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THE

ENGLISH WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOBBES

OF MALMESBURY;

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, BART.

VOL. X.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE translation of Homer was amongst the latest of Hobbes' works; a signal of retreat from those mathematical contests in which he had spent so much of his time:—"Silentibus tandem adversariis, annum agens octogesimum septimum, Homeri *Odysseam* edidit."—See VITA Thomæ Hobbes.

In 1673 appeared, "The travels of Ulysses, as they were related by himself in Homer's 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th books of his Odysses, to Alcinous king of Phæacia," published by Wm. Crook, in 12mo. The date of 1674, given by Anthony Wood and others, seems to be a mistake; they may perhaps have been misled by Hobbes' telling us, that he translated the *Odyssey* in his 87th year.

Whether Hobbes had at this time finished any other part of Homer, and put forth those four books of the *Odyssey* as a specimen of the performance, or to ascertain what reception might be expected from the public for the remainder of it, is unknown. In about a year afterwards (see VITA) they were followed by the translation of the entire *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Copies are to be found of various dates;

as 1676, 1677, 1684, 1686, and perhaps others: but there were but three editions, the second dated 1677, and the third, 1686. The biographers appear to have been mistaken in repeating one after the other, (see Biog. Britan., Brit. Biog., Gen. Dict., Aikin's Biog.), that in the course of ten years this translation went through three large editions.

Pope, in the preface to his translation, observes, that the poetry of Hobbes' version is "too mean for criticism." Some, however, may possibly find the unstudied and unpretending language of Hobbes convey an idea less remote from the original, than the smooth and glittering lines of Pope and his coadjutors.

Pope's remark upon the habitual carelessness displayed in the execution of the work, is well founded. It was possibly never meant for criticism, and may be fairly looked upon, as the translator has told us in his preface, as the amusement of his old age.

The present edition is printed from that of 1677.

THE

ILIADS AND ODYSSES

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GREEK INTO ENGLISH,

BY

THOMAS HOBBES

OF MALMESBURY.

WITH A LARGE PREFACE

CONCERNING THE VIRTUES OF AN HEROIC POEM;

WRITTEN BY THE TRANSLATOR.

VOL. X.

TO THE READER,

CONCERNING THE VIRTUES OF AN HEROIC POEM.

THE virtues required in an heroic poem, and indeed in all writings published, are comprehended all in this one word—*discretion.*

And discretion consisteth in this, that every part of the poem be conducing, and in good order placed to the end and design of the poet. And the design is not only to profit, but also to delight the reader.

By profit, I intend not here any accession of wealth, either to the poet, or to the reader; but accession of prudence, justice, and fortitude, by the example of such great and noble persons as he introduceth speaking, or describeth acting. For all men love to behold, though not to practise virtue. So that at last the work of an heroic poet is no more but to furnish an ingenuous reader, when his leisure abounds, with the diversion of an honest and delightful story, whether true or feigned.

But because there be many men called critics, and wits, and virtuosi, that are accustomed to censure the poets, and most of them of divers judgments, how is it possible, you'll say, to please them all? Yes, very well; if the poem be as it should be. For men can judge what is good, that know not what is best. For he that can judge what is best, must have considered all those things, though they be almost innumerable, that concur to make the reading of an heroic poem pleasant. Whereof I'll name as many as shall come into my mind.

And they are contained, first, in the choice of words. Secondly, in the construction. Thirdly, in the contrivance of the story or fiction. Fourthly, in the elevation of the fancy. Fifthly, in the justice and impartiality of the poet. Sixthly, in the clearness of descriptions. Seventhly, in the amplitude of the subject.

And, to begin with words: the first indiscretion is, the use of such words as to the readers of poesy (which are commonly persons of the best quality) are not sufficiently known. For the work of an heroic poem is to raise admiration, principally, for three virtues, valour, beauty, and love; to the reading whereof women no less than men have a just pretence, though their skill in language be not so universal; and therefore foreign words, till by long use they become vulgar, are unintelligible to them. Also the names of instruments and tools of artificers, and words of art, though of use in the Schools, are far from being fit to be spoken by a hero. He may delight in the arts themselves, and have skill in some of them, but his glory lies not in that, but in courage, nobility, and other virtues of nature, or in the command he has over other men. Nor does Homer in any part of his poem attribute any praise to Achilles, or any blame to Alexander, for that they had both learnt to play upon the guitar. The character of words that become a hero are property and significancy, but without both the malice and lasciviousness of a satyr.

Another virtue of an heroic poem is the perspicuity and the facility of construction, and consisteth in a natural contexture of the words, so as not to discover the labour, but the natural ability of the poet; and this is usually called a good style. For the order of words, when placed as they ought to be, carries a light before it, whereby a man may foresee the length of his period, as a torch in the night shows a man the stops and unevenness in his way. But when placed unnaturally, the reader will often find unexpected checks, and be forced to go back and hunt for the sense, and suffer such unease, as in a coach a man unexpectedly finds in passing

over a furrow. And though the laws of verse (which have bound the Greeks and Latins to number of feet, and quantity of syllables, and the English and other nations to number of syllables and rhyme) put great constraint upon the natural course of language, yet the poet, having the liberty to depart from what is obstinate, and to choose somewhat else that is more obedient to such laws, and no less fit for his purpose, shall not be, neither by the measure, nor by the necessity of rhyme, excused; though a translation often may.

A third virtue lies in the contrivance. For there is difference between a poem and a history in prose. For a history is wholly related by the writer; but in an heroic poem the narration is, a great part of it, put upon some of the persons introduced by the poet. So Homer begins not his *Iliad* with the injury done by Paris, but makes it related by Menelaus, and very briefly, as a thing notorious; nor begins he his *Odysseys* with the departure of Ulysses from Troy, but makes Ulysses himself relate the same to Alcinous, in the midst of his poem; which I think much more pleasant and ingenious, than a too precise and close following of the time.

A fourth is in the elevation of fancy, which is generally taken for the greatest praise of heroic poetry; and is so, when governed by discretion. For men more generally affect and admire fancy than they do either judgment, or reason, or memory, or any other intellectual virtue, and for the pleasantness of it, give to it alone the name of wit, accounting reason and judgment but for a dull entertainment. For in fancy consisteth the sublimity of a poet, which is that poetical fury which the readers, for the most part, call for. It flies abroad swiftly to fetch in both matter and words; but if there be not discretion at home to distinguish which are fit to be used and which not, which decent and which undecent for persons, times, and places, their delight and grace is lost. But if they be discreetly used, they are greater ornaments of a poem by much than any other. A metaphor also (which is a comparison contracted into a word) is not unpleasant; but when they are sharp and extraordinary,

they are not fit for an heroic poet, nor for a public consultation, but only for an accusation or defence at the bar.

A fifth lies in the justice and impartiality of the poet, and belongeth as well to history as to poetry. For both the poet and the historian writeth only, or should do, matter of fact. And as far as the truth of fact can defame a man, so far they are allowed to blemish the reputation of persons. But to do the same upon report, or by inference, is below the dignity, not only of a hero, but of a man. For neither a poet nor a historian ought to make himself an absolute master of any man's good name. None of the Emperors of Rome whom Tacitus, or any other writer, hath condemned, was ever subject to the judgment of any of them; nor were they ever heard to plead for themselves, which are things that ought to be antecedent to condemnation. Nor was, I think, Epicurus the philosopher, (who is transmitted to us by the Stoics for a man of evil and voluptuous life), ever called, convented, and lawfully convicted, as all men ought to be before they be defamed. Therefore it is a very great fault in a poet to speak evil of any man in their writings historical.

A sixth virtue consists in the perfection and curiosity of descriptions, which the ancient writers of eloquence call *icones*, that is *images*. And an image is always a part, or rather a ground of the poetical comparison. As, for example, when Virgil would set before our eyes the fall of Troy, he describes perhaps the whole labour of many men together in the felling of some great tree, and with how much ado it fell. This is the image. To which if you but add these words, "So fell Troy," you have the comparison entire; the grace whereof lieth in the lightsomeness, and is but the description of all, even the minutest, parts of the thing described; that not only they that stand far off, but also they that stand near, and look upon it with the oldest spectacles of a critic, may approve it. For a poet is a painter, and should paint actions to the understanding with the most decent words, as painters do persons and bodies with the choicest colours, to the eye; which if not done nicely, will not be worthy to be placed in a cabinet.

The seventh virtue, which lying in the amplitude of the subject, is nothing but variety, and a thing without which a whole poem would be no pleasanter than an epigram, or one good verse; nor a picture of a hundred figures better than any one of them asunder, if drawn with equal art. And these are the virtues which ought especially to be looked upon by the critics, in the comparing of the poets, Homer with Virgil, or Virgil with Lucan. For these only, for their excellency, I have read, or heard compared.

If the comparison be grounded upon the first and second virtues, which consist in known words and style unforced, they are all excellent in their own language, though perhaps the Latin than the Grerk is apter to dispose itself into an hexameter verse, as having both fewer monosyllables and fewer polysyllables. And this may make the Latin verse appear more grave and equal, which is taken for a kind of majesty; though in truth there be no majesty in words, but then when they seem to proceed from a high and weighty employment of the mind. But neither Homer, nor Virgil, nor Lucan, nor any poet writing commendably, though not excellently, was ever charged much with unknown words, or great constraint of style, as being a fault proper to translators, when they hold themselves too superstitiously to their author's words.

In the third virtue, which is contrivance, there is no doubt but Homer excels them all. For their poems, except the introduction of their Gods, are but so many histories in verse: where Homer has woven so many histories together as contain the whole learning of his time (which the Greeks call *cyclopædia*), and furnished both the Greek and Latin stages with all the plots and arguments of their tragedies.

The fourth virtue, which is the height of fancy, is almost proper to Lucan, and so admirable in him, that no heroic poem raises such admiration of the poet, as his hath done, though not so great admiration of the persons he introduceth. And though it be a mark of a great wit, yet it is fitter for a rhetorician than a poet, and rebelleth often against discretion, as when he says,

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

that is,

The side that won the Gods approved most,
But Cato better lik'd the side that lost.

Than which nothing could be spoken more gloriously to the the exaltation of a man, nor more disgracefully to the depression of the Gods. Homer indeed maketh some Gods for the Greeks, and some for the Trojans, but always makes Jupiter impartial; and never prefers the judgment of a man before that of Jupiter, much less before the judgment of all the Gods together.

The fifth virtue, which is the justice and impartiality of a poet, is very eminent in Homer and Virgil, but the contrary in Lucan. Lucan shows himself openly in the Pompeian faction, inveighing against Cæsar throughout his poem, like Cicero against Cataline or Marc Antony, and is therefore justly reckoned by Quintilian as a rhetorician rather than a poet. And a great part of the delight of his readers proceedeth from the pleasure which too many men take to hear great persons censured. But Homer and Virgil, especially Homer, do everywhere what they can to preserve the reputation of their heroes.

If we compare Homer and Virgil by the sixth virtue, which is the clearness of images, or descriptions, it is manifest that Homer ought to be preferred, though Virgil himself were to be the judge. For there are very few images in Virgil besides those which he hath translated out of Homer; so that Virgil's images are Homer's praises. But what if he have added something to it of his own? Though he have, yet it is no addition of praise, because it is easy. But he hath some images which are not in Homer, and better than his. It may be so; and so may other poets have which never durst compare themselves with Homer. Two or three fine sayings are not enough to make a wit. But where is that image of his better done by him than Homer, of those that have been done by them both? Yes, Eustathius, as Mr. Ogilby hath observed, where they both describe the

falling of a tree, prefers Virgil's description. But Eustathius is in that, I think, mistaken. The place of Homer is in the fourth of the *Iliads*, the sense whereof is this:

> As when a man hath fell'd a poplar tree,
> Tall, straight, and smooth, with all the fair boughs on;
> Of which he means a coach-wheel made shall be,
> And leaves it on the bank to dry i' th' sun;
> So lay the comely Simoisius,
> Slain by great Ajax, son of Telamon.

It is manifest that in this place Homer intended no more than to show how comely the body of Simoisius appeared as he lay dead upon the bank of Scamander, straight and tall, with a fair head of hair, and like a straight and high poplar with the boughs still on; and not at all to describe the manner of his falling, which, when a man is wounded through the breast, as he was with a spear, is always sudden.

The description of how a great tree falleth, when many men together hew it down, is in the second of Virgil's *Æneads*. The sense of it, with the comparison, is in English this:

> And Troy, methought, then sunk in fire and smoke,
> And overturned was in every part:
> As when upon the mountain an old oak
> Is hewn about with keen steel to the heart,
> And plied by swains with many heavy blows,
> It nods and every way it threatens round,
> Till overcome with many wounds, it bows,
> And leisurely at last comes to the ground.

And here again it is evident that Virgil meant to compare the manner how Troy, after many battles, and after the losses of many cities, conquered by the many nations under Agamemnon in a long war, and thereby weakened, and at last overthrown, with a great tree hewn round about, and then falling by little and little leisurely.

So that neither these two descriptions, nor the two comparisons can be compared together. The image of a man lying on the ground is one thing; the image of falling, especially of a kingdom, is another. This therefore gives no

advantage to Virgil over Homer. It is true, that this description of the felling and falling of a tree is exceeding graceful, but is it therefore more than Homer could have done if need had been? Or is there no description in Homer of somewhat else as good as this? Yes, and in many of our English poets now alive. If it then be lawful for Julius Scaliger to say, that if Jupiter would have described the fall of a tree, he could not have mended this of Virgil; it will be lawful for me to repeat an old epigram of Antipater, to the like purpose, in favour of Homer.

> The writer of the famous Trojan war,
> And of Ulysses' life, O Jove make known,
> Who, whence he was; for thine the verses are,
> And he would have us think they are his own.

The seventh and last commendation of an heroic poem consisteth in amplitude and variety; and in this Homer exceedeth Virgil very much, and that not by superfluity of words, but by plenty of heroic matter, and multitude of descriptions and comparisons (whereof Virgil hath translated but a small part into his *Æneads*), such as are the images of shipwracks, battles, single combats, beauty, passions of the mind, sacrifices, entertainments, and other things, whereof Virgil, abating what he borrows of Homer, has scarce the twentieth part. It is no wonder therefore if all the ancient learned men both of Greece and Rome have given the first place in poetry to Homer. It is rather strange that two or three, and of late time, and but learners of the Greek tongue, should dare to contradict so many competent judges both of language and discretion. But howsoever I defend Homer, I aim not thereby at any reflection upon the following translation. Why then did I write it? Because I had nothing else to do. Why publish it? Because I thought it might take off my adversaries from showing their folly upon my more serious writings, and set them upon my verses to show their wisdom. But why without annotations? Because I had no hope to do it better than it is already done by Mr. Ogilby.

T. Hobbes.

THE LIFE OF HOMER,

COLLECTED AND WRITTEN BY J. WALLIM.

Homer, whose proper name was Melesigenes, was born in the country of Æolia, about 160 years after the siege of Troy, which was about the year of the world 3665, of Critheis, daughter of Melanopus and Omyris, who, after her father and mother's death, was left to a friend of her father's at Cuma, who, when he found she was with child, in displeasure he sent her away to a friend's at a place nigh the River Meles; where, at a feast among other young women, she was delivered of a son, whose name she called Melesigenes, from the place where he was born. Critheis went with her son to Ismenias, and after to Smyrna, where she dressed wool to get a livelihood for herself and son. Phemius, the schoolmaster, taking a fancy to her, married her, and took her son into the school, who by his sharpness of wit outwent all the school in wisdom and learning. In a short time after, his master dying, he taught the same school, and gained great reputation by his learning, not only at Smyrna, but all the countries round about; for the merchants that did frequent Smyrna, with corn, &c. did spread his fame about; amongst which merchants, one Mentes, master of a ship of Leucadia, took that kindness for him, that he persuaded him to leave his school and travel with him, which he did, by whom he was maintained well and plentifully in his travels.

They went to Spain, from thence to Italy, and from Italy through several countries, and at last came to Ithaca, where a violent rheum fell into the eyes of Homer, that he could not travel any further, so that Mentes left him with a friend of his called Mentor, a person of great riches and honour in Ithaca, where Homer learned the principal matters relating to Ulysses' life; but Mentes the next year came back the same way, and finding Homer recovered in his eyes, took him in his travels. They went through many countries till they came to Colophen, where he fell into his old distemper of his eyes, and there grew quite blind; after which he addicted himself to poetry; but being poor, he went to Smyrna, expecting to get better encouragement there; but being disappointed of his expectation, he went to Cuma, and as he went he rested at a town called New-wall, where he repeated some of his verses; and one Tichio, a leather-seller, took such delight to hear them, that he entertained him kindly for a long time. After, he proceeded on his journey to Cuma, and when he came there he was well received, and he had some friends in the senate that did propose to have had a maintenance settled on him for life, but it could not be carried. At this place he first received the name of Homer, from his blindness.

From Cuma he went to Phocæa, where lived one Thestorides, a schoolmaster, who invited Homer to live with him, and by that means he got some of his verses, and after went to Chios, where he taught them as his own verses, and got great reputation by them. When Homer heard that Thestorides had thus abused him, he followed him to Chios, and by the way, at a place called Bollisus, was taken up by a shepherd, as he was keeping his master's sheep; the shepherd did relieve him, and carried him to his master, where he lived some time, and taught his children; yet he could not rest till he had been at Chios to discover the cheat of Thestorides, who when he heard of Homer's coming, he left Chios, where Homer tarried some time, and taught a school, grew rich, married, and had two daughters, one of which died young, the other he married to the shep-

herd's master that took him in at Bollisus. When he grew old he left Chios, and went to Samos, where he staid some time singing of verses at feasts and at new moons, at the chiefest men's houses in all places where he was. From Samos he was going to Athens, but fell sick at Ios, and there died, and was buried on the sea-shore. Long after, when his poems had gotten an universal applause, the people of Ios built him a sepulchre.

HOMER'S ILIADS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GREEK

BY

THOMAS HOBBES

OF MALMESBURY.

ILIAD.

LIB. I.

LIB. I.

The discontent and secession of Achilles.

O GODDESS sing what woe the discontent
Of Thetis' son brought to the Greeks; what souls
Of heroes down to Erebus it sent,
Leaving their bodies unto dogs and fowls;
Whilst the two princes of the army strove,
King Agamemnon and Achilles stout.
That so it should be was the will of Jove,
But who was he that made them first fall out?
Apollo; who incensed by the wrong
To his priest Chryses by Atrides done,
Sent a great pestilence the Greeks among;
Apace they died, and remedy was none.
For Chryses came unto the Argive fleet,
With treasure great his daughter to redeem;
And having in his hands the ensigns meet,
That did the priestly dignity beseem,
A golden sceptre and a crown of bays,
Unto the princes all made his request;
But to the two Atrides chiefly prays,
Who of the Argive army were the best.
O sons of Atreus, may the Gods grant you
A safe return from Troy with victory;
And you on me compassion may shew,
Receive these gifts and set my daughter free;
And have respect to Jove's and Leto's son.
To this the princes all gave their consent,
Except King Agamemnon. He alone,
And with sharp language from the fleet him sent;
Old man, said he, let me not see you here
Now staying, or returning back again,
For fear the golden sceptre which you bear,
And chaplet hanging on it, prove but vain.
Your daughter shall to Argos go far hence,
And make my bed, and labour at the loom,
And take heed you no farther me incense,
Lest you return not safely to your home.

LIB. I.

The discontent and secession of Achilles

Frighted with this, away the old man went;
And often as he walked on the sand,
His prayers to Apollo up he sent.
Hear me, Apollo, with thy bow in hand,
That honour'd art in Tenedos and Chryse,
And unto whom Cylla great honour bears,
If thou accepted hast my sacrifice,
Pay th' Argives with thy arrows for my tears.
His prayer was granted by the deity;
Who with his silver bow and arrows keen,
Descended from Olympus silently
In likeness of the sable night unseen.
His bow and quiver both behind him hang,
The arrows chink as often as he jogs,
And as he shot the bow was heard to twang,
And first his arrows flew at mules and dogs.
But when the plague into the army came,
Perpetual was the fire of funerals;
And so nine days continued the same.
Achilles on the tenth for counsel calls;
And Juno 'twas that put it in his head,
Who for the Argive army was afraid:
The lords to counsel being gathered,
Up stood Achilles, and thus to them said,
We must, I think, Atrides, run from hence,
Since war and plague consume us both at once,
Let's think on how to stay the pestilence,
Or else at Troy resolve to leave our bones.
Let's with some priest or prophet here advise,
That knows the pleasure of the gods above,
Or some that at expounding dreams are wise,
For also dreams descend on men from Jove:
That we may from him know Apollo's mind,
If we for sacrifice be in arrear,
Or if he will for lambs and goats be kind,
And to destroy us from henceforth forbear.
Achilles then sat down, and Chalchas rose,
That was of great renown for augury,
And any thing was able to disclose,
That had been, is, or should hereafter be;
And guided had the Greeks to Ilium;
Achilles, said he, since you me command
To tell you why this plague is on us come,
Swear you will save me both with word and hand.
Of all the Greeks it will offend the best;
Who though his anger for awhile he smother,
Will not, I fear, long time contented rest,
But will revenged be some time or other.
Chalchas, replied Achilles, do not fear,
But what the god has told you bring to light:

The discontent and secession of Achilles.

By Phœbus, not a man shall hurt you here,
As long as I enjoy my life and sight;
Though Agamemnon be the man you dread,
Who is of all the army most obeyed.
The prophet by these words encouraged,
Said what before to say he was afraid.
'Tis not neglect of vow or sacrifice
That doth the God Apollo thus displease;
But that we do his priest so much despise,
As not his child for ransom to release.
And more, till she be to her father sent,
And with a hecatomb, and ransomless,
The anger of the god will not relent,
Nor will the sickness 'mongst the people cease.
This said, he sat. The king look'd furiously,
And anger flaming stood upon his eyes,
While many black thoughts on his heart did lie;
And to the prophet Chalchas thus replies:
Unlucky prophet, that didst never yet
Good fortune prophecy to me, but ill,
And ever with a mind against me set
Inventest prophecies to cross my will;
And now again you fain would have it thought,
Because I would not let Chryseis go,
The gifts refusing which her father brought,
Therefore this plague was sent amongst us now.
With Clytemnestra she may well contend,
For person, or for beauty, or for art;
Yet so, to send her home I do intend,
For of our loss I bear the greatest part.
But you must then some prize for me provide;
Shall no man unrewarded go but I?
This said, Achilles to the king replied,
Atrides, that on booty have your eye,
You know divided is, or sold the prey
Which never can resumed be again.
But send her home. When we shall have sack'd Troy,
Your loss shall be repaid with triple gain.
No, said Atrides, that I never meant;
D'ye think 'tis fit that you your shares retain?
And only mine unto the God be sent,
That unrewarded none but I remain?
I thought it reason th' Argives should collect
Amongst themselves the value (how they list)
And give it me before they did expect
This prize of mine should be by me dismist.
If they'll do that, 'tis well. If not, I'll go
To your, or Ajax, or Ulysses' tent,
And take his prize, and right myself will so,
Wherewith I think he will not be content.

LIB. I.

The discontent and secession of Achilles.

But since there's time enough to speak of this,
Let's ready make a ship with able rowers,
And th' hecatomb, to go with fair Chryseis,
And, to direct, one of the counsellors;
Ajax, Idomeneus, Ulysses, or
Yourself may go, Achilles, if you please,
And do the business you are pleading for,
And, if you can, th' offended God appease.
O impudence! Achilles then replied,
What other of th' Achæans willingly,
Will, when you only for yourself provide,
Go where you bid, or fight with th' enemy?
Against the Trojans I no quarrel have.
In Pthia plund'ring they were never seen,
Nor ever thence my kine or horses drave,
Nor could; the sea and great hills are between.
Only for yours and Menelaus' sake,
To honour gain for you we came to Troy,
Whereof no notice, dogs-head, now you take,
But threaten me my prize to take away;
Which by my labour I have dearly bought,
And by th' Achæans given me has been.
And when the city Troy we shall have got,
Your share will great, mine little be therein.
For though my part be greatest in the pain,
Yet when unto division we come,
You will expect the greatest part o' th' gain,
And that with little I go weary home.
Then farewell Troy. To sea I'll go again,
And back to Pthia. Then it will be seen
When you without me shall at Troy remain,
What honour and what riches you shall win.
Go when you will, said Agamemnon, fly,
I'll not entreat you for my sake to stay.
When you are gone more honour'd shall be I,
Nor Jove, I hope, will with you go away.
In you I shall but lose an enemy
That only loves to quarrel and to fight.
The Gods have given you strength I not deny.
Go 'mongst your myrmidons and use your might.
I care not for you, nor your anger fear,
For after I have sent away Chryseis,
And satisfi'd the God, I'll not forbear
To fetch away from you the fair Briseis,
And that by force. For I would have you see
How much to mine inferior is your might,
And others fear t' oppose themselves to me.
This swell'd Achilles' choler to the height,
And made him study what to do were best,
To draw his sword and Agamemnon kill,

The discontent and secession of Achilles.

Or take some time his anger to digest.
His sword was drawn, yet doubtful was his will.
But Juno, that of both of them took care,
Sent Pallas down, who coming stood behind
Achilles, and laid hold upon his hair.
Whereat Achilles wond'ring in his mind,
Turn'd back, and by the terror of her eyes
Knew her ; but by none else perceiv'd was she.
Come you, said he, to see the injuries
That are by Agamemnon done to me ?
So great, O Goddess Pallas, is his pride,
As I believe it cost him will his life.
I hither came, Athena then reply'd,
To put an end to this unlucky strife.
From heaven I hither was by Juno sent,
That loves you both, and of you both takes care,
Drawing of swords and bloodshed to prevent.
But as for evil words you need not spare.
For the wrong done you he shall trebly pay
Another time. Hold then. Your sword forbear.
I must then, said Achilles, you obey,
Tho' wrong'd. Who hears not Gods, the Gods not hear.
This said, his mighty sword again he sheath'd,
And Pallas up unto Olympus flew.
Achilles still nothing but choler breath'd,
And Agamemnon thus revil'd anew.
Dog's-face, and drunkard, coward that thou art,
That hat'st to lead the people out to fight ;
Nor yet to lie in ambush hast the heart,
And painfully watch in the field all night.
But thou to take from other men their due,
Safe lying in the camp, more pleasure hast.
But fools they are that ruled are by you,
Or else this injury had been your last.
But this I'll say, and with an oath make good.
(Now by this sceptre, which hath left behind
The stock whereon it once grew in the wood,
And never more shall have nor leaf nor rind,
And by Achæan princes now is borne
By whom Jove's laws to th' people carried be.)
You hear now what a great oath I have sworn :
If ere the Acheans shall have need of me,
And Agamemnon cannot them relieve,
When Hector fills the field with bodies slain,
And Agamemnon only for them grieve,
They my assistance wish for shall in vain.
This said, Achilles threw the sceptre down
That stuck all over was with nails of gold ;
And Nestor rose, of Pyle that wore the crown,
Wise and sweet orator and captain old.

LIB. I.

The discontent and secession of Achilles.

His words like honey dropped from his tongue.
Two ages he in battle honour gain'd.
For all that while he youthful was and strong,
And with the third age now in Pyle he reign'd.
What grief t' Achæa coming is, said he,
O Gods, what joy to Priam and his seed,
How glad will all the Trojans be to see
You two, that all the rest in pow'r exceed,
With your own hands shed one another's blood!
I elder am, do then as I advise.
For I conversed have with men as good,
That yet my counsel never did despise.
Perithous and Dryas were great men,
And Polyphemus and Exadius,
Such as for strength I ne'er shall see again;
And so were Cæneus, and Theseus,
The strongest of mankind were these, and slew
The strongest of wild beasts that haunt the wood.
These strong men I convers'd withal and knew;
And with them also I did what I could.
With these no other could contend in fight.
Yet they from Pyle thought fit to call me forth
Far off; nor ever did my counsel slight.
Think not therefore my counsel nothing worth.
Atrides take not from him, though you can,
The damsel which the Greeks have given him.
Forbear the king, Pelides. For the man
Whom Jove hath crown'd is made of Jove a limb.
Though you be strong, and on a Goddess got,
Atrides is before you in command.
Atrides, be but you to peace once brought,
T' appease Achilles I will take in hand,
Who is (while we are lying here) our wall.
To this Atrides answered again,
I nothing can deny of this at all.
But he amongst us thinks he ought to reign,
And give the law to all as he thinks fit.
But I am certain that shall never be.
He well can fight; the Gods have granted it,
But they ne'er taught him words of infamy.
Then interrupting him, Achilles said,
I were a wretch and nothing worth indeed,
If I whatever you command obey'd.
I will no more to what you say take heed.
But this I tell you, if you take away
The damsel which is mine by your own gift,
I do not mean for that to make a fray
Amongst the Greeks, or once my hand to lift.
Fetch her yourself, Atrides, but take heed
Against my will you nothing else take there.

The discontent and secession of Achilles.

Try; that th' Achæans may see how you speed,
And how your black blood shall run down my spear.
Thus in disorder the assembly ends.
Achilles to his own ships took his way,
Patroclus with him and his other friends.
And Agamemnon then without delay
Launched a bark, and in go row'rs twice ten.
Aboard the maid and th' hecatomb they lay.
Ulysses went commander of the men.
And swiftly then the ship cuts out her way.
And then Atrides th' army purifi'd,
And threw into the sea the purgament.
Then sacrific'd o' th' sands by the sea side
A hecatomb. To heaven up went the scent,
And busy were the people. But the king
Still on his quarrel with Achilles thought,
And how Briseis from his tent to bring.
For what he threaten'd he had not forgot.
But sent Talthybius and Eurybates
T' Achilles' tent to fetch Briseis thence.
(Two public servants of the king were these,
Ordained to carry his commandments.)
If he refuse, said he, to let her go,
I'll thither go myself with greater force
And take her thence, whether he will or no.
Which, angry as he is, will vex him worse.
The messengers, though not well pleased, went
Unto the fleet o' th' Myrmidons, and there
They found Achilles sitting by his tent.
Well pleas'd he was not. And they silent were,
And stood still, struck with fear and reverence.
Achilles seeing that, spake first, and said,
Come near. To me you have done no offence.
Go you, Patroclus, and lead forth the maid,
And give her to these men, that they may be
To Gods and men, and to th' unbridled man,
My witnesses, when they have need of me
To save th' Achæans, which he never can.
For what can he devise of any worth?
Or how can he the Greeks in battle save?
This said, Patroclus led Briseis forth,
And to Atrides' messengers her gave.
She with them went, though much against her heart.
Achilles from his friends went off and pray'd.
And sitting with his face to the sea apart
Weeping, unto his mother Thetis said,
Mother, though Jove have given me so small
A time of life, I could contented be,
Had I not been dishonoured withal,
And forc'd to bear such open injury.

LIB. I.

The discontent and secession of Achilles.

Thetis in the inmost closets of the deep,
Sat with the old God Nereus, and heard.
And not enduring long to hear him weep,
Above the sea like to a mist appear'd,
And by him sat, and strok'd his head, and said,
Why weep you, child? What is't that grieves you so?
Tell me, speak out. Of what are you afraid?
Come, whatsoever 'tis let me it know.
Mother, said he, 'tis not to you unknown,
When we took Thebe, and had brought away
The captives and the riches of the town,
Chryseis fell t' Atrides for his prey.
And how her father Chryses came to th' fleet
With ransom great his daughter to redeem,
And having in his hands the ensigns meet
Which did his priestly dignity beseem,
A golden sceptre and a crown of bays,
Unto the princes all made his request.
But to the two Atrides chiefly prays,
Who of the Argive army were the best.
O sons of Atreus, may the Gods grant you
A safe return from Troy with victory;
And you on me compassion may shew,
Receive these gifts, and set my daughter free;
And have respect to Jove's and Leto's son.
To this the princes all gave their consent,
Except King Agamemnon. He alone,
And with sharp language from the fleet him sent.
Away the old man goes, and as he went,
Against the Greeks he to Apollo pray'd;
Who heard him, and the plague amongst them sent,
Which daily multitudes of them destroy'd.
Of which the prophet, being ask'd the cause,
Said, 'twas for th' injury to Chryses done.
I mov'd to send her back. Then angry was
Atrides, though beside Atrides, none.
And though he too has sent her now away,
Yet what he threaten'd he has brought to pass.
His officers from me have forc'd my prey,
And Agamemnon now Briseis has.
And now, if ever, let me have your aid,
If you have holpen Jove with word or deed;
(For in my father's house you oft have said,
That heretofore you stood him in great stead,
When other Gods to bind him had decreed,
Juno and Neptune, Pallas and the rest,
You to him came and from his bonds him freed.
For up you fetch'd Briareus, the best
Of Titans all, whom men Ægæon call,
The gods Briareus, with a hundred hands,

The discontent and secession of Achilles.

And set him next to Jove. No God at all
Then durst to Jupiter approach with bonds);
Put Jove in mind of this, and him intreat
The Trojan hands to fortify in fight,
And to repel the Greeks with slaughter great,
That in their goodly king they may delight,
And Agamemnon count what he hath won
By doing such dishonour to the best
Of th' Argives, and that has such service done.
Ay me, said Thetis, would you could here rest
Unhurt, ungriev'd. For I have born you to
Short life. And not far from you is your fate.
And grievous 'tis to be dishonour'd too.
But I to Jove will all you say relate
When I go to Olympus. Till then stay,
And angry though you are, from war forbear.
To blackmoor-land the Gods went yesterday,
And twelve days hence again they will be there.
This said, the Goddess went away, and left
Her son Achilles with his anger striving,
For that he had been of his prize bereft.
And then Ulysses at the port arriving
Of Chryse, first his sails he furl'd, and stow'd
Them on the deck together with the mast;
And with their oars their ship ashore they row'd,
And out their anchors threw; and ty'd her fast.
And on the beach the men descending laid
The victims in good order on the sand.
When this was done, they disembark'd the maid.
And then Ulysses took her by the hand,
And brought her to the altar, where the priest
Her father stood, and to him spake, and said,
O Chryses, see, Atrides hath dismiss'd
Your daughter, and this hecatomb hath paid.
By Agamemnon we are hither sent
The same to offer, and t' Apollo pray,
That he accept it will, and be content
The sickness from the Greeks to take away.
This said, he put Chryseis to his hand,
And he with great contentment her receiv'd.
Then all with salt and barley ready stand,
And Chryses pray'd with hands to heaven upheav'd.
Hear me, Apollo, with the silver bow,
That dost in Tenedos and Cylla reign,
And heardst my pray'r against the Greeks; hear now,
And from them send the pestilence again.
When Chryses had thus to Apollo pray'd,
Then pray'd they all; and salt and barley threw
Upon the victims; which they kill'd and flay'd.
But from the altar first they them withdrew.

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The discontent and secession of Achilles.

And then the thighs cut off they slit in twain,
And round about they cover them with fat,
And one part on the other laid again.
The priest himself came when they had done that,
And burnt them on a fire of cloven wood;
And as they burning were pour'd on black wine.
Young men with spits five-branched by them stood.
When burnt the thighs were for the pow'r divine,
And entrails eaten, the rest cut in joints
Before the fire they roasted skilfully,
Pierced through with the spits that had five points;
And took it up when roasted thoroughly.
When ended was their work, began the feast;
Where nothing wanting was of what was good.
And having thirst and hunger dispossest,
And filled with sweet wine the temp'rers stood.
Then round the cups were borne; and all day long
Sitting they celebrated Phœbus' might,
And magnifi'd his goodness in sweet song,
And he in his own praises took delight.
But when the sun had borne away his light,
Upon the sands they laid them down to sleep.
And when again Aurora came in sight,
Again they launch their ship into the deep.
A good fore-wind Apollo with them sent.
Then with her breast the ship the water tore
(Which by her down on both sides roaring went)
And soon arrived at the Trojan shore.
And there they drew her up again to land,
And ev'ry man went which way he thought best.
Achilles yet not able to command
The anger that still boiled in his breast,
No longer would the Greeks at council meet,
Nor with them any more to battle come;
But sullen sat before his tent and fleet,
Wishing to see the Argives beaten home.
Twelve times the sun had risen now and set,
The Gods t' Olympus all returned were;
Thetis her son's complaints did not forget,
But up she carried them to Jupiter.
Upon the highest top alone sat he
Of the great many-headed hill, and laid
One hand on's breast, th' other on his knee.
And in that posture thus unto him said,
O father Jove, if for you I have done
Service at any time by word or deed,
Repay it now I pray you to my son,
Whom Agamemnon hath dishonoured.
Short time the Fates have given him to life.
Atrides taken from him hath his prey.

The discontent and secession of Achilles.

Now victory unto the Trojans give
Till Agamemnon for his fault shall pay.
Thus prayed she. But Jove made no reply.
Nor took she off her hands ; but pray'd anew ;
O Jove, my prayer grant me, or deny,
That I may know what power I have in you.
Then Jove much grieved, spake to her, and said,
'Twixt me and Juno 'twill a quarrel make.
For she before the Gods will me upbraid,
When she shall know the Trojans' part I take.
But go, lest she observe what you do here.
I'll give a nod to all that you have spoken,
That you may safely trust to and not fear.
A nod from me is an unfailing token.
This said, with his black brows he to her nodded,
Wherewith displayed were his locks divine ;
Olympus shook at stirring of his Godhead ;
And Thetis from it jump'd into the brine,
And Jupiter unto his house went down.
The Gods arose and waited on him thither :
But unto Juno it was not unknown
That he and Thetis had conferr'd together,
Who presently to Jove her husband went,
And angry him rebuk'd with language keen.
You that still in my absence tricks invent,
What God hath with you now in counsel been ?
Though unto me you hate to tell your mind.
Juno, said Jove, you must not hope to hear
All whatsoe'er it be, I have design'd.
But what I mean shall come unto the ear
Of all the Gods, you first of all shall know.
But what from all together I shall hide
Ask me no more, I will not tell you, though
My wife you be. Juno then thus repli'd.
Harsh Chronides, what words of yours are these!
To ask you questions I'll henceforth forbear,
And quietly let you do what you please.
But one thing I must tell you that I fear.
Thetis, I fear, has gotten your consent,
For her son's sake the Argives to oppress.
Suspect you can, said Jove, but not prevent,
Which doth but give me cause to love you less.
Though it be true, 'twas I would have it so.
Therefore sit still and do as I would have you.
Lest when my mighty hands about you go,
Nor all the other Gods in heav'n shall save you.
Then Juno silent sat with grief and fear ;
And all the Gods i' th' house of Jove did grieve.
But Vulcan, the renoun'd artificer,
Stood up his mother Juno to relieve.

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The discontent and secession of Achilles.

O what will this come to at last, said he,
If you for mortals thus shall be at odds!
The tumult than the cheer will greater be.
What pleasure can this be unto the Gods?
And though my mother wiser be than I,
Yet thus much I'll not doubt her to advise,
That with my father's will she would comply,
That no such quarrel may hereafter rise.
For by the roots he can the world pluck up.
Therefore I pray you mother speak him fair;
He'll soon be pleas'd. Then filled he a cup
Of nectar sweet, and bore it to her chair;
And to her said, mother, I pray you hold,
And do no more my father's choler move.
If you be beaten I shall but behold,
And grieve I am not strong enough for Jove.
I would have helpt you once, when by the foot
He threw me down to Lemnos from the sky.
All the day long I was a falling to't,
Where more than half dead taken up was I.
And there by th' Sincians I was taken up.
When Vulcan had his history told out,
His mother on him smil'd, and took the cup,
And to the Gods he nectar bore about.
And then the Gods laught all at once outright
To see the lame and sooty Vulcan skink.
And all the day from morning unto night
Ambrosia they eat, and nectar drink.
Apollo played, and alternately
The Muses to him sung. When night was come,
Then gently Sleep solicited each eye,
And to his house each God departed home.
And Jupiter went up unto the bed
Where he at other times was wont to lie
When sleep came on him, and laid down his head
To take repose; and Juno lay him by.

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LIB. II.

LIB. II.

The dream of Agamemnon. The tempting of the army, and the catalogue of ships and commanders.

The Gods, and princes of the Argive host
Slept all night long. Jove only waking lay,
And many projects in his mind he tost,
To grace Achilles, and the Greeks annoy.
At last a Dream he call'd. False Dream, said he,
Go, hie to Agamemnon's tent, and say,
Distinctly as you bidden are by me.
Bid him bring up his army now to Troy;
For now the time is come he shall it take.
The Gods no more thereon deliberate,
But all consented have for Juno's sake,
No longer to delay the Trojan fate.
Then with his errand went the Dream away,
And quickly was at Agamemnon's tent.
And finding him as fast asleep he lay,
Up presently unto his head he went.
And in the shape of Nestor to him spake.
Sleep you, said he, Atrides? 'Tis not fit
For him from whom the people counsel take,
That sleep all night upon his eyes should sit.
But Jove looks to you. Listen then to me.
For 'tis from Jove that I am to you come.
He bids you lead the army presently
Up every man to the walls of Ilium.
For now the time is come you shall it take.
The Gods no more thereon deliberate.
But all consented have for Juno's sake,
No longer to delay the Trojan fate.
And therefore when you wake forget it not.
This said, the Dream departed. And the king
Believ'd it as an oracle, and thought
To take Troy now as sure as anything;
Vain man, presuming from a dream Jove's will,
Who meant to th' Greeks and Trojans yet much woe,
And with their carcasses the field to fill
Before the Greeks should back to Argos go.
The king awak'd, and sat upon his bed,
Puts on his coat and a great cloak upon,
Handsome and new; his dream still in his head;

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The dream of Agamemnon, &c.

And then his silver-studded sword puts on.
And then he took his sceptre in his hand
Which formerly his ancestors had borne,
And went to th' ships whereof he had command.
And to the Gods with light then came the morn.
Then Agamemnon bids to counsel call.
The cryers call'd, the Greeks together went.
But first he had with the old captains all
Consulted what to do at Nestor's tent;
And said he dream'd that one like Nestor spake
To him and said, Atrides 'tis not fit
For one of whom the people counsel take
That sleep upon his eyes all night should sit.
But Jove secures you. Listen then to me,
For 'tis from him that I unto you come.
He bids you lead the army presently
Up every man to the walls of Ilium.
For now the time is come you shall it take,
The Gods thereon no more deliberate,
But all consented have for Juno's sake,
No longer to delay the Trojan fate.
And therefore when you wake forget it not.
This said, the dream went off again, and I
How to th' assault the army may be brought
As far as we can safely fain would try.
I'll first give them advice to go away,
As if there were no hope to gain the town.
But you must then be sure to make them stay.
This said, King Agamemnon sat him down,
And Nestor rose. Captains of th' host, said he,
This dream, had it been told b'another man,
Feigned and foolish would have seem'd to me.
But since the king is th' author (if we can)
Let us persuade the people to take arms.
And having said, began to lead away.
And now the people coming there in swarms.
For as the bees in a fair summer's day
Come out in clusters from the hollow rock,
And light upon the flow'rs that honey yield;
So to th' assembly did the people flock,
And bristling stood with expectation fill'd.
When they sat down, it made the ground to sigh.
The lords nine criers then amongst them sent
To make them silent, or to drown their cry,
And from the press their chairs to defend.
With much ado at last they silent were.
Then Agamemnon took into his hand
His sceptre (which was made by Mulciber
For Jove to carry when he did command.
Jove gave it afterward to Mercury;

And Mercury to Pelops gave the same.
From Pelops it went down successively
To Atreus, and to Thyestes came.
From him it came to Agamemnon's hand,
Who many islands and all Argos sway'd.)
And leaning now upon it with his hand,
Unto the princes of the army said.
Servants of Mars, commanders of the Greeks,
O what great trouble Jove involves me in!
Disgracefully to send me home he seeks,
Although he told me I the town should win,
And now (when I have lost so many men)
It seems to play with men he takes delight.
What towns has he destroy'd, and will again
Destroy still more, to exercise his might?
For both to us and our posterity
'Twill be a great disgrace to go to Troy
With so great multitudes, and baffled be,
And nothing done again to come away.
If we and they should on a truce agree,
And one by one they muster up their men;
And we should count how many tens we be,
And make one Trojan fill out wine for ten,
Many a ten would want a man to skink,
So much in number we the town exceed.
But when upon their many aids I think,
I wonder less that we no better speed.
Nine years are gone; our cordage spoiled with rain:
Our ships are rotted, and our wives at home,
And children dear expect us back again.
Nor know we of the war what will become.
Come, then, and all agree on what I say,
Let's put to sea, and back t' Achæa fly.
We shall not win the town although we stay.
This said, the army with applauses high
Consented all (save those that had been by
In council of the princes of Achæa)
And moved were like to the billows high
That rolled are by some great wind at sea.
Or as, when in a field of well-grown wheat
The ears incline by a sharp wind opprest;
So bow'd the heads in this assembly great
When their consent they to the king exprest.
Then going to the ships cry'd Ha la la!
Great dust they raised, and encouraged
Each other to the sea his ship to draw,
And cleans'd the way to th' water from each bed;
And straight unpropt their ships; and to the sky
Went up the noise. Then Juno sent away,
Pallas. Pallas, quoth she, the Greeks will fly,

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The tempting of the army

And Helen leave behind, for whom at Troy
So many of the Greeks their lives have lost,
And stay'd so long in vain before the town.
And then will Priam and the Trojans boast,
Unless you quickly to the ships go down.
Go quickly then, try if you can prevail,
With hopeful words to stay them yet ashore,
And take away their sudden list to sail,
And let the ships lie as they did before.
This said, the Goddess leapt down to the ground,
From high Olympus, and stood on the sand
Where lay the Greeks. Ulysses there she found
Angry to see the people go from land.
Ulysses, said she, do you mean to fly,
And here leave Helen after so much cost
Of time and blood, and show your vanity;
And leave the Trojans of their rape to boast?
Speak to each one, try if you can prevail
With hopeful words to stay them on the shore,
And take away this sudden list to sail,
And let the ships lie where they lay before.
Ulysses then ran t' Agamemnon's tent,
And took his staff (the mark of chief command)
And laying by his cloak to th' ships he went,
Amongst th' Achæans with that staff in's hand.
And when he met with any prince or peer,
He gently said, fear does not you become.
You should not only you yourself stay here,
But also others keep from flying home.
Atrides now did but the Argives try,
And those he sees most forward to be gone
Shall find perhaps least favour in his eye.
For of the secret council you were none.
Deep-rooted is the anger of a king,
To whom high Jove committed has the law,
And justice left to his distributing.
But when a common man he bawling saw,
He bang'd him with his staff, and roughly spake.
Be silent, and hear what your betters say.
For who of you doth any notice take
In council or in martial array?
Let one be king (we cannot all be kings)
To whom Jove gave the sceptre and the laws
To rule for him. Thus he the people brings
Off from their purpose, and to council draws.
Then to th' assembly back again they pass'd,
With noise like that the sea makes when it breaks
Against the shore, and quiet were at last.
Thersites only standeth up and speaks.
One that to little purpose could say much,

And what he thought would make men laugh would say.
And for an ugly fellow none was such
'Mongst all the Argives that besieged Troy.
Lame of one leg he was; and look'd asquint;
His shoulders at his breast together came;
His head went tapering up into a point,
With straggling and short hair upon the same.
Ulysses and Achilles most him hated,
For these two princes he us'd most to chide;
And Agamemnon now aloud he rated,
And thereby anger'd all the Greeks beside.
What is't, Atrides, said he, stays you here?
Your tent is full of brass; women you have
The best of all that by us taken were,
For always unto you the choice we gave.
Or look you for more gold that yet may come
For ransom of some prisoner whom I
Or other Greeks shall take at Ilium,
Or for some young maid to keep privately?
But kings ought not their private ease to buy
With public danger and a common woe.
Come, women of Achaia, let us fly,
And let him spend his gettings on the foe.
For then how much we help him he will know,
That has a better than himself disgrac'd.
But that Achilles is to anger slow,
That injury of his had been his last.
This said, Ulysses straightway to him went,
And with sour look, and bitter language said,
Prater, that to thyself seems eloquent,
How darest thou alone the king t' upbraid?
A greater coward than thou art there's none
'Mongst all the Greeks that came with us to Troy.
Else 'gainst the king thy tongue would not so run.
Thou seek'st but an excuse to run away.
Because we know not how we shall come off
As yet from Troy, must you the king upbraid,
And at the princes of the army scoff,
As if they too much honour to him paid?
But I will tell you one thing, and will do't.
If here again I find you fooling thus,
Then from my shoulders let my head be cut,
Or let me lose my son Telemachus,
If I not strip you naked to the skin,
And send you soundly beaten to the ships
With many stripes and ugly to be seen.
This said, he basted him both back and hips.
Thersites shrugg'd, and wept, sat down, and had
His shoulders black and blue, dy'd by the staff;
Look'd scurvily. The people that were sad

LIB. II.

The tempting of the army.

But just before, now could not choose but laugh.
And, oh, said one t' another standing near,
Ulysses many handsome things has done,
When we in council or in battle were,
A better deed than this is he did none,
That has so silenced this railing knave,
And of his peevish humour stay'd the flood,
As he no more will dare the king to brave.
And then to speak Ulysses ready stood.
Where Pallas like a crier did appear,
And standing by him silence did command,
That also they that sat far off might hear.
Then spake he, with the sceptre in his hand.
The people, O Atrides, go about
To put you on an act will be your shame,
Forgetting what they promis'd setting out,
Not to return till Troy they overcame.
But now like widow-women they complain,
Or little children longing to go home.
To be from home a month, it is a pain
To them that to their loving wives would come.
To sea they'd go though certain to be tost
By many a sturdy wind upon the same.
But they have now lain here nine years almost;
I cannot therefore say they are to blame.
But certainly after so long a stay
'Tis very shameful empty back to go.
Let us at least abide till know we may
Whether what Chalchas said be true or no.
For this we all know and are witnesses
(Excepting only those that since are dead)
When we from Aulis went to pass the seas,
And by contrary winds were hindered,
That there we to the gods did sacrifice
Upon an altar close unto a spring,
That of a plane-tree at the root did rise;
And how we saw there a prodigious thing.
A mighty serpent with a back blood-red
From out the spring glided up to the tree,
The boughs whereof were ev'ry way far spread.
On th' utmost chanc'd a sparrow's nest to be.
Young ones were in it eight, with th' old one nine;
The old one near the nest stay'd fluttering,
And grievously the while did cry and whine.
At last the serpent catcht her by the wing.
And when the serpent had devour'd all nine,
He presently was turn'd into a stone;
That we might see from Jove it was a sign
Of what should afterward at Troy be done.
We were amaz'd so strange a thing to see,

The tempting of the army,

Till Chalchas rose and did the same explain.
This is a certain sign from Jove, said he,
That he intends to do the like again.
For as the snake devour'd nine birds in all;
So nine years long we shall make war at Troy,
And after nine years Ilium shall fall.
But in the tenth year we shall come away.
This then said Chalchas; and all hitherto
Is come to pass. Therefore Achæans stay,
Since nothing here remaineth now to do,
But overcoming the old town of Troy.
This said, the people made a mighty noise,
Which bounding from the ships was twice as great,
Sounding of nothing but Ulysses' praise.
And up then rose old Nestor from his seat.
Fie, fie, said he, why sit we talking here?
Where are your promises, and whither gone
Our oaths and vows? To what end did we swear?
Where be the hands that we rely'd upon?
What good will't do to sit upon the shore,
How long soever be our time to stay?
Hold fast, Atrides, as you did before
The power you have; and lead us up to Troy.
A man or two you safely may neglect,
Though they dissent and secret counsel take.
For they'll be able nothing to effect,
Before to Argos our retreat we make,
And know if Jove have spoken true or no.
For when we went aboard to go for Troy,
Jove light'ned to the right hand, which all know
A sign of granting is for what we pray.
Let none of you long therefore to be gone,
Till of some Trojan's wife he hath his will,
And ta'en a not unfit revenge upon
The Trojans that have Helen us'd as ill.
But he that for all this is fiercely bent
On going home, and thinks that counsel best,
And lays hand on his ship, let him be sent
Down into Erebus before the rest.
But you, O king, think well, and take advice
First into tribes the army to divide,
And tribes again into fraternities,
That tribe may tribe and fellow fellow aid.
The leaders and the soldiers then you'll know
Which of them merits praise, and which is naught.
And if the town you do not overthrow,
Whether on us or Jove to lay the fault.
To this Atrides answer made and said,
O Nestor, father, you exceed all men
In giving counsel. Would the Gods me aid

LIB. II.

The tempting of the army

With counsellors such as you are but ten,
The town of Priam we should quickly win.
Nor had we now so long about it staid,
If Jupiter had not engag'd me in
A quarrel with Achilles for a maid.
But if we come but once more to agree,
The evil day from Troy will not be far.
Now take your food, that we may ready be,
And able to endure the toil of war.
Let ev'ry man now sharpen well his spear,
His buckler mend, and give his horses meat,
And look well to his chariot everywhere,
That we may fight all day without retreat,
For we shall fight I doubt not all day long,
And never cease as long as we can see.
Of many a shield sweaty will be the thong,
And spear upon the hand lie heavily;
And many horses at the chariot sweat.
But he that willingly to avoid the fight
Shall stay behind, or to the ships retreat,
His body shall be food for dog and kite.
This said, the people pleas'd with what was spoken,
Approv'd the same with shouts, as loud as when
Betwixt great waves and rocks the sea is broken.
Then from the assembly they return again.
And at their ships they sacrifice and pray
Each one to th' God in whom he trusted most,
That he might by his favour come away
Alive, with whole limbs from the Trojan host.
But Agamemnon sacrific'd a steer
To Jove, of five years old, and to the feast
Call'd such as in the army princes were,
Or held to be for chivalry the best,
Nestor, Idomeneus, two Ajaces,
And the son of Tydeus Diomed,
The sixth Ulysses Laertiades,
And Menelaus thither came unbid.
For well he knew his brother would be sad.
About the victim then th' assembly stands,
And in their hands they salt and barley had.
Then pray'd Atrides holding up his hands;
Great, glorious Jove, that dwellest in the sky,
O let not Phœbus carry hence the day
Till Priam's palace proud in ashes lie,
And Hector sprawling in the dust of Troy,
And many Trojans with him. So pray'd he.
And Jove was with his sacrifice content.
But unto all his pray'r did not agree,
Intending still his labour to augment.
Whan all had pray'd, they salt and barley threw

Upon the victim which they kill'd and flay'd.
But from the altar they it first withdrew.
The thighs they slit, and fat upon them laid.
And burnt them in a fire of cloven wood ;
The entrails o'er the fire they broiled eat,
The rest they roast on spits that by them stood ;
And when they roasted were, fell to their meat.
When the desire of meat and drink was gone,
Nestor stood up, and to Atrides said,
Let us no longer leave the work undone,
Which Jupiter himself has on us laid.
Let's call the Greeks together out of hand,
That we may make them ready for the war.
Atrides then to th' criers gave command
T' assemble them. They soon assembled are.
And then the princes went into the field,
And them in tribes and in fraternities
Distinguished. And Pallas with her shield,
(An undecaying shield and of great price,
Rais'd at the brim with orbs of beaten gold
An hundred, worth an hundred cows at least.)
With this the Goddess went, to make them bold,
Courage inspiring into ev'ry breast.
And now their hearts are all on fire to fight,
And vanish'd is the thought of their returning.
And such as of a mountain is the sight
Upon whose top a large thick wood stands burning ;
Such, as they marching were, the splendour was,
And seemed to reach up unto the sky,
Reflected from so many arms of brass
Bright and new polished unto the eye.
As when of many sorts the long-neck'd fowls
Unto the large and flow'ry plain repair,
Through which Cayster's water gently rolls,
In multitudes high flying in the air,
Then here and there fly priding in their wing,
And by and by at once light on the ground,
And with great clamour make the air to ring,
And th' earth whereon they settle to resound ;
So when th' Acheans went up from the fleet,
And on their march were to the town of Troy,
The earth resounded loud with hoofs and feet.
But at Scamander's flow'ry bank they stay,
In number like the flowers of the field,
Or leaves in spring, or multitude of flies
In some great dairy 'bout the vessels fill'd,
Delighted with the milk, dance, fall and rise.
The leaders then amongst them went, and brought
Them quickly into tribes and companies,
As ev'ry goat-herd quickly knows his goat

Whether it be another man's or his.
And Agamemnon there amongst the rest
Was eminent. Like Jove in head and face;
Belted like Mars; like Neptune's was his breast.
Such beauty Jove upon the man did place.

The catalogue of ships and commanders.

Now, Muses, ye that in Olympus dwell,
(For Goddesses you are, and present were,
And all that pass'd at Troy can truly tell,
And we can nothing know but what we hear.)
Who of the Greeks at Troy commanded men?
The common soldiers you need not name,
For I should never say them o'er again,
Although I had as many tongues as Fame.
Boetia, wherein contained be
Eteonus, and Schœnus, and Scolus,
Aulis, Thespeia, Græa, Hyrie,
Harma, Eilesius, and Mycalessus,
Erythræ, Elion, Ocaliæ.
Hylæ, Eutresis, Thisbe, Peleon,
Platæa, Aliareus, and Copæ,
Coronia, Glisse, Thebe, Medeon,
Onchestus Neptune's town, Nissa divine,
And Midias, and utmost Anthedon,
And Arne that great plenty has of wine.
The which in all made fifty ships. And those
Commanded were by Archesilaus,
And Prothoenor and Penelcos,
And Leitus, and with them Clonius.
The seamen in each one to six score rose.
Aspledon and Orchomenus besides
Did set forth twenty good black ships to sea.
Ascalaphus and Ialmenus were guides,
Begot by Mars upon Astyoche.
The towns of Phocis, Crissa, Panopea,
And Cyparissus, Python, and Daulis,
And on the brook of Cephisus Lilæa,
And Anemoria, and Hyampolis,
And other towns o' th' bank of Cephisus,
Made ready forty good ships for the seas,
Ruled by Schedius and Epistraphus
The sons of Iphitus Naubolides.
The Locrians the lesser Ajax led,
Of King Oileus the valiant son.
(For he was lower more than by the head
Than t' other Ajax, son of Telamon)
A linen armour he wore on his breast.
But understood as well to use a spear,
Or better, than could any of the rest
That in the army of th' Achæans were.
There went with him from Cynus and Opus,

The catalogue of ships and commanders.

From Bessa, Scarphe, Thronius, Aygiæ,
Tarphe, Calliarus, Boagrius,
Forty good ships well fitted for the sea.
Th' Eubœans were by Elephenor led,
That dwell in Chalcis and Eretriæ,
Cerinthus, Dion (that holds high her head),
Carystus, Styra, and in Istiæa.
And by the name Abantes they all go,
Good men, and that in battle use the spear,
And love to pierce the armour of a foe.
And these on forty ships embarked were.
From Athens (who Erectheus' people were,
Aurora's son, by Pallas nourished
In her own temple, in which ev'ry year
Many good bulls and lambs are offered),
Under Menesteus fifty ships did pass,
Who for the ord'ring of a battle well
Of horse or foot the best of all men was,
Save Nestor, who in age did him excel.
From Salamis came to the Trojan shore,
And by the greater Ajax govern'd were,
The son of Telamon, twelve good ships more,
And lay at anchor to th' Athenians near.
Argos, Tyrinthe, Trœzen, Asine,
And Epidaurus, and Hermione,
Mases and Ægina, and Eione,
Amongst them all put four score ships to sea.
Of which there were three captains, Diomed,
Euryalus, and Sthenelus. But they
By Diomed were chiefly governed.
For him they all commanded were t' obey.
And from Mycenæ, Corinth, Cleonæ,
And Orthe, and Hyperesiæ,
From Sicyon, and Aræthuree,
And Gonoessa, and from Helice,
Pellenæ, Ægium, and all that shore,
An hundred ships were laid upon the sea;
And with King Agamemnon passed o'er,
And his peculiar command were these.
Amongst them he puts on his armour then,
Proud that he was of all the heroes best.
For of his own he thither brought most men,
And chief commander was of all the rest.
From Sparta, Pharæ, Messa, Brysiæ,
From about Otylus, with those from Laus,
Helos, Amyclæ, and from Aygiæ,
Went thirty good black ships with Menela
Which from his brother's forces stood apart,
And he amongst them heart'ning them to fight,
And breathing courage into every heart.

LIB. II.

The catalogue of ships and commanders.

For to the Trojans he bare greatest spite.
Pylus, Arene, Cyparisseis,
Amphigenia, Æpy, and Thryus,
(Whereat a ford i' th' stream Alpheus is)
Elos, and Pteleus, and Dorius.
(Here 'twas the Muses met with Toamyris
The Thracian fiddler, which their art did slight,
And said their skill was not so good as his,
And they depriv'd him both of art and sight.)
The number of the ships those towns set forth,
In all amounted to four score and ten ;
And led were by a captain of great worth.
'Twas Nestor the command had of these men.
From Phene, Ripe, and Orchomenus,
And from Enispe, and from Stratiæ,
Tege, Mantinea, Stymphalus,
And those that dwelled in Parrhasia,
(Arcadians all, and in sharp war well skill'd)
Came sixty ships by Agapenor led,
And ev'ry ship sufficiently fill'd.
But then the ships Atrides furnished.
The men of Helis, and Buprasium,
And all the ground enclos'd by Hyrmine,
Myrsinus, Olene, Alisium,
Amongst them all put forty ships to sea,
Led by Amphimachus and Thalpius,
Diores, and Polyxenus, the son
Of martial Agasthenes, and then
Ten good ships were commanded by each one.
Dulichium, and th' isles Echinades,
Sent forty ships. Messes commander went
The son of Phyleus, who for his ease
Liv'd from his father there in discontent.
Ulysses also brought out twelve good ships
From Ithaca, Neritus, Ceph'lonia,
From Same, and from Zant, and Ægylips,
And from Epirus, and Croæylia.
Th' Ætolians with Thoas Andræmon's son
Sent from Pylene, and from Chalcis, and
From Olenus, Pleuron, and Calydon
Sent forty ships, whereof the sole command
In Thoas was. For Œneus was dead,
And Meleager ; all the royal race.
Andræmon's son their men to Troy to lead
By suffrage of the cities chosen was.
From Crossus, Gortys (in the isle of Crete)
Lictus, Miletus, Phæstus, Rycius,
Lycastus, and some others went a fleet
Of eighty ships with King Idomenus.
And valiant as Mars Meriones.

The catalogue of ships and commanders.

And nine good ships went with Tlepolemus
(That was the son of mighty Hercules)
From Lindus, Camirus, Ialissus.
For Hercules Tlepolemus begat
On Astyochia whom in war he won,
And for her many cities had laid flat.
But after Hercules was dead and gone,
Tlepolemus, now grown a man and bold,
Licymnius (his father's uncle) slew
By th' mother's side, a branch of Mars, but old.
Then cuts down trees, and rigs a navy new,
And many men together gathered,
And wandered till to Rhodes he came at last,
And there dwelt in three tribes distributed.
Fear of his kindred made him go in haste.
And mightily in little time they throve,
And ev'ry day in wealth and power grew,
And favour'd were continually by Jove.
For daily he unto them riches threw.
From Syme went with Nireus ships three,
Nireus that was the fairest man of all
(Achilles always must excepted be)
But weak was Nireus, and his number small.
From Casus, Carpathus, and Nisyrus,
Calydnæ Islands, and the Isle of Cous
Went thirty ships. Two sons of Thessalus
The son of Hercules commanded those.
And the Pelasgic Argives sent to sea
From Trechis, and from Hellas, and Halus,
From Pthia, and the port of Alope,
Commanded by the son of Peleus,
Fifty good ships of Myrmidons, which some
Achæans, others Hellens used to call.
But these would not to any battle come.
For sullen sat ashore their general,
Because Briseis they had forc'd away,
Which when he won Lyrnessus, was his prize,
And dia Epistrophus and Mynes slay.
There sat he then, but shall again arise.
From Inon, Phylace, and Pyrasus,
From Pteleus, and Antron on the sea
Went forty ships, with Protesilaus,
Which he commanded while alive was he.
But he was dead. For as he leapt to land
From out his ship, he was the first man slain
Of all th' Achæans by a Trojan hand,
And left his wife to tear her hair in vain,
His house at Phylace half finished.
His soldiers chose Podarces in his place,
His younger brother, who at Troy them led.

LIB. II.

The catalogue of ships and commanders.

A captain good; but th' elder better was.
And they that dwelt about Boebeis Lake,
Iaolcus, Boebe, Pheræ, Glaphyræ,
Put all together, ships eleven make.
Under Eumelus these were put to sea.
From rugged Olizon and Melibœa,
The towns Methone and Thomacia sent
Seven ships of fifty oars apiece to sea,
And Philoctetes their commander went.
But him the Achæans left in Lemnos isle,
In cruel torment bitten by a snake.
And of his ships Medon took charge the while.
But better care of him the Greeks will take.
From Tricca then, and from Methone steep,
And from Oechalia (seat of Euritus),
Thirty good ships to Troy went o'er the sea,
By Machaon led and Podalirius,
Two skilful sons of Æsculapius.
From chalky Titanus Hyperia, and
Astirius, and from Ormenius,
Eurypilus did forty ships command.
And from the towns Argissa and Gyrtone,
From Oloosson, Orthe on the Hill,
With those that sent were from the town Elone,
So many went as forty ships did fill.
And had two leaders. Polypœtes one,
Son of Perithous the son of Jove,
And gotten by him was the day whereon
He and the Lapiths 'gainst the Centaurs strove,
And drave them from the mountain Pelion.
The other leader was Leontius,
Whose father was Capaneus, who the son
Was of the valiant Lapith Cœneus.
The Ænians and Perrhibœans bold
Did two-and-twenty good black ships set out,
From hollow Cyphus, and Dodona cold,
And other habitations about
The pleasant river Titaretius,
That into Peneus runs, but doth not mix,
But glides like oil at top of Peneus,
For Titaretius is a branch of Styx.
These Gonneus led. Then the Magnesians sent
From towns upon the banks of Peneus,
And sides of Pelion mountain eminent,
Forty good ships under swift Prothous.
These were the leaders of the Achæan forces.
O Goddess, tell me now who was the best
In battle of the leaders, and whose horses
In swiftness and in force excell'd the rest.
Eumelus, his two horses did surpass

The catalogue of ships and commanders.

(Though they were females) all the rest for speed;
Their colour, age, and stature equal was,
Sprung in Pieria from Apollo's breed,
That terror drew about as swift as wind.
'Mongst Greeks the greater Ajax had no peer.
For now Achilles had the war declin'd,
Whom none in prowess equall'd or came near,
Nor other horses could with his compare.
But at his ships he discontented stay'd,
And full of spite which he th' Atrides bare,
Whilst on the beach idle his soldiers play'd
At who could furthest throw a dart or stone.
The horses loosely wander'd here and there
Amongst the people, and had riders none,
Or upon lote and cinquefoil feeding were.
But the Achæans to Scamander march'd
Swiftly as when a fire runs o'er a plain
Which Phœbus had with a long summer parch'd,
And going made the ground to groan again,
As when Jove angry lasheth Arimy,
Which men say of Typhæus is the bed,
The earth therewith is made to groan and sigh,
So groan'd the ground when they to Troy were led.
Then Jove unto the Trojans Iris sent,
Who old and young were then at Priam's gate
Assembled with the king in parliament.
Over their heads stood Iris as they sate.
Her voice was like to that of Priam's son
Polytes, that was watching at the tomb
Of old Æsuites, there to wait upon
The coming of the Greeks to Ilium.
Old man, said she, you love to hear men preach
As in a time of peace. But now 'tis war.
The Greeks no more lie idle on the beach,
But at your gates, and numberless they are,
As sands by the sea-side, or leaves in spring.
And to the city now they bring the war.
Hector, to you this counsel now I bring.
Within the city many people are
To aid you come of divers languages.
Let them that hither led them lead them here,
Arm, and command them each one as he please.
When she had done, dismiss'd the people were.
Hector to open all the gates commands,
And with great clamour horse and foot come out.
Before the city a high pillar stands,
To which the field lies open round about;
And Battica called was by men;
Which 'mongst the Gods another name did bear,
Myrinna's sepulchre. And there again

LIB. II.

The catalogue of ships and commanders.

The Trojans and their succours muster'd were.
The Trojans were by Hector led. The best
In battle, and in number most were these,
With spear in hand, and brass on back and breast.
The Dardans were commanded by Æneas,
(Anchises' son; but Venus was his mother;
Amongst the hills of Ida got he was.)
And joint commanders with him were two other
Brave men, Archilochus and Acamas.
And of Zeleia the inhabitants,
Which of Mount Ida lieth at the foot,
And on the river of Æsopus stands,
Under command of Pandarus were put,
Son of Lycaon, and that well knew how
To make an arrow in the air fly true.
Phœbus himself had given him a bow,
And how to use the same none better knew.
Th' Adrasteians and the men of Apæsus,
Of Pityeia and Tereia hill
Were by Adrastus led and Amphius,
Two sons of Merops, that had mighty skill
In prophecy, and both of them forbad
Themselves to venture in the war at Troy.
But Fate a greater power with them had,
And made them go, but brought them not away.
The people of Percosia, and they
That dwell upon the banks of Practius,
Arisbe, Sestus, Abydus, obey
The orders of their leader Asius
The son of Hyrtacus, whose chariot
By horses great and black as any coal,
And on it he to Ilium was brought;
And of Sellcis race each one a foal.
Larissa was Pelasgic by descent.
Under Pylæus and Hyppothous,
Two stout Pelasgic leaders these were sent,
Who both the grandsons were of Teutomus.
The Thracians on this side Hellespont,
Were led by Pirus and by Achamas.
O' th' Cycon who do these oppose in front
Trœzenus' son Euphemus leader was.
From Amydon that standeth on the side
Of Axius, the fairest stream that flows,
The Pœons came. Pyrechmus them did guide,
And arm'd they were with arrows and with bows.
The Enneti in Paphlagonia,
From whence proceedeth of wild mules the race,
Parthenius' brook and the town Coronia,
Cytorus, Sesamus, and the high place
Of th' Erithius, and of Ægyalus

The catalogue of ships and commanders.

The charge was given to Pylomenus,
And of the Halizons t' Epistrophus,
But not alone; join'd with him was Dius
Of Alybe, where is a silver mine.
The leaders of the Mysians were Chronis,
And Enomus. Both of them could divine
By flight of birds, though they foresaw not this
That in Scamander stream they both should die,
Slain by Achilles who there massacred
Many a Trojan, many a good ally,
Which to the sea the river carried.
The Phrygians from Ascania, far off,
Were led by Phorcys and Ascanius;
And battle lov'd. But the commanders of
The Mæones, Mesthles and Antiphus,
The two sons were of old Pylomenes,
Both of them born upon Gygæna lake,
(At th' foot of Tmolus dwell the Mæones.)
Amphimachus and Nastes charge did take
Of those of Caria, people of rude tongue;
And of Miletus, and the hill Phtheiron,
And of the towns that seated are among
The windings of Mæander, and upon
Mount Mycale. And Nastes carried gold
Unto the battle, like a child or sot;
Wherewith his life he did not buy but sold.
For slain he was; his gold Achilles got,
And left him lying at the river dead.
The succours by the Lycians sent to Troy,
By Glaucus were and King Sarpedon led.
Far off they dwelt, and a long march had they.

ILIAD.

LIB. III.

The duel of Menelaus and Paris, for the ending of the war

When both the armies were prepar'd for fight,
The Trojans marched on with noise and cry.
As in the air of cackling fowl a flight,
Or like the cranes when from the north they fly,
The army of Pygmæan men to charge,
And shun the winter, with a mighty cry
Fly through the air over the ocean large;
So swiftly march'd the Greeks, but silently
Resolved one another to assist.

LIB. III.

The duel of Menelaus and Paris, for the ending of the war.

And such a dust between both hosts did rise,
As when upon the mountains lies a mist,
Which to a stone's cast limiteth the eyes.
(Which good for thieves is, but for shepherds not)
So great a dust the middle space possest.
When they were near to one another got,
Came Alexander forth before the rest.
A leopard's skin he wore upon his shoulders,
Two spears in hand, his sword girt at his side,
Bow at his back, and brave to the beholders;
And any of Achæan host defied.
And glad was Menelaus to see this.
As when a lion finds a lusty prey,
A wild goat or a stag well pleased is,
And hungry seizes him without delay,
Although by hunters and by hounds pursu'd;
So glad was Menelaus him to see.
And soon as he his person had well view'd,
Arm'd from his char'ot to the ground leap'd he.
Assured, as he thought, revenge to take.
But soon as Alexander once saw that,
He fled into the throng, as from a snake
Seen unawares, trembling and pale thereat.
Then Hector him with words of great disgrace
Reprov'd and said, Fine man and lover keen,
Cajoler, that confidest in thy face,
I would to God thou born hadst never been,
Or never hadst been married. For that
A great deal better had been of the twain,
Than to be scorn'd of men, and pointed at
For one that durst not his own word maintain.
O how the Greeks are laughing now to see
That so absurdly they themselves mistook,
Supposing you some mighty man to be
That art worth nothing, judging by your look.
Was't you to Lacedemon pass'd the deep,
And fetch'd fair Helen thence, the bane of Troy,
And now, when it concerns you her to keep,
You dare not in her husband's presence stay?
For you would quickly know what kind of man
You have bereav'd unjustly of his wife.
Neither your cittern, nor your beauty can,
Nor other gifts of Venus save your life.
Were not the Trojans fearful more than needs,
You had a coat of stones by this time had,
A fit reward for all your evil deeds.
This answer then to Hector, Paris made.
Hector, since your reproof is just, said he,
And your hard language (as when help'd by art
A shipwright's axe strikes deep into a tree)

The duel of Menelaus and Paris, for the ending of the war

Like rigid steel has cut me to the heart;
If with Atrides you would have me fight,
Object not Venus' favours ('tis unfit
The gifts of the immortal Gods to slight),
But make the Greeks and Trojans both to sit.
And in the midst set me and Menelaus,
And which of us shall have the victory,
Helen be his, and all the wealth she has,
And 'twixt the Greeks and Trojans amity.
Let this be sworn to, that we may remain
At Troy in quiet, and the Greeks repass
To Argos and Achæa back again.
At this brave proffer Hector joyful was;
And stepping forth, the Trojan ranks kept in
With both his hands o' th' middle of his spear.
And to shoot at him the Greeks begin,
And many took up stones and hurling were.
But Agamemnon with a voice as high
As high as he could raise it, to the Greeks cried, hold.
Throw no more stones, let no more arrows fly;
Hector to us has somewhat to unfold.
This said, they held their hands, and silent were,
And Hector both to Greeks and Trojans spake.
May you be pleased on both sides to hear
The motion I from Alexander make.
Let arms, said he, on both sides be laid by,
And in the midst set him and Menelaus,
And which of them shall have the victory,
Be Helen his, with all the wealth she has.
And let the rest an oath on both sides take
The pacts agreed on not to violate.
When this was said, then Menelaus spake,
And both the armies with great silence sate.
Hear me too then, said Menelaus, who
By Alexander have been most offended.
If you'll do that which I advise you to,
The quarrel he began will soon be ended.
Which of us two shall fall in single fight,
Let him die only, and the rest agree.
Bring forth two lambs, one black, another white,
To t' Earth and Sun a sacrifice to be.
Another we will sacrifice to Jove.
And let the old King Priam present be,
(His proud sons think themselves all oaths above)
That what is sworn he may performed see.
No hold is to be taken of an oath
Which young men make, whose likings change like wind.
But old men can foresee what's good for both.
'Tis good for both that makes a contract bind.
These words did to both armies sweetly sound;

LIB. III.

The duel of Menelaus and Paris, for the ending of the war.

They thought the worst was past; and up they tied
Their horses; and their spears stuck in the ground,
With spaces left between them, but not wide.
Then Hector to the king two heralds sent,
To fetch the lambs, and Priam to implore
To take the oath. From Agamemnon went
Talthybius to the fleet to fetch two more.
Meanwhile to the fair Helen Iris came,
So like t' Antenor's wife Laodice,
King Priam's daughter, that she seem'd the same.
Quickly she found her; for at work was she
Upon a double splendid web, wherein
Many a cruel battle she had wrought
The Trojans and th' incensed Greeks between,
That for her own sake only had been fought.
Come nymph, said Iris, see one battle more
Between the gallant men of Greece and Troy.
They fight not altogether as before,
But silent sit, and from their arms away.
Shields are their cushions, planted are their spears;
Paris and Menelaus only fight.
Save these two no man any armour wears;
And you his wife are, that has greatest might.
Thus Iris said, and her inspir'd anew
With love to Menelaus as before.
Then o'er her head a milk-white scarf she threw,
And out went weeping at the chamber door,
But not alone; two maidens follow'd her,
Fair Æthre Pittheus' child, and Clymene.
And quickly at the Scæan gate they were,
Where Priam sate; and in his company
Were the old lords, Lampus and Clytius,
And Icetaon, and Ucalegon,
Antenor, Thymetes, and Panthous,
Whence both the armies they might look upon.
Old men they were, but had brave captains been,
And now for consultation prized were.
As soon as Helen came into their sight,
They whisper'd one another in the ear,
I cannot blame the man that for her strives,
Like an immortal God she is. Yet so,
Rather than we should hazard all our lives,
I should advise the king to let her go.
Thus said they one t' another. But the king
Call'd her and said, daughter, sit down by m
(Not you, but the immortal powers bring
Upon the Trojans this calamity.)
And tell me who that great Achæan is.
I see some higher by the head than he,
But comelier man I never saw than this,

LIB. III.

The duel of Menelaus and Paris, for the ending of the war.

Nor liker to a king in majesty.
O king, then answered Helen, to whom I
Of all men owe most reverence and fear,
Would I had rather chosen there to die,
Than to your son's ill counsel given ear,
Leaving my house, my child, and brothers two,
And all my sweet companions for his sake.
But since I cannot what is done undo,
Unto your question I'll now answer make.
The man you point to Agamemnon is,
A good king, and a valiant man in fight,
And brother to the husband is of this
Unworthy woman, me, that did him slight.
And Priam then the man admiring said,
Happy Atrides, great is thy command,
Whose soldiers though now very much decay'd,
In such great multitude before us stand.
At a great fight I was in Phrygia,
And brought to Otreus and Mygdon aid
Against the Amazons. I never saw
Till then, so many for a fight array'd,
As were the Amazons, upon the banks
Of Sangareus, and yet they fewer were,
Than are contained in the bristled ranks
Of th' armed Greeks that stand before us here.
Again Ulysses coming in his sight,
Tell me, said he, sweet daughter, who is this?
He wants the head of Agamemnon's height,
But at the breast and shoulders broader is.
His arms lie still upon the ground; but he
In no one certain place himself can keep,
But through the ranks and files runs busily,
Just as a ram runs in a fold of sheep.
To this Jove's daughter, Helen, thus replies.
Ulysses 'tis, the old Laertes' son,
Of Ithaca; to counsel and devise,
In all the army like him there is none.
O Helen, said Antenor, you say right;
On your affair he once came into Troy
With Menelaus. I did them both invite
To sup with me; and in my house they lay.
I them compar'd. When at their audience
They both stood up, Atrides taller seem'd;
Sitting Ulysses won most reverence,
And was amongst the people most esteem'd.
And when they were orations to make,
Atrides' words went easily and close,
For little he, but to the purpose spake,
Though th' younger man. But when Ulysses rose,
Upon the ground a while he fix'd his eyes,

LIB. III.

ıe duel of Me-
laus and Paris,
the ending of
war.

Nor ever mov'd the sceptre in his hand;
You would have thought him sullen or unwise,
That did not yet his bus'ness understand.
But when his voice was raised to the height,
And like a snow upon a winter's day
His gentle words fell from him, no man might
With him compare; so much his words did weigh.
Then Priam seeing Ajax, ask'd again,
What Greek is that, that taller by the head
And shoulders is than all the other men?
And Helen to the king thus answered,
Great Ajax; who of th' Argives is the sconce:
And he o' th' other side Idomeneus,
Who was the guest of Menelaus once,
And lodg'd at Lacedemon in his house.
And now I see the rest, and could them name.
But Castor I and Pollux cannot see.
Two princes are they, and well known by Fame,
And by one mother brothers are to me.
Did they not pass the sea? Yes sure they did
Come with the rest; but are asham'd of me.
And in the Argive fleet lie somewhere hid,
And will not in my shame partakers be.
Thus Helen said, because she could not tell
Whether her brothers were alive or dead.
But dead they were; and, where they both did dwell,
In Lacedemon they were buried.
The heralds now the two lambs had brought in,
That for their sacrifice appointed were,
And full of noble wine a great goat skin.
Idæus with the golden cups stood near,
And pray'd the king to go down to the plain.
There stay for you the Greeks and Trojans both;
A peace agreed on is; but all in vain
Unless you also go and take the oath.
For Paris must with Menelaus fight,
And he must Helen and her wealth enjoy
Upon whose side the victory shall light;
The Greeks return; and peace remain at Troy.
These words to th' old man's heart came cold as ice.
But straight he bade his coach made ready be.
The servants made it ready in a trice,
And up into 't Antenor went and he;
And pass'd the Scæan gate into the plain.
And when they came near to Scamander's banks,
From out the coach alighted they again,
And stood between the adverse armies' ranks.
Then Agamemnon and Ulysses came,
And to the contract for the Greeks did swear.
And Priam and Antenor swore the same.

The duel of Menelaus and Paris, for the ending of the war.

The heralds mix the wine with water clear ;
And poured water on the princes' hands.
Atrides at his sword a knife did wear,
And as he near unto the victims stands,
Cuts with it from their foreheads locks of hair,
Which by the heralds were distributed,
Till ev'ry leader part had of the hair.
The ceremonies being finished,
Atrides to the Gods then made this prayer.
O mighty Jove, the monarch of the Gods,
O glorious Sun, with thy all-seeing eye,
O Streams, O Earth, O you that hold the rod
Beneath the earth, scourges of perjury,
Hear me, and be you witnesses of this.
If Menelaus be by Paris slain,
Let Helen and the wealth she has be his,
And to Achæa we return again.
If slain by Menelaus Paris be,
Let Helen with her wealth to Greece be sent
With some amends made for the injury,
To be of th' wrong done an acknowledgment.
If such amends the Trojans will not make,
I will pursue the war, and here abide,
Till I the town of Ilium shall take,
Or till the Gods the quarrel shall decide.
This said, the victims with his knife he slew.
And sprawling there upon the place they lay.
Then into golden cups the wine they drew,
And pour'd it on the lambs. Then prayed they
Both Greeks and Trojans ; Jove, and pow'rs divine,
Who first to break this peace shall go about,
As poured on the victims is this wine,
So they, and their sons' brains be poured out.
Thus prayed they. But Jove that pray'r did slight.
Then Priam said, To Troy return will I.
It cannot please me to behold the fight.
For none but Gods know which of them shall die.
And then into the char'ot went again
He and Antenor, and drave t' Ilium,
And with them carried their victims slain.
Then in Ulysses and great Hector come,
And having measur'd out the lists, wherein
They were to fight, then the two lots they drew
For who to throw his spear should first begin.
And then the Grecks and Trojans pray'd anew.
O glorious Jove, whom all the Gods obey,
Let him that of the war the author was
Be slain, and all the rest firm peace enjoy.
Then mighty Hector shook the skull of brass.
The lot that was the first drawn out, was that

LIB. III.

The duel of Menelaus and Paris, for the ending of the war.

Which gave to Paris the right to begin.
Then down upon the ground the people sate
In order as their armour plac'd had been.
And Paris arm'd himself, and first puts on
His leg-pieces of brass, and closely ties,
That silver'd over were at th' ancle-bone.
And then his breast-plate to his breast applies.
Lycaon's breast-plate 'twas, but ev'ry whit
As just upon him sat, as it had done
Upon Lycaon when he used it.
And next to this his good sword he puts on.
And then his broad shield and his helmet good.
And last of all a spear takes in his hand.
And in like armour Menelaus stood.
Then come they forth, and in the lists they stand.
And one did on another fiercely look.
(The people stupid sat 'twixt hope and fear.)
And when they come were nigh, their spears they shook.
But Paris was the first to throw his spear,
And threw, and smote the shield of Menelaus,
But through the mettle tough it passed not,
But turn'd, and bended at the point it was.
Then Menelaus was to throw by lot.
But first he prayed. Grant me, O Jove, said he,
That this my spear may Alexander slay,
Who was the first that did the injury;
That they who shall be born hereafter may
Not dare to violate the sacred laws
Of hospitality. Having thus said,
He threw his spear, which Paris' shield did pass,
And through his breast-plate quite, and there it stay'd;
But tore his coat. And there he had been dead,
But that his belly somewhat he drew back.
Then with his sword Atrides smote his head
Which arm'd was, and the sword in pieces broke.
Then Menelaus grieved at the heart,
Looking to heaven did on Jove complain.
O Jove, that of the Gods most cruel art,
Broken my sword, my spear is thrown in vain.
Then suddenly laid hold on Paris' crest,
And to the Greeks to drag him did begin,
And Paris then was mightily distrest,
Choakt by the latchet underneath his chin.
And to the Greeks had dragg'd been by the head,
If Venus to his aid had not come in,
Who broke the string and him delivered.
Atrides' conquest else had famous been.
Then to the Greeks the empty cask he threw.
But Venus snatcht him from him in a mist.
And whither she convey'd him none there knew.

The duel of Menelaus and Paris, for the ending of the war.

A God she is, and can do what she list.
When Paris to his chamber was convey'd,
His chamber which of perfumes sweetly smelt,
Then puts she on the form of an old maid
That Helen serv'd when she at Sparta dwelt.
And in that shape went to call Helen home,
That stood with other ladies of the town
Upon a tow'r. When she was to her come,
She gently with her finger stirr'd her gown.
Helen, said she, Paris has for you sent,
And on his glorious bed doth for you stay,
Not as a man that came from fight, but went
To dance, or from it were new come away.
Helen at this was mov'd, and mark'd her eyes,
And of her lovely neck did notice take,
And knew 'twas Venus though in this disguise;
And troubled as she was, thus to her spake.
Venus, why seek you to deceive me still,
Since Menelaus has the victory?
Though I have wrong'd him, he receive me will,
And you come hither now to hinder me.
Whither d'ye mean to send me further yet;
To Phrygia or to Mœonia,
That there I may another husband get?
You shall not me to Alexander draw.
Go to him you, and Heaven for ever quit;
Grieve with him; have a care the man to save,
And by his side continually to sit,
Till he his bride have made you, or his slave.
I will not to him go (for 'twere a shame)
Nor any longer meddle with his bed,
Nor longer bear the scorns, nor mocks, nor blame
Which from the wives of Troy I suffered.
Then Venus vext, Hussie, said she, no more
Provoke my anger. If I angry be,
And hate you as I loved you before,
The armies both will to your death agree.
This said, the beauteous Helen frighted was,
And with the Goddess went, who led the way,
And by the Trojan wives did quiet pass
Unto the house where Alexander lay.
I'th' rooms below at work her women were,
But up went Helen with the Goddess fair.
And when to Alexander they were near,
The Goddess unto Helen fetcht a chair.
Then sat she down, and look'd at him again.
You come from battle. I would you had there
And by my former husband's hand, been slain.
You bragg'd you were his better at a spear.
Go challenge him again, and fight anew.

LIB. III.

The duel of Menelaus and Paris, for the ending of the war.

But do not though, for fear you should be kill'd
But rather when you see him, him eschew,
Lest he should leave you dead upon the field.
To Helen Alexander then replied.
Forbear; though he have now the victory
By Pallas' help; there are Gods on our side,
And they another time may favour me.
Let's go to bed, and in sweet love agree.
Your beauty never did me so much move,
At Lacedemon, nor in Cranae;
Where the first blessing I had of your love.
This said, to bed they went, first he, then she.
Atrides then sought Paris in the throng
O'th' Trojans and their aids; but could not see
Nor hear of him the company among.
They would not have conceal'd him though they might;
But had to Menelaus him betray'd.
So hateful to the Trojans was his sight.
Then stood King Agamemnon up and said,
Hear me ye Trojans and your aids. 'Tis plain
That Menelaus has the victory.
Let Helen therefore rendered be again,
And pay your fine. 'Tis right, the Greeks all cry.

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LIB. IV.

The articles broken by the Trojans.

MEAN while the Gods at counsel drinking sat.
Hebe the nectar carried up and down.
And Jove amongst them present was thereat,
And sitting had his eyes upon Troy town.
Then Jupiter puts out a word, to see
What Juno would unto the same reply.
Two Goddesses assistants are (said he)
To Menelaus, but sit idly by,
Pallas and Juno; but on th'other side
Venus gives Paris aid, and really
Has helpt him when he thought he should have died;
Though Menelaus have the victory.
But let us now think which the best will be,
To suffer war to make an end of Troy,
Or let Troy stand and make them to agree,
And Helen with Atrides go her way.
Juno and Pallas that together sat,
'Grumble and plot; Pallas her spite kept in.
But such of Juno was the choler, that

The articles broken by the Trojans.

Had she not spoke, her heart had broken been.
Harsh Jove, said she, what do you mean by this?
Shall I with so much sweat, and labour spent,
And horses tir'd, now of my purpose miss?
Do. But the other Gods will not consent.
Devil, said Jove, what hurt is done to you
By Priam and his sons, that you should so
Fiercely the ruin of the town pursue?
I think if you int' Ilium should go,
And eat up Priam and his children all,
And every Trojan in the town beside,
Man, woman, child alive within the wall,
Your anger will at last be satisfied.
Do as you please. It shall breed no contention
'Twixt you and me. But then remember this,
When I to raze a city have intention
That yours, and greatly in your favour is,
To let me do't without plea or request;
Since to give you your will I lose my own.
For Ilium I love above the rest,
Though under Heaven be many a goodly town.
For I by Priam and his people still
Have honour'd been, my altars richly serv'd
With wine and sacrifices to my will,
Which is the honour to the Gods reserv'd.
To this the Goddess Juno then replied,
Three cities I prefer before the rest,
Argos, and Sparta, and Mycena wide.
Destroy you may which of them you think best,
If you see cause; I'll not stand in your way.
Or if I do, what mends can I have so?
For since your power does mine so much outweigh,
It will be done whether I will or no.
But you ought not t'undo what I have done,
For I a Goddess am, and have the same
Parents, of whom you boast to be the son.
And further of your wife I bear the name,
Whom mortals and immortals all obey.
Then let us not in such things disagree.
But I to you, and you to me give way.
For of our two minds all the Gods will be.
Let Pallas to the army straight be sent
To make the Trojans first the peace to break.
And Jupiter to do so was content,
And did (as he was bid) to Pallas speak.
Pallas, said he, down to the armies go,
Let not this peace be by the Trojans kept.
When Pallas heard her father Jove say so,
Glad of the errand, from the sky she leapt,
Just like a falling star, which Saturn sends

LIB. IV.

The articles broken by the Trojans.

To armies or unto seafaring men;
Which change of fortune, commonly portends.
The Goddess through the air descending then,
Splendid and sparkling on the ground did light.
The armies that were in the field array'd,
Both Greeks and Trojans wond'red at the sight;
And one unto another next him said,
This bloody war will sure return again,
Or else the peace be surer made than 'tis;
But which o' th' two Jove has not yet made plain,
Who both of peace and war disposer is.
Pallas the form took of Laodocus,
Antenor's son, and went into the throng
O' th' Trojans to inquire for Pandarus.
At last she found him his own troops among,
That were of Lycaonia the bands,
And from Zeleia led by Pandarus
To Ilium. There Pallas by him stands
Like to Antenor's son; and to him thus:
Lycaon's son, says she, dare you let fly
A shaft at Menelaus? For I know
The Trojans all would thank you, specially
Paris, the son of Priam, and bestow
Great presents on you if you should him kill.
Shoot at him then, and to Apollo pray,
The God of archers, that he help you will.
And vow a hecatomb of lambs to pay,
When to Zeleia safely you come home.
For there your people to Apollo vow.
When this was said, the vain man overcome,
From off his shoulders taketh down his bow,
(Which did a lusty goat's head once adorn,
Which with a shaft he killed had among
The rocks, and taken from his head the horn,
Which was no less than sixteen handfuls long.
And to a fletcher gave it to be wrought,
Shaven, and polish'd, and gilt at the hand.)
This bow he bent; and lest the foe should know't,
He crouched down, and laid it on the sand.
But lest the Greeks should rush on him, before
He ready were to shoot, they that stood near,
Before him with their bucklers stood good store.
And being now delivered of that fear,
From out the quiver takes an arrow keen,
And new, well wing'd to carry mischief true,
Which shot before that time had never been.
But yet his vow before his arrow flew.
Phœbus, said he, if I Atrides slay;
As soon as I shall to Zeleia come,
I vow unto your deity to pay

The articles broken by the Trojans.

Of my first-yeaned lambs an hecatomb.
Then to his breast he drew the leather string,
And to the bow return'd the arrow head.
Out leapt the shaft, and as it went did sing
Amongst the throng, as pleas'd man's blood to shed.
And, Menelaus, now the Gods you blest,
And chiefly Pallas, that before you stood,
And turn'd the deadly arrow from your breast,
About as much as a kind mother could
From her child's face divert a busy fly;
And made it on the golden buckle fall,
Where of his breast-plate double was the ply,
And though it pass'd through buckle, plate, and all,
And girdle which his coat unto him bound,
The shaft into his body penetrated,
And made, though not a great one, yet a wound,
The force it went with being much abated;
Yet out the blood ran. As when ivory
Is stain'd with crimson, to adorn the cheeks
Of the proud steeds, and please the driver's eye,
Many a cavalier to have it seeks.
The dame that stain'd it then holds up the prize,
And keeps it by her as a precious thing;
So lovely seems the colour to her eyes,
As to be sold to none but to a king.
So look'd his body when the streams of blood
His iv'ry legs and insteps did defile.
But Agamemnon stiff with horror stood;
And so did Menelaus for a while.
But when he saw the arrow barbs appear
Above the nerve, his courage came again.
But Agamemnon, not yet out of fear,
Did of the Trojans' perjury complain.
Brother, said he, and took him by the hand,
Dear brother, 'tis the oath that has you slain,
Making you thus before the Trojans stand.
But sure I am the oath cannot be vain,
Confirmed with so great solemnity.
They shall, though late, pay for it with their lives;
(For Jove ne'er fails to punish perjury)
Both they themselves, their children, and their wives.
For I well know the fatal day will come
To Priam, and to Priam's people all.
Jove will his black shield shake o'er Ilium,
And for this ugly action make it fall.
This, Menelaus, is a thing to come.
But what if of your wound you chance to die?
The Argives straight will think of going home.
How by the Greeks then scorned shall be I!
How proud will Priam and the Trojans be,

LIB. IV.

The articles broken by the Trojans.

When Argive Helen shall be left behind,
And your bones rotting in the ground they see,
Without effecting what they had design'd?
Some trampling on your grave perhaps will say,
Would Agamemnon thus would always vent
His choler, as he now has done at Troy,
Now gone with empty ships back to repent,
Leaving his brother Menelaus here.
Then should I wish the earth would swallow me.
But Menelaus, to displace that fear,
Fright not the army, brother, thus said he.
Not mortal is the wound. 'Twixt me and death
My armour and the clasps stood, all of brass;
Besides a good tough girdle underneath.
Pray God 't be true, said he to Menelaus,
But we must send for a chirurgeon,
To mitigate with lenitives the pain.
Talthybius, said he, call Machaon,
And having found him quickly come again.
Tell him he must to Menelaus come,
Who by a foe is with an arrow shot,
Trojan or Lycian, I know not whom,
That with great grief to us has honour got.
This said, the herald went and look'd about
Amongst the troops of Tricca which he led.
Nor was it long before he found him out
With many targetiers environed.
You must, said he, to Menelaus come,
Who by some foe is with an arrow shot,
Trojan or Lycian, I know not whom,
That, with great grief to us, has honour got.
'Tis Agamemnon calls you. Then they pass
Together through the host, and hastened
Till they were come where Menelaus was
With many other lords encompassed.
There Machaon the arrow first pulls out.
(The barbs were broken as they came away)
Then took he off his armour and his coat.
Then sucked he the wound the blood to stay;
And laid on unguents to allay the pain.
Meanwhile the Trojans arm'd were coming in.
And then the Greeks were forc'd to arm again.
And Agamemnon's virtue now was seen.
He did not at their coming sleep nor start,
But speedily prepared for the fight,
And of a chief commander did the part,
His own commanders first to disaffright.
His horses and his chariot he sent off.
T' Eurymeaon, the son of Ptolemy,
The son of Pirus he gave charge thereof,

And bad him with it always to be nigh,
To use when labour tired had his knees.
Through the great army then on foot he went,
And where them hasting to the fight he sees,
He gives them in few words encouragement.
On, Argives, and be sure Jove never fights
Against good men for such perfidious knaves,
But leave them will for food to dogs and kites,
And to their foes their wives and children slaves.
But where he saw the soldiers negligent,
His admonition was then severe.
Fie, Argives, what d' you fear? To what intent
Stand you thus staring like a herd of deer?
Just like so many deer that had been chased
O'er some great plain looking about they stay,
So stand you here like frighted deer amazed,
Till to our ships come down the troops of Troy,
To try if Jove will help you there or no.
Thus he commanding went the host throughout.
And when the martial Cretans he came to,
Where armed stood Idomeneus stout.
(Meriones the rear led, he the van)
And Agamemnon look'd on them with joy;
And to Idomeneus thus began.
Of all the Greeks that me assist at Troy
I value you the most, both in the war
And otherwise. And when at feast we drink,
Other men's cups by measure stinted are,
But yours, as mine, stands always full to th' brink.
The King of Crete replied, I shall, said he,
Continue still your good confederate,
As heretofore I promis'd you to be.
But go, and th' other leaders animate,
That we may with the Trojans quickly fight.
Then woe be to them, sure they are to die
Who of the Gods and sacred oaths make light.
Then on went Agamemnon joyfully;
And came to the quarters of the Ajaxes,
There armed both complete, and followed
With a huge multitude of Greeks he sees,
And ready to the battle to be led.
As when a shepherd from a hill espies
A full-charg'd cloud march tow'rds him in the deep,
It seems as black as pitch unto his eyes,
And makes him seek a shelter for his sheep;
So black the squadrons of the Ajaxes,
And horrible with thick and upright spears
T' Atrides seem, and well it did him please,
And both of them he thus commends and cheers.
O Ajaxes, expect not I should bid

LIB. IV.

The first battle.

You hearten up your army for the fight;
'Tis done so well already, there's no need.
O Jove, Apollo, Pallas, that I might
Find all the other leaders such as you,
We should not need from Argos long to stay
Ere we the town of Priam should subdue
And rifle. And this said, he went away,
And came to Nestor, who was ordering
His troops and bands of horse and foot, each one
Against the enemy encouraging.
And with him stood Alastor, Pelagon,
Hæmon, and Chromius, skilful men in war.
I' th' front the char'ots and the horsemen were.
The most and best infantry placed are
(A hedge unto the battle in the rear.)
The middle ranks were filled up with those,
Upon whose courage he did least rely.
For these would fight because they could not choose;
Since they could neither back nor forward fly.
And Nestor to the horsemen spake. Let none,
Said he, before another go, to shew
His manhood or his skill. But all go on
At once. To single is to weaken you.
Further, If any of you should have need
To mount into another's chariot,
There let him use his spear; but still take heed
That with the horses reins he meddle not.
Our fathers have before us us'd these laws,
And thereby many cities level laid.
Thus Nestor taught them. Glad Atrides was,
And with great approbation to him said,
O Nestor, that your arms were but as strong
As is your mind! But they're decay'd by age.
Or could you give your age to some man young,
And with the youngest of the foes engage.
Atrides, then said Nestor, so wish I.
Would I were as when Eruthalyon
I slew. But Gods' gifts come successively.
I then was young; and age is now come on.
But as I am I'll ride amongst my horse,
And as becomes an old man, give advice,
While they that may presume upon their force,
With spear in hand charge on their enemies.
Atrides pass'd on to th' Athenians
That by Menestheus commanded were.
And by these stood the Cephalonians
Ulysses' bands. Neither of these did hear
The clamour of the battle new begun,
But stood unmoved, because they did expect
Some greater troops of Greeks should first fall on.

For this Atrides grievously them check'd.
Menestheus, said he, son of a king,
And you the crafty man Ulysses, why
When you your men should to the battle bring,
Stand you here shrinking from the enemy?
You hear the first when there will be a feast,
And stay for no man. For your messes are
Greater than other men's; your wine the best,
And without stint. And therefore in the war
You should strive who should be the first to fight.
But now, though ten troops were before you there,
You would not be displeased with the sight.
These words came harshly to Ulysses' ear,
And with a frowning look, what's this, said he,
Are we not making all the haste we can?
Telemachus his father you shall see
By and by fighting in the Trojan van,
And that this reprehension needless was.
But Agamemnon smiling then replied,
(Seeing his censure did not kindly pass)
Noble Ulysses, I meant not to chide,
Nor to direct you, that so skilful are.
For we are both of us of the same mind.
What's said amiss I shall again repair.
But let it now away go with the wind.
Then on he went and came to Diomed,
Whom mounted on his chariot he found
With Capaneus' son accompanied,
And other lords that him encompass'd round.
Ay me, Tydides, wherefore stand you thus,
As if you for some bridge did look about.
You do not as your father Tydeus,,
Who still before his fellows leaped out.
So said they that had seen him at the war,
Which I did not, but take it upon fame,
Which him above the rest preferred far.
But certain 'tis, he to Mycena came
With Polynices, to desire their aid
Against the Thebans. And they willingly
Had granted it, but that they were afraid.
For Jove forbad them by a prodigy.
Then to the brook Asopus back they went,
Which doth the Theban territory bound.
To Tydeus the Greeks a letter sent
To enter Thebes, and terms of peace propound.
To Thebes he went, and with Eteocles
He found the chief o' th' Thebans at a feast.
And at all manly games the prize with ease,
By Pallas' help, he carried from the best.
And when for spite they sent out fifty men

LIB. IV.

The first battle.

With Mæon Hæmon's son, and Lycophon
To murder him as he went back again,
Slain by Tydeus they were all but one.
For he sav'd Mæon, warned by the Gods.
Such Tydeus was, but left a son behind
That less could do, but for words had the odds.
But valiant Diomed reply declined,
Who gave t'Atrides what respect was due.
The other answered him with language rude.
You say, said he, what you know is not true.
We than our fathers there more manhood shew'd.
For we with fewer men proud Thebes did gain,
By Jove's help, and observances divine,
Whilst the Cadmeans for their pride were slain.
How from our fathers then do we decline?
But straight reprov'd he was by Diomed.
My friend, said he, are you more grieved than I?
Would you not have the army ordered?
Atrides, both i' th' loss and victory
Is most concern'd. Let us of battle think,
And down he leapt, as soon as that was said,
In complete arms, with such a sudden chink,
As might a constant man have made afraid.
As when the billows of the sea rais'd high
By some great wind, go rolling to the shore,
And follow one another to the dry,
There stopp'd and broken are, and foam, and roar:
So then the Greeks up to the Trojans come,
Obeying each his leader silently,
(You would have thought them, though so many, dumb)
In glittering arms, and glorious to the eye.
On th'other side, the Trojans made a noise,
Like ewes a milking kept off from their lambs
When in the field abroad they hear their cries,
And they again bleat back unto their dams.
But did not one another understand;
For few there were whose language was the same.
Some were of one, some of another land,
And most of them from far off thither came.
Pallas the Greeks, Mars Trojans favoured.
Then Fright came in, with (Mars his sister) Strife,
Little when born, but grew until her head
Was in the clouds; for she grows all her life.
But when the armies were together near,
Then man to man came close, and shield to shield,
And mingled in the front was spear with spear,
And horrible the noise was in the field;
Whilst some insult and others groaning die.
And th'earth they stood on covered was with blood.
As when great torrents from the mountains high

Pour down into the valleys a great flood;
The streams through thousand channels falling roar;
The trembling shepherds hear it on the hills.
So much the noise o'th' battle the air tore,
And all the region with terror fills.
A Trojan was the first man that was slain,
Echepolus son of Thalysias.
He smote was with a spear into the brain;
Antilochus the man that smote him was.
His armour rattled on him as he fell,
As if some tow'r had fall'n. But then Elphenor
(To strip him of his arms that hoped well)
Dragging him off was killed by Agenor.
For whilst in stooping he his flank unhides.
Agenor quickly his advantage spies,
And pierc'd him with his spear through both his sides.
Then down he fell, and darkness seiz'd his eyes.
And then about his body rose great strife,
And one upon another falling on,
Antheman's son, a fair youth, lost his life,
Slain by great Ajax, son of Telamon,
And Simoisius called was by name,
'Cause born upon the bank of Simois,
Whither from Ida both his parents came
To view their flocks, lest aught should be amiss;
But had no joy of him. He was unblest
To be the first that came in Ajax's way,
Who smote him with his spear quite through the breast.
There dead he fell, and by the river lay.
As when a man has fell'd a poplar tree,
Tall, straight, and smooth, with many fair boughs on,
Of which he meant a cart-wheel made shall be,
And leaves it on the bank to dry i' th' sun;
So lay the comely Simoisius,
Slain by great Ajax, son of Telamon.
At Ajax then a spear threw Antiphus,
Bright-arm'd Antiphus, King Priam's son.
Death the spear carries, but of Ajax misses,
And deadly wounds the groin of Leucus bold,
And well beloved soldier of Ulysses,
Who dragg'd the dead, but now lets go his hold.
Ulysses, angry that his friend was slain,
Went out before the rest, and coming close
To th' Trojan front, some fit revenge to gain.
Democoon, King Priam's son, he chose,
(A lawful son where nature is the law).
The Trojans when they saw him look about,
Into the shelter of the ranks withdraw.
Then soon his spear Democoon pick'd out,
And through both temples forward went the head.

LIB. IV.

The first battle.

Then heavily he falls, his armour chinks,
His eyes with endless night are covered,
And Hector with his Trojans from him shrinks.
The Greeks then shouted, and drew off their slain,
And on the Trojans pressing further were.
But then Apollo cried out amain
From Pergam tow'r, O Trojans, what d'ye fear?
Go on upon the Greeks; no more give way.
Their bodies neither are of stone nor steel,
Nor able are the force of brass to stay,
No less than you the wounds it makes they feel.
Nor fights Achilles here, but angry lies,
And wishes that the Greeks were overthrown.
So Phœbus. 'Mongst the Argives Pallas flies,
Through ranks and files encouraging each one.
And then Diores slain was with a stone,
By Pyros, whom the Thracians obey'd.
Crush'd of his right leg was the ankle-bone,
And in the dust upon his back was laid,
Unto his fellows holding up his hands.
Ready to die he for assistance cries.
Pyros comes quickly in, and o'er him stands,
And wounds him in the belly. Then he dies.
But Thoas then slew Pyros with his spear,
That pass'd his breast till in his lungs it stopp'd.
Then coming in he drew his sword, and there
His belly ripp'd till out his bowels dropp'd,
But to disarm him could not stay, because
So many Thracians about him stood.
Then back retir'd he, and well pelted was,
Leaving two leaders wrapp'd in dust and blood,
One an Epeian, th' other Thracian,
And many others lying by them dead.
This battle was well fought. Although a man
Through both the armies safely had been led
By Pallas, and protected by her shield,
He had no want of courage seen that day,
So many Greeks and Trojans in the field
Depriv'd of life by one another lay.

ILIAD.

LIB. V.

And Pallas now t' ennoble Diomed
Amongst the Greeks, with force did him inspire,
Whereby his heart and hands were strengthened;
And on his shield and helmet stood a fire

LIB. V.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

Bright as th' autumnal star above his head
And shoulders flaming. And straightway he runs
(Set on by Pallas and encouraged)
Into the throng, where were the two good sons
Of Dares, who was Vulcan's priest. Well skill'd
They both were in the war. Idæus one,
The other Phegus. These seeing him i' th' field
On foot, and not far from them, and alone,
Met him; and Phegus threw, but hit him not.
For o'er his shoulder flew the spear in vain.
Then Diomedes threw, and Phegus smote,
Clean through the breast. When Phegus thus was slain
Down leap'd Idæus from the chariot;
But durst not by his brother's body stay.
For if he had, the like fate he had got.
But Vulcan in a smoke took him away,
Not willing that his priest should childless die.
Tydides to the ships the horses sent.
To see these two, one slain, the other fly,
To the proud Trojans' very hearts it went.
But Pallas then took Mars by th' hand, and said,
Mars, bloody Mars, to what end stay we here?
Let's neuters be. For I am much afraid
We both shall too much anger Jupiter.
This said, she led him out, and set him on
Scamander's bank. And then the Trojans fled
Before the Greeks. Each leader killed one,
Pressing them at their backs uncovered.
Then Dalius first his char'ot turn'd about,
And open lay to Agamemnon's spear,
Which in at's back, and at his breast went out.
Down fell the Alizonian charioteer.
Idomeneus slew Phæstus with a thrust,
As up into his chariot he went,
The spear at the right shoulder passed just,
And back again unto the earth him sent.
And Menelaus slew Scamandrius,
That well the art of hunting understood.
I' th' hills and woods none was more dexterous,
But Dian, and his skill did him no good.
For Menelaus pierc'd him back and breast,
Between the shoulders with a deadly spear,
And down he tumbled of life dispossest,
His eyes with endless darkness covered were.
Meriones slew Phoriclus, the son
Of Harmonides, the great architect,
That, but by Pallas, taught had been by none.
But of his art unhappy was th' effect.
'Twas he that built those ships for Alexander,
That brought with him so much ill luck to Troy,

LIB. V.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

And to himself, and to his chief commander;
Not knowing what the oracles did say.
But he, as from the fight he fled, was here
O'ertaken by Meriones, and slain.
At his right buttock entered the spear;
And at his groin the point came out again.
Meges Pedæus slew, Antenor's son,
Though not his wife's, yet was his wife so kind
T' Antenor, that she bred him as her own,
And look'd upon him with a mother's mind.
Him Meges overtaking as he fled
Slew with his strong sharp-pointed spear, which lighting
Behind upon the noddle of his head,
Forward he fell, the senseless weapon biting.
And then Eurypylus, Euæmon's son,
Hypsenor slew, new made Scamander's priest,
That from him, but not fast enough, did run.
Eurypylus shav'd off his hand at th' wrist.
For at his shoulder though he aim'd the stroke,
The quick sword finding there the brass resist,
Slipt down unto his hand with force unbroke,
And there in streams of blood his soul dismiss'd.
Meanwhile Tydides, like a man enraged,
Ran up and down the field. One could not know
With whom and where he was in fight engaged,
Whether amongst the Greeks, or with the foe.
As when a torrent falling from the hills
Distends itself with fury on the plain,
And suddenly the river overfills,
Supplied by Jove with mighty showers of rain,
And beareth down the bridges as it goes;
No fence of vineyard can against it stand,
But all the husbandry of men o'erthrows,
And uncontrolled passes o'er their land;
Tydides so brake through each Trojan band,
And made them fly before him as he went.
And Pandarus then took his bow in hand,
And a sharp arrow from it to him sent,
Which pass'd through the right shoulder of his coat
Of mail, and fetch'd the blood, and with great joy,
Trojans, cried he, no more stand so remote.
For wounded is the stoutest foe of Troy,
And long he cannot the sore pain endure,
Unless my faith in Phœbus be in vain.
Thus said he boasting. For he thought 'twas sure
The wound was mortal, and Tydides slain.
Tydides to his char'ot did then retreat,
And Sthenelus alighting on the ground
(For sitting he was on the char'ot-seat)
Drew out the cruel arrow from the wound,

LIB. V.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

And out the blood gush'd. Then Tydides pray'd,
O Pallas, Jove's all-conquering child, said he,
If e'er you did me or my father aid,
Within my spear's reach let me this man see,
That with his arrow me prevented has,
And boasting says, I have not long to live.
Athena to his wish indulgent was,
And to him did more strength and courage give.
Fear not, said she, to go into the throng,
And charge i' th' thickest of the enemies.
For I have made thee as thy father strong,
And taken have the mist off from thy eyes,
That thou mayst see who Gods are, who are men.
If any God oppose thee, give him way,
Except if Venus thou encounter; then
Spare her no more than mortals in the fray.
This said, away the Goddess Pallas went,
And Diomed went to the fight again,
And though before he were upon it bent,
His courage now was trebled by his pain.
As when a shepherd sees a lion come,
And wounds him slightly as he leaps the pen;
Then leaves his sheep, and frighted runneth home,
And dares not in the field appear again;
The lion now made fiercer than before,
Lays all the sheep one by another dead,
And back again the pen once more leaps o'er:
So rag'd amongst the Trojans Diomed.
Astynous there, and Hypenor died;
One through the breast he pierced with his spear;
And th' other's head did from his neck divide
With his broad sword. And slain he left them there,
And overtook Abas and Polyeide,
Sons of Eurydamas, who could tell what
Upon a dream should to a man betide,
And slew them both. No dream had told him that.
Thoon and Xanthus then he followed,
Phænop's two sons, gotten when he was old,
And of them both the vital blood did shed;
Th' estate to strangers came to have and hold.
Then Chromius and Echemon he slew,
Two sons of Priam, in one chariot,
Whom from the seat unto the ground he threw,
And till he had disarm'd them left them not.
But to the ships he sent away the horses.
Æneas seeing how he disarray'd
Before him as he went the Trojan forces,
Sought Pandarus, and having found him, said,
Lycaon's son, where are thy shafts and bow,
And skill, wherein the Lycians yield to thee?

LIB. V.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

See you the man that rages yonder now?
Aim a shaft at him whosoe'er he be,
For many valiant Trojans he has slain.
(Unless he be one of the Gods above
Neglected by us) 'twill not be in vain.
Shoot boldly then, but first invoking Jove.
Then Pandarus replying, to him said,
'Tis Diomed as far as can be guess'd.
His horses, and his shield I have survey'd,
And plaited horse-hair hanging at his crest.
Though it be he, as I believe it is,
Yet sure some God does on his shoulders sit.
For else of killing him how could I miss,
When I his shoulder with my arrow hit?
For I one arrow shot at him before,
And verily believ'd I had him slain.
His armour all besmeared was with gore,
But slew him not. Now here he is again.
I did not on a char'ot hither come,
Although Lycaon have eleven new,
With handsome curtains to each one, at home,
And horses fit to draw them not a few.
The old knight too advis'd me earnestly
That when to battle I the Trojans led,
I from a car should charge the enemy;
But to his counsel I not hearkened.
(Which I repent.) It came into my head
That when within Troy's walls we should be pent,
My horses, which were us'd to be well fed,
Would there be useless wanting nourishment.
This made me come without a chariot,
And march, as far as 'twas, to Troy on foot,
And trust unto my bow, which helps me not,
But faileth me as often as I shoot.
For two of them I have already shot,
Tydides and Atrides, and good store
Of blood have drawn from both, though killed not,
But made them fiercer than they were before.
In an ill hour sure I took down my bow
To fight for Hector and the Trojan men;
But if I safely to my country go,
And to my house and wife get back again,
Let any man that will cut off my head,
If presently my bow I do not burn,
That never yet my hopes has answered.
For why not, when it doth not serve my turn?
To Pandarus Æneas then replied:
No, say not so, but first let's to him go.
For by th' encounter soon it will be tried
Whether he be indeed a God or no.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

Get up into the seat, and you shall see
The virtue of my horses on the plain,
And if some God with Diomedes be,
How nimbly they will fetch us off again.
Come, take the whip and reins in hand, and I
Descend will from the chariot and fight.
Or if you please, when to him we are nigh
I'll hold the whip and reins, and you alight.
No, no, said he, keep you the reins in hand,
The horses us'd thereto will you obey.
To me, it may be, they will restive stand,
And to the foe themselves and us betray.
Let me alight and meet him with my spear.
This said, they mounted both; and coming on
Towards Tydides, both observed were
By Sthenelus Copaneus his son,
Who warning to Tydides gave. I see
Two mighty men to fight us coming on,
Of which I know th' one Pandarus to be,
The other Venus and Anchises' son.
Come up into your chariot and retire.
But frowning he replied, I'll ne'er do that
It not becomes the children of my sire,
When they should fight to double nor to squat.
I loath to sit upon a chariot,
And as I am I will attend them here.
For of my strength deprived I am not,
And Pallas has forbidden me to fear.
I doubt not but to kill them both, or one.
If both, your reins unto the two wheels tie,
And to Æneas' horses quickly run,
And seize their reins, less frighted they should fly.
Then send them to the ships, brave steeds, well bred;
Of heavenly race they are, and got by those,
Which Jove, to make amends for Ganymed,
Was pleas'd to give unto his father Tros.
Anchises privily convey'd to these,
Six mares, and had a colt by ev'ry one;
Whereof he gave two to his son Æneas.
To take these horses now were bravely done.
While they were talking, th'other two came nigh,
And then said Pandarus, O Diomed,
Since my swift arrow could not make you die,
I come to try now how my spear will speed.
And as he spake the spear flew from his hand
And pass'd his shield, but in his armour stayed.
Y'are hit, said he, and long you cannot stand.
But Diomed, nothing at all dismayed,
No, no, cried out, your spear is thrown in vain,
But I believe before we have done here,

LIB. V.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

That one of you, if not both, will be slain.
And as he spake he at him threw his spear.
Which at his nose close by his eye went in,
And struck his teeth out, and cut off his tongue,
And out again it pass'd beneath his chin.
For Pallas from above it downward flung.
There dead he lay. Æneas to defend
His body, to him came with spear and shield,
And 'bout him went, resolv'd the man to send
To hell, that should oppose him in the field.
Tydides then took up a mighty stone
Which two men scarce could bear such as are now.
But Diomedes swinging it alone,
The same with ease did at Æneas throw,
And hit him on the huckle bone, wherein
Into the hip inserted is the thigh.
And torn was by the rugged stone the skin,
And tendons broken which the joint did tie.
Then down upon his knees and hands he fell,
And taken from him was his sight with pain.
That Venus saw him lying thus 'twas well;
Else by Tydides he had there been slain.
For then came Venus down, and with the lap
Of her celestial robe him covered,
Lest any of the Greeks should have the hap
To kill or wound him as from earth he fled.
But Sthenelus rememb'ring well his order,
Tied his own steeds up to his chariot-wheels,
And led them out o'th' tumult and disorder,
And to Deiphilus that was at's heels,
(His friend) he gave the horses of Æneas
To carry them unto the Argive fleet.
But took Tydides' horses, and with these
To try went if Tydides he could meet.
But he in chase of Venus now was gone
(Knowing that she a tender Goddess was,
And for the war commission had none,
Nor had as Pallas any shield of brass.)
And had when he came to her wounded her.
For through her robe, though by the Graces made,
Without resistance quickly pass'd the spear,
And at her wrist did her fair hand invade.
And from the wound out sprang the blood divine,
(Not such as men have in their veins, but ichor.
For Gods that neither eat bread nor drink wine
Have in their veins another kind of liquor,
And therefore bloodless and immortal be.)
And Venus screaming then lets fall her son,
But by Apollo's hand preserv'd was he,
Convey'd thence in a mist perceiv'd by none,

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

For fear he should be by some Argive slain.
To Venus then Tydides whoop'd, and said,
Away, Jove's daughter, from the war abstain.
Go practise how to cozen wife or maid,
For I believe if here you longer stay,
(So many such as these mishaps there are)
That you therein will have but little joy,
And troubled be when men but talk of war.
This said, away she went, not knowing where
She was; and great the pain was of her hand.
But Iris from the fight conducted her,
And set her hard by Mars upon the sand.
For there by Pallas placed he had been.
His horses and his char'ot by him staid
Hid in a mist, by man not to be seen.
And Venus there before him kneeling said,
Dear brother, let me your good horses have,
To bear me to Olympus from the fray;
This cruel wound mad Diomed me gave,
And would wound Jove if he came in his way.
Mars presently his horses to her lent.
Venus and Iris mount into the seat;
Iris the reins held, and away they went;
The time they spent in going was not great.
When they were there, Iris the steeds untied,
And set them up, and gave unto them meat,
Such as immortal horses use to eat,
Ambrosian meat, till they were satisfied.
But Venus fell into Dionés' lap,
Her mother, who embrac'd her lovingly,
Strok'd her, and said, how came this sad mishap?
Who used you thus? What a rash God was he?
What more could he have done, if he had found
You doing something openly amiss?
It was a man, said she, gave me this wound,
Tydides; and for nothing else but this;
I sav'd my son Æneas from his hand,
My dearest son, whom he was going to slay.
And now the war is all (I understand)
'Twixt Greeks and Heaven, not 'twixt Greeks and Troy.
Daughter (replied Dione then) 'tis hard,
For we the Gods that in Olympus dwell
Many from men as ill as you have far'd,
And many no less wrongs have put up well.
Otus and Ephialtes, Neptune's sons,
In a brass dungeon once imprison'd Mars,
And kept him in the dark there thirteen moons.
There like he was t'have stayed till now, for scarce
Could Hermes set him free with all his art
And Juno's help. And when to liberty

LIB. V.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

He was restor'd, he took it in good part,
Though with his chains he gall'd was cruelly.
When Hercules shot Juno in the breast,
Though wounded sore, yet she reveng'd it not.
And Pluto by the same man shot did rest
Contented, and no reparation got.
But to the house of Jupiter he went,
And got the arrow pluck'd out from the wound
By Pæon; who with gentle plaisters sent
The pain away, and made his shoulder sound.
But though no God of any wound can die,
Yet of Amphitryon the peevish son
(Who little cares at whom his arrows fly)
Great mischief oft unto the Gods has done.
But Pallas 'tis that thus has wounded you,
Though with Tydides spear. Fool as he was,
What 'tis to wound a God he never knew.
Not long such wicked deeds unpunish'd pass.
Such men when they return from painful war
Shall seldom set their children on their knee
Pleas'd with their half-form'd words. Let him beware
Lest he provoke some stronger Deity,
And then Ægilia Diomede's wife
Awake the household with her lamentation,
And cry, Tydides, thou hast lost thy life,
O my dear husband, best of all the nation.
This said, she wip'd the ichor from her hand,
And straight her hand was well, the pain was gone.
Then Juno by, and Pallas, jeering stand.
And Pallas thus to Jupiter begun.
Shall I say what I think? O father Jove,
Venus some Argive dame has courting been
To take the Trojan's part, whom she doth love,
And stroking her, her hand scratch'd with a pin.
Jove smil'd at this, and then to Venus said,
Daughter, I gave you no command in war.
That charge on Mars and Pallas I have laid.
Of nuptials and love take you the care.
While they were thus discoursing, Diomed
Did with great speed and rage Æneas follow,
To gain his armour and his blood to shed,
Knowing he was in th' hands now of Apollo.
Undaunted then, with shield before his breast,
And sword in hand, struck at Æneas thrice,
And thrice again Phœbus his rage repress'd.
But at the fourth time gave him good advice.
Retire, said he, Tydides, and beware
You not yourself think equal to the Gods.
They sway the heav'ns, on earth men creeping are.
'Twixt mortals and immortals there's great odds.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

Tydides then retir'd a little way,
Not knowing what harm might from Phœbus come.
And Phœbus thence Æneas did convey
T' a temple of his own in Pergamum.
There Leto and Diana cur'd his wound.
And then an image Phœbus like him made,
And in like arms, and set it on the ground,
For which the foes each other then invade,
And there they one another's bucklers hew.
To Mars Apollo speaking, why, said he,
Mars, bloody, murd'ring Mars, why suffer you
Tydides at the battle still to be?
Mad as he is now, he with Jove would fight.
From Venus' hand he made the blood run down,
And then at me he flew like any sprite.
This said, he sat o' th' top of Pergam town.
And Mars the Trojan bands encouraged,
Taking the shape of valiant Acamas,
Who to the war at Troy the Thracians led.
And as he through the armed ranks did pass,
Children of Priam what d'ye mean, said he;
Shall the Greeks follow killing us to Troy?
Fall'n is Æneas, the great man whom we
Like Hector honour'd. Come, let's if we may
This good commander rescue. Thus said he.
Sarpedon likewise Hector sharpen'd. Where
Are now your kin you said enough would be
Troy to defend? I see none of them here.
Like hounds about a lion off they stand,
We your confederates the fight maintain.
The labour lieth all upon our hand;
And I myself amongst the rest would fain
Make triel of this mighty man in fight.
At least I shall, as doth a friend become,
My people's courage all I can excite;
Since they are here, and very far from home;
And though from me the Greeks can nothing get,
Neither to carry nor to drive away.
But you to th' Trojans have not spoken yet,
So much as to defend their wives in Troy
From being taken in the Argives' net,
And plund'red be the stately town of Troy.
When chiefly you on this your heart should set,
And your confederates persuade to stay,
And not the fault on one another lay.
So said Sarpedon. Hector therewith stung,
Upon his chariot could no longer stay,
But armed down unto the ground he sprung.
And 'mongst the Trojan ranks and files he goes,
Into their hearts new courage to inspire.

LIB. V.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

And then they turn'd their faces to their foes.
Nor did the Argives from their place retire.
And then, as when on Ceres' sacred floor
The winnowed chaff lies heap'd together white,
So white the troops of Argives were all o'er
With dust their horses rais'd had in the fight.
And then the Trojans boldly marched on,
And Mars to aid them dark'ned had the field,
As he was bidden by Latona's son,
When Pallas from the Greeks removed her shield.
And from the Temple fetch'd Æneas out
Alive and whole, and bold, and made him stand
Amongst the troops, that joyful stood about.
But other work now lying on their hand,
(Made them by Mars and Strife) no time had they
To ask him questions. But encouraged
The Argives were by th' Ajaxes to stay,
And by Ulysses and by Diomed.
For of the Trojans they were not afraid.
But as a cloud that resteth on a hill,
Which in calm weather there by Jove is laid,
Till boisterous winds arise it resteth still.
Then up and down went Agamemnon there,
My friends, said he, be bold, and fight like men,
Of one another's censure stand in fear.
Of them that do so, fewer perish than
Of those that fly and never think upon
The loss of fame. This said, he threw his spear
And smote Æneas' friend Democoon,
Who was unto the Trojans no less dear
Than if he one of Priam's sons had been.
For with the foremost he was still in fight.
And at his buckler went the weapon in,
And through both that and belt it passed quite.
And mortal in his belly was the wound,
And with his armour rat'ling down he fell.
Æneas then two Greeks laid on the ground,
The sons of Diocles, descended well.
For of th' immortal and fair stream Alpheus,
Orsilochus a great king was the son.
And he the father was of Diocles,
And he Orsilochus got and Crethon;
Brave men, who when they came to man's estate
With Atreus' son his honour to regain,
To Ilium sail'd, and there they met their fate,
And never to their country came again.
As when two lions in the mountains bred
And woods obscure, come down into the plain,
And sheep and cattle in the field leave dead,
Until at last by hunters they are slain;

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

So fell these two men by Æneas kill'd,
And like two fir trees straight laid on the sand.
And Menelaus then with fury fill'd,
With helmet on his head, and spear in hand,
Advanced boldly to Anchises' son,
In hope to have deprived him of breath.
And Mars himself it was that set him on
To bring him by Æneas' hand to death.
Antilochus then, Nestor's valiant son,
Fearing lest Menelaus should be slain,
Resolv'd he should not fight with him alone,
And all their toil at Ilium make vain.
Went after him, and overtook him as
They ready were to fight, but nothing done.
Æneas then, as valiant as he was,
Retir'd, eschewing th' odds of two to one.
And when they had brought off the bodies slain,
And left them in their fellow-soldiers' hands,
Unto the skirmish they returned again,
And slew the Prince of Paphlagonians
Pylæmines. Atrides threw the spear
Which near the shoulder pass'd into his neck.
By Nestor's son slain was his charioteer,
Mydon by name that did his horses check,
As he his char'ot turning was to fly,
Antilochus him wounded with a stone
On th' elbow, and benumb'd his hand, whereby
The sense he had to hold the reins was gone.
The reins fell down, and then with sword in hand
Antilochus divides his head in twain,
And headlong fell he where it chanc'd the sand
Was very deep, and there he did remain
With head and shoulders sticking in the sands.
But upright in the air were both his hips.
The horses laid him flat. Which by the hands
Of Nestor's son convey'd were to the ships.
Hector saw this, and in came with great cry,
Whom bands of lusty Trojans followed,
Mars and Bellona marching furiously
Against the Argives to the fight them led.
Bellona brought in tumult and affright.
And Mars a mighty spear had in his hand.
And sometimes after Hector went i' th' fight,
Sometimes before, and oft did by him stand.
Tydides when he saw him was afraid,
As when a man in haste has lost his way,
And running on is at some river stayed,
That's deep and swift, he runs as fast away;
So he retir'd. And to his Argives said,
No wonder 'tis if Hector valiant be;

LIB. V.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

One God or other always gives him aid,
And near him stands from death to set him free.
Now Mars comes with him, like a mortal wight.
Retire. But turn your faces to the foe,
Forbearing still against the Gods to fight.
This said he, but the Trojans near were now.
And Hector there had slain two men that sat
Together, Mnestheus and Anchialus,
Both warriors good. But Ajax griev'd thereat,
(The greater Ajax, Telamonius)
Darted his heavy spear at Amphius.
Rich was he both in lands and goods, and dwelt
At Pæsus: and fought here for Priamus.
But by the spear which pass'd quite through his belt
Upon his belly took a mortal wound.
And as he fell, Ajax ran fiercely in
To strip him of his armour on the ground,
And stript him had, had he not hindered been.
For from the Trojans came a shower of spears,
Whereof his shield received not a few.
Then to be hemm'd in by the foe he fears.
His own spear he recover'd and withdrew.
Whilst they in stubborn war thus toiling were,
Unlucky fate Tlepolemus brought on
To charge Sarpedon; and when they were near
Together come, Jove's grandson and his son,
Tlepolemus said then, what need had you,
Unskilful in the war, to tremble here?
Jove's son men say you are, but 'tis not true.
No such weak men by Jove begotten were;
But such as Hercules is said t'have been,
Courageous as a lion; with few men
In but six ships, this strong town he did win,
And rifled it, and safe went off again.
But you are weak, your men a great part dead,
And can but little help afford to Troy,
And though from Lycia you were strengthened,
I mean to send you now another way.
To this Sarpedon answered, 'Tis true
That Hercules sack'd Troy, because the steeds
Laomedon kept back that were his due,
And gave him evil language for good deeds.
But you from me shall present death receive,
For which I shall have honour truly paid,
And you your soul shall now to Pluto leave.
And this Sarpedon had no sooner said,
Than from their hands the spears together started.
Tlepolemus clean through the neck was struck,
And from him presently his life departed.
But from Sarpedon Jove kept such ill luck;

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

Yet on his left thigh he receiv'd a wound:
For through it went the spear close by the bone.
Sarpedon, by his friends borne off the ground,
Was plac'd apart where battle there was none,
Tormented with the spear still in his thigh.
To pull it out they all had quite forgot.
In so great haste they were, the foe so nigh,
The time so little, and the fight so hot.
Meanwhile Tlepolemus his body dead
The Greeks fetch'd off. The wise Ulysses then
Within himself a while considered,
Whether to charge Sarpedon or his men.
But since by fate Sarpedon was to die
By other, and not by Ulysses' hands,
Athena made him lay that purpose by,
And turn his anger on the Lycians.
Alastor then he slew, and Cœramus,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Noemon.
And Halius he slew, and Chromius,
And many Lycians more had overthrown,
But mighty Hector now approached near
In glittering arms, and brought with him affright.
But glad Sarpedon was to see him there;
And when he was come up unto him quite,
Himself lamenting, thus to Hector said,
Leave me not, Hector, to the Greeks a prey,
But let my body in your ground be laid,
Since I my country must no more enjoy,
Nor my beloved wife and tender son.
So said Sarpedon. Hector not replies,
But to the enemy he passeth on;
And as he goes the ground with blood he dies.
Under a beech, sacred to Jupiter
Sarpedon placed was upon the ground,
And gently Pelagon pull'd out the spear;
The pain hereof put him into a swound.
Lost was his sight; but by a gentle wind
And cool, that from the north upon him blew,
He soon recover'd both his sight and mind,
And all the company about him knew.
To Mars and Hector still the Greeks gave way
And still their faces to the Trojans were,
But for to charge none durst advance or stay.
For Diomed had told them Mars was there.
Now tell me, Muse, who slain by Hector was?
Trechus, Orestes, Teuthras, Helenus,
(Whose father Œnops was) and Œnonaus;
And last of all wealthy Oresbius.
In Hyla on Cephisses lake he dwelt,
The richest pasture of Bœotia,

LIB. V.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

And known was by the gayness of his belt.
This slaughter of the Greeks when Juno saw,
She then to Pallas spake. Pallas, said she,
If we let Mars still play the madman here,
Our word to Menelaus false will be,
That he from Troy return should conqueror.
Let's courage take, and try what we can do.
Pallas contented, 'twas agreed upon.
And Juno ready made herself to go,
And quickly the coachwheels Hebe sets on.
Eight spokes each wheel had, and were all of brass,
And fixed round about at th' axle-tree.
The axle-tree itself of iron was,
The circle gold, and wonderful to see.
But arm'd it was above with plates of brass.
The naves on both sides were of silver white,
With gold and silver wire extended was
The seat, which had two silver rings and bright,
In which the beam of silver fast'ned stayed;
At the other end th' golden yoke she tied,
And on the yoke the golden reins she laid.
And Juno then no longer could abide,
But to the coach herself the horses brought,
From quarrels so impatiently she stayed.
Pallas threw off her robe, and took Jove's coat,
And with the same she there herself array'd.
And then her breast with armour covered,
And on her shoulder hung her frightful shield,
Wherein Strife, Force, Flight, Chase, were figured,
With all the horror of a foughten field;
And in the middle stood out Gorgoe's head.
Then put she on her golden helmet, that
Ten thousand men's heads might have covered,
And to the chariot up she went, and sat,
And her great heavy spear takes in her hands
The spear wherewith, when she displeased is,
She scatters of proud kings the armed bands.
Then Juno with the whip was not remiss,
And of itself flew open heaven-gate,
Though to the Seasons, Jove the power gave
Alone to judge of early and of late.
And out the Goddesses their horses drave.
Jove on the highest of Olympus tops,
Sitting alone they found, and none him nigh.
The Goddess Juno there her horses stops,
And spake unto him thus, his mind to try:
Pray tell me, Jove, if you contented be,
That Mars thus raging in the field remain;
For what unseemly work he makes, you see,
And of brave Greeks how many he has slain,

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

While Venus at my grief stands laughing by,
And pleased is Apollo with the sight,
And set him on. But I could make him fly
(But that I fear your anger) from the fight.
Do't then, said Jove; not you, but Pallas; she
Accustom'd is to vex him more than you.
Juno took this commission willingly.
Feeling the whip, away her horses flew,
'Twixt heaven and earth, and went at every strain
As far as coming one can see a ship,
That from a hill looketh upon the main,
So far the horses of the Gods can skip.
Arriv'd at Troy, on ground they set their feet,
And Juno there her heavenly steeds untied,
Where Simois doth with Scamander meet.
And with ambrosia, Simois them supplied.
Then swift as doves, to give the Argives aid,
They went to where they saw the greatest throng.
There was Tydides, and about him stayed
Many as lions valiant and strong.
And Juno there in shape of Stentor stood,
And spake as loud as any fifty men.
Argives, said she, cowards, for nothing good,
Although you make a goodly show. For when
Achilles went before you to the fight,
Out at their gates the Trojans durst not peep,
So much they of his spear abhorr'd the sight,
But from your ships you scarce now can them keep.
When Juno thus the Greeks encouraged,
To Diomed went Pallas; whom she found
Hard by his horses sitting, wearied.
And cooling in the open air the wound
Given by Pandarus; which with the sweat
Under his belt afflicted him the more;
And lifting up his belt some ease to get,
He from the wound was wiping off the gore.
As at the yoke Athena leaning stood,
Like him, said she, your father left no son;
A little man was he, but warrior good.
Though I not bade him, he went boldly on.
And when to Thebes alone I bade him go
Ambassador, and with the Theban lords
To sit at feast, and not provoke the foe,
And at their table to forbear harsh words,
Yet he his native courage still retained,
And them defied at manly exercises,
And from them all the victory he gained,
And won, by my assistance, all the prizes.
But when I you, as I did him, defend,
And bid you boldly with the Trojans fight,

LIB. V.

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles.

You are afraid, or weariness pretend.
Of Tydeus sure the son you are not right.
Tydides to her then replying said,
Daughter of Jove, Pallas I know you are,
'Tis not that I am weary or afraid,
That I stand here abstaining from the war,
But in obedience to your own command,
Who gave me leave, if Venus in the wars
I met, to wound her; but not lift my hand
'Gainst other Gods. Now in the field is Mars,
And domineering fights on Hector's side;
And that's the cause why I from fight abstain,
And others by my counsel here abide.
To this the Goddess then replied again,
Nor Mars nor any of th' Immortals spare,
That shall advance against you in the field.
And for your safety trust unto my care,
And know you are protected by my shield.
But first to Mars drive up your horses close,
And strike the blockhead with your spear in hand,
That fights sometimes for these, sometimes for those,
And with the Trojans now you see him stand,
And yet to help the Greeks he promis'd me
And Juno, but a little while before,
And now amongst the Trojans fighteth he,
And thinks upon his promises no more.
This said, they mount into the chariot,
And Sthenelus descending left his seat.
The axle-tree groaned under them. Why not?
A great man he, she was a Goddess great.
And then to Mars directly they drive on,
Who had but newly slain great Periphas,
Of old Ochesius the valiant son,
And far the best of all th' Ætolians was.
Athena then puts Pluto's helmet on,
Lest she by Mars should be discovered.
When Mars there saw Tydides all alone,
He Periphas forsook, who there lay dead;
And turn'd to meet Tydides on the way;
And when to one another they were near,
Mars making full account the man to slay,
Over the yoke thrusts at him with his spear.
But Pallas with her hand the point suppress'd,
And made it light beneath the seat in vain.
Tydides then to Mars a spear address'd,
Which had he been a mortal had him slain;
For Pallas in his belly stuck the spear,
And presently the same pluck'd out again.
Mars roar'd as loud as if in battle there
Fighting had been nine or ten thousand men,

The first battle continued, wherein Pallas strengtheneth Diomedes to supply the absence of Achilles

And frighted both the armies with the noise.
Then like a black cloud which some wind makes rise,
He left th' unlucky field and went his ways,
And in a little time was in the skies.
And sitting down hard by his father's throne,
Shew'd him the blood that from the wound did flow,
And grievously lamenting made his moan.
Father, said he, do you such work allow?
That we the Gods such harm from mortals take,
While some for Trojans, some for Argives fight,
And partial be for one another's sake,
The fault is to be laid on you by right.
For you brought forth this mad, pernicious maid,
Whose study is her malice to effect,
When by us other Gods you are obey'd;
And this you saw, but never would correct.
'Twas she that on the Gods set Diomed,
Who wounded Venus first, then flew at me.
And there in pain I lain had 'mongst the dead,
Or crippled been, had not my feet been free.
Uncertain Mars, then Jupiter replied,
Of all the Gods most hateful to my sight,
That quarrel lov'st to make, but not decide;
Thou hast thy mother Juno's nature right,
That oft provokes me with her peevish tongue,
And by her order, I think, this was done.
But in this pain I'll not detain you long,
Seeing you are as well mine as her son.
But had another got you, you had sure
To Pluto and th' infernal Gods been sent.
This said, to Pæon he commits his cure;
And Pæon presently about it went.
As quickly as the milk is turn'd to curd,
When with a proper rennet it is mix'd,
And with a housewife's hand together stirr'd,
So quickly was the wide wound clos'd and fix'd.
Then bath'd he was by Hebe, and new clad;
And that he so came off was well content.
Juno and Pallas when they driven had
Mars from th' battle, up t' Olympus went.

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LIB. VI.

LIB. VI.

The first battle yet continued The other Gods forbidden by Jove to assist.

THE Gods to neither side assistance yield,
But on his own hand each man's fortune lies;
Now here, now there, they skirmish in the field,
Betwixt the streams Xanthus and Simseis.
And first great Ajax killed Acamas,
And for his fellows opened a door
For slaughter 'mongst the files and ranks to pass,
And caus'd thereby the loss of many more.
And by Tydides Axylus was slain,
That at Arisbe dwelt near the highway,
Rich, and the Greeks did often entertain;
But none of them would save him in the fray,
For slain he was by Diomedes there,
Together with his squire, Calesius,
That by him sat, and was his charioteer.
Euryalus then slew Opheltius
And Dresus. After Pedasus he runs,
And Æsepus, sons of Bucalion,
Who by Abarbarea had two sons,
But he for father had Laomedon,
And th' eldest was, but not in wedlock got;
And twins the sons were of Bucalion.
But from Euryalus they 'scaped not,
Nor long they lay there with their armour on.
Then Polypœtes by Astyalus,
Pidytes by Ulysses, and by Teucer Areton, and by Antilochus
Ablerus; by Atrides Eleteus
Was slain, that the Pedasians led
From the delightful bank of Satnius.
And Leitus Philacus slew as he fled.
Eurypylus then slew Melanthius;
And then Adrestus taken was alive
By Menelaus. For his horses frighted,
Whilst to the town they labour'd to arrive,
Upon two branches of a tree they lighted,
And brake the char'ot pole off at the head.
The horses loose away ran tow'rd the town,
As did the rest that from the battle fled.
Adrestus headlong from the seat fell down,
And by him with a spear Atrides stood.
Adrestus then lays hold upon his knee.
Save me, said he, my ransom will be good,
At any rate I shall redeemed be.

The first battle yet continued. The other Gods forbidden by Jove to assist.

My father wants nor iron, nor brass, nor gold,
And any thing to set me free will give,
When he of my condition shall be told,
And that I am your prisoner and live.
This said, Atrides was thereto inclin'd,
And ready for to send him to the ships.
But Agamemnon came and chang'd his mind
Before he had confirm'd it with his lips.
Brother, said he, what makes you be so kind
To any of these men? Is it because
You did at home the Trojans faithful find,
And that they had well served Menelaus?
No, no, we must no quarter give at Troy,
Nor spare the child yet in his mother's womb,
But utterly the nation destroy,
And pluck up by the root proud Ilium.
Then Menelaus pitied him no more,
But violently push'd him from his knee,
Wherewith he backward tumbled o'er and o'er,
And soon by Agamemnon slain was he.
Then Nestor to the Greeks, with voice as high
As he could raise it, cried out, Let none
Yet on the spoil and booty set his eye,
But follow killing now, plunder anon:
The dead will stay till back again we come.
The Greeks by Nestor thus encouraged,
Had chas'd the Trojans unto Ilium,
But that by Helenus was hindered.
For standing near to Hector and Æneas,
Since all the work, said he, lies on your hand,
And you in fight and counsel chiefly please
Both Lycians and Trojans, make them stand;
About them go, and put yourselves between
The gates and them, lest followed by the foe
They should be by their loving wives there seen,
And the Argives stand triumphing in our woe.
And when you once have them encouraged,
Æneas and myself will with them stay,
And fight against the Greeks, though wearied.
But Hector to the town go you away,
And bid your and my mother take with her
The eldest Trojan matrons, and make haste
To Pallas' temple, and present her there
With the best robe she has; and having plac'd
It on her knee, vow to her deity
(If she protect our wives and children will,
And city from this raging enemy,
And take off Diomed) that you will kill
Twelve heifers at her altar. For in fight
He has the great Achilles much outdone,

LIB. VI.

The first battle yet continued. The other Gods forbidden by Jove to assist.

Who never did the Trojans thus affright,
Although they say he is a Goddess' son.
Then Hector armed leapt down to the ground,
And with two spears about the army goes,
Courage inspiring to the Trojans round,
And straight they turn'd their faces to the foes.
The Greeks retiring then no longer fought.
Some God from heav'n descended was, they thought,
And t' Hector and the Trojans aid had brought.
Then Hector to the Trojans cried out,
Trojans and aids, said he, be sure to stay
And play the men, whilst I to Ilium
Return, and cause them to the Gods to pray,
And to them sacrifice an hecatomb.
And as he walk'd, the edges of his shield
By turns his ankle and his neck did smite.
Tydides then, and Glaucus, on the field
Met one another, and prepar'd to fight.
Tydides speaking first, Brave man, said he,
Who are you? Let me know your name and race,
That dares so boldly thus advance on me.
I never yet in battle saw your face.
Men mortal to provoke me thus none dare,
But they whose parents are condemn'd to woe.
But if some God come down from heaven you are,
Do what you will I'll not return a blow.
Licurgus, son of Dryas, chas'd the train
Of Bacchus with a goad at Nyssa, where
The Mænades threw from them on the plain
Their ivy-twined staves, and fled for fear;
Bacchus himself leapt into Thetis' lap,
Trembling and frighted, and the Goddess kind
Receiv'd him, and defended from mishap.
But for this act Jove struck Licurgus blind,
Who died soon after. For the Gods above
All hated him. And that's the cause that I
Dare not the anger of the Gods to move.
But if thou mortal art, come near and die.
O brave Tydides, Glaucus answer'd then,
To what end serves it you to know my race?
As with green leaves, so fareth it with men;
Some fall with wind, others grow in their place.
But since you ask me (though it be well known)
My pedigree at large I shall you tell.
Within a creek of Argos stands a town
Call'd Ephyre. There Sisyphus did dwell;
The subtle Sisyphus, who Glaucus got.
Glaucus, the father of Bellerophon,
Than whom a fairer person there was not,
Nor valianter in all the land not one.

The first battle yet continued. The other Gods forbidden by Jove to assist.

But Prætus sought to take away his life;
For so enamour'd of him was the queen
Anteia, who of Prætus was the wife,
That she a suitor to him oft had been.
But still in vain; for he would not consent.
The fury of her love then turn'd to hate.
And spitefully she to her husband went,
And weeping bitterly, down by him sate,
And to him said, O king, resolve to die
Yourself, or else Bellerophon to kill,
For he attempted has my chastity,
And would have lain with me against my will.
The king incens'd, to kill him did intend,
But loth to do it there, he thought it better
Unto the King of Lycia him to send
(Who was Anteia's father) with a letter,
Wherein he had declar'd his cruel mind,
And many ways to bring it to effect.
He, ignorant of what was then design'd,
The king's commandement did not neglect.
To Lycia he went, and coming thither,
In favour with the Gods, was honoured
And treated like a God, nine days together.
O' th' tenth his letter he delivered.
The letter read, the king him first employ'd
The terrible Chimæra to assail,
That by the monster he might be destroy'd.
A lion's head it had and dragon's tail,
And in the midst the body of a goat;
A flame of burning fire was its breath.
Bellerophon with this foul monster fought,
And put it (by the aid o' th' Gods) to death.
The next adventure that he set him on,
Was th' expedition 'gainst the Solymi.
The third when from the Amazons he won
(Those martial females) a great victory.
And as he came from thence the king had laid
An ambush for him on the way in vain,
Of choicest Lycians, whom he destroy'd,
That not a man of them return'd again.
The king receiv'd him then, believing now
That he descended was of heavenly race,
And gave him half his pow'r, and land enough,
And with his daughter's marriage did him grace.
Bellerophon by her had children three;
Two sons, Isandrus and Hippolochus,
And one fair daughter, call'd Laodamie,
On whom by Jove Sarpedon gotten was.
Her father, by the Gods forsaken, then
Liv'd up and down in the Alean plain,

LIB. VI.

The first battle yet continued. The other Gods forbidden by Jove to assist

And shunn'd the conversation of men.
At Solym battle was Isander slain.
But of Hippolochus the son am I,
And he of noble ancestors descended.
To Troy he sent me, and especially
Unto me th' honour of my race commended,
Than which in Ephyre none nobler is,
Nor in the land of Lycia more renown'd.
And Diomedes, joyful to hear this,
Turn'd his spear's point and stuck it in the ground,
And to him kindly spake. There is, said he,
Between your ancestors and mine of old,
A mutual bond of hospitality.
Bellerophon, as I have oft been told,
Was by my grandsire, Œneus, freely treated,
And stayed with him twenty days and nights,
And when again he from his house retreated,
They tokens gave of hospitable rights;
Œneus to him a belt most glorious,
Bellerophon to him a golden cup,
Which I not with me brought, but in my house
When I came thence I safely left lock'd up.
My father I remember not. For he
Left me too young when last he went from home.
Henceforth my guest in Argos you must be,
I yours in Lycia, when I thither come.
Meantime, let's one another's spear decline;
For many Trojans more I have to kill,
Unless I cross'd be by some pow'r divine.
And of the Achæans kill you whom you will.
And that our friendship may the more appear,
I will present you with these arms of mine;
And you to me present the arms you wear.
This said, they lighted and their hands did join.
But Glaucus surely here bewitched was,
Or cursed by the Gods, that had forgot
His arms were gold, and Diomed's but brass.
An hundred his, nine beeves the other bought.
Hector was now come to the Scæan gates;
To him the Trojan wives and daughters run
To ask their husbands' and their brothers' fates,
But to those questions he answer'd none.
But to the temples bade them go and pray;
Inquire no more for what you will lament;
Then to the royal palace went his way.
For great the danger was and imminent.
On every side within were galleries
Magnificent, of square well-plained stones,
With fifty lodgings for the families
(One by another) of King Priam's sons;

The first battle yet continued. The other Gods forbidden by Jove to assist.

And for his daughters twelve apartments were
(In the same court, but on the other side)
To lodge his sons-in-law when they were there,
Of the same stone in like form beautified.
Here Hecuba, as she conducted home
Laodice, her beautifulest daughter,
Met her son Hector that was newly come
In dusty bloody armour from the slaughter.
And took him by the hand, and to him said,
Why come you from the fight? Have we the worst,
And you come to solicit Jove for aid,
And after that is done to quench your thirst?
A little wine will much the strength sustain
Of one that labour'd has as you have done.
No, no, from wine (said he) I must abstain,
Lest I forget and leave my work undone.
Besides, to Jove I dare not offer wine
With bloody hands, lest I should him incense.
But, mother, go you to Minerva's shrine
With other ladies, and with frankincense;
And of the robes in your perfumed chest
Take with you that which in your judgment is
Amongst them all the largest and the best,
And lay it down upon the Goddess' knees.
And vow that at her altar you will kill
Twelve yearling heifers of the best you have,
If at your prayer condescend she will
Your children with yourselves and Troy to save,
And from the fight this Diomed remove.
To th' temple presently go you away.
But I to Paris now must go, and prove
If he th' advice I give him will obey.
Then Hecuba into the chamber came
Where many divers-colour'd vestures lay,
The work of many a Sidonian dame,
Which then from Sidon Paris brought to Troy,
When thither he from Sparta Helen brought.
Of these, to give the Goddess, she took one
The largest and most curiously wrought,
And that like to a star in heaven shone.
And when unto the temple come they were,
Theano opened the door; for she
(Antenor's wife) was Pallas' priest. And there
She took the robe, and laid it on her knee.
Then prayed she (whilst with a mighty cry
They to the Goddess lifted up their hands.)
Pallas, said she, daughter of Jove most high,
In whose protection ev'ry city stands,
Great Pallas, break the spear of Diomed,
And overthrow him at the Scæan gate,

LIB. VI.

The first battle yet continued. The other Gods forbidden by Jove to assist.

That at thy altar may be offered
Twelve yearling heifers; and commiserate
The wives and children and the state of Troy.
Thus prayed they; but Pallas would not hear.
To th' house of Paris Hector went away
That was unto his own and Priam's near,
Built by himself the citadel within,
With all the art the Trojans understood.
There Hector with his spear in hand went in,
That was in length eleven cubits good,
And pointed at the head with polish'd brass,
Fasten'd into the staff with a gold ring.
Busy about his armour Paris was,
And Helen work to th' maids distributing.
Here Hector Paris chid. Is this, said he,
The fittest time to manifest your spite
Against the Trojans, when the enemy
Under our walls is killing them in fight?
When none but you the cause is of the war
And tumult, which surrounds the town of Troy.
I think it would become you better far
To rate those men that from the battle stay.
Brother, said Paris, what you say is right.
But hear me, too. I stayed not behind
Because I to the Trojans bear a spite,
But from their slanders to avert my mind.
And now my wife too has persuaded me,
Who of myself was ready to begone.
Not sure to any side is victory.
Stay only while I put my armour on.
Or go. I'll follow you and find you out.
Thus he. But Hector to it nothing said.
And to begone his face he turn'd about,
But Helen saw about to speak, and stayed.
Brother, said she, though I unworthy am
To call you so, I would I had been thrown
Into the sea the same day that I came
Into the world, so many shames to own.
Or that this husband sensible had been,
As men of honour should be of ill-fame;
But that's not now, nor ever will be seen,
He one day will, I fear, repent the same.
But brother, pra' ye, sit down and rest awhile,
That with the toil of battle weary are;
The cause whereof am I the woman vile,
That with me brought to Troy this cruel war.
Unlucky day that brought me first acquainted
With Alexander to our infamy,
Which through the world hereafter will be chaunted,
And make us loathsome to posterity.

The first battle yet continued. The other Gods forbidden by Jove to assist.

Helen, said Hector, now I cannot stay,
The Trojans of my presence stand in need;
But bid you Alexander come away,
While I am in the town, and that with speed.
For hence unto my house I must go home
To see my wife, my child, and family,
And 't may be never back again shall come,
But by the hands of the Achæans die.
This said, home Hector went, and there was told
His wife Andromache at home was not.
For with the nurse the battle to behold,
Into the tow'r on Scæa gate was got.
Then Hector of the women ask'd again,
Is she gone to some sister or some brother?
Or to the Goddess temple in the train
Of those that thither waited on my mother?
To this one of the women said again,
She neither went to sister nor to brother,
Nor to the Goddess' temple, in the train
Of those that thither waited on your mother.
But when I know not who inform'd her had
That th' Argives did the Trojans overpower,
With her young son and nurse as one that's mad
Ran to the gate, and up into the tower.
Then back went Hector passing the same streets
Through which he went when he came from the fight,
Where in the way Andromache he meets
That now was running home in great affright.
The daughter she was of Eetion,
Who of Cilicia the sceptre carried,
And dwelt at Thebe in Hypoplacion,
But unto noble Hector she was married.
Now Hector met her with their little boy
That in the nurse's arms was carried,
And like a star upon her bosom lay
His beautiful and shining golden head.
Scamandrius he called was by Hector,
Astyanax he named was in Troy.
Because his father was their sole protector,
The people from his honour nam'd the boy.
Then Hector smiling look'd upon his son.
And to him weeping said Andromache,
My dear, you'll by your courage be undone,
And this your son a wretched orphan be.
The Greeks at once on you alone will fall,
And then a woeful widow shall be I,
And have no comfort in the world at all,
But live in misery and wish to die.
Father or mother they have left me none,
For by the great Achilles he was slain

LIB. VI.

The first battle yet continued. The other Gods forbidden by Jove to assist.

When he the goodly town of Thebe won.
But from disarming him he did refrain.
Together with his arms he did him burn,
And with such rites as did a prince become.
And having put his ashes in an urn
Buried the same, and o'er it rais'd a tomb.
The mountain-nymphs, daughters of Jupiter,
Planted about it many elmen-trees.
My seven brothers all were killed there.
In one day by Achilles slain were these,
As they defending were their kine and sheep.
My mother with the booty he brought hither,
And her he at the ships did pris'ner keep
Until her friends her ransom had sent thither.
Then to her country back they sent my mother,
Who shortly after there fell sick and died.
Now Hector you my father are and brother,
Husband and mother. In you I confide.
For pity's sake then on this turret stay,
Lest fatherless your son, I widow be;
And set your armed people in array,
And those that aid you at the syc'more-tree,
Where to the city easiest is th' access.
For there it was the Argives thrice fell on
Led by Idomeneus, and th' Ajaxes,
The two Atrides, and Tydeus' son.
Whether they had some God for their director,
Or had observ'd some weakness in the place,
I know not. And to this replied Hector,
Dear wife, this might be done. But what disgrace
Shall I be in? How will the Trojans scoff,
Both men and women, and deride my fear,
If on the tow'r they saw me standing off
When others fighting with the Argives were?
Besides, by nature I am framed so,
I am not able to abstain from fight,
But must be 'mongst the foremost, when the foe
Invades my father's honour in my sight.
And yet I know the evil day will come,
That Priam and his people perish must,
And utterly destroy'd be Ilium,
And all her stately buildings lie in dust.
Yet am not griev'd so much to think upon
The fate of Troy, of Priam, of my mother,
Or all my brothers, as for you alone
When by a proud Achæan one or other
You dragg'd are weeping into slavery,
And when t' Achæa he has brought you home,
To fetch in water you employ'd shall be,
And made to labour at another's loom.

The first battle yet continued, The other Gods forbidden by Jove to assist.

And one that sees you weeping, there will say,
This woman was the noble Hector's bride,
The bravest man of all that fought for Troy,
And of your tears bring back again the tide.
But dead may I be first and buried
Before I see you dragg'd or hear you cry.
And when he thus had said, his arms he spread
The childto take, who terrified thereby,
And unacquainted with a glittering crest
And horse's mane that nodding at it hung,
Turn'd his face crying to the nurse's breast,
And with his little arms close to her clung;
Which made his father and his mother smile.
Then Hector on the ground his helmet laid,
And took the child, and dandled him awhile,
And then to Jove and all the Gods he pray'd.
O Jove and Gods, grant that this son of mine
No less in Troy may honour'd be than I,
Nor from his father's virtue e'er decline,
But hold the reins of Ilium steadily,
That men may say when he hath slain his foe,
And bringeth with him home his spoil to Troy,
In battle he his father doth outdo,
And fill his loving mother's heart with joy.
This said, he gave the child t' Andromache,
Which she receiving hugg'd, and laugh'd, and cried.
Which Hector with compassion did see,
And thus with gentle words his wife did chide.
Dear wife, do not afflict yourself for me.
No man can die before his hour is come;
And when 'tis come, put off it cannot be
By weak nor strong. Therefore I pray go home,
And tend your work, and give your women theirs,
And sit still at your spindle and your loom,
And leave to men these martial affairs,
And me that have the charge of Ilium.
Then up he takes his helmet and departs,
And homewards she; but often turn'd her head.
At home with grief she fill'd her women's hearts,
And made them mourn for Hector not yet dead.
Nor Paris at his house did longer stay
Than he must needs his armour to put on,
And up and down the streets went ev'ry way,
To see if he could Hector light upon.
As when a horse i' th' stable pampered,
And used to be washed in the river
His headstall breaks, or be delivered
From that which held him by what means soever;
Then proudly he sets up his tail and head,
And beats the plain, and with the wind he makes

LIB. VI.

The first battle yet continued. The other Gods forbidden by Jove to assist.

His mane play in the air dishevelled,
Then to the pasture known the way he takes:
So from his house went Paris through the streets
With shining arms, and courage at his heart;
And quickly with his valiant brother meets,
Turning from where he and his wife did part.
And first to Hector Paris thus began.
Brother, I fear I've made you stay too long.
No, he replied, your courage no man can
Accuse, but such as mean to do you wrong.
But when you, out of humour, will not fight,
The Trojans that much suffer for your sake
Speak all the ill they can of you in spite.
Which, when I hear, it makes my heart to ache.
But now let's go. If e'er the powers divine
Displace the Achæan host, and give us peace,
That freely to them we may offer wine,
Your quarrel with the Trojans soon will cease.

ILIAD.

LIB. VII.

The Greeks enclose their ships with a wall and ditch. The duel betwixt Hector and Ajax.

This said, they went together to the fight,
For Paris now no more the war declin'd,
And welcome to the Trojans was the sight,
As to a weary rower a good wind.
There Paris slew Menesthius, the son
Of the great clubman Areithous
Of Arne. And by Hector overthrown
And struck clean through the neck was Eionus.
Iphinous, the son of Dexias,
As to his car he mounted to have fled,
By Glaucus through the shoulder wounded was,
And to the ground again fell backward dead.
When Pallas saw the Argives fall so fast,
She from Olympus leaped to Ilium:
Apollo then to meet her made great haste,
That saw her from his tow'r in Pergamum.
And when they were together at the beach,
He for the Trojans, for the Argives she,
Apollo to her thus address'd his speech:
Daughter of Jove, what great necessity
Brought you to Troy? Was it to please your mind,
Or give unto the Greeks the victory?
For well I know to Troy you are not kind.
But for the present be advis'd by me.

LIB. VII.

The Greeks enclose their ships with a wall and ditch. The duel betwixt Hector and Ajax.

Let th' armies both give over fight to day,
And fight it out hereafter, till they know
What end the Fates assigned have to Troy,
Since you and Juno needs will have it so.
Your counsel's good, said Pallas, and the same
I thought upon. But tell me how to do it.
For to that end I from Olympus came.
Tell me but how, and I'll consent unto it.
Why then, said Phœbus, Hector I'll excite
In duel all the Argives to defy;
And they some one will choose with him to fight,
And both the armies quietly stand by.
This counsel was by both agreed upon;
And known to Helenus by augury,
To Helenus, that was King Priam's son.
And he to Hector did himself apply.
Hector, said he, will you do that which I,
That am your brother, shall advise you to?
Go to th' Achæan army, and defy
The best of all the Argives; boldly go;
For in this combat you are not to die:
The Gods have told me so. Then never fear.
Then to the front came Hector joyfully,
With both his hands o' th' middle of his spear
To keep the Trojans back and make them stand;
And straight King Agamemnon seeing it,
Unto the Argives gave the like command.
Then on the ground both Greeks and Trojans sit
Phœbus and Pallas flew up to the tree,
The high beech-tree that sacred was to Jove,
I' th' likeness of two vultures, thence to see
How the two armies looked from above.
As when a west wind ruffled has the main,
It black and horrid to the eye appears;
So look'd the Greeks and Trojans on the plain,
Grisly and dark with helmets, shields, and spears.
Into the midst between them Hector stept.
You, Trojans and well-armed Greeks, said he,
Since 'twas Jove's will our oath should not be kept,
But that the war continued shall be
Till either you shall win the town of Troy,
Or we your army and your ships confound,
Fighting till one another we destroy;
I to you, Argives, somewhat will propound.
The best of all the Greeks are present here.
Let one of them come forth and fight with me,
On these conditions (witness Jupiter)
If by his hand I slain in combat be,
Let him do with my armour what he will,
But send my body into Ilium.

LIB. VII.

The Greeks enclose their ships with a wall and ditch. The duel betwixt Hector and Ajax.

But if Apollo grant me him to kill,
His armour I will have and carry home,
And in Apollo's temple dedicate.
His body to the ships shall rendered be,
That on his urn the Greeks may elevate
A mount of earth for passengers to see
Upon the shore of Hellespont, and say,
Here lies a valiant Greek by Hector slain
Long since, when th' Argives were besieging Troy.
My honour thus for ever will remain.
So Hector said. The Greeks all silent were.
For shame the challenge they could not refuse;
And to accept it ev'ry one did fear.
But Menelaus then his valour shews,
And rising up in anger, thus he said,
Women of Argos, what a shame is this,
That you should all of Hector be afraid!
What now become of all your threat'ning is?
There (dust and water, heartless, nameless), sit.
Myself I'll arm (for I perceive no odds)
And will this sturdy champion Hector meet.
For victory comes only from the Gods.
This said, he rose and arm'd himself; and there
Depriv'd of life had Menelaus been
(So much too weak he was) by Hector's spear,
But that the princes starting up came in.
And Agamemnon seizing on his hand,
Why, Menelaus, are you mad, said he,
In fight you cannot against Hector stand,
How much soever you concerned be.
Avoid him in the field as others do.
Achilles, who than you much stronger is,
Strong as he is, considers Hector too,
And cooler grows as oft as he him sees.
Therefore, good brother, sit still at your troop.
Some other we'll oppose to Hector's might,
That, haughty as he is, shall make him stoop,
And thank the Gods if safe he come from fight.
To this good counsel yielded Menelaus.
Whereat his servants not a little joy'd,
Came in, and soon by them unarm'd he was,
And to the Greeks then Nestor rose, and said,
O how unwelcome will this story be
To Greece, and Peleus king o' th' Myrmidons,
Who at his house the names enquir'd of me
Both of yourselves, your fathers, and your sons;
If he should know how much you Hector dread,
How oft would he hold up his hands, and pray
The Gods to send him down amongst the dead,
And from his body take all sense away!

The Greeks enclose their ships with a wall and ditch. The duel betwixt Hector and Ajax.

O that I were as young as I was then
When war was 'twixt Arcadia and Pyle,
And at the walls of Pheia stood the men
Ready for bloody fight in rank and file!
Amongst them stood one Ereuthalion,
And of the great man Areithous
Upon his shoulders had the armour on,
Who Clubman commonly surnamed was,
Because he used neither bow nor spear,
But with an iron club the battles brake.
Lycurgus slew him though he weaker were,
(When at advantage great he did him take)
By craft, not strength. For in a narrow way
He watch'd him at a turning with his spear,
And on a sudden took his life away,
So that the club had nothing to do there.
Then took he off his arms, and wore the same
In battle when there was occasion,
But gave them, when old age upon him came,
To this his squire Ereuthalion.
Who wearing them our army did defy,
At which, when others trembling stood and shook,
Although the youngest of them all was I,
Great as he was, the man I undertook,
And slew him by the Goddess Pallas' aid,
The strongest and tallest that I e'er slew,
As when upon the ground he stretch'd was laid,
The place he covered did plainly show.
If I were now as young and strong as then,
The Greeks for Hector soon a match should find,
Though none of you that are their bravest men
To try your fortune with him have a mind.
Thus Nestor th' Argive lords did reprehend,
And nine of them in number (all that durst
In single fight with Hector to contend)
Armed, and Agamemnon was the first.
And next the strong and valiant Diomed,
And then the greater Ajax, then the less,
Then King Idomeneus, of Crete the head,
And with him his good squire Meriones,
Who as the God of battle valiant was,
Besides Eurypylus Euæmon's son,
And of Andremon the stout son Thoas,
And wise Ulysses last of all made one.
So many Greeks durst Hector undertake.
Bring in your lots, said Nestor then, and we
Will in a helmet them together shake.
And who by lot our champion shall be
Shall please us all, but please himself much more
When back again he cometh from the fight.

LIB. VII.

The Greeks enclose their ships with a wall and ditch. The duel betwixt Hector and Ajax.

Then brought they in their lots; which o'er and o'er
He shook in Agamemnon's helmet bright.
Meanwhile the people lift their hands, and pray,
O Jove, let now the lot to Ajax fall,
Or that on Diomedes light it may,
Or on Atrides our great general.
The helmet shaken threw out Ajax' lot,
Which th' herald took and carried about
To th' Argive princes, but they own'd it not,
Till to the hand of Ajax it was brought,
Who sign'd it had, and into th' helmet thrown.
He took it, and awhile consider'd it;
And when he was assured 'twas his own,
Rose up, and lets it fall before his feet.
And to the princes said, This lot is mine,
And glad I am, and hope for victory.
But send your pray'rs up to the pow'rs divine,
While I put on my arms; and silently,
So that, at least, the Trojans may not hear.
Or, now I think on't, plain and openly.
For I see nothing that I need to fear.
I am not forc'd to fight unwillingly,
Nor rashly undertook the enterprise.
For I was born and bred in Salamis,
And hope I am not so weak or unwise.
As soon as mighty Ajax had said this,
The people looking up to heav'n pray'd.
O Jove, said one, grant Ajax victory,
Or if you be inclin'd Hector to aid,
Then let their strength and glory equal be.
When Ajax had his arms put on complete,
He walked away with a majestic pace,
As Mars goes to the war. His strides were great,
And scornful smiles with terror in his face.
And as he went he shook his mighty spear,
Which joyfully the Argives did behold;
But by the Trojans look'd on was with fear;
And Hector at the heart himself was cold,
But was ashamed back again to fly,
Since he provok'd him had into the field.
And Ajax now was come unto him nigh,
As from a tower, looking o'er his shield,
By Tychius of Hyla made it was,
And cover'd with sev'n fat bulls' hides well tann'd,
And over them an eighth of shining brass,
And at his breast he held it with his hand,
And threat'ning said, Hector, I'll make you see,
That in the army many yet remain,
Though from us angry gone Achilles be,
And discontent from battle now abstain,

The Greeks enclose their ships with a wall and ditch. The duel betwixt Hector and Ajax.

That fear not Hector. Do the worst you can.
Ajax, said Hector, I am not a child,
Nor woman, to be threaten'd, but a man
That understands the bus'ness of the field,
And can my buckler bear from left to right,
And have whereon in battle to rely,
And know to guide my horses in a fight,
And move my feet to Mars his melody.
But no such cunning will I use with you,
My spear I'll send unto you openly.
And at that word the long spear from him flew,
And pierc'd his target to the seventh ply.
But there it staid. Then Ajax threw his spear,
Which Hector's shield, armour, and coat went thro';
But Hector shrunk his belly in for fear,
For else it pierced had his belly too.
Then from their shields the spears they plucked out,
And them no more at one another threw,
But came unto each other close, and fought,
And like two lions on each other flew.
And Hector made a thrust at Ajax' shield
Which enter'd not, resisted by the brass:
But Hector's shield to Ajax' spear did yield,
Which pierc'd it through, and so far in did pass,
That grazing on his neck it fetch'd the blood.
But Hector, not dismay'd, took up a stone.
Ajax took 't on his shield and firmly stood,
And with his hand took up a greater one,
And rougher, which did Hector's buckler tear,
And with the weight unto the ground him threw,
But up again Apollo did him rear.
Then both of them, the combat to renew,
Their swords were drawing. But the heralds then,
Idæus and Talthibius, came in,
The sacred messengers of Gods and men,
And put themselves the combatants between.
Troy's herald then, Idæus, to them spake.
Good sons, belov'd of Jove, give over fight,
For all men of your valour notice take.
And now 'tis late; we must submit to night.
Idæus, then said Ajax, let these words
From Hector come, from whom came the defy.
'Twas he that challeng'd all the Argive lords.
Let him give over first, and then will I.
Then Hector spake. Ajax, since you, said he,
The Gods endued have with strength and wit,
Let for to-day the quarrel ended be.
Hereafter let the Gods determine it,
And give which side they please the victory,
For now 'tis late. To night we must submit;

LIB. VII.

The Greeks enclose their ships with a wall and ditch. The duel betwixt Hector and Ajax.

That you the Greeks may cheer, and specially
Your own friends and companions, at your fleet:
And I the Trojans from their fear relieve,
And wives, that for my safe return do pray.
But come, let's t' one another tokens give,
That Greeks and Trojans seeing them may say,
These two men fought and sought each other's death,
Yet parted friends. This said, he to him gave
His belt with his good sword and iv'ry sheath;
Ajax to him his shining girdle brave.
Thus parted, Ajax to the Argives went;
And Hector back into the troops of Troy;
Who mightily rejoic'd at the event
That past all hope they saw him come away.
The lords conducted him to Ilium:
The Greeks to Agamemnon Ajax led.
And when they all unto his tent were come,
He for them sacrific'd a bull well fed,
Which flay'd, divided, roasted, taken up,
The carvers into messes cut. This done,
King Agamemnon and the princes sup.
The chine at Ajax' table was set on,
And when their thirst and hunger were subdu'd,
Nestor, whose counsel still had been the best,
What further was to be consider'd shew'd,
And to the princes all his speech address'd.
Atrides, and you other princes, know
How Mars with Argives strewed hath the plain,
And sent their souls down to the pow'rs below,
Whose bloody bodies in the field remain.
Tomorrow, therefore, let us cease from war,
And early in the morning fetch the dead,
And burn them somewhere from the ships not far,
That t' Argos back they may be carried,
When we depart from hence; that their bones may
By their own friends and children buried be.
Let's raise a mount upon the shore of Troy,
One for them all, for passengers to see,
And fortify our good ships with a wall,
And turrets in it, and a ditch without,
Lest unawares the Trojans on us fall,
And gates for char'ots to go in and out.
Meanwhile the Trojan lords at counsel were
Loud and discordant. Then Antenor said,
Trojans and aids, I pray to me give ear,
For of the worst I greatly am afraid.
Let Menelaus have his wife again,
And all the goods she brought with her. Take heed;
Against our oath we shall but fight in vain.
Then let her go, or never look to speed.

The Greeks enclose their ships with a wall and ditch. The duel betwixt Hector and Ajax.

Antenor, then said Paris, this is not
The best advice you could have given, or
(If what you say dissent not from your thought)
You are not now so wise as heretofore:
Thus much to you. But to the Trojans this:
Her wealth I'll render, with more of mine own,
But my wife Helen I will not dismiss.
And when he that had said, again sat down.
Then Priam rose. Trojans and aids, said he,
Now take your supper as you us'd to do,
And sentinels set, such as careful be;
To-morrow I will send Idæus to
The Greeks with Paris' answer, and to try
If they from battle for so long will cease,
That we may burn our slain men quietly,
And fight again hereafter when they please.
This said, the Trojans to their suppers went.
Next morn Idæus found the Argive lords
Together met at Agamemnon's tent,
And coming in, unto them said these words:
Atrides, and you Argives all, I come
With terms from Paris, and by Priam sent,
On which you may depart from Ilium,
And end the war, if thereto you consent.
The wealth which he with Helen brought ashore,
(I would before he brought it he had died)
To Menelaus he will give, and more;
But his wife Helen shall with him abide.
Besides, the people have commanded me
To ask you if you will the war suspend,
Until our dead fetch'd off and burned be,
And after fight till Jove the war shall end.
So said Idæus. The Greeks silent were
Awhile. At last Tydides rose and spake.
Let not the Greeks so much the Trojans fear
As Helen's goods, or her herself to take
At Alexander's hands. The hour is come
(As any child may manifestly see)
That must o'erthrow the state of Ilium.
So said Tydides, and much prais'd was he.
Then Agamemnon answer'd to Idæus,
You hear what the Argives say. I say the same.
As for the dead men, burn them if you please;
They're good for nothing. I contented am.
And of this truce let Jove a witness be.
This said, to Jove his sceptre up he heav'd.
Idæus back to Troy went speedily,
The answer to relate he had receiv'd.
Meanwhile the states of Troy in council sat,
And there their herald's coming back expected.

LIB. VII.

The Greeks enclose their ships with a wall and ditch. The duel betwixt Hector and Ajax

Idæus then went in, and told them that
The offer made by Paris was rejected,
But that a truce was granted for a day.
Next morn the Trojans, early as they could,
Went some to th' field to fetch their dead away,
And others to the hill to fetch down wood.
So did the Argives some to Ida go
For wood, and others to the bloody field,
But could not then distinguish friend from foe.
But by and by the sun began to gild
Scamander's plain; then wash'd they off the gore
And dust, and laid their dead men upon carts.
But Priam had forbidden them to roar,
Or cry outright, though grieved at their hearts.
When they had burnt them, back they went again.
The Greeks too, when they had consum'd with fire
And done their lamentation for the slain,
Unto their ships did back again retire.
But this th' Achæans did at break of day,
And rais'd one mighty monument for all.
And the incursion of the foe to stay,
Their navy they inclosed with a wall,
With turrets high, and a great ditch without,
(Upon the sides whereof sharp pales they fix)
And gates for char'ots to go in and out.
And all the day thus toiling were the Greeks.
Meanwhile the Gods together sat above,
And wond'ring look'd upon this work of men;
And Neptune then address'd his speech to Jove.
What mortals will the Gods consult again?
See you not what a wall the Greeks have rear'd,
And what a ditch about it made, said he,
The fame whereof 'mongst people will be heard
As far as the sun-beams extended be?
Yet to the Gods they hecatomb gave none.
Whereas the walls that I and Phœbus rais'd
About the city for Laomedon,
Obscur'd by this, no longer will be prais'd.
Then answer'd Jove. Neptune, I never thought
That such a word would e'er have come from you,
That have the pow'r to bring their work to nought.
A lesser God might have complain'd, 'tis true;
But of your pow'r Aurora sees no bound.
Stay only till the Greeks be gone away;
Then break their wall, and throw it to the ground,
And hide the place with sand. Thus talked they.
The sun now set, and finish'd was the wall.
The Greeks went back then each man to his tent,
And many good fat beeves they made to fall;
And wine they had great store from Lemnos sent.

LIB. VII.

The Greeks enclose their ships with a wall and ditch. The duel betwixt Hector and Ajax.

For ships abundance laden were come in,
Which by Euneus (th' hero Jason's son,
Got on Hypsiphile) thither sent had been,
For which the army barter'd. Hides gave one,
Another th' ox itself, another brass;
One iron, and another gave a slave,
Beside what by Euneus given was
To the two Atrides of free gift to have.
When supper ready was they all sat down,
And all night long the feast continued,
Greeks in their tents, and Trojans in the town.
And all night long aloud Jove thundered,
Meaning no good to th' Greeks. Then pour'd they on
The ground the offer'd wine, Jove to content,
And no man durst to drink till that was done.
And when they had well drunk to sleep they went.

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LIB. VIII.

The second battle; and the Trojans stay all night in the field.

The morning now was quite display'd, and Jove
Upon Olympus' highest top was set:
And all the Gods and Goddesses above
By his command were there together met.
And Jupiter unto them speaking said,
You Gods all, and you Goddesses, d'ye hear,
Let none of you the Greeks or Trojans aid;
I cannot do my work for you. Forbear.
For whomsoever I assisting see
The Argives or the Trojans, be it known
He wounded shall return and laugh'd at be,
Or headlong into Tartarus be thrown,
Into the deepest pit of Tartarus,
Shut in with gates of brass, as much below
The common hell, as 'tis from hell to us.
But if you will my pow'r by trial know,
Put now into my hand a chain of gold,
And let one end thereof lie on the plain,
And all you Gods and Goddesses take hold;
You shall not move me howsoe'er you strain.
At th' other end, if I my strength put to't,
I'll pull you Gods and Goddesses to me,
Do what you can, and earth and sea to boot,
And let you hang there till my pow'r you see.

LIB. VIII.

The second battle; and the Trojans stay all night in the field.

The Gods were out of countenance at this,
And to such mighty words durst not reply,
Till Pallas said, Well known, O father, is
Your mighty pow'r. But do not us deny,
When we so many Argives falling see,
To show we have compassion, and grieve.
And though in fight we no assistants be,
Yet let us sometimes counsel to them give,
Lest in your anger they be all destroy'd.
Dear child, said Jove, it goes against my mind.
I would not have my orders disobey'd.
'Tis granted though. For I'll to you be kind.
This said, he set his horses to his car,
Hard hoof'd, swift-footed horses two. Like gold
Their manes profound well-combed shined far.
Then arm'd himself, and on the whip laid hold.
No sooner had the horses felt the whip,
But up they start, and 'twixt the earth and sky
The winds themselves with swiftness they outstrip,
And came unto the top of Ida high
To Gargarus, and there Jove took them out,
And hiding them with air on th' hill sat down;
And as he sat he cast his eyes about
With great content upon the fleet and town.
The Argives at their tents short breakfast make,
And arm'd themselves as soon as they had done.
The Trojans, for their wives' and children's sake,
(Though fewer) arm'd and made haste to be gone.
Then open'd were the gates, and to the field
Out came they horse and man; and being met,
They man to man came up with shield to shield,
And spear to spear; and on each other set.
Some groan'd, some vaunted, mighty was the din
Of those that kill, and those that falling cry.
And this condition they continued in
Until the sun had mounted half the sky.
Then Jove took up a pair of scales of gold,
And weigh'd the fates of both the nations,
And equally suspended them did hold;
But not so equal were their inclinations.
For th' Argive scale sat still upon the ground,
While th' other lifted was up to the skies.
Heaven and earth did then with thunder sound,
And Jove threw lightning in the Argives' eyes,
Then all the Greeks amazed ran away.
Idomeneus and Agamemnon ran;
Nor either of the Ajaxes durst stay:
Except old Nestor they fled ev'ry man.
And Nestor too had fled, had he known how:
For of his horses Paris one had shot,

The second battle; and the Trojans stay all night in the field.

And pierc'd his forehead just above the brow
Into the brain, so that his chariot
Now useless was, and the horse troublesome.
Then cuts he th' harness; but so long did stay,
That Hector now was almost to him come,
And th' old man surely had been cast away,
But that Tydides saw him in this pain,
And terribly t' Ulysses cried out,
Whether d'ye fly, Ulysses? Come again,
Help to defend old Nestor; face about.
While he said this, Ulysses still ran on,
Not minding what he said. And Diomed,
To succour Nestor, to him went alone,
And with him stood before his chariot's head,
And said, O Nestor, youthful is the foe
That cometh on, and you now very old,
Your charioteer not strong, your horses slow,
Come up into my char'ot, and behold
My Trojan horses how well they can run
When there is cause t'approach or shun the fight;
From Venus' son Æneas I them won,
A man of much experience in flight:
Send back your horses, and with mine we'll go
And fight the Trojans. 'Twill not be amiss
To let the mighty champion Hector know,
A spear as mad is in my hand as his.
This said, both Sthen'lus and Eurymedon
With Nestor's horses went to Nestor's tent:
Nestor and Diomed, both mounted on
Tydides' chariot, up to Hector went.
And when they were to one another near,
At Hector Diomedes threw in haste,
And miss'd of him, and kill'd his charioteer;
Clean through his breast the spear well driven pass'd;
Down dead he fell, but Hector lets him lie,
And turns aside to seek a charioteer,
The place of Heniopeus to supply.
And Archeptolemus then being near,
Call'd up by Hector, on the reins laid hold.
Then mighty work and slaughter there had been,
And Trojans shut like lambs within a fold
In Troy, but that it was by Jove foreseen;
For in a clap of thunder Jove down threw
His bolt at Diomedes' horses' feet,
And th' earth with sulphur flaming looked blue.
Nestor himself astonish'd was to see't;
Lets go the reins, and down the horses fell.
And Nestor then to Diomedes said,
'Tis Jove, you see, that doth our force repel,
And Hector, for this day, intends to aid.

LIB. VIII.

The second battle and the Trojans stay all night in the field.

Another day to us he will be kind,
If he see cause; for no man can him tie,
Nor able is to make him change his mind,
And therefore now our best course is to fly.
'Tis true, O Nestor, said Tydides then,
But what a pain then at my heart will lie,
When Hector, speaking to the Trojan men,
Shall brag he made Tydides from him fly?
Then should I wish the earth would swallow me.
Though Hector says so, Nestor then replied,
Believed by the Trojans 'twill not be,
So many of them by your hand have died.
And at this word his steeds he turn'd about.
A show'r of spears then from the Trojans flies,
Who them pursued with a mighty shout.
Then Hector loud unto Tydides cries,
Ho! Diomed, by th' Argives honoured
Above the most, serv'd with a greater mess,
And higher seat, and wine unlimited,
You will hereafter be esteemed less.
Unmanly Diomed. Fly, baggage, fly;
You ne'er shall come within the walls of Troy,
To freight your ship with women here; for I
Intend to send you first another way.
This said, Tydides was awhile in doubt
Whether to turn or no and Hector meet,
And thrice to turn his horses was about,
And Jove thrice thund'ring turn'd them tow'rd the fleet,
Shewing that he the honour of that day
Had granted to the Trojans. Hector then
Pursu'd them close, and roaring all the way,
Trojans, said he, and aids, now play the men,
For sure I am that Jove is on our side,
And give us will the victory this day.
And fools they are that in their wall confide;
For through their trench our horse shall find a way.
When we are at the ships, let one or other
Have fire to burn them ready, and then fall
Upon the men confounded in the smother.
This said, he did upon his horses call,
Xanthus, Podargus, Æthon, Lampus, see
You pay now what you owe me for your meat,
Laid in your mangers by Andromache,
Who always served you with pleasant wheat,
And steep'd sometimes, when she thought fit, in wine;
And very oft, though I her husband be,
Your dinner was made ready before mine.
Now, now pursue the Argives lustily,
That Nestor's shield of gold I may obtain;
Nor of Tydides' armour must we fail,

The second battle, and the Trojans stay all night in the field.

By Vulcan wrought. If we but these can gain,
The Argives will this very night hoist sail.
At Hector's speech Juno upon her throne
Unquiet sitting, made Olympus shake;
For mov'd she was with his presumption,
And looking upon Neptune to him spake.
Neptune, said she, are you not stirr'd at this?
You know at Ægæ, and at Helice,
Their liberality abundant is,
And sure I am you wish them victory.
What! cannot we, who with the Argives side,
If we our pow'rs together join in one,
Drive back the Trojans, and abate their pride,
And leave Jove here to sit and chafe alone?
Juno, said Neptune, griev'd, these words are bold:
I'll not rebel; for we shall have the worst,
And so we have by Jupiter been told.
Thus Neptune and the wife of Jove discours'd.
And now between the walls and ships, the place
With horses and with armed men was fill'd,
And crammed were within a narrow space
By Hector, that was master of the field.
And had not Agamemnon been inspired
By Juno to put courage in his men,
The Argive ships had certainly been fired,
And never had the Greeks gone back again.
Then 'mongst the ships he went, and stayed at
Ulysses' ship, which was the middlemost
Of all the navy, and the tallest; that
He might be heard to both ends of the host,
Both to Achilles and to Ajax' tent,
Clad in th' imperial robe, that all might see't;
For these two being the most confident,
Had plac'd themselves at th' utmost of the fleet;
And with a mighty voice to th' Argives cried,
Disgrace of Greece, mere outsides, where are now
Your brags, that any of you durst abide
An hundred Trojans, and yet dare not show
A face to Hector, who our ships would fire?
But this was said at Lemnos in your wine,
Which rais'd your language than your nature higher;
But cooled now the battle you decline.
Was ever king afflicted as I am,
O Jove, or lost a victory so near?
And yet at all your altars as I came,
My sacrifices duly payed were,
In hope that I the town of Troy should sack.
But grant at least, O Jove, that we may come
Ourselves into Achæa safely back,
And not be here destroy'd at Ilium.

LIB. VIII.

The second battle, and the Trojans stay all night in the field.

This said, Jove grants them safely to depart,
And from him presently his eagle came,
And brought the tender issue of a hart,
And near unto his altar dropp'd the same.
The Argives when they saw the bird of Jove,
Were to the fight again encouraged,
And who should first repass the trenches strove.
And he that first came forth was Diomed.
And much before that any of the rest
Had any slain, he killed Agelaus,
Whom with his spear he pierc'd from back to breast,
When from him he his char'ot turning was.
Then Agamemnon came, and Menelaus,
And then the greater Ajax, then the less.
The sixth the king Idomeneus was,
And with him came his squire Meriones.
And next Eurypylus, Euæmon's son.
The ninth was Teucer with his bow unbent.
Hid with the shield of Ajax Telamon
His mighty brother, to the field he went,
Which Ajax lifting, Teucer chose his man,
And having at him aim'd, and shot, and kill'd,
As children to their mothers, back he ran,
And hid himself behind his brother's shield.
How many were the men he killed thus?
Orstolochus, Ophlestus, Lycophon,
And Melanippus, Dætor, Ormenus,
And Chromius, and last Amopaon.
All those lay dead together on the sands.
When Agamemnon saw what work was done
By Teucer's arrows on the Trojan's bands,
He to him came, and said, O valiant son
Of Telamon, so, so your shafts bestow,
Unto the Argives all an honour be,
And to your father Telamon; for though
Unto your mother married not was he,
Yet has he still maintain'd you as his own.
And if it please Jove and the pow'rs divine
To make me once the master of this town,
Your share shall be the next set out to mine,
And to your honour shall receive from me
A tripod, and two horses with the car;
Or if you will, your bed shall honour'd be
With some fair woman taken in the war.
Teucer to this then answer made and said,
Of this encouragement no need have I.
Since we came forth I have no time delay'd,
But done as much as in my pow'r did lie.
Eight shafts already have gone from my bow,
And in as many Trojans fix'd have been.

The second battle, and the Trojans stay all night in the field.

Of this mad dog I miss I know not how.
Then took he out another arrow keen,
And aim'd at Hector, but he hit him not,
But wounded on the breast Gorgythion,
Who on fair Castianira was begot,
And of King Priam's valiant sons was one.
Who falling on his knees hung down his head,
Just as a poppy charg'd with fruit and rain,
So had his casque his head o'erburthened.
And Teucer then at Hector shot again,
And miss'd again. Apollo put it by.
But Archeptolemus, his charioteer,
He missed not. Hector 'scap'd narrowly,
And Archeptolemus expired there
Shot through the breast. Hector was sorry, but
Left him. Cebriones chanc'd to be nigh,
And in his hands Hector the reins did put,
And from his chariot leap'd down suddenly,
And took a heavy stone into his hand.
Teucer the while again his bow had bent.
But drawing did so long, and aiming stand,
The stone from Hector the arrow did prevent,
And near the shoulder on the breast him struck.
And broken was the bow-string with the blow,
And his benumbed arm all sense forsook,
And sinking on his knees he dropped the bow.
Then Ajax stepp'd before him with his shield.
Mecistheus and Alastor him convey'd
Unto the Argive ships from off the field,
Grievously bruised, groaning and dismayed.
The courage of the Trojans now renew'd,
They chas'd the Argives back unto their wall,
And till the trenches they had pass'd, pursu'd,
And Hector at their heels the near'st of all.
As when a hound pursueth a wild boar,
Or lion, and presuming on his feet
Pinches his haunch or side, and then gives o'er,
Not daring if he turn the beast to meet;
So Hector chasing them still slew the last.
And many of them had the Trojans slain
Ere they the trenches and the pale had pass'd.
But being in they there themselves contain,
And comfort one another all they can;
And to the Gods and Goddesses they pray,
Lifting their hands to heaven every man;
And Hector then turn'd off and went his way.
Which Juno seeing, unto Pallas said,
Daughter of Jupiter, do you not see
What Greeks one madman, Hector, has destroy'd?
Shall we sit still in this extremity?

LIB. VIII.

The second battle, and the Trojans stay all night in the field

To Juno then Athena thus replied,
Had not my father's wits been at a loss,
This furious Hector by the Greeks had died,
But he my counsel always loves to cross.
He has forgot how oft his son I sav'd
Oppressed by Euristheus' tyranny.
For always when his father's help he crav'd,
Down to the earth from heaven sent was I.
But had I known as much as I do now,
When for the dog he went to Pluto's gate,
He had for me till this time staid below,
And by the odious Styx for ever sate.
But now he hates me. And by Thetis led,
He must Achilles honour. But my hope is,
The time will come I shall be favoured
By him again, and called his dear Glaucopis.
But make you ready now your chariot,
While I put on my arms; that we may see
If Hector will thereof be glad or not,
Or if some Trojans rather shall not be
Left dead for dogs and vultures to devour.
Then Juno to her car the horses brought.
To Jove's house Pallas went, and on the floor
Threw down her long robe, and put on Jove's coat.
And then her breast with armour covered.
And on her shoulder hung her fearful shield.
Then took her heavy spear with brazen head,
Wherewith she breaketh squadrons in the field.
Then open of itself flew heaven-gate,
(Though to the Seasons Jove the power gave
Alone to judge of early and of late)
And out the Goddesses the horses drave.
Then Jove to Iris said, Go, to them speak.
Tell them an ill match they will have of me.
I'll lame their horses and their char'ot break,
Unto the ground they both shall tumbled be;
And with my thunder wounded shall be so,
That ten years after they shall not be well.
For I would have Glaucopis well to know
What 'tis against her father to rebel.
But Juno is so us'd to cross my will,
That towards her my anger is the less.
Then Iris went her way from Ida hill,
And near Olympus met the Goddesses,
And as she bidden was did to them speak.
What fury's this? Whither d'ye go, said she.
Jove will your horses lame, your char'ot break,
And to the ground you both will tumbled be,
And with his thunder wounded will be so,
That ten years after you will not be well.

For you, Glaucopis, he will make to know
What 'tis against your father to rebel.
But Juno is so us'd to cross his will
That he affronts from her can better bear;
But, Pallas, at your hands he takes it ill
That you should dare against him lift a spear.
Iris, her errand done, no longer stay'd,
And to Minerva thus said Juno then:
Jove shall no more for me be disobey'd,
By taking part in war with mortal men.
But let one live and let another die,
As by the chance of war it shall fall out,
And let him do what he thinks equity.
This said, her chariot she turn'd about.
The horses by the Seasons freed and fed,
The char'ot was set up against the wall.
The Goddesses themselves then entered,
And took their places in the council-hall
With th' other Gods. And Jove himself from Ida
T' Olympus came, and lighted from his car,
And Neptune from the same his steeds untied,
And set them up, and of them had a care.
The chariot he set to the altar near
Cover'd with linen fine. Then to his throne,
His throne of gold, mounted the Thunderer,
And made Olympus shake as he sat down.
But Juno and Athena silent sat
Together by themselves from Jove apart
And discontent. But Jove knew well for what;
And answer made to what was in her heart.
Juno, said he, and Pallas, why so sad?
Your fight against the Trojans was not long.
And more you had been vexed if it had;
So much for th' other Gods I am too strong.
The danger scarce begun was when you fled.
But had you dar'd the battle to maintain,
You had been by my hand so thundered,
You never had t' Olympus come again.
Juno at this and Pallas grumbling sat,
And Pallas from replying did abstain,
Although no less the Trojans she did hate.
But Juno was not able to contain.
O cruel Jove, said she, what words are these?
Must we unto our friends be so ingrate,
Because we know you can do what you please,
As not the Argives to commiserate?
We are content, since you will have it so,
No longer in the war to give them aid;
But let us give them counsel what to do,
Lest in your anger they be all destroy'd.

LIB. VIII.

The second battle, and the Trojans stay all night in the field.

Juno, said Jove, tomorrow you shall know
If you'll be pleas'd the battle to behold,
How many martial Greeks I'll overthrow.
For Hector shall not be by me control'd
Until Achilles be fetch'd back again,
And at the Argive ships the battle be
About the body of Patroclus slain.
For so it is ordain'd by destiny.
And for your anger, Juno, I not care,
Though to the end of earth and sea you go,
(Where pent Iapetus and Saturn are
In horrid darkness) and complain; yet so
I will not for your anger care a jot.
For you are grown extremely insolent.
Thus Jupiter; and Juno answer'd not.
Then down the sun into the ocean went,
Drawing upon the fields a cloudy night,
Which gave the Trojan army no content,
But to the Greeks more welcome was than light.
The army Hector call'd to parliament,
And led them to a clean place, free from blood,
And there they all on foot about him throng.
Hector unto them giving orders stood
With spear in hand eleven cubits long.
Hear me, you Trojans and you aids, said he,
I thought we should have now the Greeks destroy'd,
And lodged in the town with victory.
But this my hope is by the night made void,
Nor can we help it. Let us now provide,
For supper, beeves and sheep, and wine and bread
From Troy; and let the horses be untied,
And care be taken that they be well fed.
Then fetch in wood, and fires abundance make,
That with the flame light'ned may be the sky,
Lest th' Argives in the dark advantage take,
To go aboard and safe to Argos fly.
Let them embark at least in haste, and bear
Along with them their wounds uncured home,
That others who shall see't may stand in fear,
And say, This 'tis to fight 'gainst Ilium.
And let great boys and old men all night wake
Upon the walls and tow'rs, and guards be set,
And every wife at home a great fire make,
Lest into Troy the foe by treason get.
This, valiant Trojans, let be done to-night,
To morrow I shall further order give.
I doubt not but to put these dogs to flight
By th' help of Jove, and Ilium relieve.
But while 'tis night have on your guards a care,
Tomorrow early arm yourselves for fight.

The second battle, and the Trojans stay all night in the field.

For to the Argive ships I'll bring the war,
And trial make of Diomedes' might,
If from the ships he drive me shall away,
Or with my spear I him shall overthrow
And send his bloody armour into Troy.
Tomorrow he his strength will better know.
I would I were as certain not to die,
And of old age live still free from the sorrow,
As Phœbus and Athena do, as I
Am sure we shall defeat these Greeks tomorrow.
Thus ended he. The Trojans, full of joy,
Their sweating horses soon took out and fed,
And some were sent into the town of Troy,
To bring in beeves and sheep, and wine, and bread,
While others fetch'd in wood. Then to the sky
Arose the pleasant vapour of the roast.
The Trojans confident of victory
Sat cheerful at their arms throughout the host.
As many stars as in a heav'n serene
Together with the moon appear i' th' night,
When all the tops of hills and woods are seen,
And joyful are the shepherds at the sight:
So many seem'd the fires upon the plain.
A thousand fires, and at each fifty men,
That by their horses there all night remain
Expecting till Aurora rose again.

ILIAD.

LIB. IX.

The Greeks deliberate of going home, but are staid by Diomed and Nestor.

Thus watch the Trojans kept. But at the fleet
Distracted was with fear the Argive host,
And their commanders; as when two winds meet,
The sea between them into heaps is toss'd.
And Agamemnon grieved at the heart,
Bad th' heralds forthwith to th' assembly call
The prime commanders ev'ry one apart,
And not make proclamation once for all;
And some of them himself he summoned.
When met were all the leaders of the Greeks,
They sat them down with hearts discouraged,
And tears ran down on Agamemnon's cheeks.
As springs of water issue from a rock,
So fell the tears from Agamemnon's eyes,

LIB. IX.

The Greeks deliberate of going home, but are staid by Diomed and Nestor

And to th' assembly thus he weeping spoke.
My friends, what help can any man devise?
Jove told me I should conquer Ilium,
And unto Argos safe return again,
And now deceiv'd me has, and sends me home
With shame when I have lost so many men.
And thus he loves to do to show his might.
Therefore my counsel, Argives, all obey:
Let's hoist our sails and save ourselves by flight;
For we shall never take the town of Troy.
This said, the princes long time silent sit,
At last Tydides rising thus replied,
King Agamemnon, so far as 'tis fit
In such a public place I must you chide.
Take it not ill, because not long ago
You me with want of courage did upbraid
Before the Grecks, as old and young well know.
Jove giv'n you has the right to be obey'd,
And grac'd you with the title of our king,
But has denied you a courageous spirit,
Which now is the most necessary thing.
You think too meanly of your people's merit.
As for yourself, if you will needs away,
Go. That's your way. Your ships there ready lie
That from Mycene brought you unto Troy,
But leave the rest their fortune here to try.
If none else stay, yet Sthenelus and I
Will not give over fighting till we know
To what side Jove will give the victory.
The Gods, I'm sure, will favour to us show.
This speech the lords commended very much.
Then Nestor rose, and to Tydides said,
There is not of your age another such,
For counsel wise, in battle not afraid.
None will deny but what you say is right;
But you have not said all you could have done;
And no great wonder, since for age you might
(So young you are) have been my youngest son.
Yet the advice you given have is best;
I that am elder what wants will supply,
Adding thereto what you have not express'd,
To take from Agamemnon all reply.
For none but such as have no law, nor kin,
Nor house, in civil discord can delight.
But let us first our chiefest work begin,
And make the young men keep good watch all night.
And let them all from you, Atrides, take
Their orders. For you are our general.
And for the princes a good supper make,
And all the eldest captains to it call.

The Greeks deliberate of going home, but are stay'd by Diomed and Nestor.

It best becomes you that can do it best.
For in your tents of wine you have good store,
And easlier provided than the rest,
So many ships you have to bring in more.
Hear their advice, and do what you think fit.
Good counsel now we need the most of all,
Since our insulting foes so near us sit.
By this night's counsel we must stand or fall.
Thus Nestor said, and 'twas agreed upon.
The captains of the watch then straight went forth;
First Thrasymedes, that was Nestor's son;
And after him six captains more of worth,
Ascalaphus, and then Ialmenus,
Then Aphyres, and then Meriones,
And Lycomedes, and Deipyrus:
The seven captains of the watch were these.
And with each one a hundred spearmen went
Betwixt the pale and wall, and supped there.
And the old leaders t' Agamemnon's tent,
And by him nobly entertained were.
But when they had an end made of the feast,
Nestor his counsel further open laid,
Which formerly had always been the best;
And, looking t' Agamemnon, thus he said.
King Agamemnon, I'll with you begin,
And with you end, since you the sceptre bear,
And in your care it lies to lose or win.
You chiefly should good counsel give and hear.
Hear then what now is my opinion,
Than which a better, I think, you'll not find,
Nor is it now the first time thought upon.
But heretofore I was of the same mind,
When from Achilles you Briseis took,
And I advised you to let her stay,
Though my good counsel then you could not brook,
But to your own great heart too much gave way,
Dishonouring the man of greatest might
In all the army, and most honoured
By all the Gods, and, contrary to right,
Taking the prize which he had purchased.
So that the bus'ness we have now to do
Is how to reconcile him if we can,
What gifts to give him, who shall with them go,
And with sweet language pacify the man.
This said, Atrides penitent replied,
O Nestor, all you charge me with is true,
And for Achilles' sake, 'tis not denied,
Jove does th' Achæan army now subdue.
He whom Jove loves worth a whole army is.
But since I made Achilles discontent,

LIB. IX.

The Greeks deliberate of going home, but are staid by Diomed and Nestor.

I'll make amends for what I did amiss,
And send a noble present to his tent.
I'll name the gifts I'll give him one by one.
Seven fire new trivets. Talents ten of gold.
Twenty black cauldrons. Twelve steeds that have won
Each one their prizes, and yet are not old.
A man that hath so many and so fleet
I think not poor, but gold may quickly win,
When I consider with their nimble feet
How many prizes they have brought me in.
And women seven, the best of women kind
For beauty and for works of housewifery.
And unto these Briseis shall be join'd,
And I'll be sworn she goes untouch'd from me.
And all this shall be sent him presently.
Hereafter, if we win the town of Troy,
Let him, before the prey divided be,
Come in and carry to his ship away
As much as it can bear of gold and brass.
And twenty Trojan women which he please,
Helen except. But if it come to pass
That safe to Argos we repass the seas,
My son in law he shall be if he will,
And as my son Orestes honour'd be;
Within my house three daughters I have still,
Iphianassa and Laodice,
And fair Chrysothemis, take which he list,
And to his father's house convey. For I
On settling of estate will not insist,
But of my own do that sufficiently.
Seven cities he shall have: Pheræ divine,
Enope, Ire, and Cardamyle,
And Pedasus that fertile is of wine,
Anthria, Æpia, all on the sea
Of sandy Pyle; and rich in sheep and kine
The people are, and will his laws obey,
And tribute pay as to a pow'r divine.
All this I'll give his anger to allay.
And this content him may if anything.
Inexorable none but Pluto is,
But hated for't. I am the greater king,
And elder man: he should consider this.
Thus Agamemnon. And then Nestor said,
The gifts, O king, no man can reprehend.
The next thing to be thought upon and weigh'd,
Is whom we shall unto Achilles send,
I think that Phœnix ought to lead the way,
Then Ajax and Ulysses, and with these
The public heralds two, Eurybates
And Odius, and here no longer stay

Ambassadors sent with gifts to reconcile Achilles in vain.

Than to bring water for our hands, that we
May first send up our prayers unto Jove,
That our embassage may successful be.
This said by Nestor, all the rest approve.
When water was brought in they wash'd and pray'd;
The young men fill'd the temperers with wine;
And round about the full cups were convey'd,
And offer'd up unto the powers divine.
When they had offer'd, and drunk what they would,
And parting were from Agamemnon's tent,
Old Nestor to instruct them how they should
Achilles best persuade, out with them went.
And one by one advis'd them what to say,
Especially Ulysses. Then they went
Saying their prayers to Neptune all the way,
Until they came unto Achilles' tent.
Who sitting, in his hand had a guitar
To pass the time, and sung unto the same
The noble acts that had been done in war
By th' ancient heroes, men of greatest fame.
Patroclus sat before him, looking when
He should have done. Ulysses then led in
Ajax and Phœnix. And Achilles then
Leap'd up as one that had surprised been.
And them receiving kindly to them said,
Welcome, my friends, whate'er your bus'ness be.
To see you I am not a little joy'd,
Although th' Achæans have provoked me.
And to his friend Patroclus order gave,
A larger temperer, said he, set up,
For these the dearest friends are that I have.
Pure be the wine, and give each man a cup.
Patroclus did so. And sets on a pot
Upon the flaming fire, and puts into't
A good sheep's chine, another of a goat,
Besides the chine of a fat boar to boot.
The blood boil'd out, Automedon it takes
And holds it to Achilles to divide,
Who of it many equal portions makes.
Patroclus makes a fire of wood well dried;
And when the flame was spent, the coals he rakes
Till they lay even; then the meat he spits
And roasts; and when 'twas roasted up it takes,
And on clean dresser-boards the same he sets;
And brought, in baskets, to the table bread;
And by Achilles was set on the meat.
Who when he saw the table furnished
Over against Ulysses took his seat,
And bade Patroclus sacrifice, who then
The first cut took and threw into the fire,

LIB. IX.

Ambassadors sent with gifts to reconcile Achilles in vain.

And freely to their meat then fell the men.
But when of food they had no more desire,
Then Ajax Phœnix jogg'd, which was the sign
When to begin, for which Ulysses staid.
Ulysses then fill'd up his cup with wine,
And speaking to Achilles, thus he said.
All health t'Achilles. Noble is your fare,
And by Atrides treated well we were.
Your tables plentifully furnished are,
But that's not it for which we now are here.
Our ships in danger are to be destroy'd;
The Trojans are encamped near our wall.
Unless you condescend to give us aid,
By Hector they are like to perish all;
Who threatens he will set them all on fire,
And is encourag'd to't by signs from Jove.
To see the morning rise is his desire,
And feareth neither men nor pow'rs above.
And like a dog enrag'd, and looking grim,
Assures the Trojans he our ships will burn,
And either put us for our lives to swim,
Or never to Achæa to return.
I am afraid the Gods perform it will,
And so to perish here will be our fate.
Rise, then; if but a little you sit still,
All you can do for us will come too late.
And then I am assured you will grieve,
When remedy there can be none, in vain:
Therefore, while yet you can, the Greeks relieve;
Your father's counsel call to mind again.
My son, said he (when you took leave for Troy),
May Juno and Athena strengthen you.
But this one lesson take from me. I pray
Remember still your anger to subdue;
Decline all contestation of the tongue,
And let your conversation gentle be;
So shall you win the hearts of old and young
In the Achæan host. Thus counsell'd he.
Though you have this forgot, yet now be friends,
And since he sorry is, forget th' offence,
And take the gifts he offers for amends,
Which we esteem a worthy recompence.
I'll name the gifts he offers one by one.
Seven fire-new trivets. Talents ten of gold.
Twenty black cauldrons. Twelve steeds that have won
Their sev'ral prizes, and yet are not old.
A man that has so many and so fleet
I think not poor, but gold will quickly win,
When I consider with their nimble feet
What prizes to Atrides they brought in.

Ambassadors sent with gifts to reconcile Achilles in vain

And seven fair women, best of all the kind
For beauty and for works of housewifery,
And unto these Briseis shall be join'd;
And swear he will she is from blemish free.
And all this shall be sent you presently.
Hereafter, if we take the town of Troy,
You may, before the prey divided be,
Come in and carry to your ship away
As much as it can bear of gold and brass;
And twenty Trojan women which you please,
Helen except. But if it come to pass
That safe to Argos we get o'er the seas,
His son in law you shall be if you will,
And as his son Orestes honour'd be.
Within his house three daughters he hath still,
Iphianassa and Laodice,
And fair Chrysothemis, take which you list,
And to your father's house convey her; he
On settling of estate will not insist,
But of his own do that sufficiently.
Seven cities you shall have. Phæræ divine,
Enope, Ire, and Cardamyle,
And Pedasus that fertile is of wine,
Anthria, Æpia, all on the sea
Of sandy Pyle; and rich in sheep and kine
The people are, and will your laws obey,
And tribute pay as to a pow'r divine.
All this he'll give your anger to allay.
And though Atrides and his gifts you hate;
Honour'd you are by th' other Argives all,
And should have pity on their sad estate,
Who in such numbers before Hector fall;
Whom you may have the honour now to kill;
For now he will your spear no longer shun,
But stand you in the open field he will;
For 'mongst the Greeks he thinks there's like him none.
To this Achilles answer'd, and thus said,
Ulysses, I perceive I must be plain.
For if I be not so, I am afraid
I shall be put to speak my mind again.
But to prevent more importunity,
What once I say I'll do. Those men I hate
Whose tongues and hearts I find to disagree,
As much as I abominate hell-gate.
I will no more persuaded be to fight
By Agamemnon or by any Greek,
Since they my labour do so ill requite,
And they that fight, and fight not fair alike.
For good and bad are equal when they die.
Then for my pain and danger in the wars,

LIB. IX.

Ambassadors sent with gifts to reconcile Achilles in vain.

What more than any other man have I ?
With me as with a bird i' t' field it fares,
That to her unfledg'd young ones bringeth meat.
She has it in her mouth and hungry is,
Yet she forbears and gives it them to eat.
With the Atrides twain my case is this,
In blood by day I lead a weary life,
And sleepless am the great'st part of the night.
And why? That Menelaus may win his wife
Achilles must against the Trojans fight.
I did so; and from Troy twelve cities won
Upon the shore, i' th' land eleven more,
And all the prey I sent to Atreus' son,
Wherein of precious treasure was great store.
A small part he divided 'mongst the host.
Somewhat he gave for honour to the best;
But to himself made sure to keep the most.
And firm is whatsoe'er he gave the rest;
From none but me his gift he takes away.
I am content, and let him keep her still
And her enjoy. But why then came to Troy
Atrides with such strength? What was his will?
Was it not only for fair Helen's sake?
What then must no man love his wife but they?
Yes, all men of their own wives much should make,
If they have either wit or honesty.
And I love mine as well as he loves his,
Although she be my captive. But since she
By Agamemnon from me taken is,
Ne'er think, Ulysses, to prevail with me.
He shall not twice deceive me. But provide,
Ulysses, that your ships not burned be.
I know a wall, a ditch pal'd, deep and wide,
Is made by Agamemnon without me.
But all this will not Hector long keep out.
But with the Greeks when I went to the fight
He never durst to show his face without
The Scæan gate, save once. And then by flight
He 'scap'd. And since I am no more his foe,
To morrow to the Gods I'll sacrifice,
And launch and lade my ships, and homewards go.
And you shall see me, e'er the sun shall rise,
Upon the Hellespont if you think fit,
And how my lusty Myrmidons can row.
And so, if Neptune please, the wind may fit,
As in three days we may to Phthia go,
Where treasure plenty I behind me left:
And now shall carry thither gold and brass,
Iron and women fair, although bereft
Of her that given me by Atrides was.

Ambassadors sent with gifts to reconcile Achilles in vain.

Tell him all this, and speak it openly,
Lest other Greeks put up the like disgrace.
As for myself, though impudent he be,
He dares no more to look me in the face.
I will no more in battle or advice
With Agamemnon join. Let him be glad
He could deceive me once. He shall not twice.
There let him rest. The Gods have made him mad.
I hate his gifts. And him I value not.
Though he would twenty times as much bring forth
As now he has, or to him shall be brought,
Or all that which Orchomenus is worth,
Or Thebæ, that Egyptian town that can
Send twenty thousand chari'ts to the field,
And all provided well with horse and man;
Yet so I will not t' Agamemnon yield;
No, nor for gold so much as here is sand,
Till he has smarted for this injury,
Nor any wife will I take at his hand
Though she should fairer much than Venus be.
Nor though she could like Pallas work, or better,
I'll not his daughter take. Bid him bestow her
Upon some prince he thinks more worthy. Let her
For husband have a king of greater power.
For if the Gods to Hellas bring me home,
Peleus will there provide me of a wife.
King's daughters, not a few there are, of whom
I shall choose one, and with her lead my life,
And with my father live contentedly.
For all the wealth of stately Ilium,
Which they enjoyed in tranquillity
When yet the Argives were not hither come,
And all Apollo's sacred treasury
Laid up at Pytho, is not price enough
The life of any man though poor to buy.
Horses, and kine, and sheep, and household stuff,
May be recover'd, but man's life cannot.
My mother Thetis told me as my end,
That if I fight 'gainst Troy, 'twill be my lot
To die there, but that Fame would me commend.
But on the other side assured me,
That if 'gainst Ilium I warred not,
But back to Phthia went, my fate would be
Long time to live, and after be forgot.
And I advise you and the rest to sail
As soon as may be to your native land;
For you will not at Ilium prevail,
Since Jupiter protects it with his hand.
And now go tell the princes what I say,
That they may better counsel take to save

LIB. IX.

Ambassadors sent with gifts to reconcile Achilles in vain.

Their ships and men by sea, because the way
Which now they take no good effect will have.
Let Phœnix, if he will (not else), stay here.
This said, th' ambassadors were mute, and sorry
They from him could no better answer bear,
Than a denial, flat and peremptory.
At last unto Achilles Phœnix spake;
If you, said he, resolv'd are to be gone,
And leave the war for Agamemnon's sake,
In what estate shall I be here alone?
When you to Agamemnon first were sent,
You were a child, and understood not war,
Unable to say clearly what you meant,
Which the first principles of honour are.
And by your father I was with you sent,
To show you how you were to speak and do.
So that if you to go be fully bent,
You need not doubt but I shall be so too,
And should be though I were as young as when
I Hellas left, and from my father fled,
Amyntor, son of Orminus, who then
A concubine had taken to his bed;
My mother, to the end to make her hate
In such a way the old man's company,
Was with me oftentimes importunate
To court her, and I did thereto agree,
And got her love. Which when my father knew,
He fell into a mighty passion,
And many bitter curses on me threw,
And pray'd the Gods I ne'er might have a son.
His pray'r by Pluto and by Proserpine
Was heard, and I no longer would abide
At home; but cross'd awhile was my design,
By friends and nephews that my purpose spy'd,
Who pray'd me and retain'd me with good cheer;
Many good kine they kill'd and lusty sheep,
And many swine were daily singed there,
And much wine spent, and nightly watch they keep
By turns nine nights together; and fires twain.
One in the court against my chamber-door,
Another in the porch they kept in vain.
For on the tenth the court-wall I leapt o'er
And undiscerned to king Peleus fled,
Who us'd me as a father would his son,
His only son far off begot and bred;
Enrich'd, and gave me the dominion
Of the Dolopians, who are a part
Of Peleus' realm. Now, no man like you is,
Divine Achilles, whom I love at th' heart,
And joy that I have brought you up to this,

Ambassadors sent with gifts to reconcile Achilles in vain.

Though painful to me were your infancy,
Who not at feast nor in the house would eat,
If first I did not set you on my knee,
And into little pieces cut your meat.
And often on my breast you puk'd your wine.
But since I knew my line with me would end,
To take you for my heir was my design,
Who in my feeble age might me defend.
Master your heart, Achilles; for you know
The Gods, though stronger and more fear'd than you,
With incense and with pray'rs are made to bow,
Although from men they not receive their due.
For Prayers of high Jove the daughters are,
Though lame their feet, and squinting be their eyes;
And follow Wrath (though she runs faster far),
And to the hurt she does give remedies,
And cure all those that show them due respect.
But when an angry man they cannot move,
That reconcilement always will reject,
They call for judgment from their father Jove.
Therefore, Achilles, give respect unto
These Goddesses, the daughters of high Jove,
As other mighty men and princes do.
Had not Atrides, to redeem your love,
Offer'd you presents great, and promised more,
I never had advis'd you to agree
To save their ships from burning on the shore.
Till that were done you could not blamed be.
But since he does so amply make amends,
And chosen has good men to intercede,
Who are of all the Greeks your greatest friends,
Refuse them not the grace for which they plead,
Such was the hero's custom heretofore,
When one had done another injury,
The damage they had done first to restore,
And then with gifts and pray'rs buy amity.
But I will tell you how it came to pass
At Calydon long since, not yesterday,
War 'twixt the Curets and th'Ætolians was,
These to defend, the other to destroy.
For Œneus having got his harvest in,
To all the Gods made a great sacrifice;
Only Diana had no part therein,
Forgot she was; he did not her despise.
But she in anger sent a great wild boar,
That wasted and made havoc of his field,
And up by the roots, his goodly fruit-trees tore.
This boar Meleager, son of Œneus kill'd,
Assisted by the youth of many a state
That to the chase with men and hounds came in.

LIB. IX.

Ambassadors sent with gifts to reconcile Achilles in vain.

Between them then Diana rais'd debate
About who was to have the head and skin.
While Meleager with them went to war,
The Curets never durst approach the wall,
Although they were the greater number far.
But when with choler swelled was his gall,
(Which often happens to a man, though wise)
He kept his chamber and abstain'd from fight,
Offended with his mother's injuries,
And of all company eschew'd the sight,
But Cleopatra, consort of his bed,
Child of Marpissa, who (by stealth) was bride
Of Idas, who at that time carried
For strength the reputation far and wide.
This Idas' child was Meleager's wife.
But Idas rashly for his dear wife's sake
Against Apollo did engage his life,
And him at bow and arrows undertake.
But Cleopatra then surnamed was
Halcyone, that was not so before
Her father with Apollo fought, because
She did her mother's death so much deplore.
With her now grieving Meleager lay,
And angry at the curses of his mother;
Who to the Gods continually did pray
Against his life for killing of her brother;
And from her eyes the tears ran down her breast,
And often with her hand the ground she smote.
Making to Pluto and his queen request
To kill her son; which they rejected not.
Meanwhile the uproar heard was at the gates,
And thumping of the tow'rs of Calydon.
To Meleager then came priests and states
Intreating him his armour to put on,
And save the town, and offer'd for his pain,
As much good land (so take it where he would,
One half for wine, the other half for grain)
As fifty able oxen labour could.
Then came his father rattling at his door,
His brothers, and his angry mother too:
But he persisted in his will the more;
His dearest friends could with him nothing do.
But when the cry and danger now was nigher,
And on the tow'rs the Curets mounted were,
And ready now to set the town on fire,
Then Cleopatra to her husband dear
Show'd th' image of a town won by the foe.
How butcher'd are the men, the houses burned,
Their wives and children dragg'd away; and so
Her husband's heart again to pity turned.

Ambassadors sent with gifts to reconcile Achilles in vain.

Then went he and repell'd the enemies,
Though what they promis'd him they never gave.
But that's not it to which I you advise;
But first the ships, and then the Greeks to save;
But not without these gifts to go to war:
For more unto your honour it will be
To give them aid when satisfied you are,
By Agamemnon for the injury.
Thus Phœnix said. Achilles then replied,
Such honour I seek none. Jove honours me,
Since by his will I at my ships abide,
And will do till I dead or strengthless be.
No more molest me for Atrides' sake,
But stay with me, and equal to me reign,
And such as are my friends for your friends take,
And do not lose my friendship his to gain.
Stay, then, this night, and take your lodging here;
My answer t' Agamemnon these will carry;
As soon as morning shall again appear,
We'll talk of whether we shall go or tarry.
And as he spake those words, he wink'd upon
Patroclus to give order for his bed,
That he himself prepare might to be gone.
Amongst them then great Ajax spake and said,
Ulysses come, our labour here is lost;
Let's carry back his answer, such as 'tis,
To Agamemnon and the Argive host,
Who us expect, since obstinate he is,
And can a thought so savage entertain,
Unkind and unregardful of his friends,
When others for a son or brother slain
Can be contented to receive amends,
And let the man that slew him live in rest,
As soon as they have paid for their misdeed.
But you, Achilles, harbour in your breast
An everlasting anger without need,
And hurtful to your friends no less than foes,
For 'tis but for one maid he took away;
And for her now he seven on you bestows,
And much beside, your anger to allay.
Regard your house. We your domestics are,
Nearer than any of the Greeks beside,
And in your honour more concern'd by far.
Thus Ajax said. Achilles then replied,
O Ajax, noble son of Telamon,
I not deny but all you say is well;
But always when that man you mention,
My choler rising, makes my heart to swell.
He made me has to th' Argives despicable,
As if I were a fool or inmate who

LIB. IX.

Ambassadors sent with gifts to reconcile Achilles in vain.

Of honour in a town is incapable,
And with the public nothing has to do.
Go, therefore, let Atrides know my mind.
I will no more against the Trojans fight,
Till Hector at my tents and ships I find,
And th' Argive fleet be flaming in my sight.
For if he come unto my ships, I think,
Keen as he is, I shall his fury stay.
This said, unto the Gods above they drink,
And then they with his answer went away.
Patroclus then gave order for a bed
With woolly cov'rings soft and linen fine
For Phœnix, where he lay till day was spread.
But with Achilles slept a concubine,
Fair Diomeda, whom he brought away
From Lesbos when he had that city sack'd.
And in another part Patroclus lay,
Nor he a beautiful bed-fellow lack'd,
Fair Iphis, whom Achilles gave him when
He newly rifled had the town of Scyros,
And now th' ambassadors were come again,
And to them store of people flock, desirous
To hear the news, and wine unto them brought.
But Agamemnon first inquir'd and said,
Ulysses, will he save the fleet or not,
Or is his choler not to be allay'd?
And he Achilles' answer then related.
The man, said he, retains his anger still.
And now 'tis greater rather than abated,
And says, tomorrow put to sea he will.
And your alliance and your gifts rejects,
And says he would advise us to go home;
Since Jupiter himself the town protects,
He says in vain we stay at Ilium.
And bids you order take to save the fleet.
Thus said he, as these know as well as I,
Ajax and both the heralds, men discreet,
Who all the while he spake were standing by,
And Phœnix too. But he lies there all night,
That o'er the sea together they may go,
If Phœnix will, as soon as it is light;
But forc'd is not whether he will or no.
When thus Ulysses ended had his story,
All silent were awhile and much dismay'd
With his denial flat and peremptory.
At last Tydides to them spake and said,
O king Atrides, we have done amiss
With gifts and prayers thus to seek his aid,
That proud before, by this made prouder is.
Let him go when he will. Be not afraid,

But let's refresh ourselves tonight with bread
And wine; for that gives men both strength and heart,
And see your men i' th' morn embatteled,
And at the head of them do you your part.
This said, the princes of the host admired
The gallant speech of valiant Diomed:
And every one unto his tent retired,
With a good will to sleep, and went to bed.

ILIAD.

LIB. X.

Encounter of the scouts by night.

All night the princes of the Argives slept,
Save Agamemnon, who could take no rest,
But with unquiet thoughts was waking kept,
And casting for his safety what was best.
And frequent as the lightning flashes are
When Jove is making rain or hail i' th' skies,
Or somewhere punishing the proud by war;
So frequent then were Agamemnon's sighs.
And when the fires he saw upon the plain
Made by the foe, and th' acclamation
And shouts he heard, he wondered. But again
When he his ships and people look'd upon,
Then by the roots he pluck'd off from his head
Handfuls of hair, and sigh'd and groaned more;
And thought it best then to be counselled
By Nestor how he might himself restore.
And rising up, his coat he first puts on,
And to his smooth white feet his shoes he tied;
And then, above his coat, he cast upon
His back a great and tawny lion's hide.
And Menelaus, too, that waking lay
And trembling in his bed all night, for fear
The Greeks that for his sake were come to Troy
Should fall into some great disaster there,
Rose up and to his brother's tent went in.
A spear he had in's hand, and armed was,
Having upon his back a leopard's skin,
And on his head a helmet good of brass.
And said to Agamemnon, Brother, why
So early up? Have you a mind to send
Into the army of the foe some spy?
I fear you will not find so bold a friend
As thither dares to go i' th' night alone.
Brother, said Agamemnon, you and I

LIB. X.

Encounter of the scouts by night.

Must better counsel take than we have done,
Since Jove now favoureth the enemy,
And takes in Hector's sacrifice delight.
For so much harm so soon was never done,
As he to us has done in one day's fight;
Yet nor of God nor Goddess is the son.
His this day's acts the Greeks will ne'er forget.
But go you to the princes quickly. Run.
Call up Idomeneus the King of Crete,
And the great Ajax son of Telamon,
While I call Nestor up and bring him to
The place which is appointed for the guard,
T' instruct the men with what they have to do,
Because his counsel they will most regard.
For by his son the watch commanded is,
And with him we Meriones have join'd.
Then Menelaus farther ask'd him this,
That he might fully understand his mind,
When they are call'd, what next is to be done?
Must I stay here till you come back again,
Or after you about the army run?
No, no, said he, where you are now, remain.
But going call upon each one aloud,
And by the name he from his father takes,
And praise them all, let them not think you proud;
Pain is no shame when 'tis for our own sakes.
This said, they part, and Agamemnon went
To seek out Nestor; whom he found a-bed,
And all his armour by him in his tent,
His shield, two spears, and helmet for his head,
And belt of many colours finely wrought,
Which always he was wont in war to use
When he his people unto battle brought.
No labour would he on his age excuse.
Now raised on his elbow, Who, said he,
Are you that walk abroad when others sleep?
Stay there, I say, and come no nearer me;
Until your name you tell, at distance keep.
Seek you some officer or camerade?
I Agamemnon am, said he, your friend,
Whom Jove to bear such miseries hath made,
As while I live will never have an end;
And in my bed no sleep at all I take
For fear of some unfortunate event.
Unsettled is my heart, my limbs all shake;
And in this plight I wand'red to your tent:
And now, I pray you, since you waking lie
Come with me to the watch; for since the foe
Unto our wall encamped is so nigh,
They charge us may by night for aught we know.

Encounter of the scouts by night.

To this old Nestor answer made and said,
Think not, Atrides, Jove will all things do
As they are now in Hector's fancy laid?
For harder work he would be put unto
If we Achilles can but once appease.
But go, I'll follow you, and call upon
Tydides and Ulysses if you please,
Ajax the less, and Meges Phyleus' son.
I wish some other man of nimbler feet
Were to great Ajax sent to make him rise,
And to Idomeneus the King of Crete,
Whose quarter from this place a great way lies.
But Menelaus I intend to chide,
That sleeps and leaves the work to you alone.
'Tis no fit time within his tent t' abide,
But to the princes should himself have gone.
To Nestor Agamemnon then replied,
O Nestor, he is often negligent,
And often I have pray'd you him to chide.
Yet 'tis not sloth; but my commandement
He always looks for, though there be no cause.
And yet 'tonight he has prevented me.
For up and arm'd before me now he was;
And when he came I sent him presently
To call up Ajax and the King of Crete.
And at the watch we both of them shall see,
Where I appointed have the rest to meet.
Nestor again replied. 'Tis well, said he,
The Grecks will of him have a better thought,
And readier obedience he will find.
This said, he put himself into his coat,
And tied his shoes on, and his cloak well lined,
And took his spear in hand. Then on they went
Among the Argive ships upon the sand.
And when they came unto Ulysses' tent,
To call and waken him, they made a stand.
And Nestor, with his voice stretch'd to the height,
Call'd to him by his name. Ulysses straight
Came forth and said, Why come you in the night?
Your bus'ness sure must be of mighty weight.
O Laërtiades, said Nestor then,
Take it not ill. Such is our misery.
But come with us to call up other men,
That we may counsel take to fight or fly.
Ulysses then return'd into his tent,
And on his shoulders hung his painted shield;
And with them first to Diomed he went,
Whom they found armed in the open field,
His soldiers sleeping lay about him round,
And on his buckler each one had his head,

LIB. X.

Encounter of the scouts by night.

The butt-ends of their spears fix'd in the ground,
Whereof the points like lightning glittered.
But he himself slept on a good cow-hide,
His head upon a gaudy carpet laid.
Then Nestor came and standing at his side
Awak'd him with his foot, and to him said,
Awake, Tydides, hear you not how nigh
The Trojans are encamped to the fleet?
This said, Tydides leap'd up suddenly,
And when he raised was upon his feet,
Nestor, said he, unhappy restless man,
That aged as you are take not your ease,
When younger men there are that better can
Call up the Argive princes if they please.
'Tis true, said Nestor, I have at my tent
Sons of my own, and others can command,
Who might upon such errands have been sent,
But that upon the very brink we stand
Of life and death. And since you pity me,
Call little Ajax up, and Phyleus' son.
For young you are, and can do't easily.
Tydides then a lion's skin puts on
Tawny and reaching to his heels, and then
Into his hand he took a heavy spear,
And out he went and called up those men.
When to the watch they come together were,
The captains of the watch were not asleep,
But all were sitting at their arms awake.
As dogs that guarding are a fold of sheep
Hearing the noise the hounds and hunters make,
When in the woods they chase some savage beast,
And nearer still and nearer hear the cries,
They doubt the worst, and cannot take their rest,
But list'ning stand and sleep forsakes their eyes;
So watchfully spent they the tedious night,
And ever when of feet they heard the tread
'Twixt them and Troy, that way they turn'd their sight;
So much they Hector's coming on did dread.
When Nestor coming by, observ'd them had,
So, so, said he, brave lads, continue so,
And give no cause to Hector to be glad.
He and the princes then together go
(All that to counsel had been made to rise,
Except Meriones and Nestor's son,
Whom they thought worthy with them to advise)
And part the ditch, and sitting down upon
The place to which they were pursued before
By Hector, who retiring thence, left clear
The ground from dead men's carcasses and gore,
Of what they next should do consulted there.

Encounter of the scouts by night.

First Nestor spake. Who dares (said he) to go
Unto the Trojan camp that lies so near,
And kill, or bring thence some outlying foe?
Or what they shall resolve upon to hear?
Whether (since they have worsted us) to stay
So near us, or retire into the town.
If this he do and safely come away,
He to himself acquire will great renown,
And by each one that has of ships command,
He for his service shall be well requited.
Each one an ewe and lamb shall give him, and
He to our public feastings be invited.
This said, they paus'd awhile, but by and by
Tydides rising spake. Nestor, said he,
To go into the Trojan camp dare I.
But 'twould be best some other went with me,
More hope and courage is where there are two;
What one observeth not the other may.
A man alone can little see or do,
And single judgments see but little way;
At these words many with him would have gone,
Ajaxes, both the greater and the less,
And stout Antilochus, old Nestor's son,
And Menelaus and Meriones.
But most of all Ulysses long'd to see
What projects in the Trojan camp were laid.
For none adventure farther durst than he.
Then to Tydides Agamemnon said,
Tydides, whom I love, now choose your man;
Regard not birth nor sceptres, but the cause.
Take him that you think best assist you can,
And this he said in fear for Menelaus.
To this Tydides answer made again,
Since of my fellows I the choice must make,
Ulysses I prefer before all men,
And him for my assistant I will take;
So much in diligence he doth excel,
And so much care Athena of him has,
That I believe we both should come off well
Though through a flaming fire we were to pass.
Then, said Ulysses, Speak no more of me,
Nor good nor ill. The Argives know me well.
Let's go. Two-thirds o' th' night are spent, you see,
As any man that sees the stars can tell.
Then put they on their arms. And Thrasymed
Gave Diomed a sword (who had forgot
To bring his own), and to defend his head
A leather cap without crest, call'd a pot.
Meriones unto Ulysses gave
His bow and quiver, sword and dogskin cap,

LIB. X.

Encounter of the scouts by night.

Pleated with thongs within, his head to save
If need should be in combat, from mishap.
For 'twixt the leathers tough inserted were
Guards of thick felt; of boar's teeth was the brim.
Eleon was the first that did it wear,
But taken by Autolycus from him,
And given 'twas unto Amphidamus,
Which he to Molon gave that was his guest,
And to Meriones then left it was,
And now upon Ulysses' head did rest.
And being both thus armed, forth they went
And by the way a heron dexter flew,
A lucky sign, and by Athena sent,
As by the sound made by her wings they knew.
Ulysses then unto the Goddess pray'd,
Hail virgin daughter of almighty Jove,
That all my labour seest, and giv'st me aid,
Now more than ever let me find your love.
Grant me that I some good exploit may do
To vex the Trojans, and come safe from thence.
And then Tydides pray'd unto her too.
Celestial maid, that with my father went'st
When he ambassador to Thebes was sent
With words of peace, and coming back achieved
By your assistance and encouragement
Such noble acts as scarce will be believed,
If you will aid me as you aided him,
O Goddess, I will to you sacrifice
A heifer, and with gold her horns I'll trim.
This said, their suit the Goddess not denies.
When their devotion now was at an end,
Away they went, 'mongst carcases and blood,
Like lions that on slaughter love t 'attend.
Nor Hector and the Trojans idle stood,
But call'd a council of the chiefs, and said,
Who's he will undertake what I'll propound,
And for his pains be honourably paid,
And for his valour far and near renown'd?
I give him will two horses and a coach,
The best that shall be taken from the foe,
That will unto the Argive fleet approach,
And bring me word what they intend to do;
Whether their ships they guard as heretofore,
Or mean to quit the siege at Ilium.
And beaten thus, haul down their ships from shore,
And ere their work be finished, go home.
This said, they silent sat. But one there was,
Dolon by name, the squire Eumedes' son,
That master was of store of gold and brass,
A sorry fellow, but that well could run.

Encounter of the scouts by night.

Hector, said he, I'll to the fleet approach.
Swear now by Jove, and hold your sceptre high,
I shall Achilles' horses have and coach,
And I for you will be a faithful spy.
For down to Agamemnon's tent I'll go,
Where they consult whether to fight or fly:
For there their resolution I shall know.
Then Hector held his sceptre up on high.
O Jove, betwixt us witness bear, said he,
No Trojan shall these horses have but you,
And yours they shall perpetually be.
Thus Hector swore, although it prov'd not true.
Upon his shoulder then his bow he hung.
His cap of cat, a wolf's skin was his coat.
And when he gotten clear was from the throng,
With spear in hand he fell into his trot.
And first Ulysses heard the sound of feet.
I hear one come, said he to Diomed,
Perhaps a spy that sent is to our fleet,
Or one that has a mind to strip the dead.
'Tis best t' avoid him till he past us be,
And then to follow him and drive him on.
But lest he swifter be of foot than we,
And to the city back again should run,
Rise and be sure to turn him with your spear.
And when he was a land's length past them gone
They follow'd him. And he their feet did hear,
And thought some Trojans had been coming on
By Hector sent to call him back again.
But when they from him were scarce a spear's cast,
He knew then they were Agamemnon's men,
And frighted was; and then his feet mov'd fast.
As two hounds in a wood obscure and dim
Pursue a fearful doe or hare, just so
Tydides and Ulysses hunted him,
When back into the herd he could not go.
When Dolon to the watch was very near,
Athena puts into Tydides' head,
That some man else might at him throw a spear,
And be thereby before him honoured.
To Dolon then Tydides spake, and said,
Stay, or my spear shall make you stay; for long
I am assur'd you cannot death avoid.
And as he spake the word, his spear he flung,
And miss'd on purpose, but it lighted near.
Dolon affrighted, pale and trembling stands,
And in his head chatter'd his teeth with fear.
Then in they came and seiz'd on both his hands;
And Dolon weeping, then for quarter pray'd,
Great ransom for me will my father give,

LIB. X.

Encounter of the scouts by night.

For gold he has enough ; and will, he said,
Give any price, when here he knows I live.
Then to him said Ulysses, Do not fear,
Nor think of death. But see you tell me true
Upon what weighty bus'ness you are here,
When others sleep, and at a time undue.
Meant you to rifle any of the dead ?
Or were you sent by Hector as a spy,
Or undertook the same of your own head ?
T' Ulysses Dolon then did thus reply :
I was by Hector's promises set on,
And should have had Achilles' chariot
And horses, if I to the fleet had gone.
And good intelligence to Hector brought,
Whether the ships be guarded as before,
Or that the Greeks now beaten mean to fly,
And weary of their labour, watch no more.
To this again Ulysses made reply,
And smiling said, It was no small reward
You aimed at. Achilles' horse, ye say ?
To rule them for a mortal man 'tis hard.
The Goddess Thetis' son they'll scarce obey.
But tell me further ; when you came away,
Where you left Hector, where his horses are,
And where his arms ; where other Trojans stay
To sleep or watch, and whether they prepare
To go into the town, or mean t' abide
Always so near our ships as they are now.
T' Ulysses Dolon then again replied,
This also I will let you truly know.
I Hector left at Ilus' sepulchre
With other lords in consultation,
The rest about the bonfires waking were.
But certain watch appointed there was none ;
But those confederates that came from far
Slept at their ease all night and watched not ;
For that they trusted to the Trojans' care,
Having no wives nor children with them brought.
Ulysses then examin'd him again,
How lie the strangers ? mix'd with those of Troy,
Or by themselves ? Inform me and be plain.
Nothing, said Dolon, but the truth I'll say.
Pæans, Pelasgians, Caucons, Leleges,
And Cars lie by the sea-side on the sands,
The rest near Thymbra quarter, and are these ;
The Mæons, Mysians, Lycians, Phrygians.
But there's no need to tell you ev'ry thing ;
For if upon our quarters you would fall,
There lie the Thracians new come, and their king,
Rhesus by name, and utmost lies of all.

Such horses yet I never did behold,
Swift as the wind, and than the snow more white,
With silver cover'd is his car, and gold;
Gold are his arms, and make a gallant sight,
And fitter for a God than man to wear.
But try now whether I say true or no,
And send me to the ships, or bind me here.
Then said Tydides with a frowning brow,
Think not to 'scape, though all you say be true;
For if I let you loose, for aught I know,
You may return again to fight or view;
But hurt us cannot if I kill you now.
As Dolon then beginning was to pray,
Tydides' sword lighted on's neck so just,
That from his shoulders fell his head away
As he was speaking, and lay in the dust.
And from him then they took his cap of cat,
His spear, and wolf's skin coat, and bow unbent,
And in his hands Ulysses took all that,
And to Minerva up his prayer sent.
Hail Pallas, whom we pray'd to for success
Before all other Gods, receive these gifts,
And us unto the Thracian tents address.
This said, the spoils of Dolon up he lifts,
And lays them in a tree; and for a mark,
They near the way laid store of boughs and reeds
To find them coming back, because 'twas dark.
Then with Tydides onward he proceeds,
And ev'ry step on arms or blood they tread,
And soon amongst the Thracians they were,
That sleeping lay, as if they had been dead,
And by each one his buckler and his spear.
Their horses to the chariot seats were tied.
Thus in three rows the Thracians were laid,
Rhesus i' th' midst; which first Ulysses spied,
And to Tydides speaking softly, said,
See there the horses, and see there the man
Rhesus, of whom we were by Dolon told.
Untie the horses; or kill all you can,
And I upon the horses will lay hold.
Tydides then, made by Minerva bold,
Amongst them killing went, and never staid
(Like lion fierce in a neglected fold)
Till he a dozen of them dead had laid.
And whomsoever Diomedes slew,
Ulysses following took him by the foot,
And from the place a little way him drew,
For fear the steeds, not yet accustom'd to't,
Should boggle, tremble, and refuse to pass.
To Rhesus last of all went Diomed,

Encounter of the scouts by night

The surprise of Rhesus.

LIB. X.

The surprise of Rhesus.

And kill'd him too. So he the thirteenth was.
And panted as he slept; for at his head
He dreamt Tydides all night standing was.
Ulysses to the horses went; and now
Seiz'd, and their heads together tied has:
But for a whip he made use of his bow.
And gotten forth, whistled to Diomed
To come away, who gave no ear thereto,
But staying with himself, considered
What further hurt he might the Trojans do.
To draw away the chariot by the pole,
Wherein the golden arms of Rhesus lay,
Or thence upon his shoulders bear the whole;
Or whether he more Thracians should destroy.
While thus he studied, Pallas by him stood.
Contented be, said she, with what is done.
To go unto the ships I think it good,
For fear you thither should be forc'd to run.
Some other God awake the Trojans may.
This said, that Pallas to him spake he thought,
And from the Thracian quarter came away,
And on one of the horses' backs he got,
And tow'rds the ships at full speed then they ride,
Ulysses with his bow still switching on;
But Phœbus with Tydides Pallas spy'd,
And angrily call'd up Hippocoon;
Who, when he came and empty saw the ground
Where th' horses stood, and dy'd with blood the field,
And sprawling in their blood the Thracians found,
Ay me, said he, they have my uncle kill'd.
The Trojans then in haste and frighted rise,
And at the place in great disorder meet,
And gaze upon the mischief with their eyes,
But they that did it fled were to the fleet.
When flying they were at the tree, where lay
The spoils of Dolon, there awhile they tarry,
Until Tydides fetch'd them had away,
And to Ulysses given them to carry,
And mounted was upon his horse again.
Again Ulysses switch'd them tow'rds the fleet;
And when they near it were, old Nestor then,
Who was the first that heard the horses' feet,
Cried out, The sound of horses' feet I hear;
I wish Ulysses 'twere and Diomed.
But somewhat else and worse it is, I fear;
So many sad mishaps run in my head.
He scarce had spoken this but they came in.
When they alighted were and welcomed
With hands and speeches of their friends had been,
Then Nestor thus Ulysses questioned:

The surprise of Rhesus.

Ulysses, glory of the Grecks, said he,
Whence are these horses, beauteous as the sun?
Won from the Trojans? But that cannot be;
For such amongst the Trojans I saw none,
Though I amongst them were in ev'ry fight.
Or given by the Gods? which may be true;
For both of you are gracious in their sight,
And Jove and Pallas have a care of you.
O noble Nestor, said Ulysses then,
Gods can give better horses if they please;
For richer much are they than mortal men.
Tydides from a king of Thrace took these,
Who was come newly to the Trojans' aid;
And slain him has, besides a dozen more,
And besides these a spy that them betray'd,
By Hector sent your purpose to explore.
This said, Ulysses with much people went
Triumphing, and the milk-white horses drove
Over the trenches to Tydides' tent.
There sets them up, and wheat unto them gave;
But Dolon's spoils astern his ship he plac'd,
Preparing for Athena's sacrifice.
And then into the sea they went and wash'd
The sweat from off their shoulders, legs, and thighs,
And after bathe, and 'noint themselves with oil;
That done, they sit down to their meat and dine;
And being thus refreshed from their toil,
Unto the Goddess Pallas offer wine.

ILIAD.

LIB. XI.

The third fight.

Aurora rising from Tithonus' bed,
Before both Gods and men to hold her light,
Eris from Jove the signal carried
Unto the Argive fleet of bloody fight.
And down unto Ulysses' ship she went,
That was the middlemost and high'st of all,
That heard she might be to Achilles' tent,
And Ajax's, that they might hear her call.
At th' outsides of the fleet they quarter'd were;
For they upon their prowess most relied:
Then Eris with her voice the air did tear,
And horribly to the Achæans cried,
Come quickly forth into the field and fight;
Be bold, Achæans; to the battle come.

LIB. XI.

The third fight

Encourag'd thus, the Greeks took more delight
In staying at the war than going home.
Fellows, to arms, then Agamemnon cried,
And to put on his arms the first man was.
His leg-pieces he down to th' ankles tied
With silver buckles, leg-pieces of brass;
And then puts on an armour on his breast,
That had been given him by Cinyres,
(His ancient acquaintance and his guest,)
Whilst he preparing was to pass the seas:
For long before the Greeks for Troy set sail,
Their purpose was at Cyprus known by fame,
And thinking such a gift might him avail,
In kindness t' Agamemnon sent the same.
The colour was by pales distinguished,
Ten black, twelve gold, and twenty were of tin:
And in it three black serpents figured,
As if they creeping were unto his chin.
Their sides like rainbows look'd, which in the sky
Are shown by Jove for men to wonder at.
Then from his shoulder down upon his thigh
He hung his sword. Studded with gold was that.
Then took his shield which finely varied was;
Bossed in twenty places with white tin;
And round about them were ten orbs of brass;
And black the circle was enclos'd within.
Then Gorgo painted was with killing eyes,
And with her standing Terror and Affright:
His belt of silver was, and to the skies
Returned back again the glitt'ring light.
Wound up lay on it painted a great snake,
Which had three heads, and crowned was each one.
And last into his hand two spears did take,
Having his helmet on his head put on.
Thus Agamemnon armed was. And then
Juno and Pallas both rais'd such a sound
(To honour him before the Greeks) as when
A man that's slain falls suddenly to th' ground.
Then every one unto his charioteer
Commandment gave upon the ditch to stay
And ready be. The foot all armed were,
And forth into the field were march'd away.
But soon again the horses with them stood.
Then Jove amongst them Noise and Tumult sent;
And mingled was the morning dew with blood,
For on that day much blood was to be spent.
Upon a rising ground now Hector was,
Æneas with him, and Polydamas,
And three sons of Antenor, Acamas,
Agenor, Polybus, and th' army was.

And Hector with a round shield at their head,
As when a star does through the clouds appear,
And presently again is covered ;
Sometimes i' th' front was, sometimes in the rear
Giving command ; his arms like lightning show.
As mowers standing one rank 'gainst another,
A field of barley or of wheat to mow ;
So Greeks and Trojans mow down one the other.
On neither side thought any man of flight,
But like to wolves on one another fly,
In number equal ; and gave great delight
To Eris, who (and no God else) was by.
The other Gods stayed on Olympus Hill,
Within whose folds they dwell, and murmur'd at
Their father Jove for bearing such goodwill
To Ilium. But he car'd not for that.
And by himself he from them went ; and then
Took pride to see the Greeks and Trojans fight,
And look on killing and on dying men,
And of their arms to see the flashing light.
Now all the while that mounting was the sun,
The number slain on both sides was the same ;
But when the woodman half his work had done,
And willingly unto his dinner came,
The Greeks then brake the Trojan ranks, and on
Fell Agamemnon, and Bienor slew,
Both him and Oeles his companion,
That drove the horses which the chariot drew.
He lighting and assailing him was slain ;
And Oeles had no time his spear to throw :
For Agamemnon's spear had pierc'd his brain,
Passing both through his helmet and his brow.
These there he left, stript both of arms and coat,
And Antiphus and Isus then drew near,
Both Priam's sons, one legal, th' other not,
Upon one seat, and Isus charioteer.
Once by Achilles taken were these men,
As they were feeding sheep on Ida's hills,
And for their ransom were set free again ;
But both of them now Agamemnon kills.
For Isus' breast he pierc'd through with his spear;
The other with his sword he overthrew,
And seen him had when he was prisoner.
And that 'twas Antiphus (when stript) he knew.
As when a lion with his mighty teeth
Crusheth the tender issue of a hind,
Which the affrighted dam stands by and seeth,
And grieveth, but no remedy can find ;
And skipping in the woods for shelter seeks
To save her own life ; so the Trojans fled,

LIB. XI.

The third fight.

Pursu'd by Agamemnon and the Greeks,
And thought not on their fellows they left dead.
T' Hyppolochus then comes he and Pisander,
Sons of Antimachus, a person noted
For having gold receiv'd of Alexander,
And for it in the common council voted.
And these two Agamemnon took alive;
For by mischance the reins slipp'd from their hands,
And then they saw it was in vain to strive,
And Agamemnon now before them stands.
Then as they sat together on one seat,
Save us (said they) Atrides, let us live,
For we redeem'd shall be with ransom great,
Our father for us what you please will give.
Are you Antimachus's son, said he,
That gave advice to murder Menelaus,
Contrary to the laws of honesty,
When of the Greeks ambassador he was,
And with Ulysses sent into the town?
You for your father's evil deed must pay.
Then from his car Pisander he struck down;
With breast pierc'd through upon his back he lay.
Hyppolochus was lighted and on foot,
And with the sword of Agamemnon slain,
Who cuts his head off, and his hands to boot,
And then upon the Trojans press'd again.
And great the slaughter was of them that fled,
And wonderful the dust that raised was;
And both the field and army covered,
Forc'd up by troops of horses shod with brass.
As boughs fall in a wood that's set on flame,
And shaken by the violence of wind,
So fast unto the ground the Trojans came,
When Agamemnon follow'd them behind.
And many horses made their chariots rattle,
Which empty ran about when no man drives.
For they that drove them fall'n were in the battle,
A lovelier sight to vultures than their wives.
But Hector was by Jove set out of sight
Of all this dust and slaughter and disorder:
But Agamemnon still with all his might
Pursuing killed, and to kill gave order.
Then they that were encamp'd at Ilus' tomb
Retir'd in haste unto the sycamore,
Half the plain over towards Ilium,
And after them Atrides, covered o'er
With blood and dust. But when the Trojans were
Got back unto the beech near Scæa gate,
Awhile they for their fellows stayed there,
Who swiftly ran, fearing to come too late.

As when a lion falleth in the night
Upon a herd of kine, and one must die,
And all the rest are put into a fright,
So Agamemnon made the Trojans fly;
And all the way he went the hindmost kill'd.
And from their cars some forward fell, and some
Upon their backs, and lay dead on the field.
But when unto the wall they near were come,
Then Jove came down to Ida from the sky
With thunder in his hand, and t' Iris said,
Go, Iris, quickly, and tell Hector I
Command him Agamemnon to avoid
As long as in the front he raging is,
And let the fight by others manag'd be.
But when he Agamemnon wounded sees,
And leave the field, I'll give the victory
To him, and he shall put them all to flight,
And to the fleet go killing all the way,
Until the sun be set, and dark the night.
This said, away she went without delay;
And down from Ida came to Ilium,
And finding him upon his car, To you
From Jove (said she) O Hector, I am come
To warn you Agamemnon to eschew,
As long as in the front he raging is.
And let the fight by others manag'd be;
But when by spear or bow he wounded is,
And leaves the field, he'll give the victory
To you, and you shall put them all to flight,
And to the fleet go killing all the way,
Until the sun be set, and dark the night.
Having thus said, she did no longer stay.
Then Hector armed, leap'd unto the ground,
And with two spears well pointed in his hand
Exhorting went about the army round.
Their faces then the Trojans turn, and stand.
The first that did advance Atrides was.
But tell me, Muse, who first came in his way?
One of Antenor's sons, Iphidamas,
That was brought up in Thrace (though born at Troy)
By Cisseus, who his mother's father was,
From childhood till to man's estate he came,
And made his son in law. But then, because
The coming of the Greeks was known by Fame,
Was thence, although but new espoused, sent
To th' aid of Priam and his sons at Troy,
And at Percopa landing t' Ilium went,
And now was standing in Atrides' way.
First Agamemnon threw his spear and miss'd:
Iphidamas then at Atrides threw,

LIB. XI.

The third fight.

And hit his belt, which did the stroke resist,
For massy silver was the belt and true,
And bent the point as if it had been lead.
Then Agamemnon with his sword came on,
And smote him on the neck, and laid him dead.
Thus died Iphidamas, Antenor's son:
And much to be lamented was his case,
That far from his espoused virgin wife,
Without receiving from her any grace,
Should fighting for his country lose his life.
He given for her had a thousand kine,
And promis'd sheep and goats a thousand more.
Now slain, and stript was of his armour fine
By Agamemnon, and triumphed o'er.
But Coon then, Antenor's eldest son,

Agamemnon wounded

Incensed by his brother's death, came in,
And pierc'd Atrides' arm close by the bone,
(Unseen) the elbow and the wrist between.
Then cold was Agamemnon's heart with fear,
But gave not over. For as Coon drew
His brother off, he came on with his spear,
And with a thrust beneath his shield, him slew,
And, on his brother, then cuts off his head.
Thus these two brothers finished their fate.
Atrides still the slaughter followed
With spear, and sword, and stones of mighty weight,
Not giving over whilst the wound was warm.
But when 'twas cleans'd, and stayed was the blood,
So cruel then the pain was in his arm,
That on the ground no longer stay he could.
Then, mounted on his chariot, he said,
Drive to the ships; for he was in great pain.
And on the princes then the charge he laid,
The fight against the Trojans to maintain.
My friends, said he, 'tis your part now to stay
The fury of the Trojans from our ships;
Since Jove not suffers me to fight all day.
This said, the charioteer his horses whips,
Which when they felt, away they swiftly went,
And stain'd with sweat and powder of the plain,
Brought wounded Agamemnon to his tent,
From off the field bestrew'd with bodies slain.
As soon as Hector saw Atrides gone,
Now Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, he cried,
Now charge the Greeks with resolution,
For he is gone on whom they most relied,
And Jove assures me that the day is mine.
This said, like hounds encourag'd by the hunter
Against a lion or a tusked swine,
The Trojans boldly marched to th' encounter,

The Greeks beaten to their camp.

And on them fell, with Hector at their head.
And as a down-right wind the sea, so he
The Argive ranks and files disordered,
And them that fled pursued furiously.
But tell me, Muse, whilst Hector, Priam's son,
By Jove assisted, did the Greeks pursue,
And great renown amongst the Trojans won,
Who and how many were the men he slew.
Assæus first, and then Antonous,
Oplites, Dolops, and Ophelitus,
And then Æsymnus, and Agelaus;
Then Orus, and the last Hipponous.
All these were princes in the Argive host.
But look how many are the drops of dew,
When into th' air the sea by winds is tost,
So many private soldiers Hector slew.
And then incurable their loss had been,
And fled had to their ships the Greeks, dismay'd,
Had not Ulysses then the same foreseen,
And to Tydides, not far from him, said,
Tydides, to what purpose stand we here?
Come hither, man, and stand close to my side,
To let our ships be lost great shame it were.
Tydides to Ulysses then replied,
Yes, yes, Ulysses, I will with you bide,
Though we shall take but little pleasure here,
For Jove I see inclineth to their side.
This said, he at Thymbræus threw his spear,
Which lighting on his left pap pierc'd him through.
Ulysses slew Molion, Priam's man;
Upon the field unstript they left these two,
And then into the Trojan throng they ran,
(Whilst th' other Greeks from Hector swiftly fly)
Like two wild boars that turn upon the hounds,
That know they may upon their strength rely,
And scatter 'mongst the Trojans death and wounds.
And there two valiant sons of Merops kill'd,
As they together on one chariot sate.
This Merops was in prophecy well skill'd,
And bade them stay, and told them had their fate.
But the two forward youths would not obey,
But led unto the war by destiny,
Unluckily came in Tydides' way,
Where by his hand their fortune 'twas to die.
Hippodamas was by Ulysses kill'd,
As also was Eypirichus; and now
None knew who had the better in the field
But Jove, who looked on from Ida's brow.
And then Agastrophus, King Pæon's son,
Was by Tydides wounded in the thigh,

LIB. XI.

Diomed, Machaon, Ulysses, and Eurypylus wounded.

And would have fled, but horses he had none,
His man that held them for him was not nigh.
Yet fought he 'mongst the foremost till he died.
This Hector saw, and towards Diomed
His horses turn'd, and to the Trojans cried,
Come, follow me, and they all followed.
And Diomed, as soon as he saw this,
Though chill with fear, unto Ulysses said,
To us this plaguy Hector rolling is;
But stand, and let him see we're not afraid.
This said, he straight at Hector threw his spear,
Which hit his helmet, but glanc'd from the brass,
And never to his tender skin came near:
This helmet given him by Apollo was.
But stunn'd he was, and resting on his knees,
He kept himself from falling with his hand.
Dark are his eyes, nothing at all he sees,
And for a while unable is to stand.
But whilst Tydides on the plain advanced,
To get into his hand again the spear,
Which from the place he aim'd at far was glanced,
Hector was mounted, and his senses clear.
Tydides then upon him look'd, and said,
Thou dog, escap'd an evil death thou hast;
And twice been saved by Apollo's aid,
But sure I shall dispatch thee at the last,
For of a God I also have the aid.
But now to other Trojans I'll go on,
Such as shall come into my way. This said,
Away he went to strip King Pæon's son.
And then, as Diomed was taking from
Agastrophus the armour of his breast,
Paris, that leaning stood at Ilus' tomb,
To him an arrow unperceiv'd addrest,
Which hit him on the foot above the toes,
And to the ground clean thorough went the shaft.
Then openly into the field he goes,
And coming nearer to him spake, and laugh'd.
Ye're hit, said he, Tydides. Would it had
Been on your belly, that you might have died;
The Trojans would of that been very glad,
That are so often by you terrified.
Proud, boasting archer, said Tydides, know,
If in your armour you before me stood,
To try your valour and your force, your bow
And arrows would not do you any good.
You value such a scratch as this too much.
The weapons of the strengthless blunted are:
Mine is not so; but whom it does but touch,
His wife lamenting tears her cheeks and hair;

Diomed, Machaon, Ulysses, and Eurypylus wounded

His children orphans are; and red the ground
Whereon he rotting lies; and vultures more
Than women standing by him will be found.
Ulysses then, that near him was before,
Stepp'd in, and stood betwixt him and his foes
Whilst from his foot the arrow he pull'd out.
Then to his char'ot up Tydides goes,
And left the field where he had nobly fought.
And now Ulysses left was all alone,
For from him all the rest were fled for fear.
And then unto himself he made his moan.
Ay me, said he, what now shall I do here?
Though many be the foes, 'tis ill to fly,
But yet, since Jove saves all the rest by flight,
It would be worse if I alone should die.
But why dispute I, when I ought to fight?
None but a coward from the fight will run.
But he that honour loves will stand his ground,
And be content with what he cannot shun,
Whether it be to give or take a wound.
While thus Ulysses argued in his mind,
Hector was near him, and enclos'd him had
With targetiers before him and behind,
Whereof they had no reason to be glad.
As when the hounds by hunters are set on
A wild boar as he comes out from the wood,
He whets his teeth, they from him will not run;
Even so Ulysses 'mongst the Trojans stood;
Where by him slain first Deiopites was,
And Thoon then, and Eunomus he kill'd;
And after these he slew Chersidamas,
As from his car he lighted in the field.
Then leaving these, slew Charops with his spear,
Socus, his brother Hippasus his son.
Then Socus to him came, and standing near
Unto Ulysses, with a speech begun.
Ulysses, much renown'd for craft and pain,
This day you either must the honour wear
Of having Hippasus his two sons slain,
Or lose your own life, wounded by my spear.
Then threw his spear, and pierc'd Ulysses' shield,
His breast-plate, and his coat, and tore his skin.
But Pallas him preserv'd from being kill'd;
For to the vital parts it went not in.
Ulysses knew the wound not mortal was;
Made a step back, and then to Socus said,
Fool that thou art, that wouldst not let me pass
On other Trojans, hast thyself destroy'd,
I do not think you shall this hour outlive,
But from my spear's sharp point receive your death,

LIB. XI.

Diomed, Machaon, Ulysses, and Eurypylus wounded.

And unto me more reputation give,
And leave your soul unto the pow'rs beneath.
Then Socus turn'd himself about to fly,
But overtaken by Ulysses' spear,
That pierc'd him back and breast, he fell down dead.
Then scornfully Ulysses did him jeer.
O Socus, gallant man at arms, said he,
By death prevented is your enterprise;
Your eyes shall not by parents closed be,
But shall be pecked out by crows and pyes.
Then from his shield and body he pull'd out
The spear which at him was by Socus thrown.
The blood then from the wound did freely spout,
Which when the Trojans saw, they straight came down
And all together tow'rds him went the rabble.
Then he retir'd, and as he going was,
Thrice called out, as loud as he was able,
For help; and thrice was heard by Menelaus,
Who t' Ajax said, Ulysses' voice I hear,
And like the voice of one that is distrest.
He hemm'd in by the Trojans is, I fear;
Come, let us to him go, and do our best
To fetch him off. For valiant though he be,
I fear, unless we aid him with great speed,
He by the Trojans will be slain, and we
Lose a good man, of whom we oft have need.
Then up they went, and found him by the foes
Environ'd round. As when a stag is shot
By some young man, he swiftly from him goes
Whilst strong his knees are, and his blood is hot.
But when he by the arrow tamed is,
The wolves feed on him in the gloomy wood;
Then comes the lion, and the prey is his.
About Ulysses so the Trojans stood,
Till Ajax, with a target like a tower,
Came to his aid; then sev'ral ways they fled.
Ulysses, now no longer in their power,
Was from the field by Menelaus led,
And mounted on his chariot again.
But on went Ajax, and slew Pandocus,
King Priam's son, and wounded three good men,
Lisander, Pylartes, and Pyrasus.
Then as a river coming to the plain,
And swell'd by Jupiter with show'rs of rain
More than the banks are able to contain,
Bears oaks and pines before it to the main,
So Ajax charg'd the Trojan troops. But this
Hector knew nothing of; for far off now
Upon Scamander's banks he fighting is,
And to the ground doth many an Argive throw.

Diomed, Machaon, Ulysses, and Eurypylus wounded.

There was the noise, there aged Nestor stood,
And there Idomeneus, with their steeds.
And Hector, that the use well understood
Of spears and horses, there did mighty deeds.
And yet the Greeks retir'd not; nor had done
If Paris had not with an arrow smote
Machaon on the shoulder to the bone.
Three-forked was the arrow which he shot;
And mightily the Argives were afraid
Since now the foe prevail'd, he would be slain.
To Nestor then Idomeneus said,
O Nestor, to your char'ot mount again,
And with Machaon make haste to the ships.
A surgeon many other men is worth.
For many other men alive he keeps
By making salves and drawing weapons forth.
Then Nestor mounteth and the horses whips,
Which they no sooner feel than they are gone,
And quickly brought unto the hollow ships
Machaon Æsculapius his son.
Mean while Cebriones, the chari'teer
Of Hector, saw the Trojans were distress'd,
And to him said, To what end stay we here,
Since yonder by the Greeks our friends are press'd?
'Tis Ajax that disorders them, I see;
I know him by the largeness of his shield.
Now where they fighting are most furiously,
Let us go down to that side of the field.
This said, he crack'd his whip, his horses ran
Unto the place where greatest was the cry,
O'er many a shield, and over many a man
That gasping on the bloody field did lie.
The horses' bellies and the char'ot wheels
And axletrees with blood were cover'd o'er,
Forc'd up in drops by the swift horses' heels.
And Hector rushing in, their battles tore.
But Hector still took heed of Ajax' spear.
And fought in other places of the field.
But Ajax, struck by Jupiter with fear,
Amazed, at his shoulder hung his shield;
And staring on the foe awhile he stood,
Then turn'd and softly from them went away.
As when a lion coming from the wood
Down to a pasture, on a cow to prey,
Is hu'd by dogs and peasants in the night,
And hungry sometimes goes and sometimes stands,
But cannot have his will for all his might,
So many spears are flying from their hands,
And flaming brands which put him in a fright,
Keen as he is, then sullenly he goes

LIB. XI.

Diomed, Machaon, Ulysses, and Eurypylus wounded.

Back to the wood and comes no more in sight;
So then retired Ajax from his foes.
Or as an ass, in spite of many boes,
Is got into the corn, and there abides,
Though they upon him fall with blows and noise,
And many cudgels break upon his sides,
For he the force of boys but little feels,
He hardly will be driven out though fill'd,
And now and then kicks at them with his heels:
So Ajax at the last went off the field.
By Hector and the Trojans still pursu'd,
Upon his shield receiving many a spear;
Sometimes his back, sometimes his face he show'd,
So that they could not to the ships come near.
Thus he between the Greeks and Trojans stands,
While spears abundance at him hurled were;
Some in his shield stuck, driven by strong hands,
Some on the ground fell short and fix'd were there.
But then Eurypylus, Euæmon's son,
That saw him thus oppress'd, came to his side,
And wounded with his spear Apisaon
The liver through; and on the place he died.
But as he stripp'd him lying on the ground
Was shot by Alexander in the thigh,
And broken was the arrow in the wound,
And much increased was his pain thereby.
Then went Eurypylus into the crowd,
And cried out to the princes of the host,
Turn and save noble Ajax from this cloud
Of Trojan spears, or else he will be lost.
This said, the best commanders to him go
With spears advanc'd, and bucklers turn'd before,
And place themselves between him and the foe.
And then again the fight was very sore.
Mean while Achilles as he sitting was
On high astern his ship to see them fight,
Perceived Nestor and Machaon pass,
And to Patroclus call'd with all his might,
Come hither, friend. Patroclus heard him call,
For he was sitting in Achilles' tent,
And (which was the beginning of his fall)
Immediately rose up and to him went,
And said, Achilles, what's your will with me?
Achilles then replied, Patroclus, now
The Argives, I believe, will bend the knee,
For their condition never was so low.
But go to Nestor and informed be
Who 'tis that he brought with him from the fight.
Machaon by his back he seem'd to me,
But of his face I could not have a sight.

Diomed, Machaon, Ulysses, and Eurypylus wounded

So many cars and horses cross'd the way.
This said, unto the ships Patroclus went;
But at the ships arrived now were they,
Alighted and gone into Nestor's tent:
The horses by Eurymedon untied
Were cooled by the sea-side in the air,
And of their sweat well cleansed were and dried,
And in the mean time Ecameda fair,
That was the daughter of Arsinous,
And taken by Achilles was when he
Conquer'd and sack'd the city Tenedus,
And by the Greeks to Nestor giv'n; and she
To Nestor and Machaon setteth up
A table with a black foot smooth and fine,
And on it set a basket, and a cup,
And to each one before him set on wine.
The cup with nails of gold was studded o'er,
Four ears it had, and two doves at each ear,
And those were gold, and at the foot two more
In posture such as if they feeding were.
Nestor to Troy had with him brought this cup.
Another scarce could lift it from the table
When fill'd with wine; though he to take it up,
Old as he was, and easily was able.
And in the same the woman made the drink,
With goat's-milk cheese, and white flour sprinkled o'er,
And left it on the board full to the brink.
Then quenched they their thirst, and drank no more,
But talking sat, to put out of their thought
Their ill success. Now at the door o' th' tent
Patroclus was, and in by Nestor brought,
And pray'd to sit, but he would not consent,
But said, Achilles bade me ask you who
It is whom you brought with you from the fight.
And this already I can answer to.
Machaon 'tis that sits there in my sight.
What need then is there of my longer stay?
Return I will with all the speed I can,
For fear he should some blame upon me lay,
Though I deserve it not. You know the man.
What makes Achilles, aged Nestor said,
Of th' Argives wounded men to take such care?
He knows not how the army is dismay'd,
Nor yet how many of them wounded are.
Ulysses wounded is, and Diomed,
And Agamemnon, and Eurypylus,
And this man whom I with me hither led.
Achilles pity has on none of us;
Although our safety now lie in his hands.
Intends he to sit still till Hector burn

LIB. XI.

Diomed, Machaon, Ulysses, and Eurypylus wounded.

In spite of us our ships upon the sands,
And ev'ry one of us kill in his turn?
For now my strength decayed is with age.
O that I were as strong as I was then
When war 'twixt us and th' Elians did rage,
And we our cattle fetch'd from them again,
And slew Itymoneus that took our kine,
For I then went his cattle to distrain,
And take amends for those he took of mine.
There he defending them by me was slain,
And all his people from him ran away.
And there we took of fifty herds of kine
And of as many herds of goats a prey,
As many flocks, as many herds of swine,
And horses three times fifty, females all,
Of colour sandy mix'd with sparks of light;
And most of them had foals, and to the wall
Of Pyle I brought this booty all by night.
My father Neleus joyful was to see't;
For yet he thought I was for war too young.
Next morn the criers make the people meet,
(All those to whom the Elians had done wrong)
The lords amongst them then divide the prey.
Many there were that had been injured,
And with their shares contented sent away,
Though Pylus were not well inhabited.
For Hercules not many years before
Had kill'd the best of them. And Neleus then
Had twelve good sons, whereof he left no more
Alive but me. This made th' Epian men
Despise our number small, and do us wrong.
And Neleus now unto himself did keep
The best herd of the kine, and from among
The flocks chose one that had three hundred sheep,
And justly, since so great a loss had none.
For he four steeds unto the games had sent
Of value great, which all had prizes won.
But by Augias his commandement,
When for a tripod they prepar'd to run,
Together with the cars were there detain'd.
Chari'teers related what was done.
And Neleus then the best o' th' prey retain'd;
And ev'ry man had of the rest his share.
This done unto the Gods we sacrifice.
Mean while the Elians for war prepare,
And two days after altogether rise,
And forth o' th' town went they both foot and horse,
And with them Molion's two sons, not yet
Arrived at the age of martial force,
And round about the town Colone sit.

Diomed, Machaon, Ulysses, and Eurypylus wounded.

Colone is a frontier-town, between
Elis and Pyle, upon Alphæus' side.
Passing the plain they were by Pallas seen;
And she aloud unto the Pylians cried,
To arms, you men of Pyle. Then in the night
We put on arms, and to the field we hied;
And cheerfully went ev'ry one to fight.
My horses only were convey'd aside.
For Neleus thought I was in war unskill'd:
But I at home could not be made t' abide,
But with the rest on foot went to the field,
For on the Goddess Pallas I relied.
Near to Arene falls into the main
A little brook. All night by that we lay,
And in the morn betime we march'd again,
And to Alphæus came in half a day.
And there to Jove his sacred rites we paid.
To Neptune and Alphæus each a bull;
An heifer to the heav'nly martial maid
We gave; and when the bands of foot were full,
Then sup we in our ranks, and armed slept.
Th' Epeians still the town besieging lay;
But seeing the war was now so near them crept,
They rose; then presently began the fray.
And there the first man that was slain I slew,
Which Molius was, Augias' son-in-law.
He wedded Acameda had, who knew
As many med'cines as the world e'er saw.
Him first I slew, and to his char'ot mounted.
Then fled th' Epeians scatter'd here and there:
For he the best amongst them was accounted.
And as they fled I follow'd with my spear,
And fifty char'ots took, and at each one
Two men I kill'd; for like a storm I went;
Nor had I left to Molius any son,
If Neptune had not hinder'd my intent,
That took them up and sav'd them in a cloud.
Great honour won the Pyleans that day;
For on the plains we chac'd th' Epeians proud,
Killing and gath'ring armour all the way
Until we came unto Buprasium,
Alesium, and Rock-Olene; and there
Advis'd we were by Pallas to go home.
To Pylus then we went and welcome were.
And thanks were given to the Gods, but most
To Jupiter the greatest God. And then
In general were thanked all the host,
And Nestor namely above other men.
Thus I behav'd myself amongst the Greeks,
Whereas Achilles sitting in his tent,

LIB. XI.

Patroclus is persuaded by Nestor to obtain of Achilles to be sent to the aid of the Greeks in Achilles' armour.

Neglecting us, his own contentment seeks;
Though if our fleet be lost he will repent.
But, O Patroclus, the advice was good
Menœtius your father gave you then
When I at Phthia was and by him stood,
By Agamemnon sent to levy men.
To Peleus' house Ulysses came and I,
And there we found Menœtius and you.
And you upon Achilles waited nigh,
And Peleus to the Gods fat cattle slew
I' th' court o' th' grass, a gold cup in his hand,
And pour'd wine on the burning sacrifice,
And you then saw us in the gate-house stand,
Though busy you were then to burn the thighs.
Achilles to us came and led us in,
And made us sup, and supper being done,
To tell our bus'ness then I did begin,
Which was to bring with us to Troy his son.
Both he and you desirous were to go;
And Peleus then unto Achilles said,
Strive still to be the best, and let the foe
Be always of your spear the most afraid.
Then to you spake your father; Son, said he,
Achilles is a better man of war
Than you, and higher in nobility
Of blood; but you in age before him are.
Give him good counsel therefore, and suggest
What's for his good, although he see it not:
He will obey when for himself 'tis best;
Thus he advis'd you, though you have forgot.
But do it now. For 'tis not yet too late.
Who knows but you may make him change his mind?
Or if he still continue obstinate,
Or in some oracle a scruple find,
Or Thetis told him somewhat has from Jove,
Yet let him send his Myrmidons with you,
The Trojans from the navy to remove,
And give th' Achæans time to breathe anew.
But let him give you his own arms. Then they
(When like unto Achilles you appear,
Leading fresh forces) fly will into Troy,
And rid th' Achæans of their present fear.
This said, Patroclus, grieved, went his way,
And tow'rds Achilles' tent ran back apace,
Passing by where Ulysses' vessels lay.
There were the altars, there the market-place,
There were the courts of justice. There he met
Eurypylus, with the arrow in his wound,
And from his head and shoulders dropp'd the sweat,
And bled apace, but still his sense was sound.

Then, pitying him, Patroclus spake, and said,
Ah! poor commanders of the Achæan host,
Must we be all so far from home destroy'd,
And lie for dogs'-meat on the Trojan coast?
But say, Eurypylus, is there no way
To keep off Hector, but must perish all?
Nothing I know, said he, can Hector stay,
But in our flaming ships we all must fall.
For all the best of us here wounded lie,
And still the Trojan power grows more and more.
But, O Patroclus, cut out of my thigh
This arrow-head; for it torments me sore,
And with warm water wash away the blood,
And salves apply, the same that Chiron knew,
(The best of Centaurs) to be very good,
And taught Achilles, and Achilles you.
For of two surgeons in the army, one
As much need of a surgeon hath as I,
And Podalirius to the fight is gone.
Patroclus to him then made this reply.
How can this now be done, Eurypylus,
Since to Achilles I must go with speed
With Nestor's answer? Yet to leave you thus
In torture, were but an ungentle deed.
Then in his arms he bears him to his tent,
And there, upon a many cow-hides spread,
Laid him, and with his knife to work he went,
And from his thigh cuts out the arrow-head.
And in his hands he bruis'd a bitter root,
And wash'd away the blood. When that was done.
He cleans'd the wound, applied the med'cine to't,
And straight the blood was stopp'd, the pain was gone.

ILIAD.

LIB. XII.

The fourth fight, Hector having entered the Argive camp, at the ships.

Thus was Eurypylus of pain releas'd.
Meanwhile the Greeks and Trojans fiercely fought,
Nor could the Argive wall and trench (unbless'd,
For on a hecatomb they never thought)
Though made their ships and booty to defend,
Keep Hector and the Trojans long time out.
For very quickly cometh to an end
Whate'er without the Gods men go about.
Indeed while Hector liv'd, and angry lay

LIB. XII.

The fourth fight.

Achilles at his tent, and would not fight,
And standing were the walls and town of Troy,
The great wall of the Argives stood upright.
But when the bravest Trojans once were slain,
And many Greeks, and burnt was Ilium,
That had almost ten years held out in vain,
And what remained of the Greeks gone home.
Then Neptune and Apollo both devise
The wall to ruin, and the rivers all
That in this spacious mountain Ida rise
Upon this Argive mighty work make fall.
Aresus, Rhesus, Heptaporius,
Æsepus, Rhodius, Scamander, and
Besides these six, the river Granicus,
And Simoeis, upon whose banks of sand
Many a shield and helmet scatter'd lay,
And many a Demi-God. These rivers all
Apollo turned from their wonted way,
Directing them unto the Argives' wall.
Nine days perpetually they thither run,
And Jove nine days together pour'd down rain,
To th' end the work might be the sooner done.
And Neptune with his trident from the main
Before them went and wrenched out the stone
And timber which had there been laid with pain
The deep'st of all for the foundation,
And made it to the sea all smooth again.
And strew'd again with sand the ample shore;
And made the brooks in their own channels run
No otherwise than they were wont before:
But this not yet, but afterwards was done.
For Hector had the Greeks with show'rs of spears
Constrain'd to quit their walls and tow'rs so high,
That rattled terribly about their ears,
And back unto their hollow ships to fly.
As when a lion or a boar beset
With hounds and hunters, this and that way tries
(Close as they stand) through them by strength to get,
And passing on their spears prevails or dies,
And as he goes still makes them to give way:
So Hector 'mongst his friends went here and there,
Exhorting them the trenches to assay.
The horses when upon the brink they were
Boggled and whinnied, and refus'd to pass;
For broad it was and not to be leap'd o'er:
And to descend into, too deep it was,
And on each side bristled with stakes good store,
Fix'd by the Achæans to keep off the foe;
So that for horse and cars there was no way.
But very willing were the foot to go,

The fourth fight.

And only to receive command did stay.
And then to Hector said Polydamas,
Hector and you, the princes of our friends,
We strive in vain to make our horses pass
O'er such great stakes, so sharpen'd at the ends,
Having above our heads the enemy.
Where (though we could get down) we cannot fight,
Though Jove unto our side inclined be,
And to the Greeks should bear as much despite,
As I, that wish their name were rooted out.
Yet if the Greeks, when we encumber'd were
For want of room, should turn and face about,
And set upon us in the ditch, I fear
A man of us would not be left alive
To tell at Troy what is become of us.
But if you mean to have the bus'ness thrive,
Then hear my counsel, Let us all do thus:
Till of our horse and chariots we have need
Let servants hold them to the trenches nigh,
And we on foot fight; for if Jove indeed
Intend us victory, the Greeks will fly.
Thus he advis'd; and Hector thought it best,
And from his chariot leap'd unto the sand,
Arm'd as he was; and so did all the rest,
And to their charioteers they gave command
All in their order near the trench to stand.
The Trojans in five parts themselves divide;
And Hector of the first took the command.
But with himself he joined two beside,
Polydamas and stout Cebriones,
And left a meaner man to hold his car.
Of all the Trojan host the best were these.
O' th' second party Paris had the care,
Join'd with Agenor and Alcathous.
The third commanded was by leaders three:
First Helenus, and then Deiphobus,
The third was Asius. From Arisbe he
With mighty horses, colour'd like to flame,
Bred on the bank of Sellis, came to Troy.
The fourth command unto Æneas came;
And he likewise two seconds had, and they
Two sons were of Antenor (both well skill'd
In war), Archelochus and Acamas.
Lastly, Sarpedon led into the field
The Trojan aids; and he assisted was
By valiant Glaucus and Asterapæus.
For of the Lycians which he led thither
The ablest and the best men he thought these.
And then with bucklers joined close together,
Away they march directly to the foe,

LIB. XII.

The fourth fight.

And to the combat had a great desire.
The Greeks (they thought) as fast as they could go,
Would presently unto their ships retire,
But Asius would not his horses leave
And man, without the trench, as others did.
Fool as he was himself so to deceive.
Upon his chariot tow'rds the ships he rid;
But never came triumphant back again
For all his flaming horses and his car,
But by Idomeneus' spear was slain.
When Hector to the ships had brought the war,
The Greeks had in their wall a gate, whereat
Their horses to the field were us'd to pass,
And Asius with his chariot drave to that,
Which now left open by the Argives was,
Their people chas'd by Hector to let in.
And all his party with a mighty cry
March'd after him, as if they sure had been
The Argives to their hollow ships would fly;
But were deceived. For at the gate they found
Two mighty men that like two great oaks stood
With deep and large roots fixed in the ground,
That many winds and storms had long withstood.
And Lapiths they were both; Leontes one,
The other Polypœtes gotten by
Pirithous. Both saw them coming on,
And staying, on their hands and strength rely.
The Trojans led by Asius came on
With mighty noise, Orestes, Adamas,
(This Adamas of Asius was the son)
Thoon, Iamenus, and Œnomaus,
And o'er their heads they held their shields on high,
For fear of stones and spears from off the wall.
The Greeks within to one another cry
To save the ships, the tents, themselves, and all.
But when they saw the Trojans went about
To scale the wall, they roar'd and frighted were;
But the two Lapiths presently leap'd out,
And furiously fell on the Trojans there.
As if two boars the men and hounds withstood,
You'd often hear the boughs before them snap,
While with their bended necks they tear the wood;
So thick they did the Trojan armours rap.
For valiantly they fought, in part relying
Upon their strength, and partly on the showers
Of mighty stones perpetually flying
Upon the Trojans from the wall and tow'rs.
As thick as to the ground fall flakes of snow,
When by a cold wind stirred is the cloud,
Their weapons from their hands on both sides go,

And shields and helmets crack apace and loud.
But Asius at this vex'd to the heart,
Then spake to Jove, and clapping of his thigh,
Aye me, said he, thou too a liar art,
That mad'st us to believe the Greeks would fly;
Who like so many motly wasps or bees
That in the hollow way their houses build,
And for their young resist their enemies,
Till they repel them or themselves be kill'd,
Still sharply fight and will not quit the place.
Thus Asius said, but Jove unmoved sate,
And none that day but Hector meant to grace.
And as at this they fought at ev'ry gate,
I cannot like a God relate it all,
The flaming stones that from the Trojans flew
With fire divine up to the Argive wall
On ev'ry side. How th' Argives no way knew
To save themselves but for the ships to fight;
And how the Gods that with the Greeks took part
Sat discontent in heav'n, and full of spite,
To see Jove so severely make them smart.
But for the fight without, 'twas first begun
By the bold Lapiths, though but two they were.
For Polypœtes, Pirithous' son,
At Damasus threw first a heavy spear,
And through his helmet's brazen cheeks it went,
And through the bone into the brain went on;
And when unto the shades he him had sent,
He killed Orminus and Pyloon:
And then a deadly spear Leontes threw,
Which through the body pierc'd Hippolochus.
And on Antiphates his sword he drew
And killed him, and then Iamenus,
Orestes, Menon, one upon another.
But whilst they stay'd to strip these and the rest,
Hector, Polydamas, and many other,
That of the Trojan army were the best,
Were at the trench, and stood upon the brink
The wall to break, and set the ships on fire.
But as they stood a little while to think,
There came a bird not suiting their desire.
An eagle in his pounces held a snake,
And over Hector's soldiers carried it
Alive, but that could yet resistance make,
And by and by the snake the eagle bit.
The eagle smarting cried and flew away,
And 'mongst the Trojans lets the serpent fall,
And there amazed they, and gaping stay
To see Jove's prodigy before them crawl.
O Hector, said Polydamas, though you

LIB. XII.

The fourth fight.

In courts and councils cross whate'er I say,
How good soe'er it for you be and true,
Unless in ev'ry thing I go your way,
(Which is not well done, for your counsel ought
In peace and war to have their voices free,
And never give advice against their thought,
But always for the public good to be);
Yet now I'll tell you, if this bird be sent
Unto the Trojans as a prodigy,
'Tis not uneasy to foresee th' event.
For this I think the end of it will be:
As th' eagle in his pounces bore the snake,
But could not to her young ones bear it home;
So if the Trojans this attempt shall make,
They'll back unto the city smarting come,
And many good companions leave behind,
Whom th' Argives, to defend their ships, will kill.
And this, I think, will any augur find
That in's profession has any skill.
Then Hector sourly looking thus replied:
Polydamas, this counsel I like not;
You have a better which you from me hide.
But if indeed it be your very thought,
The Gods have sure depriv'd you of your sense,
That bids me not on Jove to set my rest,
But feather'd fowls, that fly I care not whence,
Nor whither, right or left, or east or west;
But we to Jove, the greatest God, will trust,
That all the other Gods excels in might.
He one bird has, that still observe we must,
And that is, for our country well to fight.
But why are you so much afraid? For though
You ne'er so many see before you slain,
You of yourself will have a care I know,
And not adventure where you may abstain.
But if you stay or counsel other men
To stay behind, my spear shall strike you dead.
This said, he led them further on; and then
They all with mighty clamour followed.
And Jove a mighty wind from Ida sent,
Which to the ships directly blew the dust,
That to the Trojans gave encouragement,
But to the Argives horror and distrust.
Encourag'd thus, unto the wall they go
And brake down battlements, and posts pluck'd out,
And piles that had been planted by the foe,
With levers strong they wring up by the root.
Thus at the wall the Trojans laboured,
And hope they had the same to overthrow.
Before the battlements the Argives spread

Cow-hides, and thence threw stones on them below.
The Ajaxes then ran from tow'r to tow'r,
Endeavouring to give the Argives heart,
Some with sweet words, and some of them with sour,
According as they each one did his part.
Fellows, said they, you that excel in war,
And you that great strength have, and you that small
(For well you know, all men not equal are)
Now play the men, there's bus'ness for you all.
Fear not the clamour of this threat'ning man;
Endure this brunt, which if you overcome,
As (if Jove hinder not) I know you can,
We'll course him to the gates of Ilium.
Thus they encouraged the Greeks. And now,
As when great Jove to show his armory
Upon a winter's day sends down his snow,
Innumerable are the flakes that fly
And cover hills, and woods, and pastures green,
And all the fruitful works of husbandry,
And cover would, but that the sea comes in,
Both ports and shores; for there snow cannot lie;
The wall with stones resounded round about,
Yet Hector ne'er had broken wall nor gate,
But by the Greeks had still been kept without,
Had not Jove sent, the Trojans t' animate,
His son Sarpedon. With his shield of brass,
Lined with many folds of strong cow-hide,
And which with golden circles strength'ned was,
And two spears in his hand, to th' wall he hied.
And as a lion that had fasted long
Comes from the hill upon a flock of sheep,
Will try what he can do, for all the throng
Of men and dogs that them are set to keep;
So boldly goes Sarpedon to the walls,
With mighty hand the battlements to tear,
And as he going was to Glaucus calls.
Glaucus, said he, what cause think you is there
That we in Lycia more honour'd are
Than other men, and look'd upon like Gods,
And higher sit at feasts, and better fare,
And drink best wine, and more land have by odds?
Is't not because we foremost are in fight!
'Tis not in vain, they'll say, our princes have
More honour, since they are of greater might,
And their lives venture other men to save.
Glaucus, if we could death eschew and age
By running from the battle cowardly,
D'ye think I foremost would myself engage,
Or ever counsel you to follow me?
You know the ways to death are infinite.

LIB. XII.

The fourth fight.

Though we ne'er fight we cannot always live.
Therefore come on, and let us bravely fight,
And either honour gain, or honour give.
So said Sarpedon. Glaucus him obey'd;
And tow'rds the Greeks well followed they went.
Then Mnesteus was terribly afraid,
For to assault his tower he saw them bent,
And look'd about what heroes he could spy
On other towers unto his aid to call.
He saw th' Ajaxes two, and Teucer by,
But too far off to hear. For at the wall
Of shields and helmets so great thumping was,
That 'twas impossible to hear him call.
The gates resounded no less than the brass;
For fiercely they were fighting at 'em all.
Then Mnesteus to the squire, Thootes, said,
Run quickly, call the Ajaxes to me,
Both, if they can be spar'd. I am afraid
Against these men I shall not able be
To keep my place. Keen warriors they are.
But if they be themselves distressed there,
Let Telamonius of the place take care,
And Teucer use his bow and arrows here.
Thootes then unto th' Ajaxes ran
Along the Argive wall, and to them said,
Mnesteus entreats both of you, if you can,
To come unto his tow'r and give him aid.
Keen warriors, he says, these Lycians are:
But if you be yourselves distressed here,
Let Telamonius of the place take care,
And Teucer use his bow and arrows there.
This said, great Ajax said unto the less,
Æliades, stay here awhile, till I
Deliver Mnesteus from his distress.
That done, I shall be with you presently.
Ajax and Teucer then together go
Unto the tow'r of Mnesteus with all speed,
Pandion with them, carry'ng Teucer's bow,
And at their coming found him in great need.
The Lycians, like a black and low'ring cloud,
Ascended to the wall, and fiercely fought.
The Greeks resist. The noise is mighty loud.
And with a heavy stone stood Ajax out,
That two men scarce could carry, such as now
The earth brings forth, and with the same he stroke
Epicles on the helmet such a blow
As head and helmet both in pieces broke.
Down like a diver from the wall fell he
Headlong, and dead upon the ground he lay.
At Glaucus Teucer lets an arrow flee

Which through his arm unarmed made its way.
Glaucus, no longer able now to fight,
Leapt from the wall unseen unto the ground,
For fear, if of his hurt they had a sight,
The Greeks would make a triumph of his wound.
Griev'd was Sarpedon to see Glaucus gone,
But not so grieved but that still he fought,
And fix'd a heavy spear in Alcmaon,
And with the same his life and all pluck'd out.
Sarpedon then tore down a battlement,
And wider for the Lycians made the way.
But Teucer then an arrow to him sent;
But Jupiter, to save his son that day,
The shaft unto his shield and belt directed.
So that it passed not unto the skin,
The shield and belt together him protected.
And then, with spear in hand came Ajax in,
And with a push that pierc'd his shield clean through,
His coming on a little while he staid.
But with Sarpedon that could little do,
That honour sought. Then to his friends he said,
Ye Lycians, what makes ye thus remiss?
Can I make way unto the ships alone?
Strong as I am, impossible it is.
For many hands much better are than one.
This said, the Lycians heavier than before,
To please their prince, upon the Argives lay.
The Greeks within their broken ranks restore,
And terrible the battle was that day.
For neither could the Lycians passage make
Unto the ships and break the Argives' wall,
Nor Greeks compel the Lycians to forsake
The battlements, so fiercely fought they all.
As two men on the confines of their ground
At two ends of a measure tugging stand,
Contending earnestly about their bound,
And each of them would fain enlarge his land:
So for the battlement they striving stood,
And wounded one another back and breast,
And sprinkled was the battlement with blood,
Nor was it certain yet who had the best.
But as a woman that is fain to spin,
To find herself and children sorry food,
In one scale wool, in th' other weight puts in
Till they hang ev'n: so ev'n the battle stood
Till Hector came, to whom Jove chiefly meant
To give the honour of the victory.
Then Hector up the wall the foremost went,
And thence unto his Trojans loud did cry,
Trojans, come on, and break me down this wall,

LIB. XII.

And set the Argives' hollow ships on flame.
This said, he heard was by the Trojans all,
And straight unto the battlements they came.
Then Hector at the gate took up a stone,
Great and sharp pointed, two men such as now
Could scarce have lifted up so great a one:
But Hector with one hand the same could throw;
For Jupiter to him had made it light.
And as unto a shepherd is a fleece
Of wool, that to be borne needs little might;
So eas'ly borne the stone by Hector is;
And standing at the gate well fortified
With planks well join'd, and two cross-bars within,
And taking with his right foot back a stride,
Out flew the stone, and at the gate went in.
The gate then roar'd; the hinges broken were;
The bars upon the ground asunder lay;
And pieces of the planks flew here and there;
And to the ships now open was the way.
And Hector with a countenance like night
Flew in. And fire appeared in his eyes:
His armour as he marched shining bright,
And light reflected up unto the skies;
And two good spears he grasped in his fist.
And then the Greeks were mightily afraid;
For none except a God could him resist.
And then unto the Trojans turning said,
Now Trojans to the wall. And presently
Great numbers of the Trojans that way pass,
And others at the gate. The Argives fly
Unto their ships. And great the tumult was.

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Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

When Jove had to the ships the Trojans brought,
He left them fighting there, and turn'd his face
(Thinking th' Immortals would no more have fought)
And look'd upon the fields and men of Thrace,
And Mysians, and Hippomolgi (men
That live on milk the goodly mothers give
Of lusty steeds, and are more honest than
The rest of mortals, and do longer live.)
While Neptune from a hill in Samothrace

Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

Look'd down and saw the Greeks and Trojans fight.
For thence of Ida hill and all the space
'Bout Troy and th' Argive fleet he had a sight.
And grieved was to see the Argives slain,
And mightily offended was with Jove,
And from the hill in haste came down again
On foot; and ever as his feet did move,
Under the same the haughty mountains shook,
And the thick woods, and unto Ægæ came.
Thither to come four steps he only took.
There stands a temple sacred to his name,
Of glistering gold and never to decay.
And there he puts his horses to his car;
Long manes of gold they had, and swift were they;
And then in gold himself array'd for war,
And mounted on his car o'er sea he drives.
The whales on both sides from the bottom rise
Their king to see. The sea her bosom rives,
But not a drop up to the axtree flies.
Thus quickly to the Argives Neptune came.
Half way 'twixt Tenedus and Imbrus is
In the deep sea a cave, and in the same
(Lest coming back his horses he should miss)
He sets them up and laid before them meat,
And tied them there with foot-locks at their feet,
Strong locks of gold, that loose they could not get.
Then up he went unto the Argive fleet,
And there he found the Trojans like a flame
At Hector's heels with mighty noise and cry,
Greedy and full of hope the Greeks to tame,
And then in flames to make their ships to fry.
Then Neptune speaking to th' Ajaxes two
In Chalchas' shape, You two, said he, can save
The ships, if you but set yourselves thereto.
For of the foe no fear at all I have
In other parts. Defended they will be
By other Greeks. The danger all is here
Where Hector like a flame you leading see,
That would be thought the son of Jupiter.
If you but think some God bids you resist,
And stand your ground when Hector cometh on,
And cheer your fellows; though Jove him assist,
He quickly from your good ships will be gone.
This said, he on them both his sceptre laid,
And presently themselves they stronger find;
Their thighs and legs and hands much lighter weigh'd.
And Neptune suddenly rose from the ground.
Just as a hawk from off a rock flies at
Some other fowl; so quickly Neptune rose.
The lesser Ajax first observed that,

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Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

And to the greater did the same disclose.
Ajax, said he, this was some Deity
That in the shape of Chalchas bade us fight.
For 'twas not Chalchas I am sure. For I
As he went off had of his legs a sight,
And of his feet and steps. For marks there are
To know a God by from a man. Withal
I find myself much more inclin'd to war.
Methinks my hands and feet for battle call.
And so do mine, said Telamonius,
And fain I would with Hector have a bout.
While they together were discoursing thus,
Neptune behind them busy was about.
Confirming those that to the ships were gone
A little to refresh themselves. For they
Had long and painful labour undergone,
And heavy at their hearts the danger lay
When Hector and his troops had pass'd the wall,
And of their safety were in great despair.
But Neptune coming soon confirm'd them all,
And gave them hope their fortune to repair.
To Teucer first he came and Leitus,
To Deipyrus and to Meneleos,
Meriones and stout Antilochus,
And standing near address'd his speech to those.
Fie, Argives, fie young men; what shame is this;
Upon your hands I chiefly did rely
To save our ships. If you be so remiss,
The day is come in which we all must die
By Hector's hands. O strange! I never thought
The Trojans durst to th' ships have come so near,
That heretofore peep out o' th' town durst not,
But like to hinds that hide themselves for fear
Of leopards, wolves, and other beasts of prey.
For so at first they did. But you'll not fight
For anger that the king had sent away
Dishonoured the man of greatest might.
But what though Agamemnon have indeed
Dishonour'd Thetis' son, must we therefore
Give over fight? Or rather with all speed
Endeavour all we can to cure the sore?
But, howsoe'er, you that excuseless are,
And of the Argive army all the best,
And bodies have and hearts well made for war,
I needs must reprehend you. But the rest
That weak or wretched are I cannot blame.
Fond men, this negligence may bring forth yet
Some greater ill. Then come away for shame.
For never were the Greeks so hard beset.
Hector has broken both the bars and gates,

Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

And now hard by our ships he fiercely fights,
And with great noise his Trojans animates.
Thus Neptune the dismayed Greeks excites.
At th' Ajaxes the ranks stood firm and close.
Nor Mars nor Pallas could a fault have spied.
They chosen were the Trojans to oppose
Whom Hector led. And standing side by side,
Shield shield, and target target, and man man
Sustain'd, and spear by spear assisted was.
So close they stood, and labour all they can
Lest Hector to their hollow ships should pass.
And Hector with his troops went swiftly on.
As when a torrent swell'd with showers of rain
Breaks from the hill a round and heavy stone,
It makes the wood resound, till at the plain,
Swift as it hither roll'd, it rolls no more;
So Hector marching made account to pass
Through th' Argive fleet and tents to the sea-shore.
But at th' Ajaxes battle stopp'd he was;
And forced back a little to recoil,
Resisted by so many spears and swords,
And speaking to his Trojans stood awhile,
And Lycians, and Dardans in these words.
Ye Trojans, Lycians, Dardans, do not fly.
I know they cannot long maintain the fight,
If we upon Jove's promise may rely,
Who all the other Gods excels in might.
This said, Deiphobus went towards the foe,
Holding his buckler out before him high,
So that it cover'd him from head to toe.
Meriones, that on him had his eye,
His spear threw at him, which no harm did do.
For though upon the buckler fell the stroke,
It carried not th' intended mischief through,
But in the tough bull-hides the spear he broke.
Then back unto the throng he went, and fum'd
Both for the loss of the good spear he brake,
And of the victory he had presum'd,
And went to the ships another spear to take.
The rest fought on, and mighty noise there was.
There Teucer with his spear slew Imbrius
The son of Mentor, till the Greeks did pass
The sea to Troy he dwelt at Pedasus,
And to Medesicaste there was wed.
But when the Argives came to Troy, he then
Dwelt in King Priam's court, much honoured
Both by the king himself and by his men.
But now by Teucer's spear was slain. And as
Upon a hill a goodly ashen tree,
Unto the ground, cut from the roots with brass,

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Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

Brings down its boughs, so to the ground fell he.
To strip him of his arms then Teucer goes;
Which Hector seeing, at him threw his spear,
And misses him; yet not in vain he throws,
But kills another man that stood him near,
Amphimacus, that newly to the fight
Was from the ships come back t' assist the rest;
And scarcely of the skirmish had a sight,
When Hector's spear he felt upon his breast.
Then to Amphimachus came Hector near,
Meaning his helmet from his head to take.
Which Ajax seeing, at him threw his spear
That hit his shield, but passage could not make.
Yet with such strength the spear fell on his shield,
That backward he was driven from the dead;
So that the Argives bore them off the field.
Amphimachus to th' ships was carried
By Mnestheus and Stichius, that led
Th' Athenian troops. But the Ajaxes two,
One at the feet, another at the head,
Bore Imbrius from off the ground into
The throng of Greeks, like hungry lions two,
That carry in their jaws a goat which they
Had snatched from the dogs, and were to go
Through many shrubs to carry it away.
Him they disarm'd, and to let Hector know it,
The lesser Ajax cutteth off his head,
And turning round with all his strength doth throw it,
And unto Hector's feet 'twas carried.
Now Neptune for Amphimachus thus slain,
Who from his loins descended, vexed sore,
Went to the Argive ships and tents again
To cheer the Greeks, and hurt the Trojans more,
And with Idomeneus met as he went,
That had a wounded friend brought from the fight,
And straightway back again to go he meant
To them that fought, and help them all he might.
And Neptune like unto Andremon's son,
Thoas, whose father all th' Ætolians sway'd
Like Jove in Pleuron and in Calydon,
Unto Idomeneus then spake and said,
O king Idomeneus, what is betide
Of th' Argive threats that Ilium they would tame?
O Thoas, then Idomeneus replied,
I know not any man that we can blame.
There's none of us but understands the war,
Nor any that betray themselves with fear,
Nor that for sloth to fight unwilling are.
But Jove, it seems, will have us perish here.
But Thoas, you that always heretofore

Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

Have fought so well, and set on other men,
Still hold that purpose never giving o'er.
T' Idomeneus then Neptune said again,
Idomeneus, may that man ne'er come back,
But in the fields lie for the dogs a prey,
That at this time is negligent or slack.
But now put on your arms and come away,
And quickly. For although we are but two,
Yet since conjoined force of men not strong
Can do as much as one good man, let's go.
This said, up Neptune went into the throng.
Idomeneus then goes into his tent
And arm'd himself, and took in's hand two spears,
And out again he came like light'ning sent
To men from Jove to fill their hearts with fears.
And scarce came forth, he met Meriones
That to his tent was going for a spear,
And speaking to him said Idomeneus,
Meriones, my friend, what make you here?
What are you wounded that you leave the fight?
Or bring you me some news? For I to hide
Myself from battle here take no delight.
Meriones then to him thus replied.
O king Idomeneus, unto your tent
I forc'd was from the battle to come down,
And thence to take a spear of yours I meant,
Since on Deiphobus I broke my own.
A spear, then said Idomeneus, there are
Twenty, if you had need of them, that stand
Upright against the walls, which in this war
I took from Trojans vanquish'd by my hand.
For when I fight I stand near to the foe.
And that's the cause so many spears I have,
And can so many shields and helmets show,
And armours for the breast great store and brave.
Then spake Meriones; And I, said he,
Have many spoils of Trojans at my tent,
But fetch'd from thence so soon they cannot be.
For close up to the foe I also went
Amongst the foremost boldly. Which although
The Argives take no notice of, yet you
That how I still behav'd myself well know,
Can bear me witness what I say is true.
To him then thus Idomeneus replied,
Meriones, this need not have been said;
I know your courage were it to be tried,
And men somewhere in ambush to be laid,
Where fear and courage are discerned best;
For there 'tis seen who valiant are, who not.
A coward's heart still panteth in his breast;

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Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

And nothing but on death he has his thought;
He cannot without trembling quiet sit,
But dances on his hams, and changes hue;
And cannot hold himself upon his feet;
And shakes his chaps. These things a coward show.
But in a valiant man there's none of this.
He quietly abides without afright,
When in the danger he engaged is;
And longs for nothing but to come to fight.
If you amongst them had been there, I know
None of them such a fault in you had found.
Or if you had been hurt 'tis sure enow,
Nor in your back nor neck had been the wound,
But either in your belly or your breast.
But let's no longer talk like children here,
Lest we be blam'd. I think it therefore best
You now go to my tent and take a spear.
This said, Meriones fetch'd out a spear,
And with Idomeneus went to the fight,
As Mars, when in the field he will appear,
And with him his beloved son Affright,
And to th' Ephyrians and Phlegyans goes
From Thrace to give one side the victory;
So with Idomeneus unto the foes
Meriones went up courageously,
And to him said, Idomeneus, where now
O' th' left or right side of the Trojan host,
Or in the midst shall we our force bestow
To help the Greeks? For now they need us most.
Idomeneus then to him said again,
The middle of the battle to maintain
There ready stand enow, and able men,
Teucer good bowman and th' Ajaxes twain.
Hector shall there of fighting have his fill,
As greedy as he is. Though strong he be,
He'll find it hard that way to have his will,
And come unto the ships with victory,
And burn them, if Jove not with his own hand
Throw in the brands. He must be more than man,
Whom Ajax is not able to withstand;
Not mortal, such as live by Ceres can,
And may be killed with a spear or stone.
For Ajax with Achilles may compare
In standing fight, though able less to run.
In that, Achilles him excelleth far.
But now unto the battle let us go,
And fall on at the left side of the field,
And try what we are able there to do,
And either honour win or honour yield.
This said, they went together to the fight,

Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

And on them presently the Trojans fell.
There was no place for victory to light,
So close they fought on both sides and so well.
And such a mighty cloud of dust they raise,
As, when great winds contend upon the plain,
Is in dry weather raised from the ways;
While one to kill another takes great pain.
And horrid of the squadrons was the sight,
That bristled was all over with great spears.
Their armours, shields, and helmets, with their light
Dazzled the eyes, and clamour fill'd the ears.
Hard-hearted had he been that with dry eyes
Had this affliction of the heroes seen,
That from the sons of Saturn did arise,
And but for their dissention had not been:
For Jupiter for Hector was and Troy,
And meant to honour Thetis and her son;
But not th' Achæan army to destroy.
But Neptune moved with compassion
To see the Argives by the Trojans slain,
And angry with his brother, secretly
In likeness of a man rose from the main
T' encourage them and give them victory.
Though they were brothers, yet Jove of the two
The elder and the wiser was, so that
Neptune against Jove's will durst nothing do
In favour of the Greeks distress'd, but what
He thought might be effected privily.
And thus the saw, from brother unto brother,
Of cruel war was drawn alternately,
And many slain of one side and the other.
And now half gray came in Idomeneus
With lusty Cretans, and the Trojan frighted.
For presently he slew Othryoneus,
Othryoneus that was by fame invited
To purchase honour in the war at Troy,
And promis'd, if Cassandra he might wed,
From Ilium to drive the Greeks away.
Which Priam to him granted if he sped.
And in this hope, strutting he went to fight.
There with his spear Idomeneus him smote.
The spear upon his belly just did light,
And down he fell; his armour sav'd him not.
Idomeneus, insulting o'er him, spake:
Othryoneus, great praise you'll win indeed,
If you can do what you did undertake.
Come fight for us, and you shall no worse speed.
For if you for us win the town of Troy,
Atrides' fairest daughter yours shall be.
Come with me to the Grecks, that there we may

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Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

Upon the wedding articles agree.
And then to be reveng'd Asius meant,
And was on foot, although his horses there,
Breathing upon his back, behind him went.
And at Idomeneus had thrown his spear,
But that to throw he time enough had not;
Because the other made the greater haste,
And with his spear had hit him in the throat,
And out again at's neck the point had pass'd.
And there, as some great oak or poplar tree,
Or pine cut down, that by a ship-wright must
Be saw'd in planks, falls down, so fell down he,
Grasping with both his hands the bloody dust.
The charioteer was so amaz'd thereat,
That he forgot to turn his car with fear,
And quiet sat. Antilochus saw that,
And going nearer, at him threw his spear,
Which through his armour and his belly went,
And gasping, fell to th' ground the charioteer.
Antilochus to the ships his horses sent,
And by the Argives now possess'd they were.
And then Deiphobus himself advanc'd
And at Idomeneus he threw his spear,
Which, grazing only on his buckler, glanc'd
Unto the Argives that behind him were.
For as he saw it come, he sunk and hid
His body all under his shield of brass.
Yet not from out his hand depart it did
In vain; for with it slain Hypsenor was.
Deiphobus then crowing said, So, so,
Asius goes not unreveng'd to hell.
And though the place unpleasant be, I know
To have such company will please him well.
Antilochus then to the body came,
And kept the Trojans off from stripping it.
Mecistes and Alastor bore the same
Upon their shoulders to the Argive fleet.
Idomeneus still like a fury went
To kill more Trojans, or himself be kill'd.
And for the Argives thought his life well spent.
Aloathous then met him on the field,
Who was a suitor to Hippodamie,
Anchises' eldest daughter, and the best
Beloved by her parents both was she,
And of her time exceeded all the rest
In beauty, and in curious work, and wit,
And a fit consort for the best of Troy.
But Neptune now on purpose bound his feet,
And from his eyes, though bright, took sight away,
So that he could not fly, nor turn, nor fight,

Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

But fixed stood, like to a post or tree ;
And by Idomeneus, with Neptune's might,
Pierced through the armour and the breast was he,
And through the heart, as plainly did appear.
For as he bleeding on the ground did lie,
The beating of his heart did shake the spear ;
And Mars took from him all his chivalry.
Idomeneus then crowed mightily.
Deiphobus, said he, is't not enough
That for your one man I have killed three ?
If not, come on, and take a better proof
Of what the seed of Jove in war can do.
For Jove got Minos, and Deucalion he.
He me, and I whole shiploads bring of woe
To Troy, unto thy father, and to thee.
This said, Deiphobus considered
Whether to stay and meet him hand to hand,
Or see by whom he might be seconded.
And at the rear he saw Æneas stand.
For he not much good will did Priam bear,
Who small respect unto his virtue paid.
To him Deiphobus approaching near,
Æneas, now, said he, you must us aid.
Your brother-law, Alcathous, is kill'd,
Who oftentimes has fed you with his hand,
And naked will be left upon the field
B' Idomeneus, unless you him withstand.
This said, t' Idomeneus they came away,
And with him greedy were to enter fight.
And he as boldly did their coming stay ;
Though two to one, they did not him affright.
But as a boar in unfrequented place,
By dogs and men pursu'd, stands sullenly,
Knowing his strength, and looks them in the face,
Bristled his back, and flaming is his eye ;
So for Æneas staid Idomeneus,
And to his fellows call'd ; Ascalaphus,
Meriones, Antilochus, and Aphareus,
Good men of war, and you, Deipyrus,
Come hither friends, said he. I coming see
Æneas towards me with mighty rage,
A valiant man at arms you know is he,
And now is in the flower of his age.
Were I so young, and of the mind I am,
I'd honour win of him or he of me.
This said, they quickly all about him came
Æneas to repel or kill. Then he
Call'd Paris to him, and Agenor, and
Deiphobus, the Argives to oppose,
And all of them of Trojans had command,

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Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

And with their spears behind him marched close.
As when a shepherd leads with a green bough
His sheep from off the pasture to the brook,
Is joy'd to see them follow him; so now
Æneas in his troops great pleasure took.
No sooner they were come unto the ground
Whereon Alcathous his body was,
But close they fought, and hideous was the sound
Of helmets, shields, and mighty arms of brass.
And there the two that far excell'd the rest,
Æneas and Idomeneus, would fain
Have fix'd their spears in one another's breast.
First threw Æneas, but he threw in vain,
For by Idomeneus declin'd it was,
And coming to the ground stuck trembling there.
And then threw he and killed Œnomaus,
And pierced was his belly with a spear,
Who falling filled both his hands with dust.
Idomeneus pull'd out again his spear,
But to take off his arms he durst not trust
Himself, so many lances flying were.
His limbs and feet not supple were and light
To throw or shun a spear. They now were past
Their best, yet good were in a standing fight,
But could not from the battle run so fast.
And as he slowly walked off the field,
Deiphobus, that always bore him spite,
A spear threw at him, but him miss'd, and kill'd
Ascalaphus, son of the God of fight,
And on his hands into the dust fell he.
But Mars yet knew not that his son was dead,
For in the golden clouds, by Jove's decree,
With all the other Gods prohibited
To meddle in the battle, quiet sat.
About Ascalaphus the strife was all,
And first Deiphobus his helmet gat,
But forc'd he was again to let it fall,
For in the arm he then receiv'd a wound,
Which by Meriones was to him sent,
Who quickly took the helmet from the ground,
And with it back unto the Argives went.
Deiphobus was by Polites (who
His brother was) borne forth unto his car,
And bleeding in his car the town into.
But still upon the field went on the war,
And Aphareus there wounded in the throat
Was by Æneas' spear, wherewith his head
On one side hanging, shield and helmet brought
Down with him to the earth. There lay he dead.
And Thoon by Antilochus was slain,

Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

That to him turn'd his back and meant to fly;
For by the spear in two was cut the vein
Which all along the back to th' neck doth lie,
And down he fell. Antilochus stepp'd in
To strip him; but the foes about him round
Threw at him spears, but never touch'd his skin,
Although his shield received many a wound.
For he was well defended on each side
By Neptune, who unto him bore good will,
Because he ne'er would from the fight abide,
And 'mongst the foes his spear was flying still.
But as his spear at one he aiming stood,
He by Asiades observed was,
Who to him came, as near as well he could,
And threw his spear, whereof one half did pass
Clean through Antilochus his shield, and stuck
Therein; but th' other half fell to the ground,
For Neptune him preserv'd from that ill luck.
So 'scap'd Antilochus without a wound.
And Adamas retir'd into the rout,
Meriones sent after him a spear,
Which ent'ring at his hinder parts, came out
Beneath his navel, and above his gear,
Where wounds most fatal are. Then down he falls,
And like a cow that by the horns is tied
By strength of swains, a little while he sprawls,
But with the plucking out the spear he died.
And then the son of Priam, Helenus,
With a broad sword in hand, all steel of Thrace,
Upon the helmet smote Deipyrus,
Who there fell down and died upon the place.
The Greeks took up the helmet at their feet;
And griev'd thereat was Menelaus so,
That up he went with Helenus to meet,
Shaking his spear. The other draws his bow,
And on the breast-plate hit was Menelaus;
But off the arrow flew, like chaff which fann'd
Is from the corn. But th' other wounded was,
Just where he held the bow, quite through the hand,
And dragging hand and spear, himself withdrew
Into the Trojan troops; where from the wound
The heavy spear his friend Agenor drew,
And in a woollen bandage wrapp'd it round,
Which in his hand a servant held hard by.
And then Pisandrus went to Menelaus,
Betray'd thereto by cruel destiny,
For to have slain him in great hope he was,
And when they were to one another nigh,
First Menelaus threw his spear, but wide.
At him Pisandrus then his spear lets fly;

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Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

But passage being at the shield denied,
Beneath the brazen point in twain it crack'd.
Then to him with his sword went Menelaus,
And he to Menelaus with an ax,
Which cover'd with his buckler ready was,
And on his helmet crest then fell the stroke;
But he Pisandrus with his keen sword hit
Upon the forehead near the nose, which broke
The bone, and carried present death with it;
His eyes unto the ground fell in the blood.
Atrides kick'd him as o' th' ground he lay,
Then stripp'd him of his arms, and o'er him stood,
Insulting and reproaching those of Troy.
Thus, thus, said he, proud Trojans, you'll at last
Be taught to quit our ships, and have your fill
Of bloody war, and pay for what is past.
You thought, ye dogs, too little was the ill,
Against the laws of hospitality
To steal away my goods, and wedded wife;
But further will (if in your pow'r it lie)
Deprive the Argive princes all of life,
And burn their ships, although no injury
I ever did you. But I hope ye shall
Your greediness of fighting satisfy.
But father Jove, who, men say, art of all
The Gods most wise, all this proceeds from you,
That to the Trojans, false and insolent,
More favour shew than to the just and true;
So that with peace they never are content.
Of everything there is satiety.
Of sleep, of love, of dance, and pleasant song,
And all men else with war may cloyed be:
Only the Trojans still for fighting long.
This said, the armour to the ships he sent,
And 'mongst the foremost Greeks again he fought.
And there Harpalion unto him went
(Who t' Ilium was by his father brought,
But brought from thence again he never was)
And at him throws his spear, and hits his shield
Right in the midst; but through it could not pass,
The stubborn brass unto it would not yield.
Missing his purpose, he the field forsook,
And fearing to be slain, look'd still about
Until an arrow keen him overtook,
Sent from Meriones, that pass'd throughout
From buttock unto bladder. Then he sat
Expiring 'mongst the Trojans, his good friends,
And lay like to a worm benumbed, that
Upon the ground itself at length extends.
The Paphlagonians of him had a care,

Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

And, sorry for him, carried him to Troy.
His father weeping followed the car,
But how to be revenged saw no way.
And Paris then with anger was possest,
And 'mongst the Argives lets an arrow fly,
For of Harpalion he had been the guest,
And well received in Paphlagonie.
Amongst the Argives one Euchenor was,
The son of Polydus, an aged prophet,
That knew full well how things would come to pass
Before the town of Troy, and told him of it.
You must, said he, at home by sickness die,
Or going with the Greeks, at Troy be slain.
But for all that the young man valiantly
Went with the Greeks; but ne'er came home again,
Though he behav'd himself with caution there,
In hope t' avoid both danger and diseases.
But Paris shot him 'twixt the cheek and ear,
And on his eyes there death and darkness seizes.
Thus keenly fought they here; but Hector yet
Knew not the Trojans that were fighting at
The left hand of the host were so beset,
For if he had perhaps been told of that,
He might have given the Grecks the victory;
Such courage Neptune gave unto them there.
And sometimes by his strength immediately
In battle fighting they assisted were.
But Hector yet was where he first made way,
Breaking the Argive ranks, and wall, and gate,
Where of Protesilaus the good ships lay,
And those of Ajax next unto them sate;
Where low the wall and sharpest was the fight.
Th' Epeians, Pthians, and Ionians,
Bœotians, Locrians, all oppose their might
To Hector's Trojans, Dardans, Lycians,
And led were by good men. Th' Athenians
By Menestheus, Bias, Phidas, Stichius.
Meges the leading had of th' Epians,
And with him Amphion and Dracius.
Medon and Meneptolemus brought on
The Pthians. Medon was Ajax's brother,
And of Oileus the natural son,
Not gotten by his wife, but by another.
His wife was call'd Eriopis. And he
For killing of her brother forced fled,
To save himself, to th' town of Phylacie,
Where Meneptolemus was born and bred.
And so the Phthian leaders were these two,
And 'mongst the chief of the Bœotians, sought
To keep the Trojans from approaching to

LIB. XIII.

Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

The Argive ships, to burn them as they thought.
But Ajax the swift, son of Œleus,
Not all this while departed from the side
Of Ajax, son of Telamonius,
But as two oxen which the ground divide
Go tugging of the plough with one consent,
Till underneath their horns their foreheads sweat,
So labouring in the field together went
Yok'd, both the little Ajax and the great.
But Telamonius was followed
With good companions, who, when there was cause,
His mighty buckler for him carried.
The other destitute of followers was,
For none but Locrians to the war he led,
Who have no use of bucklers when they fight,
Nor spears, nor helmets, that defend the head;
But came to Troy with bows and arrows light,
And in a standing fight durst not abide.
But from behind the Argive ranks unseen,
They Hector and his Trojans terrified
Incessantly with showers of arrows keen,
Whilst from the front with spears they plagued were.
The Trojans' courage then was so allay'd,
That into Troy they all had run for fear,
But that Polydamas to Hector said,
Hector, you are a man uncounselable.
Because in deeds of arms you so excel,
You think yourself in counsel too much able,
As if all virtues must in one man dwell.
The Gods to some have given well to fight,
And others with the muses they have graced;
Others with dance the people to delight;
And in the mind of others wisdom placed,
The fruit whereof by many is enjoy'd:
It cities saves, as they that have it know,
Which quickly would without it be destroy'd,
But what we are to do I'll tell you now.
The war now lieth only on your hand;
For since we pass'd the wall, some quite give o'er,
And armed as they were do idle stand,
And th' enemy than ours that fight are more.
Therefore retire, and call the princes hither,
That it may be determin'd by them all,
Upon mature deliberation, whether
Upon the Argives at their ships to fall
(If so it please the Gods) or otherwise,
Since Ajax there resolved is to stay,
How with most safety we may hence arise,
For they are in our debt for yesterday.
So said Polydamas, and Hector thought

Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

The counsel not amiss, and straight obey'd.
And armed from his chariot leapt out,
And standing on the ground unto him said,
Polydamas, stay you, and here detain
The Trojan chiefs, while to the fight I go,
And give some orders there; I shall again
Be with you quickly, when I have done so.
He miss'd Deiphobus, and Helenus,
And valiant Adamas, Asiades,
And Asius, the son of Hyrtacus,
And went about the field to look for these;
Of which some wounded were retir'd to Troy,
And some in battle by the Argives kill'd;
But found his brother Paris in his way,
Encouraging his men upon the field,
And spake unto him, in ill language, thus:
Unlucky Paris, fine man, lover keen,
Where are Deiphobus, and Helenus,
And Adamas? Where are they to be seen?
And what is of Othryoneus become?
And where is Asius? Now certainly
Down to the ground burnt will be Ilium,
And thou a miserable death wilt die.
So Hector said, and Paris thus replied:
Hector, there was for such words now no cause.
Sometimes perhaps you may me justly chide.
I do not think a coward born I was,
For since unto the ships you brought the war,
We with the Greeks perpetually have fought.
But those you miss slain by the Argives are,
Save that Deiphobus was carried out,
And Helenus, both wounded in the hand.
Now lead us on to what part you think fit;
We ready are to do what you command,
As far as strength of body will permit.
This said, his brother reconciled was,
And both went to where cruelly they fought.
About Cebriones, Polydamas,
Orthæus, Polyphœtes, and about
Phalces and Palmes, and the children two,
Ascanius, Moris, of Hippotion,
Who Ilium but the day before came to,
And now to th' battle went by Jove set on.
As when a storm of wind falls on the plain,
The sea erects itself in ridges white,
And foaming rolls in order on the main;
So to the Greeks, with helmets shining bright,
The Trojans one another followed
In order with their captains to the fight,
And Hector, like another Mars, at th' head,

LIB. XIII.

Neptune encourageth the Greeks.

With buckler round and strong, and armour bright.
His buckler he before him held far out,
That cover'd was his body with the same,
And peeping under it he look'd about,
And in that posture to the Argives came.
And at the foremost ranks went here and there
To try if through them he could passage make;
But fast they stood, nor at it troubled were;
And Ajax seeing it, unto him spake,
Come nearer, man. Why think you to affright
The Greeks? We are not so unus'd to war.
Nor are we driven hither by your might;
But by the hand of Jove afflicted are.
Hector, I know, to burn our ships you think;
But we have hands as good the ships to save,
And Troy will first, I think, int' ashes sink.
And shortly, I believe, you'll wish to have
And pray to Jove and all the pow'rs on high
For horses that run faster than hawks fly,
That from the ships you may go speedily.
This said, an eagle dexter presently
Flew over them. And they Jove's prodigy
Received gladly with a mighty cry.
Then thus to Ajax Hector did reply.
Ajax, you love to prate and brag and lie.
O that the son of Jove as sure were I,
And had been certainly conceived by
Juno, Jove's wife, and as a Deity
Like Pallas and Apollo ne'er to die,
As I am sure great woe will fall this day
Upon the Argives all and then be kill'd,
If for the coming of my spear thou stay,
And dogs and kites shall eat thee in the field.
This said, he led away. The Trojans shout,
So do the Argives, and resolv'd to try
The power of their foes with courage stout.
The noise on both sides went up to the sky.

ILIAD.

LIB. XIV.

Now Nestor with Macaon drinking sat,
And heard the Greeks and Trojans fighting roar,
And to him said: Macaon, hear you that?
The noise is greater much than 'twas before.

Juno, by the help of Venus, laveth Jove asleep, whilst Neptune assisteth the Greeks.

Let Hecamede o'er the fire set water,
And wash away the blood from off your sore,
While I go hence and see what is the matter.
But at the wine sit you still as before.
This said, he took up Thrasymedes' shield,
And Thrasymedes, his son, took up his,
And with a good sharp spear went to the field;
And going forth, a shameful sight he sees,
The Trojans chasing, while the Argives fly,
And down unto the ground was torn their wall.
And then, as when a wave is raised high
By secret gales, on neither side can fall,
Until some certain and prevailing wind
Commandeth in the air: so Nestor stood,
And with two thoughts distracted was his mind.
Sometimes to go t' Atrides he thought good,
And sometimes to the battle. But at last
Resolved, unto Agamemnon goes,
Whilst shields and helmets, all the way he past,
Resounded in his ears with frequent blows.
And as he went, the wounded chiefs he met,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed.
For far off from the fight the ships were set,
And close unto the shore lay at a head.
Only the foremost haul'd were to the plain,
And close astern of those was built the wall.
For with so many ships they cross'd the main,
That near the field they could not place them all.
But side-by-side along the shore they lay,
And took up all the compass of the bay.
The wounded men, to look upon the fray,
Help'd by their spears, went softly on the way,
Griev'd at the heart, and met with Nestor there,
Who, with his coming, made them more afraid.
And when unto them Nestor was come near,
Then Agamemnon spake, and to him said:
O Nestor, glory of the Argive nation,
I am afraid that Hector will make good
That which he promised once in his oration,
Before the Trojans, when he boasting stood.
I never will to Troy come back, said he,
Till I have slain these Greeks, and set on fire
Their ships. And now performed it will be.
Oh, strange! Do all the other Greeks conspire
Against me with Achilles, Thetis' son,
And therefore are resolved not to fight?
'Tis plain, said Nestor, some such thing is done,
Else Jove himself could not with all his might
Have made such work. The wall is broken down,
In which, to save ourselves we did confide;

LIB. XIV.

Juno, by the help of Venus, laveth Jove asleep, whilst Neptune assisteth the Greeks.

And at the ships they fight, nor was it known,
Nor could it be observed on which side
The Greeks that fighting were, were most distrest,
So thick to th' ground in ev'ry part they fall.
But let's consult what course to take were best,
If counsel can do any thing at all.
But that we all should fight I'll not advise.
For what can wounded men in battle do?
To Nestor, Agamemnon then replies,—
Nestor, since now the war is brought unto
Our ships, and that, nor wall, nor trench does good,
And much the Argives suffer'd have who thought
Their wall for all the Trojans would have stood,
And all our hopes built on it come to nought.
For though I know Jove once was to us kind,
Yet now I see our ruin he designs,
And pleasure takes in changing of his mind,
And aids the Trojans whilst our hands he binds.
Let's all to what I saying am agree.
The ships that nearest lie to the sea-side,
Drawn down into the water let them be,
And there till night let them at anchor ride.
And if the Trojans then give over fight,
We'll fetch away the rest. For 'tis less shame
A danger to eschew, although by night,
Than needlessly to perish in the same.
Ulysses frowning on him then replied:
Atrides, what a word have you let fall?
You ought of cowards to have been the guide,
And not of us Achæans general.
For we by Jove are fram'd for actions high,
And to achieve the wars we undertake,
How dangerous soever, or to die.
And must we now the siege of Troy forsake,
And after so much labour lost go hence?
Peace! let no other Greek hear what you say.
Who would have said this that had common sense,
And whom so great an army did obey?
Nor is, in how to fly, your counsel right.
Must we our ships draw down from off the shore,
And at the same time with the Trojans fight,
Who now rejoice, but would do then much more,
And we that fight be utterly destroy'd?
For they that were at anchor on the main
Would go their way the danger to avoid.
Thus by your counsel we should all be slain.
Atrides to him then this answer gave:
Ulysses, your reproof is very smart;
Yet not command but counsel 'twas I gave,
And better I would hear with all my heart.

Juno, by the help of Venus, laveth Jove asleep, whilst Neptune assisteth the Greeks

And so you shall, said Diomed, and though
Amongst you all the youngest man I be,
Be not offended with it. For you know
That born I am of a good family.
For Portheus three worthy sons begat,
In Calydon and Pleuron they all dwelled;
Melas, and Agrius, and Œneus, that
The other two in deeds of arms excelled.
Of him my father, Tydeus, was the son,
But in exile at Argos led his life,
And of Adrastus' daughters married one,
And great possessions had he with his wife;
And there a rich and noble house did keep.
For corn, and wine, and fruit he had much ground,
And in his pastures had great store of sheep,
And chiefly was for chivalry renown'd.
Therefore, my counsel, if you find it good,
You should not for my person take amiss,
Since I dare fight and am of noble blood.
The counsel I shall give you now is this:
Let ev'ry man unto the battle go,
And place the wounded out o'th' reach o'th' shot,
That they encourage may against the foe,
Those discontented men that fight would not.
This said, they went together to the fight,
Which, Neptune spying, did not idle stand,
But, like unto an aged man in sight,
Came in, and took Atrides by the hand.
Achilles' heart, said he, now leaps to see
The slaughter of the Argives, and the flight,
And joys therein, so little wit has he.
May death and shame upon him for it light!
Atrides, do not all the Gods mistrust,
For sure I am you'll aided be by some,
And see the Trojans fill the air with dust,
As from your ships they fly to Ilium.
This said, amongst the Greeks he went about,
And loud, as if nine or ten thousand men
Together on a plain had made a shout,
He shouted, and the Greeks took heart again.
Now Juno standing on Olympus high,
Her brother 'mongst the Argives saw with joy,
And Jove on Ida with an angry eye;
And in her mind consid'ring was which way
To cozen him. And was resolv'd, at last,
To go to Ida to him finely drest,
And after she had by him been embrac'd,
To bind him fast, in gentle sleep to rest.
Then went she to her chamber, which her son
Vulcan had for her made, with door-posts high,

LIB. XIV.

Juno, by the help of Venus, layeth Jove asleep, whilst Neptune assisteth the Greeks.

And solid doors, which of the Gods not one
Could open but herself, such mystery
Was in the lock and key. Then went she in,
And fast she lock'd the door, and there alone
She with ambrosia cleans'd her dainty skin,
Till not a speck unmeet was left thereon.
Then 'noints herself with sweet ambrosian oil,
That as unto the house of Jove she went,
The scent thereof diffus'd was all the while
Throughout the space 'twixt th' earth and firmament.
Then comb'd and plaited she her golden hair,
And cloth'd herself with her ambrosian vest,
And many figures on't embroid'red were,
And with gold buttons button'd at her breast.
A hundred tassels at her girdle hung.
And wore a precious pendant at her ear
Of three rich gems. And over all she flung
A dainty scarf, by which they cover'd were.
Then on her tender feet she tied her shoes.
And when herself she fully had array'd
From out her chamber presently she goes,
And Venus took aside and to her said,
Sweet child, I come a favour to request;
But tell me, will you grant it, yea or nay.
I fear you bear me ill will in your breast,
'Cause I for th' Argives am, and you for Troy.
And Venus to her answer made and said,
Juno, Jove's sister, do not from me hide
Your mind, which to my power shall be obey'd.
Juno to Venus then again replied,
Lend me Desire and Love, by which you tame
Both mortal men and the immortal Gods.
For to Oceanus I going am,
And Tethys, far from hence, that are at odds.
For when beneath the earth Jove Saturn sent,
I was by them receiv'd and cherished.
But now with one another discontent,
They will not come together in one bed.
If by this means I him can get within
Love's arms again, no jar shall them divide,
And I from both shall love and honour win.
And Venus then again to her replied,
Juno, Jove's wife and sister, your request
Cannot by me, nor ought to be denied.
And as she spake, she from about her breast
The fine enchanting girdle straight untied;
Wherein embroid'red were love and desire,
Soothing, and comfort, that sufficient were,
A heart, though very wise, to set on fire.
And to her hands she puts it, and said, Here,

Juno, by the help of Venus, layeth Jove asleep, whilst Neptune assisteth the Greeks.

Take it. There's nothing wanting that you need
When you would have a man or God beguiled.
Put it but in your bosom, you will speed.
So Juno did, and as she did it smiled.
And to the house of Jove then Venus goes.
But Juno o'er Æmathia, and all
Pierra, and all the Thracian snows,
And never on the ground her foot lets fall.
And from the mountain Athos o'er the deep,
And came to Lemnos where king Thoas sway'd.
And there she met the gentle God of sleep.
And took him by the hand, and to him said,
Sweet Sleep, to whom both men and Gods all bow,
If ever with my will you did comply,
Deny not what I shall request you now.
Diffuse sound sleep a while upon Jove's eye,
As soon as he with love is satisfied.
And I will thank you for it whilst I live.
And from my hand you shall receive beside,
A chair of beaten gold which I'll you give;
Vulcan my son shall make it curiously,
Together with a foot-stool for your foot.
And Sleep to Juno then made such reply,
As if he were afraid and durst not do't.
Juno, said he, if 'twere another God,
Though Ocean the great sire of them all,
I durst upon his eyes have softly trod.
But not on Jove's, unless he for me call.
Your order once, like this, I did obey
Before, when Hercules, Jove's mighty son,
Went off to sea after he conquer'd Troy.
Meanwhile the strong unruly Winds set on
By you, with mighty blasts at sea arose,
And from his best friends hurried him in pain,
And at the last threw him ashore at Coos.
But Jupiter, when he awoke again,
The Gods at home he all tost up and down,
And chiefly would of me have had a sight.
Into the sea then sure I had been thrown,
But that I fled, and was conceal'd by Night,
Till of his anger blunted was the edge.
For Night great power has with Gods and men,
And loth was Jove to break her privilege.
T'encourage him then Juno said again,
D'ye think Jove will as angry be for Troy,
As he was then for Hercules his son?
But go. Pasiphae you shall enjoy;
She's fair and young, and of my Graces one,
And with you as a wife shall always stay.
Content, said Sleep; but I will have you swear

LIB. XIV.

Juno, by the help of Venus, layeth Jove asleep, whilst Neptune assisteth the Greeks.

By Styx. Come, on the earth now one hand lay,
The other on the sea, that witness bear
May all the Gods below, that Juno will
Give me the Grace Pasiphae to wife,
And that as wife she shall dwell with me still,
That love her dearly as I do my life.
Then Juno, as she was required, sware
By all the subtartarian Gods, by name
The Titans and the brood of Saturn are.
And then together both from Lemnos came
To Lectos, at the foot of Ida hill,
And o'er the woods upward their way they took.
But out of sight of Jove there Sleep stood still;
And as they went the wood below them shook.
Then Sleep went up into a high fir tree,
And there he sat in likeness of a fowl,
All cover'd o'er with boughs and leaves was he,
Call'd Chalcis by the Gods, by us an owl.
Juno went on to Gargarus, where Jove
Saw her and met her with no less desire
Than when the first time to enjoy her love
Without their parents' knowledge he lay by her.
And Jove then standing by her very near,
What made you from Olympus come, said he,
Neither your car nor horses have you here.
Deceitfully then to him answer'd she,
I going am upon a visit now
To th' father and the mother of the Gods,
Oceanus and Tethys; who, you know,
Did bring me up. For now they are at odds,
And angry he abstaineth from her bed.
But if I can I reconcile them will.
The horses that me brought unharnessed
Attend me at the foot of Ida hill.
But that I from Olympus hither came,
Was that I would not such a journey take,
And not make you acquainted with the same.
This said, to Juno Jove again thus spake.
You may, said he, at any time do that,
But let us now with love ourselves delight.
For never yet upon my heart love sat
For woman or for Goddess with such might.
Not when upon the wife of Ixion
The wise Perithous I did beget;
Nor when the fair maid Danae I won
That brought forth godlike Perseus; nor yet,
When by Europa I two children got,
Minos and Rhadamant, both famous men,
For her; nor Semele, when I begot
Bacchus, man's joy; nor for Alcmena, when

Juno, by the help of Venus, layeth Jove asleep, whilst Neptune assisteth the Greeks.

I Hercules begot, my lusty boy;
Nor Ceres, Leto, nor yourself till now,
So much I long your beauty to enjoy.
Fierce Cronides, then answered Juno, how?
On Ida top, for some o' th' Gods to spy,
And tell it to the rest to make them sport?
Then so ashamed of it shall be I,
That I shall never after come to court.
You have a chamber without chink or hole,
Made you by Mulciber, my son, whereat
Neither the sun nor any living soul
Can peep. Go thither if you will do that.
And Jove to Juno then again replied.
That man or God shall see us do not fear;
With such a cloud of gold I will us hide,
As to the Sun himself we'll not appear.
This said, within his arms his wife he caught,
Whilst under them the Earth made to arise
Great store of saffron, hyacinth, and lote.
There pleased Jupiter with Juno lies,
Closely concealed in a cloud of gold.
Away went Sleep unto the Argive fleet,
And speaking there to Neptune said, Be bold,
And help the Greeks awhile. Jove cannot see't.
I clos'd his eyes as he by Juno lay.
He'll soon awake; but help the Greeks till then,
Who now before the Trojans dare not stay.
This said, Sleep went amongst the tribes of men,
And Neptune to the Argive ranks, and cried,—
Shall Hector think to get the victory
Because Achilles is not on our side?
No. Of Achilles little need would be
If every man would his companion cheer.
But now the counsel I shall give obey:
Arm every man himself with a good spear,
And shield, and helmet strong, and come away,
And follow me. I'll lead you to the field.
Hector, though bold, my coming will not stay.
But let the best man take the largest shield,
And to a weaker put his own away.
This said, well pleased were the Argives all;
The wounded princes arm'd themselves each one;
King Agamemnon first, the general;
Ulysses and Tydides then put on
Their arms, and every way the field they range,
Surveying men and arms; and all along
Make weak men with their betters armours change,
And give their heavy arms to men more strong.
Thus armed all, and Neptune at the head,
Who with a great and long sword in his hand,

LIB. XIV.

Juno, by the help of Venus, layeth Jove asleep, whilst Neptune assisteth the Greeks.

Went brandishing as if 't had lightened,
To th' fight they go; no man durst him withstand.
And Hector, with the Trojans well array'd,
On th' other side came on. And then began,
Betwixt the Greeks that had the God for aid,
And those of Troy led by a valiant man,
A cruel fight. And high the sea arose
Up to the ships and tents. And presently,
With Alalaes the mighty armies close;
And up unto the heavens went the cry.
So loud as now, the sea did never roar,
When beaten 'twas int' heaps by Boreas;
Nor wind, when in the woods great oaks it tore
Up by the roots, nor th' wood when fir'd it was.
And here did Hector first begin the fight,
And at the greater Ajax threw his spear,
Which hit him; but upon two belts did light,
Which one upon another lying were,—
One of his sword, the other of his shield.
Hector was angry that in vain he flung,
For he was in great hope he had him kill'd,
And now retired backward to the throng.
Then Ajax in his hand took up a stone,
Of those to which the Greeks their ships did tye,
For there amongst their feet lay many a one,
And at him, as he parted, lets it fly;
And as a top he made it flying spin.
It but a little o'er his buckler flew,
And hit him 'twixt his buckler and his chin,
Upon the breast, and to the ground him threw.
As when an oak is overthrown by thunder,
Which known is eas'ly by the brimstone smell,
Men look upon't with horror and with wonder;
So gazed they at Hector when he fell.
And from his hands went out both shield and spear,
And helmet from his head; and with great cry
The Greeks rush on, and in fair hope they were
To gain his body, and their spears let fly.
But all in vain. For by Polydamas,
Divine Æneas, and Agenor, and
Sarpedon, and by Glaucus sav'd he was,
Who all before him with their bucklers stand.
His friends then from the battle him convey'd
Unto his chariot and charioteer,
That close behind the squadrons for him stay'd,
And in his car tow'rds Ilium him bear.
But at the ford of Xanthus, by the way,
They poured water on his face, and then,
In little time, as on the ground he lay,
He breath'd, and came unto himself again.

Juno, by the help of Venus, layeth Jove asleep, whilst Neptune assisteth the Greeks

Then sitting on his knees, he cast up blood;
And backward fell unto the ground again:
Upon his eyes again the darkness stood,
For of the stroke remained still the pain.
The Greeks, as soon as they saw Hector gone,
Took heart, and on the Trojans fiercer were.
Then Ajax, of Oileus the son,
Slew Satnius, son of Enops, with his spear.
His mother, Neis, was a very fine
Nymph of the river Satnius. Of the same,
Enops upon the bank sat keeping kine,
And on her got a son called by that name.
Him Ajax now struck through the flank and slew;
Then for the body there was much ado.
At him Polydamas a spear then threw,
Which Prothoenor's shoulder pierced through.
And on his hands into the dust he fell.
To th' Greeks then, boasting, said Polydamas,
I have not thrown in vain. I know full well
That one Greek or another taken 't has
To lean on as a staff i' th' way to Hell.
At this, the Greeks were griev'd, but specially
The heart of Telamonius did swell.
For Prothoenor slain did near him lie;
And with his spear threw at Polydamas,
Who nimbly leapt aside and it declin'd.
But by Archelocus receiv'd it was,
Antenor's son, whose death the Fates design'd.
Who having on his neck receiv'd the wound,
His forehead, and his eyes, and lips, and nose,
Before his legs or knees came to the ground.
Then Ajax took his turn, and at it crows.
Polydamas, said he, was Prothoenor
As good a man in your own estimation,
As this man that was brother to Antenor,
Or son? For he is not unlike that generation.
This said he, though he well knew who it was.
Then Promachus, as he drew off the dead,
Was killed by a spear from Acamas.
And in it Acamas then gloried.
Argives, said he, great threat'ners as you are
You vulnerable are as well as we,
And no less subject to the chance of war.
How quiet Promachus now lies you see,
And so I hope ere long you all shall lie.
My brother not long unrevenged lay.
'Tis good you see to have a brother nigh.
And when he this had said he went away.
Peneleus then went to throw his spear
At Acamas, but Acamas was gone.

LIB. XIV.

Neptune assisteth the Greeks.

But yet he threw and kill'd another there,
Iliones, of Phorbas th' only son,
A man much favoured by Mercury.
The spear beneath his eyebrow enter'd in,
And to the ground fell down the bloody eye.
The spear went on unto the brain within,
Then sitting down with both his hands outspread,
The deadly spear yet sticking in his eye,
Peneleus with his sword cuts off his head,
Which to the ground with helmet on did fly.
Then looking up, he to the Trojans said,
Tell this in Troy. And let his parents mourn.
For Promochus's wife will not be joy'd,
When we without her husband shall return.
This said, the Trojans stricken were with fear,
And look'd about each one which way to fly.
Now tell me, Muse, who and by whom slain were
When they pursu'd the flying enemy.
Great Ajax first, the son of Telamon,
Killed the Mysian leader, Hyrtius,
Of Gyrtias the strong and valiant son;
Antilochus then killed Mermerus
And Phalces. By Meriones were slain
Hippotion and Morys. Teucer slew
Prothon and Periphetes, good men twain.
At Hyperenor then Atrides threw,
And gave him on the flank a cruel wound,
And where the spear went in, his life went out,
And suddenly he fell unto the ground,
And on his eyes sat darkness all about.
But he that far the greater number slew,
The lesser Ajax was, Oileus' son.
'Twas hard to scape when Ajax did pursue;
For of the Argives all he best could run.

ILIAD.

LIB. XV.

Jupiter awakes and sends away Neptune Hector chaseth the Greeks again to

When flying they had pass'd the ditch and wall,
They at the horses and the chariots stay'd,
With loss of many men, and looking pale.
And Jove, awak'd, stood and the field survey'd,

their ships, and fireth one of them The acts of Ajax. Which is the fifth battle.

And saw the Greeks pursue, and Trojans fly,
And Neptune with the Greeks, and Hector laid
Upon the plain, his friends there sitting by,
And not a little of his life afraid,
For gasping he scarce able was to draw
His breath, and blood abundance vomited,
Nor knew his friends. When Jupiter him saw,
Offended his condition pitied.
And then on Juno fiercely look'd and said,
Juno, I see all this is done by you;
And if you for it with a whip were paid,
'Twould be no more than for your work is due.
Have you forgot how once you swung i' th' air,
And had two anvils hanging at your feet,
Your hand with a gold chain tied to my chair?
Though sorry were the other Gods to see't;
Yet had I any seen but go about
Your manacles or shackles to untie,
I from the sill of heaven had thrown him out,
And strengthless made him on the earth to lie.
I was not so much griev'd for Hercules
When Boreas, set on by you, arose
As he went off from Troy, enrag'd the seas,
And at the last threw him ashore at Coos.
But I to Argos brought him safe again.
And this I now repeat, that you may try
Whether you likely are to lose or gain,
Abusing our familiarity.
This said, the Goddess Juno, struck with fear,
By Earth, said she, and Heaven about it spread,
By Styx, which is our greatest oath, I swear,
And by your life, and by our nuptial bed,
I never did to Neptune speak a word,
To hurt the Trojans, or the Greeks to aid;
But all he did was of his own accord,
By pity only and compassion sway'd.
And from henceforward I will him advise,
Seeing what way you lead, the same to take.
Then Jupiter with favourable eyes
On Juno look'd, and thus unto her spake.
Juno, if we were both one way inclin'd,
Neptune would quickly with us both comply.
Now if your words dissent not from your mind,
Go 'mongst the other Gods, and presently
Bid Iris and Apollo to me come.
For Iris unto Neptune I will send,
To bid him leave the battle and go home.
To Hector and the Trojans I intend
To send Apollo, to give Hector might,
And cure him of his pain, that he may lead

LIB. XV.

Jupiter awakes and sends away Neptune.

The Trojans on, and put the Greeks to flight,
That Thetis' son may see them scattered;
And he shall send Patroclus to the field,
Who shall the Trojans rout and kill my son
Sarpedon, and himself shall then be kill'd
By Hector's spear. And after that is done,
Achilles in revenge again shall fight,
And by his hand stout Hector shall be kill'd
Under the walls of Troy, i' th' Trojans' sight,
And beaten be the Trojans from the field,
Till Troy by Pallas' counsel taken be.
Nor till I have performed all I said
To Thetis, supplicating at my knee,
Let any God presume the Greeks to aid.
This said, went Juno to Olympus high.
As when a man looks o'er an ample plain,
To any distance quickly goes his eye;
So swiftly Juno went with little pain,
And found the Gods at wine together set.
And at her coming in they all stood up.
But Themis forward went and Juno met,
And to her hand delivered the cup,
And said, You look as if you frighted were
By Jupiter for something. But what is't?
You know, said Juno, that he is severe;
And you shall hear the matter if you list,
Together with the other Gods, though bad.
They will not all contented with it be;
But some of them will troubled be and sad.
And griev'd was she, though speaking smilingly.
Then Juno went up to her throne, and sat;
And unto all the Gods spake angrily,
How mad, said she, or foolish are we, that
Are thinking how again Jove's hands to tie,
Who, careless and unmov'd on Ida hill,
Knows his own strength, and does our plots despise.
And therefore what he sends, be't good or ill,
We'll take it patiently, if we be wise.
Nor must the God of war on Jove complain,
Or in rebellion against him rise
Because his son Ascalaphus is slain.
At this, with both his hands Mars clapp'd his thighs,
And to the Gods above complaining said,
Pardon me, Gods; I will revenge my son,
And 'mongst the Argives go and give them aid,
Though I should lie amongst the dead. Then on
He puts his armour, and gives order to
Terror and Flight his chariot to prepare;
And then there had been twice as much ado
T'appease Jove's anger ere it came to war,

Jupiter awakes and sends away Neptune.

If Pallas had not (for the Gods afraid)
Pluck'd off his helmet, and set up his spear,
And pull'd his buckler off, and to him said,
Fool, Bedlam, what! have you no ears to hear?
You hear what news now Juno brings from Jove.
And if you care not though yourself be lost,
Yet let the danger of us all you move.
For Jove will leave both Greek and Trojan host,
And, coming hither, seize us one by one,
And never ask who guilty is or not.
Therefore give over vexing for your son,
For better men than he, by Gods begot,
Already here have been and shall be slain.
The Gods cannot preserve their children all.
This said, she brought Mars to his place again.
And Juno to their houses went to call
Iris and Phœbus. You must go, said she,
To Jove on Ida. What you are to do,
You will by Jove himself informed be,
As soon as you his presence come into.
Her message done, Juno resumes her place,
Iris and Phœbus down to Ida fly,
And finding Jove, stood still before his face.
Nor look'd he on them with an angry eye;
For soon they did his wife's command obey.
Then speaking first to Iris, Go, said he,
To Neptune quickly, tell him what I say.
Bid him no longer at the battle be,
But either go t'Olympus to the Gods,
Or to the sea. If he will neither do,
Bid him consider if there be no odds
As well in strength as age between us two.
He knows that all the other Gods me fear,
And for my coming dareth none to stay,
As strong as to himself he doth appear.
This said, swift-footed Iris went her way
From Ida hill, and Jove without delay,
And swift as any cloud before the winds,
Came down unto the battle before Troy,
And there amongst the Argives Neptune finds,
And going to his side, I came, said she,
To speak with you a word or two from Jove.
You must not in the war a party be.
He bids you go up to the Gods above,
Or down to th' sea, where lies your own command.
If you refuse, he threatens you with war,
And bids you have a care t'avoid his hand;
And th'elder is, he says, and stronger far,
Which you yourself, he thinks, will not deny,
Since th'other Gods of him stand all in awe.

LIB. XV.

Jupiter awakes, and sends away Neptune.

Neptune to this replying, first spake high:
Good as he is, said he, it is not law,
Thus to usurp upon my liberty.
For sons and heirs of Saturn we were three,
Begot on Rhea. Pluto, Jove, and I.
By lot the rule o' th' waters came to me.
To Jove the government of heaven fell,
And of the clouds, and the ethereal sky.
To Pluto darkness, and the rule of hell.
Earth and Olympus did as common lie.
Let Jove then with his share contented be,
And not encroach on me. For well 'tis known
I hold not any thing of him in fee,
But live as he should do, upon my own.
He should not unto me such language use,
But to his children, that will be afraid,
And dare not what he bids them to refuse.
Thus Neptune spake. Again then Iris said,
Neptune, shall I this haughty answer carry
To Jove? And will you that I with it go
As 'tis? The wise their minds oft vary;
And Furies on the eldest wait you know.
So she to him. Then Neptune thus to her.
Iris, this word was spoken in good season.
Much worth, I see, is a wise messenger.
But I was vex'd, because thus without reason,
When I his equal am by birth and lot,
Jove uses me as if I were his slave.
Well. For the present, cross him I will not,
Though I be vex'd. That answer let him have.
And further, that if he without consent
Of me, Athena, Juno, Mercury,
And Vulcan, Troy shall spare, our discontent
For th' Argives' wrong implacable will be.
And when he this had said he fight forbears,
Nor any longer 'mongst the Argives stay'd,
But div'd into the sea o'er head and ears.
Then Jove unto Apollo spake, and said,
To Hector go; for Neptune now is gone
For fear of my displeasure; had he stay'd,
The sons of Saturn of our war had known.
'Twas wisely done of him my hand t' avoid.
And better both for him and me; but go,
And shaking your great shield, the Greeks affright,
And strengthen Hector, and encourage so
That he the Argive lords may put to flight,
And follow them down to the Hellespont,
And make them for their hollow ships to fight.
What then is to be done? I'll think upon't.
For I intend not to destroy them quite.

Hector chaseth the Greeks again to their ships

This said, Apollo left his father Jove,
And down he came to Troy from Ida hill,
Swift as a falcon flying at a dove,
And Hector on the ground found sitting still,
Not laid, but to his senses come anew,
And freely breathing, although very weak,
And very well his friends about him knew.
There Phœbus standing nigh did to him speak.
Hector, said he, why sit you here alone?
O, kindest of the Gods, said he, you know
That Ajax wounded has me with a stone,
So that I am disabled with the blow,
And once to-day I thought I should have gone
To Erebus with other shadows dim;
With such a force he threw the mighty stone.
Then thus again Apollo answered him.
Hector, I Phœbus am, and hither come
From Jove, against the Greeks to give you aid,
And ever have wish'd well to Ilium.
Lead to the ships your troops. Be not afraid.
Hector at this encourag'd was again,
And as a horse at rack and manger fed,
Breaking his headstall, scuds upon the plain,
And high into the air he holds his head,
His mane upon his shoulders plays with th' air,
And proud is in his freedom to behold
The pleasant river and the pastures fair,
To which he had accustom'd been of old,
And swiftly to the same is carried;
So swiftly now went Hector to each part,
And in the field his troops encouraged,
After Apollo once had giv'n him heart.
But as when swains with curs to chase a roe,
Go forth into the field, and with their cry
Rouse a fierce lion, they the prey let go
To save itself i' th' woods or rochers high,
And both the men and dogs are forc'd to fly;
Just so the Greeks whilst they in bodies fight,
They save themselves; but seeing Hector nigh,
They troubled were, and lost their courage quite.
Then to them spake Thoas, Andræmon's son,
Well skill'd at distance or at hand to fight.
Amongst th' Ætolians better there was none.
And few compare with him for counsel might.
O strange, said he, what wond'rous sight is this!
I verily thought Hector had been slain
By Ajax' hand. But see he risen is.
Some God or other rais'd him has again.
He kill'd us has already many men,
And many more is likely now to slay.

LIB. XV.

Hector chaseth the Greeks again to their ships.

For Jupiter defends him now as then.
But come, let all my counsel now obey.
Let us that most pretend to fortitude
Stay here embattl'd to receive the foe,
And to the ships send back the multitude.
For thither, I think, Hector dares not go:
This counsel was approv'd, and then stood out
Ajax, Idomeneus, Meriones,
Teucer, Meges, and such as were most stout,
And one battalion was made of these,
Th' impression of Hector to sustain,
Till to the ships the rest retreated were.
And Hector with his troops came on amain,
Himself the foremost shaking his long spear.
Apollo march'd before him to the field,
Concealing in a cloud his glorious head,
And carried in his hand a shining shield,
Which whosoever laid his eyes on fled.
'Twas made at first by Mulciber, and then
Given to Jove when he came down to fight
Against the squadrons of rebellious men,
To make them fly the field at the first sight.
Expecting Hector, close the Argives stand,
And loud and sharp on both sides was the cry,
And many a spear from every lusty hand,
And in the air, arrows abundant fly,
And spears; whereof some flying home did kill,
And others would have done, but short they fell.
As long as Phœbus did his shield hold still,
Many a soul on both sides flew to Hell.
When shaking it, he made the Argives see 't,
They stricken were with fear and suddenly
Their heavy hearts fell down into their feet,
And then they made all haste they could to fly.
And as a herd or flock is frighted when
A wolf or lion coming on they see,
And no assistance have of dogs or men;
So th' Argives scatter'd before Hector flee.
Then slain by Hector was Arcesilaus,
And Stichius who the Bœotians led.
The other a good friend of Mnesteus was;
Both killed were by Hector as they fled;
Æneas Medon slew, and Iasus.
Medon was little Ajax' bastard brother,
And lived from his father Oileus,
By th' instigation of his stepmother
Eriopis, whose brother he had slain.
And Iäsus th' Athenian leader was,
But back to Athens led them not again.
His father was Sphelus Bucalidas.

Hector chaseth the Greeks again to their ships.

Mecestes slain was by Polydamas.
Polites Echius slew in the first fight,
And Clonius by Agenor killed was;
And Deiochus by Paris in the flight.
Whilst from the foe each one his armour takes,
The flying Greeks into the ditch leap'd all,
And there encumber'd mightily with stakes,
Were forced to retire within the wall.
Then Hector roared to the Trojans, saying,
On to the ships, and let the dead men lie.
I'll be his death whom ever I find staying,
Nor shall he buried be or burned by
His friends and kin, but in the fields of Troy
Be left for dogs to tear and haul about.
This said, unto the ships he drave away,
By th' Trojans follow'd with a mighty shout.
Phœbus before them march'd, and with his foot
Into the trench threw down the earth again,
And made an easy and plain passage through't
As far as one a spear can well hurl, when
He hurleth for a wager. To the wall
The Trojans go, Apollo there again
Before them is, and eas'ly makes it fall,
As children when themselves they entertain
With making pretty things upon the sands,
Then comes into their heads another toy,
And down they push this with their feet or hands;
So easily Apollo did destroy
The Argives' mighty work, and bring the fight
Again unto the ships. Where now they pray'd,
And one another's courage did excite.
Nestor to heav'n held up his hands and said,
O Jove, if you the sacrifice accepted have
Of any Greek before he hither came,
And promis'd that the army you would save,
O, at our prayer, now perform the same;
Let us not perish by the Trojans here.
Thus Nestor pray'd, and then Jove thundered,
Declaring that his prayers granted were.
At this the Trojans were encouraged,
And by their hopes interpreting Jove's mind,
Upon the Greeks with greater fury fall.
As when a wave is thrown by some great wind
Into a ship, so pass'd they at the wall,
And to the ships they went with horse and car.
The Greeks went up into their ships to fight,
And with long spears, made for a naval war
And pointed well with brass, and shining bright,
The Greeks and Trojans push at one another,
These mounted stood upon their chari'ts high,

LIB. XV.

Hector chaseth the Greeks again to their ships.

And higher on their black ships stood the other.
Patroclus, that till now sat quietly,
Because the fight was only at the wall,
And to Eurypylus his care applied
And med'cines fit to cure his wounds withal,
And sat discoursing with him by his side,
Now when he saw the Trojans were within,
And of the Argives heard the woful cries,
And saw the fear and danger they were in,
With both his hands then clapped he his thighs.
Eurypylus, said he, I cannot stay;
For mightily increased is th' affray.
Your wound be dressed by your servant may,
But to Achilles I must go away.
Who knows but I may win him at the last
To help the Greeks? This said, away he went,
And left Eurypylus, and made what haste
He could to get unto Achilles' tent.
Meanwhile the victory no way inclin'd.
Neither the Greeks could make the Trojans fly,
Nor yet the Trojans, as they had design'd,
Back from the ships could force the enemy;
But level hung the wings of victory,
As when two scales are charg'd with equal weight,
Made by the art of Pallas curiously,
The beam lies level in the air and straight.
And at one time at divers ships they fought.
Directly unto Ajax Hector went,
And there sharp fighting was one ship about.
Hector to burn, Ajax to save it meant.
Here Ajax, with a long spear in his hand,
Killed Caletor, Hector's brother's son,
As he was coming with a flaming brand
To fire the ship, and died before 'twas done.
This Hector saw, and to his fellows cried,
Trojans and friends, defend the body dead
Of Clytius' son, and shrink not from my side.
And as he spake his long spear from him fled,
Which, aim'd at Ajax, fell on Lycophron,
A man that was to Ajax very dear,
But born at Cythera, and Mastor's son,
That having kill'd a man durst not stay there,
But unto Ajax fled, and with him staid,
Till now by Hector's spear struck through the head
He died. Then Ajax to his brother said,
Teucer, our friend Mastorides is dead.
You know how much we honour'd him at home.
'Tis Hector that has slain him. Where are now
Your deadly arrows? And what is become
Of Phœbus' gift, your so egregious bow?

Hector chaseth the Greeks again to their ships.

Which Teucer hearing, quickly with him was
With bow and quiver in his hand, and shot
And slew the servant of Polydamas,
That had the guiding of his chariot,
Clitus by name, who while in vain he sought
By driving to where hottest was the fight,
From Hector and the Trojans thanks t' have got,
The fatal arrow on his neck did light.
Then down he fell. The frighted horses shook
The empty car. Then came Polydamas,
And by the heads the cap'ring horses took,
And sets Astynous in Clytus' place;
And gave him a strict charge to hold them nigh,
But not to come with them into the fight.
Then Teucer lets another arrow fly
At Hector, which if it had hit him right,
He never at the ships again had fought.
But Jupiter was pleas'd to save him now,
And brake the bow-string. Then in vain flew out
The arrow, and into the dust the bow.
And Teucer to his brother made his moan.
Ajax, said he, is't not a wondrous thing?
My bow is started from my hand and gone,
Some God or other broken has the string,
Yet new 'twas made this morning purposely
To last all day. Teucer, said Ajax then,
Cannot you let your bow and quiver lie,
And fight with spear in hand like other men,
And give unto the Grecks encouragement?
No. Though the Gods above should in their hate
To let the Trojans take our ships be bent,
Yet let us sell them at a lusty rate.
Teucer then laid his bow up in his tent,
And arm'd himself with helmet and with shield,
And a good spear, and back to Ajax went,
And found him where he left him in the field.
When Hector saw that Teucer's noble bow
Was useless now, he to his squadrons cried,
Trojans and Lycians, come on boldly now,
For Teucer now his bow hath laid aside.
Jove brake the string. I saw it with these eyes.
For easily it may discerned be
To whom the hand of Jove intends the prize,
And to whom he denies the victory.
And now upon our side he is you see,
And from the Grecks their courage takes away.
Then to the ships let's go courageously,
And let the fear of death no man dismay.
For why should any of us fear to die?
When for his country 'tis, it is no shame.

LIB. XV.

Hector chaseth the Greeks again to their ships.

And if we make the enemy to fly,
Sav'd are his wife and children, goods, and name.
Whilst Hector thus the Trojans did excite,
Ajax unto the Argives spake, and said,
We must now either put our foes to flight,
Or make account we shall be all destroy'd.
If Hector here to burn our ships should chance,
Can you go home again, d'ye think, a-foot?
He calleth on his men; 'tis not to dance,
But fire our ships, if we will let him do't.
For us 'tis better in close fight to die
Here all at once, or get the victory,
Than here, God knows how long, consuming lie,
And peck in vain at a weak enemy.
Thus Ajax rais'd the courage of th' Achæans.
Then Hector slew the son of Perimed,
Stichius that had command of the Phocæans.
And Ajax slew Laodamas that led
The Trojan foot, and was Antenor's son.
And Otus by Polydamas was slain,
Otus, that led the bold Epeians on,
And was a friend of Meges. He again
A spear threw at Polydamas, and miss'd;
For Phœbus kindness had for Panthus' son,
And with a present wit did him assist
To turn about and let the spear go on,
And Crœsmus there receiv'd it on his breast,
And down he fell. Then Dolops, Lampus' son,
(Lampus, that was of living men the best,
And grandchild of the King Laomedon)
To be reveng'd, at Meges threw his spear,
Which pass'd his shield, but in his breastplate staid,
(The breastplate which his father used to wear,
With many plies of strong mail overlaid,
And given was to Phyleus by his guest
At Ephyre, wherewith, in martial strife,
From deadly strokes of spears to save his breast,
And of his son it now preserv'd the life),
But Meges Dolops hit upon the head,
And from his crest struck off the goodly main,
Which he but newly then had dyed red.
But Dolops still the fight did well maintain,
Till Menelaus stole unto his side,
And struck him through the shoulder with his spear.
No longer stood he then, but fell and died,
And both of them to strip him going were.
And Hector then call'd out to all his kin,
And unto Menalippus specially,
Who, while the Greeks were absent, lived in
Percote, and took care of th' husbandry,

Hector chaseth the Greeks again to their ships.

But when the Argive fleet to Troy was come,
He then return'd his country to defend,
And liv'd in Priam's house at Ilium,
And proud the Trojans were of such a friend,
And lov'd he was by Priam as his son.
And now unto him Hector spake, and said,
Have we for Dolops no compassion,
Or to defend his body are afraid?
Come, follow me. We must no longer play
At distance with the Greeks, but either they
Must utterly deface the town of Troy,
And kill us all, or we them all destroy.
This said, away they both together went
To save the body of their cousin dead;
And Ajax, with a contrary intent,
His Argives to the fight encouraged.
Argives, said he, to honour have an eye,
And of your fellows' censures have a care;
For slain are always more of those that fly
Than those that of base flight ashamed are.
This said, though of it no great need there was
Amongst the Greeks, they presently obey'd,
And at the ships stood like an hedge of brass;
But on came Hector, not at all afraid.
T' Antilochus then Menelaus said,
Amongst us there is none that better can
Both fight and run. Why should you be afraid
To leap unto the throng and kill your man?
This said, away again went Menelaus.
Antilochus leapt out before the rest,
And threw his spear at Menalippus, as
He coming was, and hit him on the breast.
No sooner was he fallen to the ground,
Than to the spoil Antilochus ran in,
As quick as when upon a deer a hound
Runs in, that by the hunter kill'd had been.
But soon as he saw Hector coming on,
As valiant as he was, he durst not stay;
But as some wild beast that had mischief done,
Ere people could assemble, ran away.
The Trojans follow'd him with clamour loud,
And spears abundance after him they threw,
But he ran on, and got into the crowd.
But they unto the ships the Greeks pursue;
For Jupiter to make his promise good
To Thetis, hitherto the Greeks dismay'd,
And in the battle with the Trojans stood,
Until he had performed all he said;
But meant to stay no longer with them, than
To see some Argive ship with fire to shine,

LIB. XV.

Hector chaseth the Greeks again to their ships.

And then to let the Greeks prevail again.
From the beginning such was his design
In aiding Hector, who now furiously
Went on like Mars, or like fire in a wood,
With foam about his mouth, and fire in's eye.
And Jove himself came down, and o'er him stood,
To save him when he was hemm'd in by foes,
And honour him, since 'twas his destiny
That not long after he his life should lose,
And by none but Achilles' hand should die.
Now Hector, looking where the best men stood,
And armed best, tried first to break in there.
Keen as he was, he there could do no good;
So close they join'd to one another were,
And stuck like great stones in a tow'r or rock,
That of the boist'rous winds and billows high
Which break upon it, still endures the shock.
Then Hector other places went to try,
And through he pass'd. Then as a wave high grown,
When in foul weather forced by the wind
Under dark clouds, into a ship is thrown,
The mist and roaring sails bring to the mind
Of the poor seamen nothing but to die;
So frighted were the Greeks. But forward he
Still went; and as when in the meadows by
The river's side thousands of kine there be,
And th' herdsmen see a lion to them come,
But with a wild beast know not how to fight,
Some go before them, and behind them some,
The lion falleth on them in their sight,
Between both ends, and killeth only one,
The rest all fly; so th' Argives all, before
Hector and Jupiter, dispersed run,
But only one was killed, and no more.
And Periphetes 'twas, the worthy son
Of an unworthy father, Copreus, who,
When any labour great was to be done
By Hercules, did from Eurystheus go
As messenger, to carry the commands.
But Periphetes virtue wanted none.
His feet were swift, and valiant were his hands,
A wiser man Mycena had not one.
But slain he was; for as he turn'd to fly,
He trod upon the edge of his own shield,
And overthrown, upon his back did lie;
And with a stab of Hector's spear was kill'd.
His friends, though many standing by him were,
And griev'd to see him fall, did him no good,
For ev'ry one now for himself did fear,
And out of Hector's way kept all he could.

The Greeks retreated were no further yet,
Than to between the first and second row
Of th' Argive ships; but forc'd that place to quit,
Near to their tents themselves they rally now,
Where Nestor them encouraged again.
Argives, my friends, be valiant now, said he,
And, if at any time, now play the men.
Of one another's censures fearful be.
Besides, by what you should be moved most,
Your parents, children, wives, and goods and land,
Whether you have them still, or have them lost,
I you conjure against the foe to stand.
This Nestor said, the Argives to excite:
And Pallas from them took the mist again,
That they might see who did, who did not fight,
Both at the ships and elsewhere on the plain.
But Ajax Telamonius thought not good
To stay with other Argives in the throng,
But up into a ship he went and stood,
With a ship's spear twenty-two cubits long.
As when a man that taught has been to guide
Four horses at a time, and in his hand
Holdeth their reins while they go side by side,
And people on the way admiring stand,
He from one horse unto another skips,
And makes them run together to the town;
So Ajax o'er the Argives' ranged ships
To save them, and the tents, ran up and down.
And terribly unto the Argives cried
To play the men. Nor Hector 'mongst his troops
Could be persuaded longer to abide;
But suddenly as a black eagle stoops
At a great flock of geese, or cranes, or swans,
So Hector of the Argive ships to one
Flew down, and Jove, with his puissant hands,
Behind him marching, always push'd him on.
Then at the ships the fight began again,
More cruel than before. You would have said
They had no sense of weariness or pain,
So mightily they all about them laid.
The Greeks were in despair of their return.
The Trojans thought the Argive lords to rout,
And all the ships that brought them thither burn.
Thus minded on each side, they fiercely fought.
Upon a ship then Hector laid his hand,
Which brought Protesilaus unto Troy,
But never back unto his native land.
For this good ship they one another slay.
Arrows and darts no longer flew about;
But now with battle-axes of great strength,

LIB. XV.

The acts of Ajax.

In one another's reach they stood and fought,
And with great spears, and of a mighty length,
And great keen swords, whereof from dying hands
Abundance fell on either side to th' ground;
And cover'd were with streaming blood the sands,
That gushed out from many a ghastly wound.
But Hector on the ship his hand held fast,
And to his Trojans call'd aloud for fire.
This day, said he, requites our ill days past;
To burn these ships Jove with us doth conspire.
And set on fire they had been long ago
(For I would gladly at the ships have fought)
But that the senate would not have it so,
And kept both you and me from going out.
But though by Jove then smitten were their hearts,
Yet boldly now himself he leads us on.
This said, the Trojans bravely play their parts,
And with more vigour fought than they had done.
Then on the deck no longer Ajax staid,
So many spears went singing by his head.
For if he there had stood he was afraid
That some unlucky spear would strike him dead;
And to the far side of the ship retreats,
Leaving the deck, which fenceless was and high,
And sat upon one of the rower's seats,
And still upon the Trojans kept his eye.
And thence he from the fire the ship defends,
And terribly on th' Argive heroes calls
To do their best. We have, said he, no friends
Behind to save our lives, nor better walls
Than those we made; nor any city nigh,
That can or willing are our part to take.
But far from home, in hostile ground we lie,
And hemmed in are by the briny lake;
And nothing can redeem us but our hands.
This said, he look'd about him furiously,
To see if any durst approach with brands,
Resolved to kill him that with fire came nigh.
And many to the ship with fire were sent
By Hector; but when they approached near,
Ajax continually did them prevent,
And twelve he killed with his naval spear.

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LIB. XVI.

LIB. XVI.

The sixth battle. The acts of Patroclus, and his death.

Thus fiercely fought the Trojans and the Greeks.
And with Achilles was Patroclus now,
With tears abundance running down his cheeks,
Like springs that from a high rock streaming flow.
No sooner him Achilles weeping spied,
But pitied him. Why weep you so, said he,
Like a child running by his mother's side,
And holding by her coat, would carried be?
Bring you some news that none but you can tell?
Menœtius and Peleus still do live
At Phthia with the Myrmidons, and well.
If not, we both have cause enough to grieve.
Or is it that the Greeks are slaughter'd so,
And fall before their ships? 'Tis for their pride!
Speak, what's the matter, that we both may know?
Patroclus, sobbing, to him then replied,
O son of Peleus, of all Greeks the best,
Forgive me if in this necessity
I freely speak. They that excel the rest
In prowess, at the ships all wounded lie.
Ulysses wounded is, and Diomed,
And Agamemnon, and Eurypylus,
And cur'd may be, but stand us in no stead;
Nor does your virtue any good to us.
O Gods, let never anger in me dwell
Like this of yours. If you cannot, who can
The Trojans from the Argive fleet repel,
And save so many lives? O cruel man!
The noble Peleus sure was not your father;
Born of the Goddess Thetis you were not.
Sprung from the raging sea I think you rather,
And that by some hard rock you were begot.
But if you stand upon some prophecy,
Or Thetis have forbidden you to fight
From Jove, yet send some Myrmidons with me,
That I may to the Argives give some light.
But in your armour let me be array'd,
That when they see me they may think me you,
And back into the city run dismay'd,
And th' Argives wearied take breath anew.
For long the Trojans have endur'd the fight;
And if fresh enemies they coming see,
With little labour they'll be put to flight,
And leave the Argive tents and navy free.

LIB. XVI.

The sixth battle

Thus prayed he, but 'gainst himself he pray'd,
And rashly sued to cast his life away.
To this Achilles answer made and said,
My dear Patroclus, what is this you say?
I stand not on, nor care for prophecy,
Nor yet by Jove forbidden am to fight;
But at my heart it lieth grievously,
My equal should oppress me by mere might.
A town I won, in which we found great prey;
For my reward the Greeks gave me a maid,
Which Agamemnon from me took away,
Only because more people him obey'd,
As if I were a man of little worth.
But let that pass. Though once I never meant
My Myrmidons should with the Greeks go forth
To battle till the foes were at my tent,
Yet since the Argive ships with such a mist
Of Trojans on the shore environ'd lie,
And th' Argives, wanting room, can scarce resist,
And have the pow'r of Troy for enemy,
Take you my arms, and lead unto the fight
The Myrmidons. The Trojans shall not see
My helmet near to put them in a fright.
If Agamemnon had been just to me,
The ditches had been fill'd with Trojans dead.
But now into the very camp they break;
Nor can resisted be by Diomed.
To save the ships Tydides is too weak.
Nor can that hateful mouth of Atreus' son
Be heard for Hector, who the air doth fill
With roaring to the Trojans to fall on,
And shouting of the Trojans as they kill.
Yet so, Patroclus, charge them lustily,
For fear the ships should all be set on fire;
Then lost the Greeks are without remedy,
And to their country never shall retire.
But now what I shall say give ear unto,
To th' end the Greeks may honour me, and send
Briseis back with gifts, you thus must do.
When you have freed the ships, there make an end
And come away. If Jove give you success,
No longer without me pursue the fight,
'Twill make my honour with the Greeks the less;
Nor in the slaughter take so much delight
As to proceed up to the walls of Troy,
Lest by some God or other you be check'd;
But having freed the ships come straight away,
Apollo has for Troy a great respect,
And leave both sides to fight upon the plain
Till, grant it, O ye Gods, there left are none

But you and I the town of Troy to gain.
Thus they to one another talk'd alone.
Ajax by this time from the ship was gone,
Forc'd by the spears that from the Trojans flew,
And weak'ned by the hand of Saturn's son.
For at his head the Trojans alway threw,
And forc'd he was to hold his great shield high,
And wearied was thereby his buckler-hand.
With spear in hand no Trojan durst come nigh,
But pelting him with spears aloof they stand.
The sweat ran down his limbs, nor could he well,
Though mightily for breath he pull'd, respire,
Now tell me, Muses, that in heav'n do dwell,
How came the ship first to be set on fire?
Thus. Hector with his broad-sword, at a blow,
The spear of Ajax chanc'd to cut in twain,
Where to the staff the head was fix'd, and so
His mighty naval spear he shook in vain:
The head of brass flew humming to the ground.
This Ajax saw, and frighted was to see
Jove thus the counsel of the Greeks confound,
To give unto the Trojans victory,
And went his way. Then in the Trojans came
With brands of flaming fire; and presently
The hind part of the ship was all in flame.
Achilles with his hand then clapp'd his thigh,
And to Patroclus said, a flame I see
Rise at the ships. 'Tis time that you were gone,
Lest our retreat should intercepted be.
Away, and quickly put my armour on.
This said, Patroclus first of all puts on
His boots of war, and to his legs them tied
With silver clasps; and next of Thetis' son
The breast-plate good he to his breast applied,
With golden stars like heaven beautified.
His sword then o'er his shoulder he puts on,
With silver studs to hang down by his side;
And then his helmet, shining like the sun,
He puts upon his head; and last of all
He took two spears that fit were for his hand.
But not that which Achilles fought withal,
For that none but Achilles could command.
A great and strong and heavy spear it was,
Made of an ash cut down i' th' woody hill
Of Pelius, and by Chiron given 'twas
To Peleus, his mighty foes to kill.
Then to Achilles' car Automedon
The horses Balius and Xanthus tied,
That were by Zephyrus begotten on
Podarge, feeding by the ocean's side;

LIB. XVI.

The sixth battle.

And at their heads he Pedasus did place,
(A horse he took at Thebe in the prey),
That with them both was able to keep pace,
Though he were mortal, and immortal they.
While by his car Patroclus arming stands,
Apace from tent to tent Achilles runs,
And calleth unto those that had commands,
To arm and bring away the Myrmidons.
Then came they and about Patroclus stood,
Like wolves that on a lusty stag had fed,
And lapping stain'd the river with his blood,
With bellies full and hearts encouraged.
When they together were, Achilles then
Appointed who i' th' field should them command.
To Troy he ships brought with him five times ten,
From ev'ry ship came fifty men to land.
And then five bodies he made of them all,
And captains five by whom they led should be.
But was himself the captain-general,
For of the Myrmidons the king was he.
Of these five captains one Menestius was,
Who was the river Sperchius his son,
And by the name of Boro then did pass.
His mother was of Peleus' daughters one,
And Polydora was her name. And she
To Perierus had been married,
And for his wife reputed constantly
Before she was of M'nestius brought to bed.
The second bands were by Eudorus led,
The son of Polymela, a fair maid.
Hermes of her became enamoured,
As at a dance her beauty he survey'd.
It was upon Diana's holy day
He saw her dancing, and at night he got
Unseen into her bed and with her lay,
And his brave son Eudorus then begot.
To Echecles she after married.
Her father Phylas to him took her son,
And unto man's estate him nourished,
And lov'd no less than if t' had been his own.
The third Pisandrus led, that swift could run,
And had at fighting with a spear more art
In bloody war than any Myrmidon
Amongst them all, Patroclus set apart.
The fourth was by the old knight Phœnix led.
And of the fifth, charge had Alcimedon.
When they were all together gathered,
Unto them sharply thus spake Thetis' son.
Ye Myrmidons, said he, remember now,
How all the time I kept you have from fight,

You have the Trojans threaten'd hard; and how
You said my mother fed me had with gall,
And in great tumult bid me let you go,
Or at the ships upon the Trojans fall.
Lo, there before you is the war you crave.
The Trojans are about to burn the fleet;
Do you your utmost now the same to save..
Let him that brags of valour let us see't.
This said, the Myrmidons became more keen,
Because they saw the king had chang'd his mind;
And presently into their ranks fell in,
And close themselves to one another join'd,
As close as in a wall are laid the stones,
By him that means his house shall keep out wind;
So close together stood the Myrmidons,
Helmets with helmets, shields with shields conjoin'd.
Before them all two good men armed went,
Patroclus and Automedon, to th' fight.
Achilles then returned to his tent,
Where stood a chest most beautiful to sight,
Which Thetis gave him when he went to Troy,
Wherein were carpets, coats, and cloaks laid up,
To keep him warm when he a ship-board lay;
And in the same was kept a dainty cup,
In which no other man e'er drank but he,
Though 'twere to offer to the Gods above.
Nor he himself (such was his nicety)
E'er in it drank but offering to Jove.
Achilles then with sulphur scour'd the cup,
And having rins'd it clean with water fair,
And wash'd his hands, went out and held it up
Tow'rds heav'n, and thus to Jove address'd his prayer.
Pelasgic Jove, that far from hence dost dwell,
But at Dodona men thy counsel know,
The Selli there, thy prophets, fortunes tell,
Though on the ground they sleep, and barefoot go,
That at my prayer once didst honour me,
And broughtest on the Argive host much woe,
Once more unto my prayer inclined be.
Though to the fight myself I do not go,
I thither send my dear companion.
O Jove, now honour him! Let Hector know
Patroclus is a man of war alone,
And not then only when I with him go.
And when he has the Trojans driven from
The Argive ships, then grant, O Jove, he may
With all his Myrmidons safe hither come,
With all their arms, and make no longer stay!
Thus prayed he. To half of his desire
Jove nodded; but the other half denied.

LIB. XVI.

The acts of Patroclus, and his death.

He granted him to save the ships from fire;
But at returning safe his neck he wried.
Achilles, when he offer'd had and pray'd,
Went with the cup again into his tent,
And safely laid it up; and not long staid,
But out again to see the fight he went.
The Myrmidons now marched orderly;
But when unto the Trojans they were near,
Like wasps incensed they upon them fly.
As when at unawares a traveller
Is going by a wasps' nest near the way,
Which to the common damage stirr'd has been,
And anger'd by a young unlucky boy,
Upon the traveller they vent their spleen,
And all at once with fury on him fly:
Just so the Myrmidons occasion take,
Provok'd by Agamemnon's injury,
To fall upon the Trojans for his sake.
Patroclus yet did further them incite.
Ye Myrmidons, said he, Achilles' bands,
Remember now courageously to fight;
Achilles' honour now lies in your hands,
The best of Greeks. Let Agamemnon see
The fault he did, and know he was unwise,
How wide soever his dominion be,
The best of all th' Achæans to despise.
Then on the Trojans all at once they fly:
With them the other Greeks by shouts conspire.
The Trojans when they saw Patroclus nigh,
With stout Automedon, Achilles' squire,
Their courage fell, their ranks disorder'd were,
They look'd about which way 'twere best to run.
For they suppos'd Achilles now was there,
And that his discontent was past and gone.
Patroclus first of all lets fly his spear
Amongst the thickest of the foes, about
Protesilaus' hollow ship (for there
The Trojans standing close together fought)
And slew Pyræchmes, who from Amydon,
And Axius' wide stream, the Pœons led.
The spear passed through his right shoulder-bone,
And when the Pœons saw him fall, they fled.
Not only these he frighted had, but all,
By killing of a captain of such fame.
Patroclus then upon the rest did fall,
And drave them from the ships, and quench'd the flame.
The Trojans towards Troy retire apace;
Patroclus and the Argives them pursue,
Leaving the ship half burnt upon the place,
And on the plain the fight began anew.

The acts of Patroclus, and his death.

As men see all the rocks and woods about,
When than the hills the mist is gotten higher;
So when the fire was at the ships put out,
The Greeks did for a little while respire.
For yet the Trojans did not plainly fly,
But still resisting went, and losing ground.
Here Areilochus was killed by
Patroclus, that gave him a deadly wound
Upon the thigh, just as he turn'd about;
The spear went through, and passing brake the bone,
And at the wound his blood and life went out,
And on his face he fell down with a groan.
Thoas by Menelaus on the breast,
Close by his shield, a wound receiv'd and died.
To Meges Antichus a spear addrest,
But Meges, that his purpose had espied,
Prevented him, and with his spear him hits
Upon the leg, and near unto the knee,
And all the nerves thereof asunder splits,
And of the wound he died presently.
Antilochus then slew Atymnius,
The spear went through his flank and struck him dead.
And Maris then struck at Antilochus,
But was prevented by Torasymed,
And slain, pierc'd through the shoulder with his spear.
And thus by two sons of old Nestor slain
The two sons of Amisodorus were,
And of Sarpedon good companions twain;
Their sire, Amisodorus, kept at home
The foul Chimæra, that had done much harm,
Devouring people which did that way come,
Till she was slain by Bellerophontes' arm.
Cleobulus then, pester'd in the throng
By little Ajax, taken was alive,
But after he was taken, liv'd not long,
For Ajax did him of his life deprive.
For on the neck he gave him such a wound
With his broad sword as made it smoke with blood;
And presently he fell unto the ground,
And on his eyes perpetual darkness stood.
With swords Peneleos and Lycon prest
Each other hard. For both their spears had miss'd.
Lycon him hit upon the helmet crest,
And broke his sword. One part staid in his fist,
The other flew. Peneleos him hit
Upon the neck. The sword so far went in,
As from the shoulders it divided it,
Save that it hung a little by the skin.
Meriones pursued Acamas,
Amongst the Trojans that before him fled;

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The acts of Patroclus, and his death.

And overtook him as he mounting was,
And with a wound i' th' shoulder left him dead.
And by Idomeneus, the king of Crete,
Hit in the mouth was Erymas and slain.
His teeth all stricken out, fell at his feet,
And by the spear pierced through was his brain,
And fill'd with blood stood staring both his eyes,
Which through his nose and mouth he strove to void,
And gasping, seeks to cast it out, and dies.
Thus the Greek lords each one his man destroy'd:
And then as bloody wolves invade the lambs
Or kids, that by the shepherd's negligence
Are wander'd on the mountains from their dams,
And kill; for nature gives them no defence;
So fiercely on the Trojans fell the Greeks,
But they no more trust to their hands, but feet.
Ajax to throw his spear at Hector seeks,
But with him Hector has no mind to meet,
But by th' advantage of his skill in war,
Knowing of arrows and of spears the sound,
To keep aloof from Ajax still took care,
And cover'd with his shield, oft shifted ground.
And though he knew the honour of the day
Would fall unto th' Achæans in the end,
Yet from the field he went not straight away,
But staid and sought his people to defend.
And then as clouds rise from Olympus high,
And through the air to heaven tend upright
Before tempestuous winds; so rose the cry
At th' Argive ships. Then Hector left the fight,
And after him the Trojans take their heels,
But in the trench greatly encumbered were,
And many char'ot-poles they brake and wheels.
And when they of the trench were gotten clear,
Fill'd with affright was ev'ry path and way;
Thus at the ships the storm of war gave o'er.
The horses that were loose ran back to Troy;
And to the ships the Trojans came no more.
Patroclus, where he most disorder found,
Thither he drove, and trod the Trojans down,
And char'ot-seats were tumbled to the ground,
And many from their seats were headlong thrown.
But the swift horses of Patroclus, which
On Peleus by the Gods bestowed were,
Found no impediment, but leapt the ditch,
Pursuing Hector, who now was not there.
As when with stormy winds th' autumnal rain
Falls heavy on the earth, from heaven sent,
When wrested are the laws by men for gain,
Who from the Gods expect no punishment;

The rivers swell; down from the mountain's side
Innumerable currents headlong run,
Roaring and foaming, to the ocean wide;
And wash'd away is all man's work, and gone:
So fled the Trojans. These thus put to flight,
He kept the Greeks from going to the town,
As they desir'd; yet gave not over fight,
But 'twixt the ships and river overthrown
Were many more; for unrevenged yet
Were many Greeks. First Pronous he kill'd,
Whom with his spear upon the breast he hit,
Where he was not well cover'd with his shield.
The next he slew was Thestor, Enop's son,
That sate upon his seat amaz'd with fear,
And from his hand the horses' reins were gone.
Patroclus standing by him with his spear,
Struck him upon the cheek, and there it stuck
Fast in his teeth; and over the fore-wheel
To th' ground Patroclus fetch'd him with a pluck,
As to the bank a fisher pulls an eel,
And to the earth he threw him on his face.
Eryalus then to him went, in vain,
And by Patroclus slain was on the place,
For with a stone he cleft his head in twain.
Epaltes, Erymas, Amphoterus,
And Echius, Pyres, Damastorides,
Euippus, Polymelus, Iphius;
He one upon another kill'd all these.
Sarpedon saw how fast his good friends died,
And that his Lycians ready were to fly;
He them rebuking, with a loud voice cried,
Whither d'ye go? For shame, stay here; for I
Intend to meet this man myself, and know
Who 'tis that here so furiously fights,
And lays so many valiant Trojans low.
This said, he from his chariot alights.
Patroclus, seeing that, alighted too,
And presently betook him to the fight,
As keen as on a high rock vultures two.
And Jupiter was grieved at the sight,
And to his wife and sister, Juno, said,
Ay me, my son Sarpedon will be slain,
For by the Fates long since it so is laid;
And now my mind divided is in twain,
To snatch him hence, and carry him again
To Lycia, or now to let him die,
And by Patroclus' fatal spear be slain.
And Juno then to Jove made this reply.
O Jove, most wilful of the Gods, what say'e?
A mortal man condemn'd is by the Fates,

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The acts of Patroclus, and his death.

And you would now the execution stay?
Do. But take heed how you offend the states.
And this I tell you further, if you do
Your son, Sarpedon, from the combat save,
The other Gods will look to do so too,
For sons at Troy many immortals have.
But since you love your son, and for him grieve,
First let Patroclus take away his life,
And then to Death and Sleep commandment give
To carry him, from out the bloody strife,
To Lycia, amongst his friends and kin,
Who see him will embalm'd and buried,
And build a tomb to lay his ashes in,
Which are the honours due unto the dead.
This Juno says: Jove to it condescends,
And for the honour of his son so dear,
For rain he drops of blood from heaven sends.
When they were come to one another near,
First threw Patroclus, and kill'd Thrasymed,
A valiant man, Sarpedon's charioteer,
The spear into his belly entered.
Then at Patroclus flew Sarpedon's spear,
And hit him not, but Pedasus he slew,
The fore-horse of Achilles' car, and now
The sprawling horse caus'd a disorder new.
The yoke screeks, and Automedon lets go
The reins; whereby the combatants are parted;
Automedon soon found a remedy,
For from the char'ot-seat he nimbly started,
And cut the gears that did the fore-horse tie.
The horses two adjusted were again,
And then the combatants the fight renew.
And first Sarpedon threw, and threw in vain;
The spear just over his left shoulder flew.
But not in vain Patroclus' spear was thrown,
That smote him through the midriff. Heavily
Sarpedon then unto the ground came down,
As if't had been an oak or poplar-tree;
Or as a pine cut down i' th' hill, to be
A mast for some great ship, falls to the ground,
So fell to th' earth Sarpedon heavily,
And with his armour made the place resound.
As when a bull is by a lion slain,
Under his paw to th' ground he groaning falls;
So groaning fell Sarpedon, in great pain,
And to his friend, the valiant Glaucus, calls,
And to him said, Now, Glaucus, valiant be,
And set your mind on nothing but to fight.
But first, go call my best men all to me,
And to assist me here join all your might.

The acts of Patroclus, and his death.

If of my arms I stripp'd be by the foe,
The shame thereof for ever will abide.
So therefore quickly call the people: go.
And when he thus had spoken to him, died.
Patroclus on the body sets his foot,
And out again he pull'd the bloody spear,
With pieces of the midriff sticking to't.
And now away the horses ready were
To run, for no man was upon the seat;
But by the Myrmidons they soon were staid.
The grief of Glaucus then was very great,
For that he knew not how the king to aid;
For in great pain his arm was with the stroke
Of Teucer's arrow, at the Argive wall,
And found no remedy but to invoke
Apollo, and upon him thus did call:
Apollo, whether thou in Troy be now
Or Lycia, unto my prayer give ear;
For when distressed men unto thee bow,
Thou dost from any place or distance hear.
I grievously am wounded in the hand,
The pain whereof up to my shoulder goes;
No longer now can I my spear command,
When most I need to use it 'gainst the foes.
Sarpedon, the brave son of Jove, is slain;
His father of him takes no further care.
But thou, Apollo, now assuage my pain,
And cure my wound, and make me fit for war;
That I may bring the Lycians to fight,
And I with them the body may defend.
This said, Apollo, by his heavenly might,
His wound heal'd up, the pain was at an end;
The blood was gone; encourag'd was his mind,
And Glaucus knew Apollo did it all,
And joy'd such favour with the God to find:
Then out he went the Lycians to call.
That done, he to the Trojan princes goes,
Agenor, Hector, and Polydamas,
Divine Æneas, and craves aid of those;
But what he said, to Hector spoken was.
Hector, said he, your friends you now forget,
Who from their country hither came so far,
Their lives to venture for your sake. For yet
How to assist them you take little care.
Slain is the King Sarpedon in the fight,
That both with might and justice rul'd the land
Of Lycia. Let them not vent their spite
Upon the body slain; but by him stand:
The Myrmidons else, for th' Achæans' sake,
Of whom he slew so many at the fleet,

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The acts of Patroclus, and his death

Will in revenge his armour from him take,
And do unto him other things unmeet.
This said, the Trojans all were on a flame
To be reveng'd. To Troy he was a wall,
Although he thither as a stranger came;
He many led, himself the best of all.
And to the Myrmidons they march'd away.
Hector himself before them, at the head,
As angry for Sarpedon's death as they.
Patroclus then the Greeks encouraged,
And speaking first to the Ajaxes two,
Ajax, said he, both you and you, again
Fight gallantly, as you are us'd to do,
Or better if you can. For I have slain
Sarpedon with my spear, who was the man
That mounted first up to the Argive wall.
Let's take his armour off him if we can,
And make his fellows some of them to fall.
This said, they into order put their men,
Trojan and Lycian; Greek and Myrmidon;
And to the body slain return again,
And fiercely one another fell upon.
And Jove the place with darkness cover'd round,
As long as they were fighting 'bout his son.
And at the first the Greeks forsook the ground.
For then there was a noble Myrmidon,
Epigeus, that king was formerly
Of Budeon, and forced thence away
For a man's death, to Peleus did fly,
Who sent him with Achilles unto Troy.
And now no sooner layed had his hand
Upon Sarpedon's body, but was slain
By a great stone, that flew from Hector's hand,
And broke (for all his casque) his skull in twain.
Down he upon the dead king falling, dies.
Patroclus, when he saw his friend thus fall,
Swift as a hawk that at a starling flies,
Up to the foes ran, and amongst them all
He threw a stone, which lighted on the neck
Of Stenelaus, and the tendon rent.
And this gave to the Trojan horse a check;
And back a little Hector with them went,
As far as one can for experiment,
Or at a foe in battle throw a spear;
So far back Hector with his char'ot went,
The Argives them pursuing in the rear.
But Glaucus, that did then the Lycians lead,
Pursu'd by Bathycles, and very near,
Upon a sudden to him turn'd his head,
And deep into his breast he thrust his spear,

And down he fell. The Trojans then were glad,
And at the body fallen boldly staid.
On th' other side, the Greeks were very sad
To lose so good a man, but not dismay'd.
Meriones then slew Laogonus,
Son of Onetor, priest of Jupiter,
And honour'd like a God in Gargarus,
The spear him pierc'd between the cheek and ear.
Then at Meriones Æneas threw,
And was in hopes to give him his death's wound;
But he then stoop'd, and o'er him the spear flew,
And one end shook, the other stuck i' th' ground.
At this Æneas, angry, to him said,
Meriones, as well as you can dance,
My spear was like your motion to have staid,
And that it did not, think it was by chance.
To him replying, said Meriones,
Æneas, strong and valiant as you are,
You cannot kill men whom and when you please;
Yourself are subject to the chance of war
As well as I. And if my spear fall right
(As much as to your hands you trust) you'll die
Like other men, and I win honour by't,
And to the shades below your soul will fly.
This said, Patroclus came and him reproved.
Meriones, why talk you thus, said he,
D'ye think the Trojans can be hence removed
With evil words, till many slain there be?
In council words may somewhat signify,
But hands in war determine the event,
'Tis to no purpose words to multiply.
This said, away they both together went,
And by and by was heard a mighty sound,
As if the woods were falling on the hills,
Of men in armour falling to the ground,
And swords and spears on helmets and on shields.
Sarpedon cover'd was from top to toe,
With dust and spears, and so besmear'd with blood,
That wise he must have been that could him know,
Though who it was they all well understood,
And busy were about him as the flies
That buzz in summer time about the pans
Of milk. And all this while Jove kept his eyes
Upon the battle; and advising stands,
Whether 'twere best to let Patroclus die
Upon Sarpedon, slain by Hector, or
Let him go on, and follow those that fly,
And of the Trojans make the slaughter more.
At last resolv'd, he made the Trojans fly.
Patroclus then pursu'd them up to Troy,

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The acts of Patroclus, and his death.

And as he went, made many of them die;
And Hector was the first that fled away,
Not ignorant of Jove's apostacy.
And then the lusty Lycians also fled;
Whose king, Sarpedon, now i' th' heap did lie,
Stretch'd out on th' earth amongst the other dead.
And him Patroclus of his armour strips,
His mighty armour, all of solid brass,
And sent it by his fellows to the ships.
Thus slain and stripp'd Jove's son Sarpedon was.
Then Jove unto Apollo spake, and said,
Go, Phœbus, bear Sarpedon from the fight
A great way off, and let him be array'd
In an immortal garment, pure and bright.
But in the river clear first wash him clean,
And with ambrosia anoint his skin.
Let Death and Sleep, two sisters, bear him then
To Lycia, unto his friends and kin,
By whom his body will embalmed be,
And tomb and pillar set upon his grave,
Whereby preserv'd will be his memory,
Which all the honour is the dead can have.
This said, Apollo down from Ida came,
And bare Sarpedon's body from the fight.
And far off in the river wash'd the same,
And with ambrosia his body white
Anointed, and with garments fair array'd,
Immortal garments; and into the hands
Of Death and Sleep committed it, who laid
It down again amongst the Lycians.
Patroclus then commands Automedon
To drive to Troy. Not well; for had he then
The counsel of Achilles thought upon,
He had escap'd. But Jove knows more than men,
And quickly can take from a man of might,
And to a weaker give the victory,
Whom he himself encourage will to fight,
As now by Jove himself set on was he.
But while Patroclus chas'd the Trojans thus,
Who fell? Adrestus, and Autonous,
Epistor, Melanippus, Perimus,
Pylartus, Mulius, and Echeclus,
And Elasus. And taken had been Troy
Now by Patroclus, but that Phœbus stood
Upon the tow'r, and push'd him still away,
To vex the Greeks, and do the Trojans good.
For thrice he mounted, and was thrice put back
By the immortal hand; but when again
He mounting was, Apollo to him spake.
Retire, said he, Patroclus, 'tis in vain;

The acts of Patroclus, and his death.

It is not you that Ilium can win,
Nor Thetis' son, a better man than you.
Patroclus, at these words, great fear was in,
And far off from the wall himself withdrew.
Now Hector was upon his char'ot seat,
I' th' Scæan gate, and did deliberate
Whether to make the Trojans to retreat,
And when they were come in to shut the gate,
Or go to th' fight. While he consulted thus,
Apollo came, and standing by his side
In likeness of his uncle Asius,
Him sharply did for standing idle chide.
Hector, said he, why stay you here? If I
Exceeded you in strength as you do me,
I teach you would, in such necessity
To quit the field thus, and unuseful be.
Go: to Patroclus now directly drive,
And doubt not but that by Apollo's aid,
You may him of his life and arms deprive.
Away went Phœbus when he this had said,
And Hector then returned to the fight,
While Phœbus did the Argive throng dismay.
Cebriones still kept his horses right
Upon Patroclus. For upon the way
Hector pass'd through the Greeks, and killed none.
Patroclus then alighting, with his spear
In his left hand, in th' other took a stone,
And with it killed Hector's charioteer,
Cebriones, King Priam's bastard son.
Above his eyes, upon his forehead just,
Patroclus hit him with the knobby stone,
Then from his seat he dropp'd into the dust.
Broke was his skull, his eye-brows crush'd int' one,
And at his feet, before him fell his eyes.
Patroclus scoff'd, and said 'tis nimbly done.
And proudly thus, insulting, o'er him cries:
Oh, that we had a man could leap like him,
And set upon one of our ships were he,
To leap into the sea, and groping swim!
How satisfied with oysters should we be!
So quickly down he tumbled to the plain,
I see that there good tumblers are in Troy.
This said, he ran unto the body slain,
Himself with his own valour to destroy.
And then unto the ground leapt Hector too,
And at Cebriones his body, fought
He and Patroclus, fierce as lions two,
That had a great stag, slain by chance, found out;
And hungry both, strove who should first be fed,
So sought these two each other to destroy.

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The acts of Patroclus, and his death.

And Hector pull'd the dead man by the head,
Patroclus by the heels, the other way.
Meanwhile the Greeks and Trojans fighting stood,
As when between two hills two great winds fight,
On both sides strongly shaken is the wood,
And boughs beat one another with great might,
And with a horrid noise together clash,
And many lusty limbs then broken are,
Of barky corme, broad beech, and lofty ash;
So did it with the Greeks and Trojans fare.
About Cebriones stuck many a spear,
And many a fledg'd arrow from the bow,
And many shields by great stones broken were,
While he along in bed of dust lay low,
And quite forgotten had his chivalry.
Now all the while that mounting was the sun,
The weapons flew, and men fell equally,
But after noon, when half the day was gone,
The Argives clearly had the victory,
And from the field Cebriones they drew,
And stripp'd there of his armour, let him lie.
Patroclus then the Trojans chas'd anew,
And there before the Myrmidons leapt out,
Like Mars himself, and thrice nine Trojans slew.
And out again he went; but at that bout,
Upon himself untimely death he drew.
For Phœbus came (Patroclus saw him not)
Wrapp'd up in air, and standing on the ground,
Between the shoulders with his hand him smote,
That all about him seemed to go round,
And from his head his helmet then he flung
Into the dust, and foul it was all o'er,
And beaten by the hoofs of horses rung,
That never had been so defil'd before,
When on Achilles' godlike head it sate.
But Jove to Hector gave it now to wear,
And only then, when near him was his fate.
Moreover, Phœbus brake Patroclus' spear,
A heavy spear, well armed at the head,
And pluck'd his mighty shield out of his hand,
And left him of his arms uncovered.
With this, Patroclus did amazed stand;
And near unto him then a Dardan came,
And in the back he smote him with his spear;
Panthorides Euphorbus was his name,
And kill'd him not, but back ran to the rear.
For though he well could fight, and ride, and run,
And going first abroad to learn the wars,
He was by no man of his age outdone,
And had o'erthrown twice ten men from their cars;

The acts of Patroclus, and his death.

Yet for Patroclus now he durst not stay,
Although he wounded and disarmed were.
Then to the rear Patroclus went away;
And after him ran Hector with his spear,
And at the belly struck him through the side,
And down he fell. The Greeks were grieved sore.
As when at a small fountain almost dried,
Together come a lion and a boar
With equal thirst, and drink they both would fain,
But fight who shall drink first, slain is the boar;
So now by Hector was Patroclus slain,
Though many Trojans he had kill'd before.
And Hector then triumphing o'er him said,
Patroclus, you thought sure t' have stormed Troy,
And in your ships our women t' have convey'd
To Argos with you, when you went away.
Were you so simple that you could not see
That Hector, with his horses and his spear,
Protects the Trojans from captivity?
Now shall you for the dogs and fowls lie here;
Nor can Achilles do you any good,
That bad you, 't may be, when you from him went,
Not to return, till dyed in his blood,
You Hector's coat had from his shoulders rent,
And vain enough you were to promise it.
Patroclus, with a feeble voice, replied,
Hector, you now may boast as you think fit,
And in your own ability take pride.
T' Apollo first my death I owe, who threw
My armour from my body to the ground;
I could have slain else twenty such as you,
And from Euphorbus I receiv'd a wound.
To bring me down, you were but one of three.
But hear me, and remember what I say;
Hector, you will not long live after me,
And only for Achilles' hand you stay.
And at these words he was of life bereft.
His soul unto th' infernal regions fled,
Lamenting so much youth and vigour left;
And Hector to him spake again, though dead.
Patroclus, why do you foretell my death?
Who knows but that Achilles may be slain
By me first, and before me lose his breath?
This said, he pulled out the spear again,
And presently pursu'd Automedon,
Who of Achilles was the char'oteer;
But he away was carried and gone
By Peleus' horses, that immortal were.

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LIB. XVII.

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The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

And Menelaus understanding now
That slain Patroclus lay upon the ground,
Careful, as of her first calf is a cow,
To th' body went and walk'd about it round,
Couching his spear and holding out his shield,
Resolv'd to kill him, whosoe'er he was,
That durst to stand against him in the field.
Then to him said Euphorbus, Menelaus,
Retire, let me advise you, from the dead.
For I am he that gave him the first wound,
That with his arms I may be honoured;
Lest with my spear I strike you to the ground.
And Menelaus to him thus replied.
O Jupiter, in lion never was,
Nor yet in panther, nor in boar, such pride
(Though other beasts in strength they far surpass)
As in these sons of Panthus. Though they know,
When Hyperenor proudly me defied,
And spitefully did value me below
All other Greeks, that by my hand he died,
And sorry were his parents and his wife.
Now you succeed will to your brother's fate.
Begone, then, if you mean to save your life,
And quickly, or you will be wise too late.
No, Menelaus, said Euphorbus then,
Since you have griev'd his parents and his wife,
'Tis best, I think, to comfort them again,
By making you pay for it with your life.
For though intolerable be their grief,
Yet when they see your armour and your head
Brought to them home, it will be some relief.
But this by fight must be determined.
This said, he made a thrust at Menelaus,
Which he received on his trusty shield,
It entered not, resisted by the brass,
Which bent the point, and passage none did yield.
Then, as he backward stepp'd to get away,
He by Atrides on the breast was hit.
The spear press'd with his hand not there did stay,
But to his neck went up and pierced it.
And then the ground he with his armour knocks,
And dyed was with blood his dainty hair,
Those fine, with gold and silver twined, locks,
Like those that Cytherea's Graces wear.

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The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

As when one planted hath an olive sprig
In open place, and where are many springs,
And stirr'd by gentle winds it is grown big,
Then comes a storm and to the ground it flings;
So by Atrides fell Euphorbus now.
As when a lion cometh from the wood
Into the herd and seizeth on a cow,
First breaks her neck, then feeds he on her blood
And bowels, dogs and herdsmen looking on
And hueing him, that dare not to go near;
So then upon Atrides ventur'd none,
So much the Trojans stricken were with fear.
And now into the hands of Menelaus
Patroclus' armour came; and borne away
Had been, but that by Phœbus cross'd he was,
That was a friend to Hector and to Troy.
And in the shape of Mentes gone was then
(Whom now the Cicon regiments obey'd)
To call back Hector to the field again,
And overtaking him, thus to him said:
Hector, you here Automedon pursue
To take Achilles' horses all in vain,
Which never will be won or rul'd by you,
And suffer good Euphorbus to be slain
By Menelaus at the body dead
Of Menœtiades. Then went his way.
And Hector grieved turn'd about his head,
And saw how on the ground Euphorbus lay,
Bleeding and naked left by Menelaus.
And Hector then, enflamed with the sight,
Like raging fire did through the squadrons pass.
And with great cry returned to the fight.
And cold was then Atrides at the heart,
And with himself he thus disputing stands;
If I should from the body slain depart,
The Greeks would say of me but little good;
But if I stay alone here 'twill be worse
Than anything the Greeks can of me say.
For he brings with him all the Trojan force.
But wherefore do I thus disputing stay?
Who fights against him whom a God doth aid,
Draws on himself a great and certain ill.
My best course then is Hector to avoid,
And let the Greeks say of it what they will.
But if of Ajax I could get a sight,
Then he and I together would not fear
With Hector aided by a God to fight,
And to Achilles the dead body bear.
Whilst thus unto himself he laid the case,
The Trojans came with Hector at their head,

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The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

And Menelaus then forsook the place,
And going left behind the body dead.
But oft look'd back. As when a lion is
Compell'd to leave a fold by men and dogs,
He oft looks back, and runs not for all this,
But tow'rds the wood still slowly on he jogs
Unwillingly; his heart's too big to run;
So Menelaus off went safe and sound.
And then for Ajax, son of Telamon,
Look'd round about, and 'mongst his troops him found
Inciting them to fight. For not a man
But frighted was by Phœbus and dismay'd;
And with all speed Atrides to him ran,
And standing at his side unto him said,
Come, Ajax, quickly come away with me
To save Patroclus from the Trojans' wrath,
That to Achilles carried he may be
Though naked. For his armour Hector hath.
Ajax enrag'd at this, flies to the place
With Menelaus where Patroclus lay,
When Hector from the field him drawing was
(Having already snatch'd his arms away)
Unto the Trojans to cut off his head,
And give the body to the dogs to eat.
But when great Ajax thither came, he fled,
And to the Trojans made a quick retreat;
And order gave to bear the arms to Troy,
Achilles' arms, a noble monument
Of his great deed. But Ajax still did stay,
And with his shield about the body went.
As when a lion, his whelps following him,
Into the open fields comes from the wood,
And hunters meets, he looks upon them grim;
So Ajax looking, by Patroclus stood.
And Glaucus then, that led the Lycian bands,
To Hector went and frowning to him said,
Though you be thought a good man of your hands,
Hector, it is not so I am afraid.
Consider first if you the town can save
By Trojans only, without other guard,
And of their service how great need you have;
And then how lightly you their pains regard.
What Lycian again will for you fight?
Or how will you defend a meaner man,
That left Sarpedon to the Argives' spite
And sport, and from his body frighted ran,
That was your friend and had such service done?
So that if I were won to lead them home,
You'd find a little after we were gone,
The utmost fate of Troy were on it come.

The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body

For if the Trojans had as forward been,
As men should be that for their country fight,
Patroclus' body we in Troy had seen,
Fetch'd from the field, for all the Argives' might;
And from the Greeks in change we might have had
Sarpedon's corpse, and brought it into Troy;
And all the Greeks thereof would have been glad,
So great experience of his worth had they.
But you to Ajax never yet durst go,
And when he came to you, you from him ran
Into the throng o' th' Trojans. And why so?
But that you know he is the better man.
Then Hector, frowning on him, thus replied,
Glaucus, 'tis strange that such a man as you
Should so severely without cause me chide;
I thought you very wise, but 'tis not true.
You say I dare not with great Ajax fight,
When I do neither foot nor horsemen shun,
But only way give sometimes to the might
Of Jove when he the enemy sets on.
For he to whom he will gives victory,
And from the proud their courage takes away.
But to the fight come with me now, and see
If I be such a coward as you say;
And do not from Patroclus' body make
Some of the Argives to retire again.
This said, he turn'd and to the Trojans spake.
Trojans, said he, and Lycians, play the men
Whilst I myself in these good arms array,
Which from Patroclus' body slain I took.
This said, he from the field went toward Troy,
And quickly those that bare them overtook,
And gave to them the armour he then wore,
And th' armour of Patroclus there puts on,
Giv'n by the Gods to Peleus heretofore,
Which he when aged gave unto his son,
But were not kept by him till he was old.
Then Jove that out of sight in heaven sat,
And Hector in this armour did behold,
Poor man, said he, he knoweth not his fate,
Which now is near; and at it shook his head,
And said, though now these heavenly arms you wear
Of this great man whom all men else did dread,
Killing the gentle knight that did them bear,
And so unhandsomely, you'll never go
To show them to Andromache your wife.
Yet now you shall prevail against the foe,
To please you, since thus shorten'd is your life.
And as he said it, seal'd it with a nod.
Now Hector, having on these arms and fit,

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The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

Into his breast went in the mighty God
Of battle, and with courage filled it.
Then Hector, like Achilles shining, came
To his confederates, and 'mongst them went,
Calling upon the best of them by name,
To give unto them all encouragement,
Mesthles, and Glaucus, and Thersilochus,
Asteropæus, and Hippothous,
Medon, Disinor, Phorcys, Chromius,
And you, the skilful augur, Ennomus,
And you, the thousands that to aid me come,
'Tis not to muster that you called are,
But to defend the wives of Ilium,
And babes, against the Greeks, that love the war;
Which to prevent, the Trojans day by day
With pay and with free quarter, tired are.
Let's therefore fight, and either die or slay;
For there's no other traffic at the war,
And he that shall Patroclus' body gain,
And, spite of Ajax, fetch it off the field,
Half of his armour shall have for his pain,
And I will half the honour to him yield.
This said, the Trojans on the Argives fell
With all their weight, and made account to gain
Patroclus' body; for they could not tell
How many Trojans there would first be slain.
And then to Menelaus Ajax said,
I fear we shall no more return from Troy;
And am not for Patroclus so afraid
(That to the dogs is sure to be a prey)
As for myself and you; with such a cloud
Of Trojans Hector thund'ring cometh on.
Go therefore, presently, and call aloud
To th' other princes. Other help there's none.
Then Menelaus cried out aloud,
O you that have command in th' Argive host,
And diet with Atrides are allow'd,
And drink unstinted at the public cost,
'Tis hard to call you ev'ry one by name,
But you that hear me come away with speed;
For to us all 'twill be no little shame,
To let the dogs upon Patroclus feed.
This said, first little Ajax running came,
And with Idomeneus, Meriones,
Then many more came in; but who can name
The number great that came in after these?
And Hector with the Trojans then came in,
And as the sea that rolleth to the shore
Which by some mighty wind had driven been;
So to the fight the Trojans marching roar.

The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

The Grecks about Patroclus' body staid,
All of one mind, all cover'd with their shields,
And on their head Jove then a great fog laid,
And all the place about with darkness fills.
For while Patroclus was alive, and serv'd
Achilles, Jove took at him no offence,
Nor thought that to be dogs' meat he deserv'd,
And therefore urg'd the Grecks to his defence.
At first the Trojans made the Grecks to fly,
And leave the body, but they killed none,
So great a fog upon the place did lie.
Then with his friends again came Ajax on,
Of all the Grecks, for person and for might,
The bravest man, excepting Thetis' son.
The Trojans, when the Grecks refus'd to fight,
The body seiz'd, and thought the bus'ness done.
As when a boar, pursu'd by hounds and men,
Upon them turns, they scatter'd are and fly;
So, when great Ajax to them came again,
The Trojans, scatter'd, let Patroclus lie.
For when Hippothous was in great hope
To drag Patroclus' body up to Troy,
And to his ankle tyed had a rope,
Arrived to him was his latest day.
For Ajax now was come unto him near,
And smote him through the helmet and the brain,
Which, stained with his blood, stuck to the spear,
And down he threw Patroclus' foot again,
And with it near unto the body fell,
Depriv'd of life by mighty Ajax' spear,
Far from Larissa, where his friends did dwell,
And never for his breeding payed were.
And Hector then a spear at Ajax threw,
Which he perceiving, did a little shun,
A very little it beside him flew,
And killed Schedius, Iphitus' son,
That of Photæans all was far the best,
And did in well-built Panopæa reign.
The spear, sharp-pointed, enter'd at his breast,
And at his shoulder out it went again.
And Ajax then the valiant Phorcys slew,
That 'bout the body of Hippothous went.
The spear through breast-plate and through belly flew,
And as it pass'd the guts in pieces rent.
Then Hector and the Trojan lords gave way,
Retiring from the Argive lords; and thus
By th' Argives coming in, without delay,
Stripp'd were both Phorcys and Hippothous.
And now the Trojans had, for want of heart,
Been chased by the Argives up to Troy,

LIB. XVII.

The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

And th' Argives gotten had on th' other part,
Without the Gods, an honourable day;
Had not Apollo, like to Periphas,
Anchises' squire, to Æneas come disguised,
That very wise now grown, and aged was,
And standing by his side, him thus advised;
Æneas, cannot you, without the Gods,
As well as the Achæans, gain the day
By valour, since in men they have no odds?
For Jove would rather you should win than they.
Thus Phœbus said. Æneas knew 'twas he;
And with a loud voice, unto Hector said:
Hector, and you who the commanders be
Of Trojans, or have brought unto them aid,
Oh, what a shame 'tis for us thus to run
Before the Greeks, ourselves in Troy to hide!
But come, there yet amongst the Gods is one
That hath assur'd me Jove is on our side.
This said, before the Trojans he leapt out,
And with his spear in hand, stood at their head.
And when he made them had to wheel about,
Unto the body he directly led,
And with his spear Leocritus he slew,
The friend of Lycomed, Arisbas' son;
And Lycomed, displeas'd, at Hector threw,
And hit him not, but kill'd Apisaon;
Of all that from Pæonia pass'd the seas,
He was in battle of the greatest might,
Excepting no man but Asteropæus;
Who angry at his fall went to the fight.
But now the Greeks about Patroclus stood
So close, with spears advanc'd, with bucklers hidden,
That there Asteropæus did no good;
For by great Ajax so they had been bidden.
Let none from hence again retire, said he,
Nor any man before the rest skip out,
But stand together till you charged be.
Thus roaring to them Ajax went about,
And thick the Trojans and their aids now fell,
And with their blood bedewed was the ground.
Nor did the Argives come off very well;
But fewer of them 'mongst the dead were found,
For standing close, one shield sav'd more than one.
Thus keen as fire on both sides fought they here;
And such a darkness was the place upon,
As if nor sun nor moon in safety were.
But th' other places all about had light,
And brightly did the sun in Ida shine,
And gentle at a distance was the fight,
And one another's spear did oft decline.

The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

But in the middle, where the very best
Both of the Argives and the Trojans stood,
The pain they suffer'd cannot be express'd,
Of restless labour, and of loss of blood.
But of Patroclus, by the Trojans kill'd,
Antilochus and Torasymed knew not,
But fought in other places of the field,
And that he still pursu'd the Trojans thought,
When for his body, who the same should get,
Now fighting were the Trojans and the Greeks,
And from their knees and legs ran down the sweat,
And stained were with blood their arms and cheeks.
As when men set themselves about the skin
Of some fat bull, and stretch it ev'ry way,
That th' humour may go out, the grease go in,
Just so Patroclus' body tugged they,
Trojans to Troy, and Argives to the fleet;
And thereupon arose this mighty fray.
If Mars or Pallas had been there to see't,
They had not known on whom a fault to lay,
Though angry they had been; such work was then
By Jove, about Patroclus' body, set
For Trojans and for Argives, horse and men.
But to Achilles known it was not yet,
That slain by th' Trojans was his favourite.
For now not far off from the Trojan wall,
At a great distance from him, was the fight,
So that he thought not on his death at all;
But having chas'd the Trojans to the gates
Of Ilium, that straight he would come back;
For well he knew 'twas order'd by the Fates,
Patroclus never should the city sack.
His mother, Thetis, oft had told him that,
As she before had told it been by Jove;
But quite Patroclus' destiny forgat,
Or knew it not, whom he so much did love.
The Greeks and Trojans at the body staid
Together close, and one another kill'd.
And one Achæan to another said,
'Twould be a great disgrace to quit the field,
And leave the body of Patroclus thus;
I rather had by th' earth we swallowed were,
Than they should have it and crow over us,
And to the town the noble body bear.
The Trojans likewise t' one another cried,
Though ev'ry one of us were sure to die
By this man's body, let us here abide.
And then the clamour rose up to the sky.
Achilles' steeds now, with Automedon
Upon the car, without the battle stood;

LIB. XVII.

The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

But to the fight he could not get them on.
He to them call'd, but that would do no good;
And then he flatters them, then threats, then whips,
But for Patroclus griev'd, they would not go
With th' Argives to the fight, nor to the ships,
But lay down on the ground, and wept for woe
That they had lost a gentle char'oteer.
Jove, seeing them upon the ground thus laid,
And for Patroclus how they grieved were,
Shaking his head, unto himself he said,
Poor steeds, why did I you on man bestow,
That mortal is, and you immortal are,
And make you also misery to know,
And to participate of human care?
There breatheth not upon the earth so wide,
So poor a thing and wretched as a man.
But Hector on your car shall never ride,
For he, without my leave, do nothing can.
Is't not enough for him that he hath got
Achilles' arms, to please himself in vain?
But have Achilles' horses he shall not,
For you shall to the ships return again,
And safely carry back Automedon,
Though to the Trojans I intend to-day
The victory, till setting of the sun,
And that by darkness parted be the fray.
This said, he strength and courage to them gave:
Automedon then to the troops of Greece,
As swiftly the immortal horses drave
As flies a vulture at a flock of geese.
For from the foe he quickly could retire,
And easily upon them go again,
As oft as the occasion should require;
But by his hand no enemy was slain,
For since he was upon the seat alone,
He could not both together fight and guide.
But to him came at last Alcimedon,
Laertes' son, and stood by th' char'ot side.
What God, said he, has put it in your head,
Automedon, amongst so many spears
To be alone, knowing your friend is dead,
And Hector now Achilles' armour wears?
Automedon unto him then replied:
Alcimedon, a fitter man is none
Than you are, the immortal steeds to guide,
Since Menoctiades, my friend, is gone.
Get up then you, and the good steeds command,
Whilst on the ground I with the Trojans fight.
Alcimedon then took the whip in hand
And reins; Automedon did then alight.

The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

This Hector saw, and to Æneas spake:
Achilles' horses yonder coming are;
To us, said he, they are not hard to take,
For with them there is no great man of war;
And if we to them go, they dare not stand.
This said, Æneas well contented was,
And forward then they go, with spear in hand,
And shoulders cover'd well with hide and brass.
And Chromius with them, and Aretus went,
And made no doubt but both the men to slay;
And then to seize Achilles' steeds they meant,
And with the car triumphing drive to Troy.
Vain men, that were not sure themselves to save.
To Jupiter Automedon then pray'd,
Who heard his pray'r, and great strength to him gave.
And then unto Alcimedon he said:
Alcimedon, keep still thy horses near,
So that upon my back may fall their breath;
For quiet never will be Hector's spear,
Until of both of us he see the death,
And set himself upon Achilles' car,
And put the squadrons of the Greeks to rout,
Or be amongst the foremost slain i' th' war.
This said, he to th' Ajaxes cried out,
And Menelaus: Ajax, Menelaus,
The care of him that's dead to others give,
And shew your valour where there is more cause.
Come hither, and take care of us that live;
For Hector and Æneas both are here.
But yet, since on Jove's will dependeth all,
Both good and evil hap, I'll throw my spear,
And let him where he pleaseth make it fall.
And as he spake the spear he from him sent,
Which chanc'd to light upon Aretes' shield,
And passing through, into his belly went,
At which he starting fell upon the field.
And at Automedon then Hector threw;
But stooping forward he the spear declin'd,
And o'er his head through th' empty air it flew,
And shaking fix'd it stood i' th' ground behind.
And then the fight by Mars becalmed was;
But with their swords they had again fall'n on,
But that th' Ajaxes two and Menelaus
Came in, that call'd were by Automedon.
Æneas then and Hector shrunk away,
And Chromius with them, but Aretes not,
But on the ground without his armour lay.
Automedon then mounts his chariot
All bloody, and the armour by him set;
And said, though this revenge be very small

LIB. XVII.

The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

For great Patroclus' death, 'tis better yet,
Though this a worse man be, than none at all.
And at Patroclus' body now the fight
Was greater than before, and fiercer grown.
For Pallas coming, did the Greeks incite,
By Jove himself (whose mind was chang'd) sent down.
As when to mortals Jove will signify
Th' approach of war, or tempests cold and loud,
To make men leave their work, and cattle die,
He sets up in the sky a purple cloud;
In such a cloud wrapp'd up Athena came,
The daughter of great Jove, and martial maid,
To th' Argive host, their courage to inflame,
And to Atrides, who stood nearest, said,
In voice and shape like Phœnix: Menelaus,
If you let dogs Patroclus' body tear,
That of Achilles so beloved was,
You will be scorn'd. Go to him, do not fear.
Phœnix, said he, would Pallas strengthen me,
And save me from so many spears that fly,
Patroclus' body soon should rescued be.
For no man for him griev'd is more than I,
But Hector fighteth like a raging flame,
And as he goes Jove gives him victory.
This said, Athena pleas'd was with the same,
Because to her he trusted specially,
And strengthened both his shoulders and his thighs,
And made him bold as is a busy fly,
Which, beaten off, again upon you flies,
And fears not for a little blood to die.
And to Patroclus then went Menelaus,
And 'mongst the throng of Trojans threw his spear.
It chanced that amongst them one there was,
Pydes, Eetion's son, to Hector dear,
And at the wine his good companion.
Him Menelaus with his spear then slew
Just as he turn'd himself about to run,
And from the Trojans the dead body drew.
To Hector then came Phœbus, having on
The form of Phœnops, son of Asius,
In Hector's grace inferior to none,
And standing by his side said to him thus:
If you be so afraid of Menelaus,
What other Greek will be afraid of you?
He never yet good spear-man counted was,
Nor is, though Pydes now by chance he slew,
And vainly now he thinks alone he can
Bring off Patroclus' body from the field.
This said, unto the body Hector ran,
And Jove then lifted up his mighty shield,

The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

And in thick clouds the mountain Ida wraps,
And dark it was upon the field as night.
And then with lightning and with thunder claps
The squadrons of the Argives puts to flight.
Menelaus, who the Bœotians led,
Hurt in the shoulder by Polydamas,
Of the Achæans was the first that fled,
And Leitus his mate the second was.
That was by Hector wounded in the wrist,
And could no longer use make of his spear;
But from the battle forc'd was to desist,
And looking still about him ran in fear.
Him Hector as he running was pursues.
On Hector's shield then lights a heavy spear,
That thrown was at him by Idomeneus,
But brake in two; and glad the Trojans were.
And at Idomeneus then Hector threw;
Beside him but a little went the spear,
And lighting upon Cœranus him slew,
Who was Meriones his char'oteer,
And with him came to Lyctus all the way
By sea, and thence he went to Troy by land.
And much good service he had done to Troy,
For fallen had the king by Hector's hand,
And safe had been himself; but now was hit
By Hector's spear betwixt the cheek and ear,
And struck out were his teeth, his tongue was slit,
And fallen to the ground expired there.
And then Meriones took up the reins,
And to Idomeneus cried out to fly.
To little purpose now is all our pains;
You see the Trojans have the victory.
Idomeneus to th' ships then drave away
As fast as he could make the horses go,
As being certain they had lost the day.
And Ajax did the same acknowledge now.
Meriones, said he, and Menelaus,
That Jove will to the Trojans give the day,
A man may see that little judgment has,
So manifestly now he fights for Troy.
The spears thrown by the Trojans never miss,
But on one Greek or other always light;
Ours seldom hit. What cause is there of this,
But that great Jove doth for the Trojans fight?
Let's therefore here consider of some way
To fetch Patroclus off, and then go home.
For to our friends in Greece 'twill be a joy
To see us safe again from Hector come;
Who when they to the sea their faces turn,
Despair of ever seeing us again,

LIB. XVII.

The seventh battle, about Patroclus's body.

And think that Hector will the navy burn,
And that we there shall ev'ry man be slain.
O that we had some fit man here to send
T'Achilles' tent; for nothing yet knows he,
That by the Trojans slain is his dear friend;
But 'tis so dark I no such man can see.
O Jove, give us once more a sky serene;
Remove this mist that we may see to fight,
Or if to kill the Argives all you mean,
O father Jove, yet kill us in the light.
This said, Jove had compassion on his tears;
The sun again his glitt'ring beams displays,
Scatters the clouds again and th' Heaven clears.
And then to Menelaus Ajax says,
About the field go Menelaus now,
And seek Antilochus, and bid him go
Unto Achilles' tent, and let him know
His friend Patroclus slain is by the foe.
This said, away Atrides went. As when
A hungry lion parteth from a fold,
Having in vain provok'd the dogs and men
That did him from th' expected prey withhold,
Watching all night, when fain he would have fed;
But all the night the darts about him fly
And flaming brands, which lions chiefly dread;
Away he goes i'th' morn unwillingly;
So from Patroclus' body parted he
Against his will, thinking the Greeks afraid
Might leave Patroclus to the enemy,
And to Meriones and th' Ajaxes said,
How good a man Patroclus was you know,
And how in our defence his blood he shed,
And therefore valiantly defend him now.
Let not the foe abuse his body dead.
And when he this had said he went away,
Amongst the Argives peeping here and there,
Like to an eagle soaring for a prey
Amongst the bushes peeping for a hare;
So he amongst the Argives look'd about
Seeking of Nestor's son Antilochus.
Nor was it long before he found him out,
Cheering his men, and said unto him thus:
Antilochus, come near, and hear from me
Sad news; I would it were not also true.
That now the Trojans have the victory,
I think it is already known to you.
But further know that slain Patroclus is.
Run therefore to Achilles quickly, and
Tell him the news. It may be, mov'd by this
To help the Argives with his mighty hand,

He'll to the naked body hither come;
For now Achilles' armour Hector wears.
At this Antilochus was stricken dumb,
And filled were and swoln his eyes with tears.
And there Antilochus no longer staid,
But to Laodocus his armour gave,
And he the same upon his char'ot laid;
For to that end he near unto him drave.
Away Antilochus then weeping went
To carry to Achilles the ill news,
And left to Thrasymed his regiment.
For Menelaus did the same refuse;
Though of a valiant commander then
The tired Pylians had the greatest need,
And to the Ajaxes return'd again
Where lay Patroclus' body, with all speed.
And when he thither came, unto them said,
Antilochus is to Achilles gone,
Although I see not how he should us aid.
How can he, seeing armour he has none?
Let's therefore now bethink ourselves, how we
Ourselves may bear the body from the field,
And also how we may secured be,
Against the Trojans, that we be not kill'd!
Ajax to this replying said, 'Tis true,
And the advice I'll give you will be right.
Take up the corpse, Meriones and you,
And on your shoulders bear it from the fight.
We two, that are of one name and one mind,
And in the field together use to be,
Will fighting with the Trojans come behind,
Till at the ships the body lain we see.
This said, Meriones and Menelaus
Up to their shoulders hoist the body dead.
Whilst towards them the back of Ajax was,
The Trojans with great shouting followed.
Just as a pack of hounds pursue a boar
Wounded by hunters, running with great cry,
Until he turn; then follow him no more,
But scatter'd are, and this and that way fly;
So did the Trojans after Ajax run
As long as towards them was not his face.
But when he turned, near him durst stay none,
But stood at a great distance from the place.
Thus fetch'd they off at last the body dead,
With at their heels of Trojans' spears great showers;
And Argives dropt abundance as they fled,
Like houses in a town on fire, and tow'rs.
As when two mules in heavy way are set
To drag down from the hills some mighty tree,

LIB. XVIII.

To be a beam or mast, it makes them sweat
Before into the plain it drawn could be;
So Menelaus and Meriones
Sweating and moiling with the body go;
And as a rock that keepeth off the seas;
So Ajax at their backs kept off the foe.
The Trojans, led by Hector and Æneas,
Pursue the flying Greeks with mighty cry,
As from a hawk that preys on birds like these,
A cloud of starlings cackle when they fly.
And many of them threw their arms away,
And that they came to fight had quite forgot;
In and about the ditch much armour lay
Of flying Greeks. But done the fight was not.

ILIAD.

LIB. XVIII.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made for him by Vulcan

Whilst at the ships the Greeks and Trojans fought,
Antilochus came to Achilles' tent,
And found him to the Argive ditch gone out,
Presaging in his mind the sad event,
And saying to himself, Ah me, what's this?
The battle to the ships is come again;
Pray God it be not as I fear it is,
The Greeks are routed and Patroclus slain.
My mother told me that the best of all
The Myrmidons by th' Trojans should be slain.
I bad him not assault the Trojan wall,
Nor fight with Hector, but come back again.
As speaking to himself Achilles stood,
Antilochus unto him weeping came,
The news, said he, I bring you is not good;
I cannot without tears relate the same.
Slain is Patroclus. On the ground he lies,
And now they fighting are with swords and spears
Who shall his body have, with mighty cries,
Though naked; for his armour Hector wears.
At this sad news dark were Achilles' eyes;
And up he takes the dust with both his hands,
And throws it on his head; then down he lies,
His face and coat sullied with dust and sands,

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

And tore his hair. And then the lovely prey
Of captive women, that had taken been
By him and by Patroclus before Troy,
Affrighted from Achilles' tent came in,
And over him they beat they breasts and moan'd.
On t' other side Antilochus was fain
To hold his hands, so mightily he groan'd;
Lest otherwise he should himself have slain.
His mother Thetis hearing him complain,
Though sitting in the deepest of the seas,
Wept out aloud, and presently her train
About her came of the Nereiades.
Glauca, Thaleia, and Cymodoca,
Nesæa, Speio, Thoa, Halia,
And Æmioreia, and Cymothoa,
Melita Iæra, and Amphithoa.
And Doto, Proto, Actæa, Agava,
Doris, Dexamena, Dynamena,
And Callianeira, and Amphinoma,
Pherusa Apseudes, and fair Panopa,
Nemertes, and the milk-white Galatæa,
And Clymene there was, and Callianassa,
And Mæra, Orithvia, and glorious Amatheia,
And, not to name them all, fair Janassa
With all the rest, and fill'd the silver cave,
And beat their breasts, and round her stood dismay'd.
And Thetis then th' account unto them gave
Of her great grief, and thus unto them said:
Hear me, Nereiades, my sisters dear,
And be acquainted with my misery.
Ah, wretched Goddess that I was, to bear
The best of all the heroes; and when he
Was quickly grown up to a goodly height,
Send him unto the war at Ilium
Against the Trojans for the Greeks to fight,
From whence he never should again come home;
But spend his little time of life in woe,
And I can nothing do for his relief.
And now I mean to visit him, and know,
Since he not fights, what cause he hath of grief.
This said, she with her nymphs went from the cave.
The sea before them her smooth water tore,
And gentle passage to the Goddess gave,
Till they were landed on the Trojan shore,
Where lay Achilles' ships upon the sand;
And straight up to Achilles Thetis went,
The nymphs attending on her hand in hand,
And seeing him so grievously lament,
She held him by the head, and to him said,
Why weep you thus, sweet child; what is't you ail?

LIB. XVIII.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

For that which formerly to Jove you prayed
Against th' ingrateful Greeks, I did prevail.
To th' ships they have been beaten from the field,
And know in what great need they stand of you,
And have in heaps been by the Trojans kill'd.
To this Achilles answ'ring said, 'Tis true,
But in my life what pleasure can I find,
Since sweet Patroclus slain is by his foes,
On whom of all men most I set my mind,
And Hector in his arms triumphing goes;
Those mighty arms, giv'n by the Gods that day
That you were pleas'd a mortal man to wed,
To Peleus. Oh, had you been away,
And he a mortal woman married!
You had not for your son been grieved then,
That never to you should return again.
Nor do I wish to live with mortal men,
But till I with my spear have Hector slain.
By what you say, said Thetis to her son,
Short-liv'd you are. Your own fate then is nigh.
I care not, said Achilles, when that's done
I shall be very well content to die.
For since I never must return again,
And no defence in me Patroclus found,
Nor other good men by the Trojans slain,
I but a needless weight am to the ground.
Oh that contention lost for ever were,
And choler to the heart of man so sweet,
Which often make the wisest men to err!
In Agamemnon and myself I see't.
But since 'tis past, let's put it out of mind.
For dead he is, and cannot live again.
And now I'll see if Hector I can find,
That has my dearest friend Patroclus slain,
And then let Jove do what himself thinks good.
For Hercules could not avoid his fate,
Who most of mortals in his favour stood,
But died by destiny and Juno's hate;
And so shall I, when my day shall arrive,
Lie still when dead. But now let me gain fame
Amongst th' Achæans while I am alive,
And make some Trojan or some Dardan dame
With both her tender hands to tear her cheeks,
And sigh, and with her tears her beauty blot,
And know my hand from that of other Greeks,
And when I with th' Achæans am, when not.
And therefore, mother, dearly as you love me,
Endeavour not to make me here abide.
For from my purpose you cannot remove me.
Unto Achilles Thetis then replied,

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

Dear child, your purpose I'll not reprehend,
Patroclus' body from the foe to save,
Nor that the Argive people you defend.
But now you know your arms the Trojans have,
And Hector weareth them; but shall not long.
The latest of his days is to him nigh.
But go not you into the bloody throng,
Till here again you have me in your eye.
This said, she turn'd to the Nereiades,
And to them said, Nereiades, dive you
To Nereus, at the bottom of the seas,
And all you see has happ'ned to him show.
For I up to Olympus must be gone
To Vulcan, if such favour I can gain,
To get a good new armour for my son.
This said, the nymphs to sea return'd again,
And Thetis to Olympus went her way.
Meanwhile the Greeks before the Trojans fly
With mighty cries, and never stopt till they
Were at the ships, and to the wide sea nigh.
Nor was Patroclus' body rescued yet;
For now afresh the Trojans to them came,
Which did another fiercer fight beget,
And Hector fell upon them like a flame.
Thrice laid he hold upon Patroclus' foot,
And forc'd he was as oft to let it fall
To kill some others, then again came to't,
But from the body went not back at all.
No more could Hector driven be away
From the dead body by th' Ajaxes two,
Than can a hungry lion from his prey
For anything the herdsmen griev'd can do.
And Hector had Patroclus' body got,
And gained had thereby a great renown,
But Juno, though the other Gods knew not,
T' Achilles in great haste sent Iris down.
T' Achilles straight she came, and to him said,
Up, terrible Pelides, to the war,
And your beloved friend Patroclus aid;
For at the ships they fighting for him are.
The Greeks to save his body are in pain,
The Trojans fain would drag him into Troy,
And Hector most of all that has him slain,
And from his shoulders take his head away
And stick it up upon the Trojan wall,
Leaving his corpse a prey to dog and kite.
Think what reproach will then upon you fall.
Lie then no longer here, but rise and fight.
Achilles then replied. Iris, said he,
Tell me what God or Goddess sent you down.

LIB. XVIII.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

Juno, said Iris, sent me; none but she.
To all the rest my coming is unknown.
And then Achilles to her said again,
Since they have got my arms how can I fight?
And Thetis bids me from the war abstain
Till she return again into my sight,
Who is to Vulcan for new armour gone,
And here's no other armour for me fit
But Ajax's; who, I hope, has it on,
And for Patroclus now has use of it.
We know, said Iris, armour you have none.
But as you are, upon the ditch appear.
The Trojans from the corpse will soon begone,
And leave it to the Greeks for very fear.
This said, the Goddess Iris vanished
Achilles rose, and Pallas to him came,
And on him puts her shield, and on his head
A golden cloud, from which arose a flame.
As when an isle invaded is by foes,
The citizens to call their neighbours in
Make fires, the smoke up to the heaven goes
By day; by night the flame; and far are seen;
Upon Achilles' head stood such a flame,
And then unto the ditch he went and shouted,
And farther off Athena did the same.
The Trojans, when they heard it, strait were routed.
As clear as any trumpet in the wars,
They heard Achilles' voice, and were afraid,
And in disorder turn'd about their cars,
But at his flaming head were most dismay'd.
Thrice shouted he, thrice they disorder'd were;
And slain were of the Trojans twelve brave men
By their own cars and spears encumber'd there.
In so much haste they turn'd to fly. And then
The Greeks the body laid upon a bed
And bier, and standing by his side lament.
And tears abundance there Achilles shed,
And that he sent him had did now repent.
The sun by Juno hasten'd quench'd his fire;
The Argives on the place stay quietly;
The Trojans to without the ditch retire,
And from the cars the weary steeds untie.
Then presently the chiefs to counsel call
Before they sup, and standing on their feet,
This apparition so scar'd them all,
That none amongst them had a mind to sit.
And first unto them spake Polydamas
Panthoides, Hector's friend; both born one night.
He better counsellor than Hector was,
But Hector better was than he to fight.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

My friends, be well advised now, said he,
It is not safe here on the plain to stay
Until the morning light again we see,
So near the Argive ships, so far from Troy.
Whilst this man absent was in discontent
With Agamemnon, and forbore to fight,
The Greeks were easy foes; to th' ships I went
Myself, and willingly lay out all night;
But if Achilles hither now should come,
We must not only here fight for our lives;
So proud he is, he'll go to Ilium,
And for the city fight and for our wives.
Let's to the city go. 'Tis as I say,
And nothing keeps him from us but the night.
And if he here shall find us when 'tis day,
Some of us will acknowledge I say right.
And many flying, wish, when 'tis too late,
They were within the walls of Ilium,
Whom dogs and kites shall eat without the gate.
But to my ears may never such news come.
But if you will be ruled all by me,
Into the market-place of Troy by night
We'll bring our strength, and, soon as we can see,
Stand arm'd upon the tow'rs prepar'd to fight.
Then let him from the ships come fight at Troy,
And drive about the walls and do his worst,
And having tir'd his horses go away;
Take it he shall not, dogs shall eat him first.
Then Hector frowning on him, thus replies:
Again, said he, I from you must dissent,
Since you to shut ourselves in Troy advise.
We have already there too long been pent.
Troy once was counted rich in brass and gold;
But since Jove angry was, all that is gone,
In Phrygia and in Mœonia sold,
And little left in Ilium to be won;
But since the Greeks are beaten and dismay'd
By th' hand of Jove, your fear is out of season,
Nor will you by the Trojans be obey'd,
Nor shall you; though the Trojans thought it reason.
And therefore take my counsel, which is this.
Go now and ev'ry man his supper take
In rank and file there where he placed is;
And set good guards, and keep yourselves awake.
If any Trojan for his goods lament,
He may the same upon the town bestow
In service of the public to be spent,
Rather than be possessed by the foe;
And armed in the morn go to the fleet,
And sharply charge the Greeks by break of day.

LIB. XVIII.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

And if indeed Achilles there we meet,
He were not best oppose us in our way;
For from him I will neither fly nor shrink,
But either honour from him bear away,
Or he from me. Mars common is, I think,
To them that fight; and slain are they that slay.
This said, the Trojans heard with great applause,
Fools as they were; Pallas had made them mad.
But none of them commend Polydamas,
That given them much better counsel had.
The Trojans presently to supper went,
The Greeks all night about Patroclus stand;
And there began Achilles to lament.
And on Patroclus' breast he laid his hand.
As when a lion coming to his den,
Misses the tender whelps he left behind,
He roars, and furiously goes out again,
And through the vallies hunts, the thief to find;
Such fierce thoughts on Achilles' heart then lay,
And sighing, to the Myrmidons he spake:
Oh, what did I to old Menœtius say!
How vain a promise did I to him make;
I said, when we had sack'd the town of Troy,
That I to Opus would bring back his son,
Enriched with his portion of the prey.
But all we hope from Jove is seldom done.
For both of us have the same destiny,
With our heart's blood to dye the Trojan plain,
And as he lieth now, so shall I lie,
And never to my parents come again.
But since, Patroclus, you the first are dead,
Your funeral I will not celebrate,
Till I have brought you Hector's arms and head,
Whose bloody hand deliver'd your sad fate,
And have twelve of the noble youths of Troy
Beheaded in revenge. Till then stay here,
Where Trojan captive women, night and day
Bewailing you, shall stand about the bier.
This said, he order gave for water hot,
To cleanse Patroclus' body from the gore.
Into a cauldron, said he, water put,
And make a fire, and set the cauldron o'er.
Into a cauldron water then they put,
And made a fire, and set the cauldron o'er.
The flame about it goes; the water's hot.
Then washed from the body was the gore,
And then again they laid him on the bed;
From head to foot in linen they him fold,
And on him laid a fair white coverlid,
His wounds first fill'd with unguent nine years old.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

About the body of Patroclus stay'd
Achilles and the Myrmidons, all night
Lamenting him. Then Jove to Juno said,
You have Achilles brought again to fight
Against the Trojans, on the Argives' side.
Are they your children, that you love them so?
And Juno then to Jupiter replied:
Harsh Cronides, what words do you let go?
Since mortal men, that know much less than we,
May to a friend do good, and hate a foe,
Why may not I, that boast myself to be
The wife and sister of great Jove, do so,
And make my foes, the Trojans, feel my hate?
Whilst Jove and Juno were discoursing thus,
The Goddess Thetis come was to the gate
Of Vulcan's undecaying famous house
Of shining brass, with brighter stars thick set,
That 'mongst the houses of the heaven shone.
But he was at his work-house in a sweat,
And at his bellows swaying up and down.
For tripods twenty he had laboured,
With golden wheels, to go and come again
At his command; but had not finished
The ears and chains, which he was making then.
And whilst this bus'ness Vulcan was about,
Thetis was come, and at the gate did stand.
And Charis, Vulcan's wife, then going out,
Saw her, and straightway took her by the hand.
Thetis, said she, 'tis strange to see you here;
Much honour'd, and a welcome guest you are,
Come in, and pleased be t' accept our cheer.
Then led her in and brought her to a chair,
A dainty chair, with foot-stool join'd thereto,
And then unto her husband's shop she hied,
For, Thetis, said she, you have work to do.
And Vulcan, glad, to Charis thus replied:
Is Thetis here, that sav'd me from mishap!
When for my lameness thrown down from the sky,
Thetis was pleas'd to catch me in her lap,
When else I had been in great misery.
I wrought for her, and for Eurynome,
Nine years, and made them many pretty things,
Within a rock encompass'd by the sea,
As buckles, clasps, fine boxes, beads, and rings,
Which neither mortal nor immortal knew,
But only Thetis and Eurynome.
And now to Thetis I must pay what's due,
The ransom of my life, for saving me.
Go you, and entertain her well, while I
My tools take up, and bellows set away.

LIB. XVIII.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

This said, the bellows he took and set by,
But in a chest his working tools did lay.
Then with a sponge he wip'd his hands and face,
His brawny neck, and hairy breast, and on
He puts his coat, and with his staff, apace,
Though halting goes, and waited was upon
By maids of massy gold, endu'd with wit,
And speech, and strength, and learn'd in heav'nly art;
And went to Thetis and did by her sit,
And joyful at her presence was his heart,
And laid his hand on hers, and to her said,
Thetis, so welcome to me there is none;
Tell me wherein you think I can you aid,
And if it can be done, it shall be done.
And then to Vulcan Thetis answered:
No Goddess ever was distress'd like me,
Whom Jove made subject to a mortal's bed,
And Peleus' wife constrained me to be,
Who lies at home decrepid now and spent,
And when I borne unto him had a son,
Of all the heroes the most excellent,
And of his breeding care omitted none,
And when he grown was to a goodly height,
He sent was to the war at Ilium,
Against the Trojans for the Greeks to fight;
From whence he never shall again come home.
Though yet he live, he takes therein no joy,
And I to comfort him no power have,
Since Agamemnon taken has away
Her whom the Greeks for honour to him gave.
And then my son no longer would him aid;
And by the Trojans beaten were the Greeks;
And Agamemnon then sent gifts, and pray'd,
And by ambassadors his favour seeks.
Then though to th' fight himself he would not go,
Yet he his armour to Patroclus gave,
And Myrmidons t' assist him 'gainst the foe,
And to the Scæan gate the Trojans drave.
And by Patroclus taken had been Troy,
Had he not then been by Apollo slain,
That unto Hector gave a glorious day,
And th' armour of my valiant son to gain.
Which makes me now come hither, to request
That you would make new armour for my son,
A shield, a helmet, armour for the breast,
And for the legs; for those he had are gone.
Then to her answer'd Vulcan, Do not fear.
Oh, that when for him the harsh Fates enquire,
To hide him from them I as able were
As make him arms, for mortals to admire.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

This said, unto his shop he went, and bad
His golden serving statues blow the fire.
For twenty bellowses in all he had
To blow as he should, and his work require.
And then into the fire he threw in tin,
And brass, and silver fine, and precious gold;
And to the socket puts the anvil in,
And th' heavy hammer in one hand did hold,
Into his other hand the tongs he takes,
And forges first a mighty shield and strong,
And many various figures in it makes,
And fastens to the same a silver thong,
And bound the edge about with triple brass.
The shield itself consisted of five plies,
And with great art described in it was
The surface of the earth, the sea and skies,
The sun, the moon at full, and all the train
Of heaven, Pleiades, and Hyades,
Orion, and the bear, men call the Wain,
That only never dives into the seas,
But always to Orion has an eye.
And in it were two cities. In the one
Good cheer and weddings, and great melody,
And women at their doors stand looking on
To see the bridegroom as he passed by,
And lusty youths, that dancing with them go,
To citterns and to pipes, and Hymen cry,
And turn as swift as tops upon the toe.
And full of people was the market-place,
Assembled at the hearing of a cause.
A man was slain. And this was then the case.
One said that he had satisfied the laws,
The other said that nothing he had paid;
And on this issue they will both be tried,
And have their proofs before the judges laid,
And clamour great of friends was on each side.
The cryers when they stilled had the cry,
Into the judges' hands their sceptres gave,
And in the midst, of gold two talents lie,
For him that has the better cause to have.
Before the other town two armies stood.
The foe resolved was to plunder it;
The town, to save it, offer'd half their good,
The other to accept it thought not fit.
Then up unto the walls the towns-men sent
Their women, children, and their men grown old,
And all the rest out from the city went,
And Mars and Pallas with them, all in gold,
And taller than the multitude by odds,
Who in respect of them seem'd very low,

LIB. XVIII.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

For men are much inferior to the Gods.
Then they before the gate to council go.
The enemies themselves in ambush laid
At th' watering place upon the river's brink,
And scouts sent out, which not far from them staid,
To tell them when the cattle came to drink.
And when they were informed they were nigh,
And shepherds two, that did suspect no harm,
They on the shepherds and the cattle fly.
At which the other army took th' alarm,
And rising up from council, with their horse
Pursued, and soon they overtaken were,
And then began the fight. Without remorse
They one another slay with sword and spear.
And there disorder plac'd was and debate;
And one borne wounded out, another found,
Another dead was dragg'd away by Fate,
With bloody coat and armour on the ground.
So lively seemed to the eye their features,
In fighting and in fetching off their slain,
One would have thought they had been living creatures,
And that the fight had real been. Again
Describ'd was in the same a spacious ground,
And men at plough; and at each ridge's end,
At turning of the plough about, they found
A man that for them did with wine attend.
And then again the plough about they wind,
And lab'ring to the other end go back;
And as they plough, still what they leave behind,
Though golden 'twas, to th' eye appeared black;
A wonder 'twas. Besides, in the same shield
Pourtrayed, was a goodly close of wheat,
And many reapers working on the field,
That threw it to the ground in handfuls great;
And boys that follow'd took it from the ground,
And put it in the hands of binders three,
By whom they made were into sheaves and bound,
Which standing by, their lord was glad to see.
His squires not far off standing were aside;
And at a tree a cow kill'd of the best,
A supper for the reapers to provide,
And to the women gave it to be dress'd.
And in't a golden vineyard was pourtray'd:
The grapes that on it hung were black, and all
The vines supported and from drooping staid
With silver props, that down they could not fall.
A ditch there was about it black, and on
The same a hedge, the colour of it tin,
And path unto it there was only one,
By which the fruit in vintage was brought in.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

And on it boys and girls described were,
After a fiddle play'd on by a boy,
That sing, dance, whistle, and full baskets bear,
Of Bacchus' gifts, unto the house with joy.
And in it was a herd of bulls and kine,
Part gold, part tin, and herds-men four of gold,
That to the pasture drave them with dogs nine,
T' a sedgy river; where two lions bold
Upon the horned herd came from a wood,
And 'mongst the foremost seiz'd upon a bull;
The dogs went to them near, and barking stood:
Then roars the bull. The lions tear and pull.
And in the same he pasture made for sheep
Within a valley large, with lodges good,
And folds, and cover'd houses them to keep
In safety from the wild beasts of the wood.
And in it was a dancing place pourtray'd,
Like that which Dædalus had made before
For Ariadne, white in Crete he staid,
And on it dancing youths and maidens store
Go hand in hand. The girls, some clad in fine
White linen were, and some in coats well spun
Of glossy wool, that with the oil did shine;
And ev'ry one a garland gay had on.
The boys with silver hangers were adorn'd,
And golden swords, and with their well-taught feet
Sometimes they dancing in a circle turn'd,
Sometimes divided in two ranks they meet.
And round about of people stood a throng,
And in the lovely dance took great delight.
And in the midst two tumblers sung the song,
And many wond'rous things did in their sight.
With the ocean then he all environed.
The shield now done, he went about the rest,
And made a helmet strong fit for his head,
And formed was of massy gold the crest,
And breast-plate shining brighter than the fire,
And pieces for his legs of ductile tin.
And when he all had done to his desire,
He from his forge return'd, and brought it in,
And in the hands of Thetis puts the same;
Which she received from him joyfully.
Then straightway from Olympus down she came,
As swift as at a fowl a hawk can fly.

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LIB. XIX.

LIB. XIX.

Achilles reconciled to Agamemnon goes forth to battle.

No sooner in her saffron robe was seen
Aurora, holding light above the ground,
Than at the ships the silver-footed queen
Achilles by Patroclus weeping found,
And with him many of his friends dismay'd.
Then in, into the midst of them she went,
And laid her hand on his, and to him said:
My son, why do you thus in vain lament?
Come, since the Gods have slain him, leave him here,
And take the arms which I from Vulcan bring,
Such as yet mortal man did never wear;
Which, as she lays them down before him, ring.
The Myrmidons were troubled at the sight,
And turn'd their backs, affrighted at the show.
Achilles' wrath was more enflamed by't,
His eyes a-fire, and bended was his brow;
Yet when he had them in his hands was glad,
And with great admiration them survey'd.
And when enough beholden them he had,
Unto his mother he replied, and said:
Mother, I see such arms from Vulcan here,
As none but an immortal could have made,
And presently will put them on, but fear
Lest flies the body should meanwhile invade,
And in the wounds some filthy vermin breed.
And Thetis then replied: Son, do not fear,
For I myself to that will take such heed,
As, that although it should lie here a year,
It shall no worse, but rather better be.
Go you, and th' Argive lords to council call,
And with king Agamemnon there agree,
And put your anger off before them all;
And spend your choler boldly on your foes.
This said, she to Patroclus mov'd her feet,
And dropp'd ambrosia into his nose,
To keep his body incorrupt and sweet.
Achilles then went down unto the shore,
And there the heroes did to council call
By name, though they were ready there before.
But thither at the news came th' Argives all,
Steers-men and stewards of provision,
And all the rest to th' council thronging in,
Though but to see the face of Thetis' son,
So long they thought he absent now had been.

Achilles reconciled to Agamemnon goes forth to battle.

Tydides also, and Ulysses came,
Though of their wounds they yet not cured were,
Both halting, leaning on their spears, and lame.
The last of all was Agamemnon there,
Wounded by Coon, nor recovered yet;
But th' heroes for his coming not long staid.
And when they were together all and set,
Achilles rose, and t' Agamemnon said:
Atrides, what great profit got we by
This our unlucky strife about a maid?
I would it had her fortune been to die,
Before I siege unto Lyrnessus laid.
To Hector and the Trojans comes the gain;
The Greeks with grief will think on't while they live.
But since it is too late now to complain,
Go forth, and orders for the battle give;
That I may to them go again, and see
If at the ships they mean to stay all night.
I think they will much rather wish to be
Within the walls of Troy than stay and fight.
This said, the Greeks were glad and courage take,
Assured that Achilles would them aid,
And Agamemnon, sitting, to them spake,
(Which he excus'd), and thus unto them said:
'Twere fitter, Argive princes, I stood out,
That so my words you might the better hear;
But such a number standing are about,
My voice, though greater, would not reach your ear.
Nor were it fit for me to go about,
And tell my mind to each man in his ear.
T' Achilles therefore only I'll speak out,
But so, if you attend, that all may hear.
I often have, said he, been blamed by
The Greeks for taking from you your fair prize,
When not in me, but Jove the fault did lie,
And in Erinnys and the Destinies,
That did me of my wits that day bereave.
For what can I do when the Gods do all?
Jove's daughter Atè did me then deceive,
From whom, on men and Gods great troubles fall.
Her feet are soft, because she never treads
On th' earth; but when she mischief has to do
Walks in the air, and puts it in men's heads,
And sometimes does shrewd turns t' immortals too.
For Juno, though but of th' female sex,
That day that Hercules was to be born,
Was able Jove, the best o' th' Gods, to vex,
And labour of Alcmena to adjourn.
For Jove before th' immortals having said
That he a man that day to light would bring,

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Achilles reconciled to Agamemnon goes forth to battle.

By whom his race in Greece should all be sway'd.
You jest, said Juno, you mean no such thing.
I'll not believe't, unless you first be sworn
That he shall of your seed in Greece be king,
That of a woman shall this day be born.
This said, straight Jove, no fraud imagining,
The great oath took. But after did repent.
And Juno from Olympus' lofty head
Leapt down, and t' Argos of Achaia went,
And brought the wife of Sthenelus to bed.
And there was she deliver'd of a son,
That was by Perseus of Jove's descent,
Though she but seven months had of him gone.
And then to Thebes she to Alcmena went,
And hinder'd her that day from bringing forth.
Then up to Jupiter she came again,
And said, This day is born a man of worth,
Eurysteus, in Argos fit to reign,
And of your seed. And Jove in choler then
Took Atè by the head and swung her round,
And swore she ne'er to heav'n should come again.
And having said it, threw her to the ground;
And always after sigh'd to see the pain
To which Eurysteus did put his son;
As I do, when I see the Argives slain
By Hector, grieve to think what I have done.
But since that Jove has made me to offend,
I for my error willing am to pay.
Come, then, and your assistance to us lend,
And quickly bring your Myrmidons away.
And all that by Ulysses yesterday
I to you promis'd shall performed be.
Or presently, if you will for it stay,
That you th' atoning gifts yourself may see.
Achilles then unto him thus replies.
As for your gifts, to give them me or no,
Yet only in your choice, Atrides, lies.
But now 'tis time we to the Trojans go,
To make fine speeches here is but delay.
But let your men o' th' field Achilles see
Through squadrons of the Trojans making way,
The Argives then encouraged will be.
Ulysses then t' Achilles answered:
Godlike Achilles, mighty as you are,
Urge not the Greeks to fight till they be fed;
They fasting cannot long endure the war,
And likely 'tis the battle will be long,
Especially if Gods both sides assist;
And bread and wine is that which makes men strong.
Let therefore now the Argives be dismiss'd.

Achilles reconciled to Agamemnon goes forth to battle.

Who can, d'ye think, the toil of battle bear
From morning unto night, unless he first
With food his heart and feeble limbs do cheer?
He would be heavy, hungry, and athirst.
But he that is with food well satisfied,
Courageous is, and fight will all the day;
His heart and limbs are strong, and will abide
As long as any on the field dare stay.
Come, let the people now to breakfast go.
And Agamemnon send the presents in
Into th' assembly where we sit, that so
By the Achæans all they may be seen;
And let him take an oath before us, that
Briseis' bed he never went unto,
Nor all this while has done unto her what
A husband to his wife is us'd to do.
And you your anger henceforth bridle must.
And you, Atrides, feast him like a friend,
And for hereafter learn to be more just,
Nor think't a shame for men their faults to mend.
Ulysses, said Atrides, I am joy'd
The counsel you have given us to hear,
For 'tis but reason all that you have said,
And I with all my heart the oath will swear.
And let Achilles, though in haste, stay here
With all the rest, that they my gifts may see,
And witnesses be to the oath I swear.
And for the gifts, Ulysses, presently
Go you yourself with good men, whom you will,
And bring them from my tent and set them here,
For what they are, you well remember still;
The same that by you promis'd from me were.
And you, Talthybius, provide a swine,
That we may offer up a sacrifice
To Jove, the Sun, and other pow'rs divine.
This said, Achilles to him thus replies:
Renowned Agamemnon, I think yet
Another time for feast had better been,
As when in war a pause we intermit.
And whilst yet unabated is my spleen,
We see our friends lie torn upon the ground,
The Greeks to battle and revenge I prompt.
You think my counsel therein is not sound,
And seek with feasting to divert them from't.
But let us fasting to the battle go,
And make good cheer when we come back again,
And have reveng'd ourselves upon the foe;
For I will neither eat nor drink till then.
For whilst Patroclus mangled lieth here,
And they that love him stand lamenting by,

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Achilles reconciled to Agamemnon goes forth to battle.

There nothing is that I can think good cheer
But slaughter, blood, and groans of men that die.
To this Ulysses did again reply:
Achilles, you have not in Greece your peer
For martial worth; yet elder much am I,
And more have seen; I pray you therefore hear.
The fare of war soon breeds satiety.
Much straw there is, but harvest none, or small.
If Jove once hold the scales unevenly,
Innumerable are the men that fall.
When then an end of weeping shall we see?
The bellies of the Argives must not mourn.
They that go to the war must patient be,
And let the dead unto their graves be borne,
And not weep over them above a day.
And we that safe from fight are come again,
When we are fed can all day fighting stay.
All other exhortation is vain.
Let therefore now the Greeks to breakfast go,
Which is the soldier's best encouragement,
Then all together fall upon the foe.
And when he this had said, away he went,
And with him took Meges, Meriones,
Theas, Antilochus, and Thrasymed,
And Menalippus, and added unto these
The martial son of Creon, Lycomed,
And brought the presents from Atrides' tent.
Sev'n tripods great, and twenty cauldrons bright,
Twelve horses, and sev'n women with them went,
And, fair'st of all, Briseis made them eight.
Talents of gold Ulysses weigh'd out ten,
And took the pains himself to carry that;
The rest was carri'd by the younger men,
And laid before the princes as they sat.
Then Agamemnon rose, and by him near
Talthybius attended with a swine,
From which Atrides clipt a lock of hair,
And lifts his hands unto the pow'rs divine.
O Jove, said he, the chiefest of the Gods,
O Sun, and Earth, and Furies underground,
That in your hands carry th' eternal rods
To punish such as perjur'd shall be found,
My hand I on Briseis never laid,
Neither for bed, nor any other cause;
But always in my tent untouch'd she staid,
Nor ever by me once attempted was.
And if herein I told you have a lie,
Let all the dreadful torments that are due
To such as guilty are of perjury
Upon me fall. This said, the swine he slew.

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Achilles reconciled to Agamemnon goes forth to battle.

Then out the stomach of the swine did cut,
And that Talthybius took in his hands.
And threw't into the sea the fish to glut.
That done, Achilles up amongst them stands.
'Tis thou, O Jove, said he, that spoilest all.
Briseis at my tent had stayed still,
Nor had her going from me mov'd my gall,
But that thou hadst a mind the Greeks to kill.
This said, the council he dissolv'd, and sent
Th' Achæans to their ships to break their fast.
Then ev'ry man unto his own ship went,
And busy were about their short repast.
Meanwhile the Myrmidons the presents bear
T' Achilles' ships, and laid them in his tent,
And thither also brought the women were.
But th' horses to the field his servants sent.
Briseis, when she saw Patroclus lie
With many ghastly wounds dead on the bier,
She flung her arms about him and did cry,
And her white neck, and face, and breast did tear,
And weeping over him did thus complain.
O dear Patroclus, whom alive I left,
Now when I to you am return'd again,
Ah me, I find you of your life bereft.
How fast my woes on one another fall!
The husband which my parents made me wed,
And three good brothers of one mother all,
I saw before Lyrnessus massacred.
And then, Patroclus, you to comfort me,
Told me that I should be Achilles' wife,
And to him married in Pthia be.
But now since you have also lost your life,
I never of my woe shall see an end.
And then the other women wept and roar'd,
All for Patroclus, as they did pretend,
But inwardly their own fate they deplor'd.
The Greeks again about Achilles stood,
And urged him, ere he to battle went,
Himself to strengthen with a little food,
But could by no means get him to consent.
My friends, said he, importune me no more
To eat or drink before we go to fight.
My heart within me now is vexed sore;
Fear not, I shall endure from morn to night.
This said, the other princes from him went.
The two Atrides and Ulysses stay,
And Phœnix and old Nestor at his tent,
And King Idomeneus, his grief t' allay,
But nothing they could say did any good,
So fiercely he was set upon the fight.

LIB. XIX.

Achilles reconciled to Agamemnon goes forth to battle.

And looking on Patroclus' body stood,
And then afresh lamented at the sight.
Sweet friend, said he, you wont were to provide
Good breakfast for me when I was to fight,
But since that comfort now I am denied,
In meat and drink I take no more delight.
For greater hurt cannot upon me fall,
Although for want of me my father die,
While absent from him at the Trojan wall,
For this accursed Helen's sake I lie;
Nor though my son Neptolemus should die,
Whom I in Scyros isle left to be bred,
Nor thinking then that here both you and I
Should lose our lives; but that when I was dead
He should by you be to my house convey'd,
And made to know my servants and estate.
For Peleus now is very much decay'd,
If quite he have not finished his fate.
When this Achilles, weeping, spoken had,
The good old men, that also had their fears
For those they left at home, were very sad.
And Jove had pity on Achilles' tears,
And speaking to Athena, Child, said he,
Your love to valiant men, I see, is gone.
Achilles must no more remember'd be.
Behold how for his friend he maketh moan,
And takes no food, though th' other princes feast,
Let not his strength by hunger be decay'd;
Distil ambrosia into his breast,
And nectar. Straight Athena him obey'd.
And swift as any harpy came away,
And arming of themselves she found the rest;
But that Achilles' strength might not decay,
She dropt ambrosia into his breast,
And nectar sweet, and out the Argives went.
As when from Jove descendeth a thick snow,
Which Boreas bloweth through the element;
Such of the armed Argives was the show;
So bright their burnish'd arms and helmets were,
The lustre up to heaven did rebound,
And smiling all about the fields appear,
And at the moving of their feet resound.
Achilles then his mighty arms puts on,
And grinds his teeth, and fire was in his eyes,
And hasted to the battle to be gone;
So much his heart did at the Trojans rise.
First to his legs the leg pieces he tied
With buckles of fine silver all along,
And next his breast-plate to his breast applied,
And on his shoulder then his sword he hung;

Achilles reconciled to Agamemnon goes forth to battle.

Then up into his hands his shield he took,
Large, strong, and mighty; radiant was the same,
And from afar it like the moon did look,
Or, as to seamen, on the wolds a flame,
That sure are of a storm when that they see,
And from their friends to scatter'd be by wind
To places where they not desire to be;
So then the buckler of Achilles' shin'd.
And next he puts his helmet on his head,
Which shined like a comet in the air,
So finely Vulcan had it polished,
And made it seem to blaze with golden hair.
And then to try his arms if fit they were,
He walk'd about, and thought he wings had worn.
And last from out a tub he took his spear
(Which by his father formerly was borne,
And made by Chiron in Mount Pelion)
Which no man but Achilles now could wield,
Since Peleus' strength decayed was and gone.
A fatal spear to heroes in the field.
And Alcimus then and Automedon,
The horses to the chariot made fast,
And harness'd them and put their bridles on,
And back unto the seat the reins they cast.
With whip in hand then mounts Automedon,
And after him Achilles not long staid,
Yclad in armour shining like the sun,
And roughly to his horses speaking said,
Xanthus and Balius take heed I pray,
A little better of your char'oteer,
Than of Patroclus you did yesterday,
Whom dead and stript you left behind you here.
This said, his sprightly head low Xanthus hung,
Till on the ground his golden mane was laid.
And Juno human speech gave to his tongue.
And to Achilles then he spake and said,
Yes, great Achilles, we will save you now:
But know ye, that your utmost day is nigh;
Not by our faults; the Gods will have it so,
And, which cannot be shunn'd, your destiny.
And that Patroclus is disarm'd and slain,
'Twas not because we lazy were or slow,
But that Priamides might honour gain,
Apollo slew him with his silver bow.
For we could have gone faster than the wind,
If that could to him any good have done.
The thread of life which for him was design'd
Was by the Destinies drawn out and spun.
This then said Xanthus, but could not proceed.
His speech the Furies from him took again.

LIB. XX.

Xanthus, replied Achilles, there's no need
For you to prophecy my death in vain.
I know already that I here must die,
Far from my parents; yet I mean to stay
Till I have made the Trojans hence to fly.
This said, his Myrmidons he led away.

ILIAD.

LIB. XX.

The eighth battle, and the Gods permitted to assist

Whilst with Achilles th' Argives armed stand,
And on the plain the Trojans ready all,
Jove to the goddess Thetis gave command
The common council of the Gods to call.
Then down she came, and calling went about.
Ye Gods, said she, Jove calls you to his house.
And straight the Rivers from their streams came out,
All but their father old Oceanus.
The Nymphs from ev'ry meadow, spring and grove,
Up to the Mount Olympus went in haste;
And when they come were to the house of Jove,
In porches round on polish'd seats were plac'd;
And Neptune also having heard the call,
Leap'd from the sea up to Olympus' hill,
And sitting in the midst, before them all
To Jove he spake, and said, What is your will?
D'ye call us hither our advice to hear;
To give the day to Trojan or to Greek;
For I perceive the battle now is near?
My mind, said Jupiter, you need not seek.
For of the Greeks distrest I have a care.
But on Olympus I intend to stay,
And please myself with looking on the war.
But let the other Gods go down to Troy,
And take which side they will. For else I fear,
Achilles, whom the Trojans did so dread,
When in the battle no immortals were,
And more enrag'd is since his friend is dead;
When he has driv'n the Trojans from the field,
Will then directly go to Ilium,
And overthrow the wall which you did build,
Before the time, by fate appointed, come.
This said, the fight began. On th' Argives' side
Stood Juno, Pallas, Neptune, Mercury;

The eighth battle, and the Gods permitted to assist.

And Vulcan, taking in his strength great pride,
Went halting 'mongst them with his legs awry.
On th' other side, Mars for the Trojans stood,
And Phœbus, and his sister Artemis,
Their mother Leto, and Scamander-flood,
And Venus that of all the fairest is.
And whilst they from the battle stood aside,
The Argives mightily encourag'd were,
And in Achilles' presence took great pride;
For long it seem'd they had not seen him there.
The Trojans, when they saw him, shook for fear,
So like to Mars he was, his arms so bright.
But when the Gods on both sides with them were,
Then all about was filled with affright,
And in the air heard was Athena's shrill
As from the ditch, and sometimes from the shore,
And Mars sometimes from Callidone hill,
And sometimes as at Troy was heard to roar,
The Trojans he, but she the Greeks to incite.
Thus by the Gods from heav'n encouraged,
The armies met, and cruel was the fight,
And terribly above Jove thundered,
And Neptune shook the earth on ev'ry side;
The Argive ships, and stately Trojan tow'rs,
The plain beneath, and lofty tops of Ide.
And frighten'd with it were th' infernal pow'rs;
And Pluto, starting from his ugly throne,
To Neptune cried out his hand to hold,
For fear his dismal dwelling should be shown
To men and Gods, so hateful to behold.
So great a noise the Gods make when they fight.
Phœbus to Neptune now opposed is,
And Pallas stands against rude Mars his might,
And Juno matched is with Artemis,
And Mercury against Latona stood.
But he that Vulcan had to deal withal,
Was the divine and deep swift-running flood,
Which Xanthus Gods, but men Scamander call.
Thus were th' Immortals matched one to one.
Achilles would have given any good
That he had matched been to Priam's son,
T' have made to Mars a breakfast of his blood.
And then Apollo sets Æneas on
T' encounter with Achilles; and array'd
In th' person and the voice of Lycaon
Came to his side, and thus unto him said:
Æneas, when the wine was in your head,
I oft have heard you of yourself say this,
That 'gainst Achilles you in fight durst stand.
What say you to him now? See, there he is.

LIB. XX.

The eighth battle, and the Gods permitted to assist.

Priamides, Æneas then replied,
Why would you have me with Achilles fight?
I once already was, upon mount Ide
Keeping our cattle, by him put to flight;
And thence for safety to Lyrnessus fled.
But he the town Lyrnessus quickly won,
And Pedassus. And then I had been dead
If Jove had not enabled me to run.
For Pallas with him was and made him way,
Striking his foes before him with affright,
And urging him the Trojans to destroy.
'Tis more than man can do t' oppose his might;
One God or other always with him is
To put aside the spears before they come.
And whom he aims at he doth never miss,
And to the mark his spear flies always home.
But if the Gods unpartial would be,
Although of solid brass his body were,
He should not eas'ly get the victory.
Æneas, then said Phœbus, do not fear,
But pray unto the Gods. Your mother is
Jove's daughter Cytherea, as they say,
A greater Goddess by descent than his;
And therefore boldly to him go your way.
His mighty words and threats you must not fear.
This said, he courage breath'd into his breast.
Then through the foremost went he with his spear,
And helmet of strong brass with glitt'ring crest.
Now Juno of his going was aware,
And calling to her th' other Gods, she said,
Neptune and Pallas, let us have a care;
I see a danger that ought to be weigh'd.
Æneas yonder, with his spear in hand,
Goes to Achilles with a mind to fight.
Let's keep him off, or by Achilles stand,
And add both to his courage and his might,
That he may know the Gods of greatest pow'r
Are on his side, and those that stand for Troy
In virtue much to us inferior,
And dare not in the field against us stay;
And that we from Olympus hither came
To save him now; hereafter, whatsoe'er
Mischances come, he must endure the same,
Since at his birth they woven with him were.
For if unknown our purpose to him be,
To meet a God will put him into fear.
'Tis dangerous Gods as they are to see;
So terrible to mortals they appear.
And Neptune unto Juno then replied,
You are too fierce: a fight between the Gods

The eighth battle, and the Gods permitted to assist.

I would not have begin upon our side;
Nor does it need, so much we have the odds.
But let's go hence to yonder mountain top,
And leave the battle in the hands of men.
If Mars or Phœbus then Achilles stop,
We to the battle will return again,
And send them to Olympus home with shame,
'Mongst other of the Gods at court to stay,
Well beaten at our hands, disgrac'd, and tame.
And when he this had said, he led away,
And when he come was to the castle-wall,
Which was by th' Trojans built for Hercules
By Pallas' help, to save him from the whale
That much annoy'd the Trojans from the seas,
He and his party of the Gods staid there,
Concealed by a cloud, and looking on.
But Mars and Phœbus, with their party, were
Sitting upon the brow of Callidon.
Thus from the field the Gods on both sides staid,
Consulting how their friends the day might win,
But neither side effectually would aid,
For not a God amongst them durst begin.
Now cover'd over was the field with men,
Both horse and foot, array'd in armour bright:
The earth resounded with their feet. And then
Two warriors in the midst stood out to fight,
Achilles and Æneas, the two best.
And first Æneas, with fierce looks, went on
With spear in hand, and shield before his breast.
To meet him then advanced Thetis' son.
As when to chase a lion from the plain,
The people of the town with weapons rise,
The lion looks upon them with disdain,
As if he did their multitude despise;
But when a spear from any of them comes,
He whips himself int' anger with his tail,
And terribly goes on, and yawns and foams,
To kill, or to be killed if he fail:
So at the seeing of Æneas' spear,
Achilles did himself to th' fight provoke.
And when they stood to one another near,
Achilles first unto Æneas spoke.
Æneas, why, said he, come you away
So far before the rest? To fight with me?
Will Priam, think you, make you king of Troy,
If by your hand perhaps I slain should be?
No. He is wise, and sons has of his own.
Or will the Trojans set you out great lands,
Some to be planted, others to be sown,
Whenever I am killed by your hands?

LIB. XX.

The eighth battle, and the Gods permitted to assist.

But that I hope will never be. You know
How once I made you run down Ida hill,
Into Lyrnessus, in great haste; and how
You ne'er look'd back for fear of greater ill;
And how the town I won, and led away
The women captives; though 'twas then Jove's will
That from my hands you should escape that day,
You must not look that you should do so still.
And therefore I advise you to be gone,
And in the throng o' th' Trojans to abide,
For ev'ry fool his harm knows when 'tis done.
This said, Æneas to him thus replied:
Pelides, do not think you can me fright,
As if I were a child, with words of scorn;
For if in evil words I took delight,
I could as many easily return.
We one another's parents know by fame;
Peleus your father was, Anchises mine.
Your mother is divine, Thetis by name;
And Venus mine, of the celestial line;
And one of them to-day must lose a son,
For 'tis not words can fetch us off this place.
But if you'll know my generation,
I'll by my father likewise count my race;
For first by Jove was Dardanus begot,
That rul'd the Dardans under Ida hill,
In divers towns; for Ilium yet was not,
But at the foot of Ida they dwelt still.
And Dardan Erichthonius begat,
That was the wealthiest of mortal men:
Three thousand mares he had, and unto that
As many foals, all feeding on the fen.
And twelve of these were got by Boreas,
That leapt their dams in likeness of a horse,
And o'er the ears of standing corn could pass
And never make them stoop, such was their force;
And run upon the sea, and never wet
Their hoofs, which very wondrous was to see.
And Erichthonius did Tros beget.
And Tros the father was of children three,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed.
But Ganymed was taken up by Jove,
So fair he was, and t' heaven carried,
To minister unto the Gods above.
The son of Ilus was Laomedon,
And he Tithonus got, and Priamus,
And Lampus, Clytius, Icetaon.
But Capys son was of Assaracus.
Capys begat Anchises, and he me.
I need not be ashamed of my race,

The eighth battle, and the Gods permitted to assist

Though virtue lieth not in pedigree,
But given is to them whom Jove will grace.
Then let us from reproachful words abstain,
Whereof there is great plenty ev'rywhere,
To serve all men that will them entertain,
That as a man will speak, so he may hear.
What need we, like two women in the street,
When they cannot agree, to rail and scoff?
Who, say they true or false, are indiscreet.
For from my purpose you'll not put me off
With scornful words, before your force I try,
Let's therefore here no longer talk, but fight.
And as he spake his spear he letteth fly,
Which on Achilles' mighty shield fell right,
And terribly it made the same resound,
Achilles far before him held his shield,
For fear Æneas through it might him wound;
Though heav'nly arms to mortals will not yield.
But that he thought not on. Nor did the spear,
Well driven as it was, and strong, pass through;
For of five plies that labour'd in it were
By Mulciber, it pierced only two,
And those were brass. There still remained three,
The one of gold, the other two of tin;
And stopped by the brass it could not be,
But coming to the gold it there stuck in.
And then Achilles threw his spear at him,
Which flying with great force pass'd thro' his shield,
Where thin the brass and hide was near the brim,
And over him it flew into the field.
For when Æneas coming saw the spear,
He crouched low, and held his buckler high;
And though the same proceeded but from fear,
It made the spear above his head to fly.
Æneas at the first amazed stands;
But when Achilles with his sword came on,
He stoop'd, and from the ground took in his hands,
That near unto him lay, a mighty stone,
Which two men, such as now are, scarce could bear,
And hit him had on th' head or breast in vain,
That with celestial arms defended were,
And by Achilles' sword himself been slain,
If it had not by Neptune been foreseen.
Who speaking to the Gods did thus complain.
O Gods, said he, great pain I now am in
To see Æneas by Achilles slain,
For heark'ning to Apollo foolishly;
Who will not help him though he set him on.
But wherefore should we let Æneas die,
Others to please, when he no fault has done?

LIB. XX.

The eighth battle, and the Gods permitted to assist.

Let's therefore save him, lest we Jove offend,
Who now the offspring of King Priam hates,
And that Æneas' race shall without end
The Trojans rule, 'tis ordered by the Fates.
This said, to Neptune Juno did reply:
If you Æneas have a mind to save,
Save him yourself. For well you know that I
And Pallas 'mongst the Gods sworn often have,
That neither of us shall a Trojan aid,
Though Ilium itself were in a flame.
Away went Neptune soon as that was said,
And to Æneas and Achilles came,
And o'er Achilles' eyes a mist he spread,
And drew his spear out of Æneas' shield;
And to Achilles that he carried,
And laid it at his feet upon the field.
And then Æneas, lifted by the force
Of an immortal God, skipp'd to the rear,
O'er many ranks of heroes and of horse,
Unto the Caucons, that the hindmost were,
Where Neptune standing by him spake, and said:
Æneas, who was't of th' immortal Gods,
That to engage Achilles you betray'd,
That stronger is than you by so much odds?
Henceforth take heed you come not in his way,
Lest by his hand you die. When he is gone,
You boldly on the best adventure may,
For of the rest you slain shall be by none.
This said, he to Achilles went again,
And made the mist to vanish from his eyes,
And round about him look'd Achilles then,
And to his feet return'd, his spear espies,
And said unto himself, O strange, what's this?
The man is gone, my spear come back I see.
Æneas of the Gods beloved is,
And I thought all he said was vanity.
But fare him well. He will not come again,
So glad he is that he hath 'scaped so.
Now I will first put courage in my men,
And then unto some other Trojans go.
Then through the Argive ranks he went, and said,
No longer of the Trojans be so shy,
But man to man go close. Be not afraid;
Strong as I am, you cannot think that I
Can follow such a multitude and fight;
For neither Mars nor Pallas can do that,
Though Gods immortal, and of so great might,
That mortal men cannot resist. Yet what
My strength alone, with hands and feet can do,
I think I shall not anything forbear,

The eighth battle, and the Gods permitted to assist.

But break their ranks, and make you way clean through;
Nor shall he joyful be whom I come near.
Whilst this Achilles to the Argives said,
Hector no less the Trojans did excite.
Why should you of Achilles be afraid?
With words 'tis easy 'gainst the Gods to fight,
That are too strong to fight with, with a spear;
And to Achilles now I mean to go,
Though fire his hands, and steel his body were,
For more by half he says than he can do.
When Hector to the Trojans this had said,
The fight began, and mighty was the cry;
And then for Hector Phœbus was afraid,
And presently came in, and standing nigh,
Hector, said he, return into the throng.
Take heed. With Thetis' son fight not at all,
Now nor henceforth (he for you is too strong)
Lest by his spear or sword you chance to fall.
Thus Hector, by the God admonished,
Into the Trojan troops retir'd again.
The Trojans then before Achilles fled;
And by him first Iphition was slain,
Whom the nymph Neis to Otryntæus bare,
In Ida, at the foot of Tmolus hill;
Great troops he brought unto the Trojan war,
And thought he could the great Pelides kill:
But coming on, he met Achilles' spear,
The fatal spear, that cleft his head in twain.
Achilles then triumphed o'er him there,
Though fallen to the ground he were, and slain.
So, Otryntides, die there on the earth,
Though where runs Hyllus into Hermus deep,
On the Gygean lake, you had your birth.
This said, he left him in eternal sleep,
For th' Argive char'ot-wheels to crush and grind.
And after him he slew Demoleon,
A warrior good, and of undaunted mind,
That of Antenor was a valiant son.
Him through the head, with spear in hand, he smote,
And out together came both blood and brain;
His helmet, though of brass, preserv'd him not.
And after he Demoleon had slain,
He with his spear pursu'd Hippodamas,
Who from his car had leapt unto the ground;
Frighted, and now before him running was,
And gave him on the back a mortal wound,
Whereat he blows and roars like any bull
Brought to the altar for a sacrifice,
When young men by the horns him thither pull
By violence; then down he falls, and dies.

LIB. XX.

The eighth battle, and the Gods permitted to assist.

Unluckily, then in Achilles' sight
Was Polydorus, Priam's youngest son,
And best belov'd; whom he forbad to fight,
Though swiftest of them all he were to run:
But he, the virtue of his feet to shew,
Betwixt the hosts ran up and down the field,
Until a spear Achilles at him threw,
And with a wound upon the back him kill'd;
Out at his navel went the spear again,
And for his guts to follow made a way.
But Hector, when he saw his brother slain,
Amongst his troops he could no longer stay,
But going to Achilles, shook his spear.
Then, speaking to himself, Achilles said,
The man that slew Patroclus I see here,
We must no more each other now avoid;
And sourly on him looking, said, Come near,
That I may quickly of you make an end.
And Hector to him answer'd without fear,
In vain, Achilles, your proud words you spend;
Such words as these may children terrify,
And I can speak that language when I list;
And though you be a mightier man than I,
The victory does not in that consist,
But he shall have it whom the Gods appoint,
Though he be weaker, if his spear fly true,
Which mine may do, and sharp is at the point.
This said, his spear he at Achilles threw,
Which back to Hector's feet Athena blew,
With soft and gentle breath, without a sound;
And straight Achilles, thund'ring, to him flew.
But then Apollo snatch'd him from the ground,
Which is by any God done in a trice,
And in a mist conceal'd him from his sight:
And after him Achilles leapt up thrice,
And thrice the air obscure in vain did smite.
Then whoop'd he after him, and threat'ning said,
Dog, an ill death again thou 'scaped hast,
That fighting, to Apollo pray'st for aid;
But yet I shall dispatch you at the last,
If any of the Gods for me appear;
But now I must to other Trojans go.
This said, at Dryops straight he threw his spear,
And sent his soul unto the shades below.
To meet Demuchus then he went half way,
That with his sword came toward him to fight:
Him with a wound i' th' neck he made to stay,
And with his sword then killed him outright.
Then by him slain the sons of Bias were,
Laogonus and Dardanus, the one

With his great sword, the other with his spear.
And next he killed Tros, Alastor's son,
Who not resisted, but fell at his knee,
And begg'd his life, for being of his age,
Hoping for that he pitied might be.
But that Achilles' wrath could not assuage.
He quite mistook his nature like a child,
For cruel was Achilles, and hard-hearted;
But he sweet-natur'd thought he was, and mild,
Whereas he never thought how others smarted.
And then Achilles gave him such a wound,
That with the blood his liver started out.
And there he left him dying on the ground,
And for more Trojan leaders look'd about;
Then, coming to him, he saw Mulius,
And struck him through the head from ear to ear.
Then with his sword he killed Echeclus,
Antenor's son, that to him came too near.
Then on the arm he hit Demolion,
The spear stuck in, and forc'd him there to stay;
Achilles then came furiously on,
And with his sword he skimm'd his head away,
Helmet and all. Then Regmus, with a wound
Upon the belly, he slew with his spear,
Who from his char'ot fell unto the ground;
And after him he slew his char'oteer,
Areithous, whilst he his horses turns.
As a thick coppice, on a windy day,
If set on fire, unmercifully burns;
So went Achilles killing ev'ry way.
As oxen from the straw tread out the corn,
So trampling went his horses o'er the dead,
That with their bucklers by the wheels were torn,
And th' axle-tree with blood was covered,
And spokes; in part with droppings from the wheels,
(For going on the ground the wheels were gory)
And partly beaten up with th' horses' heels,
And bloody were his hands; and all for glory.

ILIAD.

LIB. XXI.

When to the river Xanthus they were come,
The Trojans at the ford half of them pass'd,
And on the highway fled to Ilium;
The other leapt into the stream for haste,

LIB. XXI.

Achilles, with great slaughter, pursues the Trojans to Scamander, and takes twelve alive to

And with the winding flood there swimming strive.
As locusts, when by sudden tier sprung,
In swarms into the river fly and dive;
So they themselves into Scamander flung,
And filled was the stream with horse and men.
Achilles on the bank-side left his spear,
Set up on end against a tree; and then
Achilles leapt in with his sword; and there
He kill'd as fast as he could turn and strike,
And with their blood the stream was dyed red.
And grievous 'twas to hear them groan and shriek,
That in the flood were by him massacred.
As when the dolphins in a river are,
The other fish scud to the banks in shoals,
So did it with the swimming Trojans fare;
They fled to th' banks, and hid themselves in holes.
And twelve of them alive Achilles took,
And with their girdles hands behind them bound,
Then caus'd them to be led out of the brook,
And to the ships conveyed safe and sound,
To slay them at Patroclus' funeral.
Then from the river out he came again,
And Priam's son Lycaon met withal,
That from Scamander flying was in vain,
Whom prisoner he had taken once before,
When in his father's ground he was by night,
Cutting of spoke staves from a sycamore,
And on him now the second time did light.
To Lemnos first he sent him to be sold,
And bought he there was by Eetion.
Achilles for him had good store of gold.
But he got loose and home again did run.
And there eleven days he staid; and well
Was entertained in his father's house.
The twelfth into Achilles' hands he fell
Again, that sent him then to Erebus.
Achilles seeing him without a spear,
Without a shield, and nothing on his head,
(For he had cast away his arms for fear,
When almost tir'd he from the river fled.)
Achilles, grumbling to himself, then said,
O strange! These Trojans are stout-hearted men,
That being sent away, will not be staid,
But to the war must needs come back again.
Here's one I sent to Lemnos to be sold,
And now he's come to fight with me again,
'Tis strange the sea could not him from me hold,
That can against their will hold other men.
But well, I'll give him of my spear a taste,
And send him to the earth that I may see

Achilles, with great slaughter, pursues the Trojans, &c.

Whether the earth or no can hold him fast,
By which are holden better men than he.
Whilst thus Achilles said, the man came near
To beg his life, for loath to die was he.
To wound him then Achilles lifts his spear,
But under it he got unto his knee,
And with one hand laid hold upon his spear,
And on Achilles' knee the other laid.
And kneeling down before him shook with fear,
And lamentably to him speaking said,
Achilles, I beseech you pity me,
And save my life, although 'twere but for this,
That I your pris'ner was. Captivity
At least for life a sanctuary is.
And when you unto Lemnos sent me had,
You for me got a hundred oxen's price;
And for my ransom now I should be glad
You would be pleas'd to take that value thrice.
'Tis but twelve days since I came back to Troy,
And all the way had been in grievous pain,
And when I thought I should my friends enjoy,
I fallen am into your hands again.
O how have I so much incurr'd the hate
Of Jupiter to shorten thus my life!
Or from my mother cometh my hard fate,
Laothoe, whom Priam made his wife?
Altheus got her, king of Pedasus,
And she of Priam's many wives was one,
For many more beside had Priamus,
And by her had me and another son.
And both of us must by you now be kill'd,
For Polydore you have already slain,
Whilst like a child he ran about the field.
And for myself, I fear, I pray in vain.
But what am I that must no quarter have?
Though by my father I am Hector's brother,
That sent the good Patroclus to his grave,
Yet I am nothing to him by the mother.
Thus pleaded he. Achilles then replied:
Tell me no more of ransom or of quarter.
'Tis true, I did, before Patroclus died,
Suffer some Trojans for their lives to barter;
But now if any of the Trojans fall
Into my hands before the town of Troy,
And those of Priam's race the least of all,
Must hope from me to get alive away.
But wherefore, friend, should you think much to die?
Patroclus, a much better man, is gone.
You see how strong and tall a man am I,
And of a noble father am the son,

LIB. XXI.

Achilles, with great slaughter, pursues the Trojans, &c.

And have a goddess for my mother. Yet
At morn, or noon, or night, with shaft or spear,
I'm sure by one or other to be hit
And lose my life. Why therefore should you fear?
This said, Lycaon's heart and limbs both fail'd,
And of the spear let's go his hold, and wide
His hands he spread and his sad fate bewail'd.
Achilles then his sword drew from his side,
And gave him on the neck a mighty wound,
The sword's whole breadth into his neck he took,
And presently he fell dead to the ground.
Achilles threw him then into the brook,
And said insulting, Go now to the deep,
And feed the fishes that will lick your blood;
Your mother over you shall never weep,
But to the sea you go shall with the flood,
Where to the curled water leaps a fish,
Upon Lycaon's dainty fat to feed;
And until Troy be by us won, I wish
That th' other Trojans may no better speed,
But flying, by my spear be toss'd like hay.
Scamander shall afford them little aid,
Though to his stream they bulls and horses slay,
Till for Patroclus' death they all have paid.
With these his haughty words, Scamander griev'd,
Contrived how Achilles to repel,
And how the Trojans best might be reliev'd,
That to escape into his water fell.
Achilles then Asteropæus spied,
Pelegon's son, the son of Axius,
Of Axius the river deep and wide,
By th' daughter of king Acessamenus.
And to him with a mind to kill him went,
As he was newly come out of the water.
But Xanthus gave him such encouragement,
(Because Achilles fill'd his stream with slaughter),
That there Asteropæus for him staid,
And both in right and left hand had a spear,
And never sought the combat to avoid.
And when they were to one another near,
Who are you, said Achilles, and whose son,
That in my anger dares approach me so?
For I in arms encounter'd am by none
But those whose parents destin'd are to woe.
Asteropæus to him then replied:
Why ask you me whose son and who I am?
The forces of Pæonia I guide;
To whom elev'n days since I hither came.
Of my descent, the author Axius is,
The fairest stream that on the earth doth run

Achilles, with great slaughter, pursues the Trojans, &c.

His son was Pelegon, and I am his.
Thus who I am 'tis told you, and whose son.
And now, Achilles, it is time to fight.
This said, from his two hands his two spears fly,
For both Asteropæus' hands were right,
The one of them his mighty shield did try,
But pierc'd it not; the plate of gold withstood.
The other gave his arm a little wound
Near to his elbow, and fetch'd out some blood,
And so beyond him went and stuck i' th' ground.
Achilles then his spear with all his strength
Incensed at Asteropæus threw,
Which missing, into th' earth went half its length.
Then from his side his sword Achilles drew.
Asteropæus to Achilles' spear
Went back, and at it thrice he pluck'd in vain;
Then thought to break it; but Achilles there
Was with his sword, and with that he was slain.
For by the sword his belly was so ripp'd,
That all his bowels issued at the wound.
There him Achilles of his armour stripp'd,
And o'er him crow'd as he lay on the ground.
Lie there, said he; shall rivers' sons compare
With th' offspring of the blessed Gods above?
The issue of a brook, you say, you are,
But I the issue am of mighty Jove;
For Peleus my father was, and his
Was Æacus, whom Jupiter begot.
But greater he than any river is,
Then equal to his race, their race is not.
A river great enough you had at hand,
But that you found had done you little good.
For nothing can the power of Jove withstand;
Not Achelous with his royal flood,
Nor th' Ocean itself, of waters king,
From whose abundance seas their water take,
And ev'ry river, stream, and well, and spring
That goeth on the earth, and ev'ry lake;
Who, when they but a clap of thunder hear,
From Jove some danger presently they dread.
This said, from th' earth he pulled out his spear,
And left o' th' sands Asteropæus dead,
Where Xanthus from the wound shall wash the blood
And eels and other fish feed on his fat.
Achilles then pursued those that stood
Upon Scamander bank amazed at
The fury of the giddy stream; and when
They saw their leader killed in their sight
By th' hand of terrible Achilles, then
They ev'ry one betook themselves to flight.

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Achilles, with great slaughter, pursues the Trojans, &c.

Then with his sword he slew Thersilochus,
And after him the stout Astypylus,
And Opholostes, Mydon, Ænius,
And after these, Mnesus and Thrasius,
And had shed yet much more Pæonian blood,
But that Scamander at it took offence,
And like a man above his water stood,
And to Achilles spake his mind from thence.
Achilles, truly you excel in might,
And acts you do of great iniquity,
And by the Gods assisted are in fight.
But though by Jove you should allowed be
To kill the Trojans, kill them on the plain.
My stream so choked is with carcasses,
I cannot drive my waters to the main.
I wonder you should do such deeds as these;
Let those you kill be killed openly.
Go therefore from me. Thus Scamander said.
And then unto the River answer'd he:
Divine Scamander, you shall be obey'd.
But to pursue the Trojans I mean still,
Till I have chas'd them up to Ilium.
And fight with Hector, if he stay, I will,
And see if his or my last day be come.
Scamander then unto Apollo spake:
Phœbus, said he, you Jove's commandment slight,
That bade you of the Trojans care to take,
And to defend them all you could till night.
Into the stream Achilles leaps again,
At which Scamander swelling lifts his waves,
And out he throws the bodies of dead men,
And from Achilles' hand the living saves.
Then throws a billow on Achilles' head,
And heavy on his shield the current lay;
And on the ground by no means he could tread,
So fast the River carried him away.
But o'er the water hung an elmen limb
Which he laid hold on. Then fell down the tree
Into the river. And that saved him,
And served as a bridge to set him free.
And swiftly then Achilles from him ran,
But after him Scamander sent his water,
Resolv'd to quench the fury of the man,
And save the Trojans in his stream from slaughter.
And then as far as one can throw a spear
Achilles from the flood obliquely flies
Swift as a hawk; but yet was ne'er the near;
For still he water has before his eyes.
As when a man makes passage with his spade
For water to his garden from a hill,

Achilles, with great slaughter, pursues the Trojans, &c

The stream outruns him that the channel made;
So Xanthus was before Achilles still.
And ever as Achilles turn'd or stood
To see if any God would by him stand,
Above his shoulders rose the mighty flood,
And while he starts from's feet removes the sand.
Achilles then himself bewailing said,
O Jupiter, and look'd up to the sky,
Let some God 'gainst this River give me aid,
And any other death then let me die.
But none I know on whom the fault to lay
But my dear mother, who to flatter me,
Said I should die before the walls of Troy,
And by Apollo only killed be.
O that I had by Hector's hand been slain,
The best of all the men that fight for Troy.
But now I perish like a silly swain
Passing a torrent in a rainy day.
These words Achilles had no sooner said,
But Neptune and Athena with him were;
And on Achilles' hand their hands they laid.
Then Neptune said, Achilles, do not fear.
Encouraged by two such Gods as we,
Pallas and I, and that by Jove's command,
Retiring soon you shall the river see.
For fear of him you need not hold your hand.
But drive the Trojans all to Ilium
Save those that fly. And having Hector slain
(As we assure you you shall do) then come
Triumphantly unto the ships again.
This said, unto the Gods again they came.
Achilles boldly waded in the field,
Where many bodies dead and bucklers swam.
With so much courage Pallas had him fill'd,
And in the water stoutly lifts his knees.
For Pallas now his strength augmented had.
And Xanthus, vex'd before, when he saw this,
Foamed and roar'd as one that had been mad;
And cried out for help to Simois.
Brother, said he, assist me here, to stay
This raging man that t' Ilium going is.
I am afraid he'll take the town of Troy.
Make haste to help me; and your channel fill
With water both from torrent and from spring,
And stones and trees bring with you from the hill,
That on this furious man we may them fling;
So that his strength shall do him little good,
Nor armour, which upon the field shall lie
Concealed from the eyes of men in mud
And sand enough. Thus bury him will I,

LIB. XXI.

Achilles, with great slaughter, pursues the Trojans, &c.

And make his tomb. The Argives will not find
Where lie his bones. I'll earth upon him throw.
They shall not need, if they should be so kind,
More monument upon him to bestow.
This said, he foam'd, and full of bodies dead
He at Achilles a great billow bowl'd,
Which coming to him cover'd had his head,
But Juno chanc'd to see it as it roll'd,
And unto Vulcan shriek'd in great affright,
Rise quickly, dear child, Cyllipodion,
Xanthus against you coming is to fight,
And to defend yourself your flames put on.
And I will Zephyrus and Notus call
From sea, that for you so shall blow the flame;
That the armour, and the heads o' th' Trojans all
Shall not be able to endure the same.
Go to his bank, and burn up ev'ry tree,
And then throw fire on him, and never fear,
Nor by his threats or pray'rs persuaded be
To cease, until again you from me hear.
And Vulcan then made ready a huge flame.
And first the dead he burn'd upon the plain;
Then to the water with his fire he came
To send it to the channel back again.
As when a field new moist'ned is with rain
In summer-time, 'tis quickly dried again
By Boreas; so soon dried was the plain,
And burn'd the bodies were of the dead men.
And to the river then his flame he turn'd,
Where th' elms and willows, tamarisks, and lote,
Sedges, and many other plants he burn'd,
That in or by the river grew about.
And eels and fishes in the water hot
Tumbled and turn'd their bellies up with heat;
Into such pain by Vulcan they were put;
And Xanthus fainting cover'd was with sweat,
And then to Vulcan spake. Vulcan, said he,
No God is able to resist your might.
What are the Trojans or the Greeks to me?
Give over. I'll no longer with you fight.
Thus spake Scamander, boiling all the while.
As when upon a fire of well-dried wood
The grease of a fat swine is made to boil;
So boiled he, and went not on, but stood,
Making to Juno his complaint, and said,
Why does your son on me more fiercely fly,
Than on the rest that do the Trojans aid,
And to be blamed more deserve than I?
Let him give over, and I'll do so too;
And swear besides, if you my oath require,

Achilles, with great slaughter, pursues the Trojans, &c.

That I will nothing for the Trojans do,
Although the Grecks should set the town on fire.
This Xanthus said; and Juno hearing it,
To Vulcan with a loud voice spake again:
Vulcan, now hold your hand. It is not fit
T' offend a God too much, to pleasure men.
And Vulcan hearing her his fire puts out;
And Xanthus back into his channel went.
Thus were they parted, and no longer fought,
And Juno, though in choler, was content.
And then the Gods amongst themselves fell out,
And one against another stood in duel,
And heav'n and earth resounded as they fought,
Giving each other many wounds and cruel.
And up unto Olympus rose the cry,
Where Jove sat on his throne in majesty,
And casting on the fields of Troy his eye,
Laughed to see them fight that could not die.
Mars first began, and to Athena said,
You, impudent, that to engage in fight
The Gods amongst themselves are not afraid,
To satisfy your pride and endless spite,
Remember how you on me set Tydide
To throw his spear at me, and openly
Unto my body you the same did guide
With your own wicked hand, and wounded me,
I'll pay you now. Which was no sooner spoken,
But Mars his spear was at Athena's shield,
Which not Jove's thunderbolt could e'er have broken.
Then took she up a stone that lay i' th' field,
Great, knobby, black, that had been heretofore
Set there, of some man's land to show the bound,
And with the same she struck Mars o'er and o'er.
There lay he, and seven acres hid of ground.
And over him insulting, then said she,
Lie there, and know I can you overcome;
And that your mother glad of this will be
For fighting 'gainst the Grecks for Ilium.
This said, she from him turn'd. Then to him went
Venus, and led him groaning from the place.
Pallas, said Juno, see that impudent
That leads him out, and do her some disgrace.
Then Pallas to her went, and with her hand
Hit her o' th' breast; then both fell on the plain,
For Mars without her could no longer stand.
Then Pallas over them insults again:
So may, said she, lie all that stand for Troy
As these do here. Had it not been for them,
The war had ended been; we come away,
And Troy destroyed, with all Priam's stem.

LIB. XXI.

Achilles, with great slaughter, pursues the Trojans, &c.

This Pallas said, and Juno smil'd; and to
Apollo Neptune straightway nearer came.
Why fight we not, said he, since others do?
If we stand still, we cannot without shame
Return to Jove, where scorned we shall be.
Have you forgot how to Laomedon,
To work for him, Jove once sent you and me,
And how our wages was agreed upon,
How I built houses for the Trojans all,
As he direction gave me standing by,
Besides, how hard I labour'd at the wall,
How fair I made it, and how strong and high,
And how he sent you, Phœbus, to attend
His herds of kine upon mount Ida side,
And when our work and th' year was at an end,
How proudly he our wages us denied,
And threat'ned you to bind you hand and foot,
And sell you in some island for a slave,
And cut off both your and my ears to boot,
And forc'd we were by flight ourselves to save?
Yet for his people you have ever fought,
Though by you they deserve to be destroy'd,
And will not join with us to root them out.
To Neptune Phœbus then replied, and said,
O Neptune, you would think me mad, if I
Should fight with you for such a thing as man.
They are but leaves, now fresh, to-morrow die;
And when he this had said, away he ran,
For with his uncle loath he was to fight.
His sister then, Diana, to him came,
That angry was to see him put to flight;
Apollo, said she, is it not a shame
Thus easily to give the victory
To Neptune? Wherefore carry you a bow
And arrows, and to nothing them apply?
D'ye carry them, like children, for a show?
Let me not hear you boasting any more
That you to fight with Neptune did not fear,
As in my father's house you did before.
Thus she; but Phœbus did not answer her.
Then Juno, angry, to Diana came;
Bold face, said she, how dare you with me fight,
That stronger than you are a great deal am?
D'ye think that in your bow there is such might?
I know to women you a lion are,
And Jove permits you which you will to kill;
But me to overcome 'tis harder far
Than t' hunt a stag or boar upon a hill;
But since you have a mind to understand
What I can do, I'll let you see it now.

Achilles, with great slaughter pursues the Trojans, &c

Then both her wrists she seiz'd with her left hand,
With th' other from her shoulders took her bow,
And beats her with the same about the ears,
And laugh'd to see her wriggling strive to fly.
At last she freed herself, and shedding tears
She fled (leaving her bow and shafts to lie
Upon the ground, dispersed here and there)
Then forth came Hermes and Latona bright,
And when they were to one another near,
Leto, said he, I will not with you fight,
That are Jove's mistress. Boast amongst the Gods
That you have got the victory in fight,
And by no other means but the great odds
You have in strength; and I will not deny't.
This said, Latona gather'd up the bow
And arrows of her daughter Artemis.
To Jove went Artemis, to let him know
How ill she had been us'd: and at his knees
She weeping sate. And Jove then made her rise,
And to her said, Dear child, what God was that,
That was so rash as t' use you in this wise,
As one that openly had done a fault?
'Twas Juno, then said Artemis, your wife;
And she it was that was of all the first
To set the Gods amongst themselves at strife.
Thus Jove and she between themselves discours'd.
Then Phœbus went into the town of Troy;
For still he had a care to guard the wall,
For fear the Greeks the city should destroy.
But to Olympus th' other Gods went all,
One part triumphing, th' other discontent,
And sate down by their father Jupiter.
Meanwhile Achilles fiercely forward went,
Killing of men and horses with his spear.
As in a town on fire the people all
Are busy, and the most of them undone,
So did it with the Trojans then befal;
Some slain were by Achilles, and some run.
Now Priam standing was upon a tower,
And saw the Trojans by Achilles chas'd,
And that to turn again they had no power,
And down unto the gates he came in haste,
And to the porters order gave, and said,
Open the gates and let the people in,
That from Achilles hither fly dismay'd,
And shut them when you see they are within;
For if that cruel man should with them get
Within the wall, 'twould be a dismal day.
The porters then the gates wide open set.
Then to the gates the Trojans took their way,

LIB. XXI.

Achilles, with great slaughter, pursues the Trojans, &c.

Pursued by Achilles as they fled,
And sure he taken had the town of Troy,
But that Apollo then encouraged
Agenor to oppose him by the way;
And lest he should be by Achilles slain,
He at the beech tree near him took his stand,
When need should be to bring him off again
Unwounded from Achilles' heavy hand.
But when Agenor saw Achilles nigh,
He troubled was, and to himself thus spake:
What shall I do? If from him I should fly
To Ilium, the way that others take,
He'll overtake me, and cut off my head,
For swifter much he is of foot than I.
What if I let him on the Trojans tread,
And I some other way to Ida fly,
And hide myself i' th' bushes there till night?
But why do I discourse thus foolishly?
I cannot pass the plain but in his sight,
And then I lost am without remedy.
But if I stay and fight with him, what then?
His body is not made of steel nor brass,
But mortal is, they say, like other men,
And like to other men but one life has;
His glorious acts are Jupiter's not his.
This said, he for Achilles' coming staid,
As when i' th' woods a panther roused is;
At hearing of the hounds he's not afraid,
But to the hunter goes for all his spear,
And though pierc'd through therewith, will to him fly
Upon the spear itself; that being near
He either may revenged be or die;
So resolutely then Antenor's son
Agenor, for Achilles waiting, staid,
And at him aim'd his spear as he came on,
And lifting up his voice, unto him said:
Achilles, Oh, you think this day to win
The town of Troy. There's yet much work to do,
For many mighty men there are therein,
And many dangers to be waded through.
They of their wives and parents will take care,
And little babes; but you shall perish here,
As terrible and mighty as you are.
And as he spake, he at him threw his spear,
Which on his leg below the knee did light,
And with the stroke resounded then the tin;
But the celestial arms were of such might,
That it rebounded back, and went not in.
And when Achilles was to throw at him,
Away Apollo snatch'd him from his sight,

Concealed in a mist obscure and dim,
And carried him in safety from the fight.
And that the flying Trojans might escape
Achilles' hand, and save themselves in Troy,
He took upon himself Agenor's shape,
And put himself into Achilles' way.
Achilles then pursues, and Phœbus flies
Along Scamander's bank upon the plain,
And kept before him still, but in such wise,
As t' overtake him he might hope in vain.
Achilles thus by Phœbus was deceived,
Till from the town he far was led away.
Meanwhile the flying Trojans were received,
And thronging got within the gates of Troy:
For none of them without the gate durst stay,
To ask who had escaped, and who not;
So glad they were of getting into Troy,
That how all others sped they never thought.

ILIAD.

LIB. XXII.

The death of Hector, and lamentation in Troy.

Thus were the Trojans driven into Troy
Like deer, and up unto the wall they went,
And from their bodies rubb'd the sweat away,
And with good wine renew'd their spirits spent,
And to the wall advancing was the foe.
But Hector, hamper'd by his cruel fate,
Into the town of Troy refus'd to go,
And staid without, before the Scæan gate.
Then to Achilles Phœbus spake, and said,
Why do you thus pursue me, Peleus' son,
That am a God? which but by passion sway'd
You might have known; but rashly you run on,
And only look how you may slaughter men.
For else, why could you not contented be,
When you had pent the Trojans up; but then
Must leave your way so far to follow me,
And cannot kill me; for I cannot die?
At this Achilles vex'd was at the heart;
And to Apollo answer'd angrily;
Apollo, thou the most pernicious art
Of all the Gods, that hast me thus misled.
For had I unto Ilium kept my way,
I strewed had the field with Trojans dead
Before they could have enter'd into Troy.

LIB. XXII.

The death of Hector, and lamentation in Troy.

But by your fraud that honour I have lost,
Because the strength of men you need not fear.
But I would make you pay for't to your cost,
If to revenge myself I able were.
This said, to Troy he went a mighty pace,
And mighty things conceived in his mind,
And stretch'd his legs and knees, as in a race
Good horses do, to leave the rest behind.
Old Priam first upon him set his eyes;
For brightly from afar his armour shin'd
Like the fair star that does in autumn rise,
But agues brings, and is to men unkind,
And called is Orion's dog. So bright
Achilles in his armour did appear,
And put the old man Priam in affright,
And made him groan, and roar, and tear his hair.
To Hector then he cried aloud and said,
Hector, come in; come in, my dearest son;
For mightily I for you am afraid;
Fight not against that cruel man alone.
Achilles stronger is than you by odds;
Lose not your life to give him victory.
Oh that he were beloved by the Gods
No better than he is belov'd by me!
He eaten had ere now been on the plain
By dogs and fowl, and I been comforted
A little for my sons whom he hath slain,
Or in the islands far hence trafficked.
Lycaon now I miss, and Polydore;
They came not into Troy with them that fled.
Their mother brought me with her wealth good store
To pay their ransom if they be not dead.
If they be slain, 'tis then remediless.
Their parents and the people all will grieve;
But yet their sorrow will be much the less
If Hector still preserved be and live.
Come, therefore, quickly in, dear child, and save
The Trojans and their wives, yourself and wife;
And do not let Achilles th' honour have
Alone to have deprived you of life.
Besides, you should some pity take of me,
That now upon the very brink of age
The cruel slaughter of my sons must see,
And daughters dragg'd and hurried by the rage
Of the Achæans into slavery,
And chambers torn by the insulting foe,
And babes dash'd 'gainst the ground expiring lie,
Whilst into servitude their mothers go.
And after all this, slain must I be too;
My dogs will eat me raw, and lap my blood,

The death of Hector, and lamentation in Troy.

And pleased be (not knowing what they do),
That at my table daily take their food.
When young men slain are by the chance of war,
There nothing is whereof to be ashamed;
But when by dogs abus'd and eaten are
White heads and beards, and parts not to be named,
There's nothing to a man more miserable.
Thus said old Priam, tugging his grey hairs,
But to prevail with Hector was not able.
And to him then his mother spake with tears,
And from her bosom layed out a teat,
Hector, if this e'er pleased you, said she,
Dear son, I pray you into Troy retreat,
And have compassion on my misery.
Come in; between you let there be a wall;
For if you should be slain, your wife and I
Shall not lament you at your funeral,
But at the ships a prey for dogs you'll lie.
Thus weeping, he and she to Hector pray'd,
And nothing to them answer'd he again,
But obstinately for Achilles staid.
And as a snake roll'd up before his den,
With venom fed, when coming towards him
He sees a man, and stirred is his gall,
Looks cruelly; so Hector, looking grim,
Staid with his shield set up against the wall;
And grieving, to himself he spake, and said:
If I should now into the city go,
Polydamas the first would me upbraid,
That yesternight advis'd me to do so,
Then when Achilles in the field was seen.
But his good counsel I refused then,
Which to have follow'd had much better been;
Lost by my folly are so many men.
And now I fear the Trojans and their wives
Will censure me, and some man worse than I
Say I have cast away the people's lives,
Presuming on my strength so foolishly.
So they will say; and therefore better 'tis
To venture on Achilles, though I die,
A better way I cannot take than this;
For should I lay my shield and helmet by,
And leave my spear set up against the wall,
And to Achilles thus disarmed come,
And offer Helen to restore with all
The wealth she with her brought to Ilium;
And to the Grecks give half the goods of Troy,
And take an oath that we will nothing hide,
Nor anything out of their sight convey,
But bring it forth and faithfully divide.

LIB. XXII.

The death of Hector, and lamentation in Troy.

But, whither to no purpose runs my mind?
I will not do't, for it were but in vain.
I ne'er the sooner should his favour find,
But by him so much eas'lier be slain.
I cannot with him talk from hill nor tree,
As boys and wenches do; he is too nigh,
And therefore here I'll stay for him, and see
Whether my fate it be or his to die.
Whilst yet he spake, Achilles near him was,
As terrible as Mars, and shook his spear;
As flaming fire relucent was the brass,
Or as the sun at morning doth appear.
Then Hector durst no longer stay, but fled:
Fear nimbly made his feet and knees to move;
Achilles no less swiftly followed.
As when a hawk is flying at a dove,
The dove flies out aside, herself to save;
But by the hawk again is followed,
That gives not over till the prey he have;
Achilles so pursu'd and Hector fled,
Keeping the cart-way still under Troy wall;
And to the watch-tow'r came and sicamore,
And the two springs that into Xanthus fall,
Whereof the one is always cover'd o'er
With smoke, as if upon a fire it were,
And with hot water all the year doth flow.
The water of the other all the year
As cold is as the hail, or ice, or snow,
And two fine washing-places built were there,
To which the Trojan women used to come,
And wash their garments when they sullied were,
Before the Argives came to Ilium.
This way they ran, and swiftly mov'd their thighs;
For 'twas not for a piece of flesh or hide,
Which of foot-races is the usual prize,
But for the life of Hector that they vied.
As when race-horses run for some great prize,
That used to it are, most swiftly run;
So Hector and Achilles now ran thrice
About Troy wall, the Gods all looking on.
Then, speaking to the Gods, Behold, said Jove,
I Hector see in danger to be slain,
A good and pious man, and whom I love,
And for him now my heart is in great pain;
For he hath made me many a sacrifice,
Both in my house on Ida and in Troy,
And now before the swift Achilles flies.
Say, shall he die, or be convey'd away?
Father, said Pallas then, what's this you say?
He's mortal, and by Fate condemned is,

And will you now the execution stay?
You may; but th' other Gods will take't amiss.
And Jove to Pallas then again replied:
Sweet child, it was not seriously meant,
But only said. You shall not be denied;
Do what you please yourself, I am content.
This said, Athena, glad, leapt down to Troy.
Achilles Hector still pursued; and as
A hound in view pursueth all the way
A frighted hare, so coursed Hector was;
Nor suffer'd was to double or to squat.
For when he to the gate ran for defence,
Between the gate and him Achilles gat,
So that he could not stay for help from thence.
Achilles never would the wall forsake;
But Hector still upon the cart-way fled.
As men can neither fly nor overtake
When in a dream they think it in their bed;
So Hector from Achilles could not fly,
Nor could Achilles Hector overtake;
For Phœbus Hector did with strength supply,
But of him then no further care did take.
Achilles by a sign all else forbad
To throw a spear, for fear the greatest glory
Some other of the Argives should have had,
And he come after but as accessory.
When to the spring the fourth time they were nigh,
Jove took his golden balance up, and laid
In one o' th' scales Achilles' destiny,
And Hector's in the other, and them weigh'd.
Hector's was heaviest, and down fell the same
As low as hell, so much it overweigh'd.
Then Phœbus parted. And t' Achilles came
Athena nigh, and speaking to him, said,
Achilles, now, I think, we shall not miss
Of killing Hector, but with honour go
To th' ships, as greedy as of fight he is;
For sure I am he cannot 'scape us now,
Phœbus in vain to Jove shall for him pray.
But stay you here and breathe awhile; for I
Will to him go, and make him for you stay,
And so encourage him he shall not fly.
This said, Achilles, leaning on his spear,
Staid where he was. To Hector Pallas came.
So like Deiphobus she did appear
In shape and voice, he took her for the same.
And when she with him was, she to him said,
Brother, you still are by Achilles cours'd
About the wall of Troy. Be not afraid;
I'll by you stand, and let him do his worst.

LIB. XXII.

The death of Hector, and lamentation in Troy.

Deiphobus, said Hector, who before
Was dearest to me of my brothers all,
I bound am now to honour you much more,
That t' aid me durst appear without the wall,
When all the rest remain within for fear.
Pallas to Hector then replied, and said,
Brother, my father and my mother dear,
And friends with their entreaties had me staid,
So dreadful is Achilles to them all,
But I would not. But come, let's go and try
Whether it be our fate by him to fall,
Or his by Hector's hand and spear to die.
This said, she went before him with her spear,
Lest he, some fraud mistrusting, should have staid.
And when they were unto Achilles near,
Hector spake first, and to Achilles said:
Pelides, though before you I have fled
Now thrice about the wall, and durst not stay,
Yet now to stand I am determined,
And fight till either I be slain or slay.
But come, let's first the Gods to witness call,
Of what shall be agreed 'twixt you and me.
If by my hand it be your chance to fall,
Your body dead shall not abused be.
I'll take your arms and send them into Troy;
Your body dead the Greeks shall have again
Entire, and not disgraced any way;
Do you the like to me if I be slain.
Achilles, sourly looking, said again,
Talk not of oaths and covenants to me,
That nothing worth 'twixt lions are and men,
And wolves with lambs on nothing can agree;
And you and I shall one another hate,
Nor oaths and pacts between us will stand good,
Till we blood-thirsty Mars shall satiate
Either with Hector's or Achilles' blood.
It now behoves you all your pow'r to show,
And be an able man of war indeed.
You cannot, as you did, run from me now,
Although, I think, you never had more need;
For by Athena slain you shall be here,
And for the slaughter of the Greeks be paid.
This said, he at him threw his heavy spear,
But Hector, stooping, did the same avoid,
And o'er his head the spear then harmless flew.
But Pallas quickly snatch'd it from the sand
Invisibly, which Hector never knew,
And put the same into Achilles' hand.
Then Hector to Achilles spake, and said,
Achilles, you have miss'd. My fate unknown

Is to you yet; and me to make afraid,
You have devised fables of your own;
Upon my back your spear shall never fall.
If by it to be slain my fate it be,
It shall be on my breast, or not at all.
But how my spear will speed now let me see;
Oh, that it would into your body go!
The Trojans would the war much better bear,
Since from your hands proceeds the greatest woe.
And as he spake away he sent his spear,
And on Achilles' shield it lighted just,
But enter'd not; and other he had none.
Upon Deiphobus lay all his trust;
But when he call'd Deiphobus was gone,
And Hector then perceiv'd his death was near;
And oh, said he, the Gods now for me call.
Deiphobus, I thought, stood by me here,
But Pallas 'twas; he's still within the wall.
I shall not 'scape. I see, Jove heretofore,
And Phœbus too, did mean it should be so;
They sav'd me oft, but will do so no more.
But let me somewhat do before I go,
That men may speak of me in time to come,
And not ignoble die: and at that word
He roused up his fainting heart, and from
His side he drew his great and heavy sword.
As when an eagle stoopeth to the plain,
From a dark cloud, a tender lamb t' invade,
Or fearful hare; so Hector went amain
T' Achilles, brandishing his shining blade.
Achilles, angry, on the other side
Came on, and cruel thoughts had in his mind,
And up he kept his shield his breast to hide,
And on his head like fire his helmet shin'd;
And as he went, at ev'ry step he trod,
His plume, by Vulcan made of golden hair,
And to his crest applied, gave a nod,
And o'er his shoulders terribly did flare.
As Hesperus at midnight does appear,
The brightest star that shineth in the sky;
So gloriously the point shone of his spear.
Thus terribly to Hector he drew nigh,
And view'd his arms to see which way his spear
Might with most ease into his body pass.
But ev'rywhere entire and close they were,
Save at the neck a little gap there was.
At that he aim'd, and with great force he smote
Him with his mighty spear clean through the neck;
And yet the spear his wind-pipe wounded not.
Then down he fell, but able was to speak.

LIB. XXII.

The death of Hector, and lamentation in Troy.

Achilles, over him insulting, said,
Hector, you thought, when you Patroclus kill'd,
You safe were, and of me were not afraid,
Because you knew I was not in the field;
And like a fool ne'er thought of what a friend
To take revenge he left had at the fleet;
Who now has brought you to an evil end
For dogs to eat, while he has burial meet.
Then Hector feebly to him said again,
Let not by dogs my body eaten be,
But be contented that you have me slain;
My friends at any price will ransom me.
Take brass and gold, as much as you require;
And to my father send my body home,
To be consumed in the fun'ral fire,
By th' Trojans and their wives in Ilium.
Thus Hector said. Achilles answer'd to't:
Hector, you dog, speak not of price to me;
If I myself could eat thee I would do't;
But by the dogs I'm sure you'll eaten be.
If they would give me twenty times as much,
Or buy thy body, weight for weight, with gold,
And promise as much more, your deeds are such,
Your body shall not at that price be sold.
Nor shall your mother lay you on a bed,
And over you lamenting stand and howl;
But in the open field you shall lie dead,
Until devour'd you be by dogs and fowl.
Hector replied (though ready now to die),
I knew you had a heart as hard as steel;
But thus much to you I will prophecy:
The vengeance of the Gods you'll for it feel,
When one day Paris and Apollo shall,
As terrible and strong as you are now,
Make you before the Scæan gate to fall.
This said, he died; and to the shades below,
Leaving his limbs, his soul, bewailing, flew.
And yet Achilles did again reply,
And briefly to him answer'd, Now die you;
And when the Gods call for me, so will I.
This said, he from the body pluck'd the spear,
And laid it by him down upon the place,
And took his armour off. Then others near
Stood, gazing at his stature and his grace,
And wond'ring at him, t' one another said:
We safely now to Hector may go nigher;
His raging fit is very much allay'd
Since when unto the ships he came with fire.
Then spake Achilles to the Greeks and said,
My friends, that in the army have command,

The death of Hector, and lamentation in Troy.

Since by the Gods this great man is destroy'd,
And lies before you killed by my hand,
Who did the Argive people more annoy
Than all the other Trojans put together,
Let's armed as we are go up to Troy,
And see on what they are resolved, whether
They'll quit the city, seeing Hector's dead,
Or still defend the same without him will.
But why should this come now into my head
When unbewail'd Patroclus lieth still?
For my Patroclus I must not forget
As long as I am living and can go.
And when I come to th' house of Hades, yet
I still shall think upon him there below.
But back unto the ships we now will go.
And let the youth of Argos pæans sing,
Whilst thither we in triumph bring the foe
With whose great praise the town of Troy did ring.
This said, he full of spite on Hector flies,
And slits his legs from th' ankles to the heels,
And with a rope them to his char'ot ties.
Then drives away; and rais'd is by the wheels
A cloud of dust; and in it all the while,
Along the ground dragg'd was his comely head,
Once glorious, now by the Greeks made vile,
Since to them Jove had him delivered.
Which, when his mother from the wall beheld,
Enrag'd, she from her head pluck'd off her hood,
And threw it from her, tore her hair, and squeal'd.
And Priam lamentably sighing stood.
About him were the Trojans shedding tears,
Sighing, and sobbing, and in such affray,
As if all Troy had flam'd about their ears.
And much ado they Priam had to stay.
For down he lay, and spake to ev'ry one,
Forbear, said he; I will go to this man
As fierce and cruel as he is, alone,
And move him to compassion, if I can;
And what respect he hath to age I'll see.
For Pelius is old as well as I,
That got that mischief both to Troy and me,
To th' Trojans all, but me especially.
For he hath kill'd me many a goodly son,
Which all together make me not so smart,
Nor wounds so deep as Hector's death hath done,
Which is alone enough to break my heart.
Oh blessed Gods, that it had been your will
He in his mother's hands and mine had died,
That over him we might have wept our fill!
This said, the Trojans wept again and sigh'd.

LIB. XXII.

The death of Hector, and lamentation in Troy.

Then Hecuba amongst the wives of Troy
Began her plaint. Hector, my son, said she,
O my dear son, my glory and my joy,
Why should I 'mongst the living longer be,
Since you are dead and gone, that night and day
The Trojans, men and women, did defend,
And as a God was honoured in Troy,
And now are come to an untimely end?
Thus wail'd his mother. But Andromache
Knew not how Hector sped without the gate;
For at a shining figur'd garment she
Within an inner chamber weaving sate,
And given had her maids command to set
A trivet on the fire, that Hector might,
When he came in, wash off his blood and sweat,
Contracted by great labour in the fight,
Not dreaming of her husband's death. But when
She heard the lamentation at the wall,
And outcries both of women and of men,
She trembling stood, and let her shuttle fall.
And then unto her maids she call'd, and said,
Come hither two of you, and with me go;
I hear my mother cry, and am afraid
To Priam's sons there happen'd is some woe.
I'll to the tow'r go up myself, and see
What 'tis. My heart is at my mouth. I fear
Lest by Achilles Hector chased be
Alone, and will be killed by his spear.
Oh, how I tremble! he can never stay,
But out before the rest will always run,
And never unto any man give way,
As if his strength could matched be by none.
This said, out went she like a woman mad,
And panting, up into the tow'r she hied,
Where she no sooner look'd about her had,
But saw her husband to a char'ot tied,
And by Achilles dragg'd away, and dead.
And presently she fell into a swoon,
And all the comely dressings of her head,
Veil, kerchiefs, ribbons, knots, to th'ground came down,
And coronet unto her given by
Venus, when she with Hector married.
Her sister-laws, that stood about her nigh,
Then took her up, with sorrow almost dead;
And when again her spirits to her came,
She wept, and spake, and stopp'd, and spake again:
Hector, of women I most wretched am,
And you the most unfortunate of men;
Both born to one and the same evil fate,
You here in Ilium, king Priam's son,

And I in Thebe child unfortunate
Of the unfortunate Ëetion.
And you now to the shades below are gone,
And me a woful widow here have left,
And with me my sweet babe your tender son,
And cannot, since you are of life bereft,
Do to him any good, nor he to you.
And though he should escape the Argives now,
Yet poverty and woe will him pursue,
And other men his goodly fields will plough.
A child that is an orphan has no friend;
And, though with tears, must stoop to whatsoe'er
To the supplying of his need shall tend,
When he his want of food no more can bear.
So to your friends my child shall go, and take
One by the cloak, another by the coat,
That give him may some wine for pity's sake,
Enough to cool his lips, but not his throat.
Or else some son of them that sit at meat
May rate, or give him a good box o'th' ear,
And bid him quickly out o' th' hall to get,
And tell him that his father dines not there.
Then weeping comes Astyanax to me,
That us'd was by his father to be fed
With mutton fat and marrow on his knee,
And with his nurse repose on a soft bed.
But since his father now is dead and gone,
Astyanax (whom so the Trojans call
Because defended were by you alone,
When you were here, the Trojan gates and wall),
Intolerable grief is like to find,
Since at the ships you dead and naked lie
For worms to feed on when the dogs have din'd,
While all your precious garments here have I
Of woman's work, and burn them will, since you
Now never in them likely are to lie,
'Tis to the wives of Troy an honour due.
This weeping spoken made the women sigh.

ILIAD.

LIB. XXIII.

Thus wail'd the Trojans then in Ilium.
To Hellespont th' Achæans straight went down;
And when they to their hollow ships were come,
Dispers'd themselves each man unto his own,

LIB. XXIII.

The funeral games for Patroclus.

Achilles only staid his Myrmidons
Upon the place; and thus unto them spake.
You Myrmidons, my stout companions,
You must not from your cars your horses take,
With horses and with cars we first must go,
And for Patroclus weep about his bier.
And when we have by weeping eas'd our woe,
Untie your horses and we'll all sup here.
This said, they wail'd. Achilles first began;
And thrice about Patroclus' bier they drave.
And Thetis, fallen was so great a man,
Amongst them stood, and tears unto them gave,
Which down their armour fell into the sand.
Achilles bade him then with tears, farewell.
And laying on Patroclus' breast his hand,
Rejoice, said he, Patroclus, though in hell;
For now I to you shall my word make good,
Since hither I have Hector dragged dead
For dogs to eat. And to revenge your blood,
Twelve Trojans I will at your pile behead.
This said, he Hector laid upon his face
I' th' dust before the bier disgracefully.
The Myrmidons meanwhile their arms unlace,
And th' horses from the chariots untie.
And then down by Achilles' ship they sat,
Who gave unto them all a fun'ral feast,
And for them slew both goats and muttons fat,
And swine good store, and many a well-fed beast.
But to Achilles then came in the lords,
To wait upon him t' Agamemnon's tent,
That he might try with comfortable words
If he could mitigate his discontent.
When they were there Atrides first commands
His ministers to bring in water hot,
To wash the gore from off his face and hands.
Achilles peremptorily said, Not,
And swearing, unto Agamemnon said,
By Jove, that is of all the Gods most high,
Till I Patroclus in the fire have laid,
And rais'd him have a tomb wherein to lie,
And with him burn'd these locks of mine, nor hand,
Nor face shall washed be by me. But now
Let's sup. I' th' morning I will give command
That for his pile we may have wood enough,
That speedily the body we may burn.
And when out of our sight we have it laid,
The people to their business may return.
Thus he advised, and it was obey'd.
The people then in haste to supper went,
And had good cheer, and heartily they fed.

LIB. XXIII.

The funeral games for Patroclus.

And when their hunger and their thirst was spent,
Into their tents went every man to bed.
Down went Achilles to the water's side
Attended on by many Myrmidons,
And in a place clean washed by the tide
He laid him down to sleep upon the stones.
Nor was it long ere sleep upon him crept.
For labour'd very hard he had that day.
For Hector him in exercise had kept
Running before him round the wall of Troy.
And then the spirit of Patroclus dead,
Like him in stature, garments, voice, and eyes,
Appeared to him standing at his head,
And speaking said unto him in this wise.
You sleep, Achilles, and have me forgot,
Though when I was alive you lov'd me well.
Pray bury me, these spirits here will not
Let me come in within the gates of hell,
Nor let me mix with those beyond the river,
But make me wander 'bout the house of Dis.
Give me your hand upon't, for I shall never
Return, when once my body burned is.
We shall no more together counsel take,
Since by my fate I taken am away,
And you yourself, divine Achilles, make
Account to die before the walls of Troy.
And then the favour let me have, I pray,
That when my flesh consum'd is in the flame,
My bones with yours you will be pleas'd to lay,
And let the urn that holds them be the same ;
That golden urn which Thetis gave to you.
We long with one another lived have.
For when Amphidamus his son I slew,
Unto your house I fled my life to save,
From Opus, being little past a boy,
And childishly the quarrel took at chess ;
And never meant him ill before that day,
And sorry was I for my foolishness.
Your father to his house then took me in,
Made me your man, and lov'd and cherish'd me,
And since so long we have together been,
Why should not now our bones together be ?
Achilles to the shadow then replied,
Sweet friend, what need had you to come from hell
To tell me this ? I for you do provide,
That all you say may be performed well.
Come nearer to me, that embrace we may
A little while, and one another moan.
This said, his arms he spreads ; and then away
Patroclus sunk and left him there alone.

LIB. XXIII.

The funeral games for Patroclus.

At this amazed, up Achilles starts.
Oh, oh, said he, I see 'tis certain then,
In hell there souls are, though they have no hearts,
But idols only are, and forms of men.
For by me standing was the soul all night
Of my Patroclus to me dictating,
And wonderfully like him 'twas t' the sight;
And what he wanted told me ev'ry thing.
This said, again about the body dead
Achilles and the Myrmidons lament,
And so continued till the day was spread;
But to the wood then Agamemnon sent
From ev'ry part of th' army men to Ide,
Whereof some axes carried in their hands,
And others ropes. And with them goes for guide
Meriones, and, as their chief, commands.
O'er hills and dales then to the woods they went,
Driving their mules before them all the way;
And lusty oaks unto the ground they sent,
And cleft them into pieces as they lay.
And those unto the mules with ropes they tied,
And every one of them took in his hand,
Either a heavy bough, or limb beside.
For so Meriones had given command.
This done, they back descended to the plain
Fast as they could, through bri'rs and bushes store;
And quickly at the ships they were again,
And laid their wood in order on the shore.
Then to the Myrmidons Achilles spake,
You Myrmidons, put on your arms, said he,
And, horsemen, all your char'ots ready make,
And mount into your seats and follow me.
When they were ready, foremost went the horse,
And by a cloud of foot were followed.
I' th' midst between them carried was the corse
With locks of hair thrown on him covered,
Which the sad mourners from their heads had shorn.
Achilles went himself next to the bier,
Who for his friend did principally mourn.
When at the place of funeral they were,
Upon the ground they layed down the bier,
And quickly in a pile they heap'd the wood.
Then cuts Achilles off his yellow hair,
And from the body at a distance stay'd,
And towards Greece and Phthia turn'd his eye,
And speaking to Spercheius' river said.
My father to you made a vow, when I
Return'd, this hair should unto you be paid,
And to the other Gods a hecatomb,
And fifty fat rams at your spring to slay.

The funeral games for Patroclus.

Thus vowed he. But I shall ne'er come home,
But here must die before the gates of Troy.
Since then my father's wish you not fulfil,
Nor I return into my native land,
My hair now to Patroclus give I will.
And at that word he puts it in his hand.
At this the Greeks a-weeping fell again,
And wept had till the setting of the sun,
But that Achilles spake t' Atrides then,
And pray'd him that the people might be gone.
King Agamemnon, will the Greeks, said he,
Be never with lamenting satisfied?
'Tis in your pow'r; let them dispersed be
Unto their ships, their suppers to provide,
For we will of the fun'ral take a care.
But let the leaders of the army stay,
And such as specially concerned are.
This said, Atrides sent the rest away.
And then the wood into a pile they laid.
A hundred foot it was from side to side;
And on the top the corpse. Then kill'd and flay'd
Both sheep and beeves, and with their fat they hide
Patroclus' body dead from head to foot.
And by it laid the cattle flay'd to burn.
To the bier Achilles went and laid into 't
Of honey one, of oil another urn.
And of Patroclus' horses four he slew;
And of nine little dogs he kept, kill'd two.
And those into the fun'ral pile he threw;
And last of all, twelve Trojans adds thereto.
This done, again he to Patroclus said,
My dear Patroclus, once again, farewell.
Twelve lusty Trojans on your pile are laid.
I'm faithful to you, though you be in hell,
But Hector for the dogs shall be a prey.
But Venus 'nointed him with oil of rose,
And so preserved him both night and day,
That not a dog did on him lay his nose.
Then Phœbus sent from heav'n a cloud obscure,
The place whereon his body lay to hide,
To th' end it might the scorching sun endure,
And not be shrivell'd up, nor shrunk, nor dried.
And then Achilles a new bus'ness finds;
He could not set on flame the new-fell'd wood,
But forc'd he was to pray to the two Winds,
Zephyr and Boreas. Then off he stood,
And to them offer'd with a cup in's hand,
And to them vowed a good sacrifice,
If they from sea would come, and by him stand,
And blow the fire until the flame did rise.

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The funeral games for Patroclus.

This Iris hearing, went unto the Winds,
To tell them how Achilles to them pray'd,
And at good cheer in Zephyr's house them finds,
And fain they would her with them there have staid,
And made her sit; but she refused that.
The Gods, said she, feast at a hecatomb
In Blackmoor-land, and I must be thereat,
And must make haste, or thither cannot come.
To Zephyr now and Boreas I came,
To tell them that a plenteous sacrifice
Achilles make them will, if on a flame
They'll set the pile whereon Patroclus lies.
This said, she parts. The Winds arise and roar,
And toss the clouds before them in the sky,
And at their feet tumble the waves ashore,
And then upon Patroclus' pile they fly,
And fiercely blow. Inflamed was the pile,
And whistling at it staid the Winds all night,
Achilles standing by it all the while,
Invoking solemnly Patroclus' spright;
And th' earth with wine by cupfuls watered.
As one that mourneth for his eldest son,
That then dies, when he should be married;
So did he for Patroclus sigh and groan.
When in the sky the day-star did appear
To shew that after him Aurora came,
The pile and bodies dead consumed were
To ashes, and extinguish'd was the flame;
Away the Winds went o'er the seas of Thrace,
And passing, shook the waters of the deep.
Achilles went a little from the place,
And weary, laid him down and fell asleep.
And now 'twas day, the soldiers came again.
Then with their trampling did Achilles wake,
And up he stood and look'd about. And then
He to Atrides turn'd his eyes and spake:
Atrides, let us first with wine, said he,
Put out the fire as far as it is spread,
That taken up Patroclus' bones may be
(For where they lie 'tis soon discovered;
Since in the midst we did his body lay,
But others, horse and men, at the outside lie)
That in a bason of pure gold they may
Reserved be until I also die.
And though no great tomb here I have design'd,
Yet may the Greeks that stay when I am gone,
When they think good, if they will be so kind,
And see cause for it, make a greater one.
This said, the fire they first extinguished;
Then down unto the ground the ashes came,

The funeral games for Patroclus.

And up Patroclus' bones they gathered,
And in a golden pan they laid the same;
And back into the ships they carried that,
To be reserved in Achilles' tent,
Wrapp'd up within a double kell of fat.
And then about the pile to work they went,
And where the pile was, that they made their ground,
And earth abundance on the same they lay,
Till it became a mighty hill and round.
When they had done, Achilles made them stay
And sit o' th' ground, to see the games which he
Prepared had, the funeral to grace.
Then many prizes rich he caus'd to be
Brought from his ship and laid upon the place,
Brass cauldrons, tripods, and great iron bars,
Horses and mules, and cattle of great size,
And goodly women taken in the wars.
First for the horse; he tells each one his prize.
To th' first a woman that could spin and weave,
Together with a tripod deep and wide.
The next a mare of six years should receive,
Together with her young mule by her side.
A handsome kettle to the third he gave,
Which never on the fire had yet been set.
Of gold two talents was the fourth to have;
The fifth a cup and cover was to get.
Then to them spake. These prizes here, said he,
Lie waiting for the horsemen on the plain,
If any horsemen in the host there be,
That with their char'ots hope the same to gain,
Come in. Had any else these games set forth,
The greatest of these prizes had been mine;
For of my horses you well know the worth,
And that they are immortal and divine,
Which Neptune gave to Peleus, he to me.
But I'll sit out; my horses shall stay here,
Hanging their heads as they do heavily,
Since they have lost their gentle char'oteer.
Let any other of the Argives, who
Is of his horses confident, come in,
And presently prepare himself thereto,
And try which of the prizes he can win.
This said, the horsemen straight themselves present.
Eumelus first, Adrestus' noble son,
That was for horsemanship most eminent.
Then Diomed with th' horses which he won
From Venus' son, when by her sav'd he was.
Then sitting on his chariot came forth
King Agamemnon's brother Menelaus,
And at it horses two were of great worth.

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The funeral games for Patroclus.

The one of them, Podargus, was his own,
The other, Æthe, very swift she was,
A female, and for Agamemnon's known,
To whom, when he to Ilium was to pass,
She given was by Echepolus, who
T' excuse himself of following him to Troy
(For very rich he was, and loath to go)
And with his leave in Siryon to stay.
The fourth, with horses of the Pylian brood,
Was Nestor's gallant son, Antilochus.
His father, careful of him, by him stood
Instructing him, and said unto him thus:
Antilochus, you have been taught so well
By Jove and Neptune, young man as you are,
The rules of horsemanship, I need not tell
You of the art, but pray you to take care;
Though you know how about the goal to wind,
Their horses somewhat are than yours more swift.
I fear you will in that some damage find;
But none of them know better how to shift.
'Tis care, not strength, makes a good carpenter,
And ships at sea are governed by care;
Force in foul weather little helps to steer;
Best char'oteers are they that best beware.
A man that on his horses' speed relies,
May from the high-way sometimes drive aside,
But not come in again. But he that's wise,
Will always tow'rds the goal directly guide,
And have an eye on him that goes before.
The goal I'll tell you (lest you know it not)
A staff is, of a fathom high or more,
Of oak or pine, that is not apt to rot,
Standing between two great white stones upright,
And for a monument set up was there
In ancient time, of some deceased wight,
Or formerly there had a race been there,
And to that purpose served now again.
Be sure you drive your horses to it close,
And leaning, press a little th' inner rein,
And let the farther horse's rein go loose.
But let the near horse to it go as near
As can be, so the stones you still avoid;
You'll wound your horses else, and char'ot tear,
And be asham'd whilst others will be joy'd.
If at the staff you once but get the start,
In coming back before you shall be none,
How good soe'er their horses be or art,
Though they the steeds were of Laomedon,
Or like Arion all their horses were,
Adrestus' horse of the celestial race.

The funeral games for Patroclus.

Thus Nestor his good son instructed there,
And having done, returned to his place.
The fifth and last came in Meriones.
Then up into their seats they mounted all;
And then by lots determin'd which of these
Should start the first. T' Antilochus did fall
To start the first. The next t' Eumelus came.
The third lot fell t' Atrides Menelaus.
The fourth had on't Meriones his name.
The best, and last to start Tydides was.
Then all a-row they stood. Achilles by,
Showed them the goal far off upon the plain;
And all at once hold up their whips on high,
And beat their horses each one with his rein;
And loud upon them call'd to make them run.
Old Phœnix at the staff was set to stay
And be a witness of what there was done,
And see there were amongst them no foul play.
And swiftly from the ships they part away,
In clouds of dust up to their breasts they fly,
And to the wind their spreading manes display;
Their cars sometimes are in the air a-high,
And sometimes on the ground. The char'oteers
Sit for all that still fast upon their seats,
And ev'ry one aloud his horses cheers,
While in his breast his heart with longing beats.
But when about the goal they turned were,
And coming back again unto the shore,
Then 'twas their virtue chiefly did appear,
And faster went their horses than before.
And now Eumelus' horses foremost were,
And Diomed behind him was not far
With his male Trojan horses, but so near,
As if they would have gone into his car.
So near they were their heads did on it lie,
And made Eumelus' back and shoulders hot
With breathing on them; and the victory
Had got, or doubtful made at least, had not
Apollo been to Diomed unkind,
And from his hand struck out his shining whip.
Tydides then again was left behind,
And wept to see Eumelus him outstrip.
When Pallas saw what wrong was to him done,
She puts the whip into his hand again,
And angry goes unto Admetus' son,
And of his horses breaks the yoke in twain.
On one side of the way then went one mare,
And on the other side the other goes.
Down fell the pole, and with it he; and tare
His elbows and his eye-brows, mouth, and nose.

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The funeral games for Patroclus.

Tydides in the meantime passed by,
And got before them all a mighty length.
For Pallas to him meant the victory,
And gave unto his horses greater strength.
Behind Tydides next was Menelaus,
And next to him Antilochus; and he
Aloud unto his horses calling was.
Now let's, said he, your utmost virtue see.
With Diomed you are not bid contend,
Whom victor now Athena means to make,
And strengthened hath his horses to that end;
But only Menelaus t' overtake.
Were 't not a shame that Æthe, but a mare,
Should leave you two such lusty steeds behind?
But if you now seek how yourselves to spare,
I tell you this, and true you will it find,
You shall be slain. Therefore use all your speed,
And when you come into a narrow place,
Leave it to me to do what I see need.
This said, the horses fearing mend their pace,
And now were close at Menelaus' heels.
Then near unto a hollow way they came;
And lest they break should one another's wheels,
Atrides turn'd aside into the same.
The other after him a little wide
The same way took. Atrides then afraid
That he would enter with him side by side,
Unto Antilochus cried out and said,
Antilochus, you drive too carelessly,
The way's too narrow. Pray a little stay
Your horses; broader 'twill be by and by,
Lest both our cars lie broken on the way.
Antilochus then whipp'd his horses on
So much the faster, seeming not to hear.
And when they were a little further gone,
Atrides held his horses in, for fear
Their cars should clashing overturned be,
And with them they be thrown into the dust,
And to him spake, reviling: Go, said he,
Of all the men I know the most unjust,
And not so wise as th' Argives thought you were.
But yet the prize you shall not so obtain,
But for it first you shall be put to swear.
And then his horses he drave on again,
And to encourage them unto them said,
His horses cannot keep before you long;
They old are both; strain hard. Be not dismay'd,
For both of you brave horses are, and young.
This said, at highest speed again they fly,
And to Antilochus came up again.

The funeral games for Patroclus.

The Argives on the race now sat to spy
Who foremost coming was upon the plain.
Idomeneus sat in a place more high
Without the race, and heard a char'oteer,
Whose voice he knew, unto his horses cry,
And presently two horses did appear.
Of one of them the colour was bright bay,
But on his forehead had a spot of white,
And, as the moon at full, round ev'ry way,
And from afar conspicuous and bright.
Then to the Grecks he said, Is there no more
That see these horses coming back but I?
They are not those that foremost were before;
And 'tis another char'oteer I spy.
Eumelus some mischance has had I fear;
And yet about the goal he turned well,
But now I cannot see him any where.
Perhaps out of his hands their bridles fell;
No longer would the horses then obey,
But thrown him somewhere have o' th' field, or borne
Him in their fit by violence away,
And have his char'ot overturn'd, or torn.
Stand on your feet yourselves, and mark him well,
Whether or no it Diomedes be,
The son of Tydeus, for I cannot tell;
He like him is, and I believe 'tis he.
The lesser Ajax then, Oileus' son,
With evil words t' Idomeneus replied,
The mares upon the field are coming on,
But you must talk, though from the purpose wide.
Your eyes are now grown old, and less can see,
And yet to talk you love so much the more,
Though at discerning many better be;
Eumelus, as at first, is still before.
Ajax, said he, of all the Grecks the worst,
Except at railing, let's a wager lay,
A tripod, or a cauldron, who comes first;
Atrides judge, that you may know and pay.
And Ajax then about was to reply;
Nor had the quarrel 'twixt them there been staid,
But that Achilles, who was sitting by,
Rose from his seat, and coming to them said,
Idomeneus and Ajax, 'tis a shame
For you in evil language to contend,
That others when they do so ought to blame.
Sit down, and but a little while attend,
They'll soon be here. They strive for victory,
And driving are as fast as e'er they can;
Discerned then it will be easily
Which is the foremost, which the hindmost man.

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The funeral games for Patroclus.

This said, they saw Tydides very near,
Plying his whip; his horses seem'd to fly,
And cover'd was with dust the char'oteer,
And hard it was the track o' th' wheels to spy.
Then coming in, before the lords he stopp'd,
And to the ground leapt from his chariot;
With sweat his horses' breasts and shoulders dropp'd.
Then Stenelus the prize neglected not,
But nimbly from his place he to it skips,
And by his friends there standing by his side
Sent th' woman and the tripod to the ships;
And having done, the horses he untied.
Antilochus next to Tydides was,
That not by virtue of his steeds, but sleight,
Advantage gotten had of Menelaus,
When for them both he found the way too streight.
But Menelaus to him was so near,
As is a char'ot-horse unto the wheel,
Which of his tail doth sometimes touch the hair,
And makes the horse to run that does it feel.
So near unto him was Atrides then,
That was behind once a quoit's cast or more.
But quickly to him he came up again,
For Æthe now ran faster than before,
And had they but a little longer run,
Atrides by Antilochus had pass'd,
And without doubt the second prize had won.
Meriones behind was a spear's cast;
Slow steeds he had, and but small skill in courses.
Eumelus, whom Athena overthrew,
Came hindmost, and before him drave his horses,
And with his hands behind, his char'ot drew.
Achilles mov'd with pity was at this,
And spake unto the Argives in this wise:
Although he come the last, the best he is;
'Tis fit he have at least the second prize,
But Diomed the first, that has it won.
And just it seemed in the Argives' sight,
And from Antilochus the prize had gone,
Had he not pleaded for it as his right.
Antilochus then to Achilles spake:
Though well, said he, in pity you incline
T' Eumelus, yet my prize he must not take;
I won it have, and 'tis not yours, but mine.
His horses good, and horseman good he is;
And he and they upon the ground were laid
By some mischance; I'm not concern'd in this,
He should unto th' immortal Gods have pray'd.
But you, that pity him, and at your tent
Have gold, brass, horses, women, cattle store,

May out of that, when you think fit, content
Eumelus with the value, or with more;
For whosoever means to have the mare,
Must for her with me fight. Thus pleaded he.
Achilles, that great love unto him bare,
Was glad, and said, Since you so counsel me,
The breast-plate I will to him give of brass,
That hemm'd is all about with shining tin,
With which Asteropæus armed was.
Automedon, into my tent go in,
And quickly to me bring the breast-plate forth.
And then Automedon no longer stands,
But fetches out the armour of great worth,
And puts the same into Eumelus' hands.
Then up Atrides Menelaus stands,
And in his hand the crier a sceptre laid,
And silence to be kept i' th' court commands.
T' Antilochus then Menelaus said,
Antilochus, what made you me disgrace,
Justling my horses in the hollow way,
When there was so much danger in the place
That 't had been best for both of us to stay?
But you, the princes, hear the cause I pray,
And judge between us both impartially,
Lest any of the Greeks hereafter say
I did t' Antilochus an injury,
And from him got the mare by fraud or might;
And that his horses than mine better were;
But come, I now know how myself to right.
Come, lay your hand upon the reins, and swear
By Neptune, that you did not willingly
And with prepensed malice cross my car.
To this Antilochus did then reply:
O Menelaus, since you elder are,
You know our faults upon the sudden rise,
And that before-hand young men study not;
Their wits are present, but the old are wise,
To do you injury I never thought.
The mare is yours; and if you please to send
For anything I have, that too I'll give
Rather than with an oath the Gods offend,
And out of Menelaus' favour live.
This said, he put the mare into his hand;
Then Menelaus look'd as fresh and gay
As dew, that on the growing corn doth stand,
Then when the fields are in their best array,
And to Antilochus replied again:
Antilochus, I angry am no more;
I see you were by youth transported then;
But putting tricks upon your friends give o'er.

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I not so soon forgiven had another;
But you so much have suffer'd for my sake,
Together with your father and your brother,
That I can easy satisfaction take.
And now, to shew I got it not by might,
Take you the prize, although it be my share.
This said, he took t' himself the cauldron bright,
And yielding to Antilochus the mare,
Unto Noemon gave her to set up
(Noèmon was Antilochus his man).
One prize remain'd, which was the double cup;
Meriones the two gold talents wan.
Achilles rising then to Nestor went,
And unto him the double cup he gave.
This prize, said he, keep for a monument
Of my Patroclus lying in his grave.
You shall not for it arm your fists with lead,
Nor with young men at cast of spear engage,
Nor shall you on the foot-race need to tread;
Of all such work you are excus'd by age.
This said, the cup into his hand he laid,
Which joyfully he took, and thus replied:
Sweet son, you nothing but the truth have said.
My strength is past, it cannot be denied;
My hands I scarce can to my shoulders raise,
And heavily my feet both rise and fall.
Oh, that I were as young as in those days
When I saw Amarynceus' funeral
Set forth most nobly in Buprasion.
There many prizes were, and many a man;
But like to me amongst them there was none,
Eperan, Pylian, nor Ætolian.
At fists the prize from Clytomed I won;
And wrestling with Ancæus I him threw,
And Iphiclus, swift as he was, outrun;
And with the spears I Polydore out-threw,
And at the horse-race only was outstripp'd
By th' envy of the sons of Actor two;
For sitting on the char'ot they both whipp'd,
And from me won that prize with much ado.
Such then I was. But now to younger men
That work I leave. Old age I must obey;
But such I was amongst the Argives then.
And now, Achilles, here no longer stay,
Proceed with other games your friend to grace;
Your gift I take, and great content I find,
In that you shewn have in this public place,
Amongst the Greeks you have me in your mind.
Achilles having heard these praises all
Of Nestor, brought into the place a mule,

The funeral games for Patroclus.

A prize for him that won at fist and ball,
A mule of six years old, and hard to rule.
As for the vanquish'd, he assign'd to him
A lesser prize, which was a silver cup,
That crook'd and wryed was about the brim.
Achilles then amongst the Greeks stood up.
Atrides, and you Argives all, said he,
Let two men fight for these at fist and ball;
The lusty mule shall for the victor be,
The cup for him that in the fight shall fall.
This said, Epeius, a huge man stood up,
And that had at this kind of fight great skill,
And seiz'd the mule, and said, As for the cup,
Let any one against me rise that will,
The mule is mine; at this game I am best.
Is't not enough that th' Argives value me
In fight but as a mean man like the rest?
For no man can the best at all things be.
But let him know, whoe'er with me contends,
I'll break his bones. Which being to him known,
He may about him ready have his friends,
To take him up when I have knocked him down.
This said, Mecestes' son, Euryalus,
That won the prize from the Cadmæans all,
At Thebes, upon the death of Œdipus,
When celebrated was his funeral,
Presents himself. About him, busy was
Tydides, wishing him the victory;
And gave him of strong leather well-wrought lace,
Wherewith the balls unto his wrists to tie.
The champions up their fists together have,
Which when they met so quick and mingled were,
That which was which a man could not perceive,
But how they rattled at their heads might hear.
Euryalus then chanc'd to look aside,
At which Epeius such a blow him hit,
Upon the cheek, that he was stupified,
And could no longer stand upon his feet.
As when the sea is curl'd by Zephyrus,
A little fish leaps up and falls again;
So started at the stroke Euryalus,
And fainted. To him went Epeius, then,
And took him up. His friends that by him stood,
Led him away trailing his feet behind,
His neck aside hanging, and spitting blood;
And wand'ring out of order was his mind.
Achilles other prizes then brought forth
For wrestlers; and for him that did the best,
A mighty three-foot pot esteemed worth,
By th' company, twelve oxen at the least,

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And for the vanquished a lesser prize,
A woman that in many works had skill;
And to the Argives speaking, said: Arise,
You that contend for the great tripod will!
Then up rose Ajax, up Ulysses rose,
And having girt themselves stood on the place,
And presently extend their arms, and close;
And one another with twin'd arms embrace.
As when a carpenter to keep the wind
Out of a house, the timber bows and pleats;
So were their arms with one another twin'd,
And each of them keeps fast his hold, and sweats,
And squeez'd until their sides were black and blue.
And weary were the Greeks with looking on,
When neither Ajax yet Ulysses threw,
Nor he the mighty son of Telamon.
And Ajax then unto Ulysses said,
Let's lift each other; and withal him lifts,
And hop'd upon the ground to have him laid,
But he, then, not forgetful of his shifts,
Struck with his right foot Ajax on the ham,
So that to turn him Ajax strength did lack.
Then both together to the ground they came,
One on his breast, the other on his back.
And now Ulysses to lift Ajax is.
And from the ground he heav'd him, but not high,
And in he clapt one knee between both his,
Then both upon the ground again they lie.
Again they rise, and had not so giv'n o'er,
But that Achilles to them goes, and says,
You both are best; torment yourselves no more,
But equal prizes take, and go your ways,
That other Greeks for other prizes may
Their virtue show. This said, they him obey'd,
And from their bodies wip'd the dust away,
And with their coats themselves again array'd.
And then Achilles brought new prizes in,—
A silver temp'rer that six gallons held,
And by Sidonian workmen made had been,
And all that e'er they made before excell'd,
And by Phœnicians into Greece was brought,
And giv'n to Thoas, and from him it came
T' Eunæus, Jason's son. Eunæus bought
Lycaon of Patroclus with the same.
This was the prize for him that swiftest ran.
A great fat ox the second was to take;
And half a talent, gold, the hindmost man.
And then Achilles to the Argives spake.
Arise, said he, that for this prize will run.
Then Ajax rose, son of Oïleus,

The funeral games for Patroclus.

The lesser Ajax. And then Nestor's son,
The swiftest of the youth, Antilochus.
Arow they stand. Achilles to them shows
The goal about the which they were to run.
Together then they start; and foremost goes
The nimble-footed Ajax, Oileus' son.
But next him, and so near Ulysses is,
As from a woman's distaff comes the thread,
And on his steps trod ere the dust aris,
And breathed all the way upon his head.
The Greeks upon him called all the way
To do his best, and wish'd him victory.
Then to Athena did Ulysses pray.
O help me, my good Goddess, now, said he.
And when almost they ended had the race,
Then chanced Ajax in the dung to fall
Of cattle which had kill'd been on the place,
B' Achilles for Patroclus' funeral,
And fill'd with cow-dung was his mouth and nose.
Ulysses on the temp'rer laid his hands.
And Ajax, spitting dung, again arose,
And with his ox before the Argives stands.
Oh, oh, said he, 'tis Pallas hath done this,
Who, as a careful mother of her child,
Upon Ulysses always waiting is.
And when he that had said th' Achæans smil'd.
Antilochus th' half talent took of gold,
And smil'd, and to the Argives said, You see
The Gods still give most honour to the old;
Ajax in age a little passeth me;
Again, Ulysses older is than he.
And younger men with these cannot contend
At running of a race, except it be
Achilles: whom he finely did commend.
Achilles, of that commendation glad,
Unto Antilochus replied again;
To your half-talent I'll another add.
That word of yours shall not be said in vain.
Achilles then brought forth the shield, and spear,
And helmet of Sarpedon, for till he
Was killed by Patroclus his they were,
And said unto the Greeks: now let me see
Two valiant men, well-arm'd, contend for these;
And he that first draws blood shall bear away
This Thracian sword won from Asteropæus.
The arms in common they shall both enjoy,
And at my tent they both shall feasted be.
Up then great Ajax, up Tydides rose,
And came forth armed from the company,
And looking grimly, one to th' other goes,

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The funeral games for Patroclus.

And thrice to one another fiercely leapt,
And Ajax' spear pass'd through Tydides' shield;
But by the breast-plate from his flesh was kept.
Good was his breast-plate, and not apt to yield.
But still at Ajax' neck Tydides aim'd,
Above his shield still pushing with his spear;
At which the people standing by exclaim'd;
For then of Ajax' life they stood in fear,
And to Achilles cried to part the fray
Betime, and let them equal prizes have.
And by Achilles then dismiss'd were they;
But yet the sword he to Tydides gave.
And then of iron he brought out a sough,
Such as at first it from the furnace came,
The which Eetion was wont to throw;
Amongst whose goods Achilles found the same,
And to his ship he brought it with the rest.
And said to th' Argives, He this prize shall gain,
That lets us see he throw it can the best.
It will his plough with iron five years maintain.
He needs not to the town for iron go.
Then Polypœtes and Leontes rise,
And Ajax, and together stand arow;
And last of all unto them comes Epeius.
First threw Epeius, and well laugh'd at was.
And next to him Leontes threw the same.
Then Ajax threw and did them both surpass.
But when to Polypœtes' hand it came,
As far as doth a shepherd throw his hook
Seeing his sheep stand still or straggle out,
So far threw he. The prize his friends then took
And bare it to his tent. The people shout.
Achilles then brought other prizes in,
Ten double, and ten single axes keen,
The which the two best bowmen were to win,
And said, Now let your archery be seen.
And on the sands erects a ship-mast high,
And at the top he tied a dove unto't
With slender thread, and said, Your skill now try.
For he that dead the tender dove shall shoot,
Shall have the double axes for his prize;
The single he that breaks the thread shall win.
Then Teucer and Meriones arise,
And lots they cast which of them shall begin.
And to begin to Teucer fell the lot.
And first he shot. But should have made a vow
A hecatomb to Phœbus, but forgot.
And therefore Phœbus would not him allow
To kill the bird. But yet he brake the thread,
And tow'rds the ground, it hung down from her feet.

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The funeral games for Patroclus.

The frighted dove in th' air hovered,
And mightily the Argives shout to see't.
Meriones then quickly drew his bow,
For th' arrow fitted on't already lay,
And presently to Phœbus made a vow
Of his first lambs a hecatomb to pay.
And seeing how the dove amazed went
Above his head this way and that way round,
His arrow keen he quickly to her sent,
Which pierc'd her thro', and brought her to the ground.
The wounded dove unto a mast then flies,
And there her feathers sheds, and hangs her head,
And having sitten there not long she dies.
The Argives gazing at it wondered.
And then Meriones away did bear
The double axes. Teucer took the rest.
Achilles then new prizes fetch'd; a spear,
And a new cauldron worth an ox at least.
To throw the spear then rose the king Atrides,
And after him stood up Meriones
Idomeneus his squire. Then said Pelides,
There shall be no contention for these.
We know how much you are more excellent
At this than any of th' Achæans here.
Take you these prizes therefore to your tent,
And give unto Meriones the spear,
If you think fit. Atrides was content,
And to Meriones he gave the spear,
And by Talthybius the cauldron sent
Unto the ships; and all well pleased were.

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The redemption of Hector, and his funeral.

Thus end the games. The Greeks dispersed are,
And ev'ry man returned to his tent,
And busy was his supper to prepare;
And after they had supp'd to bed they went.
Achilles all the night slept not a wink,
But on Patroclus' worth, and company,
And on their common suff'rings still did think,
And lay upon his bed unquietly.
And weeping sometimes laid himself on this,

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Sometimes on that side, sometimes on his face,
And sometimes on his back, and sometimes ris,
And walk'd upon the shore from place to place.
And soon as ere he saw the morning come,
He Hector to his char'ot ti'd again;
And dragg'd him thrice about Patroclus' tomb,
And then went in, and left him on the plain,
With dust all over hidden, but not rent.
For Phœbus had him cover'd with his shield,
That torn his body was not as they went.
The Gods meanwhile sat looking on the field,
And griev'd to see Achilles show such spite;
And some of them advised Mercury
To steal away the body from his sight.
To this the other Gods did all agree,
But Neptune, Juno, Pallas, angry were
With Priam and with Troy, for Paris' sake,
For that he Venus did so much prefer,
And of the others small account did make.
Thus pass'd it then. But twelve days after, came
Apollo to the Gods in council set,
And said, Ye Gods unjust, you are to blame.
What sacrifice did Hector e'er forget,
That to his father, mother, wife, and son,
That for his death lament, he must not come,
And buried be, since he is dead and gone,
And have a funeral in Ilium?
But to Achilles' fury you give way,
Whose breast is void of all humanity.
As lions on men's cattle love to prey;
Savage and proud on men so falleth he,
Asham'd of nothing. Though another man,
That had a loving brother lost, or son,
When he has wept a while, give over can,
And bear the ill that cannot be undone;
But he with Hector's death is not content,
But drags his body at his chariot,
Not caring how we may the same resent.
He'll find at last 'twere better he had not
Upon the senseless earth have shown such spite.
To this in anger Juno then replied,
If equal they had been, you had said right,
But that they equal are it is denied.
For Hector was a mortal woman's son;
Achilles' mother a great Goddess is,
Thetis, that nurs'd was and brought up by none
But by myself. The Gods can witness this,
Who, when I made her noble Peleus' bride,
Came to the wedding all, and you too then
Were with your fiddle there well satisfied,

Perfidious God, companion of mean men.
Then Jupiter to Juno spake and said,
Look not so angrily upon the Gods,
Nor for Achilles' honour be afraid.
'Twixt him and Hector I know well the odds.
But Hector we of mortals love the best,
I do at least, of all the men of Troy.
He never is behind-hand with my feast,
But flesh and wine pays duly at my day.
But we'll not Hector from Achilles steal;
Nor can, since Thetis for him is awake.
Call Thetis hither; for with her I'll deal
To make him for his body ransom take.
This said, into the sea leap'd Iris straight
Between the isles of Imbros and of Same.
The water roar'd and started at her weight;
And she to th' bottom like a plummet came,
Where in a hollow cave the Goddess sat,
Her sea-nymphs all about her sitting round,
She in the midst bewailing her son's fate,
That was to perish on the Trojan ground.
And going to her near, Thetis, said she,
Jove calls you to him. She replied, Why so?
What has that mighty God to say to me?
I am not fit amongst the Gods to go.
But well; I go. I dare not disobey.
And on her head then throws she a black hood.
Then up they went, and Iris led the way.
To let them pass the sea divided stood,
And being landed, leap'd up to the sky,
When Jove in council and the Gods were met;
Where Thetis was received lovingly,
And next himself by Jupiter was set:
There Juno nectar, Pallas gave her place.
And Jove unto her spake. Thetis, said he,
I know your grief, but such is now the case,
You could not from th' assembly spared be.
Nine days amongst ourselves we disagree
Concerning Hector's body what to do;
The most would have him stol'n by Mercury,
But for your sake I would not yield thereto.
But go you, Thetis, to your son, and say
The Gods are angry, and I most of all,
That Hector's body at the ships doth stay
Unransom'd, and without a funeral;
That he release it may for fear of me.
Meanwhile to Priam Iris shall be sent,
To bid him go t' Achilles speedily,
And with fair presents fetch it from his tent.
This said, she from Olympus took her flight

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T' Achilles' tent, and found him sitting there,
Where he, Patroclus still lamenting, sigh'd,
And with him friends providing dinner were;
And killed had a fat sheep in his tent.
Then in she went, and sat down by his side.
How long, said she, will you yourself torment?
Be comforted, and for your health provide;
And take delight in women's company,
For here you know you are not long to stay,
And that at hand is now your destiny.
And hear what I from Jove must to you say.
From Jupiter I come, who bade me say
The Gods are angry, and he most of all,
That Hector's body at the ships doth stay
Unransom'd, and without a funeral.
The ransom therefore take, and let him go.
To which Achilles a short answer gave.
Let him that will, since Jove will have it so,
The ransom bring, the body he shall have.
Whilst Thetis and her son discoursing were,
To Priam Jove swift Iris sent away.
Iris, said he, this message from me bear
To Priam, and relate what now I say.
Bid him unto Achilles' tent to go,
And carry with him other Trojans none
But one old squire, his char'ot to look to,
And bring away the body of his son;
And honourable presents with him bear,
Wherewith Achilles may be well content.
And bid him death and danger not to fear,
So good a guardian with him shall be sent.
Hermes shall guide him to Achilles' tent,
And being there he needs not fear at all.
Achilles will not kill him, but prevent
The hurt that might from others on him fall.
He wants not judgment, care, nor piety,
And pity has for them that to him pray.
This said, flew Iris from Olympus high
To Priam's house, where little was of joy.
His sons about him weeping sat, and he
I' th' midst involved in his cloak so just,
That one th' impression of his limbs might see,
His head and neck bedaub'd with dung and dust,
Which he himself had thrown upon his head.
His daughters, and his sons' wives, howling went
About, for brothers and for husbands that were dead,
And to the shades by th' Argives had been sent.
Then Iris unto Priam coming near,
With soft and gentle voice unto him said:
Priam, be bold, for no ill news I bear

(For trembling sat he, and was sore afraid),
Jove bids you to Achilles' tent to go,
And carry with you other Trojans none
But one old squire, your char'ot to look to,
And bring away the body of your son;
And honourable presents with you bear,
Wherewith Achilles may be well content.
He bids you neither death nor danger fear,
So good a guardian with you shall be sent;
Hermes shall guide you to Achilles' tent.
When you are there, past is the danger all;
Achilles will not kill you, but prevent
The harm that may from others on you fall.
He wants not judgment, care, nor piety,
And pity has on them that to him pray
In their distress, and at his mercy lie.
When Iris this had said, she went away.
Then Priam said unto his sons, Arise,
And make a waggon ready out of hand;
And to a cedar chamber down he hies,
Where his most precious household-stuff did stand,
And thither call'd his wife, and to her said,
Jove's messenger t' Achilles bids me go
With ransom for my son. I'm not afraid,
But what think you? Is't best to go, or no?
At this, aloud she shriek'd, and said, Ay me,
What now is of the wit you had become,
For which so wise you once were thought to be,
By men abroad, and by your friends at home?
Will you go put yourself into the hand
Of him that hath your sons so many slain,
A man that does not pity understand,
Nor faith? No, no, he'll not from you abstain.
But since the Fates designed had before
His birth, to th' dogs he should be made a prey
By this hard-hearted man, you may deplore
Him here at home, and from Achilles stay.
Oh, that between my teeth I had his heart,
That to revenge my son I might it eat;
It would no little ease be to my smart,
And less the loss of him I should regret.
For Hector only for his country fought,
And of his enemies was not afraid,
Nor did him wrong, but valiant was and stout.
Then Priam to his wife replied, and said,
Nay, wife, since to him I am bent to go,
Dissuade me not, nor ill bird to me be
Here in my house, and bode me ill. For know,
Whate'er you say, 'twill not prevail with me.
If now a priest or prophet to me came,

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And this had said, I thought it had a lie.
But howsoever, come what will, I am
With Hector in my arms content to die.
This said, the chests he presently unlocks,
And out he lays twelve robes for womankind,
As many coats, as many single cloaks,
And unto those as many that were lin'd;
And further twelve rich carpets out he laid,
And when he that had done, he gold brought forth,
Whereof he layed by ten talents weigh'd,
And two great black three-footed pots, much worth;
And unto those he set bright cauldrons four,
And the fine cup which giv'n him was when he
From Troy to Thrace was sent ambassador,
So long'd he to set Hector's body free.
I' th' porch then standing many Trojans were,
That sorry for his grief, were thither come;
To whom he said, Rascals, what make you here?
Find you not cause of grief enough at home,
That you must hither come to trouble me,
As if too little 'twere to lose my son?
Hereafter you will eas'lier killed be,
Since Hector, who defended you, is gone.
As for myself, before I see that day,
I hope to be within th' infernal gates.
Then with his staff he drave them all away;
And turning in again his sons he rates,
Paris and Agathon and Helenus,
Pammon, Polites, and Antiphobus,
Argavus, Deiphobus, Hippothous.
These nine he rated, saying to them thus,
Make haste, unworthy sons. I had been glad
If you in Hector's stead had all been slain.
O how unfortunate am I, that had
So many and so valiant sons in vain!
Nestor and Troilus both valiant men,
And godlike Hector. Sure I am accurs'd.
Since Mars of these depriv'd me has again,
And now I none have left me but the worst,
Domestic wolves, the bane of lamb and kid,
And good for nothing but to dance and lie.
Why stand you still? Were you not by me bid
The waggon to prepare? Then out they fly,
And speedily the waggon forth they bring,
And yoke well-fitted with an iron pin;
And fix'd it to the pole's end with a ring,
And cord nine cubits long, to keep it in;
Which thrice about the boxen yoke they wind,
And to the waggon laid the ransom in;
And to it then the lusty mules they bind,

Which by the Mysians given him had been.
That done, king Priam's horses to his car
Were by himself and by Idæus tied,
Of which he always taken had such care,
That while they fed he stayed by their side.
Then Hecuba came to them with a cup,
A golden cup of pleasant wine, that they
The same to Jupiter might offer up
Before unto their foes they went away.
Here, take this cup, said she, and pray to Jove
That he will let you see a lucky flight
Of that great bird which he the most doth love,
That you may be assured by the sight
That safe you shall again return to Troy.
For if that favour to you be denied
I should avise you by all means to stay.
And Priam then to Hecuba replied,
This counsel, wife, of yours with reason stands.
Jove pleased is when to him men look up.
For water then he call'd and wash'd his hands,
And from his wife receiv'd the golden cup.
Then looking up to heav'n, O Jove, said he,
Of all the Gods most glorious, high, and great,
Grant me that I may well received be
B' Achilles at his tent, and well retreat.
And that thereof I may be confident,
Now show me of your bird a lucky flight.
This said, Jove presently an eagle sent,
Of colour spotted over black and white.
As wide as is a prince's gate or more,
So wide her wings the mighty eagle spreads,
And as it over Ilium did soar,
The people joy'd to see it o'er their heads.
The old man then went up into his seat,
And through the city to the plain did pass.
The waggon wherein lay the treasure great
Before him driven by Idæus was.
And so far went his sons, and sons-in-law;
And then return'd again into the city.
When Jupiter upon the way him saw
In this estate, he moved was with pity;
And unto Hermes turn'd his eyes and said,
Since you men's company do most frequent,
And whom you will can quickly hear and aid,
Go and guide Priam to Achilles' tent.
But so as to be seen by none, until
He thither safely come. And Mercury
No sooner understood his father's will
But sets himself about it willingly.
And first his shoes unto his feet he binds

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Ambrosian shoes that over sea and land
Bear him as swift and lightly as the winds;
And then his rod he took into his hand,
Wherewith he layeth sleep on mortal eyes,
And takes it off again when he thinks good.
Then down to Troy and Hellespont he flies,
In likeness of a youth of royal blood,
When down begins t' appear upon his face.
Idæus now and Priam at the brink
Of Xanthus were, and night came on apace,
And there they made their mules and horses drink.
Idæus near them then saw Mercury,
And in great fear, to Priam cried, I see
A man, O Priam, coming. Let us fly,
Or to him go and fall down at his knee.
And horribly was Priam then afraid;
His hair with fear upon him stood upright.
Then Mercury unto him came, and laid
His hand on his, and to him said, 'Tis night;
What makes you be abroad? Do you not fear
Your foes, the Greeks? If any of them knew
That you were with so great a treasure here,
In what a pitiful estate were you?
For you, and he that's with you, both are old,
And neither of you can himself defend,
But as for any hurt from me, be bold;
I hither come t' assist you as a friend,
So like, me thinks, you to my father are.
And Priam then to Mercury replied:
'Tis true you say; and yet the Gods a care
Have of me still, to send me such a guide,
So great a man, so comely, and so wise,
That blessed are the parents you begat.
And Mercury to him again replies:
Indeed, old man, you say the truth in that.
But whither bear you your best goods away?
To some strange city, till the war be done?
Or are the Trojans all now leaving Troy,
Since killed is the best of them, your son,
That might with any of the Greeks compare?
Tell me, said Priam, pray ye, who are you,
And whence ye come, and who your parents are.
And how my son and his hard fate you knew?
You mean to try me now, said Mercury.
At th' Argive ships I Hector frighted saw,
And how he made the Greeks before him fly,
And how he toss'd them in the field like straw,
Where we stood by, with wonder looking on;
Achilles had forbidden us to fight.
His man am I, by birth a Myrmidon,

And stood amongst the rest to see the fight.
My father is Polyctor, very rich,
But now an old man is, and like to you.
And seven sons he has in all, of which
I am the last. And lots at home we drew,
Which of us with Achilles should be sent
To th' war of Troy. The lot then fell to me,
And with Achilles in his ship I went,
And hither come the place of fight to see.
The Greeks by break of day will hither come,
And try if now the city they can win;
Impatient of their stay at Ilium,
They cannot by their leaders be kept in.
Then Priam to him said again: Since you
Achilles' servant are, is Hector yet
At th' Argive ships, I pray you tell me true,
Or cut in joints, thrown to the dogs to eat?
And Hermes unto this again replies:
Nor dogs nor fowl upon him yet have fed,
But at the ships he still neglected lies,
And though he have twelve days now there been dead,
Yet is his body uncorrupt, and free
From worms that breed in other bodies slain,
And though it ev'ry morning dragged be
About Patroclus' tomb, doth whole remain,
And undefac'd, the blood all wash'd away.
You would admire to see him look so fresh,
And cleansed of the filth that on him lay,
And at his wounds how closed is the flesh,
Though many from the Greeks receiv'd he had;
So kind the Gods were after he was dead.
These words of Mercury made Priam glad,
And thus again he to him answered:
Yes, yes, 'tis good to give the Gods their due,
A thing that Hector never did omit;
And therefore to him they this favour shew,
Although his soul be in th' infernal pit.
But now t' Achilles' tent be you my guide,
And at my hand this handsome cup receive.
Again you try me, Mercury replied;
I dare not take't without Achilles' leave,
For of his anger in great fear I stand.
Without a bribe I'll with you go along
To what place you think fit, by sea or land,
Though 'twere to Argos; none shall do you wrong.
For sure, so wretchedly I do not look,
But that a man may of me stand in fear.
Then up he leapt, and in his hands he took
The whip and reins, and serv'd as char'oteer.
When they were come to th' Argive ditch and wall,

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The watch that placed was the gate to keep,
Their supper to provide were busy all,
And Mercury there laid them all asleep,
Took off the bars, the gate wide open laid,
And in the char'ot and the waggon went,
With all the wealth for Hector to be paid,
And forward pass unto Achilles' tent,
Built for him by his Myrmidons, and high,
With fir-trees tall, and cover'd over head
(To keep it out of danger from the sky)
With the deep vesture of the flow'ry mead,
And to it had a great court pal'd about,
And in the pale a high two-valved door,
For cars and waggons to go in and out,
And one great bar of fir-tree and no more,
So great that it requir'd three common men
Upon the lofty gate to set it on,
And three such men to take it off again;
None but Achilles shut it could alone.
This gate then Hermes open to him laid,
And with the car and waggon in he came,
Then leaping to the ground to Priam said,
Old father, I a God immortal am,
Hermes, and hither sent to be your guide,
From heav'n, on purpose by my father Jove.
But by Achilles I'll not here be spied;
Gods must not shew to men such open love.
But go you to Achilles in, and try
What favour from him at his knees you'll find,
And put him of his son in memory,
And father. That will work upon his mind.
This said, t' Olympus Hermes went his way.
Then to the ground leapt Priam from his car,
And going in he bad Idæus stay,
And of the mules and horses have a care.
Achilles at his supper now was set,
And waiting on him stood Automedon
And Alimus, the table standing yet;
But supp'd he had, and appetite had none.
His other friends at distance from him sat,
And Priam to them then came in unseen,
And kiss'd the hands there of Achilles, that
Of many of his sons the death had been.
As when a man that kill'd another has,
And to another prince for safety flies,
Men at him stare; so he amazed was
When he saw Priam stand before his eyes.
The rest admir'd the comely man to see,
And both on him and one another look:
But Priam then upon Achilles' knee

Laid both his hands, and thus unto him spoke:
Godlike Achilles, take into your thought
Your father, that an old man is as I,
And into trouble by his neighbours brought,
And has no friend on whom he may rely.
Yet he has many intervals of joy,
And thinking on his son, is comforted
With hope to see him back return from Troy.
Undone am I; for all my hopes are fled.
When th' army of th' Achæans landed here,
I by the Gods with fifty sons was bless'd,
Whereof sixteen my wife did to me bear,
And other women in my house the rest.
But in this war the most of them are lost.
And now by Mars reduced are to few.
And Hector, which of all I loved most,
Is lately, O Achilles, slain by you.
His body to redeem I hither come,
With precious gifts, and fall before your knee,
That I may bury it in Ilium.
Upon your father think, and pity me.
Yet is my case more pitiful than his.
For what calamity can greater be
Than th' hands that have my children kill'd to kiss?
This said, Achilles wept. And from his knee,
With his, the hands of Priam gently mov'd;
And then aloud they both lamented. He
For Peleus, and Patroclus whom he lov'd,
And Priam for his own calamity,
And through the house were heard to sigh and groan.
Achilles, when his fit of tears was laid,
And eased was his heart, came from his throne,
And rais'd th' old man that on his knees yet staid,
And to him spake. Alas, old man, said he,
You much have suffer'd, and your pain I feel.
But how alone durst you to come to me,
That slew your sons, unless your heart be steel?
But come, sit down. In vain lamenting is,
The hurt that's done tears cannot take away,
Since so 'tis ordered by the Gods in bliss,
That men shall live in pain, and they in joy.
Two barrels in his cellar Jove has still,
Of gifts to be bestow'd on mortal wights,
One full of good, the other full of ill.
And usually to mingle them delights.
For they that only ill receive from Jove,
Exposed always are to injury,
And begging up and down the world shall rove,
And both by Gods and men despised be.
So Peleus at the first receiv'd much good,

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And did in wealth his neighbours all surpass,
And with his subjects in great honour stood,
And join'd in wedlock to a Goddess was.
But after this the ill unto him came,
To leave no child behind him to succeed,
But only me that so short-lived am,
And from him live to vex you and your seed.
And you, O Priam, once were rich, they say,
And all that was in Lesbos did enjoy,
And over all the Hellespont did sway,
And that all Phrygia did you obey,
And with great store of children bless'd you were.
But now, you only fights and slaughter see,
And patiently you Hector's death must bear.
He cannot with your tears revived be;
Much sooner you may suffer greater ill.
T'Achilles, Priam then again replies,
O Thetis' son, to sit I have no will,
Whilst at the ships my son unburied lies.
But bring him forth, that I my son may see,
And you the presents I have brought enjoy;
And prosperous unto you may they be,
And safely I again return to Troy.
Achilles, angry then, Old man, said he,
Provoke me not. I'll put into your hand
The body of your son, because to me
From Jove my mother came with that command.
And very well I know you Priam are,
And that you hither had a God for guide.
What mortal to the army come would dare?
Or could have pass'd the watch and not been spied?
Or open to you could the gates have set?
Therefore take heed, and anger me no more,
Lest the command of Jove I should forget,
And without Hector send you out adoor.
This said, old Priam was afraid and sat.
Out went Achilles with Automedon
And Axamus, his two good servants, that
He lov'd the most, Patroclus being gone.
And they the horses and the mules untied,
And from the waggon in the goods they brought,
Only, wherewith the body dead to hide,
They left behind a handsome robe and coat.
Achilles then his drudging maids appointed
To bear the body to some chamber meet,
And see the same well wash'd and well anointed,
So secretly that Priam might not see't,
Lest grieved he should something do or say,
That might so far Achilles' anger move,
That in his passion he should Priam slay,

Forgetting the commandement of Jove.
And being wash'd, anointed, and array'd,
Achilles laid the body on a bed,
Which his two servants in the waggon laid.
This done, he to Patroclus spake and said,
O my Patroclus, if you hear in Hell,
That Hector's body I have sent to Troy,
Forgive me, since I for it paid am well
With gifts, whereof what's fit to you I'll pay.
This said, Achilles to his tent retired,
And sat upon the seat from whence he ris.
Your son, said he, is freed as you desired,
And on a bed laid in your waggon is.
Tomorrow with him go, by break of day.
But let us not our supper now forget;
For Niobe twelve children lost, they say;
Yet did she not for that refuse to eat.
Six lusty sons, six daughters fair they were,
And killed all, only for saying this,
[Leto but two, and she did many bear.]
By Phœbus they, and these by Artemis,
The Goddess Leto's daughter and her son.
Nine days and nights they lay unburied;
For Jove had chang'd the people into stone,
And then the Gods with earth them covered.
Yet Niobe, when she had weeping done,
Received food; and now doth somewhere lie
I' th' wolds of Sepylus, and turn'd to stone,
The hurt done by the Gods takes patiently.
Come then, old man, and lay your grief away,
And for the present think upon your meat,
And weep for Hector when you come to Troy,
For true it is your loss of him is great.
This said, forth goes Achilles, and appoints
A sheep for supper to be kill'd and flay'd;
Which straight was done, and cut out into joints,
And pierc'd with spits unto the fire was laid.
And when it was well roasted, taken up.
Automedon o' th' table laid the bread.
Achilles made the messes. Then they sup,
And on the meat they laid their hands and fed.
But when of food they had no more desire,
Priam admir'd Achilles' form and face.
Achilles' Priam did no less admire,
In his aspect and speech there was such grace.
When on each other they had look'd enough,
Priam began, and to Achilles spake.
Dismiss me, if you please, Achilles, now,
That I a little sleep at last may take.
For since my son was slain, I never slept,

LIB. XXIV.

The redemption of Hector, and his funeral.

But rolling on the soiled grass have lain
Perpetually, and for him sigh'd and wept,
Nor until now touch'd either meat or wine.
Achilles then to th' women gave command
I' th' porch without to set him up a bed,
With handsome coverlets of purple, and
With fine soft blankets see it covered.
The women quickly his command obey'd,
And two beds ready made i' th' porch without.
Achilles smiling then to Priam said,
Old man, I from my tent must turn you out;
Lest some man should, from Agamemnon sent
With counsel, come and chance to see you here,
And let him know that you are at my tent,
And the redemption of your son defer.
But ere you go, old man, pray tell me right,
What time is needful for his obsequies?
That I so long may keep the Greeks from fight.
Then Priam to Achilles thus replies:
You know, Achilles, very well how far
The hills and woods are distant from the town,
And how afraid to go the Trojans are.
We need nine days to fetch the fuel down.
The tenth he shall be burnt and buried;
Th' eleventh a mount upon him shall be laid;
The twelfth we'll fight again if there be need.
To this Achilles answered, and said,
Old man, the time you asked granted is;
So long th' Achæans shall from fight forbear.
This said, in Priam's hand he layed his,
That of his faith he might not stand in fear.
There in the porch slept Priam and Idæus;
And then unto his bed Achilles went,
And there he slept, and with him fair Briseis,
Within an inner chamber of his tent.
The other Gods and men slept all the night;
But sleep approached not to Hermes' eyes,
But thinking lay on Priam, how he might
Conduct him safely from his enemies.
Then up he rose, and went to Priam's head,
And to him said, Ho, Priam, sleep you here?
Since you redeem'd have Hector's body dead,
You think you nothing farther have to fear.
Although you for him paid a lusty price,
Yet if alive Atrides find you here,
Your sons and friends shall pay that value thrice.
This said, he suddenly awak'd with fear,
And calling to Idæus made him rise.
Then Hermes to the waggon and the car,
Himself the lab'ring mules and horses ties.

And now into their seats they mounted are,
And through the Argive camp then Hermes drove
Unseen, till past Scamander ford they were;
Then Hermes left them and return'd to Jove.
And now the morning was display'd and clear.
Then sighing, on they went to Ilium,
But were by neither man nor woman spied,
Till up into the tow'r of Pergamum
Cassandra went, and thence she them discried,
And weeping, to the people cried, and said,
Ye men and women all of Ilium,
If ever you at Hector's coming joy'd,
Run to the gates; I see him hither come.
Then, man nor woman left was in the town,
But Hector to behold went to the gate.
First came his loving wife and mother down,
And in the waggon by him weeping sate.
The people in a throng about him staid
Lamenting and lamented had all day,
But Priam from his car unto them said,
Trojans, unto the body dead give way.
And when within the house I have it laid,
Then for him weep till you be satisfied.
When this was said, the people him obey'd,
And to make way, themselves they then divide.
Then to the house they brought the body in,
And plac'd it on a bed. Then singers by
They set, the lamentation to begin.
Their song they sung; to which the women sigh.
Then to lament Andromache began.
Oh, my dear husband, you have lost your life
Unhappily, that were but a young man,
And made a wretched widow of your wife,
And with me left behind a tender son,
To evil fate begot by you and me.
To see him grow a man I hope have none;
This city first I fear destroy'd will be,
Since you are gone that was our sole defence.
T' Achaia now the wives of Troy must go,
And with them I. And you my child must hence,
And in vile work employ'd be by the foe,
Or you may by some spiteful man or other
Be from the wall or some high tower thrown,
For Hector's sake, that killed has his brother,
Or father, or his son before the town.
For many of the Greeks has Hector slain.
He went not to the battle bashfully.
For which the Trojans now are in great pain,
And I your loving wife especially.
O that you thus should in the dust be laid,

LIB. XXIV.

The redemption of Hector, and his funeral.

And not give me your hand before you died,
Without a word upon your death-bed said
For me to think on. Then the women sigh'd.
And Hecuba began. Hector, said she,
Of all my sons to me you were most dear.
And when arrived was your destiny,
You by the Gods, though dead, beloved were.
My other sons, when any taken by
Achilles were, beyond sea carried were
And sold, and made to suffer slavery
At Samos, Imbros, Lemnos, or elsewhere;
But when of life he had deprived you,
Because his friend, Patroclus, you had slain,
About his monument he oft you drew,
Though that could not bring him to life again.
But now he sent it to me has again,
As fresh and as well colour'd as if by
Apollo's gentle shafts he had been slain.
This said, again the people sob and sigh.
Then Helen took her turn, Hector, said she,
Whom best I lov'd of all my brother-laws,
For you were so, since Paris married me,
Though when I married him accurs'd I was,
Now twenty years 'tis since I came to Troy,
And never did an ill word from you hear;
And when your kindred of me ill did say,
You took my part, and made them to forbear.
Since you are gone my joy is at an end,
And in your death I moan my own estate,
That now amongst the Trojans have no friend,
Who hate me as the author of their fate.
This, said with tears, provok'd the people's pity;
But Priam then unto them spake, and said:
Go Trojans now and fetch wood to the city;
You need not of the Argives be afraid.
Achilles, when I parted from his tent,
Eleven days allow'd my son t' inter
And fetch down wood without impediment;
So long the Argives should from fight forbear.
This said, to th' hills with oxen, and with wains,
And mules they went, and busy were about
This work nine days together and took pains.
Upon the tenth the body was brought out,
And on the top of the great wood-pile laid,
And fire put to 't; and all day long it burned,
And all the night. When morning was display'd,
Again the Trojans to the pile returned,
And th' embers with black wine extinguished.
His bones then by his brothers and his kin,
Were from the ground together gathered,

And by them to an urn of gold laid in.
The urn, with purple robes then cover'd over,
Into a grave, which soon was made, they laid.
The grave with many and great stones they cover.
And last of all, because they were afraid,
Before their work were done the Greeks would come,
They sent out scouts on ev'ry side to spy.
And o'er his grave, in haste, they raise a tomb.
This done, away they went, and by-and-bye
To Priam's house they came again, and there
He made a splendid supper for them all.
Then home they went, well pleased with their cheer.
Thus ended noble Hector's funeral.

END OF THE ILIAD.

HOMER'S ODYSSES.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GREEK

BY

THOMAS HOBBES,

OF MALMESBURY.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. I.

LIB. I.

In a council of the Gods (Neptune absent) Pallas procureth an order for the restitution of Ulysses, and appearing to his son Telemachus in human shape, adviseth him to complain of the suitors before the council of the Lords, and then to go to Pylus and Sparta to enquire about his father.

TELL me, O Muse, th' adventures of the man
That having sack'd the sacred town of Troy,
Wander'd so long at sea; what course he ran
By winds and tempests driven from his way:
That saw the cities, and the fashions knew
Of many men, but suffer'd grievous pain
To save his own life, and bring home his crew;
Though for his crew, all he could do was vain,
They lost themselves by their own insolence,
Feeding, like fools, on the Sun's sacred kine;
Which did the splendid deity incense
To their dire fate. Begin, O Muse divine.
The Greeks from Troy were all returned home,
All that the war and winds had spar'd, except
The discontent Ulysses only; whom
In hollow caves the nymph Calypso kept.
But when the years and days were come about,
Wherein was woven his return by fate
To Ithaca (but neither there without
Great pain), the Gods then pitied his estate,
All saving Neptune; who did never cease
To hinder him from reaching his own shore,
And persecute him still upon the seas
Till he got home, then troubled him no more.
Neptune was now far off in Black-moor land;
The Black-moors are the utmost of mankind,
As far as east and west asunder stand,
So far the Black-moors' borders are disjoin'd.
Invited there to feast on ram and bull,
There sat he merry. Th' other Gods were then
Met on Olympus in a synod full,
In th' house of Jove, father of Gods and men.
And first spake Jove, whose thoughts were now upon
Ægistus' death, which he but then first knew,
By th' hand of Agamemnon's valiant son,
Who to revenge his father's blood him slew.
Ha! how dare mortals tax the Gods, and say,
Their harms do all proceed from our decree,
And by our setting; when by their crimes they

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Pallas adviseth Telemachus, &c.

Against our wills make their own destiny?
As now Ægistus did Atrides kill
Newly come home, and married his wife;
Although he knew it was against my will,
And that it would cost him one day his life.
Sent we not Hermes to him to forbid
The murder, and the marriage of the wife;
And tell him if the contrary he did
Orestes should revenge it on his life?
All this said Hermes, as we bade him. But
Ægistus, for all this, was not afraid
His lust in execution to put.
And therefore now has dearly for it paid.
Then Pallas moved on Ulysses' part,
And said, O Father Jove, the king of kings,
Ægistus' fate was fit for his desert,
So let them perish all that do such things.
'Tis for Ulysses that I live in pain,
Poor man, long absent from his friends, forlorn,
In a small isle, the centre of the main;
Kept from his home, doth nought but grieve and mourn.
The isle is beautified with goodly trees,
And in it dwells a nymph. Her father's name
Atlas, that all the depths of the ocean sees,
And beareth up the pillars of the same,
And heaven and earth to boot. His daughter 'tis
That with fair words and gentle courtesy
Detains Ulysses. And her meaning is
For ever there to have his company.
Whilst he, alas! e'en dies for very grief.
To see the smoke of Ithaca he wishes,
And would take that for some, though small relief.
And yet you are not mov'd. Were not Ulysses
His sacrifices on the Trojan shore
Both free and bountiful? They were, you know:
In th' Argive camp, I dare say, no man's more.
Why, therefore, Father, should you hate him so?
To her the mighty Jove made this reply.
Child, what a word is this that you let fall?
Do I neglect Ulysses, or do I
Ulysses hate, that amongst mortals all
For wisdom and for piety excels?
Neptune, that backs and shakes the earth, 'tis he
Whose breast with anger and revenge still swells
Against him, for his son's calamity,
The godlike Polypheme, Cyclops the great,
Whom on Thoosa, Phorcys' daughter brave,
Neptune the king of waters did beget,
Embracing her within a hollow cave;
And him Ulysses has depriv'd of sight.

Pallas adviseth Telemachus, &c.

For which, though Neptune do not him destroy,
He crosses him with dangers day and night,
And drives him up and down out of his way.
But well, let us that are assembled now
Bethink us how to bring him home. 'Tis odds
'Twill cool his rage. He has not strength enough
T' oppose the power of all the other Gods.
Then Pallas said, O Jove, of kings the king,
Since the blest Gods have thought good, and decreed
Ulysses to his native soil to bring,
Let's Hermes send unto the nymph with speed,
In th' isle Ogygia, to let her know
Our sentence, that she may the same obey.
And I to Ithaca meanwhile will go,
And cause his son to call without delay
The common council; and to make him bold,
To warn his mother's suitors to be gone,
And feast no longer on his herd and fold,
As they before had insolently done.
To Sparta too I'll send him, and to Pyle
T' inquire about his father's navigation,
That in the world, by travel for a while,
He may acquire a greater reputation.
This said, upon her feet her shoes she binds,
Ambrosian golden shoes, that do her bear
On land and water swiftly as the winds,
And takes in hand her brazen-headed spear;
A heavy, massy, and strong spear, the same
Wherewith, when angry, she the armed bands
Of mighty men of war does eas'ly tame.
That was the spear she carried in her hands.
Then from the high Olympus leapt she down
T' Ulysses' house, and stood in the hall-door
I' th' shape of Mentes, that possess'd the crown
O' th' Taphian people, whom he reigned o'er.
And thence beheld the suitors in the court,
Sitting upon the hides of beeves, which they
Themselves had kill'd, and, wanting other sport,
Playing at chess they pass'd their time away.
Meanwhile their officers and serving-men
Were busy mingling water with the wine,
Others the meat divide, others make clean,
Set up and rub the tables till they shine.
Telemachus now with the suitors sat,
Fancying, in case his father should appear,
Brought home by the Gods or by some lucky fate,
How then these knaves would slink away for fear;
And he again recover his estate,
And in his own land rule without a peer.
He was the first that spied the Goddess, and

LIB. I.

Pallas adviseth Telemachus, &c.

Then presently he hast'ned to the door;
Receives her spear and takes her by the hand,
And both go in, she after, he before.
You shall, said he, stranger be welcome here:
But first let's sup, and afterwards we'll find
Sufficient time both for me to inquire,
And you to tell your business and your mind.
When they were come into the stately hall,
Her spear within a case he sets upright,
T' a pillar, in which case the spears were all
His father left behind going to fight.
Then led her to a chair which stood upon
A dainty carpet curiously wrought,
And put t' her feet a stool to rest upon,
And for himself a handsome stool he brought:
Then did a maid, in a fine golden ewer,
Bring water for their hands, and pours it on
Over a bason large of silver pure,
And set a table to them, for both one:
From others' seats remoter than to fear
Their rudeness might offend her, or that they
Might peradventure listening overhear
What he and she did of Ulysses say.
Another sets on bread and other things
To eat, such as in her charge were at home.
But flesh of many sorts the carver brings,
And the cup-bearers often go and come.
Then came the suitors in, and took their places
All in a row. To each a table stands,
And golden bowl, one way look all their faces,
The waiters bring in water for their hands.
The maids in baskets bring both bread and meat,
On which they lay their hands with great good will,
And heartily and hastily they eat,
And to the brim their cups the servants fill.
When they of hunger had pluck'd out the sting,
The lusty suitors' thoughts converted were
To dancing, and to hear the minstrel sing,
Sports these are consecrated to good cheer.
To Phemius, the minstrel, that was by,
Unwillingly, forc'd by th' unruly throng,
They brought a cittern, and he presently
Began to play, and then to sing a song.
But to the Goddess Pallas, in her ear
Telemachus began to speak his mind,
Not being willing any else should hear.
Excuse me, friend, that I say what I find.
You see the care of these men what it is,
Singing and dancing. And no wonder, since
That which they spend is not their own, but his

Pallas adviseth Telemachus, &c.

Whose bones lie somewhere naked far from hence,
Unburied, it may be, on the ground,
There rotting as he lies i' th' dew and rain;
Or else at sea, perhaps, if he be drown'd,
The waves his body roll upon the main.
If him at home the best of them should meet
Safely arriv'd in Ithaca, he would
Much rather wish, I think, for nimble feet,
Than to be rich in garment or in gold.
But, oh! he's dead, and of some cruel death;
And though some tell us he is coming home,
'Tis comfortless, for he's bereav'd of breath.
To Ithaca I ne'er shall see him come.
But let this pass, and tell me truly now
Your own, your father's, and your country's name.
And further, I desire you'll let me know,
Whence are the mariners that with you came
Unto this town? and tell me this likewise,
Where rideth the good ship that brought you to't;
For verily I can no way devise
How you should come on horseback or on foot?
And tell me, were you never here before,
Nor saw my father whilst he here abode?
For strangers came to visit him good store,
As having much convers'd with men abroad.
I'll clearly speak, said Pallas, t' every thing.
My father was Anchialus, and I
Mentes, my city Taphos, and I king;
My people to the oar themselves apply.
At present bound I am to Temisa
For brass; and iron I carry with me thither.
Under Mount Neion, not near Ithaca,
My ship at Reithrus rideth safe from weather.
As for your father, we were mutual guests
(Ask the old lord Laertes) from our youth.
With one old maid alone his meat to dress,
He lives at's country house, he'll tell you truth.
There creeps he in his vineyard up and down.
And I came hither now, 'cause I was told
By some, his son Ulysses was in town.
But 'tis not so. The Gods do him withhold
From his dear wife, and native country still
Within an island, where the savage men
By force detain him much against his will:
But all in vain, he shall return again.
For I presage, and come it shall to pass,
That am no prophet, nor birds understand;
Though he were tied there with chains of brass,
He shall get loose and see his native land.
But say, are you indeed, that are so grown,

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Pallas adviseth Telemachus, &c.

His son? Your heads and eyes are like, I mark,
For we were well to one another known;
But 'twas before he did for Troy embark
With other princes of the Argive youth;
But never saw him since. That I'm his son,
Said he, my mother says. But who in truth
Knoweth who 'twas that got him? I think none.
If I might choose my father, I would be
His son that groweth old on's own estate.
But whom they tell me is my father, he
Of all men is the most unfortunate.
Then said the Goddess, Howsoe'er that be,
The Gods will never nameless leave your kind,
That are the son of fair Penelope,
And so well fram'd in body and in mind.
But say, What feast is this, and who these be?
You have no cause to feast. Their conversation
Pleases me not. 'Tis rude, unmannerly.
What! is't a wedding, or is't a collation?
Friend, since you ask, said he, take the whole story.
This house was rich, my father being here,
But th' unkind Gods have taken hence that glory:
For where he is, a word we cannot hear.
Less had I griev'd, if he his life had lost
With other Argive lords under Troy wall,
Or, the war done, 'mongst those that love him most.
Then had he had a noble funeral,
At which th' Achæan princes would have been,
And the honour had redounded to his son.
But now, alas! devour'd by harpies keen,
Unheard-of and unask'd-for he is gone,
Leaving me here behind to sigh and groan.
Besides, the Gods have giv'n me other care,
Bitter enough. 'Tis not for him alone
My heart is rent. There other mischiefs are.
How many lords within these isles do sway!
Samé, Dulichium, Ithaca, and Zant;
So many suitors duly every day
For marriage with my mother the house haunt.
Whilst she can none put off, and will none marry,
They spend my corn and wine, and cattle kill,
And eating here and drinking still they tarry,
And me perhaps at last they murder will.
Then Pallas said, Is't so? 'Tis time indeed
Your father hither were come back again,
Having so long been absent hence, with speed
To lay his hands upon these shameless men.
Oh! that just now within the gates he stood
Of th' outer court, I would desire no more,
Arm'd with two spears, buckler, and helmet good,

Pallas adviseth Telemachus, &c.

Such now, as I have seen him heretofore.
From Ephyré he took our house in's way,
Where first I saw him merry drinking wine.
For he had been with Ilus, him to pray
To give him for his shafts a medicine,
Wherewith to make them all they wound to kill.
But he refus'd, fearing the powers above.
And 'twas my father gave't him for good will:
For why, he did him very dearly love.
If, such as then, Ulysses should appear
Amongst the suitors now, short liv'd I trow
They'd be, and have but bitter wedding cheer.
But when he shall come home, Gods only know,
Or whether you shall see him any more.
Meanwhile consider by what means you may
Get the unruly suitors out of door,
That so oppress you, and your house annoy.
And first observe what I shall you advise.
Convoke the people to the market-place;
Protest the Gods against their injuries,
And let the whole assembly know your case.
Say, if they needs will wed her, let her go
Back to her father, who the match should make,
And offer for her what is fit; and so
Which of them she likes best, him let her take.
And for yourself, I think it your best way,
In a good bark of twenty oars abroad
T' inquire what men can of your father say,
Or what some lucky sign from Jove may bode.
Go first to Pyle, inquire of Nestor; then
To Sparta. Ask of Menelaus, whom
Of all which had at Troy commanded men
The Gods t' Achaia brought the latest home.
If of his safety and return you hear,
How much soever they waste your estate,
Endure their riot yet another year.
If dead, come back, and fairly celebrate
His rites, and give your mother whom she will
For husband. Then bethink you, how you may
By open force, or howsoever kill
These shameless suitors that your means destroy.
Be fool'd no more. You're now at man's estate.
Ægistus slew Orestes' father. He
Ægistus slew. Who does not this relate
With honour to Orestes' memory?
And you, my friend, you are a goodly man.
Take heart. Gain honour. I must now be gone;
My crew with patience no longer can
Stay for me, therefore think what's to be done.
Your counsel, said Telemachus, is such

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Pallas adviseth Telemachus, &c.

As might become a father to his son.
I'll not forget it. Though your haste be much,
Stay yet awhile; be not so quickly gone.
Wash and take food, and then go merrily;
And with you a fair present from me take,
Whereby to keep me in your memory;
Such as kind friends to one another make.
Then said the Goddess, Now I cannot stay.
As for your present I will not deny it,
But take it at my coming back this way,
How much soe'er you mean t' oblige me by it.
This said, she mounted from him to the sky
In likeness of an eagle, to his wonder,
Who thought it was some God, and grew thereby
Bolder, and on his father more did ponder.
And straightway to the suitors went, who were
Now come again into the house, and seated,
A song which Phemius then sung to hear,
Containing how the Grecians retreated
Unfortunately from the Trojan shore
By Pallas' doings, whom they had offended.
Penelope that heard it, and was more
Concerned than they all, straightway descended.
She ent'red not, but in the door did stand,
Veil'd with a scarf which on her head she wore,
Having a waiting-woman on each hand;
And to the singer thus said, weeping sore:
Phemius, y' have better songs, why sing you then
This sad one? Fitter 'twere the deeds to tell
Of mighty Gods, and mighty deeds of men,
Which sure would please the company as well.
Sing one of those, and let them hear and drink;
Give over this. You touch my interest,
And wound my heart in forcing me to think
Upon my husband, of all Greeks the best.
Then said Telemachus, Good mother, why
Should not the singer choose what song to sing,
Whose part it is to please the company?
It is not he that does the evil bring.
'Tis none of Phemius' fault, but th' act of Jove,
Who deals to all men all things as he please.
Should he not sing the songs that men most love,
The new'st? The Greeks' sad passage o'er the seas?
Be patient, many more besides Ulysses,
Come short from Troy by one fate or another,
Nor are you the only wife her husband misses.
Many men else are lost. Therefore, good mother,
Go to your work again above, and see
Your maids do theirs, leave censuring of songs
Unto us men, and specially to me,

Pallas adviseth Telemachus, &c

To whom the greatest power here belongs.
Then to her chamber up she went again,
With her two maids, and there began to weep,
Being for her dear husband in great pain,
And wept till Pallas clos'd her eyes with sleep.
Meanwhile the suitors into clusters ran,
And one t' another his thoughts uttered
With noise enough. But there was not a man
That did not wish to have her in his bed.
Then to them spake Telemachus: D'ye hear,
Proud suitors of my mother, let's, I pray,
Give ear unto the singer, and forbear
Clamour. To-morrow is the council day,
There I shall warn you publicly, no more
To haunt my house, but each man home to go,
And there to feast by turns on your own store;
And if you be not willing to do so,
But your own means to spare, shall think it best
To feast yourselves on one man's substance all,
And ruin his estate, go on and feast,
While I upon the Gods for vengeance call.
O that the mighty Jove would so ordain,
That all men's actions might be repaid
As they deserve! Then should you all be slain
Within my doors. After he this had said,
The suitors bit their lips, and silent mused
At the strange boldness of Telemachus,
And at the language which the young man used,
To which none answer'd but Antinous.
The Gods, quoth he, have taught you a high strain
Of language, and undaunted oratory;
But if their meaning were that you should reign
Here, o'er us all, I should be very sorry.
Telemachus replied, Think what you will;
If Jove consent, why should not I be king?
What harm is it with wealth my house to fill,
Besides the honour it will with it bring?
In Ithaca there many princes be,
You'll say, would be as glad to rule as I.
No matter, whosoe'er be king, not he,
But I am king in my own family.
Who, said Eurymachus, shall have the hap
To reign in Ithaca is hard to guess,
It lies yet folded up within Jove's lap.
None shall, Telemachus, you dispossess
Of house, or land, or goods, by violence,
As long as there in Ithaca be men.
But tell me who that was, that now went hence;
Where he was born, and where he dwells, and then
His errand, whether business of his own,

LIB. I.

Pallas adviseth Telemachus, &c.

Or some news from Ulysses, brought perchance,
And went so soon away, t' avoid being known?
He was no mean man by his countenance.
Then said Telemachus, My father's dead,
We never shall again see one another;
With messengers I trouble not my head,
Nor soothsayers, that do but soothe my mother.
The man my father's old acquaintance was,
Mentes Anchialides, and his town
Taphos, and he thereof the ruling has;
His people for their trade by sea well known.
Thus said he, though he doubted not at all
But 'twas some God. Meanwhile the suitors staying
For th' evening's coming on, to dancing fall,
Or listen to the minstrel's song and playing.
The evening came, the suitors went away;
Telemachus went also to his bed,
In a warm stately chamber, where he lay
Ranging the many cares he had in's head;
Euryclea a torch before him bore,
Daughter of Ops, now old, but at the time
Laertes did her purchase, herotofore,
For twenty oxen, she was in her prime.
He honour'd her as if she'd been his wife,
But from her bed perpetually forbore,
T' avoid suspicion, and domestic strife.
She'd nurs'd Telemachus, and lov'd him more
Than did the other maids, and now she stands
To light him. He unlocks the door, goes in,
Takes off his coat, puts it into her hands,
She foldeth, brusheth, hangs it on a pin.
Then forth she went, and by a silver ring
Pulls to the door. And there all night he lay
Rememb'ring Pallas' words, and pondering
Upon the business of the following day.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. II.

Telemachus complains in vain, and borrowing a ship goes secretly to

Soon as the rosy morning did appear,
Telemachus himself array'd and shod,
Puts on his sword, and takes in hand his spear
And out he went appearing like a God.

Pyle by night, and how he was there received.

And straight unto the criers gave command,
To call the people to the public place.
The people met. And then with spear in hand
He to them takes his way; and followed was
By two white dogs. Then takes his father's throne;
His elders gave him way; all on him gaze.
For why; the Goddess Pallas of her own
Had set authority upon his face.
The first that spake was old Ægyptius,
Stooping with age, of great experience:
One son of his, whose name was Antiphus,
Went to the siege of Troy, but coming thence
He died in the savage Cyclops' jaws,
When with Ulysses he was in his den:
Euronymus one of the suitors was,
The others with their father dwelled then.
But still he grieved was for Antiphus.
The tears ran down his cheeks, and weeping he
Rose up and said unto th' assembly thus:
Ye men of Ithaca, I pray hear me;
Since we to Troy Ulysses sent with ships,
We ne'er convoked were to Parliament,
What need have young or old men of our lips?
And who is he that now doth us convent?
Has he informed been of some invasion,
And unto us the same would first report?
Or on some other public great occasion
Would give us counsel? The Gods bless him for't.
Telemachus then presently upstands,
Though well contented with his father's praise.
The crier puts the sceptre in his hands.
And to Ægyptius first he speaks, and says,
Here am I, that the people have convok'd.
Nor do I any news or counsel bring,
But by my private suff'rings am provok'd;
Which here I offer t' your considering.
Is it not grief enough, my father's loss,
That ruled like a father to us all,
But that I must yet bear a greater cross,
To see his house to utter ruin fall?
My mother's house the suitors daily fill,
And of the best of you they children are.
She wedded must be with her father's will,
But to her father go they do not dare.
But in my house continually they stay,
And sacrifice my beeves, and goats, and sheep,
My wine exhaust, and much they cast away.
For why, Ulysses lost is on the deep,
And I myself unable to defend.
But shall I so be still, or once be able

LIB. II.

Telemachus goes secretly to Pyle, &c.

To bring upon these men unjust their end,
Whose injuries no more are tolerable?
Take it to heart. Think how 'twill taken be
By other states. Fear from the Gods some change,
That are not pleas'd with such iniquity,
And may in closer order make you range.
By Jove I you adjure, and Themis, who
Convokes assemblies, and revokes again,
Forbear these evil deeds yourselves to do,
And of your sons the liberty restrain.
Leave me to suffer misery alone.
Hurt none but me. Unless my father have
In hatred of you some great evil done,
And for revenge these men such power you gave.
But better 'twere for me, that you than they
Should spend my treasure and my comings in.
For if among so many men it lay,
Begging I might from them the value win.
But for my case no help can now be found.
So said Telemachus in choler high,
And from him threw the sceptre to the ground.
Nor could forbear to let fall tears and sigh.
The people pitied him, but silent sat;
None but Antinous durst answer make.
Telemachus, said he, too passionate
You are, and too much liberty you take.
The people's hatred you would very fain
Draw to the suitors, and procure them shame.
But from your mother cometh all your pain;
And therefore her, not us, you ought to blame.
Three years are gone and past, the fourth is this,
Since she her suitors baffled has with art,
Putting each one in hopes by messages,
And promises that he had gain'd her heart.
Moreover, setting up a beam to weave,
Suitors, said she, since dead Ulysses is,
Stay yet a little while, and give me leave
To make an end but of one business.
I must for old Laertes make a cloth,
Which in his sepulchre he is to wear.
T' offend the wives of Greece I should be loth;
For to accuse me they will not forbear,
But say I very hasty was to wed,
If I go hence and not provide a shroud
Wherein Laertes may be buried
Out of such wealth, that might have been allow'd.
Her suitors all were well content. And then
All day she wove, but ere she went to bed,
What she had wov'n, she ravell'd out again.
Three years her suitors thus she frustrated,

In the fourth year her woman her betrayed,
And in we came, whilst she the web undid,
And then to end it she could not avoid,
Since now her purpose could no more be hid.
To your complaint the suitors answer thus;
Take notice of it, you and all the rest:
Send back your mother to Icarius,
There let her marry whom they both think best.
But if she think to vex us longer yet,
Caring for nothing but for Pallas' gifts,
To have the reputation for wit,
And skilfulness in curious work and shifts,
Wherein th' Achæan wives she doth excel,
Both old and young, Tiro, Alcmen', Micen',
Although with us she hath not dealed well;
But if to use us so she longer mean,
So much the longer with you we shall eat,
Which to Penelope will be a glory.
But we consume shall so much of your meat,
If long we stay there, that you will be sorry.
For so long as she dodges with us thus,
No whither from your house will we depart.
Then to him answered Telemachus:
Antinous, I ne'er shall have the heart
To send my mother hence against her will.
Abroad my father is, alive or dead.
That I her father should repay, were ill,
For forcing her to leave her husband's bed.
And from the Furies I shall suffer worse,
For if I force her from my house to go,
Whether she will or not, she will me curse,
And men will of me be revenged too.
If it displease you that she stayeth here,
You have your remedy; you may go home,
And ev'ry one make all the rest good cheer
By turns, and into my house never come.
But if you needs will feed on me alone,
I can but to the Gods for vengeance call,
And reparation for what is done,
Which may enough be to destroy you all.
This said, two eagles coming were in sight,
And when they were the market-place just o'er,
Th' assembled heads surveying, stopp'd their flight,
And on their broad and levell'd wings they soar;
Then, having torn themselves both neck and cheek,
They to their right wing rise and fly away.
What this should mean th' assembly was to seek,
And to them thus did Alitherses say:
Hear me, ye men of Ithaca, said he,
And you, the suitors, that are most concern'd.

LIB. II.

Telemachus goes secretly to Pyle, &c.

Destruction is rolling toward ye,
Although it be not by yourselves discern'd.
Ulysses from his friends will not be long,
And now from Ithaca far off is not,
Seeing what daily done is in the throng,
And how to kill the suitors lays his plot;
Nay, many more besides the suitors may
Of their misfortune chance to have their part,
If they desist not soon, and come away.
I speak not this at random, but on art;
For all must come to pass I told him then,
When with the Argive lords he went to Troy:
That after twenty years he should again
Return with pain, his men all cast away.
Then said Eurymachus, Old man, go home,
And there to your own children prophecy,
Lest to them any harm hereafter come;
A better prophet for these things am I.
Under the sun be many birds that fly,
And yet not all of them do fortunes tell;
Ulysses, far hence, dead is certainly,
I know not where. I would thou wert as well,
For then you would give over to inflame
Telemachus, who but too angry is;
In hope to get some present for the same,
If he will give it. But I tell you this.
If any old man, with his wisdom, dare
To set against us any young man here,
He shall be sure himself the worse to fare,
And when 'tis done he shall be ne'er the near;
We'll set a fine upon your head so wise,
Which you to pay will not be well content.
I myself will Telemachus advise
His mother may be to her father sent
To make the match, and on the dower agree,
Such as becomes him, to his daughter dear;
Till that be done, no hope at all I see
The suitors should desist. For they not fear
Telemachus, as haughty as he is,
And full of words; and much less do they care
For such deceitful prophecies as this,
For which you only the more hated are.
Meanwhile Telemachus his goods decay,
And he shall never make them up again,
While she persists her suitors to delay,
And makes us all expect her love in vain.
And 'tis her virtue makes us thus to strive
Amongst ourselves who shall her favour win;
For many other ladies we could wive,
And be sufficiently delighted in.

Telemachus goes secretly to Pyle, &c.

Then said Telemachus, No more will I
This matter to you press, or to the woo'rs.
You and the Gods know all I do not lie;
But I demand a bark of twenty oars,
For I intend to travel for awhile,
To hear what men can of my father say.
To Lacedæmon I will go, and Pyle.
Or seek from Jove some notice of his way,
And if alive he be, and coming home,
Though to my cost, I'll stay another year.
If dead he be, then back again I'll come,
And rites of burial will give him here,
Splendid, and well becoming his estate,
And let my mother her own liking take.
Having thus spoken, down again he sate.
And then Ulysses' old friend Mentor spake,
With whom Ulysses left his house in trust.
Hear me, ye Ithacesians, said he;
Let no king ever be hereafter just,
Nor to his people soft and gentle be,
Since you Ulysses have so soon forgot,
That ever rul'd us like a father kind.
But I the suitors so much accuse not,
Although on force and fraud they set their mind,
(For 'gainst Ulysses' goods, which they devour,
They stake their heads in hope he'll ne'er come home)
And you that many are, and have the power
To check them, sit as if you all were dumb.
And then rose up Leocritus and spake:
Mentor, said he, more busy much than wise,
That would about a supper quarrel make,
Ulysses, were he here, I'd not advise
To seek by force the suitors to remove.
For though he much be wish'd for by his wife,
She would not of his coming well approve,
But he the sooner be depriv'd of life.
And you, the people, now may hence retire;
Mentor and Alitherses will provide
A bark for what place ever he'll desire;
And if at Ithaca he mean t' abide,
No news he will hear of him a great while.
But never t' Ithaca shall come again,
If he to Lacedæmon go, or Pyle.
This said, dismiss'd and scatter'd were the men;
And to Ulysses' house the suitors went,
Telemachus to the sea-side, and pray'd:
O God, that gavest me commandement
To pass the seas, canst not now be obey'd,
I am both by the town and woo'rs delay'd.
Then in the form of Mentor, Pallas came,

LIB. II.

Telemachus goes secretly to Pyle, &c.

And standing by Telemachus, she said,
With such a voice as Mentor's seem'd the same,
If in you you retain the spirit brave
Your father had, to make his word his deed,
Then also the assurance I shall have,
To tell you in your voyage you shall speed;
But if Ulysses' son you be not right,
For aught I know you may this labour spare;
Few sons exceed or reach their father's might,
But commonly inferior they are.
But since in you I see your father's wit,
I hope your voyage shall have good success;
Therefore, no more with th' woo'rs in council sit,
Expect from fools to have no more redress,
That see not their own end that is so nigh.
Nor shall you long be forced here to stay,
For with a good ship furnish you will I,
And with you will myself go all the way.
Meanwhile go you into your house again,
And put up store of wine, and of cold meat,
And good bread, which the marrow is of men;
I'll for you mariners together get.
In Ithaca are good ships, old and new,
Good store, of which I will go choose you one,
The best of all that come within my view,
And make it ready, that we may be gone.
This said, to th' house return'd Telemachus.
The woo'rs in killing cattle were employ'd,
And straight unto him went Antinous,
And laughing, took him by the hand, and said,
Telemachus, bold and brave orator,
Fear from us neither evil word nor deed;
Eat and drink merrily as heretofore,
We'll see you furnished with what you need,
Both ship and men, and see you soon convey'd
To Pyle, that of your father you may hear.
Telemachus then answered, and said,
Antinous, can I be merry here?
D'ye think that yet too little was the wrong
The suitors did me, my estate to waste,
When I perceiv'd it not, as being young;
But since I grown am, and my childhood past,
And somewhat know, and more hear others say,
I'll do my best to bring them to their end,
Whether I go to Pyle, or here do stay.
And yet to go to Pyle I do intend,
And think my passage will not be in vain;
For I go like a merchant, not a guest,
As if to me no ship did appertain.
It must be so; the suitors think it best.

Telemachus goes secretly to Pyle, &c.

This said, his hand from his hand he snatch'd out;
And then the suitors that were in the court,
Some give him evil words, and others flout,
And one another with him made good sport.
He'll come from Pyle with succours, God knows what,
Said one, or Sparta, which shall on us fall,
Or poison bring from Ephiré; and that
Put in the temperer shall kill us all.
Who knows, then said another, if he go,
But he his father's fate may also have,
Whilst seeking him he wanders to and fro,
Which would to us no little trouble save;
His goods amongst us we should soon divide,
And to his mother leave his houses free,
And him she chooses to lie by her side.
Thus they derided him. Then down went he
Into a large and high-roof'd room, where lay,
In chests pack'd up, great store of cloth of gold,
And garments very many, rich and gay,
And many barrels of sweet wine and old,
Which for Ulysses were preserved there,
When he returned to his native soil.
In the same room many brass vessels were,
And many barrels of sweet smelling oil,
And double were the locks upon the door,
Whereof the nurse, Euryclea, had the key.
Telemachus call'd for her, and says to her,
Come, nurse, this night I am to go away.
Fill me of wine twelve pitchers of the best,
Next to that which you for my father save;
And fine flour, twenty measures at the least,
In good thick leather satchels let me have,
Quickly. For when my mother is a-bed,
To Lacedæmon and to Pyle I go,
That of my father, if alive or dead,
There any news be, I the same may know.
Euryclea then wept and sobb'd, and said,
Dear child, why will you go from hence so far
Alone? Your mother you will make afraid,
Of whom so dearly you beloved are.
Your father far off is already dead,
And by the way the suitors seek to kill you,
And share your goods amongst them by the head.
I pray stay here, and do not go. Why will you?
Nurse, said Telemachus, be of good cheer;
'Tis by the counsel of a God I go,
And I require you solemnly to swear
You'll not my going let my mother know.
Telemachus to the suitors went again,
And Pallas, in his likeness, to the town,

LIB. II.

Telemachus goes secretly to Pyle, &c.

For his transporting to procure him men,
From house to house she goeth up and down,
And of Noemon borrowed a bark,
Who not unwillingly it to him lent.
And now the sun was down, the streets were dark,
And down to the sea-side the Goddess went,
And the good ship into the sea they haul,
And in it stow all that was needful for't;
The mariners were there together all,
And tied the ship at far end of the port.
Meanwhile the suitors merrily carouse,
And Pallas then, their fancies to confound,
From the sea-side went back into the house,
And from their hands the cups threw to the ground,
And with the love of sleep possess'd their eyes,
And made them nod, and let their eye-lids down;
And not long after from their seats they rise,
And for that night took lodging in the town.
Then, like to Mentor both in form and voice,
Telemachus she called out of doors.
Your men are ready at the port, she says,
There they expecting you sit with their oars.
Then out they went, and Pallas led the way,
And found the rowers ready on the beach.
Telemachus then said, Come back, I pray,
To th' house with me, our victual thence to fetch,
Which, well put up, I there have ready laid;
But nothing of it does my mother know,
Nor any else but I and one old maid.
Then with Telemachus to th' house they go,
And to the ships at once bring all away,
And stow it as Telemachus thought fit.
Pallas and he embark without delay,
And at the stern they both together sit.
And now the mariners their tackle ply;
First, in the midst they set the mast upright,
And it unto the ship with strong ropes tie,
And then their sails they hoist up to their height,
Which Pallas, with a lusty gale from west,
Kept full all night. The ship the sea then gores;
The water, swiftly running from her breast
By both her sides, wounded and broken roars.
And then unto the Gods they offer wine,
And to them all were praying for awhile,
But specially unto their guide divine;
Then sail'd all night, and were next morn at Pyle.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. III.

Nestor entertains him at Pyle, and tells him how the Greeks departed from Troy; and sends him for further information to Sparta.

Up from the sea the sun leapt to the sky,
To hold the light up before Gods and men;
Telemachus, with all his company,
Unto the town of Pyle arrived then.
Then Nestor had a sacrifice in hand
To Neptune, and upon the sea-side stood,
And with him store of people on the sand.
Black bulls he eighty-one had to him vow'd:
Nine seats there were, five hundred to each seat,
And to the same nine bulls appointed were;
The entrails, broil'd upon the coals they eat,
The thighs to Neptune burnt to ashes were.
The ship then came within the port to land,
And disembark'd, upon the shore they staid;
With furled sails the ship did by them stand.
Then Pallas to Telemachus thus said:
Telemachus, by no means bashful be;
For wherefore did you undertake this task,
But of your father to hear certainty?
To Nestor then directly go, and ask
If of Ulysses anything he know.
He'll tell you truly. He's too wise to lie.
Mentor, said he, I'm young, and know not how
With one so old to answer and reply.
Telemachus, said Pallas, do not fear,
You'll somewhat prompted be by your own breast
(You never by the Gods neglected were),
The God that loves you will supply the rest.
Then up to Nestor they directly went,
And Pallas foremost. All about him there
They found upon the sacrifice intent.
His sons and lords, to hasten the good cheer,
Some broaching, and some roasting were of meat,
And presently about the strangers come,
And with their hands salute them, and entreat
To sit. And then Pisistratus went to'em,
Saluted them, and took them both by th' hands,
And for them (since there was no empty seat)
Laid sheepskins, with the wool upon the sands;
And of the entrails gave them part to eat,
And to her hand held up a cup of wine.
To Neptune, said he, offer up your vow,
For he expressly is the pow'r divine,
That we to worship be assembled now.

LIB. III.

Nestor entertains Telemachus, sends him to Sparta, &c.

And having drunk, give it to this man's hand,
That he may also give the Gods their due;
For all men of the Gods in need do stand,
And I thought fit to give it first to you,
'Cause you are th' elder, th' other young as I.
Then Pallas from his hand receiv'd the cup,
And pleased was to see his equity,
And then to Neptune sent her prayers up.
Neptune, said she, have to my prayer regard;
First Nestor and his sons with honour bless,
And of his people th' hecatomb reward,
And give Telemachus and me success.
Thus prayed she, and gave for what she prayed,
And to Telemachus then gave the cup,
And he to Neptune the same prayer said.
The meat being ready now and taken up,
And into messes cut, themselves they feast,
And when of hunger extinct was the force,
Then to his guests Nestor his speech address'd:
Friends, said he, now we time have to discourse,
Tell me, Who are you? whence d'ye cross the main?
Is it for traffic? Or d'ye pleasure take,
As pirates walk at sea, to and again,
Others to spoil to set your lives at stake?
To this, Telemachus with confidence
(Which into him the Goddess did inspire,
The better to obtain intelligence,
And reputation to himself acquire)
Answer'd: O Nestor Neleiades,
The glory of the Greeks, we hither came
From Ithaca on no state-business,
But of my father to seek news from Fame,
Unbless'd Ulysses, who at Ilium
Together with you fought before the town.
Of th' other chiefs we hear what is become,
But where Ulysses died is still unknown,
Whether at land he slain were by the foe,
Or by the sea devoured he hath been;
But at your knees we hither come to know,
What you since then have heard of him or seen,
Wand'ring about, born to calamity.
Let no respect, or pity mitigate
Your story, howsoever sad it be.
Nothing but naked truth to me relate.
And I beseech you, for my father's sake,
If he before the town of Troy did well
Perform the service he did undertake,
That nothing but the very truth you tell.
O friend, said Nestor, since you bring again
To memory our miseries at Troy,

Nestor entertains Telemachus, sends him to Sparta, &c.

Under Achilles first by sea, what pain
We suffer'd then; and after, when we lay
And fought before King Priam's royal seat,
What we endured, what great men we lost;
The doughty Ajax, and Achilles great,
That were the chief of all the Argive host;
The valiant Patroclus, and my son
Antilochus, both valiant in fight,
And if an enemy were put to run
Before him, he could hardly 'scape by flight.
But numberless were our sad chances there;
No mortal man can count them one by one,
And if you five or six years should stay here,
You'd weary be of asking, and be gone.
Nine years we plots contriv'd to take the town,
Which Jove made prosperous with much ado.
Ulysses had for plotting the renown,
For none compar'd himself your father to:
If it be true you are Ulysses' son,
And I confess, hearing you speak your mind,
And steadfastly your person looking on,
Much respect for you in myself I find.
While we together were at Troy, we never
In council or assembly disagreed,
But what was for the Argives' good, we ever
Endeavour'd what we could to get decreed.
But when of Troy we had destroy'd the town,
And back unto our ships again were come,
Then Jove upon the Greeks began to frown,
Intending to them ill returning home,
For few there were amongst them just or wise,
But on themselves they drew down their own fate,
Which made the Goddess Pallas to devise
To set the two Atrides at debate.
Then of the people they a meeting call
At almost sunset, and the people came
(Having their heads with wine disorder'd all)
Th' Atrides told them why they call'd the same,
Where Menelaus votes to cross the seas,
And each man to his country to repass.
But this advice his brother did not please,
To stay there yet awhile his counsel was,
And first a hecatomb to sacrifice,
The Goddess Pallas' anger to appease.
But Agamemnon therein was not wise,
Men cannot change the will o' th' Gods with ease.
While they contending were with words unmeet,
One part arose, resolv'd to stay all night,
And in the morn to go aboard the fleet,
And each one tow'rds his home to take his flight.

LIB. III.

Nestor entertains Telemachus, sends him to Sparta, &c.

And shipp'd our captive women, and our prey,
One half we were, and came to Tenedus;
The other half with Agamemnon stay.
And Pallas then again divided us;
And one part back to Agamemnon went,
But I, with all my own ships, homeward fled,
Knowing that Jove to the Greeks evil meant;
So did the son of Tideus, Diomed.
At Lesbos to us Menelaus came,
Where we, which way to go, consulting staid,
Chius within, or else without the same,
And for direction to the Gods we pray'd.
O'er the wide sea t' Eubœa they bid sail,
That we in safety be the sooner might;
And sent us therewithal a lusty gale,
Which brought us to Gerestus when 'twas night,
And there to Neptune we burnt many thighs.
On the fourth day the ships of Diomed
To Argos came. The same wind staid i' th' skies
Till I at Pyle was safe delivered.
So came I home, sweet child, and cannot tell
Which of the Greeks came safe home, and which not.
But what has since been told me I know well,
And so far as is reason, you shall know't.
The Myrmidons, they say, came safely home,
Conducted by stout Neoptolemus.
And Philoctetes very well did come
Unto his father's house, Pallantius.
Idomeneus to Crete brought all his men
That were not slain at Ilium in fight.
How Agamemnon, when come home again,
Was butchered, I need not to recite;
Nor how he came, nor of Ægistus' plot,
Nor yet how bitterly he smarted for't.
'Tis good, you see, to have a son begot,
That can revenge his father in that sort.
And you, my friend, that tall are and well made,
Be valiant, and get 'mongst men good fame.
Telemachus then answered, and said:
O Nestor, but my case is not the same.
Sharp the revenge was of Atrides' son,
And far and wide will matter be for songs,
But from the Gods such power I have none,
To be revenged of the suitors' wrongs.
O friend, said Nestor, since I have been told
That many who your mother seek to marry,
Without your leave, do with your house make bold,
And spending of your substance daily tarry,
Is it because you are therewith content?
Or are you forc'd to bear such injury

Nestor entertains Telemachus, sends him to Sparta, &c.

Because your people are against you bent,
Provok'd thereto by some divinity?
But who knows but at last they may be paid
For all the injuries which they have done,
And insolence, by the Achæans' aid,
Or peradventure by yourself alone?
For if of you Pallas as careful were,
As carefully she did your father guide
At Troy (a God to man ne'er did appear
So plainly as she there stood by his side.)
If Pallas were so kind to you, you'd see
The suitors quickly would forget to woo.
Then said Telemachus, 'Twill never be,
Although the Gods should give consent thereto.
Telemachus, said Pallas, what a word
Have you let fall? A man may be with ease,
Though far off, to his native soil restor'd
By any of the Gods, if so he please.
And I at home would rather lose my life
Fighting than sitting, as Atrides died,
Slain by Ægistus and his own bad wife,
Basely by them in whom he did confide.
And yet the Gods unable are to save
A man from death, although he be a friend,
Whose end the cruel Fates determin'd have.
Then said Telemachus, Let's make an end
Of this discourse. Ulysses' latest day
Determin'd by the Gods already is,
And I to Nestor somewhat else will say;
For three men's ages do but equal his.
O Nestor, I would fain informed be
How Agamemnon was of life depriv'd.
And Menelaus, where meanwhile was he?
And how Ægistus had the plot contriv'd.
Was it that Menelaus too long stay'd,
Ægistus ventur'd on a better wight?
I'll tell you all the truth, then Nestor said,
And yet what you yourself have guess'd is right.
For why, if Menelaus coming home
Ægistus in the house alive had found,
He never had at Argos had a tomb,
But eaten been by dogs above the ground,
And fowls of prey. Nor had he had the pity
Of the Argive women, nor lamented been,
But lain had i' th' fields far from the city.
For why, a viler act was never seen.
For when at Troy we ended had the strife,
Long time it was before we came away;
Then siege laid he to Agamemnon's wife,
And secretly hidden in Argos lay,

LIB. III.

Nestor entertains Telemachus, sends him to Sparta, &c.

And she at first refus'd, and counsel took
Of a learn'd man, whom Agamemnon left
Going to Troy his wife to overlook,
But soon Ægistus him of life bereft;
For in a desert island he him kill'd,
And left him for a booty to the kites.
And then unto Ægistus she did yield,
And richly were perform'd the wedding rites.
Then on the altars many thighs they burn,
And with them rich men's baubles, and gold stuff,
For why, for so unhop'd-for a good turn,
They thought they could not thank the Gods enough.
Now coming Menelaus was and I,
And were as far come as to Sunium,
When Phrontis, his good steersman, chanc'd to die,
The best that in a storm ere ship brought home,
And hindrance of his coming this was some
To bury him. But when he put to sea,
And was with all his ships in safety come
Under the windy mountain of Malea,
Then an ill passage for them Jove provided;
The wind then whistled, and the water danced,
And into two parts was the fleet divided;
And one part to the coast of Crete advanced,
Where Cydons dwell, near Jardan river's mouth.
There in the sea standeth a stone upright,
That breaks the water when it rolls from south,
So that it comes to Phæstus without might;
And there the men came in and sav'd their lives,
But all the ships upon the rock were split.
The other part the wind to Egypt drives
With Menelaus. Five ships were in it.
Whilst Menelaus did in Egypt stay,
And visit princes and their gifts receiv'd;
Ægistus made the Argives him obey,
And Agamemnon of his life bereav'd;
And sev'n years in Mycene reigned he.
But then Orestes came, whom they not knew,
From Athens to them unexpectedly,
And there the slayer of his father slew,
And feasted th' Argives at the funeral
Of him and her. That very day did come
King Menelaus, his ships laden all,
From Egypt, with his costly presents home.
And you, my friend, take heed you do not stay
Too long abroad, leaving your goods among
So many knaves that waste them ev'ry day,
And will consume them utterly ere long;
But go to Menelaus, who came last,
And wand'ring has among much people been.

Nestor entertains Telemachus, sends him to Sparta, &c,

A bird could hardly so much sea have pass'd
In a year's time, as wand'ring he has seen.
Therefore to Sparta go with ship and crew,
Or if by land, my coach is ready for ye.
Also my son shall go along with you,
And ask of Menelaus all his story.
He's wise. Besides the truth he'll nothing say.
This said, the sun was down, and dark the sky.
Nestor, said Pallas, you before us lay
That to which we have nothing to reply.
Now slit the tongues, and let wine temper'd be,
That we may offer to th' immortals all;
The light is gone, and need of sleep have we.
So Pallas said, and they to offering fall.
The waiters then brought water for their hands,
And young men to them all brought temper'd wine.
The tongues lay on the fire, each one upstands
And offers wine unto the powers divine.
And when the offering was at an end,
Telemachus and Pallas were about
To go aboard, and there the night to spend.
But Nestor on the other side cried out,
The Gods forbid that you should lie aboard,
As if I were a man so rude or poor
As not good bedding for a friend t' afford.
Since then I have of rugs and bedding store,
And many sons alive with me at home,
That able are my friends to entertain,
And 'tis Ulysses' son that's to me come,
Surely this night he shall with me remain.
O Nestor, then said Pallas, that is right,
And at your house to lodge for him 'tis best.
But at the ship I needs must lie this night,
His purpose to make known to all the rest.
Amongst them there no old man is but I,
The company t' encourage that expect
Telemachus. Not with authority,
But my advice they'll follow for respect.
The next day with the Caucons I must be,
About an old and not a little debt.
And then that he may Menelaus see,
With strong swift horses on his way him set.
This said, the Goddess Pallas went away,
In likeness of an eagle to the skies.
The people star'd, and knew not what to say,
And Nestor wond'ring saw it with his eyes,
And took Telemachus by th' hand, and said,
A good man you will be, Telemachus,
And valiant, that are by a God convoy'd;
And this same God that guided you to us,

LIB. III.

Nestor entertains Telemachus, sends him to Sparta, &c.

Is none but Pallas, daughter of great Jove,
That did at Troy your father always guide.
Let me and mine, O Goddess, have your love,
And amongst men a noble fame and wide;
A heifer on your altar shall be laid
That ne'er bare yoke, a yearling from the field;
And gilt shall be her horns. So Nestor pray'd.
And Pallas hearing, to his prayer did yield.
And Nestor to his house then led them all,
Both sons and sons-in-law, and being there,
They sat on chairs and couches in the hall;
Then Nestor bids one fill the temperer
With wine that aged was eleven year,
From out a vessel first uncover'd then.
And when the wine and water mixed were,
Then Nestor pray'd and offered. And when
The off'rings to the Goddess ended were,
The rest unto their lodgings went away.
Telemachus by Nestor stay'd was there,
And in a soft and costly bed he lay;
And near unto him lay Pisistratus,
Who of the sons of Nestor was the last.
And Nestor in the inmost part of th' house,
Where, by the queen his wife, his bed was plac'd.
Soon as Aurora did the day restore,
The old knight Nestor rose up from his bed,
And sat upon the bench before the door,
Of marble white and smooth that glistened.
His father used to sit there before,
King Neleus, but that since he was dead,
And that King Nestor now the sceptre bore,
There sat he now, and to him gathered
Were all his sons, Echephron, Stratius,
Perseus, Aretus, godlike Thrasymed,
Pisistratus. (Dead was Antilochus.)
Along with them Telemachus they led.
Then to his children Nestor spake and said:
Do quickly, sons, what you shall from me hear.
A vow I made to Pallas must be paid,
Who did to me so visibly appear.
Let one of you unto the pastures hie
And bid a herdsman bring a heifer home;
One to Telemachus his ship quickly,
And bid his mates, save two, all hither come;
Another bid the gilder hither come,
To gild the sacred heifer's horns with speed;
The rest stay here to look to things at home,
That all things may be ready that we need,
Seats, dry wood, and fair water. So said he,
Then busy were they all. The heifer came,

Nestor entertains Telemachus, sends him to Sparta, &c.

And all Telemachus his company.
The gilder came, Laerces was his name,
And every tool that to his art belongs,
And necessary is, had in his hands;
His anvil, and his hammer, and his tongs.
And Pallas also now amongst them stands.
Then fell the man to work on Nestor's gold,
And so elaborate it was when done,
That it might please the Goddess to behold.
Then came in Stratius and Echephron,
And by the horns they led the heifer in.
The basin and the ewer, and barley white,
Arctus brought; and with an axe full keen
Stood Thrasymed ready the beast to smite.
Then Nestor pray'd, and from the heifer's head
Cut off some hair, and into th' fire it threw.
Then prayed the rest; and barley sprinkled
Upon the fire, and Thrasymed then slew
The heifer with his axe, and cut in twain
The tendons of the neck, and down she fell;
And Nestor's wife and daughters shout amain
To see the sacred act performed well.
Pisistratus then cuts the victim's throat,
And up they held it to let out the blood
Into a pail which Perseus thither brought,
And to that purpose ready with it stood.
The life together with the blood outflies.
Then from the body they the bowels draw,
And next cut off the shoulders and the thighs,
As is of sacrifice the ritual law;
And them slit into two parts they display,
And cover them all over with sweet fat,
Shoulder on shoulder, thigh on thigh they lay,
And Nestor on the altar burneth that;
And with it on the fire black wine he poured.
By him a spit was ready with five points.
The fire the thighs, the men th' entrails devoured,
The rest divided was in smaller joints,
To roast on spits. Telemachus the while
Into the bath retired, and was there
Well bathed, and anointed with sweet oil
By Polycaste, Nestor's daughter dear,
And in a robe and coat clad gloriously,
And came, as if no mortal he had been,
Into the hall, and sat down Nestor by.
The meat now ready straightway was brought in.
Then in the young men came to fill them wine.
When they with flesh and wine were satisfied,
Then to his sons said Nestor, Children mine,
The horses to the coach see quickly tied.

LIB. IV.

Away they go, and to the coach they set
The horses swift; and in it bread and wine
A maid laid in, and with it choicest meat,
Which none but god-fed kings eat when they dine.
Up to the seat then went Telemachus
(The seat was large and capable of two)
And after him went up Pisistratus,
And whip and reins he took his hands into.
Touch'd with the whip, the horses take the way,
And all the day long made their harness shake.
The sun went down, dark were the streets. Then they
At Pheræ were. And there their rest they take.
There Diocles, Orsilochus his son,
Son of Alphæus them did entertain,
And with fair gifts presented them each one.
But soon as morning did appear again,
Their horses to the coach again they tie,
And from the porch drive them into the way,
Touch'd with the whip again away they fly.
The sun now down, and ended was the day.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. IV.

His entertainment in Sparta, where Menelaus tells him what befel many of the Greeks in their return; that Ulysses was with Calypso in the isle Ogygia, as he was told by Proteus.

And then to Lacedæmon come were they,
And drove up to the house of Menelaus.
At home they found him, for there on that day
A double wedding celebrated was.
One of his daughters, fair Hermione,
Whom he before at Troy had promised
Of Neoptolemus the wife should be,
And on this day the same accomplished,
And her he sent unto the Myrmidons,
Where reigned he. To Pthia she was brought.
And then the second wedding was his son's,
Whom on a bond-woman he had begot,
And Megapenthes nam'd (for Helen's bed
Fruitless was after fair Hermione);
And he Alector's daughter married,
Of Lacedæmon citizen was he.
And now they merry sat that bidden were,
Making good cheer, and hearing voice and fiddle,
And wond'ring at two tumblers that were there,

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

That moving to the time stood in the middle.
Meanwhile by th' horses, th' utter gate without,
Telemachus stood and Pisistratus.
Then Eteoneus by chance came out,
A careful servant of Menelaus.
And, having seen them, in he went again,
And being near to where his master sate,
O king, said he, there are without two men,
Like great men's sons, with their coach at the gate;
Shall I take out their horses, or shall I
Tell them where they may lodged be elsewhere?
At this, Atrides, grieved, made reply:
Eteoneus, sure once you wiser were;
Have we not oft by strangers heretofore,
In our necessity relieved been?
And I pray God it may be so no more.
Go, loose the horses, and the men bring in.
This said, he went again, with servants more,
Takes out the horses, ties them to the mangers,
And throws before them provender good store;
Sets up the coach, and then brings in the strangers,
Who at the beauty of the house amazed,
(For bright it shined as the moon or sun).
And when they had sufficiently gazed,
To where the bathing-room was, walked on.
After they were well washed and anointed,
And clothed with soft nappy cloak and coat,
That they should near him sit the king appointed,
And near unto his throne their chairs were brought.
A maid the golden bason and the ewer
To wash their hands, over a cauldron brings.
(The cauldron also was of silver pure);
Another on the table laid good things,
Another bread. The carver also cuts
Of every sort of meat the choicest bits,
And them on trenchers on the table puts.
And Menelaus, pointing to it, sits,
And heartily invites them to fall to.
Eat now, said he, we shall have time enough
When you have supp'd, to ask you where and who?
Your ancestors are not obscure I know,
Such children are not got by wretched men.
And as he spake he took from his own mess
As much as both his hands could comprehend
Of good chine-beef, and gave it to these guests,
And then they laid their hands upon their meat.
But when their hunger and their thirst was gone,
Telemachus, that near sat to his seat,
Whisper'd Pisistratus, You, Nestor's son,
Do you not mark the splendour in this house,

LIB. IV.

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

Of brass, gold, amber, silver, ivory?
Such sure the house is of Olympius,
So many and so glorious things I see.
But Menelaus heard him. Let, said he,
No mortal man with Jupiter compare;
His house decays not, nor goods wasted be.
What men compare with me I do not care;
For why, my goods I paid for very dear,
With pain and peril in my coming home,
And wand'ring up and down at sea eight year,
Before I could into my country come.
I was in Cyprus and Phœnicia,
Came to the Cydons and Erembians,
To Egypt, and to Ethiopia,
And to the fertile ground o' th' Libyans,
Where ev'ry year the sheep three times do breed,
And all the lambs fall horned from the dam;
Nor master nor his man there stands in need
Of cheese or milk, or tender flesh of lamb.
While I my goods amongst them wand'ring got,
I lost my brother, by his wife betray'd,
And therefore in my riches glory not.
And all this to you have your fathers said.
Absent, I lost my house, and much rich stuff;
Had I my fellows sav'd I led to Troy,
I'd been content with the third part thereof.
So, all to all, I've little cause of joy:
For all my friends at Troy lost griev'd was I,
And sometimes wept, yet sometimes also not,
For quick of tears is the satiety.
But one there is, when he is in my thought,
I neither food nor sleep desire to take;
For all the while we were besieging Troy,
None suffer'd so much for the Argives' sake
As did Ulysses, nor so oft did pray.
And more, perhaps, he is to suffer yet;
Long stays he, and whether alive or dead
He be, I can from no man notice get,
Nor from my sorrow be delivered.
Meanwhile, as for a son of life bereft,
Laertes weeps; so does Penelope.
Telemachus, whom young Ulysses left,
Spends his best age in pain and misery.
This said, Telemachus before his eyes
Held up his purple robe, the tears to hide,
Drawn from him by his father's miseries.
And Menelaus, when he that espied,
Consider'd whether best it were or no
To tell him first what he had heard or seen
About his father, or what he would know

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

To let him ask. But Helen then came in,
Like to Diana in great majesty.
Adreste came in with her, with a chair;
Alcippe a soft carpet layed nigh;
Her basket brought in was by Phylo fair:
At Thebes, in Egypt, it was given her
By Polybus his wife, Alcandre, when
King Menelaus travelling was there;
And Polybus gave to him talents ten
Of gold, and lavers two of silver fine,
And two three-footed cauldrons of good brass.
Then by Alcandre t' Helena divine,
A silver-brim gilt basket given was,
With fine and curiously-spun thread press'd full,
With distaff on it, more thread yet to spin,
Ready invested with soft purple wool.
This was the basket Phylo then brought in.
Then Helen sat, and by her husband told
What hitherto had pass'd: I know, said she,
King Menelaus, now I them behold,
The guests that are come to you, who they be.
But shall I tell you what I think, or no?
I'll tell you true. I never yet saw one
So like another, as this man is to
Telemachus, Ulysses' only son,
Whom, when with other Greeks to Ilium
He went, to fetch away this monkey, me,
By bloody war, he left a child at home.
Then Menelaus spake: Since you, said he,
Have put it in my mind, I think so too.
His eyes, his feet, his hands, his head, his hair,
Are like Ulysses', who I'd tell now you
What misery for me he suffer'd there,
But that it makes him weep, and hide his eyes.
Then to Atrides said Pisistratus,
The truth to you, O king, I'll not disguise;
This is Ulysses' son, Telemachus,
But jealous of his tongue, and fearful is,
Before a man experienc'd and wise,
Lest he should say something at first amiss,
And lay his weakness open to your eyes.
Nestor sent me along with him for guide,
Because he so much longed you to see,
And hear what of his father was betide,
And by you holpen and instructed be.
Unhappy is the child whose father's gone,
And this is now Telemachus his case;
For of Ulysses news he can hear none,
Who to defend him left none in his place.
How, how! then said Atrides, I have here

LIB. IV.

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

The son of one that I esteemed most,
And for my sake suffer'd and did more there
Than any other in the Argive host;
To whom I meant, had we come safely home,
To shew more kindness than to any one
Of all the Greeks? As soon as we were come,
I had to Argos brought him and his son,
Built them a city, made both but one state,
And laid the cities round about us waste;
And often there with one another sate,
And only death our friendship had displac'd.
But by the Gods these thoughts are render'd vain;
They have Ulysses from his country kept.
This said, they could from tears no more abstain.
Jove's daughter, Argive Helena, then wept,
And Menelaus and Telemachus;
Nor could Pisistratus his tears restrain,
But on his brother thought, Antilochus,
That by the fair Aurora's son was slain,
And him rememb'ring, to Atrides spake:
Atrides, oft have I heard Nestor tell,
(As oft as we did of you mention make)
That you 'mongst men in wisdom do excel.
I pray you think not I take any pleasure
To act at supper-time the rites of mourning;
For that another time we shall have leisure,
Unless we look no more to see the morning.
Not that I weeping for the dead condemn,
Or cutting off of hair. It is a debt
We owe to our dead friends. And one of them
My brother is, whom I cannot forget.
He was not of the Greeks the meanest man;
For swift he was of foot, and bold in fight,
(Which you than I much better witness can)
To kill his foe in battle or in flight.
Dear friend, Atrides answer'd, you have said
What might an older man have well beseemed
To say and do; and Nestor's stock bewray'd,
Whose wisdom is of all men's most esteemed.
'Tis easy to discern the race of one
To whom a happy life the Gods shall grant,
As unto noble Nestor they have done,
Long life, and sons discreet and valiant.
Let's put off for the present tales of sorrow,
And to our meat again our minds apply.
Bring water for our hands. Betimes to-morrow
We'll talk of this, Telemachus and I.
This said, Asphalion came in with water.
They wash'd, and on the meat their hands they laid;
But in the meantime Helena, Jove's daughter,

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

An antidote into the wine convey'd,
An antidote that virtue had to keep
The man that drank it mixed with his wine,
So as for all that day he should not weep,
Nor for whatever should befall him whine;
No, though his father or his mother died,
Or friend or brother slain were in his sight
By cruel enemies that them envied.
Such was of Helen's medicine the might,
Which t' her in Egypt Thon's wife given had,
Where many drugs of wondrous virtue grow,
Some here, some there, and some good, and some bad,
For all men there the art of physic know;
For why, from Pæan sprung are all those men.
The antidote put in, she bad the wine
Be borne about. And then she said again:
King Menelaus, offspring of Gods divine,
Descended from the Gods are also these;
And Jove good fortune gives sometimes to one,
And sometimes to another, as he please,
For he can do whatever can be done.
Feast then, and merrily together sit,
And please yourselves with stories. I'll tell one,
And which as to the time is not unfit,
Of what at Troy was by Ulysses done.
I will not tell you all the pranks he play'd,
But only how he came into the town,
With canvas mantle o'er his shoulders laid,
Bloody with stripes, from no hand but his own;
And by the name of Dectes there did pass,
And as a slave went freely up and down,
When such man in the fleet at all none was,
And was to every one but me unknown.
I question'd him, and he at first was shy;
But when I bath'd him and anointed had,
And cloth'd, and ta'en an oath of secresy,
He told me what design the Argives had.
Then, having gotten much intelligence,
And many of the Trojan people slain,
He safely to the fleet departed thence,
Leaving their wives lamenting there in vain.
But I was glad; for changed had my mind,
And griev'd, by Venus t' have been made so mad,
To leave my child Hermione behind,
And my good husband, when no cause I had.
Then Menelaus said: Your story, wife,
Is to the purpose. Countries I have seen
Many; and oft with heroes, in my life,
In councils sitten; but was never in
The place where any like Ulysses sat.

LIB. IV.

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

I' th' wooden horse I'll tell you what he did,
(No man did ever such a thing as that);
The princes of the army there lay hid,
Death and destruction bearing into Troy.
Some demon then, that was no friend to us,
Made you come forth, our council to destroy,
And with you also came Deiphobus.
And thrice about the wooden horse you went,
And called to us ev'ry man by name,
And our wives' voices so did represent,
As not to be discerned from the same.
I' th' midst Ulysses, Diomed, and I,
Heard well your call as we together sat,
And ready were to go forth, or reply;
But by Ulysses hinder'd were of that.
But Anticlus had answer'd certainly,
Had not Ulysses, when he heard her call,
Laid hand upon his mouth immediately,
And held till you were gone. That sav'd us all.
'Twas much, then said Telemachus, but this
Was not enough the man alive to keep,
Though made of steel, whose end determin'd is;
But now, O king, the time is come for sleep.
Then Helen to her women order gave
To see their beds made ready, and lay on
Fair purple rugs, and under them to have
Soft blankets, and fine coverlids upon,
Before the house, in chamber o'er the gate.
But in the inmost of the palace lay
King Menelaus with his royal mate,
And rose again together with the day.
And when he had himself attir'd and shod,
And hung his trusty sword had by his side,
Out of his chamber came he like a God,
And to Telemachus himself applied.
Telemachus, said he, what bringeth you
To Lacedæmon, o'er the sea so wide?
Public or private bus'ness? Tell me true.
Telemachus unto him then replied:
To you, King Menelaus, I am come
T' enquire what of my father is betide.
My house is full of enemies at home,
That me consume; and there resolve t' abide.
I' th' fields they fruitless make my husbandry;
My stock they eat; and would my mother wed.
This made me come to know the certainty,
Whether my father be alive or dead;
Whether you saw him after he left Troy
Wand'ring abroad (for he was born to woe),
Or of him anything heard others say,

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

Let tenderness hide nothing that you know.
If in the Argive host he useful were,
In council or in battle, when need was,
Tell me the truth, be't never so severe.
To this, much grieved, answer'd Menelaus:
Yes, yes, said he, there many enter'd be
Into a strong man's house while he's away,
And are in hope to dwell there constantly,
Though not so valiant as he be they.
As when a stag and hind ent'ring the den
Of th' absent lion, lulls his whelps with tales
Of hills and dales, the lion comes again,
And tears them into pieces with his nails;
So shall Ulysses all those suitors slay.
O that the Gods, Apollo, Pallas, Jove,
Amongst the suitors let him would one day,
Such as when with Philomelid he strove,
And threw him flat, and made the Argives glad.
If such as then Ulysses should be there,
Short would their lives be, and their wedding bad.
But to the matter whereof you would hear,
I can say nothing upon certainty,
And my own knowledge, but what I was told
By Proteus. And tell I will no lie,
Nor anything of what he said withhold.
Before the land of Egypt Pharos lies,
An island, and therein a haven good
Against whatever wind shall chance to rise;
And ready to depart, my ships there stood;
A day's sail distant stands it in the main;
But 'cause the hecatomb I offer'd not,
The Gods a long time did me there detain,
For they are angry when they are forgot.
There twenty days together we were pent,
Though fain we would have put again to sea;
And our provision had quite been spent,
But that I then met with Idothoë.
She daughter is of Proteus, and he
A herdsman old of Neptune is, and has
The charge his sea-calves kept and fed to see.
His daughter met me when alone I was;
My company, their dinner to provide,
With angle rods were fishing on the strand.
Then said she to me, standing by my side,
Why stay you here, and nothing take in hand
To help yourself, as if a child you were,
Or negligent, or loved misery,
Suff'ring yourself to be so long pent here?
Or can you no way find to be set free?
What God you be soever, answer'd I,

LIB. IV.

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

Thus much unto you I must plainly say,
That in this isle I stay unwillingly,
And for my freedom to the Gods I pray.
But tell me you (for Gods know everything)
What God is it that to this place me tied,
And what it is that must me from it bring?
I'll tell you then, said she, and nothing hide.
By an old Sea-God haunted is this isle,
Call'd Proteus, that nothing says untrue,
Servant to Neptune, whom if by some wile
You could but catch and hold, he'd answer you
To all you ask, and he my father is.
He'll tell you how to get your ships to sea,
And how you shall get home. He knows all this,
And what's there done. So said Idothoe.
But how, said I, is't possible for man
Upon a God immortal to lay hold,
When he, foreseeing it, avoid it can,
If how to do't he be not by you told?
I'll tell you, said she, how it may be done.
Hidden in the curls of the sea each day
Brought in by Zephyrus, he lands at noon,
And on the sand himself to sleep will lay;
About him will his footless sea-calves lie,
And of the brine abominably smell.
And thither bring you in the morn will I,
And how to place yourselves instruct you well;
For three more must come with you, lusty men,
Whom you shall choose from out your company.
The old Sea-God his flock will number then,
And, having done, i' th' midst of them will lie,
Just as a shepherd lies amongst his sheep.
Now waver not, but bold and constant be.
As soon as you shall see he is asleep,
Lay hold on him, and keep it constantly,
For he in divers shapes will with you struggle.
He will be any serpent that he please;
Himself he'll into fire or water juggle;
Therefore hold fast, lest he your hands disease.
When of himself he shall contented be,
In his first form the matter to debate,
Take off your hands, and set the old God free.
Then of your business him interrogate,
What God it is that hath your hurt contrived,
How you shall put to sea, which way go home.
This said, into the sea again she dived.
Then, full of thoughts, back to my ships I come,
And supp'd, and when we supped had 'twas night.
Then slept we by our ships upon the sand,
But when Aurora had brought back the light,

Then went I with my three men to the strand,
And prayed to the Gods: my men I chose,
Such men as for the purpose fit I thought.
Idothoë then from the sea arose,
And in her hand four sea-calves' skins she brought
All raw, her father thereby to betray.
And with those skins upon us on the shore,
Scrap'd hollow by her, like sea-calves we lay,
And there our lodging had been very sore,
(For so abominably do they stink,
That no man near them can endure to lie.
Is it good lying with a whale, d'ye think?)
But that she for it had a remedy.
Ambrosia she with her brought, and laid
The same unto our noses one by one,
Which the ill savour of the fish allay'd.
And thus we lay expecting till 'twas noon;
Then all at once the sea-calves came ashore,
And there themselves they bedded orderly.
At noon came Proteus, and counts them o'er,
And first were counted my three men and I.
Then lay he also down, and by and by
He fell asleep. Then we unto him ran,
And laid hands on him with a hideous cry,
And he to shew his wondrous art began.
A shaggy lion first he seem'd to be;
And then a dragon; then a leopard;
And then a boar; then water; then a tree;
But still we kept our hold, and press'd him hard.
He weary was at last, and then he said:
Atrides, how came you by so much skill
To hold me thus? What God has me betray'd?
What needed you to vex me? What's your will?
What need, said I, have you from me to hear,
That bound am to this isle, and know not how
To put to sea, nor what God holds me here,
When you can tell me (for Gods all things know)?
Then back, said he, to Greece you cannot come,
Till you to Egypt do return again,
And pay to all the Gods a hecatomb;
That done, you shall pass safely o'er the main.
Thus Proteus said. But that I must go first
Back into Egypt, an ill and long way,
My heart to hear it ready was to burst.
'Tis hard, said I, but I'll do all you say;
But tell me of the Argives first, if they
With their good ships came all in safety home,
That I and Nestor left behind at Troy,
How many by the way they lost, and whom?
Some of them 'scap'd, said he, and some are lost;

LIB. IV.

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

But of the princes lost are only twain
In their return. Upon the Trojan coast
You know who died; and one the Gods detain.
First Ajax' ships by winds are laid aground
At Gyræ, rocks that on the deep look down,
And 'gainst the sea protection there had found,
However Pallas did upon him frown,
But that a high provoking word he spake.
I'll pass, said he, although the Gods say no.
And Neptune then the rock he sat on brake;
Both he and it into the water go,
Where, when he had drunk brine enough, he died.
Your brother also safely pass'd the sea,
And came to Argos (Juno was his guide).
And when he was come near to mount Malea,
Forc'd by foul weather, he disbarked, where
Thyestes formerly his age had spent,
But now his son Ægistus dwelled there.
The Gods then chang'd the wind, and homeward went.
Full glad he was, and kiss'd the ground for joy,
And from him fell the tears abundantly.
Ægistus, that long sought him to destroy,
Had plac'd a man on purpose to descry
Th' arrival of the fleet, whom he had hired
To watch upon a hill a year together,
For talents ten of gold, that he required,
And tell him when the fleet from Troy came thither.
The watchman saw them, and t' Ægistus went,
And gave him notice of their coming in.
Ægistus then, t' effect his bad intent,
Chose twenty lusty men, and them within
An inner room he placed, out of sight,
And a great supper bids his men provide;
Then down went, Agamemnon to invite,
With horses and with coaches to th' sea-side,
And brought him up to supper in great state;
Then rose the traitors that in ambush lay,
And killed him, as he at supper sate,
Nor any man alive went thence away,
That with Atrides or with him took part.
When of his story he had made an end,
To break with pity ready was my heart;
In streams down on my cheeks the tears descend.
I wished never more to see the sun,
And weeping, on the sand myself I roll'd.
But when my lamentation was done,
Then Proteus said again, Your weeping hold,
Tears are no remedy, but make haste home.
There lives Ægistus, or if he be slain
Already by Orestes, you will come

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus,&c.

To his interment. This cheer'd me again,
And then I asked further of him this:
Since you have told me what's become of two,
Tell me the third that stays abroad, who 'tis,
Alive or dead, though that will grieve me too.
It is, said he, Ulysses, whom I saw
In th' island where Calypso dwells, o' th' shore
Weeping, who fain would come to Ithaca,
But with him neither has a ship nor oar.
And you, O Menelaus, shall not die
In Argos (for 'tis otherwise decreed)
But be convey'd t' Elysium. For why,
Of Jupiter you wedded have the seed.
There humans lead their lives in greatest ease;
No snow nor frost there is; refreshed there
They are by zephyrs rising from the seas,
And Jove's son Rhadamanthus dwelleth there.
This said, into the sea he went again,
But I, with thoughts confused in my head,
Returned back unto my ships and men,
And soon as we had supp'd, the night was spread.
Then back again into the Nile we go,
And offer'd to the Gods a hecatomb;
When we their anger had appeased so,
For Agamemnon there we rais'd a tomb.
When this was done, for Argos we set sail,
And quickly to our native soil we came;
Th' immortal Gods gave us a lusty gale,
And all the way continued the same.
Telemachus, you've heard all I can say,
But must not therefore straightway take your leave;
Until th' eleventh or twelfth day you'll stay,
The presents I intend you to receive.
A chariot you shall have and horses three,
And a fair cup emboss'd to offer wine,
That in your vows you may remember me.
Then said Telemachus, I here have lien
Long time already, and my men at Pyle
Are weary of expecting me; else I
Could stay a year, and never all that while
My mind have on my house or family,
So much I taken am with your discourse.
But let my present be some monument;
To Ithaca I'll never carry horse,
They for the plains are more convenient;
Large plains, which you have here in many places,
And where store is of wheat, and rice, and lote.
In Ithaca there is no ground for races,
Nor pastures good enough to feed a goat.
In th' isles about it, gallop can no horse;

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c

In th' isle itself, nor gallop nor be fed.
When he had made an end of his discourse,
Atrides, smiling on him, strok'd his head.
'Tis spoken, said he, like a gallant man,
And that descended is of noble blood.
I'll give you other presents, for I can,
In place of these, that shall be full as good.
A monument kept in my treasury,
Of massive silver a fair temperer,
The work of Vulcan, which was given me
At Sidon, by the king, when I was there.
Whilst they together thus discoursing staid,
The bidden guests, fat sheep, rich wine bring in,
And bread their wives upon the table laid,
And about supper busy were within.
And now the suitors at Ulysses' house
Were throwing of the stone and darts. And by
Antinous sat and Eurymachus,
Chief of the woo'rs. Then came Noemon nigh:
Unto Antinous he spake, and said,
When will Telemachus return from Pyle?
My ship I lent him, and am now afraid
I shall have need of her myself the while.
For over into Elis I must pass;
Twelve mares of mine there go, and with the same
Twelve unbroke mules, with all their foals, at grass;
And some of them I would fetch home and tame.
At this they star'd. For never dreamed they
That in good earnest he would go to Pyle,
But in the fields would with some herdsman stay,
And there from us conceal himself awhile.
Antinous then ask'd, When parted he?
What company went with him hence? His own
Servants and husbandmen, for that might be,
Or young men of the best account i' th' town?
And tell me further, was it willingly
You lent your ship, or were you forc'd thereto?
To this Noemon did again reply:
I lent it willingly. What should I do?
Who would not yield to such a man's request,
When he has need and asks, as well as I?
And with him went of Ithaca the best,
And Mentor chief of all the company;
If he it were not, 'twas some deity,
For, which is strange, I saw him yesterday
Before the sun was mounted half the sky,
Yet went the ship the night before away.
This said, he went his way. Antinous
And th' others sat there yet, and wondered.
The suitors left their sport, sat down, and thus

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

Antinous the case then opened,
And in an angry tone, with fiery eye,
'Tis true, said he, Telemachus has done
A work to us of great indignity.
We thought he never could that way have gone.
We many are, and men; yet he, a boy,
Has got a ship, and of our men the best.
But may Jove him, before he us, destroy.
Give me a good ship, ere we be oppress'd,
And twenty able men, and in the strait
'Twixt Ithaca and Same I will lie,
And for their coming back from Pylus wait,
And entertain him with hot coming by.
The suitors all were pleased with the plot,
And then they rose together and went in.
But Medon had heard all, which they knew not,
For he without the court was, they within.
And to inform Penelope he went,
And when she saw him coming in a door,
Medon, said she, what, are you hither sent
To bid my maids trouble themselves no more
With how the suitors they shall entertain;
But only for themselves make ready meat?
Lest when they hither come to sup again,
It prove the last that they shall ever eat.
Telemachus his wealth you wasted have,
As if your fathers never told you how
Ulysses with them did himself behave,
That never did unkindness to them show
In deed or word. Although a liberty
Kings often take, one man to love or hate
Above another, without telling why;
But he cause of offence to no man gave.
But of good turns received heretofore
Your nature altogether senseless is.
O queen, said Medon, would it were no more;
But I must tell you somewhat worse than this.
The suitors have conspir'd to kill your son,
(Which Jove avert,) as he is coming home.
For he to Pylus is and Sparta gone
T' enquire what of his father is become.
This said, Penelope was stricken dumb,
And filled were with tears her eyes. But when
Her voice at last again was to her come,
She spake to Medon, and him asked then,
Medon, said she, why went my son away?
What need had he upon the sea to ride?
Meant he his name amongst men to destroy?
And Medon to her then again replied:
I cannot tell. Perhaps encouraged

LIB. IV.

His entertainment at Sparta, by Menelaus, &c.

By some o' th' Gods, or presage of his own
T' enquire about his father, whether dead,
Or on what coast he is by fortune thrown.
This said, her tears she could no longer hold,
And lets herself sink down upon the sill.
Then came her maids about her, young and old.
Did ever Gods, said she, bear such ill will
To any woman as they bear to me?
Why deal they worse with me than with the rest?
O my dear husband! What a man was he!
All manly virtues lodged in his breast.
Through Hellas and through Argos known was he;
Of him the Gods unkind me first bereft;
And now away my child must taken be,
That to sustain the house at home was left.
Sluts that you are, and of his going knew,
Why was it not to me discovered?
For had I of it been inform'd by you,
I had him stay'd, or he had left me dead.
To Dolius let one or other go
(The servant which my father gave to me,
And with Laertes at the lodge is now,
And of my garden has the custody)
And tell him what the suitors are about,
That he may to Laertes tell the same;
And he unto the people may come out,
And them against these wicked men inflame.
Then spake Euryclea: Dear child, said she,
Kill me, or let me live as you think best;
No longer shall the truth concealed be.
I knew all this. So did none of the rest.
I furnish'd him with all that he commanded,
Sweet wine and flour, but first he made me swear,
I would not tell you till it was demanded,
Or that the same by others told you were;
For fear lest with much weeping hurt you take.
But wash, put on clean garments, and up go
Into your chamber, and your prayers make
To Pallas, who your son to save knows how.
The griev'd old man, why should you further grieve?
Hated is not Arcesius his seed
By all the Gods. For I cannot believe
But some of them will help them in their need,
And both their houses and their lands protect.
This stopp'd her sobbing, and her weeping stay'd.
Then went she up, herself she wash'd and deck'd,
And to the Goddess Pallas thus she pray'd:
O Goddess, if you well accepted have
The victims by Ulysses sacrificed
Upon your altar here, his son now save,

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

And bring to nought what th' wooers have devised.
Her prayer granted was. Then shouted they.
The suitors heard it in the hall, and one
T' another said, 'Tis for her wedding-day;
She knows not we intend to kill her son.
Thus said they, but upon no ground at all.
Alcinous then spake. Madmen, said he,
Such words as these what mean you to let fall?
What if within they should reported be?
Come rise, thus, gently, and the work effect
To which we all have given our consent.
Then did he twenty able men elect,
And down unto the water side they went,
And first of all they laid their ship afloat,
And in it with white sails the mast they laid,
And fit their oars. Then in their arms were brought:
The mast then rear'd was, and the sails display'd.
Then went they t' anchor in the open sea,
And stay'd all night. And then aboard they eat.
Then to her chamber went Penelope
Grieving, and tasting neither drink nor meat,
Casting about whether more likely 't were
Her son should 'scape the suitors' hands, or die.
Just as a lion that enclosed were
With toils about, would cast which way to fly.
When her sad reck'ning sleep had blotted out,
Dissolv'd her strength, and closed had her eyes,
Pallas another bus'ness went about.
She made an Idol in a woman's guise,
Like to the daughter of Icarius,
Wife of Eumelus, (at Pheræ dwell'd he),
And sent the same unto Ulysses' house,
T' allay the sorrow of Penelope.
In at the keyhole then the Idol goes
Into her chamber, and stood at her head.
Penelope, said it, amidst such woes
How can you sleep? But now be comforted.
You must no longer weep nor grieved be,
For from the Gods you no such cause shall have,
For of your son the safe return you'll see.
To this Penelope then answer gave.
Sister, said she, 'tis strange to see you here;
You come but seldom. For far off you dwell.
And now you bid me weeping to forbear,
When how much cause I have you cannot tell.
A good and noble husband I have lost,
That had a lion's heart within his breast,
Hellas and Argos of his valour boast,
What virtue is there that he not possess'd?
And now my child at sea is in a tub,

LIB. IV.

His entertainment at Sparta by Menelaus, &c.

And has no skill in fight or parliament:
I fear extremely lest he meet some rub,
For him more than for th' other I lament.
What may befal him on the sea I dread,
And what at land, if e'er to land he come,
For many foes he hath that wish him dead,
And wait to kill him as he cometh home.
To this again replied the Idol dim,
Take courage, be not frighted for your son;
He has a guide that taketh care of him;
A better would be wished for by none.
'Tis Pallas. For of you she pity takes,
And what I said, I said by her command.
Penelope again this answer makes,
Whoe'er you be, answer one more demand:
Is my poor husband yet alive, or no?
Then said the Idol, That I do not find,
Nor will I tell you what I do not know.
Then through the keyhole went, and turn'd to wind.
Then wak'd Penelope, and joyful was
T' have had a dream so evident and clear.
Then o'er the humid plain the suitors pass,
Destruction to Telemachus to bear.
'Twixt Ithaca and Same, middle way,
There lies an island, and but small it is,
Yet hath it on each side a good safe bay.
There watch'd the wooers. 'Tis call'd Asteris.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. V.

The Gods in council command Calypso (by Mercury) to send away Ulysses on a raft of trees; and Neptune returning from Ethiopia, and seeing him on the coast of Phæacia, scattered his raft; and how, by the help of Ino, he swam ashore, and slept in a heap of dry leaves till the next day.

Up rose Aurora from Tithonus' bed,
Before the Gods and men to bear her light.
The Gods were then to council gathered,
And Jove amongst them of the greatest might.
And there before them Pallas open laid
The painful life Ulysses did endure.
O Jove, and all ye blessed Gods, she said,
Henceforth his people let no king enure
To gentle government, but keep them down,
And to their honesty no longer trust,
That of Ulysses are forgetful grown,
Whose government so gentle was and just.
And now he pent up lieth in an isle
Where dwells Calypso; and to come away

Calypso sends away Ulysses on a raft of trees, &c.

Has neither ship nor men, and all the while
Weeping for sorrow forc'd he is to stay.
The suitors also seek to kill his son,
And lie to meet him in his coming home;
For why, to Pyle and Sparta he is gone,
To hear what of his father is become.
Why, child, said Jove, why say you this to me?
'Twas you that sent Telemachus away;
And you consenting were to our decree,
Ulysses should come back and th' wooers slay.
Go you and bring Telemachus from Pyle,
And send the suitors home that lie in's way;
And Mercury, said he, go you the while
And tell the nymph Calypso what I say.
The Gods in council sitting order'd have,
Ulysses shall return to Ithaca.
And first upon a raft himself shall save,
Without a convoy in Phæacia
In twenty days; and there be honoured,
And to his country richly sent away,
With brass, and gold, and garments furnished,
More than his share had mounted to at Troy,
Though he had brought it thence all safely home;
For why, by destiny ordain'd it is
That to his friends he honourably come.
No sooner Jupiter had spoken this,
But that his shoes upon his feet he binds,
Ambrosian, golden shoes, wherewith he flies
On land or water, swifter than the winds.
Then takes the rod wherewith upon the eyes
Of mortals he lays on or takes off sleep,
And with his rod in hand jump'd down to th' hill
Pierius, and thence into the deep;
And over the wide sea he passed, till
At last he was arrived at the isle
Where was the nymph Calypso resident;
And like a cormorant was all this while
That hunts the fishes. Then ashore he went,
And coming to her rock found her within.
Upon the hearth a fire was of sweet wood,
There did she sing, and as she sung did spin.
About the cave many fair trees there stood,
Beech, poplar, and the cyprus of sweet smell,
And many birds, hawks, and sea-crows, and owls,
Within their branches used were to dwell;
And, such as haunt sea-water, other fowls.
The rock itself with vines was covered,
And grapes abundance hanging were thereon;
Four springs a-row four ways clear water spread.
Sweet meadows were about it many a one,

Calypso sends away Ulysses on a raft of trees,&c.

Stuck full of violets and flowers gay,
Which, though a God, he saw with admiration,
And for a little while he there did stay,
Pleas'd with the beauty of the habitation,
And then into the spacious cave he goes.
At the first sight Calypso knew him well,
For perfectly one God another knows,
How far soever they asunder dwell.
Ulysses now was gone out to the shore,
To look upon the sea that kept him in,
To sigh and weep as he had done before;
At Hermes' coming he was not within.
To Hermes, seated in a glistering chair,
The Goddess fair Calypso then began:
Tell me, beloved Hermes, your affair,
If it be possible it shall be done.
Come nearer, and with food yourself restore.
Then sets she him a table, and lays on
Of nectar and ambrosia good store.
Then Hermes took his food, and having done,
Goddess, said he, since me, a God, you ask,
You may be sure I tell you shall no lie.
Jove sent me 'gainst my will; for such a task
Who undertake would, think you, willingly?
For, first, a horrible long journey 'tis;
And then no town to bait at by the way
On hecatomb or lesser sacrifice.
But what God is there dares Jove disobey?
There is, said Jove, a man that stay'd is here,
Of th' Argives that besieged Ilium
The most unhappy. There they stay'd nine year,
The tenth they took it, and were coming home;
But by the way they Pallas had offended,
And she against them raised stormy weather,
In which Ulysses' mates their lives all ended,
But he himself by storms was driven hither.
Him Jupiter would have you send away;
For he is destin'd not to die from home,
Nor any longer from his friends to stay,
But back unto his house and country come.
Calypso, troubled at it, answered:
Malicious ye Gods, and jealous are,
That think much Goddesses should mortals wed.
See but how hardly did Orion fare,
After Aurora was become his wife.
How angry at him, O ye Gods, were you,
Until Diana took away his life,
With shafts invisible before 'twas due.
And so when Ceres with Iäsion
Themselves delighted with the gift of love,

Calypso sends away Ulysses on a raft of trees, &c.

How soon it was by th' other Gods made known,
And with a thunder-bolt he slain by Jove!
And now they angry are with me. And why?
Because I taken have a man to bed
Who in the sea had perish'd, had not I
Receiv'd him in my house and cherished.
For when his ship with thunder Jove had split,
And all his company away were cast,
Him on the mast unto the rudder knit,
The wind and waves brought hither at the last;
And here I him receiv'd and loved well,
And meant to give him immortality.
But since Jove will not let him with me dwell,
And I cannot resist him, farewell he.
But o'er the sea I shall not him convoy,
For in my power I have no ship, nor men
That have the art to walk in liquid way;
Prompt him I will how to get home again.
'Tis well, said Mercury; send him now hence;
The manner how, is left unto your will.
Be wise, and do not Jupiter incense,
Lest he upon you bring a greater ill.
This said, away went Mercury. And she
Unto Ulysses went to the sea-side.
Himself lamenting sitting there was he,
And when she came his eyes were not yet dried.
For now he lov'd the nymph less than before,
And lay with her a-nights unwillingly;
A-days he weeping sat upon the shore,
And on th' unbounded sea oft cast his eye.
Then to him said the nymph: Poor man, alas!
No longer weep, but fall your work unto;
For on a raft you are the sea to pass,
And I will tell you what you are to do.
Cut down great trees, and them together join
With bands of brass; and on them make a deck;
And on it I will lay both bread and wine,
And water fresh, hunger and thirst to check.
And garments I will give you, and a wind,
That you may safe go home and speedily;
Unless the Gods be of another mind,
For stronger they and wiser are than I.
At this Ulysses troubled was, and said,
I looked for a convoy me to waft;
For on this sea a man would be afraid
Though in a ship; much more upon a raft.
I will not therefore pass upon a raft,
Unless to do me no more hurt you swear.
And when he had said that, Calypso laugh'd,
And of his head she stroked down the hair.

LIB. V.

Calypso sends away Ulysses on a raft of trees, &c.

You are, she said, a true bird of the nest,
As by your answer very well I see:
By Heaven and by Earth I do protest,
And Styx, which is the greatest oath can be,
I'll never anything hereafter do
That shall procure you hurt in any case;
And what at present I advise you to,
I would myself do, were I in your place:
For why, the Fates I also must obey,
And in my breast no iron heart I bear.
This said, she turn'd and homeward took her way,
And on her steps Ulysses follow'd her.
When they were come together in the cave,
She made him sit where Hermes sat before,
And meat and wine, the best that mortals have,
The maids upon the table laid good store;
Before Calypso they laid other meat,
Ambrosia and nectar, food divine;
There face to face they sit and drink and eat.
When she refresh'd him had with meat and wine,
Noble Ulysses, said she, that long so
To see your house and wife without delay,
If what you were to suffer you did know
Before you there arrived, you would stay
And live with me here, and immortal be.
Nor than that wife, for whom you take such care,
Less fairer or less wise can you think me;
Women with Goddesses cannot compare.
Goddess, said he again, I know all this.
Penelope I not compare with you
In form or stature. For she mortal is,
And you immortal. Yet, though this be true,
I cannot chuse but wish myself at home.
And though I were to perish in the deep
By th' anger of the Gods, and never come,
I'd rather suffer that, than always weep.
For patience long since I learned have
Sufficiently in tempest and in fight.
This said, they both in one part of the cave
To sleep went, where in love they took delight.
And when the morning was again display'd,
Ulysses cloth'd himself with cloak and coat;
The nymph herself in a great robe array'd
Of dainty stuff with gold all over wrought,
Which on her loins a golden girdle tied,
And cover'd with a golden scarf her head.
And how Ulysses o'er the sea so wide
Should safely pass, she there considered.
Then puts a plainer and an axe in's hand,
Two-edged, with a haft of olive-tree.

Calypso sends away Ulysses on a raft of trees,&c.

Then show'd him where the greatest trees did stand,
And all the way before him walked she.
And when they were arrived at the wood,
Beeches they find, poplars, and fir-trees high,
Already dry, that lie light on the flood.
Calypso to her cavern back did hie.
Meanwhile Ulysses twenty trees brought low,
And hewed them, and plain'd them skilfully,
And laid them on the ground all in a row,
At corners square, and of one length they lie.
And then with wimbles back Calypso came;
Then pierced them, and set them one to one,
And with strong joints and nails fast bound the same.
And by the time that all this he had done,
As a good ship as broad it was and long.
Then for his decks he placed stoops upright
On every side, and many to be strong;
And laid upon them planks at equal height.
Then made his mast, and set it up on end,
His rudder, and a place to sit and guide,
And laid on boughs from waves it to defend,
And all his cordage made of good cow-hide,
And then with levers set his raft afloat.
Four days in making of the raft he spent;
When he had done, and all his work had wrought,
Upon the fifth the nymph away him sent.
But first she bath'd him, and with clothes array'd,
Fine and perfum'd. Then wine of pleasant taste
One goat-skin full upon the raft she laid,
And one of water, greater, by it plac'd;
And sweetmeats, and good flesh of ev'ry kind.
And after he his sails had hoist and spread,
She fill'd them with a warm and cheerful wind.
Then he astern sat down and governed,
And on Bootes look'd, and Pleiades,
And on the Bear, which people call the Wain,
Which dogs Orion rising from the seas,
But she herself ne'er dives into the main.
This Bear she bade him leave on the left hand.
Then sev'nteen days he sail'd, on th' eighteenth day
He came in sight of the Phœacian land,
In that part where it nearest to him lay,
Which look'd as 'twere upon the sea a skin.
But now by Neptune, who returning was,
Ulysses' raft from Solymi was seen,
For o'er those mountains Neptune was to pass;
Who, wounded at the sight, with anger keen,
Thus said unto himself: What, what, I find,
While I in Ethiopia have been,
The Gods about this man have chang'd their mind.

LIB. V.

Calypso sends away Ulysses on a raft of trees,&c.

The isle Phœacia is near at hand,
In which he destin'd is himself to save.
But yet, I think, before he be on land,
He struggle shall with many a lusty wave.
Then with his trident he the sea enraged,
And made a night of clouds the sea upon,
And 'gainst Ulysses all the Winds engaged,
And from their quarters they came out each one,
Eurus, and Notus, Zephyr, Boreas,
Each one a mighty wave against him rolled.
And then Ulysses' heart near broken was,
And with himself, himself he thus condoled.
Ah me, what will become of me at last!
I fear the nymph Calypso all this knew,
Who told me then that as I homeward pass'd
I should meet danger. Now I find it true.
With what thick clouds Jove cover'd has the sky!
In what a tumult is the sea! And how
On ev'ry side the winds the water ply
And storm! My death, I see, is certain now.
Thrice, four times, Argives, happy were you, who
For Agamemnon's sake were slain. Would I
At Troy in battle my life lost had too,
I' th' show'r of spears about Achilles' body;
Then had I had a noble funeral,
And great among the Greeks had been my fame.
But now a wretched death will me befal,
For ever will unheard of be my name.
This said, he dash'd was 'gainst a point of land,
Which with great force whirled the raft about.
And then the rudder flew out of his hand;
And he into the water was cast out.
Of divers winds then followed one great blast,
And sail and tackle o'er-board far off bears,
And in the middle breaks in two the mast,
While he was in the sea o'er head and ears;
At last he rais'd his head above the pickle,
(His heavy clothes awhile had hindered him),
Then from his hair into his mouth did trickle
The brine, which he spits out, and falls to swim.
And when he had his raft recovered,
And plac'd himself i' th' midst, then both together
The wind uncertainly them carried
From place to place, now hither and now thither;
Just as the wind in harvest blows pease-straw
Upon the plain field whilst it holds together;
So on the sea without a certain law
Ulysses' raft was driven by the weather.
In this distress by Ino he was seen,
A sea-nymph and immortal she was then,

Calypso sends away Ulysses on a raft of trees,&c.

Though woman, Cadmus' daughter, she had been.
And now in figure of a water-hen
She sat upon the raft and to him spake.
What meaneth Neptune that he hates you so?
Do what he can your life he shall not take;
Do what I bid you. Off your garments throw,
And quit the raft; and to Phœacia
Swim with your hands, and there you shall find rest.
For so it is ordain'd by fatal law.
Here, take this scarf; apply it to your breast,
And fear not death. But when you come to land
Throw't in the sea as far off as you can,
Then turn. This said, she put it in his hand,
And diving there alone she left the man.
Ulysses grieving to himself then says,
What is it now I am advis'd unto!
Ah me! Some other God now me betrays
To quit my raft. I know what I will do.
For since my refuge is so near at hand,
Such counsel I will not too soon obey;
But do what does with greatest reason stand.
Upon my raft I mean so long to stay
As it shall hold together and be one.
But when the wind has broken it in pieces
I'll swim; since better counsel I have none.
While with himself consulting was Ulysses,
Neptune with wind the water sets upright
Into a high and formidable wave,
And threw it on the raft with all his might,
Which all the parts thereof asunder drave.
Just as the wind scatters a cock of hay,
So scatter'd was Ulysses' raft of trees;
Whilst he on one of them astride did stay,
And of his garments there himself he frees.
Then Ino's scarf applies he to his breast,
And on the troubled sea himself he laid
With open arms. To swim he now thought best.
Which Neptune seeing, thus unto him said:
Go wander now upon the sea in woe,
And do not make account that this is all.
This said, away to Ægæ did he go,
Where many men that need him on him call.
When he was gone Pallas the winds did lay,
All but a lusty gale of Boreas,
And broke the waves before him all the way,
That to Phœacia he might safely pass.
Two nights and days perpetual he swam,
And was of drowning all the while afraid.
But when the morning of the third day came,
The air was calm, and all the winds allay'd.

LIB. V.

Calypso sends away Ulysses on a raft of trees,&c.

And now unto the isle he was so nigh,
That from a high wave he could see the shore,
And glad he was. As when about to die,
Lien has a man long time by sickness sore,
Is by the Gods recover'd suddenly,
Glad are his children; so Ulysses was
To see the so-much wish'd-for land so nigh,
And thither made what haste he could to pass.
When he was gotten so near to the shore
That one might hear another when he calls,
Torn by the rocks he heard the water roar.
(Loud is the sea when on hard rocks it falls.)
There neither haven was nor place to land,
But upright banks and cliffs and brows of stone.
And everywhere too deep it was to stand.
And now again quite was his courage gone,
And speaking to himself he said: Ah me,
This is the island. Jove has brought me to't,
That what must help me only I might see,
But not upon it ever set my foot.
There is no landing here. Rocks high and steep,
And unaccessible are all about.
The sea below so rugged is and deep,
That from it there will be no getting out.
If I should try, some mighty wave, I fear,
Against some rugged rock will carry me,
And make me find but woful landing there,
Amongst so many sharp stones as there be.
But if I swim along the coast to find
Some port or beach, though stormy, to land on,
I fear I shall again by some great wind
Far off from shore into the sea be blown;
And there by some great fish devoured be
(For many such are fed by Amphitrite)
Which Neptune may command to swallow me;
For well I am acquainted with his spite.
While he thus doubted, came a mighty wave
That cast him to the bank amongst sharp stones.
But for the counsel Pallas to him gave,
He torn his skin and broken had his bones.
A rocher with his arms he then embrac'd,
And held it till the wave roll'd back again;
And thought the danger of it now was past,
But then the same wave bore him to the main.
As looks a polypus when he is dragg'd
From out his hole, stuck full of stone and sands
So, when Ulysses left his hold, were shagg'd
With broken skin all over both his hands.
And now, had not Athena giv'n him wit,
He perish'd had. For up his head he puts

Calypso sends away Ulysses on a raft of trees,&c.

Above the briny sea, and having spit,
He with his stretched arms the water cuts,
And swam along the shore; but kept his eye
Continually upon the land, to see
If any landing place he could espy.
At last before a river's mouth came he;
And knew it was a river's mouth. For there
Within the land smooth water might be seen,
And 'twixt the rocks a pause there did appear;
And here Ulysses thought fit to go in.
And in his mind unto the River spake:
Hear me, O king, from Neptune's rage I fly,
And of a man distress'd some pity take,
That at your knee and stream here prostrate lie;
Th' immortal Gods their suppliants respect,
When they before them humbly lay their want;
Whate'er your name be, do not me neglect
That am afflicted, and your suppliant.
This said, the stream stood still and sav'd the man.
But weary were his knees and arms, and brine
Abundance from his mouth and nostrils ran,
And all his body swell'd was. And in fine,
Speechless and breathless was he, like one dead.
But when he came unto himself again,
The scarf he to the stream delivered,
Which carried it again into the main.
And Ino took it then into her hand.
Then on a bulrush-bed himself he laid,
And, glad he had escaped, kiss'd the land.
But fearing still, unto himself he said,
Ah me, what will become of me at length!
For in the river if I spend the night,
So much already wasted is my strength,
With frost and dew I shall be killed quite.
If up the hill I go into the wood,
And in some thicket there lie warm and sleep,
I fear I shall for beasts and fowls be food.
At last concludes into some wood to creep.
A wood there was unto the river nigh;
Two thickets in it were; of olive one,
The other was of Phylia close by,
So twin'd they were together that nor sun,
Nor wind, nor rain, to th' ground could find a way.
Between them of dry leaves a bed made he,
And over head and ears there close he lay;
For leaves there were enough for two or three,
To keep them warm although cold weather 'twere.
As when a man takes up a brand of fire
In country-house, few neighbours dwelling near,
To warm himself withal if need require;

LIB. V.

So buried in dry leaves Ulysses lay.
And then Athena closed up his eyes
With sound and gentle sleep to take away
Sad thoughts suggested by his miseries.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. VI.

Nausicaa going to a river near that place to wash the clothes of her father, mother, and brethren, while the clothes were drying played with her maids at ball, and Ulysses coming forth is fed and clothed and led to the house of her father, King Alcinous, where being received, the queen after supper taking notice of his garments, gave him occasion to relate his passage thither on the raft.

THERE slept Ulysses. But Athena went
Unto the people of Phœacia,
Who once dwelt near a nation insolent,
The great Cyclopses in Hyperia,
And by the odds of strength were there oppress'd;
But by Nausithous transplanted were
To Scheria, that they might live at rest;
Who built them houses, and a city there,
And fortified the same with strong walls round,
And temples built, and gave them shares of land.
But he departed was, and under ground,
And now Alcinous had the command.
His house it was the Goddess went unto,
And int' a chamber gay, where lay a-bed
A godlike maid asleep, with less ado
Than could a gentle wind have entered.
This the king's daughter was, Nausicaa.
Within the door shut close, on each side one,
Two of her waiting-maids asleep she saw,
And as the Graces fair to look upon.
Then standing at Nausicaa's bed's-head,
In form of Dymas' daughter, there she stay'd,
Who of her age was, and most favoured,
And to Nausicaa she spake, and said:
Careless Nausicaa, what do you mean,
When to your wedding-day you are so near,
To let so many garments lie unclean?
You would be glad yourself fair clothes to wear,
And give to them that are to lead you out.
For e'en such things as these procure good fame
Amongst the people that dwell round about;
Your parents also take joy in the same.
Come therefore, to the river let's be gone
By break of day; for I will with you go

Ulysses fed and clothed by Nausicaa, &c.

And help that you the sooner may have done.
I'm sure your wedding is not far off now,
For sought you are in marriage by the best
Of all the town where you were born and bred.
Go early to your father and request
You may with mules and coach be furnished,
That aprons, gowns, and mantles you may bear
Unto the washing-place, for far 'tis to't,
And for your person so 'tis comelier
Than to be seen to go so far on foot.
This said, the Goddess up to heaven went,
Where is the dwelling of the Gods in bliss;
A pure and undecaying firmament
Which by no wind moved or shaken is,
Nor wet nor slabber'd is with show'r of rain,
Nor clouded, nor approach'd unto by snow;
But bright and shining always doth remain.
Here dwell th' immortals, and no sorrow know.
Thither went Pallas. Then Nausicaa
Awak'd, and through the house went to relate
Unto her parents what a dream she saw.
Her mother by the fire-side spinning sate
With distaff laden with fine purple wool.
Her father going out, she met i' th' hall,
Call'd by the lords sitting in council full,
And waiting for him to consult withal.
And to him said: Pray, father, shall not I
Allowed be a coach your clothes to bear
(Which in the house sullied and spotted lie)
Unto the river side to wash them there;
For you yourself when you to council go
Would gladly have your garments clean and sweet.
Your five sons, whereof two be wedded now,
Would fain with clean clothes at the dancings meet.
So said Nausicaa. But to her father
To talk of wedding she forbore for shame,
Yet what she thought on he could eas'ly gather,
However she dissembled had the same.
Dear child, then said her father, you shall have
Both mules and coach with handsome covering.
Unto his servants then command he gave
To see it done. And out the coach they bring,
And to it set the mules. Then came her mother,
And laid in things to eat, of relish fine,
And such as eaten are with bread, much other;
And in a bag of goat-skin pleasant wine.
When in the coach the garments all were plac'd,
Nausicaa went up into her seat,
And with her took (when their toil should be past)
A cruse of oil to help wash off the sweat.

LIB. VI.

Ulysses fed and clothed by Nausicaa, &c.

Then out, with whip and reins in hand, did drive.
And then, with strained limbs and clatt'ring feet,
The mules soon at the river side arrive,
And pasture for them there was very sweet.
And there the mules first they unharnessed,
Then push'd them off to graze on the bank-side.
The clothes, in pits with water covered,
They tread, and who shall fastest tread they vied.
Then on the beach the garments wet they spread
Upon the cast up pebbles one by one.
Then washed they, and dried themselves, and fed,
And left the garments drying in the sun.
And after they with food were satisfied,
It came into their minds to play at ball,
And spend the time so till the clothes were dried.
The tune Nausicaa sung for them all.
As when upon Mount Erymanthus high
Or on Täygetus stands Artemis,
And many rural fair nymphs playing by.
But she than all the rest much taller is;
And the wild boars and harts delights to see,
But more her mother Leda to see her,
For though they fair were all, yet fairer she;
So shew'd Nausicaa and her maidens there.
And when 'twas time that they should homewards go,
And that the clothes into the coach were laid,
And mules set to, Athena thought on how
Ulysses should awake and see the maid,
And be conducted by her to the town.
Nausicaa then throws the ball and misses,
The ball into the river falleth down;
Then shout the maids. At that awak'd Ulysses,
And sitting up, unto himself he said,
Ay me, where am I now? 'Mongst men unjust,
And such as of the Gods are not afraid?
Or good and godly men, whom I may trust?
But female are the voices which I hear.
Are they some nymphs that haunt the mountains high,
Or keep the meadows green, or waters clear,
Or are they mortals whom I am so nigh?
But why go I not out myself and see?
Then with strong hand he wringed off a bough
With many leaves upon it from a tree,
To cover what became him not to show;
Then as a lion, confident and bold,
Howe'er it blow or rain, with fiery eyes
Comes from the mountain to a herd or fold,
And on the flock at last his fortune tries;
So came Ulysses boldly from the wood
Stark naked, forc'd to't by necessity,

Ulysses fed and clothed by Nausicaa, &c.

And in the presence of the maidens stood.
The sight was terrible and made them fly;
Nausicaa fled not, but hid her eyes.
Off stood Ulysses, with himself to weigh
Whether to speak from thence was the more wise,
Or else himself before her feet to lay.
To stay there right at last resolved he,
Lest she should take his coming near her ill:
Then said, O queen, I beg upon my knee
That you with patience hear my prayer will.
You are a Goddess, or of human race;
If Goddess, you can then no other be
Than Artemis, Jove's daughter. In your face
Such beauty is; in height such majesty.
If mortal, and of human race you be,
Thrice happy are your parents and your brothers,
How glad in the processions they will see,
How much they are more grac'd by you than others;
For such a branch I ne'er saw with my eyes
On mortal stock. To see't I am amazed.
But once a palm at Delus saw arise
In the same manner, and long on it gazed
(For that way went I once well followed,
Which the first cause was of my trouble sore);
And then, as I do now, I wondered,
For I had never seen the like before.
T' approach unto your knees I was afraid,
Or show myself. But such is my estate.
For twenty days upon the sea I stray'd,
And here in storms was thrown ashore by fate
From th' isle Ogygia last night, and fear
I am to suffer yet more misery,
And that the Gods will persecute me here.
And since my landing you the first I see;
Now pity me, O queen, and show me where
The city stands. And t' hide my nakedness,
Give me some rag if there be any here;
And may Jove you with all you wish for bless,
A husband and a house, and concord good;
For man and wife to live in unity
Is the great'st blessing can be understood:
It joys your friend, and grieves your enemy.
Nausicaa then speaks, and to him says,
You seem to be a good man and discreet,
But Jove on good and bad such fortune lays,
Happy or otherwise, as he thinks meet;
And since distress is fallen to your share,
You must contented be to suffer it.
But seeing to this place arriv'd you are,
You shall have raiment, and what else is fit.

LIB. VI.

Ulysses fed and clothed by Nausicaa, &c.

The city I will shew you, and the name
The people of this isle are called by;
Phœacians they are call'd. And I am
Daughter of him that has th' authority,
Alcinous, the king. And then she cried
Aloud unto the maids to make them stay;
Why, said she, run you so away and hide?
D' ye think the man will carry you away?
For why, no enemy can come in hither,
The Gods so with the sea have wall'd us in.
Nor stranger dwells here. But by evil weather
To come to land this man hath forced been;
Let's do him good. From Jove come beggars all,
And welcome to them is whate'er they get;
Our givings to him will be very small.
Go, therefore, set before him wine and meat,
And wash him in the river, in such part
As cover'd is from wind. And then they did
(When they had given one another heart)
Set him in such a place as they were bid;
And gave him th' oil to scour his skin withal.
And by him a good cloak and coat they laid,
And then they bade him to his washing fall.
Ulysses answer'd them, and to them said,
Stand further off, I pray, fair maids; for I
My body naked am asham'd to show.
Then stand they off, and tell their mistress why,
(For washing he must have put off his bough.)
Then washed he his head and shoulders wide,
And with his hand from's head strok'd down the brine,
And with the clothes that laid were by his side
Array'd himself, that comely were and fine.
Then Pallas to him came, and made him look
Taller and broader than he was before;
And from his hair the colour grey she took,
And made it like the hyacynthine flower.
As one by Vulcan or Athena taught,
Gold upon silver skilfully had spread;
So Pallas on Ulysses beauty wrought,
And graceful majesty upon his head;
Then sat he on the sands. Nausicaa
Then said unto her maidens, Do you hear,
How poor he look'd the first time we him saw,
And now how like a God he does appear;
And by the Gods, it may be, he was sent,
To dwell amongst the people of this place.
With such a husband I could be content
(If he would stay) and think it no disgrace,
Go, maids, and set before him wine and meat.
Away they went and did as she them bade;

Ulysses fed and clothed by Nausicaa, &c.

(And he fell to, and heartily did eat,
For long before he nothing eaten had);
Then harnessed the mules and set them to,
And folded and put up the garments all.
Nausicaa went up with maidens two,
And then unto Ulysses did she call,
Rise, stranger, to the city let us go,
That I may send you to my father's house,
Where all the best Phœacians you'll know:
But hear you (for I think you cautelous),
Whilst in the fields the coach is on the way,
Amongst my maidens follow it apace,
But when you see it near the city, stay;
And that you may well understand the place,
A tower there is, you'll see it, for 'tis high:
There, 'twixt two havens is a narrow way,
You'll see it by the masts, for ships there lie;
Near it the people meet o' th' market-day,
And there a temple fair of Neptune stands,
Of free-stone from the quarry hewn and fit;
For the Phœacians employ their hands
On shipping, and no other art but it.
For bows and arrows they care not a pin,
But for such things as serve to pass the seas,
Ships, cordage, oars, they take their pleasure in,
And spend their time and labour upon these.
I am afraid these men will censure me,
And say (for censurers are many here),
This handsome and tall fellow who is he,
That's with Nausicaa, from God knows where?
Where did she find him; must he marry her?
From some far country he is landed here,
Wand'ring by fortune, or a traveller;
For sure I am no such man dwelleth near.
May be some God from heaven descended is,
And to live with her always hither come,
So, then to wed a stranger better 'tis,
Since she thinks none is good enough at home;
For many seek her, and the best men here.
So will they say, and 'twill be to my shame;
For if another that had done it 'twere,
I should myself condemn her for the same;
For 'tis unseemly a fair maid to see,
That subject is t'her parents' government,
Converse with any man, unless she be
First married, or their parents give consent.
And, therefore, stranger, if you mean to be
Convoyed by my father to your home,
Do as I tell you. Near the way you'll see
A grove of poplars. When you thither come

LIB. VI.

Ulysses fed and clothed by Nausicaa, &c.

You'll find my father's vineyard, from the town
As far as one that hollas heard can be,
And when you thither come, there sit you down
Till at my father's house you think are we.
Then to the city go; ask where does dwell
Alcinous. For you shall meet with none,
Though but a child, but can inform you well;
So well his house is known to every one.
And there go in, and on, until you find
My mother. Whom you'll by the fire-side see
Spinning; and maids at the same work behind
The pillar under which sits working she.
My father's chair by the same pillar stands,
Where, when he drinketh, like a God he is.
Pass by it to my mother, and your hands,
If you mean to get home, lay on her knees.
If once her favour you can but obtain,
You need not fear, but you your friends shall see,
And to your house and country come again.
This said, her whip upon the mules laid she.
The mules start swiftly from the river side,
For nimble was the motion of their feet:
But she for those who went afoot, did guide
The swiftness of their pace as she thought meet.
When they were come t'Athena's sacred grove,
The sun went down; and there Ulysses staid
And to the Goddess, daughter of great Jove,
That he might good reception find, he pray'd.
Hear me, Jove's virgin daughter, hear me now,
Since still you did refuse to help me then,
When Neptune sought at sea my overthrow,
Grant that I may be welcome to these men.
Thus pray'd he, and was by Athena heard,
Though to him face to face she would not come,
But of her uncle Neptune was afeard,
That ne'er forgave him till he was at home.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. VII.

Alcinous entertains him, and grants him a convoy, and

WHILST there he pray'd, Nausicaa went on,
And stay'd her coach the outer gate without,
And like to Gods her brothers came each one,
From out the house and her stood round about.

both he and the lords give him presents.

The mules they freed, th' apparel they took in,
Nausicaa straight to her chamber went;
Eurymedusa made a fire therein;
Who, ta'en by rovers on the continent,
Was given to the king Alcinous,
That like a God was honour'd by the nation
Of the Phœacians at home. And thus
She of Nausicaa had th' education.
A fire she made her, and her supper brought.
Ulysses then into the city went,
Pallas of air had made him such a coat,
As he could not be seen; lest insolent
And sturdy townsmen should him mock and jeer,
Or ask him questions, who, what, or why.
But when he was unto the gate come near,
Pallas appeared to him openly,
Like a young maid with pail upon her head.
Ulysses then spake to her, and said thus:
Sweet pretty girl, will you be pleas'd to lead
Me to the house of king Alcinous?
For I a stranger come, and no man know,
Nor ever in my life was here before.
Yes, then said Pallas, I will you it show,
For 'tis the next unto my father's door.
Go softly, thus, and I will lead the way,
For our folk strangers do not well endure;
But in good ships their honour wholly lay,
And the wide sea to pass themselves inure:
For Neptune given to them has this gift,
That their good ships fly like to thought or wind.
This said, the Goddess led with motion swift;
And on her steps he treading went behind.
And through the people so he pass'd unseen.
For why, the Goddess Pallas, for good will,
A wondrous mist of air had wrapt him in.
Then looking at the house he there stood still.
The havens and the ships he wonder'd at;
The market-place, and walls so thick and high.
Then Pallas said, Alcinous' house is that.
There sup the king and queen now merrily.
Though you a stranger be, fear not, go in;
The bold than fearful always better speed.
And first of all the house you'll find the queen,
Arete is her name. Both from one seed
Descended are she and Alcinous,
In Perrhæa, child of Eurimedon.
The God o' th' seas begot Nausithous
Who two sons had; Alcinous was one,
The other was Rexenor, who no son
But one fair daughter only left behind.

LIB. VII.

Alcinous entertains him, &c.

Arete was her name. Besides her none.
Alcinous and she in wedlock join'd;
And he to her so much respect doth bear,
As no man living to a wife bears more,
And honour'd is by all her children dear.
The people like a Goddess her adore,
And bless her when she comes into the street;
And loving to them all is also she,
For a wise woman is she and discreet.
When they fall out she makes them to agree.
If you her favour can but once obtain,
You need not fear but you your friends shall see,
And safely to your country come again.
And when she this had said, away went she
O'er sea to Marathon in Attica,
T' Erectheus' house. And he now was to enter
Into the house. But long he laid the law
Unto himself before he would adventure.
Ent'ring he saw the walls lin'd round with brass,
And fring'd about with colour of the sky.
The door within golden all over was,
And all appear'd like heaven to the eye.
The door-posts silver, glorious to behold,
The lintle-tree upon them silver too;
The sill was brass, the ring to pull it, gold.
And by the door great dogs were standing two,
Of silver one, the other was of gold,
As watch before the royal gate to stay,
Immortal dogs that never can grow old.
And round about them all, thrones ev'ry way,
All cover'd with a dainty stuff and fine,
The work of women's hand. There us'd to eat
The king and lords, and drink and make good cheer.
His riches was a never-dying teat.
About the altar were set boys of gold,
That to the guests, as soon as it was night,
With burning torches they the light might hold;
For now the sun had borne away his light.
Fifty maid-servants were at work within.
Some at the mill were grinding wheat for bread,
And others with their distaffs sat to spin,
And others cloth were weaving with the thread;
Like to the leaves of a high aspen tree
Their fingers went. So much they did excel
In all the works, that taught by Pallas be,
The women that in other places dwell;
As do these men all other men surpass
In all things that belong to navigation;
For wit and art more Pallas given has
To them, than women of another nation.

Alcinous entertains him, &c.

Close by the house a dainty orchard is,
Four-square and fenc'd with hedge and pale about,
Of pear, pomegranate, apple, olive-trees,
And fig-trees. For the season ne'er goes out
Summer nor winter, for by Zephyrs some
Are made put forth, and others ripened;
Pears after pears, apples to apples come;
Grapes are by grapes, figs by figs followed;
And in it was the vineyard of the king.
Grapes in some places by the sun were dried,
In others staid till vintage ripening.
Upon some vines no flower yet was spied,
And grapes on some to blacken now began.
Green beds of herbs there were on ev'ry side,
And through it from two springs the water ran,
And to and fro the one did winding glide,
The other to the house his stream did bear,
And under ground was to the town convey'd,
And rose a fountain for the people there.
And when Ulysses had all this survey'd,
Then went he in, and found them in the hall
Sitting at supper, and to Mercury
There off'ring up of wine: which last of all
At bed-time men do offer usually.
And on he went up to the king and queen,
And both his hands upon her knee did lay.
Pallas had kept him in the mist unseen;
But thither come, the mist straight fell away.
Amaz'd they were when first they saw the man,
And like to men that had been stricken dumb.
Ulysses then t' Arete thus began:
O queen Arete, to your knee I come,
And to the king, and those that with you sit:
May the Gods grant you all much happiness,
Long life, and your possessions to transmit
T' your children, and your honours still possess;
And may you me send presently away
Unto my house: long absent I have been.
This said, he sat down by the fire. And they
Said nothing, such amazement they were in.
At last old Echineus spake, that knew
Both what in former times and now was fit:
O king Alcinous, is't good, think you,
To let the stranger in the ashes sit?
We silent sat to see what was your will;
Pray make him rise, and to a chair him bring,
And bid the squire to temper wine and fill,
That we to Jove may make our offering,
Who with poor strangers keepeth company;
And bid the maid before him set such meat

LIB. VII.

Alcinous entertains him, &c.

As she within has in her custody.
This said, Alcinous rose from his seat,
T' Ulysses went, and took him by the hand,
And to a chair him led, where sat his son
Laodamas, to whom he gave command
To give him place, although he loved none
So dearly as he lov'd Laodamas,
Who next unto him us'd to sit at meat.
Then by a maid brought in a bason was
And ewer of gold, to wash ere he did eat;
Another maid before him layed bread,
And other good things on his table laid,
And heartily thereon Ulysses fed.
Alcinous then to the squire said:
Temper the wine, Pontonous, that we
Wine-offering to Jove may offer up,
In whose protection all suppliants be,
And round about presented be the cup.
Then went about the wine from one to one;
And when the sacred offering was over,
Then said Alcinous: Since we have done,
Let's go to bed, and soon as we discover
Aurora rising, hither come again,
And make unto the Gods a sacrifice,
And this our stranger farther entertain,
And how to send him to his house advise,
That safely he may go, and joyfully,
And swiftly to the place where he would be,
How far soever hence his dwelling lie,
Nor on the sea delay or trouble see,
Until his native country he be at:
But what his fate is after he is there,
Be't good or evil, he must suffer that.
But if it be some God that sitteth here,
'Tis only our devotion t' approve;
For to that end Gods let themselves be spied,
To sit with men at holy feasts they love,
And not themselves in caves like giants hide.
To this Ulysses said: O king, lay by
That thought of yours. With Gods I'll not compare,
For body or for mind. Of misery
If man can boast, to boast 'mong them I dare;
For I more tokens can produce of woe
Than any man that shall with me contend,
Though all I tell not that I can. Yet so
I fain would of my supper make an end.
No creature is so fierce as is the gut,
And so loud barketh when it is forgot,
That out of mind it never can be put,
But will be heard whether one will or not.

Alcinous entertains Ulysses, &c.

So 'tis with me, that am afflicted sore,
Yet still my belly bids me eat and drink,
And forget all I had endured before,
And on my misery no more to think.
And so, since now I hunger to go home,
Forget not with a ship me to supply
To-morrow: for were I once thither come,
I could be well contented there to die.
When this was said, he was by all commended.
He speaks discreetly; let him then, said they,
A speedy conduct have. When all was ended,
The rest unto their houses went away.
Only Ulysses stay'd, and by him sate
The king and queen. Tables removed were,
And all that to the supper did relate;
The queen then marked what garments he did wear,
And that she and her maids had made them, knew.
Stranger, said she, who are you? whence? and more,
The garments you have on, of whom had you?
Had you them on, then, when you came ashore?
Grievous, said he, O queen, is your command,
That calls again, when past it is, my pain;
Yet will I answer make to this demand.
An island lieth far hence in the main,
Ogygia 'tis call'd; Calypso there,
The daughter fair of Atlas, lives alone,
Nor God nor man she has to dwell with her;
And I by fate upon that isle was thrown,
For Jove my good ship had with thunder split:
My fellows in the sea all perished,
But I the rudder had, and held by it:
And thus nine days and nights I wandered,
And thrown was on that isle the tenth, at night.
Calypso there received me, and fed;
And immortality have had I might,
If I had with her there inhabited.
But I to that would never give consent.
Yet there by force I stayed seven years,
For want of ship and men, in discontent,
Washing the clothes she gave me with my tears.
The eighth year come, she did my going press,
Whether by Jove's command I cannot say,
Or whether 'twere because she loved me less.
Then on a raft of trees I came away.
Bread and sweet wine upon the deck she laid,
And garments gave me fair, and a good wind;
And good for seventeen days the weather stay'd.
On th' eighteenth near your coast myself I find;
And glad I was, though still unfortunate,
For more I was to suffer by and by:

LIB. VII.

Alcinous entertains Ulysses, &c.

For Neptune rais'd against me, in his hate,
A storm of winds, with furious waves and high,
And then I forced was the raft to quit:
The trees asunder floated here and there,
The storm so broken had and scatter'd it.
Then swam I: 'gainst the rocks the waves me bear,
And falling off, they cast me back again.
Again I swam, and to the river came,
And there I saw the landing smooth and plain,
And from the wind defended was the same:
There landed I, half dead, and now 'twas night.
Then up I went and in a thicket lay,
Cover'd with leaves abundance, dry and light,
And slept till almost spent was the next day,
For then the sun was setting. There I hear
The voice of women playing by the brook;
And going out I saw your daughter there,
That like a Goddess come from heaven did look.
To her I made my prayer in this distress:
Wisely she answered, and beyond her age,
(For th' younger commonly consider less),
And gave me food my hunger to assuage.
Of her I had the garments I have on.
Nay, stranger, answered Alcinous,
'Twas in my child an indiscretion,
That she not brought you with her to my house.
To this Ulysses answered and said:
'Twas not her fault we came not both together:
She bade me, I would not; but was afraid
What you and they would think that saw me with her,
For jealous and mistrustful mortals be.
To this again Alcinous replied:
From such ill thoughts I always have been free.
O Jove and Pallas make you here abide;
Such are you, and our thoughts so well agree,
That you Nausicaa should have for bride,
If you would with me live here willingly,
And for your house and wealth I would provide.
But 'gainst your will I will not make you stay
(From such iniquity the Gods me keep);
To-morrow shall be ready your convey,
And till then go you to your bed and sleep.
And here be men, that, when the wind shall fail,
Can row you on how far soe'er you'll go;
Their hands can do as much as any sail,
Although beyond Eubœa they must row:
For farther no Phœacian ever went.
But thither once they carried Rhadamant,
Of Tityus to see the punishment,
Son of the earth, that terrible giant;

Alcinous enter tains Ulysses,&c.

Yet that long voyage cost them but a day
Going and coming all the way at ease.
But you yourself, when you are on the way,
Will see how stoutly our men plough the seas.
This said, Ulysses joyful was, and pray'd,
Make all this good, O father Jove, said he,
The glory of the king will be display'd,
And quickly in my country I shall be.
Whilst they together thus discoursing stay'd,
Arete bade the maids to make his bed,
And see fair purple rugs upon it laid,
And under them soft woolly blankets spread.
Then went away the maids into the porch,
And made his bed, and soon came back again,
And stood before Ulysses with a torch.
Come stranger, said they, all is ready. Then
Ulysses to his bed went willingly.
Alcinous in a room lay far within,
Where formerly he used was to lie,
That was prepared for him by the queen.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. VIII.

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, where he sees them contend in wrestling and other exercises, and, upon provocation, took up a greater stone than that which they were throwing, and overthrew them all; and how the king asked his name, his country, and his adventure.

Soon as Aurora was again espied,
The king Alcinous rose from his bed.
Up rose Ulysses and came to his side,
And to the public place the king him led,
To sit in counsel with his princes there;
And being there they sat together nigh.
Pallas the while, that did great favour bear,
T'Ulysses' welfare always had an eye,
In likeness of Alcinous his squire
(Who, by his office, did the counsel call)
Their favour for Ulysses to acquire,
Went through the streets, and there unto them all
Said one by one, Make haste. To counsel go.
A stranger, new come to the king, you'll see,
That like a God immortal is in show.
This said, unto the counsel house they flee.
And filled was the house, and ev'ry seat;
And of his person all admired the grace;
For Pallas made him had more tall and great,

LIB. VIII.

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, &c.

And laid more majesty upon his face.
To make him welcome to those men she meant,
And to gain him honour at their exercises
When they should put him to experiment.
Alcinous unto them then arises;
Hear, said he, princes of Phœacia,
This man (who 'tis, or whence, I cannot say)
Cast here ashore, till then I never saw.
Since 'tis our custom, grant him a convoy.
For no man yet unto my house did come,
By force of weather wandering on the main,
Lamenting and desiring to go home,
That can affirm he sought our help in vain.
Come then, let's launch a good new ship, and choose
Out two-and-fifty lusty youths to row;
And let them ready have their oars to use,
And to my house, when that's done, let them go.
And you the princes thither come with me,
That we may well the stranger entertain.
And let the singer too sent thither be,
To give us sometimes of his art a strain.
This said, the princes to his house he led.
The squire unto the house the singer sent.
The fifty-two, as they were ordered,
Down to the haven where the ship lay went.
The ship they launch, and up they set the mast;
And then the yards and sails they hoisted high;
Their oars, where they be placed should, they plac'd.
This done they let her in the water lie.
Then also to the house these men went up.
The porches, court, and rooms with men were fill'd,
Some old, some young. The king to make them sup,
Two kine, eight swine, and twice six fat sheep kill'd.
These flay'd and dress'd, and to the tables brought,
Came in the singer, whom the muses kind
Had taught to sing divinely; but, could not
Or would not him preserve from being blind.
Pontonous the squire then led him in,
And set him by a pillar in the hall,
And hung his fiddle o'er him on a pin,
And how to reach it showed him withal:
Sets him a table and a basket by,
And a great bowl of wine before him plac'd,
To drink as often as he should be dry.
And when their thirst and hunger was displac'd,
The singer sung the song in most request,
How once Ulysses and Achilles great
In high and bitter language did contest,
When at a sacred feast they sate at meat;
And how king Agamemnon pleased was,

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, &c.

To see the two best of the Greeks fall out.
For Phœbus told him so 'twould come to pass,
When he at Pythos asked him about
The issue of the fleet design'd for Troy.
This song Demodocus sung to them then;
Which to Ulysses was of little joy;
But he his tears to hide before those men,
Before his eyes his cloak of purple drew,
And when the singer ceas'd, his eyes he dried,
And from before his face his cloak withdrew,
And of the wine perform'd the sacrifice.
And when the lords call'd for the song anew,
(For they to hear him took no small delight),
His cloak again before his eyes he drew,
And as before again he sobb'd and sigh'd.
Alcinous, none else, observed it,
And well enough could hear him sigh and groan;
For he the nearest there did to him sit,
And would not to the princes make it known.
But speaking to them all said only this:
Since you with feasting are well satisfied,
And music (which to feasts annexed is),
Let now our men's activity be tried,
That when the stranger is where he doth dwell,
He to his friends and countrymen may tell
How much we do all other men excel
At wrestling, buffets, leaping, running well.
Then went the king and princes out a door;
The squire then took the singer by the hand,
And hung the fiddle where it hung before,
And him led out amongst the rest to stand.
Unto the place they went; and follow'd were
By people numberless the sports to see;
And many lusty youths amongst them there,
Stood out to show their great ability.
Out stood Elatreus and Acroneus,
Eretmeus, Thoon, Nautes, and Prymneus,
Ambasineus and Amphialus,
Proteus, and Ponteus, and Anchialus;
Otyalus, warlike Euryalus,
And he that of them most their eye did please,
(Except the first son of Alcinous),
For countenance and shape, Naubolides,
And then Alcinous his three sons rise,
Laodamas, Halius, Clitoneus.
And first they all contended for the prize
Of who at running could his feet best use.
Then start they all at once, and swiftly run
As if they flew. And here the victory
The king's son noble Clytoneus won,

LIB. VIII.

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, &c.

And pass'd them all a land's length very nigh.
Euryalus at wrestling was the best.
Amphialus at leaping victor was.
Elatreus surpassed all the rest
To throw the stone. At cuffs Laodamas.
When all was done Laodamas up stood.
Come friends, said he, let us the stranger try
If he at any of these games be good;
For in his person no defect I spy.
His thighs, his knees, his arms, his neck, are strong,
Nor over aged yet he seems to me;
Only he hath endured the sea so long,
As for that cause he may excused be.
For than the sea nothing more potent is
To break a man how strong soe'er he be.
Go, said Euryalus, 'tis not amiss
T'invite him to it, and his mind to see.
Then to Ulysses said Laodamas,
Come, stranger, father, pray, your virtue show;
'Tis no dishonour for you in this place
To show your skill at any game you know,
As long as feet and hands continue strong.
Come, try, and cast your careful thoughts away:
Your convoy ready is. 'Twill not be long
Before you shall be set upon your way.
Laodamas, then said Ulysses, why
To these your games invite you me in scorn,
Upon whose heart so many sorrows lie,
And am to nothing with much hardship worn,
And publicly a suppliant now sit,
And to the king and people grief profess?
Think you that pastimes for such men are fit,
As from their country wander in distress?
Then spake Euryalus, uncivilly:
No, no, said he, I do not think you are
Much us'd to pastimes of activity,
But rather one that of a ship takes care,
That merchantmen from place to place conveys,
And mindful of your fraught are, and can tell
Which are to sudden wealth the nearest ways,
What merchandise will not, and what will sell,
And in such boisterous games has little skill.
Ulysses frowning on him then replied:
My friend, such words are indiscreet and ill.
The Gods the gifts as they think fit divide.
To one, of beauty they deny the grace,
But give him language steady and discreet,
Whereby he honour'd is i' th' public place,
And men gaze on him going in the street.
T'another they have giv'n a fair aspect,

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, &c.

Like that o' th' Gods, but have denied him wit.
So find I in your person no defect;
Only you want the grace to say what's fit.
Your words have put me into passion.
In these your games you say no skill have I.
I thought myself interior to none,
Whilst on my youth and hands I could rely.
But tamed now my strength is with much woe,
Wandering at sea, and often hurt in fight.
Yet of your games I'll make a trial so,
Weak as I am. So much your words me bite.
This said, he took up a much greater stone
Than that which the Phœacians had flung,
Now hollow as a quoit, his cloak still on.
And when above his head he had it swung,
Swiftly away the stone flew with a hum,
Which made the brave Phœacian seamen couch,
As o'er their heads they heard it singing come,
And outwent all the other marks by much.
For Pallas in the likeness of a man
Did set a mark at where the stone did light,
And said the difference be discerned can
By feeling, though a man had lost his sight.
And to Ulysses said he, Do not fear
That any man i' th' town shall out-throw this.
Ulysses very glad was this to hear,
And that amongst them stood one friend of his.
Then of himself began to speak more high.
Come youths, throw first as far as I have done,
And then as far or further throw will I.
And for the other games come any one,
Since your sharp words provok'd me have thereto,
Buffets, or wrestling, or to run the race,
And see if you at these can me out-do,
Any of you except Laodamas.
For I to him have come as to a friend
Of whom I hope for succour in my need.
He were a fool that with him would contend,
Without whose help his business cannot speed.
But of the rest not any I refuse;
And will contend with them for mastery.
For I know all the games the best men use.
To use the bow none abler is than I.
When many of us had a mind to kill
Some noted foe, and all at once did shoot,
Though every one of us had the same will,
My arrow was the first that found him out.
At Ilium in trials of the bow
None found I better than myself but one;
'Twas Polyctetes. Of those that are now

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, &c.

I think myself inferior to none.
With those of former time I'll not compare,
As Hercules, or Eurytus that durst
Challenge Apollo. Apollo took a care
That prize should not be play'd, and kill'd him first.
As far as other men can shoot an arrow,
So far I able am to dart a spear.
But lodging I have had at sea so narrow,
That I may be out-run by some man here.
So said Ulysses; and all silent sat
Except the king, who thus unto him said:
Stranger, there's no man here offended at
The words you say. For open you have laid
Your virtue, when you were thereto constrain'd
By the unjust reproaches of this man.
For such it is as by none can be stain'd,
But those that nothing say discreetly can.
And hear me farther what I have to say,
That t'other heroes you the same may tell,
Who with you and your wife shall feasting stay,
In what from other men we bear the bell.
For cuffs and wrestling, not much praise we merit,
But our good ships and fleets are wondrous swift.
And these gifts from our fathers we inherit,
Dance, song, feasts, fiddle, and of garments shift,
And baths, and beds. Dance you that dance the best
Before the stranger, that his friends among
He may say how much we exceed the rest
Of men, in ships, in running, dance, and song.
Fetch out the fiddle. Then the squire went in
To fetch the fiddle. And the judges rise,
In number nine, who had elected been
By public vote, of games to hold assize;
And order took for large room in the middle,
And made it to be planed well and even.
When this was done, then brought out was the fiddle,
And by the squire was to the singer given.
Then came the young men that had learnt to dance,
And of their age were yet but in the flower,
And to the middest of the place advance.
Their feet play up and down like drops in show'r;
Such sparkling feet Ulysses ne'er had seen.
The singer as he played sung the song
Of Mars and Venus, and what love had been
Held secretly between them all along;
And how in Vulcan's house they used to meet;
And what he gave her; how the prying Sun,
As they embrac'd each other, chanc'd to see't,
And told her husband Vulcan what was done.
How Vulcan to his forge in anger went,

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, &c.

And on his anvil hammer'd out strong chains,
Which neither could be broken, nor relent;
And when he made an end had of his pains,
Into the chamber went where stood his bed.
His net o' th' bed-posts, and the beams he threw,
Like spider-webs about a chamber spread;
And then to go to Lemnos made a show.
So subtle were the chains and finely wrought,
They could by none, although a God, be seen.
How Mars to watch his going failed not.
When Vulcan was gone out, then Mars went in.
How Venus entered in, new come from Jove,
And by him sate. Mars took her by the hand,
And to her said, Let's go to bed, my love.
Vulcan is now at Lemnos gone a land.
And how they went to bed and made the net
Fall down upon, and hold them as they lay.
And how they knew no way from thence to get,
But must till Vulcan came to free them stay.
How Vulcan from hard by came quickly in;
For back he came before he was half way:
For by the Sun advertis'd he had been,
And angrily turn'd back without delay;
And roaring to the Gods, he said, D'ye see
What work is here, and how unseemly 'tis?
And how Jove's daughter does dishonour me,
Because my limbs are maim'd, and whole are his?
I grant he's fair, nor doth as I do halt;
Ought she to love him therefore more than me?
For that my parents' is, and not my fault.
But come, ye Gods all, and their posture see;
I hate the sight, yet they must not therefore
Hope e'er the sooner for that, to be free.
The net will suffer them to move no more,
How keen soever on their love they be;
And till her father shall the dow'r repay
Which for the girl, although incontinent,
I paid him down, 'cause fair she was and gay,
There they shall lie. This said, the Gods straight went
To Vulcan's house. Neptune and Mercury,
And with them, with his silver bow, Apollo,
And many others. But (for modesty)
No Goddess could persuaded be to follow.
As soon as they perceived had the craft,
Which standing in the door they had survey'd;
At first aloud they altogether laugh,
And by-and-by to one another said,
I see that evil works do ill succeed.
The slow has gotten of the swift the better;
Vulcan of Mars the God of greatest speed,

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, &c.

And that by arts which make his ransom greater.
And how Apollo did the question put
To Mercury, if he content would be
In such strong chains with Venus to be shut,
While all the Gods are standing by and see.
How Hermes said, O Phœbus, that I were
In Mars his place, and did with Venus lie,
And thrice as many chains about us there,
Though all the Gods and Goddesses stood by.
And how the Gods at this laugh'd out again,
Save Neptune only, who did never cease
T'importune Vulcan and his wrath restrain,
And that he would the God of war release;
And that himself would pay him what was due
If Mars did not. How Vulcan said again,
If Mars should fly, shall I imprison you?
Unsure the suretyship is of fled men.
And that again Neptune replying said,
Though Mars should run away, yet I will not.
And how that Vulcan at the last obey'd,
And Mars and Venus out of prison got,
And he to Thrace went, but to Cyprus she;
Where she a temple and an altar had,
And by the Graces that her servants be
Bath'd and anointed was and Godlike clad.
These of the merry song were the contents.
Ulysses was well pleased with the same;
And of the rest delighted was the sense.
Alcinous then called out by name
Laodamas and Halius to dance.
None else for either of them was a match.
And they into the midst themselves advance
The one to throw a ball, th' other to catch.
One threw't up high, reclining on his hip;
The other of the same the downfall watch'd,
And taking from the ground a lusty skip,
His feet above ground, in the air it catch'd.
When this was done, they laid aside the ball,
And danc'd with often changes on the ground;
Applauded much by the spectators all,
Who with their praises made the place resound.
O king, then said Ulysses, what you said
Of how your men pass all the world beside
In noble dance, can never be gainsaid.
I see it to my wonder justified.
The king well pleased to the princes spake:
A worthy man the stranger seems to me;
Let's think upon what present him to make.
Twelve princes in Phœacia there be,
And I the thirteenth am. Let's ev'ry one

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, &c.

Bestow on him a handsome cloak and coat,
Besides a talent of pure gold. That done,
Let it be altogether to him brought,
That he at supper may sit cheerfully.
And you, Euryalus, go speak him fair,
For what you said before was injury;
Go therefore with some gift your fault repair.
This said, to fetch the gifts they sent the squire.
Then said Euryalus, O king, since 'tis,
That also I present him, your desire;
I will for reconcilement give him this
My sword, with scabbard all of ivory,
And silver hilt. The present is not poor.
And giving it: O father, though, said he,
I said amiss, pray think upon't no more;
And may the Gods restore you to your land,
Since absent from your friends you live in pain.
Ulysses took the sword into his hand,
And to Euryalus thus said again:
And you, my friend, may you still happy be,
And of this sword for ever need have none,
Which reconciling you have given me.
And as he speaking was he put it on.
The sun now set, the king no longer tarried,
But with the lords went to his house to sup.
Along with them the squires the presents carried
Unto the queen Arete to lay up.
Alcinous then said unto the queen,
Let a fair chest be straightway hither brought,
And for the stranger see there be laid in
A comely and well-wash'd cloak and coat,
And of warm water let a bath stand by,
That washing he may see the presents there,
And sit at supper the more joyfully,
And hearken to the song with better cheer;
And I will give him this my cup of gold,
That off'ring up unto the Gods the wine,
As often as he doth the cup behold,
He may both for his own health pray and mine.
This said, the maids, commanded by the queen,
Set up a cauldron with a triple foot,
Then make fire under, and pour water in.
Keen was the fire, and soon the water hot.
Meanwhile the queen came in, and with her brought
A curious chest, and into it laid in
The gold, and with it every cloak and coat,
That by the princes given him had been.
And then unto Ulysses said, Take care
You bind it fast, lest you be robb'd by one
Or other, whilst aboard you sleeping are,

LIB. VIII.

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, &c.

Lest anything should missing be and gone.
And when she thus had him admonished,
Ulysses of the chest pull'd down the lid,
And girt it with a cord of various thread,
Thereby to know if any it undid,
For that trick he by Circe taught had been.
A woman then unto Ulysses said,
There stands your bath, which way you please go in.
Then went he in, and not a little joy'd;
For after he had left Calypso's house,
Warm and sweet water he had never seen,
But roll'd by Neptune always was in souse,
But had with her carefully treated been.
When him the maids wash'd and anointed had,
Out from the bath he came amongst the men,
With a clean cloak and comely garments clad.
To th' door the bright Nausicaa came then,
And to Ulysses said, Stranger, farewell,
And may you safely at your land arrive;
Remember that into my hand you fell,
And owe to me that you were kept alive.
O, said Ulysses, daughter of the king,
To you the ransom of my life is due,
And if the Gods me to my country bring,
As to a Goddess I will pray to you.
This said, he went and sat down by the king.
And now the meat in messes some divided,
Others the lusty wine were tempering,
And by a squire the singer in was guided,
And at a pillar in the midst made sit.
Ulysses half a chine of pork and fat
Cuts off, and in the squire's hands putteth it,
And said unto him, Give the singer that;
Singers through all the world have reputation,
And well respected be in ev'ry land;
The Muses teach them song, and love the nation.
Then went the squire and put it in his hand;
Demodocus receiv'd it and was glad.
Then fell they to the meat before them laid.
When thirst and hunger overcome they had,
Unto the singer then Ulysses said:
Demodocus, you all men else excel.
The Muses sure did teach you, or it was
Phœbus himself. For you have sung so well
The acts that did 'twixt Grecks and Trojans pass,
And all related that they did at Troy,
Or suffer'd there, or when they homeward came,
As if yourself beheld had their annoy,
Or had from some spectator heard the same.
Stand forth and sing now of the horse of wood

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, &c.

Made by Epeius, but by Pallas help'd,
Stuff'd by Ulysses full of warriors good,
Which in Troy town destruction to it whelp'd:
If this you sing in order as 'twas done,
I'll make the world with your just praises ring.
Then at the Gods Demodocus begun,
And how the fleet went off the shore did sing;
And how they fir'd their tents; and how the lords
Of Greece i' th' council of the Trojans sate,
Inclos'd and hidden in the horse of boards,
That by the Trojans was fetch'd in in state.
The Trojans sitting round about debate,
And many a foolish speech they uttered,
And on three points they there deliberate,
And voted what the Gods determined.
The three points which were most insisted on,
Were, whether they should cut the horse in twain,
Or throw it down the rock it stood upon,
Or let it, to appease the Gods, remain.
I' th' end they all resolved on the last.
For by the Fates it was determined
That Ilium should then be layed waste,
When o'er its walls a great horse entered,
And in his belly brought the enemy.
And how the Argives from the horse came out,
How divers ways they went and cruelly
Killed and burned as they went about.
Ulysses then, like Mars, with Menelaus
Unto Deiphobus together hie,
And for awhile there sharp the battle was,
But to Ulysses fell the victory.
This sung Demodocus. And then upon
Ulysses' cheeks the tears ran down apace.
As when in fight a woman looketh on,
And sees her husband fallen on the place,
That fought had for his town and children dear;
There sprawleth he, she o'er him falls and cries,
But back and shoulders is well basted there,
And carried captive by the enemy.
As wofully as then this woman wept,
So wofully Ulysses now sheds tears;
But from the king it was not secret kept,
Who sitting next him all his groaning hears.
And speaking to the princes sitting by,
Let us, said he, Demodocus release,
His song not pleaseth all the company;
It makes the stranger's sorrow to increase,
And brings some grief or other to his mind.
Then let him hold; that we and he together
May in this meeting equal pleasure find.

LIB. VIII.

The next day's entertainment of Ulysses, &c.

The cause we met here was his coming hither,
That we might give him gifts and send him hence.
A guest is as a brother to be used,
As all men know that but pretend to sense.
And you, my guest, you cannot be excus'd,
If you not answer truth to all I ask.
Say what's the name your parents call you by?
You must no longer now keep on your mask,
Children new-born not long unnamed lie;
Tell me your land and city where it is,
That my good ship may know where you would be,
For in Phœacia no steersman is,
Nor rudder as in other ships you see;
Whither men bid them go they understand,
And pass in clouds concealed o'er the main,
And where the havens be in every land.
No fear they have of perishing or pain,
And yet my father to me once did say,
That with our convoys Neptune was offended,
And that one day our good ship to destoy
As it returned homewards he intended,
And from men hide our city with a hill.
But whether that shall be performed now,
I cannot tell. It lies in Neptune's will,
And not concerneth you at all to know.
But tell me now what lands you wand'ring saw,
What nations, and what cities you came to;
What kind of people, civil, or without law;
Civil or kind to strangers, godly or no.
When you heard sung the woful fate of Troy,
Why did you weep? The Gods that built the town
Decreed thereat much people to destroy,
And that their fate should be sung up and down.
Lost you some kinsmen there or near ally,
Which might in time of danger you bestead?
Or some good friend? A wise friend standing by
Is worth a kinsman in a time of need.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. IX.

Ulysses relates, first, what befel him amongst the Cicones at Ismarus. Secondly,

To this Ulysses said: Renowned king
Alcinous, methinks delightful 'tis
To sit as we do here, and hear one sing,
And specially so good a voice as this.

amongst the Lotophagi. Thirdly, how he was used by the Cyclops Polyphemus.

I, for my part, do never more rejoice,
Than when I see men sitting at their meat
Cheerful, and list'ning to a pleasant voice,
And see the cups go often and retreat.
This is a thing that I love best; but you
Had rather hear the dangers I have pass'd,
Which fright me yet, and do my pain renew.
But which shall I tell first? which next? which last?
For they be many. First my name I'll tell,
And place, that whensoe'er you thither come
You may there lodge, although far off I dwell,
And am uncertain of my getting home.
I am Ulysses Laertiades,
And far and wide I am reputed wise
'Mongst men that love subtile conveyances,
And known I am by fame up to the skies.
My place is Ithaca, in which is store
Of wool. Mount Neriton is cloth'd with wood,
A goodly hill; and many islands more
Lie close about it, yielding store of food.
Dulichium, Same, and the woody Zant,
On th'east of Ithaca are situate.
Another island, which is called Ant,
Lies westward of it, but is low and flat.
Rocky is Ithaca, and uneven ground;
But breedeth able men. Nor have I known
The man that to his own mind ever found
A country that was better than his own.
From mine Calypso kept me in a cave,
T' have been her husband; so did Circe too:
But neither of them my consent could have,
So much could love of my own country do;
For though far off I might have better land,
Yet should I from my kindred absent live.
But now 'tis time to let you understand
What passage to me Jove was pleas'd to give.
From Troy to Ismarus we first were blown,
Within an isle, Cicons the natives are;
And soon we plundered and burnt the town,
And of the plunder each man had his share.
The wives we prisoners made, and to the sword
We put the men: and then without delay
I did command them all to go aboard;
But they, fools as they were, would not obey:
For they to kill, eat, drink, themselves apply,
Beeves, sheep, and wine, which they had on the beach.
Cicons meanwhile to Cicons so loud cry,
That to the continent their voices reach;
And presently came others, numberless
As leaves in summer; stout and men of skill,

LIB. IX.

Ulysses relates his adventures.

To fight on horseback with much readiness,
Or else on foot, according as they will.
Jove had decreed us mischief, and the hour
Was come: and just before our ships we fought,
Spears were our weapons, which with all our power
We lanced on both sides with courage stout.
Whilst the sun mounted we resisted well,
But after noon they pressed us so sore,
That with the falling sun our courage fell;
And then in haste we thrust our ships from shore.
From out of every ship six men we lost:
And then with heavy hearts our sails we hoist,
And grieved for our fellows left the coast;
But first to ev'ry of them called thrice
Whom slain by th' enemy we left behind.
Then Jove with clouds both land and water veils,
And night came on us with a furious wind
From the north part of heaven, and tore our sails
In threes and fours, and all our ships were tost
Hither and thither, sideways with their blasts,
And one another's way hindered and crost.
Then took we in our sails, and down our masts,
For fear of death, and laid them on the decks,
And with our oars rowed our ships to land;
Two nights and days we staid, while grief did vex
Each mind, and labour tired had each hand.
But when the morn had led forth the third day,
We then set sail, and left their course to th' wind;
The which (we sitting still) did them convey
According as the steersmen had design'd.
And I had safely come to Ithaca,
Had not the north wind with the tide o' th' sea,
When I was come to th' Cape of Malea,
Forc'd us without the isle of Cytherē.
The horrid winds now found me on the main,
And toss'd me into one another's hand.
Nine days together I endur'd this pain;
Upon the tenth they cast me on a land
Where dwell a people call'd Lotophagi,
That have and live upon a fruit full sweet
I' th' continent. We went ashore; there I
Made them take in fresh water for the fleet.
Then having quickly supp'd, I chose out two
Of my companions to go and see
What men they were; with them I sent also
A third, who went as messenger from me.
They quickly went; but mingled with those men,
Who meant no harm, but gave them lote to eat,
Which made them hate returning back again,
And suddenly their country to forget:

And with the people there resolv'd to stay,
Forgetting home for love of lote. But I
Sent those that quickly fetched them away
By force, and under hatches did them tie.
The rest I bade unto their ships to haste,
Lest eating lote they should return no more.
Aboard they quickly come, and each one plac'd
In order, beats the grey sea with his oar.
Then to the land of Cyclopses we row,
Men proud and lawless, that rely for food
Upon the sky, and neither plant nor plough;
Yet have they barley, wheat, wine very good,
Unplough'd, unsown, fetch'd up by show'rs of rain.
They have no courts of counsel, nor of right.
On high huge hills themselves they entertain,
And in their rocky bellies pass the night.
Each man gives law to his own wife and brood:
Nor do they much for one another care.
Before the port an isle lies clad with wood,
Not very near, nor from it very far.
Wild goats in great abundance were therein:
Because there dwelt no man that might them kill,
Nor wretched hunters ever enter in,
To tire themselves running from hill to hill.
For the good ship with the vermilion cheeks
The Cyclopses have not, nor art to make
All that is needful for a man that seeks
Trade, and to pass the seas must undertake.
The island else they quickly might adorn.
The land is good; to th' sea sweet meadows lie,
And plentifully would yield wine and corn,
If it were helped with good husbandry.
Anchors and cables in the port needs none,
Nor any rope to tie the ship to land;
And when the master thinks fit to be gone,
With the first wind they take the oar in hand.
Within the entrance riseth a sweet spring
From out a cave, shaded with poplars tall;
Thither to shore our ships we safely bring.
Some God was guide. Nothing we saw at all.
Dark night it was, and nothing to be seen;
The air about us thick, and from the sky
The moon could not shine through the clouds between;
Nor waves, nor isle appear'd to any eye.
Then took we in our sails, and went to land,
And waited for the coming of the day,
And in the mean time slumbered on the sand;
But when we saw appear the morning gay,
Admiring th' isle, we walked to and fro,
Whilst the nymphs (sprung from Jove Ægiochus)

LIB. IX.

Ulysses relates his adventures.

Refreshment on my soldiers to bestow,
Down from the mountain brought the goats to us.
And presently from out our ships we take
Our bows and arrows keen and came away,
And of our company three troops we make;
Then shooting, soon we had a lovely prey.
Our ships were twelve, to which they equally
Divide the spoil; for every ship had nine,
Save only mine had ten: then merrily
All day we sit and feast on flesh and wine;
For we had wine enough as yet unspent,
Of that we got and brought away with us,
Which ev'ry man had into budgets pent,
Then when we took the town of Ismarus.
Close by we saw the land of Cyclopses,
And smoke, and heard the voice o'th'men, and sheep
And goats. 'Twas night, and on the sand o'th'sea
Ourselves till morning we refreshed with sleep.
But when the rosy morning 'gan t'appear,
My fellows I together call'd, and spake:
You, my companions, by the ships stay here;
I with my ship and crew will undertake
A trial of this people, whether wild,
And proud, and insolent their nature be,
Or whether they be men of nature mild,
Godly, and loving hospitality.
This said, I went aboard, and bade my crew
Embark themselves. Aboard they quickly come,
And sitting each man in his order due,
With stroke of oar they made the gray sea foam.
Arriv'd, we of a cavern saw the door,
Both high and wide, and sheep and goats there lay
Abundance sleeping. It was shaded o'er
With boughs that downward grew of laurel gay.
Before it was a court well fenced with stone,
And lusty oaks, and many a pine tree high.
I' th' cave a giant lodged, who used alone
His sheep to feed, no other Cyclops nigh.
It was a huge and ugly monster, and
Look'd not unlike a rocky mountain's head
That does 'mongst other hills asunder stand,
With a great perriwig of trees o'erspread.
Then bade I my companions to stay
And guard the ship, save that by lot a dozen
I took of them along with me, and they,
By chance, were the same men I would have chosen.
With me I took a goatskin full of wine,
Pleasant and strong, by Maron given me,
Evanthes son, priest to Phœbus divine,
At Ismarus, to save his family,

Fearing the God in whose grove he did live;
For which s'ven talents of pure beaten gold,
And a large silver bowl he did me give
Freely, besides twelve budgets of wine old,
Pure, pleasant, precious drink it was, which none
Knew of besides himself, his wife and maid;
Of the men servants that he kept, not one.
Which, when he drank, he usually allay'd
With water pure, full twenty times as much;
And when a man so temper'd had his cup,
Yet still the fragrant smell thereof was such,
He hardly could forbear to drink it up.
This goatskin I took with me in a case,
Expecting of some great and ghastly man,
That knew not law, nor right, to see the face;
And landing, quickly to the den we ran.
We entered in, but did not find him there;
But gaze we did at every thing with wonder:
Shelves full of cheese, as much as they could bear,
Pens full of sheep and goats, each sort asunder,
Old, younger, youngest; all vessels to the brim,
Pans, trays, and milking pails were full of whey.
My men desir'd me not to stay for him,
But make what haste I could to get away,
And take some of his cheeses from the shelves,
And sheep from out the pens, and then to go,
And setting up our sails to save ourselves.
But I would not, though 'thad been better so.
But I desired to see the man, and try
If from him some good gift I might obtain;
But they with fear were ready for to die,
And could not think upon him but with pain.
Then kindled we a fire, and kill'd and fed
On flesh and cheese, and for his coming staid.
He came, and a great burden carried
Of wither'd boughs, which at the door he laid.
His supper with this wood he meant to dress,
And threw it down with such a hideous noise,
As frighted us to th' innermost recess
O' th' cave; there lay we, and suppress our voice.
Into the cave he comes, he and his flock,
All that was milch; the males he left without,
Rams and he goats, and the door with a rock
Stops up, which two-and-twenty carts scarce mought
Bear above ground, and then to milking fell;
But first he sets unto each ewe her lamb,
In order due, to see them suckled well,
And each young goat he puts under her dam.
Half of the milk he turned to curds, and put
Them into wicker baskets to set up:

LIB. IX.

Ulysses relates his adventures.

The other half he into tankards put,
For drink to serve him when he was to sup.
When he had ended all his business,
He made a fire, and thereby spied us out.
What are you, says he, whence d' ye cross the seas?
Is it on business, or d' ye rove about
As pirates walk at sea, to and agen,
And are content to set their lives at stake,
So they may mischief do to other men?
Our hearts dismayed before, this language brake.
We fear'd his hollow voice, and body great;
But yet I made him answer, and said thus:
We are Achæans, making our retreat
Homewards from Troy, but winds have forced us
Upon this coast (for Jove would have it so.)
We are a part of Agamemnon's bands,
Whose glory for his sacking Troy is now
Renown'd both far and wide throughout all lands.
And now ourselves we prostrate at your feet,
Hoping for some good thing as visitants,
Such as all men have commonly thought meet;
Or, for the Gods' sake, as to suppliants.
As suppliants we before you here do lie,
With whom, and strangers, Jove still goes along;
He is the God of hospitality,
To punish whosoever does them wrong.
Thus I. But he replied with fell intent:
Stranger, thou art a fool, or com'st from far,
That counsel'st me to fear the punishment
Of Jove, or for the blessed Gods to care.
The Cyclopses care not at all for Jove
Ægiochus, or any other Gods.
For why, we stronger are than those above;
And if we strength compare, we have the odds.
No, no, 'tis not the fear of Jupiter
Can me from thee, or these with thee, restrain,
Unless I please. But tell me truly where
The ship that brought you rides, and do not feign.
This was to sound me. But I saw his mind,
And a deceitful answer did intend.
My ship was wreck'd by Neptune, and by wind
Thrown 'gainst the rocks at the land's furthest end,
Where all besides myself and these were drown'd.
To this he answer'd nothing, nor said more,
But snatching up a couple from the ground,
Knocks out their brains, like whelps against the floor;
Then cuts them into joints, and on them fed;
Nor did he flesh, or bone, or entrails leave,
Like hungry lion on the mountains bred.
Then weep we, and to Jove our hands upheave

Ulysses relates his adventures.

To see such work, and have no remedy.
When he with human flesh his belly deep
Had fill'd, and drunk the milk that stood him by,
He laid himself along amongst his sheep,
And slept. And then I saw I might him slay:
'Twas but to draw my good sword from my side,
And gently on his breast my hand to lay,
And to the hilt my sword in's body hide.
Upon new thoughts that purpose I gave o'er,
For certainly it had destroyed us quite;
So great the stone was that lay on the door,
That to remove it was past all our might.
So there we sighing stay'd for day: and when
The rosy-finger'd morning did appear,
He made a fire, and milk'd his flock again,
And the young kids and lambs new suckled were.
When all his work was at an end and past,
Two more of my companions he takes,
And on those two he quickly breaks his fast,
And for his flock the way he open makes.
For easily he took the stone away,
And then again with no less ease he did
Set up the same, and in its right place lay,
Than of a quiver one would do the lid.
His flock with noise he drives up to the hills,
And in the den leaves us to meditate
How to revenge, with Phœbus' help, our ills.
At last within my breast this counsel sate.
Near one o' th' pens there lay an olive-tree,
Straight, and the boughs cut off, which, when 'twas dried,
Designed was a walking staff to be
Of the great Cyclops; which when we espied,
Of some good ship we thought might be the mast,
Or of a bark of twenty oars or more,
That Neptune's rugged waters might have pass'd
With a great burthen safe from shore to shore.
Of this a fathom I cut off, and gave it
To my companions to taper it:
They smooth'd and taper'd it as I would have it,
I sharpened it at point as I thought fit.
Then in the fire the same I hard'ned well,
And laid it by with dung all cover'd o'er,
Which in the cave from so much cattle fell;
For sheep and goats there always was good store.
From all my company who did not fear
To help me thrust this bar into his eye,
I took out four by lot, and such they were
As I myself did wish; and fifth was I.
At evening he returneth with his sheep,
Into the hollow cave he brings them all:

LIB. IX.

Ulysses relates his adventures.

Without, he neither sheep nor goat did keep,
By presage, or upon some heav'nly call.
Then with the stone the cave's mouth up he dams,
And milks his she-goats and his ewes each one,
And suckles all his young kids and his lambs.
But after he his work had fully done,
Another couple of my men he took.
Then having in my hand an ivy can
Of good black wine, I thus unto him spoke:
Cyclops, since you have eaten flesh of man,
Here, drink this good black wine upon't, and see
What excellent good drink we had aboard,
Whereof I've hither brought a taste to thee,
Hoping you will some kindness me afford,
And some assistance in our voyage home;
But so intolerably furious
You are, that no man will dare near you come,
Knowing how cruel you have been to us.
When I had said, the good wine he drank up,
And was extremely pleased with the same;
And straightway calling for another cup,
Tell me, quoth he, right now what is thy name;
And I will give thee that shall please thy heart.
We Cyclopses have vines that yield good wine,
Which from the earth by rain from heaven start;
But this some branch of nectar is divine.
When he had said, I gave him wine again;
Three times I fill'd the can, and he as oft
Drank't off. But when it came up to his brain,
Then spake I to him gentle words and soft:
Cyclops, since you my name desire to know,
I'll tell it you, and on your word rely.
My name is Noman, all men call me so,
My father, mother, and my company.
To which he soon and sadly made reply,
Noman, I'll eat you last, none shall outlive you
Of all that are here of your company;
And that's the gift I promised to give you.
And having said, he laid himself along
With bended neck, sleeping and vomiting
Gobbets of human flesh, and wine among,
All he before had eaten uttering.
The bar with embers then I covered,
Till, green as 'twas, with heat I made it shine,
And with few words my men encouraged,
Lest any should have shrunk from the design.
The bar now hot, and ready to flame out,
And, though green wood, yet glowing mightily,
To him my fellows carried now stout,
And set the point thereof upon his eye;

Ulysses relates his adventures.

But I myself erecting, with my hand
Twirled the bar about, with motion nimble,
As joiners with a string below do stand
To give a piercing motion with a wimble,
So, whilst the brand was ent'ring, I it turn'd.
The blood that down along it ran was hot,
And with his eye the lids and brows were burn'd,
And all his eye-strings with the fire did strut,
As when a smith hath heat his axe or spade,
And quickly quenches it while hot it is,
To harden it, it makes a noise; so made
His great moist eye the glowing brand to hiss.
He roared so as made the rocks resound,
And from his eye he pull'd, with both his hands,
The burning brand, and threw it to the ground;
And so awhile he there amazed stands,
And thence for more Cyclopses calls; and they,
Who dwelt about in every hollow cave,
Came in, some one, and some another way;
And from without the den ask'd what he'd have.
What ails thee, Polyphemus, so to cry
In dead of night, and make us break our sleep?
Goes any one about to make thee die,
By force or fraud, or steal away thy sheep?
Then Polyphemus answered from his cave,
Friends, Noman killeth me. Why then, said they,
We have no power from sickness you to save;
You must unto your father Neptune pray.
This said, they parted each one to his own
Dark cavern; then within myself I laugh'd
To think how with my name the mighty clown
I so deceived had, and gull'd by craft.
The Cyclops for the stone now grop'd about,
Found it, and threw it down, though pained sore;
Thinking to catch us at our coming out,
Sitting with arms extended in the door,
Such fools he thought us; but I formerly
Had thought upon the course I was to take;
And all my cunning, and my art to try,
Since no less than our lives was now at stake,
This counsel 'twas that in my breast then sat:
Male sheep there were within the cave well fed,
Fair, big, and deeply clad in wool and fat,
And these, with twigs ta'en from Cyclops his bed,
I bound together three and three; each three
Bore one under the middlemost fast bound;
One ram, by far the best of all, bore me
Under his breast, my hands in deep wool wound,
Thus hung we constantly, expecting day.
The morning came, the males to pasture hie,

LIB. IX.

Ulysses relates his adventures.

(The ewes with strutting udders bleating stay),
Their master sitting there in misery,
Laid's hand upon their backs as out they pass'd,
Ne'er thinking of their bellies we were under.
Mine, heavy with his wool and me, came last,
To whom the Cyclops said, seeming to wonder,
Why, silly ram, art thou the last to come
Out of the cave, that formerly was ever
The foremost to go out, and to come home,
And foremost at the going to the river;
But now art last? Is't for thy master's eye,
Which Noman and his fellows have put forth?
O couldst thou speak, and tell me where doth lie
Hidden within, that Noman, nothing worth,
I soon would with his brains besmear the floor,
And ease my vexed heart within me so,
Which Noman hath within me wounded sore.
This said, he let the ram that bore me go.
Got forth a little from the den and yard,
I left my ram, and set my fellows free;
Unto my ships I brought part of the herd,
That to our fellows we might welcome be,
We that escap'd; but they began to weep
For those we left behind us dead, till I
Commanded them to fetch aboard more sheep,
And after that their oars again to ply.
They brought in more, and each man takes his seat,
And in due order, with his oar in hand,
The water grey into a foam they beat,
And rowed us a little way from land,
As far as one that hallos can be heard;
So far I stood from shore, I hallo'd then:
Cyclops, Cyclops, why were you not afraid
To kill and eat, as you have done, my men?
For since you strangers do so ill intreat,
And of the Gods themselves no reck'ning make,
You ought to have expected vengeance great,
And that your wicked deeds should you o'ertake.
The Cyclops then provoked with this mock,
Threw a great stone at us with all his might,
And first he swing'd round o'er his head the rock,
Which just behind the rudder chanc'd to light;
And so much stirr'd the water falling in,
That what with th' eddy and tide from the main,
Brought back to th' land, and sure we dead had bin,
But that I quickly thrust it off again;
Then bade I my companions to row
Still further off, till we were out of fear.
They plied their oars again, and we were now
At twice the distance that before we were.

Ulysses relates his adventures.

And then again I to the Cyclops spoke,
Though my companions would have hindered me:
Why, say they, will you still the man provoke?
How great a stone, how far he throws you see,
How near to land we were, how near to die;
If he but any one of us hear speak,
A rock will straightway from him hither fly,
And knock our brains out, and our vessel break.
So said they; but with me could nothing do,
I was resolv'd to vex him bitterly.
Cyclops, quoth I, if any ask thee who,
What was his name that robbed thee of thy eye,
Say 'twas Ulysses, prince of Ithaca,
Son to the old Laertes. He it was.
At which the Cyclops howling answered, Ha,
I see old prophecies are come to pass,
For Telemus Eurymedes, that here
Dwelled, and telling fortunes went about,
Told me I should by name Ulysses fear,
As he that one day should my eye put out;
But I some strong and mighty man expected,
Of stature great, should come to do that deed,
And never such a little wretch suspected,
Nor ever did of being drunk take heed.
But come, Ulysses, nearer, that I may
Give you a precious gift as you deserve;
And also to my father Neptune pray,
That you upon the seas he would preserve;
For I his son, and he my father is,
And to my sight again restore me can;
He, and no other of the Gods in bliss,
Nor any pow'r on earth. So said the man.
Cyclops, quoth I, I would I could as well
Send thee now down to Pluto's ugly den,
Depriv'd of life and soul i' th' deepest hell,
As I am sure thou ne'er shalt see again.
Then held he up his hands to heav'n, and pray'd:
Hear me, O Neptune, if thy son I be,
And thou my father truly, as 'tis said,
Grant that Ulysses never more may see
His native soil; or if perhaps by Fate
It be decreed he shall return again,
Let him return both wretchedly and late,
His ships and men lost, and at home meet pain.
His prayer granted was; and then he threw
A greater stone, first swing'd it o'er his head,
Which by good chance above the vessel flew,
But almost to the shore us carried.
When we were come into the isle again,
Where all the rest of our fleet then abode,

LIB. IX.

Ulysses relates his adventures.

Expecting our return, in grievous pain,
And wondering why we were so long abroad;
Then with our sheep we landed on the beach,
And 'mongst the barks divided them with care,
Their just and equal number unto each,
That no ship might be wronged of his share.
On me my fellows over and above
Bestow'd a ram, which on the sand there-right
I made a sacrifice to mighty Jove;
But in my off'rings he took no delight,
And was contriving how to make away
My ship and fellows, and destroy them quite.
There on the shore we sat and spent the day,
With flesh and wine from morning unto night.
All night we slept upon the shore, and when
The morning had again the day restor'd,
I presently commanded all my men
To loose the ropes, and put themselves aboard.
Aboard they go, and beat the sea with oars,
All for their fellows that were eaten, sad,
And forward to the main we take our course,
For that we had ourselves escaped, glad.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. X.

Ulysses' entertainment by Æolus, of whom he receives a fair wind for the present, and all the rest of the winds tied in a bag; which his men untying, flew out and carried him back to Æolus, who refused to receive him.

At th' floating Isle Æolia we landed,
Where Æolus, the son of Hippotas,
Beloved of th' immortal Gods, commanded.
His house was walled all about with brass,
Th' ascent unto it was all one smooth stone.
Twelve were his children, six sons and their wives;
In wedlock he had join'd them one to one,
And with him in his house they led their lives,
And made good cheer; all day the house they make
To ring with mirth, and smoke with boil'd and roast;
At night their loyal wives to beds they take,
Richly set out with coverings of great cost.
A month he entertain'd me with delight,
Ask'd me of Troy, and th' Argive fleet, and how
The Greeks got home. And him I answer'd right
To ev'ry thing, as far as I did know.
And when I left his house, he was content
T' assist me friendly in my voyage back
With a west wind, and all winds else he pent

Ulysses' entertainment by Æolus, &c.

Into a tough and strong neat's-leather sack;
(For Jove had made him master of the winds,
To hold their breath, or blow as he thought fit),
And with a silver string the sack he binds;
No wind could stir but as I ordered it,
But all this did no good for want of wit.
Nine days we sail'd fore-right, and came so near
To th' coast of Ithaca, that we could see't
By th' light of beacons that were fired there;
But then with weariness I fell asleep;
For I had ne'er till now the helm let go,
Nor suffer'd any else my place to keep,
I long'd to see my native country so.
Meanwhile my fellows to discourse begin,
Thinking much gold and silver was i' th' sack,
By Æolus Hippodates put in,
Which now to Ithaca I carried back.
And, Oh, did one unto another say,
How much this man is lov'd where'er he comes!
He brings from Troy a great share of the prey,
Though we go empty-handed to our homes.
Now Æolus has given him God knows what;
Come quickly, let us while we think upon't,
And sleeping he upon the deck lies flat,
Undo the sack and see how much there's on't.
This wretched counsel taken by the crew,
The budget they undid, to see my store;
And then at once the furious winds outflew,
And whistling, snatch'd our ship away from shore.
My fellows wept, I studied which was best,
To fall into the sea and end my pain,
Or patiently to live among the rest?
I chose to live, as better of the twain,
And hoodwink'd laid me down i' th' ship. At last
We found ourselves upon th' Æolian shore,
On which th' unruly winds our ship had cast,
Just at the place where we set forth before:
And there we landed, and short supper made
With my companions on the rocky shore.
I one man with me and a herald take,
And went up to the porch before the door
Of th' hall, where Æolus sat banqueting
Amongst his sons and daughters. They admir'd.
What wind, said they, did you now hither bring?
We furnish'd you for what place you desir'd.
Some devil cross'd you. Softly, I replied.
Of our misfortune other cause was none
But my men's folly, who the bag untied
The whilst I slept; you can repair what's done.
Their father answer'd at another rate:

LIB. X.

Ulysses' entertainment by Æolus, &c.

Hence, rascal, hated of the Gods above:
I entertain none whom the Gods do hate.
Away, I say, the Gods thee do not love.
Thus sighing we were sent away; and though
We were already tired with the oar,
To sea we put, and forward still we row,
Six days and nights entire, ne'er giving o'er.
Upon the seventh day we landed near
To Lestrigonia, the royal seat
Of Lamus and his race; the herd's-men there,
When from the field they bring their sheep or neat,
Hallo to those at home; then they a-field
Their cattle drive. To one of little sleep
The site o' th' place doth double wages yield,
By tending one day cows, another sheep.
For it is seated just 'twixt day and night;
Into the port we came, the which within
On each side was beset with rocks upright,
Whereof two made it narrow coming in.
My fellows with their ships were in the port,
Near to the city; for the sea was still,
And not a wind stirring of any sort.
But I kept mine without, suspecting ill,
And with a rope had tied it to the rocks.
Then up a hill I went to look about,
But could no sign espy of man or ox;
Then down I came again, and straight sent out
T' enquire what kind of people lived there.
A herald then and two men more I sent,
Who as they going on the high-way were,
That from the woody hill to the city went,
Met with the daughter of Antiphates,
That was of Lestrigonians the king.
She had fetcht water from Artracies;
Artracies the name was of a spring.
They ask'd her of the king, and of the people,
Her father's house she shows. They thither hie,
And find the queen there looking like a steeple,
And straight abhor'd her as a prodigy.
Then she her husband from the market-place
Calls home, who straight intended to dispatch 'em,
And laid his hands on one; but in that space
The rest escap'd by flight, he could not catch 'em;
But then he raised with a mighty shout
The town and country, who in numbers great,
Liker to giants than to men, came out,
And with huge stones of a man's weight they beat
My men and ships. A woful noise and wild
I heard of dying men, and tearing planks.
When they had slain my men, they them enfil'd,

And carried them like fishes hung in ranks.
While they did this, I had no other hope
To save myself, but quickly with my sword,
My ship being tied to th' rocks, to cut the rope,
And make what haste I could to get aboard.
My crew into the ship leapt all at once,
And row'd for life, till they got far enough
From land, to stand in fear of throwing stones,
And glad they had escaped, onwards row;
The rest, both ships and men, all perished.
Next at Ææa Isle ashore we run,
Where the wise Goddess Circ' inhabited,
Æetes' sister, daughter of the Sun,
And Perse daughter of Oceanus;
There in a good safe harbour quietly
We rest ourselves; some God conducted us.
There full of grief two days and nights we lie.
Soon as the morn had shown us the third day,
With spear in hand, and sword girt at my thigh,
Up to a mountain's top I took my way,
Some word of man to hear, or work to spy;
Through the thick wood I saw a smoke arise
About the place where th' house of Circe stood:
Then with myself I did awhile advise
What I should do; at last I thought it good
To make my people all to dine, and then
Safely with company to go or send.
So back I came unto my ship and men;
But by the way (some God was sure my friend)
A gallant stag came by, whom heat and thirst
Invited had down to the stream divine;
At him I quickly threw my spear, which pierc'd
Both his sides thorough, close beneath the chine.
Down dead he falls; on 's neck my foot I set,
Pluck'd out the spear, and laid it on the ground;
To make a rope, I twigs and rushes get,
And his four feet together fast I bound;
Within his legs I place my head, and bear
His body on my neck; 'twas hard to rise,
Leaning with both my hands upon my spear:
He was too great to take up otherwise.
I threw him down o' th' shore, and cheer'd my crew.
Friends, quoth I, though our present state be bad,
Death shall not come, I hope, before 'tis due:
Come, let us eat and drink, and not be sad.
This said, they straightway from the ship descend,
And gaze upon 't, for 'twas a mighty beast:
And when their wondering was at an end,
They wash'd their hands, and dress'd it for their feast;
And all the remnant of the day till night

LIB. X.

Ulysses' entertainment by Æolus, &c.

We made good cheer with wine and ven'son store.
After the sun had borne from us his light,
We laid us down to sleep upon the shore;
But when the rosy morn appear'd again,
I said to all my men, who grieved were:
My mates, although I have endur'd much pain,
I must entreat you patiently to hear;
We know not where is west or east, nor where
The sun does rise or set, nor where we be;
To me does little hope as yet appear,
And therefore we must go abroad and see.
In a low island, rising through the trees,
I saw a smoke when I stood on the hill;
Though I had utter'd no more words but these,
They heard them with a very evil will.
Of Cyclops and Antiphates they speak,
That had devour'd their fellows formerly:
And ready were their hearts with grief to break;
They weep and whine, but without remedy.
Of my companions then two bands I make;
Of one Eurylochus had the command,
The charge o' th' other to myself I take:
And two-and-twenty men were in each band.
Who should go first abroad, and who should stay,
We were content should be by lot defin'd;
To go, fell to Eurylochus. Away
They weeping went, we weeping stay'd behind;
Down in a dale they Circe's palace found,
Built of square stone; the place was full of shade:
Lions and wolves about it lay o' th' ground,
Whom Circe tame with magic arts hath made;
These flew not at my men, but laid their noses
Upon them lovingly, and wagg'd their tails,
As dogs salute their masters; Circe's doses
So much above their natures fierce prevail.
Eurylochus i' th' door stood with his band.
The Goddess Circe busy was within;
For she a wondrous fine-work had in hand,
Past art of man, and sung as she did spin.
Then did Polites, whom I lov'd most dear
Of all my crew, speak out unto them all:
My friends, quoth he, somebody singeth there,
A Goddess or a woman; let us call.
This said, they call, and she sets ope the gate,
Bids them come in; fools as they were, they enter,
All but Eurylochus; without he sat,
Suspecting somewhat, therefore durst not venture.
She places them, and sets before them food,
Cheesecakes of cheese, and honey, flour and wine;
But had mix'd something with it not so good,

Ulysses entertainment by Æolus, &c.

Of wond'rous virtue, with an ill design.
For with a wand, as soon as they had din'd,
She drove them to the sties, and there them pent:
For body, head, hair, voice, all but the mind,
Right swine they were, and grunted as they went;
There to them threw she acorns, crabs and bran,
The things wherewith swine commonly are fed.
Eurylochus stay'd long, but not a man
Came out to let him know how they had sped.
Then back he comes: at first he could not speak,
Though he endeavoured; he grieved so,
The sighs and sobs his words did often break,
Till urg'd by us that long'd the truth to know;
At last he said, Renown'd Ulysses, we
Passing the woods, as we commanded were,
In a dark vale a stately palace see;
A Goddess, or a woman, dwelleth there.
We call'd, and straight she opening the gate,
Bids us come in; they ill advised enter,
All but myself; alone without I sat,
Suspecting fraud, and durst no further venture.
Lost they are all: for if they could, I know
Some of them would have come and brought me word,
For I stay'd long enough; this said, my bow
I took, and at my side my trusty sword,
And bad him guide me back the self-same way.
Then fell he at my feet on both his knees,
And weeping me entreats to let him stay;
Your life, quoth he, amongst the rest you'll leese.
To this I said: Eurylochus, stay you
Here at the ship, since you are frighted so,
Eating and drinking with the rest o' th' crew;
Necessity compelleth me to go.
This said, I went along the shore, till I
Was at the entrance of the valley, where
The house of Circe stood. Then Mercury
Encounter'd me; in form he did appear
Of a fair youth, whose beard but now began
In a soft down to peep above his face,
Which is the prime of beauty in a man.
Alas, said he, what make you in this place
'Mongst trees and shrubs? For I can tell you this,
Your mates at Circe's house are lodg'd in sties,
They now are swine; you'll of your purpose miss;
You cannot set them free though you be wise,
But rather you will with them lie. But well;
I'll give you such an antidote as you
Need not to be afraid of any spell;
And will, besides, her purpose to you show.
To make you drink she'll temper you a cup,

LIB. X.

Ulysses' entertainment by Æolus, &c.

Which shall not, for the antidote, bewitch you;
And when she sees that you have drank it up,
With her long wand she presently will switch you.
Then to her with your naked sword in hand,
As if you purpos'd to cut off her head;
Then she will shriek, and weep, and trembling stand,
And buy her life with proffer of her bed;
You must not then refuse the Goddess' love,
If you intend your fellows to restore:
Yet make her swear by all the Gods above
She never will attempt to hurt you more.
Then gave he me the herb; the flow'r was white,
The root was black; the Gods do call it Moly,
And gather it, who have no stint of might;
For men to think to find it is a folly.
Then Hermes parting, mounted to the sky,
And I to Circe's house went on my way,
And musing stood awhile; but by and by
I call'd, and she came forth without delay,
And calls me in. I enter with sad heart;
There in a glorious chair she made me sit,
Studded with silver nails, and carv'd with art;
Then puts a low stool to it for my feet,
And brought the potion in a golden cup,
Which she had temper'd to her bad design;
And soon as ever I had drank it up,
She switch'd and bad me go lie with the swine.
Then start I up with my drawn sword, and make
As if I purpos'd to cut off her head;
Then did she shriek most fearfully and quake,
And weeping to me these words uttered:
Who, whence are you? what is your father's name?
That this drink worketh not, is very strange,
If any else had tasted but the same,
He soon had of his figure found a change;
But you a stubborn heart have in your breast.
Are you Ulysses, that should hither come,
As Hermes told me oft, and be my guest,
When from the Trojan shore he sailed home?
Put up your sword; and that we may confide
In one another better without dread,
Let's to my chamber go, and side by side
Compose the things we differ in a bed.
Circe, said I, oh how can I be kind,
When you to swine my fellows turned have?
And now you have me here, 'tis in your mind
To make me tame, and keep me for a slave.
I'll not come near your bed, unless before
You take an oath by all the Gods above
You'll never go about to hurt me more;

Ulysses' entertainment by Æolus, &c.

This said, she swore, and I gave way to love.
On Circe waiting-women four attended
To do the service of the house, and were
From sacred rivers, springs, and groves descended;
Each had her proper work assigned her.
One does the chairs with coverings array;
Another does the silver tables spread,
And on each one of them a basket lay
Of gold, and into it she puts the bread;
The third does in a silver flagon mix
The wine and water in a silver pot;
The fourth to make a fire brings in the sticks,
And for a bath makes ready water hot.
Circe herself the water tempered
Into a just and comfortable heat,
And pour'd it on my shoulders and my head,
Washing my limbs, till I my toil forget.
And when I bathed and anointed was,
She put upon me a fair coat and vest,
And led me in, into the dining-place,
And to my chair and table me address'd.
One maid a golden bason, with the ewer,
To wash our hands over a cauldron brings,
The cauldron also was of silver pure;
Another loads the table with good things;
Another on the table sets on bread,
And then the Goddess Circe bids me eat;
But other dangers running in my head,
I had but little stomach to my meat:
Which she observing, said, Ulysses, why
Do you thus sullenly your meat refuse,
And like a dumb man sit? D'ye think that I
Intend against you some new art to use?
Have I not sworn? To which I answered:
O Circe, how can I be pleas'd d'ye think
(When you my fellows keep disfigured
And pounded up in hog-sties) t' eat and drink;
If you mean well, set them at liberty,
And in the shape of men before my eyes,
That I may look on them, and they on me.
With switch in hand then out of doors she hies,
And opens all their prisons; out they come,
And were, to look to, pigs of nine years old.
She drives them with her wand into the room,
And makes them stand there while I them behold.
Then Circe went amongst them, and each one
Smear'd with an unguent, which straightway did make
Their hair fall off, and undid all was done;
And presently a human shape they take,
Greater and fairer than they had before.

LIB. X.

Ulysses' entertainment of Æolus, &c.

They knew me all, my hand with theirs they press'd;
So glad they were, their eyes for joy ran o'er;
The whole house wept, and Circe with the rest.
This past, the Goddess said: Ulysses, go
And bring your ship a-land, and let her lie;
Your goods within the rocky caves bestow,
And make haste back with all your company.
This pleas'd me well. Down to the sea I hie,
Where my companions I weeping find;
But soon as I appear'd, they presently
About me came, their care now out of mind.
As when from pastures fat a herd of cows
Well fed return at evening to their home,
Their calves will not be kept within the house,
But play, and skip, and round about them come;
So did my fellows, soon as they me saw,
Come skipping out o' th' ship, with no less joy
Than if they had been come to Ithaca,
Their native country, from the town of Troy.
Our joy, said they, Ulysses, cannot be
Greater when we at Ithaca arrive,
Which we so wish for, than 'tis now to see
That you from Circe are return'd alive.
But tell us, pray, how died our fellows there?
But first, said I, hale up your ship to land,
And in the rocks hide all that's loose in her,
And come with me to Circe out of hand.
There shall you see your fellows how they live,
In want of nothing that they can devise.
To these my words my fellows credit give;
Eurylochus alone thought otherwise.
Wretches, said he, what mean you? Will you go?
Have you a longing to be lions tame,
Or swine, or wolves, and being transformed so,
To live at Circe's house, and guard the same?
Remember Cyclops, and how all they sped
That dar'd to put themselves within his cave,
By too much valour of Ulysses led.
Bethink you well how you yourselves may save.
When I heard that, I drew my sword, and meant,
Although he were my kinsman very nigh,
T' have made his head fly. But of that intent
I was made frustrate by the company,
That interposing spoke me fair, and said,
Let him stay here, but we'll go every man,
While he looks to the ship, since he's afraid.
Thus having said, to march they straight began;
Nor staid Eurylochus behind, for I
Had so affrighted him he went with th' rest.
Meanwhile at Circe's house my company

Ulysses' entertainment by Æolus, &c.

Were bath'd, and oil'd, and cloth'd with coat and vest.
Feasting we found them in a stately hall.
But when we saw them, and heard everything
That had befallen them, suddenly we all
Wept out so loud, as made the house to ring.
Then Circe said: Ulysses, why d'ye weep?
I know your sufferings both at land by men,
And what you have endured on the deep;
Drink wine, eat meat, and merry be again.
Recruit your hearts with courage, till they be
As strong as when from home you first set out;
Put all your danger out of memory,
Nor trouble more your wearied minds with doubt.
These words of Circe's did our spirits cheer,
And made us willingly fall to our meat;
Both then, and ev'ry day throughout the year,
In Circe's house we freely drink and eat.
But when the season was come round about,
And months and days of th' year had made an end,
Then my impatient fellows call'd me out,
And said, Strange man, do you no more intend
To see your country Ithaca? Shall we
For ever stay with Circe here? Have Fates
Decreed that you your house no more should see,
But perish here together with your mates?
This my companions said, and said but right.
Then what remained of the day we spent
Eating and drinking merrily. At night
They to their own beds, I to Circe's went;
Where prostrate at her knees, I press her hard
To keep her word, and let me go my way;
My mind, said I, is going thitherward
Now, and my fellows ask me why I stay.
Renowned Ulysses, answered Circe, here
Against your will with me you shall not stay.
But ere you go unto your country dear,
You must a voyage make another way.
You must to the house of Hades first repair;
For with Tiresias the prophet blind,
You must consult concerning your affair.
He knows what course the Fates have you design'd,
Though blind his eye, yet is his judgment clear.
For why, to him Proserpina alone
Hath granted to peruse Fate's register,
And know the history of things not done.
The ghosts to him stand up when he goes by.
At this my heart was ready ev'n to break,
And in the bed long time I weeping lie,
And turn'd, and wish'd for death. At last I speak:
Circe, said I, who shall me thither guide?

LIB. X.

Ulysses' entertainment by Æolus, &c.

Never man yet to Hell went in a ship.
Then to me Circe presently replied:
Ulysses, let not that thought break your sleep.
You need but set your mast up, hoist your sail,
And then sit still; you shall not want a wind;
For Boreas to waft you will not fail.
When you are come to th' Ocean's end, you'll find
The woody shore and grove of Proserpine;
There the tall poplar and soft willow grows,
And there it is your bark you must put in.
Then go along the shore to Pluto's house,
And you shall see where into Acheron
Cocytas falls, which is a branch of Styx,
And with it also Pyriphlegeton,
And a great rock where the two rivers mix.
Close by that place make with your sword a pit
A cubit wide, and round about it pour
Wine mix'd with honey, and pure wine after it;
Then water pure, and over all throw flour.
Such is the drink that's offer'd to the dead.
And further, to them you must make a vow,
That when you be at home, and out of dread,
You'll gratify them with a barren cow.
But to Tiresias you must alone
Promise at your return to kill a ewe
All over black. The ceremonies done
Which to the dead by common law are due,
Then of the ram and ewe let out the blood
Into the pit; their heads to hellward place,
And turn your back, and so go tow'rd the flood;
Then shall you see the ghosts come out apace.
Bid your companions meanwhile to flay
The slaughter'd sheep. To Pluto must you and
To his queen Proserpine your prayers say,
Then sit down at the pit with sword in hand.
Let none come near the blood until you see
Tiresias the Theban prophet come.
'Twill not be long before he with you be;
He'll tell you all the ways to bring you home.
This said, Aurora had the light display'd,
And Circe cloth'd me with a coat and vest,
And with a pure white robe herself array'd,
With a gold girdle girt beneath her breast,
And put upon her head her veil. Then I
Went through the house to make my fellows rise,
And gently said unto them severally,
Let's go, for Circe now doth so advise;
And well content they were. But safe away
I could not bring them all. For there was one,
Elpenor, neither forward in a fray,

Ulysses' entertaiment by Æolus, &c.

Not yet of very much discretion;
Heated with wine o'er night, himself to cool,
Up to the house's top he went to sleep;
But, wak'd with noise the rest made, like a fool
Ne'er thought of coming down the stairs steep
Backward, and so to th' earth he headlong fell,
And broke his neck-bone, and lay dead o'th' ground,
And his soul leaving him, went down to Hell.
The rest came forth, and stood about me round.
To these I said: You think without delay
That we to Ithaca are going now;
But Circe bids us go another way,
Of old Tiresias the mind to know,
The Theban prophet, who is now in Hell.
This broke the very heart-strings of my mates;
They sob and tear their hair, but cannot tell
How to avoid what's once decreed by th' Fates.
Then to our ship we weeping went. Mean space
Circe a ram and black ewe there had tied,
Unseen to us; we found them on the place.
For Gods, but when they list, cannot be spied.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XI.

Ulysses' descent into Hell, and discourses with the ghosts of the deceased heros.

When we were come unto the sea-side, where
Our ship lay, which we shov'd into the deep;
We rear our mast, pull up our sails, and bear
Aboard with us one male, one female sheep.
And so for Hell we stood, with fears in mind,
And tears in eye. But the fair Circe sent,
To bear us company, a good fore-wind,
That kept our sails full all the way we went.
To winds and steerage we our way commend,
And careless sit from morning till 'twas dark;
Then found ourselves at th' Ocean's farthest end,
Where up to land the wind had forc'd our bark.
Here dwell the Cimbers, hid in clouds and mist,
Whom thou, O Phœbus, with thy golden eye,
Nor coming from the sky to earth e'er seest,
Nor when from earth thou mountest to the sky;
But live, poor men, under a horrid night.
Here seek we for the place of which the wise
Circe had told us, and soon on it light,

LIB. XI.

Ulysses' descent into Hell.

And thither fetch'd the sheep for sacrifice.
Then with my sword i' th' ground I digg'd a pit,
And round about it wine with honey pour;
And round again pure wine pour after it,
Then water pure. O'er all I sprinkle flour;
And vowed, to those feeble folk, to kill,
As soon as I to Ithaca should come,
A barren heifer, and the altar fill
With many more good things I had at home.
And promis'd to Tiresias alone
A fat black ewe, the best in all my cotes.
When I my vows and pray'rs had rightly done,
Of both the victims straight I cut the throats.
Their reeking blood streamed down into the pit;
Out come the ghosts; maids, youths, decrepid age,
And tender virgins, they all scented it;
And warriors clad in gory arms, all rage,
And rushing out of Hell, with hideous cry,
About the blood bustling they go and turn,
Which not a little frighted me. Then I
Bade flay the victims, and their bodies burn,
And say their pray'rs to Pluto and his queen.
With sword in hand I sat on the pit's brink,
Resolv'd till I Tiresias had seen,
That not a ghost a drop of blood should drink.
First came my soldier Elpenor's spirit,
Which left the body just when we set sail,
So that we had no leisure to inter it;
His heavy fate I did with tears bewail.
How now, quoth I, Elpenor? art thou here
Already? Couldst thou me so much outstrip?
I first came forth, and left thee in the rear,
Hast thou on foot outgone my good black ship?
Then said Elpenor: Issue of Jove, divine
Ulysses, I had come along with th' bark,
But that the Devil and excess of wine
Made me to fall, and break my neck i' th' dark.
I went to bed late by a ladder steep,
At top o' th' house the room was where I lay;
Wak'd at the noise of parting, half asleep,
Headlong I hither came, the nearest way.
Now I adjure you by your father, and
Your wife, and son, and all his seed to come,
(For I assured am that you will land
Where Circe dwells before your going home),
To see I have the rites due to the dead.
Fear th' anger of the Gods above, and burn
My body with my arms, from foot to head,
And cast on earth to cover o'er my urn.
This done, for men hereafter sailing by,

Ulysses' descent into Hell.

Raise me a little tomb of earth by th' shore,
That they may eas'ly see where 'tis I lie.
Lastly, upon it upright plant my oar.
All this, quoth I, I'll do upon my word.
Thus we discours'd amongst the shades. He stood
While I continued with my naked sword
To keep the sprites from tasting of the blood.
Then came Anticlia my mother's ghost.
Alive I left her, when to Troy I sail'd,
To fight against it in the Argive host.
Now seeing her, exceedingly I wail'd;
And though I grieved were to keep away
My mother from the loved blood, yet still
In the same posture patiently I stay,
Till I might know Tiresias his will.
Then came the soul of old Tiresias,
And of the gilded staff he had in's hand.
Poor man, quoth he, perceiving what I was,
What brought thee hither to this ugly land?
Stand back awhile, and take your sword away,
That I may drink, and the unerring word
Of Fate deliver to you. I obey,
Retire, and up I put my trusty sword.
Then said the good old prophet: You are come,
Honour'd Ulysses, to enquire of me,
What the Gods say about your going home.
I tell you true, 'twill not be easily.
I think you'll not escape at sea unseen
Of angry Neptune, who I do not doubt
Will do his worst, and make you feel his spleen,
For Polyphemus' eye which you put out.
Yet for all that, you may to Ithaca
Safely return, if you can but command
Your passion when in th' isle Thrinacia,
An island lying in your way you land;
There feed the kine of the all-seeing Sun,
And flocks of goodly sheep. Hurt none of these.
Then shall your ship her course with safety run
At length to Ithaca, though not with ease.
But if you touch them, I denounce a wreck
To your good ship, and death to all your crew.
And though yourself may happen to come back
At last, and this unhappy fate eschew,
'Twill be alone, and in a ship not yours;
Besides that, when you are returned home
You'll fall into the danger of the wooers,
Who for your wife's and meat's sake thither come.
But you will be reveng'd of these; and when
You shall have made away these wooers, go
With oar on shoulder, to a land where men

LIB. XI.

Ulysses' descent into Hell.

Inhabit that the briny sea not know,
Nor ever mingle salt with what they eat,
Nor ever saw the ship with crimson face,
Nor yet those wings which do the water beat,
Call'd oars, to make your good ship go apace.
Now mark me well, when thou shalt meet a man
Just at the end of Neptune's utmost bound,
Bearing upon his shoulder a corn-fan,
Stick down thy lusty oar upon the ground;
There sacrifice to the world's admiral,
For new admittance, a ram, boar, and bull;
Then home again, and offer unto all
The Gods by name an hundred oxen full.
Your death will not ungentle be, for which
Age shall prepare you, and your soul unglue
Insensibly. Your people shall be rich
Which round about you dwell. All this is true.
Tiresias, quoth I, when he had done,
'Tis well. My mother yonder I espy
Amongst the shades; she knoweth not her son;
What shall I do to make her know 'tis I?
That, quoth he, I can tell you easily.
What soul soever you admit to drink,
To what you ask will make a true reply;
Those you put back, back into Hell will slink.
The prophet having thus my fate foretold,
Into the house of Pluto back retir'd.
I o'er the blood my former posture hold,
But let my mother drink as she desir'd.
She knew me then, and wept. My son, said she,
How came you to this place of ours so dark?
Th' ocean and so many gulphs there be
'Twixt you and us, that but with a good bark
No living man can pass. Come you but now
From Troy, and all this while have wand'ring been,
You and your company? You have, I trow,
Your wife Penelope by this time seen.
Mother, said I, the cause I came this way
Was to ask counsel of Tiresias.
Since I with Agamemnon went to Troy,
In Ithaca or Greece I never was.
But, mother, tell me, pray you, how came you
Unto this place? Was it by sickness long?
Or did Diana with a death undue
Send you down hither to this feeble throng?
And tell me if my father and my son
Remain as formerly in their estate;
Or that some prince of Greece my wife have won,
Supposing me now cast away by fate?
Tell me besides, whether Penelope

Ulysses' descent into Hell.

Remain at home together with my son,
Assisting him to rule my family;
Or whether she be married, and gone?
Your wife, said she, does still continue there;
For your long absence weepeth days and nights.
Your son still holds his own, and makes good cheer;
Oft he invited is, and oft invites.
Your father from his vineyard never budges;
Rich coverlets and bedding he refuses;
Ne'er comes to the town; in winter with his drudges
To lay him down, sleep by th' fire he uses.
In vile array in summer-time he creeps,
Till vintage pass, about his fruit-trees round,
And visits them each one; at night he sleeps
On bed of heaped leaves upon the ground.
Thus lies he griev'd and pining with the thought
Of your sad fate; afflicted too with age.
The like sad thoughts me also hither brought:
I neither died by Diana's rage,
Nor any long-consuming malady;
But very woe, thinking that you were dead,
My noble, dear Ulysses, made me die;
My soul thus hither from my body fled.
When she had spoken, I would very fain
Have ta'en her in my arms; three times I grasp'd
At the beloved shadow, but in vain.
Mine arms I closed, but did nothing clasp.
Sore griev'd hereat, I said unto my mother,
I am your son, why do you fly me so?
Why may we not, embracing one another,
Although in Hell, give ease unto our woe?
Hath Proserpine, my sorrows to augment,
Sent me a phantom in my mother's stead?
Oh no, quoth she, my son, she'd no intent
T' abuse you. 'Tis the nature of the dead.
We are no longer sinews, flesh, and bones,
We are substances incorporeal,
All that 's consumed i' th' fun'ral fire; when once
That's done, it in itself stands several;
Flies like a dream. No, go your ways to th' light,
And tell all I have told you to your wife,
That she may know in this perpetual night
The dead enjoy an everlasting life.
When we had thus discours'd, the ladies came,
Sent out by Proserpine to taste the blood;
Daughters and wives to princes of great fame,
And round about me at the pit they stood.
But I to know each one that came to drink,
Studied awhile; then thought this counsel best,
With sword in hand t' abide upon the brink,

LIB. XI.

Ulysses' descent into Hell.

Whilst one was drinking to keep off the rest.
There was not one but I enquired her name
And pedigree. All told me who they were.
And first of all the well-born Tyro came,
Who said Salmoneus was her ancestor,
And that of Cretheus she had been the wife,
And on Enipeus had enamour'd been
Once on a time whilst she remained in life;
On Enipeus, fair'st stream that e'er was seen,
Upon whose bank, Neptune, that chanc'd to spy her,
On Enipeus' sweet stream drew her aside,
And at the river's mouth laid him down by her,
Between two waves rais'd high, their deed to hide.
When he love's work had done, Thou shalt, said he,
Ere th' year be ended, bring forth children twain,
Who princes both of great renown shall be.
I Neptune am; the Gods ne'er work in vain.
See you that they be educated well,
Till they shall be at man's estate arriv'd.
So go you home: my name you must not tell.
This said, into the rolling sea he div'd.
Her time being come, she was delivered
Of two great boys, Neleus and Pelias,
Who for the service of high Jove were bred.
One king of Pyle, th' other of Iolcas was.
The noble lady Tyro, besides these,
Did many other goodly children bear:
Amatheon, and Æson, and Pheres,
But these her husband Cretheus' children were.
Next came the daughter of Æsopus (who
Through Theban fertile plains and meadows runs)
Antiope. Of Jove she boasteth too,
That by him she conceived had two sons;
Their names were Zethus and Amphion. They
The founders were of Thebes; with walls and towers,
And sev'n strong gates they fenc'd it ev'ry way
Against invasion from all neighb'ring powers.
Amphitrion's wife Alcmena there I saw,
That lov'd by Jove brought Hercules to life.
And the king Cretheus' daughter Megara,
That was the mighty Hercules his wife.
I saw there also the unfortunate
Mother of Œdipus, Jocasta bright,
That blindly did a horrid act, by fate,
Which the Gods' pleasure was should come to light.
Not knowing him, she married her own son;
Not knowing him, he his own father slew:
When they perceived both what they had done,
She hang'd herself; her Furies him pursue.
Chloris I saw, whom Neleus did wed

For beauty, got by the son of Joseus,
And with great dower he gain'd her to his bed;
Her father Amphion rul'd Orchomenus.
She queen of Pyle, by Neleus had three boys;
Nestor, Chronius, Periclumenus;
And one fair daughter to make full their joys,
Pero by name, for beauty wondrous.
The princes round about were suitors to her;
But Iphiclus had Neleus' cattle ta'en,
And Neleus was resolved to bestow her
On him that could his herds fetch back again.
There was a prophet undertook the task;
But ta'en by clowns, and into prison pent,
For answering Iphyclus t' all he could ask
Was freed, and did the thing he underwent.
I saw the wife too of Tyndareus there,
Fair Leda; she two twins unto him bare,
Pollux, good cuffer; Castor, cavalier:
Twins, and alive, though under ground they are,
And have obtained of their father Jove
Both to be canonized Gods; but so,
As he that is to-day in heaven above,
Shall be to-morrow amongst men below.
Iphimedea, Alciæus' wife,
I saw, that did two sons to Neptune bear,
Otus and Ephialtes; of short life;
The greatest and the fairest that ever were
Except Orion; each at nine years old
Between the shoulders was nine cubits wide,
And was in length nine cubits four times told,
And all the Gods in heaven terrified;
And threat'ned them with war, and heav'n to storm
They Ossa set upon Olympus high,
And Pelius on Ossa, and so form
Against the sky a mighty battery;
And surely they had storm'd it had they been
At man's estate; their beards were not yet grown;
Apollo kill'd them with his arrows keen,
Ere on their cheeks appeared any down.
Phædra and Procris there I also saw,
And Minos' daughter Ariadne, whom
Theseus was bringing towards Attica
From Creta, but he could not bring her home;
Diana killed her in Dia isle
On Bacchus' quarrel. There I did behold
Mæra and Clymene, and th' woman vile
Eryphile, that her own husband sold.
To name the ladies all I saw, would make
My tale to last all night. 'Tis bed-time now,
Here or aboard, though not till you think fit;

LIB. XI.

Ulysses' descent into Hell.

Till you think fit, and give command to row.
This said, the company deep silence seiz'd,
Delighted with the things they heard him speak.
The queen herself, Arete, no less pleas'd,
At last resolv'd the silence thus to break.
Princes, what think you of this man so rare,
His look, his stature, and his noble heart?
My guest he is, but you have all a share
In th' honour of this visit. Ere he part
Make him a present to relieve his need.
Be liberal, have no respect to thrift;
For you the Gods from fear of want have freed
With wealth abundant. Do not pinch your gift.
Old Echinous said: The queen says right;
We shall do well her counsel to obey.
But since in king Alcinous lies the might,
'Tis better first to hear what he will say.
Then said Alcinous, It shall be so,
Unless I bear the name of king in vain;
Let not the stranger till to-morrow go;
Till we prepare our gift he must remain.
As for his passage we will all provide,
And chiefly I that do the sceptre bear.
To whom the wise Ulysses thus replied:
Renown'd Alcinous, that reignest here,
Though a whole year you should command my stay,
It will not trouble me. Nay, that I'd chuse,
Since you intend to send me rich away:
For I am sure I shall no honour lose
By coming richly home. Kings that have store
Of wealth, are better commonly obey'd,
And by their subjects are respected more,
Than those whose treasuries and chests are void.
There be, the king said, many that can lie;
But there is form and sense in all you say;
Both your own fate you tell with harmony,
And of the Greeks with whom you went to Troy.
I should be well content to sit up here
All the night long, so you would undertake
To tell me ev'ry thing that you saw there.
To him Ulysses then did answer make:
Renowned king Alcinous, you know
There is a time for talk, a time for rest;
But since you long to hear, I'll tell you now
Whom else I saw, and what fate them oppress'd.
And first the saddest end of those that had
Escap'd the fury of the enemy,
And in their countries landed were and glad,
Were murder'd by a woman's treachery.
The female ghosts scatter'd by Proserpine,

Ulysses' descent into Hell.

Some one way, some another; thither came
Atrides' soul, first of the masculine,
And others with him, whose fates were the same.
No sooner he the blood had tasted, but
He knew me, sorely wept, and would have cast
His arms about my waist, but could not do't,
For now, alas, his strength was gone and past.
I griev'd to see him, and thus to him said:
King Agamemnon, what fate brought you hither?
Were you by Neptune on the sea betray'd,
And hither sent by fury of the weather?
Or landing to find booty, met with death?
Or else besieging of some town were slain?
Or for fair women were bereav'd of breath?
Then Agamemnon answer'd me again:
Noble Ulysses, I lost not my life
By Neptune's fury, nor in fight at land
For booty or for women; but my wife
Did basely kill me by Ægistus' hand.
At my first landing he invited me,
And slew me then when I at supper sate.
Just as a man would kill a cow, so he
Kill'd me. There's no such woful death as that.
My friends were butcher'd like so many swine,
Which when within a mighty rich man's hall
Numbers of men invited are to dine
At wedding, or at feast, are made to fall.
You very many men have seen to die
In ranged battle, and in single fight,
But never felt such pity certainly
As you had felt, had you but seen this sight,
How we 'mongst tables on the ground did lie,
That ran with blood. But my heart most did rue
To hear Cassandra, Priam's daughter, cry,
Whom close beside me Clytemnestra slew.
Then, though I were at the last gasp, I tried
If groping I might find my fallen sword;
But the curs'd woman push'd it from my side.
I died; to close mine eyes she'd not afford.
Nothing so cruel as a woman yet
Did nature e'er produce; a thought so ill
In any other breast did never sit,
As her own loving husband's blood to spill.
Yet this my wife, to the eternal shame
Of all the sex, (not only of the bad,
But ev'n of those that have no evil fame),
Betray'd my life, and of my death was glad.
Jove meant to Atreus' seed, said I, great spite
By womankind. By Helen first. At Troy,
For her sake, many lost their lives in fight,

LIB. XI.

Ulysses' descent into Hell.

And Clytemnestra now did you betray.
Therefore, said Agamemnon, never trust
A woman more, although she be your own.
Tell her not all you think: somewhat you must;
And somewhat keep t' yourself to her unknown.
But you, Ulysses, need not fear your wife,
Icareus' daughter, fair Penelope;
She loves you better than to take your life:
A wife so wise will scorn disloyalty.
When we for Troy set forth together, then
She gave suck to your son; but he is grown
A man by this time, and takes place with men;
Is rich, and one day shall his father own,
And he and you at home embrace each other.
But I was not allow'd my son to see,
But was first murder'd by his wicked mother.
Now hear ye; if you will be rul'd by me,
Let no man know beforehand, when and where
You mean to land in Ithaca. Beware
Of suffering your bark in sight t' appear.
Remember still, women unfaithful are.
But tell me, have you nothing all this while
Heard of my son Orestes? Whether he
At Sparta with his uncle be, or Pyle?
For dead he is not, I know certainly.
Alas, said I, Atrides, how should I,
That wand'ring was at sea, hear any news
Whether alive or dead he be? Or why
Should I with tales uncertain you abuse?
Discoursing thus, and weeping there we stood,
When great Achilles' soul appear'd to us;
And with him also the two spirits good
Of stout Patroclus and Antilochus.
The soul of Ajax, son of Telamon,
Was also there, who 'mongst those warriors tall
The goodliest person was, except the son
Of Peleus, who did much excel them all.
Achilles drank, and presently me knew,
And said, Ulysses, what brought you to Hell?
What plot upon the dead you hither drew,
Where none but shades of wretched mortals dwell?
Achilles, said I, I was forc'd to come
T' inquire of th' wizard, old Tiresias,
What the Fates say about my going home,
Whether or no, and how 'twill come to pass.
For since I came from Troy I have not seen
Nor Ithaca, nor any Grecian shore;
For toss'd and cross'd at sea I still have been;
But you are now as well as heretofore.
Like any God we honour'd you at Troy,

And here among the ghosts you are obeyed.
Death hath not chang'd your state; you still enjoy
A regal power. To this Achilles said:
Talk not to me of honour here in Hell;
I'd rather serve a clown on earth for bread,
Than be, of all things incorporeal,
That are, or ever shall be, supreme head.
But tell me of my son, Neoptolemus;
Whether he came to Troy, and how he fought;
And of my aged father, Peleus,
Whether he keep his place, or be put out.
For since much time his vigour hath decay'd,
Some foe, it may be, hath usurp'd his place
In Pthia, and in Hellas where he sway'd,
And put him, with his people, in disgrace.
But were I now above, and strong as then,
When for the Greeks I fought at Ilium,
And slew so many of their bravest men,
And to my aged father's house should come;
If there I were, 'twould not be very long
Before I made some of their hearts to ache,
That go about to do my father wrong,
And would by force his honour from him take.
When he had done, I made him answer thus:
Concerning Peleus I can nothing say;
But of your son, stout Neoptolemus,
I know enough: 'twas I brought him to Troy
From Scyros' isle. In council, always he
First spake his mind, and never spake but well.
Nestor and I, sometimes, and only we,
Th' advice he gave were able to refel.
In fight, he sought no shelter in the throng,
But ever out he ran before the rest,
To show his courage and his strength among
Those foes that were in Troy esteem'd the best.
The names of all he slew I cannot tell;
They are too many. But 'twas by his sword
That great Eurypylus in battle fell,
Of all the Trojan aids the goodli'st lord,
Excepting Memnon. After, when we were
Within the wooden horse concealed, and I
The power had of ordering all things there,
I never saw your son to wipe his eye,
Or to wax pale, as many of us did.
He never longed to be set on land
From out the hole in which we all lay hid;
And to his hilt he often put his hand,
And often to his spear. And when at last
We won, and rifled had the town of Troy,
He home into his country safely passed,

LIB. XI.

Ulysses' descent into Hall.

His ship well-laden with his part o' th' prey.
And which is more, he came off safe and sound;
Though Mars each way threw deaths and wounds about
Amongst the crowd, he ne'er received wound,
Neither from them that shot, nor them that fought.
This said, the swift Achilles' soul retir'd,
Strutting into the mead of Asphodel,
Proud of his son, to hear what he desir'd.
Then other grieved souls their stories tell.
Only the soul of Ajax stood off mute
And sullen, because I did from him bear
Achilles' armour in that sad dispute,
Where Pallas and the Trojans judges were.
I would I had not had that victory,
Which cost the life of him that was the most
Admir'd by all, for form and chivalry,
Except Achilles, in the Argive host.
I gently to him spake Ajax, said I,
Forget that cursed armour now at last;
And since you dead are, let your anger die:
For why, the Gods determin'd had to cast
Those arms amongst us for a punishment,
Offended with us, what e'er was the matter,
And us'd them as an engine, with intent
Our greatest tower, which was yourself, to batter.
For whom the Argives did lament no less
Than for Achilles, Thetis' son. Come nigh,
And hear what I can answer, and suppress
Your mighty heart awhile. So ended I.
To this just nothing he replied, but went
Int' Erebus 'mongst other shadows dim;
Yet there, I think, he would have been content
To speak to me, if I to speak to him.
But I desired others' souls to see.
Then Minos there, the son of Jove, I saw,
With golden sceptre, dealing equity
To souls that stood and sat to hear the law.
Next after him, I saw the great Orion;
A mighty club he carried in his hand;
And hunted the wild boar, and bear, and lion,
Which when he lived he had kill'd on land.
There also saw I Titius. He lay
Upon his back, stretch'd out full acres nine.
He the fair Leto had, upon the way
To Pytho, injur'd; Leto, Jove's concubine.
Two vultures on his breast, on each side one,
Sate dipping of their beaks into his liver.
He stirreth not, but lets them still alone;
And thus devouring it, they stay for ever.
And Tantalus I saw up to the chin

In water clear, and longing sore to drink;
But as he bow'd himself to take it in,
Some devil always made the water sink.
Close o'er his head hung pleasant fruit, and ripe
Pears and pomegranates, olives, apples, figs,
Which ever when he ready was to gripe,
A sudden wind still whisk'd away the twigs.
And Sisyphus I saw, who 'gainst the hill,
With hands and feet, a heavy stone doth roll;
But when unto the top he brings it, still
The naughty stone falls back into the hole.
Then to 't he goes afresh, with no less pain
He heaves and sweats, and dusty is all o'er;
And when 'tis up, he labour'd has in vain,
For still it serves him as it did before.
Then Hercules I saw,—I mean his sprite,
For he is with th' immortal Gods above,
And taken has to wife Hebe the bright,
Daughter of Juno, and of mighty Jove.
The dead about him made a fearful cry,
Like frighted fowl. A golden belt he wore,
With wild beasts wrought, and slaughters cunningly,
The like shall never be, nor was before.
He saw, and knew me presently, and spake:
Renown'd Ulysses, why left you the light?
Alas, were you constrain'd to undertake
This task as I was, by a meaner wight?
Who, though Jove's son I was, did me constrain
Full many other labours t'undergo.
But he thought this would put me to most pain,
Th' infernal dog upon the earth to show.
I did it though, and dragg'd him up to th' light,
By Mercury's and by Athena's aid.
Having thus said, he vanish'd out of sight
'Mongst other phantoms. But I still there stay'd,
Hoping more heroes of th' old time to see;
And more had surely seen of heavenly race,
Theseus, Pirythous, whom t' had pleased me,
If longer I had dar'd to keep my place.
For then, from out of Hell, with hideous cry,
Thousands of souls about me gathered,
And frighted me; but most afraid was I,
Lest Proserpine should send out Gorgon's head.
Then went I to my ship and company,
And for a while our oars at sea we plied:
But after we were on the main, then we
A fair gale had, and pass'd the ocean wide.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XII.

LIB. XII.

His passage by the Syrens, and by Scylla and Charybdis. The sacrilege committed by his men in the isle Thrinacia. The destruction of his ship and men. How he swam on a plank nine days together, and came to Ogygia, where he stayed seven years.

THENCE over th' ocean back we come away,
And at the isle Ææa we arrive.
There are the bowers of Aurora gay;
There 'tis that Phœbus doth the day revive:
And there we disembark upon the sand,
And having slept awhile, attend the day.
When day was come, my fellows I command
To fetch Elpenor's body dead away.
With wood from off a promontory near,
Weeping, his body we to ashes burn,
Together with his arms, and th' earth we rear,
To be a monument upon his urn;
And on the same we fix his oar upright.
These ceremonies done, came the divine
Circe, that knew we landed were that night.
Her maids brought to us bread, and meat, and wine;
And standing in the midst, Poor men, said she,
That come from Hell, and thither must again;
Twice-mortals, take your food, and merry be
With flesh and lusty wine, forget your pain.
To-morrow you shall sail again, and I
Will to you all your dangers open lay,
Lest you, by some malicious subtilty,
By land or sea, should perish by the way.
This pleas'd us well, and all day long we sate
Eating and drinking wine, until 'twas dark.
And somewhat e'er we saw it evening late,
My mates lay down to sleep beside the bark.
Then Circe led me by the hand aside,
And ask'd me all that I had seen in Hell;
Nor anything at all from her I hide.
'Tis well, said she. Now hear what I you tell:
First, you must pass the Sirens, who invite
All passengers that sail before the place
To land. But whosoever lands, that wight
Of 's wife and children ne'er more sees the face.
These Sirens in a meadow sit and sing,
Where dead men's bones in heaps about them lie
Rotting, and rivel'd skins lie scattering.
Pass on, and their enchanting music fly.
Command your mates to tie you to the mast;
And that, if you make signs to be set free,
They heed you not, but bind you still more fast.
That you alone may hear their melody,

His passage by the Syrens, and by Scylla and Charybdis.

Dam up your fellows' ears with chafed wax.
When you are gotten out of hearing quite,
And have the Sirens far off at your backs,
Another danger soon will come in sight.
Two ways there are; but which of them to take
I'll not advise you, both of them are naught.
Yourself upon the place your judgment make,
Of which I'll give you only a short draught.
Two rocks there be, that, with inclining brow,
Hang o'er the sea, which roaring runs between;
By th' name of Wanderers the Gods them know,
Because in changed posture they are seen.
Whereof the one does to such height ascend,
That never any birds that way take wing,
Nor fearful doves when they to Heaven tend,
Ambrosia to th' immortal Gods to bring.
One of these rocks doth vanish now and then,
But Jove still sets another in its stead.
This way, ne'er ship did safely carry men,
But dash'd was 'gainst the rocks, and perished.
The good ship Argo only pass'd that way
To and from Colchos safely; yet that, too,
Had perish'd, but that Juno did convey
The same, for love she bare to Jason, through.
The other rock unmov'd, with pointed head,
Pierceth the clouds, and reaches to the sky
In winter, and in summer 's covered
And wrapped up in mists perpetually.
Nor could a mortal man climb up unto't,
Although he were indued with twenty hands,
And with as many nimble feet to boot,
So smooth it is, and so upright it stands.
I' th' midst o' th' rock you 'll see a cavern dark
That looketh westward. That way you must row.
The mouth o' th' cave is more above your bark
Than th' youngest man can shoot to with a bow.
There 'tis that Scylla dwells and barks: her voice
Like to a lion's whelp's voice is; but she
A mighty monster is; 'twould not rejoice
A God, much less a man, her shape to see.
Twelve feet she has in all, and ugly ones.
Six huge long necks; and to each neck a head;
And in each head for teeth sh' has rows of bones,
And every row of them envenomed.
Half of her body in the cave she hides;
But all her heads she putteth out, and watches
For dog-fish, dolphins, and what fish besides
The sea affords, and whales she sometimes catches.
Ne'er did bold sailor boast, that pass'd that way,
That he had 'scaped safely by her den;

LIB. XII.

His passage by the Sirens, and by Scylla and Charybdis.

Or that a mouth of her's did want its prey,
But from him snatch'd away some of his men.
The rock that's opposite is not so high,
But there the passage is exceeding narrow.
For you, Ulysses, if you please to try,
From side to side can eas'ly shoot an arrow.
Out of this rock grows a great sycamore,
Under the which Charybdis hidden lies,
And suddenly the water does devour,
And suddenly again she makes it rise.
Thrice in a day the water rises high,
And thrice a day again the same doth fall.
But when it falls, take heed you be not nigh;
Keep Scylla side; better lose six than all.
When she had made an end, Goddess, said I,
Tell me, I pray you, when I have got free
From th'evil which Charybdis means me, why
On Scylla I may not avenged be?
Fie, fie, quoth she, are you at fighting still?
Dare you against the Gods oppose your might?
For Scylla is an everlasting ill.
Row on apace, and save yourselves by flight.
'Gainst such a monster, remedy there's none,
But row as fast as e'er you can away.
For if you stay to put your armour on,
She'll stoop again, and take another prey.
Row swiftly on, and to Cratais cry,
That in her belly the foul monster bore,
And she will keep her in as you go by,
That she shall not assault you any more.
Next at Thrinacia isle you shall arrive,
Where feed the Sun's broad-horned kine and sheep,
Sev'n herds there be, in each one ten times five,
As many flocks, which Sol's two daughters keep,
Phætusa and Lampetio divine;
Their mother was Neæra, that did bear
And bring them up, and to them did assign
The keeping of their father's cattle there.
These if you suffer quietly to feed,
You shall get home again, though with some pain;
But if you hurt them, know it is decreed
Your ship and men shall perish in the main;
And though yourself you save, your ship you'll lose,
And mates, and in your passage find delay.
This said, the rosy-finger'd Morning rose,
And Circe up the island went her way.
But I went to my ship, and call'd my crew
To come aboard. Aboard they quickly come,
And sitting each man in his order due,
With stroke of oars they make the grey sea foam.

His passage by the Sirens, and by Scylla and Charybdis.

The Goddess Circe also was so kind,
As when we were gone off, and sails had spread,
To fill them with a favourable wind.
So sate we while the steersman governed.
Then to my mates with heavy heart I spake:
Not one or two of you alone must hear
What Circe said, but all, that you may take
Your own advice, since 'tis a common fear.
You must not hear the Sirens' melody,
But row with all your might till we be pass'd.
To me alone, she gives that liberty,
But so as first you bind me to the mast.
Bind me you must upright both hand and foot,
And so as I may not the knot unknit:
And if I wink upon you to undo 't,
Then take more cord and bind me faster yet.
Whilst I my fellows thus informing stood,
The island of the Sirens came in sight:
For nimble was our ship, and the wind good.
But suddenly we were becalmed quite;
Some demon sure had laid the waves asleep.
Then took we in our sails, and laid them by,
And with our oars in hand provok'd the deep,
And in a milky path we forward ply.
Then from a ball of wax I pinch a bit,
Chafe it, and into th' ears of one it put;
And so to all in order as they sit.
Which soon was done, the weather being hot.
Then straight they rise and bind me to the mast
At th' arms and feet: the knot behind they tie;
And then upon their seats themselves they plac'd,
And row'd till to the island we were nigh.
When to the island we were come so nigh,
As that a man that holloes may be heard,
The Sirens, knowing when we should come by,
Had tun'd themselves, and had their song prepar'd.
Come, come, much prais'd Ulysses, come away;
The brightest glory of the Greeks, come near:
No mortal man did ever come this way,
That did not to our music lend an ear;
Delight they found, and wisdom carried hence.
Stay, stay your good black ship, forbear awhile
To beat the sea; please and inform your sense.
Come disembark yourselves upon our isle.
We know what feats of arms were done at Troy
Between the Greeks and Trojans all along:
We know what's done on th' whole earth everyday.
Come, come a'land, and listen to our song.
And this they sung with so much harmony
And sweetness in their voices, that I fain

LIB. XII.

The passage by Scylla and Charybdis.

Would have recovered my liberty,
And to them wink'd, to be set loose again.
But 'twould not be. My mates regard my words,
And not my winks, and sit still at the oar.
Eurylochus and Perimede bring cords,
And bind me harder than they did before.
When we had left the Sirens at our backs,
So far as not to hear them any more,
My fellows from their ears pull out the wax,
And me unto my liberty restore.
We had not sailed far, when there appear'd
An angry sea before us all in smoke;
And thumping of the mighty waves we heard
Upon the stubborn rocks at every stroke.
Besides, the sea so mighty loud did roar,
As with one dismal hum it fill'd the ear,
And made my mates each one let fall his oar,
So much their senses were benumb'd with fear.
Still stood the bark. Then I among them go
With gentle words, new courage to convey
Into their failing hearts, to make them row;
And passing by, to every one I say:
My friends, we all have many dangers pass'd,
And greater much than what we now do fear.
Remember how from Polyphemus vast,
By my good conduct, we deliver'd were.
I do not doubt but you remember it:
My counsel, therefore, also now obey.
Row close along the shore, the Gods may yet
Deliver us, but by no other way.
But you that have the guiding of the ship,
Steersman, to you I speak, mark what I say;
Steer her without the smoke; for if she slip
Aside, though little, we are cast away.
This said, my fellows speedily obey'd.
Of th' monster Scylla not a word I told;
Lest they should throw away their oars, dismay'd,
And for their shelter run into the hold.
But Circe's counsel I had quite forgot.
I arm'd myself, and took into my hand
Two spears, though she expressly had said not;
And looking upwards, at the head I stand.
But she appeared not. I look'd so high
And long upon the hideous rock, my sight
Began to fail, and now we were close by
That dismal straight, which doth us all affright.
Here Scylla stands, and there Charybdis dire
Lies vomiting the sea, which sings and dances
Like water in a kettle o'er the fire,
And vapours to the highest rocks advances.

The sacrilege committed in the isle Thrinacia.

But when the sea it sucketh in again,
It sounds like thunder in the hollow stone,
And we could see the bottom very plain;
Sandy it was, and black to look upon.
Whilst we our eyes upon Charybdis fix,
And stand amazed at the horrid sight,
Suddenly Scylla stoop'd, and snatch'd up six
Of the best men I had to row or fight.
I from the ship that never stirr'd my eye,
Soon saw their sprawling arms and legs i' th' air,
And heard them lamentably to me cry,
And name me in their uttermost despair.
As fishers in a horn mix fraud and food,
And from the bank at th' end of a long wand,
To catch the fry cast it into the flood,
Then pluck them up, and throw them on the land:
So lifted were my mates. Of my mishaps
This was the saddest I did ever see,
When she my men cham'd in her ugly chaps,
Roaring and holding out their hands to me.
From Scylla we unto the island row,
Where feeding were Sol's sacred sheep and kine.
Before we landed I could hear them low;
Which brought into my mind the prophesy
Of old Tiresias the Theban bard,
That counsel'd me this island for to shun.
Of Circe also I like counsel heard,
And not to land i' th' Island of the Sun.
Then speaking to my fellows, Friends, said I,
This island sacred is to Sol; this place
Tiresias and Circe both bid fly,
And not to disembark in any case.
For if we do, for certain they declare
The greatest mischief that e'er men befel:
Therefore keep out to seaward, and beware
Of landing here, and then we shall be well.
But then Eurylochus to me began:
You have, Ulysses, a hard heart, quoth he;
There is no labour but you bear it can;
Your limbs of stubborn steel composed be.
But you consider not your mates are tir'd
With their continual tugging at the oar,
And that refreshment is and sleep requir'd,
Which is not to be had but on the shore.
But you would have us wander in the night,
When in the night the greatest winds arise,
The bane of ships; and when depriv'd of light,
To save ourselves we can no way devise.
What if great winds should blow from south or west,
Which often happens, though their king not know,

The sacrilege committed in the isle Thrinacia.

Or not consent? Therefore I think it best
To-night to sup ashore,—to-morrow row.
So said Eurylochus, and was commended
By all my mates: and presently I knew
One demon or another had intended
To ruin me, together with my crew.
Then said I to Eurylochus, 'Twere vain
To strive against so many men alone.
But you shall take an oath that you 'll abstain
From hurting of the cattle of the Sun.
Of Circe's meat there's left us yet good store.
This said, they took the oath; which having done,
They put into the harbour, and ashore
They sup. And when their hunger now was gone,
Their mates remembering, that in th' hollow rock
By th' monster Scylla were devour'd, they weep
And wail, and with their hands they knock
Their breasts, and in that posture fell asleep.
The stars had climb'd a third part of the sky,
When with a whirlwind Jove together fetch'd
The clouds from ev'ry part, and suddenly
On sea and land a dismal night was stretch'd.
And when the rosy-finger'd Morning came,
Our ship we to a hollow cave advance,
Wherein the sea-nymphs seats and couches have,
And where they are accustomed to dance.
Thither I call'd my mates, and said again:
Friends, we have meat and drink aboard, be wise,
And from the herds and flocks of Sol abstain,
Who heareth all we say, and all espies.
To this did my companions all assent.
But for a month there blew no other wind
Than south and east; so that we there were pent
I' th' island longer than we had design'd.
My mates, whilst they had bread and meat aboard,
Forbore to meddle with the sacred kine,
And fetch'd in what the island did afford
Of fish and fowl, to have wherewith to dine.
Up I into the island went aside,
The conduct of th' immortal Gods t' implore,
That some of them t' would please to be my guide,
And me unto my country to restore.
And in a place defended from the wind
I wash'd my hands; and then with tears and sighs
Before the Gods I poured out my mind,
And they a sweet sleep poured on my eyes.
Meantime Eurylochus bad counsel gives
To his companions. All deaths, quoth he,
Are hateful to what thing soever lives;
But death by hunger is the worst can be.

The sacrilege committed in the isle Thrinacia.

Let's kill some of the fattest of these cows,
And sacrifice unto the Gods on high;
And to appease the Sun, let's all make vows
To build a temple to his Deity,
Enrich'd with gifts. If not content with this,
For a few cows displeas'd, he seek our death,
For once to gape and die, far better 'tis
Than strive with hunger till we lose our breath.
This said, my fellows all his counsel take,
And chase Sol's sacred herds, that graz'd hard by;
And then for recompense their vows they make
To build a temple to his Deity.
But when they made their vows, chaplets they wear
Of tender leaves pluck'd from the spreading oak.
White barley they had none, the which men bear,
When in their danger they the Gods invoke.
After the vow perform'd, the kine they flay,
And take their thighs and cover them with fat,
And one of them upon the other lay,
To burn upon the altar. After that,
Their offering of drink they pour'd upon
The altar, as the sacrifice they burn;
It ought t' have been of wine, but having none,
They pour'd on water fair, which serv'd the turn.
When th' entrails by my fellows eaten were,
And fire consumed had the sacrifice,
The rest they roast on spits and made good cheer.
Just then it was that sleep forsook my eyes,
And back again I walk'd down tow'rds the shore;
But coming near, perceiv'd the vapour rise
Of roasted meat. Then to the Gods I roar:
You give me sleep, and take away my life;
So strange a thing my mates the while have done.
Swiftly Lampetio to heav'n flies,
And carries up the news unto the Sun.
The Sun in choler all the Gods defies,
Unless they right him of his injury.
Jove, father, and you other powers divine,
Revenge me of Ulysses' company,
That have so insolently slain my kine.
It was my joy to see them in the morn,
And in the evening e'er I went to bed.
Reyenge me, oh ye Gods! of this their scorn,
Or I'll go down to Hell and light the dead.
No, Phœbus, answer'd Jove, hold up your light,
For Gods and mortal men to see their way.
As for the men that did you this despite,
Their ship at sea with lightning I'll destroy.
At this discourse in heaven was Hermes by,
And heard his father make this sad decree;

LIB. XII.

The destruction of the ship, &c.

And he again told all this history
To the fair Calypso, and she told it me.
When to my fellows I was come, I rate
Them all full bitterly, and one by one;
But all in vain, for now it was too late:
The Gods by signs detested what was done.
The skins did creep, the flesh o' th' spits did low,
Both raw and roast. Six days in th' isle we staid,
Feasting on Phœbus' kine, the seventh we row;
For then the fury of the wind was laid.
When we were out at sea we fix our mast,
And up into the wind our sails we draw,
And had the isle so far behind us cast,
That nothing else but sky and sea we saw.
Then Jove, when far from land he saw our ship,
Just over it a dismal black cloud hung,
Which made it dark as night upon the deep,
And then our good ship run not very long.
For presently from west a sudden blast
Came roaring in, and vehemently strains
And breaks the cordage that upheld the mast,
Which falling down, beats out the steerer's brains:
He drops into the sea. The mast hangs o'er
At stern. The yards lie cross the sink:
And all the while both heaven and sea did roar
With thunder loud, which made our hearts to shrink.
And by and by into the ship Jove threw
His thunder-bolt, which whirl'd it round about.
It smelt of sulphur rank; and all my crew
Into the sea it suddenly threw out.
They like to gulls from wave to wave were borne,
But I kept still aboard, till at the last
The rudder from astern the ship was torn,
And fell into the sea, and with't the mast.
The mast had hanging on it broken ropes,
Wherewith I bound them both together fast,
And sate upon them as my latest hopes,
Until the fury of the storm was past.
The storm now laid, th' wind came about to th' south,
And carried me before it, till the sun
Next morning rose; and then we were i' th' mouth
Of dire Charybdis, just when she begun
To swallow up the sea. Then up leap'd I,
And on a spreading sycamore laid hold,
But to't I could not climb; the boughs so high
I could not reach, and far off was the root.
There by the hands I hung, expecting when
Charybdis should cast up the sea, and bring
The rudder and the mast to th' top agen.
Meanwhile, in th' air I patiently swing.

The destruction of the ship, &c.

What time the judge ariseth from his seat,
Ending the brabbles of contentious men,
And all come weary home to take their meat,
Then came my mast and rudder up agen;
And I into the sea close by them drop.
Then having soon recovered them, again
I place myself astride, once more, a-top,
And with my hands I rowed on the main.
If Scylla this had seen, undoubtedly
I had been lost. But 'twas the grace of Jove,
That all this while she did not me espy,
But kept herself retir'd i' th' rock above.
Thus wander'd I at sea nine days outright;
O' th' tenth at night the Gods brought me to land
In th' isle Ogygia, where Calypso bright
Receiv'd me with a charitable hand.
But how she treated me, I need not say;
You and the queen already know it well,
From the relation I made yesterday;
Nor do I love the same tale twice to tell.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XIII.

Ulysses sleeping is set ashore at Ithaca by the Phæacians, and waking knows it not. Pallas in form of a shepherd helps to hide his treasure. The ship that conveyed him turned into a rock; and Ulysses by Pallas is instructed what to do, and transformed into an old beggar-man.

This said, all silent and delighted were.
Alcinous then said, Ulysses, since
You safely to me are arrived here,
You shall not lose your way in going hence.
But, princes, you that daily with me sit,
Drinking good wine and hearing music sweet,
And given to the stranger have what's fit,
I'll tell you what yet farther I think meet.
Garments he has a chest full, and good store
Of gold, plate, and of other gifts he has.
Take my advice. Let each man give him more,
A cauldron, or a three-foot pot of brass.
I know to each man 'twill be too great largess,
But by the people's contribution
We'll make amends; the town shall bear the charges.
The motion pleas'd, and 'twas agreed upon.
Then went they every man to his repose.
And soon as morning did again appear,
Aboard the ship the vessels they dispose,

LIB. XIII.

Ulysses sleeping is set ashore at Ithaca.

Alcinous himself directed where.
And then into the palace they return,
And sacrifice to Jove a well-fed beast;
The thighs upon the altar there they burn,
And with the rest they make themselves a feast.
Demodocus before them sung and play'd,
Who for his art was famous in the town.
Ulysses to the sun look'd up, and stay'd
Longing and wishing that it would go down;
As one that hath at plough been all the day,
Hungry his belly, feeble is his knee,
Beholds the setting of the sun with joy;
So glad Ulysses was sunset to see.
Then to Alcinous and all the rest,
Offer, said he, unto the Gods their wine.
I have already all that I request,
And many gifts, which may the pow'rs divine
Make happy to me. Let me now depart,
That I may see my dear wife and my friends.
And blest may you stay here with joy at heart,
Comfort your wives, and obtain all your ends;
And strong and worthy children may you have,
Nor 'mongst the people trouble or disease.
This said, they prais'd him all, and counsel gave
The stranger to conduct safe o'er the seas.
Alcinous then call'd for wine, and bad
Pontonous present it to each one,
Until unto the Gods all offer'd had,
That so Ulysses the sooner might be gone.
Pontonous brought wine, and carried it
From man to man, and each man drank his cup,
Blessing the Gods in order as they sit.
When all had drunk, Ulysses standeth up,
And speaking to queen Arete, he said:
Happy for ever may you be, O queen.
I take my leave. Be you for ever joy'd
In king Alcinous as you have been,
And in your children and your people all.
And when he this had said, away he went.
Alcinous did then a squire call,
Whom with Ulysses to the ship he sent.
Arete to her women sent. One brought
Fine bread and store of black wine of the best;
Another brought with her a cloak and coat;
Another brought, to lay them in, a chest,
Which by the mariners were quickly stow'd
Aboard the good ship, with the wine and bread.
And for Ulysses many rugs they strew'd
O' th' deck, astern, with linen at his head.
And then aboard he went. When he was lain,

Ulysses sleeping is set ashore at Ithaca.

Their seats they take, and parted from the strand,
Reclining dash'd with oars the liquid plain,
While sleep Ulysses bound had foot and hand.
As when four horses gallop o'er a plain,
The way runs swiftly by the coach's side;
So did the good ship mount upon the main,
And to the stern the water swiftly glide,
A hawk could hardly with it have kept pace,
A hawk that of all fowl the swiftest flies;
So swiftly ran the ship on th' ocean's face,
And with her breast the rising water slice;
Bearing a man for wisdom like a God,
That pass'd had fearful billows on the deep,
And many bloody paths of war had trod,
The thought whereof was now removed by sleep.
Above the earth now risen was the star,
Day's messenger, and brightest of the sky.
The ship was then from Ithaca not far.
A port there is, which from a deity
Is called Phorcys, a sea-deity.
Two jetting rocks defend it from the wind;
When once within, a ship will safely lie,
There needs no cord a floating ship to bind.
At the port's head grows a large olive-tree,
And near it an obscure and pleasant cave,
Where the Nereiades delight to be,
And there they bowls of stone and beakers have;
The bees make honey there. Besides, there be
Long beams of stone, whereon the nymphs do weave
Rich purple garments, wonderful to see,
And fountains which their running never leave.
Two doors there are, one north, men go that way;
The other to the south more sacred is,
Th' immortals here go in, and none but they;
The Gods have to themselves reserved this.
All this Ulysses' convoy knew before;
And here the ship arrived, safely lands,
And half her length lay dry upon the shore,
Such was the strength of those Phæacian hands.
The lusty seamen, when they landed were,
First took Ulysses, sleeping as he lay,
Bedding and all, and to the land him bear,
And lay him from the sea a little way:
Then they unship his goods, gold, vestures, brass,
Gifts given him by the Phæacians;
Which at the foot of the olive-tree they place,
Out of the way, lest passengers should chance
To steal them while Ulysses was asleep.
When this was done, the convoy stayed not,
But rowed out the ship into the deep.

LIB. XIII.

The ship that conveyed him turned to a rock.

Nor Neptune had Ulysses yet forgot,
But said to Jupiter, complaining then:
What honour from the Gods can I expect,
When the Phæacians, that are but men,
(Although descended from me), me neglect?
For though Ulysses I destroyed not,
Because his coming home you had decreed;
Yet that he should be brought home thus, ne'er thought,
Asleep, and painless, and with so much speed,
Enrich'd with gold, and brass, and vestures store,
As much as had come to his share at Troy.
This the Phæacians have done, and more,
In this licentiousness they take a joy.
Then answered Jove: Neptune, what's this you say?
The Gods neglect you not. It cannot be,
That are the eldest and of greatest sway
Of any of them. If man injure thee,
To take revenge enough your own pow'r is.
I will not hinder you, do what you please.
To Jupiter then Neptune answer'd this:
I could, O Jove, have been reveng'd with ease,
But that I fear'd you would offended be.
And now I'll tell you what I mean to do.
As soon as I the ship returning see,
I'll fix it, that they may no more do so;
Besides, their city with a hill I'll hide.
O but, said Jupiter, were it my case,
When from the city people all espied
The ship hard by, I would a rock there place
In likeness of a ship not far from land,
To make men wonder, and then round about
The city make a mighty mountain stand.
This said by Jove, the God of Seas went out
To Scheria, where the Phæacians
First planted were. The ship came swiftly on,
And on it Neptune laid his mighty hands,
And roots it in the sea, turn'd into stone.
The rowers t' one another say, What's this?
Who hath our good ship fixed in the water?
And yet above the water still it is.
Thus said they, but knew nothing of the matter.
Then spake Alcinous. Performed, said he,
Is what long since I heard my father say,
That Neptune angry was that strangers we,
Whoe'er they were, do to their homes convey,
And threatened had with a great hill to hide
The city, and destroy the passage-boat.
This by my father then was prophecied,
And now, you see, at last about 'tis brought.
Therefore be rul'd by me. Convoy no more;

Ulysses by Pallas is instructed what to do.

But let us unto Neptune sacrifice
Twelve chosen bullocks, and his grace implore
To set no hill there. So did he advise.
And then to Neptune they their prayers make
Standing at th' altar, king and princes all.
And now Ulysses lying was awake,
But to his mind the place could not recal;
For Pallas had about him cast a mist,
That at his coming he might not be known;
But she herself instruct him as she list,
Till he the suitors all had overthrown.
All things seem'd to him other than they were,
Paths, highways, creeks, havens, trees, and rocks;
And rising up he was he knew not where,
And with his open hand his thigh he knocks.
Ay me, said he, whither am I come now?
To civil, or to wild and lawless men?
Where shall I hide my treasure? Whither go?
Would I were at Phæacia agen.
To other friends I might have gone from thence,
And t' Ithaca obtained a convoy,
Here for my treasure I see no defence.
Left here to others they will be a prey.
I see the princes of Phæacia
Are not so just as I take them to be.
They promis'd to set me at Ithaca,
But have to some place else transported me.
Jove, that sees all, and punisheth the ill,
Will be revenged also of these men.
But come, my presents number now I will,
The seamen may have ta'en some back agen.
His garments and his plate then number'd he,
And nothing missing was of all his pelf.
Then walk'd he softly along by the sea,
Lamenting and bewailing of himself.
And then came Pallas to him. She had on
The body of a shepherd young and tender,
As if she had of some prince been the son;
Lin'd was his coat, the thread was fine and slender,
With dart in hand, and fine shoes on his feet.
Ulysses, who beheld her, was much joy'd,
And forth himself advanced, her to meet.
And first he to her spake, and thus he said:
Joy to you be, and good-will towards me;
Save for me these my goods, and save me too.
You are the first I meet here; at your knee
I bow myself, as men bow Gods unto.
Tell me, I pray you, true: What land is this?
What town? Th' inhabitants what men?
An isle, or of the continent a piece?

LIB. XIII.

And in the form of a shepherd, helps to hide his treasure.

To this the Goddess answered agen.
Simple you are, or very far hence dwell,
To ask what country this is. For 'tis not
A place obscure; for known 'tis very well
Both east and west, though but a little spot,
And rugged ground, not fit for galloping;
Yet corn it bears abundantly and wine;
And is well watered both with dew and spring,
And nourisheth great herds of goats and kine.
Of wood of ev'ry sort there is good store.
Though from Achæa far men say is Troy,
Yet Ithaca is talk'd of on that shore.
These words unto Ulysses were great joy.
And to the Goddess then he answered:
(Falsely; on fables keeping still his hold,
As one that always plots hath in his head):
I have, said he, of Ithaca been told,
Far hence in Crete, and now am thither come
With these my goods; but leaving to my child
About as much as I brought out from home;
And here I am alone, a man exil'd.
For of Idomeneus I kill'd the son,
Orsilochus, for swiftness of his feet
So excellent, there was not any one
That could out-run him in the isle of Crete.
Because I had refused a command
Under his father at the siege of Troy,
And would command my own, he took in hand
To have depriv'd me of my share o' th' prey,
Which to my dangers and my deeds was due.
For which, by night, with one companion,
Near the highway, I with my spear him slew,
And in the dark escap'd when I had done.
And to Phœnicia by sea I went;
And hired with a good part of my prey
To Pylus or to Elis to be sent.
But adverse winds forc'd us another way.
And wandering, there arrived in the night.
And straight into this port we brought the bark,
Ne'er thought of food, though very well we might,
But went ashore, and lay down in the dark,
And there I slept. The mariners meanwhile
Take out my goods and lay them on the shore,
And back unto Sidonia they sail,
And after that I never saw them more.
At this the goddess smil'd, and strok'd his head,
And in a woman's shape before him stood,
Of stature tall and like to one well bred.
The craft that catches you had need be good.
You cannot, though at home, your wiles forego,

Pallas helps to hide his treasure.

And your feign'd stories, though there be no need,
So close they stick to you from top to toe.
But now no more of that; for 'tis agreed,
'Mongst mortals you, amongst immortals I,
For counsel and invention excel.
Did you not know me, that perpetually
Have at your need assisted you so well?
And now am come to help you to secure
The rich Phæacian presents you have here,
And tell you what at home you must endure?
Affronts and scorns, you shall find many there.
Then said Ulysses, Difficult it is
For any mortal man, though very wise,
To know a God, that can their form dismiss,
And, when they will, put on a new disguise.
When th' Argive army was besieging Troy,
Goddess, I know how gracious you were then;
But after (the town sack'd) we came away,
And scatter'd had the Gods our ships and men,
And I was wand'ring on the ocean wide,
I never saw you, never had your aid,
Save at Phæacia you were pleas'd to guide
Me to the town, and hasten me dismay'd.
But I beseech you (for still do I doubt
This is not Ithaca that I am at,
But some place else, and that you go about
With comforts feign'd my sorrows to abate)
Tell me if this my country be indeed?
Pallas said then, Suspicious still you are;
I cannot, therefore, leave you in your need,
Since wise you be, and willing to beware.
Another man that had been long away,
Had straight gone home to see his wife and son;
But that for you is not the safest way,
Nor had it yet been opportunely done.
Know how she'll take it first. She keeps within,
And spends in weeping both the night and day.
I know full well the Fates his coming spin,
But that his mates shall first be cast away.
But with my uncle Neptune had no mind
To be at odds, that in such choler is,
For making of his son the Cyclops blind.
But come, I'll shew you Ithaca. First, this
The port of Phorcys is; this th' olive-tree,
There near it is the gloomy cavern, where
The nymphs Naiades invoked be,
And by you in that cave much worshipp'd were.
The hill so cloth'd with wood is Neriton.
This said, the mist dissolves, and then Ulysses
His native country joyful looks upon,

Pallas helps to hide his treasure.

And falling on his knees, the soil he kisses.
And then to the Naiades he pray'd,
Hail ! Daughters of high Jove, Naiades,
Ne'er to have seen you more I was afraid;
But oft we shall again, if Pallas please
To give me life, and prosper my dear son,
Your altar fill with gifts as heretofore.
The Goddess Pallas, when his pray'r was done,
Answer'd, Let that thought trouble you no more.
But come, let's now see how your goods to save,
Now presently. 'Twere well that they were laid
Within some rock at bottom of the cave.
Then went she in, and caves in cave survey'd.
Ulysses brought into the grot his store,
Garments, and heavy brass, and golden plate ;
Which Pallas plac'd, and laid a rock o' th' door,
And then in counsel both together sate
The suitors to destroy. Pallas first spake.
Ulysses, said she, think on how you may
Your just revenge of the proud suitors take,
That use your house and substance as their prey;
That marry would your wife by force. But she
Still keeps them off with hopes and promises,
Expecting your return continually,
But than of marriage thinks of nothing less.
Oh ! said Ulysses, but for your advice,
I died had as Agamemnon did.
But now, O Pallas, find out some device,
How of the suitors best I may be rid,
And by me stand, inspiring courage stout,
As when we pull'd Troy's head-gear off her head.
For then to master them I should not doubt,
Three hundred though they were. Then answered
The Goddess Pallas : By you I will stand ;
You cannot fight, but I shall of it know,
And bring unto you such a lucky hand,
That with their blood and brains the ground shall flow.
Come, first I'll make you to men pass unknown:
I'll shrink your skin, that 's now so fair and fresh,
And from your head take off that hair so brown,
And cover will with such array your flesh,
As men shall hate the sight of ; then your eyes
I'll shrivel up, that were so full and bright,
That in this habit th' woo'rs may you despise,
Nor your wife know you standing in her sight.
Then go you to the master of your swine,
That loves you, and your son, and your consort;
And to direct you to him take this sign :
He 's at Crow-rock, thither the swine resort,
And t' Arethusa's well; for why, the oaken

Ulysses transformed into an old beggar-man.

Berries, with that sweet water, make them fat.
Stay there till to him you your mind have spoken,
And well inform'd yourself of your estate.
To Lacedæmon I the while will go,
To call your son Telemachus away,
Who thither went by sea, that he might know
What Menelaus there of you could say.
Then said Ulysses, Goddess, since you could
Have told him all yourself, why did you not?
Meant you that also he be wand'ring should,
While other men stay feeding on his lot?
Trouble not you yourself with him, said she:
I sent him, and went with him with intent
To show him to the world abroad. And he
At Sparta treated is to his content.
'Tis true, the suitors with a ship are gone
To wait for, and to kill him by the way;
But I believe, before that that be done,
Some will lie low that now your goods destroy.
And as she spake, she strok'd him with her wand,
And rivel'd seem'd his skin (which was before
So sleek and fair) as if it had been tann'd;
And gray his hair, rivel'd his eyes all o'er.
And then she gave him an ill-favoured rag,
Torn, foul, and smutted filthily with soot,
And over that the pill'd skin of a stag,
And satchel full of holes then added to 't
With twisted-string. And up their counsel brake.
The Goddess Pallas then to Sparta past,
To bid Telemachus his leave to take
Of Menelaus, and go home with haste.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XIV.

Ulysses in form of a beggar goes to Eumæus, the master of his swine, where he is well used, and tells a feigned story, and informs himself of the behaviour of the wooers.

But he in rugged way, o'er mountains steep,
Through woods obscure unto Eumæus went,
Whose office was the herds of swine to keep,
And of his servants was most diligent;
And found him in the porch before the door.
The house was handsome, and high-built, and great,
Nor to it was adjoined any more;
Well fenc'd from wind it was, and a warm seat,
Built by himself, on purpose for the swine

LIB. XIV.

Ulysses' entertainment by his swine-master.

Of his good lord, Ulysses, that was gone,
With stone that hewn was from the rocky mine,
Besides those of Laertes and his son;
And with a quickset-hedge enclosed round,
And pales of heart of oak; the hedge without
Set close together, and stuck deep i' th' ground.
And thus the house was fenced round about;
Within the court twelve lodgings were for swine,
And ev'ry one of them held five times ten;
And there the female and the teeming lyen.
The males lay out, but much diminisht then;
For the proud suitors eaten had the rest,
Eumæus having sent in every day
One of the fattest of the herd and best,
And yet three hundred and threescore were they.
Near to the swine, four dogs were ever lying,
Like to wild beasts, and by Eumæus fed.
Himself was leather to his foot applying,
Made of a good cow-hide well coloured;
Three dogs attending were the herd; the fourth
Convoying was a swine unto the woo'rs;
The other three ran fiercely bawling forth,
When they Ulysses saw come near the doors;
Ulysses wisely then his staff lets fall,
And presently sits down upon the ground;
But had Eumæus not come in withal,
An unbeseeming fortune he had found;
Who letting fall the leather for his shoe,
Running and rating came in to his aid:
And snatch'd-up stones abundance at them threw,
And then he to Ulysses spake, and said,
Old man, yourself almost to death you brought,
By those accursed dogs, and me to shame;
As if my sorrow great enough were not,
But that there must be added to it blame.
While sitting here, I for my master weep,
And feed his swine for other men to eat;
He somewhere swallow'd up is in the deep,
Or wanders up and down for want of meat.
But come, old man, into the lodge let's go,
That when of meat and wine you have your fill,
You may then tell me whence you are, and who,
And how much you have suffered of ill.
This said, he led him in and made him sit,
And under him he store of rushes laid;
O'er that a goatskin, thick with hair was it,
Of which a speckled wild goat had been flay'd.
Ulysses, glad to see the man so kind
And very hearty, answered and said,
May all your pray'rs like entertainment find

Ulysses' entertainment by his swine-master.

With Jove for whatsoever you have pray'd.
Stranger, then said Eumæus, it was never
My custom any stranger to neglect;
The poor and stranger are in God's hand ever.
Few are my gifts, and but of small effect,
For servants of young masters stand in fear;
And by the Gods my old one fast is bound
From coming home. 'Twas he that gave me here
A house and fair possession of ground,
As much as fits a master to his swain,
And help'd me too contentedly to wive,
Which taketh off a great part of my pain;
Also the Gods have made my labour thrive.
How happy had I been if he had stay'd!
Accursed be that Helen and her kin;
For, for Atrides' sake he anchors weigh'd,
Himself much misery engaging in.
Having thus said, he girded on his coat,
And fetch'd in two young pigs; not long he staid,
But kill'd, singed, jointed, roasted, piping hot
Before Ulysses with the spits he laid,
Then strews them over with the flour of wheat,
And in an ivy bowl he tempers wine,
And sitting o'er against him bids him eat.
Eat, says he, servant's food, the lesser swine;
The great ones are the pamper'd suitors' fare;
The blessed Gods hate evil works, and love
Them that do well; but these men little care
For mercy or for vengeance from above;
Yet enemies and lawless men, when they
Disbark upon another's land, and there
With prey their ship have laden, come away,
And of revenge stand always in great fear.
But these men know not, nor by voice divine
Assured are, Ulysses now is dead;
Yet neither will go hence, nor have design
To seek by lawful ways his wife to wed;
But stay and waste his substance without hoe.
For not a day went o'er their heads that they
Did sacrifice one only beast or two;
And wine abundance drink and cast away.
Ulysses his estate and wealth was such,
In Greece nor Argos, no prince in Epire,
Nor twenty had in Ithaca so much;
And if to have it reckon'd you desire,
Upon the Continent twelve herds of kine,
Twelve herds of goats, as many flocks of sheep,
As many swine-houses replete with swine,
Which herdsmen of the country there did keep;
And here, upon the island's farthest end

LIB. XIV.

Ulysses' entertainment by his swine master.

There be eleven herds of goats; of these
The goat-keeper does ev'ry day one send,
The best of all, the suitors proud to please;
And daily I the best of all my swine.
Thus said he: but Ulysses silent sate,
Eating his meat, and drinking of his wine,
And plotting in his head the suitors' fate.
When he had supp'd, Eumæus to the brim
Fill'd up his cup with wine; Ulysses then,
Glad that Eumæus so well treated him,
Drank, and the cup deliv'ring back again,
Friend, says he, that so rich and valiant man,
Your master, that was for Atrides lost,
If I have seen him, do you think you can
Know him? God knows I have seen many a coast.
Then answer'd he: There is no stranger able
Nor with his wife nor son to get belief;
The news they tell both take but for a fable,
Invented by their want to get relief;
Many poor men come to Penelope,
And make her weep in vain with tales untrue:
And where you think you shall rewarded be
With coat or other garment, so can you.
But he's devour'd by beasts or fowls at land;
Or fish at sea have on his body fed;
And on the shore his bones lie clad in sand.
But howsoe'er it be, the man is dead;
And to his friends has sorrow left behind,
But to me chiefly, who, go where I please,
Shall never such another master find,
Nor ever be again at so much ease;
No, though I should unto my country go,
And parents, that have got and nourish'd me;
To see them though I wish, I long not so
As I Ulysses long again to see;
Whom, though now absent, I call by his name,
He was so kind, and took such care of me,
That of such small respect I feel some shame;
A second father he should called be.
Friend, said Ulysses, since so hard it is
To make you hope he will so soon be here,
Know that I have not rashly told you this,
What I have spoken I will also swear;
If true, with coat and vest my news requite;
If not, then not, although ill rayed am I:
Of him as of hell-gate I hate the sight
That can by want be made to tell a lie.
Know Jove, the chief of Gods, and then the host
That hath provided for us this good cheer,
And in Ulysses' house doth rule the roast,

Ulysses will be here some time this year;
This month expired, or the next begun,
And be reveng'd of th' wooers impudent
That have dishonoured his wife and son.
Then said Eumæus, leave this argument;
For your good news nothing will be to pay,
Nor will Ulysses ever come again;
Drink wine, and no more on this subject say,
I cannot think upon him without pain:
And swear no more; true be it all you say.
To me, Laertes, and Penelope,
And to Telemachus 'twill be great joy,
For whom my sorrows much augmented be.
He sprang up like a branch to man's estate;
I thought he would in prowess prove no less
Than's father was, whom he did imitate
In wit and figure and in comeliness:
But now the Gods bereav'd him have of wit,
He's gone to Pyle, to hear what men there say
About his father, whilst the suitors sit
Waiting at sea to kill him by the way.
But him let's leave a while with pow'rs above,
Whether to let him die, or bring him back,
Waiting upon the pleasure of high Jove.
And now of your own woes untie the sack,
That I may know them: tell me truly now
Your own, your father's, and your country's name;
And further I desire you, let me know
Whence are the mariners that with you came
Unto this town? and tell me this likewise,
Where rideth the good ship that brought you to't?
For verily I can no way devise
How you should come on horseback or on foot.
Then said Ulysses, Were we here alone,
And meat and drink for so long us attend,
And all the rest about their work were gone,
The year would sooner than my story end.
Of Crete I am, and rich my father was,
And many children more he had, but they
Begotten were according to the laws;
But of a concubine the son was I.
My father was Castor Hylacides,
That was for wealth in Crete much honoured,
And for his children, but lov'd me no less
Than those he had begot in lawful bed.
When he was dead and gone, my brothers proud
Divide his state amongst themselves by lot,
And little of it they to me allow'd:
But for all that a good rich wife I got;
My virtue won her; I no shun-field was,

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Ulysses' entertainment by his swine-master.

Nor from my stock degenerate she saw;
(Though from me now my strength be gone, alas!)
But you I think can know wheat by the straw;
For now with hardship I am much decay'd.
Mars gave me courage, and Athena skill
To beat up quarters, and by ambush laid
With stratagems my enemies to kill:
Of being slain I never had a thought,
But foremost still I leap'd out with my spear;
And of the foes to death I still one brought,
Unless his feet than my feet swifter were.
And such I was in war. But husbandry,
And keeping home, though that bred children store,
I car'd not for. But ships I lov'd to see,
And war, darts, bows, and shafts, I loved more;
Yet horrible they be to other wights;
For, for such things the Gods have temper'd me.
Many things are there wherein one delights,
Which to another man unpleasant be.
Before the Greeks went to the siege of Troy,
Nine times had I commanded on the seas,
And always our success was good that way,
And of the prey I chose what did me please
Beside my share. And wealth came in apace.
Wise I was thought, and honour'd much in Crete.
And when Jove had decreed Troy to deface,
Idomeneus and I went with the fleet,
Or else we must our credit quite have lost.
Nine years we fought, the tenth we took the town.
And setting up our sails we left the coast,
And by the Gods were tossed up and down.
But Jove determined me more trouble yet:
For needs I would to Egypt go and trade.
A month I stayed at home, then forth I set
With nine good ships, and an ill voyage made.
For when six days I feasted had my crew,
And to the Gods devoutly offer'd part;
A good strong wind from the north heaven blew,
And from the coast of Crete we then depart;
Smoothly we sail'd, safe our arrival was,
Nor man nor ship had any harm at all;
From shore to shore we did in five days pass,
And in the Nile we let our anchors fall.
Then I my fellows bad aboard to stay,
And guard the ships, and some to places high
I sent to watch; but mov'd by lucre, they
On plunder and on rapine had their eye;
The fields they waste, and kill the men, and make
Women and children captives. Then the cry
Arriving at the city, arms they take,

Ulysses' entertainment by his swine master.

And next day early to the field they hie;
With horse and foot then thundered the field.
Their armour light'ned. My men frighted were:
Some taken and made slaves; some flying kill'd;
And all the rest ran scatter'd here and there.
Then I (though 't had been better there t' have died,
So many woes have since befallen me)
Pull'd off my helmet, laid my spear aside,
And buckler too, and kneel'd at the king's knee.
He rescued me, and home with him me brought,
Sitting by him that did his chariot drive:
Though in their heat many to kill me sought,
Yet the king brought me to the town alive.
Seven years I there remain'd and riches got,
For every man almost me somewhat gave.
Then thither came a merchant, that had not
His fellow in all Egypt for a knave.
His house and riches in Phœnicia were,
And he with lies entic'd me to his home.
With him I went: and there I stay'd a year;
And when the months and days about were come,
He set me in a ship for Libya;
And there together with our goods we sate,
He cracking of the profit he foresaw,
And I suspecting, though it were too late.
With him I went. And when the ship was forth,
We steer'd our course without the isle of Crete;
For by good luck we had a wind full north,
But Jove determin'd had we should not see't:
For when the island we had left behind,
And nothing else appear'd but sea and sky,
Jove fetch'd the clouds together with a wind,
Just o'er the ship, and dark 'twas presently;
And therewithal into the ship he threw
His thunderbolt, which whirl'd it round about:
It smelt of brimstone rank. And all the crew
Into the sea it suddenly cast out;
And they like gulls from wave to wave were toss'd.
But Jove, to save me, put into my hand
The ship's tall mast, which with my arms I cross'd,
And after nine days came at last to land.
And in Thesprotia was cast on land;
And the king's son, who chanc'd that way to pass,
Lifted me up as I lay on the sand;
And by king Phædon well receiv'd I was.
He cloth'd me with good garments, coat and vest.
I ask'd him of Ulysses what he knew?
As he went home, said he, he was my guest,
And what he then had gotten did me shew;
Of brass, and iron, and gold, there was so much,

LIB. XIV.

Ulysses' entertainment by his swine-master.

As might ten ages feed a man alone,
The treasure that he show'd me there was such.
But he, he said, was to Dodona gone,
There at the holy oak to be advis'd
(Since he from Ithaca so long has been),
Whether 'twere better to go home disguis'd,
Or so as to be known when he is seen.
The king to me in holy form did swear,
That for the conduct of Ulysses home,
Both ship and mariners then ready were.
But when I went from thence he was not come.
A ship of that place in the harbour lay
Ready to part. The king bad land me there.
But they resolv'd were of another way;
Which made me yet more misery to bear.
When of that land they were got out of sight,
To sell me for a slave they did agree;
My coat and vest they take from me there right,
And gave me the torn coat and rags you see.
Late in the ev'ning they were at the land
Of Ithaca, and bound me fast i' th' ship.
But they to sup thought fit upon the sand,
And leaving me, out of the bark they skip;
But from my bonds some God sure set me free.
Then down I went and to the sea applied
My breast, and round the ship swam speedily,
And in a great thick wood myself I hide.
Sorry they were, and put to sea again,
To stay and seek me they lost labour thought.
Thus by Jove's favour I alive remain,
And to the house of a good friend am brought.
Then said Eumæus: I confess the story,
Poor man, of this your wand'ring and your pain,
Has had the pow'r to make me very sorry.
But of Ulysses what you say is vain.
I not believe a word. What needed you,
So wise a man as you appear to me,
In vain to tell me anything not true;
When I myself am sure 'twill never be?
For all the Gods have shown themselves his foes,
That neither suffer'd him to fall at Troy,
Nor, the war done, his best friends to compose
His body for the grave. For either way
He honourably buried had been
To th' honour of his son. But he is dead,
Unspoken of, devour'd by harpies keen;
And I despis'd sit here to see swine fed;
And never to the city come, but when
Some news is brought unto Penelope,
And she send one to call me. I come then,

Ulysses' entertainment by his swine-master.

And many list'ning to the news I see.
Some griev'd, and wishing for his coming home;
Some that seek nothing but shot-free to feed,
And these men wish that he may never come.
But I of what they say take little heed;
Especially, since an Ætolian,
As he from place to place for murder fled,
Came to my house, and I reliev'd the man,
And after found that I was cozened.
He said he saw him with Idomeneus,
In Crete, and that for certain he would come,
(His fleet much hurt repaired) to his house,
Rich, at the next spring, or the next autumn.
Therefore, old man, since you are come to me,
Think not your story anything avails,
Nor that false hopes provoke my charity;
My bounty looks on want and not on tales.
Pity, and fear of Jove, my favours guide.
Ulysses to this answers him, and saith,
Since you trust not my word, nor oath beside,
And in your breast resideth little faith,
Let 's make a bargain. If Ulysses come,
Then a good coat and vest shall be my due,
And a safe conduct to Dulichium.
If not, and that I told you prove untrue,
Then make your servants throw me from a cliff,
High and upright, that others may beware
To cozen men into a false belief
Of things they know not, but uncertain are.
Then said Eumæus: Yes, 'twere a fine deed,
And noble, t' entertain a man with love,
And with good cheer relieve him in his need,
Then kill him, and beg pardon then of Jove.
But now I wish the swine from field were come,
For time it is of supper to advise.
And while they talk, the swains the swine bring home,
And with great noise they pent are in the sties.
Then did Eumæus to his servants call,
From out the herd to choose one of the best
His far-come friend to entertain withal,
And mend their own fare also with the rest.
'Tis long since others the work to us leave
To feed the swine they eat. Having said that,
Out went he, for the altar wood to cleave;
And they brought in a five-year-old pig fat,
And laid it on the hearth. Eumæus there,
Rememb'ring well the Gods, for he was wise,
First from the forehead clippeth off the hair,
And in the fire the same did sacrifice.
Then did he all the Gods above invoke,

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Ulysses' entertainment by his swine-master.

That soon and safe Ulysses might arrive;
Next that, he takes a piece of the cleft oak,
And at a stroke did him of life deprive.
Then others take the work into their hands,
And with keen steel they quickly cut his throat.
That being done, with many flaming brands
They singe from head to tail his hairy coat,
And lay him open. Then Eumæus came,
And folded up the fleshy thighs in fat.
And then into the fire he threw the same.
The rest they cut in lesser parts; and that
They roast on spits; and being roasted well
And taken up, on chopping-boards they put it.
Eumæus then, who thereat did excel,
As he thought fit, did into messes cut it.
But one mess for the nymphs and Mercury
He set aside; and over that he pray'd;
The rest he set to each one severally.
But to Ulysses the whole chine was laid.
Jove, said Ulysses, be to you as kind
As you to me, and grant all your request.
Friend, said Eumæus, now your supper mind,
Such as it is. Gods give what they think best.
Then to the Gods he offer'd the first cut,
And fill'd a bowl, and offer'd part of that.
The bowl then in Ulysses' hand he put;
Ulysses it receiv'd, and down he sat.
Mesaulius then sets before him bread,
Which thither brought from Taphos was to sell,
And had been by Eumæus purchased.
Then heartily unto their meat they fell;
And when to eat they had no more delight,
Mesaulius took off the bread; and all
Prepared were for sleep. But cold the night
And moonless was; besides, much rain did fall.
Ulysses to the company then spake,
Tempting Eumæus; and to get a cloak
From him, or from some other for his sake.
Hear me, Eumæus, says he, and you folk,
I have a tale to tell. This foolish wine
To laugh and dance is able to provoke
Grave men sometimes that have no such design,
And to speak that which better were unspoke.
But out it shall, since I so much have said.
Oh! that I were as young and strong as when
Before the town of Troy the watch we laid,
And lodged were amongst the reeds i' th' fen,
By Menelaus and Ulysses led,
And me the third; the wind at north all night,
We lying with our bucklers covered.

Ulysses' entertainment by his swine master.

With rain congeal'd, our armour all was white.
And they slept well wrapp'd up in cloak and coat,
Safe in their bucklers from the freezing wind;
But like a fool my cloak I had forgot,
I did not think I should such weather find.
And when a third part of the night was gone,
I nudg'd Ulysses, who did next me lie;
He felt me, and to him I made my moan:
Noble Ulysses, I am like to die,
The weather kills me, I have but a coat;
My cloak some demon made me leave behind,
And of such cold quite took away the thought;
I cannot tell what remedy to find.
No sooner said, but remedy he found,
For able was he both to shift and fight,
And said unto me, in a whisp'ring sound,
Peace, lest we heard be by some other wight.
And then with head on elbow, Friend, said he,
I dreamt we from the ships too far lie here.
Let some to Agamemnon go and see,
If he would have us rise and come more near.
Then up rose Thoas, son of Andræmon,
And down he laid his cloak, the which I kept,
And swiftly did to Agamemnon run;
I' th' cloak I wrapp'd myself and soundly slept.
Were I as young and strong as I was then,
Some one a cloak would lend me for respect,
Or else for kindness, 'mongst so many men;
But now my rags are cause they me neglect.
Old man, then said Eumæus, you have told
Your story well. Each word to purpose is.
To-morrow shake your rags against the cold,
Of what is needful now you shall not miss;
Of cloak or coat there's none of these has shift.
But when Telemachus from Pyle comes back,
From him you will have all you need, of gift;
And then you neither cloak nor coat will lack,
And be conveyed to what place you desire.
With that he rose, and woolly skins of sheep,
And shaggy goat-skins near laid to the fire;
And there Ulysses laid him down to sleep.
And over him a cloak Eumæus laid,
Both thick and soft it was, which he had kept,
And with it in sharp cold himself arrayed;
And thus Ulysses warmly cover'd slept.
By him the young men lay. But to the sties
Eumæus went; for fit he thought it not
To lie far from his swine, and out he lies.
Meanwhile Ulysses of his kindness thought.
Eumæus first of all his sword puts on

LIB. XIV.

O'er his great shoulder: then, against the weather,
A thick warm cloak; and again, that upon,
A great goat-skin, the skin and hair together.
And then with dart in hand, for his defence
'Gainst men and dogs, well armed at the head,
To where the tusked swine lay parted thence,
Within a rock from wind safe covered.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XV.

Pallas sends home Telemachus from Lacedæmon with the presents given him by Menelaus. Telemachus landed, goes first to Eumæus.

And then to Lacedæmon Pallas went,
To urge Telemachus his leave to take
Of Menelaus, to whom she had him sent,
And home again what speed he could to make.
Telemachus and Nestor's son she found
Within the entrance of the house abed;
The son of Nestor in a sleep profound.
Sleep came not in Telemachus his head;
Thought of his father open kept his eyes.
Then Pallas to him said: Telemachus,
To stay so long abroad you are not wise,
Leaving your goods with such men in your house,
As lawless there your substance do devour,
Lest afterward you to no purpose come.
Importune Menelaus with all your pow'r,
Or else your mother you'll not find at home:
Her father and her brethren bid her marry
Eurymachus. Of all he bids most high.
Take heed what goods out of your house they carry.
You know what thoughts in female breasts do lie;
They will their present husband's house promote,
But for their former children little care.
For he once dead, they have no longer thought
Of how his children after him shall fare.
Therefore return you, and commit to some
Maid of your own, for faith and care well known,
Such goods as in your house you have at home,
Until you have a good wife of your own.
I tell you more; remember what I say;
The bravest of the suitors lie in wait,
As you return to kill you by the way,
'Twixt Ithaca and Same, in the strait.
They'll fail, I think, of what they go about,
And sooner some of them their graves shall find.

Telemachus sent home with presents.

But, howsoever, steer the isles without,
The God that keeps you will provide a wind.
And when at Ithaca you are on land,
Unto the town your ship and fellows send,
But go you to Eumæus out of hand,
Who, though he keep your swine, is much your friend.
Then Pallas mounted to the sky, and he
Pisistratus awakens with his foot.
'Tis time, said he, that on our way were we;
Let's to the coach, and set the horses to't.
Then said Pisistratus: Too dark 'tis yet
To travel with a coach. Let's therefore stay;
'Twill soon be morning. Let's our presents get,
And by Atrides' self be sent away;
For guests use always to remember those
By whom they have been entertain'd with love.
This said, the morning by and by arose,
And Menelaus toward them did move.
Telemachus then puts on hastily
His coat and cloak to meet him on his way;
And when they were to one another nigh,
Telemachus first spake, and thus did say:
O king, Atrides Menelaus, now,
Even now, dismiss me, let me go my way.
Then said Atrides: E'en now you shall go;
I purpose not to make you longer stay;
For I conceive 'tis not a good man's part,
To make too much or little of his guest,
To hold him when he gladly would depart,
Or press him to begone e'er he thinks best.
In hospitality this rule is true:
Love him that stays, help forth the going guest.
Stay then and take my gift along with you,
And your breakfast of what we have the best.
For he that will a great day's journey make,
Will find both joy and profit in his meat.
And if to visit Greece you pleasure take,
I'll with you go, and with you I'll retreat;
And to the Argive cities be your guide,
And be presented by each princely man,
With whomsoever we at night abide,
Two mules, a gold cup, a brave pot or pan.
Then said Telemachus: I needs must go,
(My father seeking lest myself I lose),
I have left none my goods to look unto,
And robb'd my treasure may be by my foes.
When that was said, forth Menelaus goes,
To give unto his wife and maids command
For breakfast of what then was in the house.
Then Boetheides, who lodg'd near at hand,

LIB. XV.

Telemachus sent home with presents.

Came in; and, bidden by Atrides, cleaves
The wood, makes fire, lays down the roast;
Him to his business then Atrides leaves,
And down came to his treasure of great cost,
He, and his son, and wife Helena. There
Within a room lin'd with sweet-smelling wood,
A temperer to his son he gave to bear,
Of silver pure, which 'mongst the vessels stood;
And from a chest where robes for matrons were,
She took up one, with great variety
Wrought by herself, which she herself did bear,
Shining and bright as any star i' th' sky;
And forth unto Telemachus they come.
Then said Atrides, Jove grant your request,
And safely may you t' Ithaca come home;
See here my gift, of all I have the best:
'Tis massy silver, gilt about the brim,
By Vulcan made; but then it was possess'd
By th' king of Sidon: I had it of him
When by the way from Troy I was his guest.
Then Helen said, This gift too take from me,
Of Helen's handywork a monument,
To give to her that your dear wife shall be;
Think it meanwhile as to your mother sent;
Then gave it to Telemachus his hands.
I' th' coach Pisistratus then placed all,
And at the goodly gifts amazed stands;
Atrides then led them into the hall,
And made them sit; and while they sitting were,
A grave maid-servant from a golden ewer,
To wash their hands, pours on the water clear
Over a basin all of silver pure.
One tables sets, another lays on bread,
And from their store many good things brings out;
The messes Boethcides severed;
Atrides' son the wine delivered out.
When their desire of food was satisfied,
Up rose Telemachus and Nestor's son,
And to their coach they the swift horses tied,
And in the coach were ready to be gone;
And were already got the court without,
But after them Atrides followed,
And in his hand a gold cup he brought out
Of wine, and standing at the horses' head,
Brave youths, said he, to Nestor me commend,
That as a father was to me at Troy.
Farewell, and may you to your journey's end
With safety travel and arrive with joy.
Then said Telemachus, all this I'll say,
I wish at home I may so treated be

Telemachus sent home with presents.

Within my father's house at Ithaca,
Besides the presents you have given me.
As he said this, an eagle dexter flew,
And seiz'd a great white tame goose grazing near;
The standers-by shouted and cried, Shue, shue,
But yet away the eagle bore him clear;
And none but with the sight was well content.
Then to Atrides said Pisistratus,
This prodigy, unto you is it sent
From Jupiter? Or is it sent to us?
While what to answer he was taking care,
Helen prevented him. I will, said she,
First tell you what hereon my own thoughts are,
And to my mind by th' Gods infused be;
You saw the eagle come down from the hill,
Where nature placed him to dwell and breed,
And kill that goose: so shall Ulysses kill
The suitors that upon his substance feed.
Or, it may be, already there he is
Devising for the suitors some ill end;
O Gods, then said Telemachus, that this
Were so indeed! to you then should I send
As to a God my vows. This said, away
They whipp'd their willing horses through the town,
Which on the plain their harness shake all day,
And were at Pheres when the sun went down.
There Diocles, Orsilochus his son,
(Orsilochus by Alphæus begot),
Dwelt, and of entertainment want was none,
Nor acceptable presents were forgot;
And when the morning had herself array'd,
Again they put their horses to the coach,
Which when the whip they felt once, never stay'd,
Till to the town of Pyle they did approach.
Then said Telemachus to Nestor's son,
You promis'd, I your father should decline;
But since we here are, how can that be done?
And therefore let us both our counsels join.
Friends you and I, and friends our fathers were;
One age we have; this voyage is some tie;
Draw me not from my ship, but leave me here,
Lest th' old man force me at his house to lie,
In kindness, when I have such need to go.
This said, Pisistratus considered
What to make good his promise he should do.
And then this counsel came into his head.
Turn off, said he, the coach to the sea-side,
And Menelaus' gifts a-shipboard stow,
And get aboard; your small stay here I'll hide.
So your departure shall my father know.

LIB. XV.

Telemachus sent home with presents.

For sure I am, if he know you are here,
So violent he is, he'll hither come,
And call you to his house and stay you there,
And be a hindrance to your going home.
And though away you'll not be empty sent,
Yet will he doubtless very angry be.
This said, unto his father home he went.
Telemachus then bade his company
To see prepar'd all things for sailing fit,
And go aboard; aboard went also he.
The rowers on their seats in order sit.
Thus they about their going busy be.
Then came a stranger, that a prophet was,
And fled from Argos then for homicide,
And by descent was of Melampus' race,
And stood near to Telemachus his side.
For this Melampus once had dwelt in Pyle,
And rich, but fled, by Neleus oppress'd,
And bound he lay in prison for awhile.
But afterward, he got himself releas'd,
And brought to Neleus his herds again,
And had his daughter Pero for reward;
But left her with his brother to remain
For wife. And then did Pyle no more regard,
But went to Argos, where a wife he got,
And children twain had: first, Antiphates.
And he the valiant Oicleus begot,
And Oicleus begat Amphlareus,
That was belov'd by Pallas and by Jove,
And yet he lived not till he was old.
He died at Thebes, betrayed by his love,
That him discover'd for a chain of gold.
Alcmæon and Amphilochus he got.
But Mantius, Melampus' second son,
Cleitus and Polyphides then begot.
Cleitus was fair, but children he had none;
Aurora snatch'd him from the earth when young,
For mortals he in beauty did excel,
And placed him th' immortal Gods among.
And Polyphides, Phœbus loved well;
And to him gave the gift of prophecy.
And since Amphiraus was dead and gone,
To foretell anything with certainty
Upon the whole earth like him there was none.
Displeased by his father, Mantius,
At Hyperesia he prophecied.
His son it was, call'd Theoclymenus,
That then stood by Telemachus his side,
When he the blessed Gods was praying to.
And said, Since worshipping I find you here,

By him you worship, tell me truly who
You are, your father who, and dwelling where?
Stranger, then said Telemachus, I dwell
At Ithaca, born there; my father's name
Ulysses, if he live; but who can tell?
And to hear news of that, I hither came.
Then answer'd Theoclymenus, And I,
From Argos town, for killing of a man,
Pursued by his kin, am forc'd to fly;
Take me aboard that only save me can.
Welcome you are, then said Telemachus;
Aboard let's go, where you shall have such cheer
As we can make, and hath contented us.
Then took and on the deck he laid his spear;
And up into the ship he went, and at
The stern he plac'd himself, and close by him
The stranger Theoclymenus down sat.
Then bids Telemachus, the ship to trim.
And straight the mast upright they set and bind,
And hoist their sails with ropes of good cow-hide;
And Pallas sent them a good strong forewind,
And swiftly did the ship the sea divide.
The sun was down, and doubtful was the light,
When he to Pheræ came and passed by;
And then by Elis coasted he all night,
And came unto the Thoæ Islands nigh;
And thought upon the suitors in his way.
Ulysses and Eumæus supping sat,
And when their hunger they had put away,
The tables gone, they leisure had to chat.
And then Ulysses had a mind to know,
Whether Eumæus rather had he stayed
I' th' lodge with him, or to the city go;
And to the company he spake, and said:
Hear me, Eumæus, and you all, his friends;
I stay here helping to consume your meat,
My mind me to the city rather bends;
For bread and wine there begging I shall get.
But I must then entreat you to provide
Some good man to go with me. Being there,
Necessity itself will be my guide
To find the houses where there is good cheer.
And if I go unto Ulysses' doors,
Unto Penelope I can tell news,
And make myself well known unto the woo'rs,
And they to give me meat will not refuse.
I can do any service that they will,
(Thank Mercury, to whom I owe that good),
Few be they can compare with me for skill
To make a fire, or to cleave out wood,

LIB. XV.

Telemachus sent home with presents.

To roast and carve meat, or wine to give out,
Or anything that great men's servants do.
Ay me, Eumæus said, poor man, what thought
Is this of yours? D'ye long to perish so?
As you must do, if you among them stay;
Their insolence is known up to the sky.
You are not like their serving men; for they
Are young, and are apparell'd handsomely
With coat and vest; their heads and faces shine
With unguents sweet. Stay therefore here with me;
There's none that at your staying doth repine,
Nor I, nor any of my company.
Telemachus, when he comes home again,
Shall give you garments, a fair coat and vest,
And good shoes also to your feet, and then
See you convoy'd to what place you think best.
To this, Ulysses answered, and said,
Oh! that Jove lov'd you but as well as I.
You have me from a wretched wand'ring stayed.
The belly brings to men such misery.
Then said Ulysses, Since I am to stay,
Say, of Ulysses' parents, if you know
His father and his mother, whether they
Be both remaining yet alive or no.
To this, Eumæus said: Laertes lives,
But woefully and weary of his life;
Still for the absence of his son he grieves;
But more lamenteth the death of his wife.
The loss of her was that first made him old.
She died for grief, thinking her son was dead;
As sad a death it was as can be told.
May we from such death be delivered.
While she was living, though she grieved were,
When cause there was, I could have asked her mind
Freely. For why, with her own daughter dear
She brought me up, and never was but kind.
This daughter Ctimene, when come of age
(For she the youngest was) to Same went,
To a rich man given in marriage.
But I, well clad in coat and vest, was sent
(And shoes upon my feet) into the field;
For she a purpose had to do me good.
But now the time does no such kindness yield,
And yet the blessed Gods provide me food;
For they so well have multiplied my swine,
That we have still enough of meat and drink,
And wherewithal to make a poor man dine,
Although the suitors' riot make them shrink;
But since this woe Penelope befel,
'Tis harsh to her to hear of business:

Telemachus sent home with presents.

Yet servants need her both to ask and tell
All that belongeth to their offices,
And also sometimes, maybe, need they had
I' th' house to eat, and carry somewhat home,
Of that whereof servants are most part glad,
And which unto their lodges never come.
Ho, said Ulysses, since it doth appear
You were a traveller when but a boy,
Tell me, I pray you, what your adventures were,
And what your sufferings were upon the way.
Was your town plunder'd by the enemies,
And you brought hither as a part o' th' prey?
Or been by thieves (for you were no ill prize),
As you kept sheep or cattle, brought away?
Then said Eumæus, Since to hear the story
Of how I hither came it is your pleasure,
Sit patiently, the wine there stands before ye;
For sleep and joy the long nights give us leisure,
It is not good too soon to go to bed;
For too much sleep is but a weariness;
The rest that will may go, and, morning spread,
Drive forth the swine, which is their business.
Meanwhile let us sit here, and drink and chat,
And stories of our sad adventures tell;
For much contentment there is ev'n in that,
To them that suffer'd have and come off well.
But to my story now. An isle there is
Under the tropic of the sun, not great,
Call'd Syria, but very fertile 'tis,
Well stor'd with kine, and sheep, and wine and wheat,
Where famine never enter'd, nor disease
Amongst the people. When a man was aged,
Dian' and Phœbus made him die with ease,
And gentle shafts the pain of death assuaged.
Two towns it had; their laws were not the same;
But of them both my father was the king.
Phœnician merchants, rats, then thither came,
And in their ships did many baubles bring.
There then was in my father's house a maid,
Phœnician born, that well could sow and spin;
As washing clothes she at the sea-side stayed,
One of these merchants sooth'd her into sin,
(For good workwomen may be made to do that,
If flatter'd well), and then he ask'd her name,
And whence she was. And truth she told the rat.
From Sidon, said she, a rich town, I came,
And daughter am of wealthy Arybas;
But Taphian thieves took me by force away,
As homewards from the field I going was,
And sold me to this man with whom I stay.

LIB. XV.

Telemachus sent home with presents.

Then said the merchantman that did her wive,
Will you to Sidon home return with me,
And see your parents? They are still alive,
And rich as heretofore. I will, said she,
If you and all your company will swear,
At Sidon you will set me safe ashore.
And when all sworn, and agreed on it were,
The woman spake again, and this said more:
If any of you see me in the street,
Or at the well, speak not at all to me,
Lest any of the house should chance to see't,
And tell my master. Jealous he will be,
Put me in bonds, and seek you to destroy;
Buy quickly what you buy, and ready be,
And secret. When you mean to go away,
Then send a privy messenger to me;
For all the gold I can lay hand upon
I'll bring, and somewhat else boat-hire to pay;
For I the charge have of my master's son;
Much profit he will yield if brought away.
Playing without, I'll take him by the hand
And lead him to the ship; much worth he'll be,
Transported into whatsoever land.
And home again, this said, returned she.
A year it was before these merchants went.
Meanwhile they buy and lade the ship; and when
They had their freight, straightway a man they sent
To bid the maid make haste away. And then
A man unto my father's house they sent;
A crafty merchant, with a chain of gold
And shining amber, on which were intent
My mother and her maids; they much behold,
And take into their hands, and for it bid.
Meanwhile the man a nod gave with his head,
The woman quickly understand him did,
And by the hand me out a-door she lead.
Aboard went he. The woman look'd about,
Saw standing on the tables many a cup,
Left by my father and his guests gone out,
And presently she three of them took up;
Out went she, leading me, that simple was.
The sun went down, and dusky was the way,
And to the ship we unpursued pass,
To th' haven where the merchants' vessel lay.
And then go they, and with them we aboard,
And sail'd before the wind six days and nights,
And to us Jove a fair gale did afford,
Diana on the seventh the woman smites,
And suddenly into the sink she fell;
And her they throw into the sea for cheer

Telemachus landed, goes first to Eumæus

To fishes; but the rest arrived well
At Ithaca. Laertes bought me there.
You see now how I hither came. Then said
Ulysses, Truly you have pass'd much woe;
But Jove in part your sorrows hath allay'd,
That in a good man's house at ease are now,
That gives you meat and drink with a good will;
With him you live a happy life. But I
Have longer wand'ring been, and must be still.
Thus 'twixt themselves did they say and reply,
Then went to sleep. The night was almost past,
And with the morn Telemachus was nigh;
Quickly his mates take down the sails and mast,
And row the ship to land, and there her tie;
Then on the beach they quickly break their fast,
And with fresh water temper their old wine.
And when desire of meat and drink was past,
I'll, said Telemachus, go to my swine,
But to the city will return at night,
Next morn I'll feast you with good flesh and wine,
Your labour in my passage to requite.
And then said Theoclymenus divine,
What will you do meanwhile, I pray, with me?
Unto your mother's house must I go too,
Or to some other man commended be?
Then answered Telemachus: No, no,
To bring you to my house in vain it were.
My mother in my absence you'll not see,
She seldom to the suitors doth appear,
At top o' th' house at work still sitteth she.
But I will recommend you to another,
In Ithaca of best repute; his name
Eurylochus, and best he loves my mother,
And what my father did would do the same;
But folded up it lies yet in Jove's lap,
Whether he first shall married be or dead.
As he this said, there did a falcon hap
(Apollo's bird) to fly above his head
Dexter, and in his pounces held a dove;
And as he plumed her the feathers fell
Scatter'd as they descended from above
(Which Theoclymenus observed well)
Betwixt Telemachus and the ship's side;
And to Telemachus said secretly:
This from the Gods is, and doth good betide
Both to yourself and your posterity.
I knew that it portended at first sight,
No family but yours was here to reign.
O, said Telemachus, that that were right,
Such love, such gifts, you then should from me gain,

LIB. XV.

Telemachus landed, goes first to Eumæus.

As men that saw you should your fortune bless.
Pyræus then his friend was standing by,
To him he then his stranger did address:
You are my best friend of the company;
Unto your care this stranger I commend,
To be well treated till I come again.
Though long you stay, said he, I do intend
The best I can your friend to entertain,
And with some gift. Then to the ship he goes,
He and his mates. They on their benches sit.
Telemachus then putteth on his shoes,
And takes a spear that for his hand was fit;
The ship about they to the city row.
Telemachus pursuing his design,
On foot unto Eumæus forth did go,
His faithful servant, master of the swine.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XVI.

Telemachus sends Eumæus to the city to tell his mother of his return; and how in the mean time Ulysses discovers himself to his son.

Eumæus and Ulysses risen were,
And men, for dinner, sent out to fetch hogs,
And fire was made. Ulysses chanc'd to hear
One tread without, and whining of the dogs
That barked not, and to Eumæus said:
Some one of your acquaintance now comes in;
I hear his feet. The dogs are well appai'd.
These words scarce said, Telemachus was seen.
Eumæus, who then temp'ring was of wine,
Lets fall his cups, and meets him at the door;
Kisses his head and hands, and both his eyne,
And presently with tears his eyes run o'er.
As when a loving father sees his son
That had been ten years absent, and for whom
He had lamented long, come home alone;
So glad was he Telemachus was come,
And hugg'd him as one that had 'scap'd but then
From death; and weeping said, O are you come?
I never thought to see you more, sweet man,
Since first I knew to Pyle you went from home.
But come, come in, dear heart, that I may fill
Myself with looking, you're not oft among
Your herdsmen in the field, but almost still
I' th' city, in the suitors' dismal throng.

Telemachus sends Eumæus to tell his mother of his return.

Yes, said Telemachus, for why, I come
To see you, and to ask about my mother;
Whether she still remaining be at home,
Or gone be with a suitor one or other,
Leaving her husband's chamber and his bed
With cobwebs hung for want of furniture?
No, she yet stays, Eumæus answered,
And great the grief is which she doth endure;
And day and night the tears fall from her eyes.
Telemachus went in. His father there
To give him place did from his chair arise.
Sit still, said he, I'll find a seat elsewhere
In my own house. This man will one provide.
This said, he past unto another seat,
To which Eumæus a wool-fell applied
With rushes under it. Then brought in meat,
Trenchers of meat roasted the day before,
And in a basket sets on bread of wheat,
And in an ivy-tankard wine good store,
And o'er against Ulysses takes his seat.
Then on the meat prepar'd their hands they laid.
When thirst and hunger nothing more requir'd,
Telemachus unto Eumæus said,
And thus about his new-come guest inquir'd:
Father, said he, I pray you tell me now,
His own, his father's, and his country's name;
And farther I desire you let me know
Where are the mariners that with him came
Unto this place? And tell me this likewise,
Where rideth the good ship that brought him to't?
For verily I can no way devise,
How he should come on horseback or on foot.
To this Eumæus answered agen:
He says himself that he was born in Creet,
And seen the cities has of many men,
Wand'ring about, for Jove so thought it meet.
Thesprotian rats got him aboard their ship,
And forced were in Ithaca to land;
There he found means to give them all the slip;
So came to mine, and from mine to your hand.
I give him you, as you think best to use.
To this again Telemachus replies:
That which you say, Eumæus, is bad news.
How to receive him I cannot devise.
I am too young to save him with my hands,
If injury be done him by the wooers.
And at this time my mother doubtful stands,
Whether to stay within my father's doors,
And with the people her good name maintain,
Or with that suitor wed and go away,

LIB. XVI.

Telemachus sends Eumæus to tell his mother of his return.

That to her shall afford the greatest gain.
But since the stranger at your house doth stay,
I'll give him garments, a good coat and vest,
A spear in's hand, and good shoes to his feet,
And him convey to what place he thinks best.
Or if to keep him here you think it meet,
I'll hither for him garments send and food,
That he no charge be to your family.
To set him with the suitors 'tis not good
For me nor him, they so unruly be.
He'll be derided there, and I shall grieve,
But 'gainst so many men what can be done?
The strength of one man cannot him relieve.
Ulysses then made answer to his son.
Oh! friend, said he, it bites my heart to hear
What of the suitors in your house you say,
How 'gainst your mind they proudly domineer.
It is because you willingly give way?
Or that your people by divinity
Adverse are to you or your government?
Or are your kindred, that should stand you by
In quarrel and in battle, discontent?
Oh, were I young, and of the mind I am,
Or that I were the great Ulysses' son,
Or he himself, and wand'ring hither came,
I'd have my head cut off by any one,
If I were not reveng'd upon them all.
And though they were too hard for me alone,
I'd rather in my own house fighting fall,
Than daily see such ugly things there done.
Strangers abus'd, maids tous'd ill favour'dly,
And corn and wine consumed without end,
And to no purpose foolishly; for why,
They never shall arrive where they intend.
Then said Telemachus: No word o' th' Gods
Hath me deprived of the people's love,
Nor any brother is with me at odds,
Nor any other cause I know but Jove.
How many lords within these isles do sway,
Same, Dulichium, Ithaca, and Zant,
So many suitors duly every day
For marriage with my mother my house haunt.
Whilst she can none put off, and will none marry,
They spend my corn and wine, and cattle kill,
And eating here, and drinking still they tarry,
And me perhaps, at last, they murther will.
But what they shall do none but God can tell.
But, father, go you to Penelope,
And let her know I am arrived well.
And let no other person know but she.

Ulysses discovers himself to his son.

And after you have told her, tarry not.
Make haste. At your return, I shall be here,
For many are they that my death do plot.
True, said Eumæus, but not ill it were
To let Laertes know it by the way,
Who when his grief but for Ulysses was,
Did oversee his workmen all the day,
But since by sea to Pylus you did pass,
He neither oversees his husbandry,
Nor eats his meat, as still he did before;
But groaning and lamenting woefully
Liveth. Telemachus did thus reply:
The case is hard. But grieved though he be,
Let him alone; go not out of your way.
For first I wish my father here to see,
If in my choice to have my wishes lay.
But pray my mother thither send a maid,
To tell Laertes secretly the news.
When to him thus Telemachus had said,
Eumæus on his feet tied on his shoes.
Ulysses and his son now left alone,
Came Pallas to them. At the door she stood;
But by Telemachus she was not known.
Gods are not known but by whom they think good.
Ulysses knew her. Fair she was and tall,
And of a grave wise matron had the look;
And by the dogs perceiv'd was. For they all
Whining and terrified the place forsook.
A sign t' Ulysses she made with her brow.
Then he went forth, and she unto him spake.
Son of Laertes, wise Ulysses, now
Your son with your design acquainted make;
And when you have the suitors' fate contrived,
Go to the city both. 'Twill not be long
Before I at your combat be arrived,
And give you my assistance in the throng.
And stroak'd him over with a wand of gold,
And presently his rags were cloak and coat;
His cheeks were plump; his beard black to behold,
To which his goodly locks unlike were not.
This done, the Goddess mounted to the skies.
Ulysses to the house again retir'd;
But from him then his son turn'd off his eyes.
So much this alteration he admir'd;
He thought it was some God, and to him said,
You are some God descended from the sky;
Your colour's better, better you arrayed.
Save us. Our gifts shall on your altar lie.
And then Ulysses said, God I am none.
What ails you with the Gods me to compare?

LIB. XVI.

Ulysses discovers himself to his son.

For I your father am, whom you bemoan,
And for whom you have had such pain and care;
And then embrac'd and kiss'd his son, and wept,
So that the ground he stood upon was wet,
Though hitherto his eyes he dry had kept;
But by his son believ'd he was not yet.
You're not, says he, my father, but some spright
That flatters me into more misery.
Of mortal men there's none that has the might
To do such things without a deity.
A God indeed can man's decay redeem;
You were but now an old man ill arrayed;
And now like one new come from heaven seem;
To this Ulysses answered and said,
Telemachus, be not amaz'd too much;
Other Ulysses you shall never see.
I am the man, although my luck be such,
As after twenty year not known to be;
The change you see was by Athena wrought,
That made me what she list, for she can do't.
A beggar old, or youth in a fine coat,
And handsome cloak, and other garment to't;
For easy 'tis for Gods on mortal men
To lay on glory, and the same displace.
This said, Ulysses sat him down. And then
Telemachus his father did embrace,
And then they both together wept and sobb'd,
As eagles or as vultures, when they see
Their nests by country-people spoil'd and robb'd,
And young ones kill'd before they fledged be;
So wept these two, and weeping there had staid
Perhaps until the closing of the day,
But that Telemachus t' Ulysses said,
Father, how came you t' Ithaca, I pray?
Where are the seamen that set you ashore?
For sure I am you could not come by land.
In a good ship, said he, I was brought o'er
From th' Isle Phœacia, and left o' th' sand;
That people, strangers all that thither come,
Convoy unto the place where they would be;
And when I was desirous to go home,
At Ithaca asleep they landed me,
Enrich'd with presents, garments, gold and brass;
And in a cave I hidden have the same;
And, as I by Athena counsell'd was,
The suitors' fate to weave I hither came.
Tell me how many now they are, that we
Consider may if we two and no more
Shall be enough to get the victory,
Or must we of some else the aid implore?

Ulysses discovers himself to his son.

O father, said his son, you are renown'd
For a good councillor, a man of might;
But very hard the thing is you propound,
That two men should against so many fight.
They are not only ten, or two times ten,
But many more. Their number, let me see,
From out Dulichium two-and-fifty men;
And with them lusty serving men twice three.
From Same chosen men come twenty-four;
Twenty from Zant, and twelve of Ithaca.
Medon, the squire, a fiddler, and what more?
Two cooks that of a feast had learnt the law.
'Twill be but ill revenge to fight them all;
Therefore I think it best to look for aid,
And some good neighbour to assist you call.
To this Ulysses answered and said,
Consider then, and cast it in your mind,
Whether we two, Pallas and Jove to boot,
Will serve, or must we other succours find?
Then said his son, O father, that will do't.
Those friends indeed will serve us very much.
Immortals against mortals have great odds;
Higher they stand, and of themselves are such,
As would too hard be for all th' other Gods.
Yes, said Ulysses, if the woo'rs and I
Come but to battle once, 'twill not be long
Ere such good aids will have the victory,
And make an end of this unruly throng.
But you, Telemachus, go early home
To-morrow morning; mingle with the rabble;
I after you will with Eumæus come,
Like to a beggar old and miserable;
Where if you see me us'd ill-favour'dly,
Thrown at, or pull'd about the house by th' heels,
As unconcern'd, endure it patiently,
What pain soever thereby your heart feels;
But yet with gentle words you may persuade them;
For sure I am they will not you obey,
The Gods immortal have so stupid made them,
As on themselves to bring their fatal day.
But now to what I say attentive be.
When Pallas shall me prompt, I'll with my head
Make you a sign. As soon as that you see,
Let th' arms in th' hall away be carried,
And say, if any suitor ask wherefore,
The fire hath hurt them, and they are not now
Such as Ulysses left them heretofore,
When with the Greeks t' Ilium he did go.
Or say, for fear some quarrel should arise,
By th' indiscretion of one or other,

LIB. XVI.

Ulysses discovers himself to his son.

You thought the council would not be unwise,
To take them thence. One drawn sword draws another.
But two spears, two swords, and two shields keep still,
To take in hand when we onset make.
Jove from mistrust and Pallas keep them will:
And farther from me this instruction take.
As I your father am, and you my son,
Of my return a word let no man hear,
Father, or wife, or servant any one;
To speak of it in company forbear.
But let's of the maid-servants you and I
Endeavour what we can to know the mind;
And your men-servants also I would try,
From whom you honour or dishonour find.
Father, then said Telemachus, you'll see,
I am not loose of tongue. But 'tis not good
The men to question. 'Twill lost labour be,
Because without the house they have their food,
Though there they havoc of your substance make.
Do as you please. 'Tis a long business
Of ev'ry one of them account to take.
Inform yourself of th' women's wickedness,
I would not willingly go up and down
To ev'ry lodge, what there is done to see.
For our work done, theirs will be better known,
If you with signs from Jove acquainted be.
Thus they discours'd. The mariners meanwhile
Had brought into the haven of the town
The ship that brought Telemachus from Pyle;
Then drew it up to land, the sails pull'd down.
The presents unto Clytius they bear,
And to Penelope a man they sent,
That of her son's arrival she might hear,
And how unto Eumæus' lodge he went,
And sent the ship to put her out of fear,
Lest she should for his absence longer weep.
Eumæus was for the same business there;
He from his lodge, the other from the deep.
He told the queen th' arrival of her son;
And to her maids the other told the same.
And when they both their messages had done,
Back to Telemachus Eumæus came;
At this the suitors vex'd, look'd down and sad,
And out o' th' gates together went, where they
Amongst themselves a consultation had,
And to them thus Eurylochus 'gan say.
'Tis very strange, Telemachus is come,
We thought he never should return agen;
But since 'tis so, to call our fellows home,
Let's hire and man a boat with fishermen.

Ulysses discovers himself to his son.

His words scarce out, Amphinomus comes near,
And turning towards th' haven them espied
Furling their sails, and laughing said, Th'are here,
You need not any messenger provide.
Some God sure told him of them, or else they
Saw the ship coming by, but were too slow
To overtake her. This said, they away
Down to the water's-side together go;
And up unto the land the ship they hale;
Their servants what was in her bear away.
And then to consultation they fall,
Nor with them suffer'd any else to stay.
To them Antinous began and said,
The Gods Telemachus have strangely kept.
Our scouts from morn to night o' th' mountains stayed,
Nor on the land by night we ever slept,
But rowed up and down until 'twas day.
We thought he could not 'scape in any wise;
And yet some dæmon brought him has away.
Come, let us how to kill him here devise:
For whilst he lives our work will not be done;
Crafty he is, and can his purpose hide;
Nor have we yet sufficiently won
The people of the town with us to side.
The multitude to council he will call,
And ranting tell them that we go about
To murther him, and so enflame them all,
That from our country they will cast us out,
And make us beg our bread. Which to eschew
Let's kill him in the fields, or in the way;
Divide his goods amongst us, as is due.
His houses to his mother leave we may,
To give to him with whom she means to marry.
If this you like not, but that he shall stay,
And have his father's state, then let's not tarry,
But each man to his own house go his way,
And there contend who shall the best endow her,
And in her favour the superior be;
Or let the fates dispose the happy hour
To whom she has a mind to. So said he.
Then spake Amphinomus, the noble son
Of the rich Nisus Aretiades,
Amongst the wooers inferior to none,
And best of all Penelope did please.
Telemachus, said he, I would not kill;
'Tis dangerous to slay the royal blood;
But let us first of Jove inquire the will;
If he command, I'll do't, and say 'tis good;
If he forbid, I wish you to desist.
So said Amphinomus, and 'twas thought fit;

LIB. XVI.

Ulysses discovers himself to his son.

And presently the council was dismiss'd:
And then into the house they go and sit.
And now Penelope resolved t' appear
Before her suitors sitting in the hall.
For to her son she knew they traitors were;
Medon, that with them was, had told her all.
Down to the hall she went, and in the door
Having a woman at each hand, she staid,
And proud Antinous rebuked sore.
Antinous, you traitor impudent, she said,
In Ithaca the glory you have got
Of wit and eloquence. You are belied.
Madman, what ails you, my son's death to plot,
And to his strangers here to show such pride?
Poor strangers have their passport from the Gods.
To do them wrong is great impiety;
And worse between themselves to be at odds.
You know your father hither once did fly,
Fearing the people whom he had offended,
Joining with Tophian thieves to make a prey
Of Thesprote cattle, and were here defended
Against the Thesprotes, though our friends were they.
They slain him had, and seized his estate,
But that Ulysses saved him; and now,
For to requite him, what d'ye, O ingrate?
You eat his cattle; and his wife you woo,
And kill my son, and daily me molest.
Desist, I tell you, and the rest persuade
To leave these evil courses, you were best.
To this Eurylochus then answer made.
Icarius' daughter, wise Penelope,
Fear not. None shall lay hands upon your son,
As long as I am living and can see;
Who does, his blood shall on my spear down run.
His father oft has set me on his knee,
And given me good wine, and good meat roast.
Afraid of any wooer you need not be;
Telemachus of all men I love most.
Of death from God's hand none can warrant you;
But as for us you may securely sleep.
So said he, and yet then his death did brew.
Away went then Penelope to weep,
And wept till Pallas came and clos'd her eyes;
And to Ulysses and his son at night
Eumæus came. A swine they sacrifice;
And then did Pallas from the sky alight,
And with her rod return'd Ulysses old,
And ill array'd, for fear he should be known
T' Eumæus or Penelope, and told
By them to others, and abroad be blown.

Ulysses discovers himself to his son.

Telemachus then to Eumæus said:
Eumæus, are you come? what news from town?
The suitors, are they come, that me way-laid?
Or do they for me still look up and down?
Then said Eumæus, I did not inquire,
Upon my message only was my mind;
That done, to make haste back was my desire.
But there I chanc'd a messenger to find,
Sent by your mates to tell Penelope,
And he the news t' your mother first did tell.
I saw a ship that new came in from sea,
But whether that were it, I know not well.
Aboard were many arms and many men;
And though I were not sure, I thought 'twas it.
Telemachus on 's father smiled then,
But so as that Eumæus could not see 't.
Then came their supper in, which they fell to.
A supper good they had, and were well pleased;
And when their hunger had no more to do,
With gentle sleep their fear and care disseised.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XVII.

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pyle and Sparta.

Soon as the rosy morning did appear,
Riseth Telemachus; his shoes puts on,
And takes into his hand his heavy spear,
And hasteth to the city to be gone;
And said unto Eumæus, Father, I
Am going to the city, there to see
My mother, that will never cease to cry
And sob, till in her sight I standing be;
But the poor stranger guide you to the town,
With broken meat and wine himself to feed,
Such as he gets by begging up and down.
I cannot maintain all men that have need.
Tak't how he will. For I love to speak plain.
Then said Ulysses: Sweet friend, nor would I
Here in the country willingly remain,
For beggars' wants great cities best supply.
Here at the lodge no service I can do;
And now to learn of others am too old.
With this man to the city I would go,

LIB. XVII.

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pyle and Sparta.

But warm me first I would, for very cold
This morning is; I fear this hoary frost.
Far hence the town is, and my garments thin;
And which I reason have to fear the most,
My rags will to the air betray my skin.
Telemachus then speedily went home,
With mischief to the suitors in his head;
And when he to the palace gate was come,
T' a pillar sets his spear, and entered.
Euryclea was cov'ring chairs i' th' hall,
And saw him first, and straight unto him went;
And then the other woman-servants all
Declared with much kissing their content;
Then, like Diana or fair Aphrodite,
Penelope came shedding tears of joy,
And on his shoulders laid her arms milk-white,
And kiss'd his head and eyes, and thus did say:
Telemachus, my dear child, are you here?
I never thought again your face to see,
Since of your father news you went to hear
At Pyle, by sea, without acquainting me.
But tell me, what at Pyle they of him say?
Mother, said he, pray let me take my breath,
My thoughts in great disorder are to-day;
I come but now from out the jaws of death;
But with your maids go to your chamber now,
And in your fairest garments you array,
And to th' immortal Gods all make a vow
A perfect hecatomb to them you'll pay,
If Jove be pleas'd our losses to restore.
But I unto the market-place must haste,
To treat a stranger whom I sent before,
And till my coming with Piræus plac'd.
Penelope then to her chamber went,
And put herself into her best array.
Her vows to all th' immortal Gods she sent
A perfect hecatomb to them to pay,
If Jove be pleas'd her losses to restore.
Telemachus in hand then takes his spear,
And with two dogs at's heels went out a door,
And Pallas made him like a God appear.
The people all admir'd him as he came;
The suitors all about him gathered,
And spake him fair, while in their hearts they frame
Plots and devices how his blood to shed.
But he his seat amongst them quickly quits,
To Mentor and his father's ancient friends,
Altherses, Antephus, with them he sits,
And there the time discoursing with them spends.
Piræus not long after cometh in,

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pyle and Sparta.

And brings his stranger with him to the place,
Who there a very little while had been
But that Telemachus hard by him was.
Then, said Piræus to Telemachus,
Send of your women some to fetch away
The goodly presents you left at my house.
No, said Telemachus, let them yet stay,
I know not yet th' event of our affairs.
If th' wooers kill me and my goods divide,
I rather had they should be yours than theirs.
If I kill them, and God be on my side,
Then send them, and I'll take them joyfully.
And brought away the stranger with him home.
And by-and-bye the suitors thither hie;
And when they all into the house were come,
On couches and on chairs their cloaks they lay,
And presently into their baths they go;
And bath'd and oil'd, again themselves array,
And sat them down. And supper ready now,
A maid then water in a golden ewer
To wash their hands over a basin brings;
The basin also was of silver pure.
Another on the tables lays good things,
That in her keeping were, and sets on bread.
Penelope sat spinning in the door.
And then they heartily fell to and fed;
And when desire of meat and drink was o'er,
Unto her son Penelope then spake:
I will, said she, upon my bed lie down,
Though there I ever weeping lie awake,
Since he went with Atrides to Troy town,
Since you would not vouchsafe to let me know
The news you heard, before these men came in.
Mother, said he, the truth I'll tell you now;
We went to Pyle; and Nestor we have seen;
And lovingly we entertained were.
For as a father entertains his son
Come home from far, so were we treated there,
And welcome to his children every one.
But that Ulysses was alive or dead,
He met with no man that could tell him true.
But us to go to Sparta counselled,
And said, if any, Menelaus knew;
And us with coach and horses did provide,
(Where we saw Helen, bane of Greece and Troy.)
He also sent his son with us for guide,
And thither come, receiv'd we were with joy.
Atrides of my coming ask'd the reason.
I told him all the truth. He answer'd then,
Oh ho, into the strong man's house by treason

LIB. XVII.

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pyle and Sparta.

Are enter'd many weak and heartless men;
As when a stag and hind, ent'ring the den
Of th' absent lion, lulls his whelps with tales
Of hills and dales, the lion comes agen
And tears them into pieces with his nails;
So shall Ulysses all these rascals slay.
Oh! that the Gods Apollo, Pallas, Jove,
Amongst the suitors bring him would one day,
Such as when with Philomelide he strove,
And threw him flat, and made the Argives glad.
If such, Ulysses once amongst them were,
Short would their lives be, and their wedding bad.
But of the matter whereof you inquire,
On my knowledge I can nothing say,
Nor will with rash conjectures you beguile.
I told was, with Calypso he doth stay,
(By Proteus, an old sea-God,) in an isle,
And would come home, but wants both ship and men
To pass him o'er the broad back of the main.
This said, we took our leaves; a fair gale then
Quickly convey'd us o'er the liquid plain.
After Telemachus had spoken thus,
Penelope her heart was ill at ease.
And then spake to her Theoclymenus:
Wife of Ulysses Laertiades,
This man, said he, knows not; hear me, for I
Jove's mind foresee. Jove first, and then the ghost
That takes the care of this bless'd family,
And dwelling in it doth maintain the roast,
You know Ulysses is now in this isle,
Sitting or creeping, and observes these wooers,
What evil deeds they do; and he the while
The destiny contriveth of the doers.
I saw the same at sea by augury,
And said unto Telemachus no less.
Oh! that the Gods would make it true, said she,
I'd so reward you that men should you bless.
While they together thus within discourse,
The suitors were gone out to throw the stone
And darts upon the green before the doors,
As they at other times before had done.
Now supper-time drew near. Sheep home were brought
From ev'ry field. Then Medon to them spake,
Who 'mongst the suitors had most favours got;
Come in, says he, and care of supper take,
For of these games, I see you have your fill.
In supping early damage there is none.
Agreed they were; none thought the motion ill.
They then into the hall went every one.
On couches and on chairs their cloaks they throw.

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pyle and Sparta.

Great sheep, fat goats enough they sacrifice,
And franked swine, and from the herd a cow.
Meanwhile, Eumæus to the city hies,
Ulysses with him, to whom thus he said:
Come, father, let us to the city go,
Since 'tis my master's will. You should have staid,
If my advice you would have harkened to.
But the commands of masters are severe;
The time o' th' day already is much spent,
And though it will be late ere we be there,
I fear, ere it be night you will repent.
And then Ulysses to Eumæus said:
I hear, I understand, I pray go on.
Only of rugged way I am afraid;
Give me a good strong staff to lean upon.
Then on his shoulder he his scrip did throw;
Given he had a great staff to his mind,
And they two to the town together go,
Leaving the swincherds and the dogs behind.
Ulysses like a beggar old and lame,
And all his raiment ragged was and wretched.
But when they near unto the fountain came
From which the citizens their water fetched,
The fountain sweetly streaming and well made
B' Ithacus Neritus, Polector, kings,
That flieth from a high and chilling shade,
Where in a poplar grove arise the springs,
And there an altar is, and on the same
The passengers to th' nymphs pay offerings.
When we were there, Melanthus to us came,
And goats, the fattest of his herds, he brings.
Whither now goest thou with this beggar here?
This trouble-feast, who begging scraps and snuffs,
Not swords and kettles, many blows shall bear
Of flying footstools, and get many cuffs.
Would thou wouldst give him me, my lodge to keep,
And lead my goats afield with a green bough,
And live on whey, and my goat houses sweep,
And his great knee unto to such service bow.
But hang him, he has such a custom got
Of idleness, with begging of his food,
That labour for his living he will not.
But this I tell you, and 'twill be made good:
When he within Ulysses' house appears,
Many a footstool in the hall will fly
From out the suitors' hands about his ears.
This said, he pass'd, and kick'd him going by;
Ulysses still stood firm upon the path,
Thinking to strike him with his great staff dead,
Or otherwise to kill him in his wrath.

LIB. XVII.

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pyle and Sparta.

But in the end his wrath he conquered.
Eumæus then held up his hands and pray'd:
Nymphs of these fountains, daughters of great Jove,
If the fat gifts here by Ulysses laid
Upon your altars were receiv'd with love,
Grant that he may come safely home again,
By some good spirit to his house convey'd.
Then, (to Melantheus said he,) all in vain
Will be your triumph, and your pride allay'd,
Wherewith you to the suitors daily go;
And knaves remain the cattle to abate.
Then said Melantheus again, O ho!
How boldly does this dog, this rascal prate!
Whom one day I shall from hence ship away,
And make of him somewhere abroad good gain.
Would th' wooers, or Phœbus, but as surely slay
The son, as 'tis t' expect his father vain.
When this was said, away he went apace,
And coming to the suitors in the hall,
Against Eurymachus he took his place,
Whom best he loved of the suitors all.
And there the waiters set before him meat;
The women of the pantry brought him bread.
Ulysses and Eumæus were not yet
Arriv'd, but near, for close they followed,
And of the fiddle they could hear the din.
Ulysses said unto Eumæus then:
'Tis a fine house Ulysses dwelled in,
And eas'ly known from those of other men;
The court with wall and hedge is fenced strong,
Having strong gates with two locks, great and fast.
Some feast here is; I hear the sound of song,
And fiddle, which with feast the Gods have plac'd.
Then answered Eumæus, 'Tis well guess'd,
And other things you mark as well as this.
But let us now consider what is best,
In that which at this time our bus'ness is.
Go you in first, and put yourself among
The suitors; or if you think better so,
I'll first go in, but do not you stay long,
Lest you of one or other take a blow.
I hear, I understand; go you in first;
The seas and wars have taught me patience.
Of all my suff'rings this is not the worst.
Of blows and throws I have experience;
And may the suitors henceforth have the same.
The belly forceth mortals to much woe;
But there is no force can the belly tame.
It sets the good ship on the sea to go,
Which t' one another evil fortune bears.

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pyle and Sparta.

While they discoursed thus before the door,
Ulysses' dog held up his head and ears,
Argus by name, that had been long before
Well look'd to, ere Ulysses went to Troy.
They with him cours'd the wild goat, deer, and hare;
But all the while his master was away,
The servants of his keeping took no care,
But on the dung before the door he lay,
Which there was heap'd to manure fields and leas,
From many mules and cattle fal'n away.
There lay the old dog Argus, full of fleas;
And, as Ulysses near was, couch'd his ears,
And fawned with his tail, but could not rise;
And which Eumæus did not see, the tears
Ready to fall were from Ulysses' eyes.
And then Ulysses to Eumæus said:
This is a very well-shap'd dog I see,
'Tis strange to see him on a dunghill laid.
I know not whether also swift he be,
Or for his beauty only was he fed,
As lords make much of dogs for being fine,
And at their tables see them cherished.
Then answered the master of the swine:
The master of him is of life bereft.
If now he were the same for shape and deed
He then was when Ulysses here him left,
You'd quickly see he had both strength and speed.
There was no beast he once saw in the wood
That could escape him; for not only swift,
But also at a scent was very good:
But now himself scarce able is to lift;
For why, his master being dead and gone,
He was not left unto the woman's care;
And when the master is not looking on,
Men-servants of their duty careless are.
For half the virtue taken is away
Of whosoever is to service tied.
This said, into the house he went his way;
And Argus, having seen his master, died.
Telemachus, the first that saw him enter,
Unto him nodded to come to his seat.
A chopping-board was near him by adventure;
He took up that, whereon to eat his meat;
And near Telemachus he placed the same.
A waiter sets before him flesh and bread.
And after him Ulysses also came,
Like an old beggar, torn and tattered;
And said to Eumæus, Give the beggar this,
And bid him go and try the charity
Of all the rest; and tell him hurtful 'tis

LIB. XVII.

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pylæ and Sparta,

For beggars to have too much modesty.
Eumæus then straight went unto the guest,
And said: Telemachus doth give you this,
And bids you try your fortune with the rest,
For modesty to beggars hurtful is.
And then Ulysses to Eumæus says:
God bless Telemachus, and make him great,
And always grant him that for which he prays.
And then with both his hands receiv'd his meat.
And as the fiddle with the feast gives o'er,
Ulysses when he eaten had his meat,
Sate quiet on the sill and said no more.
But still amongst the woo'rs the noise was great.
Then Pallas comes and stands Ulysses by,
And bids him try the suitors as they sat,
Which of them had, which wanted charity,
Though they the same men would be for all that.
Then rising up, before the first he stands,
And to the right hand onward still he goes
To every one, and holds up both his hands,
Like one that well the art of begging knows.
They gave him meat, and wonder'd at the man;
And one another ask'd, Who is't? and whence?
And then Melantheus to speak began:
I saw him, said he, but a little since
Brought hither by the master of the swine.
But who he is, his kindred, and his place,
It is not in my power to divine.
This said, Antinous in choler was.
Oh, noble master of the swine, said he,
What made you here to introduce this guest?
Think you that yet too few the beggars be,
That you must needs invite this trouble-feast,
Your lord's estate the sooner to eat up?
Good as you are, says he, you say not right:
No man a stranger e'er call'd in to sup,
And him on no acquaintance did invite,
Unless he were a man that most men need,
Prophet, physician, or armourer,
Or fiddler at a feast; for when men feed
A song doth add delight unto the cheer.
These use to be invited ev'rywhere.
Whoever call'd a beggar in to eat?
But to the servants you still cruel were,
And of them all you me the worst did treat.
But I care little whilst Penelope
Alive is, and Telemachus, her son.
Telemachus then bad him silent be.
Eumæus, said he, let him now alone;
He loves to quarrel, and set others on.

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pyle and Sparta.

Then to Antinous he turn'd and spake,
Is this as from a father to his son,
To bid me make my guest my house forsake?
I'll never do't. Give him what alms you will,
Nor shall my mother, nor I, nor any man,
Nor woman that here dwelleth, take it ill.
But eat than give, it seems you better can.
Then said Antinous: These words are great,
And passionate, but spoken without need.
If thus we all go on to give him meat,
He may himself three months together feed.
This said, his footstool to his foot he drew.
Ulysses with his scrip went to the sill,
For it was full, meaning to beg anew.
And first he tries Antinous his will.
Give a poor stranger, says he; you appear
Amongst th' Achæans here to be the best;
For like a king you look, and reason 'twere
You should in bounty exceed all the rest,
And I abroad your goodness will make known.
I could for riches once with most compare,
And kept a great and free house of my own,
And ask'd what want you, man, not what you are.
And many servants had, and things that pass
For happiness amongst us mortals all,
Till t' Egypt I by knaves persuaded was
To sail. I' th' Nile we let our anchors fall.
There I my fellows bid aboard to stay
And guard the ships; and some to places high
I sent to watch. But mov'd by lucre, they
On plunder and on rapine had their eye.
The fields they waste, and kill the men, and make
Women and children captives. Then the cry
Arriving at the city, arms they take,
And next day early to the fields they hie,
With horse and foot. Then thundered the field,
Their armour lighten'd. My men frighted were.
Some taken and made slaves, some flying kill'd,
And all the rest ran scatter'd here and there.
To th' king of Cyprus I was made a gift,
Demetor by name, the king of Egypt's guest.
And to come hither thence, I made hard shift.
Then said Antinous: Stand off you're best.
What devil to molest us sent this rogue
Unmannerly, that with such impudence
To beg presumeth here, and to cologue?
Stand off. Or ill at ease I'll send you hence.
They that have given have done foolishly,
And at another's cost been charitable.
No wonder in such superfluity.

LIB. XVII.

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pyle and Sparta.

Ulysses then retired from the table.
Oh, ho, said he, I had but little skill,
That from the aspect have inferred wit.
Not give, I see, a crum of salt you will
To a poor man that humbly asketh it.
Antinous at this enrag'd at th' heart,
Look'd on Ulysses angerly, and said,
To part hence safely thou not likely art;
Since to my face thou dar'st me thus upbraid.
This said, he threw the footstool at his head,
Which touch'd his shoulder, but remov'd him not.
Then to the sill himself he rendered,
Shaking his head with vengeance in his thought.
Ulysses then unto the suitors spake.
A man, said he, not much is griev'd, a blow
In fighting for his kine or sheep to take;
But he did for his belly at me throw.
If any care the Gods of poor men have,
Antinous, before he married be,
Is like enough to go into his grave.
Antinous replies, Sit quietly
And eat your meat, lest taken by the heels
The servants hawl and drag you out o' th' gate,
Or use you worse, your tongue so runs on wheels.
At this the rest all discontented sate,
And one among the rest unto him said,
Antinous, it was unjustly done
To use a stranger so. The Gods, array'd
In poor men's habits, men's deeds look upon,
And notice take, who well does, and who ill.
Telemachus was grieved at the heart
For what was done, but did no tear distil,
But shook his head, and hoped to make them smart.
When what had pass'd was told Penelope,
Apollo strike him to the heart, said she.
If I my wish had, said Eurynome,
No suitor of them all the morn should see.
Then said Penelope again, 'Tis true,
They all be enemies, and mean us evil;
But he the fiercest is of all the crew,
And rageth in the house like any devil.
A stranger in distress comes to the door,
Whom want constrained had to beg his bread;
The rest all give him somewhat of their store,
But he a footstool throweth at his head.
While she thus and her women talking were,
Ulysses supping sat upon the sill.
I fain, said she, would have the beggar here.
Fetch him, Eumæus, talk with him I will;
I'll ask him if Ulysses he has seen,

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pyle and Sparta.

For many men and cities knoweth he.
Eumæus then made answer to the queen;
If once the suitors would but silent be,
You would be pleas'd his history to hear.
Three days and nights he staid with me an end;
And of his suff'rings much he told me there,
When new arriv'd; but came not to the end.
As when a man that knows the art of song,
Sings lovely words, with sweet and well-tun'd voice,
The man that hears him thinks not the time long;
So I, in his strange story did rejoice.
He said Ulysses was his father's guest,
In th' isle of Crete, where reigneth Minos' race.
Himself, he said, with many woes oppress'd,
The fates, at last, him tumbled to this place.
And that he heard Ulysses is hard by,
And that into Thesprotia he's come,
Alive and well; enriched mightily
With treasure which he now is bringing home.
Then said Penelope: Go, call me hither
The beggar. I myself will ask him all:
And meanwhile let the suitors chat together
Where they think best, without or in the hall;
For merry they must be, since they feed here,
And their own corn and wine and cattle save,
And with our cattle make themselves good cheer,
And on our corn and wine no mercy have;
For such as was Ulysses here is none,
That should defend us from their injuries;
But were he hither come, he, and his son,
Would bring destruction on these enemies.
This said, it chanced Telemachus to sneeze.
She laugh'd, and for the beggar calls agen.
You see, Eumæus, Jove with me agrees,
And certainly slain shall be all these men.
Go call the beggar, and say this from me,
If I find true what he shall to me say,
He shall with coat and vest rewarded be.
Eumæus to the beggar went his way;
And when he near him was, Father, said he,
Penelope desires to speak with you;
About Ulysses she inform'd would be,
And said, if she find all you say be true,
She clothe you will with a fair coat and vest,
Which you stand most in need of. But for food,
By begging in the town you'll get it best,
Where they relieve you will that shall think good.
Ulysses to Eumæus answered:
Penelope I quickly can inform,
For he and I have jointly suffered.

LIB. XVII.

Telemachus relates to his mother what he had heard at Pyle and Sparta.

But from the suitors I much fear a storm;
Their insolence is known up to the sky;
Just now a footstool one threw at my head,
When given him no cause at all had I,
Nor could I by her son be succoured.
Therefore entreat Penelope to stay
Until the sun be set and suitors gone,
And by the fire-side hear what I can say.
You see what woful garments I have on.
Then back Eumæus went with his excuse,
And came without him to Penelope.
How now, said she, does he to come refuse?
They that are bashful but ill beggars be.
Not so, O queen, said he, he is discreet;
He prays you stay till setting of the sun,
Fearing some danger from the wooers to meet;
And for you also then 'twill best be done.
I see, quoth she, the stranger wants not wit,
For in the world never so many men
Contriving mischief did together sit.
So said Penelope. Eumæus then
Went down and put himself into the throng,
And to Telemachus said in his ear:
I have been absent from my swine too long;
I go, and to your care leave all things here,
And chiefly of your life to have a care;
Many there are that bear you evil mind,
And how to take your life contriving are,
But may they first their own destruction find.
Then said Telemachus, And so 'twill be.
Farewell. But I advise you first to dine;
The bus'ness here leave to the Gods and me.
Then din'd he, and went back unto his swine,
Next morning with more victims to return.
And full he left the hall and court with men,
Who there themselves to song and dancing turn,
For less than half the day remained then.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XVIII.

The fighting at fists of Ulysses with Irus. His admonition to

THEN came a beggar to Ulysses' gate.
The man to see to was both great and tall,
Though but a lither fellow. Down he sate
Boldly within the porch before the hall.

Amphinomus. Penelope appears before the wooers, and draws presents from them.

He had a greedy gut, and named was
At first Arnæus, then Irus; for he went
On errands oft, whenever there was cause.
The wooers' favour made him insolent;
This beggar thought to drive Ulysses thence.
Dost see those princes how they wink at me,
And by the heels would have me pluck thee hence?
Though to do that I should ashamed be.
Go from the door, old man, lest I should do it.
Up therefore quickly, and be gone; arise,
Before that with my fists I force you to it.
Ulysses frowning, answer'd in this wise:
Strange man, I neither do thee harm, nor say
Thee any ill. Here's room for thee and me.
I do not envy you the meat which they
Shall give you here, how much soe'er it be.
Envy not other men; I think you are
As well as I, a beggar; but forbear
To threaten me too much. You're best beware,
Old as I am, lest I your lips besmear
And breast with blood, and so have better room.
For to Ulysses' house I'm confident
Thou never wilt be able more to come.
This made the beggar more impatient;
O, says he, how the rascal prates! 'Twere well
To beat the rascal's teeth out, while his tongue
Thus runs on wheels, till to the ground they fell.
Let these see fight the old man with the young.
Whilst in great heat they quarrell'd at the door,
They by Antinous observed were,
Who, laughing, said: There never came before
Such sport to th' house. The beggars standing there
Will go to cuffs; I pray let's hold them to it.
Then up they start, and round about them stand.
There are o' th' fire good puddings full of suet,
Of these, let him that conquers lay his hand
On which he will; (so said Antinous);
And have the privilege, and none but he,
To beg within the porch before the house,
And of our talk at meat a hearer be.
The motion pleas'd; and then Ulysses spake:
The match is hard, an old man 'gainst a younger;
Yet this my belly bids me undertake.
And I'm acquainted more with blows than hunger.
But I must first entreat you all to swear
Not to help Irus, nor a heavy hand
To lay on me, but both of us forbear,
And justly 'twixt us both as neuters stand.
When all had sworn, then said Telemachus,
Stranger, if thou dare combat with this man

LIB. XVIII.

The fighting at fists of Ulysses with Irus.

None else shall do thee hurt. Antinous,
Eurymachus, and I, defend you can.
This said, Ulysses cover'd kept his gear,
But shew'd his shoulders wide, and his strong thighs.
His large breast and his brawny arms appear;
And Pallas standing by, enlarg'd his size.
At which the suitors greatly wondered,
And one unto another softly said,
Irus has pull'd an old house on his head.
And Irus then was mightily afraid;
But yet by force the servants brought him out,
His flesh still trembling on his limbs with fear.
Show not thyself a coward and a lout,
Nor fear a man worn out with many a year;
For if he get the better, thou shalt go
Unto king Takim, and there by his law
Thy nose and ears, and privy parts also,
Shall be cut off, and dogs shall eat them raw.
This made him quake more yet. Into the lists
They brought him so. Both ready were to fight.
Ulysses then thought how to use his fists,
Whether to beat him down or kill him quite;
But not t'offend the suitors, thought it best
To strike him gently. And when they were near
Irus did hit Ulysses on the breast;
Ulysses Irus struck just under th'ear.
He broke the bones, at 's mouth the blood gush'd out.
He fell, squeak'd, shed his teeth. The suitors were
With laughter almost dead, that stood about.
Ulysses dragg'd him to the utter gate,
And set him to the hedge, as 'twere a sign,
And put a staff in's hand. As there he sate,
Ulysses bade him keep out dogs and swine.
Think not thyself, quoth he, of beggars king
(That art a very wretch) and wandering souls.
This said, o'er 's head he threw the twisted string
By which his scrip hung, ragg'd and full of holes.
Then sat him down i' th' porch. The suitors enter
All laughing in, and as they passed by
Greatly congratulated his adventure.
Stranger, said they, Jove and the Gods on high,
Grant thee whatever thou shalt most desire,
That hast relieved us from the rascal there.
We'll send him to king Takim in Epire.
And glad Ulysses was his praise to hear.
Antinous a haggas brought, filled up
With fat and blood, and to't Amphinomus
Two loaves of bread, and with't a gilded cup
Of lusty wine, and said unto him thus:
Hail, father, stranger, rich and happy be

His admonition to Amphinomus.

As ere you were; though many miseries
Oppress you now. He answer'd him: I see
Amphinomus, you prudent are and wise;
So was your father. Nisus was his name,
Prince of Dulichium, both rich and wise.
You are his son, as I am told by fame;
Therefore I will a little you advise.
There's not a weaker creature lives o'th' ground,
Or goes, or creeps upon it, than a man;
Who whilst he's strong, and all his limbs are sound,
He makes account that fail he never can;
But when the Gods shall have decreed him woe,
He less endures it than another can.
Such is the nature Jove has assign'd to
This weak and short-liv'd creature called man.
For I myself was rich, and lived in
Great plenty, and was very insolent;
Bold on my strength, my father, and my kin,
Therefore let no man be too confident,
But rather quietly God's gifts enjoy.
These suitors here bring this into my mind,
Who of an absent man the goods destroy,
And that at last unto their cost they'll find.
For this I tell you (mark well what I say),
That he will soon, nay, very quickly come;
And that will be to some a heavy day.
Pray God that at his coming you keep home.
This said, he drank, and to Amphinomus
Returned the cup, who shook his head in vain;
For not long after by Telemachus
Amongst the rest of the wooers he was slain.
Then Pallas puts Penelope in mind
T' appear unto the wooers, that she might
Before her son and husband honour find,
And further bring the suitors' thoughts to light.
Penelope then laugh'd, not knowing why.
Eurynome, said she, my mind says, go
And show yourself before the company;
Which heretofore I never thought to do.
I hate them, yet I mean to go to th' door,
And bid my son their company to shun,
And mix himself with those ill men no more.
Dear child, said the old woman, 'tis well done.
Go tell him whatsoever you think fit,
But wash away the tears first from your eyes,
And 'noint your cheeks; they must sometimes remit
And hide their grief, that will be counted wise.
You have your wish, your son now is a man.
Penelope then answered her again;
Restored be my beauty never can:

LIB. XVIII.

Penelope appears before the wooers.

'Nointing and washing now are all in vain.
The Gods, Eurynome, then took away
All beauty from me when Ulysses went
With Agamemnon to the siege of Troy;
Such words afford me now but small content.
Call Hippodamia and Autonoe;
For why, I am asham'd myself alone
Amongst so many men in sight to be:
They shall go with me, on each side me one.
But when th' old woman was gone out, and staid,
Then Pallas pour'd sweet sleep upon her eyes,
And on her face a greater beauty laid,
And also made her limbs of larger size,
And whiter than the purest ivory.
Having so done, the Goddess rose to th' skies.
Her maidens coming made a noise, and she
Awak'd, and with her hand she strok'd her eyes.
I've had, said she, a very gentle sleep;
O that Diana such a gentle death
Would send me presently, nor let me weep
My life out, nor with sorrow give me breath;
Sorrow for my dear husband, best of all
The Grecian princes: and that said, then down
She goes to th' porch before the door of th' hall
With her two maids; she would not go alone;
And so stood at the door within their sight,
But with her scarf her cheeks a little shaded.
A maid stood at her left hand and her right.
When she appear'd Love all their hearts invaded.
Her speech then to Telemachus she address'd:
Telemachus, said she, your wit's less now
Than when you were a boy. 'Twas then at best;
And backward more and more it seems to grow.
You now are tall, and come to man's estate,
And counted are the best men's sons among.
Of your discretion you begin t' abate;
Why else d'ye let your stranger suffer wrong?
If you your guests thus treat, what think you, can
Men say of you that's good or honourable?
You'll be reproach'd and scorn'd of every man,
And taken for a man unhospitable.
Mother, said he, you well may angry be;
And yet I better know what's good and ill
Than heretofore. But these men hinder me;
I cannot without help do all I will.
The quarrel 'twixt my guest and Irus was
None of the suitors' act; by chance it rose,
As they sate begging, from some other cause,
And Irus only bare away the blows.
O Jupiter, I wish, and all the Gods,

Penelope draws presents from the wooers.

That all your suitors were in Irus' case,
(Who yonder sits, like one that's drunk, and nods)
Either here right, or in some other place,
Unable to go home. Penelope
And her lov'd son so talk'd. And then
Eurymachus: If all the lords, said he,
Which now through Argos bear rule over men
Should see you now, more suitors you'd have here
(For you do far all woman-kind surpass)
And come betime to taste of your good cheer;
None such for fair and prudent ever was.
No, no, said she; for when Ulysses went
With th' Argive princes to the war of Troy,
The immortal Gods took from me my content,
And with it all these ornaments away;
Were he come home that took a care of me,
I should more honour have and beauty so.
But now I lead my life in misery;
The Gods some evil on me daily throw.
My husband, when he parted hence to fight
For Agamemnon 'gainst the Trojans, laid
At taking leave on my left hand his right,
And all those words of counsel to me said:
Expect you cannot, wife, that we that go
Over the sea unto the siege of Troy
Shall all come safe away. The Trojans know
How t' use the dart and bow too, as men say,
And are good horsemen also, and can see
All their advantages in ranged field;
Therefore I know not what my luck will be,
Either to come again, or to be kill'd.
My father and my mother I therefore
To you commend, to see them cherished,
As they are now, or (in my absence) more;
And when Telemachus is grown, then wed:
Take whom yourself like best, and leave this house.
This said, he parts. Ay me, the time is come
I must embrace a marriage odious,
And I must leave this my most blessed home.
Suitors were wont, when they a woman woo'd
Of noble parentage, to please her all
They could, and strive who most should do her good;
Mine daily eat and drink me up in th' hall.
This said, Ulysses was well pleas'd to see
His wife draw presents from them, and was glad,
And th' wooers by her over-reach'd to be
With her fine words, when other thoughts she had.
Then said Antinous: Penelope,
Fair and wise daughter of Icarius,
Receive whate'er by us shall offer'd be;

LIB. XVIII.

Penelope draws presents from the wooers.

It is not good, good presents to refuse;
Yet, till you choose some one whom you think best
To be your husband, we resolve to stay,
And be each one of us your constant guest,
And never absent from your house a day.
And with Antinous they all agree,
Who her presented with a fair, large, rich
And divers colour'd robe, with four times three
Buckles of pure and beaten gold, and which
As many clasps of gold had joined fit.
Eurymachus his present was a chain
Of gold and amber-beads alternate; it
Shin'd bright as is the sun-shine after rain.
Eurydamas two pendants gave, of which
Each had three gems, and polish'd very bright,
And both for art and workmanship were rich,
Reflecting to the eye a lovely light.
Pysandrus, son of Polycterides,
Gave her a costly necklace. All the rest
With some good gift endeavoured to please
The fair and wise Penelope the best.
This done, unto her chamber up she went
With her two maids, that did her presents carry.
Th' woo'rs with dancing and with merriment,
(Their wonted pastime) for the ev'ning tarry.
The ev'ning came, and then the lamps were lighted,
And torches, and the fir-staves long lain dry,
Which to that purpose had with tools been fitted,
And ready lay to light the company.
The lights the maids took up by turns and bore them.
Then said Ulysses, Maidens, if you please,
To save your pains, I'll bear the light before them;
I'm us'd to labour, and can do't with ease,
Though they should stay and sit up till to-morrow:
You may go up unto the queen, and there
Sit and spin with her, and divert her sorrow.
At this the wenches 'gan to laugh and jeer;
And one of them, Melantho, him revil'd
With bitter words. Her father Dolius hight.
Penelope did treat her as her child,
And in her company did take delight;
But yet she could not put away her grief.
The wench was fair, and too familiar was
With prince Eurymachus, one of the chief
Of all her suitors. And this woman 'twas.
And thus she said: Sure, stranger, thou art mad,
That wilt not here nor elsewhere go to bed;
Is it because thou too much wine hast had?
Or is't a humour in thy nature bred,
To prate so boldly in such company?

Penelope draws presents from the wooers

Thy victory o'er Irus may perhaps
Have made thee wild; a better man than he
May chance to send thee hence with bloody chaps.
Ulysses, looking sourly, answered,
You bitch, Telemachus shall straightway know
These words; he'll cause thee to be tortured.
They, fearing he would do't, away they go.
Ulysses ready stood to take in hand
A torch when bidden; casting in his mind
How he might safely carry on the grand
Mischief against the woo'rs he had design'd.
And Pallas yet not suffer'd them to keep
Themselves in any bounds of modesty,
But fix Ulysses' anger yet more deep.
Eurymachus then said to th' standers by,
To make them laugh, Ulysses to disgrace,
Hear, sirs, I pray, what now comes in my thought.
The man comes opportunely to this place;
'Tis sure some God that him has hither brought
To give us greater light; for from his head
Methinks I see arise another flame
Besides the flame the torch gives, and so spread
Upon his bald pate doubled has the same.
Then says t' Ulysses, Man, wilt thou serve me,
To pluck up thorns and briars, and trees to plant?
Thou shalt have meat enough, and clothes, and fee,
And shoes, and whatsoever thou shalt want.
But, since thou hast been us'd to idleness,
I doubt thou ne'er wilt labour any more,
But rather feed thy carcass labourless,
And wand'ring choose to beg from door to door.
This said, Ulysses answer'd him again:
Eurymachus, if we two were to try
Our labour, in a large green meadow, when
The days are long, the weather hot and dry,
With equal scythes from morning unto night;
Or with two equal oxen fed and strong
Were fasting put to plough, to try our might
Which of us labour could endure most long;
Or if an enemy to-day should land,
And I a helmet had fit for my head,
And target, and two fit spears for my hand,
Then you should see whether I fought or fled,
And not reproach m' of sloth or poverty.
You are too cruel, and you do me wrong,
And think yourself a man of might to be,
Because they weaker are you live among.
But should Ulysses come and find you here,
You'd think the door, though it be very wide,
As you are running out, too narrow were,

LIB. XVIII.

Penelope draws presents from the wooers.

So glad you'ld be your heads to save or hide.
To this Eurymachus with bended brow,
And furious eye, answer'd, Wretch that thou art,
And dar'st so saucily to prate. How now!
'Twill not be long before I make thee smart.
Is it because thou too much wine hast had?
Or is't thy nature always to be bold?
Or is't t' have beaten Irus makes thee mad?
This said, upon a footstool he laid hold,
And threw it at him, but it hit him not.
Ulysses sunk on's knees, the stool flew o'er
His head, and a cup-bearer next him smote
On the right hand, and down he falls o' th' floor.
Much the disorder then was in the room,
And one unto another next him said,
I would this beggar hither had not come,
But somewhere else before had perished.
For what ado about a beggar's here!
The pleasure of our dinner all is lost.
Then, said Telemachus, Can you not bear,
Madmen, your wine and cheer both boil'd and roast?
When fill'd, why do you not go home and sleep?
Go when you will, I drive you not away.
The suitors at this boldness bit the lip,
And thought it strange, but yet did nothing say.
Then, said Amphinomus, Let's not fall out
With any man for speaking truth, nor be
Rude and unkind. Cup-bearers, bear about
To every man the cup of charity;
And so go each man home, for now 'tis late
(Leaving the stranger with Telemachus,
Whose guest he is), and ourselves recreate
With gentle sleep, each one in his own house.
Then Meleus to each man presents a cup,
Whereof unto the Gods they offer'd part.
When this was done each one his wine drank up,
And then unto their houses they depart.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XIX.

Telemachus removes the arms out of the hall.

Ulysses in the house remain'd, and staid
Contriving how the suitors to destroy.
And staightway to Telemachus he said,
Carry the armour in the hall away;

Ulysses discourseth with Penelope, and is known by his nurse, but concealed; and the hunting of the boar upon that occasion related.

And tell them gently, if they ask wherefore,
The fire has hurt them, and they are not now
Such as Ulysses left them heretofore,
When with the Greeks he did to Ilium go:
Or say, For fear some quarrel might arise
By th' indiscretion of one or other,
You thought the counsel would not be unwise
To take them thence. One drawn sword draws another.
Telemachus then calls his nurse, and said,
Euryclea, shut all the rooms up fast.
Be sure to keep within door every maid,
Till I my father's arms have elsewhere plac'd;
The smoke does spoil them all; but I will now
Free them from soot. I'm glad, said she, at last
To see your husbandry. But I would know
Who 'tis shall light you when the maids are fast?
My guest, says he, this stranger whom you see.
For here he feeds, and nothing has to do;
How far soever hence his dwelling be,
I think 'tis reason he should help me too.
The nurse did what commanded she had been.
They laid up helmets, bucklers, swords, and spears;
And Pallas with a lamp came in unseen,
And up and down the light before them bears.
Then, Father, said Telemachus, I see
The walls, beams, roof, and all the pillars shine,
Like any fire; and certainly there be
Within the house some of the powers divine.
Peace, said Ulysses, be not curious,
The purpose of the Gods you cannot find.
Go you to bed. I must go through the house,
To find the women's and your mother's mind.
Telemachus then to his chamber went,
In which before he wonted was to lie,
Leaving his father in the house, intent
On how, with Pallas, to make th' wooers die.
Forth comes Penelope into the hall,
More than Diana, more than Venus fair;
Her maids upon her were attending all,
And set down for her a most stately chair,
Made by Icmalius of silver plate,
And iv'ry turned, white as any snow,
And footstool thereto fix'd. And there in state
Sat down the fair Penelope; and now
The housemaids enter in and take away
The tables, and the bowls, the cups, and bread,
Which (the wooers gone) about the room still lay
And having made a fire, there went to bed.
Melantho then Ulysses bitterly
Rebuk'd again. Art thou here, said she, still,

LIB. XIX.

Ulysses discourseth with Penelope.

To peep at th' women in the night, and spy
What they are doing? an't, may be, hast the will
To stay all night. Go quickly; get thee gone;
T'hast supp'd; lest thou be driven out of door
With brands of fire. To this new insolence,
Ulysses answered gentlier than before:
Why d'ye pursue me thus? Is it because
I am not fine, but have ill raiment on?
The time has been I rich and wealthy was,
And beggars I did much bestow upon;
Not looking on the men, but on their want:
And many servants had. Of that which makes
Men called rich, I knew not any scant.
But Jove not only riches gives, but takes;
Think, therefore, that your beauty will decay;
Or of your mistress you may lose the grace;
Or that Ulysses may come back one day:
And though he ne'er return unto his place,
His son, Telemachus, knows all you do,
Knows better now what's good, and what is worse.
Then be hereafter modester: go to.
Penelope o'erheard all this discourse.
Bold bitch, said she, I know what deeds you've done,
Which thou shalt one day pay for with thy head:
Did not I tell thee when the woo'rs were gone,
That I to speak with him had ordered?
Eurynome, I've much to say, said she,
Unto this man; set here a chair, that so,
Sitting, I may hear him, and he hear me;
For there are many things I'd from him know.
Ulysses sat. Penelope began:
The question I will ask you first, is this;
What is your name, and who your parents be;
And, further, tell me where your country is?
When she had said, Ulysses thus replies:
O queen, through all the world your praises ring,
Your virtues known are up unto the skies;
No less than of some great and happy king,
That maintains justice, and whose fertile ground
Bears store of wheat and barley, and whose trees
Are charg'd with fruit, and all his sheep stand sound,
And under him a valiant people sees.
And, therefore, ask me what you will beside,
My kin and country to myself I'd keep.
For then my grief I can no longer hide,
Or think thereon, but ready am to weep;
Which here would be no seemly thing to do,
For why, your maids might, peradventure, think,
And you yourself, it may be, think so too,
My tears came not from sorrow, but from drink.

Ulyses discourseth with Penelope.

Stranger, said she, my beauty, form, and worth,
Th' immortal Gods took from me then away,
When first Ulysses with the Greeks went forth
To that abominable town of Troy;
But were he here that had the care of me,
I should more honour have, and beauty so.
But now I lead my life in misery;
The Gods upon me troubles daily throw.
For all the lords that in these islands be,
Same, Dulichium, and woody Zant,
And Ithaca itself, suitors to me,
My house continually together haunt,
And there devour my cattle, corn, and wine;
So that of strangers I can take no care,
Nor can myself dispose of what is mine,
Nor messengers receive that public are;
But, longing for my husband, sit and pine.
They press for marriage, I, to put it by.
Then came into my thought (some power divine
Sure prompt'd me) to set up a beam; so I
A beam set up, and then began to weave.
Suitors, said I, since dead Ulysses is,
Stay yet a little while, and give me leave
To make an end but of one business.
I must for old Laertes make a cloth,
Which in his sepulchre he is to wear.
T' offend the wives of Greece I should be loath;
For, to accuse me they will not forbear.
They'll say I very hasty was to wed,
If I go hence and not provide a shroud
Wherein Laertes must be buried,
Out of his wealth; that might have been allow'd.
My suitors all were well content. And then,
All day I wove; but ere I went to bed,
What I had wov'n I ravel'd out agen.
Three years my suitors I thus frustrated.
In the fourth year my women me betray'd;
And in they came while I the web undid.
I could the wedding now no more avoid,
But I was rated by them much and chid.
What I am next to do, I cannot tell:
My father and my mother bid me marry;
My son is weary, and takes not very well
That th' woo'rs devouring him should longer tarry.
But for all this, I long to know your stock,
For sure you come not of the fabled oak,
Nor are, I think, descended from a rock.
To this Ulysses answering thus spoke:
Wife of Ulysses, since you so much press
To know my kindred, and from whence I come,

LIB. XIX.

Ulysses discourseth with Penelope.

Although the telling grieve me, I'll confess,
For I have now long absent been from home.
In the wide sea a fertile island lies,
Innumerable therein are the men,
Creta by name. Many diversities
There are of tongues; and cities nine times ten.
There dwell Achæans and Cydonians,
And ancient true Creatans, Tribachichs,
And also Dorichs and Pelasgians,
Who divers dialects together mix.
And Cnossus the prime city was of these,
Where Minos reigned; the great Minos that,
Who often used with great Chronides
Familiarly of old to sit and chat;
Minos my father's father was, and he
Deucalion begot; Deucalion
First got Idomeneus, and then got me.
He went to Troy. My name is Aithon.
There 'twas I saw Ulysses. He came in
As he went homeward, and with much ado
T' Amphisus; for by winds he forc'd had been
This place, though no good port, to put into.
Then straight went up, Idomeneus to see,
With whom he had acquaintanace, as he said.
'Twas ten days after that, or more, that he
For Troy, with th' other Greeks, his anchors weigh'd.
I entertained him kindly with my own;
Gave him a handsome present too, and then
I made him to be feasted by the town,
Upon the public charge, himself and men.
Twelve days the wind continued at north,
Which kept the fleet perforce within the bay;
On the thirteenth th' wind changed, and came south,
And then they set up sail and steer'd for Troy.
'Twas so like truth, she wept. As when the sun
Dissolving is the snow upon a hill,
Innumerable streams of water run,
And the low rivers of the valley fill:
So wept she for her husband sitting by;
Who grieved and pitied her, but never wept;
As hard as horn or iron was his eye,
And by design himself from tears he kept.
After with weeping she was satisfied,
Stranger, said she, I'll ask you somewhat now,
By which most certainly it will be tried,
If you my husband, as you say, did know,
Or entertain'd him and his company.
What kind of person was he, and how clad?
How serv'd? To this Ulysses made reply:
Though twenty year ago it be, and bad

Ulysses discourseth with Penelope.

My memory; yet, what I can recall
I will relate; he wore a purple vest,
Unshorn and lin'd. Before, embroider'd all,
Two clasps of gold; and in it was exprest
A hound, that did between his forefeet hold
A fawn, that sprall'd and labour'd to get free;
Which was so lively done, and all in gold
Performed was, that wonder 'twas to see.
His coat I mark'd, so soft it was and fine,
As is the fold of a dry onion;
And as the sun, did gloriously shine,
And women gaz'd upon him many a one.
Such were his garments, but I know not whence
He had them. You know better that than I;
Whether he so apparell'd went from hence,
Presented by some of his company,
Or given to him somewhere by some guest;
For he was much beloved far and near,
And of the Achæans all esteem'd the best;
Amongst the Greeks he hardly had his peer.
And I him gave a purple double vest,
A sword, and coat edged with fringes trim,
And brought him to his ship. Amongst the rest
A herald was; and I'll describe you him.
Round shoulder'd was he, curled was his hair,
Swarthy his face, Eurybates his name.
Ulysses to him much respect did bear,
Because their thoughts for most part were the same.
When he had done, she could no longer hold,
But wept again, and sorer than before;
For she found true the tokens he had told.
But when this show'r of tears was passed o'er,
Stranger, said she, I pitied you before;
Now as a friend you shall respected be;
'Twas I gave him th' apparel he then wore,
And the gold buckles to remember me;
But I shall never see him more at home;
In an unlucky hour he cross'd the main
To that accursed town of Ilium.
Then thus Ulysses answered her again:
O noble wife of Laertiades,
Blemish no more those your fair eyes with tears
For your Ulysses; set your heart at ease.
Not that your sorrow as a fault appears.
What woman that her husband of her youth,
And to whom children she had borne, had lost,
Could choose but grieve and weep, although in truth
She could not of his virtue greatly boast?
But that you would give ear to what I say;
I say Ulysses is not far from home;

LIB. XIX.

Ulysses discourseth with Penelope.

He's in Thesprotia, hence a little way,
Alive, enrich'd with presents he is come;
His ship and men all perish'd in the main,
Then when he left the isle Thrinacie;
Because Sol's sacred kine his men had slain,
Hurled they were by Jove into the sea;
Ulysses only scap'd; for sitting fast
Upon the torn-off rudder by the waves,
After much labour came to land at last
In th' isle Phœacia; there his life he saves.
Much honour there and precious gifts he got.
They ready were to have convey'd him home
Safely to Ithaca, but he would not;
Else long ago he might have hither come.
But he thought best to travel longer yet,
And pick up presents which way e'er he went,
Before his going home much wealth to get;
For at designing he was excellent.
Phidon himself, king of Thesprotia,
Swore to me this; and that both ship and men
Were ready to convey him t' Ithaca,
His country; but he could not stay till then;
For now a vessel ready to set forth
Stood for Dulichium. But he show'd me all
Ulysses' treasure, which might serve, for worth,
Ten ages to maintain a man withal.
But he, he said, was gone o'er to the main,
There at Dodona with Jove's oak t' advise
How to return to Ithaca again;
As he was openly, or in disguise;
So then he's safe, and soon he will be here;
He cannot from his house be long away.
And, which is more, I will not doubt to swear,
And witness call the Gods to what I say.
Hear, Jove, of Gods the best and high'st, and thou
The guardian of the house that we are in:
Ulysses shall come to this place you know,
Ere this month end, or when the next comes in.
Penelope then answer'd: Stranger, oh
That this would so fall out, you then should see
Such friendship from me, and such gifts also,
That men should bless, and say you happy be.
But, maids, go wash his feet, and make his bed,
Lay on warm rugs, and handsome covering,
His limbs to cherish till the day be spread.
Then wash and 'noint him that my son may bring
And set him in the hall at dinner by him;
For he that wrongs him shall not be allow'd
To come into my house another time,
How angry at it e'er he be and proud.

He is known by his nurse, but concealed.

Stranger, by this I mean to let you see
I better know how to entertain my guest
Than many women do, though poor he be,
Far from his home, and in vile garments dress'd.
To this Ulysses answer'd her again,
O noble wife of Laertiades,
Since I left Crete, on ship-board I have lain,
Soft and fine bedding give me little ease;
Many a night have I passed without sleep,
And often slept have on a homely couch.
The custom I have so long kept I'll keep;
Nor shall your maidens my feet wash or touch,
Such as wait on you; but if there be any
Old women here that hath endured much,
As I have done, and years have lived many,
I am content my feet be wash'd by such.
Then said Penelope, Ne'er man came here
Within my house from foreign country yet
So prudent as you are, whose answers were
To every thing so wise and so discreet.
There is a woman such as you desire,
That nurs'd and brought up that afflicted man;
Though she be very weak, she'll make a fire,
And wash your feet, but nothing else do can.
Rise, Euryclea, wash the feet of one
That's like your lord. Such feet and hands were his,
Woe makes men old, as well as years that run.
So said Penelope; and th' old woman ris,
And weeping held her hand before her eyes.
O my dear child, O Jupiter unkind!
Who more devout, who burnt to him more thighs,
Or fatter, or doth lesser favour find?
He pray'd to live so long that he might see,
Painless, the education of his child
Telemachus, but granted 'twill not be.
He now perhaps is where he is revil'd
And mock'd by women in some great man's hall,
As thou, O stranger, hast been scorned here;
And wilt not suffer any of them all
Either thy feet to wash or to come near.
I'll wash your feet, as I am bidden by
Penelope, and for your own sake too.
It is not her command alone. There lie
Thoughts on my heart that urge me thereunto.
Poor passengers come hither very many,
But one so like Ulysses never came;
For person, voice, and feet, I never saw any
Come to this house that had so near the same.
Ulysses answered, Woman, so they say
All that have seen us both. It may be so.

LIB. XIX.

The hunting of the boar related.

She with her kettle bright then went her way
For water, wherewithal her work to do.
Cold water she brings in, and pours on't hot.
Ulysses sat by the fire, but turned that thigh
That had the scar, to the dark, that she mightnot
Find it, and force him to appear openly.
She was not long about him when she spied
The scar a boar had made above his knee
When he was hunting on Parnassus' side,
At's grandsires, in his uncle's company.
His grandsire was Autolycus, that was
His mother's father, named Anticlia;
He in hermetic arts did most suppass;
And to his daughter came to Ithaca,
That newly of a son was brought to bed.
Euryclea laid the child upon his knee.
Autolycus, you are to give, she said,
Thename; how shall it named be?
Then said Autolycus, Since I of many,
Both men and women, have incurr'd the blame,
A fitter name I cannot think on any;
Therefore, I say, Ulysses be his name;
And when he's grown a man send him to me,
To Mount Parnassus; whither if he come,
He shall of what I have partaker be,
And from me go not ill-contented home.
And this the cause was that he thither went.
Autolycus and 's sons there take Ulysses
By th' hand, expressing very great content.
Antithea, his grannam, his head kisses,
And both his eyes. Autolycus appoints
His sons to have the supper very good.
A bullock fat they kill, slay, cut in joints,
Roast, and in messes distribute the food;
And so they feasted till the day was done;
And when 'twas dark parted and went to sleep.
But when Aurora had proclaim'd the sun,
Which ready was above the hill to peep,
Then to Parnassus up the hunters go,
The hounds before went searching out the sce
Autolycus his sons were there also,
Ulysses with them; next the dogs he went,
And in his hand shook a long-shaded spear;
The dogs drew toward a wood; so close it was
That neither rain nor wind e'er enter'd there,
Nor yet the beams o'th' sun could through it pass,
And heaps of wither'd leaves there lay therein.
Within this thicket lay a mighty boar;
Only the noise of hounds and men came in.
When they were very near, and not before,

The hunting of the boar related.

The boar rush'd out, and fire was in his eye;
Bristled his neck. Ulysses ready was.
The boar first wounded had Ulysses' thigh;
The spear did through the boar's right shoulder pass.
Slain was the boar. And of Ulysses' wound
His uncles took the care, and skilfully
They caus'd it to be closed up and bound,
And with a charm the blood stopp'd presently.
His wound soon cured, very glad they were,
And him with many gifts sent glad away.
At home they ask, and he relateth there
The story of the hunting of that day.
Euryclea on the wound had laid her hand,
And well assured was 'twas none but he,
Which made the water in her eyes to stand;
And now her joy and grief one passion be.
Her speech stuck in her throat; her hand lets fall
Her master's foot; that down the kettle threw;
The water runneth out about the hall;
And knowing now what she but thought was true:
You are Ulysses, said she, O my dear,
And tow'rd Penelope she look'd aside,
As if she meant to say, Your husband's here.
But Pallas, that did mean the truth to hide,
Still made the queen to look another way,
And he with one hand stopp'd the nurse's breath,
With th' other held her fast to make her stay.
Why, nurse, said he, mean you to be my death?
Since at your breast I nourished have been,
And none but you knows me in this disguise;
These twenty years I here was never seen.
Let none else know it in the house. Be wise;
For this I tell you, and will make it true,
That of the women some I mean to slay,
When by my hand the Gods the woo'rs subdue;
If you bewray me, you shall fare as they.
Then said Euryclea, What needeth this?
You know my heart can hold like stone or brass;
And who is honest, who dishonest is,
I'll tell you, if your purpose come to pass.
No, nurse, then said Ulysses, tell not me;
You need not; I shall know them every one.
Permit all to the Gods, and silent be;
For they best know what best is to be done.
Then out she went more water to fetch in,
The first being spilt. He wash'd and 'nointed was.
And covered the place where th' wound had been.
And nearer to the fire his chair he draws.
Then to them came Penelope, and said,
Stranger, I'll ask you but a little more;

LIB. XIX.

The hunting of the boar related.

'Tis almost bed-time, and when we are laid,
Our grief in gentle sleep is passed o'er.
But all the day my tears are my delight,
Or of my women's work the care I take;
And after I am gone to bed at night
A thousand dismal thoughts keep me awake;
As Philomela, sitting in a tree,
Mourns with a lamentable voice and shrill,
For Itylus, and turneth restlessly,
(Whom Zethus' son did by misfortune kill):
Just so my mind divided is in twain:
Whether to keep my servants with my son,
And my dear husband's bed, and here remain,
Or marry one o' th' suitors and be gone.
To marry and be gone I could not yet;
My son too young was yet to rule th' estate;
And now, grown up, it makes him vex and fret
To see them daily feast within his gate.
I'll tell you now a dream; expound it you:
I've twenty geese feeding i' th' yard without;
A mighty eagle from the hills down flew
And break their necks; dead they lay all about.
The eagle straightway mounted out of sight.
I dreaming wept; to see them at the trough,
Feeding on steeped wheat, I took delight;
And to bemoan me ladies came enough.
And then methought the eagle came again,
And on a beam which through the wall did start,
He sat; and said, in human language plain,
Child of Icarius, trouble not your heart;
The thing you see is real, not a dream;
The geese the wooers, I the eagle was,
And now return'd and sitting on the beam;
I am your husband, and will bring to pass
The death of all your suitors. Then wak'd I,
And went into the court my geese to see,
And found them all there feeding heartily,
Unhurt, and well as they were wont to be.
Woman, then said Ulysses, no man can
Expound this dream but as himself has done,
That says and does. Ulysses is the man.
The suitors will be killed every one.
Then said Penelope, Dreams are without
Such order as to make a judgment by;
And at two gates, men say, they issue out,
The one of horn, th' other of ivory;
Those that pass through the horn, to men of skill,
Never say anything but what is sooth;
But find a word of truth you never will
In those that come through th' Elephantine tooth.

LIB. XIX.

The hunting of the boar related.

But I much fear that my dream came this way;
For I have promised to quit this place,
And come already is th' unlucky day
That must determine who shall gain my grace.
Twelve axes here Ulysses set arow,
Like twelve boats laid along upon their sides,
And at a distance standing with his bow,
Through ev'ry one of them his arrow glides.
And this shall to my suitors be the prize.
He that most easily shall bend the bow,
And through the axes all his arrow flies,
Leaving this blessed house with him I'll go.
Then said Ulysses, Let the suitors try
If they can bend the bow, and thorough shoot
Through th' axes if they can, for sure am I,
Ulysses will be here before they do't.
Stranger, said she, whilst you discourse, my eyes
To sleep will never be inclin'd; but since
The force of nature on all mortals lies,
I up into my chamber will go hence;
There is my bed, wash'd nightly with my tears,
Since first Ulysses went to cursed Troy,
Wailing my husband's absence, wak'd with fears;
And yours in what part of the house you'll say.
This said, unto her chamber up she went,
And with her all her maids. And there she lies.
And for her husband did afresh lament,
Till Pallas threw a sweet sleep on her eyes.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XX.

Pallas and Ulysses consult of the killing of the wooers.

Ulysses in the court lay out adoors
On a cow-hide; and on him skins of sheep
New kill'd and sacrificed by the woo'rs.
There lay he, but he could not fall asleep.
Eurynome a rug laid on him too.
Out came the maids that wont were to commit
With the proud wooers, giggling and laughing so,
And pleasing one another with their wit,
As made Ulysses in his mind to cast

LIB. XX.

Pallas and Ulysses consult of the killing of the wooers.

Whether to start up quick and kill them all,
Or let them now go on and take their last
Farewell of those they had to do withal;
As when a bitch stands by her whelps, and spies
A stranger coming near, will bark and grin,
So at this sight of their debaucheries
Ulysses' heart, provoked, bark'd within.
Hold, heart, said he; when Cyclops eat my men,
Thou didst endure till counsel set thee free;
The danger now is less. Hold out again.
And so it did, though he lay restlessly.
As one that has raw flesh upon the fire,
And hungry is, is ever turning it;
So turneth he himself, with great desire
'Gainst th' wooers to devise some mischief fit.
Then Pallas came, and standing at his head
In woman's shape, O wretched man, said she,
What makes you toss and turn so in your bed?
The house is yours, your wife and son here be.
Then said Ulysses, I was casting how
I might alone these suitors insolent,
That always here are many, overthrow;
And if I kill them, then again invent
How to escape and save myself by flight.
To this the Goddess answered, and said,
Another man would trust a meaner wight,
Though mortal, and rely upon his aid:
But I a God immortal am, and say,
Though fifty bands of men should us oppose,
You should their herds of cattle drive away.
Enjoy securely, therefore, your repose;
A torment 'tis to watch all night, to one
That is already drench'd in misery.
Sleep then. This said, sweet sleep she threw upon
His eyes, and from him mounted to the sky.
And now Penelope awak'd, and sat
On her bed weeping. Having wept her fill,
She to Diana pray'd, and said, O that
You would now shoot your arrow and me kill;
Or that some great wind me away might bear,
And o'er a rock throw me into the main,
Ne'er to be heard of, or as th' daughters were
Of Pandareus, whose parents both were slain
By th' Gods; but Venus the orphans nourished
With butter, and with honey, and with wine.
Juno with form and wit them furnished;
Diana gave them stature; artifice divine
Pallas them taught; then Venus went to Jove
To get them husbands; for best knoweth he
The issue of conjunctions in love,

Pallas and Ulysses consult of the killing of the wooers.

Whether for better or for worse they be,
While Venus absent was on that affair,
By harpies foul away they carried be,
And giv'n for slaves to th' furies in the air.
Oh that the Gods would so dispose of me;
Or else Diana send me under ground,
That I may with Ulysses be, and not
To please another meaner man be bound.
Grief all day long is but a woeful lot,
And sleep is some amends; but unto me
It evil dreams along with it doth bring.
This night, my husband seem'd i' th' bed to be;
No dream I thought it, but a real thing.
This said, the morning fringed had the sky;
Ulysses, musing, lay upon his bed
With closed eyes, and thought she certainly
Knew who he was, and stood at his bed's head.
Then rose he, and his sheep skins bare away,
And rug into the house; but the cow-hide
He carried out, and then to Jove did pray:
Hear, Jupiter, with lifted hands he cried;
O Jove and Gods, if by your will divine,
Toss'd both at sea and land, I hither came;
By fatal word within, without by sign,
To me now presently confirm the same.
Jove heard his pray'r, and straight it thundered.
This made Ulysses glad. Then spake a maid
The fatal word. Twelve maids, to furnish bread,
Were to grind wheat continually employ'd:
Eleven their work had done and went to bed;
The weakest still staid grinding, and thus pray'd:
Jove, who without a cloud hast thundered,
Grant me poor maid my wish, and then she said,
O Jove, that father art of Gods and men,
Let never more these wicked suitors taste
Meat in this house, nor ever come agen,
That pain me thus. This supper be their last.
Ulysses with this word, and with the thunder,
Well pleased was, and thought assuredly
With Pallas' help the suitors to bring under,
And many though they were, to make them die.
Then th' other maids came in and made a fire
Within the hall. And then too from his bed
Telemachus rose, puts on his attire,
And sword and shoes; his spear with brazen head
He took into his hand, and stood i' th' door,
And to the nurse, Euryclea, he spake:
What meat, what lodging, had this stranger poor?
Or was there none that care of him did take?
My mother's nature, wise as she is, is such

LIB. XX.

Pallas and Ulysses consult of the killing of the wooers.

Highly to honour men of less desert;
But for this stranger perhaps cares not much.
Then said Euryclea, She has done her part;
Wine he has had as much as he thought fit,
She ask'd him if he had a mind to eat;
He answered that he had no appetite
To bread at present, nor to any meat.
She bade her maids set up a standing bed;
But he, as one in love with misery,
Would none of that, nor bed, nor coverled,
But on the ground resolved was to lie,
And make his scrip the bolster for his head,
And for a bed to take a raw cow-hide,
And sheep skins with the wool for coverled
Without the door; and we the rug applied.
This said, Telemachus with spear in hand
To council goes, and his dogs follow'd him.
Then Euryclea gives the maids command
The rooms of th'house to dress up and make trim.
Rise, maids, said she, sprinkle and sweep the hall,
Lay cushions on the chairs, with sponges make
The tables clean, the temp'rer and cups all;
And see of water that there be no lack.
Go to the spring and fetch fair water thence
Quickly. You know to-day is holiday;
The suitors will not now be long from hence.
So said the nurse. The women her obey;
For water to the fountain went twice ten;
The rest did diligently work within.
The maids that went for water came agen;
And the proud woo'rs by that time were come in.
nd then came in the master of the swine,
Eumæus: three swine frank'd and fat he brought,
There to be ready 'gainst the suitors dine;
In all his swine-sties better there were not.
And he unto Ulysses kindly spake:
Stranger, how fare you 'mongst the wooers here?
Do they more pity now upon you take
Than formerly; or still deride you there?
O, said Ulysses, that the Gods would give
These men what to their insolence is due,
Who in a house not theirs so lewdly live,
As if no modesty at all they knew.
Then came Melanthus from a place hard by;
He had the charge o' th' goats, and brought the best,
And spake unto Ulysses spitefully:
Art thou here still, to beg and to molest
The company? D'ye mean before you go
To taste my fingers? Is there no good cheer
In other places 'mongst the Greeks, and so

Pallas and Ulysses consult of the killing of the wooers.

You mean to dwell continually here?
Then came a third, that charge had of the kine;
Philœtius by name, with him he brought
A heifer and more goats, on which to dine,
Over the water, in the ferry-boat.
Philœtius ask'd Eumæus in his ear,
Who's this, that's new come hither, and from whence?
What countryman, and what his parents were?
For, for his person he may be a prince;
God can make princes go from land to land
And beg, when he will give them misery.
This said, he took Ulysses by the hand,
And spake unto him kind and lovingly:
Father, I wish you as much happiness
As ever you enjoy'd before; but now
I see you are in very great distress.
O Jove! what God so cruel is as thou?
Though born thou wert, yet pitiest not to see
The torments of mankind. To think upon
Ulysses makes me weep. It may be he
Thus begs somewhere, with such apparel on,
Or else he's dead. O then I am undone.
He set me o'er his herds when but a boy;
But infinite they're grown since he is gone,
Or man would quickly all cow-kind destroy;
But mine the suitors force me to bring in
For them to eat, and ne'er regard his son;
The goods to share already they begin
Of th' owner, that so long now has been gone.
And I devising was what I should do,
To take my cattle with me and be gone,
And one or other prince to give them to;
But that, I thought, would be unjustly done,
For they Telemachus his cattle were.
Again, I thought it labour very sour
To stay and keep my master's cattle here,
For others in his absence to devour.
So here abide I, and myself I flatter
With hope to see Ulysses one day come
Back to his house, and the proud suitors scatter.
Thus said the master of the kine. To whom
Ulysses said: Honest you seem, and wise;
I therefore will a secret to you swear,
By Jove on high, you shall see with your eyes
Ulysses, if you wish to see him, here,
And all these domineering suitors slay.
Then, O, said he, that Jove would have it so;
For I should let you see in such a fray
Quickly how much these hands of mine can do.
Eumæus also did like prayer make

LIB. XX.

Pallas and Ulysses consult of the killing of the wooers.

To see Ulysses there. So ended they.
While they discours'd, the suitors counsel take
How they might make Telemachus away.
Then o'er their heads an eagle flew on high,
Sinister, with a fearful dove in's foot.
Then said Amphinomus, Let's lay this by,
And think of supper, for we cannot do't.
The suitors all approv'd of what he said,
And in they went, and there on bench and seat
Within Ulysses' house their coats they laid,
And set themselves to kill and dress their meat.
Then from the herd they sacrificed a cow,
And many well-grown sheep, and goats well fed,
And many a very fat and pamper'd sow;
Th' entrails they roasted and distributed.
Eumæus gave out cups, Philœtius bread,
Melanthus from the temp'rer fill'd out wine;
The suitors on the meat before them fed
With stomachs good, and drank the blood o' th' vine.
Telemachus Ulysses in the hall
Hard by the threshold sets, (and there he sat
On an ill-favour'd stool at table small),
And gave him his just share of th' entrails fat,
And for him fill'd a great gold cup with wine.
Sit here, said he, and fare like other men;
Fear neither blows nor scoffs; the house is mine;
Ulysses is the owner of it. When
He first possessed it, he gave it me.
And you, my mother's suitors, mock no more,
But keep the peace as long as here you be;
For else perhaps arise may trouble sore.
At first the suitors knew not how to take
Telemachus his words, and silent were,
Admiring that such threat'ning words he spake,
So many men provoking without fear.
But by and by Antinous said thus:
Since Jove appeared has in his defence,
Let's put these threats up of Telemachus,
Else we should quickly spoil his eloquence.
So said Antinous. But Telemachus
Car'd not at all for anything he said.
When peace within doors was concluded thus,
In other rites o' th' feast they were employ'd;
The hecatomb they bear throughout the town
Into Apollo's shady grove divine.
The upper joints in messes they divide,
So fill'd their tables and sat down to dine.
The portion of Ulysses was no less
Than other suitors had, nor more; for why,
Telemachus had order'd every mess

Pallas and Ulysses consult of the killing of the wooers.

Should equal be, and men serv'd equally.
Amongst the suitors was a very knave,
Ctesippus was his name, a rich man's son,
And therefore hop'd Penelope to have.
This man to th' wooers made a motion:
Hear me, you suitors of Penelope,
This stranger here is equal made to us,
And therefore reason 'tis that also we
Should love the strangers of Telemachus.
Lo, here's a gift I'll give him, that he may
Bestow it, if't please him, on him or her
That empts the chamber-pots, or giv't away
To any of Ulysses' bondmen here.
With that he hurled at Ulysses' head
A cow's foot, but he turn'd his head the while,
And from the stroke himself delivered.
Then smil'd Ulysses a sardonic smile;
Telemachus his anger could not hide.
'Tis well, said he, you did not hurt him here,
For else, believe it, you had surely died
O' th' place, run through the body with my spear,
And never found a wife here, but a grave.
Therefore give over this behaviour wild;
Of good and bad I now some knowledge have,
And do not always take me for a child.
What's past I bear, the havoc of my cattle,
My corn and wine consumed lavishly;
'Tis hard for one with many t' enter battle.
Use me no longer as an enemy;
For fighting to be slain I'd rather chuse,
Than see my guests or servants harshly used;
My women, as they pass about the house,
To be so basely tugg'd, touz'd, and abus'd.
This said, awhile the suitors silent were;
But not long after, Agelaus spake.
Let's not, said he, against a truth so clear
Struggle, and what is said in ill part take;
Nor harshly use the stranger any more,
Nor any servant of Telemachus;
But yet I have a silly word in store
For him, and for his mother, and for us.
Whilst there was hope Ulysses might come home,
The suitors had done best at home to stay,
Expecting him, and not have hither come;
But since there's none, to's mother he should say,
Take one of them for husband, which you please,
And most shall give you; so shall he enjoy
His father's means, and eat and drink at ease,
And she with her new husband go her way.
To this Telemachus replying says,

Pallas and Ulysses consult of the killing of the wooers.

By Jove, and by my father's misery,
Who now is lost and dead, or somewhere strays
Far off from Ithaca, it is not I
That do my mother keep from marrying
Whom she thinks good. I do advise her still
To take the man that shall most treasure bring;
But I'll not make her do't against her will.
So ended he. Then on the suitors' faces
Pallas sets up a laughter not their own,
Nor to be stopp'd; their senses she displaces,
Their meat was bloody, and their hearts were down.
What is't, poor men, said Theoclymenus,
Your heads and faces are wrapt up in night;
You weep and groan; the walls and beams of th' house
To me seem bloody; and left there is no light;
The hall and porch, methinks are full of sprites
Ready to go to hell; the sun has lost
His place in heaven, nor are there any lights;
And dismal darkness hath the house engross'd:
At this they laugh'd. Then, said Eurymachus,
This stranger is not very well, let him
By those that wait be guided from the house
To th' market-place; for all within is dim.
I am, said Theoclymenus, not blind,
I can go the market-place alone.
I have both eyes and ears, and feet and mind:
With these I can go hence. Guide need I none,
And go I will; for evil is hard by,
Which none of you the suitors shall escape
That have so much abused the family.
This said, he parts, and left the woo'rs to gape
On one another, and with insipid jests
To vex Telemachus, and themselves please,
And all upon Telemachus his guests.
The words that one of them then said were these:
Telemachus, of all men you're least able
To make an entertainment or a feast.
For first you for this beggar set a table,
Who eats and drinks as stoutly as the best,
But can no work do, nor has any force;
A very burthen to the earth. And this
A prophet would be, and loves to discourse
Of ill to come. My counsel therefore is,
That you would put these strangers both aboard
Some ship, and send them into Sicily.
They that way may some profit you afford.
Thus said the woo'rs, but little cared he,
But silently the sign expecting stood
His father should have giv'n of falling on.
Penelope meanwhile sat where she could

Hear plainly what was said by every one.
And now the suitors merry supper made,
And laughing sat, and fed on much good cheer:
But after supper worse none ever had,
For of the wrongs themselves beginners were.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XXI.

Penelope bringeth forth her husband's bow, which the suitors could not bend. Ulysses makes himself known to Eumaus and Philœtius. He bends the bow.

Penelope, the suitors' strength to try,
Who soon'st could bend her noble husband's bow,
And through the axes make his arrow fly,
And whom she was to marry now to know,
To a high chamber up the stairs she went,
Wherein Ulysses' precious goods did stand.
There hung upon a pin the bow unbent;
The well-made key she carried in her hand.
This bow was given him by Iphitus
At Sparta. But Ulysses with him met
First at Messena; for it fell out thus.
Ulysses then was there about a debt.
Messena men their ships had put ashore
At Ithaca, and thence had ta'en a prey
Of sheep, which was in number fifteen score,
And, with the shepherds, carried them away.
This was the cause Ulysses thither went.
'Twas a long way, and he scarce past a boy;
But by his father and the lords was sent
T' ask reparation for this annoy.
But Iphitus twelve mares had lost; each one
A young mule had that followed her behind,
(Which of his death were the occasion),
And at Messena these he thought to find.
But as he was returning back again,
And came unto the house of Hercules,
That mighty man first did him entertain,
And after, killing him, his mares did seize.
This was the man that to Ulysses gave
The bow; and from him had a sword and spear.
But Hercules had sent him to his grave,
Ere they had tasted one another's cheer.
This bow he carried not to Ilium,
Nor ever had made use of it in fray;

LIB. XXI.

Penelope bringeth forth her husband's bow, which the suitors could not bend.

But often had it in his hand at home;
For only as a monument it lay.
Penelope now standing at the door,
Quickly the bolt strook back with her great key,
The valves fly open suddenly and roar;
As when a great bull roars, so roared they.
Penelope went in, and up she stepp'd
Upon a board whereon were standing chests,
In which, 'mongst odours sweet, the clothes were kept,
The costly garments, robes, and coats, and vests.
Thence to the bow she reach'd, and from the pin
She took it as it hung there in the case;
And sitting down, her lap she laid it in.
Aloud she wept, and tears ran down apace:
And when she long enough had weeping been,
The bow she did unto the suitors bear,
And quiver with it full of arrows keen:
The axes by her women carried were.
Then with her scarf she shaded both her cheeks,
Having a waiting-woman on each hand;
Unto her gallant suitors thus she speaks:
Hear me, you lusty suitors that here stand,
Using this house, not yours, continually,
To eat and drink in at another's cost;
And for it do pretend no reason why,
But as contenders who shall love me most.
Lo here; to him I make myself a prize,
Who this good bow with greatest ease shall bend,
And whose aim'd arrow through these axes flies,
With him from this most blessed house I'll wend.
This said, Eumæus th' axes and the bow
By her command unto the suitors bears;
And as he went, his eyes for grief o'erflow,
Nor could Philœtius abstain from tears;
For which Antinous gave them this reproof:
You foolish clowns, what ails you to shed tears?
Has she not for her husband grief enough?
That you must add your sorrow unto hers.
Sit silently, eat and drink quietly;
Or if you needs must weep, go weep without.
Leave the bow here, the suitors' strength to try,
And that it may be carried round about.
Not that I think there's any man among
Us all can bend it as Ulysses could:
For I remember him though I were young.
So said he; though he thought he bend it should,
And also shoot through th' axes every one,
Though he were only the first to be shot.
For he the other suitors had set on,
And was the first contriver of the plot.

Penelope bringeth forth her husband's bow, which the suitors could not bend.

Telemachus then to the suitors spake:
Sure Jove, said he, bereav'd me has of sense;
My mother tells me she'll a husband take,
And, leaving me, depart with him from hence;
And I here merry am that should be sad.
But be 't as 't will, the game must now begin,
For such a wife as ne'er Achaia had,
Nor in Mysen or Argos was e'er seen,
Nor Pyle, nor Ithaca, nor in Epire.
But what need I set forth my mother's praise?
You know't yourselves. Therefore I you desire
To put off all excuses and delays.
And I myself will be the first to try
This mighty bow, whether I can or no,
And through the axes make the arrow fly.
'Twill grieve me less to let my mother go;
Since I have strength to bend my father's bow,
Why should I doubt of governing his state?
And from him presently his coat did throw
And sword, and then fell to delineate
The ground whereon the axes were to stand.
On one long line he set them all upright.
The wooers admir'd the justness of his hand;
For why the like was ne'er done in his sight.
Then went he to the sill to try the bow.
Thrice he essay'd it, and was near it still.
And thrice again relenting let it go.
Once more had done it. But 'twas not his will;
For then his father check'd him with a wink.
Alas! then, said Telemachus, must this
Be all my strength? Too young I am, I think.
Come, let one take the bow that elder is.
This said, the bow and arrow he laid by,
And to the seat went where he sat before.
Then, said Antinous, The bow let's try,
In order as we sit. Let him therefore
Try first, whose table next the cupboard is,
And so to the right hand up, one by one.
The other suitors all approved this.
Leiodes was the first; so he begun;
His place was low'st. He to the threshold went
To try his force; but to his tender hand
And feeble arms the bow would not relent.
Then down he laid it there, and lets it stand;
And to the suitors spake: This bow, says he,
I cannot bend, some other take 't in hand.
It's like of many lords the death to be,
When by the strongest it comes to be mann'd.
For better 'tis to die than live and miss
The hopes you hither come for ev'ry day.

LIB. XXI.

Ulysses makes himself known to Eumæus and Philœtius.

And what is 't any of you hope but this,
That you Ulysses' consort marry may?
But when he shall this bow have understood,
Let him some other lady woo at ease
Amongst th' Achæans whom he shall think good,
And let Penelope take whom she please.
This said, the bow and arrow he set by,
And to the seat went where he sat before,
And by Antinous was angrily,
As soon as he had spoke, rebuk'd therefore.
What say you? That this bow the death shall be
Of many lords? Why so? 'Cause you have not
The strength to bend it. Others have, you'll see;
But you for bending bows were not begot.
Then to Melantheus he turn'd and said,
Let fire be made, and a great chair set by 't,
And let upon it cushions be laid,
And let us have good store of tallow white,
T' anoint and warm, and supple make the bow,
And try if we perhaps may bend it then.
Fire, chair, and cushions came, and grease enough,
But to no purpose; too weak were the men.
Antinous yet and Eurymachus
Gave it not over; these two were the best
Of all the suitors that came to the house:
No hope at all remained for the rest.
Eumæus and Philœtius then went out
Together; after them Ulysses went,
And when they were the gate and court without,
Himself unto them to discover meant.
And fair he spake them: Master of the kine,
And you Eumæus, master of the swine,
Shall I keep in, or speak a thought of mine?
To speak it out my heart does me incline.
What if Ulysses should come suddenly,
Brought by some God, and stand before this rout,
On whose side, his or theirs, would you then be?
What your mind prompts you to, speak freely out.
Then answer'd him the master of the kine,
O that the Gods above would have it so,
You'ld see the virtue of these hands of mine.
The master of the swine then said so too.
When now the hearts of both of them he knew,
He spake again and said, 'Tis I am he,
That after twenty years return to you;
And know you longed have this day to see.
Of all my servants I find only you
That wish me here. If therefore it shall please
The Gods by me the suitors to subdue,
I'll give you wealth enough to live at ease,

Ulysses makes himself known to Eumæus and Philœtius.

And houses near me, and shall wedded live,
And brothers of Telemachus shall be.
And that you may assuredly believe
Ulysses speaks it, you a sign shall see.
With that he pull'd his rags beside his thigh,
And lets them see the place the boar had rent,
Then when upon Parnassus' mountain high
He with his uncle's sons a hunting went.
And then they fling their arms about Ulysses,
And kiss his hand and shoulders, weeping sore;
And he again embraced them with kisses,
Nor had till sunset weeping given o'er,
But that Ulysses hinder'd it. Give o'er, said he,
Your weeping, lest that some one come out hither,
And tell within what here without they see.
Go in, but one by one, not altogether.
First I'll go in, and then come you. Now mark.
I'll pray the suitors I the bow may try.
If to my motion they refuse to hark,
Give it into my hand as you pass by;
And you Eumæus bid the women shut
The house-doors all, nor suffer any one
O' th' men without the house his head to put.
And though within they hap to hear men groan,
That they stir not, but ply their business.
The utter gate Philœtius lock you fast,
That to the house there may be no access.
This said, into the hall again he pass'd,
And after him his servants. Now the bow
Was in Eurymachus his hand by th' fire.
He warm'd and rubb'd, and did what he could do,
But for to bend it he was ne'er the nigher.
At this he vex'd, and took it heinously,
And, O, said he, 'tis not for my own part
I troubled am, but for the company,
'Tis chiefly that I take so much to heart.
Nor is it for a wife that I complain;
For in Achaia ladies be enough;
But that we hope Penelope to gain,
Although we cannot bend Ulysses' bow.
Then, said Antinous, 'Twill not be so.
This day unto Apollo sacred is,
And not a day for bending of the bow;
Therefore to lay it by is not amiss.
And let the axes stand still as they do;
For 'tis not like they will be stolen away,
And so go in and offer wine unto
The God. The bow may till to-morrow stay.
And bid Melanthus in the morning bring
Goats of the fattest, and whereof the savour

LIB. XXI.

The suitors unable to bend the bow, which is bent by Ulysses.

May from Apollo, of all archers king,
For bending of the bow procure us favour.
They all agree. Into the house they went.
The officers for hands the water hold;
The waiters fill the cups, and them present;
And when they drunk had each man what he would,
Then spake Ulysses to the suitors thus:
Hear me, ye suitors, what I have to say,
Antinous, and you, Eurymachus,
For to you two 'tis chiefly that I pray;
Since you the bending of the bow remit
To th' Gods, to give to whom they please; and they
To-morrow doubtless will determine it;
Let me now of the bow make an essay,
That I may know whether my strength be spent,
And what I could before now cannot do;
Whether I still be firm or do relent
With hardship, and with want of looking to.
These words of his made all the suitors mad
With fear that he indeed would bend the bow.
Antinous gave him language very bad.
Thou wretched stranger, is it not enough
That of our feast thou hast an equal part,
And that of our discourse (and none but thou,
Stranger and beggar) made a hearer art?
'Tis wine that makes thee not thyself to know;
For wine serves all men so that drink too much.
Wine hurt Eurytion, the centaur great;
His carriage in Perithous' house was such,
Among the Lapithæ sitting at meat,
That angry with 't they were, and all arose,
And with sharp iron cut off both his ears,
And with the same they pared off his nose.
Away the cause of his own harm he bears.
From that day on, centaurs and men are foes.
Themselves men hurt by wine immoderate.
So if you bend the bow, your ears you'll lose;
For you'll find here no prating advocate;
But to king Takim forthwith you shall go,
And he will of you make a cruel end.
Therefore sit still, and let alone the bow;
Nor with men younger than yourself contend.
Then, said Penelope, I'd have you know,
Antinous, that you did very ill
To wrong Telemachus his guest. What though
He bend the bow, d'ye think I take him will
For husband? I am sure you think not so.
Let none of you be sad with fear of that.
Then to her said Eurymachus, No, no;
That's not the thing that we be troubled at.

The suitors unable to bend the bow, which is bent by Ulysses.

'Tis of our honour that we jealous be:
For how will men and women, think you, prate;
But that such suitors woo Penelope
As could not bend Ulysses' bow, but that
A beggar that pass'd by by chance could bend it?
Which unto us will be no little shame.
Who, said she, live on others' means and spend it,
Should not stand much on honour and on fame;
Besides, this stranger is well made and tall,
And of a great man says he is the son.
Give him the bow to try his strength withal;
For this I'll promise him, and see it done:
If he do bend it, I'll on him bestow
Good clothing, and a handsome coat and vest,
Shoes to his feet, dart, sword with edges two,
And send him to such place as he thinks best.
Then spake to her Telemachus her son:
Mother, to give the bow, or to deny 't,
Is in my power, and hinder me can none
In Elis, or Achaia, or here right from
From giving it unto this stranger here,
If I think fit. But mother, pray go now
Up to your chamber, and look to your work,
And leave to us to dispute of the bow.
She mused on, and thought his counsel wise;
And being in her chamber sore did weep
For the absence of her husband, till her eyes
By th' Goddess Pallas closed were with sleep.
Eumæus now had brought the bow about,
And come it was to where Ulysses sat.
The suitors all at once then cried out,
Swineherd, rogue, lout, what meanest thou by that?
If the Gods please to favour our design,
Thou shalt be slain and carried out of sight,
And there devoured be by thy own swine.
This put Eumæus into a great fright.
Telemachus then roar'd on th' other part,
Bear on the bow (t' obey all is not best),
I'll pelt thee, though that thou my elder art,
With stones home to thy hogsties, like a beast;
For I the stronger am. O that I were
But so much stronger than these suitors all,
I soon of some of them the house should clear.
They laugh'd at this, and bated of their gall.
Eumæus then took up the bow agen,
And gave it to Ulysses in his hand.
This done, Euryclea he called then.
It is, said he, Telemachus' command
To lock the doors all; and that if you hear
Noise in the house of blows, or groaning men,

LIB. XXI.

The suitors unable to bend the bow, which is bent by Ulysses.

Let none go forth, but at their work stay there.
This said, Euryclea went in agen,
And lock'd the doors. Philœtius likewise
Went silently and shut the utter gate,
And with a ship-rope that lay by, it ties,
And coming back sits where before he sate;
And look'd upon Ulysses, who, to know
What work the worms had in his absence made;
This way and that way turning was the bow.
At this the suitors one t' another said,
This beggar surely has no little skill
In bows or in bow-stealing, or of 's own
He has one like 't, or make one like it will,
He doth examine it so up and down.
Another said, As he shall bend the bow,
So let him find, as he is begging alms.
So mock'd they. When he view'd it had enough,
And holden it awhile had in his palms,
He bent it. As a fiddler does not spend
Very much labour the sheep's gut to strain,
So he, Ulysses his strong bow to bend
Did put himself to very little pain.
Then with his left hand he the string essay'd;
It sounded like the singing of a swallow.
The suitors then began to be afraid,
And mighty claps of thunder straightway follow.
Jove's token very welcome was t' Ulysses.
Then to the bow he set a shaft, and there
Sitting, shot through the axes, not one misses.
The rest of th' arrows in the quiver were.
Then turning to Telemachus he said,
I have not sham'd you, nor have miss'd one axe,
Nor long a bending of the bow I staid:
You see then that the woo'rs me falsely tax.
But now 'tis time for after suppering,
Ere day be done, and taking such delights,
As cups, discourse, and pleasant music bring;
For these of feasting are the common rites.
Then to his son with 's eye he beckoned.
Telemachus that well him understood,
With spear in hand and helmet on his head,
Came unto him, and close by his chair stood.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XXII.

Ulysses then himself delivereth
Of his foul rags, and leaps up to the sill,
With bow in hand and arrows tipt with death,
And spake to th' wooers boasting of his skill.
Suitors, said he, this match is at an end;
Jove speed me now. Another mark have at,
Which none ere shot at yet. Apollo send
Me luck to hit. As he was saying that,
T' Antinous the shaft he did address,
Who had the cup in's hand about to drink;
Than of his death he thought of nothing less.
For one amongst so many who would think,
How strong soever, durst do such a thing?
The arrow pierc'd his neck from throat to poll.
The wound receiv'd, he turns round staggering;
The blood stream'd out; away he threw the bowl;
And overturn'd the table with his feet;
Both bread and meat lay scatter'd in the hall.
The suitors bustle and in clusters meet,
Of this great man amazed at the fall.
Then one of them unto Ulysses said:
Stranger, this was ill shot; thou killed hast
The greatest man in Ithaca. Thou'st plaid
Thy last prize. To the crows thou shalt be cast.
But yet they held their hands; for why, they thought
'Twas done by misadventure, not contriv'd;
For, proud and foolish, they perceived not
The fatal hour was to them all arriv'd.
Then said Ulysses, with a sullen eye,
Dogs, dead you thought me, and spent my estate;
With you my woman you compell'd to lie;
And would have wedded, whilst I liv'd, my mate.
No fear you had neither of Gods on high,
Nor of revenge from any mortal man;
But now a vengeance to you all is nigh.
At this they frighted were, and looked wan;
And each one peep'd about what way to take
To save his own life, if he could, by flight.
None but Eurymachus t' Ulysses spake:
If you Ulysses be, you say but right;
Much harm is done you both in house and field;
But this Antinous author was of't all;
He set us on, and here lies justly killed.
For wedding of your wife his care was small.

LIB. XXII.

The killing of the wooers.

His care was how to make himself here king
(Which Jove not suffer'd him to bring to pass);
And to destruction how your son to bring,
He chiefly thinking and designing was.
And since that he deservedly is slain,
Spare your own people; we'll repair what's done,
And what is spent we will make up again,
And recompense with twenty cows each one;
And brass and gold till you be satisfied;
If not, there's no man can your anger blame.
To this Ulysses with a sour look replied:
Your whole estates, and added to the same
How much soever you can elsewhere get,
Too little is to bind me to desist,
Until the suitors shall have paid their debt.
Two ways before you lie, take which you list,
To fight or fly, if you will death avoid;
But fly, I think you cannot. So said he.
Eurymachus then to the suitors said:
The man will not lay down his bow you see;
But since 'tis in his hand, and arrows by,
And stands upon the threshold of the door,
His shafts will fly at us continually,
And till we are all slain will not give o'er:
Let's therefore take up tables for defence
Against his shafts, and, sword, in hand, run all
Unto the door at once and drive him thence,
And people of the town together call.
This said, his sword with double edge he drew,
And thundered him with words; but howsoever,
A deadly shaft first from Ulysses flew
That enter'd at his breast and stuck in's liver.
Down fell his sword, he turns himself quite round,
And throws his blood about him every way;
Kicks down the table, meat and cup, to th' ground,
And with his brow beating the floor he lay;
And sprawling made the seat shake with his feet,
And endless darkness lay upon his eye.
Then rose Amphinomus and death did meet,
He thought from thence to make Ulysses fly,
But by Telemachus prevented was,
That slew him with his spear upon the place.
From back to breast the well-thrown spear did pass;
Down with a thump he falls upon his face.
Telemachus i' th' body left the spear.
For why, he had good reason to mistrust
Amongst so many swords, if he staid there,
He might be killed by some blow or thrust.
Then to his father, as he by him stood,
To fetch down arms, said he, 'Twill do no harm,

The killing of the wooers.

Two spears, a buckler, and a helmet good,
And both Philœtius and Eumæus arm.
Run quickly, said Ulysses, while there be
Arrows remaining, lest they force me should
To quit the door. Then quickly up ran he
Unto the room wherein the armour stood.
Eight spears, four bucklers, and four helmets good
He took, and to his father came again.
And first he arm'd himself, and ready stood;
The two good servants themselves armed then.
Ulysses' arrows, till they all were gone,
Kill'd each his man, and one by one they fall;
But when they all were spent and left was none,
He sets his bow to lean against the wall.
Over his shoulder he his buckler cast,
And puts his well-made helmet on his head.
The two spears with his hand he griped fast,
And then his posture he considered.
There was i' th' wall a certain window high,
By th' sill whereof a way lay to the street,
To which he bade Eumæus have an eye,
And near it stand. But one way was to it.
Then Angelaus to the suitors said,
Why does not some man to that window haste,
And to the people cry aloud for aid,
That so this shooter may have shot his last?
Then, said Melantheus, No, no, 'tis in vain;
The street-door and the court-gate stand so close,
That one good man the place may well maintain
Against how many s' ever them oppose.
But well, I'll fetch you armour to put on,
And weapons I will bring you out of hand;
For where they by Ulysses and his son
Were laid, I know the room and where they stand.
Then up he went; twelve bucklers he brings thence,
As many spears, as many helmets too.
The suitors then prepared for their defence.
And now Ulysses knew not what to do;
But to Telemachus he turn'd and said,
Th'ill women sure, or else Melantheus has
For th' wooers gotten arms, and us betray'd.
No, father, answered he, my fault it was;
The door I left unlock'd, and but put to,
Which somebody observ'd. Eumæus, now
Go lock it fast. Withal consider who,
The women or Melantheus serv'd us so.
Whilst thus they talk, Melantheus went once more
To fetch down arms; Eumæus saw him then,
And told Ulysses: Him we thought before
To be the man, is thither gone agen.

LIB. XXII.

The killing of the wooers.

Shall I go now and kill him (if so be
I can) or bring him hither to you, to endure
What you think fit for all his villainy?
Then said Ulysses, We two will be sure,
Telemachus and I, to keep these men
From going out, and therefore, go you two
And bind his hands and feet together; then
Betwixt his body and his legs put through
A rope, and at his back tie boards, and so
Close to a pillar hoise him up on high
Unto the beams of th' house, that he may know
His fault, and feel his pain before he die.
Then up they went, and stood without the door,
On each side one. Melantheus was within,
At the far end, looking for armour more;
And after there he long enough had been,
Out with an helmet in one hand he came,
A buckler in the other, great, but torn;
Laertes in his youth had borne the same,
But now with lying it was mouldy worn.
As he came out, they seiz'd him suddenly,
And in again they dragg'd him by the hair,
And then his hands unto his feet they tie,
And up they hoise him, as they bidden were.
This done, Eumæus said unto him jeering,
In that soft bed, Melantheus, easily
You will observe the morning's first appearing,
That for the woo'rs your goats may ready be.
Then armed both, and locking up the door,
And breathing courage, to Ulysses come;
So that on the threshold there were four;
But many were the suitors in the room.
Then down unto Ulysses Pallas came,
In Mentor's shape, to whom Ulysses said,
You are my friend, and our age is the same;
For old acquaintance let me have your aid.
Though thus he said, he thought it Pallas still.
The suitors clamour'd; Agelaus spake:
Mentor, beware, the course you take is ill,
Against us all Ulysses' part to take;
For 'tis our purpose when these two are slain,
Father and son, that you the next shall be,
And of your rashness suffer shall the pain,
And with his substance your own mix will we;
Nor shall your sons, daughters, or wife live here.
Pallas was angry at these words of his,
And chid Ulysses then, and ask'd him where
His courage was. And what, said she, is this
The man that bravely fought nine years at Troy,
And kill'd in fight so many gallant men,

The killing of the wooers.

And he whose prudence did the town destroy,
And whines so at his coming home again?
Come hither, milksop, says she, stand by me,
And how your old friend Mentor shall requite
The kindness you have shown him, you shall see.
Yet presently she would not end the fight;
For further yet she would the courage try
Both of Ulysses and Telemachus,
And in a swallow's shape she up did fly,
And sat upon a black beam of the house.
Meanwhile the suitors by Agelaus,
Amphimedon and Demoptolemus,
Eurynomus, Pisandrus, Polybus,
The best of all the suitors in the house,
(For many had been killed with the bow)
Encourag'd were: Friends, said he, let's be bold,
And at them all our good spears let us throw;
So shall we make the man his hands to hold;
Mentor with theirs his fortune will not mix,
He and those hopes are gone; upon the sill
There are but four; Let's throw at once but six,
That if Jove please, we may Ulysses kill.
When he is gone, the rest we need not fear.
The suitors all approved this advice,
And then they lanced ev'ry man his spear;
But Pallas made it fall out otherwise;
For from the beam she soon blew here and there
The flying staves, whereof one hit the door;
The two side-posts and the walls wounded were.
When of the spears the danger was past o'er,
Then said Ulysses, Now our turn it is
To cast our spears at this unruly rout,
That, not content with former injuries,
Do what they can to take our lives to boot.
This said, and taking aim, their spears they threw.
Ulysses killed Demoptolemus.
Telemachus Euryades then slew;
Eumæus with his spear kill'd Elatus;
Pisandrus by Philœtius was slain.
The suitors then to the room's end retreat,
And to the four gave time to take again
The spears that in the wounds were sticking yet.
Again they lanced ev'ry man his spear.
The swallow on the beam still puts them by,
And by the door, walls, posts, receiv'd they were.
Telemachus and Eumæus only
Had little scratches; one upon his wrist;
Eumæus on the shoulder: but the skin
Scarce broken was; and both the other mist.
And then the four amongst the throng threw in

LIB. XXII.

The killing of the wooers.

Their spears again; and then Ulysses slew
Eurydamus; and by Telemachus
Was slain Amphimedon; Eumæus threw,
And killed Polybus; Philœtius
Then smote Cressipus, and through pierc'd his breast,
And over him insulting thus he said:
Bold Prætor, that in love art with thy jest,
And to say anything art not afraid,
For the cow's-foot t' Ulysses thrown, take that.
Ulysses kill'd too Damastorides;
Telemachus Leiocrates laid flat
With spear in hand. When they had killed these,
Pallas aloft held forth her frightful shield;
And then, as cattle, stung with a gad-fly,
In heat of summer run about the field,
So round about the hall the suitors fly;
As when the vultures stoop down from the hill
Upon the fowl, these couch close to the plain,
Threatened with heavy clouds, they slay and kill,
These cannot fly away, nor turn again,
So they upon the suitors fiercely fall,
And winding with them, as they shift their ground,
They killing went; all gore-blood was the hall,
And made with thumps and groans a dismal sound.
Leiodes then kneel'd at Ulysses' feet
To beg his life. I came, said he, as priest,
And told them their behaviour was unmeet,
And always gave them counsel to desist;
But nothing that I said would they obey,
And of their own destruction authors are.
There's not a woman in the house can say
I did amiss. Must I like these men fare?
To this Ulysses with a sour look said,
Did you come with the suitors as their priest?
Then surely for them you have also pray'd,
That of my coming home I should have miss'd,
That with these men you daily might here board
Yourself, your wife, and children. Therefore die.
With that he took up Agelaus' sword,
Which, when he died, fell from him and lay by.
And with it at a stroke cut off his head.
But Phemius, the minstrel, 'scaped free,
For thither he came not for meat or bread:
The suitors forced him of necessity.
He had his fiddle in his hand, and stood
Within the door, and studied what to do,
Whether unto Ulysses go he should,
Or out a door unto the altar go
I'th' court, whereon with many a fat beast
Ulysses oft devoutly had serv'd Jove;

The killing of the wooers.

And having paus'd, at last he thought it best
To go t' Ulysses and his mercy prove.
Then down he laid his fiddle on the floor,
Between the temp'rer and a studded chair,
Then went and fell upon his knees before
Ulysses, and thus to him made his prayer:
Save me, Ulysses, and consider that
If you me slay, it after you will grieve.
I am a singer, but was never taught;
For song to me the Gods did freely give.
I sing to Gods and men, and have the skill
To sing to you as to a God; therefore,
Of cutting off my head lay by the will.
Besides, Telemachus can tell you more;
I was not hither drawn with smell of roast,
But many men and strong brought me by force.
Telemachus, that knew this was no boast,
Cried out, Hold father, 'tis not our best course
To slay the innocent, and I would fain
Save Medon too, that lov'd me from a boy,
And took care of me, if he be not slain
By coming in your or your servants' way.
Under a seat Medon himself had laid,
And wrapp'd himself up in a raw cow-hide,
And hearing what Telemachus had said,
Skipp'd nimbly out, his cow-skin cast aside,
And falling at Telemachus his knee,
He to him said, O friend, lo here I stand;
Forbear, I pray, and to your father be
A means that also he may hold his hand;
For whilst his anger 'gainst the suitors staid,
That wasted have his goods, and him despis'd,
Killing each way about him, I'm afraid
He might perhaps kill me too unadvis'd.
Ulysses hearing, answered thus agen:
Take courage, man, there is no danger nigh,
And this remember, and tell other men,
That justice better thrives than knavery.
Go now into the court, and stay without,
Both you and Phemius, that I may do
The bus'ness in the house I am about.
Then out into the court away they go,
And on the altar of the God they sat,
Looking about, still fearing to be slain.
Ulysses, to be sure that none remain
Alive, and under seats or tables squat,
Search'd well the hall, and found they all were dead,
As fishes on the shore lie out, and by
The heat of Phaethon be murdered,
So did the woo'rs one on another lie.

LIB. XXII.

The killing of the wooers.

Then to Telemachus Ulysses said,
Tell Euryclea I would speak with her.
Telemachus his father straight obey'd,
And scraped at the door that she might hear.
Nurse, says he, mother of the maids, come out,
My father to you somewhat has to say.
She heard him well, and presently, without
More words, the door she open'd with her key;
And found Ulysses standing 'mongst the dead,
Besmear'd with blood, as when a lion has
Upon a cow at pasture newly fed,
With goary breast and chaps, so dight he was.
Th' old woman there beholding so much blood,
And carcases so many lying dead,
At such a mighty work amazed stood,
And was about to whoop, but hindered
Was by Ulysses. Hold, said he, within
Your joy, and let it not appear in vain;
To glory over dead men is a sin.
These men the Gods and their own sins have slain.
For neither from above they fear'd the Gods,
Nor men respected good or bad beneath,
And therefore now have felt the heav'nly rods,
And brought upon themselves untimely death.
But tell me, nurse, how many women be
That me dishonour and do wickedness.
Fifty, says she, do serve Penelope,
And learn to work and wait, no more nor less;
Of these there twelve be that are impudent,
And care not for me, nor Penelope;
Telemachus was young: the government
To him of maids might not well trusted be.
But now I'll to my lady's chamber go,
Where she's asleep, some God has closed her eyes,
To tell her you are here. But he said, No;
First call those women who do me despise,
And have behav'd themselves dishonestly.
Euryclea obeys, and goes her way,
And call'd those women. Come away, said she,
Telemachus i' th' hall does for you stay.
Meanwhile Ulysses call'd Telemachus
Unto him, and his faithful servants two,
Trusty Eumæus and Philœtius.
Hear me, said he, what I would have you do,
Make these lewd woman carry hence the dead,
The chairs and tables in the hall make clean,
And when that bus'ness they have finished,
Into the court make them go forth again,
Into that narrow place 'twixt th' house and hedge;
Till they forget the suitors' venery,

The killing of the wooers.

Make them of your sharp swords to feel the edge,
And for their stol'n unclean delight to die.
Then came the women down into the hall
Wailing, and tears abundantly they shed,
And presently unto their work they fall.
Into the porch they carry out the dead.
Ulysses giving order standeth by.
Telemachus then and Philœtius,
Also Eumæus, do with shovels ply
The pavement daub'd with blood, and cleanse the house
Scraping together dust and blood; and that
The women also carry out a door.
But when this bus'ness now an end was at,
There rested for them yet one bus'ness more.
They brought them thence into the narrow place,
From whence there was no hope at all to fly.
You, said Telemachus, for the disgrace
Done to me and my mother, must not die
An honest death. This having said, he stretch'd
Between two pillars high a great strong rope,
That with their feet the ground could not be reach'd;
Hung there, they sprawl'd awhile, but could not drop.
Then down they dragg'd Melantheus, and his nose
And ears with cruel steel from 's head they tear,
And brake his arms and legs with many blows,
And to the dogs to eat they throw his gear.
Their work now done, they wash'd their hands and feet,
And to Ulysses in the hall they went,
Who having found the place not very sweet,
For brimstone called to take away the scent.
Euryclea, said he, fetch brimstone hither,
And fire, and also wake Penelope,
And bid her maids come to me altogether,
But hasten them to come. Then answer'd she,
Dear child, 'tis well said. But first let me go
And bring you better clothes, a coat and vest.
These rags become you not. Then said he, No.
Bring me fire first, and after do the rest.
The fire she brought and brimstone presently,
Wherewith he aired both the court and hall,
The nurse then up goes to the rooms on high
To call the maids. T' Ulysses they came all.
They weep and sob, and all embrace Ulysses,
And kiss his head and shoulders, shake his hand;
And he again saluteth them with kisses.
Weeping for joy, they all about him stand.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XXIII.

LIB. XXIII.

Ulysses maketh himself known to Penelope, tells her his adventures briefly, and in the morning goes to Laertes and makes himself known to him.

Th' old woman to the upper rooms ascended,
To wake Penelope, and let her know
Her husband was return'd. Her joy amended
Much had her pace, and well she ambled now;
And standing at her head, Rise, child, said she;
The Gods at last have granted you your wishes.
Come down into the hall, where you shall see
The so long by you wish'd-for man, Ulysses.
The suitors he has killed ev'ry one,
Who needs the stewards of his house would be,
In despite of Telemachus, his son;
And live upon his substance lavishly.
To her again Penelope thus spake:
The Gods, Euryclea, sure have made you mad.
The Gods can wise men fools, and fools wise make.
The Gods have done you hurt, more wit you had.
You do me wrong, that know how little sleep
I have enjoyed since he went to Troy.
I never so well slept since, but still weep,
And now you come and wake me with a toy.
Be gone, if't had been any maid but you,
I should have sent her not well pleas'd away,
But to your age some more respect is due;
Go down again into the house you may.
Dear child, said she, I mock not, for 'tis true.
Ulysses is i' th' house. That stranger's he.
Telemachus and no man else him knew;
And known to others would not let him be,
Till they these proud and naughty men had kill'd.
Penelope then starting from the bed
Embrac'd the nurse; her eyes with tears were fill'd.
And, as yet doubtful, still she questioned.
Euryclea, is all this true you say?
Is he indeed come home? Be serious.
How could he the proud suitors all destroy,
He being but one, they many in the house?
Nor saw, nor ask'd I, but I heard the groans
Of dying men; for up we were all shut
Within our doors, and lock'd up all at once,
And of our lives into a fear were put,
Till me, your son, Telemachus, call'd out
To come t' Ulysses. In the hall he stood,
And there in heaps the slain lay him about,
That like a lion stood besmear'd with blood;

Ulysses makes himself known to Penelope.

You would have joy'd to see him. Now they lie
In th' court all in one heap. But busy he
Is airing of the house, a great fire by,
And for to call you hither has sent me.
But come, that in each other you may joy,
For now at last your wishes granted be.
Ulysses come, your son is past a boy,
And their revenge upon the woo'rs they see.
Nurse, answered she, triumph not out of season.
For to be glad to see him in the house,
You know there none is that have so much reason
As I have, and our son, Telemachus.
But 'tis not truth you tell me. What you say
Will come at last to nothing else but this,
It was some God that did the suitors slay,
Hating the sight of what they did amiss.
There never man came to them that can boast
He parted from them without injuries;
So by their wickedness their lives they lost;
Ulysses may have perish'd for all this.
Euryclea to this again replied,
Dear child, what words are these that from you come?
Ulysses stands i' th' hall at the fire's side,
And yet you say he never will come home.
But well, I'll tell you now a surer sign:
When I was washing of his legs and feet,
I saw where th' wound was giv'n him by the swine;
And had then told you had he thought it meet;
But with his hand, for that cause, stopp'd my breath.
Come, I will lay my life on't willingly;
If it be false, put me to cruel death.
To this Penelope did then reply:
The purpose of the Gods, wise though you be,
You know not, nurse; but I'll go to my son,
And there upon the place with him I'll see
What men are slain, and who the deed has done.
Then down she went, consulting in her breast,
Whether at distance it were best to try,
Or else directly go unto the guest,
And there receive and kiss him presently.
But when into the hall she enter'd was,
Where sitting was Ulysses, in the light
Of a good fire, she went and took a place
That was to where he sat just opposite.
Ulysses look'd o' th' ground, expecting what
His wife would say, but long time she spake not;
But gazing on her husband, mute she sate,
As one that's in a trance, and has no thought:
But by-and-bye, surveying him, she thought
'Twas he; but seeing him so ill-array'd,

LIB. XXIII.

Ulysses makes himself known to Penelope.

Her mind was chang'd; she thought that he 'twas not.
Telemachus his mother chid, and said,
Mother, hard-hearted mother, and unkind,
Why sit you at such distance from my father,
And have so little care to know his mind?
When many questions you should ask him rather.
Another woman would not keep off so
From her own husband that away had staid
Twenty years long, and suffer'd so much woe,
But at their meeting somewhat would have said.
Son, said she then, I am astonish'd so,
I cannot speak, nor look him in the face;
But whether he Ulysses be or no,
I shall be certain in a little space,
For we have signs between us of our own,
Which we shall soon know one another by,
That to none living but ourselves are known.
Ulysses to his son then smilingly
Said, Let, Telemachus, your mother try me,
Perhaps she know me better will anon.
The cause why now so little she sets by me,
Is that I have ill-favour'd garments on.
But now let you and I look well about.
Who kills one man, unless great friends he have,
Must leave his kin and country, and go out;
But we have kill'd both many men and brave,
Therefore, consider what is to be done.
Father, said he, let that be your own care;
So wise as you are, men say there is none.
Our hands to do your pleasure ready are.
Why then, I'll tell you what is best to do:
Put on your coats, and let the women all
Into the hall in their best garments go;
The minstrel play; and they to dancing fall;
That he that stands without, or dwelleth nigh
Unto the house, or travelleth that way,
When he shall hear such mirth and melody,
May think, This surely is the wedding-day.
That so before this slaughter Fame have spread,
Depart we may from hence into the field,
And 'gainst the people of the town make head,
And take such counsel more as Jove shall yield.
When this was said, the men their coats put on;
The damsels dress themselves, the minstrel sung
And played upon his fiddle, and each one
To dancing fell, with it the palace rung.
And one that heard this as he stood without,
Said to another by him, She is married.
Fie, fie, she could no longer now hold out.
So, said he, ignorant how things were carried.

Ulysses makes himself known to Penelope.

Meanwhile Ulysses bath'd and ointed is
B' Eurynome, and also richly clad
With a fair robe and coat; and beside this,
Taller and greater Pallas made him had,
And varnished with black his curled head.
As one by Vulcan and Athena taught,
Gold upon silver skilfully had spread,
So Pallas on Ulysses' beauty wrought.
Then from the bath he like a God came in,
And sat him down before his wife again;
And with her to discourse did thus begin:
Woman, said he, to speak to you is vain;
Above all women harden'd is your heart.
What woman else that had her husband seen
After twice ten years' absence, thus apart
From him to sit, contented would have been?
Make me a bed, nurse; what should I do here?
Man, said Penelope, nor mightily
I magnify nor scorn you; what you were
When you went hence, full well remember I:
But go, nurse, make for him the bed that he
Himself fram'd, by the chamber-door without.
Thus said she, but to try if that were he,
Yet griev'd him to the heart, and made him doubt.
Woman, said he, who has remov'd my bed?
It cannot be but by a force divine.
With my own hands 'twas wrought and finished,
To th' end thereby it might be known for mine.
I' th' court an olive-tree stood great and tall,
Thick as a pillar. I about it made
A chamber. Of good stone I made the wall;
And cutting off the boughs the roof I laid;
And in the wall a good strong door I form.
When this was done, I cut up by the root,
And smooth'd with iron tools a lusty corm,
And setting it upright, fix'd the bed to 't,
And pierc'd the wood with wimbles where 'twas meet;
And laid on silver, gold, and ivory.
A purple thong unto the door I fit.
This is the sign for you to know me by.
Whether it still remain I cannot tell,
Or ta'en away and down be cut the tree.
This said, and she the sign rememb'ring well,
The tears roll'd from her eyes. Thus weeping, she
Acknowledgeth and runneth to Ulysses;
About his neck her milk-white arms she lays,
And both his shoulders and his head she kisses,
And, O Ulysses, be not angry, says,
The Gods have giv'n you wisdom, but denied
To satisfy our youth with mutual joy:

LIB. XXIII.

Ulysses relates his adventures briefly.

Take it not ill I have you thus far tried;
Since horror hath possess'd my mind alway,
Lest some deceitful man (for such there be
Too many in the world) should hither come,
And flatt'ring, bring me into infamy.
Helen of Argos would have staid at home,
And not gone with th' adulterer of Troy,
Had she consider'd that th' Achæan lords
Might chance to come and fetch her thence away
Again into her country with their swords.
This speech inflam'd his love, and wet his eyes.
As a man shipwreck'd swimming for his life,
Rejoiceth when the land he near him spies;
So welcome was Ulysses to his wife.
She hung upon him still, nor had let go
Till morning, but for Pallas, who would not
Let Phäeton and Iampus, th' horses two
That draw the Morn, be set to the chariot.
Then said Ulysses to Penelope,
O wife! my troubles ended are not yet;
For still there many more remaining be;
Long time 'twill be ere to the end I get.
Tiresius did tell me this in hell,
When I went thither of his ghost to know,
Whether I with my mates should come home well,
Or not to Ithaca again, and how.
But come, 'tis bedtime, let us satisfy
Ourselves with sleep. Then said Penelope,
Your bed made ready shall be presently:
But since you mention'd have the prophecy,
Tell me what said Tiresias. I know
You'll tell it me one time or other, why,
If you will, may you not tell me it now?
To this Ulysses did again reply:
Because you long to know 't, I tell you then;
Tiresias advised me to go
With oar on shoulder to a place where men
Inhabit, that the briny sea not know,
Nor ever mingle salt with what they eat,
Nor ever saw the ship with crimson face,
Nor yet those wings which do the water beat
(Called oars), to make the good ship go apace.
Now mark me well. When you shall meet a man,
Just at the end of Neptune's utmost bound,
Bearing upon his shoulder a corn-fan,
Stick down your lusty oar upon the ground;
There sacrifice to the world's admiral,
For new admittance, a ram, boar, and bull;
Then home again, and offer unto all
The Gods by name a hundred oxen full.

Ulysses relates his adventures briefly.

Your death will not ungentle be, for which
Age shall prepare you, and your soul unglue
Insensibly. Your people shall be rich
Which round about you dwell. All this is true
Then, said Penelope. If this be all,
Since your old age the Gods will happy make,
The sorrow yet to come can be but small.
Whilst thus this couple t'one another spake,
Meanwhile their bed with cov'rings soft was clad;
The maids, returned i' th' hall, before them stand;
Eurynome a torch to light them had,
And carried it before them in her hand,
Then parting, left them under marriage-law.
Telemachus and the good servants two,
When they had to the dancers said Hola,
Unto their beds within the palace go.
Ulysses and Penelope their joy
Converted had into a new content;
She to Ulysses telleth the annoy
She suffer'd from her suitors impudent;
What havoc they had made of cows and sheep,
And many barrels of her wine had wasted.
And he to her, what hurt o' th' land and deep
He done and suffer'd had. While his tale lasted
Well pleas'd she was, and had no list to sleep.
He told her how the Cicons he had beaten;
How Lote from love of home his men did keep;
How Cyclops his companions had eaten;
And in revenge how he had made him blind;
How, to convey him home he did obtain
Of Æolus a leather-bag of wind,
Which breaking prison blew him back again;
And how in Læstrigonia he lost
His good ships all but one, in which he was;
Told her the wiles of Circe; what the Ghost
In Hell said to him of Tiresias,
To whom he went his fortune for to know,
In a black ship; and with his mother there
Discoursed; and saw many a one laid low
That in the Argive host had been his peer;
And how he heard the tempting Sirens sing
In concert, and scap'd safely by; and how
By th' shifting rocks, Charybdis vomiting,
And Scylla's clutches he did safely row;
How to Ogygia he came, and how
Calypso kept him in a cave, where she
To be his wife did promise to bestow
Upon him youth and immortality.
How to Phæacia he came, where he
Much honour'd was, and thence by sea did come

LIB. XXIII.

Ulysses makes himself known to Laertes.

Enrich'd by public liberality
With brass and gold and costly vestures home.
And at these words sleep seized on his eyes.
When Pallas thought Ulysses satisfied
With bed and sleep, she makes the morning rise,
And day from mortals now no longer hide.
Ulysses rose, and speaking to his wife,
We have, said he, both of us had much woe;
You for my absence weeping out your life,
And I, because the Gods would have it so.
But since we now again united be,
Look to the goods within. My folds I'll fill
Partly with booty from the enemy,
And many also my friends give me will.
Now to my grieved father I must go,
And therefore with your maids go up again;
For ere the sun be up, the town will know
That in my house the suitors all are slain.
Do not so much as look out, or inquire.
This said, he put on arms. To arm also
His son and his two men he did require.
Then they got up, and there stood armed too.
Then open'd they the door and forth they went.
Ulysses led the way. Daylight was spread.
But Pallas out of town them safely sent
Into the field, and undiscovered.

ODYSSEY.

LIB. XXIV.

The Ithacesians bury the wooers, and sitting in council, resolve on revenge; and coming near the house of Laertes, are met by Ulysses and Laertes, with Telemachus and servants, the whole number twelve, and overcome & submit.

MEANWHILE unto the house came Mercury;
A golden rod he carried in his hand,
Wherewith he lays asleep a mortal eye,
And opens it again with the same wand,
And at the bloody heap he calls away
The suitors' souls. They all about him fly.
And as the rod directeth them the way,
They follow all, but screaming fearfully.
As in some venerable hollow cave,
Where bats that are at roost upon a stone,
And from the ledge one chance a fall to have,
The rest scream out and hold fast one by one;
So screaming all the souls together fly.
And first pass by Oceanus his streams,

The Ithacesians bury the wooers.

Then by Sol's gate, and rock of Leucady;
And then they passed through the town of dreams,
And in a trice to th' mead of Asphodel,
And saw the soul there of Peleiades,
For there the souls of wretched mortals dwell,
And of Patroclus and Nestorides.
The soul of Ajax son of Telamon
Was also there, who 'mongst those warriors tall,
The goodliest person was, except the son
Of Peleus, who did much excel them all.
To these Atrides' soul came from hard by,
And theirs whose death had joined been with his,
And by Ægistus' hand were made to die.
Then to Atrides said Achilles this:
Atrides, we thought you of all the host
That came to fight against the town of Troy,
Had been by the high Gods beloved most;
For in the army you bore greatest sway.
Yet afterwards the first you were to fall.
T' had better been commanding t' have been slain.
Then had you had a noble funeral,
And tomb, whereby your glory might remain.
But now you died a miserable death.
To this Atrides' soul thus answered:
Happy were you at Troy to lose your breath,
With other Argives; that there perished
Fighting about you, in your dusty bed
Stretch'd out, your feats of horsemanship forgot,
But fighting we all day continued,
And till we gain'd your body ceased not.
Nor had we ceased then, but for the storm.
And then we bare your body to the fleet,
And there the blemishes thereof reform
With water fair and warm, and unguents sweet.
The Greeks about you wept, and cut their hair;
Your mother and her nymphs then came and roar'd,
Th' Achæan army was in such a fear,
That they were ready all to run aboard.
But Nestor, whose advice most current was,
Cried, Stay you, Argives, this is not the noise
Of armed foes, but Thetis now doth pass
With all her nymphs; of them this is the voice.
Then they all fearless stay'd. And the nymphs stood
Mourning, and clothed him with garments meet.
The Muses nine, in turn with voices good,
Singing, made all the standers by to weep.
And seventeen days both Gods and men we mourn.
On the eighteenth we sheep and cattle slay.
And then in God-like clothes your body burn,
With many unguents sweet that on it lay.

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The Ithacesians bury the wooers.

Both foot and horse many the pile sustain,
And loudly shout, and Vulcan makes an end.
Only the bones and nothing else remain,
Which with pure wine and unguents sweet we blend.
Your mother sent the urn, by Vulcan made,
But given her by Bacchus, and therein,
Noble Achilles, your white bones we laid,
Mix'd with Patroclus you delighted in.
By yours, the ashes of Antilochus,
Whom next Patroclus was to you most dear,
We placed in an urn apart, and thus
Over you all one monument we rear,
High to be seen from sea by them that now,
Or shall hereafter sailing be that way.
Your mother also to the Gods did vow
T' have noble prizes for the lords to play.
At princes' sepultures I oft have seen
Propos'd rich prizes to provoke the strife
Of noble minds, but that like these had been,
I never any saw in all my life.
So after death renown'd your name will be;
But what am I the better, to whom Jove
Did for my pains a wretched death decree
(Such was the pleasure of the Gods above)
B' Ægistus and my own wife's bloody hand?
Thus they to one another talk'd in hell.
Then Mercury came to them with his band
Of woo'rs that in Ulysses' palace fell.
Of these Atrides knew Amphimedon,
(For he in Ithaca had been his guest),
And speaking to him first, he thus begun:
Amphimedon, what ail'd you and the rest,
To come to this dark place so in a throng,
The flow'r of Ithaca, of equal years?
If purposely a man should seek among
Your people all, he should not find you peers.
Were you by Neptune drowned in the main,
And hither sent by fury of the weather?
Or landing to find booty were you slain?
Or fighting for fair women were sent hither?
Come, tell me freely; I have been your guest.
Know you not I t' your father's house did come
With Menelaus, Ulysses to request
That he would go with us to Ilium?
Then said Amphimedon: I know it all,
And how we all deprived were of life,
I'll tell you true, and manner of our fall.
Ulysses absent, we all woo'd his wife.
She none denied, nor any married,
But casting how of life us to bereave,

The Ithacesians bury the wooers.

To set a loom up came into her head,
As if she somewhat did intend to weave.
She sets it up, and did begin to weave.
Suitors, said she, since dead Ulysses is,
Stay yet a little while, and give me leave
To make an end but of one business.
I must for old Laertes make a cloth,
Which in his sepulchre he is to wear.
T' offend the wives of Greece I should be loth.
For to accuse me they will not forbear.
They'll say I very hasty was to wed,
If I go hence, and not provide a shroud,
Wherein Laertes must be buried.
Out of his wealth, that might have been allow'd.
The suitors then were all content. And then
All day she wove, but ere she went to bed
What she had wov'n she ravell'd out agen.
Three years her suitors she thus frustrated;
In the fourth year her women her betray'd;
And in we came while she the web undid.
She could the wedding now no more avoid.
The robe when it was finished and done
She washed clean, and it before us laid:
As bright it shin'd as either moon or sun.
And then ill-fortune brought Ulysses home
To the house were dwelt the master of the swine;
And thither too Telemachus did come,
From sandy Pylus, safely through the brine;
And both together there our death contrive.
That done, they both into the city come.
Telemachus the first was to arrive.
The master of the swine brought th' other home,
Like an old beggar with his staff in's hand,
Apparell'd in such miserable gear,
That, that was he, we could not understand,
Nor no man else, although he elder were.
We mock, we rate him, throw things at his head;
He patiently endured all his harms,
Until, by Jupiter encouraged,
From out the hall he took away the arms,
And in an upper chamber lock'd them fast.
Then craftily he bids his wife to send
To us his mighty bow, our strength to taste.
This the beginning was of our ill end;
For much too weak to bend the bow were we.
But when it was unto Ulysses brought,
Fearing by him lest it should bended be,
We all at once cried out, Hold, give 't him not.
Only Telemachus cried, Let him try.
And then 'twas put into Ulysses' hands.

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The Ithacesians bury the wooers.

Ulysses bent it very easily.
Then leap'd he to the sill, and there he stands;
And round about he look'd upon us grim.
And first of all he shot Antinous,
At whom he took his aim, and killed him,
And with his arrows, after, more of us.
And one upon another down we fall.
'Twas plain, some present God there gave him aid,
For then he follow'd us about the hall,
Till all on heaps at last he had us laid.
Of groans and blows it made a dismal sound.
And thus, King Agamemnon, died we.
Our bodies yet there lie upon the ground;
Our friends yet unacquainted with it be,
That else would wash our wounds and us lament,
Which to the dead are ceremonies due.
Then said Atrides, O virtue excellent
Of your fair wife, happy Ulysses, you,
That with great valour have her repossess'd.
My wife, Tyndareus' daughter, was not such.
Your consort's fame will be hereafter dress'd
In noble songs, and the sex honour much.
But my wife's name shall stand in ballads vile,
And, sung in filthy songs, the sex disgrace.
Thus they discoursing were in hell. Meanwhile
Ulysses cometh to Laertes' place:
About it many lodgings were, wherein
His necessary servants all were laid;
And there they fed, and sat, and slept. But in
The house itself one old Sicelian maid,
That of his person always had the care.
Ulysses then, lest supper they should lack,
Said to his two good servants, For our fare
You must again unto the town go back,
And fetch a swine, the fattest in the sties,
Meanwhile I'll to the vineyard go, and try
Whether my father know can with his eyes,
After so long an absence, that 'tis I.
This said, his servants armed homeward hie,
And to the vineyard goes Ulysses then.
But Dolius he there could not espy,
Nor any of his sons, or of his men.
His sons and servants all abroad were gone,
For thorns to mend the hedges of the ground.
Laertes in the vineyard all alone
Placing of earth about a plant he found.
On him he had a foul coat, full of patches,
And ugly leather boots, those patch'd also;
But good enough to save his legs from scratches:
Gloves of the same against the briars too.

The Ithacesians bury the wooers.

A goat-skin head-piece he had on to boot.
Ulysses, when he saw him in this plight,
Worn out with age, and so much sorrow to it,
Under a tree stood weeping out of sight.
And then bethought him whether it were best
T' embrace and kiss him, and directly say,
I am Ulysses, or first talk in jest,
And give him time his person to survey.
Resolv'd at last, his father he goes nigh,
Who with his head down, digg'd about a plant.
Old man, said he, your skill is good. For why,
Your garden neither art nor care does want.
Nor plant, nor fig, nor vine, nor olive-tree,
Nor so much as a leek but prospers here.
One thing there wants (I pray not angry be);
You look not to yourself. Ill cloathes you wear,
And also pale and yellow is your hue,
Which cannot be imputed to being aged.
'Tis not because you do no work, that you
He little sets by that has you engaged;
There's nothing in your aspect of a slave.
The look and stature you have of a king,
And the appearance of a king would have,
If you, what's due to age had ev'ry thing.
Whose servant are you, and who owns the ground?
And say if this be Ithaca or no;
For this man whom upon the way I found,
Is not so wise as certainly to know?
I ask'd him of a friend that I had here,
Whether alive he were or dead. But he;
Whether he dead, or living still he were,
Unable was at all to answer me.
My house a stranger on a time was at,
Which of all strangers I did love the best;
That said he came from Ithaca, and that
Laertes was his father's name. This guest
I entertained as kindly as I could,
With viands good, whereof I had good store;
And gave him talents ten of well-wrought gold,
And beside that I gave him these gifts more:
A pot for temper'd wine of silver bright;
Twelve carpets fair; twelve robes; twelve coats that were
All lined through; and twelve more that were light;
And four maid-servants, both well taught and fair,
Such as he from a greater number chose.
Then said Laertes, Ithaca this is,
Now held by wicked men. But you will lose
Your presents all, and of requital miss.
But had you found my son Ulysses here,
He would have kept of amity the law,

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The Ithacesians bury the wooers.

And well requited both your gifts and cheer.
But say, how long it is since you last saw
And entertain'd my son, if yet he be;
But he at sea devoured is by fish
Far hence, or else to beasts and fowls is he
Somewhere, poor man, at land become a dish;
Neither his father nor his mother by,
To wind him and to shed tears o'er his bed;
Nor yet his wife weeping to close his eye,
Which are the honours due unto the dead.
Tell me also your dwelling and your name,
Your parents and your city what they be;
And where the good ship lies in which you came,
And what men with you came in company,
Or with some merchants in their ship, and they
Departing hence have left you here alone?
To this Ulysses answering did say,
I'll answer to your questions each one.
My city's Alybas, and of the same
Apherdas is the king. His son am I,
And called am Eperitus by name.
Far hence at the land's end my ship doth lie.
And since Ulysses from me went away,
'Tis now five years, and with good augury
That we should meet again another day,
And joy in mutual hospitality.
This said, Laertes, overcome with woe,
Took up the scalding dust with both his hands,
And pour'd the same upon his head of snow,
And sobbing thick and weeping there he stands.
Ulysses' heart up to his nostrils swell'd
With pity to behold his father's woe,
And to him leapt; and 's arms about him held,
And said, The man you weep and mourn for so
Am I, come after twenty years again.
Give over sobbing now; for, though in haste,
I tell you must, the suitors I have slain,
And made them of their crimes the fruit to taste.
Then said Laertes, If indeed you be
My son Ulysses, let me see some sign
To know you by for certain. Then, said he,
Behold the wound received from the swine
On Mount Parnassus, when I thither went
T' Autolycus my mother's father, to
Receive the gifts he promis'd me. You sent
Me thither, and so did my mother too.
I'll tell you too what trees you gave me when
I walking once was with you there. And I
Ask'd you of all the trees the names (for then
'Twixt man and boy I was). And severally

The Ithacesians bury the wooers.

As I the trees' names ask'd, you told the same.
Pear-trees thirteen; apple-trees half a score;
Rankles fifty (to the vines you gave that name);
All of them in their season berries bore;
And forty fig-trees. Th' old man knew it all;
Embrac'd his son, and with abundant joy
Fainted, and sinking ready was to fall,
But that his son's embraces were his stay.
Then coming to himself again he said:
Jove, father, and you Gods (Gods there are yet!)
The suitors for their evil deeds have paid,
But now I fear the town will on us set,
And with themselves make all the city rise
In Cephalenia. Then said his son,
Fear not. Of that we'll by and by advise.
Eumæus and Philœtius are gone
To get a supper ready at your house.
This said, into the house they come away,
And find Eumæus and Philœtius
At work to cut out meat, and wine allay.
Meanwhile Laertes oil'd and bathed is,
And by his maid in seemly garments clad,
And Pallas, standing by him, added this,
A larger stature than before he had.
As of a God his presence did appear.
Ulysses seeing him, admir'd, and said:
Father, you greater now are than you were,
Some God has beauty on your person laid.
Then said Laertes, O ye Gods on high,
Jove, Pallas, and Apollo, had I been
Such as I was at Neritus, when I
Stormed the town, and armed had come in
When you and the proud suitors were in fight,
I had made many of them bend the knee;
And you would have rejoic'd at the sight.
So to his son Ulysses talked he.
Supper brought in, they sit; and then came in
Old Dolius, sent for, from his husbandry,
And his sons, weary. Working they had been.
The nurse had bidden them come speedily.
They wondered to see Ulysses there;
But he to Dolius then gently said,
Pray for awhile your wond'ring to forbear;
We hungry are, and long have for you staid.
Then Dolius embrac'd him, and said,
Since long'd for you are come, and unexpected,
And to us by the Gods have been convey'd;
All hail, and by the Gods be still protected.
But tell me if Penelope yet have
The news received of your coming home,

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The Ithacesians in council resolve on revenge.

Or shall we send her word? That labour save,
Replied Ulysses, for she knows I'm come.
This said, he sat him down. His sons also,
With decent words, Ulysses entertain,
And lay their hands in his. That done, they go,
And by their father sat them down again.
Now fame divulged had the suitors' fate;
And people howling, came in ev'ry way,
And gather'd whereabout Ulysses' gate,
To fetch the bodies of the dead away.
And those that out of Ithaca had liv'd,
To fishermen they gave to carry home.
And staying on the place, though sorely griev'd,
Amongst themselves they into counsel come.
Eupeithes, father of Antinous,
That first of all slain by Ulysses was,
Spake first, and weeping for his son, said thus:
See how much mischief this man done us has.
He carried hence our ships, and ablest men;
And lost them all, as one that had design'd
Our utter ruin. Coming back agen,
He killed hath those whom he left behind.
Come then, let's to him quickly, lest meanwhile
He should pass over the wide sea, and get
Protection at Elis, or at Pyle,
And we so sham'd as we were never yet.
'Twill be a scorn to our posterity
To let the murder of our children so
Stay unrevenged, and put up cowardly.
For my part, to my grave I'd rather go.
Come quickly then, lest we prevented be.
This said, the people for him pity had.
Then came in Medon, who had scaped free,
And Phemius that scap'd too, and was glad.
And Medon to th'assembly spake, and said,
Ulysses of himself could not have done
This mighty deed without th' Immortals' aid.
I saw, when present I was looking on,
A God stand by that him encouraged,
In Mentor's shape he plainly did appear;
And then about the room the suitors fled,
And fell before Ulysses in their fear.
Next him spake Alitherses, who alone
Saw fore and aft. Hear me, you men, said he;
Of this great slaughter I accuse can none,
But even yourselves that gave no ear to me,
Nor yet to Mentor. We you counselled
The licence of your children to take down,
That spent the substance, and dishonoured
The wife of him that was of such renown.

The Ithacesians in council resolve on revenge.

My counsel, therefore, to you now is this,
Not to proceed, lest on yourselves you bring
More mischief yet, and of your purpose miss.
So said he then, but little profiting;
For more than half with alalaes up start,
And cry aloud, To arms, go on, proceed!
But quietly sat still the lesser part,
That with Eupeithes' judgment disagreed.
When they had clad themselves in glist'ning brass,
Without the town they came to rendezvous
In open field. Eupeithes leader was,
Seeking revenge where he his life shall lose.
Then Pallas to her father came, and said,
O father, king of kings, what do you mean,
The war shall last between them, or be staid?
To this her father answer'd her agen:
Child, why d'ye ask me that? 'twas your request
The suitors for their insolence should pay.
Do what you please, but yet I think it best,
When you have done, that peace for ever stay;
And ever reign Ulysses and his race.
Which to confirm, oblivion I'll send
Of former acts the image to deface.
Then gladly Pallas did from heaven descend.
When now Ulysses and his company
Removed had their hunger with good cheer,
Ulysses said, Some one go forth and see
Whether the Ithacesians be near.
And then one of the young men standing there,
Went forth and saw them as he pass'd the sill;
And turning back, Arm, said he, they are here!
And then they all put on their arms of steel.
Ulysses and his son, and servants four,
Six sons of Dolius. And the old men,
Laertes, and Dolius, were two more.
Aged they were, but necessary then.
Then arm'd, Ulysses leading, out they go.
And Pallas, both in person and in voice
Resembling Mentor, in came to them too.
Ulysses seeing her did much rejoice.
And looking on Telemachus, he said,
Telemachus, this battle will declare
Who courage has, who not. Be not afraid:
That you dishonour not your stock beware.
Father, said he, you shall see by-and-bye,
You need not be ashamed of your son.
Laertes this discourse heard joyfully,
And to the Gods cried out in passion,
O ye kind Gods, and happy day is this!
O joy! My son and grandson are at strife

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And coming near the house of Laertes, are met by Ulysses and Laertes, with Telemachus and servants, the whole number twelve, are overcome & submit.

Which of the two the most courageous is,
And ready to buy honour with his life.
Then Pallas to Laertes said, My friend,
Son of Arcesius, whom the Gods do love,
With all your force your spear now from you send.
But pray first unto Pallas and to Jove.
He pray'd, and threw his spear, which th'helmet smote
Of old Eupeithes, and went into's head.
Down dead he fell, the helmet sav'd him not.
His armour rattled, and his spirit fled.
And then fell on Ulysses and his son,
Upon the foremost, both with sword and spear,
And surely had destroy'd them ev'ry one,
Had not Jove's daughter, Pallas, then been there.
She to the people call'd aloud, and said,
Hold Ithacesians; the quarrel may
Without more blood be ended. They, afra i
Of th'heavenly voice, began to run away.
Ulysses yet not ceased to pursue
The captains of his foes, till from above,
In thunder, Jove his sooty bolt down threw.
Then Pallas said, Beware; offend not Jove;
And glad was then Ulysses to give o'er.
By Pallas were propounded terms of peace,
In Mentor's shape, and each part to them swore.
And thus it was agreed the war should cease.

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