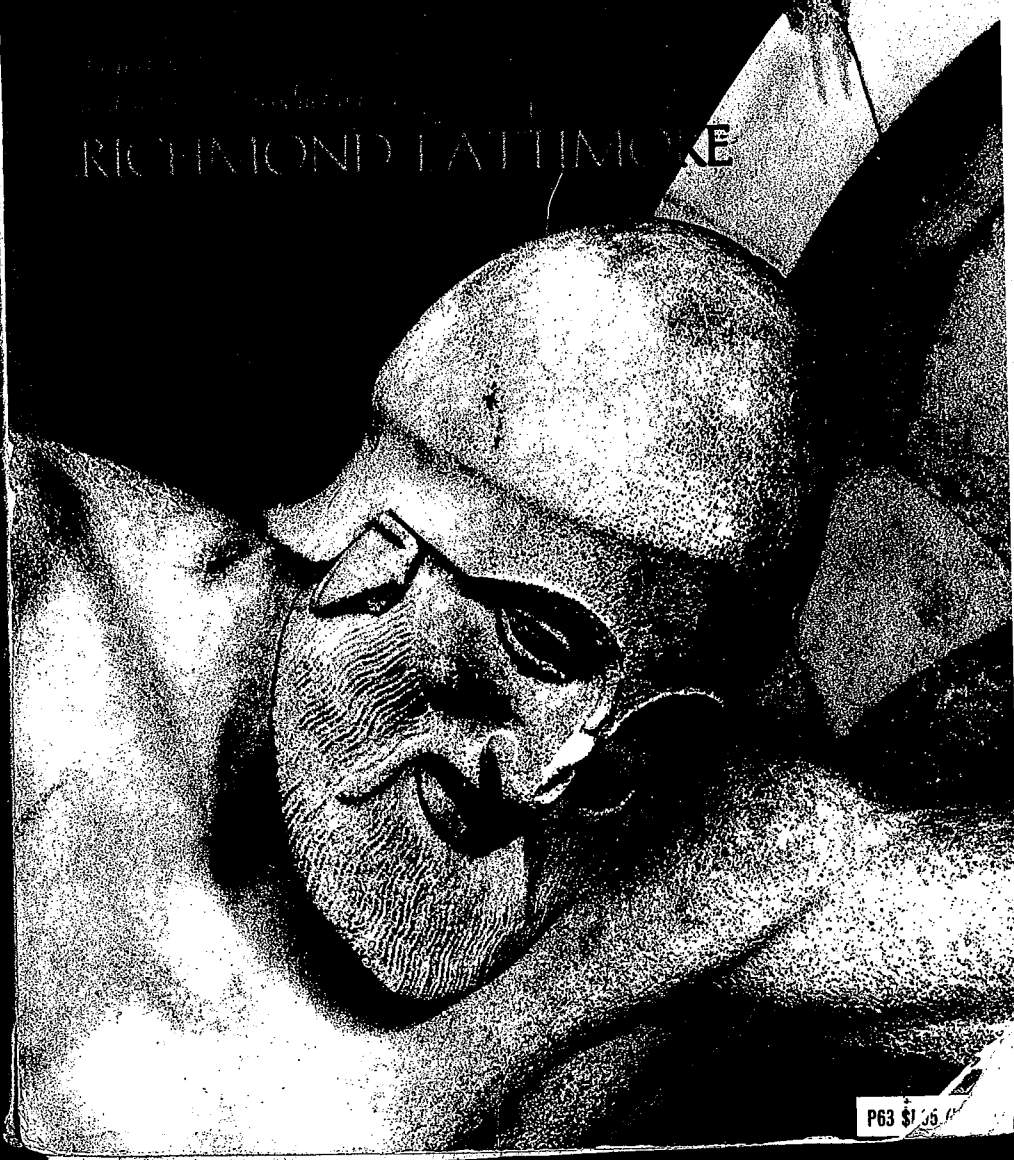


THE ILIAD OF HOMER

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BOOK ONE

SING, 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
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.

What god was it then set them together in bitter collision?
Zeus' son and Leto's, Apollo, who in anger at the king drove
the foul pestilence along the host, and the people perished,
since Atreus' son had dishonoured Chryses, priest of Apollo,
when he came beside the fast ships of the Achaians to ransom
back his daughter, carrying gifts beyond count and holding
in his hands wound on a staff of gold the ribbons of Apollo
who strikes from afar, and supplicated all the Achaians,
but above all Atreus' two sons, the marshals of the people:
'Sons of Atreus and you other strong-greaved Achaians,
to you may the gods grant who have their homes on Olympus
Priam's city to be plundered and a fair homecoming thereafter,
but may you give me back my own daughter and take the ransom,
giving honour to Zeus' son who strikes from afar, Apollo.'

Then all the rest of the Achaians cried out in favour
that the priest be respected and the shining ransom be taken;
yet this pleased not the heart of Atreus' son Agamemnon,

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25 but harshly he drove him away with a strong order upon him:
'Never let me find you again, old sir, near our hollow
ships, neither lingering now nor coming again hereafter,
for fear your staff and the god's ribbons help you no longer.
The girl 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
up and down by the loom and being in my bed as my companion.
So go now, do not make me angry; so you will be safer.'

So he spoke, and the old man in terror obeyed him
and went silently away beside the murmuring sea beach.
35 Over and over the old man prayed as he walked in solitude
to King Apollo, whom Leto of the lovely hair bore: 'Hear me,
lord of 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
of bulls, of goats, then bring to pass this wish I pray for:
let your arrows make the Danaans pay for my tears shed.'

So he spoke in prayer, and Phoibos Apollo heard him,
and strode down along the pinnacles of Olympus, 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
apart and opposite the ships and let go an arrow.
Terrible was the clash that rose from the bow of silver.

50 First he went after the mules and the circling hounds, then let go
a tearing arrow against the men themselves and struck them.
The corpse fires burned everywhere and did not stop burning.

Nine days up and down the host ranged the god's arrows,
but on the tenth Achilles called the people to assembly;
55 a thing put into his mind by the goddess of the white arms, Hera,
who had pity upon the Danaans when she saw them dying.
Now when they were all assembled in one place together,
Achilleus of the swift feet stood up among them and spoke forth:
'Son of Atreus, I believe now that straggling backwards

60 we must make our way home if we can even escape death,
if fighting now must crush the Achaians and the plague likewise.
No, come, let us ask some holy man, some prophet,

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even an interpreter of dreams, since a dream also
comes from Zeus, who can tell why Phoibos Apollo is so angry,
if for the sake of some vow, some hecatomb he blames us,
if given the fragrant smoke of lambs, of he goats, somehow
65 he can be made willing to beat the bane aside from us.'

He spoke thus and sat down again, and among them stood up
Kalchas, Thestor's son, far the best of the bird interpreters,
who knew all things that were, the things to come and the things past,
70 who guided into the land of Ilion the ships of the Achaians
through that seercraft of his own that Phoibos Apollo gave him.
He in kind intention toward all stood forth and addressed them:
'You have bidden me, Achilleus beloved of Zeus, to explain to
you this anger of Apollo the lord who strikes from afar. Then
75 I will speak; yet make me a promise and swear before me
readily by word and work of your hands to defend me,
since I believe I shall make a man angry who holds great kingship
over the men of Argos, and all the Achaians obey him.
For a king when he is angry with a man beneath him is too strong,
80 and suppose even for the day itself he swallow down his anger,
he still keeps bitterness that remains until its fulfilment
deep in his chest. Speak forth then, tell me if you will protect me.'

Then in answer again spoke Achilleus of the swift feet:
85 'Speak, interpreting whatever you know, and fear nothing.
In the name of Apollo beloved of Zeus to whom you, Kalchas,
make your prayers when you interpret the gods' will to the Danaans,
no man so long as I am alive above earth and see daylight
shall lay the weight of his hands on you beside the hollow ships,
not one of all the Danaans, even if you mean Agamemnon,
90 who now claims to be far the greatest of all the Achaians.'

At this the 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 dishonoured
and would not give him back his daughter nor accept the ransom.
95 Therefore the archer sent griefs against us and will send them
still, nor sooner thrust back the shameful plague from the Danaans
until we give the glancing-eyed girl back to her father
without price, without ransom, and lead also a blessed hecatomb
to Chryse; thus we might propitiate and persuade him.'

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- He spoke thus and sat down again, and among them stood up
 Atreus' son the hero wide-ruling Agamemnon
 raging, the heart within filled black to the brim with anger
 from beneath, but his two eyes showed like fire in their blazing.
- 105 First of all he eyed Kalchas bitterly and spoke to him:
 'Seer of evil: never yet have you told me a good thing.
 Always the evil things are dear to your heart to prophesy,
 but nothing excellent have you said nor ever accomplished.
 Now once more you make divination to the Danaans, argue
- 110 forth your reason why he who strikes from afar afflicts them,
 because I for the sake of the girl Chryseis would not take
 the shining ransom; and indeed I wish greatly to have her
 in my own house; since I like her better than Klytaimestra
 my own wife, for in truth she is no way inferior,
- 115 neither in build nor stature nor wit, not in accomplishment.
 Still I am willing to give her back, if such is the best way.
 I myself desire that my people be safe, not perish.
 Find me then some prize that shall be my own, lest I only
 among the Argives go without, since that were unfitting;
- 120 you are all witnesses to this thing, that my prize goes elsewhere.'
 Then in answer again spoke brilliant swift-footed Achilles:
 'Son of Atreus, most lordly, greediest for gain of all men,
 how shall the great-hearted Achaians give you a prize now?
 There is no great store of things lying about I know of.
- 125 But what we took from the cities by storm has been distributed;
 it is unbecoming for the people to call back things once given.
 No, for 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.'
- 130 Then in answer again spoke powerful Agamemnon:
 'Not that way, good fighter though you be, godlike Achilles,
 strive to cheat, for you will not deceive, you will not persuade me.
 What do you want? To keep your own prize and have me sit here
 lacking one? Are you ordering me to give this girl back?
- 135 Either the great-hearted Achaians shall give me a new prize
 chosen according to my desire to atone for the girl lost,
 or else 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.
 Still, these are things we shall deliberate again hereafter.
- 140 Come, now, we must haul a black ship down to the bright sea,
 and assemble rowers enough for it, and put on board it
 the hecatomb, and the girl herself, Chryseis of the fair cheeks,
 and let there be one responsible man in charge of her,
 either Aias or Idomeneus or brilliant Odysseus,
- 145 or you yourself, son of Peleus, most terrifying of all men,
 to reconcile by accomplishing sacrifice the archer.'
- Then looking darkly at him Achilles of the swift feet spoke:
 'O wrapped in shamelessness, with your mind forever on profit,
 how shall any one of the Achaians readily obey you
- 150 either to go on a journey or to fight men strongly in battle?
 I for my part did not come here for the sake of the Trojan
 spearmen to fight against them, since to me they have done nothing.
 Never yet have they driven away my cattle or my horses,
 never in Phthia where the soil is rich and men grow great did they
- 155 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 favour,
 you with the dog's eyes, to win your honour and Menelaos'
 from the Trojans. You forget all this or else you care nothing.
- 160 And now my prize you threaten in person to strip from me,
 for whom I laboured much, the gift of the sons of the Achaians.
 Never, when the Achaians sack some well-founded citadel
 of the Trojans, do I have a prize that is equal to your prize.
 Always the greater part of the painful fighting is the work of
- 165 my hands; but when the time comes to distribute the booty
 yours is far the greater reward, and I with some small thing
 yet dear to me go back to my ships when I am weary with fighting.
 Now I am returning to Phthia, since it is much better
 to go home again with my curved ships, and I am minded no longer
- 170 to stay here dishonoured and pile up your wealth and your luxury.'
- Then answered him in turn the lord of men Agamemnon:
 'Run away by all means if your heart drives you. I will not
 entreat you to stay here for my sake. There are others with me
 who will do me honour, and above all Zeus of the counsels.
- 175 To me you are the most hateful of all the kings whom the gods love.

Forever quarrelling is dear to your heart, and wars and battles;
 and if you are very strong indeed, that is a god's gift.
 Go home then with your own ships and your own companions,
 180 be king over the Myrmidons. I care nothing about you.
 I take no account of your anger. But here is my threat to you.
 Even as Phoibos Apollo is taking away my Chryseis.
 I shall convey her back in my own ship, with my own
 followers; but I shall take the fair-checked 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.'

So he spoke. And the anger came on Peleus' son, and within
 his shaggy breast the heart was divided two ways, pondering
 190 whether to draw from beside his thigh the sharp sword, driving
 away all those who stood between and kill the son of Atreus,
 or else to check the spleen within and keep down his anger.
 Now as he weighed in mind and spirit these two courses
 and was drawing from its scabbard the great sword, Athene descended
 195 from the sky. For Hera the goddess of the white arms sent her,
 who 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.
 Achilles in amazement turned about, and straightway
 200 knew Pallas Athene and the terrible eyes shining.
 He 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?
 Yet will I tell you this thing, and I think it shall be accomplished.
 205 By such acts of arrogance he may even lose his own life.'

Then in answer the goddess grey-eyed Athene spoke to him:
 'I have come down to stay your anger—but will you obey me?—
 from the sky; and the goddess of the white arms Hera sent me,
 who loves both of you equally in her heart and cares for you.
 210 Come 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.
 And this also will I tell you and it will be a thing accomplished.
 Some day three times over such shining gifts shall be given you
 by reason of this outrage. Hold your hand then, and obey us.'

Then in answer again spoke Achilles of the swift feet:
 'Goddess, it is necessary that I obey the word of you two,
 angry though I am in my heart. So it will be better.
 If any man obeys the gods, they listen to him also.'

He spoke, and laid his heavy hand on the silver sword hilt
 and thrust the great blade back into the scabbard nor disobeyed
 220 the word of Athene. And she went back again to Olympos
 to the house of Zeus of the aegis with the other divinities.

But Peleus' son once again in words of derision
 spoke to Atreides, and did not yet let go of his anger:
 'You wine sack, with a dog's eyes, with a deer's heart. Never
 225 once have you taken courage in your heart to arm with your people
 for battle, or go into ambushade with the best of the Achaians.
 No, for 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.
 230 King who feed on your people, since you rule nonentities;
 otherwise, son of Atreus, this were your last outrage.
 But I will tell you this and swear a great oath upon it:
 in the name of this sceptre, which never again will bear leaf nor
 branch, now that it has left behind the cut stump in the mountains,
 235 nor shall it ever blossom again, since the bronze blade stripped
 bark and leafage, and now at last the sons of the Achaians
 carry it in their hands in state when they administer
 the justice of Zeus. And this shall be a great oath before you:
 some day longing for Achilles will come to the sons of the Achaians,
 240 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 honour to the best of the Achaians.'

Thus spoke Peleus' son and dashed to the ground the sceptre
 245 studded with golden nails, and sat down again. But Atreides
 raged still on the other side, and between them Nestor
 the fair-spoken rose up, the lucid speaker of Pylos,
 from whose lips the streams of words ran sweeter than honey.
 In his time two generations of mortal men had perished,
 250 those 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.

He in kind intention toward both stood forth and addressed them:
 'Oh, for shame. Great sorrow comes on the land of Achaia.
 255 Now might Priam and the sons of Priam in truth be happy,
 and all the rest of the Trojans be visited in their hearts with gladness,
 were they to hear all this wherein you two are quarrelling,
 you, who surpass all Danaans in council, in fighting.
 Yet be persuaded. Both of you are younger than I am.
 260 Yes, and in my time I have dealt with better men than
 you are, and never once did they disregard me. Never
 yet have I seen nor shall see again such men as these were,
 men like Peirithoös, and Dryas, shepherd of the people,
 Kaineus and Exadios, godlike Polyphemos,
 265 or Theseus, Aigeus' son, in the likeness of the immortals.
 These were the strongest generation of earth-born mortals,
 the strongest, and they fought against the strongest, the beast men
 living within the mountains, and terribly they destroyed them.
 I was of the company of these men, coming from Pylos,
 270 a long way from a distant land, since they had summoned me.
 And I fought single-handed, yet against such men no one
 of the mortals now alive upon earth could do battle. And also
 these listened to the counsels I gave and heeded my bidding.
 Do you also obey, since to be persuaded is better.
 275 You, great man that you are, yet do not take the girl away
 but let her be, a prize as the sons of the Achaians gave her
 first. Nor, son of Peleus, think to match your strength with
 the king, since never equal with the rest is the portion of honour
 of the sceptred king to whom Zeus gives magnificence. Even
 280 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.
 Son of Atreus, give up your anger; even I entreat you
 to give over your bitterness against Achilles, he who
 stands as a great bulwark of battle over all the Achaians.'
 285 Then in answer again spoke powerful Agamemnon:
 'Yes, old sir, all this you have said is fair and orderly.
 Yet here 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.

And if the everlasting gods have made him a spearman,
 yet they have not given him the right to speak abusively.'
 Then looking at him darkly brilliant Achilles answered him:
 'So must I be called of no account and a coward
 if I must carry out every order you may happen to give me.
 Tell other men to do these things, but give me no more
 295 commands, since I for my part have no intention to obey you.
 And put away in your thoughts this other thing I tell you.
 With my hands I will not fight for the girl's sake, neither
 with you nor any other man, since you take her away who gave her.
 But of all the other things that are mine beside my fast black
 300 ship, you shall take nothing away against my pleasure.
 Come, then, only try it, that these others may see also;
 instantly your own black blood will stain my spearpoint.'
 So these two after battling in words of contention
 stood up, and broke the assembly beside the ships of the Achaians.
 305 Peleus' son went back to his balanced ships and his shelter
 with Patroklos, Menoitios' son, and his own companions.
 But the son of Atreus drew a fast ship down to the water
 and allotted into it twenty rowers and put on board it
 the hecatomb for the god and Chryseis of the fair cheeks
 310 leading her by the hand. And in charge went crafty Odysseus.
 These then putting out went over the ways of the water
 while Atreus' son told his people to wash off their defilement.
 And they washed it away and threw the washings into the salt sea.
 Then they accomplished perfect hecatombs to Apollo,
 315 of bulls and goats along the beach of the barren salt sea.
 The savour of the burning swept in circles up to the bright sky.
 Thus these were busy about the army. But Agamemnon
 did not give up his anger and the first threat he made to Achilles,
 but to Talthybios he gave his orders and Eurybates
 320 who were heralds and hard-working henchmen to him: 'Go now
 to the shelter of Peleus' son Achilles, to bring back
 Briseis of the fair cheeks leading her by the hand. And if he
 will not give her, I must come in person to take her
 with many men behind me, and it will be the worse for him.'
 325 He spoke and sent them forth with this strong order upon them.
 They went against their will beside the beach of the barren

salt sea, and came to the shelters and the ships of the Myrmidons.
 The man himself they found beside his shelter and his black ship
 330 sitting. And Achilles took no joy at all when he saw them.
 These two terrified and in awe of the king stood waiting
 quietly, and did not speak a word at all nor question him.
 But he knew the whole matter in his own heart, and spoke first:
 'Welcome, heralds, messengers of Zeus and of mortals.
 335 Draw near. You are not to blame in my sight, but Agamemnon
 who sent the two of you here for the sake of the girl Briseis.
 Go then, 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
 340 men, and of this cruel king, if ever hereafter
 there shall be 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
 that the Achaians fighting beside their ships shall not perish.'
 345 So 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 Achilles
 weeping went and sat in sorrow apart from his companions
 350 beside the beach of the grey sea looking out on the infinite water.
 Many 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 Olympos should grant me
 honour at least. But now he has given me not even a little.
 355 Now the son of Atreus, powerful Agamemnon,
 has dishonoured me, since he has taken away my prize and keeps it.'
 So he spoke in tears and the lady his mother heard him
 as she sat in the depths of the sea at the side of her aged father,
 and lightly she emerged like a mist from the grey water.
 360 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.'
 Sighing heavily Achilles of the swift feet answered her:
 365 'You know; since you know why must I tell you all this?

We went against Thebe, the sacred city of Eëtion,
 and the city we sacked, and carried everything back to this place,
 and the sons of the Achaians made a fair distribution
 and for Atreus' son they chose out Chryseis of the fair cheeks.
 370 Then Chryses, priest of him who strikes from afar, Apollo,
 came beside the fast ships of the bronze-armoured Achaians to ransom
 back his daughter, carrying gifts beyond count and holding
 in his hands wound on a staff of gold the ribbons of Apollo
 who strikes from afar, and supplicated all the Achaians,
 but above all Atreus' two sons, the marshals of the people.
 375 Then all the rest of the Achaians cried out in favour
 that the priest be respected and the shining ransom be taken;
 yet this pleased not the heart of Atreus' son Agamemnon,
 but harshly he sent him away with a strong order upon him.
 The old man went back again in anger, but Apollo
 380 listened to his prayer, since he was very dear to him, and let go
 the wicked arrow against the Argives. And now the people
 were dying one after another while the god's shafts ranged
 everywhere along the wide host of the Achaians, till the seer
 knowing well the truth interpreted the designs of the archer.
 385 It was I first of all urged then the god's appeasement;
 and the anger took hold of Atreus' son, and in speed standing
 he uttered his threat against me, and now it is a thing accomplished.
 For the girl the glancing-eyed Achaians are taking to Chryse
 in a fast ship, also carrying to the king presents. But even
 390 now the heralds went away from my shelter leading
 Briseus' daughter, whom the sons of the Achaians gave me.
 You then, if you have power to, protect your own son, going
 to Olympos and supplicating Zeus, if ever before now
 either by word you comforted Zeus' heart or by action.
 395 Since it is many times in my father's halls I have heard you
 making claims, when you said you only among the immortals
 beat aside shameful destruction from Kronos' son the dark-misted,
 that time when all the other Olympians sought to bind him,
 Hera and Poseidon and Pallas Athene. Then you,
 400 goddess, went and set him free from his shackles, summoning
 in speed the creature of the hundred hands to tall Olympos,
 that creature the gods name Briareus, but all men

Aigaïos' son, but he is far greater in strength than his father.

405 He rejoicing in the glory of it sat down by Kronion,
and the rest of the blessed gods were frightened and gave up binding him.
Sit beside him and take his knees and remind him of these things
now, if perhaps he might be willing to help the Trojans,
and pin the Achaians back against the ships and the water,
410 dying, 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 honour to the best of the Achaians.'

Thetis answered him then letting the tears fall: 'Ah me,
my child. Your birth was bitterness. Why did I raise you?

415 If only you could sit by your ships untroubled, not weeping,
since indeed your lifetime is to be short, of no length.
Now it has befallen that your life must be brief and bitter
beyond all men's. To a bad destiny I bore you in my chambers.
But I will go to cloud-dark Olympos and ask this
420 thing of Zeus who delights in the thunder. Perhaps he will do it.
Do you therefore continuing to sit by your swift ships
be angry at the Achaians and stay away from all fighting.
For Zeus went to the blameless Aithiopians at the Ocean
yesterday to feast, and the rest of the gods went with him.
425 On the twelfth day he will be coming back to Olympos,
and then 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.'

So speaking she went away from that place and left him
sorrowing in his heart for the sake of the fair-girdled woman
430 whom they were taking by force against his will. But Odysseus
meanwhile drew near to Chryse conveying the sacred hecatomb.
These when they were inside the many-hollowed harbour
took 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.
They threw over the anchor stones and made fast the stern cables
and themselves stepped out on to the break of the sea beach,
and led forth the hecatomb to the archer Apollo,
and Chryseis herself stepped forth from the sea-going vessel.

440 Odysseus of the many designs guided her to the altar

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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 lead back your daughter and accomplish a sacred hecatomb
to Apollo on behalf of the Danaans, that we may propitiate
the lord who has heaped unhappiness and tears on the Argives.'

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He spoke, and left her in his arms. And he received gladly
his beloved child. And the men arranged the sacred hecatomb
for the god in orderly fashion around the strong-founded altar.
Next they washed their hands and took up the scattering barley.
Standing among them with lifted arms Chryses prayed in a great voice:
450 'Hear me, lord of the silver bow, who set your power about
Chryse and Killa the sacrosanct, who are lord in strength over
Tenedos; if once before you listened to my prayers
and did me honour and smote strongly the host of the Achaians,
so one more time bring to pass the wish that I pray for.
455 Beat aside at last the shameful plague from the Danaans.'

So he spoke in prayer, and Phoibos Apollo heard him.
And when all had made prayer and flung down the scattering barley
first they drew back the victims' heads and slaughtered them and skinned
them,

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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.

But when they had burned the thigh pieces and tasted the vitals,
they cut all the remainder into pieces and spitted them
and roasted all carefully and took off the pieces.

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Then after they had finished the work and got the feast ready
they feasted, nor was any man's hunger denied a fair portion.
But when they had put away their desire for eating and drinking,
the young men filled the mixing bowls with pure wine, passing
a portion to all, when they had offered drink in the goblets.
470 All day long they propitiated the god with singing,
chanting a splendid hymn to Apollo, these young Achaians,
singing to the one who works from afar, who listened in gladness.

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Afterwards when the sun went down and darkness came onward
they lay down and slept beside the ship's stern cables.

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But when the young Dawn showed again with her rosy fingers,
 they put forth to sea toward the wide camp of the Achaians.
 And Apollo who works from afar sent them a favouring stern wind.
 480 They set up the mast again and spread on it the white sails,
 and the wind blew into the middle of the sail, and at the cutwater
 a blue wave rose and sang strongly as the ship went onward.
 She ran swiftly cutting across the swell her pathway.
 But when they had come back to the wide camp of the Achaians
 485 they hauled the black ship up on the mainland, high up
 on the sand, and underneath her they fixed the long props. *hermules?*
 Afterwards they scattered to their own ships and their shelters.
 But that other still sat in anger beside his swift ships,
 Peleus' son divinely born, Achilles of the swift feet.
 490 Never now would he go to assemblies where men win glory,
 never more into battle, but continued to waste his heart out
 sitting there, though he longed always for the clamour and fighting.
 But when the twelfth dawn after this day appeared, the gods who
 live forever came back to Olympus all in a body
 495 and 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 Olympus.
 She found Kronos' broad-browed son apart from the others
 sitting upon the highest peak of rugged Olympus.
 500 She came and sat beside him with her left hand embracing
 his knees, but took him underneath the chin with her right hand
 and spoke in supplication to lord Zeus son of Kronos:
notive *invocation* 'Father Zeus, if ever before in word or action
 I did you favour among the immortals, now grant what I ask for.
 505 Now give honour to my son short-lived beyond all other
 mortals. Since even now the lord of men Agamemnon
 dishonours him, who has taken away his prize and keeps it.
 Zeus of the counsels, lord of Olympus, now do him honour.
 So long put strength into the Trojans, until the Achaians
 510 give my son his rights, and his honour is increased among them.'
 She spoke thus. But Zeus who gathers the clouds made no answer
 but sat in silence a long time. And Thetis, as she had taken
 his knees, clung fast to them and urged once more her question:
 'Bend your head and promise me to accomplish this thing,

or else refuse it, you have nothing to fear, that I may know
 by how much I am the most dishonoured of all gods.' 515

Deeply disturbed Zeus who gathers the clouds answered her:
 'This is a disastrous matter when you set me in conflict
 with Hera, and she troubles me with recriminations.
 Since even as things are, forever among the immortals 520
 she is at me and speaks of how I help the Trojans in battle.
 Even so, go back again now, go away, for fear she
 see us. I will look to these things that they be accomplished.
 See then, I will bend my head that you may believe me.
 For this among the immortal gods is the mightiest witness 525
 I can give, and nothing I do shall be vain nor revocable
 nor a thing unfulfilled when I bend my head in assent to it.'

He spoke, the son of Kronos, and nodded his head with the dark brows,
 and the immortally anointed hair of the great god
 swept from his divine head, and all Olympus was shaken. 530

So these two who had made their plans separated, and Thetis
 leapt down again from shining Olympus into the sea's depth,
 but 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
 to keep his place as the father advanced, but stood up to greet him. 535
 Thus he took his place on the throne; yet Hera was not
 ignorant, having seen how he had been plotting counsels
 with Thetis the silver-footed, the daughter of the sea's ancient,
 and at once she spoke revilingly to Zeus son of Kronos:
 'Treacherous one, what god has been plotting counsels with you? 540
 Always it is dear to your heart in my absence to think of
 secret things and decide upon them. Never have you patience
 frankly to speak forth to me the thing that you purpose.'

Then to her the father of gods and men made answer:
 'Hera, do not go on hoping that you will hear all my 545
 thoughts, since these will be too hard for you, though you are my wife.
 Any thought that it is right for you to listen to, no one
 neither man nor any immortal shall hear it before you.
 But anything that apart from the rest of the gods I wish to
 plan, do not always question each detail nor probe me.' 550

Then the goddess the ox-eyed lady Hera answered:
 'Majesty, son of Kronos, what sort of thing have you spoken?

Truly too much in time past I have not questioned nor probed you,
 but you are entirely free to think out whatever pleases you.

555 Now, though, I am terribly afraid you were won over
 by Thetis the silver-footed, the daughter of the sea's ancient.
 For early in the morning she sat beside you and took your
 knees, and I think you bowed your head in assent to do honour
 to Achilles, and to destroy many beside the ships of the Achaians.'

560 Then in return Zeus who gathers the clouds made answer:
 'Dear lady, I never escape you, you are always full of suspicion.
 Yet thus you can accomplish nothing surely, but be more
 distant from my heart than ever, and it will be the worse for you.
 If what you say is true, then that is the way I wish it.

565 But go then, sit down in silence, and do as I tell you,
 for fear all the gods, as many as are on Olympos, can do nothing
 if I come close and lay my unconquerable hands upon you.'

He 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.
 Hephaistos the renowned smith rose up to speak among them,
 to bring comfort to his beloved mother, Hera of the white arms:
 'This will be a disastrous matter and not endurable
 if you two are to quarrel thus for the sake of mortals
 575 and bring brawling among the gods. There will be no pleasure
 in the stately feast at all, since vile things will be uppermost.
 And I entreat my mother, though she herself understands it,
 to be ingratiating toward our father Zeus, that no longer
 our father may scold her and break up the quiet of our feasting.

580 For if the Olympian who handles the lightning should be minded
 to hurl us out of our places, he is far too strong for any.
 Do you therefore approach him again with words made gentle,
 and at 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
 struck down, and then sorry though I be I shall not be able
 to do anything. It is too hard to fight against the Olympian.

590 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 landed in Lemnos, and there was not much life left in me.
 After 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, 595
 and smiling she accepted the goblet out of her son's hand.
 Thereafter beginning from the left he poured drinks for the other
 gods, dipping up from the mixing bowl the sweet nectar.
 But among the blessed immortals uncontrollable laughter
 went up as they saw Hephaistos bustling about the palace. 600

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.

Afterwards when the light of the flaming sun went under 605
 they went away each one to sleep in his home where
 for each one the far-renowned strong-handed Hephaisto
 had built a house by means of his craftsmanship and cunning.
 Zeus the Olympian and lord of the lightning went to
 his own bed, where always he lay when sweet sleep came on him. 610
 Going up to the bed he slept and Hera of the gold throne beside him.

BOOK THREE

Now when the men of both sides were set in order by their leaders,

the Trojans came on with clamour and shouting, like wildfowl,
as when the clamour of cranes goes high to the heavens,
when the cranes escape the winter time and the rains unceasing
5 and clamorously wing their way to the streaming Ocean,
bringing to the Pygmaian men bloodshed and destruction:
at daybreak they bring on the baleful battle against them.
But the Achaian men went silently, breathing valour,
stubbornly minded each in his heart to stand by the others.
10 As on 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,
so beneath their feet the dust drove up in a stormcloud
of men marching, who made their way through the plain in great speed.

15 Now 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.

Now 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,
in his hunger chancing upon the body of a horned stag

or wild goat; who eats it eagerly, although against him
are hastening the hounds in their speed and the stalwart young men:
thus Menelaos was happy finding godlike Alexandros
there in front of his eyes, and thinking to punish the robber,
straightway in all his armour he sprang to the ground from his chariot.

But Alexandros the godlike when he saw Menelaos
showing among the champions, the heart was shaken within him;
to avoid death he shrank into the host of his own companions.
As a man who has come on a snake in the mountain valley
suddenly steps back, and the shivers come over his body,
and he draws back and away, cheeks seized with a green pallor;
35 so in terror of Atreus' son godlike Alexandros
lost himself again in the host of the haughty Trojans.

But Hektor saw him and in words of shame rebuked him:
'Evil Paris, beautiful, woman-crazy, cajoling,
better had you never been born, or killed unwedded.
40 Truly I could have wished it so; it would be far better
than to have you with us to our shame, for others to sneer at.
Surely now the flowing-haired Achaians laugh at us,
thinking you are our bravest champion, only because your
looks are handsome, but there is no strength in your heart, no courage.
45 Were you like this that time when in sea-wandering vessels
assembling oarsmen to help you you sailed over the water,
and mixed with the outlanders, and carried away a fair woman
from a remote land, whose lord's kin were spearmen and fighters,
to your father a big sorrow, and your city, and all your people,
50 to yourself a thing shameful but bringing joy to the enemy?
And now you would not stand up against warlike Menelaos?
Thus you would learn of the man whose blossoming wife you have taken.
The lyre would not help you then, nor the favours of Aphrodite,
nor your locks, when you rolled in the dust, nor all your beauty.
55 No, but the Trojans are cowards in truth, else long before this
you had worn a mantle of flying stones for the wrong you did us.'

Then in answer Alexandros the godlike spoke to him:
'Hektor, seeing you have scolded me rightly, not beyond measure—
still, your heart forever is weariless, like an axe-blade
60 driven 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
bring up against me the sweet favours of golden Aphrodite.
65 Never 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.

Now though, if you wish me to fight it out and do battle,
make the rest of the Trojans sit down, and all the Achaians,
and set me in the middle with Menelaos the warlike
70 to fight together for the sake of Helen and all her possessions.
That one of us who wins and is proved stronger, let him
take the possessions fairly and the woman, and lead her homeward.
But the 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.'

So he spoke, and Hektor hearing his word was happy
and went into the space between and forced back the Trojan battalions
holding his spear by the middle until they were all seated.
But the 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:
'Argives, hold: cast at him no longer, o sons of the Achaians.
Hektor of the shining helm is trying to tell us something.'

So he spoke, and they stopped fighting and suddenly all fell
85 silent; but Hektor between them spoke now to both sides:
'Hear from me, Trojans and strong-greaved Achaians, the word
of Alexandros, for whose sake this strife has arisen.
He would have all the rest of the Trojans and all the Achaians
lay aside on the bountiful earth their splendid armour
90 while he himself in the middle and warlike Menelaos
fight alone for the sake of Helen and all her possessions.
That one of them who wins and is proved stronger, let him
take the possessions fairly and the woman, and lead her homeward
while the rest of us cut our oaths of faith and friendship.'

95 So he spoke, and all of them stayed stricken to silence;
but among them spoke out Menelaos of the great war cry:
'Listen 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

for the sake of this my quarrel since Alexandros began it. 100
As for 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.
Bring two lambs: let one be white and the other black for
Earth and the Sun God, and for Zeus we will bring yet another.
Bring, that he may seal the pledges, the strength of Priam: 105
Priam himself, for his sons are outrageous, not to be trusted;
lest some man overstep Zeus' oaths, and make them be nothing.
Always it is, that the hearts in the younger men are frivolous,
but when an elder man is among them, he looks behind him
and in front, so that all comes out far better for both sides.' 110

So he spoke, and the Trojans and Achaians were joyful,
hoping now to be rid of all the sorrow of warfare.
They pulled their chariots into line, and themselves dismounted
and stripped off their armour which was laid on the ground beside them,
close together, so there was little ground left between them. 115
Hektor sent away to the citadel two heralds
lightly to bring down the lambs, and to summon Priam;
and powerful Agamemnon in turn sent Talthybios
to go down to the hollow ships, with orders to bring two
lambs: he did not disobey the order of great Agamemnon. 120

Now 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,
Laodike, loveliest looking of all the daughters of Priam.
She came on Helen in the chamber; she was weaving a great web, 125
a red folding robe, and working into it the numerous struggles
of Trojans, breakers of horses, and bronze-armoured Achaians,
struggles that they endured for her sake at the hands of the war god.
Iris of the swift feet stood beside her and spoke to her:
'Come with me, dear girl, to behold the marvellous things done 130
by Trojans, breakers of horses, and bronze-armoured Achaians,
who just now carried sorrowful war against each other,
in the plain, and all their desire was for deadly fighting;
now they are all seated in silence, the fighting has ended;
they lean on their shields, the tall spears stuck in the ground beside them. 135
But Menelaos the warlike and Alexandros will fight
with long spears against each other for your possession.

You shall be called beloved wife of the man who wins you.'

Speaking so the goddess left in her heart sweet longing
140 after her husband of time before, and her city and parents.
And at 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,
Aithre, Pittheus' daughter, and Klymene of the ox eyes.
145 Rapidly they came to the place where the Skaian gates stood.
Now those who sat with Priam: Panthoös and Thymoites,
Lamos 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.
150 Now 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.
Such were they who sat on the tower, chief men of the Trojans.
And these, as they saw Helen along the tower approaching,
155 murmuring softly to each other uttered their winged words:
'Surely there is no blame on Trojans and strong-greaved Achaians
if for long time they suffer hardship for a woman like this one.
Terrible is the likeness of her face to immortal goddesses.
Still, though she be such, let her go away in the ships, lest
160 she be left behind, a grief to us and our children.'

So they 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.
I am not blaming you: to me the gods are blameworthy
165 who drove upon me this sorrowful war against the Achaians.
So you could tell me the name of this man who is so tremendous;
who is this Achaian man of power and stature?
Though in truth there are others taller by a head than he is,
yet these eyes have never yet looked on a man so splendid
170 nor so lordly as this: such a man might well be royal.'

Helen, 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,
175 my grown child, and the loveliness of girls my own age.

It did not happen that way: and now I am worn with weeping.
This now I will tell you in answer to the question you asked me.
That man is Atreus' son Agamemnon, widely powerful,
at the same time a good king and a strong spearfighter,
once my kinsman, ~~slut~~ that I am. Did this ever happen?

180

This she said, and the old man spoke again, wondering at him:
'O son of Atreus, blessed, child of fortune and favour,
many are these beneath your sway, these sons of the Achaians.
Once before this time I visited Phrygia of the vineyards.
There I looked on the Phrygian men with their swarming horses,
185 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 marshalled among them
on that day when the Amazon women came, men's equals.
Yet even they were not so many as these glancing-eyed Achaians.'

190

Next again the old man asked her, seeing Odysseus:
'Tell me of this one also, dear child; what man can he be,
shorter in truth by a head than Atreus' son Agamemnon,
but broader, it would seem, in the chest and across the shoulders.
Now as his armour lies piled on the prospering earth, still he
ranges, like some ram, through the marshalled ranks of the fighters.
195 Truly, to some deep-fleeced ram would I liken him
who makes his way through the great mass of the shining sheep-flocks.'

Helen, the daughter descended of Zeus, spoke then in answer:
'This one is Laertes' son, resourceful Odysseus,
200 who grew up in the country, rough though it be, of Ithaka,
to know every manner of shiftiness and crafty counsels.'

In his turn Antenor of the good counsel answered her:
'Surely this word you have spoken, my lady, can be no falsehood.
Once in the days before now brilliant Odysseus came here
205 with warlike Menelaos, and their embassy was for your sake.
To both of these I gave in my halls kind entertainment
and I learned the natural way of both, and their close counsels.
Now when these were set before the Trojans assembled
and stood up, Menelaos was bigger by his broad shoulders
210 but Odysseus was the more lordly when both were seated.
Now before all when both of them spun their speech and their counsels,
Menelaos indeed spoke rapidly, in few words

but exceedingly lucid, since he was no long speaker
 215 nor one who wasted his words though he was only a young man.
 But when 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.
 220 Yes, you would call him a sullen man, and a fool likewise.
 But when he let the great voice go from his chest, and the words came
 drifting down like the winter snows, then no other mortal
 man beside could stand up against Odysseus. Then we
 wondered less beholding Odysseus' outward appearance.'
 225 Third in order, looking at Aias, the old man asked her:
 'Who then is this other Achaian of power and stature
 towering above the Argives by head and broad shoulders?'
 Helen with the light robes and shining among women answered him:
 'That one is gigantic Aias, wall of the Achaians,
 230 and beyond him there is Idomeneus like a god standing
 among the Kretans, and the lords of Krete are gathered about him.
 Many a time warlike Menelaos would entertain him
 in our own house when he came over from Krete. And I see them
 all now, all the rest of the glancing-eyed Achaians,
 235 all whom 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.
 Perhaps 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
 dreading the words of shame and all the reproach that is on me.'
 So she spoke, but the teeming earth lay already upon them
 away in Lakedaimon, the beloved land of their fathers.
 245 Now 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.
 Standing beside the aged man he spoke words to arouse him:
 250 'Son of Laomedon, rise up: you are called by the chief men

of Trojans, breakers of horses, and bronze-armoured Achaians
 to come down into the plain that you may seal the oaths pledged.
 For warlike Menelaos and Alexandros are to fight
 with long spears against each other for the sake of the woman.
 Let the woman go to the winner, and all the possessions. 255
 Let 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.'

So he spoke, and the old man shuddered, but called his companions
 to yoke the horses to the car, and they promptly obeyed him. 260
 And 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.

Now when these had come among the Trojans and Achaians,
 they stepped down on the prospering earth from their car with horses 265
 and made their way striding among the Achaians and Trojans.
 On the other side rose up the lord of men, Agamemnon,
 and the resourceful Odysseus rose up. Meanwhile the proud heralds
 led up the victims for the gods' oaths, and in a great wine-bowl
 mixed the wine, and poured water over the hands of the princes. 270
 Atreus' son laid hands upon his work-knife, and drew it
 from 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.
 Atreus' son uplifting his hands then prayed in a great voice: 275
 'Father Zeus, watching over us from Ida, most high, most honoured,
 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,
 you shall be witnesses, to guard the oaths of fidelity. 280
 If it should be that Alexandros slays Menelaos,
 let him keep Helen for himself, and all her possessions,
 and we in our seafaring ships shall take our way homeward.
 But if the fair-haired Menelaos kills Alexandros,
 then let the Trojans give back Helen and all her possessions, 285
 and pay also a price to the Argives which will be fitting,
 which among people yet to come shall be as a standard.
 Then if Priam and the sons of Priam are yet unwilling

after Alexandros has fallen to pay me the penalty,
 290 I myself shall fight hereafter for the sake of the ransom,
 here remaining, until I have won to the end of my quarrel.
 So 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.
 295 Drawing the wine from the mixing bowls in the cups, they poured it
 forth, and made their prayer to the gods who live everlasting.
 And thus would murmur any man, Achaian or Trojan:
 'Zeus, exalted and mightiest, and you other immortals,
 let those, whichever side they may be, who do wrong to the oaths sworn
 300 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.'
 They spoke, but none of this would the son of Kronos accomplish.
 Now among them spoke Priam descended of Dardanos also:
 'Listen to me, you Trojans and you strong-greaved Achaians.
 305 Now I am going away to windy Ilion, homeward,
 since I cannot look with these eyes on the sight of my dear son
 fighting against warlike Menelaos in single combat.
 Zeus knows—maybe he knows—and the rest of the gods immortal
 for which of the two death is appointed to end this matter.'
 310 He spoke, a godlike man, and laid the lambs in the chariot,
 and mounted into it himself, and pulled the reins backward.
 Antenor beside him stepped up into the fair-wrought chariot.
 These two took their way backward and made for Ilion.
 Hektor now, the son of Priam, and brilliant Odysseus
 315 measured out the distance first, and thereafter picked up
 two lots, 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:
 320 'Father Zeus, watching over us from Ida, most high, most honoured,
 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.'
 So they spoke, and tall Hektor of the shining helm shook
 325 the lots, looking backward, and at once Paris' lot was outshaken.
 All the rest sat down in their ranks on the ground, at the place where

the glittering armour of each was piled by his light-footed horses,
 while one of them put about his shoulders his splendid armour,
 brilliant Alexandros, the lord of lovely-haired Helen.
 First he placed along his legs the fair greaves linked with
 330 silver fastenings to hold the greaves at the ankles.
 Afterwards he girt on about his chest the corselet
 of Lykaon his brother since this fitted him also.
 Across his shoulders he slung the sword with the nails of silver,
 a bronze sword, and above it the great shield, huge and heavy.
 335 Over 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 armour.
 Now when these two were armed on either side of the battle,
 340 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
 raging each at the other man and shaking their spearshafts.
 345 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
 was ready to let go the bronze spear, with a prayer to Zeus father:
 350 '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
 doing evil to a kindly host, who has given him friendship.'
 So he spoke, and balanced the spear far-shadowed, and threw it
 355 and struck the shield of Priam's son on its perfect circle.
 All 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,
 yet he bent away to one side and avoided the dark death.
 360 Drawing 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.

Groaning, the son of Atreus lifted his eyes to the wide sky:
 365 'Father Zeus, no God beside is more baleful than you are.
 Here I thought to punish Alexandros for his wickedness;
 and now 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.'
 He 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 broided strap under the softness of his throat strangled Paris,
 fastened under his chin to hold on the horned helmet.
 Now he would have dragged him away and won glory forever
 had not Aphrodite daughter of Zeus watched sharply.
 375 She broke the chinstrap, made from the hide of a slaughtered bullock,
 and the helmet came away empty in the heavy hand of Atreides.
 The hero whirled the helmet about and sent it flying
 among the strong-greaved Achaians, and his staunch companions
 retrieved it.
 He turned and made again for his man, determined to kill him
 380 with the bronze spear. But Aphrodite caught up Paris
 easily, since she was divine, and wrapped him in a thick mist
 and set him down again in his own perfumed bedchamber.
 She then went away to summon Helen, and found her
 on the high tower, with a cluster of Trojan women about her.
 385 She laid her hand upon the robe immortal, and shook it,
 and spoke to her, likening herself to an aged woman,
 a wool-dresser who when she was living in Lakedaimon
 made beautiful things out of wool, and loved her beyond all others.
 Likening herself to this woman Aphrodite spoke to her:
 390 'Come with me: Alexandros sends for you to come home to him.
 He is 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.'
 395 So she spoke, and troubled the spirit in Helen's bosom.
 She, 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?

Will you carry me further yet somewhere among cities
 400 fairly settled? In Phrygia or in lovely Maionia?
 Is there some mortal man there also who is dear to you?
 Is it because Menelaos has beaten great Alexandros
 and wishes, hateful even as I am, to carry me homeward,
 is it for this that you stand in your treachery now beside me?
 405 Go yourself and sit beside him, abandon the gods' way,
 turn your feet back never again to the path of Olympos
 but 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.
 Not I. I am not going to him. It would be too shameful.
 410 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
 and grow to hate you as much as now I terribly love you,
 415 lest I encompass you in hard hate, caught between both sides,
 Danaans and Trojans alike, and you wretchedly perish.'
 So she spoke, and Helen daughter of Zeus was frightened
 and went, shrouding herself about in the luminous spun robe,
 silent, unseen by the Trojan women, and led by the goddess.
 420 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,
 carrying it, she, a goddess, and set it before Alexandros,
 425 and Helen, daughter of Zeus of the aegis, took her place there
 turning her eyes away, and spoke to her lord in derision:
 'So 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
 430 than warlike Menelaos, in spear and hand and your own strength.
 Go forth now and challenge warlike Menelaos
 once again to fight you in combat. But no: I advise you
 rather to let it be, and fight no longer with fair-haired
 Menelaos, strength against strength in single combat
 435 recklessly. You might very well go down before his spear.'
 Paris then in turn spoke to her thus and answered her:

'Lady, censure my heart no more in bitter reprovals.
 This time Menelaos with Athene's help has beaten me;
 440 another time I shall beat him. We have gods on our side also.
 Come, then, rather let us go to bed and turn to love-making.
 Never before as now has passion enmeshed my senses,
 not 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 Kranac,
 not even then, as now, did I love you and sweet desire seize me.'
 Speaking, he led the way to the bed; and his wife went with him.
 So these two were laid in the carven bed. But Atreides
 ranged like a wild beast up and down the host, to discover
 450 whether he could find anywhere godlike Alexandros.
 Yet could none of the Trojans nor any renowned companion
 show Alexandros then to warlike Menelaos.
 These would not have hidden him for love, if any had seen him,
 since he was hated among them all as dark death is hated.
 455 Now among them spoke forth the lord of men Agamemnon:
 'Listen to me, o Trojans, Dardanians and companions:
 clearly the victory is with warlike Menelaos.
 Do you therefore give back, with all her possessions, Helen
 of Argos, and pay a price that shall be befitting,
 460 which among people yet to come shall be as a standard.'
 So spoke Atreus' son, and the other Achaians applauded him.