

BOOK ONE

SING, goddess, the anger of Peleus' son Achilleus
 and its devastation, which put pains thousandfold upon the
 Achaians,
 hurled in their multitudes to the house of Hades strong souls
 of heroes, but gave their bodies to be the delicate feasting
 of dogs, of all birds, and the will of Zeus was accomplished
 since that time when first there stood in division of conflict
 Atreus' son the lord of men and brilliant Achilleus.

What god was it then set them together in bitter collision?
 Zeus' son and Leto's, Apollo, who in anger at the king drove
 the foul pestilence along the host, and the people perished,
 since Atreus' son had dishonoured Chryses, priest of Apollo,
 when he came beside the fast ships of the Achaians to ransom
 back his daughter, carrying gifts beyond count and holding
 in his hands wound on a staff of gold the ribbons of Apollo
 who strikes from afar, and supplicated all the Achaians,
 but above all Atreus' two sons, the marshals of the people:
 'Sons of Atreus and you other strong-greaved Achaians,
 to you may the gods grant who have their homes on Olympos
 Priam's city to be plundered and a fair homecoming thereafter,
 but may you give me back my own daughter and take the ransom,
 giving honour to Zeus' son who strikes from afar, Apollo.'

Then all the rest of the Achaians cried out in favour
 that the priest be respected and the shining ransom be taken;
 yet this pleased not the heart of Atreus' son Agamemnon,

25 but harshly he drove him away with a strong order upon him:
'Never let me find you again, old sir, near our hollow
ships, neither lingering now nor coming again hereafter,
for fear your staff and the god's ribbons help you no longer.
The girl I will not give back; sooner will old age come upon her
30 in my own house, in Argos, far from her own land, going
up and down by the loom and being in my bed as my companion.
So go now, do not make me angry; so you will be safer.'

So he spoke, and the old man in terror obeyed him
and went silently away beside the murmuring sea beach.

35 Over and over the old man prayed as he walked in solitude
to King Apollo, whom Leto of the lovely hair bore: 'Hear me,
lord of the silver bow who set your power about Chryse
and Killa the sacrosanct, who are lord in strength over Tenedos,
Smintheus, if ever it pleased your heart that I built your temple,
40 if ever it pleased you that I burned all the rich thigh pieces
of bulls, of goats, then bring to pass this wish I pray for:
let your arrows make the Danaans pay for my tears shed.'

So he spoke in prayer, and Phoibos Apollo heard him,
and strode down along the pinnacles of Olympos, angered
45 in his heart, carrying across his shoulders the bow and the hooded
quiver; and the shafts clashed on the shoulders of the god walking
angrily. He came as night comes down and knelt then
apart and opposite the ships and let go an arrow.
Terrible was the clash that rose from the bow of silver.

50 First he went after the mules and the circling hounds, then let go
a tearing arrow against the men themselves and struck them.
The corpse fires burned everywhere and did not stop burning.

Nine days up and down the host ranged the god's arrows,
but on the tenth Achilles called the people to assembly;
55 a thing put into his mind by the goddess of the white arms, Hera,
who had pity upon the Danaans when she saw them dying.
Now when they were all assembled in one place together,
Achilleus of the swift feet stood up among them and spoke forth:
'Son of Atreus, I believe now that straggling backwards
60 we must make our way home if we can even escape death,
if fighting now must crush the Achaians and the plague likewise.
No, come, let us ask some holy man, some prophet,

even an interpreter of dreams, since a dream also comes from Zeus, who can tell why Phoibos Apollo is so angry, if for the sake of some vow, some hecatomb he blames us, if given the fragrant smoke of lambs, of he goats, somehow he can be made willing to beat the bane aside from us.' 65

He spoke thus and sat down again, and among them stood up Kalchas, Thestor's son, far the best of the bird interpreters, who knew all things that were, the things to come and the things past, 70 who guided into the land of Ilion the ships of the Achaïans through that seercraft of his own that Phoibos Apollo gave him. He in kind intention toward all stood forth and addressed them: 'You have bidden me, Achilleus beloved of Zeus, to explain to you this anger of Apollo the lord who strikes from afar. Then 75 I will speak; yet make me a promise and swear before me readily by word and work of your hands to defend me, since I believe I shall make a man angry who holds great kingship over the men of Argos, and all the Achaïans obey him. For a king when he is angry with a man beneath him is too strong, 80 and suppose even for the day itself he swallow down his anger, he still keeps bitterness that remains until its fulfilment deep in his chest. Speak forth then, tell me if you will protect me.'

Then in answer again spoke Achilleus of the swift feet: 'Speak, interpreting whatever you know, and fear nothing. 85 In the name of Apollo beloved of Zeus to whom you, Kalchas, make your prayers when you interpret the gods' will to the Danaans, no man so long as I am alive above earth and see daylight shall lay the weight of his hands on you beside the hollow ships, not one of all the Danaans, even if you mean Agamemnon, 90 who now claims to be far the greatest of all the Achaïans.'

At this the blameless seer took courage again and spoke forth: 'No, it is not for the sake of some vow or hecatomb he blames us, but for the sake of his priest whom Agamemnon dishonoured and would not give him back his daughter nor accept the ransom. 95 Therefore the archer sent griefs against us and will send them still, nor sooner thrust back the shameful plague from the Danaans until we give the glancing-eyed girl back to her father without price, without ransom, and lead also a blessed hecatomb to Chryse; thus we might propitiate and persuade him.' 100

- He spoke thus and sat down again, and among them stood up
 Atreus' son the hero wide-ruling Agamemnon
 raging, the heart within filled black to the brim with anger
 from beneath, but his two eyes showed like fire in their blazing.
- 105 First of all he eyed Kalchas bitterly and spoke to him:
 'Seer of evil: never yet have you told me a good thing.
 Always the evil things are dear to your heart to prophesy,
 but nothing excellent have you said nor ever accomplished.
 Now once more you make divination to the Danaans, argue
 110 forth your reason why he who strikes from afar afflicts them,
 because I for the sake of the girl Chryseis would not take
 the shining ransom; and indeed I wish greatly to have her
 in my own house; since I like her better than Klytaimestra
 my own wife, for in truth she is no way inferior,
 115 neither in build nor stature nor wit, not in accomplishment.
 Still I am willing to give her back, if such is the best way.
 I myself desire that my people be safe, not perish.
 Find me then some prize that shall be my own, lest I only
 among the Argives go without, since that were unfitting;
 120 you are all witnesses to this thing, that my prize goes elsewhere.'
- Then in answer again spoke brilliant swift-footed Achilles:
 'Son of Atreus, most lordly, greediest for gain of all men,
 how shall the great-hearted Achaians give you a prize now?
 There is no great store of things lying about I know of.
- 125 But what we took from the cities by storm has been distributed;
 it is unbecoming for the people to call back things once given.
 No, for the present give the girl back to the god; we Achaians
 thrice and four times over will repay you, if ever Zeus gives
 into our hands the strong-walled citadel of Troy to be plundered.'
- 130 Then in answer again spoke powerful Agamemnon:
 'Not that way, good fighter though you be, godlike Achilles,
 strive to cheat, for you will not deceive, you will not persuade me.
 What do you want? To keep your own prize and have me sit here
 lacking one? Are you ordering me to give this girl back?
 135 Either the great-hearted Achaians shall give me a new prize
 chosen according to my desire to atone for the girl lost,
 or else if they will not give me one I myself shall take her,
 your own prize, or that of Aias, or that of Odysseus,

going myself in person; and he whom I visit will be bitter.
 Still, these are things we shall deliberate again hereafter. 140
 Come, now, we must haul a black ship down to the bright sea,
 and assemble rowers enough for it, and put on board it
 the hecatomb, and the girl herself, Chryseis of the fair cheeks,
 and let there be one responsible man in charge of her,
 either Aias or Idomeneus or brilliant Odysseus, 145
 or you yourself, son of Peleus, most terrifying of all men,
 to reconcile by accomplishing sacrifice the archer.'

Then looking darkly at him Achilleus of the swift feet spoke:
 'O wrapped in shamelessness, with your mind forever on profit,
 how shall any one of the Achaians readily obey you 150
 either to go on a journey or to fight men strongly in battle?
 I for my part did not come here for the sake of the Trojan
 spearmen to fight against them, since to me they have done nothing.
 Never yet have they driven away my cattle or my horses,
 never in Phthia where the soil is rich and men grow great did they 155
 spoil my harvest, since indeed there is much that lies between us,
 the shadowy mountains and the echoing sea; but for your sake,
 o great shamelessness, we followed, to do you favour,
 you with the dog's eyes, to win your honour and Menelaos'
 from the Trojans. You forget all this or else you care nothing. 160
 And now my prize you threaten in person to strip from me,
 for whom I laboured much, the gift of the sons of the Achaians.
 Never, when the Achaians sack some well-founded citadel
 of the Trojans, do I have a prize that is equal to your prize.
 Always the greater part of the painful fighting is the work of 165
 my hands; but when the time comes to distribute the booty
 yours is far the greater reward, and I with some small thing
 yet dear to me go back to my ships when I am weary with fighting.
 Now I am returning to Phthia, since it is much better
 to go home again with my curved ships, and I am minded no longer 170
 to stay here dishonoured and pile up your wealth and your luxury.'

Then answered him in turn the lord of men Agamemnon:
 'Run away by all means if your heart drives you. I will not
 entreat you to stay here for my sake. There are others with me
 who will do me honour, and above all Zeus of the counsels. 175
 To me you are the most hateful of all the kings whom the gods love.

Forever quarrelling is dear to your heart, and wars and battles;
and if you are very strong indeed, that is a god's gift.
Go home then with your own ships and your own companions,
180 be king over the Myrmidons. I care nothing about you.
I take no account of your anger. But here is my threat to you.
Even as Phoibos Apollo is taking away my Chryseis.
I shall convey her back in my own ship, with my own
followers; but I shall take the fair-checked Briseis,
185 your prize, I myself going to your shelter, that you may learn well
how much greater I am than you, and another man may shrink back
from likening himself to me and contending against me.'

So he spoke. And the anger came on Peleus' son, and within
his shaggy breast the heart was divided two ways, pondering
190 whether to draw from beside his thigh the sharp sword, driving
away all those who stood between and kill the son of Atreus,
or else to check the spleen within and keep down his anger.
Now as he weighed in mind and spirit these two courses
and was drawing from its scabbard the great sword, Athene descended
195 from the sky. For Hera the goddess of the white arms sent her,
who loved both men equally in her heart and cared for them.
The goddess standing behind Peleus' son caught him by the fair hair,
appearing to him only, for no man of the others saw her.
Achilleus in amazement turned about, and straightway
200 knew Pallas Athene and the terrible eyes shining.
He uttered winged words and addressed her: 'Why have you come now,
o child of Zeus of the aegis, once more? Is it that you may see
the outrageousness of the son of Atreus Agamemnon?
Yet will I tell you this thing, and I think it shall be accomplished.
205 By such acts of arrogance he may even lose his own life.'

Then in answer the goddess grey-eyed Athene spoke to him:
'I have come down to stay your anger—but will you obey me?—
from the sky; and the goddess of the white arms Hera sent me,
who loves both of you equally in her heart and cares for you.
210 Come then, do not take your sword in your hand, keep clear of fighting,
though indeed with words you may abuse him, and it will be that way.
And this also will I tell you and it will be a thing accomplished.
Some day three times over such shining gifts shall be given you
by reason of this outrage. Hold your hand then, and obey us.'

Then in answer again spoke Achilles of the swift feet: 215
'Goddess, it is necessary that I obey the word of you two,
angry though I am in my heart. So it will be better.
If any man obeys the gods, they listen to him also.'

He spoke, and laid his heavy hand on the silver sword hilt
and thrust the great blade back into the scabbard nor disobeyed 220
the word of Athene. And she went back again to Olympos
to the house of Zeus of the aegis with the other divinities.

But Peleus' son once again in words of derision
spoke to Atreides, and did not yet let go of his anger:
'You wine sack, with a dog's eyes, with a deer's heart. Never 225
once have you taken courage in your heart to arm with your people
for battle, or go into ambushade with the best of the Achaians.
No, for in such things you see death. Far better to your mind
is it, all along the widespread host of the Achaians
to take away the gifts of any man who speaks up against you. 230
King who feed on your people, since you rule nonentities;
otherwise, son of Atreus, this were your last outrage.

But I will tell you this and swear a great oath upon it:
in the name of this sceptre, which never again will bear leaf nor
branch, now that it has left behind the cut stump in the mountains, 235
nor shall it ever blossom again, since the bronze blade stripped
bark and leafage, and now at last the sons of the Achaians
carry it in their hands in state when they administer
the justice of Zeus. And this shall be a great oath before you:
some day longing for Achilles will come to the sons of the Achaians, 240
all of them. Then stricken at heart though you be, you will be able
to do nothing, when in their numbers before man-slaughtering Hektor
they drop and die. And then you will eat out the heart within you
in sorrow, that you did no honour to the best of the Achaians.'

Thus spoke Peleus' son and dashed to the ground the sceptre 245
studded with golden nails, and sat down again. But Atreides
raged still on the other side, and between them Nestor
the fair-spoken rose up, the lucid speaker of Pylos,
from whose lips the streams of words ran sweeter than honey.
In his time two generations of mortal men had perished, 250
those who had grown up with him and they who had been born to
these in sacred Pylos, and he was king in the third age.

- He in kind intention toward both stood forth and addressed them:
 'Oh, for shame. Great sorrow comes on the land of Achaia.
- 255 Now might Priam and the sons of Priam in truth be happy,
 and all the rest of the Trojans be visited in their hearts with gladness,
 were they to hear all this wherein you two are quarrelling,
 you, who surpass all Danaans in council, in fighting.
 Yet be persuaded. Both of you are younger than I am.
- 260 Yes, and in my time I have dealt with better men than
 you are, and never once did they disregard me. Never
 yet have I seen nor shall see again such men as these were,
 men like Peirithoös, and Dryas, shepherd of the people,
 Kaineus and Exadios, godlike Polyphemos,
- 265 or Theseus, Aigeus' son, in the likeness of the immortals.
 These were the strongest generation of earth-born mortals,
 the strongest, and they fought against the strongest, the beast men
 living within the mountains, and terribly they destroyed them.
 I was of the company of these men, coming from Pylos,
 270 a long way from a distant land, since they had summoned me.
 And I fought single-handed, yet against such men no one
 of the mortals now alive upon earth could do battle. And also
 these listened to the counsels I gave and heeded my bidding.
 Do you also obey, since to be persuaded is better.
- 275 You, great man that you are, yet do not take the girl away
 but let her be, a prize as the sons of the Achaians gave her
 first. Nor, son of Peleus, think to match your strength with
 the king, since never equal with the rest is the portion of honour
 of the sceptred king to whom Zeus gives magnificence. Even
 280 though you are the stronger man, and the mother who bore you was
 immortal,
 yet is this man greater who is lord over more than you rule.
 Son of Atreus, give up your anger; even I entreat you
 to give over your bitterness against Achilles, he who
 stands as a great bulwark of battle over all the Achaians.'
- 285 Then in answer again spoke powerful Agamemnon:
 'Yes, old sir, all this you have said is fair and orderly.
 Yet here is a man who wishes to be above all others,
 who wishes to hold power over all, and to be lord of
 all, and give them their orders, yet I think one will not obey him.

And if the everlasting gods have made him a spearman,
yet they have not given him the right to speak abusively.' 290

Then looking at him darkly brilliant Achilleus answered him:

'So must I be called of no account and a coward

if I must carry out every order you may happen to give me.

Tell other men to do these things, but give me no more 295

commands, since I for my part have no intention to obey you.

And put away in your thoughts this other thing I tell you.

With my hands I will not fight for the girl's sake, neither
with you nor any other man, since you take her away who gave her.

But of all the other things that are mine beside my fast black 300

ship, you shall take nothing away against my pleasure.

Come, then, only try it, that these others may see also;

instantly your own black blood will stain my spearpoint.'

So these two after battling in words of contention

stood up, and broke the assembly beside the ships of the Achaians. 305

Peleus' son went back to his balanced ships and his shelter

with Patroklos, Menoitios' son, and his own companions.

But the son of Atreus drew a fast ship down to the water

and allotted into it twenty rowers and put on board it

the hecatomb for the god and Chryseis of the fair cheeks 310

leading her by the hand. And in charge went crafty Odysseus.

These then putting out went over the ways of the water

while Atreus' son told his people to wash off their defilement,

And they washed it away and threw the washings into the salt sea.

Then they accomplished perfect hecatombs to Apollo, 315

of bulls and goats along the beach of the barren salt sea.

The savour of the burning swept in circles up to the bright sky.

Thus these were busy about the army. But Agamemnon

did not give up his anger and the first threat he made to Achilleus,

but to Talthybios he gave his orders and Eurybates 320

who were heralds and hard-working henchmen to him: 'Go now

to the shelter of Peleus' son Achilleus, to bring back

Briseis of the fair cheeks leading her by the hand. And if he

will not give her, I must come in person to take her

with many men behind me, and it will be the worse for him.' 325

He spoke and sent them forth with this strong order upon them.

They went against their will beside the beach of the barren

- salt sea, and came to the shelters and the ships of the Myrmidons.
 The man himself they found beside his shelter and his black ship
 330 sitting. And Achilles took no joy at all when he saw them.
 These two terrified and in awe of the king stood waiting
 quietly, and did not speak a word at all nor question him.
 But he knew the whole matter in his own heart, and spoke first:
 'Welcome, heralds, messengers of Zeus and of mortals.
 335 Draw near. You are not to blame in my sight, but Agamemnon
 who sent the two of you here for the sake of the girl Briseis.
 Go then, illustrious Patroklos, and bring the girl forth
 and give her to these to be taken away. Yet let them be witnesses
 in the sight of the blessed gods, in the sight of mortal
 340 men, and of this cruel king, if ever hereafter
 there shall be need of me to beat back the shameful destruction
 from the rest. For surely in ruinous heart he makes sacrifice
 and has not wit enough to look behind and before him
 that the Achaians fighting beside their ships shall not perish.'
 345 So he spoke, and Patroklos obeyed his beloved companion.
 He led forth from the hut Briseis of the fair cheeks and gave her
 to be taken away; and they walked back beside the ships of the Achaians,
 and the woman all unwilling went with them still. But Achilles
 weeping went and sat in sorrow apart from his companions
 350 beside the beach of the grey sea looking out on the infinite water.
 Many times stretching forth his hands he called on his mother:
 'Since, my mother, you bore me to be a man with a short life,
 therefore Zeus of the loud thunder on Olympos should grant me
 honour at least. But now he has given me not even a little.
 355 Now the son of Atreus, powerful Agamemnon,
 has dishonoured me, since he has taken away my prize and keeps it.'
 So he spoke in tears and the lady his mother heard him
 as she sat in the depths of the sea at the side of her aged father,
 and lightly she emerged like a mist from the grey water.
 360 She came and sat beside him as he wept, and stroked him
 with her hand and called him by name and spoke to him: 'Why then,
 child, do you lament? What sorrow has come to your heart now?
 Tell me, do not hide it in your mind, and thus we shall both know.'
 Sighing heavily Achilles of the swift feet answered her:
 365 'You know; since you know why must I tell you all this?

We went against Thebe, the sacred city of Ètion,
 and the city we sacked, and carried everything back to this place,
 and the sons of the Achaïans made a fair distribution
 and for Atreus' son they chose out Chryseis of the fair cheeks.
 Then Chryses, priest of him who strikes from afar, Apollo, 370
 came beside the fast ships of the bronze-armoured Achaïans to ransom
 back his daughter, carrying gifts beyond count and holding
 in his hands wound on a staff of gold the ribbons of Apollo
 who strikes from afar, and supplicated all the Achaïans,
 but above all Atreus' two sons, the marshals of the people. 375
 Then all the rest of the Achaïans cried out in favour
 that the priest be respected and the shining ransom be taken;
 yet this pleased not the heart of Atreus' son Agamemnon,
 but harshly he sent him away with a strong order upon him.
 The old man went back again in anger, but Apollo 380
 listened to his prayer, since he was very dear to him, and let go
 the wicked arrow against the Argives. And now the people
 were dying one after another while the god's shafts ranged
 everywhere along the wide host of the Achaïans, till the seer
 knowing well the truth interpreted the designs of the archer. 385
 It was I first of all urged then the god's appeasement;
 and the anger took hold of Atreus' son, and in speed standing
 he uttered his threat against me, and now it is a thing accomplished.
 For the girl the glancing-eyed Achaïans are taking to Chryse
 in a fast ship, also carrying to the king presents. But even 390
 now the heralds went away from my shelter leading
 Briseus' daughter, whom the sons of the Achaïans gave me.
 You then, if you have power to, protect your own son, going
 to Olympos and supplicating Zeus, if ever before now
 either by word you comforted Zeus' heart or by action. 395
 Since it is many times in my father's halls I have heard you
 making claims, when you said you only among the immortals
 beat aside shameful destruction from Kronos' son the dark-misted,
 that time when all the other Olympians sought to bind him,
 Hera and Poseidon and Pallas Athene. Then you, 400
 goddess, went and set him free from his shackles, summoning
 in speed the creature of the hundred hands to tall Olympos,
 that creature the gods name Briareus, but all men

Aigaios' son, but he is far greater in strength than his father.

- 405 He rejoicing in the glory of it sat down by Kronion,
and the rest of the blessed gods were frightened and gave up binding him.
Sit beside him and take his knees and remind him of these things
now, if perhaps he might be willing to help the Trojans,
and pin the Achaians back against the ships and the water,
410 dying, so that thus they may all have profit of their own king,
that Atreus' son wide-ruling Agamemnon may recognize
his madness, that he did no honour to the best of the Achaians.'

- Thetis answered him then letting the tears fall: 'Ah me,
my child. Your birth was bitterness. Why did I raise you?
415 If only you could sit by your ships untroubled, not weeping,
since indeed your lifetime is to be short, of no length.
Now it has befallen that your life must be brief and bitter
beyond all men's. To a bad destiny I bore you in my chambers.
But I will go to cloud-dark Olympos and ask this
420 thing of Zeus who delights in the thunder. Perhaps he will do it.
Do you therefore continuing to sit by your swift ships
be angry at the Achaians and stay away from all fighting.
For Zeus went to the blameless Aithiopians at the Ocean
yesterday to feast, and the rest of the gods went with him.
425 On the twelfth day he will be coming back to Olympos,
and then I will go for your sake to the house of Zeus, bronze-founded,
and take him by the knees and I think I can persuade him.'

- So speaking she went away from that place and left him
sorrowing in his heart for the sake of the fair-girdled woman
430 whom they were taking by force against his will. But Odysseus
meanwhile drew near to Chryse conveying the sacred hecatomb.
These when they were inside the many-hollowed harbour
took down and gathered together the sails and stowed them in the black
ship,
let down mast by the forestays, and settled it into the mast crutch
435 easily, and rowed her in with oars to the mooring.
They threw over the anchor stones and made fast the stern cables
and themselves stepped out on to the break of the sea beach,
and led forth the hecatomb to the archer Apollo,
and Chryseis herself stepped forth from the sea-going vessel.
440 Odysseus of the many designs guided her to the altar

and left her in her father's arms and spoke a word to him:
'Chryses, I was sent here by the lord of men Agamemnon
to lead back your daughter and accomplish a sacred hecatomb
to Apollo on behalf of the Danaans, that we may propitiate
the lord who has heaped unhappiness and tears on the Argives.'

445

He spoke, and left her in his arms. And he received gladly
his beloved child. And the men arranged the sacred hecatomb
for the god in orderly fashion around the strong-founded altar.
Next they washed their hands and took up the scattering barley.
Standing among them with lifted arms Chryses prayed in a great voice:
'Hear me, lord of the silver bow, who set your power about
Chryse and Killa the sacrosanct, who are lord in strength over
Tenedos; if once before you listened to my prayers
and did me honour and smote strongly the host of the Achaians,
so one more time bring to pass the wish that I pray for.
Beat aside at last the shameful plague from the Danaans.'

455

So he spoke in prayer, and Phoibos Apollo heard him.
And when all had made prayer and flung down the scattering barley
first they drew back the victims' heads and slaughtered them and skinned
them,

and cut away the meat from the thighs and wrapped them in fat,
making a double fold, and laid shreds of flesh upon them.
The old man burned these on a cleft stick and poured the gleaming
wine over, while the young men with forks in their hands stood about
him.

460

But when they had burned the thigh pieces and tasted the vitals,
they cut all the remainder into pieces and spitted them
and roasted all carefully and took off the pieces.

465

Then after they had finished the work and got the feast ready
they feasted, nor was any man's hunger denied a fair portion.
But when they had put away their desire for eating and drinking,
the young men filled the mixing bowls with pure wine, passing
a portion to all, when they had offered drink in the goblets.

470

All day long they propitiated the god with singing,
chanting a splendid hymn to Apollo, these young Achaians,
singing to the one who works from afar, who listened in gladness.

Afterwards when the sun went down and darkness came onward
they lay down and slept beside the ship's stern cables.

475

But when the young Dawn showed again with her rosy fingers,
they put forth to sea toward the wide camp of the Achaians.

And Apollo who works from afar sent them a favouring stern wind.

480 They set up the mast again and spread on it the white sails,
and the wind blew into the middle of the sail, and at the cutwater
a blue wave rose and sang strongly as the ship went onward.
She ran swiftly cutting across the swell her pathway.

But when they had come back to the wide camp of the Achaians
485 they hauled the black ship up on the mainland, high up
on the sand, and underneath her they fixed the long props.
Afterwards they scattered to their own ships and their shelters.

But that other still sat in anger beside his swift ships,
Peleus' son divinely born, Achilleus of the swift feet.

490 Never now would he go to assemblies where men win glory,
never more into battle, but continued to waste his heart out
sitting there, though he longed always for the clamour and fighting.

But when the twelfth dawn after this day appeared, the gods who
live forever came back to Olympos all in a body

495 and Zeus led them; nor did Thetis forget the entreaties
of her son, but she emerged from the sea's waves early
in the morning and went up to the tall sky and Olympos.
She found Kronos' broad-browed son apart from the others
sitting upon the highest peak of rugged Olympos.

500 She came and sat beside him with her left hand embracing
his knees, but took him underneath the chin with her right hand
and spoke in supplication to lord Zeus son of Kronos:

'Father Zeus, if ever before in word or action

I did you favour among the immortals, now grant what I ask for.

505 Now give honour to my son short-lived beyond all other
mortals. Since even now the lord of men Agamemnon
dishonours him, who has taken away his prize and keeps it.
Zeus of the counsels, lord of Olympos, now do him honour.
So long put strength into the Trojans, until the Achaians

510 give my son his rights, and his honour is increased among them.'

She spoke thus. But Zeus who gathers the clouds made no answer
but sat in silence a long time. And Thetis, as she had taken
his knees, clung fast to them and urged once more her question:
'Bend your head and promise me to accomplish this thing,

or else refuse it, you have nothing to fear, that I may know
by how much I am the most dishonoured of all gods.' 515

Deeply disturbed Zeus who gathers the clouds answered her:
'This is a disastrous matter when you set me in conflict
with Hera, and she troubles me with recriminations.
Since even as things are, forever among the immortals 520
she is at me and speaks of how I help the Trojans in battle.
Even so, go back again now, go away, for fear she
see us. I will look to these things that they be accomplished.
See then, I will bend my head that you may believe me.
For this among the immortal gods is the mightiest witness 525
I can give, and nothing I do shall be vain nor revocable
nor a thing unfulfilled when I bend my head in assent to it.'

He spoke, the son of Kronos, and nodded his head with the dark brows,
and the immortally anointed hair of the great god
swept from his divine head, and all Olympos was shaken. 530

So these two who had made their plans separated, and Thetis
leapt down again from shining Olympos into the sea's depth,
but Zeus went back to his own house, and all the gods rose up
from their chairs to greet the coming of their father, not one had courage
to keep his place as the father advanced, but stood up to greet him. 535
Thus he took his place on the throne; yet Hera was not
ignorant, having seen how he had been plotting counsels
with Thetis the silver-footed, the daughter of the sea's ancient,
and at once she spoke revilingly to Zeus son of Kronos:
'Treacherous one, what god has been plotting counsels with you? 540
Always it is dear to your heart in my absence to think of
secret things and decide upon them. Never have you patience
frankly to speak forth to me the thing that you purpose.'

Then to her the father of gods and men made answer:
'Hera, do not go on hoping that you will hear all my
thoughts, since these will be too hard for you, though you are my wife. 545
Any thought that it is right for you to listen to, no one
neither man nor any immortal shall hear it before you.
But anything that apart from the rest of the gods I wish to
plan, do not always question each detail nor probe me.' 550

Then the goddess the ox-eyed lady Hera answered:
'Majesty, son of Kronos, what sort of thing have you spoken?

Truly too much in time past I have not questioned nor probed you,
but you are entirely free to think out whatever pleases you.
555 Now, though, I am terribly afraid you were won over
by Thetis the silver-footed, the daughter of the sea's ancient.
For early in the morning she sat beside you and took your
knees, and I think you bowed your head in assent to do honour
to Achilleus, and to destroy many beside the ships of the Achaians.
560 Then in return Zeus who gathers the clouds made answer:
'Dear lady, I never escape you, you are always full of suspicion.
Yet thus you can accomplish nothing surely, but be more
distant from my heart than ever, and it will be the worse for you.
If what you say is true, then that is the way I wish it.
565 But go then, sit down in silence, and do as I tell you,
for fear all the gods, as many as are on Olympus, can do nothing
if I come close and lay my unconquerable hands upon you.'

He spoke, and the goddess the ox-eyed lady Hera was frightened
and went and sat down in silence wrenching her heart to obedience,
570 and all the Uranian gods in the house of Zeus were troubled.
Hephaistos the renowned smith rose up to speak among them,
to bring comfort to his beloved mother, Hera of the white arms:
'This will be a disastrous matter and not enduring
if you two are to quarrel thus for the sake of mortals
575 and bring brawling among the gods. There will be no pleasure
in the stately feast at all, since vile things will be uppermost.
And I entreat my mother, though she herself understands it,
to be ingratiating toward our father Zeus, that no longer
our father may scold her and break up the quiet of our feasting.
580 For if the Olympian who handles the lightning should be minded
to hurl us out of our places, he is far too strong for any.
Do you therefore approach him again with words made gentle,
and at once the Olympian will be gracious again to us.'

He spoke, and springing to his feet put a two-handled goblet
585 into his mother's hands and spoke again to her once more:
'Have patience, my mother, and endure it, though you be saddened,
for fear that, dear as you are, I see you before my own eyes
struck down, and then sorry though I be I shall not be able
to do anything. It is too hard to fight against the Olympian.
590 There was a time once before now I was minded to help you,

and he caught me by the foot and threw me from the magic threshold,
and all day long I dropped helpless, and about sunset
I landed in Lemnos, and there was not much life left in me.
After that fall it was the Sintian men who took care of me.'

He spoke, and the goddess of the white arms Hera smiled at him, 595
and smiling she accepted the goblet out of her son's hand.
Thereafter beginning from the left he poured drinks for the other
gods, dipping up from the mixing bowl the sweet nectar.
But among the blessed immortals uncontrollable laughter
went up as they saw Hephaistos bustling about the palace. 600

Thus thereafter the whole day long until the sun went under
they feasted, nor was anyone's hunger denied a fair portion,
nor denied the beautifully wrought lyre in the hands of Apollo
nor the antiphonal sweet sound of the Muses singing.

Afterwards when the light of the flaming sun went under 605
they went away each one to sleep in his home where
for each one the far-renowned strong-handed Hephaistos
had built a house by means of his craftsmanship and cunning.
Zeus the Olympian and lord of the lightning went to
his own bed, where always he lay when sweet sleep came on him. 610
Going up to the bed he slept and Hera of the gold throne beside him.