

JOSEPH OF EXETER: ILIAD

(JOSEPHUS ISCANUS: DARETIS PHRYGII ILIAS)

translated into English verse by

A.G. Rigg

© Centre for Medieval Studies, University of Toronto, 2005

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTORY NOTES IV

SYNOPSIS.....	IV
SOURCES	V
THE POET AND THE DATE OF THE <i>YLIAS</i>	VIII
EDITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.....	IX
SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY.....	XI

BOOK I 1

<i>THE DEPARTURE OF THE ARGONAUTS FOR THE ISLE OF COLCHIS</i>	3
<i>THE WAR BETWEEN HERCULES AND THE TROJANS</i>	13
<i>THE DEATH OF LAOMEDON</i>	16
<i>THE RETURN OF PRIAM FROM EASTERN PHRYGIA</i>	18
<i>DESCRIPTION OF TROY</i>	18

BOOK II 22

<i>THE MARRIAGE OF HESIONE AND TELAMON</i>	24
<i>THE BEAUTY CONTEST</i>	29
<i>JUNO'S SPEECH</i>	30
<i>MINERVA'S SPEECH</i>	33
<i>VENUS' SPEECH</i>	39

BOOK III 45

<i>THE PROPHECY OF HELENUS</i>	46
<i>THE PROPHECY OF PANTHUS</i>	48
<i>THE DEPARTURE OF PARIS TO RAVISH HELEN</i>	50
<i>THE RAPE OF HELEN</i>	54
<i>THE RETURN OF PARIS</i>	56
<i>THE PROPHECY OF CASSANDRA</i>	57
<i>PREPARATION OF THE GREEKS FOR WAR</i>	59
<i>THE SINKING OF CASTOR AND POLLUX</i>	60

BOOK IV 62

<i>DESCRIPTION OF THE LEADERS</i>	63
<i>THE GREEK EXPEDITION</i>	71
<i>THE ORACLE OF PHOEBUS ON THE ATTAINMENT OF VICTORY</i>	72
<i>HOW ACHILLES CONQUERED MYSIA AND KILLED TEUTHRAS</i>	76
<i>DESCRIPTION OF TEUTHRAS' TOMB</i>	80

BOOK V 83

<i>BEGINNING OF THE WAR</i>	88
<i>THE DEATH OF PROTESILAUS</i>	89
<i>THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS</i>	92
<i>THE DEATH OF MERION</i>	92
<i>THE DISPUTE OVER THE CHANGE OF COMMAND</i>	93
<i>THE FIGHT BETWEEN PARIS AND MENELAUS</i>	95
<i>THE DEATH OF HECTOR</i>	101

BOOK VI 104

<i>THE CHANGE OF COMMAND</i>	105
<i>THE DEATHS OF DEIPHEBUS, SARPEDON AND PALAMEDES</i>	108

<i>THE DEATH OF TROILUS</i>	114
<i>THE DEATH OF MEMNON</i>	116
<i>THE GATHERING OF BIRDS AT MEMNON'S TOMB</i>	118
<i>HOW ACHILLES, TOGETHER WITH NESTOR'S SON ANTILOCHUS, WAS BETRAYED AND KILLED.</i>	119
<i>HOW PARIS AND AJAX KILLED EACH OTHER</i>	122
<i>THE DEATH OF PENTHESILEA</i>	127
<i>THE BETRAYAL AND OVERTHROW OF THE CITY</i>	128
<i>THE DEATH OF PRIAM</i>	133
<i>HECUBA'S LAMENT</i>	135
<i>THE DIVISION OF THE SPOILS</i>	136
<i>THE RETURN OF THE GREEKS AFTER THE FALL OF TROY</i>	138
EPILOGUE	140

APPENDICES 142

APPENDIX A: CORRESPONDENCES BETWEEN JOSEPH'S YLIAS AND ITS SOURCES	142
DARES AND DICTYS	142
APPENDIX B: DE EXCIDIO TROIAE HISTORIA	143
APPENDIX C: EXCERPTS FROM DICTYS CRETENSIS: EPHEMERIDOS BELLI TROIANI	170

INTRODUCTORY NOTES

Joseph of Exeter's six-book hexameter epic on the fall of Troy was completed in 1190, and was dedicated to Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury. It is one of most literary Latin epics of the Middle Ages, surpassing even Walter of Chatillon's Alexandreis (a curriculum text) in its dense poetic style, its *inventio* of episodes and characters, and its overall structure and plan. It has received one full prose translation into English (Roberts 1970) and one partial one (Bate 1986); the present verse translation attempts to reproduce something of the feel of the original. The following pages give an account of the poem and its genesis; for fuller studies, see the works cited.

Synopsis

- Book I. Prologue: an eye-witness account is a better source than Homer or Virgil; the poem is dedicated to Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury. Story: en route to find the Golden Fleece, Jason and the Argonauts put in at Troy but are rebuffed by the Trojan king Laomedon. On their return to Greece, Hercules broods over the insult and leads an expedition to punish Troy. Laomedon is killed and his daughter Hesione is given as a prize to Telamon. Laomedon's son Priam returns from campaign and rebuilds the city, which is described in detail.
- Book II. Provoked by the fury of Allecto, Priam broods on the rape of his sister Hesione, whose marriage to Telamon is described. After a fruitless embassy by Antenor, the Trojans plan war. Priam's son Paris describes the debate between the goddesses Juno, Minerva and Venus for the title of "most beautiful." His judgment in favour of Venus (in return for a promise of a beautiful bride) assures the Trojans of the success of his mission.
- Book III. Despite some Trojan forebodings, Paris sets out; Helen's husband, Menelaus, is absent, and she and Paris are instantly attracted to each other. The abduction is easy and they return to Troy, to Cassandra's dismay. The Greeks prepare for a second expedition against Troy.
- Book IV. The poet describes the Trojan and Greek heroes and other major characters. The Greeks set out and consult the oracles, where they meet the seer Calchas, who joins them. The Greek expedition begins; Achilles and Telephus divert to Mysia, kill its king Teuthras, and leave Telephus in charge to send supplies of corn to the Greek troops at Troy.
- Book V. The Greeks, led by Protesilaus, land at Troy; Hector leads the Trojan defence and kills

Protesilaus. Battles rage and Patroclus, Achilles' friend, is killed, as is Merion. Palamedes plots to take command of the Greeks. Various heroes are killed. Andromache dreams of the death of her husband Hector, who is eventually killed by Achilles.

Book VI. Hector's funeral. Palamedes displaces Agamemnon as leader. Battles rage. During a truce, Achilles falls in love with Priam's daughter Polyxena, and withdraws from the war; the Greeks prepare to go home, but new supplies arrive from Mysia. Paris kills Palamedes and Agamemnon resumes command. Several heroes fall, and Troilus is preeminent on the Trojan side; Achilles continues to refuse to fight. Finally Achilles is provoked and kills Troilus and Memnon (son of Aurora, the dawn); Memnon's funeral is described. Hecuba, Priam's wife, intent on revenge for the death of her sons, invites Achilles to come to arrange his marriage to Polyxena. Achilles, along with Antilochus, is thus ambushed by Paris and killed. On the advice of Calchas, Achilles' son Pyrrhus (Neoptolemus) is summoned. Paris and Ajax kill each other. Penthesilea arrives and is at first victorious but is killed by Pyrrhus. Some Trojans (Antenor, Polydamas, and Aeneas) argue for peace and the surrender of Helen, but Priam resists. Antenor and Aeneas treat secretly with the Greeks, who are admitted into the city by a gate surmounted by a horse's head. The city is sacked; Priam is killed and Hecuba laments. Polyxena is killed by Pyrrhus in revenge for his father, and Aeneas is sent into exile for trying to help her. The Greeks return home, often to disaster: Agamemnon, Diomedes and Ulysses are all killed, but Helen survives. The poet addresses Baldwin again and promises to write the epic of the forthcoming crusade.

Sources

To modern readers, whose knowledge of Troy comes mainly from Homer's Iliad and Odyssey and Virgil's Aeneid, this story may seem unfamiliar, but it is the one that enjoyed the widest circulation in the Middle Ages; it was regarded as the most authoritative, since it appeared to be based on an eye-witness account by a Trojan. The Historia de excidio Troiae of Dares Phrygius was, so the story runs, found and translated into Latin by the Roman historian Cornelius Nepos (see I, 6 – 26), and is the basis of most medieval treatments—Benoit de St. Maure, Guido de Colonnis, Boccaccio, and Chaucer, etc. (Joseph's account of the return of the Greeks after the final fall of Troy (VI. 886 – 93, 898 – end) is taken from another so-called eye-witness, the Ephemeris belli Troiani by Dictys

Cretensis). Dares' prose story is bare and arid, with no colour or drama—just the facts. Joseph's poem, by contrast, is imaginative, carefully wrought and mannered in an almost Silver Latin style, and is especially inventive. The process of the expansions is one of the most interesting aspects of Joseph's *Ylias*.

The most common medieval method of expansion is by verbal and syntactic rhetoric of the kind advocated by Matthew of Vendome and Geoffrey of Vinsauf. Joseph is unusual in expanding the matter of the story. He is fond of mythological themes, particularly in the debate between the goddesses in Book II. Some of his favourite stories include: the division of the world among Jupiter, Neptune and Dis (I. 239 – 40); the conflict of the gods and giants (II. 374; VI. 45 – 48); Jupiter's refusal to marry Thetis because of the prophecy that her son would become greater than his father (II. 574; VI. 354 – 5; in fact, Thetis married Peleus, whose son was Achilles); the love of Aurora/dawn for Tithonus (V. 39); the birth of Venus from Saturn's sperm (II. 523 – 4, 560 – 9; see below). Favourite stories involving humans include: the Labours of Hercules (I. 271 – 3, 281 – 8; II. 110 – 31); Hecuba's dream that she will give birth to a flame that will destroy Troy (III. 155 – 9, 287; VI. 836). Joseph also enjoys geographical descriptions: the river Simois at Troy (I. 524 – 35); the tidal bore of the Phasis (I. 162 – 76), and the route taken by the Argonauts (IV. 326 – 33).

It is impossible to determine where Joseph found these stories, since they are widespread in classical literature. He certainly knew Virgil and Ovid well (particularly Ovid's exchange of letters between Paris and Helen in the *Heroides*). Statius' *Achilleid* could have provided much of Achilles' background and career, and the *Thebaid* describes many of the ancestors of those that fought at Troy, as well as the story of the necklace of Hermione/Harmonia (Joseph, II. 525 – 30). It has been argued that Joseph used the sixth-century prose *Excidium Troiae* (which includes the *lis dearum*, Jupiter's refusal to marry Thetis, Hecuba's dream and Achilles' disguise as a girl). Also striking, in my opinion, is an earlier poem, the *De raptu Helenae* by Dracontius (late fifth century), which explicitly aims to provide material not in Homer or Virgil:

It recounts Paris' homecoming after the *lis dearum* (in which Venus' promise to Paris resembles that in Joseph); despite warnings from Helenus and Cassandra, he is welcomed by Priam and Hecuba, as Apollo reassures them that Troy will survive (meaning, of course, its renewal in Rome). He is sent on a mission to Telamon to rescue Hesione (a

voyage reminiscent of Antenor's in Joseph); he fails but on his departure he is driven by a storm to Cyprus; there he meets Helen (with a love-awakening similar to that in Joseph), and the two elope and return to Troy. (Joseph, II. 607 – 9 shares with Dracontius and the sixth-century Excidium the detail that at the end of the *lis dearum* Venus showed herself naked to Paris).

In his description of Merion (IV. 148 – 55) Joseph draws on traditional portrayals of the vice of Envy. His account of Helen's lustfulness (IV. 172 – 207) is based on physiological and psychological theory. Many details that are obscure to modern readers are explained in the commentary that accompanies the poem in Paris BN lat. 15015, but Riddehough has shown that, because of interpretations that are wrong or at variance with Joseph, Joseph could not have been the author of the commentary.

Even more striking is Joseph's invention of new episodes, particularly battle scenes. Where Dares writes that there was a fight (*pugnatum est*), Joseph supplies characters and details of the combat. Books V and VI are packed with warriors not found in Dares; even when their names are found in classical literature, they cannot, for chronological reasons, be associated with the Trojan War, but Joseph seems to have selected names that sounded Greek or exotic. A few other details of Joseph's treatment need comment:

(a) In traditional history, Telamon of Salamis had two sons, Ajax (Telamonius) and Teucer (by Hesione, sister of Priam). It is clear that Joseph (following Dares, ch. 19) has conflated the two under the name Ajax, eliminating the name Teucer entirely. See II. 150 and V. 268 – 75, where a potential fratricide by Hector (who would have been killing his aunt's son) is avoided; the relationship is mentioned again at IV. 118 – 20.

(b) According to traditional mythology, Venus was born of the seed of Uranus, who was castrated by his son Saturn who threw his father's testicles into the sea. In Joseph (II. 523 – 4, 560 – 9) it is Jupiter who castrates his father Saturn, and so Venus is born of Saturn's seed.

(c) Joseph usually follows the chronological sequence of Dares, but makes an exception for one character. In his list of protagonists in Book IV, he moves Helen into the final and prominent position. Similarly, in the return of the Greeks from Troy, he moves Helen (who actually returned quite early with Menelaus) to final position to receive Joseph's final condemnation.

(d) If I am right, Joseph alters the account of entry of the Greeks into Troy (VI. 734–46) so that it is not Aeneas and Antenor who opened the gates (as in Dares) but the seer Calchas, whose Trojan nationality Joseph had suppressed at VI. 251 – 314.

(e) The attitude of medieval Christians to pagan history and legend is sometimes complex. If I am right, Joseph has tried, though not very consistently, to create a scenario in which the persona of the poet, the eye-witness of the events, is pre-Christian but after the Fall of Adam and Eve, whereas the author himself has a modern, i.e. Christian, overview; see II. 1 – 30.

The poet and the date of the *Ylias*

(The little that can be inferred about Joseph, his works and his date, is given fully in the editions/translations by Gompf, Mora, etc.; here I give simply an outline together with a few suggestions.)

Joseph was clearly a cleric, since he had the title “Magister”; in addition to the *Ylias* he wrote an *Antiocheis*, apparently an epic on the First Crusade, of which only a fragment survives; he wrote a poem on St. Martin and some others, and some letters to Guibert, abbot of Gembloux. His closest known association was with Baldwin, formerly abbot of the Cistercian abbey of Ford, then bishop of Worcester (1180 – 84) and archbishop of Canterbury (1185 – 90), who died on crusade in 1190 before the expedition reached Palestine. Joseph dedicated the *Ylias* to Baldwin (I. 31 – 59; VI. 961 – 73). Gerald of Wales reports (*De rebus a se gestis*, 2.20) that in 1188, after Baldwin and Gerald had been engaged in preaching the crusade in Wales, Baldwin was asked who would write the history of the Third Crusade; Baldwin replied that Gerald would write it in prose, and “*nepos meus Joseph metricè, quem et archidiacono* (i.e. Gerald) *adiungam ut ei serviat et inseparabiliter adhereat.*” This is generally taken to mean that Joseph was Baldwin’s nephew (*nepos*), explaining their close relationship. Ms. Nancy Prior of Toronto, however, has brilliantly suggested (private communication) that *nepos meus* may mean “my Nepos”, alluding to the supposed discoverer and translator of what we now call Dares Phrygius: just as Cornelius Nepos discovered the original, so Joseph has rediscovered it and versified it.

Clearly the poem was completed while Baldwin was still archbishop and after the Third Crusade had been planned (after the fall of Jerusalem to Saladin in 1187) but before Baldwin’s death and the arrival in Palestine in 1190. *A fortiori*, it was written after 1183 and the death of the Young

Henry, commemorated in V. 533 – 7. But nothing can tell us when Joseph began work on it; if Nancy Prior's hypothesis is correct, Baldwin's reply reported by Gerald suggests that by 1188 Joseph had already established himself as the poet of Troy. Epics of this size are not written overnight: we can probably assume that Joseph began work on it about 1180 and finished it by 1190 at the latest.

Editions and translations

(For bibliography up to 1900, see Gompf; for recent work, see Mora).

The standard critical edition is by L. Gompf (1970), but somewhat earlier than this G. Riddehough produced an edition as his PhD thesis (1950). I have so far been unable to see the edition and translation of Books I – III by A.K. Bate (1986). The only full translation into English prose hitherto is that by G. Roberts (1970), which was based on Riddehough. Most recently a team led by F. Mora produced a French prose translation based on Gompf's edition. Both Roberts and Mora (etc.) have notes; the Mora (etc.) translation is accompanied by an introduction by J.-Y. Tilliette.

The present verse translation is based on Gompf's edition, with the following exceptions:

- I. 29, where I punctuate with a comma after *poetam*.
- I. 274 I read *iussis* with CP (Gompf *iussus*).
- I. 351 I read *iura* with P (Gompf *cura*).
- I. 496 – 7 I punctuate with a comma after *mundi*.
- I. 385 – 6 I punctuate: . . . *potens. Cum ...trepide, sit ... hostis ?*
- II. 494 I read *elidat* (Gompf *elidit*), which is what Roberts seems to have read
- II. 506 I read *placitura* with P (Gompf *placanda*).
- II. 516 I punctuate with a colon after *fides*.
- IV. 116 I read *distincta* (Gompf *discincta*).

I have benefited considerably from the translations and notes of Roberts and Mora (etc.), though naturally I disagree on occasion. At one time I had hoped that this translation would have had its own notes (including discussions of interpretations), but unfortunately this has not been possible.

In the spelling of proper names, I have classicized where there are clear equivalents (e.g.

Telamon for Thelamon, Pyrrhus for Pirrus), but have left Gompf's forms otherwise (e.g. Yparcus, which is perhaps for Hipparchus).

Seeing that Joseph took the trouble to write a hexameter epic, it seemed fair to repay him in English verse. To render his hexameters, I have used Alexandrines (twelve-syllable unrhymed iambics), as this gave me room to include most of Joseph's poeticisms and to match the lineation of original and translation fairly closely. Not surprisingly, this has led to some corner-cutting in his rhetorical devices. I hope, however, to have reproduced in English something of the experience of reading Joseph's Latin.

Select bibliography

For a fuller list, see Mora (etc.) pp. 41 – 45; for editions prior to 1900, see Gompf, pp. 58 – 60.

“The text of Joseph of Exeter’s *Bellum Troianum*,” ed. G.B. Riddehough (PhD diss., Harvard, 1950), with extensive extracts from the Paris Commentary (P).

Joseph Iscanus: Werke und Briefe, ed. L. Gompf (Leiden, 1970).

Joseph of Exeter. Trojan War I – III, ed. and transl. A.K. Bate (Warminster, 1986).

Joseph of Exeter. The Iliad of Dares Phrygius, transl. Gildas Roberts (Cape Town, 1970), with translations from P in notes.

L’Iliade: Épopée du xii^e siècle sur la guerre de Troie, transl. Francine Mora and others (Turnhout, 2003).

Dares Phrygius, De Excidio Troiae Historia, ed. F. Meister (Leipzig, 1873)

Dictys Cretensis, Ephemeris Belli Troiani, ed. W. Eisenhut (Teubner, 1973).

Dracontius. De raptu Helenae, Poetae latini minores, ed. E. Baehrens, V, LIV Dracontii carmina profana (Leipzig, 1883), No. 8, pp. 160 – 83.

Excidium Troie, ed. A.K. Bate (Frankfurt am Main, 1986)

Gerald of Wales, *De rebus a se gestis*, in Opera, Rolls Series (1861 – 91), I. 3 – 122.

A.K. Bate, ‘Joseph of Exeter: Religious Poet,’ Medium Aevum 40 (1971), 222 – 9.

H.C. Parker, ‘The pagan gods in Joseph of Exeter’s *De bello Troiano*,’ Medium Aevum 64 (1995), 273 – 8.

G.B. Riddehough, ‘A forgotten poet: Joseph of Exeter.’ Journal of English and Germanic Philology 46 (1947), 254 – 9.

A.G. Rigg, ‘Calchas, renegade and traitor: Dares and Joseph of Exeter,’ Notes and Queries 243 (1998), 176 – 8.

A.G. Rigg, ‘Joseph of Exeter’s pagan gods again,’ Medium Aevum 70 (2001), 19 – 28.

W.B. Sedgwick, ‘The *Bellum Troianum* of Joseph of Exeter,’ Speculum 5 (1930), 49 – 76, 338.

Joseph of Exeter

THE YLIAS OF DARES PHRYGIUS

Book I

The tears of Trojan women, Troy resigned to fate,
The leaders' twice-fought war, the city twice reduced
To dust, I mourn and weep. The wrath of Hercules,
Hesione's rape and Helen's flight, destroyed the towers,
5 Dispatched the Trojans, and aroused the towns of Greece.
O why, to exile sent by ancient poets' din,
Does holy, sacred Truth lurk in the woods so long?
Though you lie hidden, scorned and spurned by early times,
Must you, who should be known, flee us? Come, famous Truth,
10 With me: arise, smooth out the wrinkles, show your face,
Exalt my humble trumpet. Dry antiquity should blush
When you come forth adorned and freely show your face.
Behold, you soothe our ready ears and friendly heart,
And lightly will endure the cackles of the crowd.
15 If modern taste thinks nothing sweet or of avail
That recent times produce, if Saturn's golden age
Alone is in our mind, and if no favour's shown
To modern worth—yet dare to the try the heights, young Truth!
Let old men grow grey beards, but we our brains, with mind
20 Not hair, in heart not face. For worth is not denied
To new beginnings nor conferred by age alone.
Since each of these two ages has a different aim,
The one lies still, the other thrives, one grows, one droops.
Should I admire old Homer, Latin Virgil, or

Joseph of Exeter
The Ilias of Dares Phrygius, Book 1

- 25 The Bard of Troy (unknown to tale), whose present eye*, *Dares Phrygius
 A surer witness of the truth, disclosed the war?
 And now my mind's high hope has grasped this trusty source,
 What gods should I invoke? My mind, aware of truth,
 Has banished far the teasing poet and his tales,
- 30 Lest Athens' licensed fabrications and its lies
 Offend you, father*—you, whose bishopric makes *Baldwin, Archbishop of
 Canterbury thrive and, free, enjoy its ancient laws. Canterbury (1186 – 90)
 Your honours grow apace: the third great office calls,
 For Worcester* first knew you, now Canterbury knows *Bishop of Worcester (1180 – 86)
- 35 You, Rome itself eyes you, for Peter's sinking ship* *the catholic church
 Requires a leader, one to guide it through the storms.
 Yet with your western flock of sheep you live content,
 From Becket third, a second Thomas*, second sun *i.e. second to Becket in morals
 Arising, heir in worldly wealth and moral worth.
- 40 Happy are those that no ambition drives*, for *contrasting Baldwin to
 Honour won won't come down from the heights. Blind power Becket's successor, Richard.
 Sees not the force of Fortune: false prosperity
 Knows not that he who laughs is soon reduced to tears.
 Don't tempt the gods with sacrilegious plundering!
- 45 Whoever seeks for honours up for sale, erects
 A scaffold he may fall from. Vengeance falls, when late,
 More heavily: when seemingly it holds no threat,
 It should he feared. Wrath knows no match, though seeming mild,
 When crime enjoys its wrongful wish and seems to thrive.
- 50 You're not like that: that pious father, pious priest*, *Becket
 Would gladly see you take the charge of what he bought
 With precious blood—the peace he won by giving up

His life—and would himself be pleased to yield his power
Or gladly share the reins of government with you.
55 Enough! Now grant your poet, please, your grace, I beg,
To walk the route he's planned and write of fallen Troy.
But you'll be claimed by holy wars and sacred strife*,
And merit then a greater trumpet; then I'll strive
With all my heart to spread us both throughout the world.

*The Third Crusade (1190)

60 One time, the sport of busy curiosity
Invented ships, before unknown; the greed for gold
Outstripped the bounds of daring and sent men abroad
To plunder marriage beds and seize the temples' wealth.
And so does human grasping set its end at this?
65 Does Pluto's dug up wealth, which daring avarice
And pallid miner wrest from deep infernal caves,
Suffice? Who now is satisfied that kingdoms, town,
And even hell itself lay bare their wealth for theft?
So now to unknown waves! They freely choose to brave
70 The tempests and to live their lives for fate alone.

The departure of the Argonauts for the isle of Colchis

The son of Aeson, Jason, first employed the waves
To seize the Golden Fleece. The mighty Alcides*,
The heir of fame, lent him his strength for daring deeds.
Dukes Peleus, Telamon, and Emathia's* youth
75 Pledged their support to brave all perils of the sea.
Some marvelled at the ship, some came in search of fame,

*Hercules

*Thessaly

Joseph of Exeter
The Ylias of Dares Phrygius, Book 1

Some came to see new worlds and distant tribes of men.
Diana's* pine, ripped up, now learns to follow waves *goddess of forests
Before unknown and into Thetis' bosom* goes. *the sea

80 For branches she has oars; content with rough array,
Relying less on style than strength, she goes
Abroad into the deep, an exile, with few arms.
Religion did not fiercely thrust its floating gods* *figureheads on the prows
Into the sea; no sails swelled up with wind in pride.

85 (More fussy practice now adds frills; newfangledness
Works hard to dress up danger in a splendid guise.)
That first pine risked its poor display (that once it had
On Haemus) on the rocks. Argus was the shipwright,
Argo the ship, both crude. The ship did not offend
90 The gods with prideful gold, nor risked the gold on rocks.
The sea's new guest* stands full of doubt, and marvels at *Jason
The tidal sport of ebb and flow; his eyes take in
The vast horizon, and he feels his love of home,
Yet gladly he submits to virtue and the waves.

95 The breeze now takes the ship, but where, doomed ship, O where
Do you drag people to their fates? Do you disdain
The deeds of snake and arms? Your life, I know, is dull;
You seek out deadly sport. Now, mighty earth, employ
Your rocks! By thrusting blow of the Symplegades* *clashing rocks

100 Report things not destroyed before! Let Argo hear
The doom she brought, and glory in the primal wrath!
But fate resists and Atropos*, men's plague, forbids. *the final Fate
Gods outrank prayers; that wood of Thessaly has gods
At hand (it made them). Aeolus* would have lain despised *god of winds

105 In cave, and Triton in the sea, and in his cell
Old age worn Caurus* down, had Argo then been sunk. *Northwest wind
It was from fear, the source of gods, that ignorance
Filled hell, sky, sea, with Dis*, Olympians, and gods. *Pluto, god of the underworld
The crew felt Ocean's threats and cried, "O Aeolus,
110 And mighty Neptune—you who with your sceptre soothe
The blue sea waves—grant grace to those about to sail!
If we return, your name on altars will be praised."
The gods respond to prayers, delighted to be called:
One smoothes the waves, another summons from his cave
115 The South-west wind to fill the sails and clear the sky
Of cloud. At last, the ship, propelled in smiling calm,
Slides into Phrygian* port; impulsive youths jump out *Trojan
And eagerly contend to take that still forbidden land.
Dire rumour spreads this swift assault on Trojan lands,
120 This sudden threat to all the people and the king,
If foreign fleets should land on Dardanian* soil. *Trojan
The people rise and rage: some urge Laomedon*
*king of Troy
To fight the Greeks, if they won't freely quit the shore.
Mob, hateful to the gods, do you thus drive the loved
125 Of heaven and the nascent gods* upon the rocks? *Hercules, Castor, Pollux
Can such a mighty race so blindly fear one boat?
Here comes a guest*, no enemy, by whose strong hand *Hercules
Are monsters to be crushed. Respect the Thunderer
Or, at least, accept the man! If we weigh what's fair
130 And measure use of things by what is just and right,
All land is shared by man. But, hating public law,
Barbarians profanely dare to place a fence

Round Nature, separating Phrygia for themselves.
 O mighty Asia's wealth, O Troy that will not yield
 135 To any peaceful god! The sisters' fatal threads* *The Fates
 Are not at fault, nor those above: the native race
 Makes its own fate. The stars are merciful, but Troy
 Itself deserves flame, exile, swords. The Argo is repelled,
 And out at sea they call on Jupiter to war.
 140 The Greeks, their souls aflame for arms, are all incensed
 To go where anger leads and with avenging sword
 Excuse their flight. Yet prudence, all too rare a friend
 Of crowds, weighs Trojan strength against the slight Greek force.
 Wise Nestor's ringing voice takes hold of doubtful ears
 145 And guides them as they waver, soothes their angry hearts:
 "O you who tamed the waves and straits with eager oars
 And were the first to feel the winds and learn a path
 That's fraught with angry threats, and followed unknown stars,
 Now learn to take the rough! One thing alone can crush
 150 The enemy, directing virtues: Patience. She
 Alone in harmless triumph wins, and gives the best
 Advice on when to go and where. We all are harmed —
 And guiltlessly—and first endure indignity
 So we may find a better cause and, when war comes,
 155 The gods will fight for us. This injury was not
 Just ours but all the Greeks'. Someone will vindicate
 Our shame with pious sword." He ceased. The sea, appeased,
 Accepted those about to sail and spread her lap.
 The Pegasus ship had crossed the wandering waves,
 160 The ocean left behind, and entered Phasis'* strait *river in Colchis

And gained a smaller but more open bay;
It suffered things long feared, when on that lofty shore
The stream's discordant surge waged battle with the tide.
The Phasis boldly with its flood restrains the sea
165 And fighting back prevents it rushing on the land.
In pity for the fated ground. The sea's enraged
And cruelly pollutes the drinking water, pours
Its poison on the gentle straits and won't be held,
No gentle south winds here, no smiling sky, for here
170 The narrow port stirs constant winter storms: the sea
Does not lie languidly. The sand piles up its grains
To overwhelm the ships: the hidden ocean floor
Stirs shallow waters in a cloud, pretending depth.
The helmsman hesitates: the shore is close at hand
175 And he suspects the hidden shoals, and learns to fear
The path he'd hoped was safe. His fear brings out his skill:
A tiny skiff is sent into the bay to see
And with a spear as judge to test the water's depth.
Then, when the seashore's traps are clear, the boat slides through
180 And makes its narrow path between the spurs of ground;
It gains the land it sought and crunches through the sand.
I need not list the stringent laws that Jason faced
Imposed by Aeetes*—the scattered seeds, the foes
From earth, the bulls of Mars, the fierce dragon's watch.
185 The fire and sword gave way to Jason's manly strength;
The fleece was filched, though purchased at a mighty risk.
You'd think that Neptune knew, for, as they fled, the sea
Swelled up on high, and as the waves broke on the shore

*king of Colchis

190 They cried aloud, “Begone, you sacrilegious crew,
You shall not, booty-laden, foul the sacred sea.”
The south wind would not let those dreadful threats oppress
The Argonauts, but blew the words away unheard.
With golden fleece (from Colchians despoiled) it sails,
That mighty brigand! Should I blame the ship that first
195 Through watery ways wrought wickedness and aided fate,
Or praise it for a greater cause? For without oars
By Egypt Rome would not be known, nor Spain by India,
Nor Athens by the Scythians, nor Britain by the Gauls.
The helmsman from his watch first sees the hills of Greece
200 And cries out, “Fare you well,” but all the other youth
Strives eagerly with oars: the ship, victorious,
Brings back to Grecian fields the crew it once led forth.
Now who could list the many cheers, the widespread joys?
If I were brief, I might be thought unwilling to
205 Relate them all, or ignorant; if overlong,
The tired ear would give no credence to each case.
Larissa marvels to have Peleus back; Pilon
Nestor greets; Salamis is proud of Telamon,
And Leda’s glad to see her sons, Orythia
210 Her twins; Althea, mother still*, not yet alone
A sister, praises Meleager; Thrace Orpheus,
Arcadians Admetus; every town is glad
To see Talaus, Theseus, Idas, Antheus,
But Jason, rich in loot, comes to Peloponese;
215 The palace wantons in its lavish grand array.
The people run to meet and cheer their hero home;

*she later killed Meleager

With unfeigned looks they demonstrate their joyful hearts.
But Pelias alone, though on the surface calm,
Is sick with envy unfulfilled; he blames himself,
220 Laments the vows expended on the gods, and charges Mars
Who freely let his untamed bulls* grow meek and mild. *c.f. 1.184
His anger struggled out at length in raging bursts;
He gulped out cruel words and haughty proud complaints:
225 “Ye gods, where does the incense go? What error guides
Our destiny? O human fates! Does Fortune save
The few to hurt the rest? I know, I’ve stretched my reign
Against the will of God. Great god, at last receive
What I don’t care to use (since I refuse to reign);
It’s yours, you’ve wanted it so long! Be proud in what
230 I’ve left, not lost (not by the fickle will of gods).
I’d like to buy, and conquer, Jove with this, my realm.
What angers me (if faith exists) is not the loss
Of reign, but waste of prayer. Did I not wish to send
That man to Northern exile? Now he reigns. To crush?
235 He boasts. To squash? He thrives. To slight his fame? He wins.
So sacrifice to thankless gods, burn scent to Jove!
You’ll give and he’ll refuse; he’ll keep your gifts and mock
And trick you. Better far, Fortune should be appeased:
She deals out peace and thunderbolts; she first shared out
240 The rule to threefold tyranny*—she gave, withdrew, *Jupiter, Neptune, Pluto (Dis)
And laughed when heaven changed. She’ll then again command
That those that she’s made kings will go below with me,
And, having banished Jove, she’ll calm down Saturn’s wrath.”
He spoke, and ate his soul up with consuming heat.

245 Those wrinkles of his heart, those battles in his mind,
 His peaceful forehead tames; his lying face acquires
 A specious look, and soothes itself to peaceful mien.

 A banquet first, with stately revel, greets the joyful
 Chiefs, but heaven's foe, the bane of earth and sea,
250 Ambition, stalks and hunts for food the kings enjoy.

 Now Juno* feels the birds don't sing, and Thetis⁺ grieves *the lower air ⁺the sea
 Her ocean children's loss; fierce Phoebe* takes it ill *Diana, goddess of forests
 That all her citizens grow thin upon the ground;
 She wakes and slings her vengeful bow across her back,
255 Hunts hunters, seeking prey among the predators,
 And prowls among the groves on vigilant alert.

 So guests sprawl on the benches; kindly Bacchus cheers
 The gifts the goddesses provide, and wondrously
 Blends wet with dry. Neat servants have their diverse tasks:
260 Some heap up food, some offer different dishes, some
 Keep filling merry cups. The king, with pride, pours out
 The ancient wine; the guests stick by the table fare
 And with devotion worship royal Bacchus' draught.

 These riches of the friendly feast, the hostly care,
265 The rest, the pleasant rivalry to entertain -
 All this the sober heroes carelessly enjoy.

 These pleasures did not bring inert oblivion
 To Hercules' stern mind; his anger did not fall
 Asleep. His mind returns to Troy: his face reveals
270 His thoughts; he irritates his brooding with these words:
 "Did I deserve to be Jove's son? In warlike crib

Did I teach Juno's snakes to cry along with me,
Evading threats? I'm shamed: grown up, victorious,
Yet I, no soldiers seen, obeyed barbaric threats!
275 Could I be crushed by threats? Alas, that shameful fate!
Alas, the crime of gods ! Someone more Juno-like
Than any fate has torn my fame. I had my arms,
The enemy was there. Come now, Jove's famous wife,
Recall the past and marvel at your husband's son!
280 You've won, I grant: I fled. Your greatest triumph was
That Hercules should flee. Is Euristheus* again,
At your command, to fabricate new pains for me?
If I tamed Lerna's snakes, if three-jawed Cerberus
Expelled its aconite upon Dodona's rocks,
285 If heavy Antaeus aloft lost touch with earth
To Rhea's wonder, and if my triumphant hand
Could rid the world of all its monsters, I am shamed
To lose my strength against these—shall I call them men?—
These Phrygians! But why review my famous deeds?
290 Past glory weighs more heavily on shameful act.
No rather, monster-tamer, call to mind what may
Be won by sword in new attempts. Let Troy now pay
The price. Now, Hercules, destroy the perjurers
As they deserve. Bring triumphs for Apollo, Greece,
295 For Neptune, and yourself! They'll learn: Pelasgians*
Are taught to stand, not flee, and those who threatened
Also can endure." And thus his inner complaints excite
His wrath and forge his mind to dare the highest deeds.
Just so the chief of bulls laments its exile from

*king of Mycenae, who
imposed labours on Hercules

*Greeks

300 Its pleasant sand; it runs its moon-shaped horny strength
On ash trees, then extends itself against its foe,
Takes hardy exercise, imagines splendid fights,
With forehead rages, thinks unshattered trees a shame,
And then returns with greater strength, and makes excuse
305 For old defeat, and laurel-crowned as victor reigns.
The hero scarce had turned his thoughts to moves of war
When gossip Fame snatched from the ears of mighty lords
Some news to spread among the crowd and frightened towns.
“War starts!”, she sings. Am I to think that she’s
310 The child of hell or heaven, she who brings to light
The whispers, and brings what is hidden into sight?
Yet who would argue that she’s born of peace divine,
This turbulence of man, who brings the sacred silences
Of kings to worldly ears, and on the people’s lips
315 Spreads wide, that thief, the secrets of unspoken care?
Without delay, not summoned by the brass or horns,
The Greeks conspire for war; the people snatch up arms
In tumult, brandish swords whose use they scarcely know.
They learn to feel a noble wrath and make great threats,
320 But little will achieve. One wears his horses out,
Not long to be a knight. Another struts about
With plundered helmet, won’t admit his failing sight.
Some wonder that their calves are stiff. Some stoop with weight
And stumble on their shields. Some challenge foreign lands
325 And boldly litigate - this side of battle, brave,
Secure with intervening sea! An anxious crowd
Of mothers wails; their tears, sad solace for their woes,

Flow free; they vie in tears, and even she that weeps
The least thinks her grief greater than all other grief;
330 One trembles at the thought of swords, one runs into
The maelstrom—mother love is never free from care.
Yet men have headstrong minds. Their never-broken might
Thinks nought of sighs; they won't submit their limbs to fond
Embrace—repeated kisses might delay the war!—
335 They scarcely think to say goodbye. Now Hercules,
The darling of the fates, is calmed, with greater hope
Stands by his grand designs. The shipyards seethe and sound;
A chosen crew churns up Greek ports with fifteen sets
Of oars and fifteen ships they drive across the seas.
340 The South wind lends its force to oars and speeding ship,
And leads the fleet unharmed into Simois' mouth*. *river in Troy

The war between Hercules and the Trojans

First ashore, ahead of Telamon, was Peleus,
Larissa's pride, he whom the ocean Nereid
Took as her husband, not disdaining lower rank
345 And mortal bed. Beneath this prince the Myrmidons
Enjoy their fame, and Grecian camps resound his praise
Withstanding fate. He gave* Achilles to the Greeks, *i.e. was his father
As Telamon gave Ajax, equal scourge for Troy.
So Hercules, distributing the tasks, split up
350 His troops. Some, armed, attacked the Trojan homes, beneath
The leaders that I've named, and some, with Nestor, guard
The fleet they'd left behind, and others in the train

Of Hercules divide the watch between their friends
On either side. So, splitting up his troops in three,
355 He plans for war. The Trojan king's decree had armed
His native land, and all barbarians now rushed
To arms. Their leader, confident that he can burn
The fleet and drive the Greeks away, commands his troops
To make for shore. Obedience is swift, and all
360 Assault the waves. The Nereids, unused to fear,
Are quite dismayed to see the arms; they fear affray.
Some fight with spears and some with flame; the spears are aimed
At breasts, the flames at ships, and Venus' cradle* is *the sea
Attacked by Mars with arms, by Vulcan with his fire.
365 Then first the sea grew red with blood; the conch drank in
The wealth of blood, and to this day it still has not
Forgotten, but retains that red for royal use.
This novel prey entices Scylla's* dogs to taste *a sea monster
The sad sea's dead; mid howling waves the monstrous brood
370 From depths of Sicily assembles, drinks the dread
Delight, and then departs to hunt another bitter brew.
At this uproar Nereus*, shaken from his cave, *Neptune
Abhors his altered waves and dives back to his source
To seek the nascent urn, and when he saw the course
375 That Nature gave maintained, he left more reassured.
"Now come, ye gods of waves (if you exist) pour in* *the giant (mountain) Atlas
The sea and end this war; with Atlas driven out, held back the Atlantic Ocean
Unloose your waters! Should that first attack by fate
Be unavenged? Do you allow these mad assaults
380 To go unchecked? The sea is drenched with wretched blood

And foams; the ocean steams, enraged. Here Scylla stirs
Charybdis*, and the monsters fatten on our fall. *whirlpool
If fate says neither should survive, and cause decides
The penalties, its treachery will sink down Troy
385 And crime will damn the Greeks. Brook no delay or sloth!
Where retribution's slow, the slide to sin is swift!"
The Trojan troops, in fearful ranks, surmount the walls
That ring the city; all the youth of Ilium
Stands armed to guard their life. No idle eagerness
390 Plays games of fighting—anger, threats, and fits of rage
(Not yet extorted by the cruel wounds of war)
Stir battles on both sides, inflamed by pride and hate.
The first to aim his spear and turn his horse at Troy
Was Peleus; his spear was shattered and he raged:
395 "This way," he said, "for lodgings and for homes to stay
That open to the knocking hand: the city's ours—
Let others take the port." Then all the Greeks pressed on,
As though the cause of war were fresh, and wrath no less
By lapse of time. No need for orders, trumpets, prayers,
400 Or threats to stir the zeal for war, for you could see
Fierce battles fought. They had no fear of gaping holes
In earth or waves; each one seemed to himself to fight
Alone or lead the rest. Some strive to cross the deep
And clear the open path by throwing ladders and
405 By piling stones; some won't accept delay, but try
The hill's rough slope. The wall is clear, and now they can
Unleash their slings, but from above Dardanians
Defend. They hurl down wood and shards of rock, for some

Are bold with spears and some are fierce with flames and pour
410 Their liquid fire. Then Dimmus tries the way that's blocked
By tree, and with his face directed at the wall
He paused. Then waters, showers of thunderbolts, rained down
And shaved his head; his scalp was shorn and stripped of all
Its hair. The wound then spreads and penetrates his guts.
415 But Telamon, protected by a turtle cloak,
Steals a secret path and with his brazen shield
Repels the flinty shower, and as the fall impends
Goes on and is the first to gain the broken town.

The death of Laomedon

Meanwhile, a fierce voice assails the king as he
420 Attacks the ships with flame: "For whom, stern Trojan king,
Do you wage war? Do you hate citizens, and strive
For peace on monster-bearing seas, or do you rage
At fearful refugees, and try to smash the fleet
Lest none survive by flight? The enemies press on
425 With strikes more close at hand: now redirect your eyes
To Troy, have mercy on your town!" Laomedon
Is doubtful, but he stops and sees that Troy is breached,
That foes stand firm and Trojans waver. Hastily
He takes his stricken band; untried in war he spreads
430 His flags and doesn't group his wings. Then Hercules
Is glad and swiftly blocks his way. "To those," he cried,
"Who once, worn out, came to these ports and longed-for shores,
You gave no slip of land or even time to rest.

Now, having scorned Minerva and her branch of peace,
435 Take this in turn: your former guest returns, a foe!”
Then with these words he drew his sword and pierced the Trojan
King, dispelled delays of breastplates and of shield,
Drew out his life, protected by so many guards,
And ordered it to burst into the homes of Styx*. *Hades
440 Their leader dead, the Trojans flee. The enemy
Lays waste the city’s wealth; some thirst to slake their ire
In countless slaughters. Then their king, as Greeks ran wild,
Chastised the raging plunders of his troops, and said:
“Have mercy, victor Greeks, restrain your strong right hands!
445 For both alike share equal guilt, are no less cruel,
Who spare both none and all. A noble wrath is this,
To punish short of wrath. The kingdom’s wealth is ours,
The city crushed, the foe has gone, their king lies dead.
So Phrygians may learn to follow Greeks and show
450 To wretches pity, now we freely grant—to farmers,
Soldiers, sailors, burghers—land, camps, sea and Troy.
But if one of that cursed stock survives, he dies,
For them I long to crush!” He spoke, and Amphitus,
Ysiphilus, Volcantus, and the famous-faced
455 Hesione*, their hands in chains behind their backs, *Laomedon’s daughter
Were given to the lords—the men to cruel death,
Hesione to Telamon, since he was first
To conquer Troy and give it, broken, to its foes.
Then with their plunder and Hesione achieved,
460 The Greeks push out to sea; the laurel, victor’s sign,
They place upon the prow and reach to heaven with their cheers.

The return of Priam from Eastern Phrygia

But Priam was not there, preserved for later wrath
Of fate and other dooms. He'd had a good campaign:
Sweet victory, despoiling eastern Phrygians,
465 Had smiled; his friends in triumph sang at their return.
How hard is destiny on man, chance treacherous!
Uncertain rule is mocked; while Priam spreads his lands,
The city fails. While Priam's sceptre seeks new spheres,
The sceptre's honour nods. Fate blessed his setting forth
470 To war, but Fortune, harsh and dire at his return,
Showed envy for her gifts. Her favours may be grand
But, once the honey's tasted, her revenge is fierce.
Thus Priam now, with fearful heart, took in the sight
Of Troy, was met by grief, and as he came in view
475 Was greeted from the walls by thunders of lament.
Then horror overcomes him, and the mournful woe
Suffuses all the ranks. The citizens stand round,
Console themselves for all their loss, since Priam breathes.
Yet though his heart is overcome by inner grief,
480 He checks the tears that threaten to run down his cheeks,
So that the people in his face may find some hope—
For those have only misery that have no hope.

Description of Troy

He soon reintegrates the scattered town and spreads

485 It wide, but sounder, foreign grammar* keeps at bay
The Greek division. First, the wounded walls are healed
And breathe beneath his hand; the ramparts are content
With just six openings*, and where the rocks give way
490 The double gates maintain the wall; a swinging hinge
Provides two ways to pass; the next, with steely grille,
Suspends its maple structure for its silent use.
He now is glad the towers fell, for now he has
A greater tool—his loss is gain. The battlements
That check the first assault raise up their heights to view
With towering spikes, and just as many towers protect
495 The walls, and promise to provide a watchful eye.
This higher Troy, its summit striving for the clouds,
Perhaps would reach the boundary of land and sky,
If, satisfied with its own space and less importunate,
It spared the heaven's realm and sought no other space!
500 The peak of Phlegra* or Assyrian maiden's spires⁺
Do not compare, for Troy will sooner bear God's bolt,
Divided tongues. No city had a broader spread
Of sky, nor did Olympus grant such latitude.
Throughout the city almost equal towers are spread
505 Displaying Titans' zeal: the Trojan, full of pride,
Seeks heaven and disdains the earth. The chimneys, here
And there, are lit and belch their pitchy flames and smoke.
Ucelagon's** gigantic palace claims the air
On high, and Antenor**, with walls to match, won't be
510 Outdone. Anchises*, sometimes bent and sometimes straight,
Unsteady, hates to walk and spares his crippled feet:

*does not allow *Tmesis*,
which divides words.
*gates
*Where the giants attacked heaven
⁺Babylon
**These Trojan leaders
eventually betrayed Troy.
*Aeneas' father

From tower he views the city's wealth and busy streets.
Not far away, across the fields, the peak of Ida
Looms above the town. Its old inhabitant,
515 The wood, is green with lofty fir, with cypress full
Of woe, prophetic laurel, pine that loves to roam,
Pacific olive, cornet bane of beasts, bold ash,
The friendly elm, and never-aging, full of song -
The box. A little lower down, the drunken vine
520 Has its own patch; it does not deign to hide, but seeks
The burning sun. Nearby, a field gives nourishment
To pregnant ears of grain. Salerno and Champagne
In wine and crops do not surpass the wealth of Troy.
From foreign parts the Simois, with winding course,
525 Glides on to visit Troy and waters all the land,
And after many realms and towns it yearns at last
To reach the sea and rest, at last a Trojan stream;
And as it marvels tirelessly at Pergamum,
It slows its sliding stream and calms its course right down,
530 And plans to throw its arms around the town. And while
Its flow is checked, then Neptune angrily fights back
And makes the river, lessened, turn aside, and comes
Close up to Troy. You'd think the river and the sea
Were fighting to come near - in turn the currents clash,
535 Redoubling their roar, and so the waters brawl.
The majesties of starry skies converge all round
To honour Ilium; they clothe hills, walls, and sea,
And to the neck* that bears the stars they give relief.
Cybele dwells on Idan hills to hold her reign

*Atlas

540

On high, and gives you, Cynthia*, the other groves

*Diana

And grants to you the hunting on the Idan woods.

Amid a grove of grapes is Bacchus; Ceres sits

In spiky corn; the waters Neptune, Phebus rules

The port, Minerva holds Troy's citadel and doom*.

*the Palladium, which
protected Troy.

545

There is, right in the heart of Troy, a holy place:

The tiny rise scarce grows into a mound; you'd say

It didn't rise or lie entirely flat. Yet Jove's

High altar blazes there, with sceptre and with bolt,

Not like the bull of Tyre or ram of India*.

*Jupiter appeared in
these forms there.

End of Book I

Joseph of Exeter
THE YLIAS OF DARES PHRYGIUS
Book II

Now Priam, blessed with ample progeny, is well,
Blessed in his wife and blessed in his ancestral lands—
If gods and fates allow, if happy folk are left
To thrive. Allecto* sees the spires she'd overthrown *The Fury
5 Enjoy a better fate. She sees and seethes; with swathes
Of snakes around her cheeks and head, she spits her spite:
“Shall mortal men provoke eternal realms, and me,
The mighty queen of hell and earth and (would it might
Be so!) of heaven too ? I'm shamed that Troy still lives
10 And sports, despite the Greeks, my tools. Does Troy deny
Defeat and fight my victories ? Let it now fall,
My own from birth!” With this complaint she grudges brief
Respite for Priam, taunts him with his sister's rape,
Her servile distaff and her unavenged tears.
15 O father of both man and gods, if gods are yours,
Why torment men? Is man despised, since he just lives
On wretched earth? To night and tears, for sure, you sent
Souls driven out from light. Great father, now be swayed:
Restore the souls to heaven or, at least, protect
20 Their exiled deaths. Why does Allecto, pitiless,
Plague wretched men? Why does she wear out pious Troy
That puts its trust in gods ? Famed maid, without delay,
Don't let the towers (your home) be overwhelmed, but show
The Gorgon's head—restrain the monsters out of hell!

25 The Furies, nourishers of crimes, demand to have
 Incense and altars, and insist that prayers be raised
 To tyrants of the night. Tisiphone will not leave unavenged
 Her palace hemmed by heaven and gods that share her realm.
 The Trojan will atone for envy shown her king
30 When worship was withheld. And thus was Priam's mind
 Impelled by Furies' cares and never-sleeping grief
 To different impulses—now seeks Hesione
 By war, now fears to fight. At last his sure resolve
 Is this: to rest on pleas, by flattery to try
35 The Greeks. At last he briefs his legate, Antenor,
 And rolls his message in a tiny scroll. It read:
 “Till now, O mighty race of undefeated Greeks,
 The liberty of Asia, unassailed by blows,
 Has thrived. Then Fortune grudged her wonted favour: Troy
40 Has waned in power. And yet, to yield to Hercules
 Is no disgrace: with such a hero, failure's light.
 And now, since humbleness wins friends, I quit as king
 And fall to humble pleas. So India begged Bacchus,
 And Croesus Cyrus, and Cyrus then begged Tomyris.
45 If Fate had gone for me the way she first began,
 I would receive the pleas and serve a double role,
 To guide the peace as judge or lead the war as prince.
 But, gods, alas, what savage fury mocks this world?
 I left as soldier, led my troops to war, and fought.
50 And won. But, Fortune, why be kind in eastern wars,
 If for my triumph you prepared a sad return?
 Is this the triumph due to me for such great toil?

Troy planned a joyful welcome home: did I deserve
To come like this? O savage, ever tearful day,
55 When to my eyes and ears, on my return, so sad
A slaughter came. Far better that my self-made foe
(Or I for him was made) had pierced with sword the life
That bore such blows! Was this a sweet command, to rule
And yet recall my father and my brothers dead
60 And Hesione raped? Have mercy, mighty lords,
On Troy. Be satisfied that I should mourn my home
Despoiled, my father dead, my household spirits crushed.
But grant this comfort to my grief and tears: return
Hesione! It's little that I ask, but like
65 A greater boon: to my dead life you'll grant both life
And saving grace." At these laments tears spread across
The face of Priam and the man that took his screed.
The west winds promised placid seas; then Antenor
Set sail and, with his leader's missive, through the waves
70 Passed Magnes' boundaries and lofty Sparta's heights
And Pylos, full of prophecy; he there complained
Of days' delays, and left. Not mighty Peleus,
Tyndaris' twins, or aged Nestor changed their minds
At Priam's words. At length he turned aside to happy
75 Telamon's abode; Doom dogged his tracks always.

The marriage of Hesione and Telamon

The lofty palace gleams: rich curtains, purple-dyed
With shells, bedeck the halls with Sidon's luxury,

Proclaim the festive day when Juno now unites
The royal pair. With glad applause, all celebrate
80 The feast, and for his folk the belly-god presents
His appetizers, glad to see a tasteful meal
And menu manifold. Nor are there lacking drinks
To prompt a fecund thirst, desire to drink again
And sample diverse grapes. The lords in lordly style
85 Indulge in jewelled cups. Their drunken followers
Cry “Hymenaeus*, ho!”, and sprawl and help themselves *God of marriage
To golden vessels; folk with wooden plates (their thirst
A match for Britain’s, with a greater stamina)
Are glad to change their humble jars and feeble juice
90 For royal vintage wine. This rare delight makes up
For long delays; their thirst won’t halt until their brains
Are dulled, their tongues relax, lights multiply, steps stall.
The others sport in varied forms of revelry:
With cymbals, lyres, and tuneful voice each group is pleased
95 To show its skill; content with strength they ask no art
Besides the lungs that nature gave, no singing strings
To aid their voice. Each muse is glad to show herself
With any voice or skill that pleases or gives pride.
And yet they do not all indulge the same pursuits.
100 Like ages like their own: the greybeards tell their tales
To aged folk, the young folk play with other youth.
But first a chorus leader gives the cues to sing
And regulates the ready groups in rhythmic chants:
“Shout loud, co-citizens, sons of rich Salamis,
105 Shout loud! For our great victor marries Priam’s kin,

Hesione!” All shout ‘Great joy!’ in harmony
And then repeat “Great joy!” He moulds their tuneful cries
To fit his strings and then bursts forth upon their ears:
“Why stand in awe of Greece’s ancestors and wars
110 Of old ? Let’s marvel more at our own age’s child,
The father and the patron of our world, the son
Amphitryon brought up*, acclaimed by north and south, *Hercules
Whose help the stars demand to fight the giant hordes,
When seeking to be armed with double thunderbolt.
115 Not cruel Juno nor Eurystheus (fierce judge)
Nor labours wore him out. His cradle first (when he
Was scarcely born) reflects his strength. The lion’s dread
Shrank from his adult might, and Erimanthus breathed
Again, its boar expelled; the bull fell to his club,
120 Releasing Crete; Geryon, Hiber’s duke, bewailed
The wealth that Cacus hid in his accursed caves;
He was not tamed by Lerna’s re-grown snakes, nor by
Great Cerberus, nor Lapithae; he apples took
That dragon watched; he waved the Afric scourge aloft,
125 And sharply taught Antaeus, once geometer,
To learn the stars; Achelous and Nessus grieved
(The one in arms, the other fleeing) at his wrath.
He slaughtered Diomedes’ horse, called back from arms
Hippolyta, and with brave bow tamed savage birds.
130 Both earth and stars owe just to you that they exist,
Their once and future prop. Great one, please grant good luck
And give a happy omen to this pair that weds,
And may our song deserve your grace! At your command

135 Will bad luck go, will Hymen laugh, and Juno (now
Your own) will smile. May Hebe for the gods give birth
And for our lord his new-found bride!" The halls resound
Again; with joy the happy crowds shout their assent.
Hesione alone, grim-faced, disturbs the festive scene
With gloom, rejects applause, and hates the fawning court,
140 Unmoved by her new rank and lofty marriage gift,
Such new display ignored. In her eyes she's been raped.
She sadly grieves; as often as the palace cheers,
In thrall she fears the name of 'queen'. Though 'free', she dreads:
Compelled, she'll come in fear to marriage bed by force.
145 The birds, which cheer a wedding feast with merry tune,
May sing for others; she, too credulous, imagines that
The night-owls wail for her and that the screech-owl sits
Upon the roof—the sisters born of Acheron
Had brought their deadly brands. Alas, she did not know
150 How fierce a foe she'd bear for her own Trojan kin*. *Ajax Telamonius
She turns aside the offered drinks and proffered bowls,
And now she pours her silent grief into her cup,
And drinks her own sad tears; with sluggish taste she fasts,
And wearily sees food pile up and never go.
155 Meanwhile, O Salamis, the Trojan guest sails sad
Toward your port, and honoured by Minerva's branch
He nears your lofty towers. The court is poised to learn
The rest; the new unwilling bride alone perceives
Her fellow Trojan citizen. In shame she turns
160 Her face aside, and marvels at his begging words:
"O famous fruit of Jove, his son at one remove,

O Telamon, revered by Greeks, and powerful
In war and just decrees, all Troy and I, its duke,
Implore you first, and all your citizens, to show
165 Your mercy: let my toil by land and sea not be
In vain. Through many hardships I have come at last.
At last I have arrived. I see the one that I was told
To seek, Hesione! It's sure that Juno will
Not bless this trade. Will weeping captive take delight
170 In laughing victor, foreign slave in master Greek?
So give her back! Since Europe has so many brides
In waiting, famous flames, choose one with better luck
And fate endowed: Hesione was doomed to rape
At birth, by evil star. She comes, an easy prey
175 For all: her family will always fear her rape.
For Hercules knew Grecian girls, as Pollux did
And Castor too, and Peleus and Nestor know:
She would be given easily as spoils of war,
And luckless Priam would not send me all this way,
180 If of his family a branch, just one, remained,
To compensate the cruel loss that Troy has borne.
He grants her life is owed to you, not to the gods,
Rejoices she is saved for him." "For him? No, rather say
'For Telamon'," cried Telamon, and through her tears
185 He stole a kiss, though grudged. "By sword," he said, "I earned
The right to this embrace!" The famous Theban claim
He makes: "I hold her now, and ever will I hold!"
The Trojan, spurned, departs across his former seas;
In his ancestral lands he tells his journey's tale

190 To all, Hesione's betrothal and the Greek
Disdain for law. He urges war, but Paris, sick
With unjust doubt, says, "Trojans, do not trust his* words;
We're tricked; he's far too pleased. For his reward
Alone he speaks against our hope. The common weal
195 Ignored, he works for private gain. The public good
He sets below his own A wound to family pride
Needs more than tepid sword. Prepare my ships and sails!
I'll go, I'll go. The shoals that timid Hector notes
Won't bother me, not enemies or hostile arms,
200 Nor will I find the voyage hard. The gods on high
Indulge me, show the way, and give me hope to go:
Take note, O lords, I'll tell a tale that's strange but true.

*= Hector's (a scene
has been omitted)

The beauty contest

Since she must leave her mate, Aurora mourned that dawn
And day had come, but soon increasing warmth dried up
205 Her chilly tears. The pleasant woodland sport drew me
To hunt out hidden lairs, to stalk the fleeting game,
And run it down with swift and eager hunting hound.
Soon roused, with net, voice, ear (trap, sound, and sense), we play
Our battles, snare with net, stir up with voice, with ear
210 Investigate, and, all together, breach the woods.
Then by divine consent my path was turned astray
Into a hidden spot and to the forest depths,
And let me hunt the secrets of the goddesses.

The queen of Ida's vale, the laurel, worthy tree

215 For Phoebus, spreads its leafy hair; its summit soars
Unchecked. No vulgar trees of lesser groves are here —
It thrives alone: it deigns to share its shade with none.
The other trees revere the young Apolline growth
And bow their lofty height; they pull themselves far back
220 And check their leaves that rashly dare to seek more space,
And fear to mingle with its sacred foliage.
There I, detached from friends, was brought by God or chance—
A very lucky loss of way! Enjoying welcome shade
I marveled that the laurel with its lively youth
225 Droops not when Jove departs. The east wind, too, I joyed
To feel: its murmur stirred the leaves, and on the buds
Breathed silent breath. At this, sleep slowly stole my eyes,
Incited languid rest; it set aside my wit's
Indulgent vigilance and charmed away my cares.
230 I laid my head upon a grassy bank, and saw
The gods' delights; sleep, wont to work frivolities
On common minds, rewarded me and filled my mind
With dreams of kings. Then soon the bride of mighty Jove
And Venus and Minerva willingly appeared
235 Before my tired eyes. The greatest, by her words,
Came forth to interrupt the sleep just now begun:

Juno's speech

'To Trojan woods we've come, O Trojan — I have come,
The mate of mighty Jove! Minerva, full of war,
And pleasing Venus too have come ! Be glad. Our Mercury

240 Has given you a boon that fate would fear to give,
To judge our godly beauty. I myself, the wife
Of Jove, myself, who guide the pacts of triple realm,
Who am obeyed by Neptune's waves, by shades of Hell,
By stars of Jove — if I am praised by human judge,
245 I do not mind, since I'll be welcomed back by Jove,
If mortal man, in doubt, delays upon my face:
A long delay will show his wonder, lest the fair
Report that Fame, my servant, owes, be thought untrue.
Behold my naked face, a sight few gods have seen!
250 'Tis thus I come to Jove's embrace. Now who would dare
Compare horrific Pallas* (Gorgon, full of war) *Minerva
To cheeks like these? The world has not so lost all shame
That earthly terror, people's scourge, death's messenger,
Would wish to please by fear! Dire fiend (I almost said
255 'Divine'), may I advise? No sword is needed here;
Remove your snakes, discard your military mien,
Present an easy face without a frown, take off
Your helm, and let your shut-in viper breathe!
Reveal the horror and the shame your helm and shield
260 Conceal: have courage to deserve your true acclaim!
Will shining steel and glaring gold assist by force
Your quest for beauty? Savage goddess, don't you know?
Your steel spells fear, your helmet's gold strikes dread, your hilt
Of ivory is crude. Does wise Minerva bring
265 Such dread delights, and hope to please by this array?
Do you claim Jupiter as sire? Which of our whores
Dared risk the grief? (Minerva has no mother, as

They say). What shame for gods! Does she, so bold, take pride
To take thought just of man, and did she thus deserve
270 The name of hero-ine? For sure, her wrath tires gods,
And wears men out. “But she is ‘martial,’” as they say;
For sure—she eats up men. “She’s Pallas”—yes, she’s pale,
Or since she slit her namesake’s* throat. Her name she earns *= a Titan, Pallas
By double right, by hue and by her harmful hand.
275 But, shameful Venus, you, so generous with sex,
A woman more than laws allow, unjustly soft,
Dare you in consequence contend for beauty’s prize?
You seek an even match with me? Who’ll credit this,
That Juno’s rivals are so rife? I stood alone;
280 I once was matched by none. When Nature lavishly
Arranged her world, my spouse* was still without a spouse; *Jupiter
His face was still developing its sombre look,
And so he was when Nature spoke: “Why hesitate,
You, heaven’s heir? Your wish is yours: she’s now by blood
285 But soon by love conjoined, a sister, soon a wife.
Alone, from many picked for you, the only one,
Whose like the earth and stars have never seen or known—
She’ll bear a peerless birth.” She thrust me, stalling fate,
Into my brother Jove’s embrace. Aware he had
290 What he desired, he gave his sister equal rule.
Let Venus dare to challenge my fair face. I came
Selected to be bride of Jove. I’m wrong? Should she,
The Cyprus god, have come instead? Why not? Her birth
Was calm—she grew from foaming sea and cut-off balls!
295 In giving birth for Jove, she’d also bear for Mars

And all the world! With her as wife, the heaven's heir
Would doubt and foul the golden age with lowly ore,
And Vulcan, who, by Phoebus' aid or vengeful net,
Could not achieve a carefree night or solid trust,
300 Would gently seek revenge for someone else's shame
And would not pant in eagerness for his own love.
The Trojan—no, no more! There's none who does not know
Of Venus' thefts. "She's sweet, kind, gold." She sweetly weaves
Deceit, and kindly kindles ill, and grasps for gifts!
305 Once, I recall, the power to strive with Jove was mine
Alone. And where was Venus then? Did she come third in line?
And Pallas*, was she fourth to come as she was bid?
I, Juno, faced the verdict of Teiresias.
I say no more. You, Trojan, learn to earn the thanks
310 Of Juno, who has power to grant both wealth and power.
The world admires such wealth; the comets grant vast realms
Like these: now choose whatever rule or land you want.
However you decide or judge, you know that Jove
Was pleased with Juno. Now, since you are Juno's judge,
315 Don't scorn the doom of Jove!' And with these lofty words
She plays the part of queen and adds her haughty face
To her proud voice: she shows no sign of begging mien.

*Minerva

Minerva's speech

Now Pallas comes in view and takes the second turn
To speak, aware and confident in her own cause,
320 And from her fertile breast she pours forth holy words:

‘The mother of the gods (I don’t deny, great wife
Of Jove, or grudge your role) has criticized my worth,
Such as it is, famed Trojan, I call sky, sea, earth
To witness: I had never thought that goddesses
325 Would come in arms to verbal war. I’m shamed my sex
Is talkative in this respect (I’m less than woman here—
My war’s another kind): a shameful victory
When vanquished more than victor wins the praise—such fame’s
Unknown in my affairs! What does the queen intend
330 With such fine words? I grant that she’s divine, perhaps
The top. I did not come to claim a share of rule
Or share in Jove. Let Juno have the name of which
She boasts. Since titles are at issue, I enjoy
A lesser name, but—since I am compelled to stoop
335 To words of rank—I, Pallas, do not lack all claim!
If beauty, if paternity, if moral worth
Are sought, my care is shame, my blood derives from Jove,
The critic can assess my face! This is my beauty, then,
My race, my moral view. If goddesses rejoice
340 In marriages and dowries and in pledges made,
My sole delight’s my chastity that’s felt no shame:
It won’t harm marriages or catch out married men.
See, Paris, men admire my wars and girls my skill
With wool, and laurelled poets marvel at my songs.
345 I thus enjoy respect from all, I’m loved by all.
Why should I strive to string examples or add more?
To brag about oneself, I grant, ill suits good taste
And modesty: the one that hawks her own deserts

Degrades the fame she bears. But since the present case
350 Is armed by force and faults, allow that Pallas earned
Far more by silence than she won by argument!
When once the world dissolved into a fluid state* *Deucalion's flood
And vengeful waves washed all the sins of earth away,
Then faith rose with the sun. The other virtues, which,
355 Offended by man's sins, had long since taken flight,
Returned, the world reformed. First Prudence, never swift
To act; kind Pity next; then Patience, who prevails;
Then strong Simplicity; glad Modesty; Desire
To act in soberness; unshakeable Resolve;
360 Far-travelled Peace; protective Harmony; the course
Of what is Just and Right. The virtues stood,
Protector-less, to see Deucalion and all
His folk, and called for leadership: they were not free
To move, nor yet, the furies driven back to hell,
365 Had all fear ceased. Jove's lofty forehead then at last
Stirred as it gave Minerva birth. All heaven roared
And turned a wider course: no dawn gave to the gods
Such joy! From such a birth, from such a father born,
Minerva, virtues' guardian and guiding light,
370 Unfolds a way for gods, and bans the monstrous brood*. *the *gigantomachia*
It's she that Juno scolds—whom, Trojan, you see here,
Minerva, strong in war, whose firm right arm disarmed
The Phlegran threat. I saw—no need to say, we all
Know well. Enceladus burnt up the Cyclopes;
375 Briareus scorned the hundred quivers and the darts
Of Niobe; Typhoeus—stronger yet than Mars—

*Goddess of
the Underworld

Sought heaven. Where then was Juno, full of war?
Her presence would have helped—she could have stood close by
In arms to save her realm! Persephone*, the bride
380 Of Dis, had nearly seized the bedrooms of the gods.
Then Juno jumped at last from off her fearful bed
And cried, “Minerva, why, by fate, do you delay?
We’re sorely pressed!” I came. She saw “Medusa’s” worth,
The “Gorgon god’s” repute; she saw that gold outdoes
385 Its gleam. Since I restored her sky, her realm and home
Into her fearful hands, should she be now a foe,
Ingrate? Her realm, her rule, is ours, her carefree sleep
With Jove is ours! But when I undertook to guard
Infirm Olympus, then I was “divine” and “brave”.
390 I call you gods to witness to the risks my head
And breast have borne in toil’—her eyes upraised, she showed
Her breast, and head—‘Behold the “shame” of shield and helm
That Juno denigrates. Did Jupiter give birth
To snakes? Let her, divine, recall and note at whom
395 She hurls her taunts, and spare her own. She bears the mighty
Vulcan. Let her bear! I don’t begrudge that he
Should fight with feeble foot or deftly forge his chains’—
At this she fixed her eye on Venus with a look
(‘A tale deserving poet’s scorn!’), and spoke again:
400 ‘She plays with words, explaining names, and deigns to know
The Muses’ nonsense and the epithets I’ve earned.
She’s learned her lesson ill, her memory’s at fault.
My name Minerva comes from “might”; my famous name
Is scarcely equal to the glory I deserve.

405 Come, Paris, I've no need to spread my true renown
 Or lavishly to pant for praise. I know I may
 Have hurt the gods. There's precedent: an error forced
 Is venial. You know that Juno was unfair—
 Enough, no more! My words, I sadly grant, were proud
410 (Though true). But I don't seek soft fame or beauty's name
 With this intent, to slide into a life of shame
 Or vulgar jokes. With such a look and forward face
 Let Venus bloom, man's predator, for virtue's fled!
 I wish my judges were the gods! Now Venus wars
415 On all, her win earns praise, she glories that the world
 Has yielded to her laws. How rare the golden axe,
 How rare the love of good! The moral heights are crushed
 By that sweet venom, gentle sandbank, meek malaise,
 Sweet evil, glad disease. So Venus, venal death,
420 Lays claim to all the world. She spreads herself abroad,
 Her archer* in her arms. A model she provides— *Cupid
 She breeds for Vulcan and for Mars. Once, more restrained,
 Content with human slaves, she did not drive the stars
 Into her fold and net; her charming thunderbolt
425 Had not yet crushed the maker of the bolt; the sun
 Had not yet gaped at greater fires; amid the waves
 Great Neptune did not boil with care, and Bacchus
 Still enjoyed the name of 'free'. For shame! Aegeon's* child, *The ocean's
 Late vengeful, goads the gods and claims Olympic seat—
430 She, once ejected with her father's sperm and displaced phall—
 I blush to end the word! Indeed, almighty Venus
 Sought and strove to sway me too. She failed, for I

Became aware. I wish the world, like me, would see
Her sweet deceitful ways. The smooth-tongued foe is most
435 To fear. With winning looks she falsely offers aid
But turns embraces into tears, tears treaties up,
Breaks citadels, and swiftly draws the world to war.
Yet at the fight she flees; when battles rage, her blood
Grows cold. Then men put trust in arms: Minerva aids
440 And Venus is rebuked. This trade is foul: she stirs
The soft, but robs the strong of strength; she grabs the world
As prey (and she's the prey!). Thus error goes both ways
And finds a worthy solace for a double shame.
My aim is not to fix the form of Proteus,
445 Nor wander through the tangled paths that Venus weaves.
It is enough if by some glance she's recognized
And doesn't trap one unawares. For no one needs
A warning voice, when all the world can testify!
Now, Priam's greatest son, if I take credit for
450 Mars' bravery, Arachne's webs, and Clio's lore,
If your mixed family will share Minerva's wit,
If Troy needs guarding and its citadel is kept
By the Palladium, if virgin earns the prize
For looks, take thought for Troy and cast your vote for me!'
455 She stopped. Her gaze pursued her thought and words. She turned
Her glance around, and sat. Then in her native car
Did splendid Venus come and at the last she spoke,
A little sad but calm in face, enticing with her eyes.

Venus' speech

460 'Alas, what land will end my exile, give me rest,
I, Saturn's free-born child? Who'd welcome me as just,
If I am hated by the gods, astray and lost
And doomed? But you in this brave world, in whom there breathes
A tireless faith, in whom for sure no envy burns,
If Venus' ways are kind and gentle, hard on none,
465 Consider what befel my cause, whence uproar came
And threats! Since first the daylight brought me into life,
I've cherished man and eased his toils with tenderness,
Consoling his distress. So grateful men in gratitude
Built temples to my name—their incense I had earned—
470 And hence the wrath and hate! But you to whom I flee,
Show mercy: heaven's "criminal", I call on earth
That I have cherished. Mortals, aid your citizen!
Now, Paris, flower of youth, my hope: I don't accuse
Or goad the goddesses you've heard, for who could blame
475 Or match their sacred tones? But if I may assert
The truth, you know, famed youth, you know the sequence of
Events, you know the hinge on which the case revolves,
Which words have well expressed. By mark of countenance,
By argument of face, by judging eye, the strife
480 Was to be judged. Whence then this angry armed assault
Of words? Less harsh, with more respect for modesty,
The Triton could be thought a maid, the child of Jove.
"The greatest Muse" she claims is her due epithet.

I don't deny: she has no peer in fiction or
485 In teaching knaves to lie, to play on trusting ears
And lead the sightless wits in many foolish paths.
When deviously bragging with her charming fibs
She tells my wars, of Phyllis and Hypsipile,
Her venal fabrications earn the sacred wreath.
490 But if this foul facility to lie was apt
For this dispute, at least distinctions should be made—
To whom, and what, and why. For if she sprang full-formed
From our god's brain, she would not, with her filthy tongue,
Erase her "icy virgin's" claim, this "learned maid".
495 Let her snatch arms, and beg the titles of the men,
Let Venus be herself! Let her make haughty threats;
I'll placidly submit. Let her, victorious,
Bear standards dripping gore; my triumphs shed no blood.
Because I don't fight nature, should I be assailed?
500 I showed Anchises* love: did I betray my sex ? *Aeneas' father
If I gave birth, whom did I harm? My Cupid dwells
In stars, your Aeneas* in Troy—so where's the fault? *Paris' brother
Does Venus work destruction on the gods and earth?
This is my gift to gods and men. Should spinster Pallas thus
505 Rebuke kind Venus' ways? Does she find favour then
With men she swallows up in war? Does she please girls
Whose sex she holds in scorn? Are peaceful gods her style?
She calls them cowardly and dull. And that's her way
With all; to all she's fair and pleasing—with her spears!
510 "But she's a maid." Aglauros and the snake say no—
Enough of this! "Her face is fair:" the lake she asked

And swollen cheek say no. “She’s mighty with the sword:”
That which she claims is not her own. Her vaunted strength
Is briefly glad, long shamed; a few calm moments, then
515 The false-based glory turns, in lasting grief, to filth.
At one time faith was sure: Olympic wars were won
By all, not one alone; the laurel was conferred
On all. “But by Medusa’s head, whom Perseus killed,
She won from timid gods the victor’s crown and palm;”
520 Or that’s what Pallas says, a tale one must believe,
“So, Paris, trust this tale that’s fit for history!
One woman out-fought Jove, Apollo, and my Mars—
Would he were mine! For, Juno, I do not begrudge
Your offspring (if you so deserved), nor shrink to count
525 Minerva as my kin. With such support, if fate
Had granted it, might Venus have escaped the lot
Of parenting a snake. Harmonia, Mars’ child,
Would not uncoil her tracks in exiled Cadmus’ town
Of Thebes. I saw, I saw myself, her daughters killed,
530 Appallingly destroyed.” With this, she bowed her face
That dripped with tears, but roused herself and spoke again:
“I don’t complain at fate: the anger of the gods
Is to be feared. Fate smiled when Semele conceived:
She bore a god to god*. Ten months in birth she swelled,
535 When Juno, feigning solemn face, arrived and gave
Advice, and left. Why did that simple, trusting child
Unknowing bind Jove with an oath? Did Cadmus’ faith,
Through such long ways and year of wandering, deserve
This doom? Your sister* raped, you tried for Juno’s sake

*Bacchus, son of Jupiter

*Europa

540 To win back Jove, and in reward she gives you grief
And with her flames she persecutes your family.
Let her rejoice! Look how this wrinkled deity
Wins fame. She fights with spear atremble in her hand
And feigns a nurse's faith—no effort was required
545 To feign the rest! White hairs are readily acquired,
And wrinkles too. Old age should be concealed—she had
No need to feign! While we compete for beauty's crown,
I wish that hag were standing now by Venus' side!
That she-ape's mimicry would raise a famous laugh.
550 Fool Agenor, why seek Europa, with such son-
In-law*? Her rape was just: need forced the ravisher *Jupiter
And love of better bed. The wife of Jupiter should blame
Herself for frequent widowhood. A luckier,
More stable union she'd have, had beauty more
555 Than chatter forged the bond. A foul and shrewish scold
Compels an honest husband into unchaste ways.
“But she's Jove's sister and his wife”: she scores on one,
As sister gains for wife's offence. “She rules on high”:
But on her father's throne, and there she shares the stars
560 By right of birth, not wedded state. Once that old man*, *Saturn
Whose child I am, was golden and the only heir.
The world had not yet sunk to casting lots in urns,
When Saturn's pious child was still Minerva's peer,
At least no exile yet. When kingship split apart
565 Among three kings, then Venus, queen of all, came forth
Into a threefold realm. Like Juno and her Jove,
I, Venus, was with Jove, with Neptune, and with Dis.

My power was not content to have the stars as slaves:
I calmed the seas, consoled the underworld. Forgive
570 Your sister's crime, you pious ocean's goddesses,
If such a lineage is crime. And Thetis, you,
You great avenger, drive this Juno out; lay claim
To heaven and your stolen torch. Expel the whore!
Jove will not mind to have you come and bear his sons:
575 Don't heed the fates! Juno will lose the prize
For beauty and her wealth. If she were fair at home,
She would not come to buy it here. When quick to bribe,
She ill assessed your heart. He is not bent by gold
Whose very name means "just". His vote is not for sale,
580 The fairness of whose balance rule was once conferred
Upon the winning bulls, aware of ancient right.
Kind Paris, shall that one enjoy a victor's face
Who caused old blood to flow and Hesione's lament,
Whose Hercules, Minerva, hurled his darts at your
585 Great citadel? Where then was martial art,
Where then was fate? The ravished Ganymede did more:
He took her daughter's cups, her bed—a sweet revenge
For Juno's wrath—and still pours drinks for deities.
Now, Asia's flower, descendant of both kings and gods,
590 My toil and glory do not come from short-lived verse
Nor urging timid maidens at their weaving chores:
I've never challenged Phoebus or Arachne's skill.
Let Pallas make the metric feet and ply the loom.
The gods, I grant, can quickly get and give great gifts,
595 But what do wealth or arms or kingdoms add to Troy,

Whose sceptre rules the greater part of earth, whose wealth
Is all of Phrygia, whose strength the Trojan race?
If kings still need the solace of the marriage bed,
If wealth and rule are naught without a wife's embrace,
600 Then here is Venus' gift, a gift that's Sparta's pride,
Whose name Juno would crave, whose life Minerva'd love.
What more? Come closer and inspect the inner me.
There's something here to grasp, and now I bare my breasts
To view. Behold the face that walks the stars at night,
605 The face that brings the dawn. Fair youth, give credit where
It's due: as judge, do not reject a face like mine!
With this, she thrusts her cloak aside, reveals her cheeks,
And bares her shoulders, and displays her breasts; her face
Brings day. The goddesses are shamed, and Venus wins.
610 Avenging Trojans, note: now Venus stirs the sick.
Believe: I saw these things, or dreams for sure have weight.
This is my destiny. Heed Venus, who will end
Our citizens' laments, our enemies' triumphant laughs."

End of Book II

Joseph of Exeter
THE YLIAS OF DARES PHRYGIUS
Book III

Their silent consultations end with mingled cheers;
The people, court, and senate sing in Venus' praise.
Some pray to gods and some to fates, but all resound,
With voice and mind, their praise of Venus. Everywhere
5 High blood is shed; fields gladly give their produce to
The sacrifice. Inachis* mourns the crowned mate *Io
She's lost and, groaning, seeks again her stolen calves.
The powers that be build splendid banquets for the gods,
Constructing thirsty fires for holy temple priests.
10 All Phrygia's as smoke with incense-burning shrines
To buy the venal gods. But our poor sacrifice,
Which suits the supreme god and pleases our own Thunderer,
Is offered with a mind that's pure, with honest prayers.
A higher royal pyre is raised from heaps of flowers
15 To bear the bursting flames aloft, and draws the eye.
Far from these altars smokes a cruel sacrifice
Of blood: the leader pours to Venus what is sweet,
The Aristaeon waters and Melibeian streams
And draughts of Icarus, dead Phoenix's sweet smells.
20 Their hair entwined with leaves, the Trojan girls are bid
To help their holy father and to pour the cups
That foam with milk on even flames. The king himself
Assists, pours Hybla's wealth*, but first he makes this prayer: *honey
"Great goddess, mighty pleasure for both men and gods,
25 True offspring of the gods, our Neptune's fosterling,
Kind Venus! If the jar of water calls you here,

Or nectar of the gods, or poppy, heaven's spice,
To feast, then guide your gentle team towards our gifts.
Accept these honeycombs, for pious offerings
30 Please you no less than bloody axe. If our gifts please,
Come at our call, lie down with us and share our drink.
Though high Cythera steams with incense hundred-fold,
And Cyprus' groves and mountains blend sweet song of doves
And bloom with many flowers, yet Cythera's sweet scents
35 And Cyprus' birds and herbs are passed by those of Troy!
To merits and to what you see (such as it is)
Add faith, great Venus, and recall your gracious pledge:
Console a grieving home. My plea is not so bold
As that your judge should seize his prey from Grecian girls:
40 Hesione will be enough. Now Triton's child
And Saturn's better form would not deny such 'rape'!
Once Asia's might (why need I tell our well-known grief?)
Was great: all Trojans were respected by all Greeks.
The dice are now reversed. Please, goddess, look on us;
45 Show mercy on the sons of Troy!" With this he poured
The honey on the fire, and thus its heady steam
Consoles the thirsty stars with sweetly scented smoke.

The prophecy of Helenus

The rites and vows now end; the weary flame declines
Its glow, but Helenus bursts forth with other heat;
50 With burning breast he feels the raging god within.
He focuses the Furies into public words
And speaks: "O Trojan race, that looks not far ahead,
Where goes our ravisher? What is this boat I see

55 Return to sink our town? It's close to shore! Go, lords,
 And bar its path!" He broke off here; his words
 Disturb the hesitant (for he alone earned trust
 And had the power to heal). He blamed Deiphebus
 For heeding Venus' laws to rape the girls of Greece
 In hope the gods would help. "What is this wicked hope?"
60 He asked; "would godly faith and heaven's power permit
 An evil expedition and give aid to plunderers?
 No, Paris: find some other partners for your crime
 And feign another dream! For those will not deceive
 Who can't themselves be tricked." But Troilus can't bear
65 His plea: headstrong in mind and thirsting for the fight
 And urging swords, he spoke: "Go, cringing brother, go,"
 He said, "condemned within your dark loquacious cave!
 Depart, I say, and when you think to trick our folk,
 Invent a god. Another Phoebus stands by us.
70 Paris shall go. Not if the aged Sibyl speaks,
 Or ram of Libya or Chaon's squawking bird,
 Shall he desist from bidden path. He'll bring back poor
 Hesione, though you say nay!" The headlong crowd
 Applaud their lord's dictates. They're able to arouse
75 A storm they can't suppress; they dare, and take no thought
 For what's to come, when danger is not clear. Their thought
 Is all on arms; they often see the Argo, dead
 Laomedon, their unavenged city's shame,
 And cry again: "Free youth, you kin of Trojan Jove,
80 How long shall we allow our elders' bloodied throats,
 Our parents' broken necks that Argive hands have felled,
 To go without revenge? For cruel destiny
 Does not decree that this should be our fate,

85 To have no venging hand. If grieving Troy has felt
The wrath of god, the cruel Mycenean feast*
Has earned, as Phoebus has decreed, its punishment.
So go, lords: Venus and Apollo (surer seer)
Command this war. Mycene's brothers gone,
No one will block your way beneath a Trojan lord.
90 There is no need to fear, since Hercules is burned
In Nessus' shirt, and thus the leading cause of fear
Has gone. Our Hector lives, the match of Hercules!
Our race will add its fire! The prize first went to Greece,
So it is right for Troy to hope to win this time,
95 With our renascent gods. You, children of renown,
Recall in grief the throats of your dead parents. You,
Whose tears are woven by a deeper wound, are called
By piety to arms."

*Where Atreus served
Thyestes with his own children

The prophecy of Panthus

As they beseech with words,
And stretch their hands, then Panthus sows in their sick ears
100 The ancient warnings of the fates: he shows the words
His sire Euforbios had wrenched from oracles.
The son proclaims that "Pergamum* is doomed to fall
To Greeks, if Helen once sets foot in Trojan town."
The leaders trust his words; the tumult of the crowd
105 Is turned; the new is more persuasive than the old.
The gods are more with Panthus as he prophesies
Than when Helenus spoke. Yet Priam's ailing mind
Turns to Hesione; he spurns the gods; he hears,
Yet dares to be deceived. By spurning fate, he aids

*i.e. Troy

110 Its course. “Tell once again your own fates, Antenor;
Repeat what has been done! Necessity consists
In what’s been done; the future still may change. We bear
Severer wounds than future threats—Troy drenched with blood,
The tears of wives, the groans of parents for their loss.

115 Tell also what you saw, when you sought out Troy’s child;
To these disasters add your sufferings abroad.
To your true facts let lies of shrieking shrines give way:
Let faith advise a sounder course. For sooner streams
Shall cease to flow and fire to burn and air to breathe

120 Than madness say what must be done!” Then Antenor
Replied: “O citizens, must I repeat my tale
Of toils? Is it so soon forgot? I have no need
To mourn: our kingdom tells of treachery and wars.
We’ve seen our city thrive with worthy citizens

125 Beneath another king*, for Troy was not yet crushed *Laomedon
By Greece. Has swift oblivion so soon wiped out
That change of fate and, bored with languishing, erased
That long-felt grief? No, famous youth! If you desire
To free your minds of that detested hateful grief,

130 Then arm yourselves and come! Let’s follow Fortune’s path,
While grief unstated seeks for some great enterprise.
Great deeds need haste: slow wrath is overwhelmed by fear.
You fear the oracles, and pause? Is this your fear,
That gods disturb the silent recesses of time

135 And sway the turns of life? The course of destiny
Is fixed! If fate decrees disaster for poor Troy,
Then let us die in war! If she has pledged to us
The triumph, slowness robs our victory of worth.
You’re easily deceived. If I may state the truth,

140 I've learned how gods set traps. Lernaean Phoebus stirs
Our birds*; the dire disaster that he bodes for Troy
Is what he fears for his own folk. Thus, spreading lies,
He tries to scare the Trojans as they gird for war.
But weigh the facts, which far outweigh what only might
145 Occur: now Hercules has donned his fatal shirt;
The sons of Aeacus* are old; that so-called threat,
Achilles, is a boy (or girl!), no threat at all.
I've seen myself their men, their walls and towns—
But cowards won't be moved. Go, 'mighty' Trojan youth,
150 Prepare your necks for slavery, reject the crown,
And hand your swords to foes that speak in prophecies.”
At this their courage is inflamed; they cast aside
Their fear of gods. Helenus leaves, throws from his head
His fearful bands, then weeps and castigates the fates.

*The (pro-Greek) oracle
at Lerna near Argos.

*Peleus and Telamon

The departure of Paris to ravish Helen

155 The shepherd Paris leads the host, once newcomer
To Troy, now Priam's heir. It did the town no good
To damn to death the fatal flame, when burning dream
Assailed the pregnant Hecuba. That ancient flame
Grew high; the prophecies fulfilled their grim intent.
160 At fate's command the Trojan goes to seize the girl
From Greece; to overcome Achaeans with a smile
He hides his tricks. No suspect mass of pinnacles
Adorns his prow; his many ships glide peacefully
In no fixed rank or file; the royal pine displays
165 An olive branch. The pine, Cybele willing, had
Been snatched from where the eunuch priests of Ida rage,

And is amazed to hear like sounds upon the shore.
The ship's array was such as practised skill achieves
By constant toil. The woodwork gleams, inscribed with fine
170 Designs; the prow is clothed in lordly Tyrian*,
The stern with Tagus' gold, and ivory supplies
The yard; the cypress spreads its scent along the beams
And guides the sails. The winds contend to stretch the sails
In purple swells, but Venus, who is carved upon
175 The stern, calls south-west winds to blow their gentle breeze.
And now the day draws near on which the fleet would thrust
Itself upon the deeps. The chosen crew, who served
The son of Priam, rushed across the shore in haste—
Such eagerness to leave and sail away! They cried
180 In friendly rivalry and mingled as they ran.
Then Hector soon brings up his troops in tight array,
Exhorts his Trojan friends to cross the deeps, in aid
Of Paris; others ran as well to fill the boats,
Led by Deiphebus; Anchises' son*, the hope
185 Of Venus, lends his aid beside Polydamas
As well. The fleet now stirred the sands and put to sea,
Impelled by sturdy hands and arms. Then at this point
Cassandra left her lair and with a cry revealed
The fates, to Troy's dismay. But cruel Lachesis*
190 Thrust out the ship; she broke the anchors' grasping hold,
And with a blast of air she drove the sails along.
The ravisher is last to join the allied fleet,
Delayed by Priam's frequent fruitless prayers to do
Nothing in haste, to be a humble suppliant:
195 Hesione is all he needs; if they refuse
To give her back, to threaten war. Thus Priam briefs

*i.e. purple

*Aeneas

*i.e. the Fate

Him as he leaves: if he sends word, then Troy will come.

Now scarcely had Cythera come in Paris' sight
When Menelaus* chanced to sail his native seas
200 To visit Nestor, and espied the Trojan ship.
He wondered what it was, whence, where it sailed. Both kings
In wonder fixed their eyes upon each others sails.
Behold how destiny weaves webs to change our lives!
The enemy is here, but Menelaus leaves;
205 Hermione* is in Mycenae, keen to see
Her aunt, and with her Helen's lordly brothers too*.
The other folk had gone to Argos, there to spend
The day in Juno's honour; all the sea was clear,
The land bereft of men. Thus mighty Chance made wide
210 The way for all that was to come, and Venus smiled.
The island slopes in steep incline, with rocks offshore,
To Venus sacrosanct; its lower part lies hid
Within a secret bay; in inlets, sickle-shaped,
It steals the long low waves. Here, with its gentle shore,
215 The Trojans beach their boats. With sacrificial blood
The prince himself anoints Diana's altar, close
At hand, and with his lavish axe he pledges more.
So through Cythera's towns the rumour swiftly spreads
That Paris, Priam's son, has come. The people rush
220 To crowd the port. But fair-faced Helen turns
Her steps towards the shore to see these unknown men.
She walks down to Helea where it meets the sea.
When Paris is aware that Helen stands nearby,
He leaves the ships. Relying on his face and form,
225 He turns this way and that, wherever Helen goes.
With idle, wandering steps he weaves his leisured way;

*Helen's husband

*Helen's daughter

*Clytemnestra, Castor,
Pollux

He gives an eager look and fans the flames they share,
And in a moment captivates and holds her love.
He doesn't run or walk too fast, nor yet too slow.
230 To beauty he adds poise and spreads his shoulders wide.
He lifts his head; with gentle step he toes the sand,
And with admiring eye he fixes Helen fast.
He checks his step; he fears to be suspicious in
Her eyes; he quickly turns his gaze to other things,
235 As though amazed at what he sees. Less brazenly
Does Helen cast a sidelong glance, a smile half-formed;
She'd like to bare her breast and show her cheeks to view,
But modesty restrains and checks her adult urge
To go too far, and, mixed with this, some fear
240 Disturbs her troubled heart. This Paris sees; he burns
And dares, for Love, the lavish promiser, predicts
An easy prey. The signs are good, her will astray:
The eye—the fickle heart's translator, witness clear,
And pander—prattles preludes of the silent wish.
245 As Helen gazes on the evident delights
Of foreign gold and sees the ship with purple sails,
She hesitates, unsure of what to do; she'd yield
Her hands, if asked; she wants to be compelled. The crowd
Denies the youth the right to ask. Great ravisher,
250 Don't rush! She'll give her hand—the hand of gold will win!
Your wealth's more mighty than your words: no need for Cicero
To rise again, when riches speak. But Fortune aids
Your rape herself: the city, wind, and Spartan girl—
Bare, following, inclined—assist your plan. The town
255 Is called Helea. Here the sea in offshore winds
Drives with its rushing waves on nearby homes, and thrusts

Its water in between, and cuts them from the deep.
Here ancient faith, in honour of Latona's kin,
Had built two altars; here the queen commands a night
260 Of merriment in holy vigil. She is first
To seek the temple and to pray with due respect.
The eager Trojan hears, and Venus sanctifies
His bold design; she grants fair outcome to his hopes
And offers more. Without delay he plans to seize
265 The bride, to tear apart the altars, and to win.
Such wanton lust assailed his headstrong mind: he scarce
Could wait for night, the twilight lasts so long; he thought
The sun was jealous and begrudged his happiness.

The rape of Helen

The sun with failing rays had pierced the western waves,
270 And in the open sea the sailor seeks the dawn
Of stars. Earth, sea, and sky and all on high fall still,
As god withdraws; they cease their roar and silence reigns
Around. All things relax and nod in restful sleep,
But Paris, by the aid of night, is keen to act.
275 He won't delay the gods, but follows Venus, first
To hasten armed assault against the peaceful dance
And undefended crowd, and savagely assails
The playful shrines. Don't sacred marriage or the code
Of guest restrain you, stranger, or the vengeful god,
280 Protector of the right? But heedless Venus scorns
Such cares: with no regard for shame, she hurls herself
To pleasure—and to sin. The Trojan grabs the girl
From Sparta—she holds out her hands, with happy face—

Or rather, she grabs him! Take pleasure in your spoils,
285 Despoiler, but regard the gods! Your hardships done,
You leave. As profit for your mother you bring death
And flames she'd rather not have borne*. Alas, doomed man, *Hecuba's dream
You know not of the deaths and tumults that you bring
In fleeing fleet. And you, more foul than Lerna's marsh,
290 More blazing than Chimera's fire, less certain than
A cloudless day, you, Helen, leave your marriage bed,
Again to be sought out by spouse so often spurned,
And flee—but never raped. Now come, Charybdis! Scylla,
Come! Come, Syrtes' shoal and all the savage storms
295 That seas contain! Let all the waves converge on here
And strike these seas, and with avenging wind dissolve
Their first embrace in ocean's depth! Swift penalty
Averts disaster if it halts forbidden crime.

The silent night, its rest disturbed by dire affray,
300 Not knowing what was wrong, heard voices of alarm:
Armed citizens, their ears alert to whence the cries
And uproar come, investigate their native shrines.
They hear crushed lyres shriek, they see the wine spilled out,
The broken cups, the torches now deprived of light,
305 The lamps with broken glass that weep with dripping oil.
They wonder what disaster caused their joyful rites
To fall in silence, what new sudden cause disturbed
Their holy dance. They notice other fights on shore,
The uproar on the sea. "Where, faithless pimp, a guest
310 That shames his host, do you now flee? Is this fair fee,
Despoiler of the royal bed?" Aroused at this,
The nobles call for arms, and with the remnant folk
Attack the Trojans, who don't cease to spread their sails

315 And speed their flight, since they disdain to join their hands
In war with such as these—no feeble fight for them!
Yet pride provokes the boastful troop to lay their hands
On what they've caught, each one prepares to show his own
Proud prize of war, some citizen or captured maid.

The return of Paris

320 Now having earned the wreath of Venus' crown to bind
His victor's brow, the ravisher makes Tenedos*,
And comforts Helen, now more fearful and at last
Nostalgic for her land. The soft seducer, skilled
In fixing fleeting women's favour with his vows
And soothing feigned alarms, heaps up before her mind
325 Fine scents, great floods of gold, and ivory and silks.
The wealth of all the world, the bright and cheerful gifts
Of air and sea, the fertile bounty of the land—
With these he bought her easy bed, won entry to
Her arms, and gained her faith. Now Helen's kiss is real,
330 And she grants many more. With all her heart
She opens up her loins; with eager mouth she steals
His dormant love, and as their passion pants its gasp
A guilty redness witnesses her secret dews.
For shame, foul whore! Could you allow delays for such
335 Desires? Was pleasure put on hold to wait upon
A purchaser? What power of the tender sex,
That woman should for gain withhold her headstrong love,
Nor deign to laugh or show delight except for hire!

*an island close to Troy.

340 The news delights the Trojans. Priam's face is calm
And bright; his gloom, his sick and grieving mind, begin

To feel his wrinkles disappear; the winter slowly
Leaves his mind. The king (his wish the augur) hopes
For Hesione's return, if Greece gets Helen back.

Not yet had Paris touched the Trojan sands and left
345 The port; his way was blocked by joyful crowds that lied
Of well-earned victories. Some, borne on splendid carts,
Enjoy a lofty ride; the rest (who fear no fall)
Weave footsteps on the way with less exalted tread,
Content to use their feet. How keen they were for news!
350 The people, panting, run to see the Grecian bride,
Oblivious of work or children or their trade—
No thought of profit, but to see the pleasing prize!
And those whom lowly nature meanly grudged long necks
Or upright backs, must either lie aloft upon
355 High roofs or, with stiff heels, wear out their limbs and strain
Their joints and stretch their humble stature to the sky.
Report of Helen's famous looks thus stirred the folk
To gaze upon her face. With modesty she bears
Herself—no sidelong looks, but to the cheering crowds
360 She held her shamelessness in check and with a blush
Subdued her blazing cheeks.

The prophecy of Cassandra

But when the royal seer,
Cassandra, learned for sure that Paris had returned
And brought the Spartan bride, the deadly sign of doom,
She fled, lamenting, to the shrine, and there she kissed
365 The talking boughs. She called on god, and not in vain,
Returning full of fate. God's wrath, wrung out, is clear

Upon her face, and all his raging power distorts
Her feeble limbs. She whirled her neck around; her hair
Fell on her shoulders, loose; her eyes flashed sparks of fire;
370 Her face was discomposed—at first more blue than glass,
Then brighter than a flame, then paler than the box.
With such a frenzied face she thrust herself among
The princes; drunk, she barely stopped her failing steps,
And seeing Helen there she shrieked: “Are you that cow
375 That entered meadows new and, in immoral flight,
Left your ancestral stall, the bull that was your mate,
And, as they say, now wantonly seek husbands here?
Go, men! God bids you, go! With fire and sea destroy
My mother’s dreamed-of flames, lest what I’ve sung come true—
380 Dire death!” And with this brief lament she took her rest:
Her long and drawn-out sighs released and freed the god.
At this the joy of revellers was checked; their cheers
Died down. O would that they had listened to their seer’s
Command! But reverence for Priam overcame
385 Their stirring wrath: Cassandra, wrongly, was enchained.
The king soothed Helen, gently calmed her sighs, as she
Bemoaned this sudden slight: the “furies” seized the seer,
He said; her “voices” were too quick with foul abuse;
Her head was quite unsound, and she was prone to fits.
390 Without delay the palace glowed with grand display,
Decked-out by king’s decree; divine Adultery
Lit flames of shame. Far better had deep gloom submerged
That foul affair! A sacred name can’t palliate
Immoral deeds. Gold leaf may cover rottenness,
395 Lamb’s fleece a wolf, and linen cloth a pus-filled sore,
But fame uncovers every fraud. One woman can’t

Belong to two, for her first vows require her faith:

She cannot be another's wife but just his whore.

Preparation of the Greeks for war

Now meanwhile, through the Grecian world, swift sorrow spreads;

400

It shakes the lands endowed with Europe's name with talk

Of arms and war. In one affliction all are harmed.

Some insult to a king may stir the people's wrath,

Or envy may bring battles through the realm, or each

May take as his own grievance what he fears perhaps

405

Might happen to himself, and what he would lament

Or fear himself, each one deploras. Thus all agree

With one accord to cut short such outrageous crimes

And save the marriage-bed by fear. The people rush

And wait for no command: a zeal to fight is born

410

Among the dull; the brave are keener still. The crowd

Calls "War!" To offer comfort to the stricken home

The famous princes haste, some from the cape of Malea,

And some from Thessaly, and from all over Greece.

Should I recount (since faithful witness tells the lists)

415

In order true the vengeful forces of the Greeks,

The places, kings, how many ships, and who, wore out

The sea? I know that such a list robs Muses of

Their praise and causes tender ears to take offence.

Yet, if my listeners aren't bored, I'd like, in brief,

420

To list a few and mark with number's seal the boats

That pledged their aid. Twice one set off to war,

One thousand and two hundred more; from everywhere

They gather in Apollo's sea, in Cecrops' bay*.

*Athens

425 To Athens come the troops and arms; from here the fleet
Intends to sail to war, for so the high command
Ordains, and all the leaders signify assent.

The sinking of Castor and Pollux

But when the Trojans' deeds were known and reached the twins
Of Leda, both cried out and both were roused with grief,
And both shook in their rage. No angry lions grieve
430 Like this in plundered lairs, no eagle so laments
The unexpected silence of its voiceless nest.
Without delay the twins set forth from Lesbos' port.
Their spirits boil; their anger, newly roused, waits not
For cooler thought; they did not wait for followers.
435 In pious memory they sailed, and Castor sought
The deeps; his very ship yearned for the sands of Troy
To bring destruction there. Dark night stood in the way,
Protecting Troy; the anger of the arm-filled sky
Rings out and with a double blast assails their sails.
440 O piety! No other virtue comes so close
To God! O gentle brightness of fraternal love!
Just one discordant sentiment divides the twins:
They have opposing fears, since each one dreads the other's
Death. For then the sea falls down upon the deck,
445 And so the ship is overwhelmed and starts to sink.
They strive in rivalry to meet the ocean's waves
Head first, and each of them cries out: "Direct at me
Your threats, dread Thetis, savage Triton, aim at me
Your blows and hurl your storm at me, but save, I beg,
450 My brother, please spare him!" At this the south wind blows

More fiercely stilt, and for the ship all hope is lost.
The sons of Leda link their arms around their necks
And, just as they were born, they share their fate in death.

455 Cease, deadly licence of antiquity! Invent
No more immoral gods, for heaven's won by real
Good life, not lying tales. Those whom unseeing storm
Sank in the ocean's depths, you raise up to the skies
And place beside great Jove. Those brought to dust by fire
Or shattered on the rocks, you falsely claim have reached
460 The stars, cajoling heathen prayers and offerings.
Greek fable grants the skies to twins drowned by the storm;
As Castor falls they say that Pollux climbs on high,
And so restores the loss the other's death has caused.
But fierce Atropos denied divinity
465 And trapped them in the snare that binds both weak and strong,
Both innocent and guilty, commoners and kings.
Lesbos alone claimed Leda's loving sons were saved
From death, and said the twins were seized and never found
Amid the wreck of Troy or in the ocean's waves;
470 They held that they were gods; though spurned by fruitless faith,
They swelled towns, altars, shrines, with gods and scent and stone—
Just like the foolish British hope and trusting faith
That waits for Arthur to return—and always will!

End of Book III

Joseph of Exeter
THE YLIAS OF DARES PHRYGIUS
Book IV

When martial Fame throughout the towns of Phrygia
Spread news of war, the eastern lands, dismayed
By this new threat, joined forces fearfully, allied
In arms. Thus Mars aroused the hosts on Priam's side.
5 First Amphion from Zelia lent Troy his aid
And followers, and Pandarus his friendly bow;
Adrastus seized his sword to help, and Colophon,
His host, equipped Amphinachus. With Sarpedon
His friend, to combat Glaucus led his Lycians.
10 Fierce Thracians follow Xanthippus, and Memnon leads
The Moors, Phorcys Paeons, Remus Ciconians.
Euphemus, Capesus, and many whose full names
Would take too long to list contend to swell the ranks;
Each strives to pass the rest in numbers or in might.
15 The Ganges Arabs sends, Orontes Syrians,
The Danube Scythians—its double banks adjoin
The two-fold world—and sends to war both denizens
Beneath two lords. To battle go whatever folk
Are bred at daylight's edge, where day begins and where
20 The sun is born; the folk of Asia's wide expanse,
Enclosed by Hermus' stream and Taurus' mountain range,
All come to lend support to Troy and Ilium.
In all this uproar and the mighty strength of kings
In rivalry, great Troy equips its fighting youth

25 With even more acclaim; none hopes to win first rank,
 Since native strength and Trojan arms soar up above
 The rest. In all the host the first was Troilus
 And Hector, full of fire. In war their strength was matched
 As storms above the crowd. They strive to win the crown;
30 Their reputations shift with alternating fame.
 The other Trojan brothers also shine in war;
 Each one, beneath his lord, excels in his own feats:
 All swear that they, as Priam's sons, will Hectors be;
 As many sons of Troy claim Troilus as peer.

Description of the leaders

35 Would that I could recall the mind of each, his face,
 The splendour of his limbs, the vigour that inspired
 His breast, and that the power of my words could bring
 To life those faces—that those kings, though lost to sight,
 Could live in spirit, with the pen to tell the tale!
40 As, to the gaze of crowds, a wordless picture shows
 Those buried long ago, so written page portrays
 The lords: one speaks to eyes, the other to the ears.

Priam

 King Priam's ruddy head rose from a lofty neck,
 His shoulders spreading wide; straight limbs defined his frame.
45 His royal dignity informed his fearsome cheeks
 With kindly fierceness. His voice, that showed his calm,
 Spoke not a word of pride or gloom: he seemed to plead
 As he gave gentle soft commands to willing ears.

Hector

50 Within a slender frame there thrives the noble heart
Of Hector; curling hair gleams bright with crinkled locks,
Enclosing tiny head. A stammer stole his words,
Cut short in pleasing style. Brisk limbs he had; his mind
Was placid to the citizens. Some hair adorns
His gentle face. A sidelong glance diverts his eyes
55 To different ways, and thus a downcast look deforms
His steadfast countenance and makes it seem quite sad.

Helenus and Deiphebus

Alike in face, they share their father's mouth and cheeks;
The twin-born sons of Priam eagerly divide
Their worship of Minerva, each in arms or arts:
60 Mars guides Deiphebus, Apollo Helenus.

Troilus

The limbs of Troilus expand and fill his space.
In mind a giant, though a boy in years, he yields
To none in daring deeds; with strength in all his parts
His greater glory shines throughout his countenance.

Paris

65 Desirous of command, firm shoulders spread out wide,
With star-like gleam comes youthful Paris, calm in face,
Soft-spoken, swift of foot, and strenuous in arms,
With flaxen hair, and, to enhance his lofty brow,
His hair was cut above his cheeks, above around
70 The temples, lest the shock of hair should stray and mar
His grace; his ears held back his hair on either side.

Aeneas

With menace in his hair, calm-faced, serene in speech
And easy in his words, attractive with black eyes,
Pious in counsel, balanced in his stance,
75 Aeneas stands, his shoulders spread, his gaze on high.

Antenor

Now Antenor was tall, with slender frame; his calf
Was tight, his movement light, and of his comrades none
Was quicker to detect a trap—or set his own.

Hecuba

80 A royal beauty burns in Hecuba, endowed
With lofty mien; her shape, unworn by frequent births,
Reveals no shrivelled defects of the pregnant womb.
Her victor's mind gives no command that's weak or soft;
Towards the guilty fierce, but to the gentle kind
And meek; to those oppressed she's mild and fair to all.

Andromache

85 Andromache's adorned by form, grace, piety,
Sense, modesty—erect in bearing, calm, of face.

Cassandra

Restrained in movement, well aware of what's to come,
Smooth-cheeked, Cassandra, with her dreaded shock of hair
Betrays the shade of blood; with glaring eyes she raves.

Polyxena

90 Of Trojan women Polyxena far outshines
The rest in looks: her milk-white limbs earn special praise
For her alone—her pleasant smiling eyes, her tall
Fine frame, supported on a slender foot, her knee
That balances her steps with upright poise and stance.

95 No ivory can match her limbs, nor lilies match
Her lofty neck, no peacock's tail her gleaming hair,
Yet she is humble, simple, easy, lacking pride,
Unfeigned, and never grudging help to those that ask.

Agamemnon

A martial glory graces Agamemnon: limbs
100 Both broad and tall declare his strength, and from his face
Shines power; his armed form proclaims him as a king.
Fair virtue, rich nobility, wise eloquence—
These three, with glowing hair, adorn his manly frame.

Menelaus

A pleasing shape, supported by a modest build,
105 Make Menelaus fair; his mind subdues the vice
That red hair brings. His deeds belie his lying locks.
Welcomed by friends, he pleases those that earn his grace.

Achilles

Achilles—bold, kind, generous—is Phoebus' match
In face, a Mars in courage, Peleus in build.
110 His torso spreads out wide; his chestnut hair is curled
In narrow coils; his noble head of hair falls down
Upon his arms; his knee supports a lofty stride.

Patroclus

Actorides, with open merry face, fair-limbed
And soft in speech, had but three aims: to help with gifts,
115 Be true unto himself, and he of use to all.

Ajax Oileus

A voice marked out by gentle jokes, a lofty mind,
Broad limbs, enrich the frame of Ajax Oileus.

Ajax Telamonius

Dark hair, bound up in easy plait, adorned the head
Of Ajax son of Telamon; his voice was calm
120 And soft; his mind was slow in guile but keen in war.

Ulysses

The merry prince of Ithaca was somewhat low
In build; he weighed his counsel carefully, was sharp
In setting traps and skilled in snaring with his speech.

Diomedes

Diomedes, with headstrong mind, fierce-voiced, with brain
125 On fire, and fearless wrath, was sturdy and square-framed.
By daring deeds he earned his name as Tydeus' son,
For so he raged with spirit, savage face, and arms.

Nestor

Wise Nestor was renowned for prudence, moral guide,
For trust and balanced counsel, and for sage largesse.
130 His shining snowy hairs were spread across his back;
His nose was flat and somewhat curved, but just too short.

Protesilaus

Phyllace's youth had glowing cheeks and shining hair
More swift than bird, more fierce than wind from Scythia.
No heights too high—his spirit far outstrips his strength;
135 He thinks no task too hard or harsh, and dares his all.

Pyrrhus

The face proclaims the man: a haughty neck supports

A fearsome face; with proud disdain does Pyrrhus scorn
To catch his comrades' eyes. His mighty limbs, clear eyes,
And outthrust stomach all declare ferocity.

140 His voice is weak in weaving words: his halting tongue
Can scarcely form his stammer into feeble sounds.

Palamedes

The son of Nauplius is tall and slim and mild;
Wise honesty of mind directs a gallant heart.

Polidarius

145 Ascending into pride but slumped in folds of fat,
His shoulders Polidarius enshrouds with curls.

Machaon

Machaon's hair appears to heed his will. He shows
Compliant patience, cautious strength, and clemency.

Merion

150 His wicked nature thrusts Merion down,
Girt round with goads of envy, tired out by cares
That rob his sleep. A mass of flesh heaps up in piles
Of greasy limbs. The fury of his mind boils up
Into his head and over all. His livid breast
Is scorched with bloody spots. His cheek is green to match
A snake's, but signifying worse. His flaming hair
155 Bears witness to the raging furies of his mind.

Briseis

Of middle height, Briseis frames her noble looks
For love. The yellow of her hair is coiled in knots
Of equal size. Her eyes support a lesser shade's
Delights, the linking of her eyebrows' double arcs.

160 Her moral worth is equal to her body's charms:
She's sober, simple, friendly, chaste, and never cold
But kind to those that ask, and gentle in her speech.
Castor and Pollux
There's nothing two-fold in Tyndaris' twins: one grace
Of face adorns them both, and each has yellow hair;
165 The same wide eye brings out in both a merry look.
Like gait directs their limbs; like movements link their hearts
In harmony; face, eyes, and habits breathe as one.
Their names alone, with varied marks, presume to set
The pair apart, but countenance resists: mistakes
170 Mislead the hesitant, defying verbal split,
And cause the one to be addressed by other's name.
Helen
That famous Spartan girl is like her sibling twins
In face and hair and cheeks; their equal grace of form
Proclaims their common stock. But Helen, Leda's child,
175 Imbibes more fully from the star of Jove: her limbs
Declare the milky fraud that came from mother's swan.
Her forehead rivals ivory; her head has gold
For hair, with even locks; her cheek like linen glows;
Her hand, teeth, neck, match privet, snow and lily-flower.
180 The curving crescent of her ear, her watchful gaze,
And nose that seeks to catch the vagrant scent, all vie
To win the shifting triumph of her beauty's prize.
Her slightly tilting chin shines white; her pouting mouth
Swells just a little, so it forms a rosy mound,
185 That kisses may rest gently as they press her lips.

From head, her shoulders spread; tight bosom hides her breasts.
Her flanks are neat and light, her arms are long.
Her tiny foot (its step just barely touches ground)
Supports a wanton walk: with elegance and poise
190 Her shapely legs control her limbs in flowing grace.
One blemish runs between her slender brows: a gap,
A daring flaw, distinguishes those fine-drawn arcs.
Her inner nature, too, more secretly adorns
Her wondrous hidden parts, the rooms that give her life,
195 Directing all her town. First mover is her heart,
Which guides the balanced work; the speaking lung controls
The voices of her tongue; her spleen, with slight release,
Lets out her laugh; her bile is burned quite evenly
With easy wrath. But tender liver-itch provokes
200 Her lust more softly than is right; it drowns the name
She earned, pollutes the glory of her love.
No greedy bird or falling stone or turning wheel
Or lying wave* could out-perform this monstrous power.
When lust lies dead, worn out and buried, lacking force,
205 The ancient sparks revive within the new-grown lobes.
Thus this one part swamps all of Helen, and incites
The world itself to doom and death, as kingdoms clash.

*The torments of
Tityus, Sisyphus,
Ixion and Tantalus

The Greek expedition

The Grecian ships, with gathered strength, now filled the ports
Of Athens: there the land denied the men a space,
210 And air and sea could not contain the sails and ships.
Then war at last demands its right to run the course
That is allowed and bid. Yet still Achilles then,
Patroclus too, were sent to beg the Delphic fates
And call Apollo to reveal their destiny.
215 Such trusting faith! To think that those impelled headlong
To battle, brooking no delay, should willingly
Slow down, their vows at rest, to seek the oracles!
Grief sets aside its sighs and boastfulness its prize;
Wrath stills its threats: the troops suspend the war and pause,
220 And Mars himself awaits the talking cave's consent.
O trusting night of heathen worrying, deceived
In varied ways! Should I deplore Egyptian seers
With laughter, tears, or both? Vain superstition clothes
The fields and lurks beneath the bark of trees; it grows
225 In gardens, creeps on land, or sometimes cleaves the air.
Yet their responses often err, as does that wind
That wretched souls implore, presuming, by fair name,
To call it 'god'. But he whom all the world accepts
As maker does not moo in caves! That noxious old
230 Credulity has spread to our own times and mars
Our faith. As once the Balearic seer marked out
His pagan birds, distinguishing by voice or wing
Or different taste, deriving omens of the fates,

235 So now old women see ill fortune in a sleep
That smiles, fear ruin in an empty mouth; by beat
Of raven's wing or tell-tale ear foretell the crowds
Of coming guests, or prophesy which ones will come again.
Now fortune often brings the things that we've long sought,
And so the watchful devil traps the trusting minds
240 And lures them deeper into foolish heresy.
Far better, lest pure minds fall easily in sin,
To know no auguries and let the ancient rites
Be lost to memory! The Greeks adhere to these
Decrees, imploring Delphic oracles with all
245 Their will. Achilles first, the servants next, approach
The altar. Then at last does venal Phoebus grant
These words (words bought by solemn gifts) to Grecian ears:

The oracle of Phoebus on the attainment of victory

“Avenging Greeks, you win! The heavy task of war
Will last two fives of years; you conquer in the tenth.”
250 Aroused by destiny, Achilles shares with all
His friends the tripod's secret words. Then Calchas comes,
And meets him in the middle of the cave, and shows
That gods and fates concur in what they prophesy.
He'd come to seek the oracles for his own land
255 And realm, and from the shrine the same divinity
Spoke thus: “O seer, most pleasing to the gods, your quest
Is not in vain. Your furrows will enjoy a clime
Less fierce, and Sirius, the star of yearly drought

And dearth, will fall: your fields will yield fat splendid crops!
260 Brook no delay: you're called to war. Seek Cecrops' town*, *Athens
Assemble venging troops. You'll have no match in war,
And outdo Mopsus' eyes and pass old Nestor's wit.
Late victory, one won by cruel deaths of men,
Will crown the Greeks with glory after ten long years.”
265 Achilles then and Calchas gladly join right hands
In firm alliance. Each is highly born, and each
Enjoys the rank of king. Achilles' love of war
Is greater; Calchas is more calm and seeks to trace
The gods in entrails and to know the heaven's course.
270 Sworn faith unites these men; a third love joins the first
Alliance: Patroclus does not begrudge a share
In friendship, but more gladly pulled across the sea
And brought the ship back home, with Calchas at his side.
When news of hopeful oracles is spread through camps
275 And town and fleet and known for sure, then all delight
In war: to win seems sweet to all, too long the wait
For war. Knights fit the ships with arms, the crew raise sails
And citizens bring food. The few whose coward hearts,
Ignoble mind, dull spirit, tell them to ignore
280 Great victories, and sink them in a dark malaise,
These either fear the fight or curse the loss of time
A ten-year war would bring, too long for victory,
For many mishaps fall and none can dodge the fight,
And few will win a palm but many will shed blood.
285 Yet even these are swayed by reverence for kings
And by a nearness that extends a kindred mood.

Thus feigned audacity of face conceals dull minds;
A braggart threat and shout froth out in daring deeds.
They quickly take to ship; with open hand some spread
290 The sails; some bend their necks and toil to drag the boats
Into the waves; some, with their might, build oaken paths
Across the thwarts, and others loose the bonds that bind
The biting anchor; thus they loose and launch the ships.
Then suddenly a brisk south wind, that pours the clouds,
295 Disturbed them as they left, and night, drunk on the draughts
Of pouring rain, soaked sails, the crew, and boats with clouds
Of moisture, making even captains doubt their skill.
The fleet can't see the sea, and stray; the wind denies
The wonted exit; flapping sails assault the boats
300 Amidships, striking with repeated blasts of wind.
When Calchas from the prow first saw the storm arise
And how the leaders strove in vain, with prophet's voice
He said that they should heed the gods and yield to hostile
Winds and start from Aulis on their warlike course.
305 The Greeks obey and follow prophet and the winds'
Desire. They turn their prows to Aulis, seeking peace
On altars from Diana, mountain-dwelling god,
And burn their incense lavishly to speed their way.
Then instantly the drunken Iris' angry bow
310 Adopts a bright blue hue; pure clarity of sky
Returns and smiles; now Juno's washed quite clean and earns
Her Jove, and with a merry face consoles the clouds
That weep. The south wind's banished, and a gentle breeze
Allows a way: the fleet now seeks a stronger wind.

315 So with the winds set fair by gods' decree, the ships
 In multitudes descend into Euboean waves
 To eat the straits; they gasp to see the mighty deep
 Go past beneath their prows. The sailors lock their oars,
 Endeavour to be first and strike the air as one.

320 Thus Xerxes' Athos marvelled at the double shades
 And decked the unknown sea with sails; so Orpheus,
 So strong in voice, the woods pursued your tuneful lyre
 And clothed the fields of Thracia in their wide embrace.
 While they were out at sea, and surging of the waves

325 Was calmed and gave a carefree time and chance to talk,
 In Jason's sea the leader Philoctetes spoke:
 "We suffered on these shoals; these waves delayed our path;
 These rocks of Cyane we braved, when we pursued
 The Golden Fleece; the Lemnians live here, and here

330 The Thracians, . . . Paros . . . Naxos . . ." —all they asked he told
 Unfolding, as he saw the traces of his former trip
 And Jason's route. He lectures them on what they must
 Endure or shun.

 At last on hostile sand they glide

335 Ashore, and with their savage clamour scorch the air,
 And with their angry oars they angrily assault the beach.
 Their uproar quickly spread throughout the camps and fields.
 They plundered shoreline wealth and houses by the sea
 That, ill-protected, lay in Trojan king's domain.
 Then, having piled up booty and a wealth of spoils,

340 They devastated humble homes with fierce flames,
 And then went back to ships and gladly saw the sparks

That they had made spread through the sails across the sea.
First Tenedos endured the soldiers' cruel wrath,
Lamenting not just flames or stolen hoards of coin
345 But, utterly consumed by savage swords, it groaned
At its own death. Young boys, old men, and youths extend
Their throats—bare, tremulous, or bearded—to the sword.
Here Greeks, the uproar stilled, decide to wait some word
From Troy's great lord. Diomedes of Calidon,
350 With Ulysses, was chosen legate by the lords
To bear their message and, beneath a truce, demand
Return of Spartan spoils, Greek wealth—and stolen girl.

How Achilles conquered Mysia and killed Teuthras

Meanwhile, Achilles' mind and warlike rage, that can't
Endure to rest, arouse his spirit to attempt
355 Some enterprise, rebuking his right hand for sloth.
His match in zeal, desiring fame's acclaim, his strength
Allied, went Telephus intent on plundering
Mysian lands. The river Caicus dreads the wars
To come; its native swan laments, its song is hoarse
360 And droops; its Naiads are afraid, don't dare to see
The foreign foe, and seek beneath the waves some place
That's safe to hide; the cattle cease their frolicking,
Take less delight in flowers, in river, and in shade,
Since fierce Achilles stirs the cities, streams, and fields
365 Of pasture. All is seized, the sweet, the useful, or
The tools of war or all that gives delight in peace.

The farmers flee; the fields lament the tilling ox
And work cut short; the sheepfolds wonder that the flock
Has gone. Wherever anger drives the roaming foe,
370 Camps, huts, ploughed fields and woods Achilles' presence show.
But Teuthras, when he saw the war was growing fast
And grieved that civic wealth and rural gods should now
Be seized as loot, collected arms, aroused the troops,
And went to meet the enemy with all his strength.
375 Achilles, glad to see new victories and fame,
Assembled all his men distracted by their loot
And to his words he added scornful laughter: "Stand,"
He cried, "their saviour comes!" He said no more, but rode
More fiercely than a storm into opposing foes;
380 He mowed them with his sword, and in his first assault
His horse laid low and crushed the ranks. Astoundingly
They fled from him alone. Like this, a house consumed
By three-forked blast is stricken; only part feels heaven's
Wrath, but terror spreads the blasts on all around.
385 Just so the Asians flee in terror from the rage
Of his fierce hand. Achilles first espied the tracks
Of Teuthras' fleeing car; its view was clear
Since gleaming bronze betrayed his futile hiding-place.
The vain display of wealth is often dangerous:
390 Flight saves the pauper from his fate, but by his gold
The prince is known; afraid, he bears rich risks to life,
And when he would lie hid, he dies. Achilles' spear
Had nearly drawn the other's blood, his sword now first
Was warm, when Telephus repelled a second blow

395 By outthrust shield, and dodged Achilles' useless hand.
Shame mixed with anger at his futile thrust enraged
Achilles. So he snarled and turned his blazing eyes:
"Did you," he cried, "dare thwart my effort and annul
My threats?" He would have hurled his spear at Telephus,
400 But Telephus, with timid voice, exclaimed: "Alas,
Have mercy, bravest of the Myrmidons; may God
Avert such shame! Will you, of all, strike someone twice?
It should suffice that one who has Achilles for a foe
Should fall but once: whoever feels your bolts requires
405 No second death! What need have you for such fierce threats?
I'm not his shield—though he deserved it, since you know
How Diomedes'* horses raged and roared; that wicked king's
Enclosures, sated long by human deaths, collapsed
Beneath the hand of Hercules; the tyrant dead,
410 A safe return was granted Teuthras to his home
From many wars and battles with the cruel steeds.
Myself, the son of victor Hercules, I'm glad
I came to Mysia as guest to kindly home
And gratefully recall. But what he did with me,
415 My father's friend, would take too long. So thus I cared
To save him when he fell and turn the sword he feared.
Alas, I came too late. But if a warlike hand
Drives great Achilles to torment unfeeling limbs,
And if new fury tells his ready mind to bear
420 No thing beyond his will or this side of his might,
I yield, and give these frozen limbs and guts to be
Ground down beneath triumphant wheels." With this he raised

*a Thracian king
killed by Hercules

His shield, though fearful, and revealed the king who mourned
His end: his blood runs cold, his face grows pale, his breath
425 Is struggling. At last Achilles' heart is moved
And sees his hand. So clemency, too late, checks rage
In many: sated by the final penalty
It sets aside its savage wrath, but wins no praise.
But Teuthras, when he feels the savage wounds take hold
430 Within his weakened guts and threaten certain death,
Said, "Telephus, take Mysia: my royal rank
Needs you—no heir is closer or more fit to rule.
When Thracian king* pressed hard, your father Hercules
Preserved me from the now tame steeds and guaranteed
435 A quiet reign, exchanging years of war for peace.
For this I grant to you my realm, which false fate's wrath
Denied and stole from me. May kinder star keep you
A happy king till you are old, in later days,
Right to the end!" With this, cold Atropos* creeps up
440 Throughout his tired lips; his troubled eyes grow stiff,
His senses weaken, and, deprived of vital warmth,
His limbs feel deadly cold; his mind is free at last
And flees, returning to his home among the stars.

When Telephus beholds the eyes that lack the blood
445 Of life, he pours his tears upon the grievous wounds
And builds a noble pile. Whatever soothes by smell
Or binds with strength the nerves and holds the fluid limbs
Is heaped up on the mound. His hand confines the gaping wound
The blow had dealt; tight bands restrain the flow of blood
450 And block its course, forbidding it to run away.

Description of Teuthras' tomb

A royal monument was raised to hold the king,
Inscribed with vivid forms. Six pillars held its weight;
With amber gleamed its base; its architrave shone bright
With gold; its steeple glistened white with ivory.
455 Apart from these, flint, clothed in jasper, would receive
Those venerable limbs. Gems, born in India's
Rich sandy shores, and gold produced in Hermus' stream
Find life in varied forms; the beauty of the work
Vies with the rich material. The noble deeds
460 Of Teuthras here were shown by art; the lofty tomb
And sculpture here displayed and showed the total king.
The first scene, bronze, displays him crying at his birth
Wrapped up in purple bands; his cradle's honour grows;
His nurse and mother fearfully stand round and soothe
465 His tender tears, each offering her breast in turn.
His next age eagerly pursues its merry sports
And tires itself with tossing balls or chasing hoops
Or with the bow—so lifelike you could see its tips
Come close and hear the arrow as it left the string.
470 The third scene girds the man and tells the early start
Of noble king; a royal diadem ignites
His splendid hair; he sits on high upon a throne
Of ivory; his hand is graced by sceptre's gleam.
His face is shown new-bearded, as he wisely guides
475 His kingdom's rule, sometimes in peace, sometimes in war;

As changing circumstances need, he modifies
His martial roar for war, his leisured style for peace.

480 The final scene extends towards old age and brings
Grey hairs; his face is furrowed here and there with lines
That witness to his later days. Far off his death, when he
Will leave this life: for Clotho*, still untired, extends
The thread of life. But Erinys*, a greater power,
Propels the king by fate.

*the second Fate

*a Fury

485 The next bronze shows the three
Suspended: grim Achilles, Telephus who pleads,
And lifeless Teuthras. You could see his checks and face
Grow pale; the gold appeared to die. His noble blood spurts out
Into the air. The floorboards dripped with flowing red.
Above, succinctly phrased, a couplet summarized
The fates of Teuthras: kingly rank, his killer's name,
490 His death, the cause. All these were stated in the verse:
"Lord Teuthras, glory of Mysia's fields, defence
Of ancient realm, felt death beneath Achilles' sword."

495 When faithful band had mourned the royal tomb with dark
Renown, and with sad voice had stilled the grieving cries
And said at last "Farewell", Achilles led his troops
Away, and Telephus reluctantly was left
To rule the friendly cities and the allied lands.
Himself, he'd rather fight in war than be at rest
In peace, preferring risk of life in hope of palm
500 Of victory. Mysians, robbed of much-loved king,
With grieving pleas, prevailed on him to take the king's
Protective role and task imposed. Achilles then,

Far-sighted, urged him to remain and tend his lands,
To plough the fields, and bring forth crops, and then to send
505 The harvest to support their allied friends at Troy:
Thus they will share the victory, when for the war
He gives the food, and they the men.

Achilles then

In haste rejoins the Greeks, but Ulysses came first
And brought back war, reporting that their proffered peace
510 Had been refused. The Greeks, dismayed, are full of wrath;
They call for war, regret that they'd delayed and stretched
The olive branch. Now Rage is free for war and slips
The reins. Bellona* urges those that wish to fight,
Mars drives the hesitant. A mighty roar resounds,
515 The index of a raging mind; they seize their arms,
The arms crash loud, and horns and trumpets swell the din
And call on 'Echo', with their sounds that send replies.
The Grecian fleet would then have sailed into the ports
Of Troy without their leader's word, but falling night
520 Brings damaging delays. The sun is lulled to sleep
By weary day, and Atlas' steaming western shores
Receive beneath the waves the tired Titan's rays.

*goddess of war

End of Book IV

Joseph of Exeter
THE YLIAS OF DARES PHRYGIUS
Book V

The beginning of the war

Diana now propelled on high her steeds of night
And reached the sky's mid-point, and disarmed rest gave hope
In deepest sleep of easy port to those about
To sail—a time for guile. The king plans for the Greeks
5 A night assault. The sea is not disturbed by stroke
Of oars; no voice is heard. The boat steals on its way
And ploughs the quiet ways, commanded to be still
Beneath the silent oar. Thus Fortune, by light loss,
You give the Greeks a chance to gain a victory
10 With no great harm, but Nauplius' warlike son* was shamed, *Palamedes
Rejecting stealthiness and surreptitious theft.
He last of all, with thirty ships, came in the wake
Of other chiefs. A burning fever long delayed
Euboea's force; he claimed that he, afflicted by
15 Disease, had come as soon as he was well again.
His face supports his words: his pallor testifies
To dire disease; his tale, with face as testament,
Commands belief. But now, unbroken by his pain,
His healthy mind stirs feeble limbs and failing nerves,
20 And now exhorts the Greeks to wage an open war.
Their courage is inspired to daring wrath, and these
Refuse to win by tricks. By self-esteem each man

Is stung: the archers, swordsmen, those who fight on foot
Or chariot or ship, are keen to win renown
25 And recognition: hands that strike require someone
To see. If they should do some noble deed, they'd be
Ashamed if it were hidden. Thus, the warlike youth
Adhere to this new change of mind; they won't endure
Long sleep; they spend the night on watch in wakefulness,
30 Not even dozing off a while. Each one incites
The next. Some exercise their shoulders for the fight
And march; the greater part put on a martial face;
Some wear a coat of brazen mail that hides their shape
Right to their feet. At last the order comes, and all
35 Are armed—their head with helm, their breast with shielding plate,
Their flank with sword, their back with quivers, staff in hand.
Thus girt, the host can scarcely wait for morn and shout
At dawn's delay. They curse the wasted night and your
Love-play, Tithonus*, when the herald of the dawn,
40 Aurora, stays in cold embrace and fruitless love.
You'd think their prayers had force: a swifter breath revolves
The starry sphere; an impulse strikes the deafened ears
With tunes that never could be heard*, and speeds along
45 The course of Phoebus. Then the Greeks and Atreus' son,
King Agamemnon, Argive prince, became aware
That day was close. He quickly put his ships in rank;
He kept the smaller boats of shorter sail inside
The waves; the turreted and powerful at sea
And keen for war he sets to face the first assault.
50 When fear, that steals the mind, unnerved and shook his troops,

*Aurora's husband

*the music of the spheres

Since war was close, inflicting horror on their hearts,
The king began to speak and with his words to steel
Their wrath, confirm their hope, and strengthen daring zeal:
“Avenging Greeks, I need not weave a web of words
55 Or pile up lengthy pleas, since courage stirs itself
To act. The tremulous will block their ears with fear;
Their minds are dull to pleas. If it were not too long
To tell the sorry tale, the public cause would
Be enough for war: we all—not only married men—
60 Are burned. I need not tell the guest’s ‘forgivable’
Outrage, the pirate’s deeds (so chaste!), nor grieve for gods
So harmed*. Laomedon’s stern ‘peace’ is cause enough
To fire our wrath. Was this the charity of kings,
Their famous faith? A strange barbarity, indeed,
65 Without a precedent, a fierceness never known
Before! Who’d grudge a refuge on their empty shore
To wretches broken by pursuing rocks and pool
Of Scilla and a sea that welcomed with attendant waves?
‘But Peleus, Telamon,’ you’ll say, ‘and Hercules,
70 The son of Jove, were there, and those that Greeks rejoice
To have as ancestors!’ But Troy was no less bold
In sacrilege and scorned the gods and kin of gods.
For shame! Then Hercules, not slow in wrath, avenged
Himself and other gods: with few co-warriors
75 He came, he won, he then returned. He’s dead, but now
We’ll fight. No enemy’s yet felt Achilles’ strength!
But if you’re sure you know a noble mind and bold
Endeavours, let each man refuse a second place

Book I, 119 – 142

80 And blush to have a peer! Come, famous youth, go through
These feeble enemies with your avenging swords,
Now come! I swear by God, I scorn an easy win
Without a fight as cowardly. What's honour now
And arms of war? They'll all turn tail; they'll show no front.
Shall it suffice, my friends, that perjured king has paid
85 The penalty? That rigid tyrant now is dead;
The unchaste guest survives*. That one was fiercer, *Paris
But this one's worse. Let none sheathe sword or needed spears
Who cares for trade between our lands or hopes, secure,
To join in marriage and enjoy unsullied sleep
90 In safety. I need say no more. Each will to act
Has its own cause to fight. Come, all you willing men,
Come, princes! Be not slowed by citadels or arms;
Let countless might crush those that Hercules laid low
With fifteen ships!"

He spoke, and banished night revealed

95 The dawning day. The sun drives on its chariots
More swiftly to behold the fall of perjured Troy.
The very horses blame the reins that hold them back,
And beg the world more quickly to revolve its sphere.
Great sign! Sunrise is swift, no dawn delays its course;
100 The sun's round wheel outruns the fires of Lucifer.
That joyful light may strengthen Greece with lucky sign,
No dawning red or Eastern pallor dims the sun;
With such a light as when the sun shines clear and bright
Without a cloud and shadows narrow to a point,
105 With such a face the Titan now begins his course.

The Grecian host is stupefied; their leader cries
Again, “Shall we deny the gods our hands and spears,
Inachidae? God calls! The joyful sun drives on
With panting steeds, and Neptune calms the waves and clears
110 Our path. I do believe the gods increase our might
Demanding triumph from Laomedon’s domain.
But I delay.” The Greeks cry out; the bold huzzah
Resounds across the bay. No Southern wind shrills thus
In winter leaves; in Spring the storms don’t overthrow
115 The hills or rivers roll the rocks with such a roar.
The guard of Troy’s Palladium, named Astur, now
Had seen the ships approach; he ran in haste through town,
Unsure which way to go, and cried, “To arms!” Again
He cried, “To arms! How long, O Trojans, will you sleep?
120 The enemy are here. Their ships obscure the sea;
They hold the shore!” The folk believe and howl in fear;
With tears the children run behind their mothers’ skirts;
Their shrieks and cries increase and multiply the din.
When Hector heard that Europe sailed with all its fleet,
125 He felt a little fear, but soon his mind returned.
He gathered up his spirits and rebuked himself
That courage, shaken by a foreign fear, had left
And dared to flee. He grabs his arms; he doesn’t wait
For troops, but on his own swings back the gate; alone
130 He rushes out. The Trojans follow far behind,
Close packed. The wall disgorges Troy through six great gates,
But waves of Trojans scarce allow a narrow way
For thousands. In the second rush comes Troilus

135 To gain the field; the third was Paris, keen to join
Their rank. An equal rush impels the rest, whose feet
Are slower or their chariots less keen to race.

Beginning of the war

When Hector first aspided the Greeks with eager oars
Approaching shore in droves, he cried, “Now where’s the rush?
Halt, sons of Tantalus! We meet amidst the waves,
140 Which have their own defence.” With this, he drove into
The waves his panting steeds. He hurled his spear and pierced
Protesilaus’ boat, which threatened close at hand.
He transfixed Licus to the helm and laughed in scorn
And said, “Go safely out to sea; the waves and wind
145 Won’t shake you; with your firm right hand you’ll steer the ship
And seek for Jason’s sheep.” The Greeks were then dismayed,
But Trojan minds grew keen. The uproar struck the stars,
But foreign Echo scorned to hear discordant Greek
And split the half-formed words to angry murmuring.
150 The son of Isyphus* soon saw his rudder lacked
A hand; he seized it, and with all his strength he drove
The ship, which flew along, as though in wrath, and broke
Upon the beach; ship-wrecked on sandy port it spilled
Thessalians ashore. He touched the perjured strand
155 And, as he first set foot upon the hated sands,
Protesilaus cried, “Here lies the way we go,
My friends! Not all Mount Ida, which we seek, is Troy’s;
We’ll share the common lands.” With this he rushed upon

*Protesilaus

160 The swords, and where the fray was thickest, there he forced
A hard-won way. Three sons of far-off India,
Five Arabs, seven sons of Nabathaeon stock,
He slew with unchecked hand. Then Phorbas pushed himself
In front and, raging, came at him with outthrust spear.
The fierce son of Isyphus slashed off the point
165 And split the shaft; he smashed the mail, the shining helm,
And broke the breast and thrust the spear into his groin.
Where sea meets shore, Orontes of Chaldea stood
And tried to stop the ships; he braced himself to strike;
His foot slipped on the sand; his thrust was spent in waves
170 That sank him as he fell. Greek troops then pushed him down.
In fear he flapped and waved his arms around, and tried
To swim amid the waves; some times he rises up,
And then his head sinks down. Fear strikes him on both sides:
He shuns both long submersion and the hail of spears.
175 At last, weighed down, he peers among the murky waves
And falls among the ships; the anchor hooks his head.
The Trojans pressed on hard; the Greeks were fired and armed
By wrath and shame. For first they lose the shore, and now
They gain uncertain land; the waves drink up the blood
180 Of either side, but Greek blood would not mix with Troy's.

The death of Protesilaus

Bold-spirited, afraid lest any go before,
Protesilaus now in rage had burst upon
The furthest ranks. The errant crowd believed and feared

185 An army followed them, like Mars himself, not just
One raging hand. He drove ahead and left the lines
Behind—the battle seemed too tame, he yearned to crush
The towers of Troy. But as he rode, there Hector blazed
And barred his way. “Where now?” he asked, “the end is here!”
He bared his sword and plunged it to the hilt within
190 The breast: no bronze held back the point. He then declaimed:
“Unknown to me, go now, more proud than other shades,
Blest, slain by Hector’s hand!” Your only love lies dead,
O Laodamia—forgets his faithful bride.
He did not heed your fearful prayers or soft requests
195 Before the war; at trumpet sound he cast aside
His first regard for tender love. His fate unknown,
His bride in sadness sighed and longed for absent mate;
She held his face that could not feel* and kissed the mouth
Of wax, and called the stubborn gods to hear her prayer,
200 In vain. He lies, and in his fall he blocks the team
Of horses and is crushed by their unseeing hooves.
The Greeks beheld him fall and roll beneath the wheels;
Fear lent their footsteps wings and urged their willing feet
To flee. The way back to the shore seemed long to all;
205 To seek the boats seemed slow. But like a thunderbolt
Achilles leapt before them with a fearful roar:
“For shame, Inachidae! We’ve scarcely seen the foe
And now already turn our backs!” He snatched a beam
Of oak, which bore the sails aloft to catch the wind,
210 And spoke again: “Now, now, let no one follow me:
I’ll go—and win—alone!” Straightway the Trojan host

*i.e. a wax image

Dispersed and emptied not just battlefield and shore,
But all the land between the sea and towers of Troy
Lay bare and open to the Greeks. The last to leave,
215 As though unmovable, was Hector: with slow step
Reluctantly he made his way. Achilles turned
And chased less urgently: since each one seeks a peer
In arms, they pause a while, and dare, and feel some fear,
And each in turn casts fierce glances at his foe.

220 Straightway the Argive host spreads out across the plains;
The son of Atreus, as chief, next plans what site
And force will guard the camp, and who will keep the ports.
Again he calls his men back to the trumpet's blast
And starts assaults, and now the eager band comes forth
225 In field to fight. Opposed (for so their mood impelled)
The Trojans rush, not to defend—they spurn the aid
That towers and walls provide. They gladly match themselves
Against their foes and send out summonses to war,
The first to challenge, not in answer to a taunt.

230 The battle lines were drawn up close, each side opposed
With little space between; such noise was never made
By bursting Etna's fires or Isthmus' double storms
Or Aeolus within his cave. The din inflamed
And swelled the daring wrath of all. No one was balked
235 In rash aggressive mood. The driver spurs his steeds,
The footman stirs himself. They now fight hand to hand;
Each one seeks out his match, but odds are often wrong:
Sometimes one faces more, or more are faced by one;
Fierce anger burns in all. Sword strives with two-edged axe,

240 And spears with javelins, and arrows fight with slings.

The death of Patroclus

Behold, Menecides—Chiron’s* second care,
And second love, in mind Achilles’ twin—jumped out
Into the fray. Three Trojans, side by side, stood firm
And shaped their hands to deal out wounds. Patroclus with
245 His horses foiled their aims; Diarces felt his shield,
Ysiphilus the car, and Iphiton his sword.
Then Hector glanced aside to see the strife, and took
It ill that Trojans fell; he shook his flashing spear
And rushed in haste; his horse laid low the youth upon
250 His back. Patroclus’ horse dragged back the limbs still joined
To head, but Priam’s son pressed on more speedily.
He roughly grabbed the yoke and hurled the head, still wrapped
Within the helm, into the air. Its voice still lived
And with its final gasp breathed out this feeble sound:
255 “Achilles, where is my revenge?” The helmet flies
Beyond the lines to Dorilas. The corpse that’s left
Is Hector’s now: exultant in the gold and spoils
He would have left, but followed Merion who dared
To stand his ground: “Unknown to me, you’ll lose both arms
260 And life”, he cried.

*a centaur who tutored
Achilles

The death of Merion

He laid on many wounds, but when

265 With boasts he stooped to seize the spoils, Menestes rushed,
His mind enraged to see his comrade's fall. His sword
Stabbed Hector's thigh. Unknowing, Hector cried, but pain
Did not affect his sense. He saw the yoke was stained
265 With marks of blood, but didn't know whose blood: his own
Or from some Grecian death? He jumped from chariot,
Enraged, and called for flames. He thrust aside the foe
And sought the ships with raging fire. Then Ajax blocked
His way, burst on the field, and aimed at Priam's son
270 With angry sword. The cruel Fury smiles to gain
A kindred crime*, but swiftly Piety revealed
Their hidden errors; not allowing them to rage,
She showed their common stock. They gladly left their arms
And flames, and loosed their helmets to embrace and kiss.
275 They then exchanged their shields and went back to their tents.

*Hesione was Ajax's
mother and Hector's aunt

The dispute over the change of command

Meanwhile, a peace was granted for the burial
Of each side's dead. Achilles mourned his slaughtered friend,
Haemonians their son, and Crete its Merion,
Each one his own.
The truce had lasted two full years,
280 When in the lengthy peace, which both sides had confirmed,
Another conflict drove apart the kings of Greece
And shook the shaky realm's command. For Greed, that grants
No glory to its friends, and Envy, that restricts
The rights of others, drive and overwhelm the son

285 Of Nauplius*. He moans about the lack of rule beneath *Palamedes
Blind reins, that Plisthenian folly does not help
In such great cares, that conduct of the war is slow,
And that the soldiers lack a lord. He lists each point
And hints at his deserts—the arms, the ordinance,
290 The watches, plans, and trust. Thus anxiously he yearns
To take command. Whoever's sole desire is rule
Is blind: a prince must share his throne with many plagues!
Divergent sentiments contend: to some, what's new
Is always best; they cry that ancient yokes are hard
295 To bear. But others find it hard to change what's known,
A labour long to learn new chiefs. The lords can't yet
Decide for sure. The swords return; with peace interred,
They snatch up arms again; Bellona* shows the signs *goddess of war
And batters men on men. Here daring Troilus,
300 Here Hector like a storm, and Aeneas, whose arms
Win fear, Achilles (son that Jupiter declined
To sire), twin sons of Atreus, Diomedes—
All stirred the vying wrath. Thus south wind blows against
The north, the east on west, as Aeolus equips
305 His winter hosts and outstrips Etna's thunderbolts.
These fall by Hector's constant warfare: Boetes
By stone, Archilocus by sword, and Prothenor
By spear. Incensed, the Greeks unite against this one;
With pikes and swords all press and push against the one.
310 Whatever use of Mars or Vulcan's skill had made
For greedy death, they seized—the Spanish slingsman's cast,
The ambush of the Parthians, the Dacian's throw—

315 But Hector, like a rocky spur that stands against
The storms of Sicily, makes firm his feet, unmoved,
And laughing quells their pressing futile angry wrath.

The fight between Paris and Menelaus

320 While Paris elsewhere stirs the Phrygians to war,
He's pressed by Menelaus, who assails him with
Few words: "Do you, 'guest', know me? Do you now recall
Your visit to our Spartan homes? I've come to pay
A visit in return: now pay your share! Take me
To Troy, if you have any plunder there! Why pause?
Link hands! Or do you turn?" Then Paris, skilfully,
With Iterean spear inscribes the prince's face
And shouts in scorn: "Go now, I grant what you desire,
325 Come now to visit Helen!" Menelaus' ire
Grows strong; when young are snatched, no tigresses
Nor boars nor Moorish lionesses rage like this.
His wrath had Ajax Oileus to lend support
And urge him on; the pair, more swift than thunderbolt,
330 Disperse the intervening crowds and speed through walls
Of swords. First Menelaus blocks the horses' flight
And grabs their manes: "We'll travel side by side," he cries,
"But Troy is still far off!" With this he drove the steeds
That champed against the bit. The son of Priam's face
335 Grew pale, when Hector came upon the scene and seized
The reins. Cithera's hero thrust his shield in front
And rescued Paris from his foe and took him back

To Troy, and brought him to more gentle wars in bed.
O Paris, coward, do you turn your back and flee
340 Your war and enemies? But warlike Hector guides
His brother's troops and someone else's fight; he wounds,
He kills, he puts to flight, he hurls his tireless spears
In turn, all powerful, immune to all assaults.
By spear falls Horcomenes, Scedius by pike,
345 By sword Helpenus, Dorius by thrust, by bow
Polixenus, by rock Palamenes, by wheel
Epistrophon is slain; thus seven fall to one!
Amphimachus had gouged Phegyas' side, but feared
To follow up his winning blow, and as he fled
350 Aeneas followed with his eye and skilful spear
And pierced him, whispering in transfixed ear, "Now die."
Achilles also with his angry hand mowed down
Hippolytus and Phileus; Euphemus fell,
And Asterius. You, Xantippus, and Menistus,
355 Your friend, were killed by Diomedes. Thus the deaths
Revolve, this side and that, and balance out the dead.
As iron laid low the Greeks, their thinner troops relaxed
Their lines; the few survivors now were seeking out
Their comrades, when great Agamemnon seized his chance,
360 And with commanding roar he roused the falterers,
Rebuked, instructed, ordered, and waylaid them all,
High on his Spartan horse. He pledged that soon some help
Would come, for Telephus would not be slow to arm
His troops from Mysia and send the Greeks full ships.
365 Without delay all eagerly resume their rush

see Book 4, 502 -- 7

And give free rein to blows. To find and get a foe
To slay seems long and slow. Each hand's ablaze, and none
Strikes angrily in vain. Now could be seen the dire
Delights of Mars, his cruel sport abroad throughout
370 The land. One's beautiful cheek's light*, ripped out, spreads on *= eye
His face; another's chin and tongue and nose are slashed
And show a gaping grin; some lose their ears and some
Their hands; the shoulder slumps in some. Some hold their guts
With clutching hands, and some, their hamstrings hacked, are lamed
375 And fall; yet on their hands they strive to dodge their foe.
Here pools of blood drip from their heads; there trunks of dead
Are heaped in piles, impeding charging chariots.
The river Simois, not fed by winter snows
Or spring-time hail or summer rainbow's drenching rain,
380 Now wonders at its greater surge; blood-soaked and changed
It flows to sea. First Triton and then Thetis* see *sea-goddess and mother
The coming dead; she views them all and dreads. of Achilles
A hundred thousand corpses, searching, she reviews
And counts as gain that no Achilles can be found.
385 The sun had reached its western shore; the skies grew clear
And while shadows grew amazed at light, the stars
Made firm their night-time day. The Argive chiefs were called
And held their council. First came Ulysses, with him
Diomedes, and brought the leaders' wishes and
390 The crowd's requests to Priam. Dolon sees the arms
Of Greece afar and fears a trick. In haste he leaps
Down from his watch and cries: "Where do you rush? Hold fast
And stay your step. You Greeks, do you bring peace or arms?"

They show Minerva's olive branch in sign of truce
395 And ask his leave to come. The king is free, their case
Is put, and they return. They give their hands, and war
Is paused for three full years. But warlike Hector blames
The truce and peaceful pause; the broken Greeks, he claims,
Would use the long delay to build again their strength.
400 This holiday from war brings different cares for all:
Some watch upon the walls, and some the camps, and both
At tombs. Scarce had the third new summer freed the earth
With flowers, when to the raging risks of unused field
The chiefs jumped out this side and that. Wild Hector whirled
405 His sword, and Fortune served their lofty minds with thoughts
Upon their final days; she clothed resplendent deaths
With splendid deeds. First Antiphus and Philibus
Behind enclosed the Trojan lord; the ashen spears
Of each held Hector poised between. But he pulled back
410 The spear aslant, and thus encountered each in turn:
The first mourned loss of eye, the second loss of brain.
Achilles crowds Euforbus, who pulls back and slows
The thrusting spear—his right hand pulls it back. He runs
Into the crowd, and rushing knocks down Licaon
415 His friend. Achilles follows, stabs their fallen breasts,
And sends their allied shades down to the underworld.
In battle Troilus snatched-up his Trojan club
And with one blow sent seven Myrmidons to death,
And would have slaughtered seven more, if seven more
420 Had been available. He burned to match his hand
Against Achilles, but the sun was sad to see

A hundred thousand fall, so many cries, and such
Discordant deaths. It sadly sank its speeding reins
And terrified the ranks by bringing on the stars.

425 Night fell. Andromache embraced her husband, long
Worn out by war. When she had asked about the toils
Of war—which nation led, what were the names of kings,
And how they looked, what feats the Trojans did, and he
Himself, and did he feel no fear?—then tired, she slept
430 Beside her spouse. The cloud of early slumber passed:
Deep sleep was cleared of doubt and saw true forms and shapes
That terrified. Close by their room a laurel grew
Around their private resting place; a hostile axe
Hacks down the laurel from its stock; the branches drip
435 With blood upon their marriage bed. More nightmares come
In sleep: sometimes she lies across the bed without
Her mate; sometimes she sees his mouth gape wide and stain
His breast with blood. At last, heart-sick, she starts awake
And with repeated shrieks calls, “Hector, Hector, where
440 Are you?” With fearful hand she searched the bed and sighed
Again, “My love, my Hector, are you here?” He tried
To calm her fears and slowly drive her drowsiness
Away. Now she believes in what she saw, and now
Denies. She hugs her husband that she thought was lost;
445 She fears all certain things; she daren’t reveal her thoughts,
But begs him not to arm. Unswayed by woman’s words,
He won’t accept forebodings from the fearful sex;
Impatiently he longs to join the fight, and calls
For horse. Now driven out of mind with fear, she lifts

450 Her voice and begs all those she meets; unsure, she comes
And goes; she thrusts his little son Astyanax,
Who gapes to see her tears, beneath his father's feet.
But Hector, high upon his chariot, had donned
His helm. Andromache warned Priam with her cry:
455 "O father, help, we die!" He barely heard the king's
Command, but paused, allowed delays while Memnon ruled
His troops. When Hector was not seen beneath a helm
Of Troy, the Greeks gained spirit and more confidence;
With greater strength and freedom for the fight, now bold,
460 They took their steps far in the field right up to Troy,
And Trojans fled. Old men and mothers cry aloud,
Who'd thought it grand or grim to see from off the walls
The arms; their wailing lamentations shake the town.
Then Hector turns fierce eyes towards Andromache:
465 "Will you still hold me back?" he cries, and headlong spurs
His chariot. Less fierce falls Mars on Ossa's heights
With armed Fear to fell the Gelons with his sword
And Getae with his scythe and Thracians with his lance.
When Hector grasped his spear of ash for war, the Greeks
470 Soon saw him, and straightway turned tail; fear, guardian
Of life, advised retreat, but savage Hector blocked
Their fleeing breasts with rushing sweeps; he scorned to rage
Against their backs. He seized a beam-length spear and sought
Idomeneus, and Leontius fell too;
475 Both Stelenus in flight and Yphidus, who tried
To block his path, earned certain death from Hector's blow.

The death of Hector

The last to feel his sword, thrust deep into his throat,
Was Polyboetes; Fortune also helped the hand
Of death and pierced his armour and his arms; his corpse
480 Was split in two twin trunks. His shield alone remained
Unscathed, but while the victor Hector sought to take
The shield and proudly fit the Argive Juno's form
To his left arm, the goddess blazed in wrath more fierce
Than her own Mars or flames of Jove, for thus her sex
485 Is prone to ire; she's roused by ancient pain, and stirs
Achilles. He would not have tried to match himself
With such as Hector, but, when he resists, he's pressed
By Juno and Minerva too; they both provide
His strength: one gives him will to fight, the other wrath.
490 The heroes come up close. Achilles, with the power
The goddesses provide, had bared his flashing sword.
And so the fearful troops pulled back on either side:
The battles of the kings fell back and left the field
For greater fight to come. On each side then arose
495 Both fierce cries and anxious fear. They yearn to see
The raging fight, yet fear to see. You'd think twin bolts
Of lightning clashed in flames. First Hector blocked Achilles,
Swirled his ashen spear. It flew and struck—alas,
Despatched by humble hand begrudging deadly aim—
500 Achilles' thigh. Then Hector's shame increased his wrath;
He would have purged the stain of useless throw of spear;
He drew his sword but, swifter for his painful wound,

Achilles poised his blade. With strength divine and from
Himself he hurled the Trojan down. At last, though life fought back,
505 The martial Hector's spirit left his frozen limbs.
Forthwith, in feeble flight, the Trojan army fled
In panic. Then Achilles, fiercer yet, assailed
And raged with stronger hand. A thousand warriors
Were slain right by the gates. Tithonus' son* held out *Memnon
510 A hostile shield and thrust his stubborn breast across
Achilles' path; he struck and then was struck himself.
Night came at last and ceased the fight, and darkness fell.
On what a slender thread do mortal fates depend!
For man, no thing is firm. Sweet Fortune's offerings
515 Are traps, not gifts, I think; just like the Sirens' choir
You'll always fear a cloud beneath a sunny sky,
And tears beneath a laugh, and poison under sweet.
If you have wealth, chance fails; to beauty comes old age,
To strength, disease; a famous name will some day be
520 Erased. In none of Fortune's gifts lies constancy.
Amid these storms man has but little strength to stand:
While dying he is sick, or withers when he's dead.
In any case, dread Atropos brings death and takes
The final days and reaps the middle years of life.
525 Alas, the only hope of Troy, brave Hector, dies;
He dies! If nature had immortalized his limbs,
Great Jove would readily have passed the thunderbolts
To him to hurl, and rested from his task. The fates,
However, felt that he resisted their decrees
530 And, hand in hand, they snapped the growing threads of youth

That still was green. They slew the guardian, to bring,
With greater licence, ruin to the town of Troy.
As great in daring, matching Hector's wrath, had grown
Our third great Henry*: Britain smiled with him as king,
And Normandy to have him as its duke, and France
As son. The warlike race that found him first in war*
Did not begrudge him might, or us* Minerva's wit.

*Son of Henry II, crowned in 1170 as Henry III ('the Young King'), but died in 1183, before his father.

*warriors

*us = Joseph himself

535

End of Book V

Joseph of Exeter
THE YLIAS OF DARES PHRYGIUS
Book VI

The overthrow of the city

More slowly Troy, its ranks spread out, brings grieving flags
In view. Shields weep; helm-crests are weighted down with tears;
The narrow gold is split by frequent sighs, and arms
Bring grief. Throughout the host no happiness is felt,
5 And nothing sweet. The flags, less pregnant with the wind,
Relax their false display of life; in death, with scarce
A breeze, they droop their dragon symbols, prone to sleep.
The horse no more repeats its angry snorts, the signs
Of haughty mind; it does not paw the dusty ground
10 Or multiply its tracks with light and easy turns;
Uncertainly it neighs; its hoof is all immersed
Beneath the sand. It drops its rider, turns its neck,
Disdaining driver, and deflects the coming reins.
The trumpet blasts are shrill; the horns respond with shrill
15 Commands. In all the uproar not one sound is glad.
Thus Troy's sad youth, with Memnon at its head, is dragged
Towards the front; they seek to leave, and then refuse;
It always seems that Hector comes behind their backs.
As when the kings of Hybla* give the sign and rush
20 Upon the honeyed perils, if one tyrant falls,
The buzzing host, bereaved, bewails its loss, acquires
A substitute command, and waves its frightened stings;

*bees

With weak and feeble spurs they trudge back to the wars.

The change of command

25 The Argive* phalanx, now more proud, with happy arms
Rides forth; their spirits rise and now, with Hector dead,
They hope for sudden victory. Palamedes,
His wish secure, directs their arms. Unhappy man,
He takes the dread command, an honour filled with fear.
30 The son of Atreus* lays down his royal rank
And his command. He had not come, he said, as chief:
It would suffice for him if, under any prince,
The Greeks returned as victors, Pergamon destroyed.
“It matters not who, where, or when, but how and what
Is done. The deeds will last; the doer will pass on.”
35 To this he adds that at Mycenae he is king
And safely rules at home. He did not so desire
To bear the leader’s standards that, worn out at heart,
He’d spend his nights in watchfulness and days in toil!
40 Achilles, child of Mars, alone rebukes the change
Of rule. But Palamedes, proud to take command
Of war, is keen to win and earn the rank of king.
So once again the forces clash; both sides rush on;
The ground between grows small. Then Sarpedon* takes all
45 The troops and swords of Lycia and in his first assault
Attacks the foe. As hundred-handed Briareus—
Who bore the giants’ standards on the Phlegran heights
And mocked the feeble fires of Jove, Diana’s darts,

*Greek

*Agememnon

*the son of Jupiter and Europa

The steeds of Mars, Apollo's shafts, Minerva's snakes—
No less did he drive on, in pride as son of Jove,
50 And fiercely scorned Argolic Juno and the hosts
Of gods. Wherever he assailed the scattered foes,
His hand laid thousands low, and many thousands fell
Beneath his chariot. You'd think his father's bolt
And thunderclaps, though less, were flashing from his wheels.
55 Unhappy Gobius was slain and, no more glad,
Triptolemus and Cormas of Menalus, wont
To hunt wild beasts. Fourth, Perses died, who took revenge
For many dead; his spear had pierced the left-hand side
Of Sarpedon, but he could scarcely be compelled
60 At last to turn aside; he cast his glance behind
And paused at every track; he yearns to turn again,
Frustrated that he can't, and strikes those who forbid.
But now his sight grows dim: as blood runs from his wound
His strength declines, although he will himself survive.
65 Demophoon and Zagamas made haste to bring
The crops from Mysia, and you, Hippolytus,
Were glad to be the third. Greek spirits had been sapped
By dearth of warlike wheat and wine to make them bold,
For famine eats their strength.
A truce puts arms to sleep
70 And year-long oaths are sworn. Each camp is open wide
To other's view. The Trojans now may see the ships
Of Greece, and Greeks, though foes, may visit Trojan homes.
While they thus wander through each other's camp and town,
The parents of dead Hector, with a holy throng

The pointless risks they run, and claims it is unjust
That all these chiefs unite for one man's bed, a woman's war*: *Menelaus and Helen
105 In curing Sparta's ills, the people and the kings,
He says, are being wasted by these lengthy wars.
The pause is welcome; rage for war is less intense
And plans are made. Each one prepares the ships to sail
Next day. The fates, however, seize their time, and speed
110 The ships that bear the crops which Telephus has sent* *from Mysia
The Greeks, though he deplores the change of leaders' flags
And ruling kings, with Agamemnon thrust aside.
They'd scarcely reached the port, when Grecian hearts were changed
And stiffened by this news, and called again for swords.

The deaths of Deiphebus, Sarpedon and Palamedes

115 The movement of the year, twelve labours done, had turned
The sun, star-wanderer, into its destined path
And battle ranks were joined. Only Achilles failed
To fight; alone he stays, lamenting that his hopes
Have stumbled on the war. The son of Nauplius* *Palamedes
120 Urged others on; he first assailed—a lucky sign
To those that followed him—Deiphebus. He hurled
His spear and pierced the Trojan's temples, dealt
A second grief for Priam. Sarpedon let fly
His spear; with all the might remaining blood supplied
125 To deal the wound, he thrust himself into the blow
Insistently, and destiny stood by to lend
Its power. His slashing sword went through the shield to wound

The left-hand side. The other's sword was luckier:
It followed on his hand with better stroke, and sent
130 Poor Sarpedon up to the angry gods in death.
The victor joyfully exults and boasts: "See, see,"
He cries again, "what giants my right hand and sword
Have slain! Will Phlegra, Libya, or Minos show
That Jove or Hercules or Theseus did more
135 Than I? Let Greece's prince—" But this surpassed by far
What's right for him to boast. Behold, an arrow hissed
And pierced his throat, a dart that Paris fired into
The air, a match for Gelons and Assyrians!
The leader fell: his boasting vaunt won little gain
140 And sadly passed away; a mass of spears hacked out
His corpse. Now that their king lies dead, his army fails
To rule itself; their leader slain, his followers
Decline in martial strength; their very arms appear
To lose their force. As when reins break and driver falls,
145 The horses are upset, amazed to feel such light
Commands, and, having suddenly attained free rein,
As if afraid, they dash in wayward course, their steps
Unsure—in such unguided disarray the Greeks
Now flee. The camps and shores seem far away; in turn
150 They tread each other down. The first now fears to be
The last and closer to the foe. Their breasts now bare,
They shield their backs and arm for flight, but spears and ships
And palisades can offer no protection now.
The Trojans torch the ships, break down the towers; with swords
155 They slay the men. News spreads. Achilles will not fight.

His cousin Ajax stands against so many flames,
So many spears; though tired he toils, his one defence
His shield. At last the goddess Thetis pities, lifts
The eager seas on high and meets the setting sun,
160 More quickly to submerge its rays, so slow to sink.
Next day had scarcely moved the shades, when from all sides
They rise in anger, snatching spears that lean against
The well-armed beds. Some, necks laid on their shields, had not
Unloosed their helmet's shade or doffed the dripping hilt
165 Of sword: bold sleep had come upon them in their arms.
The trumpet rouses Troy, the pipe and horns (the signs
Of martial strife) the Greeks, but ready courage runs
Before the summons calls. On each side fierce fights
Grow thick; they press and yield, they threaten and feel fear.
170 Thus Fortune alternates: some briefly triumph, some
As briefly flee - to each she alternates their fate.
A knight attacks the footmen: he, on high, bends down
To strike, and those below lift up their hands to wound.
Then Abas came; he drew his sword to overthrow
175 Melampus as he drove. You'd think the horses knew:
They reared up savagely, their breasts upraised, and trod
Him down and left him tangled, crushed beneath their hooves.
In joy Melampus, trusting in his horses' help,
Flew over arms and men and faces in his rage
180 On vaunting chariot, in search of flesh to crush,
Disdaining vacant ground. At last he fell, brought low
By Dictan Anxur's spear; entangled by his steeds
He split apart, and though with open mouth he cried

“Have pity!” pitiless, the wheel, quite deaf, rolled on.

185 The fortunes of the war revolved, the hope of palm
Unsure, till Troilus burst forth amid his foes
With victory and all its terrifying signs,
Like Alexander and the exiled Tydeus*,
Whose hands flashed lightning, one before, the other late
190 In time, but Troilus surpassed them both in strength;
To summarize his worth, he outstripped Hector’s might.
The Greeks, dismayed, fall back. At this fierce storm their hearts,
Once carefree, now feel fear. Amazed, they think they see
More Hectors come to life, so Troilus inflamed
195 Renews his brother’s slaughters. Pain they feel beneath
His glorious right hand, which pleases to behold.
From far with spear he cuts Alcestes down; close by
By sword is Ida slain. Beneath so great a foe
It is no shame to die: as though they sought to fall,
200 Some gloried in the spears he threw, so proud in death.

*Alexander the Great;
Tydeus, father of
Diomedes and a leader
in the war on Thebes

 Then Ulysses, Diomedes, and Nestor go
To sway Achilles; he alone could equal you,
Great Troilus, but pleas are vain. He stays resolved
To quit the war. With forceful logic he refutes
205 Their arguments, and shows the cause of war is shame,
That fights bring losses and the victories no gain.
The chiefs concur and urge a truce, but he* withstands
Whose marriage-pain lies deep; the Furies, too, withstand
As does unyielding Fate, and Calchas most of all,
210 Who knows the gods’ design and gives the war to Greece.
Forthwith, with Agamemnon at their head, the Greeks

*Menelaus

In joy rushed out. As swiftly, Troilus rode through
The plain on panting steeds; the chariot was proud
With such a lord; it skimmed the furrows in the air
215 And scarcely touched the ground. Triptolemus's* drake
Nor Venus' bird nor Bacchus' panther was more swift.
The field grows thick with dust and darkness dims the day
In murky clouds; the citizens can't see their foe,
Till spears bring back clear skies, and so the battlefield
220 Is calmed and settles down—laid low by streams of blood.
Alcidas had slain Troy's Leucon from afar
By throw of spear; he followed up his cast and tried
To take it back. He hoped with blood-stained spear to win
Acclaim as "Trojan's terror" or to boast as "friend
225 Of Greece", but first he fell, struck by a sling-borne stone,
And by his death consoled the Trojan whom he'd slain.
Menalcas' throwing spear transfixes Euripilus:
It pierced his falling hair and through the left-hand eye
Came out; upon its point it held the eye-ball, fixed.
230 Then Glaucus shafted Lycidas with poisoned dart
Where neck and shoulder meet. It passed between the rims
Of helm and shield, and stabbed the unprotected throat.
In Herculean waters dipped, it wears out life
In double death: the poison rages and the blood
235 Runs from the wound: both strive to cut the thread of life.
By spear and axe Tersilocus and Creteon
Were slain by Gromius and Xerses, and the third
Was Atis, killed by arrow aimed by Nisus' hand.
Resus, Achonteus, Yon, and Argus strike

*carried in Ceres' dragon-
cart, Triptolemus
introduced agriculture.

240 Retheus, Libidus, Stemon, Tessander too.
 Acron is slain by Pholus, whom Ebalus slays,
 Whom Actor, whom Thiodamas, whom Licheus.
 More fiercely rages Troilus; with mighty hand
 He challenges the Greeks. Though sword of Anthenor,
245 Aeneas' spear and bandit's dart cause them to quake,
 It's Troilus that wins and overwhelms all praise.
 All deeds are credited to his triumphant score.
 Bellona* marvelled and incited him in rage *goddess of war
 Less fierce, so glad to see her pupil pass herself.
250 Thus Mars himself learned other wraths and greater wars,
 And, though a god, he follows in this mortal's wake,
 While he drives Scythians, recalling deeds he'd seen.
 With flashing sword Umbrasides, enflamed, wears out
 The Phrygians. Then Troilus, with naked sword,
255 Resists and cruelly concludes his death, surprised
 Where second cell* controls the mind; in vain he tries *the brain cell that
 To free himself, but destined fate can't be escaped. controls the imagination
 He crowds Ascalaphus, who runs away and won't
 Await his thrust; he shuns the hand, but ashen spear
260 Won't come back dry; it finds his horse, which implicates
 Its lord. He's caught in mounting ropes and can't get free;
 He drinks a draught of blood and, drowned by it, he dies.
 Content his man is dead, the victor, Priam's son*, *Troilus
 Assails the other ranks. With triple-pointed club
265 He deals three deaths: Astilus mourns his shattered arm,
 And Ytis for his breast, Antiphates his paunch
 Devoid of guts. Though fierce, his hand disdained to strike

Below the groin: he was too proud and arrogant
To see his victory demeaned by cutting knees!
270 He yearns yet more; such feeble fights against the folk
Are such a bore; to stain his spears with vulgar blood
Would be great shame. He doesn't steal the wretched lives
Of lower ranks: he aims more fiercely at the throats
Of kings and dukes. He rushed where jeweled ranks were thick
275 And fell on both of Atreus' sons, with different arms:
He wounded one with darts and one with pike; in pain
Diomedes was third to feel his wounding sword.
He would have slain them all—his anger never failed,
His valour always thrived—but crowds were thrust between
280 And robbed his heavy hand of dealing deadly wound,
As though no fates existed for the gods and few
For kings, but all their daring fell on poorer men.

The death of Troilus

The Greeks were wavering and lost their hope to win
Or even flee. They blamed fate's tricks, the lies of gods,
285 And Calchas' falsity; they whisper of return
If no fear comes behind. Then Agamemnon goes
With Nestor to seek Pelides*. He won't compete
But grants his Myrmidons to join the battle line.
When Troilus beheld them wildly rushing forth,
290 "Let's go this way!" he cried. "What new young men are these?
What new dust cloud ascends? Does Greece now first send forth
These men and hasten thus to use up all its strength?"

*Achilles

295 May gods be kind! There weren't enough for me to slay
Or sacrifice to Hell; my sword was in great dread
Of idleness. So let them learn from Trojan blasts—
Far better to have stayed at home! “ With this he pierced
Yparcus, leader of the troop, with ashen spear
Where shield boss gleams, and threw him headlong from his horse,
Which halted at the blow. He quickly took to foot;
300 He left his shield and threw away his spear, and fled
His closely pressing foe, and came back to the camp
Of Greece. He fell there, slaughtered at Achilles' feet,
And by his flow of blood he stained the leader's tent.
Achilles, as his wrath lent force, roared savagely,
305 Raised up his arm, and with all might prepared to strike
A blow in recompense. A spear of Troilus
Had come and grazed his shoulder on the left-hand side;
Minerva foiled the dart and let it do no harm.
Then Troilus perceived Minerva's skill and cursed
310 Her deed. A better fate befell his second throw:
The spear-point struck and cut the shoulder, seeking death;
It grieved to scratch without inflicting mortal wound.
He snatched a third, cornel, that thirsted for more blood,
But then a pine-shaft hissed and framed its certain flight
315 To hit its mark. The horse, foreknowing death, reared up
On high - perhaps to fight in his defence or just
In fear. Although transfixed, it joyed to die before
Its lord. It bent its knee and, though unwillingly,
It trod down Troilus and as he fell, alas,
320 It helped his death: despite itself it weighed him down.

Achilles seized him; as he tried to rise, he cut
His neck; his severed head was seen to roll far off.
His headless trunk remained; his hand, not yet disarmed,
Still moved, as though about to fight the war again.
325 What chance, what fates, what gods, O Troilus, should I
Bewail? Your aid, now gone, is mourned by orphaned Troy.
O Troilus, whose praise is rightly sung by fame,
O Troilus, whom Greece thinks worthy of its praise,
Alas, you fall. You once were public hope for Troy
330 And now you lie, with only Memnon to protect
Your threatened corpse.

The death of Memnon

Achilles sought to spoil the trunk,
But Memnon held him off; he planned to send the limbs
Of such a splendid son to slake his mother's grief.
He left the tears and women's wails to others then;
335 Himself, he pledges war and weapons, grabs his spear,
And crowds the victor for revenge. With spear and sword
He grazed Achilles' loin and breast; Achilles turned
And, furious, declaimed with words of raging wrath:
"The fates call you as well: in Styx a prior guest*
340 Awaits on board; you too will cross that nether lake."
With this, his ashen spear transfixes the Eastern king*
Right through the guts. The black blood spurts out on high,
And Memnon's sunburnt ghost was cooled by icy Styx.
Their leader dead, the Persians flee: Achilles, prince

345 Of Myrmidons, drives on, for so his mind and wounds
Incite. It takes too long to seek out fearful kings:
Unwillingly he aims at vulgar throats; obsessed,
He changes course; his vengeful arm becomes low-class.
He smites the bold, puts fearful men to flight, treads down
350 The lazy, and makes up for leisure by quick fight.
Great Jupiter beheld the plains of Troy resound
In strife, and, though his sight was clouded by the dust,
He spotted Vulcan's arms and saw Achilles rage
Against his foes. At such a sight he felt relief
355 Not to have Thetis as his wife*: with less pale face
Would he feel fear at Phlegra's mountains and their spears.
Achilles' mother counts the dead and in her son
Exults, forgetting fate (so overcome by pride),
And halts her waves in wonder at his cherished wars.
360 It makes her glad to see; it's right to hope to win,
When one hand drives them all and all the army flees—
Just as when fields grow white and crops are fully grown,
The fields bow down and flee before the summer wind.
Iollas last, slowed down by broken chariot,
365 (The gates now being shut) called out to friends to let
Him enter, but his pleas were vain: Achilles fixed
Him with his spear and married him to posts and gate.
At last, though camps are far and few are following
And Troy is close, Minerva begs: he stays his course.

*It was prophesied that
Thetis would bear a son
greater than his father.

The gathering of birds at Memnon's tomb

370 Next day Aurora* scarcely moves her grieving team
With saddened pole; her dew had never poured so thick
And fed the fields so well; the drunken earth is dazed,
Such rain it never knew. With such rich flow of tears
A mother mourns her son. For him, each axle groans,
375 The light is pale, clouds ragged, skies are torn apart,
And Venus' morning star now lacks its wholesome glow.
Tithonus* tires of life; he begs a grave, and hates
To be a grasshopper for ever without end.
The eager mother gathered fragrant Asian herbs
380 To lay upon the tomb, and for her son prepared
His grave. A flock of birds on eager wings soon comes
To form the funeral. The single Phoenix comes
And many swallows too; the heron with its beak carves out
The marbles into grooves; the nightingale planes smooth;
385 The parrot cuts the letters; Philomena* prays;
The swan laments, the pigeon coos, and Juno's bird*
Made haste to purify the tomb, but Juno checks
Its flight and calls it back, since she hates all from Troy.
The king of birds* was bearing Telchin bolts to Jove,
390 But when it saw the funeral, it paused; it dropped
Its bolt and snatched up other flames and frankincense,
And with its holy fragrance soothed the sacrament.
The hungry flame is now appeased; the bones, reduced,
Fill up the urn. The birds depart and pledge to Dawn
395 Each year to celebrate the feast at Memnon's tomb.

*the dawn, Memnon's
mother

*Aurora's husband, turned
into a grasshopper.

*another word for nightingale

*peacock

*eagle

How Achilles, together with Nestor's son Antilochus, was betrayed and killed.

Elsewhere unhappy Hecuba begins to pay
Sad honours to her sons - alas the pains she's borne!
She now can count the tombs and now laments the third*
To die. So Niobe, bereaved by double bows*,
400 Wept for the folk that she had borne: the Delians
Were harsh, and Juno no less harsh to Hecuba.
The tears dried up, the lamentations of the tomb
Were stilled, the honours dry. The mother's lonely grief
Grows into deep despair; anxiety excites
405 Her sickly mind; avenging sorrow finds the tricks
To serve her will.

*Troilus

*The bows of Apollo and Diana,
which killed her children, the
Delians.

A gleaming temple to the Sun
Stood just outside the walls. Thymbrean herb, that gives
The god a name*, grew over all, above and round,
To shade the lordly altars with its praying leaves.
410 Bold Hecuba invites Achilles here to crime:
She'd pledge the marriage pact*, she said. He came unarmed
With no companions; he took just Nestor's son*
And almost left his sword; he left the rest behind,
Alas, too keen to see the love he so desired.
415 The place and temple's sanctity remove the fear
Of ambushes or tricks. But Troy's adulterer*,
At her command, thinks nothing sinful after rape
Performed*. He breaks God's peace, disturbs the shrines, and hides

*Apollo

*to Polyxena

*Antilochus

*Paris

*of Helen

A corps of well-armed men behind the altar screens.
420 The mind's forebodings rarely err; Achilles came,
Great hero; thrice upon the threshold paused his step
In fear, and thrice pulled back. He dithered in his dread;
His hair stood up on end. The image of the god,
Aware of fate, wept thrice, and he, amazed at fear,
425 Denied he was afraid. The hostile band rushed in;
With dreadful shouts and warlike hands they ringed him round
In armed array. The eager son of Priam first
Assailed: "Don't move a step! About to hold your love* *Polyxena
Within your arms, will you depart? She comes, though late:
430 Her mother, busy with her dress, delays and gives
Sweet orders, teaching her about the first night's kiss."
With this, he poised his sword and rushed to get his blow
In first. "Now, now," he cried, "if any favour's felt
Or love for those that fell in war, O citizens,
435 The Trojan shades await appeasement by this blood."
What should he* do? How rouse himself? Where flee? To beg *Achilles
Would be disgrace - no mercy would be shown. He wrapped
His clothes around his arm and grabbed a spear. With all
The might sheer strength and force at bay can bring, he fights
440 And single-handed fells them all. Antilochus
Attacks with no less wrath and strives; desire for great
Renown and fierce desperation lend him strength.
As when a hundred hands with rustic axes strive
To fell twin oaks, at last with many wounds worn out
445 The trees bend down and in their fall bring down with them
Immense calamities to woods and also men—

Just so the heroes stand. The Trojans will not win
So easily; a thousand deaths may wear them down
And wounds can find no place, until at last the Greeks
450 With fierce force had broken and used up their swords.
The Trojans press, relying on their mass of shields;
They cannot overcome by arms, but by their weight
They crush the bodies, not yet dead but soon to fall.
All this Apollo saw and bent his vengeful bow;
455 Minerva lent her arms, but Jupiter with fire
Opposed the darts and used his bolt to bring a peace.
Paris was glad, as though the gods approved his deeds
And liked his treachery. He would (O shame!) have thrown
Their limbs and naked bodies without burial
460 To birds and beasts, if Helenus* had not advised *brother of Paris
What's right—a better brother—and restrained his rage.
Alas, the stricken looks and faces all around
That common grief brings to the Greeks! Here tears, and there
Laments, when on the backs of chiefs both bodies came
465 Back home, and both these gods of war, as ritual
Allowed, were given to a mortal pyre. Allied
In grief the Myrmidons and Pylians shed tears
And Nestor hides, his troops competing in lament.
If Jove himself had died, thus would the stars, bereft,
470 Bewail, and gods join in a grief unknown till now.
They* now have lost their faith to win; the fates and gods *Greeks
Offer no hope; yet, firmly, they decide to go
And ask the gods: should they go home or stand and fight?
They'd rather leave: they have no confidence in war,

475 Achilles being dead. But Calchas asks and hears
That through Achilles' son the Greeks will win the war—
Through destined Pyrrhus, now kept by Lycomedes
Who once had nursed Achilles when he was a girl*.
Then quickly Menelaus, as the chiefs decreed,
480 Prepared the fleet to sail. I know—and gladly would
I tell—what seas his oars wore out, what ports, what towns
The might of Calydon* once touched, assisted by
Odysseus' wiles, when with approaching fleet he touched
On Delos and you, lofty Samos, Naxos too,
485 By Bacchus loved. But war calls me to stir
And sing her battle songs.

*disguised to avoid the war
(3.147)

*Diomedes (in search of
the disguised Achilles)

How Paris and Ajax killed each other

Inflamed, then Paris led
His Mygdon troops to war, and now with all his host
He plans to match his brothers' victories, to be
The best. His spirits grow, and to himself he seems
490 More strong. He doffs his bow and boasts to cast
His spears: he deals a different death with bigger arms.
Now slashing swords fight hand to hand; now from afar
His ashen spear is hurled at length like thunderbolt.
Less skillfully the Scythian, Sigambrian,
495 Ligurian and Mede and Persian wield their spears.
With sword he cuts the face of Thoas, Pilos' son;
With spear he stabs the loins of Lamus, Pleuron's child;
With pike he pierces Dorceus, Celaena's chief.

500 Elsewhere, the tireless son of Telamon* disturbs
His kindred foes. He bears a shield of seven hides
Of ox, his spear an oak that only he could throw,
His hand alone. No woven iron shields his side,
So proud! His wrath would not allow delays in war,
Or else he thought that his broad breast concealed
505 Him overall; so thus he raged, unarmed, against
Protected men. The fear of him brings fate to those
Who fall; to cowards, to behold his rage is death.
Then Paris sees and hesitates: should he attack
With sword or spear? At last he takes his darts,
510 Since here his hand is sure and always heeds his will.
From case and quiver he takes arrows and his bow,
His left hand holds the bow, his right pulls back the string;
Each hand takes aim. Along the shaft his eyes
Are focussed narrowly. The arrow's feathers grazed
515 His breast, its point his left-hand grip, as it sped forth.
Its flight complete, it entered in the left-hand side
And dripped in death. The wrath of Ajax did not feel
The cold of death, till his avenging raging mind
Was sated, with his foe now dead, and took its rest*.
520 Thus each one's hand was fortunate, for gods bestowed
Each other's death. But Ajax was more blest: he killed
The tyrant of the war, who lit the flames of death
And crime, and sent his fornicating soul to Hell.

*Ajax, Priam's nephew
(5. 268 – 75)

*i.e., Ajax, dying, kills
Paris.

525 Go now where sin drags sinners down! The sixth recess
Of Hell's abode is your reward. The fourth holds those
That loved, the fifth has warriors, but both reject

Adulterers and tyrants who fought unchaste wars.
For you awaits the place of Titans' sulphur chains,
The final night to shut you in its gloom, the depths
530 Of Hell. May Styx pour hate and Phlegethon its fumes,
Cocytus tears, and Acheron its wails for you*!
May Charon drive you from his port, and Cerberus*
From gate! But when at last you go and enter in,
May plagues of hell and every death conspire and fall
535 Upon your head. May Tantalus give you his waves,
And Ixion his wheel, and Sisyphus his rock
That slides, and Titius his birds - have these for joys,
As long as seas drink streams and rainbows herald rain!

When Helen hears the news, which burns her fearful ears,
540 Her voice and tears are caught and stilled, held back at length
By massive grief. Her mind departs and fails, and seems
To suffer sudden death. With healing dew*, cold grief
Comes slowly back into her sense. Forthwith enraged
545 In face, with tangled hair, she sees the swords around
And motives for her death; she silently reflects
Whose sword to steal or whom to ask for spear, since she
Will die by her own hand. The Trojan women sensed
Her rage and tried in turn to soothe her grief's too bold
Attempts. The king was gentler with her in her grief,
550 Since she had never spurned the Trojans, choosing Greeks.
At last her tears died down, and also day, worn out,
Turned into night and hid. But Diomedes raged
And stirred his foes; though they, worn out, had fled within
The walls, he challenged Trojans now enclosed inside

*the rivers of Hades

*the ferryman of Styx and
the guard dog of Hades

*her tears

555 Their nightly watch. The watchmen do not play at games of chance
With dice, but keenly stand alert by wakeful fires;
No chins droop down in sleep or knock upon their breasts.
The day had scarcely dawned: Greeks rush to arms again,
Roll up the catapults and storm the town: strength comes
560 From sheds, from slings that spew out stones, and tortoises
That walk deceitfully, and rams that undermine*. *siege engines
The Trojans firmly fend them off with hail of rocks,
With showers of steel, and flames that flash with lightning.
In fear they have no faith in open war, nor wish
565 Again for battlefield; they hide within the walls.
Penthesilea, shielded, brings to Priam's aid
Her maidens' axes. She builds up their arms; she firms
The troops. A warrior, she lends her might to men.
The gates spread wide: she drives the fleeing Greeks towards
570 Their camp. She aims her swords at throats, and threatens ships
With fire. Diomedes alone stood firm against
Both threats; nowhere did he match Tydeus* so well. *his father (6.188 – 9)
Here Pyrrhus* comes across the Grecian sea to port *Achilles son
With ten pine ships. Who would deny that Fortune stirs
575 Up war with fate? The fates bring Pyrrhus to the Greeks
And Fortune brings the Scythians* to strengthen Troy. *Penthesilea's troops
They came to war well-matched: on this side stood the Greeks,
Arranged in ranks, and, on the other, with the maid,
The hosts of Troy. Each side had gods and each proclaimed
580 Its deities. On Attic shield the olive branch
Of Pallas lies of peace. The helms of Thrace make threats
With their own Mars, for Mars is everywhere, and so

Is Juno: many strike the air with ashen flag
And sit upon the shields and soar up to the helms.
585 The Trojans boast of Cybele and Venus too;
Some mingle purple wings of thunder-bearing bird* *Jupiter's eagle
With their own Ganymede. It seems both fair and sweet
To men to go to war and see the gods conflict.
With fearful axes at her back, preeminent, there stands
590 The queen of maiden choir*. No lavish care for looks *Penthesilea
Or beauty bother her; rough visage, tawdry clothes,
Are hers; the gold threads on her arms flash out in wrath.
Her laugh, her words and eyes reveal no levity
Or weakness all her acts conceal her womanhood.
595 Against her, Pyrrhus, borne aloft on panting horse,
Stirs troops and Myrmidons to vengeance and to arms.
He* fights not for the chiefs nor to avenge the son *Pyrrhus
Of Atreus* but for himself. At guilty foes *Agememnon
He, vengeful, bears his father's arms, but growing arms
600 Can't bear such weight. The helm needs stronger neck;
His smaller hand can scarcely grasp his father's spear.
Penthesilea first with blazing hand attacked
Mycaenae's Menethus, He bellowed out at all
With lion's voice—at heart a hare! He roared but gaped
605 To hear the women's horns, since women in his land
Were timid and unused to arms. He did not know
That men and women harden in the cold: the North
Breeds anger in the hearts of all its progeny.
He cried, "Great Mars, you should be shamed—a hand scarce fit
610 For spinning bears your standards and effeminates

Our arms. For now, indeed, these perjured walls will stand
And girls will turn their baskets and their yarn, and spin
Their twine. On such a soldiery, such arms, does Troy
Rely! But we Achaeans will not stand for this.

615

It may be base for men to trample timid girls
But I'll go forth! “ He spoke; then she was slow to match
The male in words, but swiftly answered him with just
One spear. A miserable death! The shaft transfixed
Him as he fell; his feet were stuck; his horse rushed on,
620 At pains to go; the point forbids, and horse and spear
In fearsome rivalry rip up the luckless corpse.

Then Pyrrhus crowds Adrastus, who was born of gods
But still gave up his life to but a mortal foe.

625

Their leaders' deeds inspired the other troops, of less
Strong hands, to follow in their path –too long to tell!
If I should count the streams of Sicily, the grains
Of Libya, and Hybla's bees, I could not list
So many deaths and wounds. The healing god's
Two sons* had not till then required so many herbs.

*Machaon and Polidarius (4.144
– 8), sons of Aesculapius.

The death of Penthesilea

630

Now Fortune, having crushed the meek, exerts herself
To match the rival pair. They don't take long to seize
Their arms; they keenly heed the call. Till then the crowd
Had blocked their daring moves, but now the field was wide
And numbers few. Penthesilea fiercely first

635

Drove Pyrrhus back. Mars backed the man, and Enyo*,

*Bellona, goddess of war

Not slow to help her sex, helped her. Minerva then
And Juno stood aside, but won't help Pyrrhus win.
The field is spread out wide. Each stretches forth their spear,
Each draws their sword; they let their horses run, and spur
640 Them on. The ashen spears fly first, but lose their force;
Parts stick in shields, parts scatter in the fields, and parts
Stay in their grasp. Then close at hand a surer fight
With sword grows fast and fierce. The maid first aims her blow,
But strikes obliquely, sheering off the helmet's crest.
645 The hilt sticks in the shield and, held within the boss,
Its thrust is paused. She did her best to draw it out,
Pressed in so deep, but Pyrrhus with his blade transfixed
Her left-hand breast. Thus proud Penthesilea fell,
Without her sword. So great her sex's modesty,
650 She drew her purple cloak and flaming robes around
Her legs and angrily declaimed at fate, and died.
The Trojans flee, the Amazons disperse: the fear
Attendant on their sex returns. Dismay and fear
Abound as they run wild. Discordant cowardice
655 Conflicts, to take to flight. None takes a thought to help
Their fallen brothers or to see their crying sons.
Some reach the city; others stay behind as prey
For Greeks to catch. Some few that see a danger clear
Return to face the foe and earn a splendid death.

The betrayal and overthrow of the city

660 The basket's final thread was spun; the promised day

Of fate arrived. Ten times the orb of Titan had
Revolved. A thousand presages, a thousand threats
Of doom shone forth; the comets with their bloody tails
Sang fearful news. The star of Phoebus sometimes shone
665 As double, sometimes not at all. The wrath of Jove
Was never more in view nor omens in new forms
Unseen before: the tears of rocks, the sweat of gods,
The groan of barking dogs, the monstrous births, provide
Clear proof of coming doom. The son of Testor* stirs
670 The Greeks, unfolding plans of gods: they strike against
The walls, wherever space is clear. Some aim to link
The ships and try to find the city's secret spots.
The Trojans urge that Helen should return, to gain
A peace and treaties to replace the long, long war.
675 This course is urged by Antenor, Polidamas
(More eloquent), and Aeneas, whose voice persuades
Most gently of them all. They grieve the fall of kings;
Few soldiers now remain. "Not only Troy and bounds
Of Phrygia lament, but all that lie between
680 Ydaspes, rich in gems, and shores of Scythia
Bewail war's loss, yet Greece's fortune does not match:
Still Pyrrhus fights, and Nestor gives advice; the wrath
Of Atreus' sons still rages; Ulysses still tricks."
Amphimachus resists: "No peace, but arms!"—unbar
685 The gates, and he can pledge a victory for Troy
Or everlasting fame in sweet and splendid death!
He'd match his brothers, passing even Hector's might,
If boyhood left and as a man he grew to war.

690 Indeed, though Priam's years decline towards old age,
And though his old grey hairs won't let him bear a helm,
Though old, he's still a king, and in the king there thrives
A knight, and wrinkles still can dare to think of war.
Yet Trojan fickleness checks Priam's daring plan
And makes him fear and doubt. First Antenor had urged
695 That war be waged, and now seeks peace; Aeneas went
To Sparta for the spoils, and now demands the prey
Should be returned and hopes for favours from the foe!
King Priam plans to thwart their tricks by tricks, by guile
To stop their guile, and in this way he lays his plans.
700 He'll feign a holy day and to the feast of peace
Invite the chiefs: "While all together they imbibe,
Amphimachus must keenly rush and with armed band
Take them unarmed. So then the way to war will be
Quite clear, and victory will suffer no delays!"
705 Meanwhile the Trojans met*: they mourned and hated war,
And were of one accord. Their faithless faith conspired
In perfidy with Antenor, who hatched the dire
Disgrace. Ucelagon, Amphidamas, agreed
With his advice, and Dolon, no more just than false
710 Polidamas, and Aeneas (not "pious"), who
Concurred with their bold plans, conspiring in Troy's fall.
Polidamas informed the Greeks that Troy would be
Betrayed; he asked for peace for their cabal, the fee
For treachery; he guaranteed a quiet route
715 Towards the walls. But Pyrrhus shuns deceit; fear, doubt
Grip Nestor, Ulysses. Uncertain promises

*i.e. the conspirators

Cause them to pause: they* fear a trick; he's⁺ sure they'll win *Nestor and Ulysses
And won't befoul their victory by war at night. ⁺Pyrrhus
This doubtful tale disturbs the chiefs; the Trojan* seized, *Polidamas
720 The mission was transferred to Sinon, one of theirs.
Should they believe the pledge? He visits Trojan homes;
Anchises testifies and calms their doubtful fears,
And Antenor gives oaths that what they say is true.
And so the Greeks swear by their gods and give their word
725 To Troy's cabal. They gladly tell themselves and troops
To have no fear, and furthermore give gifts; their words
They strengthen with rewards—not only Troy; they also pledge
Uncounted Asian cities and their citizens.
The Trojan*, confident, departs in joy, and shows *Polidamas
730 By cautious sign how Grecian foes should make their way
To Troy and when, what signs to give to move the troops.
A hidden gate, which gives a silent path for guile
And bears the head of Pegasus, provides their way;
To this the chiefs, as bidden, came.
The sun's orb sank:
735 The time for them to move. A flame's calm light was seen
By all and gave the sign. Both sure and hesitant
Joined ranks and made their way. A Trojan with a torch
Was guide and opened up the gates. What dire designs
Of knaves! What crimes unknown before to chronicles!
740 Then all of Asia thrived and Troy was rich in goods,
And mighty with its king and, through its soldiers, safe,
Afraid of neither gods nor fate. Greek victory
Would soon have failed, and Calchas lied, if Troy-born foe

And, deadliest of all, a private fund of ill
745 Had not made Testor's son* a seer. A Trojan, he *Calchas
Himself unlatched the gate. No creak of hinge was heard,
No sound of shield or spear: they knew the need for stealth,
And all was still and nothing seen. Then Pyrrhus first
Attained the town: he scorned to war by guile or win
750 By theft and cried: "Now, Trojans, bring out open arms
And come and fight! How long will you just sleep and dream?
Now nothing's safe: the gates are open wide. Behold,
We Greeks pour in. If any, in their wrath, will fight
With me, this noble deed of war will not be dimmed
755 In shade: your flames of death will be a sight for all!"
He spoke, and seized a torch and first set fire to Troy
To open up the way. The others, using sword
Or flame, vied in their rage. The devastating fire
Spreads overall and sword dispels their peaceful sleep.
760 O cruel night (so truly named), confused and grim,
Night, fierce, treacherous, a theme for tragic style
Or satire's biting pen, for you alone can boast
A profit from so many days of futile strife.
If I had just as many tongues as Proteus
765 Has shapes, and Phoebus filled my breast with countless songs,
I could not tell the slaughters, burnings, or the griefs
That one night brought to Troy. Some dodge the swords but fall
To flames, some flee from flames to swords: alas, for them
The flight from fate meets fate. That death alone is feared
770 Which first appears to thought. To many who felt flame
And sword, it's right to pay a double debt of grief.

Fierce is the face of evil, never known before!
These sleep; the others wake and hate. None raise a hand
In fighting back, and so the striking arm can choose
775 Which death to deal - to go for throat or breast or face
Or reckon all the limbs as targets for the wound.
But some had stayed up late in banqueting, or spent
The time of rest in talk; they heard the noise and news
That Greeks now held the town. They saw the fires; to save
780 Themselves they seized their arms but, hemmed around by flames,
They saw, dismayed, their way was blocked; in vain they tried
To flee their flaming homes. They mourned the bitterest
Of deaths: they die enwrapped in arms consumed by fire.

The death of Priam

Should I unfold the slaughter and relate each death ?
785 But they lay hidden in the dark, they died by night;
The ignorance of night puts shades upon my muse.
Unlucky Priam clasped the temples and the shrines
Of Jove in flight—he could not trust his hand to fight.
Fear drove out wrath, but, lofty with majestic face,
790 He did not shame his royalty by pleas or tears
Or humble look. Grim Pyrrhus cried, “Do you give back
The Spartan girls and brides at last? Or will you fight,
Not fearing war? Why clasp the gods of ivory,
You, hated of the gods? You harmed the gods yourself,
795 I’m forced. My father fell to Phoebus as a gift,
As you to Jove.” With this, disdainingly to destroy

A supine man, he seized the greying hairs and raised
The fearful body, plunging blade within his guts.
His hand soon ceased to struggle, since his feeble life
800 Flew lightly to the shades; with weight of limbs he helped
The steel to penetrate. At last, now full of years,
He died—in youth rejoicing, happy in old age,
If Fortune had but kept her faith and stayed secure.
The gentle Zephyrs lead to winter's blast, and joy
805 To grief. Thus, better never to be prosperous.

When news, now sure, reached Hecuba of all this ill,
She sped her steps without delay and made her way
Undaunted through the swords; her hair awry, breast torn,
She sought and mourned her man. “O Greeks, who'll give me back
810 His aged limbs to mourn? Or have you taken him
And spread his corpse as prey for birds and animals,
For me to seek elsewhere?” The ranks, disturbed, gave way
Before her rage. She passed and found the king and fell
Upon him, crying, “My --”, then silent, then again
815 Repeats, “Alas my --, mine --” again, and yet again
Dissolved in single words. At last she joined her plaints
In full connected sense and so began to speak:

Hecuba's lament

“What sighs, what fitting groans, will grief supply to serve
For tears? I do not blame the sorrow, for my cheeks
820 Are now worn out; my eyes grow dim from weeping long;
My sight is now less keen. The wound is deeply felt,
But up till now my grief has been without a tongue.
O gods and heavens, though provoked, I have not blamed
You in a woman’s way, but for what crime am I
825 Condemned to such distress? If I deserve to die,
Why do I live? The sad are sadder for long life.
Should I lament my wedding and my births? For both
Brought savage misery. King Priam could have ruled
In peace, but harmful destiny wed him to me:
830 The wrath of gods was fixed. With many progeny,
Indeed, my womb was rich, but with an evil fate
As mother and as bride. Bereft now of my young
And husbandless I’ve learned to mourn with double grief,
Worn out by closing eyes and, O so many deaths.
835 Dear Hector, while you lived, and Troilus, Troy stood
So long secure—for Paris, wicked flame of womb,
Shall not be named by me!” She spoke, amazed to see
Such fires as Phaeton’s spreading sparks could never match,
Nor Nero’s burning Rome permit, and added this:
840 “Are these the flames I bore, unstruck by thunderbolt? See 3.155 – 9
Is this the produce of my womb? Why did the earth
Not swallow me? I swelled with this? Why was I spared
In that grim flood of old? You, Trojans, harmed by my

Impiety, for whom I bore laments, come, tear
845 Apart your enemy! But wrath is now too late;
The time was when I dreamed. With you, great husband, now,
My mate in bed and tomb, I'll go beneath the shades.
Alas, are there no foes? Where now the raging wars?
Where's Pyrrhus now? Bring spears, you warriors: old hands
850 Will be enough to slay. Or shall I learn, as slave,
To fear the Grecian brides?" She spoke, and pity stirred
And moved the Greeks to share in grief with Hecuba.

The division of the spoils

The dewy shades of night had now been stripped away,
But day was not yet clear: the sun was glad to hide—
855 He saw the walls that he had built thrown down—you'd think
He mourned his enemies. All prey, all profit of the night,
Is heaped in Pallas' citadel. You now could gauge
The fates of fallen Troy—so many gleaming arms,
Gods, jewels, images, bronze, ivory: such spoils
860 Before had never swelled triumphant Fortune's lap.
When all the chiefs had satisfied the crowd with loot
And giving hand had filled greed's hopes, then all cried out
To go back home in joy. At last, without a war,
Does nature now return. The priest proclaims the hour
865 And day to set their sails. The Greeks now have the time
To wander here and there and view the smoking town
Of Troy. Some had not yet expelled their hate and rage:
They stripped the Trojan hills of cypress for their dead,

For sacraments the laurel, alders for their ships.

- 870 The prayers and funerals now done, the fleet, repaired,
Prepared to cut its ocean path. The South wind stirred the waves;
A sudden tempest roused two storms and blasts of wind
And rain. The augur warned the sailors to repeat
Their offerings; the gods had not yet been appeased.
- 875 The chiefs obey his words. Then Pyrrhus recollects
Polyxena had not been found. In rage he blames
The Trojans: Hecuba gave her to Aeneas,
Who hid her in their father's house—O monstrous crime!
This luckless girl is handed to the hated Greeks.
- 880 For saving her Aeneas pays an unfair price:
He's ordered into exile; twice eleven ships
He takes (which once the Trojan ravisher had used),
With friends to share his doom. Now Antenor attains
The rule: he's chosen king, and amplifies the realm
- 885 By forging friendly treaties with the Gabaians.
Aeneas still attempts to drive him from the throne
He'd seized; he seeks the aid of Maenalus and towns
Of Thebes; now Greeks had left, he dared to risk a war.
His efforts to renew the war were vain; he mourned
- 890 And as an exile sailed the Adriatic seas.
He built a new town there and named it Corcyra,
And there he reigned content within a narrow land;
He was foretold as founder of the walls of Rome.
Sad Hecuba, Cassandra too, to whom Troy paid
- 895 No heed, sought Chersonese; Andromache went too,
And with her Helenus. Thus Troy alone, by loss

So rich, filled realms and towns with tribes and citizens.

The return of the Greeks after the fall of Troy

Now, Troy destroyed, the Phoronean* kings traversed *Greek
Aegean seas, exulting in the spoils of Troy.

900 No breeze disturbed their peaceful course; in harmony
They cut the waves, when Southern winds unleashed burst forth
From prison with their blast. The heaven's storm dispersed
The ships across the sea or sucked them down with waves.

The fleet of Locris wandered, driven by the storm,
905 And perished on the rocks. A thunderbolt destroyed
The royal ship that Ajax* sailed; in vain he tried
To use his body's bulk, but drowned within the deep.

*Ajax Oileus (4.116 – 7)

When Ajax*, son of Nauplius, heard that the Greeks *Oeax
Returned in victory, with Palamedes dead,

910 Now brotherless he grieved. With bitter wrath at heart
He roused the maids of Greece to wars unspeakable
And strived to find them reasons for a wicked crime:
“Alas, poor wives, what good were sacred oaths and vows
For many years proclaimed and husband's rights preserved
915 And chastity unstained? They've come back home, but fame
Reports that Trojan brides come too, and foreign slave
Will crush the former marriages in servitude.

Greek wives, remember Lemnos, dare to undertake
An equal deed to match the cause*. You skulk and fear ?
920 A royal concubine commands our native girls!”

*The women of Lemnon
killed all the men.

At this the news arrived of sudden happenings:

The chiefs of Greece had come. Not often do the gods
Keep faith up to the end! However long you thrive
Or outmatch others, fool, what cause have you to boast?
925 Old age alone brings peace. Here Atreus' son*, who had *Agamemnon
No loss in war or on the sea, wins Argive shores:
His wife cuts through the victor's throat; her gigolot* *Clytemnestra and Aegistheus
Entraps and slays the king. At Diomedes' return
Sad Aegiale greets him not with kiss or smile
930 Or kindness but with war. The other wives of Greece
Stir similar revolts: with treachery they meet
Their men, or bar the city gates to them by war.
Thus, when the Greeks were driven off by civil arms,
They left in exile and to Corinth made their way,
935 And there in unison prepared to take revenge
For each offence. But Nestor has a sounder plan
And urges peace instead - to sway the citizens
By pleas, not challenge them with arms, lest civil strife
Give birth to public loss and ruin for the realm.
940 Thus majesty that suffers prayer puts civil war
To sleep unarmed, quells wrath of Mars, and won't allow
The blast of female horns. Old piety and faith
Return to royal minds: to each, his realm is glad
To welcome him. To Samos Ulysses was borne,
945 Through Sirens' songs, the sea of Sicily, the house
Of one-eye, Circe's cups, and Antiphates' feasts.
At last (though after many wives) to Ithaca
He came and to the chaste Penelope's embrace.
But sleep, foretelling fate, and dreadful dreams forewarn

950 Of Telegonus'* sword and of a kindred knife. *Ulyssus' son by Circe
Thus died the witch's scorn, a victim of his son,
Old-aged but strong and victor of the East's great wealth.

When it was known that Helen had returned to her
Mycene, all of Europe thronged in crowds to see
955 The Plisthinian* bride; they yearn to contemplate *Greek
The face that overthrew all Asia and took pride
That she set lords on fire and tore the world in war,
And won an ugly fame for beauty without shame.

EPILOGUE

Till now I've mourned the tragic fall of Ilium,
960 Unfolding brief and tangled webs of ancient truth,
And adding only here and there. But now I pull
The string of sacred lyre: the wars of Antioch
Now call, requiring greater tunes, for now I wish
To speak of Christ's crusade*, the standards of the Church, *1190
965 The Cross's mighty gifts. No panting Muse pours feet
Of verse for me: a greater Phoebus*, heaven-sent, *Christ
Comes down to fill the chasm of my faithful mind.
Great father*, you, the other trusty prop of this *Baldwin, Archbishop
New task, will spread my sails upon a second sea. of Canterbury
970 This work is but a game; a later age comes now:
More solemn deeds will come deserving of your ear.
If your bright light will countenance my bold attempts,
I shall not fear the biting gnat or buzzing drone*. *envy

Now live and thrive in freedom, book! If any harm

975

Befall, be glad to learn that envy has no match
In height. When hostile murmurs hurl their biting laughs
At you and seek to tear you with their vulgar tongues,
May you deserve their envy, which attacks the heights:
It feeds on what is here, and ends with final age.

Finis

Appendices

Appendix A: Correspondences between Joseph's Ylias and its Sources

<i>Ylias</i>	<i>Sources</i>	<i>Ylias</i>	<i>Sources</i>
1.1 – 23	-----	5.28 – 115	-----
1.24 – 26	<i>Dares</i> 1	5.116 – 512	<i>Dares</i> 19 – 23
1.27 – 70	-----	6. 1 – 64	<i>Dares</i> 25 – 26
1.71 – 549	<i>Dares</i> 1 – 4	6.65 – 69	<i>Dares</i> 26
2.1 – 72	<i>Dares</i> 4 – 5	6.69 – 72	<i>Dares</i> 26
2.73	<i>Dares</i> 5	6.73 – 109	<i>Dares</i> 27
2.74 – 613	<i>Dares</i> 5 – 7	6.109 – 113	<i>Dares</i> 26
3.1 – 413	<i>Dares</i> 7 – 11	6.115 – 160	<i>Dares</i> 28
3.416 – 432	<i>Dares</i> 13	6.161 – 200	-----
3.433 – 473	<i>Dares</i> 11	6.201 – 658	<i>Dares</i> 30 – 36
4.1 – 34	<i>Dares</i> 18	6.659 – 673	-----
4.35 – 42	-----	6.673 – 883	<i>Dares</i> 37 – 43
4.43 – 162	<i>Dares</i> 12 – 13	6.886 – 892	<i>Dictys</i> 5.17
4.163 – 207	<i>Dares</i> 12	6.894 – 897	<i>Dares</i> 43
4.208 – 522	<i>Dares</i> 15 – 17	6.898 – 907	<i>Dictys</i> 6.1
5.1 – 9	-----	6.908 – 944	<i>Dictys</i> 6.2
5.10 – 11	<i>Dares</i> 19	944 – 952	<i>Dictys</i> 6.5 – 6, 14 – 15
5.12 – 19	<i>Dares</i> 18	6.953 – 958	<i>Dictys</i> 6.6
5.20 – 27	<i>Dares</i> 19		

Dares and Dictys

These prose translations are based on: Dares Phrygius, *De excidio Troiae historia*, ed. F. Meister (Leipzig: Teubner, 1873), and Dictys Cretensis, *Ephemeridos Belli Troiani*, ed. W. Eisenhut (Leipzig: Teubner, repr. 1973). The translation of Dares is complete; only extracts have been translated from Dictys. A full translation of both is to be found in *The Chronicles of Dictys of Crete and Dares the Phrygian*, transl. R.M. Frazer Jr. (Indiana UP, Bloomington, Ind., 1966).

Appendix B: De excidio Troiae historia

Preface

Cornelius Nepos to Sallustius Crispus, greetings.

During my many investigations at Athens, I discovered the History of Dares Phrygius, written by his own hand as the title indicates; in it he recorded for posterity the story of the Greeks and Trojans. I embraced it with delight and immediately translated it. I decided that nothing should be added or taken away for the sake of remolding it; otherwise, it could seem to be my own work. Thus, I thought it best, truly and simply written as it was, to translate it literally into Latin, so that readers could learn what happened: *namely, whether they should accept as truth what was recorded by Dares *Ylias: 1.24 – 6 Phrygius, who lived and fought throughout that time during the Greek siege of Troy, or whether they should believe Homer, who was born many years after the war was waged. Judgment on this matter was made at Athens, since it was considered a sign of madness that he (i.e. Homer) wrote that the gods had waged war on men. But enough of this: let us now return to the promised task.

Dares Phrygius: the Destruction of Troy

(=Ylias 1.71-116)

1. Pelias, who was king in the Peloponese, had a brother Aeson. Aeson had a son Jason, whose prowess was outstanding: he treated all those under his rule as his guests, and was greatly loved by them. When King Pelias saw that Jason was so popular with everyone, he was afraid that he would harm him and expel him from his kingdom. He told Jason that the golden fleece of Colchis was worthy of his prowess; he promised to give him everything to bring it back for him from Colchis. Jason had a very bold spirit and wanted to explore everywhere; he thought that his fame would be greater, if he brought back the golden fleece of Colchis. He therefore told King Pelias he would go there, if he had enough force and companions. King Pelias had the architect Argus summoned, and commanded him to build the most beautiful ship at Jason's direction. The rumour ran through all Greece that a ship was being built, in which Jason was going to Colchis to seek the golden fleece. His friends and guests came to Jason and promised to go with him. Jason thanked them and asked them to be prepared when the time came.

Meanwhile the ship was built, and at the appropriate time of the year he sent letters to those who had promised to go with him, and they immediately assembled at the ship, whose name was Argo. King Pelias ordered the ship to be loaded with all that was necessary, and encouraged Jason, and all those who were to go with him, to go with a brave heart to accomplish what they had attempted. The expedition seemed likely to bring fame to Greece and themselves. It does not seem to be my business to list all those that set out with Jason: anyone who wants to know should read the 'Argonauts'.

(= Ylias 1.116-266)

2. When Jason arrived at Phrygia, he brought the ship in at the port of Simois, and everyone disembarked on to the land. A message was sent to King Laomedon that a wonderful ship had entered the port of Simois, carrying many young men from Greece. When he heard this, King Laomedon was disturbed: in his view, there would be a common peril, if the Greeks developed the habit of sailing to his shores. He sent messengers to the port to tell the Greeks to leave his territory: if they disobeyed his edict, he would eject them by force of arms. Jason and his companions were very angry at Laomedon's cruel treatment, seeing that they had done him no harm. At the same time they were afraid that they would be overwhelmed by the great number of barbarians, if they tried to stay against his order, since they were not equipped for a battle. They boarded their ship, left the territory, set off for Colchis, took away the fleece, and returned home.

(= Ylias 1.267-461)

3. Hercules was very angry that he had been treated so abusively by King Laomedon, along with all those who had gone to Colchis with Jason. He went to Sparta to see Castor and Pollux, and urged them to join him in avenging their injuries, so that Laomedon should not get away free with prohibiting the approach to the land and port; he said that they would have many supporters, if they agreed to his plan. Castor and Pollux promised to do everything that Hercules asked. From them he went to Telamon at Salamis; he asked him to go with him to Troy to avenge his injuries and those of his companions. Telamon promised that he was ready for everything that Hercules wanted. From there he went to Phthia to visit Peleus, and asked him to accompany him to Troy, and Peleus promised to go. After this he went to Pylos to see Nestor, who asked him why

he had come. Hercules replied that he was seriously upset and wanted to lead an army to Phrygia. Nestor praised Hercules, and promised his assistance. When Hercules was sure of everyone's intentions, he prepared ships and chose soldiers. When the time came for departure, he sent letters to those he had asked, requesting them to come with all their men. When they had arrived, they departed for Phrygia, and arrived at Sigea by night. Hercules, Telamon, and Peleus led out the army, and left Castor, Pollux, and Nestor to guard the ships. When King Laomedon was told that a Greek fleet had arrived at Sigeum, he came to the sea with a force of cavalry, and began to fight. Hercules had gone to Troy and pressed hard on the unwatchful inhabitants of the town. When Laomedon was told that Troy was under pressure from enemies, he immediately returned: as he went he ran across the Greeks and was killed by Hercules. Telamon was the first to enter the town of Troy; for his prowess Hercules gave him Hesione, daughter of King Laomedon. All the others who had gone with Laomedon were killed. Priam was in Phrygia, where his father had given him command of the army. Hercules and those who had come with him gathered a great pile of booty and carried it to the ships. After that they decided to return home, and Telamon took Hesione with him.

(=Ylias 1.462-549)

4. When Priam heard the news that his father had been killed, the citizens despoiled, booty carried off, and his sister Hesione given away, he was very angry that Phrygia had been so humiliated by the Greeks. He headed back to Troy with his wife Hecuba and his children, Hector, Alexander, Deiphobus, Helenus, Troilus, Andromache, Cassandra, and Polyxena. He had other sons by concubines, but he said that only those of legitimate wives were members of the royal family. When Priam arrived at Troy, he built larger walls and completely reinforced the city's defences. He stationed a great number of soldiers there, so that it would not be overwhelmed by lack of attention, as his father Laomedon had been overcome. He also built a palace and dedicated an altar to Jupiter there. He sent Hector to Paeonia, and built gates for Troy with these names: the Antenorians, Dardanian, Ilian, Scaean, Thymbrian and Trojan. When he saw that Troy had been fortified, he bided his time.

(=Ylias 2. 1-67)

When it seemed that the time was right to avenge his father's injury, he had Antenor summoned to him; he told him that he wanted to send him as an ambassador to

Greece; he was to tell them that, at the hands of those who had come with the army, he had suffered serious injuries by the death of his father Laomedon and the abduction of Hesione; nevertheless he would accept everything else, as long as Hesione was returned to him.

(= Ylias 2. 68-74 (see below for 73))

5. As Priam ordered, Antenor embarked and sailed to Magnesia to see Peleus. Peleus entertained him for three days, and on the fourth day asked him why he had come. Antenor told him what Priam had ordered, that he was to ask the Greeks to return Hesione. When Peleus heard this, he was annoyed; as he saw that this applied to himself, he told Antenor to leave his lands.

(= Ylias 2. 75-187)

Without delay Antenor boarded ship and set sail for Boeotia; he went to Salamis to see Telamon and asked him to give back Priam his sister Hesione; he said it was not right to keep a girl of royal birth in servitude. Telamon replied that he had done nothing to Priam, but he would not surrender to anyone that which he had received for valour; consequently he ordered Antenor to leave the island.

(= Ylias 2. 73)

Antenor set sail and arrived at Achaia; from there he went to Castor and Pollux and asked them to give satisfaction to Priam and return his sister Hesione. Castor and Pollux said that they had done Priam no harm and told Antenor to leave. From there he went to Pylos to see Nestor, and told him why he had come; on hearing this, Nestor abused Antenor for coming to Greece, seeing that the Greeks had first been injured by the Trojans.

(= Ylias 2. 188-91)

When Antenor saw that he was getting nowhere and was being abused, he got into his ship and returned home. He told King Priam how each one had replied and how he had been treated, and with this he urged Priam to make war on the Greeks.

(Not in Ylias at this point)

6. Priam immediately had all his sons and friends summoned: Antenor, Anchises, Aeneas, Ucalegon, Bucolio, Panthus, Lampo, and all his sons from concubines. When they had assembled, he told them that he had sent Antenor on a mission to Greece, so that the Greeks would give him satisfaction for killing his father and would return Hesione; Antenor, he said, had been treated with contempt and had achieved nothing. However, since the Greeks would not do what he wanted, he thought that he should send

an army against Greece to exact retribution, lest the Greeks laugh at the barbarians. Priam urged his sons to take the lead in the matter, especially Hector, since he was the eldest. Hector said that he would fulfill his father's wish and avenge the death of his grandfather Laomedon and whatever injuries the Greeks had done to the Trojans; he would ensure that the Greeks would not go unpunished, but he was afraid that they might be unable to accomplish their plans: Greece, he said, would have many supporters; Europe was full of warlike men, whereas those in Asia had always lived a life of idleness and consequently had no navy.

(=Ylias 2. 191-613) 7. Alexander (Paris) urged the preparation of a fleet and its dispatch to Greece; he would be leader of it, if Priam agreed. He was confident in the benevolence of the gods: he would return home from Greece with glory after defeating the enemy. For when he had gone hunting on Mount Ida, Mercury had brought to him in his sleep Juno, Venus, and Minerva, so that he would judge their beauty; Venus had then promised that, if he would judge her face to be beautiful, she would give him as wife a woman who would be seen to be the most beautiful in Greece; on hearing this, he gave his verdict that Venus was the most beautiful.

(=Ylias 3. 1-197) As a result, Priam was hopeful that Alexander would have the help of Venus. Deiphobus said that he liked Alexander's advice, and if, as they planned, an army were sent to Greece, he hoped that the Greeks would return Hesione and give satisfaction. Helenus prophesied that the Greeks would come and overthrow Troy; parents and brothers would die at the hands of their enemies, if Alexander brought a wife from Greece. Troilus was the youngest, but just as brave as Hector; he urged war, and said they should not be terrified by fear at Helenus' words. As a result they all agreed to prepare a fleet and to set sail for Greece.

8. Priam sent Alexander and Deiphobus to Paeonia to gather troops. He commanded the people to assemble; he told his sons that the older should have command over the younger. He showed what injuries the Greeks had done to the Trojans: it was for this reason that he had sent Antenor on a mission to Greece, to get them to give Hesione back and give the Trojans satisfaction; Antenor, however, had been treated with contempt and unable to get anything from them; they had therefore decided to send

Alexander to Greece with a fleet to avenge his grandfather's death and the Trojan injuries. He told Antenor to describe his reception by the Greeks. Antenor encouraged the Trojans not to be afraid; he incited them to overwhelm Greece in war, and briefly told what had happened in Greece. Priam said that if anyone disagreed with the plan to go to war, they should make their wish known.

Panthus told Priam and his family what he had learned from his father Euphorbius; he said that if Alexander brought a wife back from Greece, it would be the final end for the people of Troy; it was better to live in peace than to lose their lives in violence. The people scorned Panthus' authority, and told the king to make his wishes clear. Priam said that ships should be prepared for the expedition to Greece: the people had plenty of tools. The people replied that there would be no delay on their part in fulfilling the king's orders. He said that he was grateful to them, and dismissed the assembly. He immediately sent men to Mount Ida to gather materials and to build ships; he sent Hector to Upper Phrygia to gather an army, and this was done. On hearing her father's plan, Cassandra said what was going to happen to the Trojans if Priam persisted in sending a fleet to Greece.

9. Time passed, the ships were built, and the soldiers that Alexander and Deiphobus had recruited in Paeonia arrived. When he saw that the expedition was possible, Priam addressed the army; he put Alexander in charge, and with him he sent Deiphobus, Aeneas, and Polydamas. He ordered Alexander to proceed first to Sparta, to seek out Castor and Pollux and ask them to give back his sister Hesione and to make restitution to the Trojans; if they refused, Alexander was to send a message immediately, so that Priam could send an army against Greece.

(= Ylias_ 3. 198-220)

After this Alexander sailed to Greece, taking with him the guide who had already sailed there with Antenor. A few days after he set sail, but before he arrived at the island of Cythera, Menelaus, who was going to Pylos to see Nestor, met Alexander and wondered where this royal fleet was going. When the two of them met they looked at each other, but neither knew where the other was going. Castor and Pollux had gone to Clymemnestra; they had taken with them their niece, Hermione, Helen's daughter. At this time the feast of Juno was being held, when Alexander came to the island of Cythera,

where there was a shrine of Venus. He made a sacrifice to Diana. The people on the island were amazed at the royal fleet, and asked those who had come with Alexander who they were and why they had come. They replied that Alexander had been sent by King Priam as an ambassador to meet Castor and Pollux.

(= Ylias 3. 221-338) 10. Now while Alexander was on the isle of Cythera, Helen, wife of Menelaus, took a fancy to go there, and therefore went to the coast. By the sea is the town of Helaea, where there is a shrine of Diana and Apollo. Helen planned to perform a religious ceremony there. When Alexander was informed that Helen had gone to the sea-shore, confident in his own beauty, he took a walk there, eager to see her. Helen was told that Alexander, son of King Priam, had come to the town of Helaea, where she was herself, and she also was eager to see him. When they looked at each other, they were both enflamed by the other's beauty, and spent their time in winning the other's favour. Alexander ordered everyone on the ships to make ready, to loose the ships at night, to seize Helen from the shrine, and to take her with them. When the signal was given, they invaded the shrine and seized a not unwilling Helen; they took her to the ship, and along with her seized some women. When the townspeople saw that Helen had been snatched away, they fought with Alexander for a long time to try to stop him taking Helen. Alexander relied on the numerical superiority of his friends and overcame them; he plundered the shrine, took as many captives as possible, put them on board the ships, loosed the fleet, set sail for home, and arrived at the port of Tenedos; there he soothed Helen's sadness with his words, and sent a messenger to his father to tell him what had happened*. After the news was reported to him at Pylos, Menelaus set out for Sparta with Nestor; he sent to Argos to his brother Agamemnon, asking him to come to him.

*Last line not in Ylias at this point.

(= Ylias 3.339-426) 11. In the meantime Alexander came to his father with his great booty, and told him the sequence of events. Priam was delighted, hoping that the Greeks, in order to recover Helen, would give back his sister Hesione and everything that they had taken from the Trojans. He comforted Helen, who was sad, and gave her to Alexander as his wife. When Cassandra saw Helen, she began to prophesy, recalling what she had foretold earlier; Priam had her taken away and locked up.

After he had arrived at Sparta, Agamemnon consoled his brother; it was decided that they should send messengers throughout all Greece to summon the Greeks and declare war on Troy. The following assembled: Achilles with Patroclus, Euryalus, Tlepolemus, and Diomedes. After they arrived at Sparta they decided to avenge the Trojan injuries and to assemble an army and a fleet; they appointed Agamemnon as commander and leader. They sent messengers to cause the whole of Greece to assemble, equipped and fitted with fleets and armies, at the port of Athens; from there they would set out together to avenge their injuries.

(=Ylias 3. 427-473) Next, Castor and Pollux, on hearing of the seizure of their sister Helen, boarded ship and followed. When they embarked at the port of Lesbos, a great storm arose, and it was believed that they did not reappear anywhere; later it was said that they had become immortal. The people of Lesbos went all the way to Troy to look for them, but they reported home that they had not found a trace of them anywhere.

(= Ylias 4.163-71) 12. Dares Phrygius, the author of this history, says that he served in the army until Troy was captured; he saw them during a truce, and was sometimes present in battle, but he had learned from the Trojans what Castor and Pollux had looked like, and what their natures were. Each resembled the other in yellow hair, big eyes, and clear complexion; they were well formed with long bodies.

(= Ylias 4.172-207) Helen looked like them: she was beautiful, had a simple spirit, was kindly, and had fine legs, a mark between her eyebrows, and a small mouth.

(= Ylias 4. 43-48) Priam, king of Troy, was big, with a fine face, a sweet voice, and an aquiline body.

(= Ylias 4. 49-56) Hector stammered; he had fair curly hair, and a squint; his limbs were long and his face venerable; he was bearded, proper, warlike, and magnanimous; he was kindly to his citizens, worthy and fit to be loved.

(= Ylias 4. 57-60) Deiphobus and Helenus resembled their father, but had different natures: Deiphobus was strong; Helenus was merciful and a learned poet (prophet).

(= Ylias 4. 61-64) Troilus was big, very handsome, strong for his age, brave, and eager for virtue (manliness).

(= Ylias 4. 65-71) Alexander (Paris) was fair-haired, tall, brave, had beautiful eyes, soft and yellow

hair, a pleasant mouth, and sweet voice; he was swift-footed and eager for command.

(= Ylias 4. 72-75) Aeneas was red-haired, square-built, eloquent, affable, brave, prudent, pious, pleasant, with cheerful black eyes.

(= Ylias 4. 76-78) Antenor was long and slender, quick-limbed, cunning, and cautious.

(= Ylias 4. 79-84) Hecuba was big, with an aquiline body, beautiful, with a masculine mind; she was pious and just.

(= Ylias 4. 85-86) Andromache had bright eyes, was fair-haired, tall, beautiful, modest, wise, chaste, and kindly.

(= Ylias 4. 87-89) Cassandra was small in build, round-mouthed, red-haired, with flashing eyes; she could tell the future.

(= Ylias 4. 90-98) Polyxena was fair, tall, beautiful, long-necked, with pleasant eyes, long yellow hair, poised in limbs, long fingers, straight legs, and excellent feet; by her beauty she could surpass everyone; she had a simple disposition, and was generous and ready to serve.

(= Ylias 4. 99 – 103) 13. Agamemnon had a pale body; he was big with strong limbs, eloquent, wise, noble, and rich.

(= Ylias 4. 104-7) Menelaus was of medium build, red-haired, handsome, well-received, and pleasing.

(= Ylias 4. 108-12) Achilles had a sturdy frame, a pleasant face, strong big limbs, and long curly hair. He was merciful, very keen in arms, cheerful of face, generous, ready to serve, and had chestnut hair.

(= Ylias 4. 113-5) Patroclus had a beautiful body, grey eyes, great strength; he was bashful, sure of himself, wise, and ready to serve.

(= Ylias 4. 116-7) Ajax Oileus was square-built with strong limbs; he had an aquiline body, and was merry and strong.

(= Ylias 4. 118-20) Ajax Telamonius was strong; his voice was clear; he had black curly hair, a straightforward spirit, and was cruel towards the enemy.

(= Ylias 4. 121-3) Ulysses was firm, crafty, merry-faced; he was of medium height, eloquent, and wise.

(= Ylias 4. 124-7) Diomedes was strong, square-built in body; he had an honest stern face, was very

keen in war, boisterous, with a warm brain, impatient and bold.

(= Ylias 4. 128-31) Nestor was big, with a long hooked nose, broad, fair hair, and was a wise adviser.

(= Ylias 4. 132-5) Protesilaus had a body of fair colour and an honest face; he was swift, self-confident, and rash.

(= Ylias 4. 136-41) Neoptolemus (Pyrrhus) was big, robust, prone to anger, stammering, fine-faced, stooping, round-eyed, and high-browed.

(= Ylias 4. 142-3) Palamedes was slender and tall, wise, great-hearted, and kindly.

(= Ylias 4. 144-5) Podalirius was solid and strong, proud, and gloomy.

(= Ylias 4. 146-7) Machaon was brave, big, sure, wise, patient, and merciful.

(= Ylias 4. 148-55) Merion was red-haired and of medium height, round-bodied, robust, persistent, cruel, and impatient.

(= Ylias 4. 156-62) Briseis was beautiful and not tall; she was fair with soft yellow hair; her eyebrows were joined, her eyes pleasant; her body was well-proportioned; she was kindly, easy to talk to, modest, straightforward, and pious.

(Cf. Ylias 3. 414-23) 14. Then, arranged with their fleet, the Greeks assembled at Athens:

Agamemnon (from Mycenae, with 100 ships), Menelaus (Sparta, 60), Archesilaus and Prothoenor (Boeotia, 50), Ascalaphus and Ialmenus (Orchomenus, 30), Epistrophius and Schedius (Phocis, 40), Ajax Telamonius (with his brother Teucer from Salamis, and from Buprasione he brought Amphimachus, Dioreas, Thalpius, and Polyxenus, 40 ships), Nestor (Pylos, 80), Thoas (Aetolia, 40), Nireus (Syme, 53), Ajax Oileus (Locri, 37), Antiphus and Phidippus (Calydna, 30), Idomeneus and Meriones (Crete, 80), Ulysses (Ithaca, 12), Eumelus (Pherae, 10), Protesilaus and Podarees (Phylaca, 40), Podalirius and Machaon, sons of Aesculapius (Tricca, 32), Achilles, Patroclus and the Myrmidons (Phthia, 50), Tlepholemus (Rhodes, 9), Eurypylos (Ormenius, 40), Antiphus and Amphimachus (Elis, 11), Polypoetes and Leonteus (Argisa, 40), Diomedes, Euryalus and Sthenelus (Argos, 80), Philoctetes (Melibea, 7), Guneus (Cyphus, 21), Prothous (Magnesia, 40), Agapenor (Arcadia, 40), Menestheus (Athens, 50). These were the leaders of the Greeks, totaling 49; they brought ships totaling 1130.

(= Ylias 4. 208-12) 15. When they had arrived at Athens, Agamemnon called the leaders to a

meeting. He praised them and urged them to avenge their wrongs as soon as possible. He asked them for their counsel, and urged them, before departure, to send to Delphi to consult Apollo; everyone agreed.

(= Ylias 4. 212-42) Achilles was put in charge of this task and set out with Patroclus. (In the meantime Priam had learned that his enemies had made ready. He sent messengers throughout Phrygia to gather the neighbouring armies; at home he enthusiastically assembled soldiers).

(= Ylias 4. 243-51) When Achilles arrived at Delphi, he went to the oracle. The answer from the sanctuary was that the Greeks would be victorious and would capture Troy in the tenth year. Achilles performed the religious rites, as he had been commanded.

(= Ylias 4. 251-93) Also at that time Calchas, son of Thestor, had arrived; he was a man of religion. He had been sent by his people and was bringing gifts for Apollo on behalf of the Phrygians; at the same time he was seeking advice about his kingdom and its affairs. This was the oracle's response, that he should go with the Argive fleet against the Trojans and help them by his knowledge, and they should not leave before Troy was captured. After they had been at the shrine Achilles and Calchas compared their replies; they rejoiced in mutual hospitality and pledged friendship. They set out together for Athens and arrived there. Achilles reported these matters in council; the Argives were delighted and took Calchas with them, and launched the fleet.

(= Ylias 4. 294-314) When storms held them back there, Calchas gave the oracle's message to turn back and go to Aulis. They set out and arrived there.

(= Ylias 4. 315-47) Agamemnon made a placatory offering to Diana and told his allies to launch their ships and to set sail for Troy. Their leader was Philoctetes, who had been at Troy with the Argonauts. Then they landed the fleet at a town that was under Priam's rule and sacked it; they took plunder and departed. They arrived at Tenedos and killed everyone. Agamemnon shared out the booty and called a council.

(= Ylias 4. 348-52) 16. He then sent ambassadors to Priam, to see if he would return Helen and make good the plunder that Alexander had done. Diomedes and Ulysses were chosen as ambassadors and went to Priam.

(= Ylias 4. 353-428) While the ambassadors were fulfilling their mission, Achilles and Telephus were

sent to pillage Mysia; they came to (the land of) King Teuthras and plundered. Teuthras and his army came on them, but Achilles wounded him and put the army to flight.

Telephus protected Teuthras with his shield as he lay, to prevent Achilles from killing him. They recalled together the visit when Telephus, son of Hercules, still a boy, was received as a guest by King Teuthras. They say that King Diomedes, who at that time was hunting with fierce wild horses, was killed by Hercules and handed over all his kingdom to Teuthras; consequently his (Hercules') son Telephus came to give assistance to Teuthras.

(= Ylias 4. 429-507) When Teuthras realized that by that wound he could not escape death, while still alive he handed over his kingdom of Mysia to Telephus and made him king. Telephus then gave Teuthras a magnificent burial. Achilles urged him to protect his new kingdom: he said that he would help the expedition much more if he supplied corn for the army than if he went to Troy. Telephus therefore remained. Achilles returned to the army at Tenedos with a great supply of plunder. He told Agamemnon what had happened and Agamemnon approved and praised him.

(= Ylias 4. 507-22) 17. Meanwhile the ambassadors came to Priam. Ulysses delivered Agamemnon's orders; he demanded that Helen and the plunder be returned and satisfaction made to the Greeks; then they would depart peacefully. Priam recalled the injuries inflicted by the Argonauts, his father's death, the sack of Troy, the enslavement of Hesione, and then, when he had sent Antenor as an ambassador, the Greeks' humiliating treatment of him; he rejected peace and declared war; he ordered the Greek ambassadors to be expelled from his borders. The ambassadors returned to the camp at Tenedos and reported Priam's reply. They then deliberated on the situation.

(= Ylias 4.1-34) 18. To assist Priam against the Greeks, the following leaders were present with their armies. I give their names and province:
Pandarus, Amphius, Adrastus (Zelia); Mopsus (Colophonia); Asius (Phrygia);
Amphimachus, Nastes (Caria); Sarpedon, Glaucus (Lycia); Hippothous, Cupesus (Larisa); Euphemus (Ciconia); Pirus, Acamas (Thracia); Pyraechmes,
Asteropaeus (Paeonia); Ascanius, Phorcys (Phrygia); Antiphus, Mesthles

(Maeonia); Pylaemenes (Paphlagonia); Perses, Memnon (Aethiopia); Rhesus, Archilocus (Thracia); Adrastus, Amphius (Adrestia); Epistrophus, Odus (Alizonia).

Over these leaders and the armies that followed them, Priam placed Hector as prince and leader, and then Deiphobus, Alexander (= Paris), Troilus, Aeneas, and Memnon.

(= Ylias 5.12-19)

While Agamemnon was taking counsel on the whole affair, Palamedes, son of Nauplius, came from Cormus with thirty ships. He excused himself for being unable to come to Athens, since he had been sick. They thanked him for coming as soon as he could, and invited him to be part of their deliberations.

(= Ylias 5.10-11, 20-27)

19. When the Greeks could not decide whether their secret departure to Troy should be made by night or day, Palamedes urged, with reasons, that they should make their expedition to Troy in the light and entice out the enemies' force. Everyone agreed with this.

(Occupying the space of 5.28-115)

After taking consultation they put Agamemnon in charge. They sent ambassadors to Mysia and other places to see that provisions were sent for the army, namely descendants of Theseus, Demophoon, Acamas, and Anius. Then he summoned the army to a meeting; he praised them, and commanded, urged, and carefully advised that they should be obedient to his word. The signal was given, and the ships set sail; the whole fleet arrived in a line at the shores of Troy.

(=Ylias 5.116-240)

The Trojans defended strenuously. Protesilaus made an assault on the land and put them to flight and slaughtered them. Hector blocked his way and killed him, dispersing the others. Wherever Hector left, the Trojans were put to flight. After there had been great slaughter on both sides, Achilles arrived. He put the whole army to flight and drove it back to Troy. Night separated the fighting. Agamemnon brought the whole army out on to the land and set up his camps. On the next day Hector led the army out of the city and drew them up in order. Agamemnon met him with a great clamour. The battle was keen and angry; the bravest fell among the first.

(=Ylias 5.241-275)

Hector killed Patroclus and made ready to despoil him; Meriones dragged Patroclus out of the line to prevent his being plundered. Hector pursued Meriones and killed him, but when he tried to plunder Meriones in the same way, Menestheus came to

the rescue and wounded Hector in the thigh. Though wounded, Hector killed many thousands, and would have continued to put the Greeks to flight if Ajax Telamonius had not blocked his way. When they began to fight, he recognized that he was of the same blood, since he was the son of Hesione, Priam's sister. Consequently Hector ordered the fire to be removed from the ships; they gave each other gifts and departed as friends.

(=Ylias 5. 276-292)

20. Next day the Greeks sought a truce: Achilles was mourning Patroclus, and the Greeks their kin. Agamemnon gave Protesilaus a splendid funeral and took care of burying the others. Achilles held funeral games for Patroclus.

During the truce Palamedes continued to cause dissension. He said that King Agamemnon was not fit to lead the army. He demonstrated his own exploits in front of the army - first his assault, and then his fortification of the camps, his circuit of the watches, his giving the signal, his measuring of pounds and weights, and his training of the army. As all these things had been begun by him, he said, it was not fair that Agamemnon, who had been given command by only a few, should rule over those who came afterwards, especially since everyone expected intelligence and prowess from their leaders.

(=Ylias 5. 293-364)

While the Greeks were arguing about the command among themselves, the war was resumed after two years. Agamemnon, Achilles, Diomedes, and Menelaus led out the Greek army; on the other side they were met by Hector, Troilus, and Aeneas. There was great slaughter on both sides, and the strongest fell. Hector killed Boetes, Arcesilaus, and Prothoenor. The battle was interrupted by night. During the night Agamemnon summoned all the leaders to a council; he urged and encouraged them all to go into battle and especially to pursue Hector, since he was killing some of the strongest leaders among them.

21. In the morning Hector, Aeneas, and Alexander led out their army, and all the Greek leaders came forth. There was great slaughter and many thousands were dispatched to the underworld. Menelaus began to pursue Hector; Alexander saw him and pierced Menelaus' thigh with an arrow. Enraged with pain, he and Locrian Ajax continued to pursue Alexander. When Hector saw them urgently pursuing his brother, he and Aeneas came to help him. Aeneas covered Alexander with his shield and took him with him to the city out of the battle. The battle was paused by night. Next day Achilles

and Diomedes led out the army, and Hector and Aeneas opposed them, and there was a great slaughter. Hector killed the leaders Orcomeneus, Ialmenus, Epistrophus, Schedius, Elephenor, Dores, and Polyxenus. Aeneas killed Amphimachus and Nireus. Achilles killed Euphemus, Hippothous, Pylaeus, and Asteropaeus. Diomedes killed Antiphus and Mesthles.

When Agamemnon saw that his bravest generals had fallen, he called back the assault, and the Trojans returned rejoicing to the city. Agamemnon was disturbed and called the leaders to a council; he urged them to fight bravely and not to stop, since the greater part of their army had been overcome; he hoped that an army would come from Mysia any day.

(=Ylias 5. 365-402)

22. On the next day Agamemnon made his whole army and its leaders go out to fight, and the Trojans came against them. There was great slaughter: both sides fought keenly; many thousands fell on both sides, and the war continued vigorously for eighty days. When Agamemnon saw that many thousands were dying daily and that without a pause there were not enough to bury the dead, he sent Ulysses and Diomedes as ambassadors to Priam to seek a three-year truce, to give time to bury the dead, heal the wounded, repair the ships, reassemble the army and get supplies. Ulysses and Diomedes went in the night to Priam. They were met by Dolon, who asked why they had come to the city armed and at night. They said that Agamemnon had sent them as ambassadors to Priam. When Priam heard of their arrival and their wishes, he summoned all his leaders to a council; he told them that ambassadors had come from Agamemnon to ask for a three-year truce. Hector was suspicious that they had asked for such a long time. Priam commanded each one to say what he thought. Everyone agreed to grant a truce for three years. In the meantime the Trojans repaired the walls, everyone took care of their wounded, and buried the dead with great honour.

(=Ylias 5. 402-457)

23. After three years the time for war arrived, and Hector and Troilus led out their army; on the other side Agamemnon, Menelaus, Achilles, and Diomedes did the same; there was great slaughter. In the front line Hector killed Phidippus and Antiphus. Achilles killed Lycaon and Phorcys, and of the lower ranks many thousands fell on both

sides. The fight continued keenly for thirty days. When Priam saw that many of his army had fallen, he sent ambassadors to Agamemnon to seek a six-month truce, and with his council's agreement Agamemnon agreed to it. Then the time to fight came again; they fought bitterly for twelve days; many of the bravest leaders fell on both sides; many were wounded, and most died while their wounds were being tended. Agamemnon sent ambassadors to Priam and asked for a thirty-day truce to bury his dead. Priam acted advisedly.

24. But when the time for battle returned, Andromache, Hector's wife, saw in sleep that Hector ought not to go to battle, but when she told him what she had seen, he dismissed her womanish words. Sadly Andromache sent to Priam so that he would forbid Hector to fight on that day. Priam sent out Alexander, Helenus, Troilus, and Aeneas to the fight. When Hector learned this, he was very angry with her and demanded that his arms be brought; he could not be held back in any way. Andromache sadly let down her hair and laid out Hector's son Astyanax before his feet, but even so she could not bring him back. Then she roused the city with her womanly wailing; she ran to the palace to Priam, and told him what she had seen in her sleep, and that Hector wanted to rush off to battle; putting her son Astyanax at his knees, she demanded that he call Hector back. Priam ordered everyone to go out and fight, but held Hector back.

(=Ylias 5. 457-512) When Agamemnon, Achilles, Diomedes, and Locrian Ajax saw that Hector was not in the battle, they fought keenly and killed many leaders of the Trojan host. When Hector heard the uproar and saw that the Trojans were suffering seriously in the battle, he rushed off to the fight. Immediately he cut down Idomeneus, wounded Iphinous, killed Leonteus, and pierced Sthenelus' thigh with his spear. When Achilles saw that many leaders had fallen to Hector's right hand, he directed his energy at him and tried to meet him. For Achilles realized that if he did not kill Hector, many of the Greek host were going to die at his hands.

In the meantime the battle was joined. Hector killed Polypoetes, a very brave leader, and when he tried to despoil him, Achilles intervened. There was a great fight, and a shout arose from the city and from the whole army. Hector wounded Achilles' thigh; when Achilles felt the pain, he pursued Hector even more, and did not stop until he

killed him. When Hector was dead, Achilles put the Trojans to flight; with great slaughter he wounded them and pursued them to the gates. Memnon, however, resisted him; they fought keenly and separated, both wounded. Night separated the combatants, and Achilles, being wounded, retired from the fight. During the night the Trojans lamented for Hector, and the Greeks for their dead.

(=Ylias 6.1-40)

25. The next day Memnon led out the Trojans against the Greek army. Agamemnon consulted the army and urged that they seek a two-month truce so that each side could bury their dead. Ambassadors went to Troy to seek Priam; when they arrived they set out their desire and accepted a two-month truce. Priam buried Hector before the gates according to the custom of his people and held funeral games. During the truce Palamedes continued to complain about the leadership. Consequently Agamemnon gave in to the dissension and said he would gladly accept it if they appointed whatever leader they wanted. Next day he called the people to a meeting; he said that he had never been eager for the command, and that he would accept with an easy mind whoever they wished to give it to; he would yield gladly; it was enough for him that they should take vengeance on the enemy, and it mattered little to him by whose effort it was achieved; in any case he had a kingdom at Mycenae. He said that each should make his wishes clear. Palamedes came before them and showed his ability, and so the Greeks gladly gave him the command. Palamedes thanked the Greeks, accepted the leadership, and began to conduct it. Achilles criticized the change of command.

(Ylias 6.40-64, 69-72)

26. Meanwhile the truce ran out. Palamedes equipped and prepared the army; he led it out, arranged it, and encouraged them. Deiphobus came against him, and the Trojans fought keenly. The Lycian Sarpedon and his men made an assault on the Greeks, with slaughter and death. Tlepolemus of Rhodes withstood him, but despite a long resistance and fight he was badly wounded and fell. Pheres, son of Admetus, took his place and resumed the battle; after a long hand-to-hand fight with Sarpedon he was killed. Sarpedon was also wounded and withdrew from the battle. So the fights continued for some days; on both sides many leaders were killed, but more on Priam's side. The Trojans sent ambassadors and asked for a truce to bury the dead and take care

of the wounded. Palamedes called a truce for a year, and both sides buried their dead and looked after the wounded. Pledges were given on each side, and there were visits to the town and the Greek camp.

(=Ylias 6. 65-69,
109-113)

Palamedes sent Agamemnon as an ambassador to Acamas and Demophoon, sons of Theseus, whom Agamemnon had appointed as ambassadors to obtain provisions and carry the grain from Mysia that they had obtained from Telephus. When he arrived there, he reported on Palamedes' coup. They took it badly, but Agamemnon said he did not mind: it had been done with his agreement. Meanwhile Palamedes took care of loading the ships; he fortified the camp and surrounded it with towers. The Trojans exercised their army, carefully fortified the wall, added a ditch and rampart, and arranged everything with care.

(=Ylias 6. 73-109)

27. On the anniversary of Hector's burial, Priam, Hecuba, Polyxena and other Trojans went to Hector's tomb. Achilles met them there; he saw Polyxena, set his mind on her, and fell wildly in love with her. Driven by passion he spent a miserable life because of his love; he was angry that Agamemnon had been deprived of the command and that Palamedes had become his superior. Under the compulsion of love, he gave orders to a very trusty Trojan servant to take to Hecuba, and asked that she should give Polyxena to him in marriage. If she did so, he wrote, he would return home with his Myrmidons, and when he did so the other leaders would follow his lead and do the same. The servant went to Hecuba, met her, and delivered the letter. Hecuba replied that she was willing, if her husband Priam agreed; she told the servant to return while she talked it over with Priam. The servant told Achilles what he had done. Agamemnon returned to the camp with a great following. Hecuba spoke with Priam about Achilles' terms. Priam said it could not be done, not because he thought Achilles unworthy to be related to him by marriage, but because if he gave Polyxena to him and he departed, the others might not leave, and it would be wrong to link his daughter to the enemy. Therefore, he said, if Achilles wished this, there would have to be a permanent peace: the army must leave and the treaty be sanctioned by law; if this was done, he would gladly give him his daughter. So Achilles, as had been arranged, sent the servant to Hecuba to learn what success she

had had with Priam. Hecuba entrusted to the servant all that had been discussed with Priam, and he reported back to Achilles. Achilles complained to the crowd that for the sake of one woman, Helen, all Greece and Europe had been summoned, so many thousands of men had died over so long a time, and their freedom was in doubt; therefore peace should be made and the army return.

(=Ylias 6. 115-160)

28. A year passed by. Palamedes led out the army and drew it up, and Deiphobus opposed him. Achilles remained angry and did not come out to the battle. Palamedes seized his chance, rushed at Deiphobus and cut him down. The battle grew keen and both sides fought eagerly; many thousands of men fell. Palamedes was active in the front line, encouraging them to fight bravely. Sarpedon of Lycia met him and Palamedes killed him. Rejoicing at this, he continued at the battle front. As he boasted and exulted, Alexander Paris pierced his neck with an arrow; the Phrygians noticed and hurled their spears, and so Palamedes was killed. When the king was killed, all the enemies assaulted; the Greeks yielded and fled to the camp. The Trojans pursued, attacked the camp, and set fire to the ships. Achilles was told, but ignored it. Ajax Telamonius defended bravely, and night brought an end to the fight.

(No direct
equivalent in
Joseph)

In their camp the Greeks mourned Palamedes' knowledge, fairness, clemency and virtue. The Trojans wept for Sarpedon and Deiphobus.

29. At night Nestor, being older, summoned the leaders to council, and urged and encouraged them to appoint a leader; if they agreed, Agamemnon could be reappointed with the least disagreement. He reminded them that when Agamemnon was leader, things had gone well and the army had been successful; if anyone disagreed, he urged them to say so. They all agreed and appointed Agamemnon as their leader.

The next day the Trojans came out eagerly to the front, and Agamemnon led the army against them. They joined battle and each army fought the other. When most of the day was over, Troilus came to the fore; he slaughtered and laid waste, and drove the Greeks back to the camp. Next day the Trojans led out their army, and Agamemnon opposed them. There was great slaughter and both armies fought keenly; Troilus killed many Greek leaders. The battle lasted for seven days. Agamemnon asked for a two-

month truce. He gave Palamedes a magnificent funeral, and both sides took care to bury their leaders and soldiers.

(Ylias 6. 201-210)

30. During the truce Agamemnon sent Ulysses, Nestor and Diomedes to Achilles to ask him to go to war. Sadly Achilles refused, since he was now determined not to go to war because of what he had promised Hecuba, and certainly he was less inclined to fight because of his great love for Polyxena. He received the emissaries with bad grace, saying that there ought to be a permanent peace: all these dangers were for the sake of one woman, their freedom was in danger, and they were wasting their time; he demanded peace and refused to fight. They reported to Agamemnon how they had fared with Achilles and that he had firmly refused. Agamemnon summoned all the leaders to a council and asked the army's advice as to what to do; he told them to make their wishes clear. Menelaus urged his brother (Agamemnon) to lead the army into battle, saying that there was no need for fear if Achilles had excused himself; he (Menelaus) would persuade him to join the war, and was not afraid if he refused. He reminded them that the Trojans now had no one as strong as Hector had been. Diomedes and Ulysses pointed out that Troilus was just as strong a warrior as Hector had been. Menelaus opposed them, and urged that the war be resumed. Calchas consulted the omens and said that they ought to fight: he was not afraid that the Trojans would now be superior to them.

(Ylias 6. 211-288)

31. The time had arrived to fight. The Greek army was led by Agamemnon, Menelaus, Diomedes and Ajax; the Trojans opposed them. There was great slaughter and keen combat, and both armies fought savagely. Troilus wounded Menelaus, killed many men, and pursued the rest here and there; the fighting was stopped by nightfall. Next day Troilus and Alexander (Paris) led out the army; the Greeks opposed them and there was a fierce fight. Troilus wounded Diomedes; he attacked Agamemnon, and also wounded him, and slaughtered Greeks. The battle was fought keenly for several days and many thousand men were slaughtered on both sides. When Agamemnon saw that he was daily losing the greater part of his army and that there were not enough of them, he asked for a six-month truce. Priam called a council and told them what the Greeks wanted. Troilus said they ought not to grant a truce for so long a time; instead they should attack and burn

the ships. Priam told them to say what they each thought, and they all decided that the Greeks should be granted what they asked, so Priam granted a truce for six months. Agamemnon gave his dead honourable burial and took care of the wounded Diomedes and Menelaus. The Trojans also buried their dead. During the truce, at the decision of the council, Agamemnon went to Ulysses to encourage him to fight. Achilles sadly said that he would not come out: he said that peace should be sought but he was sorry because he could deny Agamemnon nothing; nevertheless, when the time came, he would send him his men, but would keep himself excused. Agamemnon thanked him.

(Ylias 6. 289-343)

32. The time for fighting arrived. The Trojans led out their army, and the Greeks opposed them. Achilles first drew up the Myrmidons and sent them ready to Agamemnon. There was a bigger battle, fought keenly. In the first line Troilus killed Greeks, put the Myrmidons to flight, drove the attack up to the camp, slaughtered many and wounded large numbers. Ajax Telamonius resisted, and the Trojans returned to the city victorious. Next day Agamemnon led out the army, and all the chiefs and Myrmidons came out; the Trojans gladly came to the front. They joined battle and both sides fought; the battle continued keenly for some days, and many thousands fell on each side. Troilus pursued the Myrmidons, laying them low and scattering them. When Agamemnon saw that many had been killed on his side, he asked for a thirty-day truce to bury the dead. Priam granted it, and both sides buried their dead.

33. The time for fighting arrived. The Trojans led out their army; Agamemnon on the other side gathered all the chiefs for the battle. When battle was joined, there was great slaughter and savage fighting. When the early part of the day had passed, Troilus first came out and slaughtered and scattered; the Greeks fled in commotion. When Achilles saw that Troilus was raging angrily, attacking the Greeks and ceaselessly scattering the Myrmidons, he came out to fight. Troilus immediately confronted him and wounded him, and Achilles, wounded, pulled back. The fight continued for six days. On the seventh day, while the two armies had joined battle and were fighting, Achilles, who had not been in the fight for some days because of his wound, drew up the Myrmidons; he urged and encouraged them to attack Troilus vigorously. When most of the day was

over, Troilus came out, happy on his horse. The Greeks fled in great commotion, but the Myrmidons came on and attacked Troilus; many of them were killed by Troilus. While they fought keenly, Troilus' horse was wounded and fell; it threw him and entangled him. Achilles came up quickly and killed him; he tried to drag him out of the battle but could not, because of Memnon's intervention. Memnon came up and snatched away Troilus' body and wounded Achilles, who retired from the battle. Memnon and many others pursued him; when Achilles saw him, he stopped; he recovered from his wound, and after a long fight heaped wounds on Memnon and killed him; he himself was wounded and withdrew from the battle.

(=Ylias 6. 344-470) After the leader of the Persians had been killed, the rest fled into the city and closed the gates. Night stopped the fight. On the next day ambassadors were sent by Priam to Agamemnon to ask for a twenty-day truce, which Agamemnon granted immediately. Priam buried Troilus and Memnon with a magnificent funeral, and both sides carefully buried their dead.

34. Hecuba grieved because her bravest sons, Hector and Troilus, had been killed by Achilles. She therefore set about avenging her sorrow by a plan that was dangerous and typically female. She summoned her son Alexander and begged and urged him to avenge himself and his brothers: he was to prepare an ambush for Achilles and kill him unawares; he had sent a request to her to give him Polyxena in marriage; she would send to him, using Priam's words, to say that they should establish peace and make a treaty in the shrine of Apollo at Thymbra, in front of the gate; Achilles would come there to talk and she would plan an ambush there; she felt that she would have lived enough if she killed him. Alexander promised to try this. At night the bravest men were selected from the army and placed in Apollo's shrine; they were given a signal. Hecuba, as she had said, sent a message to Achilles. Achilles was delighted, as he loved Polyxena, and established that he would come to the shrine the next day. On the next day, with Nestor's son Antilochus, he came to the appointed place, and they both entered Apollo's shrine. Men ran out on them from ambush on all sides and hurled their weapons, urged on by Paris. Achilles and Antilochus wrapped their left arms in their cloaks and, with swords in their right hands, counterattacked. Achilles killed many; Alexander killed Antilochus

and stabbed Achilles himself with many wounds. Thus Achilles breathed his last in the ambush, fighting bravely but in vain. Alexander commanded him to be thrown out for the birds and wild beasts, but Helenus asked him not to do this. He ordered the bodies to be removed from the shrine and given back to the Greeks. The Greeks took them and carried them to the camp. Agamemnon gave them a magnificent burial and asked Priam for a truce so that he could make a tomb for Achilles and he held funeral games there.

(Ylias 6. 471-557)

35. Then he called a council and addressed the Greeks. Everyone agreed that everything of Achilles should be given to his relation Ajax, and so Ajax said that since Achilles' son Neoptolemus (Pyrrhus) survived, no one had more fair claim to rule the Myrmidons than he; he should be summoned to the war and all his father's belongings should be handed over to him. This advice pleased Agamemnon and the rest, and the task was entrusted to Menelaus. He went to Scyros to see his (Neoptolemus') grandfather Lycomedes, and told him to send his grandson. Lycomedes gladly granted this to the Greeks. After the truce ran out, Agamemnon led out, drew up and encouraged his army, and the Trojans came out from the city against them. Battle was joined, and Ajax fought unprotected in the front line. There was a great cry, and many died on both sides. Alexander stretched his bow, killed many, and transfixed Ajax's bare side. The wounded Ajax pursued Alexander and would not stop until he killed him, but exhausted by the wound he was carried back to camp, and when the arrow was pulled out he died. The body of Alexander was carried back to the city. Diomedes made a spirited attack on the enemy. The weary Trojans fled and were driven into the city by Diomedes. Agamemnon led his army round the city and besieged the walls all night; he took care that the watches were alternated. Next day Priam buried Alexander in the city; Helen followed with great wailing, since she had been treated honourably by him. Priam and Hecuba looked on her as a daughter and took care that she should not despise the Trojans or desire the company of the Greeks.

(=Ylias 6. 558-658)

36. On the next day Agamemnon drew up his army before the gates of Troy and challenged the Trojans to fight. Priam did not move but fortified the city, and waited quiet until Penthesilea arrived with the Amazons. After this Penthesilea arrived and led

the army against Agamemnon. There was a big battle, fought for several days. The Greeks were driven back to the camp and overwhelmed; only Diomedes resisted, and that with difficulty; otherwise she would have burned the ships and destroyed the entire army. When the battle was over, Agamemnon kept himself in the camp. Penthesilea, however, came out every day, attacking the Greeks and challenging them to fight. Agamemnon advisedly fortified and protected the camp and did not come out to war until Menelaus' return. Menelaus arrived at Scyros and handed over Achilles' arms to his son Neoptolemus (Pyrrhus). When Neoptolemus had received these, he came, and in the Greek camp he lamented greatly at his father's tomb. Penthesilea, as usual, drew up her ranks and advanced up to the Greek camp. Neoptolemus, leader of the Myrmidons, brought his line up opposite, and Agamemnon drew up the army. Both sides came together. Neoptolemus spread slaughter; Penthesilea blocked him and fought bravely; both of them fought keenly for several days and killed many. Penthesilea wounded Neoptolemus, but he, although in pain, struck down Penthesilea, leader of the Amazons. With this he put the whole Trojan army to flight; they fled defeated into the city; the Greeks surrounded the walls with their army, so that the Trojans could not come out.

(=Ylias 6. 673-704)

37. When the Trojans saw this, Antenor, Polydamas and Aeneas went to Priam. They suggested to him that he should call a council and consider what was to come of their fortunes. Priam called a council; they asked for permission to speak, and he told them to say what they wanted. Antenor reminded them that the leading defenders of Troy, Hector and Priam's other sons, had been killed along with the foreign leaders; the Greeks still had the very brave Agamemnon, Menelaus, Neoptolemus, who was just as brave as his father, Diomedes, Ajax of Locris, and many others, the very wise Nestor, and Ulysses; for their part the Trojans were shut up and crushed by fear. He argued that it would be better to give back to the Greeks Helen and everything that Alexander had taken with her, and to make peace. After a great deal had been said on the need to get peace, Priam's son Amphimachus, who was young but very brave, stood up; he addressed Antenor abusively and those who had sided with him; he criticized their actions, and said that they should instead lead out the army and assault the camp, until they either conquered or were defeated and died for their homeland. When he had finished, Aeneas

rose and with soft and gentle words argued against Amphimachus; he strongly argued that they should ask the Greeks for peace. Polydamas made the same arguments.

38. When they had finished talking, Priam showed great spirit and stood up; he made many accusations against Antenor and Aeneas: they had been the first to seek war and ask to be sent to Greece. He also rebuked Antenor for urging peace, since he had gone as an ambassador and had reported that he had been treated insultingly and had himself urged war. Then he attacked Aeneas, who had gone along with Alexander and taken Helen and the booty; it followed that they should not make peace. He ordered them all to be prepared, when he gave the signal, to break out from the gates, since he was sure that they would either be victorious or die. After he had said this at length and encouraged them, he dissolved the council. He took Amphimachus with him into the palace, and said he was afraid that those who urged peace would betray the city; they had many in the city who agreed with them, and it was necessary to kill them; if this was done, he would defend his homeland and defeat the Greeks. At the same time he asked Amphimachus to be faithful and obedient to him and be ready with armed men; this could be done without suspicion; the next day he would, as usual, perform divine service in the citadel and summon them to a banquet; then Amphimachus would burst in with armed men and kill them. Amphimachus approved the plan and promised to perform it, and so he left.

(=Ylias 6. 705-34)

37. On the same day, Antenor, Polydamas, Ucelagon and Dolon met; they said they were amazed by the obstinacy of the king, who preferred to die, shut up, along with his homeland and companions rather than make peace. Antenor said that he had found a way to their common advantage: he would tell them how it could be done if they would maintain loyalty to him. All pledged themselves to Antenor, and when Antenor saw that he had their word, he sent for Aeneas. He told him that the city was to be betrayed, and he and his followers must be careful: they must send someone to Agamemnon about the affair, and he must take care of it without raising suspicion; there was need of haste; he had noticed that Priam had angrily left the council because he urged peace on him; he was afraid that some new plan was afoot. They all promised, and immediately secretly

sent Polydamas, the least suspect of them, to Agamemnon. Polydamas arrived at the Greek camp, had a meeting with Agamemnon, and told him what he and his followers had decided.

40. Agamemnon called all his leaders to a secret council at night, and repeated the news; he told them to give their opinion. They all agreed to keep faith with the betrayers. Ulysses and Nestor said they were afraid to risk the plan. Neoptolemus argued against them, and after an argument it was agreed that a sign was required from Polydamas, to be sent through Sinon to Aeneas, Anchises and Antenor. Sinon went to Troy, and because Amphimachus had not yet given the keys of the gate to the guards, at the given sign Sinon heard the voices of Aeneas, Anchises and Antenor; reassured, he reported to Agamemnon. Then all agreed to pledge their loyalty with an oath: if on the next night they had handed the city over, faith would be kept with Antenor, Ucelagon, Polydamas, Aeneas, Dolon, and all their parents, as well as their children, wives, relatives, friends and neighbours—all who had conspired—and each would be permitted to keep all their property intact. When the pact had been confirmed and sealed by an oath, Polydamas urged them to lead the army by night to the Scaean gate, where the head of a horse was carved on the outside; there Antenor and Anchises had guards at night; they would open the gate to the Greek army and provide light; this was to be a sign of the assault.

(Ylias 6. 734-869) 41. After the pacts had been spoken and proclaimed, Polydamas returned to the city. He reported that the matter was settled, and told Antenor, Aeneas and all who were in the plot that they should lead all their men to that part; at night they should open the Scaean gate, show a light, and lead in the army. At night Antenor and Aeneas were ready at the gate; they received Neoptolemus, opened the gate to the army, showed a light, and took care to provide an escape route to protect themselves and their people. Neoptolemus provided a guard; Antenor led him into the palace, where a guard had been placed for the Trojans. Neoptolemus made the assault on the palace: he slaughtered the Trojans; he pursued Priam and cut him down before the altar of Jupiter. Aeneas met Hecuba as she fled with Polyxena; Polyxena gave herself to Aeneas, and Aeneas hid her with his father

Anchises. Andromache and Cassandra hid themselves in Minerva's temple. Throughout the night the Greeks continued to lay waste and take booty.

42. When day dawned, Agamemnon summoned all the leaders to the citadel. He gave thanks to the gods and praised the army; he ordered all the booty to be spread out openly and shared it among everyone. He then asked the army if they agreed to keep their pledge to Antenor and Aeneas and those who had conspired to betray their country. The whole army cried out that they agreed. So he summoned the conspirators and handed back their property. Antenor asked Agamemnon for permission to speak, which he granted. Antenor first thanked the Greeks and at the same time reminded them that Helenus and Cassandra had always urged their father to make peace, and it was at Helenus' persuasion that Achilles had been given back for burial. At the decree of the council Agamemnon granted Helenus and Cassandra their liberty. Helenus begged Agamemnon on behalf of Hecuba and Andromache, and recalled that he had always been loved by them. The council also decreed that they should be granted liberty. Meanwhile Agamemnon divided all the booty among the army as was right; he thanked the gods and made sacrifices. On the fifth day they decided to return home.

(=Ylias 6. 870-
883, 894-7)

43. When the day of their departure arrived, huge storms arose and continued for several days. Calchas said that the gods below had not yet been satisfied. It occurred to Neoptolemus that Polyxena, for whose sake his father had died, had not been found in the palace. Agamemnon searched and complained; he accused the army and then ordered Antenor to be summoned; he told him to make inquiries and bring her to him when she had been found. Antenor went to Aeneas and very earnestly asked that before the departure of the Greeks Polyxena should be presented to Agamemnon. He discovered Polyxena, who had been hidden from them and took her to Agamemnon. Agamemnon handed her over to Neoptolemus, who slaughtered her at his father's tomb. Agamemnon was angry at Aeneas for hiding Polyxena, and ordered him immediately to take his family and leave the country. Aeneas departed with all his family. A few days after Agamemnon had left, Helen, sadder than when she had come, was carried home with her husband Menelaus. Helenus, with his sister Cassandra and Andromache, wife of his

brother Hector, and his mother Hecuba made for the Chersonese.

44. This is the end of the story that Dares Phrygius committed to writing, for he remained in Troy with Antenor's party. The war at Troy lasted ten years, six months, and twelve days. Of the Greeks, as shown by the daily reports that Dares copied, there fell 886,000 men, and of the Trojans, up to the betrayal, 676,000. Aeneas set out in the ships in which Alexander had gone to Greece, twenty-two in number; he was followed by every age of men, to the number of 3400. 2500 followed Antenor, and 1200 followed Helenus and Andromache.

Appendix C: Excerpts from Dictys Cretensis: Ephemeridos Belli Troiani

(Selected solely to match the relevant passages in Joseph's *Ylias*).

(=Ylias 6.886-92)

(Dictys 5.17)

Aeneas remained at Troy. After the departure of the Greeks he approached everyone from Dardanus and the almost adjacent island, and asked them to join him in driving Antenor from the kingship. After Antenor had learned this from a messenger whom he had subverted, Aeneas, returning to Troy, was forbidden entry, his plan unfulfilled. Thus he was forced to leave Troy with his inheritance; he came to the Adriatic Sea, after passing by many strange races. There, with his fellow sailors, he founded a city called Corcyra Melaenas.

(=Ylias 6.898-907)

(Dictys 6.1)

After they had loaded everything that each of them had acquired in the war and embarked, they loosed the anchors and set sail. Then, with a good following wind, they arrived at the Aegean Sea; there rain and wind came and consequently the sea was stormy, so they had many troubles everywhere and, as ill chance had it, were scattered. One of these was the fleet of the Locrians; the sailors were impeded from their tasks by the storm and entangled with each other; finally the fleet was struck by a thunderbolt and shattered or burnt. The Locrian king Ajax tried to escape the shipwreck by swimming, and others floated by night using planks or other supports; after they came to Euboea,

they were driven on the rocks of Choerades and perished. For when he had learned what had happened, Nauplius, eager to avenge the death of Palamedes, had raised a beacon by night and forced them to turn aside to the rocks as though to port.

(=Ylias 6.908-944)

(Dictys 6.2)

At the same time, Oeax, son of Nauplius, brother of Palamedes, learned that the Greeks were returning home. He went to Argos and there stirred up Aegiale and Clytemnestra against their husbands with the false news that they were bringing with them from Troy wives to supersede them Aegiale therefore used the citizens to block the approaching Diomedes from entry. Clytemnestra and Aegisthus, allied to her in adultery, captured Agamemnon in an ambush and killed him; she soon married the adulterer and gave birth to Erigo Diomedes, who had been driven from the kingdom, met with Teucus, who had been forbidden to enter Salamis by Telamon (because he had not defended his brother when he was ambushed) When more of those who had escaped the sea and the plots of their families had arrived at Corinth, they plotted to join forces and attack each kingdom and by war open up an entry to their people. Nestor forbade this course, urging that they should first test the minds of the citizens and not do something that would cause all Greece to be corrupted with internal discord through strife Then the story spread throughout Greece and all of the cities accepted their kings back

(=Ylias 6.944-52)

(Dictys 6.5-6 and 14-15)

At the same time Ulysses was driven onto Crete. . . . Idomeneus asked him how he had fallen upon such miseries, and he began to tell the story of the beginning of his wanderings: driven to Ismarus, he had sailed away, taking much booty won in the war; he was driven to the Lotus-eaters, and after suffering misfortune he arrived at Sicily, where he endured many indignities at the hands of the brothers Cyclops and Laestrygon, and finally lost most of his companions through their sons Antiphates and Polyphemus. . . . He was driven through the islands of Aeolus and came to Circe, and from there to Calypso, both of them queens of the islands in which they stayed; with certain enticements these queens used to allure the hearts of guests to love them. . . . After this

he was driven on the rocks of the Sirens and was freed by his own effort. Finally, between Scylla and the fierce sea of Charybdis, which used to swallow up everything that entered it, he lost many ships and companions. . . .

(Dictys 6.6 *Ulysses then visited Alcinous, king of the Phaeacians*).

There, because of his fame, he was kindly received for several days, and he learned that Penelope was being sought in marriage by thirty famous suitors.

(*Ulysses, his son Telemachus, and Idomeneus planned their assault*).

They came secretly to Ulysses' home where the suitors were now replete with food and wine, and rushed in on them and killed them. When it was learned in the city by the people that Ulysses had arrived, he was received by them with pleasure and kindness, and he learned everything that had happened at home; he dealt out gifts and punishments as they deserved. Penelope and her chastity are widely known and renowned. . . .

(Dictys 6.14)

At this time Ulysses was alarmed by frequent auguries and nightmares . . .

Interpreters told him that his dream was a deadly omen and that he should be wary of ambushes from his son. He suspected Telemachus and sent him into the fields; he himself went away. Meanwhile, Telegonus, his son by Circe, arrived in search of his father; in spite of rebuffs by the guards, he persisted and killed many of them—they thought that he was Telemachus. Ulysses thought that the young man had been sent by Telemachus; he hurled a spear at him unsuccessfully. Telegonus threw his own spear at Ulysses, wounding him seriously. Ulysses was pleased that he had freed his son Telemachus from the sin of parricide. However, when Telegonus learned that he had killed his father, he was in great anguish, and Ulysses also learned that the dreams had been prophetic. He died three days later, advanced in years but physically strong.

(Dictys 6.4)

(=Ylias 6.953 – 8)

Meanwhile, across the whole island (of Crete), when it was learned that Helen

had arrived there, many people, both men and women, flocked together to see the woman for whose sake almost the whole world had come together in war.