followed fiercely with the spear, strong madness forever holding

his heart and violent after his glory.

re the sons of the Achaians might have taken gate-towering Ilion 545 had not Phoibos Apollo sent on them brilliant Agenor,

who was the son of Antenor, blameless and powerful.

ove courage into his heart, and stood there beside him

son, so as to beat the dragging death spirits from him,

aned there on an oak tree with close mist huddled about him.

n Agenor was aware of Achilleus, sacker of cities,

od fast, but the heart was a storm in him as he waited,

eeply disturbed he spoke to his own great-hearted spirit: "Ah me! If I run away before the strength of Achilleus

way that others are stampeded in terror before him,

ill catch me even so and cut my throat like a coward's.

I leave these men to be driven in flight by Achilleus,

s' son, and run on my feet in another direction

from the wall to the plain of Ilion, until I come to

urs of Ida, and take cover there within the undergrowth, 560 then in the

evening, when I have bathed in the river, and washed off the sweat, I could make my way back again to Ilion.

ill, why does the heart within me debate on these things?

way, he might see me as I started to the plain from the city, and go in pursuit, and in the speed of his feet overtake me.

there will be no way to escape death and the death spirits.

too strong, his strength is beyond all others'. But then if I go out in front of the city and stand fast against him,

k even his body might be torn by the sharp bronze.

is only one life in him, and people say he is mortal.

only that Zeus, the son of Kronos, is granting him glory."

spoke, and gathered himself to await Achilleus, and in him the fighting heart was urgent for the encounter of battle.

s a leopard emerges out of her timbered cover

e the man who is hunting her, and takes no terror

r heart nor thought of flight when she hears them baying against her; and even

though one be too quick for her with spear thrust or spear thrown stuck with the

shaft though she be she will not give up her fighting fury, till she has closed with

one of them or is overthrown; so the son of proud Antenor, brilliant Agenor,

unwilling to run away until he had tested Achilleus,
held the perfect circle of his shield in front of him,
with the spear aimed at him and cried out in a great voice: "You must have hoped
within your heart, O shining Achilleus,
this day to storm the city of the proud Trojans.
You fool! There is much hard suffering to be done for its winning, since there are
many of us inside, and men who are fighters,
we will stand before our beloved parents, our wives and our children, to defend Ilion;
but in this place you will find your destiny, for all you are so headlong and so
bold a warrior."

He spoke, and from his heavy hand let fly with the sharp spear and struck him in
the leg below the knee, nor entirely
killed him, and taking the spear the greave of new-wrought tin clattered horribly, and
back from the struck greave the bronze rebounded without getting through, but
the gift of the god defended Achilleus.

Then him Peleus' son made his spring at godlike Agenor,
but Apollo would no further grant him the winning of glory
and caught Agenor away closing him in a dense mist
and prevented him to make his way quietly out of the battle.
But by deception he kept Peleion away from the people.
The striker from afar likened himself in all ways to Agenor
and stood there before his feet, and Achilleus sprang in chase of him in the speed of
his feet; for the time he chased him across the wheat-bearing plain, turning him
toward the deep whirls of the river Skamandros as he ran a little in front; with
the trick Apollo beguiled him 605 so that he hoped ever by running to catch up
with him;

At this time the rest of the Trojans fled in a body
and ran into the town, and the city was filled with their swarming.
They dared no longer outside the wall and outside the city
to look out for each other and find out which one had got away
and who had died in the battle, so hastily were they streaming
into the city, each man as his knees and feet could rescue him.

BOOK TWENTY-TWO

along the city the Trojans, who had run like fawns, dried the sweat off from their bodies and drank and slaked their thirst, leaning along the magnificent battlements. Meanwhile the Achaians
ing their shields across their shoulders came close to the rampart.
is deadly fate held Hektor shackled, so that he stood fast in front of Ilion and the Skaian gates. Now Phoibos
o spoke aloud to Peleion: “Why, son of Peleus,
u keep after me in the speed of your feet, being mortal while I am an immortal god? Even yet you have not
hat I am a god, but strain after me in your fury.
hard fighting with the Trojans whom you stampeded means nothing
1. They are crowded in the city, but you bent away here.
will never kill me. I am not one who is fated.”
ply vexed Achilles of the swift feet spoke to him:
have balked me, striker from afar, most malignant of all gods, when you turned me here away from the rampart, else many Trojans would have caught the soil in their teeth before they got back into Ilion.
you have robbed me of great glory, and rescued these people lightly, since you have no retribution to fear hereafter.
would punish you, if only the strength were in me.”
spoke, and stalked away against the city, with high thoughts in mind, and in tearing speed, like a racehorse with his chariot who runs lightly as he pulls the chariot over the flat land.
was the action of Achilles in feet and quick knees.
aged Priam was the first of all whose eyes saw him
swept across the flat land in full shining, like that star which comes on in the autumn and whose conspicuous brightness far outshines the stars that are numbered in the night’s darkening, the star they give the name of Orion’s Dog, which is brightest 30 among the stars, and yet is wrought as a sign of evil and brings on the great fever for unfortunate mortals.

was the flare of the bronze that girt his chest in his running.
Old man groaned aloud and with both hands high uplifted
his head, and groaned again, and spoke supplicating
beloved son, who there still in front of the gateway
fast in determined fury to fight with Achilles.
Old man stretching his hands out called pitifully to him: "Hektor, beloved child,
do not wait the attack of this man
, away from the others. You might encounter your destiny 40 beaten down by
Peleion, since he is far stronger than you are.
Old man: I wish he were as beloved of the immortal
gods as I am. Soon he would lie dead, and the dogs and the vultures would eat him,
and bitter sorrow so be taken from my heart.
This has made me desolate of my sons, who were brave and many.
I sold them, or sold them away among the far-lying islands.
Now there are two sons, Lykaon and Polydoros,
but I cannot see among the Trojans pent up in the city, sons Laothoë a princess
among women bore to me.
If these are alive somewhere in the army, then I can
ransom them free for bronze and gold; it is there inside, since
the aged and renowned gave much with his daughter.
If they are dead already and gone down to the house of Hades, it is sorrow to our
hearts, who bore them, myself and their mother, but to the rest of the people a
sorrow that will be fleeting 55 beside their sorrow for you, if you go down
before Achilles.
If you are then inside the wall, my child, so that you can rescue
the Trojans and the women of Troy, neither win the high glory for Peleus' son, and
yourself be robbed of your very life. Oh, take pity on me, the unfortunate still
alive, still sentient
and star-struck, whom the father, Kronos' son, on the threshold of old age will blast
with hard fate, after I have looked upon evils
when my sons destroyed and my daughters dragged away captive and the chambers
of marriage wrecked and the innocent children taken and dashed to the ground in
the hatefulness of war, and the wives 65 of my sons dragged off by the
accursed hands of the Achaians.
Myself last of all, my dogs in front of my doorway
rip me raw, after some man with stroke of the sharp bronze spear, or with
spearcast, has torn the life out of my body;

dogs I raised in my halls to be at my table, to guard my 70 gates, who will lap my blood in the savagery of their anger
men lie down in my courts. For a young man all is decorous when he is cut down in battle and torn with the sharp bronze, and lies there dead, and though dead still all that shows about him is beautiful; but when an old man is dead and down, and the dogs mutilate
gray head and the gray beard and the parts that are secret, this, for all sad mortality, is the sight most pitiful.”

he old man spoke, and in his hands seizing the gray hairs tore them from his head, but could not move the spirit in Hektor.
side by side with him his mother in tears was mourning
hid the fold of her bosom bare and with one hand held out a breast, and wept her tears for him and called to him in winged words: “Hektor, my child, look upon these and obey, and take pity
e, if ever I gave you the breast to quiet your sorrow.
mber all these things, dear child, and from inside the wall 85 beat off this grim man. Do not go out as champion against him, O hard one; for if he kills you I can no longer
n you on the death-bed, sweet branch, O child of my bearing, nor can your generous wife mourn you, but a big way from us
e the ships of the Argives the running dogs will feed on you.”
hese two in tears and with much supplication called out to their dear son, but could not move the spirit in Hektor,
e awaited Achilles as he came on, gigantic.
s a snake waits for a man by his hole, in the mountains, glutted with evil poisons, and the fell venom has got inside him, 95 and coiled about the hole he stares malignant, so Hektor
l not give ground but kept unquenched the fury within him and sloped his shining shield against the jut of the bastion.
ly troubled he spoke to his own great-hearted spirit:
ne! If I go now inside the wall and the gateway, 100 Poulydamas will be first to put a reproach upon me,
he tried to make me lead the Trojans inside the city
at accursed night when brilliant Achilles rose up,
would not obey him, but that would have been far better.
since by my own recklessness I have ruined my people,

. shame before the Trojans and the Trojan women with trailing robes, that someone who is less of a man than I will say of me: 'Hektor believed in his own strength and ruined his people.'

they will speak; and as for me, it would be much better at that time, to go against Achilles, and slay him, and come back, 110 or else be killed by him in glory in front of the city.

again I set down my shield massive in the middle

my ponderous helm, and lean my spear up against the rampart and go out as I am to meet Achilles the blameless

promise to give back Helen, and with her all her possessions, 115 all those things that once in the hollow ships Alexandros

brought back to Troy, and these were the beginning of the quarrel; to give these to Atreus' sons to take away, and for the Achaians also to divide up all that is hidden within the city,

like an oath thereafter for the Trojans in conclave

to hide anything away, but distribute all of it,

such as the lovely citadel keeps guarded within it;

well, why does the heart within me debate on these things?

Let me go up to him, and he take no pity upon me

to respect my position, but kill me naked so, as if I were

an old man, once I stripped my armor from me. There is no

more to be said from a tree or a rock to talk to him gently

as a young man and a young girl, in the way

of a young man and a young maiden whisper together.

Let me go to bring on the fight with him as soon as it may be.

Let me see to which one the Olympian grants the glory."

He pondered, waiting, but Achilles was closing upon him in the likeness of the lord of battles, the helm-shining warrior, and shaking from above his shoulder the dangerous Pelian

armor, while the bronze that closed about him was shining 135 like the flare of blazing fire or the sun in its rising.

The shivers took hold of Hektor when he saw him, and he could no longer stand his ground there, but left the gates behind, and fled, frightened, and Peleus' son went after him in the confidence of his quick feet.

Even a hawk in the mountains who moves lightest of things flying 140 makes his effortless swoop for a trembling dove, but she slips away from beneath and flies

and he shrill screaming close after her plunges for her again and again, heart
furious to take her;
Achilleus went straight for him in fury, but Hektor
went away under the Trojan wall and moved his knees rapidly.
He raced along by the watching point and the windy fig tree
went away from under the wall and along the wagon-way
came to the two sweet-running well springs. There, there are double springs of
water that jet up, the springs of whirling Skamandros.
Of these runs hot water and the steam on all sides 150 of it rises as if from a fire
that was burning inside it.
The other in the summer-time runs water that is like hail or chill snow or ice that
forms from water. Beside these
is a place, and close to them, are the washing-hollows
fine, and magnificent, where the wives of the Trojans and their lovely
155 daughters washed the clothes to shining, in the old days
there was peace, before the coming of the sons of the Achaians.
Hektor ran beside these, one escaping, the other after him.
He was a great man who fled, but far better he who pursued him rapidly, since here was
no festal beast, no ox-hide
he strove for, for these are prizes that are given men for their running.
They ran for the life of Hektor, breaker of horses.
Men about the turnposts racing single-foot horses
at full speed, when a great prize is laid up for their winning, a tripod or a woman,
in games for a man's funeral,
these two swept whirling about the city of Priam
at the speed of their feet, while all the gods were looking upon them.
To speak among them was the father of gods and mortals: "Ah me, this is a man
beloved whom now my eyes watch
he chased around the wall; my heart is mourning for Hektor 170 who has burned
in my honor many thigh pieces of oxen
he peaks of Ida with all her folds, or again on the uttermost part of the citadel, but
now the brilliant Achilleus
chases him in speed of his feet around the city of Priam.
So then, you immortals, take thought and take counsel, whether 175 to rescue this
man or whether to make him, for all his valor,
be won under the hands of Achilleus, the son of Peleus."
In answer the goddess gray-eyed Athene spoke to him: "Father of the shining

bolt, dark misted, what is this you said?
You wish to bring back a man who is mortal, one long since 180 doomed by his
destiny, from ill-sounding death and release him?
then; but not all the rest of us gods shall approve you.”
In Zeus the gatherer of the clouds spoke to her in answer: “Tritogeneia, dear
daughter, do not lose heart; for I say this not in outright anger, and my meaning
toward you is kindly.
As your purpose would have you do, and hold back no longer.”
He spoke, and stirred on Athene, who was eager before this, and she went in a
flash of speed down the pinnacles of Olympos.

Swift Achilles kept unremittingly after Hektor,
Following him, as a dog in the mountains who has flushed from his covert 190 a deer's
fawn follows him through the folding ways and the valleys, and though the fawn
crouched down under a bush and be hidden he keeps running and noses him out
until he comes on him;
Hektor could not lose himself from swift-footed Peleion.
For he made a dash right on for the gates of Dardanos
Not quickly under the strong-built bastions, endeavoring
They from above with missiles thrown might somehow defend him, each time
Achilles would get in front and force him to turn back into the plain, and
himself kept his flying course next the city.
As a dream a man is not able to follow one who runs
him, nor can the runner escape, nor the other pursue him, so he could not run
him down in his speed, nor the other get clear.
Then could Hektor have escaped the death spirits, had not Apollo, for this last and
uttermost time, stood by him
and driven strength into him, and made his knees light?
Brilliant Achilles kept shaking his head at his own people and would not let
them throw their bitter projectiles at Hektor for fear the thrower might win the
glory, and himself come second.
When for the fourth time they had come around to the well springs then the Father
balanced his golden scales, and in them
Set two fateful portions of death, which lays men prostrate, one for Achilles, and
one for Hektor, breaker of horses,
Balanced it by the middle; and Hektor's death-day was heavier and dragged
downward toward death, and Phoibos Apollo forsook him.

the goddess gray-eyed Athene came now to Peleion
stood close beside him and addressed him in winged words: "Beloved of Zeus,
shining Achilleus, I am hopeful now that you and I
take back great glory to the ships of the Achaians, after we have killed Hektor, for
all his slakeless fury for battle.
there is no way for him to get clear away from us,
rough Apollo who strikes from afar should be willing to undergo much, and
wallow before our father Zeus of the aegis.
you here then and get your wind again, while I go
to man and persuade him to stand up to you in combat."

spoke Athene, and he was glad at heart, and obeyed her, 225 and stopped, and
stood leaning on his bronze-barbed ash spear. Meanwhile Athene left him there,
and caught up with brilliant Hektor,
kened herself in form and weariless voice to Deiphobos.
came now and stood close to him and addressed him in winged words: "Dear
brother, indeed swift-footed Achilleus is using you roughly 230 and chasing you
on swift feet around the city of Priam.
on, then; let us stand fast against him and beat him back from us."
tall Hektor of the shining helm answered her: "Deiphobos, before now you
were dearest to me by far of my brothers,
those who were sons of Priam and Hekabē, and now
minded all the more within my heart to honor you,
who dared for my sake, when your eyes saw me, to come forth from the
fortifications, while the others stand fast inside them."
in turn the goddess gray-eyed Athene answered him:
brother, it is true our father and the lady our mother, taking 240 my knees in
turn, and my companions about me, entreated
stay within, such was the terror upon all of them.
the heart within me was worn away by hard sorrow for you.
now let us go straight on and fight hard, let there be no sparing of our spears, so
that we can find out whether Achilleus
kill us both and carry our bloody war spoils back
hollow ships, or will himself go down under your spear."
Athene spoke and led him on by beguilement.
as the two in their advance were come close together,
if the two to speak was tall helm-glittering Hektor:

of Peleus, I will no longer run from you, as before this
three times around the great city of Priam, and dared not stand to your onfall.
But now my spirit in turn has driven me to stand and face you. I must take you
now, or I must be taken.

Or then, shall we swear before the gods? For these are the highest 255 who shall
be witnesses and watch over our agreements.

Just as you are I will not defile you, if Zeus grants
that I can wear you out, and take the life from you.
After I have stripped your glorious armor, Achilles,
give your corpse back to the Achaians. Do you do likewise.”

When looking darkly at him swift-footed Achilles answered: “Hektor, argue me no
agreements. I cannot forgive you.

There are no trustworthy oaths between men and lions,
dolphins and lambs have spirit that can be brought to agreement but forever these
hold feelings of hate for each other,

there can be no love between you and me, nor shall there be oaths between us, but
one or the other must fall before then to glut with his blood Ares the god who
fights under the shield’s guard.

Remember every valor of yours, for now the need comes
first upon you to be a spearman and a bold warrior.

There shall be no more escape for you, but Pallas Athene
will kill you soon by my spear. You will pay in a lump for all those sorrows of my
companions you killed in your spear’s fury.”

He spoke, and balanced the spear far shadowed, and threw it; but glorious Hektor
kept his eyes on him, and avoided it,
he dropped, watchful, to his knee, and the bronze spear flew over his shoulder and
stuck in the ground, but Pallas Athene snatched it, and gave it back to Achilles,
unseen by Hektor shepherd of the people.

Now Hektor spoke out to the blameless son of Peleus:

I missed; and it was not, O Achilles like the immortals, 280 from Zeus that you
knew my destiny; but you thought so; or rather you are someone clever in speech
and spoke to swindle me,

Do not make me afraid of you and forget my valor and war strength.

My spear will not stick your spear in my back as I run away from you but drive it into my
chest as I storm straight in against you; 285 if the god gives you that; and now
look out for my brazen

. I wish it might be taken full length in your body.
Indeed the war would be a lighter thing for the Trojans
if I were dead, seeing that you are their greatest affliction.”
He spoke, and balanced the spear far shadowed, and threw it, 290 and struck the
middle of Peleïdes’ shield, nor missed it,
the spear was driven far back from the shield, and Hektor was angered because his
swift weapon had been loosed from his hand in a vain cast.
He was discouraged, and had no other ash spear; but lifting his voice he called aloud
on Deïphobos of the pale shield,
I asked him for a long spear, but Deïphobos was not near him.
Hektor knew the truth inside his heart, and spoke aloud: “No use. Here at last the
gods have summoned me deathward.
I thought Deïphobos the hero was here close beside me,
but he is behind the wall and it was Athene cheating me,
and now evil death is close to me, and no longer far away,
and there is no way out. So it must long since have been pleasing to Zeus, and Zeus’
son who strikes from afar, this way; though before this they defended me gladly.
But now my death is upon me.
I will die at least not die without a struggle, inglorious,
before some big thing first, that men to come shall know of it.”
He spoke, and pulling out the sharp sword that was slung
in the hollow of his side, huge and heavy, and gathering
his strength together, he made his swoop, like a high-flown eagle who launches himself
out of the murk of the clouds on the flat land 310 to catch away a tender lamb or
a shivering hare; so
he made his swoop, swinging his sharp sword, and Achilles charged, the heart
within him loaded with savage fury.
In front of his chest the beautiful elaborate great shield
protected him, and with the glittering helm with four horns
added; the lovely golden fringes were shaken about it
as if Hephaistos had driven close along the horn of the helmet.
As a star moves among stars in the night’s darkening,
and Sirius, who is the fairest star who stands in the sky, such
as he shining from the pointed spear Achilles was shaking
with his right hand with evil intention toward brilliant Hektor.
As he eyed Hektor’s splendid body, to see where it might best give way, but all the
rest of the skin was held in the armor, brazen and splendid, he stripped when he

cut down the strength of Patroklos; yet showed where the collar-bones hold the neck from the shoulders, 325 the throat, where death of the soul comes most swiftly; in this place brilliant Achilles drove the spear as he came on in fury, lean through the soft part of the neck the spearpoint was driven.

The ash spear heavy with bronze did not sever the windpipe, so that Hektor could still make exchange of words spoken.

He dropped in the dust, and brilliant Achilles vaunted above him: "Hektor, surely you thought as you killed Patroklos you would be safe, and since I was far away you thought nothing of me,

I, for an avenger was left, far greater than he was, and him and away by the hollow ships. And it was I;

I have broken your strength; on you the dogs and the vultures shall feed and foully rip you; the Achaians will bury Patroklos."

In his weakness Hektor of the shining helm spoke to him:

"Treat you, by your life, by your knees, by your parents, do not let the dogs feed on me by the ships of the Achaians, 340 but take yourself the bronze and gold that are there in abundance, those gifts that my father and the lady my mother will give you, and give my body to be taken home again, so that the Trojans and the wives of the Trojans may give me in death my rite of burning."

Looking darkly at him swift-footed Achilles answered: 340 "No more entreating of me, you dog, by knees or parents.

Not only that my spirit and fury would drive me

to lick your meat away and eat it raw for the things that

have done to me. So there is no one who can hold the dogs off from your head, not if they bring here and set before me ten times 350 and twenty times the ransom, and promise more in addition,

Priam son of Dardanos should offer to weigh out bulk in gold; not even so shall the lady your mother

herself bore you lay you on the death-bed and mourn you: no, but the dogs and the birds will have you all for their feasting."

When, dying, Hektor of the shining helmet spoke to him:

"Treat you well as I look upon you; I know that I could not persuade you, since indeed in your breast is a heart of iron.

Useful now; for I might be made into the gods' curse upon you, on that day when Paris and Phoibos Apollo

destroy you in the Skaian gates, for all your valor."

spoke, and as he spoke the end of death closed in upon him, and the soul fluttering free of the limbs went down into Death's house mourning her destiny, leaving youth and manhood behind her.

though he was a dead man brilliant Achilles spoke to him: 365 "Die: and I will take my own death at whatever time and the rest of the immortals choose to accomplish it."

spoke, and pulled the brazen spear from the body, and laid it on one side, and stripped away from the shoulders the bloody armor. And the other sons of the Achaians came running about him, 370 and gazed upon the stature and on the imposing beauty

ktor; and none stood beside him who did not stab him;

us they would speak one to another, each looking at his neighbor: "See now, Hektor is much softer to handle than he was

he set the ships ablaze with the burning firebrand."

as they stood beside him they would speak, and stab him.

ow, when he had despoiled the body, swift-footed brilliant Achilles stood among the Achaians and addressed them in winged words: "Friends, who are leaders of the Argives and keep their counsel: since the gods have granted me the killing of this man

has done us much damage, such as not all the others together have done, come, let us go in armor about the city

if we can find out what purpose is in the Trojans,

er they will abandon their high city, now that this man has fallen, or are minded to stay, though Hektor lives no longer.

till, why does the heart within me debate on these things?

is a dead man who lies by the ships, unwept, unburied: Patroklos: and I will not forget him, never so long as

ain among the living and my knees have their spring beneath me.

hough the dead forget the dead in the house of Hades,

there I shall still remember my beloved companion.

ow, you young men of the Achaians, let us go back, singing a victory song, to our hollow ships; and take this with us.

ave won ourselves enormous fame; we have killed the great Hektor whom the Trojans glorified as if he were a god in their city."

spoke, and now thought of shameful treatment for glorious Hektor.

h of his feet at the back he made holes by the tendons in the space between ankle and heel, and drew thongs of ox-hide through them, and fastened them to the

chariot so as to let the head drag, and mounted the chariot, and lifted the glorious armor inside it, 400 then whipped the horses to a run, and they winged their way unreluctant.

Cloud of dust rose where Hektor was dragged, his dark hair was falling about him, and all that head that was once so handsome was tumbled in the dust; since by this time Zeus had given him over enemies, to be defiled in the land of his fathers.

And all his head was dragged in the dust; and now his mother tore out her hair, and threw the shining veil far from her

raised a great wail as she looked upon her son; and his father beloved groaned pitifully, and all his people about him

taken with wailing and lamentation all through the city.

It was most like what would have happened, if all lowering had been burning top to bottom in fire.

The people could scarcely keep the old man in his impatience from storming out of the Dardanian gates; he implored them

and wallowed in the muck before them calling on each man 415 and naming him by his name: "Give way, dear friends,

let me alone though you care for me, leave me to go out the city and make my way to the ships of the Achaians.

Do not be suppliant to this man, who is harsh and violent, do not let me have respect for my age and take pity upon it

For I am old, and his father also is old, as I am,

and you, who begot and reared him to be an affliction

to the Trojans. He has given us most sorrow, beyond all others, such is the number of my flowering sons he has cut down.

For all of these I mourn not so much, in spite of my sorrow, 425 as for one,

Hektor, and the sharp grief for him will carry me downward into Death's house.

I wish he had died in my arms, for that way we two, I myself and his mother who bore him unhappy,

do not so have glutted ourselves with weeping for him and mourning."

And he spoke, in tears, and beside him mourned the citizens.

And for the women of Troy Hekabē led out the thronging

of sorrow: "Child, I am wretched. What shall my life be in my sorrows, now you are dead, who by day and in the night were my glory in the town, and to all of the Trojans

and the women of Troy a blessing throughout their city. They adored you 435 as if

you were a god, since in truth you were their high honor while you lived. Now death and fate have closed in upon you.”

she spoke in tears but the wife of Hektor had not yet
: for no sure messenger had come to her and told her
her husband had held his ground there outside the gates; 440 but she was
weaving a web in the inner room of the high house, a red folding robe, and
inworking elaborate figures.

alled out through the house to her lovely-haired handmaidens to set a great
cauldron over the fire, so that there would be hot water for Hektor’s bath as he
came back out of the fighting; 445 poor innocent, nor knew how, far from
waters for bathing,

; Athene had cut him down at the hands of Achilleus.

heard from the great bastion the noise of mourning and sorrow.

ombs spun, and the shuttle dropped from her hand to the ground. Then she called
aloud to her lovely-haired handmaidens: “Come here.

of you come with me, so I can see what has happened.

d the voice of Hektor’s honored mother; within me

own heart rising beats in my mouth, my limbs under me

rozen. Surely some evil is near for the children of Priam.

what I say come never close to my ear; yet dreadfully

: that great Achilleus might have cut off bold Hektor

, away from the city, and be driving him into the flat land, might put an end to

that bitter pride of courage, that always was on him, since he would never stay

back where the men were in numbers but break far out in front, and give way in

his fury to no man.”

she spoke, and ran out of the house like a raving woman with pulsing heart, and
her two handmaidens went along with her.

when she came to the bastion and where the men were gathered she stopped,
staring, on the wall; and she saw him

dragged in front of the city, and the running horses

ged him at random toward the hollow ships of the Achaians.

arkness of night misted over the eyes of Andromachē.

all backward, and gasped the life breath from her, and far off threw from her

head the shining gear that ordered her headdress, the diadem and the cap, and the

holding-band woven together, 470 and the circlet, which Aphrodite the golden

once had given her on that day when Hektor of the shining helmet led her forth

the house of Eëtion, and gave numberless gifts to win her.
about her stood thronging her husband's sisters and the wives of his brothers
these, in her despair for death, held her up among them.
He, when she breathed again and the life was gathered back into her, lifted her
voice among the women of Troy in mourning:
For, I grieve for you. You and I were born to a single
day, you in Troy in the house of Priam, and I
here, underneath the timbered mountain of Plakos
in the house of Eëtion, who cared for me when I was little,
and he, I ill-starred. I wish he had never begotten me.
You go down to the house of Death in the secret places
of earth, and left me here behind in the sorrow of mourning, a widow in your
house, and the boy is only a baby
who was born to you and me, the unfortunate. You cannot help him, Hektor,
anymore, since you are dead. Nor can he help you.
Though he escape the attack of the Achaians with all its sorrows, yet all his days for
your sake there will be hard work for him and sorrows, for others will take his
lands away from him. The day of bereavement leaves a child with no
agemates to befriend him.
He bows his head before every man, his cheeks are bewept, he goes, needy, a boy
among his father's companions,
recognizes at this man by the mantle, that man by the tunic,
they pity him, and one gives him a tiny drink from a goblet, enough to
moisten his lips, not enough to moisten his palate.
One whose parents are living beats him out of the banquet hitting him with his
fists and in words also abuses him:
'Out, you! Your father is not dining among us.'
The boy goes away in tears to his widowed mother,
Astyanax, who in days before on the knees of his father
would eat only the marrow or the flesh of sheep that was fattest.
When sleep would come upon him and he was done with his playing, he would go
to sleep in a bed, in the arms of his nurse, in a soft bed, with his heart given all
its fill of luxury.
Now, with his dear father gone, he has much to suffer: he, whom the Trojans have
called Astyanax, lord of the city, since it was you alone who defended the gates
and the long walls.
Now, beside the curving ships, far away from your parents, the writhing worms

will feed, when the dogs have had enough of you, 510 on your naked corpse,
though in your house there is clothing laid up that is fine-textured and pleasant,
wrought by the hands of women.

All of these I will burn up in the fire's blazing,
and I will give them to you, since you will never be laid away in them;
I will strip your honor, from the men of Troy and the Trojan women.”
And as she spoke, in tears; and the women joined in her mourning.

BOOK TWENTY-THREE

They were mourning through the city. Meanwhile, the Achaians, after they had made their way back to their ships and the Hellespont, scattered, the rest of them, each man to his own ship. Except Zeus would not allow the Myrmidons to be scattered, he called out to his companions whose delight was in battle: "Myrmidons, you of the fast horses, my steadfast companions, must not yet slip free of the chariots our single-foot horses, but with these very horses and chariots we must drive close up to Patroklos and mourn him, since such is the privilege of the perished.

"When we have taken full satisfaction from the sorrowful we shall set our horses free, and all of us eat here." He spoke, and all of them assembled moaned, and Achilles led them. At times, mourning, they drove their horses with flowing manes about the body, and among them Thetis stirred the passion for weeping. Their hands were wet, and the armor of men was wet with their tears. Such was their longing after Patroklos, who drove men to thoughts of terror.

His son led the thronging chant of their lamentation, and he laid his manslaughtering hands over the chest of his dear friend: "Good-bye, Patroklos. I hail you even in the house of the death god. What I promised you in time past I am accomplishing, I would drag Hektor here and give him to the dogs to feed on raw, and before your burning pyre to behead twelve glorious men of the Trojans for my anger over your slaying."

He spoke, and thought of shameful treatment for glorious Hektor. He laid him on his face in the dust by the bier of Menoitios' . Meanwhile the others took off each man his glittering armor, and all unyoked their proud neighing horses and sat down in their thousands beside the ship of swift-footed Aiakides, who set the funeral feast in abundance

and them; and many shining oxen were slaughtered with the stroke of the iron, and

many sheep and bleating goats and numerous
with shining teeth and the fat abundant upon them
singed and stretched out across the flame of Hephaistos.
lood ran and was caught in cups all around the dead man.

now the kings of the Achaians brought the swift-footed
the son of Peleus, to great Agamemnon, hardly
ading him, since his heart was still angered for his companion.
these had made their way to the shelter of Agamemnon
htway they gave orders to the heralds, the clear crying, 40 to set a great
cauldron over the fire, if so they might persuade the son of Peleus to wash away
the filth of the bloodstains,
e denied them stubbornly and swore an oath on it:
before Zeus, who is greatest of gods and the highest,
is no right in letting water come near my head, until
e laid Patroklos on the burning pyre, and heaped the mound over him, and cut my
hair for him, since there will come no second sorrow like this to my heart again
while I am still one of the living.
let us now give way to the gloomy feast; and with the dawn cause your people to
rise, O lord of men Agamemnon,
ring in timber and lay it by, with all that is fitting
e dead man to have when he goes down under the gloom and the darkness, so
that with the more speed the unwearying fire may burn him
from our eyes, and the people turn back to that which they must do.”
e spoke, and they listened well to him and obeyed him,
n speed and haste they got the dinner ready, and each man
d, nor was any man’s hunger denied a fair portion.
hen they had put aside their desire for eating and drinking, they went away to
sleep, each man into his own shelter,
ong the beach of the thunderous sea the son of Peleus
own, groaning heavily, among the Myrmidon numbers
lear place where the waves washed over the beach; and at that time sleep caught
him and was drifted sweetly about him, washing the sorrows out of his mind, for
his shining limbs were grown weary indeed, from running in chase of Hektor
toward windy Ilios;
ere appeared to him the ghost of unhappy Patroklos
his likeness for stature, and the lovely eyes, and voice, and wore such clothing as

Patroklos had worn on his body.
host came and stood over his head and spoke a word to him: "You sleep,
Achilleus; you have forgotten me; but you were not 70 careless of me when I
lived, but only in death. Bury me
quickly as may be, let me pass through the gates of Hades.
souls, the images of dead men, hold me at a distance,
will not let me cross the river and mingle among them,
wander as I am by Hades' house of the wide gates.
I call upon you in sorrow, give me your hand; no longer
I come back from death, once you give me my rite of burning.
no longer shall you and I, alive, sit apart from our other
deceased companions and make our plans, since the bitter destiny that was given me
when I was born has opened its jaws to take me.
You, Achilleus like the gods, have your own destiny;
I was killed under the wall of the prospering Trojans. There is one more thing I will
say, and ask of you, if you will obey me:
Do not have my bones laid apart from yours, Achilleus,
but mix them with yours, just as we grew up together in your house, 85 when Menoitios
brought me there from Opous, when I was little,
I came into your house, by reason of a baneful manslaying, on that day when I killed the
son of Amphidamas. I was
not planned only, nor intended it, but was angered over a dice game.
When the rider Peleus took me into his own house,
he brought me carefully up, and named me to be your henchman.
Before, let one single vessel, the golden two-handled
one which the lady your mother gave you, hold both our ashes."
He said in answer to him spoke swift-footed Achilleus:
"Is it, O hallowed head of my brother, you have come back to me 95 here, and
tell me all these several things? Yet surely
I am accomplishing all, and I shall do as you tell me.
Come
stand closer to me, and let us, if only for a little,
I will have my share, and take full satisfaction from the dirge of sorrow."
He spoke, and with his own arms reached for him, but could not 100 take him,
but the spirit went underground, like vapor,
and he gave a thin cry, and Achilleus started awake, staring,
he brought his hands together, and spoke, and his words were sorrowful: "Oh, wonder!
Even in the house of Hades there is left something, a soul and an image, but

there is no real heart of life in it.

All night long the phantom of unhappy Patroklos

over me in lamentation and mourning, and the likeness

was wonderful, and it told me each thing I should do.”

He spoke, and stirred in all of them the passion of mourning, and Dawn of the
rose fingers showed on them as still they mourned 110 about the forlorn body.

Now powerful Agamemnon

ordered for men and mules to assemble from all the shelters and bring in timber,
and a great man led them in motion,

Meriones, the henchman of courtly Idomeneus. These then

went out and in their hands carried axes to cut wood

ropes firmly woven, and their mules went on ahead of them.

They went many ways, uphill, downhill, sidehill and slantwise; but when they came to
the spurs of Ida with all her well springs, they set to hewing with the thin edge of
bronze and leaning

weight to the strokes on towering-leafed oak trees that toppled 120 with huge
crashing; then the Achaians splitting the timbers

loaded them to the mules and these with their feet tore up

ground as they pulled through the dense undergrowth to the flat land.

Meriones the woodcutters carried logs themselves; such was the order of Meriones, the
henchman of courtly Idomeneus. These then

laid down their burdens in order along the beach, where Achilles had chosen place
for a huge grave mound, for himself and Patroklos.

When on all sides they had thrown down abundance of timber, they sat down
where they were, assembled. And now Achilles

ordered at once to the Myrmidons, whose delight was in battle, 130 to belt
themselves in bronze and each man to yoke his horses

to his chariot. And they rose up and got into their armor

stepped up, charioteer and sideman, into the chariots

with the horsemen in front, and behind them came on a cloud of foot-soldiers

thousands; and in the midst his companions carried Patroklos.

They covered all the corpse under the locks of their hair, which they cut off and
dropped on him, and behind them brilliant Achilles held the head sorrowing,
for this was his true friend he escorted toward Hades.

When these had come to the place Achilles had spoken of to them they laid him
down, and quickly piled up abundant timber.

now brilliant swift-footed Achilles remembered one more thing.
God apart from the pyre and cut off a lock of fair hair
which he had grown long to give to the river Spercheios, and gazing in deep distress
out over the wine-blue water, he spoke forth: "Spercheios, it was in vain that
Peleus my father vowed to you 145 that there, when I had won home to the
beloved land of my fathers, I would cut my hair for you and make you a grand
and holy
sacrifice of fifty rams consecrate to the waters
of the springs, where is your holy ground and your smoking altar.
The old man vowed, but you did not accomplish his purpose.
I, since I do not return to the beloved land of my fathers,
will give my hair into the keeping of the hero Patroklos."
He spoke, and laid his hair in the hands of his beloved
friend, and stirred in all of them the passion of mourning.
Now the light of the sun would have set on their lamentation 155 had not
Achilles soon stood by Agamemnon and spoken:
"O Atreus, beyond others the people of the Achaians
obey your words. There can be enough, even in mourning,
to cause them to scatter from the fire and bid them make ready their dinner; and we,
who are most nearly concerned with the dead man, 160 shall do this work;
except only let the leaders stay near us."
Then the lord of men, Agamemnon, when he had heard this,
immediately caused the people to disperse among the balanced ships, but the close
mourningers stayed by the place and piled up the timber, and built a pyre a hundred
feet long this way and that way,
and on the peak of the pyre they laid the body, sorrowful
hearted; and in front of it skinned and set in order numbers
of sheep and shambling horn-curved cattle; and from all
hearted Achilles took the fat and wrapped the corpse in it from head to foot,
and piled up the skinned bodies about it.
He set beside him two-handled jars of oil and honey
and set them against the bier, and drove four horses with strong necks swiftly aloft the
pyre with loud lamentation. And there were nine dogs of the table that had
belonged to the lord Patroklos.
These he cut the throats of two, and set them on the pyre;
he also killed twelve noble sons of the great-hearted Trojans with the stroke of
bronze, and evil were the thoughts in his heart against them, and let loose the

iron fury of the fire to feed on them.

he groaned, and called by name on his beloved companion:

Adieu, Patroklos. I hail you even in the house of the death god 180 for all that I promised you in time past I am accomplishing.

are twelve noble sons of the great-hearted Trojans

that the fire feeds on, all, as it feeds on you. But I will not give Hektor, Priam's son, to the fire, but the dogs, to feast on."

He spoke his threat. But the dogs did not deal with Hektor, 185 for Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus, drove the dogs back from him

day and night, and anointed him with rosy immortal

ambrosia. Achilleus, when he dragged him about, might not tear him.

Phoibos Apollo brought down a darkening mist about him

the sky to the plain, and covered with it all the space that was taken 190 by the dead man, to keep the force of the sun from coming

and wither his body away by limbs and sinews.

That the pyre of dead Patroklos would not light. Then swift-footed brilliant Achilleus thought of one more thing that he must do.

He stood apart from the pyre and made his prayer to the two winds 195 Boreas and

Zephyros, north wind and west, and promised them splendid offerings, and much outpouring from a golden goblet entreated them to come, so that the bodies

might with best speed burn in the fire and the timber burst into flame. And Iris, hearing his prayer, went swiftly as messenger to the winds for him. Now the

winds

gathered within the house of storm-blowing Zephyros

taking part in a feast, and Iris paused in her running

stood on the stone doorsill; but they, when their eyes saw her, sprang to their feet, and each one asked her to sit beside him.

He refused to be seated and spoke her word to them: "I must not 205 sit down. I am going back to the running waters of Ocean

to the Aithiopians' land, where they are making grand sacrifice to the immortals; there I, too, shall partake of the sacraments.

Achilleus' prayer is that Boreas and blustering Zephyros may come to him, and he promises them splendid offerings,

that you may set ablaze the funeral pyre, whereon lies Patroklos, with all Achaians mourning about him."

He spoke so, and went away, and they with immortal

or rose up, and swept the clouds in confusion before them.
came with a sudden blast upon the sea, and the waves rose 215 under the
whistling wind. They came to the generous Troad
it the pyre, and a huge inhuman blaze rose, roaring.
long they piled the flames on the funeral pyre together
lew with a screaming blast, and nightlong swift-footed Achilles from a golden
mixing bowl, with a two-handled goblet in his hand, 220 drew the wine and
poured it on the ground and drenched the ground with it, and called upon the
soul of unhappy Patroklos. And as
er mourns as he burns the bones of a son, who was married only now, and died
to grieve his unhappy parents,
hilleus was mourning as he burned his companion's
s, and dragged himself by the fire in close lamentation.

hat time when the dawn star passes across earth, harbinger of light, and after him
dawn of the saffron mantle is scattered across the sea, the fire died down and the
flames were over.

inds took their way back toward home again, crossing
hracian water, and it boiled with a moaning swell as they crossed it.
on of Peleus turned aside and away from the burning
y down exhausted, and sweet sleep rose upon him. But now they who were with
the son of Atreus assembled together
ie sound and murmur of their oncoming wakened Achilles,
straightened himself and sat upright and spoke a word to him: "Son of Atreus,
and you other greatest of all the Achaians,
ut out with gleaming wine the pyre that is burning,
it still has on it the fury of fire; and afterward
all gather up the bones of Patroklos, the son of Menoitios, 240 which we shall
easily tell apart, since they are conspicuous
e he lay in the middle of the pyre and the others far from him at the edge burned,
the men indiscriminately with the horses.
et us lay his bones in a golden jar and a double
of fat, until I myself enfold him in Hades.
I would have you build a grave mound which is not very great but such as will
be fitting, for now; afterward, the Achaians
ake it broad and high—such of you Achaians as may be
o survive me here by the benched ships, after I am gone."

he spoke, and they did as swift-footed Peleion told them.
with gleaming wine they put out the pyre that was burning, as much as was still
afame, and the ashes dropped deep from it.
they gathered up the white bones of their gentle companion, weeping, and put
them into a golden jar with a double
of fat, and laid it away in his shelter, and covered it
a thin veil; then laid out the tomb and cast down the holding walls around the
funeral pyre, then heaped the loose earth over them and piled the tomb, and
turned to go away. But Achilleus
he people there, and made them sit down in a wide assembly, and brought prizes
for games out of his ships, cauldrons and tripods, 260 and horses and mules and
the powerful high heads of cattle
air-girdled women and gray iron. First of all
: forth the glorious prizes for speed of foot for the horsemen: a woman faultless
in the work of her hands to lead away
tripod with ears and holding twenty-two measures
ie first prize; and for the second he set forth a six-year-old unbroken mare who
carried a mule foal within her.
for the third prize he set forth a splendid unfired
ron, which held four measures, with its natural gloss still upon it.
ie fourth place he set out two talents' weight of gold, and for 270 the fifth place
set forth an unfired jar with two handles.
ood upright and spoke his word out among the Argives:
of Atreus and all you other strong-greaved Achaians,
prizes are in the place of games and wait for the horsemen.
if we Achaians were contending for the sake of some other
I myself should take the first prize away to my shelter.
know how much my horses surpass in their speed all others; yes, for they are
immortal horses, and Poseidon gave them
eus my father, who in turn gave them into my hands.
stay here at the side, and my single-foot horses stay with me; 280 such is the
high glory of the charioteer they have lost,
gentle one, who so many times anointed their manes with
live oil, after he had washed them in shining water.
fore these two horses stand here and grieve, and their manes are swept along the
ground as they stand with hearts full of sorrow.
ake, the rest of you, places in the field, whichever Achaian has confidence in his

horses and his compacted chariot.”

spoke the son of Peleus, and the swift riders gathered.
The first to rise up was the lord of men Eumelos,
son of Admetos, who surpassed in horsemanship. After
rose up the son of Tydeus, strong Diomedes,
led under the yoke the Trojan horses whom he had taken
prize from Aineias, but Aineias himself was saved by Apollo.
Next him rose the son of Atreus, fair-haired Menelaos
Aithyia-descended, and led beneath the yoke the swift horses, 295 Aithe,
Agamemnon’s mare, and his own Podargos.
Polydamos, son of Anchises, gave her to Agamemnon
as a gift, so as not to have to go with him to windy Ilium
to stay where he was and enjoy himself, since Zeus had given him great wealth, and
he made his home in the wide spaces of Sikyon.

His mare, who was straining hard for the race, Menelaos harnessed.
The first to order his horses with flowing manes was Antilochos,
the glorious son of Nestor, Neleus’ son, the high-hearted
and fast-running horses out of the breed of Pylos
led his chariot, and his father standing close beside him
gave him well-intentioned advice to his own good understanding:
“Antilochos, you are young indeed, but Zeus and Poseidon
loved you and taught you horsemanship in all of its aspects.
Before there is no great need to instruct you; you yourself know well how to double
the turning-post. Yet in this race your horse 310 should run slowest. Therefore I
think your work will be heavy.
The horses of these men are faster, but they themselves do not understand anymore
than you of the science of racing.
Remember then, dear son, to have your mind full of every
trick of skill, so that the prizes may not elude you.
A woodcutter is far better for skill than he is for brute strength.
It is by his skill that the sea captain holds his rapid ship
on its course, though torn by winds, over the wine-blue water.
The skillful charioteer outpaces the unskillful. He
has put all his confidence in his horses and chariot 320 and recklessly makes a
turn that is loose one way or another
with his horses drifting out of the course and does not control them.

the man, though he drive the slower horses, who takes his advantage, keeps his eye always on the post and turns tight, ever watchful, pulled with the ox-hide reins on the course, as in the beginning, 325 and holds his horses steady in hand, and watches the leader.

give you a clear mark and you cannot fail to notice it.

is a dry stump standing up from the ground about six feet, oak, it may be, or pine, and not rotted away by rain-water,

two white stones are leaned against it, one on either side, 330 at the joining place of the ways, and there is smooth driving around it.

For it is the grave-mark of someone who died long ago,

was set as a racing goal by men who lived before our time.

Even swift-footed brilliant Achilles has made it the turning-post.

You must drive your chariot and horses so as to hug this,

yourself, in the strong-fabricated chariot, lean over

to the left of the course, and as for your right horse, whip him and urge him

along, slackening your hands to give him his full rein, but make your left-hand

horse keep hard against the turning-post so that the hub's edge of your fashioned wheel will seem to be 340 touching it, yet take care not really to brush against

it,

For so, you might damage your horses and break your chariot, and that will be a thing of joy for the others, and a failure

to you. So, dear son, drive thoughtfully and be watchful.

As you follow the others but get first by the turning-post, 345 there is none who could sprint to make it up, nor close you, nor pass you, not if the man behind you were driving the great Arion,

the swift horse of Adrestos, whose birth is from the immortals, or Laomedon's horses, who were the pride of those raised in this country."

Then he spoke Nestor the son of Neleus, and turned back to his place 350 and sat down, having talked to his son of each stage in the contest.

As to order his horses with flowing manes was Meriones.

He climbed to the chariots and deposited the lots. Achilles shook them, and the first to fall out was that of Antilochos,

the king's son, and strong Eumelos drew next after him,

and after him the son of Atreus, Menelaos the spear-famed.

Then Menelaos drew the next lane to drive, and the last for the driving of horses was drawn by far the best of them all, Diomedes.

They stood in line for the start, and Achilles showed them the turn-post far away on

the level plain, and beside it he stationed
ge, Phoenix the godlike, the follower of his father,
rk and remember the running and bring back a true story.

n all held their whips high-lifted above their horses,
truck with the whip thongs and in words urged their horses onward into speed.
Rapidly they made their way over the flat land
resently were far away from the ships. The dust lifting
beneath the horses' chests like cloud or a stormwhirl.
manes streamed along the blast of the wind, the chariots rocking now would dip
to the earth who fosters so many
ow again would spring up clear of the ground, and the drivers 370 stood in the
chariots, with the spirit beating in each man
he strain to win, and each was calling aloud upon his own horses, and the horses
flew through the dust of the flat land.
s the rapid horses were running the last of the race-course back, and toward the
gray sea, then the mettle of each began to 375 show itself, and the field of
horses strung out, and before long out in front was the swift-stepping team of the
son of Pheres, Eumelos, and after him the stallions of Diomedes,
 Trojan horses, not far behind at all, but close on him,
ey seemed forever on the point of climbing his chariot
he wind of them was hot on the back and on the broad shoulders of Eumelos.
They lowered their heads and flew close after him.
ow he might have passed him or run to a doubtful decision, had not Phoibos
Apollo been angry with Diomedes,
is' son, and dashed the shining whip from his hands, so
he tears began to stream from his eyes, for his anger
watched how the mares of Eumelos drew far ahead of him
his own horses ran without the whip and were slowed. Yet Athene did not fail to
see the foul play of Apollo
deus' son. She swept in speed to the shepherd of the people 390 and gave him
back his whip, and inspired strength into his horses.
in her wrath she went on after the son of Admetos
ne, a goddess, smashed his chariot yoke, and his horses
n either side of the way, the pole dragged, and Eumelos
elf was sent spinning out beside the wheel of the chariot 395 so that his elbows
were all torn, and his mouth, and his nostrils, and his forehead was lacerated

about the brows, and his eyes
with tears, and the springing voice was held fast within him.
the son of Tydeus, turning his single-foot horses to pass him, went far out in
front of the others, seeing that Athene
inspired strength in his horses and to himself gave the glory.
him came the son of Atreus, fair-haired Menelaos.
Antilochos cried out aloud to his father's horses:
"Come on, you two. Pull, as fast as you can! I am not
going to make you match your speed with the speed of those others,
the horses of Tydeus' valiant son, to whom now Athene
has granted speed and to their rider has given the glory.
Do not make your burst to catch the horses of the son of Atreus
so that they leave you behind, for fear Aithe who is female
will show you in mockery. Are you falling back, my brave horses?
I will tell you this, and it will be a thing accomplished.
There will be no more care for you from the shepherd of the people, Nestor, but he
will slaughter you out of hand with the edge
of his bronze, if we win the meaner prize because you are unwilling.
Come on close after him and make all the speed you are able.
I myself shall know what to do and contrive it, so that
I will cut you off by in the narrow place of the way. He will not escape me."
The son of Tydeus spoke, and they fearing the angry voice of their master ran harder for a little
while, and presently after this
the stubborn Antilochos saw where the hollow way narrowed.
There was a break in the ground where winter water had gathered
and broken out of the road, and made a sunken place all about.
Menelaos shrinking from a collision of chariots steered there, but Antilochos also
turned out his single-foot horses
from the road, and bore a little way aside, and went after him; 425 and the son of
Atreus was frightened and called out aloud to Antilochos: "Antilochos, this is
reckless horsemanship. Hold in your horses.
The way is narrow here, it will soon be wider for passing.
Be careful not to crash your chariot and wreck both of us."
The son of Tydeus spoke, but Antilochos drove on all the harder
with a whiplash for greater speed, as if he had never heard him.
The discus as is the range of a discus swung from the shoulder
of a man thrown by a stripling who tries out the strength of his young manhood, so far they

ran even, but then the mares of Atreides gave way
all back, for he of his own will slackened his driving
so that in the road the single-foot horses might crash
and overturn the strong-fabricated chariots, and the men
themselves go down in the dust through their hard striving for victory.
Menelaos of the fair hair called to him in anger:
"Nestor, there is no other man more cursed than you are.
I know you. We Achaeans lied when we said you had good sense.
I know so, you will not get this prize without having to take oath."
He spoke, and lifted his voice and called aloud to his horses: "Never hold back now,
never stop, for all your hearts are
weary. The feet of these and their knees will weary
as yours do, seeing that the youth is gone from those horses."
He spoke, and they fearing the angry voice of their master ran the harder, and
soon were close up behind the others.

As the Argives who sat in their assembly were watching
the horses, and the horses flew through the dust of the flat land.
Idomeneus, lord of the Kretans, was first to make out the horses, for he sat apart from
the others assembled, and higher up, where he could see all ways, and from far
off he heard Diomedes
speaking, and knew him, and made out one horse ahead of the others who was
conspicuous, all red, except on his forehead
where was a white mark, round, like the full moon. Idomeneus
rose on his feet upright and spoke his word out to the Argives: "Friends, who are
leaders of the Argives and keep their counsel: am I the only one who can see the
horses, or can you
I seem to me there are other horses leading and I make out another
charioteer. The mares of Eumelos
have come to grief somewhere in the plain, who led on the way out, for those I
saw running out in front as they made the turn-post I can see no longer
anywhere, though I watch and though my eyes look everywhere about the plain
of Troy. But it must be
that the reins got away from the charioteer, or he could not hold them well in hand at
the goal and failed to double the turn-post.
I think he must have been thrown out and his chariot broken, and the mares
bolted away with the wildness upon their spirit.

ou also stand up and look for yourselves; I cannot 470 well make out, but it seems to me the man who is leading Aitolian by birth, but lord of the Argives, son of Tydeus, breaker of horses, strong Diomedes.”

ft Aias, son of Oïleus, spoke shamefully to him in anger: “Idomeneus, what was all this windy talk? The light-footed horses are still far where they sweep over the great plain. I am not by so much the youngest among the Argives, but my eyes in your head see so much sharper than others. I never you are windy with your words, and you should not be a windy speaker. There are others here better than you are. The horses who are in front are the same as before, and they are those of Eumelos, and he stands holding the reins behind them.”

Idomeneus, lord of the Kretans answered him to his face in anger: “You are, surpassing in abuse, yet stupid, in all else you are worst of the Argives with that stubborn mind of yours. Come then, 485 let us put up a wager of a tripod or a cauldron. I will make Agamemnon, son of Atreus, witness between us which horses lead. And when you pay, you will find out.”

Aias spoke, and swift Aias, son of Oïleus, was rising angry in turn, to trade hard words with him. And now a quarrel between the two of them would have gone still further, had not Achilles himself risen up and spoken between them: “I will no longer now, Aias and Idomeneus, continue to change this bitter and evil talk. It is not becoming. If either acted so, you yourselves would be angry. I will never sit down again among those assembled and watch for the horses, and they in their strain for victory will before long be here. Then you each can see for himself, and learn which of the Argives’ horses have run first and which have run second.”

Aias spoke, and now Tydeus’ son in his rapid course was close on them 500 and he lashed them always with the whipstroke from the shoulder. His horses still lifted their feet light and high as they made their swift passage. Aias flying splashed always the charioteer, and the chariot was overlaid with gold and tin still rolled hard after the flying feet of the horses, and in their wake there was not much

from the running rims of the wheels left in the thin dust.
Horses came in running hard. Diomedes stopped them
in the middle of where the men were assembled, with the dense sweat starting and
dripping to the ground from neck and chest of his horses.
He himself vaulted down to the ground from his shining chariot 510 and leaned his
whip against the yoke. Nor did strong Sthenelos
, but made haste to take up the prizes, and gave the woman to his high-hearted
companions to lead away and the tripod
stands to carry, while Diomedes set free the horses.
For him Neleian Antilochos drove in his horses,
who first passed Menelaos, not by speed but by taking advantage.
Even so Menelaos held his fast horses close on him.
For as from the wheel stands the horse who is straining
to help his master with the chariot over the flat land;
the extreme hairs in the tail of the horse brush against the running 520 rim of the
wheel, and he courses very close, there is not much
space between as he runs a great way over the flat land;
so much Menelaos was left behind by Antilochos
and powerless. At first he was left behind the length of a discus thrown, but was
overhauling him fast, with Aithes
the fair mane, Agamemnon's mare, putting on a strong burst.
If any of them had had to run the course any further,
Menelaos would have passed him, and there could have been no argument.
Meriones, strong henchman of Idomeneus, was left
behind the length of a spear-thrower's length behind by glorious Menelaos.
His horses with splendid manes were slowest of all, and likewise he himself was
of least account for the racing of chariots.
And behind them all came in the son of Admetos dragging his fine chariot and
driving his horses before him,
and seeing this, brilliant swift-footed Achilles took pity upon him 535 and stood
forth among the Argives and spoke to them all in winged words: "The best man
is driving his single-foot horses in last.
Therefore then, we must give some kind of prize, and well he deserves it; second prize; let
the first place go to the son of Tydeus."

He spoke, and all gave approval to what he was urging,
for they would have given him the horse, since all the Achaians

ved, had not Antilochos, son of great-hearted Nestor,
up to answer Peleid Achilles, and argue: "Achilles, I shall be very angry with
you if you accomplish
you have said. You mean to take my prize away from me,
the thought in mind that his chariot fouled and his running horses but he himself
is great. He should have prayed to the immortal gods. That is why he came in
last of all in the running.

you are sorry for him and he is dear to your liking,
is abundant gold in your shelter, and there is bronze there 550 and animals, and
there are handmaidens and single-foot horses.

can take from these, and give him afterward a prize still greater than mine, or
now at once, and have the Achaians applaud you.

re mare I will not give up, and the man who wants her
fight me for her with his hands before he can take her."

he spoke, but brilliant swift-footed Achilles, favoring
ochos, smiled, since he was his beloved companion,
answered him and addressed him in winged words: "Antilochos, if you would
have me bring some other thing out of my dwelling as special gift for Eumelos,
then for your sake I will do it.

give him that corselet I stripped from Asteropaios;
ronze, but there is an overlay circled about it
ning tin. It will be a gift that will mean much to him."

spoke, and told Automedon, his beloved companion,
ng it out of the shelter, and he went away, and brought it back, 565 and put it in
Eumelos' hands. And he accepted it joyfully.

now Menelaos, heart full of bitterness, stood up among them in relentless anger
against Antilochos, and the herald

he staff into his hand and gave the call for the Argives
silent. And he stood forth, a man like a god, and spoke to them:

570 "Antilochos, you had good sense once. See what you have done.

ave defiled my horsemanship, you have fouled my horses
owing your horses in their way, though yours were far slower.

then, O leaders of the Argives and their men of counsel:

between the two of us now; and without favor;

at no man of the bronze-armored Achaians shall say of us:

elaos using lies and force against Antilochos went off with the mare he won, for
his horses were far slower

he himself was greater in power and degree.' Or rather
I myself will give the judgment, and I think no other
of the Danaäns can call it in question, for it will be right.

Antilochos, beloved of Zeus, come here. This is justice.

Stand in front of your horses and chariot, and in your hand take up the narrow whip
with which you drove them before, then

place your hand on the horses and swear by him who encircles
the earth and shakes it you used no guile to baffle my chariot."

And in turn Antilochos of the good counsel answered him:

"I am young now. For I, my lord Menelaos, am younger

than you, and you are the greater and go before me.

I know how greedy transgressions flower in a young man, seeing 590 that his
mind is the more active but his judgment is lightweight. Therefore I would have
your heart be patient with me. I myself will give you the mare I won, and if there
were something still greater you asked for out of my house, I should still be
willing at once to give it

to you, beloved of Zeus, rather than all my days

to come from your favor and be in the wrong before the divinities."

And he spoke, the son of Nestor the great-hearted, and leading

the mare up gave her to Menelaos' hands. But his anger

softened, as with dew the ears of corn are softened

by the standing corn growth of a shuddering field. For you also 600 the heart, O
Menelaos, was thus softened within you.

And he spoke to him aloud and addressed him in winged words: "Antilochos, I myself,
who was angry, now will give way before you,

for you were not formerly loose-minded or vain. It is only

at this time your youth got the better of your intelligence.

It is not in any other time of playing tricks on your betters.

For no other man of the Achaians might not have appeased me.

For you have suffered much for me, and done much hard work, and your noble father,
too, and your brother for my sake. Therefore I will be ruled by your supplication.

I will even give you

the mare, though she is mine, so that these men too may be witnesses that the heart is
never arrogant nor stubborn within me."

And he spoke, and gave Antilochos' companion, Noëmon,

to lead away, and himself took the glittering cauldron.

h, in the order he had driven, Meriones took up
no talents' weight of gold. But the fifth prize, the two-handled jar, was left.
Achilleus carried it through the assembly
Argives, and gave it to Nestor, and stood by and spoke to him: "This, aged sir,
is yours to lay away as a treasure
mory of the burial of Patroklos; since never
I will you see him among the Argives. I give you this prize
e giving; since never again will you fight with your fists nor wrestle, nor enter
again the field for the spear-throwing, nor race
ur feet; since now the hardship of old age is upon you."
spoke, and put it in the hands of Nestor, who took it
lly and spoke in answer and addressed him in winged words:
child: all this you said to me was true as you said it.
mb's are no longer steady, dear friend; not my feet, neither do my arms, as once
they did, swing light from my shoulders.
I were young again and the strength still unshaken within me 630 as once,
when great Amaryngkeus was buried by the Epeians at Bouprasion, and his sons
gave games for a king's funeral.
I, there was no man like me, not among the Epeians nor yet of the Pylians
themselves or great-hearted Aitolians.
When I won against Klytomedes, the son of Enops,
wrestling against Angkaios of Pleuron, who stood up against me.
Foot-race, for all his speed, I outran Iphiklos, and with the spear I out-threw
Polydoros and Phyleus.
I only in the chariot-race that the sons of Aktor
overtaken me, crossing me in the crowd, so intent on winning
the prizes, for the biggest prizes had been left for the horse-race.
These sons of Aktor were twins; one held the reins at his leisure, held the reins at
his leisure while the other lashed on the horses.
As I, once. Now it is for the young men to encounter
such actions, and for me to give way to the persuasion
of my old age. But once I shone among the young heroes.
Now, and honor the death of your companion with contests.
I accept this from you gratefully, and my heart is happy
that you have remembered me and my kindness, that I am not forgotten for the honor
that should be my honor among the Achaians.
The gods, for what you have done for me, give you great happiness."

spoke, and Peleides went back among the great numbers
Achaians assembled, when he had listened to all the praise spoken by Neleus' son,
and set forth the prizes for the painful boxing.
He led out into the field and tethered there a hard-working 655 six-year-old unbroken
jenny, the kind that is hardest
to break; and for the loser set out a two-handled goblet.
He stood upright and spoke his word out among the Argives:
"I, Menelaos of Atreus, and all you other strong-greaved Achaians,
invite two men, the best among you, to contend for these prizes 660 with their
hands up for the blows of boxing. He whom Apollo grants to outlast the other,
and all the Achaians witness it,
shall lead away the hard-working jenny to his own shelter.
The man who is first eaten shall take away the two-handled goblet."
He spoke, and a man huge and powerful, well skilled in boxing, 665 rose up among
them; the son of Panopeus, Epeios.
He laid his hand on the hard-working jenny, and spoke out:
"Let the man come up who will carry off the two-handled goblet.
No other of the Achaians will beat me at boxing
and carry off the jenny. I claim I am the champion. Is it not
enough that I fall short in battle? Since it could not be
that a man could be a master in every endeavor,
I tell you this straight out, and it will be a thing accomplished.
Let us smash his skin apart and break his bones on each other.
Those who care for him wait nearby in a huddle about him 675 to carry him out,
after my fists have beaten him under."
He spoke, and all of them stayed stricken to silence.
Then Euryalos stood up to face him, a godlike
son of lord Mekisteus of the seed of Talaos;
he who came once to Thebes and the tomb of Oidipous after
his downfall, and there in boxing defeated all the Kadmeians.
The peer-famed son of Tydeus was his second, and talked to him in encouragement,
and much desired the victory for him.
He pulled on the boxing belt about his waist, and then
he gave him the thongs carefully cut from the hide of a ranging
bull. The two men, girt up, strode into the midst of the circle
and faced each other, and put up their ponderous hands at the same time and closed, so

that their heavy arms were crossing each other, and there was a fierce grinding of teeth, the sweat began to run everywhere from their bodies. Great Epeios came in, and hit him 690 as he peered out from his guard, on the cheek, and he could no longer keep his feet, but where he stood the glorious limbs gave. the water roughened by the north wind a fish jumps in the weeds of the beach-break, then the dark water closes above him, so Euryalos left the ground from the blow, but great-hearted Epeios 695 took him in his arms and set him upright, and his true companions stood about him, and led him out of the circle, feet dragging spat up the thick blood and rolled his head over on one side. as dizzy when they brought him back and set him among them. they themselves went and carried off the two-handled goblet.

Now Peleides set forth the prizes for the third contest, for the painful wrestling, at once, and displayed them before the Danaans. There was a great tripod, to set over fire, for the winner. The Achaians among themselves valued it at the worth of twelve oxen. For the beaten man he set in their midst a woman who had done much work of her hands, and they rated her at four oxen. He stood upright and spoke his word out among the Argives: "Come up, two who would endeavor this prize." So he spoke. Presently there rose up huge Telamonian Aias, resourceful Odysseus rose, who was versed in every advantage. The two men, girt up, strode out into the midst of the circle, and grappled each other in the hook of their heavy arms, as when rafters lock, when a renowned architect has fitted them to the roof of a high house to keep out the force of the winds' spite. Their backs creaked under stress of violent hands that tugged them 715 stubbornly, and the running sweat broke out, and raw places showed on their backs and their shoulders broke out and were red with blood, as both of them kept up their hard efforts for success and the prize of the wrought tripod. Neither Odysseus was able to bring Aias down or throw him to the ground, nor could Aias, but the great strength of Odysseus held out against him. Now as they made the strong-greaved Achaians begin to be restless, at last great Telamonian Aias said to the other: "I am the son of Laertes and seed of Zeus, resourceful Odysseus:

e, or I will lift you. All success shall be as Zeus gives it.”
e spoke, and heaved; but not forgetting his craft Odysseus
it him with a stroke behind the hollow of the knee, and unnerved the tendons, and
threw him over backward, so that Odysseus
n his chest as the people gazed upon them and wondered.
brilliant much-enduring Odysseus endeavored to lift him 730 and budged him a
little from the ground, but still could not raise him clear, then hooked a knee
behind, so that both of them went down together to the ground, and lay close,
and were soiled in the dust. Then they would have sprung to their feet once more
and wrestled a third fall, had not Achilleus himself stood up and spoken to stop
them:
istle no more now; do not wear yourselves out and get hurt.
ave both won. Therefore take the prizes in equal division and retire, so the rest
of the Achaians can have their contests.”
e spoke, and they listened close to him and obeyed him
iped the dust away from their bodies, and put on their tunics.

once the son of Peleus set out prizes for the foot-race:
ing bowl of silver, a work of art, which held only
asures, but for its loveliness it surpassed all others
rth by far, since skilled Sidonian craftsmen had wrought it well, and Phoenicians
carried it over the misty face of the water 745 and set it in the harbor, and gave
it for a present to Thoas.
os, son of Jason, gave it to the hero Patroklos
y Lykaon, Priam’s son, out of slavery, and now
leus made it a prize in memory of his companion,
at man who should prove in the speed of his feet to run lightest.
econd place he set out a great ox with fat deep upon him,
or the last runner half a talent’s weight of gold. He stood upright then and spoke
his word out among the Argives:
up, you who would endeavor this prize.” So he spoke
resently there rose up swift Aias, the son of Oileus,
Odysseus the resourceful rose up, and after him Nestor’s
Antilochos, the best runner among all the young men.
stood in line for the start, and Achilleus showed them the turn-post.
ield was strung out from the scratch, and not long afterward Oileus’ son was out
in front, but brilliant Odysseus

hauled him close, as near as to the breast of a woman
held is the rod she pulls in her hands carefully
draws the spool out and along the warp, and holds it
to her chest. So Odysseus ran close up, but behind him,
his feet were hitting the other's tracks before the dust settled.
But Odysseus was breathing on the back of the head of Aias
ran and held his speed, and all the Achaians were shouting for his effort to win,
and hallooed him hard along in his running.
As they were running the last part of the race, then Odysseus said a prayer inside
his own mind to gray-eyed Athene:
"For me, goddess; be kind; and come with strength for my footsteps."
He spoke in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him.
He made his limbs light, both his feet and the hands above them.
As they were for making their final sprint for the trophy, there Aias slipped in his
running, for Athene unbalanced him,
and dung was scattered on the ground from the bellowing oxen slaughtered by
swift-footed Achilles, those he slew to honor Patroklos;
his mouth and nose were filled with the cow dung, so that Odysseus the great and
much enduring took off the mixing bowl, seeing
he had passed him and come in first, and the ox went to glorious Aias.
He stood there holding in his hands the horn of the field-ox,
and spung the dung from his mouth, and spoke his word to the Argives: "Ah, now! That
goddess made me slip on my feet, who has always stood over Odysseus like a
mother, and taken good care of him."
He spoke, and all the rest of them laughed happily at him.
Then Antilochos took up prize for last place, and carried it
and grinning spoke his word out among the Argives:
"Fools, you all know well what I tell you, that still the immortals continue to favor
the elder men. For see now, Aias
older than I, if only by a little, but this man
is not of another age than ours and one of the ancients.
He is, they say, is a green old age. It would be a hard thing for any Achaian to match
his speed. Except for Achilles."
He spoke, and glorified the swift-footed Peleion.
Achilles gave him an answer for what he said, and spoke to him:
795 "Antilochos, your good word for me shall not have been spoken
in vain. I shall give you another half-talent of gold in addition."

spoke, and put it in Antilochos' hands, who received it joyfully.
the son of Peleus carried into the circle and set down
shadowing spear, and set down beside it a shield and a helmet: 800 the armor of
Sarpedon, that Patroklos stripped from his body.
ood upright and spoke his word out among the Argives:
invite two men, the best among you, to contend for these prizes.
em draw their armor upon them and take up the rending bronze spears and stand
up to each other in the trial of close combat. The fighter 805 who is first of the
two to get in a stroke at the other's fair body, to get through armor and dark
blood and reach to the vitals,
t man I will give this magnificent silver-nailed
l of Thrace I stripped from the body of Asteropaios.
t both men carry off this armor and have it in common;
ve shall set out a brave dinner before them both in our shelters."
e spoke, and there rose up huge Telamonian Aias,
ext the son of Tydeus rose up, strong Diomedes.
i these were in their armor on either side of the assembly, they came together in
the middle space, furious for the combat, 815 with dangerous looks, and wonder
settled on all the Achaians.
as, moving forward, the two were closing in on each other, there were three
charges, three times they swept in close. Then Aias stabbed at Diomedes shield
on its perfect circle
d not get through to the skin, for the corselet inside it guarded him.
son of Tydeus, over the top of the huge shield, was always menacing the neck of
Aias with the point of the shining
, but when the Achaians saw it in fear for Aias
alled for them to stop and divide the prizes evenly.
e hero Achilles carried the great sword, with its scabbard 825 and carefully cut
sword belt, and gave it to Diomedes.

✓ the son of Peleus set in place a lump of pig-iron,
i had once been the throwing-weight of Eëtion in his great strength; but now
swift-footed brilliant Achilles had slain him and taken the weight away in the
ships along with the other possessions.
ood upright and spoke his word out among the Argives:
up, you who would endeavor to win this prize also.
though the rich demesnes of him who wins it lie far off

d, yet for the succession of five years he will have it
; for his shepherd for want of iron will not have to go in 835 to the city for it,
nor his ploughman either. This will supply them.”

He spoke, and up stood Polypoites the stubborn in battle, and Leonteus in his
great strength, a godlike man, and there rose up Aias, the son of Telamon, and
brilliant Epeios.

stood in order to throw, and great Epeios took up the weight 840 and whirled
and threw it, and all the Achaians laughed when they saw him.

And to throw in turn was Leonteus, scion of Ares,

and in turn huge Telamonian Aias threw it

from his ponderous hand, and overpassed the marks of all others.

When Polypoites stubborn in battle caught up the iron,

he overthrew the entire field by as far as an ox-herd

casts with his throwing stick which spins through the air and comes down where
the cattle graze in their herds, and all the Achaians applauded, and the

companions of powerful Polypoites uprising

won the prize of the king away to the hollow vessels.

And then Achilles set gloomy iron forth once more, for the archers.

He set ten double-bladed axes forth, ten with single

edges, and planted far away on the sands the mast pole

of the ark-prowed ship, and tethered a tremulous wild pigeon to it by a thin string

attached to her foot, then challenged the archers 855 to shoot at her: “Now let
the man who hits the wild pigeon

take up and carry away home with him all the full axes.

Whoever should miss the bird and still hit the string, that man, seeing that he is the
loser, still shall have the half-axes.”

He spoke, and there rose up in his strength the lord Teukros, 860 and Meriones
rose up, Idomeneus’ powerful henchman.

They chose their lots, and shook them up in a brazen helmet,

and Teukros was allotted first place to shoot. He let fly

his long-shot arrow, but did not promise the lord of archery

what he would accomplish for him a grand sacrifice of lambs first born.

He missed the bird, for Apollo begrudged him that, but he did hit the string beside the
foot where the bird was tied, and the tearing arrow went straight through and cut
the string, and the pigeon soared swift up toward the sky, while the string
dropped and dangled toward the ground. But still the Achaians thundered

approval.

ones in a fury of haste caught the bow from his hand,
and had out an arrow before, while Teukros was aiming,
orthwith promised to the one who strikes from afar, Apollo, that he would
accomplish for him a grand sacrifice of lambs first born.
Up under the clouds he saw the tremulous wild dove
as she circled struck her under the wing in the body
the shaft passed clean through and out of her, so that it dropped back and stuck in
the ground beside the foot of Meriones, but the bird dropped and fell on top of
the mast of the dark-prowed vessel
drooped her neck and the beating wings went slack, and the spirit 880 of life fled
swift away from her limbs. Far down from the mast peak she dropped to earth.
And the people gazed upon it and wondered.
Meriones gathered up all ten double axes,
Teukros carried the half-axes back to the hollow ships.

Then the son of Peleus carried into the circle and set down 885 a far-shadowing
spear and an unfired cauldron with patterns
worth on it, the worth of an ox. And the spear-throwers rose up.
Then of Atreus rose, wide-powerful Agamemnon,
Meriones rose up, Idomeneus' powerful henchman.
Now among them spoke swift-footed brilliant Achilles:
"Of Atreus, for we know how much you surpass all others,
how much you are greatest for strength among the spear-throwers, therefore take
this prize and keep it and go back to your hollow ships; but let us give the spear
to the hero Meriones;
for my own heart would have it this way, for so I invite you."
He spoke, nor did Agamemnon lord of men disobey him.
The hero gave the bronze spear to Meriones, and thereafter
he had his prize, surpassingly lovely, to the herald Talthybios.

BOOK TWENTY-FOUR

l the games broke up, and the people scattered to go away, each man to his fast-running ship, and the rest of them took thought of their dinner and of sweet sleep and its enjoyment; only Achilles

still as he remembered his beloved companion, nor did sleep 5 who subdues all come over him, but he tossed from one side to the other in longing for Patroklos, for his manhood and his great strength and all the actions he had seen to the end with him, and the hardships he had suffered; the wars of men; hard crossing of the big waters.

umbering all these things he let fall the swelling tears, lying 10 sometimes along his side, sometimes on his back, and now again

on his face; then he would stand upright, and pace turning in distraction along the beach of the sea, nor did dawn rising escape him as she brightened across the sea and the beaches.

when he had yoked running horses under the chariot
ould fasten Hektor behind the chariot, so as to drag him,
raw him three times around the tomb of Menoitios' fallen
hen rest again in his shelter, and throw down the dead man and leave him to lie
sprawled on his face in the dust. But Apollo had pity on him, though he was only
a dead man, and guarded

ody from all ugliness, and hid all of it under the golden
so that it might not be torn when Achilles dragged it.

Achilleus in his standing fury outraged great Hektor.

lessed gods as they looked upon him were filled with compassion and kept
urging clear-sighted Argeiphontes to steal the body.

: this was pleasing to all the others, but never to Hera

oseidon, nor the girl of the gray eyes, who kept still

atred for sacred Ilion as in the beginning, and for Priam and his people, because
of the delusion of Paris who insulted the goddesses when they came to him in his
courtyard 30 and favored her who supplied the lust that led to disaster.

Now, as it was the twelfth dawn after the death of Hektor, Phoibos Apollo spoke his word out among the immortals:

are hard, you gods, and destructive. Now did not Hektor
high pieces of oxen and unblemished goats in your honor?
you cannot bring yourselves to save him, though he is only
use, for his wife to look upon, his child and his mother
riam his father, and his people, who presently thereafter would burn his body in
the fire and give him his rites of burial.

ou gods; your desire is to help this cursed Achilleus
n whose breast there are no feelings of justice, nor can
ind be bent, but his purposes are fierce, like a lion
when he has given way to his own great strength and his haughty spirit, goes
among the flocks of men, to devour them.

chilleus has destroyed pity, and there is not in him
ame; which does much harm to men but profits them also.

man must some day lose one who was even closer
his; a brother from the same womb, or a son. And yet
eps for him, and sorrows for him, and then it is over,
e Destinies put in mortal men the heart of endurance.

his man, now he has torn the heart of life from great Hektor, ties him to his
horses and drags him around his beloved companion's tomb; and nothing is
gained thereby for his good, or his honor.

as he is, let him take care not to make us angry;
e, he does dishonor to the dumb earth in his fury."

n bitterly Hera of the white arms answered him, saying:

t you have said could be true, lord of the silver bow, only if you give Hektor
such pride of place as you give to Achilleus.

lektor was mortal, and suckled at the breast of a woman,

Achilleus is the child of a goddess, one whom I myself 60 nourished and
brought up and gave her as bride to her husband

s, one dear to the hearts of the immortals, for you all

you gods, to the wedding; and you too feasted among them and held your lyre,
O friend of the evil, faithless forever."

urn Zeus who gathers the clouds spoke to her in answer:

i, be not utterly angry with the gods, for there shall not

e same pride of place given both. Yet Hektor also

oved by the gods, best of all the mortals in Ilion.

d him too. He never failed of gifts to my liking.
r yet has my altar gone without fair sacrifice,
noke and the savor of it, since that is our portion of honor.
tealing of him we will dismiss, for it is not possible
e bold Hektor secretly from Achilleus, since always
other is near him night and day; but it would be better
of the gods would summon The tis here to my presence
it I can say a close word to her, and see that Achilleus
en gifts by Priam and gives back the body of Hektor.”

spoke, and Iris storm-footed sprang away with the message, and at a point
between Samos and Imbros of the high cliffs plunged in the dark water, and the
sea crashed moaning about her.
lummetered to the sea floor like a lead weight which, mounted along the horn of
an ox who ranges the fields, goes downward
likes death with it to the raw-ravening fish. She found Thetis inside the hollow of
her cave, and gathered about her
e rest of the sea goddesses, and she in their midst
mourning the death of her blameless son, who so soon was destined to die in Troy
of the rich soil, far from the land of his fathers.
ie swift-foot came close beside her and spoke to her:
, Thetis. Zeus whose purposes are infinite calls you.”
urn Thetis the goddess, the silver-footed, answered her: 90 “What does he, the
great god, want with me? I feel shamefast
ngle with the immortals, and my heart is confused with sorrows.
will go. No word shall be in vain, if he says it.”
she spoke, and shining among the divinities took up
ack veil, and there is no darker garment. She went
r way, and in front of her rapid wind-footed Iris
d her, and the wave of the water opened about them.
stepped out on the dry land and swept to the sky. There they found the son of
Kronos of the wide brows, and gathered about him
l the rest of the gods, the blessed, who live forever.
sat down beside Zeus father, and Athene made a place for her.
put into her hand a beautiful golden goblet
poke to her to comfort her, and Thetis accepting drank from it.
ather of gods and men began the discourse among them:

have come to Olympos, divine Thetis, for all your sorrow, 105 with an unforgotten grief in your heart. I myself know this. Even so I will tell you why I summoned you hither. These days there has risen a quarrel among the immortals over the body of Hektor, and Achilles, stormer of cities. I keep urging clear-sighted Argeiphontes to steal the body, 110 but I still put upon Achilles the honor that he has, guarding his reverence and your love for me into time afterward. Go then in all speed to the encampment and give to your son this message: tell him that the gods frown upon him, that beyond all other immortals I myself am angered that in his heart's madness he holds Hektor beside the curved ships and did not give him back. Perhaps in fear of me he will give back Hektor. I will send Iris to Priam of the great heart, with an order to ransom his dear son, going down to the ships of the Achaians and bringing gifts to Achilles which might soften his anger."

When she spoke and the goddess silver-foot Thetis did not disobey him but descended in a flash of speed from the peaks of Olympos, she made her way to the shelter of her son, and there found him in close lamentation, and his beloved companions about him busy at their work and made ready the morning meal, and there 125 stood a great fleecy sheep being sacrificed in the shelter. His honored mother came close to him and sat down beside him, and stroked him with her hand and called him by name and spoke to him: "My child, how long will you go on eating your heart out in sorrow and lamentation, and remember neither your food nor going to bed? It is a good thing even to lie with a woman. I am here, and my fate and powerful destiny stand closely above you. Listen hard to me, for I come from Zeus with a message. Tell him that the gods frown upon you, that beyond all other immortals he himself is angered that in your heart's madness he holds Hektor beside the curved ships and did not redeem him. So, then, give him up and accept ransom for the body." When in turn Achilles of the swift feet answered her: "I will do as you bid me. He can bring the ransom and take off the body, 140 if the Olympian himself

so urgently bids it.”

where the ships were drawn together, the son and his mother conversed at long length in winged words. But the son of Kronos stirred Iris to go down to sacred Ilion, saying:

Orth, Iris the swift, leaving your place on Olympos,

go to Priam of the great heart within Ilion, tell him

some his dear son, going down to the ships of the Achaians and bringing gifts to Achilleus which might soften his anger:

let no other man of the Trojans go with him, but only

the elder herald attend him, one who can manage

rules and the easily running wagon, so he can carry

that man, whom great Achilleus slew, back to the city.

Let it not be a thought in his heart, let him have no fear; such an escort shall I send to guide him, Argeiphontes

shall lead him until he brings him to Achilleus. And after 155 he has brought him inside the shelter of Achilleus, neither

will the man himself kill him, but will hold back all the others, for he is no witless man nor unwatchful, nor is he wicked,

will in all kindness spare one who comes to him as a suppliant.”

He spoke, and storm-footed Iris swept away with the message 160 and came to the house of Priam. There she found outcry and mourning.

Men were sitting around their father inside the courtyard

their clothes sodden with their tears, and among them the old man sat veiled, beaten into his mantle. Dung lay thick

on the head and neck of the aged man, for he had been rolling

in the dust he had gathered and smeared it on with his hands. And his daughters all up and down the house and the wives of his sons were mourning as they remembered all

those men in their numbers and valor

now dead, their lives perished at the hands of the Argives.

The messenger of Zeus stood beside Priam and spoke to him

in a small voice, and yet the shivers took hold of his body:

Do not be frightened, heart, Priam, son of Dardanos,

do not be eyeing me with evil intention

with the purpose of good toward you. I am a messenger

of Zeus, who far away cares much for you and is pitiful.

Olympian orders you to ransom Hektor the brilliant,

ng gifts to Achilles which may soften his anger: alone, let no other man of the Trojans go with you, but only the elder herald attend you, one who can manage mules and the easily running wagon, so he can carry dead man, whom great Achilles slew, back to the city. Death not be a thought in your heart, you need have no fear, such an escort shall go with you to guide you, Argeiphontes will lead you till he brings you to Achilles. And after he has brought you inside the shelter of Achilles, neither will he man himself kill you but will hold back all the others; for he is no witless man nor unwatchful, nor is he wicked. I will in all kindness spare one who comes to him as a suppliant.”

Paris the swift-footed spoke and went away from him. Then he ordered his sons to make ready the easily rolling mule wagon, and to fasten upon it the carrying basket. He himself went into the storeroom, which was fragrant with cedar, and high-ceilinged, with many bright treasures inside it. He called out to Hekabē his wife, and said to her: “My wife, a messenger came to me from Zeus on Olympos, and he must go to the ships of the Achaians and ransom my dear son, bringing gifts to Achilles which may soften his anger. I beg you then, tell me. What does it seem best to your own mind for me to do? My heart, my strength are terribly urgent for me to go there to the ships within the wide army of the Achaians.” He spoke, and his wife cried out aloud, and answered him: “Ah me, where has that wisdom gone for which you were famous before, among outlanders and those you rule over? How can you wish to go alone to the ships of the Achaians before the eyes of a man who has slaughtered in such numbers the brave sons of yours? The heart in you is iron. For if you see a man within his grasp and lays eyes upon you, that man will be as savage and not to be trusted will not take pity upon you nor have respect for your rights. Let us sit apart in our palace now, and weep for Hektor, and the way that was spun with his life line when he was born, when I gave birth to him, that the dogs with their shifting feet should feed on him, far from his parents, gone down before a stronger man; I wish I could set teeth in

the middle of his liver and eat it. That would be vengeance for what he did to my son; for he slew him when he was no coward 215 but standing before the men of Troy and the deep-girdled women
oy, with no thought in his mind of flight or withdrawal.”
urn the aged Priam, the godlike, answered her saying:
not hold me back when I would begoing, neither yourself be a bird of bad omen in my palace. You will not persuade me.
had been some other who ordered me, one of the mortals,
f those who are soothsayers, or priests, or diviners,
ht have called it a lie and we might rather have rejected it.
ow, for I myself heard the god and looked straight upon her, I am going, and this word shall not be in vain. If it is my destiny 225 to die there by the ships of the bronze-armored Achaians,
wish that. Achilleus can slay me at once, with my own son caught in my arms, once I have my fill of mourning above him.”

spoke, and lifted back the fair covering of his clothes-chest and from inside took out twelve robes surpassingly lovely
welve mantles to be worn single, as many blankets,
ny great white cloaks, also the same number of tunics.
eighed and carried out ten full talents of gold, and brought forth two shining tripods, and four cauldrons, and brought out a goblet of surpassing loveliness that the men of Thrace had given him
i he went to them with a message, but now the old man spared not even this in his halls, so much was it his heart’s desire
som back his beloved son. But he drove off the Trojans
m his cloister walks, scolding them with words of revilement: “Get out, you failures, you disgraces. Have you not also
ning of your own at home that you come to me with your sorrows?
ot enough that Zeus, son of Kronos, has given me sorrow in losing the best of my sons? You also shall be
: of this since you will be all the easier for the Achaians to slaughter now he is dead. But, for myself, before my eyes look
this city as it is destroyed and its people are slaughtered, my wish is to go sooner down to the house of the death god.”
spoke, and went after the men with a stick, and they fled outside before the fury of the old man. He was scolding his children and cursing Helenos, and Paris,

Agathon the brilliant, 250 Pammon and Antiphonos, Polites of the great war cry, Deiphobos and Hippothoös and proud Dios. There were nine sons to whom now the old man gave orders and spoke to them roughly: "Make haste, wicked children, my disgraces. I wish all of you been killed beside the running ships in the place of Hektor. I am, for my evil destiny. I have had the noblest warriors in Troy, but I say not one of them is left to me, nor like a god and Troilos whose delight was in horses, and Hektor, who was a god among men, for he did not seem like one who was child of a mortal man, but of a god. All these he has killed, and all that are left me are the disgraces, the warriors and the dancers, champions of the chorus, the plunderers of their own people in their land of lambs and kids. Well then, will you not get my wagon ready and be quick about it, and put all these things on it, so we can get on with our journey?" He spoke, and they in terror at the old man's scolding fetched out the easily running wagon for mules, a fine thing well fabricated, and fastened the carrying basket upon it. He took away from its peg the mule yoke made of boxwood with its massive knob, well fitted with guiding rings, and brought forth 270 the yoke lashing (together with the yoke itself) of nine cubits and rugged it well into place upon the smooth-polished wagon-pole at the foot of the beam, then slipped the ring over the peg, and lashed it with three turns on either side to the knob, and afterward arranged it all in order and secured it under a hooked guard. Then they carried out and piled into the smooth-polished mule wagon all the unnumbered spoils to be given for the head of Hektor, and yoked the powerful-footed mules who pulled in the harness and whom the Mysians gave once as glorious presents to Priam; and for Priam they led under the yoke those horses the old man 280 himself had kept, and cared for them at his polished manger.

And in the high house the yoking was done for the herald and Priam, men both with close counsels in their minds. And now came Hekabē with sorrowful heart and stood close beside them, holding in her right hand the kind, sweet wine in a golden cup, so that before they went they might pour a drink-offering.

stood in front of the horses, called Priam by name and spoke to him: "Here, pour a libation to Zeus father, and pray you may come back home again from those who hate you, since it seems the spirit

of Zeus drives you upon the ships, though I would not have it.

But your prayer then to the dark-misted, the son of Kronos

Zeus, who looks out on all the Troad, and ask him for a bird of omen, a rapid messenger, which to his own mind

rest of all birds and his strength is the biggest, one seen on the right, so that once your eyes have rested upon him

you can trust in him and go to the ships of the fast-mounted Danaäns.

But Zeus of the wide brows will not grant you his own messenger, then I, for one, would never urge you on nor advise you

to the Argive ships, for all your passion to do it."

And in answer to her again spoke Priam the godlike:

"O lady, I will not disregard this wherein you urge me.

But tell me to lift hands to Zeus and ask if he will have mercy."

And the old man spoke, and told the housekeeper who attended them to pour unstained water over his hands. She standing beside them and serving them held the washing-bowl in her hands, and a pitcher.

He washed his hands and took the cup from his wife. He stood up

in the middle of the enclosure, and prayed, and poured the wine out looking up into the sky, and gave utterance and spoke, saying: "Father Zeus, watching over us from Ida, most high, most honored: grant that I come to Achilles for love and pity; but send me

a bird of omen, a rapid messenger which to your own mind

rest of all birds and his strength is biggest, one seen

on the right, so that once my eyes have rested upon him

you can trust in him and go to the ships of the fast-mounted Danaäns."

And he spoke in prayer, and Zeus of the counsels heard him.

And through the nightway he sent down the most lordly of birds, an eagle,

the black one, the marauder, called as well the black eagle.

As big as is the build of the door to a towering chamber

the house of a rich man, strongly fitted with bars, of such size was the spread of his wings on either side. He swept through the city appearing on the right

hand, and the people looking upon him

were uplifted and the hearts made glad in the breasts of all of them.

✓ in urgent haste the old man mounted into his chariot
rove out through the forecourt and the thundering close. Before him the mules
hailed the wagon on its four wheels, Idaios
ober-minded driving them, and behind him the horses
on as the old man laid the lash upon them and urged them
y through the town, and all his kinsmen were following
lamenting, as if he went to his death. When the two men
one down through the city, and out, and come to the flat land, 330 the rest of
them turned back to go to Ilion, the sons
ie sons-in-law. And Zeus of the wide brows failed not to notice the two as they
showed in the plain. He saw the old man and took pity upon him, and spoke
directly to his beloved son, Hermes:
nes, for to you beyond all other gods it is dearest 335 to be man's companion,
and you listen to whom you will, go now
ur way, and so guide Priam inside the hollow ships
Achaïans, that no man shall see him, none be aware of him, of the other
Danaäns, till he has come to the son of Peleus.”
spoke, nor disobeyed him the courier, Argeïphontes.
ediately he bound upon his feet the fair sandals
n and immortal, that carried him over the water
er the dry land of the main abreast of the wind's blast.
ught up the staff, with which he mazes the eyes of those mortals whose eyes he
would maze, or wakes again the sleepers. Holding 345 this in his hands, strong
Argeïphontes winged his way onward
ie came suddenly to Troy and the Hellespont, and there
d on, and there took the likeness of a young man, a noble, with beard new
grown, which is the most graceful time of young manhood.

✓ when the two had driven past the great tomb of Ilos
stayed their mules and horses to water them in the river,
7 this time darkness had descended on the land; and the herald made out Hermes,
who was coming toward them at a short distance.
ted his voice and spoke aloud to Priam: “Take thought,
f Dardanos. Here is work for a mind that is careful.
a man; I think he will presently tear us to pieces.
e then, let us run away with our horses, or if not, then
his knees and entreat him to have mercy upon us.”

He spoke, and the old man's mind was confused, he was badly frightened, and the
hairs stood up all over his gnarled body
He stood staring, but the kindly god himself coming closer
He took the old man's hand, and spoke to him and asked him a question: "Where, my
father, are you thus guiding your mules and horses
through the immortal night while other mortals are sleeping?
Do you have no fear of the Achaians whose wind is fury,
who hate you, who are your enemies, and are near? For if one
of us were to see you, how you are conveying so many
treasures through the swift black night, what then could you think of?
You are not young yourself, and he who attends you is aged
and is keeping off any man who might pick a quarrel with you.
I will do you no harm myself, I will even keep off
any man who would. You seem to me like a beloved father."
He answered to him again spoke aged Priam the godlike:
"In truth, dear child, all this is much as you tell me;
I think there is some god who has held his hand above me,
who has sent such a wayfarer as you to meet me, an omen
and a good omen, for such you are by your form, your admired beauty
and the wisdom in your mind. Your parents are fortunate in you."
He answered in turn answered him the courier Argeiphontes:
"Old sir, all this that you said is fair and orderly.
I will come, tell me this thing and recite it to me accurately.
I will not be you convey these treasures in all their numbers and beauty to outland men,
so that they can be still kept safe for you?
I will give you all of you by now abandoning sacred Ilion
I will give you, such a one was he who died, the best man among you,
Hektor, my son; who was never wanting when you fought against the Achaians."
He answered to him again spoke aged Priam the godlike:
"Who are you, O best of men, and who are your parents?
I will give you spoke of my ill-starred son's death, and with honor."
He answered in turn answered him the courier Argeiphontes:
"I will give you try me out, aged sir. You ask me of glorious Hektor
I will give you many a time my eyes have seen in the fighting where men win glory, as also on
that time when he drove back the Argives
I will give you their ships and kept killing them with the stroke of the sharp bronze, and we stood
by and wondered at him; for then Achilles

do not let us fight by reason of his anger at Agamemnon.
I am Achilles' henchman, and the same strong-wrought vessel brought us here;
and I am a Myrmidon, and my father
Nestor; a man of substance, but aged, as you are.
I have six sons beside, and I am the seventh, and I shook
with the others, and it was my lot to come on this venture.
Now I have come to the plain away from the ships, for at daybreak the glancing-
eyed Achaeans will do battle around the city.
I chafe from sitting here too long, nor have the Achaeans'
the strength to hold them back as they break for the fighting."
Then he answered him again, aged Priam the godlike:
"When you are henchman to Peleus' son Achilles,
tell me the entire truth, and whether my son lies
beside the ships, or whether by now he has been hewn
from limb and thrown before the dogs by Achilles."
Then in turn answered him the courier Argeiphontes:
"I do not know, sir, neither have any dogs eaten him, nor have
birds, but he lies yet beside the ship of Achilles
under a shelter, and as he was; now here is the twelfth dawn
since he has lain there, nor does his flesh decay, nor do worms feed 415 on him, they who
devour men who have fallen in battle.
But true, Achilles drags him at random around his beloved
Patroclus' tomb, as dawn on dawn appears, yet he cannot
eat him; you yourself can see when you go there
how fresh with dew he lies, and the blood is all washed from him, 420 nor is there
any corruption, and all the wounds have been closed up where he was struck,
since many drove the bronze in his body.
It is that the blessed immortals care for your son, though
nothing but a dead man; because in their hearts they loved him."
Then he spoke, and the old man was made joyful and answered him, saying: 425 "My
child, surely it is good to give the immortals
such due gifts; because my own son, if ever I had one,
I would not have forgotten in his halls the gods who live on Olympos.
I would have remembered him even in death's stage. Come, then, accept at my
hands this beautiful drinking-cup, and give me
protection for my body, and with the gods' grace be my escort
I will make my way to the shelter of the son of Peleus."

urn answered him the courier Argeïphontes:
try me out, aged sir, for I am young, but you will not
ade me, telling me to accept your gifts when Achilles
not know. I fear him at heart and have too much reverence
o him. Such a thing might be to my sorrow hereafter.
would be your escort and take good care of you, even
ame to glorious Argos in a fast ship or following
ot, and none would fight you because he despised your escort.”

ie kind god spoke, and sprang up behind the horses and into the chariot, and
rapidly caught in his hands the lash and the guide reins, and breathed great
strength into the mules and horses. Now after they had got to the fortifications
about the ships, and the ditch, there were sentries, who had just begun to make
ready their dinner,
bout these the courier Argeïphontes drifted
on all, and quickly opened the gate, and shoved back
oor-bars, and brought in Priam and the glorious gifts on the wagon.
hen they had got to the shelter of Peleus' son: a towering shelter the Myrmidons
had built for their king, hewing
mbers of pine, and they made a roof of thatch above it
y with grass that they had gathered out of the meadows;
round it made a great courtyard for their king, with hedgepoles set close together;
the gate was secured by a single door-piece of pine, and three Achaians could
ram it home in its socket
hree could pull back and open the huge door-bar; three other Achaians, that is,
but Achilles all by himself could close it.
s time Hermes, the kind god, opened the gate for the old man and brought in the
glorious gifts for Peleus' son, the swift-footed, and dismounted to the ground
from behind the horses, and spoke forth: 460 “Aged sir, I who came to you am a
god immortal,
es. My father sent me down to guide and go with you.
ow I am going back again, and I will not go in
e the eyes of Achilles, for it would make others angry
i immortal god so to face mortal men with favor.
o you in yourself and clasp the knees of Peleion
ntreat him in the name of his father, the name of his mother of the lovely hair,
and his child, and so move the spirit within him.”

Hermes spoke, and went away to the height of Olympos,
Priam vaulted down to the ground from behind the horses
left Idaios where he was, for he stayed behind, holding
and the horses and mules. The old man made straight for the dwelling where
Achilleus the beloved of Zeus was sitting. He found him
; and his companions were sitting apart, as two only, Automedon the hero and
Alkimos, scion of Ares,
busy beside him. He had just now got through with his dinner, with eating and
drinking, and the table still stood by. Tall Priam came in unseen by the other
men and stood close beside him
caught the knees of Achilleus in his arms, and kissed the hands that were
dangerous and manslaughtering and had killed so many 480 of his sons. As
when dense disaster closes on one who has murdered a man in his own land, and
he comes to the country of others,
man of substance, and wonder seizes on those who behold him, so Achilleus
wondered as he looked on Priam, a godlike
and the rest of them wondered also, and looked at each other.
Now Priam spoke to him in the words of a suppliant:
Achilleus like the gods, remember your father, one who is of years like mine, and on
the door-sill of sorrowful old age.
They who dwell nearby encompass him and afflict him,
where there any to defend him against the wrath, the destruction.
Surely he, when he hears of you and that you are still living, is gladdened within
his heart and all his days he is hopeful
He will see his beloved son come home from the Troad.
For me, my destiny was evil. I have had the noblest
sons in Troy, but I say not one of them is left to me.
They were my sons, when the sons of the Achaians came here.
Seven were born to me from the womb of a single mother,
other women bore the rest in my palace; and of these
it was Ares broke the strength in the knees of most of them,
there was left me who guarded my city and people, that one
he killed a few days since as he fought in defense of his country, Hektor; for whose
sake I come now to the ships of the Achaians to win him back from you, and I
bring you gifts beyond number.
For then the gods, Achilleus, and take pity upon me
remembering your father, yet I am still more pitiful;

he gone through what no other mortal on earth has gone through; I put my lips to the hands of the man who has killed my children.”

He spoke, and stirred in the other a passion of grieving for his own father. He took the old man’s hand and pushed him

away, and the two remembered, as Priam sat huddled

at the feet of Achilles and wept close for manslaughtering Hektor and Achilles wept now for his own father, now again for Patroklos. The sound of their mourning moved in the house. Then when great Achilles had taken full satisfaction in sorrow

the passion for it had gone from his mind and body, thereafter he rose from his chair, and took the old man by the hand, and set him on his feet again, in pity for the gray head and the gray beard, and spoke to him and addressed him in winged words: “Ah, unlucky, surely you have had much evil to endure in your spirit.

How could you dare to come alone to the ships of the Achaians

before my eyes, when I am one who have killed in such numbers such brave sons of yours? The heart in you is iron. Come, then, and sit down upon this chair, and you and I will even let

sorrows lie still in the heart for all our grieving. There is not any advantage to be won from grim lamentation.

Such is the way the gods spun life for unfortunate mortals,

we live in unhappiness, but the gods themselves have no sorrows.

There are two urns that stand on the door-sill of Zeus. They are unlike for the gifts they bestow: an urn of evils, an urn of blessings.

Zeus is who delights in thunder mingles these and bestows them on man, he shifts, and moves now in evil, again in good fortune.

When Zeus bestows from the urn of sorrows, he makes a failure of man, and the evil hunger drives him over the shining

and he wanders respected neither of gods nor mortals.

Such were the shining gifts given by the gods to Peleus

at his birth, who outshone all men beside for his riches

in his pride of possession, and was lord over the Myrmidons. Thereto the gods bestowed an immortal wife on him, who was mortal.

Even on him the god piled evil also. There was not

generation of strong sons born to him in his great house

but a single all-untimely child he had, and I give him

as he grows old, since far from the land of my fathers I sit here in Troy, and

bring nothing but sorrow to you and your children.
you, old sir, we are told you prospered once; for as much
as the Bosphorus, the Hellespont, and Phrygia from the
north confines, and enormous Hellespont,
you, old sir, you were lord once in your wealth and your children.
Now the Uranian gods brought us, an affliction upon you,
war there is fighting about your city, and men killed.
Do not stir up, nor mourn endlessly in your heart, for there is not 550 anything to be
gained from grief for your son; you will never
bring him back; sooner you must go through yet another sorrow.”
In answer to him again spoke aged Priam the godlike:
“Do not, beloved of Zeus, make me sit on a chair while Hektor
sits forlorn among the shelters; rather with all speed
bring him back, so my eyes may behold him, and accept the ransom
paying you, which is great. You may have joy of it, and go back to the land of your
own fathers, since once you have permitted me to go on living myself and
continue to look on the sunlight.”
Then looking darkly at him spoke swift-footed Achilles:
“I will no longer stir me up, old sir. I myself am minded to give Hektor back to you. A
messenger came to me from Zeus,
Thetis, other, she who bore me, the daughter of the sea’s ancient.
She told me how you, Priam, in my heart, and it does not escape me
how some god led you to the running ships of the Achaians.
No mortal would dare come to our encampment, not even
Paris, wrong in youth. He could not get by the pickets, he could not lightly unbar the
bolt that secures our gateway. Therefore
I must not further make my spirit move in my sorrows,
Do not, old sir, I might not let you alone in my shelter,
vulnerable as you are; and be guilty before the god’s orders.”

He spoke, and the old man was frightened and did as he told him.
Hektor, son of Peleus bounded to the door of the house like a lion, nor went alone, but the
two henchmen followed attending,
Hektor, Protophanes and Automedon and Alkimos, those whom Achilles
had freed beyond all companions after Patroklos dead. These two
set free from under the yoke the mules and the horses,
and inside the herald, the old king’s crier, and gave him

to sit in, then from the smooth-polished mule wagon
out the innumerable spoils for the head of Hektor,
left inside it two great cloaks and a finespun tunic
around the corpse in when they carried him home. Then Achilles called out to his
serving-maids to wash the body and anoint it all over; but take it first aside, since
otherwise Priam

will see his son and in the heart's sorrow not hold in his anger 585 at the sight, and
the deep heart in Achilles be shaken to anger; that he might not kill Priam and
be guilty before the god's orders.

When the serving-maids had washed the corpse and anointed it with olive oil,
they threw a fair great cloak and a tunic
around him, and Achilles himself lifted him and laid him
on litter, and his friends helped him lift it to the smooth-polished mule wagon. He
groaned then, and called by name on his beloved companion: "Be not angry with
me, Patroklos, if you discover,

that you be in the house of Hades, that I gave back great Hektor to his loved father,
for the ransom he gave me was not unworthy.

And I give you your share of the spoils, as much as is fitting."

Then spoke great Achilles and went back into the shelter
and sat down on the elaborate couch from which he had risen,
against the inward wall, and now spoke his word to Priam:

Your son is given back to you, aged sir, as you asked it.

He lies on a bier. When dawn shows you yourself shall see him
and I take him away. Now you and I must remember our supper.

Remember even Niobē, she of the lovely tresses, remembered to eat, whose twelve children
were destroyed in her palace,

her daughters, and six sons in the pride of their youth, whom Apollo 605 killed with
arrows from his silver bow, being angered

Niobē, and shaft-showering Artemis killed the daughters;

because she Niobē likened herself to Leto of the fair coloring and said Leto had borne
only two, she herself had borne many;

and she two, though they were only two, destroyed all those others.

For many days long they lay in their blood, nor was there anyone
to bury them, for the son of Kronos made stones out of

the people; but on the tenth day the Uranian gods buried them.

She is remembered to eat when she was worn out with weeping.

Now somewhere among the rocks, in the lonely mountains,

pylos, where they say is the resting place of the goddesses who are nymphs, and dance beside the waters of Acheloius, there, stone still, she broods on the sorrows that the gods gave her.

Then, we also, aged magnificent sir, must remember, and afterward you may take your beloved son back on, and mourn for him; and he will be much lamented.”

spoke fleet Achilles and sprang to his feet and slaughtered a gleaming sheep, and his friends skinned it and butchered it fairly, and cut up the meat expertly into small pieces, and spitted them, and roasted all carefully and took off the pieces.

Medon took the bread and set it out on the table

in baskets, while Achilles served the meats. And thereon they put their hands to the good things that lay ready before them.

When they had put aside their desire for eating and drinking, Priam, son of Dardanos, gazed upon Achilles, wondering

at his size and beauty, for he seemed like an outright vision

of gods. Achilles in turn gazed on Dardanian Priam

and wondered, as he saw his brave looks and listened to him talking.

When they had taken their fill of gazing one on the other, first of the two to speak was the aged man, Priam the godlike: 635 “Give me, beloved of Zeus, a place to sleep presently, so that

my eyes may even go to bed and take the pleasure of sweet sleep.

My eyes have not closed underneath my lids since that time when my son lost his life beneath your hands, but always

I have been grieving and brooding over my numberless sorrows

and wallowed in the muck about my courtyard’s enclosure.

I have tasted food again and have let the gleaming

go down my throat. Before, I had tasted nothing.”

He spoke, and Achilles ordered his serving-maids and companions to make a bed in the porch’s shelter and to lay upon it

underbedding of purple, and spread blankets above it

and heavy robes to be an over-all covering. The maid-servants went forth from the

main house, and in their hands held torches, and set to work, and presently had two beds made. Achilles

with his swift feet now looked at Priam and said, sarcastic: 650 “Sleep outside, aged sir and good friend, for fear some Achaian

may come in here on a matter of counsel, since they keep coming and sitting by me

and making plans; as they are supposed to.

If one of these come through the fleeting black night should notice you, he would go straight and tell Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, 655 and there would be delay in the ransoming of the body.

Come, tell me this and count off for me exactly

many days you intend for the burial of great Hektor.

Yes, so I myself shall stay still and hold back the people.”

His answer to him again spoke aged Priam the godlike: 660 “If you are willing that we accomplish a complete funeral

eat Hektor, this, Achilles, is what you could do and give me pleasure. For you know surely how we are penned in our city, and wood is far to bring in from the hills, and the Trojans are frightened badly. Nine days we would keep him in our palace and mourn him, 665 and bury him on the tenth day, and the people feast by him,

and on the eleventh day we would make the grave-barrow for him, and on the twelfth day fight again; if so we must do.”

And in turn swift-footed brilliant Achilles answered him: “Then all this, aged Priam, shall be done as you ask it.

I will hold off our attack for as much time as you bid me.”

So he spoke, and took the aged king by the right hand

by the wrist, so that his heart might have no fear. Then these two, Priam and the herald who were both men of close counsel,

in the place outside the house, in the porch’s shelter;

Achilles slept in the inward corner of the strong-built shelter, and at his side lay Briseis of the fair coloring.

And the rest of the gods and men who were lords of chariots slept nightlong, with the easy bondage of slumber upon them,

but sleep had not caught Hermes the kind god, who pondered

in his heart the problem of how to escort King Priam

to the ships and not be seen by the devoted gate-wardens.

And god above his head and spoke a word to him, saying:

“Do not, O sir, you can have no thought of evil from the way

we sleep still among your enemies now Achilles has left you

unarmed. You have ransomed now your dear son and given much for him.

For the sons you left behind would give three times as much ransom for you, who are alive, were Atreus’ son Agamemnon

ognize you, and all the other Achaians learn of you.”
spoke, and the old man was afraid, and wakened his herald, 690 and lightly
Hermes harnessed for them the mules and the horses
imself drove them through the encampment. And no man knew of them.
when they came to the crossing-place of the fair-running river, of whirling
Xanthos, a stream whose father was Zeus the immortal, there Hermes left them
and went away to the height of Olympos, 695 and dawn, she of the yellow robe,
scattered over all earth, and they drove their horses on to the city with
lamentation
lamor, while the mules drew the body. Nor was any other
of them at the first, no man, no fair-girdled woman,
Kassandra, a girl like Aphrodite the golden, 700 who had gone up to the height
of the Pergamos. She saw
ear father standing in the chariot, his herald and crier
im. She saw Hektor drawn by the mules on a litter.
ried out then in sorrow and spoke to the entire city:
ie, men of Troy and Trojan women; look upon Hektor
er before you were joyful when you saw him come back living from battle; for he
was a great joy to his city, and all his people.”
spoke, and there was no man left there in all the city
oman, but all were held in sorrow passing endurance.
met Priam beside the gates as he brought the dead in.
among them were Hektor’s wife and his honored mother
ore their hair, and ran up beside the smooth-rolling wagon, and touched his head.
And the multitude, wailing, stood there about them.
ow and there in front of the gates they would have lamented all day till the sun
went down and let fall their tears for Hektor, 715 except that the old man spoke
from the chariot to his people:
ome way to get through with my mules; then afterward
ay sate yourselves with mourning, when I have him inside the palace.”
ne spoke, and they stood apart and made way for the wagon.
hen they had brought him inside the renowned house, they laid him 720 then
on a carved bed, and seated beside him the singers who were to lead the melody
in the dirge, and the singers
ed the song of sorrow, and the women were mourning beside them.
omachē of the white arms led the lamentation

· women, and held in her arms the head of manslaughtering Hektor: 725 “My husband, you were lost young from life, and have left me
ow in your house, and the boy is only a baby
was born to you and me, the unhappy. I think he will never come of age, for
before then head to heel this city
e sacked, for you, its defender, are gone, you who guarded 730 the city, and the
grave wives, and the innocent children,
· who before long must go away in the hollow ships,
mong them I shall also go, and you, my child, follow where I go, and there do
much hard work that is unworthy
1, drudgery for a hard master; or else some Achaian
ake you by hand and hurl you from the tower into horrible death, in anger
because Hektor once killed his brother,
father, or his son; there were so many Achaians
e teeth bit the vast earth, beaten down by the hands of Hektor.
father was no merciful man in the horror of battle.
efore your people are grieving for you all through their city, Hektor, and you left
for your parents mourning and sorrow
id words, but for me passing all others is left the bitterness and the pain, for you
did not die in bed, and stretch your arms to me, nor tell me some last intimate
word that I could remember
ys, all the nights and days of my weeping for you.”

she spoke in tears, and the women were mourning about her.
Hekabē led out the thronging chant of their sorrow:
·ktor, of all my sons the dearest by far to my spirit;
you still lived for me you were dear to the gods, and even 750 in the stage of
death they cared about you still. There were others of my sons whom at times
swift-footed Achilleus captured,
e would sell them as slaves far across the unresting salt water into Samos, and
Imbros, and Lemnos in the gloom of the mists. You, when he had taken your life
with the thin edge of the bronze sword, 755 he dragged again and again around
his beloved companion’s
Patroklos’, whom you killed, but even so did not
him back to life. Now you lie in the palace, handsome
esh with dew, in the likeness of one whom he of the silver bow, Apollo, has
attacked and killed with his gentle arrows.”

she spoke, in tears, and wakened the endless mourning.
and last Helen led the song of sorrow among them:
"For, of all my lord's brothers dearest by far to my spirit: my husband is
Alexandros, like an immortal, who brought me
to Troy; and I should have died before I came with him;
where now is the twentieth year upon me since I came from the place where I was,
forsaking the land of my fathers. In this time I have never heard a harsh saying
from you, nor an insult.

But when another, one of my lord's brothers or sisters, a fair-robed wife of some
brother, would say a harsh word to me in the palace, 770 or my lord's mother—
but his father was gentle always, a father
dear—then you would speak and put them off and restrain them by your own
gentleness of heart and your gentle words. Therefore I mourn for you in sorrow
of heart and mourn myself also

because of my ill luck. There was no other in all the wide Troad
who was kind to me, and my friend; all others shrank when they saw me."

She spoke in tears, and the vast populace grieved with her.

Priam the aged king spoke forth his word to his people:

"Men of Troy, bring timber into the city, and let not
your hearts fear a close ambush of the Argives. Achilles
has deceived me, as he sent me on my way from the black ships,
saying that no one should do us injury until the twelfth dawn comes."

He spoke, and they harnessed to the wagons their mules and their oxen and presently
they were gathered in front of the city. Nine days
they spent bringing in an endless supply of timber. But when
the twelfth dawn had shone forth with her light upon mortals,
they carried out bold Hektor, weeping, and set the body
upon a towering pyre for burning. And set fire to it.

When the young dawn showed again with her rosy fingers, the people gathered
around the pyre of illustrious Hektor.

When all were gathered to one place and assembled together,
with gleaming wine they put out the pyre that was burning, all where the fury of
the fire still was in force, and thereafter the brothers and companions of Hektor
gathered the white bones up, mourning, as the tears swelled and ran down their
cheeks. Then 795 they laid what they had gathered up in a golden casket

rapped this about with soft robes of purple, and presently put it away in the hollow of the grave, and over it huge stones laid close together. Lightly and quickly piled up the grave-barrow, and on all sides were set watchmen 800 for fear the strong-greaved Achaians might too soon set upon them. piled up the grave-barrow and went away, and thereafter bled in a fair gathering and held a glorious within the house of Priam, king under God's hand. h was their burial of Hektor, breaker of horses.

Notes to the *Iliad*

These notes, while not comprehensive, seek to illuminate points of mythology, social structure, material culture, and poetic convention that might lead readers to a fuller appreciation of the epic. The style and design of the poem as a whole have always been kept in mind. Thus, some passages that might have been clear enough without further annotation serve as prompts to the discussion of broader compositional trends. Brief identifications of many persons and places have been left to the glossary reprinted from the original edition. The line numbers match Lattimore's, which in almost all cases exactly correspond to the numbering of verses in the Oxford Classical Text of D. B. Monro and T. W. Allen (3rd edition, 1919).

The notes (as in the introduction) draw on the latest Homeric scholarship, to which the bibliography records my debt. I have relied heavily on the most recent full English commentary (Kirk et al., *The Iliad: A Commentary* [1985]), and to a lesser extent on the older notes by Leaf in *A Companion to the Iliad for English Readers* (1892), and in his *The Iliad* (1900). While making a conscious effort to avoid overlap with the existing companions by Willcock (*A Companion to the Iliad* [1976]), Postlethwaite (*Homer's Iliad* [2000]), and Jones (*Homer's "Iliad"* [2003]), and the notes by the late Bernard Knox to the Fagles translation (*Homer: The Iliad* [1990]), I have inevitably commented on many of the same passages, in what I hope is a complementary fashion. On several points, the ongoing German commentary by Latacz and others has been a help, as have commentaries on individual books (especially Macleod (*Homer: Iliad, Book XXIV* [1982]) and Chantraine and Goube (*Iliade: Chant XXIII* [1964])).

Numbers pinpoint the starting line of the scene to be elucidated. Citations of more distant *Iliad* passages are by book and line number only; those to book and lines of the *Odyssey* are headed "Od."

BOOK ONE

1 The opening word of the *Iliad*, "anger" (*mênis*), announces the theme of the poem. The word designates not just ordinary anger but the particularly destructive wrath possessed by a god: Achilles is the only mortal whose emotion is so described.

The Muse is asked to "sing" the story, a reminder both that long poems could be accompanied by music, and that the Muses (daughters of Memory) are the ultimate preservers of traditional lore and wisdom. Poets are their mouthpieces. This type of invocation became standard for epics and hymns to gods in ancient Greek and in later literary imitations.

4 Heroes. Any warrior in Homeric epic can be designated with this word, not just outstanding protagonists of a story, since all are thought to be far beyond average in their abilities.

5 Will of Zeus. Two possible references: before the events of the *Iliad*, Zeus had promised Earth (Gaia) to relieve the oppressive weight of people on her surface, and allowed the Trojan War to lessen the population (as the now lost epic *Cypria* narrated). Within the time frame of the *Iliad*, the fulfillment of Zeus' will can refer to the carrying out of his plan (at Thetis' request) to honor Achilles by letting his comrades suffer in his absence.

14 Heralds, suppliants, and kings all carry the *skêptron* ("scepter" or "staff") as a token of their special status. The fillets, or ribbons, were pieces of wool attached as a further marker of protection by the god: participants in sacrifice or ritual meals also wore them.

17 Greaves are shin protectors. The consistent use of the epithet "strong-greaved" for Greek warriors may

- refer to a distinctive form of armor they possessed, although in general both sides in the war appear similarly equipped.
- [26](#) A first glimpse of Agamemnon's character: harsh, arrogant, and selfish. Throughout the poem, character is developed largely through the speeches made by various figures.
- [44](#) The typical scene (a mortal prays and a god answers) is made distinctive by the extended description of the god's arrival, "as night comes down," combining sound (the clanging of his arrows on his quiver) and sight (the blackness of night's descent parallel to Apollo's coming down from Olympos, the gods' mountain home).
- [53](#) A common pattern: nine days or years represent an unmarked stretch of time that is then contrasted with and fulfilled by a significant tenth day or year. The ten years of the war itself fit this template.
- [59](#) In contrast to Agamemnon, Achilles' first words are reasonable and calm, seeking an explanation for events. Significantly, he is the first among the warriors and their leaders to question the status quo and seek to improve conditions.
- [62](#) The division of work among religious specialists is noteworthy. Priests were closely associated with sacrifice (but not absolutely needed for carrying it out, since chieftains like Nestor and Agamemnon can do so on their own). Dream interpreters are less commonly mentioned, although we know of their existence throughout antiquity. Seers (like Kalchas in the *Iliad*) provide useful advice on everything from religious obligations to navigation and morality (cf. Theoklymenos in *Odyssey* 17). It is another deft touch of characterization that Achilles instantly recognizes that any one of these specialists might be called for.
- [81](#) The faulty king is literally dyspeptic, unable to "swallow down" his anger. Later Greek literature characterizes hubristic transgressors as those unable to "keep down" prosperity (Pindar, Solon), as if physical and ethical systems are interconnected.
- [91](#) "Greatest of all the Achaians" is a formulaic phrase that properly designates Achilles, but is applied to various other Greeks while he is out of the battle. Its employment for Agamemnon sounds ironic in Achilles' speech.
- [106](#) The failure of Kalchas to ever foretell good may allude to the sacrifice of Agamemnon's daughter Iphigeneia, which, according to other sources, the seer is said to have advised as the will of Artemis.
- [118](#) Another ironic touch of characterization. No sooner does Agamemnon express his desire to keep the troops safe than he makes a move to grab another's prize of honor: precisely the action that will lead to the destruction of his warriors.
- [125](#) Achilles mentions carrying out twenty-three earlier raids (9.328–29). Andromachē tells Hektor about one of these, in which Achilles killed her father (6.414–16); the same raid yielded the war prize Chryseis (1.365–69).
- [138](#) The three singled out—Aias, Odysseus, Achilles—are those whose ships, drawn up onshore, mark the extreme ends and middle of the Greek camp (11.5–9).
- [154](#) A list of the most common causes for counterraiding: theft of cattle or horses, and destruction of crops. Military action to recover a wife appears less glorious and less common. The epithet Achilles hurls at Agamemnon (dog-faced) is the same that Helen applies to herself (3.180), perhaps significantly as the topic here is her husband and brother-in-law.
- [186](#) The core of the dispute—might versus authority—is put by Agamemnon with two comparative adjectives: Achilles may be *karteros* ("mightier") but that is almost accidental, the gift of an unnamed god (1.177), whereas he himself is more powerful (*pherteros*), which, he implies, results from being honored by Zeus (1.175). Angered by Achilles' implication that a single warrior should profit as much as the expedition's leader, Agamemnon seizes the opportunity to make good on his earlier threat (1.137–39) and thus scare off other potential competitors for power.
- [188](#) A type-scene of decision making. Cf. the same phrase used to describe Diomedes hesitating about continuing the assault at 8.167. In Homeric psychology heroic action involves such internal contests; poetically, such moments foreshadow a course of action while holding out the possibility of alternative plots.

- [203](#) The Greek word translated by “outrageousness” is *hubris*, an arrogant abuse of power stemming from excessive pride and self-centeredness, often in defiance of divine will.
- [234](#) Achilles’ description of the royal scepter as dead wood contrasted with its original flourishing state is clearly a negative characterization of Agamemnon’s regime. He identifies himself as “best of the Achaians” at 244 (contrast 1.91).
- [247](#) Nestor’s long speeches are evidence of his honeyed, fluent rhetoric, not an old man’s talkativeness. His advice is taken seriously at all times (although Agamemnon begins to resist it here). The reminiscences of the ancient warrior of Pylos (a place famous in Mykenian times) provide a glimpse into the world of a generation or two before the Trojan War. The battle recalled here was between the Lapiths, a tribe of men in Thessaly, and their neighbors the Centaurs, half men, half horses living around Mount Pelion. Theseus, king of Athens, intervened to aid his friend Peirithoös, whose wedding to Hippodameia was overrun by these lascivious beast-men. The couple’s son Polypoites is a chieftain of the Lapiths at Troy (2.738–44).
- [307](#) Patroklos, companion of Achilles, will play a major role in the unfolding drama.
- [313](#) The purification is to remove the pollution (*miasma*) caused by angering Apollo in dishonoring his priest Chryses. The subsequent “hecatomb” (literally, a sacrifice of one hundred cows—though here it comprises goats and bulls) is meant to make amends with the god.
- [331](#) Achilles as head of his Myrmidon troops can be called “king,” like Agamemnon, but the latter functions as an overlord, a first among equals for the Greek leaders, each of whom possesses a sort of localized royalty.
- [349](#) It was not unmanly for heroes to weep under pressures of grief and loss. The poet does not prolong the scene of departing with a depiction of emotional states, other than to say that Briseis went unwillingly. Achilles restrains his tears until he finds solitude at the shore.
- [352](#) Achilles seems to think that a connection with divinity (through his goddess mother) should ensure being honored by Zeus (the sort of honor Agamemnon claims at 1.175). If emphasis is placed on the adjective “with a short life,” his logic is different: since he is fated to die young, he should have god-given honor. In the latter case, he alludes to the prophecy once given him by Thetis and referred to explicitly only at 9.410–16 (that he can choose a short life with glory or a long life without it).
- [395](#) Just as mortals ask return favors from a god by recalling the sacrifices they have made (compare Chryses’ prayer at 1.40–42), so Thetis can request aid for her son (Achilles imagines) because she once helped Zeus in a dispute with his fellow Olympian gods. The hundred-handed Briareus is a primeval creature, son of Earth (Gaia) and Sky (Ouranos), who in Hesiod’s *Theogony* is said to have aided Zeus in his struggles against an older divine generation, the Titans. Other sources make him a son-in-law of Poseidon or son of the sea, perhaps to explain his association with the sea nymph Thetis.
- [407](#) Clasping the knees is the regular gesture made by one supplicating a person in a more powerful position.
- [472](#) Poetry and song have a ritual function: the *paian*, a group song dedicated to Apollo, and performed usually in thanksgiving or supplication, is depicted as pleasing the god as though he were an audience member, much as a sacrifice does.
- [516](#) Thetis brings up the topic of honor that has marked the quarrel between her son and Agamemnon, subtly implying that she has the status and power to cause similar strife if her wishes are not satisfied.
- [541](#) The poet depicts a vividly real divine family by such touches, giving the impression of long-standing personal relations among the gods.
- [565](#) Although gods cannot die, the threat of violent treatment keeps them under control. In structure and language, the scene mirrors Agamemnon’s threats against Chryses at the opening of this book. In addition, the mediation attempted by Hephaistos recalls Nestor’s advice during the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles (1.248–84). This squabble at a divine feast makes a deliberate ironic contrast with the mortal struggles earlier, as does the calm ending of the episode.
- [586](#) Several times characters in the *Iliad* encourage others by reference to previous events that have a

mythical status (e.g., 5.381–404; 9.524–99; 24.602–20). Hephaistos makes his own experiences into this kind of paradigmatic myth. Lemnos, a volcanic island in the northeastern Aegean not far from Troy, was associated with fire and the forges of the smith-god (although it has never possessed an active volcano, unlike other spots where Hephaistos was worshiped). The Sintians are an otherwise unattested people whose name derives from the verb “to harm.” Hephaistos tells a quite different story at 18.395–405, where it is Hera herself who threw him out of Olympos, ashamed of his lameness. Thetis at that time rescued and for nine years sheltered him—perhaps a cause for Hera’s apparent antagonism toward the nymph now.

BOOK TWO

- [6](#) “Evil” Dream. The adjective literally means “causing destruction,” related to a verb just used (“destroy”) in lines above. Like Sleep and Death, Dream is a half-personified abstraction, and along with them is one of the many children of Night, including Nemesis, Old Age, Strife, Deception, and the Fates, according to Hesiod’s *Theogony* (211–25).
- [33](#) Dream relates the message of Zeus verbatim, but cannot resist adding his own touch, telling Agamemnon not to forget what he has just heard. The poet elsewhere plays with such minor variations on repeated speeches (as in Odysseus’ speech to Achilles in [book 9](#)).
- [38](#) Foreshadowing by the poet about facts someone in the story does not yet know is frequently accompanied by the remark that the character is a “fool” (*nêpios*).
- [48](#) Dawn (Êôs) is a goddess living at the edge of the world (where myths relate that she keeps her mortal lover Tithonos). The rare and beautiful expression “message of light” draws a contrast with the loud noise of the camp as heralds summon the troops.
- [53](#) The council of elders always meets to discuss important matters before they are announced to the general assembly of fighting men, a system that is echoed in the later Athenian democratic institutions of small executive council (*boulê*—the same word used here) and legislative assembly (*ekklêsia*).
- [70](#) Agamemnon produces his own twist on the message of Dream, omitting the final advice to not forget (clearly he has not). He also adds to the command to arm the troops a quite odd verbal “testing,” which he claims is “customary” (*themis*), in which he will suggest the opposite of what he really wants: that everyone take ship for home. As if already unsure whether this test will backfire (as it eventually does) Agamemnon advises his fellow commanders to stand at the ready with encouraging words.
- [80](#) Nestor’s seconding of the advice is ironic, since Dream took none other than his form (as Agamemnon’s most trusted advisor)—something Agamemnon has explicitly revealed (58). The old warrior takes the opportunity to flatter Agamemnon as “best of the Achaians” while tacitly affirming his own great worth.
- [86](#) A vivid, cinematic depiction of mass movement and loud noise. The complex simile echoes sound and scenery, while also bearing thematic overtones: the Greeks first resemble swarming bees (hence dangerous, but numerous, organized, and acting communally).
- [101](#) Although the other kings have just been described as all “sceptered,” the poet singles out the ancestral scepter of the leader Agamemnon for genealogical digression that increases his stature and ties him to divinity (since the gods made it). The history of the scepter hints at a darker side through the mention of Agamemnon’s family. His father Atreus won the kingship of Mykenai after a dispute with his brother Thyestes; after learning that Thyestes had seduced his wife, Atreus killed, cooked, and served to Thyestes his own children. The son of Thyestes, Aigisthos, will kill Agamemnon (with the aid of Agamemnon’s wife Klytaimestra) on his arrival home. Although none of this sad history is narrated, an audience aware of the myths might think the scepter’s description ironic. Since

- Agamemnon can lean on the implement (109), it must be long, like a staff or shepherd's crook: appropriately Atreus has just been named with the formula "shepherd of the people" (105), and Thyestes is called "of the rich flocks" (106).
- [111](#) In his speech pretending to give up, Agamemnon does not hesitate to accuse the chief god of deception and of willing his destruction (*atê*).
- [122](#) Agamemnon's excuse is that the Greeks could easily outnumber the inhabitants of the citadel of Troy, but cannot make headway against the many allies who have been summoned. The claim (albeit used only in a false speech) protects the commander against complaints that the Greeks badly overestimated their troop strength.
- [155](#) The technique of relating what would have happened if a more immediate cause had not intervened is often used to heighten dramatic effect, and also lets an audience imagine counterplots. The intervention of Hera and Athene, based on their favoring the Greek side, goes back to their resentment at being rejected in the judgment of Paris, although it is put in the language of fairness and the efforts of the Achaians.
- [169](#) As the *Odyssey* demonstrates, this hero is Athene's favorite among mortals. While he is "the equal of Zeus" in cunning intelligence (*mêtis*), she is the daughter of the goddess who embodies this trait. Zeus swallowed Mêtis, one of his consorts, out of fear that a son greater than himself would come from her; Athene subsequently emerged from his head.
- [197](#) Honor from Zeus. Odysseus defends the authority of Agamemnon using the same terms that Nestor had used at 1.278–79 and Agamemnon himself used at 1.175.
- [198](#) One of few passages where the presence of nonaristocrats in the ranks at Troy is acknowledged. The rhetorical abuse uttered by Odysseus makes them sound useless; his support of "one king" draws attention to his own continuing role in propping up the authority of Agamemnon, while his employment of the scepter to beat objectors ironically contrasts with his exalted claims for the scepter-bearing king.
- [212](#) Thersites, with his store of abusive words, seems to be a forerunner of the satirist. Mocking poetry, called *iambos*, is attested as early as the seventh century in Greece. His ugliness parallels the quality of his discourse. That his usual targets were the best fighter and best planner in the army, the protagonists respectively of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, suggests an old tradition of antiheroic rhetoric shadowing aristocratic epic traditions. Thersites repeats and amplifies the complaints of Achilles in [book 1](#) concerning Agamemnon's rapacity and injustice. The audience may know the story of Thersites' eventual death (narrated in the *Aithiopsis*, an archaic continuation of the *Iliad* narrative): he will be slain by Achilles for mocking him about his alleged love for the Amazon woman and Trojan ally Penthesileia.
- [271](#) Recording the reaction by anonymous members of the crowd creates a sense of immediacy and closeness to the action, as well as producing an apparent majority opinion. That Odysseus' threats and assault please so many among the fighters deepens the time dimension, helping the audience imagine the previous duration of Thersites' annoying behavior.
- [286](#) Odysseus' rhetorical technique is to induce guilt in the Greeks by blaming them for not keeping their own promises (rather than by doubting Zeus). After showing his sympathy for the sufferings of his audience (292), he vividly evokes the portent interpreted by Kalchas and rouses the troops with his conclusion that the prophesied time has come.
- [349](#) Nestor's complementary advice centers on an intellectual aspect of the struggle, as if the whole war is an experiment: only by staying will the Greeks learn about Zeus' trustworthiness or their own capacities (367). His counsel regarding the order of battle seems more suited to the fighters of an established city-state: Athenian life was organized along lines of clan (*phrêtrai*: literally "brotherhood") and tribe (*phula*). The old warrior's commonsensical words about organization chillingly mark his encouragement as well (355) that the victorious army commit mass rape.
- [405](#) The list of seven counselors is a good guide to those who will be prominent in the coming battle. The chief commander's role as chief sacrificer and provider of meat and wine undergirds his power,

- especially as it must involve awarding portions according to his view of his warriors' prowess.
- [445](#) The grandeur of the coming battle is highlighted by Athene's magical intervention, a chain of six similes, and a fresh, extended invocation to the Muses. The aegis of Athene is a shield-like goatskin that in the hands of Zeus or the goddess can stun and terrify enemies (although here it seems to inspire). The similes stress the ways in which the clash resembles powerful aspects of nature: forest fire (the armor's gleam); migrating birds, insects, and plant life (multitudes of fighters); herds of goats (separate army divisions of men); and an ox (Agamemnon). The Muses are asked to provide detailed information about the chief men and the strength to recite it. The subsequent Catalogue of Ships must have been a tour de force in recitation. The contrast between hearing (a secondary form of knowing) and autopsy (available occasionally to humans but always to the Muses, as they are eternal) persists in later Greek literature, especially the historical writings of Herodotus and Thucydides.
- [494](#) Debates still surround the origins, accuracy, date, and poetics of the so-called Catalogue of Ships. A few manuscripts and at least one papyrus copy of the *Iliad* omit this section altogether, but the majority transmit it. Twenty-nine Greek contingents, totaling 1,186 ships (and carrying an estimated 100,000 troops) are listed, with the description spiraling outward from Boeotia in central Greece, in a clockwise direction around the mainland, out to the islands of Crete and Rhodes, then back to northern Greece. The style resembles that of the poetry attributed to Hesiod, especially the (now fragmentary) *Catalogue of Women*, and parts of the *Works and Days* and *Theogony*, but this need not mean that this long passage was composed by someone outside the Homeric tradition: it is simply a different sub-genre of poetry. Historians and archaeologists recognize that some of the information must date back to Mykenaian times—perhaps even to accurate memories of an actual Trojan expedition in the twelfth century. Eutresis, for example, seems to have been abandoned after the end of the Bronze Age and not resettled until the sixth century BC. Appropriately, the Ionian Greek cities are omitted, as these were known to be post-Trojan War foundations. (The Cycladic Islands, however, even though they do contain Mykenaian remains, are also missing.) At the same time, the alignments of ethnicities, cities, and political connections seem mainly to reflect later Iron Age conditions. Even if it may not equal a modern census-taker's work, the Catalogue nevertheless offers a significant mapping of on-the-ground social relations of archaic Greece.
- NB: In the following notes, Only those names of persons and places will be mentioned for which there is information of interest beyond simple identification of locale; for the rest, the glossary on page 573 and the maps on pages 70 and 71 should be consulted. For further details see T. W. Allen, *The Homeric Catalogue of Ships* (Oxford, 1921); R. Hope Simpson and J. F. Lazenby, *The Catalogue of the Ships in Homer's Iliad* (Oxford, 1970); and (in German) E. Visser, *Homers Katalog der Schiffe* (Stuttgart, 1997).
- [494](#) Boiotian fighters, puzzlingly, do not play a major role in the *Iliad* (even though evidence now suggests it was a powerful region in Mykenaian times). But the Catalogue may take this starting point because it includes Aulis, the gathering spot for the expedition and site of the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, daughter of Agamemnon, to appease Artemis and obtain favoring winds.
- [505](#) "Lower Thebes" is all that remained after the sack of the upper city, so this detail fits the myth of a pre-Trojan War attack carried out by Diomedes and other sons of the Seven against Thebes.
- [513](#) The genealogical detail is in the style of the Hesiodic *Catalogue of Women*, which arranges large segments of tradition according to which mythical women bore what offspring. A smaller selection in this style occurs in Odysseus' account of women he met in the underworld (*Odyssey*, [book 11](#)).
- [530](#) This is the only example in Homer in which "Hellenes" means *all* Greeks (as do the synonymous Danaans, Argives, and Achaians), rather than the inhabitants of a smaller region named Hellas, corresponding to the area near Phthia (Achilleus' territory: see 683–84 below). The term became the Classical (and modern) designation for the Greeks.
- [536](#) The Abantes are distinguished from other Greeks, regularly "long-haired" in Homer, by having their hair shaved in the front (to prevent being grabbed by enemies), while left long in back.

- [546](#) Erechtheus was born directly from the earth (and is thus “autochthonous”—as later Athenians, like a number of Native American tribes, claimed to be), although Athene is his patron and in some versions foster mother. His establishment in her temple reflects the representation of a hero cult, as do the annual sacrifices—perhaps a reminiscence of something like the annual Panathenaic festival.
- [557](#) From an early period of Homeric criticism, this line has been suspected as an Athenian interpolation (attributed either to Solon or Peisistratos in the sixth century BC) intended to make a political claim for Salamis in the face of competition from Megara.
- [595](#) Thamyras comes from Thrace, like the mythical bard Orpheus, and like him, suffers for his art. The Muses in other cases blind a singer but give the art of song in compensation (e.g., *Od.* 8.63 concerning Demodocus). By contrast, Thamyras is stripped of his ability because he challenged the Muses (e.g., the story of Marsyas who challenged Apollo and was flayed). There may be professional jealousy among epic singers beneath the otherwise gratuitous reference: Oichalia, from which presumably Thamyras would be bringing the latest news, was associated with another strata of saga, connected with Herakles, a hero who is otherwise continuously put in the shade in the *Iliad*.
- [670](#) The shower of wealth on Rhodes was literal: Zeus is reputed to have poured down gold like snow on the island.
- [671](#) Nireus, from the insignificant island, is never heard of again in the *Iliad*. The mention of his beauty, however, allows the poet to slip in a reminder of the otherwise absent Achilles, to foreground the theme of the relative distribution of gods’ gifts (beauty but not power), and to continue to create the overarching sense that the entire world of Greeks and Trojans came to this war.
- [721](#) Philoktetes, abandoned on Lemnos because his pained groans and stinking wound disturbed Greek rites, will be remembered after the death of Achilles, when the Greeks obtain a prophecy that the bow of Herakles—in the possession of Philoktetes—is needed to take Troy. Sophocles’ *Philoktetes* dramatizes the machinations by which Odysseus tries to get it.
- [731](#) Asklepios, son of Apollo, was a hero and healer; Trikke had an early healing cult (although the later Epidauros complex, with its theater and hospital, became more famous).
- [743](#) The “hairy beast men” are Centaurs, humans with the lower bodies of horses, who dwelled in the woods of Mount Pelion. Cheiron, the wisest of them, was tutor to many heroes, including Achilles, but his brethren were lawless and uncontrolled, especially when exposed to wine. The battle of the Lapiths with the Centaurs is alluded to at 1.262–68.
- [751](#) Titaressos contains waters of the Styx, the underworld river by which oaths are taken. Two other rivers associated with the underworld are also connected, above ground, with the Pindos mountain region of northwestern Greece (Akheron and Kokutos).
- [793](#) The barrow of Aisyyetes is one of several tombs mentioned as being on the Trojan plain (e.g., Myrina at 2.814 and Ilos at 10.415). The topography is accurate, as the plain is studded even today with ancient mounds.
- [867](#) The “outland” (literally “barbarous sounding”) speech of the Karians seems to be an archaizing touch, as Greek-speakers inhabited the place from Mykenaian times onward. But there is evidence Karian did survive alongside the newcomers’ tongue even through the Classical period. Nestes, “like a girl,” is a grace note to the Catalogue of Trojan Allies, an elegiac touch that contrasts the pomp and beauty of war with its darker realities of death. He is never mentioned again.

BOOK THREE

- [2](#) The Trojans often are associated with noise or confused languages (e.g., 2.810), while the Greeks move in silence (4.429). A war between cranes and pygmies may stem from an Egyptian folktale in oral tradition. Greeks of the Classical period knew of pygmies in Africa; the earliest depiction of a conflict with cranes is on the François vase in Florence, from 570 BC by the black-figure artist

- Kleitias.
- [15](#) The initial picture of Paris (also called Alexandros) is not flattering. His unusual leopard skin may mark him as overly concerned about appearances. Nor does the pairing of similes (Menelaos as a hungry lion, Paris as a scared hiker) present him favorably.
- [54](#) Hektor's torrent of abuse includes reference to the combination of erotic and musical attractions his brother has. That he does not exaggerate will be established at 394 and 442. Paris himself (65) confirms the characterization but shifts responsibility to the gods.
- [70](#) The terms of the agreement make clear that it was not simply the abduction (or elopement) of Helen, but also the taking of possessions from the palace of Menelaos that provided the rationale for war.
- [103](#) The black lamb is for Earth, the white for Sun, in accordance with Greek ideas of offerings appropriate for chthonic (earthbound) versus Olympian deities. Zeus fits as the expected additional recipient, since he was overseer of offenses related to hospitality (such as the behavior of Paris).
- [125](#) Helen's web is analogous to the poem itself as a record of the struggle at Troy. She is thus imagined as having some agency in representing her own story (and one would like to have seen the result). The audience may be reminded of the weaving of Penelope, a very different heroine, also a cause of contention.
- [144](#) Aithre was the mother of the Athenian hero Theseus, who does not figure in the Trojan War epic. (In other versions, his son recovers her at the end of the conflict.) Theseus helped his friend Peirithoös abduct Helen as a child, and Helen's brothers in return captured Aithre, according to some myths. The line has been seen as an Athenian interpolation (as has Nestor's earlier mention of Theseus: 1.265).
- [156](#) Helen, for all her beauty, is never physically described in the poem, except for these side comments. As her appearance and presence can only be traced to the action of the divine, the old men of Troy (and Priam) cannot hold her responsible.
- [173](#) Helen's tone is most often regretful and she has a habit of reviling herself (180; 6.344). Her description of Agamemnon, meanwhile, seems at odds with what the audience has sensed of his leadership qualities in [book 1](#).
- [189](#) The Amazons, women warriors of the east, were in an unspecified past enemies of Troy and its allies (6.186). Yet the Cyclic epic sequel to the *Iliad*, the *Aithiopsis*, opens with their arrival at Troy as reinforcements.
- [205](#) A fascinating contrast of heroes based on their rhetorical abilities. Menelaos, from Sparta, is laconic (the word derives from the proverbially terse speech of Laconia, the surrounding region). Odysseus typically disguises his real character, acting dumb but speaking with almost overwhelming fluency. The mission to which Antenor refers nevertheless failed, with the embassy barely escaping (11.140).
- [236](#) Helen cannot see her brothers Kastor and Polydeukes (twins known in Greek as Dioscuri, in Latin as Gemini) because they had been slain in a skirmish with rivals in Sparta. In most versions Polydeukes, who was the immortal brother, shares his deathlessness with Kastor, so that each can be alive part of the year.
- [287](#) Two familiar legal notions are already at work: precedent and punitive damages. The idea of a standard that will be set for all time parallels the very notion of heroic excellence as establishing a benchmark for future endeavors.
- [332](#) Paris is an archer, usually operating at a distance from the front line, and so does not possess his own corselet, designed to protect the wearer in close combat. His brother Lykaon will meet his death at the hands of Achilleus (21.35).
- [374](#) Menelaos seems about to prove that Zeus is in fact with him (despite his failure to wound with spear or sword), but the action of Paris' patron goddess foils him—one of the complications within polytheism richly explored throughout the poem.
- [396](#) The trickiness of Aphrodite is a continuing theme in Greek literature. Her disguise here seems almost intentionally incomplete, as a provocation to Helen who must recognize her power and submit to it (despite her initial feisty revolt: 399).

[428](#) Helen's regret and nostalgia for her former life has been hinted at (139) and now breaks into sarcastic rejection of her current spouse. Paris' insouciant response (that next time he might win) hardly seems enough to defuse Helen's scorn, but once more the power of Aphrodite, transmitted via Paris, subdues her.

BOOK FOUR

- [1](#) The gods in assembly, like the audience in a theater, gaze at the struggle around Troy while drinking nectar; Zeus uses the contrasting situations to needle his wife and daughter about being distanced from the battle, while their nemesis Aphrodite has intervened on the spot to help Paris.
- [19](#) Both Helen and Hera (8) are called "Argive." Hera had an important shrine (the Heraion) near the city of Argos, but Helen's association with the area stems from marriage to Menelaos, whose origin was in the ancient fortress city of Mykenai in the area near Argos (the "Argolid"). In the *Odyssey*, the couple resides in Helen's hometown, Sparta (along with Argos and Mykenai, one of Hera's three favored cities: 52). Local lore from antiquity and archaeological finds make it clear that Helen was worshiped as a goddess in the region around her birthplace. The application of the epithet "Argive" makes it more natural to view Helen's marriage as somewhat parallel to Hera's. The end of [book 3](#) has shown her criticizing Paris in a manner not unlike that of Zeus' wife.
- [27](#) That the gods sweat and toil seems odd, but to make them more real the *Iliad* regularly presents divinities as undergoing nearly mortal suffering; they simply do not expire. Of Hera's personal efforts to gather armies against Troy, we know nothing further.
- [35](#) The desire to eat an enemy is expressed (under pressure of great grief) by Achilles, before killing Hektor (22.347), and by Hekabē, mother of the dead hero (24.213). In similes, lions (e.g., 5.782) and wolves (16.156) devour prey raw. The bargain made here between gods is first in a series of such compromises in the poem, all of them fatal to mortals.
- [48](#) Zeus favors Troy for reasons of ritual correctness: he has never lacked offerings of meat and wine from the inhabitants. His concern for such perquisites is not unlike Agamemnon's; he uses the word *geras* (49: "prize; portion of honor") to describe sacrifices, the term with which the Greek commander characterized his war bride Chryseis (1.118, 120, etc.).
- [52](#) Hera's major mainland shrine the Heraion was halfway between Argos and Mykenai, both of which are important Bronze Age sites. In Sparta she had a hilltop temple (Pausanias 3.13.8).
- [75](#) The image, a blend of comet and meteor, provides a fine tracking shot from Olympos to the scene of the battle. Its ambiguous significance (war or peace?) gives the keynote for the next several books, as the audience awaits the turn of battle promised by Zeus.
- [91](#) The Aisepos flows from the foothills of Mount Ida (southeast of Troy) northward to the Propontis. (Map 1, p. 70.)
- [95](#) Pandaros' rewards typify the motivations for many Iliadic warriors: the thanks (*kharis*) of a community, which could lead to reciprocal favors in the future; glory (*kudos*); and immediate material payoff (*dōra*). In return for a successful shot, he must pledge an eventual sacrifice of one hundred lambs to Apollo.
- [130](#) An unusual sequence of slow-motion, close-up narrative, framed by two similes related to women (a mother swatting a fly; a woman crafting a horse's cheek piece), and with such attention to materials, color, and design that the actual wounding almost resembles an artwork. The combination of corselet, war belt, and skin guard (possibly a metallic piece to protect the lower abdomen) is unusual, and may owe more to poetic elaboration (or even misunderstanding) than actual defense wear.
- [163](#) Agamemnon, while not losing confidence that Troy is doomed, fears nevertheless that the death of Menelaos would discourage the troops and lead to his own humiliating return empty-handed. Imagining what someone might say in the future is a characteristic of Hektor's rhetoric, most often

- (see, e.g., 7.87–91).
- [200](#) Machaon (“Battler”) is one of two doctors in the field, his brother Podaleirios being the other; both are sons of the healing hero Asklepios (2.731), a son of Apollo by Coronis.
- [241](#) The ensuing scene gives a good sense of the role of rhetoric in battle, a continuing feature of later Greek historical narratives (e.g., Xenophon’s *Anabasis*). A combination of pep talk, flattery, and ritual insult, this series of short speeches includes regular reference to the feasts provided by the commander (260, 345), with hints that repayment is due from his fighters.
- [301](#) Nestor’s advice to “drivers of horses” is for chariot drivers, as fighting from horseback is unknown in Homer. Here and elsewhere the use of chariots in Bronze Age battle appears to be only vaguely understood by the Iron Age poet, who most often represents fighters as traveling in them to the front lines, then stepping down to fight.
- [354](#) A pun underlies Odysseus’ mention of his son, Telemachos (“far-fighter”), since “champion” is literally “near-fighter” (*promakhos*).
- [372](#) Tydeus was one of the Seven against Thebes, allies sworn to restore Polyneikes to the throne of his late father Oedipus. The story of his valor is meant to inspire Diomedes, and so Agamemnon tactfully omits reference to its seamier side: Tydeus lost Athene’s favor because, enraged, he ate the brain of a decapitated enemy, Melanippos.
- [405](#) The son of Kapaneus is Sthenelos, who with Diomedes and five others (known collectively as the Epigoni or “After-born”), razed Thebes to the ground a decade after their fathers had perished in the first assault on the city.
- [437](#) The disciplined silence of the Greeks is contrasted several times with Trojan noise (e.g., 3.1–10), which is here further related to the linguistic diversity of the Trojan side.
- [474](#) The flashback humanizes the victim, while the simile’s image of a poplar laid low alongside water circles back to the circumstances of the birth and naming of Simoeisios, near the local river. That the poplar’s wood is used to make a chariot wheel brings us forward into the world of battle.
- [507](#) Apollo, like a coach or spectator, keeps his distance while Athene actively enters the fray (515, 542) as had Ares (439). It is Apollo who mentions the equally distant Achilles, the hero who is most like the god in other respects as well.
- [536](#) In such images as this (enemies lying next to one another in the dust) the poem draws attention to the common humanity and shared fate of the opposed sides.

BOOK FIVE

- [1](#) In this book, the first extended *aristeia* (“display of warrior’s excellence”) in the poem, Diomedes, the “best of the Achaians” next to Achilles, takes the field with Athene’s divine help. Her wish to make him conspicuous is visible in his armor’s fiery blaze (like the dog-star Sirius). His success, even against intervening gods, will give the Greek side temporary hopes of victory.
- [10](#) The Trojans and their allies are consistently depicted as worshiping the same gods as the Greeks (see, e.g., 1.35–42, 6.297–310).
- [15](#) In the stylized convention of the *Iliad*, the first warrior to strike generally loses in any single-combat encounter. Complicating the action here is the recurrent motif of two warriors against one. Another frequent motif, the battle over a corpse, is repeated in vastly expanded form in the fight to retrieve the body of Patroklos (book 17).
- [23](#) The god to whom Idaios’ father is devoted (10) intervenes at the crucial moment, with the emotional motivation foregrounded (Hephaistos did not want his priest to suffer distress). A related motif is divine rescue of favorites: 3.380, 20.325, etc. (Contrast 5.53: Artemis fails to save her protégée.)
- [31](#) Athene mentions the potential destructive anger of Zeus (*mēnis*) in her proposal that she and the war god defer to him and withdraw. Sensible as this is in light of Zeus’ later threats to punish any

- intervention by the gods (8.5–27), it also at this point conveniently allows Diomedes, one of Athene’s favorites, to rage in battle, unchecked by opposing divinities.
- [37](#) The highly cinematic scan beginning here pinpoints the leading Greek heroes, who will then in turn be contrasted with the most successful fighter, Diomedes. As in similar extended catalogues of slayings, the poet never exactly repeats details. The basic descriptive pattern (strike; location of wounded part; fall of victim) is expanded and varied with further elements (armor stripped; horses taken). Emotional peaks are crafted through brief “obituaries” (glimpses into the previous life or motives of the deceased), which make the audience sympathize even with the enemies of the Greeks.
- [95](#) Pandaros the son of Lykaon appears to make his bowshot into a test of Apollo’s support for him, but does not remark on the religious import when he fails to subdue Diomedes. His opponent gets immediate reassurance, on the other hand, from his patroness Athene that she had indeed supported Tydeus his father (and will also help him). This is confirmed when she collaborates in his killing of Pandaros (290).
- [144](#) The “shepherd of the people,” a common phrase, here picks up on the immediately preceding image (Diomedes as a lion grazed by a shepherd’s throw) and recalls earlier comparisons of Trojans to sheep (e.g., 4.433).
- [149](#) The rapid execution of the sons (two apiece) of Eurydamas, Phainops, and Priam highlights the theme of severed father-son ties that is crucial to Diomedes’ biography and will epitomize the isolation of Achilleus (esp. [books 18](#) and [24](#)).
- [171](#) Aineias appeals, in his mild rebuke, solely to the pride of Pandaros (contrast Athene’s multiple motivations in 4.93) and recommends prayer to Zeus (not Apollo).
- [197](#) The theme of father-son relations once again surfaces, as Pandaros regrets his failure to heed paternal advice about taking his chariot to Troy. Along with touching detail (his concern about horse fodder), Pandaros’ story contains motifs common to “obituary” descriptions (e.g., 205, about the ultimate uselessness of weapons).
- [260](#) Ganymede, on account of his surpassing beauty, was taken by the gods to serve on Olympos as Zeus’ wine-pourer (as Aineias explains in 20.234). The divine horses given as compensation to the boy’s father Tros were passed down to Tros’ grandson Laomedon. Anchises, the father of Aineias, was the son of Laomedon’s cousin.
- [303](#) Strength beyond that of current men is one of the few ways in which the poem marks its heroes as being of a different generation.
- [313](#) The audience anticipates the clash, as Athene has allowed Diomedes (130) to wound this goddess alone of immortals. Aphrodite’s care for her son Aineias recalls the simile of maternal care in 4.130 (Athene protecting Menelaos).
- [339](#) The gods can be wounded, but they do not bleed like humans. Spilling blood implies death; gods are immortal; therefore they must have not blood, but another substance, *ikhôr*, in their veins. But blood is generated by human food and drink; the gods therefore do not eat food, but survive on nectar and ambrosia (literally “the immortal”). This idea avoids conflict with the notion that they appreciate sacrificial smoke and libations, as we do not hear of them directly consuming such nourishment.
- [349](#) Diomedes’ remark probably alludes to Helen’s ongoing subordination to the goddess: see 3.413.
- [370](#) Nowhere else in epic is Dione attested as mother of Aphrodite, whose origin from the genitals of Ouranos is vividly described in Hesiod’s *Theogony* (188–206). The name is a feminine form of “Zeus”; the goddess was associated with him in the oracle cult of Dodona in northwestern Greece.
- [385](#) There is a slightly comic tinge to Dione’s catalogue, since immortals will only be discomforted, not die. The gigantic sons of Aloeus are more famous for their attempt to pile Mount Pelion onto Mount Ossa to reach the sky and dislodge the gods. The son of Amphitryon is Herakles; the two woundings attributed to him are otherwise unattested. Pylos (397) could refer to the home of Nestor (which Herakles attacked: see 11.689), for which Hades may have been acting as protector. Related to *pylê*, “gate,” the city seems to have been known as an entrance to the underworld.
- [401](#) Paiëon is in [book 5](#) (and at *Od.* 4.232) a separate, minor divinity of healing. (The name is old, attested

- as *pajawone* on Linear B tablets from Knossos.) The name in Classical Greek becomes a title for Apollo; already in epic (1.473, e.g.) as a common noun, it denotes a song of thanksgiving (for healing?) dedicated to Apollo—the “paeon.”
- [438](#) Charging “like more than man” (literally “equal to a divinity,” *daimoni isos*) signals either retreat or death for the mortal fighter. Patroklos is described thus once when yielding to Apollo (16.705) and again when he persists and is killed (16.786).
- [472](#) Tension between Hektor and the allies of the Trojans is a recurrent theme, and the Lykians (Sarpedon and Glaukos) the most frequent voices of rebuke (e.g., 16.536, 17.140), as having traveled farthest to aid Priam and his people. Sarpedon’s observation that he risks no losses of his own at Troy (480–85) echoes Achilles’ dissenting words to Agamemnon (1.152–57).
- [522](#) The similes of cloud and wind (499) not only slow the narration of immediate action but also naturalize it, making war into an expected, necessary phenomenon like winnowing or weather.
- [604](#) Athene’s gift of extra sight enables Diomedes to discern the presence of the god of war.
- [633](#) The scene is a reminder that both sides feature as champions descended from Zeus. The Lykian Sarpedon’s maternal line goes back to the Greek trickster Sisyphos of Argos (see 6.154). Herakles sacked Troy after Laomedon reneged on a promised reward for defeating the sea monster that had menaced his daughter Hesione. The tale is more fully sketched at 20.145–48 and 21.451.
- [697](#) Of the four scenes of loss of consciousness in the *Iliad* (5.310; 14.438; 22.466), only here does wind revive a person. The north wind, Boreas, is a divinity with human form (23.195), whose life-giving capacity appears also in his generating divine horses (20.223).
- [785](#) The only Homeric mention of this loud character, whose name has become an English adjective (stentorian).
- [800](#) Athene’s rebuke refers to the episode, from the Seven against Thebes saga, narrated in more detail by Agamemnon (4.385) in the course of a similar speech. Diomedes has not, in fact, held back beyond the limits set by Athene, who now changes the rules of engagement to let him attack Ares, with her help.
- [838](#) As heroes are stronger than men of the current day, so gods are weightier than heroes.
- [872](#) Ares bases his appeal to Zeus on a presumed sense of outrage on the part of the chief god, as had Hera and Athene at 757; Zeus’ response to their earlier appeal is precisely what led to Ares’ wounding. The rather adolescent tone, in a complaint about family favoritism, transposes into a comic key the theme of fathers and sons so prominent throughout this book.

BOOK SIX

- [6](#) Fighting throughout the poem presents an alternation of mass formations—the “battalion” (*phalanx*)—and looser, individual engagements against the foe. This may not be far from the reality of archaic warfare. Around 700–650 BC, Greek states began employing the fast-moving collision force of contingents of hoplites (heavily armed men) who maintained close formation. This tactic left little room or time for the display of heroic individualism. It may have been known to the poet of the *Iliad*, but is never unambiguously depicted in the poem.
- [16](#) The motif of friends or equipment being powerless to save one in battle punctuates the poem: cf. 2.873, 15.530.
- [21](#) Naiads are one of several nymph varieties, *oreads* (of mountains) and *dryads* (of trees) being the other main groups, along with sea nymphs called Okeanids or Nereids (daughters of Nereus, like Thetis). The naiad dwells in a lake, spring, or river. The flashback to a bucolic scene, as occurs in similes as well, makes for a jarring contrast with the ongoing battle.
- [45](#) Supplication scenes include the grasping of the would-be protector’s knees (sometimes chin, too); mention of ransom; and, on occasion, biographical details that the suppliant imagines might evoke

- pity: see 11.131, and the most developed scene (Lykaon), 21.74. The contrasted reactions of the two brothers are a deft touch of characterization.
- [68](#) Nestor makes explicit the mixed motivations among the fighters throughout the battle, as the common goal of subduing the Trojans competes with individual desires for plundered armor.
- [75](#) Helenos later overhears the wishes of the gods (7.44), but here we do not learn his source for the advice to placate Athene in her shrine. The offering of a robe resembles the presentation to Athene during the Panathenaic festival in Athens (memorably depicted on the frieze of the Parthenon). The focus on Diomedes as most dangerous of the Greek threats keeps the audience in mind of his raging attacks in the preceding book.
- [117](#) From the detail, we learn that Hektor carries an archaic Mykenaian-era full-body shield; other warriors have a smaller round shield of more recent type.
- [123](#) Diomedes' tough talk is intended to diminish his opponent, and therefore we can read his questioning (whether Glaukos has divine status) as highly ironic, rather than as contradicting his special temporary capacity to detect gods. The tale of Lykourgos is one of many such stories about misdirected rejections of Dionysos, the most famous of which underlies Euripides' *Bacchae*. In the current analogy, Diomedes professes fear of resembling Lykourgos, but his focus on Dionysos' flight seems like a taunt directed toward Glaukos.
- [146](#) The line offers the oldest surviving quotation from Homer, in a poem by Simonides who flourished circa 500 BC and attributes it to "the man of Chios." The image of leaves is used to make a different point by Apollo (21.464), that ephemeral humans should not disturb divine harmony.
- [153](#) Sisyphos tricked Death once, and another time Hades, in order to return to his life, but was finally tasked with constantly rolling an eternally returning boulder up a hill in the underworld.
- [158](#) The story of Bellerophon combines the motifs of a young hero driven from his kingdom (Jason, Perseus) with the "Potiphar's wife" plot (Genesis 39:1–20; cf. the ancient Egyptian *Tale of Two Brothers*, from the thirteenth century BC).
- [168](#) The "murderous symbols" may be a vague recollection of an early form of writing (perhaps Linear B or a script of Asia Minor) by a poet whose audience does not know letters, or an archaizing touch, for a literate public, focalizing the imagined viewpoint of the Bronze Age hero. Folding writing tablets dating to the fourteenth century BC were recovered in the 1980s from the Uluburun shipwreck off the coast of Turkey, close to what was ancient Lykia.
- [179](#) The Chimaira ("she-goat") is one of the few monsters mentioned by Homer, a type more at home in the poetry of Hesiod, whose *Theogony* (325) refers also to the role of Pegasos, the famous winged horse of Bellerophon, in the story of his conquest of the beast. The *Iliad* version omits Pegasos just as it avoids mention of the hero's unwise attempt to fly to Olympos, only vaguely referring to his unhappy end.
- [184](#) Herodotus (1.173) reports that the Solymoi, original inhabitants of Lykia, were driven out by invaders from Crete. The Amazons, a famous race of women warriors, fought against the Trojans in Priam's youth (3.189) and will reappear later in the saga, when Penthesileia, daughter of Ares, leads them to aid Troy (a story told in the Cyclic epic sequel to the *Iliad*, the *Aithiopsis*).
- [216](#) The connection of Glaukos with a leading Greek clan is not what prompts the offer of friendship from Diomedes. Instead, it is the (alleged) guest-friendship (*xenia*) of their grandfathers. A cynic might read Diomedes' whole tale as a devious ploy to wrest gold armor from his innocent opponent. Most critics see the episode as a sincere, humane interlude amid mutual slaughter. Either way, Diomedes has benefited from the iron-clad rules of exchange, which ignore asymmetry of gifts.
- [255](#) Hekabē is convincingly sketched as a doting mother, whose conjectures about Hektor's motives (that he was exhausted from the fighting, that he wanted to pray to Zeus) the audience already knows are wrong. Hektor's piety is embodied in the concern for ritual purity.
- [289](#) Sidon and Tyre were cities of Phoenicia. Herodotus (2.116) cites this passage with its mention of a Near Eastern detour as evidence that the Cyclic epic *Cypria* (according to which Paris and Helen reached Troy from mainland Greece in three days) could not have been composed by Homer.

- [321](#) A significant contrast is intended between weary, bloodstained Hektor, whose anxious wife awaits, and his brother Paris ensconced in domestic comfort with his paramour. Lattimore has Hektor and Paris argue whether “coldness” (326, 335) is the motive for Paris’ withdrawal. The Greek at both places is *kholos* (anger, resentment), which has been seen as a narrative slip caused by the pressure of the more central theme, Achilles’ anger. A compromise interpretation could be that Paris nurses a sort of passive aggression because his fellow Trojans are by now themselves angry enough to let him be killed (3.454).
- [403](#) Possibly Hektor does not allow himself, for reasons of modesty or superstition, to apply the praise name Astyanax (deriving from his own role as protector) to his son, preferring the neutral Skamandrios (from the nearby river’s name). For a similar application of father’s status to son’s name, compare Telemachos—the “far-fighter”—the son of Odysseus (who himself battles from afar, either by being an Ithacan at Troy or by his skill as an archer, who usually shoots from behind the front rank).
- [415](#) Ironically, this sack of Thebes led to the capture of Chryseis (1.369), whose return home has indirectly triggered Achilles’ angry withdrawal, which in turn will ultimately result in Hektor’s death. Although one might expect Andromachē to press her husband to take vengeance for her family’s extinction, she instead worries about preserving his life, as he is her last hope.
- [423](#) Tradition held that the Trojan wall was scalable in one vulnerable spot and would be breached by off spring of Aiakos (grandfather of both Achilles and Telamonian Aias), who had assisted Poseidon and Apollo in building it (Pindar, *Olympian*, 8.30–45 [460 BC]). The fig tree (433; like the oak tree, 5.693) is one of several landscape features used to orient the action near Troy (see also 11.167, 22.145).
- [454](#) As often in the poem, Hektor easily articulates images and remarks set in the future. His fear for his wife’s status as a Greek slave is exacerbated by the way he imagines it reflecting back on his own heroic status. This psychologically apt speech shifts through many tones: professions of shame and desire for glory, his affection for his wife even over his blood kin, his realization of Troy’s impending doom. More than any words, the image of Hektor removing his helmet to calm his baby captures the pathos of his imminent death while defending his family.

BOOK SEVEN

- [21](#) Pergamos is the highest point of Troy. The oak tree, marking a spot near the Skaian gates of the city (6.237), is regularly associated with safety, while the fig tree gets mentioned at moments of danger (see note to 6.423).
- [44](#) The most reliable mode of communicating divine will in the poem is through what is heard, rather than through (often debatable) visual signs, perhaps a clue to the poem’s own origins in oral tradition and the poet’s reliance on the word of the Muse. Having Helenos overhear the gods enables the narrative to move more quickly, while varying the usual pattern of divine descent and intervention. The seer adds his own encouraging improvement on the message, telling Hektor it is not his time to die (52).
- [58](#) One of the few passages where gods take the actual form of birds (as opposed to moving *like* birds: e.g., 5.778). Sleep at 14.290 similarly perches in a tree. The gods’ aesthetic pleasure in the sight of the troops is carried over into the perspective of the ensuing simile (63), which presents an aerial view of wind-stirred waters.
- [77](#) Hektor’s instructions and promise foreshadow the major crisis of the end of the poem, the treatment of his corpse (an ongoing anxiety while he is alive: cf. 22.259 and 22.338). Characteristically, he adds a vivid example of what people will say in the future (cf. 6.460) when glorifying him as they view his foe’s tomb.
- [104](#) The second-person address to Menelaos (as later with Patroklos) adds pathos and draws the audience to

- his point of view. His volunteering resembles a theatrical gesture, and is quickly deflected by Agamemnon and Nestor, who use the occasion to shame the other Greeks into accepting the challenge (124).
- [128](#) Nestor's biography lends authority. His role as the most skilled speaker and keeper of heroic genealogies resembles the poet's. His narrative style differs, however, by continually looping backward before circling around to the starting point: the mention of Ereuthalion's armor prompts recollection of Areithoös and his nickname, then of Lykourgos, who stripped the armor and gave it eventually to Ereuthalion. The war of Pylians against Arkadians is further recalled at 11.669. Though the rivers cannot be located, Pheia appears to have been near modern Katakolo, a port on the Ionian sea, not far west of Olympia in the territory of Elis.
- [220](#) The special connection of Aias with the tower shield is reflected even in the name of his son, Eurysakes ("broad shield"). Its unusually thick construction with multiple layers makes suspenseful any spear-cast against it, as the audience waits to hear how deep the weapon will go.
- [237](#) Hektor compares his knowledge of fighting to dance: the "measures" which he treads with his shield are even reflected in the meter and phrasing of these lines. A war dance in armor (*pyrrhikê*), well known and practiced in Classical times, surely had predecessors, to which these lines may allude.
- [290](#) The end of the duel seems abrupt, with the heralds like umpires calling a game on account of nightfall. But it has made the point that the men are equally matched and fulfills the prayer of the Greeks (204) that, short of a win, Zeus grant the pair equal strength.
- [303](#) The gifts exchanged are linked in lore to the eventual deaths of each: Hektor's corpse is bound and dragged by the belt; Aias kills himself with the sword.
- [336](#) The mound is to be both tomb and defensive wall: if the latter function had been most important, constructing the wall now would be anachronistic (although seeming anachronisms in the poem, such as the elementary identification of warriors from the Trojan wall in [book 3](#), are tolerated for drama's sake). If sepulchral commemoration is the goal, construction after this major slaughter makes more sense.
- [348](#) Another abrupt surprise: the proposal by Antenor to give back Helen sets up the forceful rejection by Paris, albeit with the concession that he is willing to return Menelaos' treasures along with punitive damages.
- [421](#) The moving scene of each army trying to recognize their dead, side by side, is given added emotional impact by the complete silence. The basic human sameness of Greek and Trojan is emphasized by the exact repetition of phrases to describe either side's actions.
- [445](#) Nestor's plan arouses the competitive instinct of the sea god. It is less the alleged impiety of failing to perform foundation sacrifices that annoys Poseidon than it is the threat that the new wall will outshine his and Apollo's building. The objection (like the Antenor-Paris exchange) appears to be a setup for Zeus' further promise that the Greek construction will be short-lived (confirmed at 12.15–30, viewed from a time after Troy's fall). The projection forward is a rarely used technique for setting the tragic action at Troy *sub specie aeternitatis*, making all human concerns look minuscule.
- [467](#) Lemnos (where the Greeks had left behind the commander Philoktetes with his festering snakebite: 2.725) lies fifty miles to the west of Troy. Jason visited it with his Argonauts, welcomed by the Lemnian women (who had killed their errant husbands). Euneos ("good ship") is his son by Hypsipyle, the Lemnian queen. There may be implied contrasts between Jason's expedition (in search of an emblem of kingship, the golden fleece; taking back a dangerous woman, Medea) and the current Trojan mission. A subtle touch of class distinction relevant to aristocratic gift-economy: the Atreidai get their wine free, while the ordinary troops must barter for it (even trading slaves).

BOOK EIGHT

- [13](#) Tartaros is here distinct from Hades (both names can denote deities as well). Rather than a place of punishments for mortals, it is the furthest a god can be from divine society and so forms a holding place for Zeus' enemies (cf. 479–81; and Hesiod, *Theogony*, 865). The gold cord scenario (19) prompted much speculation by Neoplatonist philosophers who saw in it an allegorical expression of the relation of godhead to the material world (see Lamberton, *Homer the Theologian* [Berkeley, 1986], 271–72).
- [39](#) Tritogeneia was obscure even in antiquity as an epithet for Athene. It may mean “Triton-born” in relation to various bodies of water so named, although the goddess has nothing to do with Triton, son of Poseidon; more likely it means “genuine daughter” (literally “third-born”).
- [48](#) Gargaron is the highest peak of Mount Ida, near Troy, and the site mentioned may be where Hektor used to make sacrificial offerings to Zeus (22.171).
- [69](#) The scales of Zeus may seem to contradict his recent assertion of total power, since he seems to hand over the fate of the armies to chance. But a balance is not a dice toss: it vividly makes concrete the decision he had already reached in agreeing with Thetis to honor Achilles. The only other time Zeus employs it, Hektor's doom tips down: 22.209.
- [108](#) These are the immortal horses which Aineias' father got from the gift of the gods to Tros (5.265–73).
- [161](#) The honors mentioned—privileged seating at banquets and so on—are further expanded in the discussion of heroic rights between Glaukos and Sarpedon (at 12.310). The implicit contract (wine and food in exchange for fighting) is the background for the nearly comic rhetoric of Hektor to his horses (185) urging them to repay their upkeep.
- [200](#) Hektor's confidence that defeating Nestor and Diomedes will immediately make the Greeks flee prompts Hera's appeal to Poseidon. Of the sea god's many shrines, Helikē (203) was in territory ruled by Agamemnon (2.575), while Aigai, featuring an undersea palace, may have been imagined as near Lesbos (13.21).
- [223](#) The configuration of ships mirrors the character of the leaders: Odysseus, the master of compromise, is midway between the powerful individualists with a taste for isolation, Aias and Achilles.
- [230](#) The stopover at Lemnos probably happened when Philoktetes was abandoned there (2.722).
- [245](#) Prayer and pity in response trump the apparent power of Fate (expressed by Zeus' balance). The sending of a fawn recalls various substitute-sacrifice stories (e.g., Artemis, in one version, accepting a fawn in lieu of Agamemnon's daughter Iphigeneia). Symbolically, Zeus accepts the animal instead of the human slaughter, for the present.
- [271](#) The mother-child simile lends an unexpectedly tender coloration to the relations of fellow fighters. For a similar usage, see 16.7.
- [306](#) The lyric poignancy is increased by the implied contrast: unlike the flower after rain, the warrior will not lift his head.
- [348](#) Gorgons petrify opponents with their stare (most famously in the tale of Perseus and Medusa), so depictions were commonly used on shields (e.g., Agamemnon's at 11.36) or as devices to ward off evil from temples.
- [360](#) Athene uses of Zeus the same verb (*mainetai*, “rage, be furious”) that Hera had used of Hektor's manic rush (355). As emerges now, Athene keeps track of the deeds for which she is owed thanks, especially her protection of Herakles (hero of the earlier generation, to be contrasted with Achilles). There are hints of jealous competition between Athene and the sea nymph Thetis.
- [393](#) The Hours (*Horai*), which can also be translated “Seasons,” are (in Hesiod, *Theogony*, 901) Eunomia (Good Order), Eirene (Peace), and Dikē (Justice), names more indicative of their function as regulators of all sorts of rhythms, including (as here) the exits and entrances of the gods, which folklore may have connected with the changes of weather.
- [399](#) Iris, divine messenger, is (unlike the other go-between, Hermes) associated with the rainbow, whence she lends her name, in English, to the flower and the colored membrane of the eye.
- [421](#) Iris adds tags on her own insult to what she has been commanded to say. It is unclear whether the goddesses intend to attack Zeus himself, or this is just the chief god's anxiety. At any rate, Hera's

judgment that saving humans is not worth causing divine conflict—a frequent theme—calms the rebellion.

- [470](#) As Zeus has a role in making the future, this is more a promise than a prediction. Iapetos was the father of Prometheus, the benefactor of mankind who challenged Zeus; Kronos was the violent father whom Zeus overthrew. (Both stories are narrated in Hesiod's *Theogony* and *Works and Days*.) Zeus seems to dismiss the possibility that an indignant Hera might successfully recruit his old enemies for her cause.
- [538](#) Hektor's certainty of killing Diomedes sounds hubristic and short-sighted when contrasted with what we have heard in Zeus' foreshadowing of events. Some critics have misconstrued his words to assert an equivalence with the gods; in fact, the "if only" wish is a rhetorical flourish highlighting the commander's confidence for the benefit of his troops.
- [555](#) The final simile comparing fires on the plain to stars shifts its focus to the all-revealing moonlight in a moving panoramic view. The contrast between the shepherd's joy and the tense prebattle expectation adds a personal viewpoint to the regular theme (war versus peace) of such comparisons.

BOOK NINE

- [14](#) The infrequent image of the dark-running water draws attention to another crisis point, when Patroklos seeks to enter the fray (16.3), a significant repetition if, as has been suggested, the poem was performed over the course of three days with [books 9](#) and [16](#) each starting a new day's recitation.
- [30](#) Whereas Agamemnon's speech of despair in [book 2](#) was staged (and backfired) his apparently sincere speech now is counteracted by the words of Diomedes, whose exploits are shown to have gained him confidence in speaking out as an equal. Ironically Diomedes treats the commander as dispensable, just as Agamemnon has treated Achilles. Nestor's suggestion for a feast is intended to right the imbalance and restore Agamemnon's status as chief dispenser of rewards.
- [120](#) "Gifts in abundance" translates a more technical phrase (*apereisi' apoina*: "unbounded compensation") that is appropriate for ransom (cf. the same phrase in 1.13), but not to describe what should be punitive damages demanded by the aggrieved party and recognizing guilt on the part of the giver. (For the latter, *poinë* "expiation" is the proper term.) The crucial difference in attitude can explain Achilles' refusal. See D. Wilson, *Ransom, Revenge, and Heroic Identity in the Iliad* (Cambridge, 2002).
- [149](#) Another indication of the surpassing wealth and power of Agamemnon is that his territories extend to Pylos. The seven towns mentioned differ from the nine listed as ruled by Nestor in the Catalogue of Ships (2.591–602), and may reflect a real Mykenaian-era political division between "near" and "far" Pylian territories.
- [182](#) The translation "these two" accurately reflects the Greek use of an archaic "dual" number (neither singular nor plural, used to denote pairs), here and five other times in this scene. But the embassy is either five (if one counts the two heralds) or three (Aias, Odysseus, Phoinix). The poet may be repurposing a more traditional scene involving a pair (cf. the heralds' dispatch at 1.320). Homerists have not yet proposed an entirely convincing solution.
- [186](#) The violent warrior is hinted at in the brief description of the lyre's origins (in the sack of the city that also yielded Agamemnon's war bride Chryseis: 1.369), while the scene that meets the embassy is one of harmony and companionship, perhaps a musical evening in which the warriors take turns singing heroic epics (about themselves?).
- [223](#) Odysseus interposes himself, although Aias had signaled to Phoinix, perhaps because he believes his skill is greater than the older man's; the resulting order of speeches nicely juxtaposes the clever compromiser and the defender of the extreme heroic ideal. A significant quarrel between Achilles and Odysseus, at a sacrifice, is alluded to in *Od.* 8.75; throughout the *Iliad* one detects tension

between the men.

- [252](#) Having tried appeals to comradeship and to self-interest, Odysseus finally adds a quotation, said to be from Achilles' father, designed to shame the hero into giving up his anger.
- [300](#) Instead of repeating Agamemnon's words at this point (cf. 158–61), Odysseus diplomatically substitutes a plea that Achilles have compassion for his companions, despite his ongoing hatred for Agamemnon. Achilles, in turn, may be describing his preference for straight talk (312) by mentioning his detestation of the man who hides realities; he could also be indirectly blaming Odysseus himself, as if his concealment of Agamemnon's exact words had been obvious.
- [328](#) Achilles alludes to the attacks he carried out in the area around Troy over the past nine years, such as the sack of Thebes.
- [381](#) Orchomenos reached its peak of wealth in the thirteenth century BC. Unless this is a very ancient reminiscence, Thebes of Egypt (modern Luxor) could not be so described until its revival in fortunes after 715 BC (and before its destruction by the Assyrians in 663 BC). Thus some scholars believe the line offers a clue to the dating of the *Iliad*.
- [405](#) Apollo's shrine at Delphi ("Pytho") contained vast wealth from dedications by Greeks and foreigners, and grew rapidly from the eighth century BC to become a Panhellenic sanctuary and international center. This crowning comparison by Achilles gains ironic resonance when the audience knows that Achilles' son Neoptolemos later attacked Delphi in revenge for Apollo's role in causing his father's death.
- [410](#) Only here do we learn of the prophecy, where it makes for the most powerful rhetorical effect. The phrase "glory shall be everlasting" (413) occurs only here, as well, but an etymologically matching phrase occurring in the poetic hymns of the Sanskrit *Rig Veda* (circa 1000 BC) has led scholars to believe this may be a formulaic remnant of Indo-European praise traditions.
- [443](#) The most concise summary of heroic expectations in the *Iliad* balances words and deeds. Achilles' speaking ability has just been shown, so Phoenix's teaching succeeded; his autobiographical account therefore gains credibility as well. In other sources, the centaur Cheiron is said to have tutored Achilles, but the *Iliad* prefers realistic persons to fantasy creatures.
- [481](#) Just as Peleus acted as foster father to Phoenix, so the old tutor can claim to be a father figure to Achilles, freely admitting that he treated him as the son he was cursed never to have.
- [502](#) The personified Prayers and Ruin are described in ways that match their behavior. The former are halting and wrinkled because they act slowly, while the latter (*Atê*, "ruinous blindness"), comes swiftly upon her victims. It is appropriate that the Prayers be old, since the aged Phoenix himself is embodying the Greek entreaty.
- [524](#) Phoenix's third mode of communicating, after allegory and autobiography, is, like the epic itself, a recollection of famous mortal feats. The Kalydonian boar hunt was among the most important joint heroic undertakings of an earlier generation. A war erupted over the division of spoils (note the Iliadic theme) between Kalydon and its neighbor Pleuron (the city of the Kouretes), both located near modern Messolonghi on the northwestern shore of the Corinthian Gulf. In most sources Althaia, the wife of Oineus, has concealed a brand which, at the suggestion of the Fates, she snatched from the fire when Meleagros was born. As long as it remains unburnt, her son will live. When he accidentally kills her brothers in the boar hunt, Althaia returns the wood to the fire and he dies. In the Homeric version, the motif of the hero being angry at his mother's curse prolongs the episode and makes it more closely match the details of Achilles' situation.
- [571](#) The Erinyes appears here for the second time in Phoenix's speech (cf. the furies at 454, his father's curse). The goddesses (most often pluralized) enacted vengeance for murder or other offences involving kin. Their most famous representation in Classical literature comes in the *Eumenides* ("Kindly Ones"), the third play of the *Oresteia* trilogy of Aeschylus (produced 458 BC).
- [590](#) Kleopatra, whose brief biography is given at 556, has a name that matches semantically "Patroklos," both meaning "ancestor glory." Her role as the closest person in Meleagros' affection and only successful pleader parallels that of the companion of Achilles. It may be a convenient fiction on the

part of Phoenix to make the hero heed his friend.

- [633](#) Aias' speech, meant to shame Achilles for neglecting his comrades, is addressed to *them*, ostensibly. The analogy made is imperfect: while a victim's brother might accept *compensation* from a killer, Agamemnon has offered *gifts*, which (more like a bribe) put the recipient in his debt, do not acknowledge the grievance, and imply that the giver holds the superior position.

BOOK TEN

- [1](#) The "Doloneia" (book 10, centered on Dolon) was thought by some ancient critics to have been a separate composition added to the *Iliad* in the course of its textual fixation, perhaps in the sixth century BC. Many modern critics as well have stressed its un-Iliadic or un-Homeric aspects. While it is true that it bears no organic relation to the rest of the poem, and that its dictional choices, prolix development, archaizing touches, and subject matter (including fascination with armor and dress) are unusual (and more akin to the *Odyssey*), there is no reason to think the book was not a living part of the Homeric performance tradition. See C. Dué and M. Ebbott, *Iliad 10 and the Poetics of Ambush: A Multitext Edition with Essays and Commentary* (Washington, DC, 2010).
- [5](#) The opening simile brings together Zeus and Agamemnon to the disadvantage of the latter's image. The commander's uncontrollable symptoms of despair are likened to the chief god's masterfully executed and powerful weather effects.
- [91](#) Agamemnon's description of his symptoms displays more self-awareness than he has shown to this point, underlining his desperation now that Achilles has spurned his entreaties. His keen analysis of his brother's psychology (121) shows another previously unnoticed dimension of his intelligence.
- [212](#) One mark of the difference in tone of [book 10](#) is its radical reinterpretation of "glory" as something that can be gained by a sneak attack on a spying mission. The rest of the *Iliad* treats *kleos* (glory, especially as transmitted through poetry) as the result of conspicuous fighting ability in the midst of battle. The *Odyssey*, on the other hand, does associate its hero's *kleos* with mastery of deceptions, such as the Trojan Horse (*Od.* 9.20).
- [243](#) A sense of the *Odyssey*'s protagonist emerges from Diomedes' reference to his steadfastness, intelligence, relation to Athene, and ability to come back from any danger (noted here with the same verb that describes Odysseus' return in the tale of his voyages).
- [255](#) The formality and detail with which this giving of arms is described make it sound like a ritual. The importance is underlined by the antiquity of the objects described: the boar's-tooth helmet (dating to 1600–1200 BC) must have been a precious heirloom by the time of the poem's composition (if it was not simply a memory). The reference to Odysseus' thievish grandfather Autolykos reminds the audience of the hero's own shiftier side.
- [285](#) While Odysseus' prayer to Athene (278) looks forward to the themes of the *Odyssey*, Diomedes once more recalls the topic of sonship and his father Tydeus' role in another major epic event, the battle for Thebes (cf. 4.370).
- [303](#) Hektor stresses, first, material reward rather than fame and association with the elite (cf. 212–17), as if the Trojans have different motivating priorities. The insistence by Dolon ("Tricky") on an oath also bespeaks a more mercantile attitude.
- [415](#) The tomb of Ilos (the son of Tros and father of Laomedon), like the fig and oak trees, is one of the rare spatial markers in the poem's stylized picture of the Trojan plain. It has not been identified with any detectable archaeological feature.
- [429](#) The list of Trojan allies is a contracted and slightly varied form of that found in the catalogue at 2.840–77. This correspondence with the narrator's words has the effect of making Dolon's report ring true. The story of the slaughter is the subject of a tragedy attributed to Euripides, the *Rhesus*.
- [496](#) The bad dream, becoming reality (Diomedes), is a unique and unusually strong metaphor, unlike either

the conventional simile technique or other dream appearances (e.g., 2.20, 23.68).

BOOK ELEVEN

- [1](#) The major battle of the *Iliad*, continuing through [book 17](#), begins with the participation of the primary warriors, several of whom are soon put out of action.
- [15](#) Agamemnon's elaborate armor prompts description that highlights the geographic and even cosmic impact of the Trojan siege. The Cypriot king has acknowledged the commander's status, in hopes of getting a reciprocal gift, perhaps at Troy's fall—an event that would increase his island's political power. In drawing attention to the upcoming action, the extended arming scene functions like the description of Achilles' shield (see [book 18](#) and his preparation for battle at 19.369).
- [45](#) Usually it is Zeus' exclusive privilege to thunder, but Hera and Athene employ the encouraging noise here, while Zeus rains blood to mark the imminent slaughter (53). Hektor's appearance completes the meteorological effects—his armor gleams like lightning (66).
- [86](#) The simile of the woodcutter imaginatively transforms the chaos of battle into ordered, necessary labor, with its own life-sustaining rewards.
- [104](#) Achilles' deeds are kept in the audience's mind through such narrative recollections, though he has been out of the fray since [book 1](#) and has not been seen since the end of [book 9](#). For an expansion of the motif of captured and released enemies see 21.34. Another vignette (9.138) similarly fills in the exposition of past events at Troy (explaining Agamemnon's present brutality).
- [218](#) A series of crescendo movements (Agamemnon's battle rage, Zeus' orders, Hektor's urging of the troops) culminates in a renewed invocation of the Muses (cf. 2.484), marking the onset of the height of Agamemnon's performance of glory (his *aristeia*).
- [223](#) That this son of Antenor is raised by a maternal grandfather seems to fit the pattern of aristocratic "fosterage" attested in other Indo-European cultures (especially Celtic), although marriage to an aunt is unusual. The geographic scope is again widened (as in 10.21) by the mention of Iphidamas coming from Thrace on the report of a Greek expedition.
- [269](#) In the midst of masculine combat, the strongest expression of pain is childbirth pangs. As it was at Menelaos' wounding (4.141), women's experience is recalled via simile.
- [292](#) As the action intensifies, the narration becomes more impressionistic, employing a kaleidoscopic series of similes within fifteen lines, with Hektor seen as a hunter (292), Ares (295), a storm cloud (297), and a whirlwind (306).
- [353](#) Apollo's gift protects Hektor, as the audience hears, but Diomedes is speculating when he assumes that his opponent regularly prays to the protector of Troy.
- [403](#) As often in the *Odyssey*, Odysseus addresses his spirit (*thumos*), giving the audience the impression that he is more self-aware than such heroes as Diomedes or Agamemnon. Unlike in the *Odyssey*, where such dramatic monologues conclude with his strategic withdrawal, here the warrior ends with a ringing affirmation of the value of engagement.
- [452](#) Odysseus' boast employs the language of laments by the kin of a slain warrior, especially the rhetorical focus on the absence of mourners (cf. 22.86). A similar speaking strategy marked Diomedes' threat (393).
- [512](#) The fighters realize that their fortunes will worsen if they lose the surgeon Machaon, son of Asklepios, who in turn learned healing from his father Apollo.
- [547](#) Retreat out of fear is unusual, especially for a warrior as prominent as Aias, so a double simile highlights his essential unwillingness: he is a lion beset by dogs and villagers, or a stubborn donkey beaten by boys.
- [603](#) The touch of foreshadowing will come to mind later in this book when Nestor advises Patroklos. Achilles' call is set in the immediate context of companions aiding one another in battle (590), but

- Achilleus interprets the scene as prelude to a renewed supplication for his individual services.
- [631](#) Both beverage and cup are special. The cup resembles, down to the details of its golden birds, a chalice-shaped, two-handled example from about 1500 BC, found in a shaft grave at Mykenai, although Nestor's version is heroically weightier. The mixed drink (*kukeôn*) has been compared to the concoction of the same name used in the mystery rituals of Demeter at Eleusis outside Athens.
- [670](#) Nestor's long, twisting tale centers on his initiation as warrior during an episode of cattle-raiding and reprisal. Its practical application as advice hinges on an inexact parallel, never made explicit, that would figure Patroklos as a younger warrior whose chance for glory has now come. In fact, Patroklos is older than Achilleus (as Nestor himself notes: 786).
- [690](#) Nestor starts, like an epic poet, in the middle of things, with his glorious return (685). We can reconstruct earlier events: Herakles devastated the house of Neleus in Pylos. The men of Elis (the Epeians) took advantage of this to raid the city. Then or later, they perpetrated other abuses, such as taking Neleus' racing chariot and team. Some time later, the Pylians conducted a cattle raid to recover damages and with the young Nestor successfully brought home many goods; three days thereafter the Epeians counterattacked, the Pylians mustered, and Nestor won glory in battle.
- [749](#) The Moliones were said by other ancient sources (Hesiod, fr. 18, MW) to be Siamese twins, but this is not clear from the Homeric description and, if known, may have been suppressed, as are other monstrous or fantastic elements.
- [763](#) Nestor makes the point of the story the contrast between his own fight for the Pylian community versus Achilleus' selfish isolation.
- [797](#) Ironically, in the parable, Nestor's father had not allowed him to wear armor; Nestor now by quoting Patroklos' father (785–86) lures the younger man into asking for Achilleus' armor—a fatal suggestion.
- [843](#) The picture of Patroklos tending expertly to the wound of Eurypylos anticipates his role as potential savior of the Greeks, healing and battle being conceived as in many ways analogous crafts. See R. P. Martin, *Healing, Sacrifice and Battle: Amechania and Related Concepts in Early Greek Poetry* (Innsbruck, 1983).

BOOK TWELVE

- [1](#) The already perilous situation, culminating in the wounding of Greek leaders in the previous book, becomes more ominous with the reminder that the Greeks constructed their wall irreverently. But the long-distance foreshadowing goes beyond the current setbacks in battle and even the fall of Troy, becoming instead a reminder of the fragility of all mortal things, from the gods' view. The distant scene, now looked back upon from the poet's day, recalls Greek and Near Eastern stories of a primeval flood that wiped out earlier periods of civilization.
- [145](#) With the sustained attack on its wall, the Greek camp comes to resemble a miniature Troy, a defensive site, enabling the audience to imagine the ineffectiveness of a Greek assault on the much sturdier and taller city ramparts.
- [167](#) Unusually, a character employs a full-scale Homeric simile in his own speech, during battle.
- [175](#) The basic scenario of simultaneous attack on multiple gates may owe something to the story of the Seven against Thebes, the gates of which were attacked by as many companies of warriors with their champions. Such a complex scene is intrinsically challenging for the omniscient narrator, as the poet goes on to say (176), but it may have provided a tour de force exhibition of compositional skill.
- [195](#) From the ill fate of the division under Asios—the most reckless ally in the attack—the focus moves to Hektor, usually the most sensible. The mood of near victory and its unbearable tension is encapsulated in Hektor's response to Poulydamas' counsel of caution. Favored as he thinks he is by Zeus, Hektor scorns omens. The striking line 243 (“One bird sign is best . . .”) was a favorite in

antiquity: Pliny the Younger recalls (*Letter* 1.18.3) how as an eighteen-year-old apprentice Roman lawyer (in 80 AD), he plucked up his courage with this sentiment. Teachers of rhetoric in the fourth century AD were still urging pupils to make use of the maxim.

- [310](#) The most explicit expression in Homer of a heroic contract: Sarpedon reminds his cousin of the warrior's obligation to fight in the front line in exchange for community support and special treatment. The point of 323 seems to be that such regard continues *after* the fighter's death. The word *temenos* ("piece of land": 313) can designate a plot set aside as a gift, but also (and primarily, in post-Homeric Greek) a sacred precinct for a god or hero. The latter were worshiped in cults with dedications of wine and other liquids, and animal sacrifice (cf. 319, of the living). In addition to outlining the economy of heroism, Sarpedon implies that war itself is a non-zero-sum game in which one can get glory by slaying but also give it by being slain.
- [391](#) So powerful are words as a kind of ammunition in battle that enemies avoid even the appearance of weakness lest the other side boast. The word translated "glory" at 328 means literally "a boast" (*eukhos*), and shares the root of the verb translated at 391 as "vaunt."
- [445](#) The exaggerated strength of heroes increases with the ferocity of the attack: at 380, Aias hefts a stone such as no man nowadays might grasp with two hands. Now Hektor pries one loose that would take two ordinary men (with a wagon) to lift. As if on second thought, the poet adds that Zeus made the rock lighter (450)—but leading ancient scholars rejected the additional line.
- [462](#) At the poem's midpoint, the darkest moment of the Greeks' situation is embodied in the ambiguous figure of Hektor, bursting through the defensive wall, like blazing fire but also swift night.

BOOK THIRTEEN

- [4](#) Zeus turns aside to gaze at peoples to the north, who were to the Greeks distant and semibarbarous. Thracian territory overlaps the border between current Greece and Turkey; Mysians lived in today's Bulgaria (though the Catalogue of Trojan Allies knows of another branch: 2.858); Hippomolgoi (the "horse milker") and the Abioi (whose name was interpreted as "without violence") were associated with lands the Classical Greeks knew as Scythia (now the Ukraine and southern Russia). The righteousness of these tribes accords with the mythical notion that peoples furthest removed in time or space from current civilization are least damaged by its problems.
- [13](#) "Thracian" Samos (later "Samothrace"), in the northern Aegean forty miles northwest of Troy, was so called to distinguish it from the Greek island Samos that lies to the south, off the coast near modern Kusadasi. The island was a center of the worship of the Great Mother of importance to sailors throughout antiquity. The mountain on which Poseidon sits, 5,250 feet tall, in fact offers a full view of the Trojan plain—evidence that this portion of the poem must be based on someone's personal observation of landscape.
- [54](#) Although the audience has not heard Hektor make this boast, his actions and words from [book 7](#) onward could lead one to interpret his behavior as hubristic in this way.
- [71](#) A fleeting reference to the gods' slight differences in appearance: even when disguised they can be bigger, heavier (cf. 5.838), or more lovely (3.396), and even, as it seems here, have distinctive legs (or perhaps gait). The idea that gods are conspicuous goes against the sense of [book 5](#), where Athene had to grant Diomedes special power to perceive them.
- [108](#) Poseidon/Kalchas interprets the quarrel from Achilles' point of view, and the "weakness" refers to Agamemnon. But he still urges courage on the part of the troops. The "healing" of the rift between fighters (or of their slackness in battle—an ambiguity) foregrounds the theme that is associated with the saving action of Patroklos: see 11.843.
- [203](#) Decapitation is unusual and here shows the height of the Greeks' despair and grief. Achilles, bereaved of Patroklos, vows to bring back Hektor's head (18.334). Ethnographers record that modern

- headhunters (e.g., among the Ilongot of the Philippines) are often motivated by grief and anger at the deaths of friends: see R. Rosaldo, “Grief and a Headhunter’s Rage,” in *Violence in War and Peace*, ed. N. Scheper-Hughes and P. Bourgois, 150–56 (Malden, MA, 2004).
- [206](#) Poseidon’s grandson is Amphimachos (185), son of Kteatos (whose mortal father was Aktor, but whose actual father was the sea god).
- [278](#) One of the clusters of details in the poem that convince an audience the composer has seen men in war.
- [301](#) Ares is associated with the half-wild land of Thrace. The Ephyroi and Phlegyes (named for Phlegyas, a son of Ares) are Greek tribes associated with Thessaly.
- [324](#) The rating of Aias as Achilles’ equal in a fight (though not in a race) coheres with the tradition that he was deserving of Achilles’ armor after the hero’s death. The story of his defeat by Odysseus and subsequent suicide was part of the Cyclic *Little Iliad* and is dramatized in the *Ajax* of Sophocles.
- [374](#) Harsh sarcasm from Idomeneus comes as a surprise, but [book 13](#) has already featured the roughest war-making. At the same time, it is interspersed with delicate and carefully observed arboreal similes (178, 389).
- [414](#) A triple phonic echo makes it sound as if Deiphobos is punning: *Asios* is not un-avenged (*atitos*) as he goes to the house of Hades (*Aidos*).
- [435](#) Poseidon’s spell is unparalleled as a form of divine intervention in the battle thus far. The closest scene to this is 16.791 (Apollo strikes Patroklos), but only here is there the sense that the god puts his victim in a paralyzed trance by visual contact. The ensuing death ends with the equally bizarre image of Alkathoös’ heartbeat causing the spear butt to pulsate (443).
- [450](#) The Cretan king Minos, a son of Zeus, was keeper, in the famous labyrinth, of the Minotaur, a bull-headed human-bodied monster that met its end at the hands of the Athenian hero Theseus.
- [460](#) The theme of heroic anger against a superior (like that of Achilles) was suggested (perhaps inadvertently) in the case of another Trojan, Paris (6.326). Here it seems to involve an actual rivalry between branches of the royal house.
- [521](#) Gods are not omniscient but must learn, like mortals, over time. The pathos of late-learning about a family death recalls the narrator’s observation (3.236) concerning Helen’s ignorance of the fate of her brothers Kastor and Polydeukes.
- [603](#) Still not fully explained, the narrator’s second-person address to Menelaos (thus treated seven times, compared to eight times for Patroklos) may depend on a perceived sympathy with the loser in the story of Helen’s abduction. Menelaos refers to the offense explicitly (626) in his boast over the body of Peisandros (who is here subjected to one of the gorier deaths in the poem).
- [643](#) Harpalion, son of Pylaimenes the king, is followed by his father while carried wounded from the field. A minor mistake seems to have occurred, since an identically named man, also identified as king of the Paphlagonians, was slain by Menelaos at 5.576. The missing blood price (659) underscores the pathos of the situation: a son might avenge his father in war by killing, or by taking recompense in peace, but the aging father is unable to do so for his off spring.
- [665](#) A grimmer version of Achilles’ choice (9.410). Euchenor can have death by disease or by war; at least the latter relieves him of paying a fine (apparently levied on war dodgers: see 23.296 on Echebolos).
- [681](#) Protesilaos (see the Catalogue of Ships, 2.698) was first to be killed when the Greeks landed at Troy, having leapt from his ship to shore. His ship is thus located farthest up the beach, as it arrived earliest.
- [685](#) The “Ionians” sounds anachronistic, as Ionia (the west coast of Asia Minor as far north as Smyrna) was not settled by Greeks until some two centuries after the time of the Trojan war. But here they are identical to the Athenians, an accurate memory of the fact that many early colonists hailed from that city. The Phthians come from the broader region around the homeland of Achilles, while his troops are specifically Myrmidons. These, by contrast, are led by Podarkes (“swift-footed”—a name that happens to be an epithet of the great hero).
- [730](#) The principle of diversity of divine gifts underlies the characterization of heroes on both sides. Achilles has fighting power, but Patroklos has greater wisdom, a pairing like that of Hektor and

Poulydamas. It is interesting that dance as a skill is kept separate from the playing and singing of music (treated together).

- [747](#) The imminent reentry of Achilles is a real possibility for the audience as well, since we have heard him pledge to return when Trojan fire reaches his ships (9.651).
- [754](#) The comparison to a mountain does not suit rapid movement, but perhaps alludes to the towering presence of the warrior (cf. *Od.* 9.190), while the gleam of his armor matches the dazzling snow.
- [825](#) This exaggerated rhetorical expression, like that of 8.539, is not in itself impious but manages to associate Hektor with a high ambition bordering on the wish for deification.

BOOK FOURTEEN

- [16](#) The simile is remarkable because the powerful image of sea and wind—usually describing the actual movement of armies—is here transferred to Nestor’s mental and emotional turmoil as he decides on his direction.
- [83](#) The exchange encapsulates both Agamemnon’s feckless decisions and Odysseus’ capacity for enduring long pain (as he will over the next decade). The reference to their lifelong war careers underlines the exceptional nature of this siege: no amateurs, they have nevertheless spent nine years in an assault.
- [113](#) Diomedes’ growth as warrior and speaker is given yet another nod. As usual, the theme of his father’s exploits arises. We learn yet more detail: that Tydeus is buried at Thebes and had once moved from Aitolia to Argos.
- [132](#) The men who “favored their anger” are probably the Myrmidons. The subsequent swipe at Achilles by the disguised Poseidon (141) is meant to keep in view the overarching problem that has brought the Greeks to this crisis.
- [170](#) Hera’s anger leads her to use sex as a weapon. The extended scene of preparation is therefore the functional equivalent of a warrior’s arming scene.
- [201](#) Tethys and Okeanos as foster parents of Hera are not known from the mainstream Hesiodic version of early divine history, but as Hera’s discourse in general here is deceptive, this detail, too, could be a purely mythical construction. Another possibility is that she refers to a creation story otherwise only hinted at in some Greek versions (cf. Plato, *Cratylus*, 402b) and possibly influenced by Babylonian myths that name gods of fresh and salt water as the primal elements.
- [250](#) On Herakles’ sack of Troy in the previous generation, see 5.638–51. Zeus punished Hera by dangling her with anvils attached to her feet from Olympos (15.18–24), the incident mentioned by Hephaistos (1.590), who was punished in turn when he sought to rescue his mother.
- [271](#) On swearing an oath to confirm the promise of a prize, see 10.321. Hera’s cosmic witnesses include the previous generation of divinities, now imagined as confined to Tartaros. The penalty for a god breaking an oath sworn by Styx is to lie in a death-like trance for one year and spend the next nine cut off from the company of the Olympians (*Theogony* 738).
- [291](#) The gods’ term is transparent and poetic (*chalkis*, “the brazen bird”), while the human term is without obvious etymology. For similar alternative names, see Hektor’s son Astyanax/Skamandrios (6.402) and the river Xanthos/Skamandros (20.74).
- [317](#) The Catalogue of Loves provides a humorous diversion for the audience but seems somewhat uncouth as love talk to one’s wife and sister. It is perhaps another power play by Zeus to remind Hera of his supreme will. The daughter of Phoinix is Europa, abducted by Zeus in the form of a bull. Zeus omits the detail that Semele was incinerated when she persuaded him to appear in all his glory and Dionysos was rescued from her womb. Demeter was mother of Persephonē, Leto of the twins Artemis and Apollo.
- [346](#) The marvelous growth and dew underscore the cosmic fertility brought about by this sacred marriage

- (“hierogamy”), which can be paralleled in many myths worldwide.
- [392](#) Reality in the narrative (the encroaching sea) turns immediately into simile (the sound of battle is louder than the surf’s roar).
- [473](#) Aias’ knowledge of his enemy’s identity and kin is authentic enough, in view of the nine-year struggle during which both sides had time to become intimately acquainted.
- [497](#) The goriness of this killing, culminating in a horrific exhibition and taunt, reinforces the feeling that all boundaries to the excesses of war have been removed. The ferocious cycle accelerates as men kill in order to avenge their comrades.
- [518](#) The life force (*psykhê*) escaping through a wound is an unusually specific anatomical detail within the poem’s conventions for the representation of death.

BOOK FIFTEEN

- [26](#) Hera was constantly opposed to Herakles (whose name ironically means “glory of Hera”) out of jealousy that Zeus had produced such a champion with a mortal woman. The further story of how she made Herakles subordinate to his cousin Eurystheus is told in 19.96.
- [64](#) Zeus’ commands to his fellow gods shift into a foretelling of the plot, covering the main points of [books 16](#) through [22](#): Achilleus’ dispatch of Patroklos; that hero’s death soon after Sarpedon’s; and the subsequent killing of Hektor. Even the fall of Troy is reaffirmed—a point beyond the *Iliad*.
- [112](#) Askalaphos was killed without Ares’ knowledge (13.518). The gesture of smacking the thighs with the palms portends imminent death (e.g., 16.125; and see S. Lowenstam, *The Death of Patroklos: A Study in Typology* [Königstein/Ts., 1981]). The death of a god’s son (cf. the similar scene of Sarpedon’s killing in [book 16](#)) shows how the fear of dissent on Olympus is what determines mortals’ fates.
- [165](#) The unwillingness of Zeus to brook a rival who would declare himself equal echoes Agamemnon’s problem with Achilleus (1.186), while the reminder that he is stronger “in authority” (*pherteros*, which Lattimore translates “in strength”) uses the same word that describes Agamemnon’s claim to power.
- [189](#) The triple division of the cosmos is not stressed in Hesiod’s *Theogony*, focused as it is on the story of Zeus’ rise to power. The motif, however, is ancient, found in Near Eastern myths.
- [204](#) On the Erinyes see 9.454.
- [214](#) This is the first indication of which side Hermes and Hephaistos favor in the conflict. Unlike Hera, Athene, Aphrodite, and Poseidon, they have limited participation.
- [229](#) The aegis, used by Zeus and Athene, is thought of as a tasseled goatskin, perhaps shield-shaped, with magical power to stun and terrify. Most likely an ancient sign of Zeus’ sovereignty, it may be related to the word for “heartwood” (also *aigis* in Greek) and thus to the god’s sacred oak, the goatskin explanation (from “goat,” *aix*) being a later reinterpretation.
- [263](#) Two similes mark the crucial reentry of Hektor—he is like a liberated steed, then like a lion—with no sense of incongruity, the emotional association of each image overriding linear sense, and the viewpoint varying in line with his own subjective feeling versus the way he is perceived by the Greeks as an object of terror.
- [379](#) Ironically, the Trojans mistake Zeus’ thunder, which was made in positive response to Nestor’s prayer, as an indication that he is still supporting *their* attack.
- [461](#) Despite his encouragement after Nestor’s prayer (370), Zeus still protects Hektor. Teukros and Aias, however, are unsure as to which god is inhibiting their fight by frustrating their bow shots. Hektor acknowledges this to be the work of Zeus (489).
- [582](#) The pairing of the youngest Greek (Antilochos) with the peaceful cowherd Melanippos, recently moved to Troy, is ripe for pathos. As with Menelaos and Patroklos, the poet addresses Melanippos in the

second person at the emotional climax of his wounding. The prewar life of Melanippos is picked up by the ensuing simile comparing Antilochos to a wild beast that has slain a herdsman.

- [595](#) One effect of the foreshadowing is to increase suspense: although the audience is given the plot outcome in outline, they await the exact details of battle and Hektor's death with sustained interest.
- [641](#) Naming alone offers the sign that Periphetes is better than his father Kopreus ("Dung man"). He carries a shield of the archaic Mykenaian type, as tall as the body.
- [705](#) The choice of location, the ship of Protesilaos, who was first to land and killed instantly, must prompt some foreboding for the Greeks.
- [721](#) The first we hear of Hektor's blame directed toward his elders for excessive caution. At 6.431 it was his wife Andromachē who urged him to stay close to the city walls.

BOOK SIXTEEN

- [7](#) The picture of a young girl begging to be taken up by her mother is not a peaceful vignette, but (as shown in K. L. Gaca, "Reinterpreting the Homeric Simile of *Iliad* 16.7–11," *American Journal of Philology* 129 [2008]: 145–71) a specific reference to the fate of families after the fall of cities, and thus an ominous image.
- [18](#) At first Achilles lumps together all Greeks with Agamemnon in speaking of their general arrogance. Later, he restricts blame to the individual who has injured him (54).
- [100](#) The wish for exclusive glory, to be shared only with Patroklos, is somewhat broader than the self-absorbed desire for recognition that Achilles has just expressed (84–90), but still remarkably harsh in dismissing Greek as well as Trojan suffering.
- [124](#) A good example of "double motivation," when the urges of gods and humans coincide. Zeus wants to drive back the Trojans once fire has touched the first ship (15.599). Simultaneously, Achilles has decided to let Patroklos carry out Nestor's independent suggestion about entering battle.
- [143](#) Tradition held that Cheiron the half-man, half-horse tutor of heroes, presented the ash spear at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis. Although Patroklos has been entrusted with Cheiron's medical knowledge (via Achilles: 11.830), he cannot master fully the martial arts of the Centaur.
- [154](#) Like Achilles himself, his chariot team is a mixture of mortal and divine genealogy. Two of his Myrmidon comrades (Menesthios, 173, and Eudoros, 179) are similarly half divine.
- [225](#) The special character of Achilles is highlighted by what appear to be private or family rituals. Their extraordinary nature is further underlined by the reference to Dodona, a cult site of Zeus far in the northwest Greek territory. "Pelagian" designates a semimythical pre-Greek population. The mysterious Selloi (Helloi, in some manuscripts, a name perhaps related to "Hellenes") differ from the usual Greek priests. Their closeness to the earth might indicate earlier chthonic origins of the cult. The scene is unusual, finally, because elsewhere in the *Iliad* a god never grants only half a prayer.
- [328](#) The king, Amisodaros, was not named when the Chimaira was introduced in the story of Bellerophon (6.179).
- [385](#) The flood tied to Zeus' punishment of wrongdoing resembles the biblical account (*Genesis* 6–9). Although missing from Hesiod's *Theogony*, the flood tale appears to be a regional commonplace, showing up in early Near Eastern literature, such as *Gilgamesh*.
- [423](#) Sarpedon's ignorance of the identity of the raging Patroklos seems inconsistent with the Trojans' belief (281) that Achilles has returned to battle; perhaps the Lykian contingent on the edges of the fight has not seen Patroklos' initial foray.
- [433](#) Although Zeus laments that it is fate (*moira*) for his son to die, he nevertheless considers saving him, thereby overriding the set course of events. Hera's response affirms that Zeus is able to go against fate, but he risks the anger and disapproval of the other gods, in a lost cause (since Sarpedon, a mortal, must die sometime).

- [482](#) Sarpedon's end, the first of three extended death scenes that climax the poem, is accompanied by two similes (the tree and bull), a death speech with last words (492–501), but no speech by the killer (unlike the subsequent examples). The presence of Glaukos here foregrounds the theme of intense comradeship embodied by Achilles and Patroklos: one man's close companion has now slain another's.
- [584](#) The poet begins to increase the frequency of direct address to Patroklos, heightening the pathos and intensity of the episode and situating the audience on his side of the struggle.
- [614](#) These two lines may have been interpolated from 13.504–5.
- [682](#) This scene is reproduced on one of the finest, best-known Greek vases, a wine mixing bowl by Euphronios from about 515 BC, showing Sleep and Death with Hermes as they lift the wound-riddled body of Sarpedon. The prized piece was at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York until 2008, when it was repatriated to Italy (where it had been looted from a tomb in the early 1970s).
- [765](#) An extended simile that well shows how the poet introduces a purely natural, uninhabited landscape to parallel the action or look of human events. At the same time, we are made aware that nature—in this case a wood of mixed trees struck by contending winds—can be thought to have its own warlike processes. Struggle is inescapable even off the battlefield.
- [787](#) Apollo's attack is the most direct and brutal of any god's in the *Iliad*, as well as being deceptive. The gradual dissolution of Patroklos is like a prolonged slow-motion film sequence. Even the close-up of Achilles' helmet, now covered by dust, is highly cinematic.
- [830](#) Hektor's taunt to the dying Patroklos gets details wrong, and an audience realizes the grim irony. Achilles, for example, did not tell him to slay Hektor. It is interesting that Hektor begins with mention of the capture of Trojan women, as if his parting conversation with Andromachē (book 6) remains foremost in his thoughts.
- [853](#) The pervasive folk tradition that a dying person's last words are prophetic can be seen already at work here. Cf. Socrates' at his trial predicting punishment for the Athenians (Plato, *Apology*, 39c).

BOOK SEVENTEEN

- [4](#) As the struggle to claim Patroklos' corpse begins, the hero is once more compared to young off spring needing protection, here a calf (cf. 16.7, a young girl).
- [51](#) The poem humanely refuses to denigrate enemies. One of Patroklos' killers can still be described in terms of beauty, with hair like the Graces (daughters of Zeus who embody all elegance and joy), resembling a lovely tree.
- [92](#) Menelaos admits that it was his own quest to regain Helen that has led to the death of Patroklos. His defense of the corpse is motivated by shame as well as comradeship.
- [126](#) Neither side are headhunters, but the intensity of grief over slain comrades leads both increasingly to consider decapitation. Compare the threat uttered by Euphorbos that he will console his parents, for his brother's death, by taking home the head of Menelaos (38).
- [147](#) Glaukos, who has once before shamed Hektor into fighting, uses exactly the words of Achilles against Agamemnon (9.316–17) to complain that he and his men are treated unfairly by the Trojan prince and to threaten to leave. He wants Patroklos' corpse as a bargaining chip to regain the armor of his friend Sarpedon—not as a prop for the glorification of Hektor.
- [194](#) In the poet's brief comment and Zeus' speech, the armor becomes a portentous symbol of the mortality of Achilles and Hektor, a sign of their imminent deaths.
- [250](#) Like Hektor speaking to the Lykians (225), Menelaos baldly states the quid pro quo for his insisting on help: he and his brother have wined and dined their fellow commander; now is time for payback.
- [290](#) The recompense theme is kept going in a minor key as Hippothoös, in dying while doing a favor for Hektor (291), fails to return to his parents what he owes for his upbringing.

- [404](#) The tragedy of partial knowledge (similar to the partial fulfillment of Achilles' prayer to Zeus at 16.250) corresponds to the hero's half-mortal nature, as if he can never achieve divine omniscience. Although Achilles realizes he will not take Troy, he has not known that Patroklos will die.
- [434](#) The perfect relevance of this simile to the context is increased if the poet has in mind tombstones such as were made in Athens in the early sixth century BC. Scenes with sculpted or painted warriors and horses might have been familiar to the audiences for epic poetry; other *stélai* depicted lamenting kinfolk. This image captures both aspects. Once more the tragic incompatibility of mortal and divine is stressed.
- [570](#) The courage of the mosquito may seem a backhanded compliment. The image recalls 4.130 when Athene warded off a deadly missile from Menelaos like a mother swatting away a fly. Here the hero is at the other end of the simile, as it were—the persistent attacker rather than the helpless victim.
- [631](#) The signs of lightning and thunder (595) must convince the Greeks that it is specifically Zeus rather than Apollo who is frustrating their shots at the Trojans. This does not prevent Aias from praying to Zeus to make clear the skies (645), and the prayer succeeds.
- [709](#) Although Menelaos has told Antilochos (692) that Achilles might help recover Patroklos' corpse, he realizes that this is not possible, since Hektor now has the warrior's armor (pending the manufacture of a new set in [book 18](#)).
- [755](#) The image seems reversed: one would imagine the following crowd of Trojans to be noisy in pursuit. But the comparison hinges on the frantic movement of the fleeing Greek troops, and the cries, like those of small birds instead of raptors, emphasize their weak position.

BOOK EIGHTEEN

- [10](#) As usual, we learn from Achilles of Thetis' prophecies only in the face of a crisis or after the fact (cf. 9.410). The technique is more common in the *Odyssey* (e.g., *Od.* 9.507, 13.173).
- [26](#) The description of Achilles stretched in the dust matches that of warriors who have been slain (e.g., 16.775), a foreshadowing of his own death once he is drawn back into war. The image of clustering women who lament reinforces the idea that soon he, too, will be an object of grief (as Thetis acknowledges: 96).
- [39](#) The names of the nymphs, daughters of Nereus, reflect their habitat. Most are epithets for the sea (Glauke, "Gray"; Kymothoë, "Wave-swift"), while some refer to the mythical character of their father as a wise old man of the sea (Nemertes, "Unerring"; Apseudes, "Without lie"). Thetis' words are a lament for Achilles rather than for Patroklos, whom she does not mention.
- [72](#) The resemblance here to Thetis' interview with Achilles by the shore in [book 1](#) underscores the irony that her son has now achieved what he begged her for, with unforeseen consequences. He now realizes that glory is less important than his companion's life.
- [117](#) Herakles died after being accidentally poisoned through a mistake by his wife Deianeira, who sent him a cloak thinking that the potion with which she had smeared it was a love charm (rather than a mixture of Hydra's blood). The story is dramatized in Sophocles' *Trachiniae*. After his incineration on a pyre, Herakles ascended to Olympos, where he was reconciled with Hera and given Youth (Hebe) as bride.
- [206](#) The blaze that Athene makes rise from Achilles begins a complex simile that is at once a foreshadowing of the fall of Troy (a city under siege) and a recollection of the hero's wrath, just described as rising like smoke (109). Within the terms of the simile, the flame is a call for help, while the actual fiery warrior is the answer to such a call. A similar duality occurs in the trumpet simile (219).
- [301](#) Hektor interprets Poulydamas' words as demagogic pleading and so calls his bluff by challenging one who cares about possessions (by implication, one who urged immediate concern for the city) to

- distribute goods to the *dêmos* before the Greeks acquire them.
- [373](#) The automatic tripods are almost allegories for the ease with which prestige goods, such as Hephaistos makes, take on a life of their own when circulating in a culture of gift-exchange through guest-friendship and inheritance. Their mobility is a striking contrast to their maker's lameness.
- [395](#) Another fall from Olympos, different from that described earlier (1.590), which was caused by Zeus, not Hera. Although they seem on good terms, Hera, according to her son, has tried to eliminate him.
- [417](#) The golden robot maidens are described in terms similar to those used for Pandora (Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 70–82), gifted by all the gods with adornment and endowments.
- [483](#) Archaeologists have not discovered anything as elaborate as this shield. The closest parallels are silver plates from Phoenicia and bronze shields from Crete (possibly imports from Asia Minor), both types having several concentric illustrated bands. The basic aesthetic principles—that big is beautiful, that the cosmos can be imitated in one epic work—apply to the *Iliad* as a whole. The divine craftsman stands in for the poet himself. It is worth noting, however, that Zenodotus, an early Homeric critic in Alexandria (third century BC), rejected the entire description as non-Homeric.
- [497](#) The city at peace, along with its harmonies of music and marriage, also contains disputes, but has a legal framework to deal with them. The issue at law—whether to accept a blood price or demand a death in return—echoes the choice of Achilles (to take compensation for being dishonored or let his companions die).
- [510](#) The city at war is, like Troy, under siege, with the attacking army undecided as to whether it should take a ransom (half the city's goods) or sack the entire place. Unlike Troy, the besieged have planned a foray outside in the form of an ambush, and unlike in the *Iliad*, Ares is on the same side as Athene (516).
- [570](#) The Linos song was a lament for one who died young, perhaps because he rivaled Apollo. The story has Near Eastern parallels in worship of, for instance, Adonis. In modern Greek folk custom, stylized laments are still used as work songs.
- [590](#) Pastoral and agricultural scenes are capped by the dance, itself modeled on what the ultimate mythical artificer, Daidalos, made at Knossos in Crete (home of Minos and the labyrinth). The intricate and rapid motions of the dance are described by yet another craft image.

BOOK NINETEEN

- [38](#) Infusion of the divine food and drink, nectar and ambrosia, gives a sort of immortality to Patroklos' flesh. Ancient Egyptian embalming practice involved extractions and infusions through the nostrils (Herodotus, 2.86).
- [60](#) Lyrnessos, a city sacked by Achilles during his frequent coastal raids, yielded the war bride Briseis (2.690).
- [77](#) It is unclear whether Agamemnon's wound prevents him from standing or he stays seated as a form of abasement, symbolically lowering himself in the presence of the man he insulted.
- [86](#) Agamemnon admits he made a mistake (not that he was guilty of an ethical breach), but at the same time saves face by blaming three divinities for leading him astray (Zeus, Destiny, Erinys). *Atê* (destructive blindness) is personified and then made into an instrument of the gods. Her power, even over her own father Zeus, is illustrated by the subsequent tale of Herakles' delayed birth, a tale made more plausible by what the audience has already heard of Hera's deceptiveness (book 14).
- [141](#) Actually, the offer was made two days before. At this point the gifts can no longer be taken as a bribe (which they resembled in [book 9](#)), so Achilles feels free to accept, though it is not his priority.
- [155](#) Odysseus' remarks on diet and exercise appear out of place. But they fit well with the *Odyssey* version of this hero, deeply involved with food and drink (see Pietro Pucci, *The Song of the Sirens: Essays on Homer* [Lanham, MD, 1998]). A contrast is also made with Achilles' own words in [book 24](#),

- persuading Priam to put aside mourning and eat.
- [197](#) Zeus and the Sun are regularly invoked in oath-taking (3.276), since both hold commanding positions in the sky allowing them to observe right and wrong actions.
- [210](#) A gulf of feeling opens between the grief-frenzied Achilleus and the defenders of institutional norms. The younger man makes revenge primary, an occasion for something like a ritual fast and vow, while his elders dwell on practicalities like breakfast (see further 305–8).
- [282](#) The dramatic arrival of Briseis brings together the cause of the quarrel and its result (Patroklos dead). For the first time, we hear her own story as widow, survivor, and trophy. Patroklos' gentle ways are recalled by reference to his consoling personal promise to her. The effect is amplified by the moving line (302) about public lament for private sorrows.
- [327](#) Neoptolemos will be summoned from his maternal home on the island Skyros to Troy after Achilleus' death to participate in the final attack (see section B above). Achilleus' speech accurately captures the psychology of grief, remembering trivial events (cf. 316, on meals) while confusing personal distress with the imagination of how others might feel.
- [353](#) As Thetis preserved Patroklos (38) so Athene nourishes Achilleus, making the pair of companions look identical in yet another aspect.
- [389](#) An extended wordplay: Achilleus knows how to wield (*pêlai*) the spear of Peleus (*Pêliada*) received on Mount Pelion (*Pêliou*).
- [409](#) Talking horses are not found elsewhere in Greek epic, although common in Central Asian sagas (such as the *Manas* epic of Kyrgyzstan). Xanthos' words resemble the account by Agamemnon, earlier in this book, in shifting responsibility to Destiny and a great god (Apollo), the latter now named as Patroklos' killer and, by implication, Achilleus'. The tragic outcome was known (18.95), but the details (death at the hands of a god and mortal) may be news to the hero.

BOOK TWENTY

- [5](#) Themis, goddess of law and social order, is the wife (and aunt) of Zeus, and daughter of Gaia and Ouranos (Earth and Heaven). Okeanos (Ocean: 7) is the cosmic river encircling the disc-shaped earth.
- [92](#) The raid on Lyrnessos has recently been mentioned (19.60) as the event that brought Briseis to be Achilleus' consort. The detail (perhaps merely imagined by Aineias) that Achilleus was accompanied by Athene there and at Pedasos (city of the Leleges) enables one to imagine him, like Diomedes in [book 5](#), as protégé of the daughter of Zeus, and foreshadows the goddess' fatal intervention in the encounter with Hektor in [book 22](#).
- [105](#) The *Iliad* depicts Aphrodite as daughter of Zeus, in contrast to the well-known version in Hesiod's *Theogony* (190–206) according to which she arose in the open sea from the cast-off genitals of his grandfather Ouranos, and is thus older than the Olympian cohort. The latter version would make her more like Thetis, connected to open water. The story of how Aineias was fathered on Aphrodite by Anchises, Priam's cousin, is told in the *Homeric Hymn to Aphrodite*.
- [122](#) From Hera's speech, it is clear that the *theomakhia* (Battle of the Gods) has taken on a very human element of competition, to show which ones are highest of the immortals (*aristoi*).
- [127](#) Yet another view of mortality: Destiny (also translated as Fate: the Greek here has *aisa*, "portion," synonymous with *moira*, "share") is said to have spun a thread of a certain length corresponding to one's allotted span of life. In other sources, three *Moirai* (Klotho, Lachesis, and Atropos) are responsible, respectively, for spinning, measuring, and cutting off the lifethread.
- [145](#) The wall is distinct from the main defenses of Troy and appears to be an improvised shelter that Athene had used to protect another of her favorites. Poseidon (with Apollo, in some versions) built the original walls for Laomedon, but after being defrauded of payment, the sea god sent a monster to

- ravage the city. Herakles slew the monster (saving Laomedon's daughter from it) but was also defrauded, receiving mortal horses instead of the divine steeds that had been promised. Mention of this tale foreshadows Achilles' upcoming struggle with a watery opponent, the river Skamandros.
- [180](#) Looking to rattle Aineias, his opponent cunningly selects plausible topics that hit at the weakest point—his exclusion from the ruling branch at Troy and his former flight from Achilles. Despite saying in response (203) that they already know one another's genealogies, Aineias plunges into a detailed history of the Trojan royal house, perhaps playing for time.
- [303](#) The survival of Aineias is necessary in order to start another chain of saga, culminating ultimately in the foundation account of Rome (elaborated by the Latin authors Virgil [*Aeneid*] and Livy [*History of Rome*]). A tradition about this important lineage probably existed in Greek-speaking areas of Asia Minor, where some families might have claimed Aineias as ancestor even at the time of the *Iliad*'s shaping. The significance of Dardanos (304) as Zeus' favorite explains why Aineias is at pains to trace his ancestry back to him (215).
- [371](#) The immediate repetition of a half line (a figure of speech called *epanalepsis*) expresses tense emotion, as if the speaker is fascinated with one thought: cf. 22.127.
- [382](#) Achilles seems to share the narrator's wide knowledge (e.g., locating Iphition in the hills near Tmolos) and adds even more precise details of topography. Knowing the genealogy and origins of the foe lends authority to warriors' rhetoric on the battlefield and burnishes their own fame by highlighting the importance of the slain.
- [404](#) Helikē, on the Corinthian gulf in Agamemnon's territory, had a famous shrine of Poseidon (8.203), but the sea god was also worshiped as "Helikonian" in Ionia at Mykalē, a promontory opposite the island of Samos (Herodotus 1.148.1). Site of the PanIonian festival, this has been suggested as a possible location for early performances of Homer, so that this brief allusion would refer to a relevant spot familiar to audiences: see H. T. Wade-Gery, *The Poet of the Iliad* (Cambridge, 1952).

BOOK TWENTY-ONE

- [26](#) The sacrifice of these twelve youths will fulfill the vow made by Achilles to Patroklos (18.336). Only here in the battle are prisoners taken, although there have been several references to earlier instances of opportunistic capture and return for ransom (e.g., 11.105).
- [54](#) The return of Lykaon disconcerts Achilles since it is as if Trojan opponents are mysteriously being recycled. The same impression arises from the frantic rush of killing at the end of [book 20](#), and the similes comparing victims to masses of locusts and fish (12, 22).
- [87](#) Achilles already sacked Pedasos (20.92), home of Lykaon's mother. The weird fate of the son emphasizes the shift in Achilles' attitude. Sold off once, Lykaon now must die, like all whom the enraged hero encounters. The change is framed by Achilles' consciousness of his own inevitable death (whatever its superficial circumstances will be: 111).
- [132](#) Horses (dedicated to Poseidon) were sacrificed to a spring at Argos (Pausanias 8.7.2), but such offerings are more often associated with more exotic nations—Persians and Scythians, for example (Herodotus 4.61, 7.113). Achilles may be denigrating it as a "barbarian" Trojan custom.
- [145](#) Xanthos is angered by pitiless slaughter and the buildup of corpses in his stream, but the imminent death of yet another man, who happens to be the grandson of a different river, brings his resentment to a boil. Achilles uses the fluvial affiliation to mock Asteropaios (184–99), whose backstory centers on the "recent arrival" motif already seen in the case of Lykaon.
- [199](#) The implied threat in this increasingly cosmic standoff is that Zeus can and will evaporate the world's waters (as nearly happened in his struggle with the monster Typhoeus: cf. Hesiod, *Theogony*, 844–49). The upcoming contest of Achilles (great-grandson of Zeus) and the river Xanthos is like a replay of that primeval battle.

- [274](#) The first we hear from Achilles hints of a crisis of faith. Until now he has been confident of the support of Thetis and Athene; in addition, he has learned that Hera and Hephaistos have given their support. The potential of death by water creates here the same dread that Odysseus feels in the *Odyssey*, that lack of burial would mean loss of fame (*Od.* 5.306–12).
- [390](#) For Zeus the battle of gods provides entertainment, since it is known that no one will die (and even their wounds heal easily). As it turns out, their fights do not even affect the central clash of the Greeks and Trojans.
- [436](#) On the service of Poseidon and Apollo, see further 20.145. In reminding Apollo, Poseidon appeals to his honor and self-interest; Apollo's reply (461) looks like an attempt to save face. For another employment of the image of humans as leaves, see 6.146.
- [483](#) A woman's death in illness or childbirth could be said to have been caused by arrows shot by Artemis. The usage may be connected with the goddess's imagined role in symbolic mock "killing" of girls during initiation rituals. The sacrifice of Iphigeneia to Artemis, enabling the Greek expedition to set sail at Aulis (an event ignored by the *Iliad*), has been tied to such an initiatory motif.
- [600](#) Apollo's ruse to lure away Achilles is a foretaste of the disguise taken by Athene to trick Hektor as his death approaches (22.227). With the mass of Trojans thus allowed to seek safety behind the city walls, it also clears the stage for the one-on-one encounter of the poem's primary antagonists.

BOOK TWENTY-TWO

- [15](#) The book is structured around dual deceptions by gods, who arrive finally at stunned recognition (*anagnôrisis*, in later Greek literary analysis): Achilles is tricked by Apollo, as Hektor is by Athene. The latter's realization is tragic in tone and outcome (296–305).
- [29](#) Orion's Dog is Sirius, the "Dog Star" thought to bring the burning heat and fevers of midsummer (its heliacal dawn rising being in mid-July).
- [46](#) To Priam's unawareness of the deaths of his sons, compare Helen's equally pathetic ignorance of the loss of her brothers (3.243), noted as she gazes, in similar manner, from the Trojan wall over the plain.
- [66](#) Priam's supplication of Hektor contains vivid scenes of the fate of Troy, should Hektor not choose to defend it from inside the wall. Now it shifts into a lament for Priam himself, who pictures the contrast between beautiful and ugly corpses. He will be killed (according to the Cyclic epic *Little Iliad*) by Neoptolemos at his own doorway.
- [105](#) As earlier (6.441), Hektor is trapped by his sense of shame and pride, always imagining (to the extent of quoting) what others will say. He briefly considers a pact involving the return of Helen and payment of punitive damages, but rejects it as possibly leading to a disgraceful death.
- [147](#) The hot and cold springs are not only expressive of the heroes who run past them (Achilleus, who has been compared to a blazing fire; Hektor, who feels chill fear). They also embody the open and peaceful existence of earlier Troy in contrast to its present pent-in terror.
- [159](#) The imagery of footraces anticipates an event at the funeral games for Patroklos (23.740). An ox at those games is second prize, the first being a silver mixing bowl.
- [255](#) Hektor apparently still believes Achilles can be persuaded at least to a covenant covering burial procedures, despite his decision (123) that further negotiation with Achilles is out of the question.
- [299](#) The realization that he has been tricked is all the more swift and grim, since moments earlier Hektor could seriously doubt that the gods were helping Achilles (279), even though the audience knew better.
- [340](#) Hektor's repeated request for kind treatment of his corpse appears to be out of consideration for his family's feelings. It instead prompts an outburst that shows the depth of Achilles' rage: his desire to have the strength to eat Hektor's flesh (347).

- [359](#) This is the most detailed prediction yet of the manner and causes of Achilles' death. It follows the pattern of prophetic last words (e.g., 16.852).
- [392](#) "Victory song" translates *paion* (whence English "paean"), which can also designate a song of thanksgiving after healing, usually for Apollo, Hektor's protector. The following lines (393–94) can be read as the words of the actual song.
- [437](#) Pathos arises from the poet's momentary suspension of the tragic scene in order to show Andromachē awaiting her husband in domestic calm. While she has a warm bath prepared, the audience knows his corpse is being dragged to the Greek camp.
- [460](#) "Like a raving woman" translates *mainadi isē*. In Greek mythical imagination "maenads" or "maddened ones," enthused female followers of Dionysos, are associated with ecstatic dance and consumption of the god's substance, wine, in outdoor settings. They also can exhibit murderous loss of control (as in the episode dramatized in the *Bacchae* of Euripides).
- [484](#) The focus on the experiences of Hektor's son brings down to human scale the disaster about to befall the entire city. Knowledge that Astyanax will be killed by the victorious Greeks makes all the more pitiful Andromachē's words imagining her son's fatherless future.

BOOK TWENTY-THREE

- [13](#) Riding around the honored dead warrior on his pyre may be an ancient Indo-European custom: cf. the ceremony at *Beowulf* 3169–82.
- [72](#) It was a common belief that the spirit of an unburied or uncremated person could not enter the realm of Hades but wandered outside it on the far side of the underworld river Styx. In his state of suspension between worlds, Patroklos does not know that Achilles has planned his funeral for the next day.
- [85](#) Only now for the first time do we learn of Patroklos' early misfortune, exiled from Opous for manslaughter. Epeigeus (16.571) was likewise received by Peleus at Phthia, after killing a cousin.
- [104](#) Achilles understands the look and words of Patroklos to indicate that soul (*psykhē*) and image (*eidōlon*) survive death. That he draws the conclusion about the absence of the "heart of life" (*phrenes*, the seat of intelligence, in Homer) is not surprising, since Greeks connected thought and consciousness closely with physical organs. The *phrenes* were localized near the lungs.
- [135](#) Cutting of hair was an outward sign of grief and symbolic separation. The additional detail that the corpse was thereby covered expresses the sheer number of sorrowing companions. Achilles had vowed to keep his long hair until, on his return, he would honor the river Spercheios with his locks (significantly, as the gesture often accompanies initiation rituals). Now his hair-cutting will be redirected into a mourning dedication.
- [171](#) Tombs at Lefkandi in Euboea (tenth century BC) and Salamis in Cyprus, among others, have yielded multiple skeletons of horses, sometimes with chariots, in what are clearly aristocratic burials. Evidence for human sacrifice at burial sites in Greece is rare but not unattested: the early site of Lefkandi seems to offer some.
- [245](#) The temporary mound will shelter the urn with Patroklos' bones until those of Achilles can be added later and a more splendid tomb constructed. The urn will repose in the hut, it seems (254), only until the smaller barrow is ready for it. The practice of wrapping bones or container in cloth, as here, has been confirmed archaeologically.
- [296](#) A minor but illuminating detail, revealing that at least one potential recruit could buy his way out of service at Troy with a gift to the commander.
- [311](#) Nestor's advice, on winning despite disadvantages, becomes a hymn to skill or "cunning intelligence" (*mētis*), a practical mode of thinking that verges sometimes on guile. Odysseus in the *Odyssey* is master of this skill and therefore regularly named *polymētis* ("very shrewd").
- [441](#) Antilochos will be pressured later to take an oath that he did not use illegal moves to win, but will

- decline to do so (582).
- [461](#) The remarks of Idomeneus enable the narrator to introduce a range of potential plot directions (crashes and other mishaps), while holding the audience in suspense. It has already heard the close-up racing sequence and therefore is ironically superior in knowledge to this distant observer.
- [485](#) The first instance of sports betting in Western literature is proposed to depend not on the outcome but on the jockeys' positions midrace.
- [536](#) The awarding of a consolation prize equal in value to that for a second-place finish ignites a dispute that, in a small way, resembles that between Achilles and Agamemnon over the spoils of war. Here the impetuous Antilochos plays the role of disgruntled young hero. Achilles smiles at him (555) in recognition of the kinship in temperament.
- [581](#) The oath procedure is presented as customary (*themis*, translated "justice" here), which argues for a long tradition of chariot racing and related customs. That it is made to Poseidon makes sense in view of his traditional ties to chariots and horses (and his cult epithet Hippios).
- [610](#) The elaborate exchanges of the prizes satisfy all parties: Eumelos, who would have won, had it not been for divine intervention, nominally gets the award and a substitution prize; Antilochos saves face by claiming the mare and immediately handing it to Menelaos, who finally gains the uppermost hand by displaying princely generosity in giving it back to his young rival ("though she is mine": 610).
- [641](#) Nestor nearly killed the same twins in a skirmish against the Epeians (11.749), where they are called the Moliones. Tradition held that they were Siamese twins (and thus two were allowed to race against Nestor on his own). The other possible hint of this odd situation is the obscure phrase translated "crossing me in the crowd" (639, *plêthei prosthē balontes*), if one interprets it (*pace* Lattimore) as "going ahead by reason of their greater number."
- [665](#) Epeios made the wooden horse, at the suggestion of Odysseus (a fact not mentioned in the *Iliad* but at *Od.* 8.493).
- [679](#) That funeral games for Oidipous were held at Thebes, his native place, goes against the fifth-century tragic dramas that depict him as dying in exile (at Athens, usually) after the discovery of his parricide and incest.
- [705](#) A modern audience finds it unconscionable that a serving woman fetches one-third the price of a tripod, but the ranking no doubt reflects low life expectancy for working women, along with a highly utilitarian outlook and market conditions.
- [725](#) The guile of Odysseus takes on added meaning for an audience aware of his later contest with Aias over the armor of Achilles, which Odysseus was reputed to have finally gained by trick or bribe. (The aftermath is dramatized in Sophocles' *Ajax*.)
- [826](#) A lump of pig-iron, said to be useful for making farm implements, disrupts slightly the effort to recreate Bronze Age conditions on the part of the poet, who lets a detail of his own era intrude.
- [890](#) Achilles' decision to award first prize to Agamemnon based on status and repute (even before a contest) pointedly demonstrates the change from his earlier attitude to a newfound geniality (as if material goods have ceased to matter). On any account, Meriones deserves an extra prize in further recognition of the spectacular display of shooting skill that won him ten axes (850).

BOOK TWENTY-FOUR

- [24](#) Hermes (here "Argeiphontes," one of his epithets) was patron of thieves and master of cunning intelligence (*mêtis*); he stole Apollo's cattle when only a newborn baby (as recounted in the *Homeric Hymn to Hermes*).
- [29](#) This is the only *Iliad* passage referring to the judgment of Paris. His choice of Aphrodite to receive the apple designated "for the fairest" was taken by the two other competing goddesses, Hera and Athene, as an insult. Aphrodite's reward for his choice (the favors of Helen) started the war.

- [59](#) Hera's close relationship with Thetis, not previously disclosed, gives further motivation for her favoring attitude here (though it was ignored in [book 1](#)). Apollo's betrayal of Achilles, whose good fortune he had predicted at the wedding of Thetis and Peleus, was recalled bitterly in a speech by Thetis that survives from a lost drama of Aeschylus. If the prophecy motif is as old as Homer, the audience will hear even more point in Hera's denigration of the god as "faithless" here (63).
- [119](#) The solution by Zeus is intended to save Achilles' honor by granting him Priam's treasures while taking into account the objections of Apollo (and Zeus' own respect for Hektor's regular sacrifices). Priam's journey is thus motivated on divine and human levels.
- [165](#) The befouling of head and neck symbolically expresses the wish for the living lamenter to be close to the corpse's condition.
- [248](#) The depiction is psychologically apt—a grief-maddened father recklessly turns on the living to take out his resentment.
- [291](#) Hekabē's pious insistence that Priam entreat Zeus for an omen contrasts with her son's attitude toward bird signs (12.237). Elsewhere, only in the *Odyssey* are signs elicited (e.g., *Od.* 20.100). Usually the gods send them unbidden.
- [334](#) Hermes the *psychopompos* ("soul-conductor") was credited with accompanying spirits to and from the realm of the dead, a role related to the knack of inducing sleep. Priam's journey resembles a trip to the underworld.
- [480](#) Interesting reversals mark the simile: Achilles, whose manslaughtering hands were just mentioned, rather than being the suppliant killer is compared to the crowd who marvel at him. At the same time, the autobiography of Patroklos (23.85–90) is evoked by this mention of an outlaw exile.
- [486](#) Priam's plea that Achilles remember his father makes psychological sense to the audience that has heard the hero recall him with increased frequency over the last days, at 16.15, 18.87, 18.331, and 23.144.
- [527](#) The parable of the jars, meant to console Priam, presents a bleak view of life's hardships, but one not unique in archaic Greek literature: compare the story of Pandora and her jar (Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 47–105). Rather than doling out good to one and evil to another, the best Zeus can offer humans is a mixture, while the worst comprises evil undiluted.
- [560](#) Achilles' dangerously rapid change of mood is triggered by Priam's well-meaning wish that he return home, since the hero knows well that he is doomed never to go back to Phthia. He draws back, in reaction, from the human sympathy just witnessed to a divine framework, saying that only the gods' command makes him surrender the corpse. In taking care that the body be prepared out of sight, Achilles shows acute sensitivity to the limits of his own self-control (584).
- [602](#) A second consolatory narrative selects an example from myth, the tale of Niobē's boast of superiority to the goddess Leto and its consequence. Achilles does not draw a moral about hubris but points instead to the necessity for food even in extreme grief. Niobē's transformation to stone seems a reward for endurance, a natural memorial to her eternal mourning (since water must run down the rock face).
- [649](#) The sarcasm has as its object the sons of Atreus, as Achilles knows they are of the sort to try to contravene his wishes even now.
- [699](#) Cassandra, fairest of Priam's daughters (13.366), in other sources is said to have spurned Apollo's love, and as punishment her warnings to the Trojans were never believed. At the fall of Troy, she is dragged away from her refuge at Athene's altar, although clasping the statue of the goddess, and raped by Aias the son of Oïleus.
- [720](#) The singers (male, as the Greek text makes clear) as professional lamenters lead the mourning ritual. The less formal lament by women is described in descending order of closeness (mother, wife, sister-in-law), but in ascending dramatic order, concluding with the woman whose fate started the war.
- [735](#) For the first time, Andromachē envisions the possibility that her son Astyanax will be killed at Troy, as finally happens.
- [765](#) While Andromachē and Hekabē dwelt on the effect of Hektor's death and his appearance, respectively,

only Helen captures the essence of his personality, his generosity and gentle protection. Furthermore, only Helen admits openly that she laments for herself as well (773). Her remark that it has been *twenty* years since coming to Troy is an odd slip, unless it is a rhetorical exaggeration, or the remnant of another version (traces of which are found later) according to which the Greeks took ten years after their initial expedition (which went astray, to Mysia) before regrouping and mounting a second.

[782](#) The poem ends with a glimmer of hope: the doomed Achilles relents long enough to allow the enemy to bury their champion. That the emotional climax should center not on Achilles but his victim Hektor (shown to be every bit as heroic as the Greeks) speaks for the deep humanity of the whole composition.

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Glossary of Names

It is a frequent, though not universal, practice to Latinize Greek names, then Anglicize the Latin forms, at least in pronunciation. I have generally avoided this practice, but have followed it on some occasions. Names ending in *ees* have been made to end in *es*; some names end (falsely) in *an*, as *Danaän*, *Boiotian*. Some endings in *e* have been changed to *a*, as *Ida* (not *Ide*), *Hera* (not *Here*). Other Anglo-Latin forms are: Apollo, Argives, Athens, Centaurs, Egypt, Hades, Helen, Hermes, Jason, Myrmidons, Priam, Rhodes, Thrace and Thracian, Titans, Trojans, Troy.

This glossary is not meant to be a complete index, but gives at least one reference for each name in question (frequently there is only one) except in the case of major characters, for whom only a complete index would be useful. References are to book and line.

Aban'tes: The people of Euboa, [2.536](#).

Abar'bare: A nymph, [6.22](#).

A'bas: Trojan killed by Diomedes, [5.148](#).

A'bioi: Barbarians of the north, [13.6](#).

Able'ros: Trojan killed by Antilochos, [6.33](#).

Aby'dos: A city on the Hellespont, [2.836](#).

Achai'a: Greece.

Achai'ans: Greeks.

Acheloi'os: (1) A river in west-central Greece, [21.194](#). (2) A river in Phrygia, [24.616](#).

Achill'eus: Son of Peleus and Thetis, (Pelei'on, Pele'ides) leader of the Myrmidons, [1.7](#), *etc.*

A'damas: Trojan killed by Meriones, [13.560](#) sqq.

Adme'tos: King in Thessaly, husband of Alkestis, father of Eumelos, [2.713](#).

Adrestei'a: City near Troy, [2.828](#).

Adres'tos: (1) King of Sikyon, [2.572](#). (2) Warrior from Adresteia, [2.830](#); killed by Diomedes, [11.328](#) sqq.

(3) Trojan killed by Agamemnon and Menelaos, [6.37](#) sqq. (4) Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.693](#).

Ag'akles: Father of Epeigeus, [16.571](#).

Agame'de: Wife of Moulis, [11.740](#).

Agamem'non: Son of Atreus (therefore sometimes called Atreides), brother of Menelaos, king of Mykenai and chief leader of the Achaians, [1.24](#), *etc.*

Agape'nor: Leader of the Arkadians, [2.609](#).

Agas'thenes: Of Elis, father of Polyxeinos, [2.624](#).

Agas'trophos: Trojan killed by Diomedes, [11.338](#).

Agathon: Son of Priam, [24.249](#).

Agau'e: A Nereid, [18.42](#).

Agela'os: (1) Trojan killed by Diomedes, [8.257](#). (2) Achaian killed by Hektor, [11.302](#).

Age'nor: Son of Antenor, one of the great captains and fighters of Troy. Fights Achilleus, [21.544](#) sqq.

Aglai'a: Mother of Nireus, [2.672](#).

A'grios: A prince of Kalydon, [14.116](#).

Aia'kides: Meaning "descendent of Aiakos," used of Achilleus.

Ai'akos: Son of Zeus, father of Peleus, [21.189](#).

Aian'tes: The two called Aias when spoken of together.

Ai'as: (1) Son of Telamon, "Telamonian" Aias, of Salamis, [2.557](#), *etc.* (2) Son of Oileus, of Lokris, [2.527-](#)

[30](#), *etc.*

Aïdo'neus: Another name for Hades.

Ai'gai: City in Achaia, [8.203](#).

Aigai'os: God of the sea, father of Briareos, [1.404](#).

Ai'geus: Father of Theseus, [1.265](#).

Aigialei'a: Wife of Diomedes, [5.412](#).

Aigi'alos: City in Paphlagonia, [2.855](#).

Ai'gilips: City or locality in the domain of Odysseus, [2.633](#).

Aigi'na: Island in the domain of Argos, [2.562](#).

Ai'gion: City in Achaia, [2.574](#).

Ainei'as: Son of Anchises and Aphrodite, leader of the Dardanians, [2.820](#), *etc.*

Ai'nios: Paionian killed by Achilleus, [21.210](#).

Ai'nos: City in Thrace, [4.520](#).

Ai'olos: Father of Sisyphos, [6.154](#).

Aipei'a: Town in Pylos, [9.152](#).

Ai'py: City near Pylos, [2.592](#).

Ai'pytos: Hero of Arkadia, [2.604](#).

Aise'pos: (1) River near Zeleia, [2.825](#). (2) Trojan killed by Euryalos, [6.21](#).

Aisy'e'tes: (1) Hero buried in the Trojan plain, [2.793](#). (2) Father of Alkathoös, [13.427](#).

Aisy'me: City in Thrace, [8.304](#).

Aisym'nos: Achaian killed by Hektor, [11.303](#).

Ai'the: Mare belonging to Agamemnon, [23.295](#).

Aithi'kes: A people of Thessaly, [2.744](#).

Ai'thon: One of Hektor's horses, [8.185](#).

Ai'thre: One of Helen's handmaidens, [3.144](#).

Aito'lians: People of Aitolia in western Greece, led by Thoas, [2.638-44](#), *etc.*

A'kamas: (1) Son of Antenor and companion of Aineias, killed by Meriones, [16.342](#). (2) Thracian killed by Aias, [6.8](#).

Akessa'menos: A Thracian chief, [21.143](#).

Akri'sios: Father of Danaë, [14.319](#).

Aktaï'e: A Nereïd, [18.41](#).

Ak'tor: (1) Father of Astyoche, [2.513](#). (2) Apparently, an ancestor of Kteatos and Eurytos, [2.621](#). (3) Father of Menoitios, so grandfather of Patroklos, [11.785](#). (4) Father of Echeekles, [16.189](#).

Alas'tor: (1) Follower of Nestor, [4.295](#). (2) Lykian, killed by Odysseus, [5.677](#). (3) Father of Tros (2), [20.463](#).

Alege'nor: Father of Promachos, [14.504](#).

Alei'os: A plain in Asia, [6.201](#).

Alexan'dros: Another, and in the *Iliad* more usual, name for Paris, q.v.

Alkan'dros: Lykian killed by Odysseus, [5.678](#).

Alkath'oös: Brother-in-law of Aineias, killed by Idomeneus, [13.427-44](#).

Alkes'tis: Wife of Admetos, mother of Eumelos, [2.715](#).

Alkim'edon: A Myrmidon chief, [16.197](#).

Al'kimos: Follower of Achilleus, [19.392](#).

Alkma'on: Achaian killed by Sarpedon, [12.394](#).

Alkme'ne: Mother of Herakles, [14.323](#).

Alky'one: "Sea-bird," a byname for Marpessa, [9.562](#).

Alo'eus: Father of Ephialtes and Otos, [5.386](#).

Al'ope: Town in the domain of Achilleus, [2.682](#).

Al'os: Town in the domain of Achilleus, [2.682](#).

Alphei'os: A river in the western Peloponnese, [2.592](#), *etc.*

Al'tes: King of the Leleges, whose daughter, Laothoë, was one of Priam's wives, [21.85](#).
Althai'a: Mother of Meleagros, [9.555](#).
Al'ybē: The city of the Halizones, on the south shore of the Black Sea, [2.857](#).
Amaryng'keus: An Elean hero, father of Diores, [2.622](#).
Amathei'a: A Nereid, [18.48](#).
A'mazons: A race of warrior women who invaded Asia Minor, [3.189](#), [6.186](#).
Amiso'daros: A lord of Lykia, father of Atymnios and Maris, [16.328](#).
Amopa'on: Trojan killed by Teukros, [8.276](#).
Amphi'damas: (1) A hero of Kythera, [10.268](#). (2) A hero of Opous, [23.87](#).
Amphigenei'a: City near Pylos, [2.593](#).
Amphi'klos: Trojan killed by Meges, [16.313](#).
Amphi'machos: (1) A leader of the Epeians, killed by Hektor, [13.185](#). (2) A leader of the Karians, [2.870](#).
Amphi'nomē: A Nereid, [18.44](#).
Amphi'on: A leader of the Epeians, [13.692](#).
Amphi'os: (1) Trojan ally from Adresteia, son of Merops, [2.830](#); killed by Diomedes, [11.328](#). (2) Trojan ally, son of Selagos, killed by Aias, [5.612](#).
Amphi'thoë: A Nereid, [18.42](#).
Amphi'tryon: Putative father of Herakles, [5.392](#).
Ampho'teros: Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.415](#).
A'mydon: City of the Paionians, [2.849](#).
Amy'klai: City near Sparta, [2.584](#).
Amyn'tor: Father of Phoinix, [9.448](#).
Anchi'alos: Achaian killed by Hektor, [5.609](#).
Anchi'ses: Second cousin of Priam, lover of Aphrodite, father of Aineias, [5.268-73](#), [20.230-40](#).
Andrai'mon: Father of Thoas, [2.638](#).
Andro'machē: Daughter of Eëtion, wife of Hektor, [6.371](#).
Anemorei'a: City in Phokis, [2.521](#).
Angkai'os: (1) Father of Agapenor, [2.609](#). (2) Of Pleuron, a wrestler beaten by Nestor, [23.635](#).
Antei'a: Wife of Proitos, who tempted Bellerophontes, [6.160](#).
Ante'nor: An important counselor of Priam and the Trojans, father of numerous sons who figure in the *Iliad*, [3.148](#), [7.347](#), etc.
Anthe'don: Town in Boiotia, [2.508](#).
Anthei'a: Town near Pylos, [11.151](#).
Anthe'mion: Father of Simoeisios, [4.473](#).
Anti'lochos: Son of Nestor, close friend of Achilleus, a prominent warrior, [4.457](#), etc.
Anti'machos: Father of Peisandros (1) and Hippolochos (2), and of Hippomachos, [11.123](#), [12.188](#).
Anti'phates: Trojan killed by Leonteus, [12.192](#).
Anti'phonos: Son of Priam, [24.250](#).
An'tiphos: (1) A leader of the men from Kos and adjacent islands, [2.678](#). (2) A leader of the Maionians, [2.864](#). (3) Son of Priam, killed by Agamemnon, [11.101](#).
An'tron: City in Thessaly, in the domain of Protesilaos, [2.697](#).
Apai'sos: City in the Troad, [2.828](#).
A'phareus: Achaian killed by Aineias, [13.541](#).
Aphrodi'te: Daughter of Zeus and Dione, mother of Aineias, protectress of Helen, called also the Lady of Kypros, [3.374](#), etc.
Apisa'on: (1) Trojan killed by Eurypylos, [11.578](#). (2) Trojan killed by Lykomedes, [17.348](#).
Apollo: Son of Zeus and Leto, chief protector of the Trojans, [1.9](#), etc.
Apseu'des: A Nereid, [18.46](#).
Araithyr'ea: City in the domain of Agamemnon, [2.571](#).
Arche'lochos: Son of Antenor, killed by Aias, [14.463](#).

Archepto'lemos: Charioteer of Hektor, killed by Teukros, [8.312](#).
Arei'lykos: (1) Father of Prothoënor, [14.451](#). (2) Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.308](#).
Arei'thoös: (1) “The club-fighter,” father of Menesthios, killed by Lykourgos (2), [7.8](#), [7.137](#). (2) Trojan killed by Achilleus, [20.487](#).
Are'ne: City near Pylos, [2.591](#).
A'res: Son of Zeus and Hera, fights on the side of the Trojans, [5.30](#), *etc.*
Areta'on: Trojan killed by Teukros, [6.31](#).
Are'tos: Trojan killed by Automedon, [17.517](#).
Ar'geas: Father of Polymelos, [16.417](#).
Argeiphon'tes: A name given to Hermes.
Argis'sa: City in Thessaly, in the domain of Polypoites, [2.738](#).
Ar'gives: The same as Achaians.
Ar'gos: (1) Place-name denoting sometimes a city (under the sway of Diomedes), sometimes a larger district in the northeast Peloponnese, and used also to mean simply “Greece.” (2) Pelasgian Argos, the domain of Achilleus.
Ariad'ne: Daughter of Minos, [18.592](#).
Ar'imoi: A people of Kilikia, [2.783](#).
Ari'on: A famous racehorse, [23.346](#).
Aris'bas: Father of Leiokritos, [17.345](#).
Aris'be: City in the Troad, [2.836](#).
Ar'ne: City in Boiotia, [2.507](#).
Arsi'noös: Father of Hekamede, [11.626](#).
Ar'temis: Sister of Apollo, [5.51](#), *etc.*
Asai'os: Achaian killed by Hektor, [11.301](#).
A'sinē: City near Argos, [2.560](#).
A'sios: (1) Son of Hyrtakos, a Trojan ally, killed by Idomeneus, [13.389](#). (2) Brother of Hekabē and uncle of Hektor, [16.717](#).
Aska'laphos: Son of Ares, a chief of Orchomenos, [2.511](#); killed by Deïphobos, [13.519](#).
Aska'nia: City in Phrygia, [2.863](#).
Aska'nios: Leader from Askania, [13.792](#).
Askle'pios: The great healer, father of Machaon and Podaleirios, [2.731](#).
Aso'pos: River in Boiotia, [4.383](#).
Asple'don: City of the Minyai, near Orchomenos, [2.511](#).
Assar'akos: Son of Tros, brother of Ilos, great-grandfather of Aineias, [20.232](#).
Aster'ion: City in Thessaly, in the domain of Eurypylos, [2.735](#).
Asteropai'os: Leader of the Paionians, one of the greatest of the Trojan allies, [12.102](#); killed by Achilleus, [21.140-83](#).
Asty'alos: Trojan killed by Polypoites, [6.29](#).
Asty'anax: Hektor's infant son, [6.403](#).
Asty'noös: (1) Trojan killed by Diomedes, [5.144](#). (2) A Trojan charioteer, [15.455](#).
Asty'ochē: Mother, by Ares, of Askalaphos and Ialmenos, [2.513](#).
Astyochei'a: Mother of Tlepolemos, [2.658](#).
Asty'pylos: Paionian killed by Achilleus, [21.209](#).
Athe'ne: or Pallas Athene, also called Tritogeneia, daughter of Zeus, protectress of the Achaians, particularly Achilleus, Diomedes, and Odysseus, [1.194](#), *etc.*
Ath'ens: The city of Erechtheus, in east-central Greece, [2.546](#).
Ath'os: Mountain and promontory in the northern Aegean, [14.229](#).
Atrei'des: “Son of Atreus,” used of Agamemnon, less often of Menelaos.
At'reus: Father of Agamemnon and Menelaos, [2.105](#).
Atryto'ne: Epithet of Athene, [1.157](#).

Atym'nios: (1) Father of Mydon, [5.581](#). (2) Trojan, brother of Maris, killed by Antilochos, [16.317](#).
Augei'ai: (1) City in Lokris, [2.532](#). (2) City in Lakedaimon, [2.583](#).
Augei'as: Lord of Elis, [11.701](#).
Au'lis: A city at the narrows between Euboia and the mainland, where the ships of the Achaians assembled for the expedition to Troy, [2.303](#).
Auto'lykos: Maternal grandfather of Odysseus, [10.266](#).
Auto'medon: Follower and charioteer of Achilles and Patroklos, a considerable warrior in his own right, [16.145](#), [17.429](#).
Auto'noös: (1) Achaian killed by Hektor, [11.301](#). (2) Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.694](#).
Auto'phonos: Father of Polyphontes, [4.395](#).
Ax'ios: A river, and river-god, in Paionia, [2.849](#).
Ax'ylos: Trojan ally from Arisbe, killed by Diomedes, [6.12](#).
A'zeus: Father, or ancestor, of Aktor (1), [2.513](#).

Bal'ios: One of the immortal horses of Achilles, [16.149](#).
Bath'ykles: Myrmidon killed by Glaukos, [16.594](#).
Bellerophon'tes: Hero from Korinth, killer of the Chimaira, grandfather of Sarpedon and Glaukos (now usually called Bellerophon), [6.155-202](#).
Bes'sa: City in Lokris, [2.532](#).
Bias: (1) Leader under Nestor, [4.296](#). (2) Athenian, leader under Menestheus, [13.691](#). (3) Father of Dardanos (2) and Laogonos (2), [20.461](#).
Bie'nor: Trojan killed by Agamemnon, [11.92](#).
Boag'rios: River in Lokris, [2.533](#).
Boi'be: Thessalian city in the domain of Eumelos, [2.712](#).
Boibe'is: The lake by which Boibe was situated, [2.711](#).
Boio'tians: The people of Boiotia, in central Greece northwest of Attica, [2.494](#).
Bor'eas: The north (more accurately northeast) wind, [9.4](#).
Bo'ros: (1) Father of Phaistos, [5.44](#). (2) Husband of Polydore, [16.177](#).
Boudei'on: Town in the territory of the Myrmidons, [16.572](#).
Boukol'ion: Son of Laomedon, father of Aisepos (2) and Pedasos (1), [6.22](#).
Bou'kolos: Father of Sphelos, grandfather of Iasos, [15.338](#).
Boupra'sion: City in Elis, [2.615](#).
Briar'eos: A hundred-handed giant, [1.403](#).
Brise'is: The captive mistress of Achilles, [1.184](#); her life story, [19.282-300](#).
Bri'seus: Father of Briseis, [1.392](#).
Brysei'ai: City in Lakedaimon, [2.583](#).

Cent'uars: Creatures, part human and part beast, at home around Mount Pelion, [11.832](#).
Chal'kis: (1) City in Euboia, [2.537](#). (2) City in Aitolia, [2.640](#). (3) Name of a bird, [14.291](#).
Chalko'don: Father, or ancestor, of Elephenor, [2.541](#).
Charis: Goddess, wife of Hephaistos, [18.382-93](#).
Char'opos: Father of Nireus, [2.672](#).
Charops: Trojan killed by Odysseus, [11.427](#).
Chei'ron: "Most righteous of the Centaurs," friend and teacher of Asklepios, [4.219](#); of Achilles, [11.832](#); of Peleus, [16.143](#).
Chersi'damas: Trojan killed by Odysseus, [11.423](#).
Chimai'ra: Lykian monster killed by Bellerophon'tes, [6.179](#).
Chro'mios: (1) Follower (in the *Odyssey*, [11.286](#), brother) of Nestor, [4.295](#). (2) Son of Priam killed by Diomedes, [5.160](#). (3) Lykian killed by Odysseus, [5.677](#). (4) Trojan killed by Teukros, [8.275](#). (5) A

Trojan captain, [17.218](#).

Chromis: Leader of the Mysians, killed by Achilleus, [2.858](#).

Chry'se: Town near Troy, the home of Chryses, [1.37](#).

Chryse'is: Daughter of Chryses, captive mistress of Agamemnon, released by him to her father (later Criseyde, Cressida), [1.111](#), *etc.*

Chryses: Priest of Apollo, father of Chryseis, [1.11](#).

Chryso'themis: Daughter of Agamemnon, [9.145](#).

Dai'dalos: Builder in Krete, [18.592](#).

Dai'tor: Trojan killed by Teukros, [8.275](#).

Dam'asos: Trojan killed by Polypoites, [12.183](#).

Damas'tor: Father of Tlepolemos (2), [16.416](#).

Dan'aäns: Achaians, Argives.

Dan'aë: Mother, by Zeus, of Perseus, [14.319](#).

Dardan'ia: The domain of Dardanos, [20.216](#).

Dardanian, Dardanians: Of Dardania, or descended from, or pertaining to, Dardanos. Used of the group of Trojans whose lord was Aineias, [2.819](#).

Dar'danos: (1) Son of Zeus, father of Erichthonios, ancestor of the Trojan kings, [20.215](#). (2) Son of Bias, killed by Achilleus, [20.460](#).

Dar'es: Priest of Hephaistos in Troy, father of Phegeus and Idaios (2), [5.9](#).

Dau'lis: City near Pytho, [2.520](#).

Dei'koön: Companion of Aineias, killed by Agamemnon, [5.534](#).

Dei'ochos: Achaian killed by Paris, [15.341](#).

Deiopi'tes: Trojan killed by Odysseus, [11.420](#).

Dei'phobos: Son of Priam, one of the more powerful Trojan fighters, [13.156](#), [13.402](#); impersonated by Athene in order to swindle Hektor, [22.227-95](#).

Dei'pylos: Companion of Sthenelos, [5.325](#).

Dei'pyros: Achaian killed by Helenos, [13.576](#).

Deise'nor: Trojan captain, [17.217](#).

Deme'ter: Sister of Zeus, goddess of the earth as giver of food, [5.500](#), *etc.*

Demo'koön: Bastard son of Priam, killed by Odysseus, [4.499](#).

Demo'leon: Son of Antenor, killed by Achilleus, [20.395](#).

Demou'chos: Trojan killed by Achilleus, [20.457](#).

Deuka'lion: (1) Hero of Krete, father of Idomeneus, [12.117](#), [13.451](#). (2) Trojan killed by Achilleus, [20.477](#).

Dexa'menē: A Nereid, [18.44](#).

Dex'ios: Father of Iphinoös, [7.15](#).

Dio'kles: Father of Orsilochos (1) and Krethon, [5.542](#).

Diome'de: Captive mistress of Achilleus, [9.665](#).

Diome'des: Son of Tydeus, lord, with Sthenelos and Euryalos, of Argos proper, one of the greatest of the Achaian fighters, prominent in battle until wounded by Paris, [11.368-400](#).

Di'on: City in Euboia, [2.538](#).

Dio'ne: Mother of Aphrodite, [5.370-417](#).

Diony'sos: Son of Zeus and Semele, driven into the sea by Lykourgos, [6.132-37](#).

Dio'res: (1) A leader of the Epeians, [2.622](#); killed by Peiros, [4.517](#). (2) Father of Automedon, [17.429](#).

Di'os: Son of Priam, [24.251](#).

Dodo'na: Place in Epeiros in extreme northwest Greece, site of an oracle of Zeus, [2.750](#), [16.233](#).

Do'lon: Trojan scout, killed by Diomedes and Odysseus, [10.313-464](#).

Dol'opes: People "in remotest Phthia" ruled over by Phoinix, [9.484](#).

Dolopi'on: Priest of Skamandros in Troy, father of Hypsenor (1), [5.77](#).

Dol'ops: (1) Achaian killed by Hektor, [11.302](#). (2) Trojan killed by Menelaos, [15.525-43](#).

Doris: A Nereid, [18.45](#).

Doryklos: Son of Priam, killed by Aias, [11.489](#).

Doto: A Nereid, [18.43](#).

Douli'chion: Island in the domain of Meges, [2.625](#).

Dra'kios: A leader of the Epeians, [13.692](#).

Dry'as: (1) Hero of the generation of Nestor, [1.263](#). (2) Father of Lykourgos (1), [6.130](#).

Dry'ops: Trojan killed by Achilleus, [20.455](#).

Dy'mas: Father of Hekabē and of Asios (2), [16.718](#).

Dyna'menē: A Nereid, [18.43](#).

Eche'kles: Myrmidon, son of Aktor (4), husband of Polymele, [16.189](#).

Eche'klos: (1) Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.694](#). (2) Trojan, son of Agenor, killed by Achilleus, [20.474](#).

Echem'mon: Son of Priam, killed by Diomedes, [5.160](#).

Echepo'los: (1) Trojan killed by Antilochos, [4.458](#). (2) Son of Anchises, [23.296](#).

Echi'nai: Islands in the domain of Meges, [2.625](#).

E'chios: (1) Father of Mekisteus, [8.332](#). (2) Achaian killed by Polites, [15.339](#). (3) Lykian killed by Patroklos, [16.416](#).

Eëriboi'a: Stepmother of Ephialtes and Otos, [5.389](#).

Eë'tion: (1) King of Thebe, father of Andromache, killed by Achilleus, [6.414-20](#). (2) Father of Podes, [17.575](#) (perhaps identical with the aforementioned). (3) A lord of Imbros, [21.43](#).

Eileithy'ia: Goddess of childbirth, [16.187](#).

Eile'sion: City in Boiotia, [2.499](#).

Ei'ones: City near Argos, [2.561](#).

Ei'oneus: (1) Achaian killed by Hektor, [7.11](#). (2) Father of Rhesos, [10.435](#).

El'asos: Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.696](#).

El'atos: Trojan ally killed by Agamemnon, [6.33](#).

Elei'ans: The people of Elis, [11.673](#).

El'eon: City in Boiotia, [2.500](#).

Elephe'nor: Leader of the Abantes, [2.540](#); killed by Agenor, [4.463-69](#).

Elis: City and district of the western Peloponnese, adjoining the domain of Nestor, [2.615](#), *etc.*

Elo'ne: City in Thessaly, in the domain of Polypoites, [2.739](#).

Ema'thia: District to the northwest of the Aegean, later part of Macedonia, [14.226](#).

En'etoi: A Paphlagonian tribe, [2.852](#).

Enie'nes: People from the extreme northwest of Thessaly, [2.749](#).

Eni'opeus: Charioteer of Hektor, killed by Diomedes, [8.120](#).

Enis'pe: Town in Arkadia, [2.606](#).

En'nomos: (1) Leader of the Mysians and augur, killed by Achilleus, [2.858-61](#). (2) Trojan killed by Odysseus, [11.422](#).

En'opē: Town near Pylos, [9.150](#).

En'ops: (1) Father of Satnios, [14.444](#). (2) Father of Thestor, [16.402](#) (perhaps identical with the aforementioned). (3) Father of Klytomedes, [23.634](#).

Eny'eus: King of Skyros, [9.668](#).

Eny'o: War goddess, [5.333](#).

Epal'tes: Lykian killed by Patroklos, [16.415](#).

Epei'ans: People of Elis, [2.619](#).

Epei'geus: Myrmidon killed by Hektor, [16.570-80](#).

Epei'os: Achaian, a great boxer and winner of this event in the games for Patroklos, [23.664-99](#) (in the *Odyssey*, [8.493](#), builder of the Trojan Horse).

Ephial'tes: Giant who with his brother Otos imprisoned Ares, [5.385](#).
Eph'yra or Eph'yrē: (1) A place on the river Selleëis, exact location unknown, [2.659](#). (2) Homeric name for Korinth, [6.152](#).
Eph'yroi: A northern people visited by Ares, [13.301](#).
Epidau'ros: City in the domain of Diomedes, [2.561](#).
Epi'kles: Lykian killed by Aias, [12.379](#).
Epi's'tor: Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.695](#).
Epi's'trophos: (1) Leader of the men of Phokis, [2.517](#). (2) Prince of Lyrnessos, killed by Achilleus, [2.692](#). (3) Leader of the Halizones, [2.856](#).
Ep'y'tos: Father of Periphas, [17.324](#).
Erech'theus: Hero of Athens, [2.547](#).
Ereutha'lion: Arkadian hero killed by Nestor, [7.136](#).
Erichthon'ios: Son of Dardanos, ancestor of the kings of Troy, [20.219](#).
Erin'ys: Spirit of vengeance, [9.571](#).
Erio'pis: Wife of Oileus (1) and stepmother of Medon (1), [13.697](#).
Eryla'os: Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.411](#).
Er'y'mas: (1) Trojan killed by Idomeneus, [16.345](#). (2) Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.415](#).
Erythi'noi: Place in Paphlagonia, [2.855](#).
Ery'thrai: City in Boiotia, [2.499](#).
Eteo'kles: Son of Oidipous, defender of Thebes against the Argives, [4.386](#).
Eteo'nos: City in Boiotia, [2.497](#).
Euai'mon: Father of Eurypylos (1), [2.736](#).
Euboi'a: Island lying close off east-central Greece, [2.536](#).
Euche'nor: Achaian killed by Paris, [13.663-72](#).
Eudor'os: Son of Hermes and Polymele, a Myrmidon captain, [16.179](#).
Eue'nos: (1) Father of Epistrophos (2) and Mynes, [2.693](#). (2) Father of Marpessa, [9.557](#).
Eui'pos: Lykian killed by Patroklos, [16.417](#).
Eume'des: Herald in Troy, father of Dolon, [10.314](#).
Eume'los: Son of Admetos and Alkestis, lord of the Thessalians from Pherai, [2.713](#). Prominent in the chariot race in the games for Patroklos, [23.288-565](#).
Eune'os: Son of Jason and Hypsipyle, lord in Lemnos, [7.468](#).
Euphe'mos: Trojan ally, leader of the Kikonians, [2.846](#).
Euphe'tes: Lord of Ephyra (1), [15.532](#).
Euphor'bos: Dardanian, son of Panthoös, who struck down Patroklos, [16.806-15](#); killed by Menelaos, [17.43-60](#).
Euro'pa: Daughter of Phoinix, mother of Minos and Rhadamanthys, [14.321](#).
Eury'alos: Leader, with Diomedes and Sthenelos, of the men of Argos proper, [2.565](#).
Eury'bates: (1) Herald for Agamemnon, [1.320](#). (2) Herald for Odysseus, [2.184](#). (The two are probably the same person.) Eury'damas: A dream-interpreter, father of Abas and Polyidos (1), [5.149](#).
Eury'medon: (1) Charioteer of Agamemnon, [4.228](#). (2) Charioteer of Nestor, [8.114](#).
Eury'nomē: Daughter of Ocean, [18.398](#).
Eury'pylos: (1) Son of Euaimon, lord of a district in Thessaly which has not been certainly located, [2.736](#); wounded and put out of action by Paris, [11.575-95](#), etc. (2) Hero of Kos, [2.677](#).
Eurus'theus: Taskmaster of Herakles, [8.363](#), [19.107-25](#).
Eu'rytos: (1) Hero of Oichalia, [2.596](#). (2) Father of Thalpios, brother of Kteatos, [2.621](#); he and his brother called Moliones, [11.709](#), [11.750](#).
Eusso'ros: Father of Akamas (2), [6.8](#).
Eutre'sis: City in Boiotia, [2.502](#).
Exa'dios: Hero of the generation of Nestor, [1.264](#).

Galatei'a: A Nereid, [18.45](#).
Ganyme'des: Son of Tros (1), caught up among the gods and made immortal, [20.232-35](#).
Gar'garon or Gar'garos: The peak of Ida, [8.48](#).
Gere'nian: Epithet of Nestor, [2.336](#), *etc.*
Gla'phyrai: Thessalian city in the domain of Eumelos, [2.712](#).
Glau'ke: A Nereid, [18.39](#).
Glau'kos: (1) Companion of Sarpedon, second in command of the Lykians, [2.876](#); wounded by Teukros, [12.387-89](#). (2) Father of Bellerophontes, great-grandfather of Glaukos (1), [6.154-55](#).
Glisas: City in Boiotia, [2.504](#).
Gonoës'sa: Achaian city in the domain of Agamemnon, [2.573](#).
Gor'gon: A staring monster, [5.741](#).
Gorgy'thion: Son of Priam and Kastianeira, killed by Teukros, [8.302-8](#).
Gor'tyna: City in Krete, [2.646](#).
Gou'neus: Lord of the peoples around Dodona, [2.748](#).
Grai'a: City in Boiotia, [2.498](#).
Greni'kos: River of the Troad, [12.21](#).
Gygai'an: Of a lake in Mysia, [2.865](#).
Gy'ge: The same lake, [20.391](#).
Gyr'tios: Father of Hyrtios, [14.512](#).
Gyrto'ne: Thessalian city in the domain of Polypoites, [2.738](#).

Ha'des: Properly Ai'des. Son of Kronos and Rhea, full brother of Zeus, Poseidon, Hera, and Demeter, [15.187-92](#). Lord over the dead, *loc. cit.*; [1.3](#), *etc.* (n.b. A person, not a place.) Hai'mon: (1) Companion of Nestor, [4.296](#). (2) Father of Maion, [4.394](#). (3) Father of Laërkes, [17.467](#).
Ha'lia: A Nereid, [18.40](#).
Haliar'tos: City in Boiotia, [2.503](#).
Ha'lios: Lykian killed by Odysseus, [5.678](#).
Halizo'nes: A tribe from the Black Sea district, led by Odios (1) and Epistrophos (3), [2.856](#).
Harma: City in Boiotia, [2.499](#).
Harmoni'des: Smith in Troy, father of Phereklos, [5.60](#).
Harpal'ion: Paphlagonian ally of Troy killed by Meriones, [13.643-59](#).
He'be: Or Youth, daughter of Zeus and Hera, ministrant to other Olympians, [4.2](#), [5.722](#), *etc.*
Hek'abē: Daughter of Dymas, Priam's queen, [6.251](#), [22.79](#), *etc.*
Hekame'de: Captive mistress of Nestor, [11.624](#).
Hektor: Son of Priam, field commander of the Trojans and their greatest fighter, killer of Patroklos, [16.816-42](#); killed by Achilles, [22.273-363](#).
Helen: Wife of Menelaos who ran away with Paris, the cause of the war, [3.121](#), *etc.*
Hel'enos: (1) Achaian killed by Hektor, [5.707](#). (2) Son of Priam, augur and fighter, [6.76](#), [6.576](#), *etc.*
Helika'on: Son of Antenor, husband of Laodike, [3.123](#).
Hel'ikē: Place in the domain of Agamemnon, on the Corinthian Gulf, [2.575](#).
Hellas: The domain, or part of the domain, of Peleus, [2.683](#), *etc.*
Hellenes: The people of Hellas, [2.684](#).
Hel'lespont: Strait between the Troad and Thrace, now Dardanelles, [2.845](#), *etc.*
Helos: (1) City in Lakadaimon, [2.584](#). (2) City near Pylos, [2.594](#).
Hephais'tos: Son of Hera, [1.571](#); artificer, [1.607](#), *etc.*; fire god, [21.330-81](#), *etc.*
Hepta'poros: River in the Troad, [12.20](#).
Hera: Daughter of Kronos and Rhea, full sister and wife of Zeus, protector of the Achaians, [1.55](#), *etc.*
Her'akles: Son of Alkmene and Zeus, [14.324](#); father of Tlepolemos (1), [2.658](#); of Thessalos, [2.679](#).
Her'mes: Son of Zeus, called guide and Argeiphontes, [2.104](#), *etc.*

Hermi'onē: City in the domain of Diomedes, [2.560](#).
Hermos: River in Phrygia, [20.392](#).
Hesper: The evening star, [22.318](#).
Hiketa'on: Son of Laomedon, [20.238](#); father of Melanippos (2), [15.546](#).
Hippo'damas: Trojan killed by Achilles, [20.401](#).
Hippodamei'a: (1) Wife of Peirithoös, mother of Polypoites, [2.472](#). (2) Daughter of Anchises, wife of Alkathoös, [13.429](#).
Hippo'damos: Trojan killed by Odysseus, [11.335](#).
Hippo'koön: Cousin of Rhesos, [10.518](#).
Hippo'lochos: (1) Father of Glaukos (1), [6.119](#). (2) Trojan killed by Agamemnon, [11.122-47](#).
Hippo'machos: Trojan killed by Leonteus, [12.189](#).
Hippomol'goi: A northern tribe, "horse-milkers," presumably nomads, [13.5](#).
Hippo'noös: Achaian killed by Hektor, [11.303](#).
Hippo'thoös: (1) Trojan ally, leader of the Pelasgians, [2.840](#); killed by Aias, [17.293](#). (2) Son of Priam, [24.251](#).
Hippo'tion: Chief from Askania, [13.793](#); killed by Meriones, [14.514](#).
Hi're: Town near Pylos, [9.150](#).
Histiai'a: City in Euboia, [2.537](#).
Hy'adēs: The stars still so called, [18.486](#).
Hyam'polis: City in Phokis, [2.521](#).
Hy'de: District around Mount Tmolos, [20.385](#).
Hy'le: City in Boiotia, [2.500](#).
Hyl'los: River in Mysia, [20.392](#).
Hypei'rochos: (1) Trojan killed by Odysseus, [11.335](#). (2) Father of Itymoneus, [11.673](#).
Hypei'ron: Trojan killed by Diomedes, [5.144](#).
Hyperei'a: A spring in the domain of Eurypylos, [2.734](#).
Hypere'nor: Son of Panthoös, killed by Menelaos, [14.516](#), [17.24](#).
Hypere'sia: Achaian city in the domain of Agamemnon, [2.573](#).
Hyper'ion: Epithet of Helios, the Sun, [8.480](#).
Hypse'nor: (1) Trojan killed by Eurypylos, [5.76-83](#). (2) Achaian killed by Deiphobos, [13.411](#).
Hypsi'pyle: Mother, by Jason, of Euneos, [7.469](#).
Hy'ria: City in Boiotia, [2.496](#).
Hyrmi'ne: City in Elis, [2.616](#).
Hyr'takos: Father of Asios (1), [2.837](#).
Hyr'tios: Mysian killed by Aias, [14.511](#).

Iai'ra: A Nereid, [18.42](#).
Ial'menos: A leader of the Minyai from Orchomenos, [2.512](#).
Ialy'sos: City in Rhodes, [2.656](#).
Ia'menos: Trojan killed by Leonteus, [12.194](#).
Ianas'sa: A Nereid, [18.47](#).
Ianei'ra: A Nereid, [18.47](#).
Ia'petos: One of the Titans, [8.479](#).
Iar'danos: River apparently on the borders of Pylos and Arkadia, [7.135](#).
I'asos: Athenian killed by Aineias, [15.332-38](#).
Ida: Mountain and range in the Troad, [2.821](#), *etc.*
Idai'os: (1) Herald of Priam, [3.248](#), [7.381-97](#). (2) Trojan, son of Dares and brother of Phegeus, rescued from Diomedes by Hephaistos, [5.11-24](#).
Idas: Husband of Marpessa and father of Kleopatra, who contended against Apollo for the sake of

Marpessa, [9.556-60](#).

Ido'meneus: Son of Deukalion, lord of Krete, one of the great princes and fighters of the Achaians, [2.645](#), *etc.*

Ika'ria: Island off the coast of Asia Minor, [2.145](#).

Ilion: Or Ilios; Troy, the city of Ilos.

Ili'oneus: Trojan killed by Peneleos, [14.489-99](#).

Ilos: Eldest son of Tros, father of Laomedon, grandfather of Priam, [20.232](#).

Im'brasos: Thracian, father of Peiros, [4.520](#).

Im'brios: Trojan ally from Pedaios, killed by Teukros, [13.170](#).

Im'bros: Island northwest of Troy, [13.33](#).

Iol'kos: Thessalian town in the domain of Eumelos, [2.712](#).

Io'nians: A people closely associated with, perhaps identified with, the Athenians, [13.685](#).

Iph'eus: Lykian killed by Patroklos, [16.417](#).

Iphianas'sa: Daughter of Agamemnon, [9.145](#).

Iphi'damas: Son of Antenor, killed by Agamemnon, [11.221-47](#).

Iphi'klos: Runner defeated by Nestor, [23.636](#).

Iphi'noös: Achaian killed by Glaukos, [7.14](#).

Iphis: Captive mistress of Patroklos, [9.667](#).

Iphi'tion: Lydian killed by Achilleus, [20.382](#).

Iph'itos: (1) Father of Schedios (1) and Epistrophos (1), [2.518](#). (2) Father of Archeptolemos, [8.128](#).

Iris: The messenger of the gods, [2.786](#), *etc.*

Isan'dros: Son of Bellerophon, [6.197](#).

Isos: Son of Priam, killed by Agamemnon, [11.111-21](#).

Ithai'menes: Father of Sthenelaos, [16.586](#).

Ith'aka: Island off west-central Greece, the home of Odysseus, [2.632](#), *etc.*

Itho'me: Thessalian city in the domain of Podaleirios and Machaon, [2.729](#).

Iton: Thessalian city in the domain of Protesilaos, [2.696](#).

Ity'moneus: Eleian killed by Nestor in his youth, [11.672](#).

Ixi'on: Putative father of Peirithoös, [14.317](#).

Jason: The Argonaut, father of Euneos, [7.468](#).

Kabe'sos: City, location unknown, on the Trojan side, [13.363](#).

Kadmei'ans: Thebans, [4.388](#), *etc.*

Kai'neus: Hero of the generation of Nestor, [1.264](#).

Kal'chas: Augur for the Achaians, [1.68-100](#), [2.300-332](#). Impersonated by Poseidon, [13.45](#).

Kale'sios: Charioteer of Axylos, killed by Diomedes, [6.18](#).

Kale'tor: (1) Father of Aphareus, [13.541](#). (2) Trojan killed by Aias, [15.419](#).

Kallianas'sa: A Nereid, [18.46](#).

Kalliane'i'ra: A Nereid, [18.44](#).

Kalli'aros: City in Lokris, [2.531](#).

Kalyd'nai: Islands in the southeast Aegean, [2.677](#).

Kal'ydon: City of Aitolia, its men led by Thoas, [2.640](#). For a part of the Kalydonian Saga, see [9.529-99](#).

Kamei'ros: City of Rhodes, [2.656](#).

Kap'aneus: Father of Sthenelos, [2.564](#).

Kap'ys: Son of Assarakos, father of Anchises, so grandfather of Aineias, [20.239](#).

Karda'mylē: Town near Pylos, [9.150](#).

Kare'sos: River in the Troad, [12.20](#).

Kar'ians: People of Asia Minor who held the city of Miletos, [2.867](#).

Karys'tos: City of Euboa, [2.539](#).
Ka'sos: Island near Kos, [2.676](#).
Kassan'dra: Daughter of Priam, [13.366](#), [24.699](#).
Kastiane'i'ra: Mother, by Priam, of Gorgythion, [8.304](#).
Kastor: Brother of Helen, [3.327](#).
Kaukon'ians: People of Asia Minor allied to the Trojans, [10.429](#).
Kaÿst'rian: Of the river Kaÿstros in Asia Minor, [2.461](#).
Ke'as: Father of Troizenos, [2.847](#).
Kebri'ones: Brother of Hektor, [8.318](#); killed by Patroklos, [16.737-76](#).
Kel'adon: River apparently on the borders of Pylos and Arkadia, [7.134](#).
Kephalle'nia: Island off west-central Greece, in the domain of Odysseus, [2.631](#).
Kephisian mere: A lake, more commonly called Kopa'is, in Boiotia, [5.709](#).
Kephi'sos: River in Phokis (and Boiotia), [2.522](#).
Kerin'thos: City in Euboa, [2.538](#).
Kikonian: Of a Thracian people, also called Kiko'nes, [2.846](#).
Kili'kians: In Homer, only of the people in Asian Thebe, [6.397](#), [6.415](#).
Kil'la: Town in the Troad, [1.38](#).
Kin'yras: King of Cyprus who gave a corselet to Agamemnon, [11.20](#).
Kis'seus: Father of Theano, [11.223](#).
Klei'tos: Charioteer of Poulydamas, killed by Teukros, [15.445-53](#).
Kleobou'los: Trojan killed by Aias (2), [16.330-34](#).
Kleo'nai: City in the domain of Agamemnon, [2.570](#).
Kleopat'ra: Daughter of Idas and Marpessa, wife of Meleagros, [9.556](#).
Klo'nios: A leader of the Boiotians, [2.495](#); killed by Agenor, [15.340](#).
Kly'menē: (1) One of Helen's handmaidens, [3.144](#). (2) A Nereid, [18.47](#).
Klytaimes'tra: Wife of Agamemnon, [1.113](#).
Kly'tios: (1) Son of Laomedon, brother of Priam, father of Kaletor, [3.147](#), [15.419](#), [20.238](#). (2) Father of Dolops (1), [11.302](#).
Klytome'des: Boxer defeated by Nestor in his youth, [23.634](#).
Kno'sos: City in Krete, [2.646](#).
Koi'ranos: (1) Lykian killed by Odysseus, [5.677](#). (2) Charioteer of Meriones, killed by Hektor, [17.610-19](#).
Ko'ön: Son of Antenor, killed by Agamemnon after wounding him, [11.248-63](#).
Ko'pai: City in Boiotia, [2.502](#).
Kop'reus: Herald of Eurystheus, father of Periphetes, [15.639](#).
Kor'inth: City in the domain of Agamemnon, [2.570](#).
Koronei'a: City in Boiotia, [2.503](#).
Koro'nos: Father of Leonteus, [2.746](#).
Kos: Island in the southeast Aegean, [2.677](#).
Koure'tes: A people at war with the Aitolians, [9.529-99](#).
Kran'aë: Island on the homeward route of Paris from Lakedaimon, [3.445](#).
Kra'pathos: Island in the southeast Aegean, [2.676](#).
Krei'on: Father of Lykomedes, [9.84](#).
Krete: Large island south of the Aegean, the domain of Idomeneus, [2.649](#).
Kre'thon: Achaian killed by Aineias, [5.541-60](#).
Krisa: City in Phokis, [2.519](#).
Krois'mos: Trojan killed by Meges, [15.523](#).
Krokylei'a: Place on or near Ithaka, [2.633](#).
Krom'na: City in Paphlagonia, [2.855](#).
Kronos: Father of Zeus, Hades, Poseidon, Hera, Demeter, [1.498](#), etc.; overthrown and in Tartaros, [8.479-81](#).
Kte'atos: Brother of Eurytos (2), q.v.; father of Amphimachos (1), [2.620-21](#).

Kylle'ne: Mountain bounding Arkadia to the north, [2.603](#).
Kymin'dis: Name for a bird, [14.291](#).
Kymo'dokē: A Nereïd, [18.39](#).
Kymo'thoë: A Nereïd, [18.41](#).
Kynos: City in Lokris, [2.531](#).
Kyparisse'eis: City near Pylos, [2.593](#).
Kyparis'sos: City in Phokis, [2.519](#).
Ky'phos: City of Gouneus, [2.748](#).
Kythe'ra: Island off the southern tip of Lakedaïmon, [15.431](#).
Kyto'ros: City in Paphlagonia, [2.853](#).

La'as: City in Lakedaïmon, [2.585](#).
Laër'kes: Myrmidon, father of Alkimedon, [16.197](#).
Laër'tes: Father of Odysseus, [2.173](#).
Lakedai'mon: The city, with its surrounding country, of Menelaos, in southeastern Greece, [2.581](#), *etc.*
Lamos: (1) Son of Laomedon, father of Dolops (2), [15.525-27](#). (2) One of Hektor's horses, [8.185](#).
Lao'damas: Trojan, son of Antenor, killed by Aias, [15.516](#).
Laodamei'a: Daughter of Bellerophontes, mother, by Zeus, of Sarpedon, [6.197-99](#).
Lao'dikē: (1) Daughter of Priam and wife of Helikaon, impersonated by Iris, [3.121-24](#). (2) Daughter of Agamemnon, [9.145](#).
Lao'dokos: (1) Son of Antenor, impersonated by Athene, [4.87](#). (2) Charioteer of Antilochos, [17.699](#).
Lao'gonos: (1) Trojan killed by Meriones, [16.603-7](#). (2) Trojan killed by Achilleus, [20.460](#).
Lao'medon: King of Troy, son of Ilos and father of Priam, Tithonos, Lamos (1), Klytios (1) and Hiketaon, [20.236-38](#); who earned the hatred of Poseidon by his treatment of him and Apollo, [21.443-60](#).
Lao'thoë: Daughter of Altes, mother, by Priam, of Lykaon (2) and Polydoros (1), [21.84-91](#).
La'pithai: Thessalian people led by Polypoites and Leonteus, [12.128-30](#).
Laris'sa: City, location unknown, allied to Troy, [2.841](#).
Leio'kritos: Achaian killed by Aineias, [17.344](#).
Le'itos: Leader, with Peneleos, of the Boiotians, [2.494](#); wounded and put out of action by Hektor, [17.601-4](#).
Lektos: Or Lekton, promontory of the Troad, [14.284](#).
Le'leges: People of Asia Minor allied to the Trojans, [10.429](#).
Lemnos: Island in the Aegean, west of Troy, [1.593](#), [2.722](#), *etc.*
Leon'teus: Leader, with Polypoites, of the Lapithai from Argissa, *etc.*, [2.745](#).
Lesbos: Island and city close to the coast of Asia Minor south of Troy, [9.129](#), *etc.*
Lethos: Lord of Larissa, [2.843](#).
Leto: Mother (by Zeus) of Apollo and Artemis, [1.9](#), [21.498-504](#), [24.607-9](#).
Leu'kos: Companion of Odysseus, killed by Antiphos (3), [4.489-93](#).
Likym'nios: Uncle of Herakles, killed by Tlepolemos (1) who was his great-nephew, [2.663](#).
Lilai'a: City in Phokis, [2.523](#).
Limnorei'a: A Nereïd, [18.41](#).
Lindos: City in Rhodes, [2.656](#).
Lok'rians: People of Lokris, [2.535](#).
Lokris: District in east-central Greece, the domain of Aias the son of Oïleus, [2.527](#).
Lyka'on: (1) Father of Pandaros, [2.826](#), *etc.* (2) Son of Priam and Laothoë, killed by Achilleus, [21.34-135](#).
Lykas'tos: City in Krete, [2.647](#).
Ly'kia: (1) District on the southern coast of Asia Minor, the domain of Sarpedon and Glaukos (1), [2.877](#), *etc.* (2) Apparently the country around Zeleia, close to Troy, home of Pandaros, [5.105](#), [5.173](#).
Lykome'des: Achaian, killer of Apisaon (2), [17.345-49](#).
Lykon: Trojan killed by Peneleos, [16.334-41](#).

Lykophon'tes: Trojan killed by Teukros, [8.275](#).
Ly'kophron: Achaian from Kythera, friend of Aias, killed by Hektor, [15.429-35](#).
Lykour'gos: (1) Son of Dryas, who assaulted Dionysos and was punished by the gods, [6.130-40](#). (2) Hero who killed Areithoös (1), [7.142-49](#).
Lyktos: City in Krete, [2.647](#).
Lyrnes'sos: City in the Troad, the home of Briseis, [2.690](#), *etc.*
Lysan'dros: Trojan killed by Aias, [11.491](#).

Macha'on: Son of Asklepios, fighter and healer, with his brother Podaleirios leader of the Thessalians from Triikka and Oichalia, [2.729-33](#); ministers to the wounded Menelaos, [4.192-218](#); wounded and put out of action by Paris, [11.504-20](#).
Magne'sians: People of Thessaly led by Prothoös, [2.756](#).
Maian'dros: River of Asia Minor emptying near Miletos (2), [2.869](#).
Mai'malos: Father of Peisandros (3), [16.194](#).
Mai'on: Kadmeian who led an ambush against Tydeus, [4.393-98](#).
Maio'nians: People from around the lake of Gyge, [2.864](#).
Mai'ra: A Nereid, [18.48](#).
Makar: Lord of Lesbos, [24.544](#).
Mantinei'a: City in Arkadia, [2.607](#).
Maris: Lykian killed by Thrasymedes, [16.319-29](#).
Marpes'sa: Daughter of Euenos, wife of Idas, [9.557](#).
Ma'ses: City in the domain of Diomedes, [2.562](#).
Mastor: Father of Lykophron, [15.430](#).
Med'eon: City in Boiotia, [2.501](#).
Medesikas'te: Daughter of Priam, wife of Imbrios, [13.173](#).
Medon: (1) Bastard son of Oileus (1), [13.694-97](#); killed by Aineias, [15.332](#). (2) A captain on the Trojan side, [17.216](#).
Megas: Father of Perimos, [16.695](#).
Me'ges: Leader of the men from Doulichion, son of Phyleus, [2.627](#); leader of the Epeians, [13.692](#).
Mekis'teus: (1) Father of Euryalos, [2.566](#) (and one of the Seven against Thebes); a great boxer in his youth, [23.678-80](#). (2) Achaian killed by Poulydamas, [15.339](#).
Melanip'pos: (1) Trojan killed by Teukros, [8.276](#). (2) Trojan, son of Hiketaon, killed by Antilochos, [15.576](#). (3) Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.695](#). (4) A younger Achaian chief, [19.240](#).
Melan'thios: Trojan killed by Eurypylos, [6.36](#).
Melas: Son of Portheus, brother of Oineus, [14.117](#).
Melea'gros: Son of Oineus and prince of Kalydon, [9.529-99](#).
Meliboi'a: Thessalian city in the domain of Philoktetes, [2.717](#).
Mel'itē: A Nereid, [18.42](#).
Menela'os: Son of Atreus, brother of Agamemnon, first husband of Helen, lord of Lakedaimon, [2.581-90](#), *etc.*
Menes'thes: Achaian killed by Hektor, [5.609](#).
Menes'theus: Leader of the Athenians, [2.552-56](#).
Menes'thios: (1) Achaian from Arne killed by Paris, [7.9](#). (2) Myrmidon leader under Achilleus, [16.173-78](#).
Menoi'tios: Son of Aktor (3) and father of Patroklos, [1.307](#), *etc.*
Menon: Trojan killed by Leonteus, [12.193](#).
Men'tes: Leader of the Kikones impersonated by Apollo, [17.73](#).
Mentor: Father of Imbrios, [13.171](#).
Meri'ones: Companion in arms of Idomeneus, one of the most prominent of the younger Achaian warriors, charioteer and archer, [2.651](#), [13.244-329](#), *etc.*

Mer'meros: Trojan killed by Antilochos, [14.513](#).
Merops: Augur in Perkote, father of Adrestos (2) and Amphios (1), [2.831](#).
Mes'se: City in Lakedaimon, [2.582](#).
Messe'is: Wellspring in Greece, exact location unknown, [6.457](#).
Mesth'les: Leader of the Maionians, [2.864](#).
Mestor: Son of Priam, [24.257](#).
Metho'ne: Thessalian city in the domain of Philoktetes, [2.716](#).
Midei'a: City in Boiotia, [2.507](#).
Mile'tos: (1) City in Krete, [2.647](#). (2) City of the Karians, [2.868](#).
Minos: Son of Zeus and Europa, father of Deukalion, king of Krete, [13.450-54](#), [14.321-22](#).
Min'yai: People of Orchomenos (1) led by Askalaphos and Ialmenos, [2.511](#).
Minyei'os: River on the border of Nestor's domain, [11.722](#).
Mnesos: Paionian killed by Achilles, [21.210](#).
Moli'on: Follower of Thymbraios, killed by Odysseus, [11.322](#).
Moli'ones: Eurytos (2) and Kteatos (qq.v.), [11.709](#).
Molos: Father of Meriones, [10.270](#).
Morys: Trojan killed by Meriones, [14.513](#).
Mou'lios: (1) Epeian hero killed by Nestor in his youth, [11.739](#). (2) Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.696](#). (3) Trojan killed by Achilles, [20.472](#).
Mydon: (1) Charioteer of Pylaimenes, killed by Antilochos, [5.580](#). (2) Paionian killed by Achilles, [21.209](#).
Mygdon: King of Phrygia, [3.186](#).
My'kalē: Promontory across the bay from Miletos (2), [2.869](#).
Mykales'sos: City in Boiotia, [2.498](#).
Myke'nai: Agamemnon's capital, a few miles north of the city of Argos, [2.569](#), *etc.*
My'nes: King of Lyrnessos, [19.296](#).
Myri'ne: Heroine after whom a hill before Troy was named, [2.814](#).
Myr'midons: The people of Phthia, subjects of Peleus and led by Achilles, [2.684](#), *etc.*
Myr'sinos: City in Elis, [2.616](#).
My'sians: A people living to the east of Troy and allied to the Trojans, [2.858](#).

Nai'ad: A well-nymph, [6.21](#).
Nas'tes: Leader of the Karians, killed by Achilles, [2.867-75](#).
Nau'bolos: Phokian hero, father of Iphitos, [2.518](#).
Ne'leus: King of Pylos, father of Nestor, [11.692](#), *etc.*
Nemer'tes: A Nereid, [18.46](#).
Neopto'lemos: Son of Achilles, [19.327](#).
Ne'reids: The daughters of Nereus, nymphs of the sea, [18.36-49](#).
Ne'reus: Aged god of the sea, father of Thetis, [1.556](#); and of the other Nereids, [18.36](#).
Ne'ritos or Ne'riton: Mountain on Ithaka, [2.632](#).
Nesai'e: A Nereid, [18.40](#).
Nestor: Leader of the Pylians, once a great warrior and still active as a commander and counselor, [1.247-84](#), *etc.*; father of Antilochos, [5.565](#); of Thrasymedes, [9.81](#).
Ni'obē: Heroine of Asia, whose six daughters and six sons were killed by Apollo and Artemis, [24.602-17](#).
Ni'reus: Leader from Syme, handsomest (next to Achilles) of the Achaians, [2.671](#).
Ni'sa: City in Boiotia, [2.508](#).
Nisy'ros: Island near Kos, [2.676](#).
Noë'mon: (1) Lykian killed by Odysseus, [5.678](#). (2) Henchman of Antilochos, [23.612](#).
Nomi'on: Father of Amphimachos (2) and Nastes, [2.871](#).
Nysei'an: Of a mountain sacred to Dionysos, [6.133](#).

Ocean or Oke'anos: The waters surrounding the world and the god of those waters, [1.423](#), [14.201](#), *etc.*

Oche'sios: Father of Periphas, [5.843](#).

Odys'seus: Son of Laërtes, lord of Ithaka and the neighboring islands, great fighter and counselor, close friend of Agamemnon, [2.631](#), *etc.*

Oicha'lia: Thessalian city of Eurytos (1) in the domain of Podaleirios and Machaon, [2.730](#).

Oid'ipous: Hero of Thebes (1), [23.679](#). (In Homer, strictly, Oidipodes.)

Oi'leus: (1) Lokrian hero, father of Aias (2), [2.527](#). (2) Trojan killed by Agamemnon, [11.93](#).

Oi'neus: Hero of Kalydon, son of Portheus, [14.117](#); father of Tydeus, [5.813](#); of Meleagros, 5.981.

Oino'maos: (1) Achaian killed by Hektor, [5.706](#). (2) Trojan killed by Idomeneus, [13.506](#).

Oi'nops: Father of Helenos (1), [5.707](#).

Oi'tylos: City in Lakedaimon, [2.585](#).

Okal'ea: City in Boiotia, [2.501](#).

Olen'ian Rock: Landmark on the borders of Elis, [2.617](#).

O'lenos: City in Aitolia, [2.639](#).

Oli'zon: Thessalian city in the domain of Philoktetes, [2.717](#).

Oloös'son: Thessalian city in the domain of Polypoites, [2.739](#).

Olym'pos: Mountain north of Thessaly, the home of the gods, [1.499](#), *etc.*

Onches'tos: City of Boiotia, [2.506](#).

One'tor: Father of Laogonos (1), [16.604](#).

Opheles'tes: (1) Trojan killed by Teukros, [8.274](#). (2) Paionian killed by Achilles, [21.210](#).

Ophel'tios: (1) Trojan killed by Euryalos, [6.20](#). (2) Achaian killed by Hektor, [11.302](#).

Opi'tes: Achaian killed by Hektor, [11.301](#).

Op'oeis or O'pous: City in Lokris, [2.531](#).

Orcho'menos: (1) City of the Minyai, adjoining the territory of the Boiotians, [2.511](#). (2) City in Arkadia, [2.605](#).

Oreithy'ia: A Nereïd, [18.48](#).

Ores'bios: Boiotian killed by Hektor, [5.707-10](#).

Ores'tes: (1) Achaian killed by Hektor, [5.705](#). (2) Son of Agamemnon, [9.142](#). (3) Trojan killed by Leonteus, [12.193](#).

Ori'on: The constellation, [18.486](#).

Orme'nion: Thessalian city in the domain of Eurypylos, [2.734](#).

Or'menos: (1) Trojan killed by Teukros, [8.274](#). (2) Father of Amyntor, [9.448](#). (3) Trojan killed by Polypoites, [12.187](#).

Orne'ai: City in the domain of Agamemnon, [2.571](#).

Oros: Achaian killed by Hektor, [11.303](#).

Orsi'lochos: (1) Achaian killed by Aineias, [5.542-60](#). (2) Trojan killed by Teukros, [8.274](#).

Orthai'os: A Trojan captain, [13.791](#).

Or'the: Thessalian city in the domain of Polypoites, [2.739](#).

Orti'lochos: Father of Diokles, [5.546](#).

Othry'oneus: Suitor of Kassandra, killed by Idomeneus, [13.363-82](#).

Otos: (1) Giant who with his brother Ephialtes imprisoned Ares, [5.385](#). (2) Achaian from Kyllene, killed by Poulydamas, [15.518](#).

Ot'reus: Lord of Phrygia, [3.186](#).

Otryn'teus: Father of Iphition, [20.382-84](#).

Ouka'legon: An elder in Troy, [3.148](#).

Paië'on: The healing god, [5.899](#).

Paio'nia: A district, its people allied to the Trojans, in what was later Macedonia, [17.350](#).

Pai'sos: Apparently the same as Apaisos (q.v.), [5.612](#).

Pallas: Epithet of Athene, [1.200](#), *etc.*
Pal'mys: A Trojan captain, [13.792](#).
Pammon: Son of Priam, [24.250](#).
Pan'daros: Son of Lykaon (1), leader of the Trojans from Zeleia, [2.824-27](#); but spoken of as being from Lykia, [5.173](#); breaks the truce by treacherously wounding Menelaos, [4.85-140](#); wounds Diomedes, [5.95-105](#); killed by him, [5.280-96](#).
Pandi'on: Henchman of Teukros, [12.372](#).
Pan'dokos: Trojan killed by Aias, [11.490](#).
Pan'opē: A Nereid, [18.45](#).
Pan'opeus: (1) City in Phokis, [2.520](#). (2) Father of Epeios, [23.665](#).
Pan'thoös: An elder of Troy, [3.147](#); father of Poulydamas, [13.756](#); of Euphorbos, [16.808](#); of Hyperenor, [17.19-35](#).
Paphla'gonēs: People of Paphlagonia on the southern shore of the Black Sea, allied to the Trojans, [2.851](#).
Paris: Son of Priam and Hekabē, who carried Helen from Lakedaimon, [3.15](#), *etc.* (in the *Iliad* more frequently called by his other name, Alexandros).
Parrha'sia: City in Arkadia, [2.608](#).
Parthe'nios: River in Paphlagonia, [2.854](#).
Pasi'thea: One of the Graces, [14.269](#).
Patro'klos: Son of Menoitios, henchman and close friend of Achilleus, killed by Hektor, [1.307](#), *etc.*
Pedai'on or Pedai'os: City in the Troad, [13.172](#).
Pedai'os: Trojan, son of Antenor, killed by Meges, [5.69-75](#).
Pe'dasos: (1) Trojan killed by Euryalos, [6.21](#). (2) City on the river Satnioeis, [6.35](#). (3) Town near Pylos, [9.152](#). (4) One of the horses of Achilleus, [16.152](#).
Peirai'os: Father of Ptolemaios, [4.228](#).
Pei'res: Father of Rhigmos, [20.484](#).
Peiri'thoös: Son of Zeus, father of Polypoites, [2.741](#).
Pei'ros: Thracian killed by Thoas, [4.517-38](#).
Peisan'dros: (1) Trojan killed by Agamemnon, [11.122-44](#). (2) Trojan killed by Menelaos, [13.601-19](#). (3) One of the leaders of the Myrmidons, [16.193](#).
Peise'nor: Father of Kleitos, [15.445](#).
Pel'agon: (1) Follower of Nestor, [4.295](#). (2) Follower of Sarpedon, [5.694](#).
Pelas'gian: A term of disputed and apparently variable significance. Applied to Argos (2), the home of Achilleus, [2.681](#); but the Pelasgians of Larissa are allied with the Trojans, [2.840-43](#).
Pel'egon: Father of Asteropaios, [21.141](#).
Pel'eus: Son of Aiakos, [21.189](#); father of Achilleus, [1.1](#), *etc.*; husband of Thetis, [18.85](#), *etc.*
Pel'ian: Of the spear of Achilleus, cut from Mount Pelion, [16.143](#).
Pel'ias: Father of Alkestis, [2.715](#).
Pelle'ne: Achaian city in the domain of Agamemnon, [2.574](#).
Pelops: Lord of Argos, father of Atreus, [2.104](#).
Penei'os: The chief river of Thessaly, [2.752](#).
Pene'leos: Leader, with Leĩtos, of the Boiotians, [2.494](#).
Perei'a: Place where Apollo had bred the mares of Eumelos, [2.766](#).
Per'gamos or Per'gamon: The citadel of Troy, [4.508](#), *etc.*
Per'gasos: Father of Deikoön, [5.535](#).
Periboi'a: Mother, by the river Axios, of Pelegon, [21.142](#).
Perie'res: Father of Boros, [16.177](#).
Prime'des: Father of Schedios (2), [15.515](#).
Per'imos: Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.695](#).
Per'iphas: (1) Aitolian killed by Ares, [5.842](#). (2) Herald of Anchises, [17.324](#).
Periphe'tes: (1) Trojan killed by Teukros, [14.515](#). (2) Achaian from Mykenai, killed by Hektor, [15.638-52](#).

Perko'te: City in the Troad, [2.835](#).

Perrhai'bians: People from the region of Dodona, led by Gouneus, [2.749](#).

Perse'phonē: Wife of Hades and queen of the dead, [9.457](#).

Per'seus: Son of Zeus and Danaë, [14.320](#); grandfather of Eurystheus, [19.116](#).

Pe'teon: City in Boiotia, [2.500](#).

Pe'teos: Father of Menestheus, [2.552](#).

Phai'nops: (1) Father of Xanthos (2) and Thoön (1), [5.152](#). (2) Father of Phorkys, [17.312](#).

Phais'tos: (1) City in Krete, [2.648](#). (2) Maionian killed by Idomeneus, [5.43](#).

Phal'kes: Trojan killed by Antilochos, [14.513](#).

Pharis: City in Lakedaimon, [2.582](#).

Phau'sias: Father of Apisaon (1), [11.578](#).

Phe'geus: Trojan killed by Diomedes, [5.9-19](#).

Phe'ia: City on the borders of Pylos and Arkadia, [7.135](#).

Phei'das: Captain under Menestheus, [13.691](#).

Pheidip'pos: A leader of the men from Kos and the adjacent islands, [2.678](#).

Phe'neos: City in Arkadia, [2.605](#).

Phe'rai: (1) Thessalian city of Eumelos, [2.711](#). (2) City near Pylos, [5.543](#), [9.151](#).

Phere'klos: Builder in Troy, who made ships for Paris, killed by Meriones, [5.59-68](#).

Phe'res: Father of Admetos, grandfather of Eumelos, [2.763](#).

Pherou'sa: A Nereid, [18.43](#).

Phile'tor: Father of Demouchos, [20.458](#).

Philokte'tes: Leader of the Thessalians from Methone and thereabouts, archer, during the action of the *Iliad* ill of an infection in Lemnos, [2.716-25](#).

Phleg'yēs: A northern people visited by Ares, [13.302](#).

Phoenicians: A nation, well known as seafarers, living on the Syrian coast, [23.744](#).

Phoi'bos: Epithet of Apollo, [1.43](#), etc.

Phoi'nix: (1) Son of Amyntor, a refugee befriended by Peleus, companion and tutor of Achilleus; his story, [9.430-95](#). (2) Father of Europa, [14.321](#).

Phokis: District in central Greece, adjoining Boiotia, [2.517](#).

Phor'bas: (1) Man of Lesbos, father of Diomedes, [9.665](#). (2) Father of Ilioneus, [14.490](#).

Phor'kys: Phrygian killed by Aias, [17.312](#).

Phrad'mon: Father of Agelaos (1), [8.257](#).

Phron'tis: Wife of Panthoös, [17.40](#).

Phry'gia: District east of the Troad, allied with Troy, [2.862](#), etc.

Phthi'a: The home of Achilleus, in southern Thessaly, [2.683](#), etc.

Phthi'ron: Mountain near Miletos (2), [2.868](#).

Phyl'akē: Thessalian city in the domain of Protesilaos, [2.695](#).

Phy'las: Father of Polymele, [16.181](#).

Phy'leus: Father of Meges, [2.628](#), etc.; defeated in spear-throwing by Nestor, [23.637](#).

Phylomedou'sa: Wife of Areithoös (1), [7.10](#).

Pidy'tes: Trojan ally from Perkote, killed by Odysseus, [6.30](#).

Piē'ria: The region around Olympos, [14.226](#).

Pit'theus: Father of Aithre, [3.144](#).

Pityei'a: City on the Hellespont, [2.829](#).

Plak'os: Mountain dominating Thebe (2), [6.396](#).

Platai'a: City in Boiotia, [2.504](#).

Plei'ades: The constellation, [18.486](#).

Pleu'ron: City in Aitolia, [2.639](#).

Podalei'rios: Son of Asklepios, fighter and healer, with his brother Machaon leader of the men from Oichalia and thereabouts, [2.732](#).

Podar'ge: Harpy, mother by the West Wind of the horses of Achilles, [16.150](#).
Podar'gos: (1) One of the horses of Hektor, [8.185](#). (2) One of the horses of Menelaos, [23.295](#).
Podar'kes: Brother of Protesilaos, succeeding him as leader of the men from Phylake, etc., [2.703-8](#).
Po'des: Son of Eëtion, friend (possibly brother-in-law) of Hektor, killed by Menelaos, [17.575-81](#).
Poli'tes: Son of Priam, [2.791](#), *etc.*
Polyai'mon: Father of Amopaon, [8.276](#).
Pol'ybos: Son of Antenor, [11.59](#).
Polydeu'kes: Brother of Helen, [3.237](#).
Polydo're: Daughter of Peleus, mother, by the river Spercheios, of Menesthios, [16.173-78](#).
Polydo'ros: (1) Youngest son of Priam, killed by Achilles, [20.407-18](#). (2) Spear-thrower defeated by Nestor, [23.637](#).
Polyi'dos: (1) Trojan killed by Diomedes, [5.148-51](#). (2) Augur in Korinth, father of Euchenor, [13.663](#).
Polyk'tor: Named as his father by Hermes to Priam, [24.398](#).
Polyme'le: Mother, by Hermes, of Eudoros, [16.179-90](#).
Polyme'los: Lykian killed by Patroklos, [16.417](#).
Polynei'kes: Son of Oidipous, leader of the Seven against Thebes, [4.377](#).
Polyphe'mos: Hero of the generation of Nestor, [1.264](#).
Polyphe'tes: A Trojan captain, [13.791](#).
Polyphon'tes: Kadmeian killed by Tydeus, [4.395](#).
Polypoi'tes: Son of Peirithoös, leader of the Lapithai from Argissa, etc., [2.740](#), *etc.*
Polyxei'nos: A leader of the Epeians, [2.623](#).
Por'theus: Aitolian hero, father of Agrios, Melas, and Oineus, [14.115](#).
Posei'don: Son of Kronos and Rheia, so younger brother of Zeus, lord of the sea, [15.185-92](#); protector of the Achaians, [13.10-124](#), *etc.*
Pouly'damas: Son of Panthoös, fighter and careful counselor, frequently opposed to the reckless strategy of Hektor, [12.210-29](#), [18.249-83](#), *etc.*
Prak'tios: River in the Troad, [2.835](#).
Pramnei'an wine: A wine used medicinally, origin unknown, [11.639](#).
Priam: Son of Laomedon, king of Troy, father of Hektor, Paris, and many other children (fifty sons, [24.495](#)), [3.161](#), *etc.*
Proi'tos: King of Ephyra, who designed against the life of Bellerophon, [6.156-70](#).
Pro'machos: Boiotian killed by Akamas (1), [14.476](#).
Pro'noös: Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.399](#).
Protesila'os: Leader of the men from Phylake, etc., first of the Achaians to land at Troy and first to be killed, [2.695-709](#).
Prothoë'nor: A Boiotian leader, [2.495](#); killed by Poulydamas, [14.450](#).
Pro'thoön: Trojan killed by Teukros, [14.515](#).
Pro'thoös: Leader of the Magnesians from Pelion, [2.756](#).
Protia'on: Father of Astynoös (2), [15.455](#).
Proto: A Nereid, [18.43](#).
Pry'tanis: Lykian killed by Odysseus, [5.678](#).
Ptel'eos: (1) City in the domain of Nestor, [2.594](#). (2) City in the domain of Protesilaos, [2.697](#).
Ptolemai'os: Father of Eurymedon (1), [4.228](#).
Pygmai'ans: That small infantry warred on by cranes, [3.6](#).
Pylai'menes: Lord of the Paphlagonians, killed by Menelaos, [5.576-79](#).
Pylai'os: Leader, with his brother Hippothoös, of the Pelasgians from Larissa, [2.842](#).
Pylar'tes: (1) Trojan killed by Aias, [11.491](#). (2) Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.696](#).
Pyle'ne: City in Aitolia, [2.639](#).
Py'lön: Trojan killed by Polypoites, [12.187](#).
Py'los: The city of Nestor, with the district surrounding it, on the western coast of the Peloponnese (south

Greece: exact location disputed), [1.252](#), [2.591](#), *etc.*

Pyraich'mes: Paionian chief killed by Patroklos, [16.287](#).

Pyr'asos: (1) City in the domain of Protesilaos, [2.695](#). (2) Trojan killed by Aias, [11.491](#).

Py'ris: Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.416](#).

Py'tho: Place in Phokis sacred to Apollo, later called Delphoi, [2.519](#), [9.404-5](#).

Rhadaman'thys: Son of Zeus and Europa, brother of Minos, [14.321-22](#).

Rhe'a, or Rhei'a: Mother, by Kronos, of Zeus, Poseidon, Hades, Hera, and Demeter, [15.187-88](#).

Rhe'ne: Mother, by Oileus (1), of Medon (1), [2.728](#).

Rhe'sos: (1) King of the Thracians, killed by Diomedes, [10.432-502](#). (2) River of the Troad, [12.20](#).

Rhig'mos: Thracian killed by Achilles, [20.484-89](#).

Rhi'pe: City in Arkadia, [2.606](#).

Rhodes: Island just southeast of the Aegean, its men led by Tlepolemos (1), [2.654](#).

Rho'dios: River of the Troad, [12.20](#).

Rhy'tion: City in Krete, [2.648](#).

Sal'amis: Island off the shore by Athens, home of Aias (1), [2.557](#).

Sa'mos: (1) Large island, later called Kephallenia, near Ithaka and part of the domain of Odysseus, [2.634](#).
(2) Island, later called Samothrace, in the northern Aegean or Thracian Sea, [13.13](#), [24.78](#).

Sangar'ios: River in Phrygia, [3.187](#).

Sarpe'don: Son of Zeus and Laodameia, lord of the Lykians, [2.876](#), [6.198-99](#); one of the strongest fighters on the Trojan side, kills Tlepolemos, [5.629-62](#); killed by Patroklos, [16.462-507](#).

Satni'oeis: River of the Troad, [6.34](#), *etc.*

Sat'nios: Trojan killed by Aias (2), [14.443](#).

Sche'dios: (1) Son of Iphitos (1) and a leader of the Phokians, [2.517](#); killed by Hektor, [17.304-11](#). (2) Son of Perimedes, also leader of the Phokians and killed by Hektor, [15.515](#). (It is quite possible that there is confusion in the tradition here, and that the same man is meant.) Schoi'nos: City in Boiotia, [2.497](#).

Sel'agos: Father of Amphios (2), [5.612](#).

Sele'pios: Father of Euenos, [2.693](#).

Selle'eis: (1) River of unknown location associated with Ephyra (1), [2.659](#), [15.531](#). (2) River of the Troad, [2.839](#).

Sel'loi: Prophets of Zeus at Dodona, [16.235](#).

Sem'elē: Mother, by Zeus, of Dionysos, [14.323-25](#).

Se'samos: City of the Paphlagonians, [2.853](#).

Ses'tos: City on the European side of the Hellespont, its people allies of Troy, [2.836](#).

Sidon: City of the Phoenicians, [6.291](#).

Sik'yon: City once ruled by Adrestos (1) in the domain of Agamemnon, [2.572](#).

Sim'oeis: River by Troy, tributary of Skamandros, [5.774](#), *etc.*

Simoei'sios: Trojan named after the river, killed by Aias, [4.473-89](#).

Sin'tians: People of Lemnos, [1.594](#).

Sip'ylos: Mountain in Lydia, [24.615](#).

Sis'yphos: Hero of Ephyre (2), grandfather of Bellerophon, [6.153](#).

Skai'an: Of one of the gates of Troy, [3.145](#), *etc.*

Skaman'drios: (1) Trojan huntsman and fighting man killed by Menelaos, [5.49-58](#). (2) Another name for Astyanax, [6.402](#).

Skaman'dros: Chief river of the Trojan plain, [2.465](#), *etc.*; as a god, fights and discomfits Achilles, [21.211-382](#); called also, by the gods, Xanthos, [20.74](#).

Skandei'a: City on Kythera, [10.268](#).

Skar'phe: City in Lokris, [2.532](#).

Skolos: City in Boiotia, [2.497](#).
Sky'ros: Island off Euboia, [9.668](#), [19.332](#).
Smin'theus: Epithet of Apollo, [1.39](#).
Sokos: Trojan killed by Odysseus, but only after wounding and nearly killing him, [11.427-55](#).
Sol'ymoi: Tribe in Asia Minor; Bellerophonotes fought against them, [6.184-85](#).
Spar'ta: The same as Lakedaimon (q.v.) except that the name Sparta applies only to the city, Lakedaimon to the district as well, [2.582](#), *etc.*
Spei'o: A Nereid, [18.40](#).
Sperchei'os: River running through the domain of Peleus and Achilleus, [16.174](#), *etc.*
Sphe'los: Father of Iasos, [15.338](#).
Sten'tor: Achaian with a big voice, impersonated by Hera, [5.785](#).
Sthenela'os: Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.586](#).
Sthen'elos: (1) Son of Kapaneus, leader, with Diomedes and Euryalos, of the men of Argos (1), [2.563-64](#); companion in arms and charioteer of Diomedes, [5.108](#), *etc.* (2) Father of Eurystheus, [19.116](#), [19.123](#).
Sti'chios: A leader of the Athenians, killed by Hektor, [15.329-31](#).
Stra'tia: City in Arkadia, [2.606](#).
Stro'phios: Father of Skamandrios (1), [5.50](#).
Stympha'los: City in Arkadia, [2.608](#).
Sty'ra: City of Euboia, [2.539](#).
Styx: The river (later, at least, a river of the dead, and see [8.369](#)) by which the gods swear, [2.755](#), *etc.*
Sy'me: Island just north of Rhodes, its people led by Nireus, [2.671](#).

Talai'menes: Father of Mesthles and Antiphos (2), [2.865](#).
Tal'aos: Father of Mekisteus (1), [2.566](#).
Talthy'bios: Herald of Agamemnon, [1.320](#), *etc.*
Tar'ne: City of the Maionians, [5.44](#).
Tar'phe: City in Lokris, [2.533](#).
Tar'taros: The pit of perdition, [8.13-16](#), [8.478-81](#).
Te'gea: City in Arkadia, [2.607](#).
Tel'amon: Father of Aias (1) and Teukros, [2.528](#), [8.283](#), *etc.*
Tele'machos: Son of Odysseus, [2.260](#).
Ten'edos: Island off the coast of the Troad, [1.38](#).
Tenthre'don: Father of Prothoös, [2.756](#).
Terei'a: Hill near the Hellespont, [2.829](#).
Te'thys: Wife of Okeanos, [14.201](#).
Teukros: Bastard son of Telamon, so half brother of Aias (1), archer and spear-fighter, [8.266-334](#), *etc.*
Teu'tamos: Father of Lethos, [2.843](#).
Teu'thras: (1) Achaian killed by Hektor, [5.705](#). (2) Father of Axylos, [6.13](#).
Thalei'a: A Nereid, [18.39](#).
Thal'pios: Son of Eurytos (2), leader of the Epeians, [2.620](#).
Thaly'sias: Father of Echepolos (1), [4.458](#).
Tha'myris: Thracian singer ruined by the Muses, [2.594-600](#).
Thauma'kia: City in the domain of Philoktetes, [2.716](#).
Thea'no: Wife of Antenor, [5.70](#), *etc.*; priestess of Athene, [6.298-311](#).
Thebai'os: Father of Eniopeus, [8.120](#).
The'be or Thebes: (1) City of Eëtion near Troy, sacked by Achilleus, [1.366](#), *etc.* (2) City of the Kadmeians in Boiotia, attacked by Polyneikes and his companions, [4.376-81](#); and taken by their sons, [4.404-9](#); only the lower city remaining at the time of the Trojan War, [2.505](#). (3) City of Egypt, [9.381-82](#).
The'mis: Olympian goddess of order and custom, [15.87](#), [20.5](#).

Thersi'lochos: Paionian killed by Achilleus, [21.209](#).

Thersi'tes: Achaian of indefinite social and military status, ugly and scurrilous and eloquent, squelched by Odysseus, [2.211-77](#).

The'seus: Hero of Athens, [1.265](#).

Thespei'a: City in Boiotia, [2.498](#).

Thes'salos: Son of Herakles, father of Antiphos (1) and Pheidippos, [2.679](#).

Thes'tor: (1) Father of Kalchas, [1.69](#). (2) Father of Alkmaon, [12.394](#). (3) Trojan killed by Patroklos, [16.402](#).

The'tis: Nereid, given by the gods in marriage to the mortal Peleus, and by him mother of Achilleus, [1.351-457](#), [18.35-147](#), *etc.*

This'be: City in Boiotia, [2.502](#).

Tho'as: (1) Son of Andraimon, leader of the Aitolians, [2.638](#); one of the more important younger chiefs, characterized, [15.281-84](#). (2) King in Lemnos, [14.230](#). (3) Trojan killed by Menelaos, [16.311](#).

Tho'ë: A Nereid, [18.40](#).

Tho'ön: (1) Trojan killed by Diomedes, [5.152](#). (2) Trojan killed by Odysseus, [11.422](#). (3) Trojan killed by Antilochos, [13.545](#).

Thoö'tes: Henchman or herald of Menestheus, [12.342](#).

Thrace: The seaboard and inlying territory north of the Aegean, the inhabitants called Thracians, [9.5](#), [10.434](#), *etc.*

Thra'sios: Paionian killed by Achilleus, [21.210](#).

Thrasyme'des: Son of Nestor, [9.81](#), *etc.*

Thrasyme'los: Henchman of Sarpedon, killed by Patroklos, [16.463](#).

Thro'nion: Lokrian city, [2.533](#).

Thryoes'sa: Town in Pylos by the Alpheios, [11.711](#).

Thry'on: City in the domain of Nestor, on the Alpheios, probably identical with the foregoing, [2.592](#).

Thyes'tes: Son of Pelops and brother of Atreus, [2.106](#).

Thymbrai'os: Trojan killed by Diomedes, [11.320](#).

Thym'bre: Town or village near Troy, [10.430](#).

Thymoi'tes: Elder of Troy, [3.146](#).

Tir'yns: Argive city in the domain of Diomedes, [2.559](#).

Ti'tanos: A place in the domain of Eurypylos (1), [2.735](#).

Ti'tans: The elder gods in Tartaros, [14.279](#).

Titares'sos: Thessalian river, tributary of the Peneios, [2.751](#).

Titho'nos: Son of Laomedon and brother of Priam, [20.237](#); husband of the Dawn, [11.1](#).

Tlepo'lemos: (1) Son of Herakles and leader of the men from Rhodes, [2.653-70](#); killed, after severely wounding him, by Sarpedon, [5.628-69](#). (2) Lykian killed by Patroklos, [16.416](#).

Tmo'los: Mountain in Maionia, [2.866](#).

Tra'chis: City near the Spercheios in the domain of Peleus and Achilleus, [2.682](#).

Tre'chos: Aitolian killed by Hektor, [5.706](#).

Trik'ke: Thessalian city in the domain of Machaon, [2.729](#).

Tritogenei'a: Epithet of Athene, [4.515](#).

Tro'ad: Term used for the whole country of the Trojans, of which Troy was the capital, [6.315](#), *etc.*

Tro'ilos: Son of Priam, killed at some time before Hektor, [24.257](#).

Troi'zen: City on the Argive coast in the domain of Diomedes, [2.561](#).

Troize'nos: Father of Euphemos, [2.847](#).

Tros: (1) Son of Erichthonios, father of Ilos, Assarakos, and Ganymedes, thus ancestor of the kings and princes of Troy, [20.230-40](#). (2) Trojan killed by Achilleus, [20.463-71](#).

Troy: Ilion, the city of Tros and of the Trojans, [1.128](#), *etc.*

Ty'chios: Leatherworker of Hyle, who made the great shield of Aias, [7.220-24](#).

Ty'deus: Son of Oineus and father of Diomedes; his genealogy and history, [14.113-25](#).

Typho'eus: Giant (later called Typhon) put underground in the land of the Arimoi, [2.783](#).

Xan'thos: (1) River of Lykia, [2.877](#), *etc.* (2) River of the Troad, also called Skamandros (q.v.), [6.4](#), *etc.* (3) Trojan killed by Diomedes, [5.152](#). (4) One of Hektor's horses, [8.185](#). (5) One of the horses of Achilles, [16.149](#), *etc.*

Zakyn'thos: Island off the western coast of Greece, part of the domain of Odysseus, [2.634](#).

Zelei'a: City of the Troad, its men led by Pandaros, [2.824-27](#).

Ze'phyros: The west wind, [9.5](#).

Zeus: Son of Kronos, brother and husband of Hera, most powerful of the gods, [1.5](#), *etc.*