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The fall of Troy

Quintus

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Book XIV. How the conquerors sailed from Troy unto judgment of tempest
and shipwreck

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ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΣ.

Καὶ τότε ἅπ' Ὀκεανοῖο θεὰ χρυσόθρονος Ἥως
 οὐρανὸν εἰσανόρουσε· χάος δ' ὑπεδέξατο νύκτα.
 οἱ δὲ βίη Τροίην εὐεργέα δηώσαντο
 Ἀργεῖοι καὶ κτήσιν ἀπείρονα λήισσαντο,
 χειμάρροις ποταμοῖσιν ἑοικότες, οἳ τε φέρονται 5
 ἐξ ὄρεων καναχηδὸν ὀρινομένου ἕτεοιο,
 πολλὰ δὲ δένδρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὀππόσα φύετ'
 ὄρεσφιν
 αὐτοῖς σὺν πρόνεσσι ἔσω φορέουσι θαλάσσης·
 ὧς Δαναοὶ πέρσαντες ὑπαὶ πυρὶ Τρώιον ἄστῃ
 κτήματα πάντα φέρεσκον εὐσκάρθμους ἐπὶ ἰγῆς. 10
 σὺν δ' ἄρα Τρωιάδας καταγίνεον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλας,
 τὰς μὲν ἔτ' ἀδμήτας καὶ νηίδας οἶο γάμοιο,
 τὰς δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' αἰζηοῖσι νέον φιλότῃτι δαμείσας,
 ἄλλας δ' αὖ πολιοπλοκάμους, ἐτέρας δ' ἄρ' ἐκεί-
 νων
 ὀπλοτέρας, ὧν παῖδας ἀπειρῦσαντ' ἀπὸ μαζῶν 15
 ὑστάτιον χεῖλεσσι γλάγος περιμαιμῶνοντας.
 Τοῖσιν δὴ Μενέλαος ἐνὶ μέσσοισι καὶ αὐτὸς
 ἦγεν ἔην παράκοιτιν ἅπ' ἄστεος αἰθομένοιο
 ἐξανύσας μέγα ἔργον· ἔχεν δὲ ἑ χάρμα καὶ αἰδώς.
 Κασσάνδρην δ' ἄγε διὰν εὐμμελῆς Ἀγαμέμνων· 20
 Ἀνδρομάχην δ' Ἀχιλλῆος εὖς παῖς· αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσ-
 σεὺς

εἶλκε βίη Ἐκάβην· τῆς δ' ἄθροα δάκρυ' ἅπ' ὄσσων

BOOK XIV.

*How the conquerors sailed from Troy unto judgment of
tempest and shipwreck.*

THEN rose from Ocean Dawn the golden-throned
Up to the heavens ; night into Chaos sank.
And now the Argives spoiled fair-fencèd Troy,
And took her boundless treasures for a prey.
Like river-torrents seemed they, that sweep down,
By rain-floods swelled, in thunder from the hills,
And seaward hurl tall trees and whatso'er
Grows on the mountains, mingled with the wreck
Of shattered cliff and crag ; so the long lines
Of Danaans who had wasted Troy with fire
Seemed, streaming with her plunder to the ships.
Troy's daughters therewithal in scattered bands
They haled down seaward—virgins yet unwed,
And new-made brides, and matrons silver-haired,
And mothers from whose bosoms foes had torn
Babes for the last time closing lips on breasts.

Amidst of these Menelaus led his wife
Forth of the burning city, having wrought
A mighty triumph—joy and shame were his.
Cassandra heavenly-fair was haled the prize
Of Agamemnon : to Achilles' son
Andromache had fallen : Hecuba
Odysseus dragged unto his ship. The tears

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

πίδακος ὧς ἔχεοντο· περιτρομεεσκε δὲ γυῖα,
 καὶ κραδίη ἀλάλυκτο φόβῳ, δεδάϊκτο δὲ χαιτας
 κράτος ἐκ πολιοῖο· τέφρη δ' ἐπεπέπτατο πολλή, 25
 τήν που ἀπ' ἐσχαρεῶνος ἄδην κατεχεύατο χερσὶν
 ὄλλυμένον Πριάμοιο καὶ ἄστεος αἰθομένοιο·
 καὶ ῥα μέγα στονάχιζεν, ὅτ' ἄμφεχε δούλιον ἡμαρ
 μὰψ ἀεκαζομένην· ἕτερος δ' ἑτέρην γοόωσαν
 ἦγεν Τρωιάδων σφετέρας ἐπὶ νῆας ἀνάγκη· 30
 αἱ δ' ἀδινὸν γοόωσαι ἀνίαχον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαι
 νηπιάχοις ἅμα παισὶ κινυρόμεναι μάλα λυγρῶς·
 ὧς δ' ὀπότη ἀργιόδουσι· ὁμῶς συσὶ νήπια τέκνα
 σταθμοῦ ἀπὸ προτέροιο ποτὶ σταθμὸν ἄλλον
 ἄγωσι

ἀνέρες ἐγρομένῳ ὑπὸ χεῖματι, τοὶ δ' ἀλεγεινὸν 35
 μίγδα περιτρύζουσι διηνεκὲς ἀλλήλοισιν·
 ὧς Τρωαὶ Δαναοῖσιν ὑπ' ἐστενάχοντο δαμείσαι·
 ἴσσην δ' αὐτὰ καὶ ἄνασσα φέρον καὶ δμῶις ἀνάγκη.
 Ἄλλ' οὐ μὰν Ἑλένην γόος ἄμφεχεν· ἀλλὰ οἱ
 αἰδῶς

ὄμμασι κνανέοισιν ἐφίζανε, καὶ οἱ ὑπερθεν 40
 καλὰς ἀμφερύθηνε παρηίδας· ἐν δὲ οἱ ἦτορ
 ἄσπετα πορφύρεςκε κατὰ φρένα, μὴ ἔκιοῦσαν
 κνανέας ἐπὶ νῆας ἀεικίσσωνται Ἀχαιοί·
 τοῦνεχ' ὑποτρομέουσα φίλῳ περιπάλλετο θυμῷ.
 καὶ ῥα καλυψάμενη κεφαλὴν ἐφύπερθε καλύπτρη 45
 ἔσπετο νισσομένοιο κατ' ἴχνιον ἀνδρὸς ἑοῖο
 αἰδοῖ πορφύρουσα παρήϊον, ἥντε Κύπρις,
 εὐτέ μιν Οὐρανίωνες ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν Ἄρηος
 ἀμφαδὸν εἰσενόησαν ἐὸν λέχος αἰσχύνουσαν
 δεσμοῖς ἐν θαμινοῖσι δαήμονος Ἐφάιστοιο, 50
 τοῖς ἐνὶ κείτ' ἀχέουσα περὶ φρεσὶν αἰδομένη τε
 Ἰλαδὸν ἀγρομένων μακάρων γένος ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν
 Ἐφαιστον· δεινὸν γὰρ ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἀκοίτεω
 ἀμφαδὸν εἰσοράσθαι ἐπ' αἰσχεῖ θηλυτέρῳι.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Poured from her eyes as water from a spring ;
 Trembled her limbs, fear-frenzied was her heart ;
 Rent were her hoary tresses and besprent
 With ashes of the hearth, cast by her hands
 When she saw Priam slain and Troy aflame.
 And aye she deeply groaned for thraldom's day
 That trapped her vainly loth. Each hero led
 A wailing Trojan woman to his ship.
 Here, there, uprose from these the wild lament,
 The woeful-mingling cries of mother and babe.
 As when with white-tusked swine the herdmen
 drive

Their younglings from the hill-pens to the plain
 As winter closeth in, and evermore
 Each answereth each with mingled plaintive cries ;
 So moaned Troy's daughters by their foes enslaved,
 Handmaid and queen made one in thraldom's lot.

But Helen raised no lamentation : shame
 Sat on her dark-blue eyes, and cast its flush
 Over her lovely cheeks. Her heart beat hard
 With sore misgiving, lest, as to the ships
 She passed, the Achaeans might mishandle her.
 Therefore with fluttering soul she trembled sore ;
 And, her head darkly mantled in her veil,
 Close-following trod she in her husband's steps,
 With cheek shame-crimsoned, like the Queen of
 Love,

What time the Heaven-abiders saw her clasped
 In Ares' arms, shaming in sight of all
 The marriage-bed, trapped in the myriad-meshed
 Toils of Hephaestus : tangled there she lay
 In agony of shame, while thronged around
 The Blessèd, and there stood Hephaestus' self :
 For fearful it is for wives to be beheld
 By husbands' eyes doing the deed of shame.

τῇ Ἐλένῃ εἰκυῖα δέμας καὶ ἀκήρατον αἰδῶ 55
 ἦμε σὺν Τρωῆσι δορυκτῆτοισι καὶ αὐτῇ
 νῆας ἔπ' Ἀργείων εὐήρεας· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
 θάμβεον ἀθρήσαντες ἀμωμήτοιο γυναικὸς
 ἀγλαΐην καὶ κάλλος ἐπήρατον· οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
 κείνην οὔτε κρυφῆδόν ἐπεσβολίησι χαλέψαι, 60
 οὔτ' οὖν ἀμφαδίην, ἀλλ' ὡς θεὸν εἰσορόωντο
 ἀσπασίως· πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐέλδομένοισι φαάνθη.
 ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀλωσμένοισι δι' ἀκαμάτοιο θαλάσσης
 πατρίς ἐῆ μετὰ δηρὸν ἐέλδομένοισι φανείη,
 οἱ δὲ καὶ ἐκ πόντοιο καὶ ἐκ θανάτοιο φυγόντες 65
 πάτρην χεῖρ' ὀρέγουσι γεγηθότες ἄσπετα θυμῶ·
 ὡς Δαναοὶ περὶ πάντες ἐγήθεον· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτοῖς
 μνηστῆσι ἔην καμάτοιο δυσαλγέος οὐδὲ κυδοιμοῦ
 τοῖον γὰρ Κυθέρεια νόον ποιήσατο πάντων
 ἦρα φέρουσ' Ἐλένῃ ἐλικώπιδι καὶ Διὶ πατρί. 70
 Καὶ τότ' ἄρ', ὡς ἐνόησε φίλον δεδαῦγμένον ἄστν
 Ξάνθος ἔθ' αἱματόεντος ἀναπνεύων ὀρμαγδοῦ
 μύρετο σὺν Νύμφησιν, ἐπεὶ κακὸν ἔμπεσε Τροίῃ
 ἔκποθε καὶ Πριάμοιο κατημάλδυνε πόλῃ· 75
 ὡς δ' ὅτε λήιον αἶον ἐπιβρίσασα χάλαζα
 τυτθὰ διατμήξῃ, στάχνας δ' ἀπὸ πάντας ἀμέρσῃ
 ῥιπῇ ὑπ' ἀργαλέῃ, καλάμη δ' ἄρα χεύατ' ἔραζε
 μαψιδίῃ καρποῦ κατ' οὔδεος ὀλλυμένοιο
 λευγαλέως, λυγρῶ δὲ πέλει μέγα πένθος ἀνακτι·
 ὡς ἄρα καὶ Ξάνθοιο περὶ φρένας ἤλυθεν ἄλγος 80
 Ἰλίου οἰωθέντος· ἔχεν δὲ μιν αἰὲν οἴζυς
 ἀθάνατόν περ εἶοντα· μακρῇ δ' ἀμφέστενεν Ἴδη
 καὶ Σιμόεις· μύροντο δ' ἀπόπροθι πάντες ἔναυλοι
 Ἰδαίοι Πριάμοιο πόλιν περικακύνοντες.
 Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐπὶ νῆας ἔβαν μέγα καυχάλοωντες 85
 μέλποντες νίκης ἐρικυδέος ὄβριμον ἀλκήν,
 ἄλλοτε δὲ ζάθεον μακάρων γένος ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
 θυμὸν τολμήεντα καὶ ἄφθιτον ἔργον Ἐπειοῦ.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Lovely as she in form and roseate blush
 Passed Helen mid the Trojan captives on
 To the Argive ships. But the folk all around
 Marvelled to see the glory of loveliness
 Of that all-flawless woman. No man dared
 Or secretly or openly to cast
 Reproach on her. As on a Goddess all
 Gazed on her with adoring wistful eyes.
 As when to wanderers on a stormy sea,
 After long time and passion of prayer, the sight
 Of fatherland is given; from deadly deeps
 Escaped, they stretch hands to her joyful-souled;
 So joyed the Danaans all, no man of them
 Remembered any more war's travail and pain.
 Such thoughts Cytherea stirred in them, for grace
 To Helen starry-eyed, and Zeus her sire.

Then, when he saw that burg beloved destroyed,
 Xanthus, scarce drawing breath from bloody war,
 Mourned with his Nymphs for ruin fallen on Troy,
 Mourned for the city of Priam blotted out.
 As when hail lashes a field of ripened wheat,
 And beats it small, and smites off all the ears
 With merciless scourge, and levelled with the ground
 Are stalks, and on the earth is all the grain
 Woefully wasted, and the harvest's lord
 Is stricken with deadly grief; so Xanthus' soul
 Was utterly whelmed in grief for Ilium made
 A desolation; grief undying was his,
 Immortal though he was. Mourned Simois
 And long-ridged Ida: all who on Ida dwelt
 Wailed from afar the ruin of Priam's town.

But with loud laughter of glee the Argives sought
 Their galleys, chanting the triumphant might
 Of victory, chanting now the Blessèd Gods,
 Now their own valour, and Epeius' work
 Ever renowned. Their song soared up to heaven,

μολπή δ' οὐρανὸν ἴκε δι' αἰθέρος, εὔτε κοιλιῶν
 κλαγγὴ ἀπειρεσίη, ὅπότε' εὔδιον ἡμαρ ἴκηται 90
 χείματος ἕξ ὀλοοῖο, πέλει δ' ἄρα νήμενος αἰθήρ·
 ὡς τῶν παρ νήεσσι μέγ' ἔνδοθι γηθομένων κῆρ

* * * * *

ἀθάνατοι τέρποντο κατ' οὐρανόν, ὅσσοι ἄρωγοὶ
 ἐκ θυμοῖο πέλοντο φιλοπτολέμων Ἀργείων· 95
 ἄλλοι δ' αὖ χαλέπαινον, ὅσοι Τρώεσσι ἄμυνον,
 δερκόμενοι Πριάμοιο καταιθόμενον πτολίεθρον·
 ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν ὑπὲρ Αἴσαν ἐελδόμενός περ ἀμύνειν
 ἔσθεον· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς ὑπὲρ μόρον οὐδὲ Κρονίων
 ῥηιδίως δύνατ' Αἴσαν ἀπωσέμεν, ὃς περὶ πάντων
 ἀθανάτων σθένος ἐστί, Διὸς δ' ἐκ πάντα πέ-
 λονται. 100

Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἄρα πολλὰ βοῶν ἐπὶ μηρία θέντες
 καίον ὁμῶς σχίζησι, καὶ ἐσσύμενοι περὶ βωμοὺς
 λείβεσκον μέθυ λαρὸν ἐπ' αἰθομένησι θυηλῆς
 ἦρα θεοῖσι φέροντες, ἐπεὶ μέγα ἦνυσαν ἔργον.
 πολλὰ δ' ἐν εἰλαπίνῃ θυμηδέϊ κυδαίνεσκον 105
 πάντας, ὅσους ὑπέδεκτο σὺν ἔντεσι δούριος ἵππος·
 θαύμαζον δὲ Σίνωνα περικλυτόν, οὔνεχ' ὑπέτλη
 λῶβην δυσμενέων πολυκηδέα· καὶ ῥά ἐ πάντες
 μολπῇ καὶ γεράεσσι ἀπειρεσίοισι τίεσκον·
 ὃς δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἐγήθειε τλήμονι θυμῷ 110
 νίκη ἐπ' Ἀργείων, σφετέρῃ δ' οὐκ ἄχυντο λῶβῃ·
 ἀνέρι γὰρ πινυτῷ καὶ ἐπίφρονι πολλὸν ἄμεινον
 κῦδος καὶ χρυσοῖο καὶ εἶδεος ἠδὲ καὶ ἄλλον
 ἐσθλῶν, ὀππόσα τ' ἐστί καὶ ἔσσεται ἀνθρώποισιν.
 οἱ δ' ἄρα παρ νήεσσι ἀταρβέα θυμὸν ἔχοντες 115
 δόρπεον ἀλλήλοισι διηνεκέως ἐνέποντες·
 “ἠνύσαμεν πολέμοιο μακροῦ τέλος· ἠράμεθ' εὐρὺ
 κῦδος ὁμῶς δητοῖσι μέγα πτολίεθρον ἐλόντες·
 ἀλλά, Ζεῦ, καὶ νόστον ἐελδομένοις κατάνευσον.”

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Like multitudinous cries of daws, when breaks
 A day of sunny calm and windless air
 After a ruining storm : from their glad hearts
 So rose the joyful clamour, till the Gods
 Heard and rejoiced in heaven, all who had helped
 With willing hands the war-fain Argive men.
 But chafed those others which had aided Troy,
 Beholding Priam's city wrapped in flame,
 Yet powerless for her help to override
 Fate ; for not Cronos' Son can stay the hand
 Of Destiny, whose might transcendeth all
 The Immortals, and Zeus sanctioneth all her deeds.

The Argives on the flaming altar-wood
 Laid many thighs of oxen, and made haste
 To spill sweet wine on their burnt offerings,
 Thanking the Gods for that great work achieved.
 And loudly at the feast they sang the praise
 Of all the mailed men whom the Horse of Tree
 Had ambushed. Far-famed Sinon they extolled
 For that dire torment he endured of foes :
 Yea, song and honour-guerdons without end
 All rendered him : and that resolvèd soul
 Glad-hearted joyed for the Argives' victory,
 And for his own misfeaturing sorrowed not.
 For to the wise and prudent man renown
 Is better far than gold, than goodlihead,
 Than all good things men have or hope to win.

So, feasting by the ships all void of fear,
 Cried one to another ever and anon :
 " We have touched the goal of this long war, have
 won
 Glory, have smitten our foes and their great town !
 Now grant, O Zeus, to our prayers safe home-
 return ! "

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

Ὡς ἔφαν' ἄλλ' οὐ πᾶσι πατήρ ἐπὶ νοστον
 ἔνευσε. 120
 τοῖς δέ τις ἐν μέσσοισιν ἐπιστάμενος * *
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτοῖς * *
 δεῖμα πέλεν πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, ἄλλ' ἐπὶ ἔργα
 εὐνομίας ἐτράποντο καὶ εὐφροσύνης ἐρατεινῆς.
 ὃς δ' ἦτοι πρῶτον μὲν ἐελδομένοισιν ἄειδεν, 125
 λαοὶ ὅπως συνάγερθεν ἐς Αὐλίδος ἱερὸν οὐδας,
 ἠδ' ὡς Πηλείδαο μέγα σθένος ἀκαμάτιο
 δώδεκα μὲν κατὰ πόντον ἰὼν διέπερσε πόλῃας,
 ἔνδεκα δ' αὖ κατὰ γαίαν ἀπέριτον, ὅσσα τ' ἔρεξε
 Τηλεφον ἀμφὶς ἄνακτα καὶ ὄβριμον Ἡετίωνα, 130
 ὡς δὲ Κύνκρον κατέπεφνευ ὑπέρβιον, ἠδ' ὄσ'
 Ἀχαιοὶ
 μαρνάμενοι κατὰ μῆνιν Ἀχιλλεὸς ἔργα κάμοντο,
 Ἐκτορα δ' ὡς εἴρυσσεν εἰς περὶ τείχεα πάτρης,
 ὡς τ' ἔλε Πενθεσίλειαν ἀνὰ μόθον, ὡς τ' ἐδά-
 μασσειν
 υἷα Τιθωνοῖο, καὶ ὡς κτάνε καρτερὸς Αἴας 135
 Γλαῦκον εὐμμελίην, ἠδ' ὡς ἐρικυδέα φῶτα
 Εὐρύπυλον κατέπεφνε θεοῦ πάϊς Αἰακίδαο,
 ὡς δὲ Πάριν δαμάσαντο Φιλοκλήταο βέλεμα,
 ἠδ' ὀπόσοι δολόεντος ἐσῆλυθον ἔνδοθεν ἵππου
 ἀνέρες, ὡς τε πόλῃα θειηγενέος Πριάμοιο 140
 πέρσαντες δαίνυντο κακῶν ἀπὸ νόσφι κυδοιμῶν.
 ἄλλα δ' ἄρ' ἄλλος ἄειδεν, ὅ τι φρεσὶν ἦσι μενοῖνα.
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε δαινυμένοισι μέσον περιτέλλετο
 νυκτός,
 δὴ τότε που δόρποιο καὶ ἀκρήτιο πότιο
 παυσάμενοι πάντες λαθικηδέα κοῖτον ἔλοντο· 145
 χθιζὸν γὰρ καμάτιο μένος κατεδάμνατο πάντας·
 τῷ καὶ παννύχιοι λεληθμένοι εἰλαπινάζειν
 παύσανθ', οὐνεκεν ὕπνος ἄδην ἀέκοντας ἔρυκεν·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

But not to all the Sire vouchsafed return.
Then rose a cunning harper in their midst,
And sang the song of triumph and of peace
Re-won, and with glad hearts untouched by care
They heard ; for no more fear of war had they,
But of sweet toil of law-abiding days
And blissful-fleeting hours henceforth they dreamed.
All the War's Story in their eager ears
He sang—how leaguèd peoples gathering met
At hallowed Aulis—how the invincible strength
Of Peleus' son smote fencèd cities twelve
In sea-raids, how he marched o'er leagues on leagues
Of land, and spoiled eleven—all he wrought
In fight with Telephus and Eëtion—
How he slew giant Cycnus—all the toil
Of war that through Achilles' wrath befell
The Achaeans—how he dragged dead Hector round
His own Troy's wall, and how he slew in fight
Penthesileia and Tithonus' son :—
How Aias laid low Glaucus, lord of spears,
Then sang he how the child of Aeacus' son
Struck down Eurypylus, and how the shafts
Of Philoctetes dealt to Paris death.
Then the song named all heroes who passed in
To ambush in the Horse of Guile, and hymned
The fall of god-descended Priam's burg ;
The feast he sang last, and peace after war ;
Then many another, as they listed, sang.
But when above those feasters midnight's stars
Hung, ceased the Danaans from the feast and wine,
And turned to sleep's forgetfulness of care,
For that with yesterday's war-travail all
Were wearied ; wherefore they, who fain all night
Had revelled, needs must cease : how loth soe'er,
Sleep drew them thence ; here, there, soft slumbered
they.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἄλλη δ' ἄλλος ἴαυεν· ὁ δ' ἐν κλισίῃσιν ἔησιν
 Ἀτρείδης ὀάριζε μετ' ἠΰκόμοιο γυναικός· 150
 οὐ γάρ πω κείνοισιν ἐπ' ὄμμασιν ὕπνος ἔπιπτεν,
 ἀλλὰ Κύπρις πεπόνητο περὶ φρένας, ὄφρα παλαιῷ
 λέκτρον ἐπιμνήσωνται, ἄχος δ' ἀπὸ νόσφι βάλ-
 λονται.

πρώτη δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένη τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον ἔειπε·
 “ μὴ νύ μοι, ὦ Μενέλαε, χόλον ποτιβάλλεο θυμῷ· 155
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐθέλουσα λίπον σέο δῶμα καὶ εὐνήν,
 ἀλλὰ μ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο βίη καὶ Τρώιοι νῆες
 σεῦ ἀπὸ νόσφιν ἑόντος ἀνηρείψαντο κίοντες,
 καὶ μ' ἄμοτον μεμαυῖαν οὐζυρῶς ἀπολέσθαι
 ἢ βρόχῳ ἀργαλέῳ ἢ καὶ ξίφεϊ στονόεντι 160
 εἴργον ἐνὶ μεγάροισι παρηγορέοντες ἔπεσσι
 σεῦ ἕνεκ' ἀχνυμένην καὶ τηλυγέτοιο θυγατρός·
 τῆς νύ σε πρὸς τε γάμου πολυγηθέος ἠδὲ σεῦ
 αὐτοῦ

λίσσομαι, ἄμφ' ἐμέθεν στυγερῆς λελαθέσθαι
 ἀνίης.”

“Ὡς φαμένην προσέειπε πύκα φρονέων Μενέ-
 λαος· 165

“μηκέτι νῦν μέμνησ', ἀλλ' ἰσχύμευ ἄλγεα θυμῷ·
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν που πάντα μέλας δόμος ἐντὸς ἔεργοι
 λήθης· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε κακῶν μεμνήσθαι ἔτ' ἔργων.”

“Ὡς φάτο· τὴν δ' ἔλε χάρμα, δέος δ' ἐξέεσσυτο
 θυμοῦ·

ἔλπετο γὰρ παύσασθαι ἀνηροῖο χόλοιο 170
 ὄν πόσιν· ἄμφι δέ μιν βάλε πήχες· καὶ σφιν ἄμ'
 ἄμφω

δάκρυα κατὰ βλεφάρουιν ἐλείβετο ἠδὲ γοώντων.
 ἀσπασίως δ' ἄρα τώ γε παρ' ἀλλήλοισι κλιθέντε
 τφωιτέρου κατὰ θυμὸν ἀνεμνήσαντο γάμοιο·
 ὡς δ' ὅτε που κισσός τε καὶ ἡμερὶς ἀμφιβάλωνται 175
 ἀλλήλους περὶ πρέμνα, τὰ δ' οὐποτε ἰς ἀνέμοιο
 578

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

But in his tent Menelaus lovingly
With bright-haired Helen spake ; for on their eyes
Sleep had not fallen yet. The Cyprian Queen
Brooded above their souls, that olden love
Might be renewed, and heart-ache chased away.

Helen first brake the silence, and she said :

“ O Menelaus, be not wroth with me !
Not of my will I left thy roof, thy bed,
But Alexander and the sons of Troy
Came upon me, and snatched away, when thou
Wast far thence. Oftentimes did I essay
By the death-noose to perish wretchedly,
Or by the bitter sword ; but still they stayed
Mine hand, and still spake comfortable words
To salve my grief for thee and my sweet child.
For her sake, for the sake of olden love,
And for thine own sake, I beseech thee now,
Forget thy stern displeasure against thy wife.”

Answered her Menelaus wise of wit :

“ No more remember past griefs : seal them up
Hid in thine heart. Let all be locked within
The dim dark mansion of forgetfulness.
What profits it to call ill deeds to mind ? ”

Glad was she then : fear flitted from her heart,
And came sweet hope that her lord's wrath was
dead.

She cast her arms around him, and their eyes
With tears were brimming as they made sweet
moan ;

And side by side they laid them, and their hearts
Thrilled with remembrance of old spousal joy.
And as a vine and ivy entwine their stems
Each around other, that no might of wind

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

σφῶν ἄπο νόσφι βαλέσθαι ἐπισθένει· ὡς ἄρα τῷ γε
ἀλλήλοισι συνέχοντο λιλαϊόμενοι φιλότητος.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ τοῖσιν ἐπήλυθεν ὕπνος
ἀπήμων,

δὴ τότε Ἀχιλλῆος κρατερὸν κῆρ ἰσοθείοι 180

ἔσθη ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς οὐ υἱέος, οἷος ἔην περ
ζῶδς ἑών, ὅτε Τρῳσὶν ἄχος πέλε, χάρμα δ

Ἀχαιοῖς.

κύσσε δέ οἱ δειρὴν καὶ φάεα μαρμαίροντα
ἀσπασίως· καὶ τοῖα παρηγορέων προσέειπε·

“χαῖρε, τέκος, καὶ μήτι δαΐζω πένθει θυμὸν 185

εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο θανόντος, ἐπεὶ μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν

ἤδη ὀμέστιός εἰμι· σὺ δ' ἴσχεο τειρόμενος κῆρ

ἀμφ' ἐμέθεν, καὶ κάρτος ἄδην ἐμὸν ἔνθεο θυμῷ.

αἰεὶ δ' Ἀργείων πρόμος ἴστασο μηδενὶ εἰκῶν

ἠγορέη· ἀγορῇ δὲ παλαιότεροισι βροτοῖσι 190

πέιθεο· καὶ νύ σε πάντες εὐφρονα μυθήσονται.

τίε δ' ἀμύμονας ἀνδρας, ὅσοις νόος ἐμπεδός ἐστιν·

ἐσθλῷ γὰρ φίλος ἐσθλὸς ἀνὴρ, χαλεπῷ δ' ἀλε-

γεινός.

ἦν δ' ἀγαθὸν φρονέης, ἀγαθῶν καὶ τεύξεται ἔργων·

κείνος δ' οὐποτ' ἀνὴρ Ἀρετῆς ἐπὶ τέρμαθ' ἴκανε, 195

ᾧτινι μὴ νόος ἐστὶν ἐναΐσιμος· οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῆς

πρέμνον δύσβατόν ἐστι, μακρὸν δέ οἱ ἄχρῖς ἐπ'

αἶθρην

ᾧζοι ἀνηέξηνθ'· ὀπόσοισι δὲ κάρτος ὀπηδεῖ

καὶ πόνος, ἐκ καμάτου πολυγηθέα καρπὸν ἀμῶνται

εἰς Ἀρετῆς ἀναβάντες εὐστεφάνου κλυτὸν ἔργος. 200

ἀλλ' ἄγε, κύδιμος ἔσσο, καὶ ἐν φρεσὶ πευκαλίμησι

μήτ' ἐπὶ πῆματι πάγχυ δαΐζω θυμὸν ἀνίη,

μήτ' ἐσθλῷ μέγα χαῖρε· νόος δέ τοι ἦπιος ἔστω

ἔς τε φίλους ἐτάρους ἔς θ' υἱέας ἔς τε γυναῖκα¹

μνωμένῳ κατὰ θυμὸν, ὅτι σχεδὸν ἀνθρώποισιν 205

¹ Zimmermann, ex P, for γυναῖκας of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Avails to sever them, so clung these twain
Twined in the passionate embrace of love.

When came on these too sorrow-drowning sleep,
Even then above his son's head rose and stood
Godlike Achilles' mighty shade, in form
As when he lived, the Trojans' bane, the joy
Of Greeks, and kissed his neck and flashing eyes
Lovingly, and spake comfortable words:
"All hail, my son! Vex not thine heart with grief
For thy dead sire; for with the Blessed Gods
Now at the feast I sit. Refrain thy soul
From sorrow, and plant my strength within thy
mind.

Be foremost of the Argives ever; yield
To none in valour, but in council bow
Before thine elders: so shall all acclaim
Thy courtesy. Honour princely men and wise;
For the true man is still the true man's friend,
Even as the vile man cleaveth to the knave.
If good thy thought be, good shall be thy deeds:
But no man shall attain to Honour's height,
Except his heart be right within: her stem
Is hard to climb, and high in heaven spread
Her branches: only they whom strength and toil
Attend, strain up to pluck her blissful fruit,
Climbing the Tree of Honour glory-crowned.
Thou therefore follow fame, and let thy soul
Be not in sorrow afflicted overmuch,
Nor in prosperity over-glad. To friends,
To comrades, child and wife, be kindly of heart,
Remembering still that near to all men stand

οὐλομένοιο μόροιο πύλαι καὶ δώματα νεκρῶν·
 ἀνδρῶν γὰρ γένος ἐστὶν ὁμοίον ἄνθεσι ποίης,
 ἄνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖσι· τὰ μὲν φθινύθει, τὰ δ' ἀέξει·
 τοῦνεκα μείλιχος ἔσσο. καὶ Ἀργείοισιν ἔνισπε
 Ἀτρείδῃ δὲ μάλιστ' Ἀγαμέμνονι, εἴ γέ τι θυμῷ 210
 μέμνηθ', ὅσ' ἐμόγησα περὶ Πριάμοιο πόλῃα,
 ἦδ' ὅσα ληισάμην πρὶν Τρώιον οὐδας ἰκέσθαι,
 τῷ μοι νῦν ποτὶ τύμβον ἐελδομένῳ περ ἀγόντων¹
 ληίδος ἐκ Πριάμοιο Πολυξείηνην εὐπεπλον

* * * * *

ὄφρα θοῶς ῥέξωσιν, ἐπεὶ σφισι χῶομαι ἔμπης 215
 μάλλον ἔτ' ἢ τὸ πάρος Βρισηίδος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'
 οἶδμα

κινήσω πόντοιο, βαλῶ δ' ἐπὶ χεῖματι χεῖμα,
 ὄφρα καταφθινύθοντες ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ἤῃσι
 μίμνωσ' ἐνθάδε πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον, εἰσόκ' ἔμοιγε
 λοιβὰς ἀμφιχέωνται ἐελδόμενοι μέγα νόστου· 220
 αὐτὴν δ' εἴ κ' ἐθέλωσιν, ἐπὴν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλονται,
 κούρην ταρχύσασθαι ἀπόπροθεν οὔτι μεγαίρω.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπόρουσε θεῶν ἐναλίγκιος αὐρῇ
 αἶψα δ' ἐς Ἠλύσιον πεδίον κίεν, ἦχι τέτυκται
 οὐρανοῦ ἐξ ὑπάτοιο καταιβασίῃ τ' ἀνοδός τε 225
 ἀθανάτοισ μακάρεσσιν· ὁ δ', ὀππότε μιν λίπεν
 ὕπνος,

μνήσατο πατρὸς ἑοῖο· νόος δὲ οἱ ἦνς ἰάνθη.

Ἄλλ' ὅτ' ἐς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἀνήιεν Ἥριγένεια
 νύκτα διασκεδάσασα, φάνη δ' ἄρα γαῖα καὶ
 αἰθήρ,

δὴ τότε Ἀχαιῶν υἱες ἀπὲκ λεχέων ἀνόρουσαν 230
 ἰέμενοι νόστοιο, νέας δ' ἐς βένθεα πόντου
 εἰλκον καυχάλοωντες ἀνὰ φρένας, εἰ μὴ ἄρ' αὐτοὺς
 ἐσσυμένους κατέρυκεν Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμος υἱός,

¹ Zimmermann, for κατὰ θυμὸν ἐελδ. περὶ πάντων of ν.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

The gates of doom, the mansions of the dead :
For humankind are like the flower of grass,
The blossom of spring ; these fade the while those
bloom :

Therefore be ever kindly with thy kind.
Now to the Argives say—to Atreus' son
Agamemnon chiefly—if my battle-toil
Round Priam's walls, and those sea-raids I led
Or ever I set foot on Trojan land,
Be in their hearts remembered, to my tomb
Be Priam's daughter Polyxeina led—
Whom as my portion of the spoil I claim—
And sacrificed thereon : else shall my wrath
Against them more than for Briseis burn.
The waves of the great deep will I turmoil
To bar their way, upstirring storm on storm,
That through their own mad folly pining away
Here they may linger long, until to me
They pour drink-offerings, yearning sore for home.
But, when they have slain the maiden, I grudge not
That whoso will may bury her far from me."

Then as a wind-breath swift he fled thence,
And came to the Elysian Plain, whereto
A path to heaven reacheth, for the feet
Ascending and descending of the Blest.
Then the son started up from sleep, and called
His sire to mind, and glowed the heart in him.

When to wide heaven the Child of Mist uprose,
Scattering night, unveiling earth and air,
Then from their rest upsprang Achaea's sons
Yearning for home. With laughter 'gan they hale
Down to the sea the keels : but lo, their haste
Was reined in by Achilles' mighty son :

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

εἰς ἀγορὴν τ' ἐκάλεσσε καὶ ἔκφατο πατρὸς ἐφετμήν·
 “ κέκλυτέ μεν, φίλα τέκνα μενεπτολέμων Ἀρ-
 γείων,

235

πατρὸς ἐφημοσύνην ἐρικυδέος, ἣν μοι εἴσπε
 χθιζὸς ἐνὶ λεχέεσσι διὰ κνέφας ὑπνώοντι·
 φῆ γὰρ αἰεγενέεσσι μετέμμεναι ἀθανάτοισιν·
 ἠνώγει δ' ὑμέας τε καὶ Ἀτρείδην βασιλῆα,
 ὄφρα οἱ ἐκ πολέμοιο γέρας περικαλλῆς ἄγοιτε¹ 240
 τύμβον ἐπ' εὐρώεντα Πολυξείην εὐπεπλον·
 καὶ μιν ἔφη ῥέξαντας ἀπόπροθι ταρχύσασθαι·
 εἰ δέ οἱ οὐκ ἀλέγοντες ἐπιπλώοιτε θάλασσαν,
 ἠπείλει κατὰ πόντον ἐναντία κύματ' αἰείρας
 λαὸν ὁμῶς νήεσσι πολὺν χρόνον ἐνθάδ' ἐρύξειν.” 245

“Ὡς φαμένου πείθοντο, καὶ ὡς θεῶ εὐχετόωντο·
 καὶ γὰρ δὴ κατὰ βένθος ἀέξετο κύμα θυέλλη
 εὐρύτερον καὶ μᾶλλον ἐπήτριμον, ἢ πάρος ἦεν,
 μαινομένου ἀνέμοιο· μέγας δ' ὀροθύνητο πόντος
 χερσὶ Ποσειδάωνος· ὁ γὰρ κρατερῶ Ἀχιλῆϊ 250
 ἦρα φέρεν· πᾶσαι δὲ θεῶς ἐνόρουσαν ἄελλαι
 ἐς πέλαγος· Δαναοὶ δὲ μέγ' εὐχόμενοι Ἀχιλῆϊ
 πάντες ὁμῶς μάλα τοῖα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ὀαρίζον·
 “ ἀτρεκέως γενεῇ μεγάλου Διὸς ἦεν Ἀχιλλεύς·
 τῷ καὶ νῦν θεὸς ἐστί, καὶ εἰ πάρος ἔσκε μεθ'
 ἡμῖν” 255

οὐ γὰρ ἀμαλδύνει μακάρων γένος ἄμβροτος αἰών.”
 “Ὡς φάμενοι ποτὶ τύμβον Ἀχιλλέος ἀπονέοντο·
 τὴν δ' ἄγον, ἠὔτε πόρτιν ἐς ἀθανάτοιο θηγλὰς
 μητρὸς ἀπειρύσαντες ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι βοτῆρες,
 ἢ δ' ἄρα μακρὰ βοῶσα κινύρεται ἀχνυμένη κῆρ· 260
 ὡς τῆμος Πριάμοιο πᾶϊς περικωκύεσκε
 δυσμενέων ἐν χερσίν· ἄδην δέ οἱ ἔκχυτο δάκρυ·
 ὡς δ' ὅποτε βριαρῶ ὑπὸ χέρματι καρπὸς ἐλαίτης

¹ Zimmermann, for ἔροιτε of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

He assembled them, and told his sire's behest :
" Harken, dear sons of Argives battle-staunch,
To this my glorious father's hest, to me
Spoken in darkness slumbering on my bed :
He saith, he dwells with the Immortal Gods :
He biddeth you and Atreus' son the king
To bring, as his war-guerdon passing-fair,
To his dim dark tomb Polyxeina queenly-robed,
To slay her there, but far thence bury her.
But if ye slight him, and essay to sail
The sea, he threateneth to stir up the waves
To bar your path upon the deep, and here
Storm-bound long time to hold you, ships and men."

Then hearkened they, and as to a God they
prayed ;

For even now a storm-blast on the sea
Upheaved the waves, broad-backed and thronging
fast

More than before beneath the madding wind.
Tossed the great deep, smit by Poseidon's hands
For a grace to strong Achilles. All the winds
Swooped on the waters. Prayed the Dardans all
To Achilles, and a man to his fellow cried :
" Great Zeus's seed Achilles verily was ;
Therefore is he a God, who in days past
Dwelt among us ; for lapse of dateless time
Makes not the sons of Heaven to fade away."

Then to Achilles' tomb the host returned,
And led the maid, as calf by herdmen dragged
For sacrifice, from woodland pastures torn
From its mother's side, and lowing long and loud
It moans with anguished heart ; so Priam's child
Wailed in the hands of foeæ. Down streamed her
tears

As when beneath the heavy sacks of sand

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

οὐπω χειμερίησι μελαινόμενος ψεκάδεσσι
 χεύη πολλὸν ἄλειφα, περιτρίζωσι δὲ μακρὰ 265
 ἄρμεν' ὑπὸ σπάρτοισι βιαζομένων αἰζηῶν·
 ὧς ἄρα καὶ Πριάμοιο πολυτλήτοιο θυγατρὸς
 ἔλκομένης ποτὶ τύμβον ἀμειλίκτου Ἀχιλλῆος
 αἰνὸν ὁμῶς στοναχῆσι κατὰ βλεφάρων ῥέε δάκρυ·
 καὶ οἱ κόλπος ἔνερθεν ἐπλήθετο· δεύετο δὲ χρῶς 270
 ἀτρεκέως ἀτάλαντος εὐκτεάνῳ ἐλέφαντι.

Καὶ τότε λευγαλέοις ἐπὶ πένθεσι κύντερον
 ἄλγος

τλήμονος ἐς κραδίην Ἐκάβης πέσεν· ἐν δὲ οἱ ἦτορ
 μνήσατ' οἴζυροῖο καὶ ἀλγινόεντος ὄνειρου,
 τὸν ῥ' ἴδεν ὑπνώουσα παροιχομένη ἐνὶ νυκτί· 275

ἦ γὰρ οἶετο τύμβον ἔπ' ἀντιθέου Ἀχιλλῆος
 ἐστάμεναι γοώουσα, κόμαι δὲ οἱ ἄχρῖς ἐπ' οὐδας
 ἐκ κεφαλῆς ἐκέχυντο, καὶ ἀμφοτέρων ἀπὸ μαζῶν
 ἔρρεε φοῖνιον αἷμα ποτὶ χθόνα, δεῦτε δὲ σῆμα·
 τοῦ πέρι δειμαίνουσα καὶ ὄσσομένη μέγα πῆμα 280
 οἰκτρὸν ἀνοιμώζεσκε, γόφῳ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν αὐτεῖ·

εὔτε κύων προπάροιθε κινυρομένη μεγάραιο
 μακρὸν ὑλαγμὸν ἦσι, νέον σπαραγεῦσα γάλακτι,
 τῆς ἄπο νήπια τέκνα πάρος φάος εἰσοράσθαι
 νόσφι βάλωσιν ἀνακτες ἔλωρ ἔμεν οἰωνοῖσιν, 285

ἦ δ' οὔτε μὲν θ' ὑλακῆσι κινύρεται, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε
 ὠρυθμῶ, στυγερῇ δὲ δι' ἠέρος ἔσσυτ' αὐτῆ
 ὡς Ἐκάβη γοώουσα μέγ' ἴαχεν ἀμφὶ θυγατρὶ·
 “ὦ μοι ἐγώ, τί νυ πρῶτα, τί δ' ὕστατον ἀχρυσμένη
 κῆρ

κωκύσω πολέεσσι περιπλήθουσα κακοῖσιν, 290
 νίεας ἢ πόσιν αἰνὰ καὶ οὐκ ἐπίελπτα παθόντας,
 ἢ πόλιν ἢ θύγατρας ἀεικέας, ἢ ἔμὸν αὐτῆς
 ἦμαρ ἀναγκαῖον καὶ δούλιον; οὐνεκα Κῆρες
 σμερδαλέαι πολέεσσί μ' ἐνειλήσαντο κακοῖσι.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Olives clear-skinned, ne'er blotched by drops of storm,

Pour out their oil, when the long levers creak
As strong men strain the cords; so poured the tears

Of travail-burdened Priam's daughter, haled
To stern Achilles' tomb, tears blent with moans.
Drenched were her bosom-folds, glistened the drops
On flesh clear-white as costly ivory.

Then, to crown all her griefs, yet sharper pain
Fell on the heart of hapless Hecuba.

Then did her soul recall that awful dream,
The vision of sleep of that night overpast:

Herseemed that on Achilles' tomb she stood
Moaning, her hair down-streaming to the ground,
And from her breasts blood dripped to earth the while,

And drenched the tomb. Fear-haunted touching this,

Foreboding all calamity, she wailed
Piteously; far rang her wild lament.

As a dog moaning at her master's door,

Utters long howls, her teats with milk distent,
Whose whelps, ere their eyes opened to the light,

Her lords afar have flung, a prey to kites;

And now with short sharp cries she plains, and now

Long howling: the weird outcry thrills the air;

So wailed and shrieked for her child Hecuba:

"Ah me! what sorrows first or last shall I

Lament heart-anguished, who am full of woes?

Those unimagined ills my sons, my king

Have suffered?—or my city, or daughters shamed?—

Or my despair, my day of slavery?

Oh, the grim fates have caught me in a net

Of manifold ills! O child, they have spun for thee

τέκνον ἔμόν, σοὶ δ' αἰνὰ καὶ οὐκ ἐπίελπτα καὶ
αὐτῇ 295

ἄλγε' ἐπεκλώσαντο· γάμου δ' ἄπο νόσφι βάλοντο
ἐγγυὺς εἴονθ' Ἑμναίον, ἐπεκρήναντο δ' ὄλεθρον
ἄσχετον ἀργαλέον τε καὶ οὐ φατόν· ἦ γὰρ Ἀχιλ-
λεὺς

καὶ νέκυς ἡμετέρῳ ἔτ' ἰαίνεται αἵματι θυμόν·
ὥς μ' ὄφελον μετὰ σείῳ, φίλον τέκος, ἤματι τῷδε 300
γαῖα χανοῦσα κάλυψε, πάρος σέο πότμον
ιδέσθαι."

"Ὡς φαμένης ἄλληκτα κατὰ βλεφάρουιν ἔχυντο
δάκρυα· λευγαλέον γὰρ ἔχεν μετὰ πένθεσι πένθος.
οἱ δ' ὅτ' ἔβαν ποτὶ τύμβον Ἀχιλλῆος ζαθέιο,
δὴ τότε οἱ φίλος υἱὸς ἐρυσσάμενος θοὸν ἄορ 305
σκαῖῃ μὲν κούρην κατερήτυε, δεξιτερῇ δὲ
τύμβῳ ἐπιψάων τοῖον ποτὶ μῦθον εἶπε·
"κλύθι, πάτερ, σέο παιδὸς ἐπευχομένοιο καὶ
ἄλλων

Ἀργείων, μηδ' ἡμῖν ἔτ' ἀργαλέως χαλέπαινε·
ἤδη γάρ τοι πάντα τελέσσομεν, ὅσσα μενοιῶς 310
σῆσιν ἐνὶ πραπίδεσσι· σὺ δ' ἴλαος ἄμμι γένοιο
τεύξας εὐχομένοισι θοῶς θυμηδέα νόστον."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν κούρης διὰ λοίγιον ἤλασεν ἄορ
λευκανίης· τὴν δ' αἰψα λίπεν πολυήρατος αἰὼν
οἰκτρὸν ἀνοιμῶξασαν ἐφ' ὑστατὴ βιότοιο· 315
καὶ ῥ' ἦ μὲν πρηνῆς χαμάδις πέσσε· τῆς δ' ὑπὸ
δειρῇ

φοινίχθη περὶ πάντα, χιὼν ὥς, ἦ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν
ἠ συὸς ἠ ἄρκοιο κατουταμένης ὑπ' ἄκουτι
αἵματι πορφυρόεντι θοῶς ἐρυθθαίνεθ' ὑπερθεν.
Ἀργεῖοι δέ μιν αἰψα δόσαν ποτὶ ἄστῳ φέρεσθαι 320
ἐς δόμον ἀντιθέου Ἀντήνορος, οὐνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῆν
κεῖνον ἐνὶ Τρώεσσιν ἐφ' πάρος νιείε δίῳ
Εὐρυμάχῳ ἀτίταλλεν ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἄκοιτιν.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Dread weird of unimagined misery !
They have thrust thee away, when near was Hymen's
hymn,

From thine espousals, marked thee for destruction
Dark, unendurable, unspeakable !
For lo, a dead man's heart, Achilles' heart,
Is by our blood made warm with life to-day !
O child, dear child, that I might die with thee,
That earth might swallow me, ere I see thy doom !”

So cried she, weeping never-ceasing tears,
For grief on bitter grief encompassed her.
But when these reached divine Achilles' tomb,
Then did his son unsheathe the whetted sword,
His left hand grasped the maid, and his right hand
Was laid upon the tomb, and thus he cried :
“Hear, father, thy son's prayer, hear all the prayers
Of Argives, and be no more wroth with us !
Lo, unto thee now all thine heart's desire
Will we fulfil. Be gracious to us thou,
And to our praying grant sweet home-return.”

Into the maid's throat then he plunged the blade
Of death : the dear life straightway sobbed she
forth,

With the last piteous moan of parting breath.
Face-downward to the earth she fell : all round
Her flesh was crimsoned from her neck, as snow
Stained on a mountain-side with scarlet blood
Rushing from javelin-smitten boar or bear.
The maiden's corpse then gave they, to be borne
Unto the city, to Antenor's home,
For that, when Troy yet stood, he nurtured her
In his fair halls, a bride for his own son
Eurymachus. The old man buried her,

ὃς δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν τάρχυνσε κλυτὴν Πριάμοιο θυγάτρα
 ἐγγὺς εἴοιο δόμοιο, παραὶ Γανυμήδεος ἱρῶ 325
 σήματι¹ καὶ νηοῖο καταντίον Ἀτρυτώνης,
 δὴ τότε παύσατο κύμα, κατευνήθη δὲ θύελλα
 σμερδαλέη, καὶ χεῦμα κατεπρήνυε γαλήνη.

Οἱ δὲ θεῶς ἐπὶ νῆας ἔβαν μέγα καρχαλόωντες
 μέλποντες μακάρων ἱερὸν γένος ἠδ' Ἀχιλλῆα. 330
 αἴψα δὲ δαίτ' ἐπάσαντο βοῶν ἀπὸ μῆρα ταμόντες
 ἀθανάτοις· ἐρατὴ δὲ θυηπολίη πέλε πάντη·
 οἱ δέ που ἀργυρέοισι καὶ ἐν χρυσείοισι κυπέλλοις
 πῖνον ἀφυσσάμενοι λαρὸν μέθυ· γήθεε δέ σφι
 θυμὸς ἐελδομένων σφετέρην ἐπὶ γαίαν ἰκέσθαι. 335
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δόρποιο καὶ εἰλαπίνης κορέσαντο,
 δὴ τότε Νηλέος υἱὸς ἐελδομένοισιν ἔειπεν·
 “κλύτε, φίλοι, πολέμοιο μακρὴν προφυγόντες
 ὀμοκλήν,

ὄφρα ληαιομένοισιν ἔπος θυμῆρες ἐνίσπω·
 ἤδη γὰρ νόστοιο πέλει θυμηδέος ὄρη· 340
 ἀλλ' ἴομεν· δὴ γάρ που Ἀχιλλέος ὄβριμον ἦτορ
 παύσατ' οἴζυροῖο χόλου· κατέρυξε δὲ κύμα
 ὄβριμον Ἐννοσίγαιος· ἐπιπνεῖουσι δ' ἀῆται
 μέλιχοι· οὐδ' ἔτι κύμα κορύσσεται· ἀλλ' ἄγε
 νῆας

εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμ' ἐρύσαντες ἀναμνησώμεθα νόστου.” 345
 Ὡς φάτ' ἐελδομένοισι· οἱ δ' ἐς πλόον ἐντύνοντο,
 ἔνθα τέρας θηητὸν ἐπιχθονίοισι φαάνθη,
 οὐνεκα δὴ Πριάμοιο δάμαρ πολυδακρύτοιο
 ἐκ βροτοῦ ἀλγινόεσσα κύων γένετ'· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
 θάμβευο ἀγρόμενοι· τῆς δ' ἄψα λαίνα πάντα 350
 θῆκε θεός, μέγα θαῦμα καὶ ἔσσομένοισι βροτοῖσι·
 καὶ τὴν μὲν Κάλχαντος ὑπ' ἐννεσίησιν Ἀχαιοὶ
 νηὸς ἐπ' ὠκυπόροιο πέραν θέσαν Ἑλλησπόντου.
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἄρα νῆας ἔσω ἀλὸς εἰρύσαντες

¹ Zimmermann, for ἱρὰ δῶματα of MS.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

King Priam's princess-child, nigh his own house,
By Ganymedes' shrine, and overagainst
The temple of Pallas the Unwearied One.
Then were the waves stilled, and the blast was
hushed

To sleep, and all the sea-flood lulled to calm.

Swift with glad laughter hied they to the ships,
Hymning Achilles and the Blessèd Ones.
A feast they made, first severing thighs of kine
For the Immortals. Gladsome sacrifice
Steamed on all sides: in cups of silver and gold
They drank sweet wine: their hearts leaped up with
hope

Of winning to their fatherland again.

But when with meats and wine all these were filled,
Then in their eager ears spake Neleus' son:

"Hear, friends, who have 'scaped the long turmoil
of war,

That I may say to you one welcome word:
Now is the hour of heart's delight, the hour
Of home-return. Away! Achilles soul
Hath ceased from ruinous wrath; Earth-shaker stills
The stormy wave, and gentle breezes blow;
No more the waves toss high. Haste, hale the ships
Down to the sea. Now, ho for home-return!"

Eager they heard, and ready made the ships.
Then was a marvellous portent seen of men;
For all-unhappy Priam's queen was changed
From woman's form into a pitiful hound;
And all men gathered round in wondering awe.
Then all her body a God transformed to stone—
A mighty marvel for men yet unborn!
At Calchas' bidding this the Achaeans bore
In a swift ship to Hellespont's far side.
Then down to the sea in haste they ran the keels:

κτῆματα πάντ' ἐβάλονθ', ὀπός' Ἴλιον εἰσανι-
όντες

355

ληίσαντο πάροιθε περικτίονας δαμάσαντες,
ἦδ' ὀπός' ἐξ αὐτῆς ἄγον Ἴλιου, οἷσι μάλιστα
γῆθεον, οὐνεκ' ἔσαν μάλα μυρία· τοῖς δ' ἅμα
πολλαὶ

ληιάδες συνέποντο μάλ' ἀχνύμεναι κατὰ θυμόν·
αὐτοὶ δ' ἐντὸς ἴκοντο νεῶν. ἀλλ' οὐ σφίσι

Κάλχας

360

ἔσπετ' ἐπειγομένοισιν ἔσω ἄλός, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἄλλους
'Αργείους κατέρυκε· Καφηρίσι γὰρ περὶ πέτρης
δεΐδιεν αἰνὸν ὄλεθρον ἐπεσσύμενον Δαναοῖσιν.

οἱ δέ οἱ οὔτι πίθοντο· παρήπαφε γὰρ νόον ἀνδρῶν
Αἷσα κακῆ· μῦθος δὲ θεοπροπίας εὐ εἰδὼς

365

'Αμφίλοχος, θεὸς υἱὸς ἀμύμονος Ἀμφιαράου,
μῖμνεν ὁμῶς Κάλχαντι περιφρονι· τοῖσι γὰρ ἦεν
αἴσιμον ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐῆς ἀπὸ τηλόθι γαίης
Παμφύλων Κιλικῶν τε ποτὶ πτολίεθρα νέεσθαι.

'Αλλὰ τὰ μὲν μετόπισθε θεοὶ θέσαν· αὐτὰρ

'Αχαιοὶ

370

νηῶν πείσματ' ἔλυσαν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἠδὲ καὶ εὐνὰς
ἔσσυμένως ἀνάειραν· ἐπίαχε δ' Ἑλλήσποντος
σπερχομένων· νῆες δὲ περικλύζοντο θαλάσση·

ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφίσι πολλὰ περὶ πρόρησιν ἔκειντο
εὐντὲ' ἀποκταμένων· καθύπερθε δὲ σήματα νίκης

375

μυρὶ' ἀπηώρηντο· κατεστέψαντο δὲ νῆας
καὶ κεφαλὰς καὶ δοῦρα καὶ ἀσπίδας, οἷσι μάχοντο

ἀντία δυσμενέων· ἀπὸ δὲ πρόρηθεν ἀνακτες
εἰς ἄλα κυανέην λείβον μέθην πολλὰ θεοῖσιν

εὐχόμενοι μακάρεσσιν ἀκηδέα νόστον ὀπάσσαι·
εὐχῶλαι δ' ἀνέμοισι μίγην καὶ ἀπόπροθι νηῶν

380

μαψιδίως νεφέεσσι καὶ ἠέρι συμφορέοντο.

Αἱ δ' ἄρα παπταίνεσκον ἐς Ἴλιον ἀχνύμεναι κῆρ
ληιάδες· καὶ πολλὰ κινυρόμεναι γοάασκον

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Their wealth they laid aboard, even all the spoil
Taken, or ever unto Troy they came,
From conquered neighbour peoples; therewithal
Whatso they took from Ilium, wherein most
They joyed, for untold was the sum thereof.
And followed with them many a captive maid
With anguished heart: so went they aboard the ships.
But Calchas would not with that eager host
Launch forth; yea, he had fain withheld therefrom
All the Achaeans, for his prophet-soul
Foreboded dread destruction looming o'er
The Argives by the Rocks Capherean.
But naught they heeded him; malignant Fate
Deluded men's souls: only Amphilochous
The wise in prophet-lore, the gallant son
Of princely Amphiarous, stayed with him.
Fated were these twain, far from their own land,
To reach Pamphylian and Cilician burgs;
And this the Gods thereafter brought to pass.

But now the Achaeans cast the hawsers loose
From shore: in haste they heaved the anchor-stones.
Roared Hellespont beneath swift-flashing oars;
Crashed the prows through the sea. About the bows
Much armour of slain foes was lying heaped:
Along the bulwarks victory-trophies hung
Countless. With garlands wreathed they all the ships,
Their heads, the spears, the shields wherewith they
had fought

Against their foes. The chiefs stood on the prows,
And poured into the dark sea once and again
Wine to the Gods, to grant them safe return.
But with the winds their prayers mixed; far away
Vainly they floated blent with cloud and air.

With anguished hearts the captive maids looked
back
On Ilium, and with sobs and moans they wailed,

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

κρύβδην Ἀργείων μέγ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πένθος ἔχουσαι· 385
καὶ ῥ' αἱ μὲν περὶ γούνατ' ἔχον χέρας· αἱ δὲ
μέτωπα

χερσὶν ἐπηρείδοντο δυσάμμορι· αἱ δ' ἄρα τέκνα¹
ἄμφεχον ἀγκοίνησι· τὰ δ' οὐπω δούλιον ἦμαρ
ἔστενον οὐδὲ πάτρης ἐπὶ πῆμασιν, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μαζῶ
θυμὸν ἔχον· κηδέων γὰρ ἀπόπροθι νήπιον ἦτορ.
πάσησιν δ' ἐλέλυτο κόμαι καὶ στήθεα λυγρὰ 390
ἄμφ' οὐνύχεσσι δέδρυπτο· παρειῆσιν δ' ἐπὶ δάκρυ
αὐαλέον περικεῖτο, κατείβετο δ' ἄλλ' ἐφύπερθε
πυκνὸν ἀπὸ βλεφάρων· δέρκοντο δὲ τλήμονα
πάτρην

αἰθομένην ἔτι πάγχυ, πολὺν δ' ἀνὰ καπνὸν ἴοντα·
ἀμφὶ δὲ Κασσάνδρην περικυδέα παπταίνουσαι 395
πᾶσαι μιν θηεῦντο θεοπροπίης ἀλεγεινῆς
μνωόμεναι· ἢ δὲ σφιν ἐπεγγελάασκε γούσαις,
καίπερ ἀκηχεμένη στυγεροῖς ἐπὶ πῆμασι πάτρης.

Τρώων δ' ὅσσοι ἄλυξαν ἀνηλέος ἐκ πολέμοιο,
ἀγρόμενοι κατὰ ἄστυ περὶ νέκυας πονέοντο 400
θαπτέμεναι μεμαῶτες· ἄγεν δ' ἀλεγεινὸν ἐς ἔργον
'Αυτήνωρ· αὐτὴν δὲ πυρὴν πολέεσσι τίθεντο.

'Αργεῖοι δ' ἄλληκτον ἐνὶ φρεσὶ καγχαλόωντες
ἄλλοτε μὲν κόπησι διέπρησσον μέλαν ὕδωρ,
ἄλλοτε δ' ἰστία νηυσὶ μεμαῶτες ἐντύνοντο 405
ἐσσυμένως· ὀπίσω δὲ θοῶς ἀπελείπετο πᾶσα
Δαρδανίη καὶ τύμβος Ἀχιλλέος· οἱ δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν
καίπερ ἰαινώμενοι κταμένων μνησθέντες ἐταίρων
ἀργαλέως ἀκάχοντο καὶ ἄλλοδαπῶν ἐπὶ γαίαν
ὅσσε βάλον· ἢ δὲ σφιν ἐφαίνετο τηλόθι νηῶν 410
χαζομένη· τοὶ δ' αἶψα παρ' ἀγχιάλιοι φέροντο
ῥηγιμίνας Τενέδοιο· παρημείβοντο δὲ Χρῦσαν
καὶ Φοῖβον Σμινθήος ἔδος ζαθέοιό τε Κίλλης·

¹ Verse supplied by Zimmerman, ex P.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Striving to hide their grief from Argive eyes.
Clasping their knees some sat; in misery some
Veiled with their hands their faces; others nursed
Young children in their arms: those innocents
Not yet bewailed their day of bondage, nor
Their country's ruin; all their thoughts were set
On comfort of the breast, for the babe's heart
Hath none affinity with sorrow. All
Sat with unbraided hair and pitiful breasts
Scored with their fingers. On their cheeks there lay
Stains of dried tears, and streamed thereover now
Fresh tears full fast, as still they gazed aback
On the lost hapless home, wherefrom yet rose
The flames, and o'er it writhed the rolling smoke.
Now on Cassandra marvelling they gazed,
Calling to mind her prophecy of doom;
But at their tears she laughed in bitter scorn,
In anguish for the ruin of her land.

Such Trojans as had 'scaped from pitiless war
Gathered to render now the burial-dues
Unto their city's slain. Antenor led
To that sad work: one pyre for all they raised.

But laughed with triumphing hearts the Argive
men,

As now with oars they swept o'er dark sea-ways,
Now hastily hoised the sails high o'er the ships,
And fleted fast astern Dardania-land,
And Hero Achilles' tomb. But now their hearts,
How blithe soe'er, remembered comrades slain,
And sorely grieved, and wistfully they looked
Back to the alien's land; it seemed to them
Aye sliding farther from their ships. Full soon
By Tenedos' beaches slipt they: now they ran
By Chrysa, Sminthian Phoebus' holy place,
And hallowed Cilla. Far away were glimpsed

Λέσβος δ' ἠνεμόεσσ' ἀνεφαίνετο· κάμπτετο δ'
 ἄκρη
 ἔσσυμένως Λεκτοῖο, τόθι ῥίον ὕστατον Ἰδης. 415
 λαίφεια δὲ πρησθέντα περίαχεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πρῶραις
 ἔβραχεν οἴδμα κελαιόν· ἐπεσκιόωντο δὲ μακρὰ
 κύματα· λευκαίνοντο δ' ὑπὲρ πόντοιο κέλευθοι.

Καὶ νῦ κεν Ἀργεῖοι κίον Ἑλλάδος ἱερὸν οὐδας
 πάντες ἄλως κατὰ βένθος ἀκηδέες, εἰ μὴ ἄρα σφι 420
 κούρη ἐριγδούποιο Διὸς νεμέσησεν Ἀθήνη·
 καὶ ῥ' ὀπότην Εὐβοίης σχεδὸν ἤλυθον ἠνεμόεσσης,
 δὴ τότε μητιόωσα βαρὺν καὶ ἀνηλέα πότμον
 ἀμφὶ Δοκρῶν βασιλῆι καὶ ἄσχετον ἀσχαλώωσα
 Ζηνὶ θεῶν μεδέοντι παρισταμένη φάτο μῦθον 425
 ἀθανάτων ἀπάνευθε· χόλον δέ οἱ οὐ χάδε θυμός·
 “Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτὰ θεοῖς ἐπιμηχανώνονται
 ἀνέρες, οὐκ ἀλέγοντες ἀνὰ φρένας οὔτε σεῦ αὐτοῦ
 οὔτ' ἄλλων μακάρων, ἐπεὶ ἦ τίσις οὐκέτ' ὀπηδεῖ
 ἀνδράσι ληνγαλέοισι, κακοῦ δ' ἄρα πολλάκις
 ἔσθλος 430

συμφέρετ' ἄλγεσι μᾶλλον, ἔχει δ' ἄλληκτον οἴζυν·
 ποῦνεκ' ἄρ' οὔτε δίκην τις ἔθ' ἄζεται, οὐδέ τις
 αἰδῶς
 ἔστι παρ' ἀνθρώποισιν· ἔγωγε μὲν οὔτ' ἐν
 Ὀλύμπῳ

ἔσσομαι, οὔτ' ἔτι σεῖο κεκλήσομαι, εἰ μὴ Ἀχαιῶν
 τίσομ' ἀτασθαλίην, ἐπεὶ ἦ νῦ μοι ἔνδοθι νηοῦ 435
 υἱὸς Οἴληος μέγ' ἐνήλιτεν, οὐδ' ἐλέαιρε
 Κασσάνδρην ὀρέγουσαν ἀκηδέας εἰς ἐμὲ χεῖρας
 πολλάκις, οὐδ' ὃ γ' ἔδεισεν ἐμὸν μένος, οὐδέ τι
 θυμῷ

ἠδέσατ' ἀθανάτην, ἀλλ' ἄσχετον ἔργον ἔρεξε.
 τῷ νῦ μοι ἀμβροσίησι περὶ φρεσὶ μὴ τι μεγίστης 440
 ῥέξαι, ὅπως μοι θυμὸς ἐέλδεται, ὄφρα καὶ ἄλλοι
 αἰζηοὶ τρομέωσι θεῶν ἀρίδηλον ὀμοκλήν.”

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

The windy heights of Lesbos. Rounded now
Was Lecton's foreland, where is the last peak
Of Ida. In the sails loud hummed the wind,
Crashed round the prows the dark surge: the long
waves

Showed shadowy hollows, far the white wake gleamed.

Now had the Argives all to the hallowed soil
Of Hellas won, by perils of the deep
Unscathed, but for Athena Daughter of Zeus
The Thunderer, and her indignation's wrath.
When nigh Euboea's windy heights they drew,
She rose, in anger unappeasable
Against the Locrian king, devising doom
Crushing and pitiless, and drew nigh to Zeus
Lord of the Gods, and spake to him apart
In wrath that in her breast would not be pent:
"Zeus, Father, unendurable of Gods
Is men's presumption! They reckon not of thee,
Of none of the Blessèd reckon they, forasmuch
As vengeance followeth after sin no more;
And oftentimes more afflicted are good men
Than evil, and their misery hath no end.
Therefore no man regardeth justice: shame
Lives not with men! And I, I will not dwell
Hereafter in Olympus, not be named
Thy daughter, if I may not be avenged
On the Achaeans' reckless sin! Behold,
Within my very temple Oileus' son
Hath wrought iniquity, hath pitied not
Cassandra stretching unregarded hands
Once and again to me; nor did he dread
My might, nor revered in his wicked heart
The Immortal, but a deed intolerable
He did. Therefore let not thy spirit divine
Begrudge mine heart's desire, that so all men
May quake before the manifest wrath of Gods."

Ἦς φαμένην προσέειπε πατὴρ ἀγανοῖς ἐπέ-
 εσσιν·

“ὦ τέκος, οὔτι ἔγωγ’ ἀνθίσταμαι εἶνεκ’ Ἀχαιῶν,
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔντεα πάντα, τὰ μοι πάρος ἦρα φέ-
 ροντες

445

χερσὶν ὑπ’ ἀκαμάτησιν ἐτεκτῆναντο Κύκλωπες
 δῶσω ἐέλδομένη· σὺ δὲ σφ’ κρατερόφροσι θυμῷ
 αὐτῆ χεῖμ’ ἀλεγεινὸν ἐπ’ Ἀργείοισιν ὄρινον.”

Ἦς εἰπὼν στεροπὴν τε θοὴν ὀλοοῖν τε κεραυνὸν
 καὶ βροντὴν στονόεσσαν ἀταρβέος ἀγχόθι κούρης 450
 θήκατο· τῆς δ’ ἄρα θυμὸς ὑπὸ κραδίῃ μέγ’ ἰάνθη.
 αὐτίκα δ’ αἰγίδα θούριν ἐδύσατο παμφανόωσαν,
 ἄρρηκτον βριαρὴν τε καὶ ἀθανάτοισιν ἀγῆτην·
 ἐν γάρ οἱ πεπόνητο κάρη βλοσυροῖο Μεδούσης
 σμερδαλέον· κρατεροὶ δὲ καὶ ἀκαμάτου πυρὸς
 ὄρμην

455

λάβρον ἀποπνεύοντες ἔσαν καθύπερθε δράκοντες·
 ἔβραχε δ’ αἰγὶς ἅπασα περὶ στήθεσσι ἀνάσσης,
 οἶον ὅτε στεροπῆσιν ἐπιβρέμει ἄσπετος αἰθήρ.
 λάζετο δ’ ἔντεα πατρός, ἅπερ θεὸς οὔτις αἰερεῖ
 νόσφι Διὸς μεγάλοιο· τίναξε δὲ μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον· 460
 σὺν δ’ ἔχεεν νεφέλας τε καὶ ἠέρα πᾶσαν ὑπερθε-
 νύξ δ’ ἐχύθη περὶ γαῖαν, ἐπήχλυσεν δὲ θάλασσα·
 Ζεὺς δὲ μέγ’ εἰσορόων ἐπετέρπετο· κίνυτο δ’ εὐρὺς
 οὐρανὸς ἀμφὶ πόδεσσι θεῆς· περὶ δ’ ἔβραχεν αἰθήρ,
 ὡς Διὸς ἀκαμάτοιο ποτὶ κλόνον ἐμμεμαῶτος. 465
 ἢ δ’ ἄφαρ ἠερόεντος ὑπὲρ πόντοιο φέρεσθαι
 οὐρανόθεν προέηκεν ἐς Αἰόλον ἄμβροτον Ἴριν,
 ὄφρ’ ἀνέμους ἅμα πάντας ἐπιβρίσαντας ἰάλλη
 ἐλθέμεναι κραναοῖο Καφηρέος ἐγγύθεν ἄκρων¹
 νωλεμέως χριμφθέντας, ἀνοιδῆναί τε θάλασσαν, 470
 λευγαλέης ῥιπήσῃ μεμνηότας. ἢ δ’ αὖτοσα
 ἐσσυμένως οἴμησε περιγναμφθεῖσα νέφεσσι·

¹ Zimmermann, for ἔνθεν Ἀχαιῶν of MSS.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Answered the Sire with heart-assuaging words :
"Child, not for the Argives' sake withstand I
thee ;

But all mine armoury which the Cyclops' might
To win my favour wrought with tireless hands,
To thy desire I give. O strong heart, hurl
A ruining storm thyself on the Argive fleet."

Then down before the aweless Maid he cast
Swift lightning, thunder, and deadly thunderbolt ;
And her heart leapt, and gladdened was her soul.
She donned the stormy Aegis flashing far,
Adamantine, massy, a marvel to the Gods,
Whereon was wrought Medusa's ghastly head,
Fearful : strong serpents breathing forth the blast
Of ravening fire were on the face thereof.
Crashed on the Queen's breast all the Aegis-links,
As after lightning crashes the firmament.
Then grasped she her father's weapons, which
no God

Save Zeus can lift, and wide Olympus shook.
Then swept she clouds and mist together on high ;
Night over earth was poured, haze o'er the sea.
Zeus watched, and was right glad as broad heaven's
floor

Rocked 'neath the Goddess's feet, and crashed the
sky,

As though invincible Zeus rushed forth to war.
Then sped she Iris unto Aeolus,
From heaven far-flying over misty seas,
To bid him send forth all his buffeting winds
O'er iron-bound Caphereus' cliffs to sweep
Ceaselessly, and with ruin of madding blasts
To upheave the sea. And Iris heard, and swift
She darted, through cloud-billows plunging down—

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

φαίης κεν πῦρ ἔμμεν ἄμ' ἠέρι καὶ μέλαν ὕδωρ.
 ἴκετο δ' Αἰολίην, ἀνέμων ὅθι λάβρον ἀέντων
 ἄντρα πέλει στυφελῆσιν ἀρηράμεν' ἀμφὶ πέτρῃσι 475
 κοῖλα καὶ ἠχήμεντα· δόμοι δ' ἄγχιστα πέλονται
 Αἰόλου Ἴπποτάδαο. κίχεν δέ μιν ἔνδον ἔοντα
 σύν τ' ἀλόχῳ καὶ παισὶ δυνώδεκα· καὶ οἱ ἔειπεν,
 ὀππὸς' Ἀθηναίῃ Δαναῶν ἐπεμήδετο νόστω.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ γ' οὐκ ἀπίθησε, μολῶν δ' ἔκτοσθε μελά-
 θρων 480

χερσὶν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτησιν ὄρος μέγα τύψε τριαίνῃ,
 ἐνθ' ἀνεμοὶ κελαδευὰ δυσηχέες ἠὺλίζοντο
 ἐν κενεῷ κευθμῶνι· περίαχε δ' αἰὲν ἰωῇ
 βρυχομένη ἀλεγεινά· βίῃ δ' ἔρρηξε κολώνῃν.
 οἱ δ' ἄφαρ ἐξεχέοντο· κέλευσε δὲ πάντας ἐρεμνῆν 485
 λαίλαπα συμφορέοντας ἀήμεναι, ὄφρ' ἀλεγεινὸν
 ὄρνυμένης ἀλὸς οἶδμα Καφηρέος ἄκρα καλύψῃ.
 οἱ δὲ θοῶς ἄρρυντο πάρος βασιλῆος ἀκούσται
 πᾶν ἔπος· ἐσσυμένοισι δ' ἐπεστενάχιζε θάλασσα
 ἄσχετον ἠλιβάτοισι δ' εὐκότα κύματ' ὄρεσσιν 490
 ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα φέροντο. κατεκλάσθη δ' ἄρ'
 Ἀχαιῶν

θυμὸς ἐνὶ στέροισιν, ἐπεὶ νέας ἄλλοτε μὲν που
 ὑψηλὸν φέρε κύμα δι' ἠέρος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε
 οἶα κατὰ κρημοῖο κυλινδομένας φορέεσκε 495
 βυσσόν ἐς ἠερόεντα· βίῃ δὲ τις ἄσχετος αἰεὶ
 ψάμμοι ἀναβλύζεσκε διοιγομένοιο κλύδωνος.
 οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀμηχανίῃ βεβολημένοι οὐτ' ἐπ' ἐρετμῷ
 χεῖρα βαλεῖν ἐδύναντο τεθηπότες οὐτ' ἄρα λαίφῃ
 ἔσθονον ἀμφὶ κέρα λελημένοι εἰρύσσασθαι
 ῥηγνύμεν' ἐξ ἀνέμων, οὐδ' ἔμπαλιν ἰθύνασθαι 500
 ἐς πλόον· ἀργαλαί γὰρ ἐπεκλονέοντο θύελλαι·
 οὐδὲ κυβερνήτησι πέλεν μένος εἰσέτι νηῶν
 χερσὶν ἐπισταμένῃσι θοῶς οἰήια νωμῶν·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Thou hadst said: "Lo, in the sky dark water and
fire!"

And to Aeolia came she, isle of caves,
Of echoing dungeons of mad-raging winds
With rugged ribs of mountain overarched,
Whereby the mansion stands of Aeolus
Hippotas' son. Him found she therewithin
With wife and twelve sons; and she told to him
Athena's purpose toward the homeward-bound
Achaean. He denied her not, but passed
Forth of his halls, and in resistless hands
Upswung his trident, smiting the mountain-side
Within whose chasm-cell the wild winds dwelt
Tempestuously shrieking. Ever pealed
Weird roarings of their voices round its vaults.
Cleft by his might was the hill-side; forth they
poured.

He bade them on their wings bear blackest storm
To upheave the sea, and shroud Caphereus' heights.
Swiftly upsprang they, ere their king's command
Was fully spoken. Mightily moaned the sea
As they rushed o'er it; waves like mountain-cliffs
From all sides were uprolled. The Achaeans' hearts
Were terror-palsied, as the uptowering surge
Now swung the ships up high through palling mist,
Now hurled them rolled as down a precipice
To dark abysses. Up through yawning deeps
Some power resistless belched the boiling sand
From the sea's floor. Tossed in despair, fear-dazed,
Men could not grasp the oar, nor reef the sail
About the yard-arm, howsoever fain,
Ere the winds rent it, could not with the sheets
Trim the torn canvas, buffeted so were they
By ruining blasts. The helmsman had no power
To guide the rudder with his practised hands,
For those ill winds hurled all confusedly.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

πάντα γὰρ ἄλλυδις ἄλλα κακαὶ διέχευον ἄελλαι.
 οὐδέ τις ἔλπωρὴ βίотου πέλεν, οὐνεκ' ἐρεμνὴ 505
 νύξ ἅμα καὶ μέγα χεῖμα καὶ ἀθανάτων χόλος αἰνὸς
 ὦρτο· Ποσειδάων γὰρ ἀνηλέα πόντον ὄρινεν
 ἦρα κασιγνήτοιο φέρων ἐρικυδέϊ κούρη,
 ἧ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ ὑπερθευ ἀμείλιχα μαιμώωσα
 θύνε μετ' ἀστεροπῆσιν· ἐπέκτυπε δ' οὐρανόθεν
 Ζεὺς 510

κυδαίνων ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἐὼν τέκος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πᾶσαι
 νῆσοί τ' ἠπειροὶ τε κατεκλύζοντο θαλάσση
 Εὐβοίης οὐ πολλὸν ἀπόπροθεν, ἦχι μάλιστα
 τεύχευ ἀμειλίκοισιν ἐπ' ἄλγεσιν ἄλγεα δαίμων
 Ἄργείοις· στοναχὴ δὲ καὶ οἰμωγὴ κατὰ νῆας 515
 ἔπλετ' ἀπολλυμένων· κανάχιζε δὲ δούρατα νηῶν
 ἀγνυμένων· αἱ γὰρ ῥα συνωχαδὸν ἀλλήλησιν
 αἶεν ἐπερρήγγυντο· πόνος δ' ἄπρηκτος ὀρώρει
 καὶ ῥ' οἱ μὲν κώπησιν ἀπώσέμεναι μεμαῶτες
 νῆας ἐπεσσυμένας αὐτοῖς ἅμα δούρασι λυγροὶ 520
 κάππεσον ἐς μέγα βένθος, ἀμειλίκῳ δ' ὑπὸ
 πτόμῳ
 κάτθανον, οὐνεκ' ἄρα σφιν ἐπέχραον ἄλλοθεν
 ἄλλα

νηῶν δούρατα μακρά· συνηλοῖηντο δὲ πάντων
 σώματα λευγαλέως· οἱ δ' ἐν νήεσσι πεσόντες
 κείντο καταφθιμένοισιν ἐοικότες· οἱ δ' ὑπ' ἀνάγκης 525
 νήχοντ' ἀμφιπεσόντες ἐϋξέστοισιν ἐρετμοῖς·
 ἄλλοι δ' αὐ σαπίδεςσιν ἐπέπλεον· ἔβραχε δ' ἄλμη
 βυσσόθει, ὥστε θάλασσαν ἰδ' οὐρανὸν ἠδὲ καὶ αἶαν
 φαίνεσθ' ἀλλήλοισιν ὁμῶς συναρρήτοτα πάντα.

Ἢ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο βαρύκτυπος Ἄτρυ-
 τώνη 530
 οὔτι καταισχύνεσκε βίην πατρός· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'
 αἰθήρ

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

No hope of life was left them : blackest night,
Fury of tempest, wrath of deathless Gods,
Raged round them. Still Poseidon heaved and
swung

The merciless sea, to work the heart's desire
Of his brother's glorious child ; and she on high
Stormed with her lightnings, ruthless in her rage.
Thundered from heaven Zeus, in purpose fixed
To glorify his daughter. All the isles
And mainlands round were lashed by leaping seas
Nigh to Euboea, where the Power divine
Scourged most with unrelenting stroke on stroke
The Argives. Groan and shriek of perishing men
Rang through the ships ; started great beams and
snapped

With ominous sound, for ever ship on ship
With shivering timbers crashed. With hopeless toil
Men strained with oars to thrust back hulls that
reeled

Down on their own, but with the shattered planks
Were hurled into the abyss, to perish there
By pitiless doom ; for beams of foundering ships
From this, from that side battered out their lives,
And crushed were all their bodies wretchedly.
Some in the ships fell down, and like dead men
Lay there ; some, in the grip of destiny,
Clinging to oars smooth-shaven, tried to swim ;
Some upon planks were tossing. Roared the surge
From fathomless depths : it seemed as though sea,
sky,

And land were blended all confusedly.

Still from Olympus thundering Atrytone
Wielded her Father's power unshamed, and still

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἴαχεν· ἦ δ' Αἴαντι χόλον καὶ πῆμα φέρουσα
 ἔμβαλε νηὶ κεραυνόν· ἄφαρ δέ μιν ἄλλυδις ἄλλη
 ἔσκέδασεν διὰ τυτθά· περίαχε δ' αἶα καὶ αἰθήρ·
 ἐκλύσθη δ' ἄρα πᾶσα περιδρόμος Ἀμφιτρίτη, 535
 οἱ δ' ἔκτοσθε νεὸς πέσον ἀθρόοι· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ'
 αὐτοὺς

κύματα μακρὰ φέροντο· περὶ στεροπῆσι δ' ἀ-
 νάσσης
 αἶγλη μαρμαίρεσκε διὰ κνέφας αἴσσουσα·
 οἱ δ' ἀποτον λάπτοντες ἄλὸς πολυηχέος ἄλμην
 θυμὸν ἀποπνεύοντες ὑπὲρ πόντοιο φέροντο. 540

Δηιάσι δ' ἄρα χάρμα καὶ ὄλλυμένῃσι τέτυκτο·
 καὶ ῥ' αἱ μὲν κατέδυσαν ἔσω ἄλὸς ἀμφιβαλοῦσαι
 χεῖρας εὐὸς τεκέεσσι δυσάμμοροι· αἱ δ' ἀλεγεινὰ
 δυσμενέων περὶ κρᾶτα βάλον χέρας, οἷς ἅμα
 λυγραὶ

σπεύδον ἀποφθίσασθαι ἐῆς ἀντάξια λώβης 545
 τινύμεναι Δαναούς· ἦ δ' ὑψόθεν εἰσορόωσα
 τέρπεθ' ἔδον κατὰ θυμὸν ἀγανὴ Τριτογένεια.

Αἴας δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν περινήχετο δούρατι νηός,
 ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ χεῖρεσσι διήνυεν ἄλμυρὰ βένθη
 ἀκαμάτῳ Τιτῆνι βίην ὑπέροπλον εὐκοῦς· 550
 σχίζετο δ' ἄλμυρὸν οἶδμα περὶ κρατερῆσι χεῖρεσσιν
 ἀνδρὸς ὑπερθύμοιο· θεοὶ δέ μιν εἰσορόωντες
 ἠγορέην καὶ κάρτος ἐθάμβεον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα
 ἄλλοτε μὲν φορέεσκε πελώριον ἠὲτ' ἐπ' ἄκρην
 οὖρεος ὑψηλοῖο δι' ἠέρος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε 555
 ὑψόθεν οἶα φάραγξιν ἐνέκρυφεν· οὐδ' ὄ γε χεῖρας
 κάμνε πολυτλήτους· πολλοὶ γε μὲν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
 σβεννύμενοι σμαράγιζον ἔσω πόντοιο κεραυνοί·
 οὐπω γάρ οἱ θυμὸν ἐμῆδετο κηρὶ δαμάσσαι
 604

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

The welkin shrieked around. Her ruin of wrath
Now upon Aias hurled she : on his ship
Dashed she a thunderbolt, and shivered it
Wide in a moment into fragments small,
While earth and air yelled o'er the wreck, and
whirled

And plunged and fell the whole sea down thereon.
They in the ship were all together flung
Forth : all about them swept the giant waves,
Round them leapt lightnings flaming through the
dark.

Choked with the strangling surf of hissing brine,
Gasping out life, they drifted o'er the sea.

But even in death those captive maids rejoiced,
As some ill-starred ones, clasping to their breasts
Their babes, sank in the sea ; some flung their arms
Round Danaans' horror-stricken heads, and dragged
These down with them, so rendering to their foes
Requital for foul outrage down to them.

And from on high the haughty Triton-born
Looked down on all this, and her heart was glad.

But Aias floated now on a galley's plank,
Now through^h the brine with strong hands oared his
path,

Like some old Titan in his tireless might.
Cleft was the salt sea-surge by the sinewy hands
Of that undaunted man : the Gods beheld
And marvelled at his courage and his strength.
But now the billows swung him up on high
Through misty air, as though to a mountain's peak,
Now whelmed him down, as they would bury him
In ravening whirlpits : yet his stubborn hands
Toiled on unwearied. Aye to right and left
Flashed lightnings down, and quenched them in the
sea ;

For not yet was the Child of Thunderer Zeus

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

κούρη ἐριγδούποιο Διὸς μάλα περ κοτεύουσα, 560
 πρὶν τλήναι κακὰ πολλὰ καὶ ἄλγεσι πάγχυ'
 μογήσαι·

τοῦνεκά μιν κατὰ βένθος ἐδάμνατο δηρὸν οἰζὺς
 πάντοθε τειρόμενον· περὶ γὰρ κακὰ μυρία Κήρες
 ἀνδρὶ περιστήσαντο· μένος δ' ἐνέπνευσεν ἀνάγκη·
 φῆ δέ, καὶ εἰ μάλα πάντες Ὀλύμπιοι εἰς ἓν
 ἴκωνται 565

χωόμενοι καὶ πᾶσαν ἀναστήσωσι θάλασσαν
 ἐκφυγέειν· ἀλλ' οὔτι θεῶν ὑπάλυξεν ὀμοκλήν·
 δὴ γάρ οἱ νεμέσησεν ὑπέρβιος Ἐννοσίγαιος,
 εὐτέ μιν εἰσενόησεν ἐφαπτόμενον χερὶ πέτρης
 Γυραίης, καὶ οἱ μέγ' ἐχώσατο· σὺν δ' ἐτίναξε 570
 πόντον ὁμῶς καὶ γαίαν ἀπείριτον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντη
 κρημνοὶ ὑπεκλονέοντο Καφηρέος· αἱ δ' ἄλεγεινὸν
 θειόμεναι ῥηγμῖνες ἐπέβραχον οἰδματι λάβρω
 χωομένοιο ἄνακτος· ἀπέσχισε δ' εἰς ἄλλα πέτρον
 εὐρέα, τοῦ περ ἐκεῖνος ἐῆς ἐπεμαίετο χερσὶ. 575

καὶ ῥά οἱ ἀμφὶ πάγοισιν ἐλισσομένου μάλα δηρὸν
 χεῖρες ἀπεδρῦφθησαν, ὑπέδραμε δ' αἷμ' ὀνύχεσσι·
 μορμῦρον δέ οἱ αἰὲν ὀρινομένου περὶ κῦμα
 ἀφρὸς ἄδην λεύκαινε κάρη λάσιόν τε γένειον·
 καὶ νύ κεν ἐξήλυξε κακὸν μόρον, εἰ μὴ ἄρ' αὐτῶ 580

* * * * *

ῥήξας γαίαν ἔνερθεν ἐπιπροέηκε κολώνην·
 εὐτε πάρος μεγάλοιο κατ' Ἐγκελάδοιο δαΐφρων
 Παλλὰς ἀειραμένη Σικελὴν ἐπικάββαλε νῆσον,
 ἣ ῥ' ἔτι καίεται αἰὲν ὑπ' ἀκαμάτιο Γίγαντος 585
 αἰθαλόεν πνεύοντος ἔσω χθονός· ὥς ἄρα Λοκρῶν
 ἀμφεκάλυψεν ἄνακτα δυσάμμορον οὔρεος ἄκρη
 ὑψόθεν ἐξεριπούσα, βάρυνε δὲ καρτερόν ἄνδρα·

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Purposed to smite him dead, despite her wrath,
 Ere he had drained the cup of travail and pain
 Down to the dregs; so in the deep long time
 Affliction wore him down, tormented sore
 On every side. Grim Fates stood round the man
 Unnumbered; yet despair still kindled strength.
 He cried: "Though all the Olympians banded
 come

In wrath, and rouse against me all the sea,
 I will escape them!" But no whit did he
 Elude the Gods' wrath; for the Shaker of Earth
 In fierceness of his indignation marked
 Where his hands clung to the Gyraean Rock,
 And in stern anger with an earthquake shook
 Both sea and land. Around on all sides crashed
 Caphereus' cliffs: beneath the Sea-king's wrath
 The surf-tormented beaches shrieked and roared.
 The broad crag rifted reeled into the sea,
 The rock whereto his desperate hands had clung;
 Yet did he writhe up round its jutting spurs,
 While flayed his hands were, and from 'neath his
 nails

The blood ran. Wrestling with him roared the
 waves,

And the foam whitened all his hair and beard.

Yet had he 'scaped perchance his evil doom,
 Had not Poseidon, wroth with his hardihood,
 Cleaving the earth, hurled down the chasm the rock,
 As in the old time Pallas heaved on high
 Sicily, and on huge Enceladus

Dashed down the isle, which burns with the burning
 yet

Of that immortal giant, as he breathes
 Fire underground; so did the mountain-crag,
 Hurling from on high, bury the Locrian king,
 Pinning the strong man down, a wretch crushed flat.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θανάτοιο μέλας ἐκικήσατ' ὄλεθρος
γαίῃ ὁμῶς δηθέντα καὶ ἀτρυγέτω ἐνὶ πόντῳ.

Ὡς δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι Ἀχαιοὶ ὑπὲρ μέγα λαΐτμα
φέροντο,

590

οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν νήεσσι τεθηπότες, οἱ δὲ πεσόντες
ἔκτοσθεν νηῶν ὅλοη δ' ἔχε πάντας οἴζυς·

αἱ μὲν γὰρ φορέοντ' ἐπικάρσiai εἰν ἄλλ νῆες,
ἄλλαι δ' ἀνστρέψασαι ἄνω τρίπιν ὦν δέ που
ἴστοι

ἐκ δοράτων¹ ἐάγησαν ἐπισπέρχοντος ἀήτεω·

595

τῶν δὲ διὰ ξύλα πάντα θοαὶ σκεδάσαντο θύελλαι·

αἱ δὲ καὶ ἐς μέγα βένθος ὑποβρύχiai κατέδυσαν

ὄμβρου ἐπιβρίσαντος ἀπίερονος, οὐδ' ὑπέμειναν

λάβρον ὁμῶς ἀνέμοισι θαλάσσης καὶ Διὸς ὕδωρ

μισγόμενον. ποταμῷ γὰρ ἀλίγκιος ἔρρειεν αἰθῆρ

600

συνεχές· ἢ δ' ὑπένερθεν ἐμαίνετο διὰ θάλασσα·

καὶ τις ἔφη· “τάχα τοῖον ἐπέχραεν ἀνδράσι
χεῖμα,

ὅπποτε Δευκαλίωνος ἀθέσφατος ὑετὸς ἦλθε,

ποντώθῃ δ' ἄρα γαῖα, βυθὸς δ' ἐπεχεύατο πάντῃ.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη Δαναῶν τις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ χεῖμα τε-
θηπῶς

605

λευγαλέον· πολλοὶ δὲ κατέφθιθεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶν

πλήθεθ' ἄλὸς μέγα χεῦμα, περιστύνοντο δὲ πᾶσαι

ἡῖονες· πολέας γὰρ ἀπέπτυσε κύμ' ἐπὶ χέρσον·

ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆια δοῦρα βαρύβρομον Ἀμφιρίτην

πᾶσαν ἄδην ἐκάλυψε· μέσον δ' ἀνεφαίνετο κύμα.

610

ἄλλοι δ' ἄλλην κῆρα κακὴν λάχον· οἱ μὲν ἀν-
εὐρὺν

πόντον ὀρινομένης ἄλὸς ἄσχετον, οἱ δ' ἐνὶ πέτρῃς

ἄξαντες περὶ νῆας οἴζυρῶς ἀπόλοντο

Ναυπλίου ἐνεσίγησιν· ὁ γὰρ κοτέων μάλα παιδὸς

¹ Zimmermann, for κερᾶτων of v.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

And so on him death's black destruction came
Whom land and sea alike were leagued to slay.

Still over the great deep were swept the rest
Of those Achaeans, crouching terror-dazed
Down in the ships, save those that mid the waves
Had fallen. Misery encompassed all ;
For some with heavily-plunging prows drave on,
With keels upturned some drifted. Here were
masts

Snapped from the hull by rushing gusts, and there
Were tempest-rifted wrecks of scattered beams ;
And some had sunk, whelmed in the mighty deep,
Swamped by the torrent downpour from the clouds :
For these endured not madness of wind-tossed sea
Leagued with heaven's waterspout ; for streamed
the sky

Ceaselessly like a river, while the deep
Raved round them. And one cried : " Such floods
on men

Fell only when Deucalion's deluge came,
When earth was drowned, and all was fathomless
sea ! "

So cried a Danaan, seeing soul-appalled
That wild storm. Thousands perished ; corpses
thronged

The great sea-highways : all the beaches were
Too strait for them : the surf belched multitudes
Forth on the land. The heavy-booming sea
With weltering beams of ships was wholly paved,
And here and there the grey waves gleamed
between.

So found they each his several evil fate,
Some whelmed beneath broad-rushing billows, some
Wretchedly perishing with their shattered ships
By Nauplius' devising on the rocks.
Wroth for that son whom they had done to death,

χείματος ὀρτυμένοιο καὶ ὄλλυμένων Ἀργείων 615
 καίπερ ἀκηχέμενος μέγ' ἐγήθεεν, οὔνεκ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ
 δῶκε τίσιμ θεὸς αἰψα καὶ ἔδρακεν ἐχθρὸν ὄμιλον
 τειρόμενον κατὰ βένθος, ἐφ' δ' ἄρα πολλὰ τοκῆι
 εὐχέθ' ὁμῶς νήεσσιν ὑπόβρυχα πάντας ὀλέσθαι.
 τοῦ δὲ Ποσειδάων μάλ' ἐπέκλυεν, ἄγχι δὲ
 πάντας¹ 620

ἄμ² μέλαν οἶδμα φέρεσκεν ὁ δ' οὐρεὺς ὡς³ χερὶ
 πεύκην
 αἰθομένην ἀνάειρε· δόλω δ' ἐπέλασεν Ἀχαιοὺς
 ἔλπομένους εὖορμον ἔδος λιμένων ἀφικέσθαι
 αἰνῶς γὰρ πέτρῃσι περὶ στυφελῆσι δάμησαν
 αὐτῆς σὺν νήεσσι· κακῷ δ' ἐπι κύντερον ἄλγος 625
 τλήσαν ἀνηρησι προσαγνύμενοι περὶ πέτρῃς
 νυκτὶ θοῆ· παῦροι δὲ φύγον μόρον, οὓς τ' ἐσάωσεν
 ἢ θεὸς ἢ δαίμων τις ἐπίρροθος· αὐτὰρ Ἀθήνη
 ἄλλοτε μὲν θυμῷ μέγ' ἐγήθεεν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
 ἄχρυτ' Ὀδυσσῆος πινυτόφρονος, οὔνεκ' ἔμελλε 630

πάσχειν ἄλγεα πολλὰ Ποσειδάωνος ὀμοκλή,
 ὅς ῥα τότε ἀκαμάτῃσι περὶ φρεσὶ πάγχυ μεγαίρων
 τείχεσι καὶ πύργοισιν εὐσθενέων Ἀργείων,
 οὓς ἔκαμον Τρώων στυγερῆς ἔμεν ἄλκαρ αὐτῆς,
 ἐσσυμένως μάλα πᾶσαν ἀνεπλήμμυρε θάλασσαν, 635
 ὄσση ἀπ' Εὐξείνιοι κατέρχεται Ἑλλήσποντον,
 καὶ μιν ἐπ' ἠϊόνας Τροίης βάλεν· ἕε δ' ὑπερθε
 Ζεὺς ἐπίηρα φέρων ἐρικυδέϊ Ἐννοσιγαίῳ·
 οὐ μὴν οὐδ' Ἐκάεργος ἄτερ καμάτοιο τέτυκτο,
 ἀλλ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων μάλα πάντα ῥέεθρα 640
 εἰς ἓνα χῶρον ἄγεσκε, κατέκλυσε δ' ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν·
 ἐκλύσθη δὲ θάλασσα καὶ εἰσέτ' ἴσαν⁴ κελεύδοντες

¹ Zimmermann's reading. ² Zimmermann, for ἄψ of v.

³ Zimmermann, for ἀψάμενος of Koechly.

⁴ Zimmermann, καὶ τόσση δ. θ. κ. εἰσέτι of MSS.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

He, when the storm rose and the Argives died,
 Rejoiced amid his sorrow, seeing a God
 Gave to his hands revenge, which now he wreaked
 Upon the host he hated, as o'er the deep
 They tossed sore-harassed. To his sea-god sire
 He prayed that all might perish, ships and men
 Whelmed in the deep. Poseidon heard his prayer,
 And on the dark surge swept them nigh his land.
 He, like a harbour-warder, lifted high
 A blazing torch, and so by guile he trapped
 The Achæan men, who deemed that they had won
 A sheltering haven : but sharp reefs and crags
 Gave awful welcome unto ships and men,
 Who, dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks
 In the black night, crowned ill with direr ill.
 Some few escaped, by a God or Power unseen
 Plucked from death's hand. Athena now rejoiced
 Her heart within, and now was racked with fears
 For prudent-souled Odysseus ; for his weird
 Was through Poseidon's wrath to suffer woes
 Full many.

But Earth-shaker's jealousy now
 Burned against those long walls and towers upiled
 By the strong Argives for a fence against
 The Trojans' battle-onset. Swiftly then
 He swelled to overbrimming all the sea
 That rolls from Euxine down to Hellespont,
 And hurled it on the shore of Troy : and Zeus,
 For a grace unto the glorious Shaker of Earth,
 Poured rain from heaven : withal Far-darter bare
 In that great work his part ; from Ida's heights
 Into one channel led he all her streams,
 And flooded the Achæans' work. The sea
 Dashed o'er it, and the roaring torrents still

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS

χείμαρροι ἀλεγεινὸν ἀεζόμενοι Διὸς ὄμβρω,
 τοὺς μέλαν οἴδμ' ἀνέεργε πολυστόνου Ἀμφιτρίτης
 πόντον ἐπελθέμεναι, πρὶν τείχεα πάντ' ἀμαθῦναι 645
 ἀργαλέως Δαναῶν· αὐτὸς δ' ἄρα γαῖαν ἔνερθε
 ῥῆξε Ποσειδάων, ἀνὰ δ' ἔβλυσεν ἄσπετον ὕδωρ
 ἰλὺν τε ψάμαθόν τε· βίη δ' ἐλέλιξε κραταιῇ
 Σίγῃον· ἠϊόνες δὲ μέγ' ἔβραχον ἠδὲ θέμεθλα
 Δαρδανίης,¹ καὶ αἴστον ὑποβρύχιόν τ' ἐκαλύφθη 650
 ἔρκος ἀπειρέσιον, κατεδύσατο δ' ἔνδοθι γαίης
 μακρὰ δισταμένης· ψάματος δ' ἔτι φαίνεται μούνη
 χασσαμένον πόντου, καὶ ἀπ' ἀκτάων² ἐριδούπων
 νόσφιν ἀπ' αἰγιαλοῖο κατεκτάθη. ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν
 που

ἀθανάτων ἐτέλεσσε κακὸς νόσος· οἱ δ' ἐνὶ νηυσὶν 655
 Ἀργεῖοι πλώεσκον, ὅσους διὰ χεῖμα κέδασσεν·
 ἄλλη δ' ἄλλος ἴκανεν, ὅπη θεὸς ἦγεν ἕκαστον,
 ὅσσοι ὑπὲρ πόντοιο λυγρὰς ὑπάλυξαν ἀέλλας.

¹ Zimmermann, for ἐκ δὲ θέμεθλα Δαρδανίης of v.

² Zimmermann, for πόντοιο καὶ ἐκ δαναῶν of MSS.

THE FALL OF TROY, BOOK XIV

Rushed on it, swollen by the rains of Zeus ;
And the dark surge of the wide-moaning sea
Still hurled them back from mingling with the deep,
Till all the Danaan walls were blotted out
Beneath their desolating flood. Then earth
Was by Poseidon chasm-cleft : up rushed
Deluge of water, slime and sand, while quaked
Sigeum with the mighty shock, and roared
The beach and the foundations of the land
Dardanian. So vanished, whelmed from sight,
That mighty rampart. Earth asunder yawned,
And all sank down, and only sand was seen,
When back the sea rolled, o'er the beach outspread
Far down the heavy-booming shore. All this
The Immortals' anger wrought. But in their ships
The Argives storm-dispersed went sailing on.
So came they home, as heaven guided each,
Even all that 'scaped the fell sea-tempest blasts.

THE TALENTED MURDERER

It is a story of a man who is
born with a talent for murder
and who uses it to his advantage
in a way that is both
amusing and terrifying.
The story is told in a
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