

**THE ILIADS OF HOMER,
PRINCE OF POETS,
VOL. II., PP. 1-49**

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The Iliads of Homer, prince of poets, Vol. II., pp. 1-49 by Homer

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HOMERUS

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PRINCE OF POETS,
VOL. II., PP. 1-49**



Library of Old Authors.



THE ILIADS OF HOMER,
PRINCE OF POETS,
NEVER BEFORE IN ANY LANGUAGE TRULY TRANSLATED,
WITH A COMMENT ON SOME OF HIS
CHIEF PLACES.

DONE ACCORDING TO THE GREEK

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY THE

REV. RICHARD HOOPER, M.A.

VOLUME II.

SECOND EDITION.



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THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

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 Delphobus,
And his prophetic brother Helenus,
Are wounded. But the great Priamides,*
Gath'ring his forces, heartens their address
Against the enemy; and then the field
A mighty death on either side doth yield.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



OVE 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 well-rode men in Thrace,

* Hector.

Of the renown'd milk-nourish'd men, the Hippemolgians, 5
 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' indiff'rent field, would aid on either side.
 But this security in Jove the great Sea-Rector spied, 10
 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 Grocks by Troy sustain such ill, 15
 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 Ægea reach'd, but, with the fourth, it shook 20
 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 with wings; and all in golden weeds
 He cloth'd himself. The golden scourge, most elegantly done, 25
 He took, and mounted to his seat; and then the God began
 To drive his chariot through the waves. From whirlpits ev'ry 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; 30
 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 heav'nly fodder laid

⁵ See Commentary.

⁸ *Indifferent*—impartial. See Bk. vi. Argument.

¹⁰ Neptune.

²⁵ *Pac'd with wings*—with wings on their feet, paces.

In reach before them ; their brass hoves he girt with gyves of gold, as
 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 valourous, in Hector's like command, 39
 High sounding, and resounding, shouts ; for hope cheer'd every hand,
 To make the Greek fleet now their prise, 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 45
 Sustain the common good of Greece, in ever putting on
 The memory of fortitude, and flying shameful flight.
 Elsewhere the desp'rate 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 50
 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 55
 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 acceptre's point,
 The breasts of both ; fill'd both their spirits, and made up every joint 60
 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 65
 The masking Deity, and said : " Ajax, some God hath warn'd

³⁹ *Hoves*—hoofs.

⁴⁵ i. e. Jove's son.

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,
 Without all question, 'twas a God; the Gods are eas'ly known;
 And in my tender breast I feel a greater spirit blown, 70
 To execute affairs of fight; I find my hands so free
 To all high motion, and my feet seem feather'd under me."
 This Talamonius thus receiv'd: "So, to my thoughts, my hands
 Burn with desire to toss my lance; each foot beneath me stands
 Bare on bright fire, to use his speed; my heart is rais'd so high 75
 That to encounter Hector's self, I long insatiately."

While these thus talk'd, as overjoy'd with study for the fight,
 (Which God had stirr'd up in their spirits) the same God did excite
 The Greeks that were behind at fleet, refreshing their free hearts
 And joints, being ev'n dissolv'd with toil; and (seeing the desperate
 parts 80

Play'd by the Trojans past their wall) grief strook them, and their eyes
 Sweat tears from under their sad lids, their instant destinies
 Never supposing they could 'scape. But Neptune, stepping in,
 With ease stirr'd up the able troops, and did at first begin
 With Teucer, and Penelœus, th' heroë Leitus, 85
 Deipyrus, Meriones, and young Antilochus,
 All expert in the deeds of arms: "O youths of Greece," said he,
 "What change is this? In your brave fight, I only look'd to see
 Our fleet's whole safety; and, if you neglect the harmful field,
 Now shines the day when Greece to Troy must all her honours yield.
 O grief! So great a miracle, and horrible to sight, 90
 As now I see, I never thought could have profan'd the light!
 The Trojans brave us at our ships, that have been heretofore
 Like faint and fearful deer in woods, distracted evermore
 With ev'ry sound, and yet 'scape not, but prove the torn up fare 95
 Of lynxes, wolves, and leopards, as never born to war.

⁹⁰ *Léopards*.—Leo-pards, the true pronunciation. So camelo-pard. See Bk. xvii. 15.

Nor durst these Trojans at first siege, in any least degree,
 Expect your strength, or stand one shock of Grecian chivalry;
 Yet now, far from their walls, they dare fight at our fleet maintain,
 All by our Gen'ral's cowardice, that doth infect his men 100
 Who, still at odds with him, for that will needs themselves neglect,
 And suffer slaughter in their ships. Suppose there was defect
 (Beyond all question) in our king, to wrong *Æacides*,
 And he, for his particular weak, from all assistance cease;
 We must not cease t' assist ourselves. Forgive our Gen'ral then, 105
 And quickly too. Apt to forgive are all good-minded men.
 Yet you, quite void of their good minds, give good, in you quite lost,
 For ill in others, though ye be the worthiest of your host.
 As old as I am, I would scorn, to fight with one that flies,
 Or leaves the fight as you do now. The Gen'ral slothful lies, 110
 And you, though slothful too, maintain with him a fight of spleen.
 Out, out, I hate ye from my heart. Ye rotten-minded men,
 In this ye add an ill that's worse than all your sloth's dislikes.
 But as I know to all your hearts my reprehension strikes,
 So thither let just shame strike too; for while you stand still here 115
 A mighty fight swarms at your fleet, great Hector rageth there,
 Hath burst the long bar and the gates.* Thus Neptune rous'd these
 men.

And round about th' *Ajaces* did their phalanxes maintain
 Their station firm; whom Mars himself, had he amongst them gone,
 Could not disparage, nor Jove's Maid that sets men fiercer on; 120
 For now the best were chosen out, and they receiv'd th' advance
 Of Hector and his men so full, that lance was lin'd with lance,
 Shields thicken'd with oppos'd shields, targets to targets nail'd,
 Helms stuck to helms, and man to man grew, they so close assail'd,
 Plum'd casques were hang'd in either's plumes, all join'd so close their
 stands, 125
 Their lances stood, thrust out so thick by such all-daring hands.

* Expect—await.

115 See Commentary.