

**THE ILIAD OF HOMER,  
DONE INTO  
ENGLISH VERSE. BOOKS  
VII-XII. PP. 163-313**

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**HOMER & ARTHUR S. WAY**

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*THE ILIAD OF HOMER*

DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE

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## CONTENTS

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- BOOK VII.—*How Aias man against man did battle with Hector the  
godlike* ... .. 163
- BOOK VIII.—*The counsel of Godfolk, the Trojans' prevailing, the glory  
of Hector* ... .. 183
- BOOK IX.—*How in vain with their gifts they essayed to appease the  
wrath of Achilles* ... .. 206
- BOOK X.—*Of the slaughter wrought in the night by Tydeus' son and  
Odysseus* ... .. 235
- BOOK XI.—*How the mightiest chiefs of Achaia were stricken amidst  
of the battle* ... .. 259
- BOOK XII.—*Of the rampart-storming, till Hector bursteth the gates  
asunder* ... .. 294





BOOK VII.

*How Aias man against man did battle with Hector the godlike.*

**S**O spake he, and Hector the glorious rushed through the gate straightway :  
Sped with him the prince Alexander his brother ; full fain were they  
Of the onset, the souls of them both were afire for the joy of the fray.  
As to shipmen whose hearts for his coming have fainted a God hath sent  
A breeze, when with tugging the oars smooth-shaven their strength is spent 5  
Smiting the sea, and their limbs are fardone with weariness-pain ;  
So to Trojans whose hearts for their coming had fainted appeared these twain.  
Then slew Alexander a prince of Arné's royal race,  
Menesthus, born to Aréthous of the iron mace  
Of Philomedusa the lovely-eyed, fair Arné's queen : 10  
Hurl'd Hector at Etoneus with his long lance bitter-keen ; [away.  
Through his neck 'neath the rim of the helmet it plunged, and his strength fled  
Then Glaukus the son of Hippolochus, captain of Lycia's array,  
Smote Iphinous with his javelin amidst of the mighty fray,—  
Dexius' son, as he leapt on the car by his swift mares drawn,— 15

On the shoulder, and dashed him to earth, and the strength of his limbs was gone.

And it was so, when grey-eyed Athênè the Goddess beheld these twain  
 Smiting the Argive men in the battle's desperate strain,  
 That she leapt from Olympus' brow, and adown to the earth hath she darted :  
 Unto Ilium the holy she sped. But to meet her Apollo upstarted 20  
 From Pergamus' height, for his heart on the help of the Trojans was set.  
 And face to face by the oak the God and the Goddess met.

Then first did the Zeus-begotten, the king Apollo, cry :

" Wherefore again in thy fury, O daughter of Zeus most high, [25  
 Hast thou come from Olympus, and why hath thy great heart sped thy flight ?  
 Is it so, that thou longest to give to the Danaans victory-might,  
 Forasmuch as thou hast no pity for all these Trojans slain ?  
 But and if thou wouldst hearken to me, sure this would be more for thy gain—  
 Now make we their warfare to cease, and give we the battle breath  
 For to-day, thereafter again shall they fight, till the goal of death 30  
 For Ilium be won, forasmuch as this is the heart's desire  
 Of the Queens of the Deathless, to waste yon city with sword and fire."

And to him the Goddess Athênè the grey-eyed made reply :

" Yea, so shall it be, Far-darter ; for this cause down from the sky  
 From the height of Olympus to Troy and Achaia's armies I came. 35  
 Yet tell to me, how art thou minded to quench the battle-flame ?"

And Apollo the King made answer, the Zeus-born uttered his rede :

" Let us waken the spirit of Hector the queller of the steed,  
 If the hero will haply defy some chief of his Danaan foes  
 Alone with him man against man in the grim fight-grapple to close : 40

And jealousy-stirred the brazen-harnessed Achaian throng  
 Shall find them a man to battle with Hector the godlike-strong."  
 So spake he, and so was Athênê the grey-eyed minded to do.  
 But the spirit of Priam's son, of the prophet Helenus, knew  
 How the Gods everlasting communed, and the thing that seemed them good. 45  
 And he spake—for he fared through the press till by Hector's side he stood :  
 " Hector thou son of Priam, Zeus's counsel-peer,  
 Wilt thou heed me?—behold thy brother am I—I beseech thee hear :  
 Now bid that the rest of the sons of Achaia and Troy sit down,  
 And thyself defy thou Achaia's chiefest in battle-renown 50  
 To strive with thee, man against man, alone in the terrible fray :  
 For not yet is thy weird to light on the doom of thy dying day,  
 For so have I heard the voice of the Gods that abide for aye."  
 So spake he, and Hector rejoiced at the word with exceeding joy.  
 Forth to the midst hath he strode, and he stayeth the ranks of Troy, 55  
 Grasping his spear by the midst, and all at the wave of his hand  
 Sat down, and sat the Achaians at Lord Agamemnon's command.  
 And anigh them Athênê sat, and Apollo Silverbow,  
 In semblance as birds of the air, as vultures in outward show,  
 On the lofty oak-tree of Zeus Allfather, the Aegis-King, 60  
 Beholding with joy how, rank upon rank thick-clustering,  
 Sat bristling with buckler and helmet and spear that warrior-ring.  
 And as over the sea's face spreadeth a shiver of Zephyrus' breath,  
 Springing up out of calm, and the shining sea groweth dark underneath,  
 So seemed they, so stirred they, the ranks of Achaian and Trojan folk, 65