

**THE ILIADS OF HOMER, PRINCE OF
POETS: NEVER BEFORE IN ANY
LANGUAGE TRULY TRANSLATED,
WITH A COMMENT UPON SOME
OF HIS CHIEF PLACES, VOL. II**

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HOMER & GEORGE CHAPMAN & W. COOKE TAYLOR

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THE ILIADS OF HOMER;



TRANSLATED BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

"MUCH HAVE I TRAVELL'D IN THE REALMS OF GOLD,
AND MANY GOODLY STATES AND KINGDOMS SEEN ;
ROUND MANY WESTERN ISLANDS HAVE I BEEN,
WHICH BARD IN FEALTY TO APOLLO HOLD.
OFT OF ONE WIDE EXpanse HAD I BEEN TOLD,
THAT DEEP-BROW'D HOMER RULED AS HIS DEMESNE ;
YET DID I NEVER BREATHE ITS PURE SERENE,
TILL I HEARD CHAPMAN SPEAK OUT LOUD AND BOLD :
THEN FELT I LIKE SOME WATCHER OF THE SKIES,
WHEN A NEW PLANET SWIMS INTO HIS MEN ;
OR LIKE STOUT CORTES, WHEN WITH EAGLE EYES
HE STARED AT THE PACIFIC--AND ALL HIS MEN
LOOK'D AT EACH OTHER WITH A WILD SURMISE--
SILENT, UPON A PEAK IN DARKEN."

Koels.

THE
ILIADS OF HOMER,

PRINCE OF POETS,

NEVER BEFORE IN ANY LANGUAGE
TRULY TRANSLATED,

WITH A COMMENT UPON SOME OF HIS CHIEF PLACES.

DONE ACCORDING TO THE GREEK

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

By W. COOKE TAYLOR, Esq., LL.D., M.R.A.S.,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

WITH FORTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, FROM THE COMPOSITIONS OF
JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ROY W
CLUB
VIA

HOMER'S ILIADS.



"And thus these deathless coursers brought their king to th' Achive ships."

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

NEPTUNE (in pity of the Greeks' hard plight),
Like Calchas, both th' Ajaces, doth excite,
And others; to repel the charging foe.
Idomeneus bravely doth bestow
His kingly forces; and doth sacrifice
Othryoneus to the Destinies,
With divers others. Fair Deiphobus,
And his prophetic brother Hellenus,
Are wounded. But the great Priamides *
(Gathering his forces) hartens ^b their address
Against the enemy; and then the field
A mighty death on either side doth yield.

* *Priamides*—Hector, son of Priam.

^b *Hartens*—'gives heart to.'

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

The Greeks, with Troy's bold power dismay'd,
Are cheer'd by Neptune's secret aid.

Jovx helping Hector, and his host, thus close to th' Achive fleet,
He let them then their own strengths try; and season there their sweet
With ceaseless toils and grievances. For now he turn'd his face,
Look'd down, and view'd the far-off land of welrode* men in Thrace,
Of the renown'd milk-nourish'd men, the Hippemolgians,
Long-liv'd, most just, and innocent; and close-fought Mysians.
Nor turn'd he any more to Troy his ever-shining eyes,
Because he thought not any one of all the deities
(When his care left th' indifferent field) would aid on either side.
But this security in Jove the great Sea-Rector spied,
Who sat aloft on th' utmost top of shady Samothrace,
And view'd the fight. His chosen seat stood in so brave a place,
That Priam's city, th' Achive ships, all Ida did appear
To his full view; who from the sea was therefore seated there.
He took much ruth to see the Greeks by Troy sustain such ill,
And (mightily incens'd with Jove) stoop'd straight from that steep hill,
That shook as he flew off; so hard his parting press'd the height.
The woods, and all the great hills near, trembled beneath the weight
Of his immortal moving feet: three steps he only took,
Before he far-off Ægas reach'd; but with the fourth, it shook
With his dread entry. In the depth of those seas he did hold
His bright and glorious palace, built of never-rusting gold;
And there arriv'd, he put in coach his brazen-footed steeds,
All golden maned, and pac'd^b with wings; and all in golden weeds^c
He cloth'd himself. The golden scourge (most elegantly done)
He took, and mounted to his seat: and then the god begun
To drive his chariot through the waves. From whirlpits every way
The whales exulted under him, and knew their king: the sea
For joy did open; and his horse so swift and lightly flew,
The under axletree of brass no drop of water drew:

* *Well-rode*. Thrace was famous for its breed of horses.

^b *Pac'd*—"moved," or enabled to move by wings.

^c *Weeds*—see vol. i. page 185.

And thus these deathless coursers brought their king to th' Achive ships.

Twixt th' Imber cliffs and Tenedos a certain cavern creeps
 Into the deep sea's gulfy breast, and there th' Earth-shaker stay'd
 His forward steeds, took them from coach, and heavenly fodder laid
 In reach before them. Their brass hoofs he girt with gives^a of gold,
 Not to be broken, nor dissolv'd, to make them firmly hold
 A fit attendance on their king. Who went to th' Achive host,
 Which, like to tempests or wild flames, the clust'ring Trojans tost,
 Insatiably valorous, in Hector's like command;
 High sounding, and resounding shouts: for Hope cheer'd every hand,
 To make the Greek fleet now their prize, and all the Greeks destroy.
 But Neptune, circler of the earth, with fresh heart did employ
 The Grecian hands. In strength of voice and body he did take
 Calchas' resemblance, and (of all) th' Ajaces first bespake;
 Who of themselves were free enough: Ajaces! you alone
 Sustain the common good of Greece, in ever putting on
 The memory of fortitude; and flying shameful flight.
 Elsewhere, the desperate hands of Troy could give me no affright,
 The brave Greeks have withstood their worst: but this our mighty wall
 Being thus transcended by their pow'r, grave fear doth much appall
 My careful spirits, lest we feel some fatal mischief here;
 Where Hector, raging like a flame, doth in his charge appear,
 And boasts himself the best god's son. Be you conceited so,
 And fire so, more than human spirits; that god may seem to do
 In your deeds: and with such thoughts cheer'd others to such exhort,
 And such resistance; these great minds will in as great a sort
 Strengthen your bodies, and force check to all great Hector's charge,
 Though ne'er so spirit-like; and though Jove still (past himself) enlarge
 His sacred actions. Thus he touch'd with his fork'd sceptre's point
 The breasts of both; fill'd both their spirits, and made up every joint
 With pow'r responsive: when hawk-like, swift, and set sharp to fly,
 That fiercely stooping from a rock, inaccessible and high,
 Cuts through a field, and sets a fowl (not being of her kind)
 Hard, and gets ground still: Neptune so left these two; either's mind
 Beyond themselves rais'd. Of both which, Oileus first discern'd
 The masking^b deity, and said: Ajax! some god hath warn'd
 Our pow'rs to fight, and save our fleet. He put on him the hue
 Of th' augur Calchas: by his pace, in leaving us, I knew,

^a *Gives*—more commonly *gyves*, "fetters." The word is still in use in the north of England.

^b *Masking*—"disguised."