

**COMPLETE WORKS OF HOMER**  
**Illustrated**  
**THE ILIAD, THE ODYSSEY, THE**  
**HOMERIC HYMNS**  
**THE TRANSLATIONS**

**THE ILIAD**

*The Iliad* is an epic poem in dactylic hexameters, traditionally attributed to Homer. Set in the Trojan War, the ten-year siege of Troy (Ilium) by an alliance of Greek states, it tells of the battles and events during the weeks of a quarrel between King Agamemnon and the famed warrior Achilles. Although the story covers only a few weeks in the final year of the war, *The Iliad* mentions or alludes to many of the Greek legends about the siege. Along with *The Odyssey*, also attributed to Homer, *The Iliad* is among the oldest extant works of Western literature, and its written version is usually dated to around the eighth century BC. The epic poem contains over 15,000 lines and is often considered to be the beginning of classic literature.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

To aid reading *The Iliad*, a list of the principle characters is provided here. It may be useful to create a bookmark of this page if it is your first time reading this complex work.

### **Achaean (also called Greeks, Danaans and Argives)**

Agamemnon – King of Mycenae and Overlord of the Greeks.

Achilles – Leader of the Myrmidons, half-divine war hero.

Odysseus – King of Ithaca, the wiliest Greek commander and hero of the Odyssey.

Aias (Ajax the Greater) – son of Telamon, with Diomedes, he is second to Achilles in martial prowess.

Menelaus – King of Sparta, husband of Helen and brother of Agamemnon.

Diomedes – son of Tydeus, King of Argos.

Aias (Ajax the Lesser) – son of Oileus, often partner of Ajax the Greater.

Patroclus – Achilles' closest companion.

Nestor – King of Pylos.

## Trojans

Hector – son of King Priam and the foremost Trojan warrior.

Aeneas – son of Anchises and Aphrodite.

Deiphobus – brother of Hector and Paris.

Paris – Helen's lover-abductor.

Priam – the aged King of Troy.

Polydamas – a prudent commander whose advice is ignored; he is Hector's foil.

Agenor – a Trojan warrior who attempts to fight Achilles (Book XXI).

Sarpedon, son of Zeus – killed by Patroclus. Was friend of Glaucus and co-leader of the Lycians (fought for the Trojans).

Glaucus, son of Hippolochus – friend of Sarpedon and co-leader of the Lycians (fought for the Trojans).

Euphorbus – first Trojan warrior to wound Patroclus.

Dolon (Δόλων) – a spy upon the Greek camp (Book X).

Antenor – King Priam's advisor, who argues for returning Helen to end the war. Paris refuses.

Polydorus – son of Priam and Laothoe.

Pandarus – famous archer and son of Lycaon.

## The Trojan Women

Hecuba (Ἑκάβη) – Priam's wife, mother of Hector, Cassandra, Paris, and others.

Helen (Ἑλένη) – Menelaus's wife; espoused first to Paris, then to Deiphobus; her abduction by Paris precipitated the war.

Andromache (Ἀνδρομάχη) – Hector's wife, mother of Astyanax (Ἄστυάναξ).

Cassandra (Κασσάνδρα) – Priam's daughter; courted by Apollo, who bestows the gift of prophecy to her; upon her rejection, he curses her, and her warnings of Trojan doom go unheeded.

Briseis – a Trojan woman captured by the Greeks; she was Achilles' prize of the Trojan war.

## THE ILIAD – Chapman's Translation

George Chapman published his translation of *The Iliad* in instalments in 1598. The epic poem is composed in “fourteeners”, a long-line ballad metre that “has room for all of Homer's figures of speech and plenty of new ones, as well as explanations in parentheses. At its best, as in Achilles' rejection of the embassy in Iliad Nine; it has great rhetorical power”. The translation quickly established itself as a classic in English poetry. In the preface to his own translation, Pope praises “the daring fiery spirit” of Chapman's

rendering, which is “something like what one might imagine Homer, himself, would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion”. John Keats praised Chapman in the sonnet *On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer* , which is provided below:

### **On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer**

Much have I travell’d in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He star’d at the Pacific – and all his men  
Look’d at each other with a wild surmise -  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.  
by John Keats

## *INTRODUCTION.*

THE flight of cranes, murmur of bees that from their hollows in the rocks seek the spring flowers, swarming of flies to the spring milk, the west wind waving the grain, and the east and south raising the waves of the Icarian Sea; man, conscious of beauty in the world around, labouring upon the soil, tending his herds, labouring at the loom, the forge, the potter's wheel, and by the work of his hands adding new beauty; man, worshipping on hills and heaths the powers of Nature; sacrificing to the power of the air by lifting the bead of the ox, and causing the blood of sacrifice to spirt towards the sky, sacrificing to the power of the sea by slaying the victim where its blood reddens the wave, and to the power of the under-world by making the blood pour from the lowered neck into a hollow of the ground; each warrior-chief his people's priest, earth,- sea, and air, temple and Gods in one; the wealth and the worship of Nature, were in Homer's world. It was still night over Europe. Our earliest rays of intellectual light were yet to spread along the shores of the Mediterranean from that dawn in the east which first shone upon Greece.

Close to the source of light, closer than men of Attic or Achaian Greece, were the kindred people on the isles and mainland of that Asian shore to which afterwards the Greeks across the sea sent colonies.

Here, in a far past to which we can assign no date, perhaps in the island of Chios, by the coast of Lydia, Homer lived. The energies of man, much occupied with strife, were shaping, under happiest conditions of race, soil, and climate, a new civilisation, and fame of the deeds of heroes spread by song. Of Homer it has been inferred, from degrees of local knowledge observed in his characters of places, that his travels on the Asian mainland may not have reached farther than Sardes, but that he must at least have voyaged among the Sporades by Icaria, Cos, Nisyros, Rhodos, and across by Carpathos to Crete; again also across the Thracian Sea to Euboea; and from Euboea through some parts of Greece in Europe. He sang by the way, doubtless, but not as others sang; for he first in Europe was a Master Poet, born to gather, as into one thought, the young life of his time. It was a time rich in all natural forces that can sway the minds of men, rich also in minds that sought in their turn to rule Nature. The expedition against Troy – which Dr. Schliemann's late researches prove to be no fiction, though the poet dealt with it according to his art – was matter for heroic song that called the Greeks to brotherhood, showing the strength of union and perils of ungoverned wrath.

The true Master Poet speaks from all the depths of all the life he knows. The power of the Iliad lies partly in the fulness of its dealing with all elemental forces in the life of man, showing them stirred with

immense energy under conditions of an early civilisation, newly passed out of Asia into Greece and Italy, from which the poet himself drew all his experience and all his illustrations. But the main strength of the poem lies in the handling and the moulding of this matter by the spiritual power that was in Homer himself, and which he had in common with the prophets and the poets who seek to uplift the soul of man. As Master Poet, by this power he shaped all into the clearest truth his age could see, and to a form of art that no age has excelled.

The highest art must spring inevitably from the working of true genius on the essentials of life, with deepest sincerity and highest aim. All lower forms of art are successful in proportion to their power of producing colourable imitations of such work. Rules of art are but compiled observations of the characters inseparable from each form of work so done. Thus Homer's art could be as true as Shakespeare's, and one or other of these might become the Prince of Poets, and the greatest artist in the world, without help from the schools.

The Iliad, said Aristotle, is pathetic and simple; the Odyssey is ethical and mixed. In the Iliad Homer dealt simply with the strong passions of life; in the Odyssey he gave beautiful shapes to the calm wisdom of maturer years. There is a relation like that of Iliad to Odyssey between Milton's Paradise Lost and his



Paradise Regained, between Fielding's Tom Jones and his Amelia. The relation is one natural to successive products of a single earnest mind. If the several parts of the Iliad were really found as detached songs recited by the rhapsodists of Chios and other islands and towns of Asiatic Greece; first made known to the Greeks of Europe by Lycurgus, as Plutarch and Aelian say – by Solon, as Diogenes Laertius says; if they were afterwards put into connected order by Peisistratus and his son Hipparchus, with competent help, and thus reduced to writing: such restoration of the work to its integrity must have been easy enough, so far as its main outlines were concerned; difficult only in exact determination of details, choice here and there among variety of versions, detection throughout of corruptions, transpositions, and interpolations. The text that first suffered from variation made by the reciters, suffered next from numerous transcribers, and then it must have suffered a little if it gained much from new efforts made by the Alexandrian critics to separate, in Iliad and Odyssey, Homer's poem from interpolations and corruptions. It was by these editors-that each poem was divided into twenty-four books; but for the choice of such a number there was no more profound reason than that twenty-four was the number of the letters in the Greek alphabet, and these were the letters used in reckoning.

Many birthplaces have been assigned to Homer.

Tradition makes him blind. Criticism has questioned the poet's blindness, and has even denied him a name. Homer- "Omeros – has been called a derivative from *ofiov apeiv*, to describe the man who first arranged separate songs together into one great whole. But neither Homer's Iliad nor God's world could be made by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. Homer still speaks to us with one clear voice. John Keats, who, without Greek scholarship, drew inspiration from Greek art, told in a well-known sonnet what he felt upon first reading Chapman's Homer:

“Much have I travelled in the realms of gold, And many goodly states and kingdoms seen; Round many western islands have I been Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold. Oft of one wide expanse had I been told That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne; Yet did I never breathe its pure serene Till I heard CHAPMAN speak out loud and bold: Then felt I like some watcher of the skies When a new planet swims into his ken; Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific – and all his men Looked at each other with a wild surmise – Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

It is in Chapman's translation that the Iliad is best read as an English book. From Homer Chapman received into a mind full of the answering energies of our Elizabethan life, a sacred fire that gave force to his own. The generation that produced a Shakespeare best

knew how to translate Homer. Translation itself was in those times a new energy in Literature. Since Amyot in France had, as Montaigne said, made Plutarch himself speak French, endeavours to bring into home fellowship the most famous of the ancients had spread from France to England, but in England, among all such labours, the most arduous and successful was that of George Chapman upon Homer.

George Chapman was born at Hitchin in Hertfordshire; William Browne, a fellow-poet, spoke of him as “ the Shepherd of fair Hitching Hill.” He was about six years older than Shakespeare. His delight in Greek and Roman literature began when he was a student at Trinity College, Oxford; but he did not graduate. He began his career as a poet with two Hymns – - The Shadow of Night – published about two years after Shakespeare, having learnt his art, had begun to produce plays of his own. About that time – Chapman began his attempt to produce a complete translation of Homer, not only of the Iliad and of the Odyssey, but also of all works that had been ascribed to Homer – The Hymns and the Battle of the Frogs and Mice. In 1598 – when Shakespeare, thirty-four years old, had written The Comedy of Errors, Love’s Labour’s Lost, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Richard III., King John, Borneo and Juliet, A Midsummer Night’s Bream, The Merchant of Venice, Richard II., and King Henry the Fourth – Chapman, aged forty,

published the first specimen of his work on Homer, Seven Books of the Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets, the seven being the first and second, and from the seventh to the eleventh. In the same year he began his career as a dramatist, but he began too late. Chapman's liveliest comedy was one that Terence had inspired, and in his tragedy wise – thought en-cumbered action. He finished the translation of the Iliad about the time when Shakespeare was retiring from the stage. Twelve books of it were published in 1610, and the other twelve in 1611. In 1614 followed twelve books of the Odyssey, the other twelve in 1615. Then followed, without date, but probably in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, The Crown of all Homer's Works; Batrachomyomachia, his Hymns and Epigrams.

The end crowns the work, and this was the crown set to the life-work of George Chapman, who had attained the highest aim of his ambition. I When Chapman speaks out “ loud and bold” his voice is distinctly that of an Elizabethan poet. He wrestles for expression, makes bold use of homely phrases, dashes into Euphuism: it is not a whit less true of Chapman than of Pope, that his style is the style of his time. But his soul was the soul of his time, and in the age of Elizabeth were men who could almost grasp Homer by the hand.

H. M.

# ***THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.***

## **Argument.**

Apollo's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring  
Gifts for his daughter, pris'ner to the king;  
For which her tender'd freedom he entreats;  
But, being dismiss'd with contumelious threats,  
At Phœbus' hands, by vengeful pray'r, he seeks  
To have a plague inflicted on the Greeks.  
Which had; Achilles doth a council cite,  
Embold'ning Calchas, in the king's despite,  
To tell the truth why they were punish'd so.  
From hence their fierce and deadly strife did  
grow.

For wrong in which Æacides so raves,  
That goddess Thetis, from her throne of waves  
Ascending heav'n, of Jove assistance won,  
To plague the Greeks by absence of her son,  
And make the general himself repent  
To wrong so much his army's ornament.  
This found by Juno, she with Jove contends;  
Till Vulcan, with heav'n's cup, the quarrel ends.

## **Another Argument.**

Alpha the prayer of Chryses sings:  
The army's plague: the strife of kings.

## BOOK I.

Achilles' baneful wrath resound, O Goddess, that impos'd

Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many brave souls los'd

From breasts heroic; sent them far to that invisible cave

That no light comforts; and their limbs to dogs and vultures gave:

5 To all which Jove's will gave effect; from whom first strife begun

Betwixt Atrides, king of men, and Thetis' godlike son.

What god gave Eris their command, and op'd that fighting vein?

Jove's and Latona's son: who fir'd against the king of men,

For contumély shown his priest, infectious sickness sent

10 To plague the army, and to death by troops the soldiers went.

Occasion'd thus: Chryses, the priest, came to the fleet to buy,

For presents of unvalu'd price, his daughter's liberty;

The golden sceptre and the crown of Phœbus in his hands

Proposing; and made suit to all, but most to the  
commands

15 Of both th' Atrides, who most rul'd. "Great  
Atreus' sons," said he,

"And all ye well-greav'd Greeks, the gods, whose  
habitations be

In heav'nly houses, grace your pow'rs with  
Priam's razéd town,

And grant ye happy conduct home! To win which  
wish'd renown

Of Jove, by honouring his son, far-shooting  
Phœbus, deign

20 For these fit presents to dissolve the  
ransomable chain

Of my lov'd daughter's servitude." The Greeks  
entirely gave

Glad acclamatións, for sign that their desires  
would have

The grave priest reverenc'd, and his gifts of so  
much price embrac'd.

The Gen'ral yet bore no such mind, but viciously  
disgrac'd

25 With violent terms the priest, and said:-  
"Dotard! avoid our fleet,

Where ling'ring be not found by me; nor thy  
returning feet

Let ever visit us again; lest nor thy godhead's  
crown,

Nor sceptre, save thee! Her thou seek'st I still  
will hold mine own,

Till age deflow'r her. In our court at Argos, far  
transferr'd

30 From her lov'd country, she shall ply her web,  
and see prepar'd

With all fit ornaments my bed. Incense me then  
no more,

But, if thou wilt be safe, be gone." This said, the  
sea-beat shore,

O obeying his high will, the priest trod off with  
haste and fear;

And, walking silent, till he left far off his  
enemies' ear,

35 Phœbus, fair hair'd Latona's son, he stirr'd up  
with a vow,

To this stern purpose: "Hear, thou God that  
bear'st the silver bow,

That Chrysa guard'st, rul'st Tenedos with strong  
hand, and the round

Of Cilla most divine dost walk! O Sminthëus! if  
crown'd

With thankful off'rings thy rich fane I ever saw,  
or fir'd

40 Fat thighs of oxen and of goats to thee, this  
grace desir'd

Vouchsafe to me: pains for my tears let these rude  
Greeks repay,



Forc'd with thy arrows." Thus he pray'd, and  
Phœbus heard him pray,

And, vex'd at heart, down from the tops of steep  
heav'n stoop'd; his bow,

And quiver cover'd round, his hands did on his  
shoulders throw;

45 And of the angry Deity the arrows as he  
mov'd

Rattled about him. Like the night he rang'd the  
host, and rov'd

(Apart the fleet set) terribly; with his hard-loosing  
hand

His silver bow twang'd; and his shafts did first  
the mules command,

And swift hounds; then the Greeks themselves his  
deadly arrows shot.

50 The fires of death went never out; nine days  
his shafts flew hot

About the army; and the tenth, Achilles called a  
court

Of all the Greeks; heav'n's white-arm'd Queen  
(who, ev'rywhere cut short,

Beholding her lov'd Greeks, by death) suggested  
it; and he

(All met in one) arose, and said: "Atrides, now I  
see

55 We must be wandering again, flight must be  
still our stay,

If flight can save us now, at once sickness and  
battle lay

Such strong hand on us. Let us ask some prophet,  
priest, or prove

Some dream-interpreter (for dreams are often sent  
from Jove)

Why Phœbus is so much incens'd; if  
unperforméd vows

60 He blames in us, or hecatombs; and if these  
knees he bows

To death may yield his graves no more, but  
off'ring all supply

Of savours burnt from lambs and goats, avert his  
fervent eye,

And turn his temp'rate." Thus, he sat; and then  
stood up to them

Calchas, surnam'd Thestorides, of augurs the  
supreme;

65 He knew things present, past, to come, and  
rul'd the equipage

Of th' Argive fleet to Ilion, for his prophetic rage  
Giv'n by Apollo; who, well-seen in th' ill they  
felt, propos'd

This to Achilles: "Jove's belov'd, would thy  
charge see disclos'd

The secret of Apollo's wrath? then cov'nant and  
take oath

70 To my discov'ry, that, with words and

pow'rful actions both,

Thy strength will guard the truth in me; because I  
well conceive

That he whose empire governs all, whom all the  
Grecians give

Confirm'd obedience, will be mov'd; and then  
you know the state

Of him that moves him. When a king hath once  
mark'd for his hate

75 A man inferior, though that day his wrath  
seems to digest

Th' offence he takes, yet evermore he rakes up in  
his breast

Brands of quick anger, till revenge hath quench'd  
to his desire

The fire reserv'd. Tell me, then, if, whatsoever  
ire

Suggests in hurt of me to him, thy valour will  
prevent?"

80 Achilles answer'd: "All thou know'st speak,  
and be confident;

For by Apollo, Jove's belov'd, (to whom  
performing vows,

O Calchas, for the state of Greece, thy spirit  
prophetic shows

Skills that direct us) not a man of all these  
Grecians here,

I living, and enjoy'ng the light shot through this

flow'ry sphere,

85 Shall touch thee with offensive hands; though  
Agamemnon be

The man in question, that doth boast the mightiest  
emperey

Of all our army." Then took heart the prophet  
unreprov'd,

And said: "They are not unpaid vows, nor  
hecatombs, that mov'd

The God against us; his offence is for his priest  
impair'd

90 By Agamemnon, that refus'd the present he  
preferr'd,

And kept his daughter. This is cause why  
heav'n's Far-darter darts

These plagues amongst us; and this still will  
empty in our hearts

His deathful quiver, uncontain'd till to her lovéd  
sire

The black-eyed damsel be resign'd; no  
rédemptory hire

95 Took for her freedom, – not a gift, but all the  
ransom quit,

And she convey'd, with sacrifice, till her  
enfranchis'd feet

Tread Chrysa under; then the God, so pleas'd,  
perhaps we may

Move to remission." Thus, he sate; and up, the

great in sway,

Heroic Agamemnon rose, eagerly bearing all;

100 His mind's seat overcast with fumes; an  
anger general

Fill'd all his faculties; his eyes sparkled like  
kindling fire,

Which sternly cast upon the priest, thus vented he  
his ire:

“Prophet of ill! for never good came from thee  
towards me

Not to a word's worth; evermore thou took'st  
delight to be

105 Offensive in thy auguries, which thou  
continu'st still,

Now casting thy prophetic gall, and vouching all  
our ill,

Shot from Apollo, is impos'd since I refus'd the  
price

Of fair Chryseis' liberty; which would in no  
worth rise

To my rate of herself, which moves my vows to  
have her home,

110 Past Clytemnestra loving her, that grac'd my  
nuptial room

With her virginity and flow'r. Nor ask her merits  
less

For person, disposition, wit, and skill in  
housewif'ries.

And yet, for all this, she shall go, if more  
conducibile

That course be than her holding here. I rather  
wish the weal

115 Of my lov'd army than the death. Provide yet  
instantly

Supply for her, that I alone of all our royalty

Lose not my winnings. 'Tis not fit. Ye see all I  
lose mine

Forc'd by another, see as well some other may  
resign

His prise to me." To this replied the swift-foot,  
god-like, son

120 Of Thetis, thus: "King of us all, in all  
ambition

Most covetous of all that breathe, why should the  
great-soul'd Greeks

Supply thy lost prise out of theirs? Nor what thy  
av'rice seeks

Our common treasury can find; so little it doth  
guard

Of what our ras'd towns yielded us; of all which  
most is shar'd,

125 And giv'n our soldiers; which again to take  
into our hands

Were ignominious and base. Now then, since God  
commands,

Part with thy most-lov'd prise to him; not any one

of us

Exacts it of thee, yet we all, all loss thou suffer'st  
thus,

Will treble, quadruple, in gain, when Jupiter  
bestows

130 The sack of well-wall'd Troy on us; which by  
his word he owes."

"Do not deceive yourself with wit," he answer'd,  
"god-like man,

Though your good name may colour it; 'tis not  
your swift foot can

Outrun me here; nor shall the gloss, set on it with  
the God,

Persuade me to my wrong. Wouldst thou  
maintain in sure abode

135 Thine own prise, and slight me of mine?  
Resolve this: if our friends,

As fits in equity my worth, will right me with  
amends,

So rest it; otherwise, myself will enter personally  
On thy prise, that of Ithacus, or Ajax, for supply;  
Let him on whom I enter rage. But come, we'll  
order these

140 Hereafter, and in other place. Now put to  
sacred seas

Our black sail; in it rowers put, in it fit sacrifice;  
And to these I will make ascend my so much  
envied prise,

Bright-cheek'd Chryseis. For conduct of all which, we must choose

A chief out of our counsellors. Thy service we must use,

145 Idomenëus; Ajax, thine; or thine, wise Ithacus;

Or thine, thou terriblest of men, thou son of Peleüs,

Which fittest were, that thou might'st see these holy acts perform'd

For which thy cunning zeal so pleads; and he, whose bow thus storm'd

For our offences, may be calm'd." Achilles, with a frown,

150 Thus answer'd: "O thou impudent! of no good but thine own

Ever respectful, but of that with all craft covetous,

With what heart can a man attempt a service dangerous,

Or at thy voice be spirited to fly upon a foe,  
Thy mind thus wretched? For myself, I was not injur'd so

155 By any Trojan, that my pow'rs should bid them any blows;

In nothing bear they blame of me; Phthia, whose bosom flows

With corn and people, never felt impair of her



increase

By their invasion; hills enow, and far-resounding  
seas,

Pour out their shades and deeps between; but  
thee, thou frontless man,

160 We follow, and thy triumphs make with  
bonfires of our bane;

Thine, and thy brother's, vengeance sought, thou  
dog's eyes, of this Troy

By our expos'd lives; whose deserts thou neither  
dost employ

With honour nor with care. And now, thou  
threat'st to force from me

The fruit of my sweat, which the Greeks gave all;  
and though it be,

165 Compar'd with thy part, then snatch'd up,  
nothing; nor ever is

At any sack'd town; but of fight, the fetcher in of  
this,

My hands have most share; in whose toils when I  
have emptied me

Of all my forces, my amends in liberality,  
Though it be little, I accept, and turn pleas'd to  
my tent;

170 And yet that little thou esteem'st too great a  
continent

In thy incontinent avarice. For Phthia therefore  
now

My course is; since 'tis better far, than here t'  
endure that thou

Should'st still be ravishing my right, draw my  
whole treasure dry,

And add dishonour." He replied: "If thy heart  
serve thee, fly;

175 Stay not for my cause; others here will aid  
and honour me;

If not, yet Jove I know is sure; that counsellor is  
he

That I depend on. As for thee, of all our Jove-kept  
kings

Thou still art most my enemy; strifes, battles,  
bloody things,

Make thy blood-feasts still. But if strength, that  
these moods build upon,

180 Flow in thy nerves, God gave thee it; and so  
'tis not thine own,

But in his hánds still. What then lifts thy pride in  
this so high?

Home with thy fleet, and Myrmidons; use there  
their empery;

Command not here. I weigh thee not, nor mean to  
magnify

Thy rough-hewn rages, but, instead, I thus far  
threaten thee:

185 Since Phœbus needs will force from me  
Chryseis, she shall go;

My ships and friends shall waft her home; but I  
will imitate so

His pleasure, that mine own shall take, in person,  
from thy tent

Bright-cheek'd Briseis; and so tell thy strength  
how eminent

My pow'r is, being compar'd with thine; all other  
making fear

190 To vaunt equality with me, or in this proud  
kind bear

Their beards against me." Thetis' son at this stood  
vex'd, his heart

Bristled his bosom, and two ways drew his  
discursive part;

If, from his thigh his sharp sword drawn, he  
should make room about

Atrides' person, slaught'ring him, or sit his anger  
out,

195 And curb his spirit. While these thoughts  
striv'd in his blood and mind,

And he his sword drew, down from heav'n  
Athenia stoop'd, and shin'd

About his temples, being sent by th'  
ivory-wristed Queen,

Saturnia, who out of her heart had ever loving  
been,

And careful for the good of both. She stood  
behind, and took

200 Achilles by the yellow curls, and only gave  
her look

To him appearance; not a man of all the rest  
could see.

He turning back his eye, amaze strook every  
faculty;

Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so terrible  
they were,

Sparkling with ardour, and thus spake: "Thou  
seed of Jupiter,

205 Why com'st thou? To behold his pride, that  
boasts our empery?

Then witness with it my revenge, and see that  
insolence die

That lives to wrong me." She replied: "I come  
from heav'n to see

Thy anger settled, if thy soul will use her  
sov'reignty

In fit reflection. I am sent from Juno, whose  
affects

210 Stand heartily inclin'd to both. Come, give us  
both respects,

And cease contention; draw no sword; use words,  
and such as may

Be bitter to his pride, but just; for, trust in what I  
say,

A time shall come, when, thrice the worth of that  
he forceth now,

He shall propose for recompense of these wrongs;  
therefore throw

215 Reins on thy passions, and serve us.” He  
answer’d: “Though my heart

Burn in just anger, yet my soul must conquer th’  
angry part,

And yield you conquest. Who subdues his earthly  
part for heav’n,

Heav’n to his pray’rs subdues his wish.” This  
said, her charge was given

Fit honour; in his silver hilt he held his able hand,  
220 And forc’d his broad sword up; and up to  
heav’n did re-ascend

Minerva, who, in Jove’s high roof that bears the  
rough shield, took

Her place with other deities. She gone, again  
forsook

Patience his passion, and no more his silence  
could confine

His wrath, that this broad language gave: “Thou  
ever steep’d in wine,

225 Dog’s face, with heart but of a hart, that nor  
in th’ open eye

Of fight dar’st thrust into a prease, nor with our  
noblest lie

In secret ambush! These works seem too full of  
death for thee;

’Tis safer far in th’ open host to dare an injury

To any crosser of thy lust. Thou subject-eating king!

230 Base spirits thou govern'st, or this wrong had been the last foul thing

Thou ever author'dst; yet I vow, and by a great oath swear,

Ev'n by this sceptre, that, as this never again shall bear

Green leaves or branches, nor increase with any growth his size,

Nor did since first it left the hills, and had his faculties

235 And ornaments bereft with iron; which now to other end

Judges of Greece bear, and their laws, receiv'd from Jove, defend;

(For which my oath to thee is great); so, whensoever need

Shall burn with thirst of me thy host, no pray'rs shall ever breed

Affection in me to their aid, though well-deserv'd woes

240 Afflict thee for them, when to death man-slaught'ring Hector throws

Whole troops of them, and thou torment'st thy vex'd mind with conceit

Of thy rude rage now, and his wrong that most deserv'd the right

Of all thy army.” Thus, he threw his sceptre  
‘gainst the ground,

With golden studs stuck, and took seat. Atrides’  
breast was drown’d

245 In rising choler. Up to both sweet-spoken  
Nestor stood,

The cunning Pylian orator, whose tongue pour’d  
forth a flood

Of more-than-honey-sweet discourse; two ages  
were increas’d

Of divers-languag’d men, all born in his time and  
deceas’d,

In sacred Pylos, where he reign’d amongst the  
third-ag’d men.

250 He, well-seen in the world, advis’d, and thus  
express’d it then:

“O Gods! Our Greek earth will be drown’d in just  
tears; rapeful Troy,

Her king, and all his sons, will make as just a  
mock, and joy,

Of these disjunctions; if of you, that all our host  
excel

In counsel and in skill of fight, they hear this.  
Come, repel

255 These young men’s passions. Y’ are not both,  
put both your years in one,

So old as I. I liv’d long since, and was companion  
With men superior to you both, who yet would

ever hear

My counsels with respect. My eyes yet never  
witness were,

Nor ever will be, of such men as then delighted  
them;

260 Pirithous, Exadius, and god-like Polypheme,  
Cæneus, and Dryas prince of men, Ægean  
Theseüs,

A man like heav'n's immortals form'd; all, all  
most vigorous,

Of all men that ev'n those days bred; most  
vig'rous men, and fought

With beasts most vig'rous, mountain beasts, (for  
men in strength were nought

265 Match'd with their forces) fought with them,  
and bravely fought them down

Yet ev'n with these men I convers'd, being call'd  
to the renown

Of their societies, by their suits, from Pylos far, to  
fight

In th' Apian kingdom; and I fought, to a degree of  
might

That help'd ev'n their mights, against such as no  
man now would dare

270 To meet in conflict; yet ev'n these my  
counsels still would hear,

And with obedience crown my words. Give you  
such palm to them;



'Tis better than to wreath your wraths. Atrides,  
give not stream

To all thy pow'r, nor force his prise, but yield her  
still his own,

As all men else do. Nor do thou encounter with  
thy crown,

275 Great son of Peleus, since no king that ever  
Jove allow'd

Grace of a sceptre equals him. Suppose thy  
nerves endow'd

With strength superior, and thy birth a very  
goddess gave,

Yet he of force is mightier, since what his own  
nerves have

Is amplified with just command of many other.  
King of men,

280 Command thou then thyself; and I with my  
pray'rs will obtain

Grace of Achilles to subdue his fury; whose parts  
are

Worth our intreaty, being chief check to all our ill  
in war."

"All this, good father," said the king, "is comely  
and good right;

But this man breaks all such bounds; he affects,  
past all men, height;

285 All would in his pow'r hold, all make his  
subjects, give to all

His hot will for their temp'rate law; all which he  
never shall

Persuade at my hands. If the gods have giv'n him  
the great style

Of ablest soldier, made they that his licence to  
revile

Men with vile language?" Thetis' son prevented  
him, and said:

290 "Fearful and vile I might be thought, if the  
exactions laid

By all means on me I should bear. Others  
command to this,

Thou shalt not me; or if thou dost, far my free  
spirit is

From serving thy command. Beside, this I affirm  
(afford

Impression of it in thy soul) I will not use my  
sword

295 On thee or any for a wench, unjustly though  
thou tak'st

The thing thou gav'st; but all things else, that in  
my ship thou mak'st

Greedy survey of, do not touch without my leave;  
or do, -

Add that act's wrong to this, that these may see  
that outrage too,

And then comes my part; then be sure, thy blood  
upon my lance

300 Shall flow in vengeance.” These high terms  
these two at variance

Us’d to each other; left their seats; and after them  
arose

The whole court. To his tents and ships, with  
friends and soldiers, goes

Angry Achilles. Atreus’ son the swift ship  
launch’d, and put

Within it twenty chosen row’rs, within it likewise  
shut

305 The hecatomb t’ appease the God; then  
caus’d to come aboard

Fair-cheek’d Chryseis; for the chief, he in whom  
Pallas pour’d

Her store of counsels, Ithacus, aboard went last;  
and then

The moist ways of the sea they sail’d. And now  
the king of men

Bade all the host to sacrifice. They sacrific’d, and  
cast

310 The offal of all to the deeps; the angry God  
they grac’d

With perfect hecatombs; some bulls, some goats,  
along the shore

Of the unfruitful sea, inflam’d. To heav’n the  
thick fumes bore

Enwrappéd savours. Thus, though all the politic  
king made shew

Respects to heav'n, yet he himself all that time  
did pursue

315 His own affections; the late jar, in which he  
thunder'd threats

Against Achilles, still he fed, and his affections'  
heats

Thus vented to Talthibus, and grave Eurybates,  
Heralds, and ministers of trust, to all his  
messages.

“Haste to Achilles' tent; where take Briseis'  
hand, and bring

320 Her beauties to us. If he fail to yield her, say  
your king

Will come himself, with multitudes that shall the  
horribler

Make both his presence, and your charge, that so  
he dares defer.”

This said, he sent them with a charge of hard  
condition.

They went unwillingly, and trod the fruitless  
sea's shore; soon

325 They reach'd the navy and the tents, in which  
the quarter lay

Of all the Myrmidons, and found the chief Chief  
in their sway

Set at his black bark in his tent. Nor was Achilles  
glad

To see their presence; nor themselves in any

glory had

Their message, but with rev'ence stood, and  
fear'd th' offended king,

330 Ask'd not the dame, nor spake a word. He  
yet, well knowing the thing

That caus'd their coming, grac'd them thus:  
“Heralds, ye men that bear

The messages of men and gods, y' are welcome,  
come ye near.

I nothing blame you, but your king; 'tis he I know  
doth send

You for Briseis; she is his. Patroclus, honour'd  
friend,

335 Bring forth the damsel, and these men let  
lead her to their lord.

But, heralds, be you witnesses, before the most  
ador'd,

Before us mortals, and before your most ungentle  
king,

Of what I suffer, that, if war ever hereafter bring  
My aid in question, to avert any severest bane

340 It brings on others, I am 'scus'd to keep mine  
aid in wane,

Since they mine honour. But your king, in  
tempting mischief, raves,

Nor sees at once by present things the future; how  
like waves

Ills follow ill; injustices being never so secure

In present times, but after-plagues ev'n then are  
seen as sure;

345 Which yet he sees not, and so soothes his  
present lust, which, check'd,

Would check plagues future; and he might, in  
succouring right, protect

Such as fight for his right at fleet. They still in  
safety fight,

That fight still justly." This speech us'd,  
Patroclus did the rite

His friend commanded, and brought forth Briseis  
from her tent,

350 Gave her the heralds, and away to th' Achive  
ships they went.

She sad, and scarce for grief could go. Her love  
all friends forsook,

And wept for anger. To the shore of th' old sea he  
betook

Himself alone, and casting forth upon the purple  
sea

His wet eyes, and his hands to heav'n advancing,  
this sad plea

355 Made to his mother; "Mother! Since you  
brought me forth to breathe

So short a life, Olympius had good right to  
bequeath

My short life honour; yet that right he doth in no  
degree,

But lets Atrides do me shame, and force that prise  
from me

That all the Greeks gave.” This with tears he  
utter’d, and she heard,

360 Set with her old sire in his deeps, and  
instantly appear’d

Up from the grey sea like a cloud, sate by his  
side, and said:

“Why weeps my son? What grieves thee? Speak,  
conceal not what hath laid

Such hard hand on thee, let both know.” He,  
sighing like a storm,

Replied: “Thou dost know. Why should I things  
known again inform?

365 We march’d to Thebes, the sacred town of  
king Eëtion,

Sack’d it, and brought to fleet the spoil, which  
every valiant son

Of Greece indifferently shar’d. Atrides had for  
share

Fair cheek’d Chryseis. After which, his priest that  
shoots so far,

Chryses, the fair Chryseis’ sire, arriv’d at th’  
Achive fleet,

370 With infinite ransom, to redeem the dear  
imprison’d feet

Of his fair daughter. In his hands he held  
Apollo’s crown,

And golden sceptre; making suit to ev'ry Grecian son,

But most the sons of Atreüs, the others' orderers,

Yet they least heard him; all the rest receiv'd with rev'rend ears

375 The motion, both the priest and gifts gracing,  
and holding worth

His wish'd acceptance. Atreus' son yet (vex'd)  
commanded forth

With rude terms Phœbus' rev'rend priest; who,  
angry, made retreat,

And pray'd to Phœbus, in whose grace he  
standing passing great

Got his petition. The God an ill shaft sent abroad

380 That tumbled down the Greeks in heaps. The  
host had no abode

That was not visited. We ask'd a prophet that  
well knew

The cause of all; and from his lips Apollo's  
prophecies flew,

Telling his anger. First myself exhorted to  
appease

The anger'd God; which Atreus' son did at the  
heart displease,

385 And up he stood, us'd threats, perform'd. The  
black-eyed Greeks sent home

Chryseis to her sire, and gave his God a  
hecatomb.



Then, for Briseis, to my tents Atrides' heralds  
came,

And took her that the Greeks gave all. If then thy  
pow'rs can frame

Wreak for thy son, afford it. Scale Olympus, and  
implore

390 Jove (if by either word, or fact, thou ever  
didst restore

Joy to his griev'd heart) now to help. I oft have  
heard thee vaunt,

In court of Peleus, that alone thy hand was  
conversant.

In rescue from a cruel spoil the  
black-cloud-gath'ring Jove,

Whom other Godheads would have bound (the  
Pow'r whose pace doth move

395 The round earth, heav'n's great Queen, and  
Pallas); to whose bands

Thou cam'st with rescue, bringing up him with  
the hundred hands

To great Olympus, whom the Gods call Briarëus,  
men

Ægæon, who his sire surpass'd, and was as strong  
again,

And in that grace sat glad by Jove. Th' immortals  
stood dismay'd

400 At his ascension, and gave free passage to his  
aid.

Of all this tell Jove; kneel to him, embrace his  
knee, and pray,

If Troy's aid he will ever deign, that now their  
forces may

Beat home the Greeks to fleet and sea; embruing  
their retreat

In slaughter; their pains pay'ng the wreak of their  
proud sov'reign's heat;

405 And that far-ruling king may know, from his  
poor soldier's harms

His own harm falls; his own and all in mine, his  
best in arms."

Her answer she pour'd out in tears: "O me, my  
son," said she,

"Why brought I up thy being at all, that brought  
thee forth to be

Sad subject of so hard a fate? O would to heav'n,  
that since

410 Thy fate is little, and not long, thou might'st  
without offence

And tears perform it! But to live, thrall to so stern  
a fate

As grants thee least life, and that least so most  
unfortunate,

Grieves me t' have giv'n thee any life. But what  
thou wishest now,

If Jove will grant, I'll up and ask; Olympus  
crown'd with snow

415 I'll climb; but sit thou fast at fleet, renounce  
all war, and feed

Thy heart with wrath, and hope of wreak; till  
which come, thou shalt need

A little patience. Jupiter went yesterday to feast  
Amongst the blameless Æthiops, in th' ocean's  
deepen'd breast,

All Gods attending him; the twelfth, high heav'n  
again he sees,

420 And then his brass-pav'd court I'll scale,  
cling to his pow'rful knees,

And doubt not but to win thy wish." Thus, made  
she her remove,

And left wrath tyring on her son, for his enforced  
love.

Ulysses, with the hecatomb, arriv'd at Chrysa's  
shore;

And when amidst the hav'n's deep mouth, they  
came to use the oar,

425 They straight strook sail, then roll'd them up,  
and on the hatches threw;

The top-mast to the kelsine then, with halyards  
down they drew;

Then brought the ship to port with oars; then  
forkéd anchor cast;

And, 'gainst the violence of storm, for drifting  
made her fast.

All come ashore, they all expos'd the holy

hecatomb

430 To angry Phœbus, and, with it, Chryseis  
welcom'd home;

Whom to her sire, wise Ithacus, that did at th'  
altar stand,

For honour led, and, spoken thus, resign'd her to  
his hand:

“Chryses, the mighty king of men, great  
Agamemnon, sends

Thy lov'd seed by my hands to thine; and to thy  
God commends

435 A hecatomb, which my charge is to sacrifice,  
and seek

Our much-sigh-mix'd woe his recure, invok'd by  
ev'ry Greek.”

Thus he resign'd her, and her sire receiv'd her  
highly joy'd.

About the well-built altar, then, they orderly  
employ'd

The sacred off'ring, wash'd their hands, took salt  
cakes; and the priest,

440 With hands held up to heav'n, thus pray'd:  
“O thou that all things seest,

Fautour of Chrysa, whose fair hand doth  
guardfully dispose

Celestial Cilla, governing in all pow'r Tenedos,

O hear thy priest, and as thy hand, in free grace to  
my pray'rs,

Shot fervent plague-shafts through the Greeks,  
now hearten their affairs

445 With health renew'd, and quite remove th'  
infection from their blood."

He pray'd; and to his pray'rs again the God  
propitious stood.

All, after pray'r, cast on salt cakes, drew back,  
kill'd, flay'd the beeves,

Cut out and dubb'd with fat their thighs, fair  
dress'd with doubled leaves,

And on them all the sweetbreads prick'd. The  
priest, with small sere wood,

450 Did sacrifice, pour'd on red wine; by whom  
the young men stood,

And turn'd, in five ranks, spits; on which (the  
legs enough) they eat

The inwards; then in giggots cut the other fit for  
meat,

And put to fire; which, roasted well they drew.  
The labour done,

They serv'd the feast in, that fed all to  
satisfaction.

455 Desire of meat and wine thus quench'd, the  
youths crown'd cups of wine

Drunk off, and fill'd again to all. That day was  
held divine,

And spent in pæans to the Sun, who heard with  
pleaséd ear;

When whose bright chariot stoop'd to sea, and  
twilight hid the clear,

All soundly on their cables slept, ev'n till the  
night was worn.

460 And when the lady of the light, the  
rosy-finger'd Morn,

Rose from the hills, all fresh arose, and to the  
camp retir'd.

Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling bark  
inspir'd.

The top-mast hoisted, milk-white sails on his  
round breast they put,

The mizens strooted with the gale, the ship her  
course did cut

465 So swiftly that the parted waves against her  
ribs did roar;

Which, coming to the camp, they drew aloft the  
sandy shore,

Where, laid on stocks, each soldier kept his  
quarter as before.

But Peleus' son, swift-foot Achilles, at his swift  
ships sate,

Burning in wrath, nor ever came to councils of  
estate

470 That make men honour'd, never trod the  
fierce embattled field,

But kept close, and his lov'd heart pin'd, what  
fight and cries could yield

Thirsting at all parts to the host. And now, since  
first he told

His wrongs to Thetis, twelve fair morns their  
ensigns did unfold,

And then the ever-living gods mounted Olympus,  
Jove

475 First in ascension. Thetis then, remember'd  
well to move

Achilles' motion, rose from sea, and, by the  
morn's first light,

The great heav'n and Olympus climb'd; where, in  
supremest height

Of all that many-headed hill, she saw the far-seen  
son

Of Saturn, set from all the rest, in his free seat  
alone.

480 Before whom, on her own knees fall'n, the  
knees of Jupiter

Her left hand held, her right his chin, and thus she  
did prefer

Her son's petition: "Father Jove! If ever I have  
stood

Aidful to thee in word or work, with this  
imploréd good

Requite my aid, renown my son, since in so short  
a race

485 (Past others) thou confin'st his life. An  
insolent disgrace

Is done him by the king of men; he forc'd from  
him a prise

Won with his sword. But thou, O Jove, that art  
most strong, most wise,

Honour my son for my sake; add strength to the  
Trojans' side

By his side's weakness in his want; and see Troy  
amplified

490 In conquest, so much, and so long, till Greece  
may give again

The glory reft him, and the more illustrate the  
free reign

Of his wrong'd honour." Jove at this sate silent;  
not a word

In long space pass'd him. Thetis still hung on his  
knee, implor'd

The second time his help, and said: "Grant, or  
deny my suit,

495 Be free in what thou dost; I know, thou canst  
not sit thus mute

For fear of any; speak, deny, that so I may be  
sure,

Of all heav'n's Goddesses 'tis I, that only must  
endure

Dishonour by thee." Jupiter, the great  
cloud-gath'rer, griev'd

With thought of what a world of griefs this suit  
ask'd, being achiev'd,



500 Swell'd, sigh'd, and answer'd: "Works of  
death thou urgest. O, at this

Juno will storm, and all my pow'rs inflame with  
contumelies.

Ever she wrangles, charging me in ear of all the  
Gods

That I am partial still, that I add the displeasing  
odds

Of my aid to the Ilians. Begone then, lest she see;  
505 Leave thy request to my care; yet, that trust  
may hearten thee

With thy desire's grant, and my pow'r to give it  
act approve

How vain her strife is, to thy pray'r my eminent  
head shall move;

Which is the great sign of my will with all th'  
immortal states;

Irrevocable; never fails; never without the rates  
510 Of all pow'rs else; when my head bows, all  
heads bow with it still

As their first mover; and gives pow'r to any work  
I will."

He said; and his black eyebrows bent; above his  
deathless head

Th' ambrosian curls flow'd; great heav'n shook:  
and both were severéd,

Their counsels broken. To the depth of Neptune's  
kingdom div'd

515 Thetis from heav'n's height; Jove arose; and  
all the Gods receiv'd

(All rising from their thrones) their Sire,  
attending to his court.

None sate when he rose, none delay'd the  
furnishing his port

Till he came near; all met with him, and brought  
him to his throne.

Nor sate great Juno ignorant, when she beheld  
alone

520 Old Nereus' silver-footed seed with Jove,  
that she had brought

Counsels to heav'n; and straight her tongue had  
teeth in it, that wrought

This sharp invective: "Who was that (thou  
craftiest counsellor

Of all the Gods) that so apart some secret did  
implore?

Ever, apart from me, thou lov'st to counsel and  
decree

525 Things of more close trust than thou think'st  
are fit t' impart to me.

Whatever thou determin'st, I must ever be denied  
The knowledge of it by thy will." To her speech  
thus replied

The Father both of men and Gods: "Have never  
hope to know

My whole intentions, though my wife; it fits not,

nor would show

530 Well to thine own thoughts; but what fits thy  
woman's ear to hear,

Woman, nor man, nor God, shall know before it  
grace thine ear.

Yet what, apart from men and Gods, I please to  
know, forbear

T' examine, or inquire of that." She with the  
cow's fair eyes,

Respected Juno, this return'd: "Austere king of  
the skies,

535 What hast thou utter'd? When did I before  
this time inquire,

Or sift thy counsels? Passing close you are still.  
Your desire

Is serv'd with such care, that I fear you can scarce  
vouch the deed

That makes it public, being seduc'd by this old  
sea-god's seed,

That could so early use her knees, embracing  
thine. I doubt,

540 The late act of thy bowéd head was for the  
working out

Of some boon she ask'd; that her son thy partial  
hand would please

With plaguing others." "Wretch!" said he, "thy  
subtle jealousies

Are still exploring; my designs can never 'scape

thine eye,

Which yet thou never canst prevent. Thy curiosity  
545 Makes thee less car'd for at my hands, and

horrible the end

Shall make thy humour. If it be what thy suspects  
intend,

What then? 'Tis my free will it should; to which  
let way be giv'n

With silence. Curb your tongue in time; lest all  
the Gods in heav'n

Too few be and too weak to help thy punish'd  
insolence,

550 When my inaccessible hands shall fall on  
thee." The sense

Of this high threat'ning made her fear, and silent  
she sate down,

Humbling her great heart. All the Gods in court  
of Jove did frown

At this offence giv'n; amongst whom heav'n's  
famous artizan,

Ephaistus, in his mother's care, this comely  
speech began:

555 "Believe it, these words will breed wounds,  
beyond our pow'rs to bear,

If thus for mortals ye fall out. Ye make a tumult  
here

That spoils our banquet. Evermore worst matters  
put down best.

But, mother, though yourself be wise, yet let your son request

His wisdom audience. Give good terms to our lov'd father Jove,

560 For fear he take offence again, and our kind banquet prove

A wrathful battle. If he will, the heav'nly Light'ner can

Take you and toss you from your throne; his pow'r Olympian

Is so surpassing. Soften then with gentle speech his spleen,

And drink to him; I know his heart will quickly down again."

565 This said, arising from his throne, in his lov'd mother's hand

He put the double-handed cup, and said: "Come, do not stand;

On these cross humours, suffer, bear, though your great bosom grieve,

And lest blows force you; all my aid not able to relieve

Your hard condition, though these eyes behold it, and this heart

570 Sorrow to think it. 'Tis a task too dang'rous to take part

Against Olympius. I myself the proof of this still feel.

When other Gods would fain have help'd, he took  
me by the heel,

And hurl'd me out of heav'n. All day I was in  
falling down;

At length in Lemnos I strook earth. The  
likewise-falling sun

575 And I, together, set; my life almost set too;  
yet there

The Sintii cheer'd and took me up." This did to  
laughter cheer

White-wristed Juno, who now took the cup of  
him, and smil'd.

The sweet peace-making draught went round, and  
lame Ephaistus fill'd

Nectar to all the other Gods. A laughter never left  
580 Shook all the blesséd deities, to see the lame  
so deft

At that cup service. All that day, ev'n till the sun  
went down,

They banqueted, and had such cheer as did their  
wishes crown.

Nor had they music less divine; Apollo there did  
touch

His most sweet harp, to which, with voice, the  
Muses pleas'd as much.

585 But when the sun's fair light was set, each  
Godhead to his house

Address'd for sleep, where ev'ry one, with art

most curious,

By heav'n's great both-foot-halting God a sev'ral  
roof had built.

Ev'n he to sleep went, by whose hand heav'n is  
with lightning gilt,

High Jove, where he had us'd to rest when sweet  
sleep seiz'd his eyes;

590 By him the golden-thron'd Queen slept, the  
Queen of deities.