

THE
I L I A D

A NEW TRANSLATION BY
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H O M E R



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I. ILIÁDOS A

Wrath—sing, goddess, of the ruinous wrath of Peleus' son Achilles
that inflicted woes without number upon the Achaeans,
hurled forth to Hades many strong souls of warriors
and rendered their bodies prey for the dogs,
for all birds, and the will of Zeus was accomplished;
sing from when they two first stood in conflict—
Atreus' son, lord of men, and godlike Achilles.

Which of the gods, then, set these two together in conflict, to fight?
Apollo, son of Leto and Zeus; who in his rage at the king
raised a virulent plague through the army; the men were dying 10
because the son of Atreus dishonored the priest Chryses.
For he came to the Achaeans' swift ships
bearing countless gifts to ransom his daughter,
holding in his hands on a golden staff the wreaths of Apollo
who strikes from afar, and beseeched all the Achaeans—
but mostly the two sons of Atreus, marshalers of men:

"Sons of Atreus and you other strong-greaved Achaeans,
may the gods who have homes on Olympus grant you
to plunder the city of Priam, and reach your home safely;
release to me my beloved daughter, take instead the ransom, 20
revering Zeus' son who strikes from afar—Apollo."

Then the rest of the Achaeans all shouted assent,
to respect the priest and accept the splendid ransom;
but this did not please the heart of Atreus' son Agamemnon,

and violently he sent him away and laid a powerful warning upon him:

“Let me not find you, old man, near our hollow ships,
either loitering now or coming again later,
lest the god’s staff and wreath not protect you.

The girl I will not release; sooner will old age come upon her
in our house, in Argos, far from her homeland, 30
pacing back and forth by the loom and sharing my bed.
So go, do not make me angry, and you will return the safer.”

Thus he spoke; and the old man was afraid and obeyed his word,
and he went in silence along the shore of the tumultuous sea.

And going aside, the old man fervently prayed
to lord Apollo, whom lovely-haired Leto bore:

“Hear me, God of the silver bow, you who stand over Chryse
and Killa most holy, you whose might rules Tenedos,
God of Plague; if ever I roofed over a temple that pleased you,
or if ever I burned as sacrifice to you the fatty thighbones 40
of bulls and of goats—grant me this wish:
May the Danaans pay for my tears with your arrows.”

Thus he prayed, and Phoebus Apollo heard him,
and set out from the heights of Olympus, rage in his heart,
with his bow on his shoulders and his hooded quiver;
the arrows clattered on his shoulders as he raged,
as the god himself moved; and he came like the night.
Then far from the ships he crouched, and let loose an arrow—
and terrible was the ring of his silver bow.

First he went after the mules and sleek dogs, 50
but then, letting fly a sharp arrow, he struck at the men themselves,
and the crowded pyres of the dead burned without ceasing.

Nine days the shafts of the god flew through the army,
and on the tenth Achilles summoned the people to assembly;
the goddess of the white arms, Hera, put this in his mind,
for she was distressed for the Danaans, since she saw them dying.
And when they were gathered together and assembled,

Achilles of the swift feet stood and addressed them:

“Son of Atreus, I now think that, staggering back,
we shall go home again—if we escape death that is— 60
if after all war and plague alike are to rout the Achaeans;
but come—let us ask some seer, or priest,
or even an interpreter of dreams, for a dream, too, is from Zeus,
who may tell us why Phoebus Apollo is so greatly angered,
if perhaps he faults our vows and sacrifice,
and whether receiving the burnt fat of sheep, of goats without blemish,
he may somehow be willing to avert our destruction.”

Thus Achilles spoke and sat down. Then stood among them
Calchas the son of Thestor, far the most eminent of bird-seers
who knew things that are, and things to come, and what had gone
before,

and had guided the ships of the Achaeans to Troy, 70
through his divination, which Phoebus Apollo gave him.
He in his wisdom spoke and addressed them:
“O Achilles, dear to Zeus, you bid me state the reason
for the wrath of Apollo, the lord who strikes from afar.
Then I will speak, but you listen closely and swear an oath to me
that in good earnest you will stand by me in word and strength of hand;
for I well know that I will anger a man who
has great power over the Argives, and whom the Achaeans obey.
For a king has the upper hand when he is angered with a
base-born man; 80

if he does swallow his anger for that day,
yet he also holds resentment for later, until he brings it to fulfillment,
within his breast. You now declare whether you will protect me.”

Then answering him Achilles of the swift feet spoke:
“Take courage, and speak freely of any omen you know;
for by Apollo beloved of Zeus, to whom you, Calchas,
pray when you reveal the gods’ omens to the Danaans,
no man while I live and see light upon this earth

will lay heavy hands upon you by the hollow ships—
 none of all the Danaans, not even if you speak of Agamemnon,
 who now makes claim to be far the best man in the army.” 90

And then the blameless priest took courage and spoke:
 “It is not with prayer, nor with sacrifice that he finds fault,
 but for the sake of his priest, whom Agamemnon dishonored,
 and did not release his daughter, and did not accept the ransom—
 for that reason the god who shoots from afar has sent these sufferings,
 and will send yet more;

nor will he drive this foul plague away from the Danaans
 until we give back the dark-eyed girl to her dear father
 without price, without ransom, and lead a holy sacrifice
 to Chryse; propitiating him in this way we might persuade him.” 100

Thus speaking he sat down; and then rose among them
 the warrior son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon,
 greatly distressed, his darkening heart consumed with rage,
 his eyes like gleaming fires.

Glaring, he first addressed Calchas:

“Prophet of evil, never yet have you spoken anything good
 for me,
 always to prophesy evil is dear to your heart.
 You have never spoken nor yet accomplished any good word;
 and now you speak in assembly of the Danaans, declaiming god’s will—
 that for this reason, you say, the Archer who shoots from afar causes their
 affliction— 110

because I was not willing to accept his splendid ransom
 for the girl Chryseis, since I greatly desire to have her
 at home; for I prefer her to Clytemnestra,
 my wedded wife, as she is not inferior to her,
 not in figure or bearing, nor even in disposition or handiwork.
 Yet, even so, I am willing to give her back—if this is for the best.
 I wish my men to be safe rather than perish.
 But make ready another prize at once, so that I alone

of the Achaeans am not unrecompensed, since that is not fitting.
 For all of you are witness that my own prize goes elsewhere.” 120

Then answered him swift-footed, godlike Achilles:
 “Most honored son of Atreus, of all men most covetous of possessions,
 how then can the great-hearted Achaeans give you a prize?
 We do not know of any great common store laid up anywhere,
 but those things we carried from the cities, these have been distributed—
 and it is not fitting to go about gathering these things again from the men.
 But no, relinquish the girl to the god now; we Achaeans
 will pay you back three times, four times over, if ever Zeus
 gives us the well-walled city of Troy to plunder.”

Then answering him spoke powerful Agamemnon: 130
 “Do not in this way, skilled though you be, godlike Achilles,
 try to trick me, for you will not outwit nor persuade me.
 Or do you intend—while you yourself have a prize—that I just sit here
 without one—are you ordering me to give the girl back?
 No, either the great-hearted Achaeans will give me a prize
 suited to my wishes, of equal value—
 or if they do not give one, then I myself will go and take
 either your own prize, or that of Ajax, or I will
 take and carry away the prize of Odysseus; and whomever I visit will be
 made angry;
 but we shall consider these things later. 140
 For now, come, let us drag one of our dark ships to the bright salt sea,
 and assemble in it suitable rowers, and place the sacrifice in it,
 and take on the girl herself, Chryseis of the lovely cheeks;
 and let there be one man in command, some man of counsel,
 either Ajax or Idomeneus, or noble Odysseus,
 or you, son of Peleus, most terrifying of all men,
 you might reconcile to us Apollo who works from afar, and perform
 the sacrifice.”

Then looking at him from under his brows swift-footed Achilles
 spoke:

“O wrapped in shamelessness, cunning in spirit—
 how can any man of the Achaeans obey your words with good heart, 150
 to journey with you or join men in violent battle?

For it was not on account of Trojan warriors I came
 to wage battle here, since to me they are blameless—
 never yet have they driven off my cattle, or my horses,
 nor ever in Phthia, where the rich earth breeds warriors,
 have they destroyed my harvest, since there is much between us,
 both shadowy mountains and clashing sea.

But we followed you, O great shameless one, for your pleasure,
 to win recompense for Menelaos and for you, dog-face,
 from the Trojans; none of this do you pause to consider or care for. 160
 And now you boast you will personally take my prize from me,
 for which I suffered much hardship, which the sons of the Achaeans
 gave me!

Never do I receive a prize equal to yours when the Achaeans
 sack some well-settled city of the Trojans;
 it is my hands that conduct the greater part of furious war,
 yet when it comes to division of the spoils
 yours is the far greater prize, and I bearing some small thing, yet also
 prized,

make my way to my ships, wearied with fighting.
 Now I am going to Phthia, since it is far better
 to go home with my curved ships, and I do not intend 170
 to stay here dishonored, hauling up riches and wealth for you.”

Then Agamemnon lord of men answered him:

“Run, then, if your spirit so moves you. Nor will I
 beg you to stay here for my sake. Other men stand by me,
 who will pay me honor, and especially all-devising Zeus.
 You are most hateful to me of the kings cherished by Zeus;
 always contention is dear to you, and fighting and battles.
 If you are so very powerful, a god doubtless gave this to you.
 Go home with your ships and your companions—

be lord of the Myrmidons; of you I take no account, 180
 nor do I care that you are angered. But I promise you this:
 As Phoebus Apollo robs me of Chryseis,
 whom I will send away, on my ship, with my companions—
 so I will take Briseis of the pretty cheeks,
 yes, your prize, going myself to your hut, so that you will discern
 how much I am your better and so another man will be loath
 to speak as my equal, openly matching himself with me.”

So he spoke. And anguish descended upon the son of Peleus
 and the heart in his rugged breast debated two ways,
 whether he should draw the sharp sword by his side 190
 and scatter the men and slay and despoil the son of Atreus,
 or check his anger and restrain his spirit.

While he churned these things through his heart and mind,
 as he was drawing from its sheath his great sword, Athena came to him
 down from heaven; for Hera the goddess with white arms dispatched her,
 who in her heart loved and cared for both men alike.

She came up behind and grabbed the son of Peleus' tawny hair,
 appearing to him alone, and none of the others saw her.
 Thunderstruck, Achilles turned behind him and at once recognized
 Pallas Athena; for her eyes gleamed terribly. 200

And addressing her, he spoke winged words:

“Why do you come again, daughter of Zeus who wields the aegis?
 Is it to witness the outrage of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus?
 But I state openly to you, and I think that it will be accomplished,
 that by these insolent acts he will shortly lose his life.”

Then the gleaming-eyed goddess addressed him:

“From heaven I have come to stop your anger, if you will heed me;
 Hera the white-armed goddess sent me forth,
 who in her heart loves and cares for you both alike.
 Come, leave off this contention, stay your hand on your sword, 210
 but rather cut him with words, telling him how things will be.
 For I will tell you this, and it will be accomplished;

someday you will have three times as many shining gifts because of this outrage; restrain yourself and obey me.”

Then in reply Achilles of the swift feet addressed her:

“I must obey the word of you both, goddess, enraged in spirit though I am; for so is it better.

If a man heeds the gods, then they also listen to him.”

He spoke and checked his powerful hand on the silver sword hilt and back into the sheath thrust the great sword, nor did he disobey 220 the word of Athena. Then she was gone to Olympus, to the house of Zeus who wields the aegis and the company of the other gods.

And the son of Peleus once more with menacing words addressed Agamemnon, and he did not hold back his anger:

“Wine-besotted, you who have the eyes of a dog and the heart of a deer, never do you have courage to gear up for battle with your people, nor go on ambush with the best of the Achaeans; to you that is as death.

Far better it is, all through the broad army of the Achaeans, to seize the gifts of the man who speaks against you. 230

King who feeds upon your people, since you rule worthless men; otherwise, son of Atreus, this now would be your last outrage.

But I say openly to you, and I swear a great oath to it— yes, by this scepter, that never again will put forth leaves and shoots when once it has left behind its stump in the mountains, nor will it flourish again, since the bronze axe has stripped it round, leaf and bark; and now in turn the sons of the Achaeans busy with justice carry it around in their hands, they who safeguard the ordinances of Zeus—this will be my great oath:

someday a yearning for Achilles will come upon the sons of the Achaeans, 240

every man; then nothing will save you, for all your grief, when at the hands of man-slaying Hector

dying men fall in their multitude; and you will rip the heart within you, raging that you paid no honor to the best of the Achaeans.”

Thus spoke the son of Peleus, and hurled the gold-studded scepter to the ground, and sat down, while the son of Atreus raged on the other side. Then between them rose

Nestor,

the sweet-sounding, the clear speaker from Pylos, whose voice flowed from his tongue more sweetly than honey.

In his time two generations of mortal men had already perished, those who were born and raised with him in days of old, in sacred Pylos, and he was ruler among the third generation.

With kindly thoughts to both he advised and addressed them:

“Oh look now, surely great trouble comes to the land of the Achaeans!

Surely Priam and the sons of Priam would be gladdened and the rest of the Trojans greatly rejoiced in heart if they were to learn you two were fighting over all this— you who surpass the Danaans in counsel, who surpass them in fighting! But hearken; you are both younger than me.

For once upon a time I banded with better men even than you, and never did they slight me. 260

Never yet have I seen, nor shall see such men— Peirithoös and Dryas, shepherd of his people, and Kaineus and Exadios and Polyphemos like a god. 264

These were raised to be strongest of earthly men; 266 they were the strongest and they fought with the strongest— the Centaurs who lie in the mountains—and terribly they slaughtered them.

And yet with these men I kept company, coming from Pylos, far away, from a distant land; for they summoned me. 270

And I fought by myself, I alone; against these men no mortal now upon earth could fight.

And yet they marked my counsels and heeded my word.
 Now you two heed me, since it is better to do so.
 You should not, great though you are, deprive him of the girl,
 but let her be, as it was to him the sons of the Achaeans gave her as prize;
 nor you, son of Peleus, venture to contend face-to-face
 with your king, since the king bearing the scepter partakes of
 a very different honor, and is he to whom Zeus has given distinction.
 And if you are the stronger man, and the mother who bore you a
 goddess, 280
 yet is this one more powerful, since he rules over more men.
 Son of Atreus, restrain your spirit; for I—yes, I—
 entreat you to relinquish your anger with Achilles, who is for all
 Achaeans the great wall of defense against this evil war.”
 Then in turn lord Agamemnon spoke:
 “Indeed all these things, old sir, you rightly say;
 but this man wants to be above all other men;
 he wants to be lord over all, to rule all,
 to give orders to all—which I think that one man at least will not obey.
 And if the eternal gods have made him a spearman 290
 they do not on that account appoint him to speak insults.”
 Interrupting, godlike Achilles answered him:
 “May I be called a coward and of no account
 if I submit to you in everything you should say.
 Give such orders to other men, but do not act as master to me.
 For I do not think it likely I will obey you.
 And I will tell you something else and put it away in your mind—
 I will not fight for the girl with strength of hand,
 not with you, nor with any other man, since you who take her from me
 also gave her.
 But of other possessions beside my ships, swift and dark, 300
 of these you can take nothing lifted against my will.
 And I invite you to try, so that these men too will know—
 very quickly will your dark blood gush round my spear.”

Having fought like this with words, blow for blow,
 they both stood, and broke up the assembly by the ships of the
 Achaeans.
 Peleus' son went to his shelter and balanced ships
 with the son of Menoetius and his companions.
 But the son of Atreus then drew a swift ship down to the sea,
 and chose twenty rowers to go in her, and put on board the sacrificial
 hecatomb
 for the god, and fetching Chryseïs of the lovely cheeks 310
 put her on board; and resourceful Odysseus came on as leader.
 Then, embarked, they sailed upon the watery way,
 and the son of Atreus charged the men to purify themselves.
 They cleansed themselves and cast the impurities into the sea,
 and to Apollo they made perfect sacrificial hecatombs
 of bulls and goats along the shore of the murmuring sea;
 and the savor rose to heaven amid a swirl of smoke.
 So they attended to these tasks throughout the army; but
 Agamemnon did not
 leave off the quarrel, in which he first threatened Achilles,
 but spoke to Talthybios and Eurybates, 320
 who were heralds and ready henchmen:
 “Go to the shelter of Peleus' son Achilles;
 take by the hand Briseïs of the lovely cheeks and lead her away.
 And if he does not give her up, I myself will take her,
 coming in force, and it will be the worse for him.”
 So saying, he sent them forth, and enjoined on them a harsh
 command.
 And they two went unwilling along the shore of the murmuring sea,
 and came to the camp and ships of the Myrmidons.
 They found Achilles by his shelter and dark ship,
 sitting; and he did not rejoice to see them. 330
 The two stood in fear and awe of the king,
 and neither addressed him, nor questioned.

But Achilles understood in his heart, and spoke to them:

“Hail heralds, messengers of Zeus, as also of men—
 come close; you are not to blame in my eyes, but Agamemnon,
 who sends you two forth on account of the girl Briseïs.
 But come, Patroclus, descended from Zeus, bring out the girl
 and give her to these two to take away. And let them both be witnesses
 before the blessed gods and mortal men alike,
 and before him, this stubborn king, if ever hereafter
 other men need me to ward off shameful destruction. 340
 For he surely raves in his ruinous heart,
 and knows not to look ahead as well as behind
 as to how the Achaeans shall fight in safety beside the ships.”

Thus he spoke and Patroclus obeyed his beloved companion,
 and from the shelter led Briseïs of the lovely cheeks,
 and gave her to be taken away. And straightway the heralds left for the
 ships of the Achaeans.

She the young woman, unwilling, went with them. But Achilles,
 weeping, quickly slipping away from his companions, sat
 on the shore of the gray salt sea, and looked out to depths as dark
 as wine; 350
 again and again, stretching forth his hands, he prayed to his beloved
 mother:

“Mother, since you bore me to be short-lived as I am,
 Olympian Zeus who thunders on high ought to
 grant me at least honor; but now he honors me not even a little.
 For the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon
 has dishonored me; he keeps my prize, having seized it, he personally
 taking it.”

So he spoke, shedding tears, and his lady mother heard him
 as she sat in the depths of the salt sea beside her aged father.
 At once she rose from the clear salt sea, like mist,
 and sat before him as he wept, 360
 and caressed him with her hand, and spoke to him and said his name:

“Child, why do you cry? What pain has come to your heart?
 Speak out, don't hide it, so that we both know.”

Groaning deeply, Achilles of the swift feet spoke to her:
 “You know; why should I recount these things to you who know them all?
 We came to Thebes, the holy city of Ètïon;
 we sacked it and brought everything here.

The sons of the Achaeans fairly divided the things among them,
 and to the son of Atreus they gave out Chryseïs of the lovely cheeks.
 Then Chryses, a priest of Apollo who strikes from afar, 370

came to the swift ships of the bronze-clad Achaeans
 bearing untold ransom to set free his daughter,
 holding in his hands the wreaths of Apollo who strikes from afar
 on a golden staff, and beseeched all the Achaeans,
 but mostly the two sons of Atreus, marshalers of men.

Then all the rest of the Achaeans shouted assent,
 to respect the priest and take the splendid ransom;
 but this did not please the heart of Atreus' son Agamemnon,
 but violently he drove him away and laid a strong injunction upon him.
 And in anger the old man went back; and Apollo 380

heard him when he prayed, since he was very dear to him,
 and he let fly an evil arrow against the Argives; and now the men
 died in quick succession as the arrows of the god ranged
 everywhere through the broad army of the Achaeans. But then a seer
 possessed of good knowledge publicly declared to us the wishes of the
 god who works his will.

Straightway I led in urging that the god be appeased;
 but then anger seized the son of Atreus, and suddenly rising to speak
 he declared aloud a threat, which is now fulfilled.

For the dark-eyed Achaeans are sending the girl on a swift ship
 to the town of Chryse, taking gifts for lord Apollo; 390
 just now the heralds set out from my shelter leading
 the daughter of Briseus, whom the sons of the Achaeans gave to me.
 But you, if you have the power, defend your son;

go to Olympus and petition Zeus, if ever in any way
in word or in deed you delighted the heart of Zeus.
For many times in the halls of my father I have heard you
boast when you said that from the dark-clouded son of Cronus,
alone among immortals, you warded off shameful destruction,
at that time when the other Olympians sought to bind him—
Hera and Poseidon and Pallas Athena; 400
but you coming to him, goddess, released his bonds,
swiftly summoning to high Olympus the Hundred-Handed One,
whom the gods call Briareos the Strong—but all men call
Aigaion—he in turn is stronger than his father;
and this one seated himself beside the son of Cronus, rejoicing in his glory.
And the blessed gods trembled before him, and did no more binding.
Now remind Zeus of these things, seat yourself beside him and clasp his
knees
and see if he might be willing to aid the Trojans,
and to pen the Achaeans around the sterns of their ships and the sea,
dying, so that all may have profit of their king, 410
and he will know, Atreus' son, wide-ruling Agamemnon,
his delusion, when he paid no honor to the best of the Achaeans.”

Then Thetis answered him, with tears flowing down:
“Ah me, my child, why did I, bitter in childbearing, raise you?
Would that you sat by your ships without tears, without pain,
for indeed your measure of life is so very small, not long at all.
And now you are at once short-lived and unlucky beyond all men;
so I bore you to an unworthy fate in my halls.
To speak your request to Zeus who hurls the thunderbolt
I myself shall go to Olympus of the deep snow; perhaps he will heed me. 420
But you stay now by your fast-running ships,
nurse your wrath at the Achaeans, and leave off the war entirely.
Zeus went yesterday to the river of Ocean among the blameless
Aethiopians,
to attend a feast, and all the gods accompanied him.

On the twelfth day he will come back to Olympus,
and then at that time I will go for you to the bronze-floored house
of Zeus,
and I will clasp his knees in supplication, and I think I will persuade him.”

Then speaking thus she went away and left him there,
angered in his heart on account of the fair-belted woman,
whom they were taking by force against his will. And Odysseus 430
was drawing near the town of Chryse, bearing the sacred hecatomb.
When they had come inside the deep harbor,
they furled the sails, and placed them in the dark ship,
and deftly lowering the mast by the forestays, laid it in the mast-gallows,
and rowed her to her mooring under oars;
then they threw the anchor stones, and made fast the stern lines,
and themselves disembarked into the broken surf,
and disembarked the hecatomb for Apollo, who strikes from afar;
and Chryseis disembarked from the seagoing ship.
Then leading her to the altar resourceful Odysseus 440
placed her in her father's hands and addressed him:
“O Chryses, Agamemnon, lord of men, dispatched me
to lead your child to you and to perform sacred hecatombs to Phoebus
on behalf of the Danaans, so that we might propitiate lord Apollo,
who has now sent sufferings, much lamented, upon the Argives.”

So speaking, he placed her in the priest's arms, and he, rejoicing,
received
his beloved daughter; and the men swiftly set up the splendid hecatomb
for the god
in good order around the well-built altar,
then they washed their hands and took up the barley for scattering.
And Chryses prayed aloud for them, lifting his hands: 450
“Hear me, thou of the silver bow, you who stand over Chryse
and Killa most holy, you whose might rules Tenedos,
surely once before this you heard me when I prayed;
honoring me you smote hard the host of the Achaeans.

Now, as once before, fulfill this wish for me;
 now this time ward shameful destruction from the Danaans."
 Thus he spoke praying, and Phoebus Apollo heard him.

Then when they had prayed and thrown the scattering barley
 before them,
 they first drew back the heads of the sacrificial animals and cut their
 throats, and flayed them,
 and cut out the thighbones and covered them over with fat 460
 they had made into double folds, and placed raw flesh upon them;
 the old man burned these on a cleft-stick and over them poured in libation
 dark-gleaming wine; and the youths beside him held sacrificial forks in
 hand.

Then when the thighbones had been consumed by fire and they had
 tasted the entrails,
 they cut up the other parts and pierced them through on spits
 and roasted them with care, and then drew off all the pieces.
 And when they had ceased their work and prepared their meal,
 they feasted, nor did any man's appetite lack his due portion.
 And when they had put away desire for eating and drinking,
 the young men filled mixing bowls brimful with wine, 470
 and after pouring libations in each cup, distributed it to all;
 then all day long they sought the favor of the god in dance and song,
 the young Achaean men beautifully singing a hymn of praise,
 celebrating the god who works from afar; and the god rejoiced in his
 heart as he listened.

When the sun sank and dusk came on,
 then they laid down to sleep by the stern lines of their ship;
 and when dawn, born of the morning, shone forth her fingers of rosy light,
 then they sailed out for the broad army of the Achaeans.
 And to them Apollo who works from afar sent a following wind.
 They stepped the mast and spread the glistening sails, 480
 and the wind blew gusts in the middle of the sail, and around
 the cutwater the bow-wave, shimmering dark, sang loud as the ship

proceeded.

She swept over the swell, making her course.
 And when they arrived at the broad army of the Achaeans,
 they dragged the dark ship ashore
 high on the sand, and splayed long struts beneath,
 and themselves scattered to their ships and shelters.

But, he, sitting idle by his fast-running ships, remained full of
 wrath—
 the Zeus-descended son of Peleus, Achilles of the swift feet;
 never did he go to the assembly where men win glory, 490
 never to war, but consumed his own heart,
 bidding his time there; yet he yearned for the war shout and battle.

But when at length the twelfth dawn arose,
 then all the gods who live forever went to Olympus
 together, with Zeus as their leader; and Thetis did not neglect her son's
 directives, and she rose from the heaving surface of the sea,
 and at dawn ascended to towering Olympus.
 She found the far-thundering son of Cronus sitting apart from the others
 on the topmost peak of ridged Olympus;
 and she sat before him and clasped his knees 500
 with her left hand, and with her right took hold of him beneath
 his chin,
 and in supplication addressed lord Zeus, the son of Cronus:
 "Father Zeus, if ever among the immortals I helped you
 by word or by deed, accomplish this wish for me:
 honor my son, who was born short-lived beyond all men,
 and yet now the lord of men Agamemnon has
 dishonored him; he holds his prize, having seized it, he personally taking it.
 Do you now revenge him, Olympian Zeus, all-devising;
 give strength to the Trojans until that time the Achaeans
 recompense my son and exalt him with honor." 510

So she spoke; but Zeus who gathers the clouds did not answer
 her,

but sat silent a long while. And as she had clasped his knees, so Thetis now held on, clinging closely, and beseeched him again:

“Promise me faithfully, and nod your assent,
or refuse me—you have nothing to fear—so that I may learn
how much I am of all gods the most dishonored.”

Greatly troubled, Zeus who gathers the clouds addressed her:

“This is a deadly business, when you set me up to quarrel
with Hera, when she will harass me with words of abuse.
As it is, she is always quarreling with me in the presence of the
immortal gods, 520
and maintains, as you know, that I help the Trojans in battle.
Now go back, lest Hera notice anything;
I will make these matters my concern, to bring them to accomplishment.
Come, I will bow my head for you, so that you may be convinced;
for among immortals this is the greatest
testament of my determination; for not revocable, nor false,
nor unfulfilled is anything to which I have bowed my head.”

The son of Cronus spoke, and nodded with his blue-black brows,
the ambrosial mane of the lord god swept forward
from his immortal head; and he shook great Olympus. 530

Thus the two parted after conspiring; and she
sprang into the deep salt sea from shining Olympus,
and Zeus went to his home; and all the gods rose as a body
from their seats before their father; nor did any dare
remain seated as he approached, but all stood to meet him.
So he took his seat there upon his throne; nor did Hera
fail to perceive at a glance that silver-footed
Thetis, the daughter of the old man of the sea, had conspired with him.
Straightway she addressed Zeus, the son of Cronus, with taunting words:
“Which of the gods now, O cunning schemer, has conspired with you? 540
Always you love being away from me, mulling over your secrets
to make your decisions. Never yet to me
have you willingly dared state what you are thinking.”

Then the father of gods and men answered her:

“Hera, do not hope to know all my thoughts;
they will be hard for you, although you are my wife.
However, that which is fitting for you to hear, no other,
of gods or men, will know before you;
but that which I may wish to consider apart from the gods—
do not press me about each and every thing, nor make inquiry.” 550

Then answered him the ox-eyed lady Hera:

“Most dread son of Cronus, what sort of word have you spoken?
Certainly before now I have neither pressed you, nor made inquiry,
and entirely without interference you devise whatever you want.
But now my heart is terribly afraid lest
silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the old man of the sea, won you over;
for at dawn she came to your side and clasped your knees.
And I suspect you pledged faithfully to her that you would honor
Achilles, and destroy many by the ships of the Achaeans.”

Then in answer Zeus who gathers the clouds addressed her: 560

“What possesses you? You always suspect something, I never get
past you.
Nonetheless, you can accomplish nothing at all, but will only be
further from my heart—and it will be the worse for you.
If this is the way things are—then you may be sure this is the way that
pleases me.
Sit down and be silent, and obey my word,
lest the gods in Olympus, as many as there are, be of no avail to you
against me
as I close in, when I lay my unassailable hands upon you.”

Thus he spoke and the ox-eyed lady Hera was afraid,
and she sat down in silence, bending her own heart into submission;
and throughout the house of Zeus the heavenly gods were troubled. 570
To them Hephaestus, famed for his art, began to speak,
comforting his dear mother, white-armed Hera:
“To be sure this will be a deadly business, not to be born,

if you two quarrel this way for the sake of mortals,
 carrying on this jabbering among the gods; nor
 will there be any pleasure from our noble feast if unseemliness prevails.

I advise my mother, sensible as she is,
 to be agreeable to our dear father Zeus, so that our father
 will not reproach us again, and throw our feast into disorder.
 For what if the Olympian wielder of lightning wished to
 blast us from our seats—for he is much the strongest. 580
 Rather address him with gentle words;
 then straightway will the Olympian be favorable to us.”

Thus he spoke, and springing to his feet placed a
 double-handled cup
 in his dear mother’s hands, and addressed her:
 “Endure, my mother, and restrain yourself, distressed though you be,
 lest, dear as you are, I with my own eyes see you
 struck down; then for all my grief I will have no power
 to help you; for it is painful to oppose the Olympian.

For at another time before this, when I was trying to ward him
 from you, 590
 he grabbed me by the foot and cast me from the threshold of heaven;
 the whole day I drifted down, and as the sun set
 I dropped on Lemnos, and there was but little life still in me.
 It was there the Sintian men quickly ministered to me after my fall.”

So he spoke and Hera, goddess of the white arms, smiled
 and smiling accepted the cup from her son’s hand.
 Then to all the other gods, serving to the right,
 he poured sweet nectar like wine, drawing from a mixing bowl;
 and unquenchable laughter broke out among the blessed gods
 as they watched Hephaestus bustling through the halls. 600

Then all day long until the sun went down,
 they feasted, nor was the appetite of any stinted of fair portion—
 nor stinted of the beautifully wrought lyre, which Apollo held,
 or of the Muses, who sang, one following the other, with lovely voice.

Then when the sun’s bright light went down,
 they left to go to bed, each in his own house,
 where the famous crook-legged god,
 Hephaestus, had made a house for each with skillful understanding.
 Olympian Zeus, wielder of lightning, went to his bed
 where he was wont to retire when sweet sleep came to him; 610
 here mounting his bed, he went to sleep, with Hera of the golden
 throne beside him.