

730 ship. There he stood and waited for them, and with his pike always
 beat off any Trojan who carried persistent fire from the vessels.
 He kept up a terrible bellowing, and urged on the Danaäns:
 "Friends and fighting men of the Danaäns, henchmen of Ares,
 be men now, dear friends, remember your furious valor.
 735 Do we think there are others who stand behind us to help us?
 Have we some stronger wall that can rescue men from perdition?
 We have no city built strong with towers lying near us, within which
 we could defend ourselves and hold off this host that matches us.
 We hold position in this plain of the close-armored Trojans,
 740 bent back against the sea, and far from the land of our fathers.
 Salvation's light is in our hands' work, not the mercy of battle."
 He spoke, and came forward with his sharp spear, raging for battle.
 And whenever some Trojan crashed against the hollow ships
 with burning fire, who sought to wake the favor of Hektor,
 745 Aias would wait for him and then stab with the long pike
 and so from close up wounded twelve in front of the vessels.

BOOK SIXTEEN

So they fought on both sides for the sake of the strong-benched vessel.
 Meanwhile Patroklos came to the shepherd of the people, Achilleus,
 and stood by him and wept warm tears, like a spring dark-running
 that down the face of a rock impassable drips its dim water;
 and swift-footed brilliant Achilleus looked on him in pity, 5
 and spoke to him aloud and addressed him in winged words: "Why then
 are you crying like some poor little girl, Patroklos,
 who runs after her mother and begs to be picked up and carried,
 and clings to her dress, and holds her back when she tries to hurry,
 and gazes tearfully into her face, until she is picked up? 10
 You are like such a one, Patroklos, dropping these soft tears.
 Could you have some news to tell, for me or the Myrmidons?
 Have you, and nobody else, received some message from Phthia?
 Yet they tell me Aktor's son Menoitios lives still
 and Aiakos' son Peleus lives still among the Myrmidons. 15
 If either of these died we should take it hard. Or is it
 the Argives you are mourning over, and how they are dying
 against the hollow ships by reason of their own arrogance?
 Tell me, do not hide it in your mind, and so we shall both know."
 Then groaning heavily, Patroklos the rider, you answered: 20
 "Son of Peleus, far greatest of the Achaians, Achilleus,
 do not be angry; such grief has fallen upon the Achaians.
 For all those who were before the bravest in battle
 are lying up among the ships with arrow or spear wounds.
 The son of Tydeus, strong Diomedes, was hit by an arrow, 25

and Odysseus has a pike wound, and Agamemnon the spear-famed,
 and Eurypylos has been wounded in the thigh with an arrow.
 And over these the healers skilled in medicine are working
 to cure their wounds. But you, Achilles; who can do anything
 30 with you? May no such anger take me as this that you cherish!
 Cursed courage. What other man born hereafter shall be advantaged
 unless you beat aside from the Argives this shameful destruction?
 Pitiless: the rider Peleus was never your father
 nor Thetis was your mother, but it was the gray sea that bore you
 35 and the towering rocks, so sheer the heart in you is turned from us.
 But if you are drawing back from some prophecy known in your own heart
 and by Zeus' will your honored mother has told you of something,
 then send me out at least, let the rest of the Myrmidon people
 follow me, and I may be a light given to the Danaans.
 40 Give me your armor to wear on my shoulders into the fighting;
 so perhaps the Trojans might think I am you, and give way
 from their attack, and the fighting sons of the Achaians get wind
 again after hard work. There is little breathing space in the fighting.
 We unwearied might with a mere cry pile men wearied
 45 back upon their city, and away from the ships and the shelters."

So he spoke supplicating in his great innocence; this was
 his own death and evil destruction he was entreating.
 But now, deeply troubled, swift-footed Achilles answered him:
 "Ah, Patroklos, illustrious, what is this you are saying?
 50 I have not any prophecy in mind that I know of;
 there is no word from Zeus my honored mother has told me,
 but this thought comes as a bitter sorrow to my heart and my spirit
 when a man tries to foul one who is his equal, to take back
 a prize of honor, because he goes in greater authority.
 55 This is a bitter thought to me; my desire has been dealt with
 roughly. The girl the sons of the Achaians chose out for my honor,
 and I won her with my own spear, and stormed a strong-fenced city,
 is taken back out of my hands by powerful Agamemnon,
 the son of Atreus, as if I were some dishonored vagabond.
 60 Still, we will let all this be a thing of the past; and it was not
 in my heart to be angry forever; and yet I have said
 I would not give over my anger until that time came

when the fighting with all its clamor came up to my own ships.
 So do you draw my glorious armor about your shoulders;
 lead the Myrmidons whose delight is battle into the fighting,
 65 if truly the black cloud of the Trojans has taken position
 strongly about our ships, and the others, the Argives, are bent back
 against the beach of the sea, holding only a narrow division
 of land, and the whole city of the Trojans has descended upon them
 boldly; because they do not see the face of my helmet
 70 glaring close; or else they would run and cram full of dead men
 the water-courses; if powerful Agamemnon treated me
 kindly. Now the Argives fight for their very encampment.
 For the spear rages not now in the hands of the son of Tydeus,
 Diomedes, to beat destruction aside from the Danaans,
 75 nor have I heard the voice of the son of Atreus crying
 from his hated head; no, but the voice of murderous Hektor
 calling to the Trojans crashes about my ears; with their war cry
 they hold the entire plain as they beat the Achaians in battle.
 But even so, Patroklos, beat the bane aside from our ships; fall
 80 upon them with all your strength; let them not with fire's blazing
 inflame our ships, and take away our desired homecoming.
 But obey to the end this word I put upon your attention
 so that you can win, for me, great honor and glory
 85 in the sight of all the Danaans, so they will bring back to me
 the lovely girl, and give me shining gifts in addition.
 When you have driven them from the ships, come back; although later
 the thunderous lord of Hera might grant you the winning of glory,
 you must not set your mind on fighting the Trojans, whose delight
 90 is in battle, without me. So you will diminish my honor.
 You must not, in the pride and fury of fighting, go on
 slaughtering the Trojans, and lead the way against Ilion,
 for fear some one of the everlasting gods on Olympos
 might crush you. Apollo who works from afar loves these people
 95 dearly. You must turn back once you bring the light of salvation
 to the ships, and let the others go on fighting in the flat land.
 Father Zeus, Athene and Apollo, if only
 not one of all the Trojans could escape destruction, not one
 of the Argives, but you and I could emerge from the slaughter
 so that we two alone could break Troy's hallowed coronal."
 100

Now as these two were talking thus to each other, meanwhile
the volleys were too much for Aias, who could hold no longer
his place. The will of Zeus beat him back, and the proud Trojans
with their spears, and around his temples the shining helmet
105 clashed horribly under the shower of strokes; he was hit constantly
on the strong-wrought cheek-pieces, and his left shoulder was tiring
from always holding up the big glittering shield; yet they could not
beat him out of his place, though they piled their missiles upon him.
His breath came ever hard and painful, the sweat ran pouring
110 down his body from every limb, he could find no means
to catch his breath, but evil was piled on evil about him.

Tell me now, you Muses who have your homes on Olympos,
how fire was first thrown upon the ships of the Achaians.

Hektor stood up close to Aias and hacked at the ash spear
115 with his great sword, striking behind the socket of the spearhead,
and slashed it clean away, so that Telamonian Aias
shook there in his hand a lopped spear, while far away from him
the bronze spearhead fell echoing to the ground; and Aias
knew in his blameless heart, and shivered for knowing it, how this
120 was gods' work, how Zeus high-thundering cut across the intention
in all his battle, how he planned that the Trojans should conquer.
He drew away out of the missiles, and the Trojans threw weariless fire
on the fast ship, and suddenly the quenchless flame streamed over it.
So the fire was at work on the ship's stern; but Achilles
125 struck his hands against both his thighs, and called to Patroklos:
"Rise up, illustrious Patroklos, rider of horses.
I see how the ravening fire goes roaring over our vessels.
They must not get our ships so we cannot run away in them.
Get on your armor; faster; I will muster our people."

130 He spoke, and Patroklos was helming himself in bronze that glittered.
First he placed along his legs the beautiful greaves, linked
with silver fastenings to hold the greaves at the ankles.
Afterward he girt on about his chest the corselet
starry and elaborate of swift-footed Aiakides.
135 Across his shoulders he slung the sword with the nails of silver,

a bronze sword, and above it the great shield, huge and heavy.
Over his mighty head he set the well-fashioned helmet
with the horse-hair crest, and the plumes nodded terribly above it.
He took up two powerful spears that fitted his hand's grip,
only he did not take the spear of blameless Aiakides,
140 huge, heavy, thick, which no one else of all the Achaians
could handle, but Achilles alone knew how to wield it;
the Pelian ash spear which Cheiron had brought to his father
from high on Pelion to be death for fighters. Patroklos
ordered Automedon rapidly to harness the horses,
145 a man he honored most, after Achilles breaker of battles,
who stood most staunchly by him against the fury of fighting.
For him Automedon led the fast-running horses under
the yoke, Xanthos and Balios, who tore with the winds' speed,
horses stormy Podarge once conceived of the west wind
150 and bore, as she grazed in the meadow beside the swirl of the Ocean.
In the traces beside these he put unfaulted Pedasos
whom Achilles brought back once when he stormed Eëtion's city.
He, mortal as he was, ran beside the immortal horses.

But Achilles went meanwhile to the Myrmidons, and arrayed them
155 all in their war gear along the shelters. And they, as wolves
who tear flesh raw, in whose hearts the battle fury is tireless,
who have brought down a great horned stag in the mountains, and then feed
on him, till the jowls of every wolf run blood, and then go
all in a pack to drink from a spring of dark-running water,
160 lapping with their lean tongues along the black edge of the surface
and belching up the clotted blood; in the heart of each one
is a spirit untremulous, but their bellies are full and groaning;
as such the lords of the Myrmidons and their men of counsel
around the brave henchman of swift-footed Aiakides
165 swarmed, and among them was standing warlike Achilles
and urged on the fighting men with their shields, and the horses.

Fifty were the fast-running ships wherein Achilles
beloved of Zeus had led his men to Troy, and in each one
were fifty men, his companions in arms, at the rowing benches.
17 He had made five leaders among them, and to these entrusted

the command, while he in his great power was lord over all of them.
 One battalion was led by Menesthios of the shining
 corselet, son of Spercheios, the river swelled from the bright sky,
 175 born of the daughter of Peleus, Polydore the lovely,
 to unremitting Spercheios, when a woman lay with an immortal;
 but born in name to Perieres' son, Boros, who married
 Polydore formally, and gave gifts beyond count to win her.
 The next battalion was led by warlike Eudoros, a maiden's
 180 child, born to one lovely in the dance, Polymele,
 daughter of Phylas; whom strong Hermes Argeiphontes
 loved, when he watched her with his eyes among the girls dancing
 in the choir for clamorous Artemis of the golden distaff.
 Presently Hermes the healer went up with her into her chamber
 and lay secretly with her, and she bore him a son, the shining
 185 Eudoros, a surpassing runner and a quick man in battle.
 But after Eileithyia of the hard pains had brought out
 the child into the light, and he looked on the sun's shining,
 Aktor's son Ehekles in the majesty of his great power
 190 led her to his house, when he had given numberless gifts to win her,
 and the old man Phylas took the child and brought him up kindly
 and cared for him, in affection as if he had been his own son.
 The leader of the third battalion was warlike Peisandros,
 Maimalos' son, who outshone all the rest of the Myrmidons
 195 in spear-fighting, next to Peleian Achilleus' henchman.
 The fourth battalion was led by Phoinix, the aged horseman,
 the fifth by Alkimedon, the blameless son of Laërkes.
 But after Achilleus gave them their stations all in good order
 beside their leaders, he laid his stern injunction upon them:
 200 "Myrmidons: not one of you can forget those mutterings,
 those threats that beside the running ships you made at the Trojans
 in all the time of my anger, and it was I you were blaming,
 as: 'Hard son of Peleus! Your mother nursed you on gall. You have no
 pity, to keep your companions here by the ships unwilling.
 205 We should go back home again, then, in our seafaring vessels
 now that this wretched anger has befallen your spirit.'
 Often you would gather in groups and so mutter against me,
 and now is shown a great work of that fighting you longed for.
 Then let each man take heart of strength to fight with the Trojans."

210 So he spoke, and stirred the spirit and strength in each man,
 and their ranks, as they listened to the king, pulled closer together.
 And as a man builds solid a wall with stones set close together
 for the rampart of a high house keeping out the force of the winds, so
 close together were the helms and shields massive in the middle.
 For shield leaned on shield, helmet on helmet, man against man,
 215 and the horse-hair crests along the horns of the shining helmets
 touched as they bent their heads, so dense were they formed on each other.
 And before them all were two men in their armor, Patroklos
 and Automedon, both of them in one single fury
 to fight in front of the Myrmidons. But meanwhile Achilleus
 220 went off into his shelter, and lifted the lid from a lovely
 elaborately wrought chest, which Thetis the silver-footed
 had put in his ship to carry, and filled it fairly with tunics
 and mantles to hold the wind from a man, and with fleecy blankets.
 Inside this lay a wrought goblet, nor did any other
 225 man drink the shining wine from it nor did Achilleus
 pour from it to any other god, but only Zeus father.
 He took this now out of the chest, and cleaned it with sulfur
 first, and afterward washed it out in bright-running water,
 and washed his own hands, and poured shining wine into the goblet
 230 and stood in his middle forecourt and prayed, and poured the wine,
 looking
 into the sky, not unseen by Zeus who delights in the thunder:
 "High Zeus, lord of Dodona, Pelasgian, living afar off,
 brooding over wintry Dodona, your prophets about you
 living, the Selloi who sleep on the ground with feet unwashed. Hear me.
 235 As one time before when I prayed to you, you listened
 and did me honor, and smote strongly the host of the Achaians,
 so one more time bring to pass the wish that I pray for.
 For see, I myself am staying where the ships are assembled,
 but I send out my companion and many Myrmidons with him
 240 to fight. Let glory, Zeus of the wide brows, go forth with him.
 Make brave the heart inside his breast, so that even Hektor
 will find out whether our henchman knows how to fight his battles
 by himself, or whether his hands rage invincible only
 those times when I myself go into the grind of the war god.
 245 But when he has beaten back from the ships their clamorous onset,

then let him come back to me and the running ships, unwounded,
with all his armor and with the companions who fight close beside him."

So he spoke in prayer, and Zeus of the counsels heard him.

250 The father granted him one prayer, and denied him the other.
That Patroklos should beat back the fighting assault on the vessels
he allowed, but refused to let him come back safe out of the fighting.
When Achilles had poured the wine and prayed to Zeus father
he went back into the shelter, stowed the cup in the chest, and came out
255 to stand in front of the door, with the desire in his heart still
to watch the grim encounter of Achaians and Trojans.

Now they who were armed in the company of great-hearted Patroklos
went onward, until in high confidence they charged on the Trojans.
The Myrmidons came streaming out like wasps at the wayside
260 when little boys have got into the habit of making them angry
by always teasing them as they live in their house by the roadside;
silly boys, they do something that hurts many people;
and if some man who travels on the road happens to pass them
and stirs them unintentionally, they in heart of fury
265 come swarming out each one from his place to fight for their children.
In heart and in fury like these the Myrmidons streaming
came out from their ships, with a tireless clamor arising,
and Patroklos called afar in a great voice to his companions:
"Myrmidons, companions of Peleus' son, Achilles,
270 be men now, dear friends, remember your furious valor;
we must bring honor to Peleus' son, far the greatest of the Argives
by the ships, we, even the henchmen who fight beside him,
so Atreus' son wide-ruling Agamemnon may recognize
his madness, that he did no honor to the best of the Achaians."
275 So he spoke, and stirred the spirit and strength in each man.
They fell upon the Trojans in a pack, and about them
the ships echoed terribly to the roaring Achaians.
But the Trojans, when they saw the powerful son of Menoitios
himself and his henchman with him in the glare of their war gear,
280 the heart was stirred in all of them, the battalions were shaken
in the expectation that by the ships swift-footed Pelcion
had thrown away his anger and chosen the way of friendship.
Then each man looked about him for a way to escape the sheer death.

Patroklos was the first man to make a cast with the shining
spear, straight through the middle fighting, where most men were stricken, 285
beside the stern on the ship of great-hearted Protesilaos,
and struck Pyraichmes, who had led the lords of Paionian
horses from Amydon and the wide waters of Axios.
He struck him in the right shoulder, so he dropped in the dust groaning,
on his back, and his Paionian companions about him 290
scattered; for Patroklos drove the fear into all of them
when he cut down their leader, the best of them all in battle.
He drove them from the ships and put out the fire that was blazing,
and that ship was left half-burnt as it was, as the Trojans scattered
in terror and unearthly noise, and the Danaäns streamed back 295
along the hollow ships, and clamor incessant rose up.
And as when from the towering height of a great mountain Zeus
who gathers the thunderflash stirs the cloud dense upon it,
and all the high places of the hills are clear and the shoulders out-jutting
and the deep ravines, as endless bright air spills from the heavens, 300
so when the Danaäns had beaten from their ships the ravening
fire, they got breath for a little, but there was no check in the fighting;
for the Trojans under the attack of the warlike Achaians
had not yet turned their faces to run away from the black ships.
They stood yet against them, but gave way from the ships under pressure. 305

There man killed man all along the scattered encounter
of the leaders, and first among them, the strong son of Menoitios,
threw and struck Areilykos in the thigh, as he turned
back, with the sharp point of the spear, and drove the bronze clean through.
The spear smashed in the bone and he fell to the ground headlong 310
on his face. Meanwhile warlike Menelaos stabbed Thoas
in the chest where it was left bare by the shield, and unstrung his limbs'
strength.
Meges, Phyleus' son, watched Amphiklos as he came on
and was too quick with a stab at the base of the leg, where the muscle
of a man grows thickest, so that on the spearhead the sinew 315
was torn apart, and a mist of darkness closed over both eyes.
Of the sons of Nestor one, Antilochos, stabbed Atymnios
with the sharp spear, and drove the bronze head clean through his flank, so
that he fell forward; but Maris with the spear from close up

320 made a lunge at Antilochos in rage for his brother
 standing in front of the corpse, but before him godlike Thrasymedes
 was in with a thrust before he could stab, nor missed his quick stroke
 into the shoulder, and the spearhead shore off the arm's base
 clear away from the muscles and torn from the bone utterly.
 325 He fell, thunderously, and darkness closed over both eyes.
 So these two, beaten down under the hands of two brothers,
 descended to the dark place, Sarpedon's noble companions
 and spear-throwing sons of Amisodaros, the one who had nourished
 the furious Chimaira to be an evil to many.
 330 Aias, Oileus' son, in an outrush caught Kleoboulos
 alive, where he was fouled in the running confusion, and there
 unstrung his strength, hewing with the hilted sword at the neck,
 so all the sword was smoking with blood and over both eyes
 closed the red death and the strong destiny. Then Peneleos
 335 and Lykon ran up close together, since these with their spear-throws
 had gone wide of each other, and each had made a cast vainly.
 So now the two of them ran together with swords. There Lykon
 hacked at the horn of the horse-hair crested helm, but the sword blade
 broke at the socket; Peneleos cut at the neck underneath
 340 the ear, and the sword sank clean inside, with only skin left
 to hold it, and the head slumped aside, and the limbs were loosened.
 Meriones on his light feet overtaking Akamas
 stabbed him in the right shoulder as he climbed up behind his horses
 and the darkness drifted over his eyes as he crashed from the chariot.
 345 Idomeneus stabbed Erymas in the mouth with the pitiless
 bronze, so that the brazen spearhead smashed its way clean through
 below the brain in an upward stroke, and the white bones splintered,
 and the teeth were shaken out with the stroke and both eyes filled up
 with blood, and gaping he blew a spray of blood through the nostrils
 350 and through his mouth, and death in a dark mist closed in about him.

So these lords of the Danaäns killed each his own man.
 They as wolves make havoc among lambs or young goats in their fury,
 catching them out of the flocks, when the sheep separate in the mountains
 through the thoughtlessness of the shepherd, and the wolves seeing them
 355 suddenly snatch them away, and they have no heart for fighting;
 so the Danaäns ravaged the Trojans, and these remembered

the bitter sound of terror, and forgot their furious valor.

But the great Aias was trying forever to make a spearcast
 at bronze-helmed Hektor, but he in his experience of fighting
 with his broad shoulders huddled under the bull's-hide shield kept
 360 watching always the whistle of arrows, the crash of spears thrown.
 He knew well how the strength of the fighting shifted against him,
 but even so stood his ground to save his steadfast companions.

As when a cloud goes deep into the sky from Olympos
 through the bright upper air when Zeus brings on the hurricane,
 365 so rose from beside the ships their outcry, the noise of their terror.
 In no good order they went back, while his fast-running horses
 carried Hektor away in his armor; he abandoned the people
 of the Trojans, who were trapped by the deep-dug ditch unwilling,
 and in the ditch many fast horses who pulled the chariots
 370 left, broken short at the joining of the pole, their masters' chariots
 while Patroklos was on them, calling hard and loud to the Danaäns
 with evil intention for the Trojans, who, in clamorous terror,
 choked all the ways where they were cut off; from under their feet stirred
 the dust-storm scattered in clouds, their single-foot horses were straining
 375 to get back to the city away from the ships and the shelters.
 But Patroklos, where he saw the stirring of most people,
 steered there, shouting, and men went down under the axles
 headlong from chariots as the empty cars rattled onward.
 Straight across the ditch overleapt those swift and immortal
 380 horses the gods had given as shining gifts to Peleus,
 hurtling onward, as Patroklos' rage stirred him against Hektor,
 whom he tried to strike, but his fast horses carried him out of it.
 As underneath the hurricane all the black earth is burdened
 on an autumn day, when Zeus sends down the most violent waters
 385 in deep rage against mortals after they stir him to anger
 because in violent assembly they pass decrees that are crooked,
 and drive righteousness from among them and care nothing for what the
 gods think,
 and all the rivers of these men swell current to full spate
 and in the ravines of their water-courses rip all the hillsides
 390 and dash whirling in huge noise down to the blue sea, out of
 the mountains headlong, so that the works of men are diminished;
 so huge rose the noise from the horses of Troy in their running.

But Patroklos, when he had cut away their first battalions,
395 turned back to pin them against the ships, and would not allow them
to climb back into their city though they strained for it, but sweeping
through the space between the ships, the high wall, and the river,
made havoc and exacted from them the blood price for many.
There first of all he struck with the shining spear Pronoös
400 in the chest where it was left bare by the shield, and unstrung his limbs'
strength.

He fell, thunderously, and Patroklos in his next outrush
at Thestor, Enops' son, who huddled inside his chariot,
shrunk back, he had lost all his nerve, and from his hands the reins
slipped—Patroklos coming close up to him stabbed with a spear-thrust
405 at the right side of the jaw and drove it on through the teeth, then
hooked and dragged him with the spear over the rail, as a fisherman
who sits out on the jut of a rock with line and glittering
bronze hook drags a fish, who is thus doomed, out of the water.
So he hauled him, mouth open to the bright spear, out of the chariot,
410 and shoved him over on his face, and as he fell the life left him.
Next he struck Erylaos, as he swept in, with a great stone
in the middle of the head, and all the head broke into two pieces
inside the heavy helmet, and he in the dust face downward
dropped while death breaking the spirit drifted about him.
415 Afterward with Erymas, Amphoteris, and Epaltēs,
Tlepolemos Damastor's son, Echios and Pyris,
Ipheus and Euippos, and Argeas' son Polymelos,
all these he felled to the bountiful earth in rapid succession.

But Sarpedon, when he saw his free-girt companions going
420 down underneath the hands of Menoitios' son Patroklos,
called aloud in entreaty upon the godlike Lykians:
"Shame, you Lykians, where are you running to? You must be fierce now,
for I myself will encounter this man, so I may find out
who this is who has so much strength and has done so much evil
425 to the Trojans, since many and brave are those whose knees he has unstrung."
He spoke, and sprang to the ground in all his arms from the chariot,
and on the other side Patroklos when he saw him leapt down
from his chariot. They as two hook-clawed beak-bent vultures
above a tall rock face, high-screaming, go for each other,

so now these two, crying aloud, encountered together.
430 And watching them the son of devious-devising Kronos
was pitiful, and spoke to Hera, his wife and his sister:
"Ah me, that it is destined that the dearest of men, Sarpedon,
must go down under the hands of Menoitios' son Patroklos.
The heart in my breast is balanced between two ways as I ponder,
435 whether I should snatch him out of the sorrowful battle
and set him down still alive in the rich country of Lykia,
or beat him under at the hands of the son of Menoitios."

In turn the lady Hera of the ox eyes answered him:
440 "Majesty, son of Kronos, what sort of thing have you spoken?
Do you wish to bring back a man who is mortal, one long since
doomed by his destiny, from ill-sounding death and release him?
Do it, then; but not all the rest of us gods shall approve you.
And put away in your thoughts this other thing I tell you;
445 if you bring Sarpedon back to his home, still living,
think how then some other one of the gods might also
wish to carry his own son out of the strong encounter;
since around the great city of Priam are fighting many
sons of the immortals. You will waken grim resentment among them.
No, but if he is dear to you, and your heart mourns for him,
450 then let him be, and let him go down in the strong encounter
underneath the hands of Patroklos, the son of Menoitios;
but after the soul and the years of his life have left him, then send
Death to carry him away, and Sleep, who is painless,
until they come with him to the countryside of broad Lykia
455 where his brothers and countrymen shall give him due burial
with tomb and gravestone. Such is the privilege of those who have perished."

She spoke, nor did the father of gods and men disobey her;
yet he wept tears of blood that fell to the ground, for the sake
of his beloved son, whom now Patroklos was presently
460 to kill, by generous Troy and far from the land of his fathers.

Now as these two advancing had come close to each other
there Patroklos threw first at glorious Thrasymelos
who was the strong henchman of lord Sarpedon, and struck him
in the depth of the lower belly, and unstrung his limbs' strength.
465 Sarpedon with the second throw then missed with the shining

spear, but the spear fixed in the right shoulder of Pedasos the horse, who screamed as he blew his life away, and went down in shrill noise into the dust, and the life spirit fluttered from him.

470 The other horses shied apart, the yoke creaked, the guide reins were fouled together as the trace horse lay in the dust beside them; but at this spear-famed Automedon saw what he must do and wrenching out the long-edged sword from beside his big thigh in a flashing stroke and without faltering cut loose the trace horse
475 and the other horses were straightened out, and pulled in the guide reins, and the two heroes came together in the heart-perishing battle.

Once again Sarpedon threw wide with a cast of his shining spear, so that the pointed head overshot the left shoulder of Patroklos; and now Patroklos made the second cast with the brazen
480 spear, and the shaft escaping his hand was not flung vainly but struck where the beating heart is closed in the arch of the muscles. He fell, as when an oak goes down or a white poplar, or like a towering pine tree which in the mountains the carpenters have hewn down with their whetted axes to make a ship-timber.
485 So he lay there felled in front of his horses and chariots roaring, and clawed with his hands at the bloody dust; or as a blazing and haughty bull in a huddle of shambling cattle when a lion has come among the herd and destroys him dies bellowing under the hooked claws of the lion, so now
490 before Patroklos the lord of the shield-armored Lykians died raging, and called aloud to his beloved companion: "Dear Glaukos, you are a fighter among men. Now the need comes hardest upon you to be a spearman and a bold warrior. Now, if you are brave, let bitter warfare be dear to you.

495 First you must go among all men who are lords of the Lykians everywhere, and stir them up to fight for Sarpedon, and then you yourself also must fight for me with the bronze spear. For I shall be a thing of shame and a reproach said of you afterward, all your days forever, if the Achaians
500 strip my armor here where I fell by the ships assembled. But hold strongly on and stir up all the rest of our people."

He spoke, and as he spoke death's end closed over his nostrils and eyes, and Patroklos stepping heel braced to chest dragged the spear out of his body, and the midriff came away with it

so that he drew out with the spearhead the life of Sarpedon, and the Myrmidons close by held in the hard-breathing horses as they tried to bolt away, once free of their master's chariot.

505

But when he heard the voice a hard sorrow came upon Glaukos, and the heart was stirred within him, and he could not defend Sarpedon. He took his arm in his hand and squeezed it, since the wound hurt him where Teukros had hit him with an arrow shot as he swept in on the high wall, and fended destruction from his companions. He spoke in prayer to him who strikes from afar, Apollo:

"Hear me, my lord. You are somewhere in the rich Lykian countryside or here in Troy, and wherever you are you can listen to a man in pain, as now this pain has descended upon me. For see, I have this strong wound on me, and my arm on both sides is driven with sharp pains about, my blood is not able to dry and stop running, my shoulder is aching beneath it. I cannot hold my spear up steady, I cannot go forward to fight against the enemy. And the best of men has perished, Sarpedon, son of Zeus; who will not stand by his children. No, but you at least, my lord, make well this strong wound; and put the pains to sleep, give me strength, so that I may call out to my companions, the Lykians, and stir them to fight on, and I myself do battle over the fallen body."

515

520

525

So he spoke in prayer, and Phoibos Apollo heard him. At once he made the pains stop, and dried away from the hard wound the dark running of blood, and put strength into his spirit. And Glaukos knew in his heart what was done, and was happy that the great god had listened to his prayer. And first of all he roused toward battle all the men who were lords of the Lykians, going everywhere among them, to fight for Sarpedon; afterward he ranged in long strides among the Trojans, by Poulydamas the son of Panthoös and brilliant Agenor, and went to Aineias and to Hektor of the brazen helmet and stood near them and addressed them in winged words: "Hektor, now you have utterly forgotten your armed companions who for your sake, far from their friends and the land of their fathers, are wearing their lives away, and you will do nothing to help them. Sarpedon has fallen, the lord of the shield-armored Lykians,

530

535

540

who defended Lykia in his strength and the right of his justice.
Now brazen Ares has struck him down by the spear of Patroklos.
Then, friends, stand beside me, let the thought be shame in your spirit
545 that they might strip away his arms, and dishonor his body,
these Myrmidons, in anger for all the Danaäns perished,
those whom we Lykians have killed with the spear by the swift ships."

He spoke, and the Trojans were taken head to heel with a sorrow
untakeable, not to be endured, since he was their city's
550 stay, always, though he was an outlander, and many people
came with him, but he was the best of them all in battle
always. They went straight for the Danaäns, raging, and Hektor
led them, in anger for Sarpedon. Meanwhile the Achaians
roused to the savage heart of Patroklos, the son of Menoitios.
555 First he spoke to the Aiantes, who were burning for battle already:
"Aiantes, now your desire must be to defend yourselves, and be
such as you were among men before, or even more valiant.
The man is fallen who first scaled the wall of the Achaians,
Sarpedon. If only we could win and dishonor his body
560 and strip the armor from his shoulders, and kill with the pitiless
bronze some one of his companions who fight to defend him."

He spoke, and they likewise grew furious in their defense,
and when they on either side had made massive their battalions,
Trojans and Lykians, and Myrmidons and Achaians,
565 they clashed together in battle over the perished body
howling terribly, with a high crash of the men in their armor,
while Zeus swept ghastly night far over the strong encounter
that over his dear son might be deadly work in the fighting.

First the Trojans shouldered back the glancing-eyed Achaians
570 when a man, and not the worst of the Myrmidons, was struck down,
son of high-hearted Agakles, Epeigeus the brilliant.
He was one who was lord before in strong-founded Boudeion,
but now, since he had happened to kill his high-born cousin,
had come suppliant to Peleus and to Thetis the silver-footed,
575 and these sent him to follow Achilles, who broke men in battle,
to Ilion of the horses and the battle against the Trojans.
As he caught at a dead man glorious Hektor hit him
with a stone in the head, and all the head broke into two pieces

inside the heavy helmet, and he in the dust face downward
580 dropped, while death breaking the spirit drifted about him.
And the sorrow took hold of Patroklos for his fallen companion.
He steered his way through the ranks of the front fighters, like a flying
hawk who scatters into flight the daws and the starlings.
So straight for the Lykians, O lord of horses, Patroklos,
you swept, and for the Trojans, heart angered for your companion. 585
Now he struck Sthenelaos, beloved son of Ithaimenes,
in the neck with a stone, and broke the tendons loose from about it.
The champions of Troy gave back then, and glorious Hektor.
As far as goes the driving cast of a slender javelin
590 which a man throws making trial of his strength, either in a contest
or else in battle, under the heart-breaking hostilities,
so far the Trojans gave way with the Achaians pushing them.
But Glaukos was first, lord of the shield-armored Lykians,
to turn again, and killed Bathykses the great-hearted, beloved
595 son of Chalkon, who had dwelled in his home in Hellas
conspicuous for wealth and success among all the Myrmidons.
It was he whom Glaukos stabbed in the middle of the chest, turning
suddenly back with his spear as he overtook him. He fell,
thunderously, and the closing sorrow came over the Achaians
600 as the great man went down, but the Trojans were gladdened greatly
and came and stood in a pack about him, nor did the Achaians
let go of their fighting strength, but steered their fury straight at them.
And there Meriones cut down a chief man of the Trojans,
Laogonos, bold son of Onetor, who was Idaian,
605 Zeus' priest, and who was honored in his countryside as a god is.
Meriones struck him by jaw and ear, and at once the life spirit
fled from his limbs, and the hateful darkness closed in about him.
But Aineias threw his bronze spear at Meriones, hoping
to hit him as he came forward under his shield's covering,
610 but Meriones with his eyes straight on him avoided the bronze spear.
For he bent forward, and behind his back the long spearshaft
was driven into the ground so that the butt end was shaken
on the spear. Then and there Ares the huge took the force from it
[so that the vibrant shaft of Aineias was driven groundward
615 since it had been thrown in a vain cast from his big hand].
But Aineias was angered in his spirit, and called out to him:

"Meriones, though you are a dancer my spear might have stopped you now and for all time, if only I could have hit you."

Then in turn Meriones the spear-famed answered him:

620 "Aineias, strong fighter though you are, it would be hard for you to quench the strength of every man who might come against you and defend himself, since you also are made as a mortal. But if I could throw and hit you with the sharp bronze in the middle, then strong as you are and confident in your hands' work, you might
625 give the glory to me, and your soul to Hades of the horses."

He spoke, but the fighting son of Menoitios reprimanded him:

"Meriones, when you are a brave fighter, why say such things?— See, dear friend, the Trojans will not give back from the body for hard words spoken. Sooner the ground will cover them. Warfare's
630 finality lies in the work of hands, that of words in counsel. It is not for us now to pile up talk, but to fight in battle."

He spoke, and led the way, and the other followed, a mortal like a god. As the tumult goes up from men who are cutting timber in the mountain valleys, and the sound is heard from far off,
635 such was the dull crashing that rose from earth of the wide ways, from the bronze shields, the skins and the strong-covering ox-hides as the swords and leaf-headed spears stabbed against them. No longer could a man, even a knowing one, have made out the godlike Sarpedon, since he was piled from head to ends of feet under
640 a mass of weapons, the blood and the dust, while others about him kept forever swarming over his dead body, as flies through a sheepfold thunder about the pails overspilling milk, in the season of spring when the milk splashes in the buckets. So they swarmed over the dead man, nor did Zeus ever
645 turn the glaring of his eyes from the strong encounter, but kept gazing forever upon them, in spirit reflective, and pondered hard over many ways for the death of Patroklos; whether this was now the time, in this strong encounter, when there over godlike Sarpedon glorious Hektor
650 should kill him with the bronze, and strip the armor away from his shoulders, or whether to increase the steep work of fighting for more men. In the division of his heart this way seemed best to him,

for the strong henchman of Achilles, the son of Peleus, once again to push the Trojans and bronze-helmed Hektor back on their city, and tear the life from many. In Hektor
655 first of all he put a temper that was without strength. He climbed to his chariot and turned to flight, and called to the other Trojans to run, for he saw the way of Zeus' sacred balance. Nor did the powerful Lykians stand now, but were all scattered to flight, when they had seen their king with a spear in his heart, lying
660 under the pile of dead men, since many others had fallen above him, once Zeus had strained fast the powerful conflict. But the Achaians took from Sarpedon's shoulders the armor glaring and brazen, and this the warlike son of Menoitios gave to his companions to carry back to the hollow ships.
665 And now Zeus who gathers the clouds spoke a word to Apollo: "Go if you will, beloved Phoibos, and rescue Sarpedon from under the weapons, wash the dark suffusion of blood from him, then carry him far away and wash him in a running river, anoint him in ambrosia, put ambrosial clothing upon him;
670 then give him into the charge of swift messengers to carry him, of Sleep and Death, who are twin brothers, and these two shall lay him down presently within the rich countryside of broad Lykia where his brothers and countrymen shall give him due burial with tomb and gravestone. Such is the privilege of those who have perished." 675

He spoke so, and Apollo, not disregarding his father, went down along the mountains of Ida, into the grim fight, and lifting brilliant Sarpedon out from under the weapons carried him far away, and washed him in a running river, and anointed him in ambrosia, put ambrosial clothing upon him,
680 then gave him into the charge of swift messengers to carry him, of Sleep and Death, who are twin brothers, and these two presently laid him down within the rich countryside of broad Lykia.

But Patroklos, with a shout to Automedon and his horses, went after Trojans and Lykians in a huge blind fury. Besotted: had he only kept the command of Peleides he might have got clear away from the evil spirit of black death. But always the mind of Zeus is a stronger thing than a man's mind. He terrifies even the warlike man, he takes away victory

690 lightly, when he himself has driven a man into battle
as now he drove on the fury in the heart of Patroklos.

Then who was it you slaughtered first, who was the last one,
Patroklos, as the gods called you to your death? Adrestos
first, and after him Autonoös and Echekklos,

695 Perimos, son of Megas, and Epistor, and Melanippos,
and after these Elastos, and Moullos, and Pylartes.
These he killed, while each man of the rest was bent on escaping.

There the sons of the Achaians might have taken gate-towering Ilios
under the hands of Patroklos, who raged with the spear far before them,
700 had not Phoibos Apollo taken his stand on the strong-built
tower, with thoughts of death for him, but help for the Trojans.
Three times Patroklos tried to mount the angle of the towering
wall, and three times Phoibos Apollo battered him backward
with the immortal hands beating back the bright shield. As Patroklos
705 for the fourth time, like something more than a man, came at him
he called aloud, and spoke winged words in the voice of danger:
"Give way, illustrious Patroklos: it is not destined
that the city of the proud Trojans shall fall before your spear
nor even at the hand of Achilleus, who is far better than you are."
710 He spoke, and Patroklos gave ground before him a great way,
avoiding the anger of him who strikes from afar, Apollo.

But Hektor inside the Skaian Gates held his single-foot horses,
and wondered whether to drive back into the carnage, and fight there,
or call aloud to his people to rally inside the wall. Thus
715 as he was pondering Phoibos Apollo came and stood by him,
assuming the likeness of a man, a young and a strong one,
Asios, who was uncle to Hektor, breaker of horses,
since he was brother of Hekabē, and the son of Dymas,
and had made his home in Phrygia by the stream of Sangarios.
720 In the likeness of this man Zeus' son Apollo spoke to him:
"Hektor, why have you stopped fighting? You should not do it.
If I were as much stronger than you as now I am weaker!
So might you, in this evil way, hold back from the fighting.
But come! Hold straight against Patroklos your strong-footed horses.

You might be able to kill him. Apollo might give you such glory." 725

He spoke, and went once more, a divinity, into the mortals'
struggle, while glorious Hektor called to wise Kebriones
to lash their horses into the fighting. Meanwhile Apollo
went down into the battle, and launched a deadly confusion
upon the Argives, and gave glory to the Trojans and Hektor. 730
Now Hektor let the rest of the Danaans be, and he would not
kill them, but drove his strong-footed horses straight for Patroklos.
On the other side Patroklos sprang to the ground from his chariot
holding his spear in his left hand. In the other he caught up
a stone, jagged and shining, in the hold of his hand, and threw it, 735
leaning into the throw, nor fell short of the man he aimed at
nor threw vainly, but hit the charioteer of Hektor,
Kebriones, a bastard son of glorious Priam,
as he held the reins on his horses. The sharp stone hit him in the forehead
and smashed both brows in on each other, nor could the bone hold 740
the rock, but his eyes fell out into the dust before him
there at his feet, so that he vaulted to earth like a diver
from the carefully wrought chariot, and the life left his bones. Now
you spoke in bitter mockery over him, rider Patroklos:
"See now, what a light man this is, how agile an acrobat. 745
If only he were somewhere on the sea, where the fish swarm,
he could fill the hunger of many men, by diving for oysters;
he could go overboard from a boat even in rough weather
the way he somersaults so light to the ground from his chariot
now. So, to be sure, in Troy also they have their acrobats." 750

He spoke so, and strode against the hero Kebriones
with the spring of a lion, who as he ravages the pastures
has been hit in the chest, and his own courage destroys him.
So in your fury you pounced, Patroklos, above Kebriones.
On the other side Hektor sprang to the ground from his chariot, 755
and the two fought it out over Kebriones, like lions
who in the high places of a mountain, both in huge courage
and both hungry, fight together over a killed deer.
So above Kebriones these two, urgent for battle,
Patroklos, son of Menoitios, and glorious Hektor, 760
were straining with the pitiless bronze to tear at each other;
since Hektor had caught him by the head, and would not let go of him,

and Patroklos had his foot on the other side, while the other Trojans and Danaïns drove together the strength of their onset.

- 765 As east wind and south wind fight it out with each other
in the valleys of the mountains to shake the deep forest timber,
oak tree and ash and the cornel with the delicate bark; these
whip their wide-reaching branches against one another
in inhuman noise, and the crash goes up from the splintering timber;
770 so Trojans and Achaians springing against one another
cut men down, nor did either side think of disastrous panic,
and many sharp spears were driven home about Kebriones
and many feathered arrows sprung from the bowstrings, many
great throwing stones pounded against the shields, as they fought on
775 hard over his body, as he in the turning dust lay
mightily in his might, his horsemanship all forgotten.
So long as the sun was climbing still to the middle heaven,
so long the thrown weapons of both took hold, and men dropped under
them;
but when the sun had gone to the time for unyoking of cattle,
780 then beyond their very destiny the Achaians were stronger
and dragged the hero Kebriones from under the weapons
and the clamor of the Trojans, and stripped the armor from his shoulders.
And Patroklos charged with evil intention in on the Trojans.
Three times he charged in with the force of the running war god,
785 screaming a terrible cry, and three times he cut down nine men;
but as for the fourth time he swept in, like something greater
than human, there, Patroklos, the end of your life was shown forth,
since Phoibos came against you there in the strong encounter
dangerously, nor did Patroklos see him as he moved through
790 the battle, and shrouded in a deep mist came in against him
and stood behind him, and struck his back and his broad shoulders
with a flat stroke of the hand so that his eyes spun. Phoibos
Apollo now struck away from his head the helmet
four-horned and hollow-eyed, and under the feet of the horses
795 it rolled clattering, and the plumes above it were defiled
by blood and dust. Before this time it had not been permitted
to defile in the dust this great helmet crested in horse-hair;
rather it guarded the head and the gracious brow of a godlike

- man, Achilles; but now Zeus gave it over to Hektor
to wear on his head, Hektor whose own death was close to him. 800
And in his hands was splintered all the huge, great, heavy,
iron-shod, far-shadowing spear, and away from his shoulders
dropped to the ground the shield with its shield sling and its tassels.
The lord Apollo, son of Zeus, broke the corselet upon him.
Disaster caught his wits, and his shining body went nerveless. 805
He stood stupidly, and from close behind his back a Dardanian
man hit him between the shoulders with a sharp javelin:
Euphorbos, son of Panthoös, who surpassed all men of his own age
with the throwing spear, and in horsemanship and the speed of his feet. He
had already brought down twenty men from their horses 810
since first coming, with his chariot and his learning in warfare.
He first hit you with a thrown spear, O rider Patroklos,
nor broke you, but ran away again, snatching out the ash spear
from your body, and lost himself in the crowd, not enduring
to face Patroklos, naked as he was, in close combat. 815

- Now Patroklos, broken by the spear and the god's blow, tried
to shun death and shrink back into the swarm of his own companions.
But Hektor, when he saw high-hearted Patroklos trying
to get away, saw how he was wounded with the sharp javelin,
came close against him across the ranks, and with the spear stabbed him 820
in the depth of the belly and drove the bronze clean through. He fell,
thunderously, to the horror of all the Achaian people.
As a lion overpowers a weariless boar in wild combat
as the two fight in their pride on the high places of a mountain
over a little spring of water, both wanting to drink there, 825
and the lion beats him down by force as he fights for his breath, so
Hektor, Priam's son, with a close spear-stroke stripped the life
from the fighting son of Menoitios, who had killed so many,
and stood above him, and spoke aloud the winged words of triumph:
"Patroklos, you thought perhaps of devastating our city, 830
of stripping from the Trojan women the day of their liberty
and dragging them off in ships to the beloved land of your fathers.
Fool! when in front of them the running horses of Hektor
strained with their swift feet into the fighting, and I with my own spear
am conspicuous among the fighting Trojans, I who beat from them 835

the day of necessity. For you, here the vultures shall eat you.
Wretch! Achilles, great as he was, could do nothing to help you.
When he stayed behind, and you went, he must have said much to you:

840 'Patroklos, lord of horses, see that you do not come back to me
and the hollow ships, until you have torn in blood the tunic
of manslaughtering Hektor about his chest.' In some such
manner he spoke to you, and persuaded the fool's heart in you."

And now, dying, you answered him, O rider Patroklos:
"Now is your time for big words, Hektor. Yours is the victory
845 given by Kronos' son, Zeus, and Apollo, who have subdued me
easily, since they themselves stripped the arms from my shoulders.
Even though twenty such as you had come in against me,
they would all have been broken beneath my spear, and have perished.
No, deadly destiny, with the son of Leto, has killed me,
850 and of men it was Euphorbos; you are only my third slayer.
And put away in your heart this other thing that I tell you.
You yourself are not one who shall live long, but now already
death and powerful destiny are standing beside you,
to go down under the hands of Aiaikos' great son, Achilles."

855 He spoke, and as he spoke the end of death closed in upon him,
and the soul fluttering free of his limbs went down into Death's house
mourning her destiny, leaving youth and manhood behind her.
Now though he was a dead man glorious Hektor spoke to him:
"Patroklos, what is this prophecy of my headlong destruction?
860 Who knows if even Achilles, son of lovely-haired Thetis,
might before this be struck by my spear, and his own life perish?"

He spoke, and setting his heel upon him wrenched out the bronze spear
from the wound, then spurned him away on his back from the spear.

Thereafter
armed with the spear he went on, aiming a cast at Automedon,
865 the godlike henchman for the swift-footed son of Aiaikos,
with the spear as he was carried away by those swift and immortal
horses the gods had given as shining gifts to Peleus.

BOOK SEVENTEEN

As Patroklos went down before the Trojans in the hard fighting
he was not unseen by Atreus' son, warlike Menelaos,
who stalked through the ranks of the champions, helmed in the bright
bronze,

and bestrode the body, as over a first-born calf the mother
cow stands lowing, she who has known no children before this. 5

So Menelaos of the fair hair stood over Patroklos
and held the spear and the perfect circle of his shield before him,
raging to cut down any man who might come forth against him.

Nor did the fall of blameless Patroklos pass unattended
by Panthoös' son of the strong ash spear, Euphorbos, who standing 10
close to face him spoke a word to warlike Menelaos:

"Son of Atreus, Menelaos, illustrious, leader of armies:
give way, let the bloody spoils be, get back from this body,
since before me no one of the Trojans, or renowned companions,
struck Patroklos down with the spear in the strong encounter. 15
Thereby let me win this great glory among the Trojans
before I hit you and strip the sweetness of life away from you."

Deeply stirred, Menelaos of the fair hair answered him:
"Father Zeus, it is not well for the proud man to glory. 20
Neither the fury of the leopard is such, not such is the lion's,
nor the fury of the devastating wild boar, within whose breast
the spirit is biggest and vaunts in the pride of his strength, is so great
as goes the pride in these sons of Panthoös of the strong ash spear.
Yet even the strength of Hyperenor, breaker of horses,
had no joy of his youth when he stood against me and taunted me 25