

Greek 961

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1 Hymn to Demeter

Fair-haired Demeter, the solemn god, I begin to praise in song;
herself and her daughter with slender ankle, whom Aidoneus
snatched, and heavy-crashing, far-voiced Zeus gave,
unseen by Demeter (she of the golden sword, the glorious harvest),
5 while playing with Ocean's deep-folded girls
and picking flowers; roses and crocus and fair violets,
along a soft meadow; irises and hyacinth too,
and a narcissus, which Earth grew as a snare for a budding girl
by the will of Zeus, gratifying the God Who Takes Many.
10 A shining wonder, it was awesome to see for many
both undying gods and mortal men;
and from its bulb a hundred heads had grown,
and it suffused the sweetest smell, all broad heaven above
and all earth laughed in joy, so too, the briny swell of the sea.
15 She in wonder stretched out with both hands
to take a lovely plaything, and the broad-paved earth gaped
along the Nysian plain; there the Lord Who Takes Many rushed
with his undying horses, Kronos' many-named son.
And when he had snatched the unwilling girl, in a golden carriage
20 he drove her, wailing – truly she cried shrilly with her voice,
calling on her father Kronides, the highest and best.
Neither any of the immortals nor of mortal men
heard her voice, nor any olive trees with glorious fruit,
except Persaios' daughter with her tender thoughts,
25 bright veiled Hekate, heard from her cave,
and lord Helios, Hyperion's glorious son,
[heard the voice] of the girl calling on her father Kronides; but he
was seated far apart from the gods in a prayer-filled temple,
receiving lovely sacrifices from mortal men.
30 At Zeus' suggestion, he led the unwilling girl —
he, her father's brother, Commander of Many, God Who Takes Many —
with his undying horses, Kronos' many-named son.
Then while the goddess was scanning both earth and starry heaven
and the strong-flowing fish-filled sea
35 and the beams of the sun, and still was hoping that she would see
her caring mother and race of eternally-begotten gods,
the whiles, her hope beguiled the truly wretched maiden's whole thought;
and the peaks of the mountains rang, and the deeps of the sea,
from her immortal voice — and her reverend mother heard her.
40 Pain took her sharp at the heart, and round her immortal tresses
she rends her hairband with her own hands,
and casts a cold blue veil down on both shoulders,
and hastens like a bird of prey, seeking after her nurtured and supple girl;
but no-one was willing to tell her truly
45 neither gods nor mortal men,
nor any birds came to her as true messenger.
Then for nine days through the earth lady Deo
turned this way and that holding burning torches between her hands,
nor ever took of ambrosia or nectar sweet-to-drink

3 εὐρύοπα] Either “wide-eyed” or “broad voiced”
32 ἵππους...υἱός] Repeats l. 18

33 θεᾶ] Persephone, not Demeter

50 in her grief, nor shower her skin with washing water.
 But then when the tenth light-bringing dawn came to her
 Hecate came to her, with a torch in her hands
 and to bring news to her, she spoke a word and said,
 “Lady Demeter, bringer of harvest fruits, giver of glories,
 55 Who of the heavenly gods or of mortal men
 snatched Persephone and grieved your dear heart?
 For I heard a voice, but I did not see with my eyes
 who it was, and I’m telling you everything quickly and without error.”
 So spoke Hecate. But Rhea’s fair haired daughter exchanged
 60 no word with her, but instead swiftly darted with her
 holding burning torches between her hands.
 They came to Helios, watcher of gods and of men,
 and they stood before his horses and the divine lady of the gods asked,
 Helios, respect me as a goddess, you as you are, if ever your
 65 heart and feelings I cheered by word or deed;
 the girl I bore, sweet bloom, glorious by form,
 whose clear voice I heard through the empty sky,
 as of one being forced, but I did not see with my eyes.
 But since you gaze down with your rays at all the earth
 70 and down to the sea from the holy sky,
 speak to me unfailingly of my dear child, if you ever saw her,
 who has taken her against her will away from by force and
 gone, whether of the gods or even of mortal men?”
 So she spoke, and Hyperion’s son answered her with a speech,
 75 “Lady Demeter, fair-haired Rhea’s daughter,
 you shall know, for truly I revere you greatly and I feel sorry
 for you grieving about your child of the slender ankle; and there is none other
 of the immortals responsible, except Zeus the cloud-gatherer,
 who gave her to Hades, a flourishing girl to be called bed-fellow
 80 to his own brother; and having snatched her, he took her
 down under murky darkness, wailing much.
 But yet, goddess, cease your great wailing; nor should you at all
 hold a dreadful rage, fruitless as it is; he is no unseemly
 connection for you from the immortals, Aidoneus, Commander of Many,
 85 [Zeus’s] own brother and from the same seed; and he is allotted honor all round,
 as at first the threefold division of the spoils was reached,
 for those to dwell, whose lord he is appointed to be.”
 Having spoken thus he called out for his horses, and indeed from the same call
 they quickly brought the swift charriot, with outstretched wings, like birds or prey.
 90 And a more dreadful and shameless grief came to her heart;
 then, enraged at Kronus’ son, he of the dark clouds,
 turning her back on the assembly of the gods and high Olympus
 she went to the cities of men, and their rich farms,
 effacing her appearance for a long time; and no men
 95 recognized her when they saw her, nor any women with full-flowing dresses,
 that is, until she came to the house of wise Keleos,
 who at that time was king of incense-heavy Eleusis.
 She was sitting near a road grieving in her heart,
 at the Parthenian well from which the citizens drew their water,
 100 in the shade, and overhead a bush of olive grew,
 [she was] looking like an old woman, born long ago, and who
 was closed off from childbirth and the gifts of garland-loving Aphrodite,
 like women who are nurses of right-judging kings’
 children and are housekeepers through the echoing halls.
 105 And Eleusinian Keleos’ daughters saw her,

85–87 ἀμφι... εἶναι] The very oblique syntax seems to

be to avoid directly saying that Hades rules the dead.

as they were coming after the water that is good to draw-up, so that they might carry
 bronze pitchers to their father's dear halls;
 the four of them, like goddesses, with youthful bloom,
 Kallidike and Kleisidike and lovely Demo
 110 and Kallithoe, who was the first born of them all;
 and they did not recognize her – but gods are difficult for mortals to see.
 Standing close by, they addressed “winged words”;
 “Who, and from whence, are you, old woman, of folk born long ago?
 And why did you wander away from the city, and not approach
 115 the houses? Here there are women through the shady halls
 of such an age as you indeed, and also younger,
 who would befriend you either with word or even by deed.”
 So they said, and the noble lady of the gods replied with words,
 “Dear children, whoever you are of more nurturing women,
 120 greetings! I will tell you my story, it is certainly not unfitting
 to tell true tales to you as you ask.
 My name is Doso, for this my reverend mother gave.
 Moreover now from Crete on the broad back of the sea
 I have come, and not willingly, but forcibly men – pirates –
 125 took me away unwillingly under compulsion. They then
 came ashore by swift ship to Thorikos, where the women
 alighted on the land all together, and they themselves too,
 and they set about preparing a meal, by the stern-beams of the ship.
 But my heart was not enthralled with a delicious dinner
 130 and hurrying secretly through the dark land,
 I fled the arrogant masters, so that they might not
 have the benefit of my price, when they had made their way with me for free.
 Thus I have come hither wailing, and I know not one thing,
 even what land this is and who lives in it.
 135 But may all those who have Olympian homes
 give you wedded husbands, and to bear children,
 as parents wish; and you intun take pity on me, girls.
 137a Set it out clearly for me, that I may learn,
 earnestly, dear children, to whose homes have I come,
 of husband and wife, so that I might work for them
 140 earnestly, on just tasks as fall to a woman of my years;
 I would both nurse a new-born child well, holding it in my arms,
 and watch over the house,
 and would spread a bed in the nook of well-founded rooms
 for my master, and would teach women crafts.”
 145 So spoke the goddess, and straightway the virgin maid Kallidike answered her,
 best in looks of Keleos' daughters,
 “Mam, we folk bear the gods gifts by necessity,
 grieving though we may; for they are much better.
 But I will set out these matters clearly for you, and name
 150 the men to whom great power attaches here, and
 are prominent in the people's honor and secure the city's ramparts
 with their counsels and right judgements –
 both shrewd Triptolemos and Dioklos,
 and Polyxeinos and upright Eumolpos,
 155 and Dolichos and our brave father –
 wives of all of these tend their duties through their houses;
 not one of these would turn you away from her house
 at first sight, showing contempt at your appearance,
 rather they will receive you; for you are truly god-like.
 160 And if you wish, stay here, so that we may go to my father's house
 and recount all these matters in full

to my deep-bosomed mother Metaneira, who should bid you
 come to our house and not to search out any other.
 Her darling, late-born son is being nurtured in
 165 her well-founded chamber, who was much-prayed-for, and is gladly welcomed.
 If you were to raise him and he were to reach the measure of manhood,
 any tender woman seeing you would easily
 be jealous; she would give you so much repayment for his rearing.”
 So she said, and the other nodded her head in assent; and they
 170 exultantly took the bright pitchers which they had filled with water.
 They swiftly came to their father’s great house, and quickly told
 their mother what they had seen and heard. She very quickly
 said to go and summon her for a great payment.
 As deer, or young heifers in spring time
 175 leap up through the meadow when their bellies are full of fodder,
 so they, having gotten hold of the folds of their lovely dresses,
 rushed along a hollow cart-road; and their hair
 rushed around their shoulders like crocus flowers.
 They reached the honored goddess near the road, right where they had
 180 left her before; and then they led her to their dear father’s
 house; but she proceeded behind them, veiled down over her head,
 and grieving in her dear heart; a deep blue robe
 swirled about the goddess’ slender feet.
 They soon reached Zeus-favored Keleos’ house,
 185 and stepped through the portico, where their reverend mother
 was sitting beside a pillar of the tight-made roof,
 holding a child under her bosom, her new-born bloom; and the girls
 ran to her side; and [Demeter] stepped with her foot on the threshold and yet in fact her head bumped
 the roof-beam, and she filled the doorway with divine brightness.
 190 Respect and awe and pale fear gripped the other;
 she yielded her couch to her and asked her to be seated.
 But Demeter harvest-bearer, giver of bright gifts, did not
 want to be seated on the bright couch,
 but held back held back, unwilling [to sit], with eyes downcast —
 195 at least, until careful-minded Iambe placed
 a fitted chair for her, and threw a snowy sheepskin down [on it].
 Sitting down here, she held a veil down in front of her face with her hands;
 and for a long time she was sitting unspeaking and heart-grieved on the seat,
 and she did not greet anyone either by word or by any action,
 200 but unsmiling, taking neither meat nor drink,
 she sat, wasted with grief for her full-bosomed daughter —
 at least, until careful-minded Iambe, making fun at her
 with jibes turned the holy lady
 to smile, and to laugh, and to have a propitious spirit;
 205 indeed she also thereafter gladdened her tempers.
 Metaneira offered her a goblet which she had filled with honey-sweet wine;
 but she shook her head; for it was not right, she said, for her
 to drink red wine; but she asked her to give barley and water
 which she had mixed with soft pennyroyal to drink.

168 δόη] One might expect θρεπτήρια to be the
 repayment from the grown child to the one who raised
 then. However l. 223 has Metaneira repeat the lines,
 saying δόην, which makes it clear that she is the one
 who will pay. Matthiae read δόη at 223. See [Ric74].
 185 σφίσι] Or perhaps the dative has more of a sense
 of sitting, waiting for them?
 188 ἦ δ’] In the subsequent verses there are rapid
 switches from one (female) subject to another. The use
 of δέ is critical to distinguish a switch.
 203 ζεύχῃ] This is difficult to interpret. Are the

χλεύαι harsh, or gentle; decorous, or obscene? Is
 Demeter sharing in the humor alongside (παρά) Iambe,
 or is she the butt of the jests? [Cla89, 234–235] suggests
 the joke was to compare Demeter’s position on the stool
 to a birthing-stool, and mock the incongruity of one
 τόκοιο εἰργηται in such a position. Other traditions
 suggest the joke involved exposure of the genitals.
 205 ὀργαῖς] [Cla89, 235] takes this = ὀργίαις, rites.
 209 γλήχωνι] [EW82] and [Fol93] translate this simply
 as “mint”. However according to [LSe95, βλήχων] this is

210 When she had prepared a kykeon, she gave it to the goddess, as she bid;
 and when very noble Deo had accepted it for a god's due, . . .
 * * *
 . . . fair-girdled Metaneira began a speech to them,
 "Greetings, lady, since I expect you are from no mean parents,
 but fine ones; grace and reverence
 215 become your eyes, truly as as if [you were a child] of justice-working kings.
 But, we folk bear the gods gifts by necessity,
 grieving though we may; for a yoke is laid to the neck.
 Now, since you have come here, all that is mine will be provided.
 Take care of this child of mine, whom the immortals granted
 220 late-born and unexpected, but much-prayed for to me.
 If you were to raise him and he were to reach the measure of manhood,
 any tender woman seeing you would easily
 be jealous; I would give you so much repayment for his rearing."
 Fair-crowned Demeter addressed her in turn,
 225 "Warm greeting to you also, lady, and may the gods grant you good things.
 I will readily accept the charge of your child, as you bid,
 I will nurture him and, I hope, by no nurse's folly
 either a witch's spell or undercutter will harm him;
 for I know a remedy much stronger than a woodcutter,
 230 and I know a fine defence against a harmful spell."
 Having spoken thus, she received [him] to her fragrant bosom
 with immortal hands; and his mother was pleased at heart.
 So she nurtured wise Keleos' splendid son in the chambers,
 Demophoön, whom fair-girdled Metaneira bore;
 235 and he grew like a demigod,
 neither eating grain, nor suckling his mother's milk,
 236a for every day lovely-crowned Demeter
 annointed [him] with ambrosia like a goddess' offspring,
 sweetly breathing on him and holding him in bosom.
 At night hid him in the fire's might like a brand
 240 unknown to his dear parents; and it was a great marvel to them
 how flourishing he was; for he was just like the gods.
 And she would have made him ageless and immortal,
 if fair-girdled Metaneira had not observed in folly,
 when one night she was keeping watch from her fragrant chamber;
 245 and she shrieked and struck herself about her thighs
 fearing for her own child, and she was very hurt in her heart,
 and, wailing, she uttered winged words;
 "My child Demophoön, the foreigner is hiding you in blazing fire,
 and is giving me howling and bitter troubles."
 250 So she said, lamenting; and the noble lady of the gods heard.
 Fair-crowned Demeter, angered at her,
 let the dear boy (whom against expectation [Metaneira] bore in the citadel)
 drop with her immortal hands from her to the ground,

pennyroyal (*Mentha pulegium*). This plant is a member of the mint genus, has a strong peppermint flavor, and perhaps significantly, is used in childbirth or to induce abortion [Dal03].

211] There appear to be one or two lines missing here. Grammatically, one expects the participial clause in 211 to be followed by a finite verb, and the sense seems to suggest something along the lines of "having accepted it as a holy due, most revered Deo raised the cup and drank deep." Likewise, τῇσι (212) seems to require some antecedent.

214 αἰδώς] Here it is not respect on the bearer, Demeter's, but rather that quality in her which

elicits respect from the beholder.

216–217 θεῶν . . . ἄνθρωποι] Metaneira echoes the words of Kallidike, 147–8.

221–223 εἰ . . . δοῖην] Metaneira echoes the words of Kallidike, 166–8.

228–229 ὑποτάμνον . . . ὑλοτόμοιο] The reference is obscure; it may refer to cut herbs used as a charm [LSe95] or to a worm thought to cause toothache [EW82, Fol93].

236 ἡματίη] In translation this becomes an adverb, but in Greek it's an adjective describing Demeter, cf. "daily bread".

after having lifted him from the fire, being terribly angry in her heart,
 255 and at the same time she addressed fair-girdled Menateira;
 “You humans, witless and unskilled to foresee either a
 share of good approaching, or of evil —
 for you too, by your own witlessness have been hurt irremediably.
 For let the pledge of the gods, cruel Styx’ water, know:
 260 I would have made your dear son immortal and ageless
 all his days and granted him unwaning honor;
 but now he will not be able to escape death and doom;
 yet unwaning honor shall always attend him, because he was on
 our knees and slept in our arms.
 265 In due season, as the years go round,
 the sons of the Eleusinians will continually join in war and the terrible war-cry
 among themselves for his sake, forever.
 And I am honor-bearing Demeter, who has been a great
 help and delight to immortals and mortals.
 270 But come, let the whole people build me a great temple
 and altar under it, below the city and steep ramparts,
 down on Kallichoros, on a prominent hill.
 I myself will set down the rites, so then
 by practising religiously you may appease my mind.”
 275 So speaking, the goddess changed her size and appearance,
 putting off old age; beauty swirled round about her;
 a lovely fragrance spread from her fragrant robes,
 light from the goddess’ immortal skin
 shone far, chestnut hair was on her shoulders,
 280 and the close house was filled with bright light, as of lightning;
 she stepped out through the halls; straightway the other woman’s knees trembled,
 and she became speechless a long time, and did not
 think at all to pick up her dear son from the floor.
 His sisters heard a pitiful voice,
 285 and leapt down from their well-made beds; then one of them,
 having taken the child up with her hands, nestled him in her own bosom;
 another rekindled the fire; and another hurried with tender feet
 to rouse their mother from her fragrant bed-chamber.
 When they were gathered, they washed him all over, cuddling him
 290 while he wailed; and his feelings were not soothed;
 for they were holding him less well as nurses and wet-nurses.
 All night they propitiated the glorious goddess,
 quaking with fear, with the break of dawn,
 they told without slip to wide-powered Keleos,
 295 how the goddess, lovely-crowned Demeter, had commanded.
 Then, having called the people with many borders to an assembly,
 he urged them to make a full temple for fair-haired Demeter,
 and an altar, on a prominent hill.
 They were very quickly persuaded and listened to him speaking,
 300 and they built it, as she commanded. And it grew, by the decree of the god.
 And when they had finished and rested from their work,
 they went, each one, to go home; and chestnut-haired Demeter,
 sitting down here far off from all the blessed ones,
 stayed, wasting with longing for her deep-girdled daughter.
 305 She wrought the most terrible and vicious year on all-feeding earth

262 ὥς κεν... ἀλύξαι] See [Smy20, 2270] for ὥς + ἄν
 + infin. Literally, “he is not such as would have
 eluded...”

266 πόλεμον... αἰνῆν] [Ric74] discusses this in
 connection with a ritual mock-battle called βαλλητύς.
 272 Καλιχόρου] Literally, “lovely land”.

296 πολυπείρονα] [Ric74] compares this to δῆμος
 ἀπείρων and suggests the poet understood the ᾶ- as
 intensive.

300 δαίμονος αἴση] The Perseus text repeats the phrase
 from 235.

for men; and and earth did not let any
 seed come up, for fair-crowned Demeter concealed [it];
 and oxen dragged many curved ploughs for tillage in vain;
 and much white barley fell in vain into the earth;
 310 and now the entire race of speaking men would have perished
 from grievous famine, and would have deprived the gods who dwell in Olympus
 of glorious honor from gifts and sacrifices,
 if Zeus had not considered and debated in his heart.
 He roused golden-winged Iris first to summon
 315 fair-haired Demeter, who has a lovely form.
 So he spoke, and she obeyed Cronos' cloud-gathering son Zeus
 and ran swiftly through the space between with her feet.
 She came to the city of incense-heavy Eleusis,
 and found Demeter in the temple in her blue robe,
 320 and addressing her, she uttered winged words;
 "Demeter, father Zeus who knows unwaning things summons you
 to come among the race of eternally-begotten gods.
 But come, and do not let my speech from Zeus be fruitless."
 So she spoke, beseeching; but the other's heart was not swayed.
 325 Then next the father sent all the blessed, ever-living gods
 one after another; and, going in turn
 they called her and gave her many very beautiful gifts
 and honors which she might choose among the immortal gods.
 But no-one was able to persuade the heart or the mind
 330 of the goddess who was angry with a passion; she firmly rejected their words.
 For she would never, she said, set foot on incense-heavy Olympus,
 nor send up earth's crop,
 until she saw her fair-faced girl with her eyes.
 And when heavy-thundering far-voiced Zeus heard this,
 335 he sent Argeiphontes who carries the golden wand to Erebeus,
 so that by persuading Hades with soft words
 he might lead noble Persephone out from under murky gloom
 into the light among the gods, so that her mother
 might abate her anger when she saw her with her eyes.
 340 Hermes was not reluctant, and at once rushed
 hastily down into the depths of the earth, leaving his seat of Olympus.
 He came to the lord, who was within his halls,
 sitting on a couch with his revered bed-fellow,
 all unwilling with yearning for her mother, who far off
 345 was devising a clever plan for the works of the blessed gods.
 Standing nearby, mighty Argeiphontes said,
 "Black-haired Hades, ruling those who have wasted away,
 father Zeushas told me to lead illustrious Persephone
 out by Erebeus to their company, so that her mother,
 350 seeing her with her eyes, might cease from anger and terrible rage
 with the immortals; since she has purposed a great deed,
 to waste the fleeting race of ground-begotten men,
 by hiding the seed under the earth, and wasting away the honors
 of the immortals; she has a terrible anger, and does not mingle with the gods,
 355 but sits far off in an incense filled temple
 keeping to the rugged city of Eleusis."
 So he spoke; and Aidoneus lord of those below smiled
 with his brows, and did not disobey the command of king Zeus;
 hastily he told prudent Persephone

311 ἤμερσεν] A little unusual for the thing which is
 taken away to be accusative and not genitive.

334 εὐρύοπα] See l. 3

335 ἀργειφόντην] [HW78] discusses this epithet if

Hermes and suggest an alternate derivation from
 "Argus-slayer" as rather "dog-slayer", befitting a patron
 of thieves.

360 “Go, Persephone, to your blue-robed mother’s side
 keeping a gentle spiritan heart in your breast,
 and do not be downcast in anything beyond others;
 I will not be an unsuitable husband for you among the immortals,
 father Zeus’ own brother; and, being here,
 365 you are mistress of all that lives and that crawls,
 and you will have the greatest honors among the immortals.
 Every day there will be atonement from those who have wronged you,
 whoever does not appease your spirit with sacrifices,
 performing them reverently, and making fitting gifts.”
 370 So he spoke; and prudent Persephone rejoiced,
 and she eagerly spang up from joy; but he for his part
 secretly gave her a honey-sweet pomegranite seed to eat,
 having handed it round, so that she might not always stay
 once more by virtuous blue-robed Demeter.
 375 Aidoneus the commander of many readied immortal horses
 in front for his golder charriot.
 She stepped on the charriot, and mighty Areiphontes beside,
 taking the reins and whip between his hands
 drove out through the halls; and the two were not unwilling to fly.
 380 They quickly traversed the long road; and neither sea
 not the water of rivers nor grassy glens
 nor mountain peaks stayed the rush of the immortal horses,
 but over these things they passed the deep air on their way.
 And he stayed their passage where fair-crowned Demeter waited,
 385 in front of the incense-heavy temple; and, seeing [them]
 she darted like a mænad down a hill shaded with woods.
 When, from her side, Persephone saw her mother’s
 lovely eyes, she leaped down, leaving the charriot and horses behind,
 to run and embrace her, hugging her neck;
 390 but while she yet held her dear child in her hands,
 her heart soon suspected some snare, and she was terribly afraid
 she would come to an end of their affection, and at once asked by a speech,
 “Child, tell me, surely you didn’t eat any food while you were
 down there? Speak up, do not conceal it, so that we may both know;
 395 for thus, now that you are from hated Hades
 you may also dwell with me and your father dark-clouded Kronides,
 honored by all the immortals.
 But if you should have eaten, going back again, you will live under
 the depths of the earth for the third season to the end of the year,
 400 and the other two with me and the other immortals.
 And whenever earth blooms with sweet-smelling spring flowers
 of all sorts, then from down under the murky gloom
 you will come up again as a great marvel to gods and mortal men.
 403a But tell how he snatched you down to the murky gloom
 and by what snare the mighty Receiver-of-Many tricked you?”
 405 Most beatiful Persephone answered her in turn,
 “Surely, mother, I will tell you everything without fail;
 When Argeiphontes came for me as a swift messenger
 from father Kronides and the other heavenly ones,
 to come out of Erebus, so that when you saw with your eyes,
 410 you would cease from your anger and terrible wrath at the immortals,
 I immediately leaped up from joy; but he secretly

373 νωμήσας] This phrase has presented difficulties.
 Νωμάω is to handle, wield, or, metaphorically, to turn
 over in one’s mind. See [Ric74] for discussion.
 399 τρέτατον] Homer and Hesiod distinguish three

seasons of the year, ἔαρος, θέρεος, and χεῖματος.
 407 ἐριούνιος] The meaning of this epithet of Hermes
 is unsure. [Ric74] restores the line with a reading from
 papyrus.

introduced a pomegranite seed into me, a honey-sweet food,
 and he required by force me to eat it unwillingly.
 But how, having seized me by firm counsel of my own father Kronides,
 415 he went, bearing me down to the depths of the earth,
 I will explain, and I will recount all, as you ask.
 Through a lovely meadow we all —
 Leukippe and Phaino, and Elektre and Ianthe,
 and Melite, Iache, Rhodeia, and Kalliroë,
 420 Melobosis, Tyche, and lovely faced Okyroë,
 and Chryseis, Ianeira, Akaste, Admete,
 and Rhodope and Plouto, and lovely Kalypso,
 and Styx, Ourania, beloved Galaxaure,
 and Pallas the battle-rouser, and arrow-pouring Artemis —
 425 were playing and were plucking lovely flowere with our hands —
 mixed together gentle crocus, irises, and hyacinth,
 and rose buds and lillies, and, a wonder to behold,
 a narcissus, which wide earth made grow like a crocus.
 And I plucked it for the joy of plucking; and and earth gave way
 430 underneath; and right there the mighty Receiver-of-Many leaped out;
 and he want and carried [me] under the earth in his golden charriot,
 all unwilling; and I cried for help clearly with my voice.
 I tell you this wholly true story, grieving indeed.”
 So then, embracing all day long, with a sympathetic spirit,
 435 they very much warmed each other’s heart and mind;
 and their spirit ceased grieving.
 They both received happiness from each other and gave it.
 Hekate, who wears the gleaming headband, came near them;
 and she much embraced Demeter’s pure daughter,
 440 from which point the lady was companion and attendant to her.
 Heavy rumbling wide-voiced Zeus sent among them as a messenger
 fair haired Rhea, to lead dark-robed Demeter
 among the race of gods, and he undertook to give her
 honors, which she would receive among the immortal gods;
 445 and he promised her that, as the year went round, her daughter
 would spend the third part under the murky gloom,
 but the other two with her mother and the other immortals.
 So he said, and the goddess did not disobey Zeus’ commissions.
 Hastening, she rushed down from the peaks of Olympus,
 450 and she arrived at Rharios, a life-bearing source of fertile land
 in the time before, but now life-bearing no more, it stood
 quiet and all leafless; and it covered white barley
 by the purposes of lovely-ankled Demeter, but next
 soon it is going to grow long tresses with lengthy ears of corn,
 455 when spring increased, and the plain’s full furrows
 [are going] to teem with corn, which [are going] to be bound in baling strips.
 Here she stepped first from the empty air;
 gladly they saw each other, and rejoiced in heart.
 Rhea with the gleaming circlet addressed her thus,
 460 “Come, child, heavy rumbling wide-voiced Zeus summons you
 to come among the race of gods, and he undertakes to give
 honors; what you would wish among the immortal gods.
 And he promises that, as the year goes round, your daughter
 will spend the third part of the year under the murky gloom,
 465 but the other two with you and the other immortals.
 So he has said that he will fulfill; and he has nodded with his own head in assent.
 But come, my child, and be persuaded, and do not very

448 θεῶν] Rhea

450 οὐδ’ ἄρα] Literally, udder

unceasingly be angry with black-cloudy Kronides.
 Quickly, make the life-bearing harvest grow for men.”
 470 So she said, and fair-crowned Demeter did not disobey;
 she quickly sent the harvest up from the well-tilled fields;
 and all the wide earth was teeming with leaves and flowers;
 and she, going to the justice-dispensing kings,
 showed Triptolemos and horse-driving Diokleus
 475 and strong Eumolpos and Keleos the leader of the people,
 the performance of the holies and declared the rites to all,
 to Triptolemos and Plyxeinos, and besides these, to Diokleus
 [she revealed] holy things which one is never to overstep nor hear spoken
 nor to utter; for a great sacrament of the gods inhibits speech.
 480 Happy among men on earth is he who has seen these things,
 but the one who is uninitiated and has no share of these holies, never has
 the same sort of fate when he has perished under the murky gloom.
 And when the noble lady of the gods had set all these things out,
 they set off to go to Olympus to be among the assembly of the other gods.
 485 There they dwell with Zeus who delights in the thunderbolt,
 sacred and reverend; and he is very blessed, whomever those ladies
 earnestly love, among men on earth;
 they readily send to his great house, right to the hearth,
 Wealth, who gives plenty to mortal men.
 490 But come, you who have a home of sacred Eleusis
 and sea-girt Paros and rocky Antron,
 Lady, giver of glories, bringer of harvest season, Lady Deo,
 you, and your daughter, most lovely Persephone;
 earnestly grant a heart-warming life in exchange for this song!
 495 And let me be mindful of you, and of another song. . .

2 Archilochus

The text is taken from [Cam82], [LB58], and [Wes71]. Numbers indicate source with a prefix of C, L, and W, respectively. have a suffix D.

(C-1, W-1)

But I myself am a servant of both Lord Enyalios
 and the Muses, knowing their lovely gift.

(C-2, W-2)

My kneaded barley-cake is in my spear, and Ismarikan wine
 is in my spear, and I drink leaning on my spear.

(C-3, W-3)

Not many bows will be strung, and the slings
 will not be close-packed, when Ares brings together the conflict
 in the plain; it will be the swords' work, making many groan;
 for those veterans of this battle are
 5 Euboea's lords, famous with spear-craft.

478 παρεξίμεν] The exact meaning is unclear;
 'overstep', or 'deviate' are possible; so too, to 'pass by'
 in the sense of 'ignore'.
 495 μνήσομ'] Epic short-vowel subjunctive

1 Ἐνυαλίῳ] Ares
 4 δαίμονες] Here equivalent to δαήμονες, "skilled,
 experienced". West reads δάμονες.

(C-5a, W-4)

But come, wander among the ships benches with a tankard,
and draw a drink from the hollow jar,
catch red wine from the lees; for not even we
will be able to to be sober in this watch.

(C-6, W-5)

One of the Saioi glories in my shield, which flawless armor
I left behind, against a tree, unintentionally,
but a saved myself. What does that shield matter to me?
Let it go hang! Later I will get one no worse.

(C-7)

No man of the townsmen, or even the citizenry, will delight in the festivities,
faulting your moaning sorrows, Pericles;
for he has heard that such [fine] men are down in the roaring sea's swell;
and we have swollen lungs about grief.
5 But, friend, the gods have applied staunch endurance
as a treatment for incurable ills.
Sometime one, sometimes another has them; presently they have turned towards us,
and we groan under a bloody wound,
but afterwards they will make a change, towards others. Rather,
10 bear up, as fast as you can, putting off feminine grief.

(C-18)

This [land] stood like an ass' back
crowned with wild forest.
For it is not in the least a fair land, neither desirable
nor lovely, like the one around Siris' flow.

(C-22, L-15)

No matter for me, gold-rich Gyges' stuff,
envy hasn't yet got hold of me, and I don't marvel
at the gods' doings, and I do not love great royal power;
for it's far off from my eyes.

(C-25)

She rejoiced, holding a slender branch of myrtle
and a lovely rose blossom, ...
... and her hair
shaded her shoulders and the small of her back.

(C-53)

Let Paros go hang — both those figs and the maritime life!

(C-54)

We ran together to Thasos like all the Greek's woe.

(C-55)

Let not Tantalos' rock
be suspended over this island.

(C-56)

Look, Glaukos; for the deep sea is already troubled with
waves, and cloud stands right about the heights of Gyrai,
the sign of a storm; and fear arrives out of the unexpected.

(C-58)

All things are easy for the gods; oftentimes they set men right
out of bad times, men who are lying on the dark earth,
and often they upset even those going very well,
laying them on their backs; then many evils happen
5 and he wanders about in need of a livelihood, and distraight in mind.

(C-60, L-93)

I do not like a big general, whether with braided hair
or pleased with his curly locks, or smooth shaved;
instead, I would have a small man, bow-legged to look at,
who has stepped soundly with his feet, full of heart.

(C-64, L-117)

No-one dead becomes respected among the townspeople, or even
talked about; we living more chase a living man's
favor; the greatest ills always befall a man when he has died.

(C-65, L-83)

It is not good to reproach men who have died.

(C-66)

And one important thing I know,
how to requite someone who treats me badly with words of bitter reproach.

(C-67a)

Heart, heart, mixed up with unmanageable cares,
be constrained, ward off hostile men by presenting an opposing
breast, as you are set safely in an ambush near enemies;
and neither exult publicly if you win,
5 not mourn, falling down in your home, if you are beaten,
but but rejoice at welcome things, and grieve at ills
not too much; understand what tempo holds men.

1 ῥεῖα] A reading of Wilamowitz. This reading is attractive as the sense of the fragment echoes *Op. Di.* 1–10, in which ῥεῖα is also used. However its use here as an adjective is questionable. Alternate readings have τῶνδε and τ' εἰθεῖ'.

5 πλανᾶται] Grammatically, it would make more sense for τὰ κακά to continue as the subject of this singular form. But from the context, it is more natural that there is a sudden shift from men in general to one specific man who has suffered a reversal.

(C-71, L-89)

If only it could happen to me for Neuboule's to touch!

(C-74, L-82)

Of oddities, not one is unexpected, neither one sworn not to exist,
nor one miraculous, since Zeus, father of the Olympians,
made night from midday, hiding the light
of the shining sun, and soft fear came to men.

- 5 From this, all things also become both credible and expected
to men. Let not one of us be still astonished, if he should see [some marvel],
not even if beasts should exchange their usual habits with dolphins,
being sea-dellers, and the sea's ringing waves
should become dearer to them than dry land, and for them, the wooded mountain...

(C-77)

since I know how to strike up Lord Dionysos' fair song,
a dithyramb, while being thunderstruck with wine in my wits!

(C-88)

Father Lykambes, what's this you said?
Who unhinged your wits,
with which you were fitted previously? But now truly you show yourself
to be an object of much laughter for the townsfolk.

(C-89)

There is the following story about men,
how a fox and an eagle mingled
in fellowship...

(C-92a)

Oh Zeus, father Zeus, the strength of heaven is yours,
yet you look towards men's deeds,
wicked and righteous, and both the
insolence and the justice of beasts matters to you.

(C-103)

The fox knows many tricks — the hedgehog one big one.

(C-104)

Wretched, I lie spiritless in longing,
pierced through the bones
with cruel pains by will of the gods.

4 ὕγρον...δέος] Whatever the exact meaning of ὕγρον here, it presumably means that fear makes men be like this (soft, pliant, watery...). [LB58] read ὠξρον...δέος.

4 θηρῶν] Cf. Hesiod *Op.Di.* 276ff who says that justice has not been established among beasts, as opposed to men.

(C-112)

This sort of love of lechery, curled under my heart,
was pouring much mist down on my eyes,
having stolen from my breath all my wits.

(C-118, W-196)

But the desire that leaves one weak at the knees has beaten me, friend.

(L-94)

Drinking much unmixed wine,
and not bringing payment, in the way of the Mykonians,
you came in uninvited, like a friend to friends;
but your stomach brought your wit and mind
5 into disrepute

(L-95*)

... a Pharter on your father's side ...

(L-99)

... for of the seven dead who fell, whom we caught by the feet,
we thousand are the killers ...

(115)

The kind of feeling that arises for mortal men,
Glaukos son of Leptines, is the sort of day Zeus brings on.

(116)

... and the kind of deeds they encounter are the things they think ...

(W-196a)

"... keeping away altogether;
but all the same I will dare to yearn.
But then if you are hurried and passion sets you on,
there is a lovely and tender maiden
5 in our house who now
greatly desires you; and I think that she
has a flawless appearance;
then make her your girlfriend."
So much she said, and I answered her,
10 "Daughter of Amphimedo,
a good and virtuous

1 πάμπαν ἀποσχόμενος] From [Cam82, Sic75], a summary of the structure of the poem, with what may have gone before: He: Let's make love. She: Not until we're married; but if you can't wait, there's my sister. He: We needn't go all the way. I don't want your sister. I'm prepared to wait for full consummation.

2 τολμήσω] Campbell suggests τόλμησον, "all the same, dare to desire. . ."

6 σέθεν] Or, perhaps, γάμου

11 περίφρονος] Proposed by Page, also, e.g., μακαρτάτης, most blessed.

woman, whom the dank earth now holds,
the goddess' delights
for young men are many
15 excluding the divine business; any of them will be good enough.
When my beard has blackened
you and I will consider these things
in silence with he god.
I will accept as you bid me;
20 longing greatly presses me to it.
Don't begrudge it dear
that I was inside the wall and the gates before;
for I will keep to grassy
fields, know this now. Let another man
25 have Neoboule;
Ahhh! She is over-ripe, twice so much,
and her virginal bloom has drained off,
and the charm which was on her before;
for she has not yet hung on to a lad.
30 A woman mad with lust displays a measure of youth.
Hold her out to the ravens!
May the lord of the gods not let this be,
so that, with such a wife,
I'll be a delight to my neighbors.
35 I want you much, rather than that,
for you are neither untrustworthy nor two-faced,
but she is much sharper,
and makes many men her boyfriends;
I fear that, pressing on in haste,
40 I should get blind and premature whelps
in this way, like the she-dog."
This much I was saying, and, having taken the maiden,
amid blooming flowers
I lay back; having covered her
45 with a blanket, holding her neck with the crook of my arm,
as she ceased her fear
thus, like a fawn from the chase,
I tenderly laid hold of her breasts with my hands,
when she revealed skin
50 fresh in the onset of youth,
and caressing all round her lovely body
I shot my hot spunk
as I stroked her chestnut hair.

(L-91, W-302)

[LB58] offer a reconstruction of a couplet based on the citations from Aelianus and Nicetas Choniates (below),

15 παρὲξ τὸ θεῖον χρῆμα] Hesych. ἔξω τῆς μίξεως,
"excluding intercourse"

19 πείσομαι] Can be either πάσχω or πείθω.

20 ἐποτρύνει πόθος] [Cam82]

23 ποτηφόρους κήπους] A sexual image, as well as the
innocent idiom of "greener pastures."

26 δις τόση] West (W-242) cites Hesychius on this τῇ
ἡλικίᾳ, i.e., she is over-ripe for her age.

29 κόρον] Or, never yet had her fill.

30 ἔφηνε] Gnomic aorist

30 ῥῆνης] Other proposals; ὥρης (season), ἄτης
(recklessness), ἄσης (revulsion).

32 ἀναξ θεῶν] Alternatively ἀνὴρ φίλος

32 ἐφοῖτ'] ἐπι-οἶτο; see [Smy20, 746.c] for οἶτο = εἶτο,
aor. mid. ἔημι.

41 ἡ κύων] [Wes80] cites a scholium on Aristophanes
Peace for a proverb, ἡ κύων σπεύδουσα τυφλὰ τίττει, the
she-dog, being hasty, bears blind pups. I.e., haste brings
misfortune.

50 ῥῆνης ἐπῆλυσιν] The double accusative is hard to
understand here. West declares it "non intelligitur".

52 θερμόν] This, West. Also white (λευκόν), or pale
(ξλωρόν)

Often money which has been collected with much time and work
flows down to a prostitute's belly

[Wes71] cites the next two passages as sources for the saying of Archilochus ([LB58] cite slightly abridged versions of the same passages). From Aelianus *Varia Historia* 4.14,

Often, according to Archilochus, they sweep away money, which has been gathered together obol by obol after many toils, into a prostitute's belly. For just as it is easy to grasp a viper, but hard to hold on to it, so also with money.

From Nicetas Choniates *History* p. 300. 3,

And what money the earlier kings from the Komneni [line] had accumulated with much sweat, this was siphoned off by the protosebastos and his queen, and the straightforward saying of Archilochus was fulfilled, who says that into a whore's belly there often flows what what has been gathered together with time and lengthy labor.

West also cites as a comparison this passage from Alciphron *Letters*, which makes a similar point,

I can't stand seeing that great whore Zeuxippe using the lad so badly. . . I'm hurt in my own heart seeing so much money flowing away, which the blessed Lysias and Phanostrate left him; for what they gathered obol by obol, this common and hideous slut is spending all at once.

(L-84)

I made a mistake; and perhaps this folly came to someone else too.

(L-85)

I hope Sirius will wither up many of them,
shining his sharp rays

(L-86)

Hear me, Lord Hephaistos, and be a propitious ally to me, as I beseech,
and be gracious in the way you are, indeed, gracious.

(L-88)

...striking up myself a paen to the Lesbian flute...

(L-90, W-119)

...and for the worker to fall on the wineskin, and the to press stomach to stomach,
and thighs to thighs...

(L-92)

Sing of Glaukos, the fashioner of coiffure!

1 αὐτὸς] Or "himself"
1 ἀσχὸν] This passage appears in a scholium on Euripides *Medea*, explaining that by ἀσχὸν E. means "the area around the stomach". E.'s use of the word is

also in an erotic context; Aegeus is given the oracle to "not loose the bulging foot of the wineskin" until he returns home.

3 Sappho

(1)

Dapple-throned immortal Aphrodite,
child of Zeus, weaving wiles, I pray to you;
do not with sickness and troubles,
lady, overcome my heart;
5 rather come here, if ever and anon,
perceiving my utterings far off,
you were to hear, and having left your father's
golden home, you came
after yoking up your charriot. And lovely
10 quick sparrows draw you round the dark earth
with a dense flapping of their wings, from heavenly air
through mid-air,
and you arrive soon; and you, blessed lady,
smiling with your immortal face,
15 ask whatever (on one hand) I have suffered and for whatever
(on the other) I am calling,
and whatever most I want to happen for me
with my madwoman's heart; "Whom then am I to persuade
to take you back to her affection? Who, oh
20 Psappho, is doing you wrong?
For if she flees, she will soon pursue;
and if she doesn't accept gifts, hereafter she will give;
and if she doesn't love, soon she will love
and that not willingly."
25 Come to me even now, and set free from
cruel cares, and all that my heart desires
to accomplish for me, accomplish; you yourself
be my ally.

(2)

That man seems to me to be
on a par with the gods, who sits opposite you
and and is listening close by,
having voiced a sweet nothing
5 and laughed delightfully — this really
sets my heart in my breast a-flutter;
for whenever I give you a brief glance, it just isn't possible yet
for me to utter a single word,
instead my tongue breaks in silence, and at once a little
10 fire has run under my skin,
I can't see a single thing with my eyes, and
my ears are buzzing,
and a cold sweat keeps hold of me, trembling
catches all of me, I'm paler than the
15 grass, and I seem to myself
as much as to have died.
But everything is endurable, whenever these things may be.

19 ἄψ] [Cam82]. Smythe reads μαῖς, "whom then is Peitho to lead with my (powers/wiles?) to your affection?"

19 φάν] [Cam82] reads this; Smythe reads σάν, *your* affection. The gender of the beloved is discovered late, in l.24.

17 τόλματον] Or, to be dared.

4 Homer

4.1 Book 11

And when we went down to our ship and the sea,
first of all we dragged the ship to the divine brine,
and we set the mast and sails into the black ship,
and, taking the sheep, we put them on board, and we ourselves went up
5 too, grieving, shedding abundant tears.

Then, from behind the dark-stern ship,
Circe, the clever, lovely-braided goddess with mortal speech,
sent us a following wind that filled the sails, a fine companion.
When we had labored through the ship on all the tacking,
10 we sat; the wind and the helmsman held her course straight.
Everyday the sails of the seagoing ship were strained;
the sun set, and all the ways were shady.

[The ship] came to the ends of deep-flowing Ocean.

Here is the people and city of Cimmerian men,
15 blanketed in mist and cloud; and shining Helios
does not ever look down on them with his beams,
neither when he makes his way towards starry heaven,
nor when he turns his way again towards earth from heaven,
but rather, ruinous night is stretched on the wretched mortals.

20
90 The spirit of Theban Teiresias approached,
holding a golden scepter, and he knew me, and said;
“Zeus-favored son of Laertes, wily Odysseus,
why then, oh ill-fated man, did you come, having left
the sun’s light, to see the dead, and a unpleasant place?
95 Yet draw back from the trench, and hold your sharp sword away,
so that I drink the blood and tell you truly.”

So he said, and I drew back my silver sword and
set it down in its scabbard. He then drank the dark blood,
and then the excellent seer spoke words to me;

100 “You are seeking a sweet return home, illustrious Odysseus,
but the god will make it difficult for you, for I fear you
will not elude the Earth-shaker, who has set wrath at you in his heart,
being enraged because you blinded his dear son.
But you [all] may yet arrive [home], though suffering troubles,
105 if you are willing to restrain your desire, and your comrades’,
when first, fleeing before the violet sea,
you bring your well-wrought ship to the Thinakian island
and find oxen grazing and fine sheep
of Helios, who sees all and hears all.
110 If you leave them unharmed, and think of your return,
you [all] may even yet come to Ithaca, though suffering troubles.
But if you plunder, then I predict ruin for you,
for your ship and your companions. You yourself, if you can even escape,
come late, in dire straits, having brought ruin on your companions,
115 in another man’s ship. At home, you find trouble,
overbearing men, who eat up your livelihood
while turning their minds to your almost-goddess of a wife, and giving her bride’s gifts.
But surely you repay their offense when you come,
and when you kill the suitors in your halls,
120 whether by stealth or in the open with shart bronze,
go then, taking a well-balanced oar,
to where you reach those men who do not know of the sea,

nor even eat their food mixed with salt.
 They enither know red-prowed ships
 125 nor well-baklanced oars, which are ships' wings.
 And I will tell you a very clear sign, and it will not escape you:
 when another traveler who falls in with you
 should say that you have a winnowing-fan upon your noble shoulder,
 even at that point, when you have stuck your well-balanced oar in the earth,
 130 and have made fine holy sacrifices for lord Poseidon —
 a ram, and a bull, and a sow-mounting boar —
 make your way off homeward, and sacrifice a holy hecatomb
 to the immortal gods, who hold broad heaven,
 to all, in turn. And death will come to you yourself
 135 from the sea, very much a mild sort of death, which should slay you
 when you are worn out with a bright old age; and a fortunate
 people will be around you. I tell you these things truly.”

* * * * *

385 And when sacred Persephoneia had scattered the ghosts of the
 tender women this way and that,
 the ghost of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, came on
 grieving; and others gathered round, all who accompanied
 death and doom with him in Aigisthos' house.
 390 He recognized me at once, when he had drunk the dark blood;
 and he was crying shrilly, dripping abundant tears,
 with his hands spread toward me, longing to reach out;
 but he could not, since he no longer had a fixed sinew, nor any vigor,
 such as beforetimes was in his supple limbs.
 395 I wept myself when I saw him, and I pitied him in my heart,
 and, speaking winged words, I addressed him;
 Most glorious son of Atreus, lord of men, Agamamnon,
 what doom of death, the leveller, has now overcome you?
 Did Poseidon overcome you in your ships
 400 by stirring up an unwished-for blast of baleful winds,
 or did hostile men harm you on dry land
 while you were rustling cattle or fine flocks of sheep,
 oe else battling about a city and about women?”
 So I said, and he, replying in turn, said; “Zeus-favored son of Laertes, wily Odysseus,
 405 neither Poseidon overcame me in my ships,
 by stirring up an unwished-for blast of baleful winds,
 nor hostile men harmed me on dry land,
 rather Aigisthos, who had prepared death and doom for me,
 killed me, with my deadly wife, having called me to his home,
 410 having feasted me, like one kills an ox at its manger.
 So I died a pitiful death; and without stopping, my other companions around me,
 were killed like white-tusked swine,
 which [are killed] in a rich and very powerful man's house
 for a wedding feast, or feast with freinds, or a lavish banquet.
 415 Although you have already encountered the killing of many men,
 who were killed man-to-man and in a mighty battle;
 but if you had seen these deeds you most of all would mourned in your heart,
 as we lay in the hall about the wine bowl
 and full tables, and all the floor seethed with blood.
 420 And I heard the most pitiful voice of Cassandra,
 Priam's daughter, whom scheming Clytaemnesta killed
 beside me; and I, raising my hands, tried to beat them on the ground,

422–423 αὐτὰρ... φασγάνῳ] This passage is open to several interpretations. First, should περὶ φασγάνῳ go with βάλλιν or with ἀποθνῆσκαων? If the former, then we

have something like “Raising my hands, I tried to throw them about my sword, though dying upon the ground”.

as I was dying, stuck on a sword, and she, shameless woman,
left, and could not even bear to close my eyes and shut my mouth
425 with her hands as I was going to Hades'.
How much more fiendish and vicious a woman is than anything else!
whoever should cast such deeds in her heart!
such a wrongful deed as that woman plotted,
who prepared murder for her wedded husband. Yet truly I tell you
430 I was coming home as a welcome sight to my children
and servants; but she who saw extraordinarily terrible deeds
poured shame down on both herself and on tender women
yet to be, although she would have been called a good woman."

So he said, and I, answering him, said,
435 "Oh woe! Very surely broad-voiced Zeus violently hates
the family of Atreus, through schemes involving women
from the begining; first many of us perished on Helen's account,
now Clytaemnesta devised a snare for you while you were away."

So I said, and he, answering in turn, said,
440 "For this reason, do not, even you, ever be soft with a woman;
and do not reveal to her the whole story, which you know know well,
rather tell part, and let part be hidden.

But at least for you, Odysseus, the will be no murder from your wife;
for Ikarios' daughter, virtuous Penelopeia,

445 is very prudent, and considers plans well in her heart.

Truly we left her a young bride
when we went to war, and a child was on her breast,
not yet talking, who perhaps now sits numbered among the men,
a happy man, for his dear father will see him when he arrives,
450 and he will embrace his father, which is as it should be.

But my consort did not even allow my eyes to have their fill
of my son; before that, she killed me, his father!

But I will tell you something else, and you, take it to heart;
moor your ship in your own native land

455 secretly, and not openly; since its women are no longer trustworthy.

But come, tell me this and recount truly,
whether you have heard word anywhere of my son, that he is still alive,
either perhaps in Orchomenos, or in sandy Pylos,
or maybe in wide Sparta, with Menelaus;

460 for god-like Orestes has not yet died on the earth."

So he said, and I, answering him, said,
"Atreus' son, why do you ask me this? I know nothing,
[whether] he lives, or has died; and it is wrong to speak windy words."

We stood grieving, while the two of us exchanged
465 bitter words, shedding plentiful tears;
and the ghost of Peleus' son, Achilles, approached,
and Patroklos', and excellent Antilochos',
and Aias', who was the finest in look and form
of the other Danaäns after the excellent son of Peleus.

470 And the ghost of the swift-footed Aiakid recognised me,

If the latter, then *ποτὶ γαίῃ* must go with *βάλλον*. But then, is the sense of the verb to "let fall" (impotently, while dying), or to "beat" on the ground, to invoke the powers of the underworld, *Αἰδης*, *Περσεφόνη*, and the *Ἑρινύες*? For this invocation see Althaea curse on Meleager at *Il*.ix.566-569. See [EW06] for further argument in support of this translation.

426 *ὦς... γυναικὸς*] The exclamation with *ὦς* works better in English if the woman is made the subject, and the sense is positive instead of negative ("How nothing else is more fiendish than a woman!")

452 *καὶ αὐτόν*] This intensifies the focus on *με*, and seems to identify the antecedent of *με* as being "the same" as something previously mentioned. So also perhaps "she killed me, her husband," or "she killed me, even me!"

463 *ἤ*] The more usual accebtuation here would be *ἢ*, but *ἤ* can be found for disjunction in the construction *ἤέ... ἢ(ε)*. In this speech, the first term is implied [LSe95].

470 *Αἰακίδαο*] A descendant of Aiakos, son of Zeus and Aigina, Achilles' grandfather.

and, wailing, spoke winged words;

“Zeus-favored son of Laertes, wily Odysseus,
you wretch, whatever yet greater deed are you devising in your mind?
How have you ventured to come down to Hades’, where the
475 insensate dead dwell, as likenesses of working mortals?”

So he said, and answering him, I said,
“Achilleus, Peleus’ son, by far the best of the Achaeans,
I came to consult Teiresias, whether he would give any counsel
how I might reach rugged Ithaca;

480 for I have not yet come close to Achaia, nor yet
set foot on my land, but I have ill continually; but no man, Achilleus,
either before or after, is more enviable than you.
For before, we Argives honored you in life like to the gods,
and again, now you are here, you mightily rule
485 the dead; therefore do not grieve at being dead, Achilleus.”

So I said, and answering me in turn he said,
“Do not comfort me about death, illustrious Odysseus.
I would prefer to be another man’s serf, as a bondsman,
in the house of a man with no lands, who would not have much of a livelihood,
490 than to rule over all the wasted dead.

But come, tell me word of my illustrious son,
whether he followed [me] to war, to be first in battle, or not.
And tell me of honorable Peleus, if you have heard anything,
whether he still has honor with all the Nyrmidons,

495 or they dishonor him throughout Hallas and Phia,
because old age holds him back in his hands and feet.
For I am not a helper under the beams of the sun,
being the kind which I was when at broad Troy
I slew the best men, defending the Argives.
500 If I could come for a little to my fathers house like that,
then I would make anyone hate my strength and invincible hands,
whatever men abuse him, and deprive him of honor.”

So he said, and I, answering him, spoke,
“Really, I have not heard anything of honorable Peleus,

505 but at least of your dear son Neoptolemos
I shall tell you all the truth, as you bid me;
for I myself brought him in a hollow, well-balanced ship
from Skyros, among well-grieved Achaians.
And whenever we discussed plans around the city of Troy,
510 he always spoke first, and never made a slip with his words;
Only god-like Nestor and myself surpassed him.
and whenever we Achaians fought in the Tojans’ plain,
he never stayed in the throng of men, nor in a crowd,
but ran far forward, like no-one else in his strength;

515 and he slew many men in fearsome battle.
I should not tell you all, nor number,
how many men he slew while defending the Argives,
but he slew such a man as Telephos’ son with bronze,
the hero Eurypylos; and many Keiteian comrades around him
520 were killed because of gifts for a woman.
Indeed I saw him as fairest after godlike Memnon.

478 *κατὰ χρέος*] [LSe95] suggest taking this as
equivalent to *χρησόμενος*. A more literal translation
might be “I came in need of...”

482 *μακάριτος*] More literally, “no man, either before
you or after, is most enviable [because you are the most
enviable of all]”.

517 *ὅσσον... Ἀργείοισιν*] Very similar to 1.500, which
underlines the similarities between Neoptolemos and his
father.

520 *γυνάων... δώρων*] Telephos was king of Mysia
whom Achilleus wounded at Troy. His wife, Astyoche,
kept Eurypylos out of the battle until she was bribed
with a golden vine by Priam, her father [Sta65].

And when we went down into the horse, which Epeios wrought,
 we best of the Achaians, he was instructed by my in everything,
 when to open up in thick ambush, and when to close [the doors];
 525 while other leaders and guardians of the Danaäns
 were shedding tears and trembling down each man's limbs,
 I never once saw him with my eyes
 either blanch his fair skin with fear or wipe
 tears from his cheeks; and he beseeched me very greatly
 530 to loose him from the horse, and he took hold of the handle of his sword
 and his brass-heavy spear, and he was bent on harm to the Trojans.
 But when we sacked Priam's lofty city,
 he boarded his ship with a good share and honor,
 unscathed, indeed neither struck by sharp bronze,
 535 nor wounded in hand-to-hand combat, such things as frequently
 happen in war; and Ares is indiscriminately maddened.

4.2 Comparative Translation

αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ ποτὶ γαίῃ χεῖρας αἰείρων / βάλον ἀποθήσων περὶ φασγάνῳ

Samuel Butler: I lay dying upon the earth with the sword in my body, and raised my hands to kill the
 slut of a murderess

E. V. Rieu, 1946, As I lay on the ground, I raised my hands in a dying effort to grip her sword.

5 Pindar

5.1 Olympian I

Best is water, and gold too, a blazing fire
 as suits the night of outstanding full-spirited wealth;
 but if to sing of games
 you yearn, my heart,
 5 search no more through the empty sky
 for another star warmer than the sun shining in the day,
 and we will not sing of a braver contest than the Olympian;
 from which the oft-repeated song goes round
 by wise men's judgement, who, to sweetly sing
 10 Kronos' son, have come to to the rich
 and happy hearth of Hieron,
 who wields the just scepter in sheep-filled
 Sicilly, plucking the peaks from all virtues,
 and is glorified too
 15 in the cream of music,
 such as we men play
 often round his dear table. But take the Dorian lyre from its peg,
 if at all Pisa's and Phereikos' grace
 put your thought under sweetest consideration,
 20 when he rushed along by Alpheos
 introducing an unspurred body in the race,
 and added to the mix a lord with might,
 a Syracusan charriot-racing king; and his glory shines
 in Lydian Pelops' brave-hearted settlement;
 25 he was the one whom the mighty Earth-holder
 Poseidon loved, when Klotho drew him out of the pure cauldron,
 adorned in his bright shoulder with ivory.
 Truly, many marvels — and perhaps even mortals'
 report is somewhat beyond the true telling —

stories deceive, being cunningly adorned with colourful lies.
 30 Grace, which forms all the comforting things for mortals,
 by bringing on honor, contrives for the untrusty to be trusty
 oftentimes;
 but days to come
 are the wisest witnesses.
 35 It is seemly for a man to speak fair words about divinities; since a lesser, reproachful ones.
 Son of Tantalos, I will tell of you, instead of previous matters,
 when your father called the most nobly named
 to dinner and to his own Sipylos,
 offering the gods food in return,
 40 that, at that time the Glorious Trident god snatched,
 being overcome in his wits with desire, and up with golden horses
 removed, to the heighest hall of far-honored Zeus;
 where on another occasion
 Ganymedes also came
 45 upon the same compulsion for Zeus.
 But when you were unseen, and the men searching brought not much to your mother,
 at once one of the jealous neighbors said secretly,
 that they cut up your limbs with a sword
 into water boiled to a pitch with fire,
 50 and they shared around the last your meats
 to the tables, and ate.
 But it's difficult for me to say any of the blessed is a glutton; I stand aside;
 Ill-profit closely attends those who speak evil.
 Yet if indeed the watchers of Olympos honored any mortal man,
 55 it was this Tantalos; but since he could not stomach
 his great fortune, he took, in indolence,
 an insolent folly, which your father
 hung over, as a mighty rock for himself;
 always longing that this would strike his head, he strayed from good sense.
 He has a helpless life, this fourth ever-miserable
 60 trial among three, because, having robbed the immortals
 he have nektar and ambrosia
 to his friends in cups,
 making him immortal
 with the same. But if any man hopes to escape a god's notice in his deeds, he misses the mark.
 65 For this reason the immortals sent his some back on again
 among the short-lived race of men.
 And when, toward the fair bloom of growth,
 soft hair covered him with a black beard,
 he raised his thoughts to marriage soon,
 70 to have well thought of Hippodameia, from her father Pistes'
 side. And having gone near the gray sea, alone, at night,
 he called to the loud roaring
 Well-Tridented god; and he
 appear close by him, by his feet.
 75 He said to him "Come now, Poseidon, if Kypria's sweet gifts rouse you to gratitude at all,
 bind fast Oinomaos' bronze lance,
 and set me on my way upon the swiftest charriots
 to Elis, and bring me there with strength.
 Since he puts off his daughter's wedding
 80 by having killed three and ten men who came as suitors.
 But great risk does not grasp a feeble man.
 Yet for us who needs must die, why would one idly
 feed on an old age withoutout renoun, sitting in the shade,

49 ὕδατος... ἀρμύρην] Literally, "into a boiling-with-fire

pitch of water"

with no share in all good things? Rather, for me, this contest
 85 has been ordained; and you, grant the dear fulfillment.”
 So he spoke; and he did not cling to with fruitless
 words. Exalting him, the god
 gave him both a golden charriot and horses whose wings never tired.
 And he took Oinomaos’ power, and the maiden as his bedfellow;
 Leader of the people, he begot six sons, passionate for excellence.
 90 Now he is mixed in gleaming
 blood-offerings,
 laid at the ford of Alpheos,
 with a tended tomb by the oft-visited altar; and the glory
 of the Olympics glints far afield in the races
 95 of Pelops, where swiftness of feet is contended
 and bold-struggling extremes of strength;
 he who wins has, all remainder of his life,
 sweet comfort
 because of the prizes; and the highest good always comes
 100 daily to any mortal. It is right for me to to crown
 that man with an equine air
 with an Aiolic song;
 And I am persuaded that
 no stranger skilled all-round in fine things will adorn more masterful might than these present
 105 with glorious folds of songs.
 A god, entrusted with your concerns makes plans,
 having this as his care, Hieron;
 and unless he leaves [you] quickly,
 I may expect I will spread your fame
 110 together with your swift charriot, by finding a yet sweeter helping road of words
 and going to far seeing Kronion’s side. A Muse then
 is rearing a mightier arrow for me, with strength;
 some great men for some [prizes], others for others; but the highest peak rears
 for kings. No longer cast your glance far ahead.
 115 May it be that you tread high this time,
 and that I so much attend the victors
 being spoken forth through Hellas with all wisdom.

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